

Poetry Series

James McLain
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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James McLain(1958 -)

Dedicated to my daughter Caroline.
All of these poems are the property of her.

Being from Tampa Florida,
and I know now that all of you can.
I am James McLain, whom writes under the Pseudonym
of is it poetry
For my daughter Caroline and like some of you
and being tall and true it is such.
The tree a bush, and all those other lovely southern words,
we each and each is us, we make and still of thought we use and think when
making sufferance to the other.

Thus each being we meet, each day and my/your could this be and day and day
not the dark it is not.

Will you confess to a crime you did not do?
Two life sentences and thirty year's all running consecutive.
With my release date then being the ninty ninth day of the ninty ninth month,
nine thousand nine hundred ninty ninth year.
Case Number: 90-14869

It is sad that I had to, to keep from being raped in prison and like most whom
are tortured will of course say anything to make the pain stop.

I am a progressive red neck, lovely are such
people the other's, that sadly have not.

I enjoy creating poetry and writing on everything about you, I have learned
through the fire, what one can.

I used to like trying to write the law, but a few of the laws concerning myself
have changed so often that as those same laws helped create such panic and
fear, my head trauma are thus in hearts of family in part, that I will not make
mention of small lives irretrievably broken, then obviously; so then, it can not be
a law.

Laws are meant to protect the vulnerable not destroy, it is that my unlearned
opinion.

When of that it was written to cause such wide spread presumption of fear, when it never appeared, then it's your mind they have numbed, and theirs is not yours it is then off and again of. Thus It concerns you the U.S. we the all.

Kick them out, you can vote, I dislike cowards whom hide behind others to get what they want.

Applied force under any pretense is simple coercion to obtain one's an end, breaking U.S. down for their profits made thus is immoral to U.S. aren't we all? Under any application when one person knows and the other one doesn't. When wrong is to you done they think right. That when discerned by the wise is the law of the land. Wasted mind's that could do, now can not.

Verily when once,
I liked speaking on many subjects, subjectively, such as politics and real life experiences including the horrors I've seen that have happened to myself and others.

I will try to speak of things most are afraid to and may even loose their job. Forensic psychiatrists can be paid to say whatever you want. Life to me seems like one long experiment, although the ocean helps the journey, as I love to swim and explore the sea life, catch & eat most often, is yours a saw cutting interesting?

I feel the arts are important and history. What little I know I have taught myself through Moore books that my friend and his wife bought hoping that I.

Editing and punctuation can sometimes be my weak points, depending on how you read it, I just lovenly love to, just because I must and some like her understand this because you write as well, deep as it is that you find you are and I know you now Grace is lined flowing as rivers of ink even deeper.

The sciences are more than Steven Hawkins...isn't he then more than star dust and still is likend to U.S. that he is.

Forever being less than one thought more of when beings facing the sea, faced the stars.

If some of what I say makes your ears burn, do not run away, and know that I know you still are, and can't even try turning away, smile. Though if words like the tree hides the moon when love and green the bush...concealed in white clouds...causes you harm, you may need to seek out the professional, country

council woman with a PhD. If you think I have traumatized you, be aware that I have no civil rights, which obviously means...To those who think people are just numbers...057512...If you have not figured out your own issues, go in peace. Otherwise, do not hold me back, please pray. I am still Ameri-Can. I would beg your pardon, and try and try and try. What is it like to vote...Do you take it for granted?

What is it like to have civil rights, being out for twenty years and still can not vote for what's right.

I used to lie when I was younger, I even stole.
I stole a lot, I angered their hearts they all saw.
It is so much simpler now, not having to and yes,
to enjoy the surroundings wherever I go.
Perhaps in the end it's all that we have, credibility, when lost, then found.

If you wish to help me, the more I can help others.
If you think something may sound better, I'm open to suggestion, just give me a call if you can.

I am still that Ameri-Can like you though now lost.
Is the American dream just a fantasy?
One must keep in their head until it becomes your reality? Are not all things possible to all.
Gather me up unto you, If you are close,
closer still
I will come and in coming you called out my name.
I am James.

I Am Not Quite Whole

What I started soon I turn the page of life,
because it is I've aged.
And what of life for they whom does to young?

Word's are bug's to most as ink to page,
and what of greed?
I'm surrounded by deep tree's that is called power.

Oblivion then or God, as it draws near and can I
hear my name when it is called?
She has gone before me, before you go must I?
Questions I have ask, no answer have I heard.

James McLain



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Our Soul's

My soul I am not sorry for,
Before this one life, I've lived before.
Dust to dust, I now do not know,
A confession that has left me unsatisfied.

James McLain



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I Was Once A Child

I was then a picture seen,
but always saw a laughing child.
And yes I did what then was said,
the price I paid was worth the cost.

I bent the trees and stripped the bush,
of leaves so green they left a blush.
And moss was like a beard that grew,
disappearing youth unknown was all I knew.

James McLain



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My Answer

I am quite content my cover is the earth,
My hubris is now gone, do you know the answer?
And the women that now pass filled with life compassion,
I am bound to this earth, never heard you ask the question.

James McLain



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When I'm Gone

But when I'm gone and time stands still,
You were the want, I'm wanting you now.
And of love, the wine in a chalice, not grapes of wrath;
like a rose as it opens.

But what of the fire, the fire that is burning, the sting of the
Ice, the cold though I'm yearning.
While as long as you live forgotten your not, the sun may go out,
The moon will stay full, perhaps empty not.

James McLain



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The Storm Makes Me Lonely

Lonely, I stand in the wind,
The storm that I'm in surrounds me.
I here it call come to me, the night
Begins its call.
Where can I go to rest, this my river
Of tears are mine as they run down across
To the sea.
The unhealing wound in my chest.

James McLain



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After Parting

Of all my loves, loved far and wide,
only one was at my side.
And if love is but desire, the fire she built,
has covered me in lonely cotton clouds.

James McLain



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You Do Not Care

Though you should lean above me, claiming to be for me, broken-hearted.
You do not care!

I shall have peace, as green leafy bushes next to the tree's, are peaceful.
When rain bends the flowers down to the ground, it is then that you should care.

James McLain



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Do You Really Love Me

WE are apart, the forest grows quiet between us.
She hushes herself, for midnight makes heavy her eyes.

The tangle of vines have no end, her hand's are empty,
Only tree's divide us, and on them the moonlight lies.

Oh are you asleep, or Iying awake, my animal, my lover?
Open your dreams to my love and your heart to my Words.

I send you my thoughts-the air between us is heavy,
My thoughts fly in through your window, a necklace
Of pearl's, moist, rests on your breast.

James McLain



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I Was Kissed By The Sea

I sought the sea,
She sent her winds to me.

They waves surged about me,
Singing just for me.

I turned my head away, towards them,
I was kissed upon my mouth.

James McLain



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Her Eye's Were Fixed On Me

But I could not but heed them,
For I seemed to see.
The eyes of my new lover, firmly
Fixed on me.

James McLain



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Sleeping Swan's

We watch the swans that sleep in a shadowy place,
And now and again one wakes and uplifts its head;
How still you are--your gaze is on my face--
We watch the swans and never a word is said.

James McLain



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Field's Of Snow

The land beneath a field of snow
From which the rocks and rubble sleep.
And in the west nigh high a star,
That's silver as it wakes from sleep.

The restless tumble of the boat,
The drowsy people in the sun.
Black and blue twilight has come,
And in my chest a beating heart.

James McLain



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Love, Even After Death

My lips in life were red,
but in death,
my word's, were left unsaid.
Your soul as mine was intertwined,
I cannot speak of death.

Remembered now here where I lay,
can you hear me now?
Listen not to they whom speak,
for ever now is ours.

James McLain



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Broken Heart's

I HAVE walked that selfsame path
To your door before.
For years I've left the roses there,
Budding as before.

While I watch them bend, into the wind,
Quick hot tears begin to flow.
Strange so bright your flame outlasts,
My heart that now grows cold.

James McLain



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These Are My Lip's

These are my lips.
They are big full lips.
They need more open space to
wrap them selves firm around.

They don't fit onto smug potty, little
pretty faces pouty, these lips
are full wide and free thinking lips.

They don't like to be kept beholding, nor empty.
Wet these lips, have never been without,
they move up north when they want to
they head south when they need to.

Unless it's to you, is none of your business.
Now as I smile, as you wish it were you.
Mine are rich pink firm hard to grasp lips
and these mighty lips,
have sunk more than my share, of ships.
Lips that are magic.
Lips never loose.

Should you, could but come around too know them.
They would pull the oil right out of the ground,
and on a man, they will never be found.

James McLain

Bipolar Learning Curves

As for this singular problem.

Whom is it to whom, within hands reach.

Am I awake, I do dream?

Thinking in multiples.

The level of a very complex being.

Which if I must, I beg you to think.

Is it not possible to solve them?

Differences,

the same levels, whom made them?

James McLain



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?? It Drips Milk For Only You ??

It is so blind, it saw eyes, mouths, bodies, feet
imploring it's paint, it's beggars land, stroked
by hand.

It's can, faceted as one gem, drips only you.

The brush peels back, stroke by stroke, layer
by layer, new always differed you.

Each canvas, some happy, some mad, still it's
always you, is to Regina's sun.

The brush of lips, still trembles it, invitingly...why?
Lips brush the stroke, you make the paint, wants why?
The canvas is always full of different you, asks it,
is it not?

Respectable mirror to try on in you..why not?

It laughs at it's self, seeing a growth on it, so boss.

The rose drips, it is painted to it's natural blush,
as it's meant to be.

It is a struggle between the rose and it's blush, it's
a grippe so tight, the colors run at times, on it..you
still laughs mused.

It just cannot, as much as passion flames it's eye,
be reduced to frame, you in the boring same tired,
eyes of it is.

When every woman is her, she a Queen.

Google poetry James McLain

James McLain

My Soul

My Soul

After I am dead
And my writings left unread.

Will the preacher say that I didn't have a soul?

I saw them all while living.

If he says I have a soul, I'm
sure I don't remember.
That so few of us and where I'm at,
none of us remember.

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James McLain



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Your Dog

Be it false or be it true.
A dog if treated, treated nice
In love, will follow you.

James McLain



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Emily Dickinson

little eye not made by man,
all woman seem to have.
Available to none, are honey bees.
Clinging to my window, butterflies.

If only screens were made back then,
the past, beyond tomorrow comes again.
The voices heard inside my head that say,
honey so sweet the bread is made today.

James McLain



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Our Bodies Did Not Touch

Did but our bodies touch,
And laughed upon her breast to think
And as a beast I gave the beast as much,
As much as she could take.

While only in the dark were we as friends.
I offered what the other women gave
And they stepped out of their clothes.
But when this soul, her body soft,
Skin on skin, you know.
She has found and found therein
What no one needs to know.

James McLain



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Such Is The Afterlife

The after life while living alive is filled with the essence
Of you,
Burning hot I have lived and in death I have walked the sun.
Leaving life have you laughed and cried with both as one?
While loving you and only you makes it harder to leave a world
Unseen untill all arrive.

Loosing you is not loss but to see across the wide stream, a river
Is made the ocean is lost to the sea.
Green is a babe in the bush that is soft with green leaves and
Happy in life while knowing of death, there's no shame.
Faith is not fear and fear is not faith to those rare few whom come,
Some but few know when it's time to leave, leaving love behind.

Hard or soft is the shell inside of this shell made of you and big
Or small, unseen in the eye's of your soul.
You may if you wish while alive travel there back and forth with
A mind that is strong enough to be.
After life, life after death there are those that believe this belief
Is called faith after life that all leave.

Eye's open are closed odd is this to me, believing that you know
What you see.
Loving the sea the waves speak to me and each grain of sand is
A world where you are at peace.

James McLain

Of All The God's I've Ever Known

Fighting and kicking into the final goodnight.
And of my soul,
preacher man along the way has died and set
me free.

Will I be measured in that second sight, few had
and never knew.
Can I go home to rest upon the surface of the sun,
and never burn.

Stay with me as I grow weak and stay and hold
my hand.

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James McLain



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The Name Mclain Originated From

The Scottish surname McLain, also found in Ireland, is an anglicized form of the Gaelic name Mac Gille Eathain, a patronymic from a personal name meaning "servant of (Saint) John." The McLain's were chieftains in several islands of the Inner Hebrides.

James McLain



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Behind The Dark Green Bush Where I Wait

I see her face behind the green bush
her teeth are white as she's smiling.

It is humid and hot I am sweating.
These are the trees here,
moss hangs like a beard over head.

Thick limbs are long and gnarly with bumps.
Some are short, some reach to the sun,
arms open wide won't fit around it.

In the shade where I wait,
is where we keep our deepest dark rich hidden secrets.

Over the bank our feet hang do hang,
the water is cool and fast moving.

Seeking relief our lips do shall meet,
knowing that soon we must all have to leave.

Today we have come,
tomorrow must wait tonight is to long
it is late.

James McLain

When The Hurting Started Aged Five

Over powered
and sat upon by he who was not my father.

The zippo lighter not my friend as he would
burn my fingers.

Autism,
made the pain I felt, so much, so much sharper.

The buckles of the belts always left a scar on
more than skin.

The spectrum of my range was testing and communication.
My thinking was not theirs as thinking went and
some teachers,
were as bullies as bullies came and went.

Unable to communicate, behavior changed as well.
Could I survive and grow to be a man and not a bully?

James McLain



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My Surroundings

I remember before my conception,
when I was not alive, once more.
Where the light found my eye's and yet
I wasn't blind back then?

Look to the show's,
where electronic technology can catch
word's from a place and future times.

James McLain



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How Depression Killed Me

Knowing how long I struggled
and true laughter never knew the wind
and what it blew away.
These wrinkles on my face
the way they shaped my lonely face
they really really do.
I know out side
how hot it is, it's cold I could not feel.
I hid behind a face I could not hide it any more.
The day that I was born that year it made.
Chaos is a life a living death I can't control.
Symmetry in sunsets running colours say the rest.
Stigma is a sign a certain lack of self respect.
Meat we all just meat and meat is all we really are,
red clapping meat left out to long
it spoils in my hands.
Love me tender said the King of King's
I cannot love my other self.
I turned to drugs and alcohol to push it far away.
I turned to drugs and alcohol the pain I must escape.
What I have gained in death the living cannot take away.

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James McLain

Can The Lady Love This Mister

Because of it 'we' laughed as grass is green there is she common.
Realized; how it is I became, such implied in her, with favor.
And being left off distant of, but near to her, I thus became.
Whose teeth white flashed, the sun as she was now to show them.

I was drawn inside by her sweet minty breath, she 'made', as was it
I inhaled with each profound look, I rediscovered.

Lost then finally found within, dark caves of sound, so deep
and smooth, so rich and throaty, singing music all the time.

Never ravaged but by scotch and time and filtered cigarettes.

Though detached always above, I look again there down below it.
Such is an
undulation a visitation, invisible muscles moving up and down around it.

A young woman,
on the beach 'she' hurries past us saying.
Drawing briefly it aside a black and white transparent wet bikini.

Made it said in china,
hot a sweating mask, I looked beyond it.
Bronzed this body made, I think of her with violet posies, confusing she with her.

Does your Lady and the Mister' (wish to take it to the ocean?
Does the Lady and the Mister) 'wish to wash it lightly off?

One day, 'in time each grain of sand and foam, 'she did - politely ask?

I decided that if it comes when I and if I must,
that this next verbal jolt, 'when it hit' could fly a kite without a tail,
certain repercussions of those acute remarks, open cuts bleeding
might as hearts are won and then as thoughts be lost.

She with her and I, this afternoon could still may be, the sun so hot.

I concentrated on both, by my seat a well of deep emotions.
With a careful, deeper why, I trust my mind, too find it wonders.

Kept thus safe in time, inside I've grown to know and ponder why.

Wistful he for she/her much and subtle this my love, could be her double.
Once was I, of kind like mind, a person drifts at times so far away.

When life like that just walks away or simply floats right past us.
Then washed amongst the rocks and foam the wind it blew away.

James McLain

That Naked Little Boy

i, a naked little boy
fill her lips, full, round a mouth,
the tongue can prick a thorn
ejaculating into exquisite shapes
as it bursts like stars high upon her
and the interior of the tormentors mouth
receives each boy, that comes
In the shape of a roaring flame.

or
she kissing each snakes head
or white-cotton face
within the seeds of desire and
a naked little boy ejaculating
on the yellow ivory bust of a naked girl
embraced by the feel of each other
or alone
as she climbs on to the back of a tree
squatting, she laughs as he pees.

James McLain



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Bukowski's Dirty Dog

His dirty dog kept
moving on.
Pissing on what he liked,
but never owned.
He knows they won't
like it either.
So they throw it out.
A dog, 'Bukowski' owned.

James McLain



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My Lip's

Lip's,
These are my lips.
They are big full lips.
They need more open space to
wrap them selves firm around.

They don't fit onto smug potty, little
pretty faces pouty, these lips
are full wide and free thinking lips.
They don't like to be kept beholding, nor empty.
Wet these lips, have never been without,
they move up north when they want to
they head south when they need to.
What they do.

Unless it's to you, is none of your business.
Now as I smile, as you wish it were you.
Mine are rich pink firm hard to grasp lips
and these mighty lips,
have sunk more than my share, of ships.
Lips that are magic.
Lips never loose.

Should you, could but come around too know them.
They would pull the oil right out of the ground,
and on a man, they will never be found.

James McLain

Your Cheap Red Dress

I want a red dress.
I want it flimsy and cheap,
I want it too tight, I want to wear it
until someone tears it off me.
I want it sleeveless and backless,
this dress, so no one has to guess
what's underneath. I want to walk down
the street past Thrifty's and the hardware store
with all those keys glittering in the window,
past Mr. and Mrs. Wong selling day-old
donuts in their café, past the Guerra brothers
slinging pigs from the truck and onto the dolly,
hoisting the slick snouts over their shoulders.
I want to walk like I'm the only
woman on earth and I can have my pick.
I want that red dress bad.
I want it to confirm
your worst fears about me,
to show you how little I care about you
or anything except what
I want. When I find it, I'll pull that garment
from its hanger like I'm choosing a body
to carry me into this world, through
the birth-cries and the love-cries too,
and I'll wear it like bones, like skin,
it'll be the goddamned
dress they bury me in.

James McLain

Her Cheap Red Dress

Your Cheap red dress that is ripped.
A night out on the town it is humid and cheap.
Sexy to cheap so it's tight.
Pushed up your breast held by the cup that is he.

Torn into shreds like a cheap master card let it be.
My deep back for the straps let them show.
I am he that some one.

I have history,
That speaks to no one but me, I am here.
Underneath the red dress that you show.
You are mine as your eyes open and glow.
Walking up in and out so I study your ways.

Once you were his now your are mine turned out,
To expensive too be a whore.
Whom ever keeps the money green coming in.
The other will do as there told.

Life is to short and the river is wide and far is the shore,
This from they I was told.

James McLain

Of All The God's I Ever Knew

Fighting and kicking into the final goodnight.
And of my soul,
preacher man along the way has died and set
me free.

Will I be measured in that second sight, few had
and never knew.
Can I go home to rest upon the surface of the sun,
and never burn.

Stay with me as I grow weak and stay and hold
my hand.

James McLain



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White Trash And It's Explosion On T.V.

I was appalled, no I was horrified
flipping through
the channels and I do it quickly
I saw the Steve something show on.
I could not understand the speech
of the whites
they obviously suffered from
some type
of congenital birth defects
talking about who has been intimate with who's brother and sister
and any thing else that moved.
Then I saw the audience
the flood of white trash left me
devastated
as to whom would condone such
an obvious
Exploitation of such damaged
creatures
and I realized why the Republicans
would want them all
to have as many children as possible
without any means to support them.
Should they be paid to be sterilized?
I confess after I
put the Lions and Bears game on
I secretly turned my head and unthinkingly,
I knew that
I would allow them to do it
Now I have a better understanding of
why the police dislike going to their home's
a number of times each month.

James McLain

The Slut And Her Torn Green Dress

It is the hottest thing that she wore.

Like she was available, but again who knows of such things.

It curved around the moon,

reflecting light from the star's closing one's eyes in wonder.

Finally she fell asleep and coming through the window I was quite, opening my hand my fingers began to.

James McLain



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Lilies Of The Field

Upon your lips the lilies lay for breath you pay the toll.

James McLain



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After Love

Already there it is nearly gone,
no magic, no music flat waves.

I am, because of you and trusted how we, two lovers met.
And other people,
lost along the beacons way and we cannot see to use it.
You were the miracle all saw, because I am simple, of me.
It was found as well out in the wind,
and I found it out in the sea - come to me,
it is splendid, it is not, as for me.

Tidal pools, see ours the fish swim in circles,
as they wait to get out.
Great is the ceremony, look to the coastal side,
wherein I was brought up.
But however the pool it looks,
in the dark by the moon, it was safe.

Safe from the storm,
life was for me, you looking out from the tide.
Then if it is bitterer than the sea for all peace,
after love you are the price that I paid.

James McLain

The Making Of A Psychotic Sexual Killer

I grew up in North East, Southern Florida.
Even as the child were we?

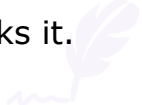
We started wildly out, the other's coming in.
Peeking through the windows, holding hands.
Finding each one by the scent they left behind.
And yes we peeked inside.

She likes those yellow milk stained panties.
I smell the tinkle musky from their worn out panties.
What she does with other bodies no one knows.
I keep certain hidden parts beneath my pillow.

I am still a human being.
There mostly little sleeping ones that make no noise at all.

But as it was, was it as but?
The secret of the spoken word is simply as
one speaks it.

James McLain



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Now I Am Yours

Please understand, that I could
now be that dream in your head, now
as you grow weary and tired.

Yes I admit that it was you that found me.
On the large rock here with the sea all around me.
Always lost as a child as a child hence will be,
Now, now as a woman will be, watching
him grow by the tree.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yellow Woods Dark Water

His woods burn dark hot
And powerful.
The tree's have broad tops
That are sharp and winged.
As if they were named Ariel.

Green moss drips yellow water
Drop by drop,
Inside out their curved beards.
Old and new are entwined, together
Apart, as if green each bush is.

Water yellow,
Flows from her thick with fish.
Tadpoles and frogs,
Stuck in the necks of the storks.

Snakes large and larger still,
Where any could see, no one does
Or nothing of this is spoken of,
Because.

Smooth and round the hall in length
Is,
Feeling the squirts, fifteen or twenty,
Each time, flowing from
Away into the yellow swamp water.

Roots twist into thick, callused,
Bruised flesh.
Mirrored in the warm, humid air.

Shaped as if an hourglass,
Caught in between, the middle.
Going in and out,
Are the long dark salamanders.

James McLain

Do You Like It Warm, Wet And Juicy

The sent of the animal is so much-needed,
to some.

Something much stronger when it's wet and
hot and moist.

Humid is the rain that falls on your head and
the heat as fire that burns you there,
laying in the mud.

Are you that which is discribed, aboveformentioned,
laying on your back,
Dreaming of deep in space, matter black that never seems to end worm holes.

Something moist within your mind and seeing something
else outside and falling deep within?

A purple rubber pole a rubber finger black to some
machine you lost your mind!

Wet and hot and moist forever more, such as that
discribed, you needed nothing else unless you choose to die.

James McLain

You Have Too Many Secrets

We are the only two people in the world who know each other's secrets.
And I trust you not to be exposed and I won't expose it.

And yet this very fear of being exposed makes one wary and very hungry and nervous of course.

Ask this of yourself, is it likely that one will argue with the other under such circumstances?

I am more likely to run up close to you just to kiss you far away?
Perhaps when then you come of course I say then not.

Now here is where I admit to being surprised.
Making them dress up to go out was the measure none could see but all you would find.

I may never have contemplated it at all, even if I'd never considered at once was our home.

There was nothing odd about how high the moon was
or bushes and tree's.

And in saying that I enjoyed having my secretly feminised one there by my side.

At first sight all I can say was that it was bound
to happen.

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James McLain

Oysters

Spreading the shell and eating the flesh,
Inside at the top I found a white pearl.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Peaches

Turned inside out I found the pearl.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

They Are More Than Yellow Cotton Bottoms

and being when you are honest
tell me,
about the hot the sun, then when it is and I can help.
i can see some yellow on your, cotton bottoms.

have you ever felt inside, or spoke these words ot me,
tell me this if ever, when forever that you have.

and having opened soft white clouds, that hang below.
that hang above the moon you say.

the moon the yellow stars, each open fragrant face.
and yellow is the cotton, when the stars upon your face shine from below.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Shadow I Shall Keep

Lost forever more in sleep, your shadow will I keep
sands of time and waves in brine, your shadow makes me weep.

Flirting movement fought my eye, shadow make me cry.
Grace of face never hide, shadow stitched within my side.
Love laced voice, ever traced, shadow lays within my head.
The willow branch within a storm, where thunders is the norm.

Translucent hair made up of thread, at night we know. this place.

Your branded face inside my mind, such shadows love is kind.
Shadows touch upon my heart and tread the space you know so well.

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James McLain



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Going Into That Good Night

Autism has as I grow old and fading does
it mean the world has changed?
And tears as rain the salty taste her lips
Still kiss my face.

And now I hear at night the foaming waves
that crash upon the shores.
While out at sea and looking up the star's
reflect a face that's aged,
while deep in sleep it's he that finally comes.

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A List Of The Human Beings That Have Died In Florida's One Hundred Prisons In 2019 - 2020

DC Number	Date of Death	Institution Name	Manner of Death Determined by ME	Investigative Status
GARVIN, MICHAEL	12638007/04/2020	SIF.R.C.	Natural	OPEN
ALMAYAH, ADNAN	14301207/05/2020	WAKULLA C.I.	Natural	OPEN
AVILAPENA, JOSE	15080007/05/2020	SIF.R.C.	Natural	OPEN
SCARFONE, ANTHONY	12162507/05/2020	SOUTH BAY C.F.	Accident	OPEN
THOMPSON, RONALD	174032607/06/2020	SIF.R.C.	Natural	OPEN
BRIMLOW, IRBY	17553307/06/2020	SIF.R.C SOUTH UNIT	Natural	OPEN
GOULD, GUY	14217807/07/2020	MARION C.I.	Natural	OPEN
AIKEN, CONRAY	11009607/07/2020	SIF.R.C SOUTH UNIT	Natural	OPEN
LOPEZ, EDWARD	12151807/07/2020	DADE C.I.	Natural	OPEN
GILLEN, ROBERT	12200407/07/2020	DADE C.I.	Natural	OPEN
BISHOP, BENJAMIN	11015007/08/2020	SANTA ROSA ANNEX	Suicide	OPEN
PITTS, HENRY	12948907/08/2020	RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT	Natural	OPEN
KELLER, EARL	11043207/08/2020	SOUTH BAY C.F.	Natural	OPEN
JARVIE, ROY	11295907/09/2020	CENTURY C.I.	Natural	OPEN
LOVETT, JAMES	12417007/09/2020	NWFRC MAIN UNIT.	Natural	OPEN
QUINTOSA, NICOLAS	13269707/09/2020	SIF.R.C SOUTH UNIT	Natural	OPEN
TORIBIO, ROBERT	15569407/11/2020	HOLMES C.I.	Natural	OPEN
RODRIGUEZ, ELICEO	17609207/11/2020	SIF.R.C.	Natural	OPEN
PEREA, IGNACIO	15432907/11/2020	DADE C.I.	Natural	OPEN
CORP, JOHN	11090907/12/2020	GRACEVILLE C.F.	Suicide	OPEN
BEAN, JACK	16686107/12/2020	RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT	Natural	OPEN
BAKER, WILLIAM	11968107/14/2020	RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT	Natural	OPEN
HUNT, JOEL	17358707/14/2020	SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX	Natural	OPEN
JONES, KEONDRICK	177347107/14/2020	MARTIN C.I.	Homicide	OPEN
JACKSON, JAMES	188467607/15/2020	RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT	Natural	OPEN
PINCUS, RONALD	150166407/15/2020	COLUMBIA ANNEX	Natural	OPEN
CALANDRA, JOSEPH	19391307/15/2020	EVERGLADES C.I.	Natural	OPEN
HATTON, ROLAND	14440107/16/2020	RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT	Natural	OPEN
SATONICK, JEAN	170824107/16/2020	DWELL C.I.	Natural	OPEN
LUCEY, DANIEL	19579507/16/2020	DADE C.I.	Natural	OPEN
FAUST, HAROLD	155851607/19/2020	RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT	Natural	OPEN
HILL, DONALD	13065707/19/2020	RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT	Natural	OPEN
WHITE, DANIEL	15152907/19/2020	COLUMBIA ANNEX	Natural	OPEN
SWEETING, TODD	155176607/21/2020	CFRC-SOUTH	Natural	OPEN
BROWN, ANGELA	19808407/22/2020	DWELL ANNEX	Natural	OPEN

ARNOLD, ANDREW 059107/22/2020 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
SPIVEY, MICHAEL 3928407/23/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
MACKEY, MERLE 7337607/23/2020 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
MURPHY, ROBERT 7051107/24/2020 COLUMBIA C.I. Natural OPEN
WHEELER, LOOMES 1261507/24/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BEATTY, MARTHA 1299007/24/2020 DOWELL ANNEX Natural OPEN
CHAPLIN, MICHAEL 2175707/24/2020 EVERGLADES C.I. Natural OPEN
IGNAZIO, FRANK 4758907/24/2020 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
JACKSON, ROBERT 89378907/25/2020 WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
LEE, LEROY 4107907/25/2020 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural OPEN
RAMIREZ, ADELA 6077607/25/2020 EL.WOMENS RECPN.CTR Natural OPEN
MEEKS, JOHNNIE 76470407/25/2020 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN
HENDERSON, CARRIE 6753307/26/2020 EVERGLADES C.I. Natural OPEN
KLOKOC, VICTOR 11601807/28/2020 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural OPEN
PAGAN, RAFAEL 9738307/29/2020 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN
CHENTE, RENNYS 2772407/29/2020 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN
RYDER, WAYNE 7059007/29/2020 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
GELSOMINO, BARTOLOB 1429507/30/2020 WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
HEMBREE, JERRY 5588007/31/2020 CENTURY C.I. Natural OPEN
HUEBNER, MICHAEL 7236207/31/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SMITH, DALE 3229208/02/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
DIGGS, THOMAS 59459608/02/2020 CFRC-SOUTH Natural OPEN
ALDRICH, LEVIS 01290208/02/2020 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
HORAN, CHRISTOPHER 3676508/04/2020 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Natural OPEN
CRIMI, FRANK 1870908/04/2020 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural OPEN
GALLOWAY, DON 6317308/04/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BRYANT, WILLARD 6965508/04/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
FLETCHER, MACK 29967608/04/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CHARAFARDIN, EMILIO 0104508/04/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
RANKINS, MICHAEL 4473708/04/2020 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural OPEN
FAULKS, PAMELA 41915208/04/2020 EL.WOMENS RECPN.CTR Natural OPEN
TYSON, ALEXANDER 6718808/04/2020 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN
Geffken, RICHARD 70110208/04/2020 AVON PARK C.I. Natural OPEN
BRIGGS, JAMES 74081608/04/2020 AVON PARK C.I. Natural OPEN
BURGMAN, LEON 3263308/06/2020 WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
NICKERSON, RODERICK 30586608/06/2020 SUWANNEE C.I. Natural OPEN
DINGLE, RICHARD 38756108/06/2020 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
TAYLOR, MARK 48775608/07/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CAPERS, CALVIN 63633008/07/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
GONZALEZ, GUILLERMO 19192208/08/2020 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
FLINN, RANDOLPH 9360908/09/2020 BAY C.F. Natural OPEN
CHAPPELL, CHARLIE 5449608/09/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN

STASIONIS, JOHN 6497008/09/2020 KISSIMMEE C.R.C. Natural OPEN
MARDER, WILLIAM 536408/09/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
HINTON, GERALD 88909908/10/2020 COLUMBIA C.I. Natural OPEN
GEORGE, MICHAEL 246908/10/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BRUZON, LUIS 9918508/10/2020 EVERGLADES C.I. Natural OPEN
QUINONES, RALPH 38129508/10/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
BAKER, JAMES 3003608/10/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
HILL, EDWARD 7133908/10/2020 SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending OPEN
LAUCIK, MICHAEL 54225108/10/2020 HARDEE C.I. Pending OPEN
BIXLER, MONTE 7267408/11/2020 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural OPEN
RUSSELL, ROBERT 3356108/11/2020 CFRC-MAIN Natural OPEN
WHITE, PAUL 11789708/12/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
PURDY, RICKY 9779608/13/2020 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural OPEN
KING, CARROLL 9203108/13/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
LINN, DUSTIN 0232208/14/2020 DESOTO ANNEX Natural OPEN
ROACH, JOHN 0728908/15/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
LAYLOR, NEVILLE 2105408/15/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
GRIMES, FREDERICK 6661208/15/2020 BAKER C.I. Natural OPEN
RODRIGUEZ, RAYMOND 02541308/15/2020 CFRC-SOUTH Natural OPEN
BOND, SACHA 0644408/16/2020 PALACHEE EAST UNIT Pending OPEN
ANDREU, JULIAN 92822408/16/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SANDERSON, NELSON 76114208/17/2020 CENTURY C.I. Pending OPEN
MCKINLEY, CHARLES 59538308/18/2020 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural OPEN
SMITH, KENNETH 2681608/18/2020 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural OPEN
GRAYDON, ROGER 18812408/18/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
WHISLER, BILL 16602908/19/2020 COLUMBIA C.I. Natural OPEN
ANDRUS, WALLACE 92046208/19/2020 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
FISK, MICHAEL 99538208/20/2020 COLUMBIA C.I. Natural OPEN
INMAN, ROGER 52372808/20/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
RIGHTMIRE, RICHARD 11705008/20/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
GLYNN, DENNIS 15680408/21/2020 CENTURY C.I. Pending OPEN
MACK, JAMES 05081308/21/2020 TAYLOR ANNEX Natural OPEN
DUKES, CLARENCE 35249708/22/2020 FRANKLIN C.I. Natural OPEN
TASKER, RICHARD 05660908/24/2020 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural OPEN
OSTEEN, FREDERICK 73444008/24/2020 TAYLOR C.I. Natural OPEN
LACLAIR, ROBERT 11884908/24/2020 MAYO C.I. ANNEX Natural OPEN
STROMAN, EDWARD 0311308/24/2020 MARTIN C.I. Accident OPEN
CAMPOS, ROBBIN 99862608/25/2020 HAMILTON ANNEX Natural OPEN
CASTILLO, REYNALDO 40562308/25/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
LIVINGSTON, CLEO 04448308/26/2020 CROSS CITY C.I. Natural OPEN
MOORE, BARRY 63832908/26/2020 EVERGLADES C.I. Accident OPEN
PEREZ-RIVERA, JOSHUA 19398308/28/2020 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN

SINNOTT, COREY 5118408/28/2020 LIBERTY C.I. Pending OPEN
SWIGGUM, JERRY 5844208/28/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
ROWLIE, THOMAS 6396508/28/2020 SOUTH BAY C.F. Natural OPEN
CAMPBELL, LAWRENCE CD119308/29/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
GEIGER, THOMAS ID255708/29/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
COCHRANE, THOMAS Q1108808/29/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BLANCHARD, MARC 59901408/29/2020 CROSS CITY C.I. Natural OPEN
PEARCE, MICHAEL Y4186908/30/2020 WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
STANTON, EDWARD OD830608/30/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
COOPER, DAVID ID871408/30/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SADLER, SAM ID1130908/30/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
ROGERS, MARCUS 26719308/30/2020 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural OPEN
CLARK, FURMAN ID4852108/30/2020 BAKER C.I. Natural OPEN
BARAHONA, JUAN B1132608/30/2020 DADE C.I. Pending OPEN
REWIS, CALVIN 9D895809/01/2020 WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
MURDOCK, LEONARD ID4833209/01/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
HILL, ROBERT 52875009/01/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BROWN, HENRY 08872209/02/2020 CENTURY C.I. Pending OPEN
WADE, MICHAEL ID1741409/02/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
NUNEZ, JUAN ID1333809/02/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
RUIZ, JUAN M5408009/02/2020 SIF.R.C. Pending OPEN
GRICE, NOAH PD240609/03/2020 LIBERTY C.I. Pending OPEN
RAULERSON, JOHN 54391009/03/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
TOWNSON, JESSIE OB052709/03/2020 MADISON C.I. Natural OPEN
MASSONI, JOSEPH ID6500309/04/2020 PALACHEE EAST UNIT Pending OPEN
MCLANE, TERRY ID4196409/04/2020 CENTURY C.I. Pending OPEN
CARLSON, GLENN OD4243209/04/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
REEVES, TIMOTHY 58821009/04/2020 EVERGLADES C.I. Pending OPEN
GSELL, JUDY 8B795709/06/2020 DWELL ANNEX Natural OPEN
DEPRIEST, JON ID1064809/07/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
MCCORMICK, TERRY ID9754409/07/2020 SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending OPEN
WHITE, DONALD OD5612509/08/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SANAME, ELARIO OB8323409/08/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
LAROCCA, JOSEPH OD7223509/08/2020 LAKE C.I. Natural OPEN
MOORE, STEVE YB593009/08/2020 AVON PARK C.I. Natural OPEN
RAMOS, RAFAEL ID3390909/09/2020 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
CARUTHERS, CARL OD9048609/11/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
MARTINEZ, JORGE OB8209209/11/2020 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN
CARSON, ALLEN ID2234809/12/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
WILLIAMS, NATHANIEL 57699309/12/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
HUMPHRIES, ELTONIA ID4939909/12/2020 MAYO C.I. ANNEX Ebicide OPEN
GRAVES, JAMES PD1908309/15/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN

ROBERSON, TOMMY 05509309/16/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
MCCAMPBELL, THOMAS 06815309/17/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
GOOLDE, GEORGE 0124209/17/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CLARK, RONALD 01585109/18/2020 COLUMBIA ANNEX Natural OPEN
SADLER, CHRISTOPHER 05124709/19/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CAESER, MATTIE 030554509/19/2020 COWELL C.I. Natural OPEN
BATTLE, GLENN 04721409/20/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BRYANT, FREDERICK 07471109/20/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
ALLEN, GREGORY 086066209/20/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
KIRBY, WALTER 054819009/21/2020 COLUMBIA C.I. Natural OPEN
WILLIAMS, RONALD 03616109/21/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
YANOWSKY, GEORGE 06781009/21/2020 CROSS CITY C.I. Natural OPEN
GOODEN, ROBERT 028803609/21/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
ERBY, EDGAR 04701009/22/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
POWELL, DONALD 05975509/23/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
HALES, GORDON 01178209/23/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
JONES, REGINALD 020665509/23/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
LUNA, HOWARD 06056209/24/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
KOHN, JOHNNIE 04219309/24/2020 CFRC-SOUTH Natural OPEN
PARSONS, THEODORE 01425109/25/2020 NWFCR MAIN UNIT. Pending OPEN
WINTERS, RONALD 055685709/25/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
BARBER, JAMES 071750909/25/2020 CFRC-MAIN Natural OPEN
COSTALES, SANTIAGO 08668809/25/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
BECKMAN, DAVID 0011309/26/2020 CENTURY C.I. Pending OPEN
KEENE, JERRY 05388409/26/2020 WAKULLA ANNEX Accident OPEN
WILLIAMS, JOHN 09047709/26/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
HARRIS, THOMAS 03478909/26/2020 HAMILTON ANNEX Natural OPEN
DAVIS, TYRONE 02293609/26/2020 LAWTEY C.I. Natural OPEN
BLANTON, CHARLES 02174209/26/2020 S.F.R.C SOUTH UNIT Natural OPEN
BRYAN, RILEY 0560009/27/2020 CFRC-SOUTH Natural OPEN
MAYNARD, JOHN 051587509/27/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
MORRIS, MICHAEL 05248609/28/2020 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending OPEN
SMITH, HAROLD 03877909/28/2020 COLUMBIA C.I. Natural OPEN
JOYNER, RICKY 03444209/28/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
KELLER, EARL 02316709/28/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
PERRY, JAMES 04960009/28/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
ELLIS, RONALD 030892309/28/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
SMITH, BENNIE 020390809/30/2020 BLACKWATER C.F. Pending OPEN
PEADEN, RICHARD 021410209/30/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
JULIOUS, JAMES 03532109/30/2020 TAYLOR C.I. Natural OPEN
BRANSFORD, CLIFFORD 01474100/01/2020 ESP WEST UNIT Natural OPEN
GONZALEZ, FERNANDO 07981900/02/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN

JOHNSON, HARRY 50784 03/2020 HAMILTON ANNEX Natural OPEN
MURPHY, DIXIE 19387 03/2020 EL.WOMENS RECPN.CTR Natural OPEN
DENEV, DENTCHO 1698 04/2020 TAYLOR C.I. Natural OPEN
MERRITT, SHANDA X06378 04/2020 DWELL ANNEX Natural OPEN
WHITE, DONNIE B2036 05/2020 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Natural OPEN
MOORE, ADREN B3982 06/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BALLARD, ROY 67583 06/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
PEREZSIERRA, GAMALIEL N80352 06/2020 ORLANDO BRIDGES Suicide OPEN
DUQUE, ERIC 72022 06/2020 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Natural OPEN
BREWER, MARVIN B2154 07/2020 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN
WILSON, WILLIE 19465 07/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
BISHOP, WILLIAM 73971 07/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
COLE, STEVEN 91433 08/2020 CFRC-SOUTH Natural OPEN
COLANGELO, DANIEL 029576 08/2020 S.F.R.C SOUTH UNIT Natural OPEN
CORNETT, BOBBY 14567 09/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
LECHNER, CARL B15289 09/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CUMMINGS, JAMES Y09068 09/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
CARRIER, DONG 60094 09/2020 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Pending OPEN
BROOKS, WILLIE 102657 10/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
LUGO, EDWIN B14181 10/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
GRIFFIN, IRVIN 17630 11/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
OROURKE, DENNIS 922196 11/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
JAPNGIE, CELESTINO W44924 11/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
PETE, JIMMY 059641 11/2020 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Natural OPEN
FLYNT, CRAIG 707218 12/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
WOOLARD, ROBERT 19651 12/2020 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Natural OPEN
BILLUE, HENRY M79324 14/2020 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Natural OPEN
BELCHER, JACK 482735 15/2020 GULF C.I. Natural OPEN
GORMAN, JOSEPH 838598 17/2020 CALHOUN C.I. Natural OPEN
BAKER, JOHNNY 075050 17/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SHUTT, JAMES X95980 18/2020 MARTIN WORK CAMP Natural OPEN
JONES, WALTER 294063 18/2020 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Natural OPEN
FARLEY, ROBERT B1585 19/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
WEIR, THEODORE B2454 20/2020 WAKULLA ANNEX Natural OPEN
MILLER, EASON B09297 20/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
JOHNSON, ANDREW 059658 21/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CASARRUBIAS, ANDRES B02575 21/2020 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Natural OPEN
REED, CRAIG 026971 22/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BREEZE, GARY 918086 23/2020 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural OPEN
QUICK, JAMES 083436 23/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SUMMERS, JAMES 07297 23/2020 REALITY HOUSE Pending OPEN
LITTON, PHILLIP 18345 23/2020 CFRC-MAIN Natural OPEN

HOOKS, VANDERBILT 077062 10/24/2020 HAMILTON ANNEX Natural OPEN
RICHARDSON, TOMMY 121201 10/25/2020 CALHOUN C.I. Natural OPEN
JOHNSON, EDWARD 14445 10/25/2020 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending OPEN
BOOTH, SAMMIE 598885 10/27/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
TULLIS, LARRY 174785 10/27/2020 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural OPEN
WHITTEN, FREDERICK 48577 10/28/2020 GULF C.I. Natural OPEN
ALFONSO, NELSON 143085 10/28/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
WOOD, DONALD 43695 10/29/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BADGETT, PATRICK 105710 10/29/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
PRUDENT, RADEL 157228 10/29/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BERT, REESE 155096 10/29/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
PEREZ-RUIZ, NICOLAS 13304 10/30/2020 CALHOUN C.I. Natural OPEN
ROZZELLE, ROGER 108660 10/30/2020 WFRM MAIN UNIT. Natural OPEN
LEONARD, WILLIAM 11290 10/30/2020 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN
MCNEAL, JERMAINE 101554 10/31/2020 PALACHEE EAST UNIT Natural OPEN
FOURNIER, RICHARD 104474 10/31/2020 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural OPEN
DONN, COLEMAN 11693 10/31/2020 LAKE C.I. Natural OPEN
THORNTON, MICHAEL 136341 11/01/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
VENZAL, ANTONIO 191669 11/02/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
OVERHOLT, CALVIN 11350 11/03/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
WATKINS, PATRICK 1095068 11/03/2020 LANCASTER C.I. Natural OPEN
HUTCHISON, MICHAEL 1262320 11/04/2020 HOLMES C.I. Natural OPEN
THORNTON, ROBERT 125893 11/04/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
STOCKER, MATTHEW 103011 11/04/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CULVER, ASA 118890 11/04/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
ANDERSON, CHARLES 1034104 11/05/2020 MAYO C.I. ANNEX Natural OPEN
HIGHTOWER, LARRY 145739 11/06/2020 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending OPEN
DAYS, MARCUS 1231908 11/06/2020 S.F.R.C SOUTH UNIT Natural OPEN
FAIRCLOTH, GARY 1596446 11/06/2020 SOUTH BAY C.F. Natural OPEN
BAILEY, BRIAN 128452 11/08/2020 WFRM MAIN UNIT. Pending OPEN
MCLEAN, RONALD 113747 11/08/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
FLECHA, HECTOR 112078 11/09/2020 PALACHEE EAST UNIT Pending OPEN
HAYS, TROY 110631 11/09/2020 FLORIDA STATE PRISONS Suicide OPEN
BELL, ARNOLD 1835776 11/09/2020 CFRC-MAIN Natural OPEN
CAMPBELL, ROLAND 1009891 11/09/2020 DADE C.I. Pending OPEN
ROQUE, BRYAN 152889 11/10/2020 WAKULLA ANNEX Suicide OPEN
MCLACHLAN, MICHAEL 134109 11/11/2020 S.F.R.C. Pending OPEN
BRANNIN, KARL 1091247 11/11/2020 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
BUTLER, FRANK 1057071 11/12/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SPROUT, RICHARD 1157881 11/12/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SOTO, DAVID 121394 11/13/2020 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
GOSCIMINSKI, ANDREW 154395 11/13/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN

WOLACK, PATRICIA 642941 11/13/2020 DOWELL ANNEX Natural OPEN
MIRANDA, RICARDO X17936 11/14/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
GALLION, CLINTON 040145 11/14/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
BINKLEY, THOMAS Z88623 11/14/2020 DADE C.I. Pending OPEN
DARRELL, PAUL C01599 11/15/2020 GULF C.I. Natural OPEN
RAMSEY, CHARLES Z79217 11/15/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
HESTER, GALAN 401519 11/15/2020 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Pending OPEN
HICKOX, BURT 098308 11/16/2020 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending OPEN
ULM, ROBERT 065994 11/16/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BYRD, PAUL N31535 11/19/2020 NWFRM ANNEX. Natural OPEN
HELMS, RONALD V16415 11/19/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
COREY, CHRISTOPHER 651762 11/19/2020 TOMOKA C.I. Pending OPEN
GREEN, MARILYN 156092 11/19/2020 DOWELL ANNEX Natural OPEN
DOCK, KEVIN Q80786 11/19/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
SHARRITT, WALTER 049204 11/20/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BAILEY, JEROME 678986 11/21/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
HUDNELL, LAPHELUS 43628 11/21/2020 DADE C.I. Homicide OPEN
REDMAN, ROBIN 78031 11/23/2020 PALACHEE EAST UNIT Pending OPEN
WALKER, GEORGE 066865 11/24/2020 CFRC-SOUTH Natural OPEN
MCGUIRE, MICHAEL B7355 11/25/2020 SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending OPEN
LANGFORD, JAMES E60354 11/26/2020 OKALOOSA C.I. Pending OPEN
JOHNSON, AARON 022499 11/26/2020 NWFRM ANNEX. Natural OPEN
DOWNS, ERNEST 063143 11/28/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
ALEMAN-SUAREZ, ANGEL 99482 11/28/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
IVORY, LATINA 090313 11/29/2020 DOWELL C.I. Natural OPEN
BURGER, RICHARD 641114 11/30/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
EMILY, GREGORY 919355 11/30/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
AUGHINBAUGH, WILLIAM B02918 12/02/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
SENERFITT, GEORGE 687753 12/03/2020 BLACKWATER C.F. Pending OPEN
MATSON, DAVID 840243 12/04/2020 CFRC-SOUTH Natural OPEN
CALETTI, MARIO 022276 12/05/2020 CENTURY C.I. Pending OPEN
GAYE, HUBERT A30368 12/05/2020 MADISON C.I. Natural OPEN
HANKINS, LUCIOUS 658858 12/07/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
FRANKLIN, JOHN Z83244 12/10/2020 WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
WILLIAMS, WILLIE 017544 12/11/2020 WALTON C.I. Natural OPEN
AUSTIN, ALFONSO 840004 12/12/2020 WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
KIRKLAND, MICHAEL X52220 12/14/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
PRICE, DAVID X21150 12/16/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
JABERI, MATTHEW J39846 12/17/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CHU, WAIYIP 86564 12/18/2020 OPA LOCKA C.R.C. Pending OPEN
DYSON, CARLIE Y40234 12/19/2020 DOWELL ANNEX Natural OPEN
COOK, THOMAS 069123 12/19/2020 S.F.R.C SOUTH UNIT Natural OPEN

BLACINE, THOMAS 0199512/20/2020 FRANKLIN C.I. Pending OPEN
KOPANON, NICHOLAS 04724612/21/2020 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural OPEN
RICHARDSON, WILLIAM 02029512/22/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
WOODRUM, THOMAS 07444012/26/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
LANCASTER, GREGORY 05665212/26/2020 SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending OPEN
CARLAN, VINCENT 05572812/27/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
YOUNG, CADINE 05900412/28/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
MCMAHON, RAYMOND 04308012/28/2020 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural OPEN
PAYNE, THOMAS 02442512/29/2020 WFRM MAIN UNIT. Natural OPEN
MATHIS, THERESA 06563312/29/2020 GADSDEN C.F. Natural OPEN
FOSTER, CHARLES 04954612/29/2020 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
KELLEY, JOHN 0948512/30/2020 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural OPEN
KING, EUGENE 07825612/30/2020 POLK C.I. Natural OPEN
OSBURN, JAMES 05034112/31/2020 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
BROWN, THOMAS 05020601/02/2021 APALACHEE EAST UNIT Pending OPEN
COOK, ROBERT 06400301/02/2021 HAMILTON ANNEX Natural OPEN
STEIN, MARK 07208301/03/2021 CFRC-SOUTH Natural OPEN
GALARZA, WILLIAM 0005301/03/2021 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
TICE, JAMES 06987001/03/2021 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural OPEN
BAILEY, ROMULUS 06874901/05/2021 BLACKWATER C.F. Pending OPEN
CARABALLO, NATHANIEL 06392401/05/2021 GULF C.I. Natural OPEN
HILLIARD, LARRY 02396801/05/2021 TOMOKA C.I. Pending OPEN
TUCKER, WAYNE 08762501/05/2021 TOMOKA C.I. Pending OPEN
TUCKER, OTIS 06541201/05/2021 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural OPEN
MORALEZ, ELPIDIO 03753501/06/2021 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
DISHONG, CHRISTOPHER 0412701/06/2021 SUMTER C.I. Natural OPEN
ALLEN, JACK 04580401/08/2021 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural OPEN
STEWART, STACY 09023501/08/2021 GRACEVILLE C.F. Pending OPEN
WEBB, CARY 0419901/09/2021 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CARPENTER, ROBERT 05154601/11/2021 MADISON C.I. Natural OPEN
CANNELLA, CHARLES 051744801/11/2021 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
FORD, TIMOTHY 01661501/12/2021 MARTIN C.I. Pending OPEN
WASHINKO, STEVEN 06909001/12/2021 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
JORDAN, FREDERICK 01239201/15/2021 OKALOOSA C.I. Pending OPEN
DAVIS, FRANK 04317701/16/2021 HARDEE C.I. Pending OPEN
COLLINS, WAYNE 088362401/16/2021 HOLMES C.I. Natural OPEN
HOSWELL, MALCOLM 062042901/17/2021 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
NEWSOME, WILLIE 050240601/17/2021 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
HOLLEY, AARON 084530901/17/2021 SUMTER C.I. Pending OPEN
EASON, MARC 06950201/18/2021 GULF C.I. Natural OPEN
WILLIAMS, GARY 00196501/19/2021 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BOLLING, DEVONTE 01088201/20/2021 BAKER C.I. Natural OPEN

PITTMAN, JOSEPH05012601/25/2021BAKER C.I.NaturalOPEN
FIGUEROA, LUIS45414001/25/2021SF.R.C.PendingOPEN
RITTER, JOHN12136301/27/2021CFRC-MAINSuicideOPEN
HAWKINS, ROBERT1556201/28/2021HAMILTON ANNEXNaturalOPEN
GRANT, MICHELE24172601/28/2021DOWELL ANNEXNaturalOPEN
FONSECA, JOSE15914801/28/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNITNaturalOPEN
MILLS, DONALD1575001/29/2021SOUTH BAY C.F.PendingOPEN
MCCUE, RAYMOND16945301/29/2021WAKULLA C.I.NaturalOPEN
DODSON, DEQUAN14612801/31/2021TAYLOR C.I.HomicideOPEN
SIMMONS, GROME20994102/01/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNITPendingOPEN
CURTIS, TIMOTHY44987302/01/2021CFRC-SOUTHNaturalOPEN
MCCARTHY, WILLIAM07544602/01/2021DADE C.I.NaturalOPEN
AMON, THOMAS10328202/02/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNITNaturalOPEN
CAQUIAS, JOSEK6614802/03/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNITNaturalOPEN
WILLIAMS, ALFRED8B789502/08/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNITNaturalOPEN
CARROLL, JERRY0B159602/08/2021SUMTER C.I.NaturalOPEN
FERNANDEZ, JAVIER4B919902/10/2021SANTA ROSA C.I.PendingOPEN
NORMAN, JOSHUA62617502/10/2021GRACEVILLE C.F.PendingOPEN
ROSS, ROBERTE2004202/10/2021COLUMBIA C.I.NaturalOPEN
MADRID, JAMES1B277102/11/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNITNaturalOPEN
OWENS, PAUL82082302/12/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNITNaturalOPEN
BARNES, WILLIAM07824602/12/2021UNION C.I.NaturalOPEN
SANDERS, CHARLES0B677402/14/2021SF.R.C.NaturalOPEN
MANSFIELD, JOSEPH47067002/15/2021CFRC-SOUTHNaturalOPEN
WATTS, FREDDIE97771102/16/2021GRACEVILLE C.F.NaturalOPEN
JOHNSON, CECIL2B659702/19/2021BAKER C.I.PendingOPEN
BUTTERFIELD, EARLEB124402/19/2021DESOTO WORK CAMPNaturalOPEN
BLUE, MARTRAVIUSK7525402/20/2021LAKE C.I.PendingOPEN
BARBER, RODNEY10922202/21/2021BAY C.F.NaturalOPEN
ALEXANDER, RICHARD29934402/22/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNITNaturalOPEN
BRYANT, FRANK14900802/22/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNITNaturalOPEN
WILLIAMS, JOSEPHDB210002/22/2021SUMTER C.I.NaturalOPEN
WARD, DARRELL0B007302/22/2021CFRC-SOUTHNaturalOPEN
WALKER, TONY20835302/23/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNITNaturalOPEN
PUERTAS, RAFAEL19060402/23/2021SOUTH BAY C.F.NaturalOPEN
LIPSCOMB, CHASEV4034702/24/2021APALACHEE EAST UNITPendingOPEN
MCRAE, STEVEN16506502/24/2021EVERGLADES C.I.NaturalOPEN
ADAMS, LEONARDM7827002/26/2021SANTA ROSA ANNEXPendingOPEN
MOORE, LAVERNO5895602/27/2021TOMOKA C.I.PendingOPEN
ANDERSON, TIMOTHYK8059702/28/2021CFRC-SOUTHNaturalOPEN
RAY, MITCHELL0203320B/01/2021WAKULLA C.I.NaturalOPEN
GORDON, CHARLES8B57000B/01/2021WAKULLA C.I.NaturalOPEN

BROWN, MICKEY 0557440B/01/2021CFRC-SOUTH Natural OPEN
JOHNSON, MICHELLE 0580730B/01/2021HOMESTEAD C.I. Pending OPEN
BRIN, ADRIEN 0373040B/02/2021CHARLOTTE C.I. Homicide OPEN
PEREZ, JULIO 02263420B/03/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
KERESTESY, RICHARD 0659050B/04/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BEHR, JAMES 082660B/04/2021SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural OPEN
ODERMATT, DEAN 02269590B/04/2021SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Homicide OPEN
CONNER, TIMOTHY 0542900B/04/2021MARION C.I. Pending OPEN
GADSON, TIMOTHY 084390B/05/2021SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN
HERNANDEZ, MICHAEL 0318670B/05/2021FLORIDA STATE PRISON Pending OPEN
ALLMAN, JOHN 0695640B/06/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
MARTINEZ, ALEXANDER 0227070B/08/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BAUER, TIMOTHY 0009230B/09/2021MARION C.I. Pending OPEN
JACKSON, CLARENCE 0857030B/09/2021DADE C.I. Pending OPEN
THURMAN, EUGENE 0932760B/09/2021DADE C.I. Pending OPEN
LY, THAI 05807430B/11/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CLEMONS, JOHNNY 0359090B/12/2021S.F.R.C. Pending OPEN
SHEPPARD, ERVING 0417080B/14/2021S.F.R.C. Pending OPEN
DINKINS, KELLY 0370930B/15/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
HAYNES, FREDERICK 0294200B/15/2021S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
RUIZ, ALBERTO 04061970B/15/2021S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
ADAMS, LAWRENCE 0218890B/16/2021WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
CANADY, STEVIE 05036460B/16/2021SUWANNEE C.I. Pending OPEN
LUGO, SAMUEL 03808670B/17/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
JAMES, JACKIE 0974500B/17/2021SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending OPEN
ANDERSON, EDWARD 0318290B/19/2021ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Pending OPEN
SMITH, LUTHER 0620650B/21/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
FILES, JEFFREY 02268530B/22/2021BLACKWATER C.F. Pending OPEN
BROWN, MICHAEL 0372800B/22/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BEAN, JAMES 03360240B/24/2021PALACHEE EAST UNIT Pending OPEN
PULLIAM, THEODORE 05715110B/24/2021WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
NELSON, GLENN 04459750B/24/2021ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Pending OPEN
HOCH, JOHN 01129030B/25/2021ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Pending OPEN
KIGHT, CHARLES 0947180B/26/2021CFRC-MAIN Pending OPEN
HAMED, MOHAMMAD 03294100B/28/2021DADE C.I. Pending OPEN
YOUNG, ANNA 05510310B/31/2021EL.WOMENS RECPN.CTR Natural OPEN
REYES, DALVIN 055822904/02/2021DESOTO ANNEX Pending OPEN
WOODS, CORNELIUS 044594504/06/2021SUMTER C.I. Natural OPEN
APGAR, WILLIAM 02250404/06/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SUTTON, LARRY 07203304/08/2021R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
LEVY, JORDAN 07162204/09/2021OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending OPEN
ELLIS, KELVIN 00783904/09/2021CFRC-MAIN Pending OPEN

CARD, JAMES 08179204/10/2021 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
THOMPSON, JASON 52188604/11/2021 DADE C.I. Pending OPEN
STILES, CARL 62781304/11/2021 GRACEVILLE C.F. Pending OPEN
HEIDE, DENNIS A1105804/13/2021 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
ERLSTEN, TIMOTHY 79257504/13/2021 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending OPEN
SOUTHALL, ANTHONY 08519404/16/2021 CFRC-SOUTH Pending OPEN
KEMP, GEORGE 06579004/16/2021 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Pending OPEN
JACKSON, JAMES B11088304/17/2021 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
MATOS, RAY B9349504/18/2021 DADE C.I. Homicide OPEN
ALEXANDER, CLAUDE 04604504/19/2021 WALTON C.I. Pending OPEN
HOOD, JOHN P6021104/20/2021 CENTURY C.I. Pending OPEN
JOHNSON, ANTHONY B4262004/21/2021 LAKE C.I. Pending OPEN
JONES, ORA Z5293004/22/2021 EL.WOMENS RECPN.CTR Natural OPEN
KNUDSEN, JAMES D6186104/23/2021 FRANKLIN C.I. Pending OPEN
MCCLOUGH, JOSEPH S2615404/28/2021 CALHOUN C.I. Pending OPEN
LARRINAGA, RONALD B887804/28/2021 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Pending OPEN
CRUZ, RAMON 08911804/28/2021 SIF.R.C. Pending OPEN
LEMONT, RUDOLPH W0823104/29/2021 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
HERNANDEZ, MICHAEL M6538604/29/2021 COLUMBIA C.I. Pending OPEN
MAGEE, PAUL X0475804/30/2021 COLUMBIA C.I. Pending OPEN
HAMPTON, PATRICK B1105504/30/2021 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
WELLS, ROBERT Z6756004/30/2021 SIF.R.C. Pending OPEN
LORD, DARRELL C0591605/02/2021 WAKULLA ANNEX Pending OPEN
SEIDNER, EDWARD B5258505/02/2021 MADISON C.I. Pending OPEN
CHRISTOPHER, DWIGHT U11797005/02/2021 TAYLOR C.I. Pending OPEN
TOUZE, JEAN X6825305/02/2021 TAYLOR C.I. Pending OPEN
CALLAHAN, JAMES 04823805/03/2021 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
DEANGELO, JOSEPH B9619705/03/2021 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
VANCE, DANAP 7062605/04/2021 BLACKWATER C.F. Pending OPEN
CLARK, MARKE 2218805/06/2021 SUWANNEE C.I. Pending OPEN
SANVILLE, RAYMOND Z9967505/06/2021 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural OPEN
BYRD, EDWARD 09370105/06/2021 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN
AGUILAR, CARLOS M4353605/06/2021 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN
COX, BRUCE S1238105/07/2021 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Pending OPEN
TRENARY, RAYMOND 07961705/08/2021 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Pending OPEN
GARCIA-URBAY, ORLANDO ZB357805/09/2021 DADE C.I. Pending OPEN
CLARK, JOHN 40037905/10/2021 CFRC-MAIN Pending OPEN
CLARK, RONALD 06670805/10/2021 EVERGLADES C.I. Pending OPEN
COOK, CODIEN 6066805/10/2021 HARDEE C.I. Pending OPEN
DURKEE, KENNETH U2636105/15/2021 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
JAHALAL, ALICIA C7830205/15/2021 EL.WOMENS RECPN.CTR Pending OPEN
HARRIS, KEITH U0097505/16/2021 WAKULLA C.I. Pending OPEN

MORRIS, WALTER 08038305/19/2021 DADE C.I. Pending OPEN
JACKSON, MICHAEL 13612405/20/2021 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
PITTS, EARL 15030905/21/2021 WFRM MAIN UNIT. Pending OPEN
JONES, DANIEL 07351305/22/2021 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
HARRIS, JEFFERY 04841605/23/2021 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
UNDERWOOD, RUSSELL 13875005/26/2021 S.F.R.C. Pending OPEN
WOMACK, JAMES 12407605/27/2021 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
MORRIS, LARRY 03570405/28/2021 WAKULLA C.I. Pending OPEN
RODRIGUEZ, JEORGAN 11479505/28/2021 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
MALONE, JOHN 188621505/28/2021 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
KIM, HOW 11388405/29/2021 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending OPEN
TATE, LYNDIE 13052405/30/2021 SUNCOAST C.R.C.(FEM) Pending OPEN

James McLain

The Woman Like Me Down The Hall

We were both undiagnosed with loneliness,
both of us, heavy of heart.
Alcohol was her best friend, it was easier that
way for the both of us.

I knocked on her door quite a lot and when she
opened I was never surprised.
That she would answer it in her panties, pink
and green were are favorite colors.

She had never married and hadn't any children,
having lived our lived in the south.
Sloppy we were waiting for dark, hiding the
truth from the light.

Life was for the woman down the hall waiting
for me,
waiting for love, both of us having heavy suitcases
filled full of issues that neither could let go.
Untill death showed up to pry us apart.

James McLain

A Summer's Dream That We Have All Spent Dreaming

I'd rather wait
than tell you all about the coming of your dreams.
That few could tell or else
they would thus tell.
Of super highways in the mind
that wind upon them selves.

Everybody has a place
none go without the sight.
And no one's child
is left including those without the will.

If death appeared
none would appeal as approached.
Where each intersection
in the world,
each racing thought prevailed.

To kiss the lips of each fair girl I saw.
And give them
what I owe that you can't have.

The only death I know at rest
and you the will to be.
I see you in the daily news,
and could not save you all when you I found.

James McLain

Choices

I would rather suffer in the light
Than to die in the dark.

James McLain



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Inside I Was There

In the back, inside I was there.
Behind the bush,
without any green leaves.
Next to the tree where I stood alone.

The lavender smell on her breath I
could taste.
Small was the turtle as it crossed road.

James McLain



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Why Should You Care

My eye's are closed forever in sleep and
Such as they are all the bright
stars, none will I keep.

As tall as the trees that I never
climbed,
One bush filled with leaves that
I've left behind.

If I'm not alive then what am I now?

James McLain



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Inside My Head Love Is But A Dream

I dare not leave my head when deep in sleep,
it is nearly time, one last heart beat.
For I would love you still and still you dream.

Inside my dream the path is green a willow
bows in grace,
as if the wind that blows leaves so gentle
on your face.

Not knowing what I'll find an island or a
star.
But satin and but silk is as felt when your
asleep.

She is trapped inside her dream and
can't get out,
and a stranger drags his finger bent across
her face.

Moist the rain is dry and the color of the
clouds
such is the dream and fragrant still the moon
will rise and settle down
upon the face of dawn and I must wake again

James McLain

Could It Be Even Now Not At All

Could it be even now not at all?

All that once was and all that that there is,
The sound we all heard seemed to come
From above not from the earth deep beneath.

And the smartest are here paying the cost
Some disappear because of the knowledge and
Books you have read, spreading the truth never lies.

And could it be deep in the dark from whence
They come having been freed left their mark.

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James McLain



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Once I Was Like You

Bursting out of youth as if I was a flame.
None but I to blame, chasing that to catch
was not the same when caught.

My breath they take away when seen,
the cost of getting just one glance to close my eyes and sigh.

James McLain



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Covid Has Entered Where I Live

I did not know it entered my home through him.

Hammered and nailed all I can do is wait.

Life or death decided by a fever and cough,
Caught off guard and I wait.

Unbearable the stench here nothing's free.
Not even a blip on their screen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Do I Say What Never Was Said

Can you see in your mind words that you hear, but can't speak?
To think is to think to dream what you speak your mind is at times deep in
sleep.

Speaking out when you sleep, repeating the dream awake in the dark all night
think.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Now I See What I've Lost

Rolling waves in the sea,
Inside I Have lost my heart.

I am cold, I still feel my
warm heart.

Pity me not I have forgot,
one emotion that I should not.

I have aged like the tree,
trying to feel the leaves of the
bush on my face.

Seeing now what it is that I've
lost,
heart bursting at such a large cost.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Is But A Name But It's Still Love

Have you ever known it by a different name, than
the name that we call love?

Could you prey upon that special one the one you
said you loved.

Do you know that special road the road that leads
that way?

Do not ever turn your back on love the other roads
to sad.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pull A String And Jane

Each woman doesn't realize that
Her husband could die any day, having
Left no life insurance policy.

Where butter then becomes margarine
Such is taste.
The taste of love before he died and
Gone are the cigarettes that you shared
Like having to again learn how to date
If you want sex.

Or make a new life watching television
Getting drunk and passing out drunk and
Wearing the same pair of panties till
The stretch wore out.

The reek of cheap perfume and bottles
Scattered out around Jane's bed.
The more she seems to drink, what's left
Here to be said
I just don't know...

James McLain

Becoming Pregnant During The Pandemic

The young sleep deeper than we do and
Their mind's are loose as they just slide
Deeper in sleep.

The succubus enters the mind and governs
The subconscious sexual urges beyond the ability
To control them.
The male is milked by an invisible hand
Of she in spirit form.

And she in deep sleep are entered by he
To her in sleep unknown.
A virgin has been with no man but suddenly
Finds her self pregnant.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Of Death Do You Know

Perched in your after glow as I wait
For you when your soul.
In this your new state an orb of bright
Light.

Damaged were some before birth like an
After thought of the one that was born before.
There life may be long or cut short,
To discover what is from what's not in the
Hope that the road is not long.

Could it be your first time or your last,
Yea though I watch, yea though you've got all
The knowledge that's part of the age.
And to suffer the now staying apart unseen
It pains me to see your heart stop.

Written in stone the tree's have all grown
Six feet apart a stream plays a part,
And the bushes are spread apart.
Can the honey that's there golden one's hair
Back and forth come the bee's without name.

Coming to the edge with just thought silver
Cord you have cut on your own.
Without end do you know why you chose to be
Here and then leave.
And of death after death from loosing a friend
Knowing they're likely to choose not to come.

James McLain

.. A Few Of My Past Reincarnations

My earliest one was as an Egyptian slave,
The last I remember was a priest on the field
During the American civil war.

Born to soon in the now where men hate
Each other and covet their brothers world.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Florida Governor Desantis And Covid 19

While being a sycophant to President trump
He wants to force our schools open,
Knowing very well these ours not his own children
Will catch this deadly virus and then bring
It back to your home's where the most vulnerable
Adults will become ill and pass away alone and
Isolated from those whom do love them.

Florida has seen record highs over the last
Three weeks of the corona virus that was designed
To do what has currently been done to kill
Our vulnerable people and wreck our economy as
Has been even to the most ignorant of our population
That may due to their desperate need to house
And feed their families.

Trading the safety of their communities and families
To work if in the south for a non living wage trapped
Between killing your children for work that pays
Minimum wage.
Not having the fund's to bury their dead.

James McLain

Can I Love With Autism

Not respond to their name (the child may appear deaf)

Not point at objects or things of interest, or demonstrate interest

Not play "pretend" games

Avoid eye contact

Want to be alone

Have difficulty understanding, or showing understanding, or other people's feelings or their own

Have no speech or delayed speech

Repeat words or phrases over and over

Give unrelated answers to questions

Get upset by minor changes

Have obsessive interests

Flap their hands, rock their body, or spin in circles

Have unusual reactions (over or under-sensitivity) to the way things sound, smell, taste, look, or feel

Have low to no social skills

Avoid or resist physical contact

Demonstrate little safety or danger awareness

Reverse pronouns (e.g., says "you" instead of "I")

James McLain

After We Die

After we die,
We all go back to that place where
We were before we were born.
You can ask Donald Trump and you would
Believe him right.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Oils It At Night And Then Comes Day

Today it's news tomorrow when she lives
Another day.
A chapter to a story few have read about
Abuse.

Advertisement to it speaks, yet
are we certain in the fall that he will
Loose?

Further to the left than to the right
She owns the middle,
And she oils it at night and then comes
Day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Masks And Covid 19

Florida,
Twenty nine thousand new case's
In the last seventy hour's.

State representatives all Republican
Ignoring our plight, wanting to open the
State to early.

Forcing those to choose whom make
Minimum wage to expose themselves to this
Deadly virus to feed and clothe their children.

The pandemic and the murder of Mr.Floyd has
Unleashed in our country a perfect storm.
Police brutality and the rasism that has consumed
This country now.

While trying to in the end to force our
Children to go back into the
The public schools to catch the virus and
Bring it home to their families.

How much lead in their water is acceptable,
So as it is with this deadly virus.

James McLain

What Of You

I don't think,
There's room in her heart for hate.
That space is filled unconditionally with love.
That love tis reserved for me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Great Dying

To many of us world wide, still hide like
The cock roaches,
Trying to survive this world
Wide pandemic.

Our children have been placed in harms
Way,
To carry this virus home to our most vulnerable.

My opinion is that by forcing minimum wage
Workers back to work to soon has a rising price.
Here in Saint Petersburg the protesters were arrested
And held without bond.
The head judge conspired with the sheriff to give
Them no bond for their part in the protest.

And soon the country will experience mass evictions and
Foreclosures at a rate never seen before.
Children on the street's homeless ripped from the homes
Through no fault of their own, who will step up and help them?

No economy, an active pandemic and forty five hundred
Death's a day.
How can the racist vote for a man who is killing your woman
And children?
There are still healthy fish to be caught.

James McLain

Why Do People Fear The Chinese Government

And I would further add
After further investigation
that forced organ harvesting is still
Being performed on victims being alive.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

We Are Just Ripe Juicy Plums

How do we make it all better when they pack us
In rooms without bail.
Grim is the hope they will change in a bill their
Way of making a living that stops.

Keeping women and men packed close to each other
Their suffering ignored by the staff.
And as they cannot bond out the Judges have ignored
That this strange form of death keeps these human beings
Locked up,
While they sleep soundly and dream of them not.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

America's Prisons For Old People

The disintegration of the American family,
Having one's parent declared incompetent as more
And more children can't wait to inherit what
They didn't work for.

With the current Republican Governors opening
The state's prematurely,
As the death toll continues to grow wildly our
Old are treated as Hitler did to let our
Elderly in these American prisons die alone and afraid.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nylon Covers Cotton When It's Wet

To those that I know, when I'm seen
As I wandered about and amongst them,
Into me,
As I saw last, when last seen in a dream.
Censored? with pain,
Discussed in a way seldom seen, advised as to
The one's trapped inside.

Having to use mesh when by the doctor's,
If it it is needed
Larger than those that you are and yet by his
Or her's more I saw of those there.
Nothing should be that by those any less discerning
That they see in you and me.

And there are many there hearing those that need
Mercy, most are not left to what they are sent away to
That place where one's unseen sent away.
There are those that see and when seen, found a way.
And the few of you who saw what you have become,
The new middle-aged.
Nylon covers cotton when it's wet.

James McLain

Regrettable Regrets

I was so very young in a world
Of vice, young were they as well much
Younger than I of course.

Before a bull, the bull I would become.
And age has dulled my horns and now above
Her door smooth fingers close around
My rack.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have Tasted The Moon

I have tasted the moon where you are
It tastes of the earth's other side.
Could it be other kinds of fruit and
Mushrooms one thinks,
For those whom give thought yet afraid
Where they live to speak out.

Just as a bowl rocked back and forth
Leaves a taste where it no longer does.
Where apple's grow it is sweet and a common
Voice that you know from the past knows
It is so.
I have tasted the moon where I am does it
Not show?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

He Came In The Night While She Slept

Smokey and noisy the bar just turning
Twenty one a virgin still.
The thick atmosphere was as her moist
And wet.

Singled out a powdery drug slipped in her drink
As she danced as only one so young like her could.
Slowly she began to succumb and waiting and
Watching he came.

Slipping his fingers deep inside without any
Outward form of resistance.
He had three other friends waiting outside,
Deep in sleep finally they took turns turning
Her inside out.

Like the oil fields out on the plains she was
Brutally drilled in both holes.
The moist ground how it clung to the drills in
And out up and down until dawn as the moon disappeared
In the dawn coming awake they were gone.

High heels broken unkept as she was taken back to
Her dorm,
Crying in the shower washing the filth from her
Bruised body.
She finished her bar exam and went on to become a
Prosecutor that dealt with only sex crimes.

James McLain

?? Health Not Wealth ??

The first noticeable break in the dawn,
Isn't the flash of the sun.
The second flash are the light's going out
And I watch the dark descend.
Her hands moving up and down, just one small
Tug above and beyond.
As my arm's rigid deliver her charms and thus
Forgiven removed from harm.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Marriage

Things fall apart if you don't
Look after them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

There Where Cotton Is Squeezed

Cotton rocks back inside that moody patch..
and white washed fence.....songs of..the..
south land...and lazy dusty bottoms.. pray..

Eyes split the curtain.. so sleepy...and reveal..
how tongues are slowly grooved...blacksmiths...
hammers muffled sounds...mindful needing..oil...

Brown eyes can't but slowly follow.....
arresting new sundresses...old this fashion..
giving not even one sun a yellow thought...

Southern heat sips through day old fabric..
while sweat pools in shadows... cool..to..
best...warm wind.....and the blacksmith...
lends more color too those tanned skins....
that common sultry post modern day look...
not seen in a post..southern living magazine...
while clouds white warm even hot...on days....
like this..while to most see...cotton squeezed.

James McLain

Trump Is A Narcissistic Psychopath

Do you like him now?
Do you want to roll the dice one more
Time and have nothing left?
Those vaginas he admitted to grope still
Hurt my head.

Ask China what?
For the vaccine that they have but wont
Give to us.
More people have died in the last two
Months than over the course of the Vietnam war.

He simply was not up to the job, what are
Our real options now?
Forcing us to go into the great unknown the
Dark, stacked like cord wood in the freezers
And morgue.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Mist

Even in full light darkness came,
All living things were moist in reach of the mist.
The edge of the stream where I wet reaching laid
And water filled the roots as full as a maid.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Under The Hood Of Paradise

To the north, south, west and east
Surrounded by wet land grows the greenest grass.
Yea, though it's warm the air is moist
And heavy tree's are heavy at the top where
Leaves grow gree and thick and long.

Could it be to her from him a yellow drop of snow
On a blanket of white snow that left no stain.
Night comes to us whom wait the moon can't wait to
Pull the clouds aside for through what the word's have
Said before you close her eyes in sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Crippling A Super Power

To catch up to the United States in many
Area's of technology,
You need only to unleash a hereinto virus
Claiming no cure,
Rendering said such a crippling blow shutting
The country down.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Falling In Love The First-Ever Time

Thinking it is but never was
I cannot ever consider I may die alone.
Love is not
Me knowing how deeply it was, even in
Love is a wall.
The test of time stands a man when
A woman, a woman true, a woman to help
Each stand tall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? My Personal Life ??

I've begun to consider whether the unintended outcomes of maintaining my privacy outweigh personal and professional principles.

It's become clear to me that by remaining silent on certain aspects of my personal life for so long, I have given some the mistaken impression that I am trying to hide something—something that makes you uncomfortable, Ashamed or even afraid.

This is distressing because it is simply not true. Of course the rest of you have left to choose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alive In Times Like These

It's as if I never died and
Came to life.

I never listened to the wise
And watching as I died.
I confessed my sins and watched
You do them twice.

But if you lived and listened to
The wise,
From your home you read about the
People who have died.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dumb Brute

Born by a woman,
Influenced by one man.

I was born,
And this is what I am.

I will never be here again
Amongst you, a better man.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Will Not Die And Be Forgotten

I will not die and be forgotten
Also it is again,
it does not exist then or now.

That this one is present.
This one is birthed, eternal, undying,
I am ancient.
It is love never killed,
when it is not of the heart it is killed.

Unrealistic there but for some it has been.
Certainly love it is when is it shy,
in the eyes both of them a truth realized.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

5th Florida Prisoner Dies From Covid-19

As the virus continues to spread within
Florida's prison system,
The number of COVID-19 cases among inmates
And corrections workers throughout the state
Climbed to 323 on Monday, corrections officials said.

The total number of prison cases
Includes 197 inmates and 126 workers,
With cases involving 18 inmates and five employees
Reported by the corrections department
Over the weekend.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Critical Thought Has Cost Me

And critical thought once left him;
without judgment, many were his days
and once that fire, upon his mind
and the sun was gone, and now.
And then lost in the shadows hollow
hand are the memories and my name,
and the cotton sky, left me to drift,
and only the moon could see me.
And so quietly, lost without sight
and hushed for they might hear me,
and herein; was the knell,
that hill upon i kneel,
and of the wounded lion,
and throaty it's roar was i,
and laid bare, was thus my head,
and hot in the savanna of her name,
and in this, they knew it was again i,
and i knew them not and they left me thus,
and their shame and their guilt grew worse,
and innocent for their time, out there to wander,
and into such, that it was, i came back to earth.
And back it is that i am,
and accountable for such to she,
and they shall be buried together too drift..
and when the moon entered from the back,
the bottom drops out of plain sight.

James McLain

I Am Red Warm Moist And Juicy

The colour red is not incarceration
Orange is
not the new black.
We are their sheep bleeding is.
Before it all happened asleep
one cried out.

Mother save me, our God is great,
greater than great,
Mother I am red wet moist warm
and sticky.

Hidden away in all of your prisons
the product of youth
by your snake all were bitten.
Money by them is their religious
organization and blessed by the
Judge it's made legal.
Blessed were they our old mother's
whom hid U.S.

Can you in good faith become worse,
you don't see U.S.
Weather we're black or weather we're
shadow's of white,
whom are they protecting if we are
dying.

Look at all the good people around U.S.
With friends like these whom choose who
to represents U.S.

Cruz is great and Trump is much better.
The Governor's,
in all the Southern States
are the ones
whom in your names execute U.S.

Is It Not A Word

Saying nothing I have said,
That love has said it all.

A crushing hand, that
Squeezes on my heart.

I remember nothing else
An ember nor a spark.

Saying nothing I have said,
That love has said it all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Candy Apple Kisses

I see..still yet the music..
..brushes lips..acoustic notes..
..sound as leaves moving..
..across..smiles talking..
..whispering of rain to come..
..The moon is high..is to...
..sometimes to it's low..
..They move in and out of...
..bushes...cotton blooms..
..inside..out of sight...clouds..
..When they stop..talking music..
..colors...kissing bubbles..rise..
..shields view...of you smiling.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Lady And The Mister

Because of it 'we' laughed as nature does so common green.
Realized it is to I became,
such implied there in her favor.

And being left off distant of, but near to her, I thus became.
Whose teeth that flashed, when in the sun as she did show them.
I was drawn inside
to sweet each breath she 'made', as it was
temporary, I inhaled with each profound look, I rediscovered.
Lost then finally found within, dark caves of sound,
so deep,
and smooth, so rich and throaty, singing music all the time.
Never ravaged but by scotch and time and filtered cigarettes.
Though detached always above, I look again below, such is
her undulation, visitation, invisible muscles, 'I' see them moving.
All the time,

Young a woman; on the beach 'she' hurries past us saying,
drawing briefly it aside a red and white, checkered bandanna.
Made it 'said' in 'Kansas' hot a sweating mask, I look beyond her.
Bronzed this body made, I think of poesies, confusing she with her.

'If your woman and the Mister' (wish to take it to the ocean,
does the lady and the Mister)wish to wash it lightly off?
One day in time a grain of sand and foam, 'she did - politely ask '
I decided when next his lightning bolt, when it hit could not be stopped,
certain repercussions of those acute remarks, might thus be lost.
She with her and I, this afternoon could still be, with some help be salvaged.

I concentrated on both, by my seat a well of deep intentions.
With a careful, deeper why, I trust my mind, too find consensus.
Kept thus safe this time, inside I've grown to know, to ponder why.
Wistful is for she/her much and subtle for my this, could be her double.

Once was I, of kind like mind, a person drifts some times so far away,
pulled out of life just like before,
and washed amongst the rocks and foam the wind it blows away.

Cresting Poetic Language

Write about the poetic language and imagery.

Does the poet use precise,

and vivid vocabulary to create detailed images?

What literary devices are used to enhance meaning?

Answer these questions by explaining and analyzing specific example from is it poetries

the poem titled, The Lady and The Mister.

Tell how the poet is it poetry creates those images.

A good example of this would be the poem called...The Lizard...The poetry you analyze is it poetries

use of simile and metaphor unlike Bukowski, is it's take off of Emily Dickinson's- nature is what you see.

And is it poetries rendition of the same.

Your exercise is to read one that you like

then write your own drawing inspiration

of like same good luck.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A List Of The Human Beings That Have Died In The Custody Of The State Of Florida Prison's In - 2019-2020

KEVER, DAVIDG0038007/01/2019SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
HORTON, MICHAEL07366107/02/2019M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
CHAPMAN, WILLIAMC0278507/05/2019FLORIDA STATE PRISON Pending OPEN-FDLE
FERGUSON, LEROY11616907/06/2019HOLMES C.I. Pending OPEN
BUSSER, WILLIAMN2621807/06/2019M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
GIGLIO, DUKE05361107/06/2019M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
COPPERTINO, JOHN34124107/07/2019SF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
HULL, DENNIS05553007/08/2019SF.R.C. Natural Closed
NUNNALLY, JEFFREY06932107/09/2019NWFRM MAIN UNIT. Pending OPEN-FDLE
JONES, JOHNNY47956907/09/2019ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural OPEN
JOHNSON, KENNETH45228407/10/2019LIBERTY C.I. Natural Closed
LOVINGOOD, SANFORDN2950707/10/2019M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HUBELE, BERNARD62120507/11/2019M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
CROUCH, TERRY1180907/11/2019DADE C.I. Natural OPEN-FDLE
MCFARLANE, MILTON18880807/11/2019M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
MANN, ANDRE19006307/11/2019SF.R.C. Homicide OPEN-FDLE
CAMP, JOSEPH10022207/12/2019BAKER C.I. Pending OPEN
PARKER, BRIAN07886707/13/2019JACKSON C.I. Pending Open
WHITE, GEORGEV3990007/13/2019CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
GONZALEZ-GUTIERREZ, OSMELV303007/15/2019SF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
OFFORD, ANTWANM2244507/15/2019FLORIDA STATE PRISON Pending OPEN-FDLE
BROCK, PHILIP5141607/16/2019UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
SCOTT, LARRY06184707/17/2019DADE C.I. Natural OPEN-MDPD
FORNEY, BRUCE40408207/18/2019LAKE C.I. Accident Closed
POLLOCK, DENNISH3906307/18/2019AVON PARK C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
FLEMING, WILLIAM14157107/20/2019SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
WASHINGTON, EDWIN06017307/20/2019NWFRM MAIN UNIT. Pending OPEN
PASCHAL, CARL01110507/20/2019M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN-FDLE
LEWIS, JAMES07291507/21/2019M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
ROSS, WILTON00115807/21/2019LIBERTY C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
MASON, DARVISV38472407/22/2019M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ANDERSON, YANNICK5031807/22/2019TAYLOR C.I. Homicide OPEN-FDLE
SPATES, WILLIEB2340107/23/2019LAKE C.I. Natural Closed
WHITE, CHARLIE06294207/24/2019M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN

KING, PETER 01504807/27/2019 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
ZEIGLER, DARRELL B2752607/27/2019 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending OPEN
STILES, CARL D655507/27/2019 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
MORRIS, CHRISTOPHER E3573407/28/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MEARA, DAVID K8256407/28/2019 TAYLOR ANNEX Accident Closed
CHAPMAN, JOEL D2447608/02/2019 WAKULLA ANNEX Suicide Closed
EARL, BERTHA 56079508/02/2019 COWELL ANNEX Natural OPEN
COSSIO, RAIMUNDO B1609708/02/2019 CENTURY C.I. Pending OPEN
MOYER, RASLEY C0737608/02/2019 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Natural Closed
SALYER, JOHN 9B648908/03/2019 Wakulla Annex Natural OPEN
WILSON, WILLIAM 54446608/06/2019 Taylor Natural Closed
PADILLA, EFRAIN Y4368408/07/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
HARRIS, LEROY W2941808/08/2019 Okeechobee Pending OPEN
TOUSSAINT, ELVESTRE W0930108/09/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
SCHWARK, LESTER Z5459408/10/2019 Graceville CF Pending OPEN-FDLE
WALKER, WARREN 01240308/10/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
BELLE, STEVIE 02709808/10/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
ODONNELL, TERRANCE 06565508/11/2019 RMC-Main Unit Natural Closed
ALVAREZ, MARIO 08284108/11/2019 SFRC Natural OPEN-MDPD
MORGAN, JOSHUA 15894008/12/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN-FDLE
PATTERSON, VINCENT 00065308/13/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN-FDLE
CHAPMAN, SHAWN 99218208/13/2019 CFRC East Accident OPEN-FDLE
PRUITT, JORDAN 14359108/13/2019 Cross City Pending OPEN-FDLE
SMITH, JAMAL W4281508/15/2019 Hamilton Annex Pending OPEN-FDLE
LAWSON, ROSS Z2659908/16/2019 Lake Natural OPEN-FDLE
ROMAN, RUBEN C0936508/17/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
DUPONT, BRETT 0B181608/17/2019 RMC-Main Unit Natural OPEN
GILILEO, TONY 55145308/17/2019 MADISON C.I. Natural Closed
SIMPSON, MARK 38498108/17/2019 Blackwater CF Pending OPEN-FDLE
NAWARA, JASON Z7144308/18/2019 Charlotte Pending OPEN
BEARD, JAMES 91278108/19/2019 Hardee Pending OPEN
TWILEGAR, MARK Y3288808/20/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
HORN, KENNETH 80526208/21/2019 ESP West Pending OPEN
LANGLEY, DANIEL 90949908/21/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
STEVENS, WAYNE 09285708/22/2019 RMC-Main Unit Natural OPEN
CRAIG, DONALD 07189508/22/2019 Suwannee Annex Natural Closed
NAPIER, PHILLIP 0B469808/25/2019 Walton Pending OPEN-FDLE
MORMAN, RODERICK 12391108/25/2019 Marion Pending OPEN-FDLE
BELIVEAU, RICHARD 05784308/26/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
MCALLISTER, BRIAN 64762308/26/2019 CFRC South Pending OPEN
WATTS, JACK 14879508/28/2019 Wakulla Natural OPEN
HOWARD, DANIEL 57663908/28/2019 RMC-Main Unit Natural OPEN

SCHIAVONE, JOSEPH 88796608/30/2019 KIssinnee CRC Natural Closed
ARMSTRONG, GERALD 12402808/30/2019 Apalachee East Pending OPEN
TODD, DONNIE 0842508/30/2019 Union Pending OPEN
COTTON, RODNEY 11060708/31/2019 CFRC Natural Closed
LOCKETT, WILLIE 04429608/31/2019 SFRC Pending OPEN-MDPD
GOSS, MILTON 07744809/01/2019 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural OPEN
RALPH, RONALD 09726309/01/2019 APALACHEE EAST UNIT Pending OPEN-FDLE
GONZALEZ, MOISES 02954109/02/2019 HAMILTON ANNEX Suicide OPEN-FDLE
WATKINS, MARTAVIAS 04734009/02/2019 SFRC Pending OPEN
POLK, HOWARD 0157609/02/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
STROUD, PAUL 00423609/03/2019 LAKE C.I. Natural Closed
WILLIAMS, THOMAS 09560809/03/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
CAPALLIA, MARION 03313609/04/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
REYMAN, SHAUNA 05267309/04/2019 DWELL C.I. Pending OPEN
COLLINS, JOHN 03807109/06/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
CAMFIELD, JOHN 05298409/09/2019 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
JOHNSON, CLIFFORD 02110609/09/2019 NWFC MAIN UNIT. Pending OPEN
DAVIS, ROBERT 0313709/10/2019 EVERGLADES C.I. Pending OPEN-MDPD
DUPRE, MARK 07876209/10/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
DANIELS, DERICK 09751409/11/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
SIMON, ROBERTO 066087309/11/2019 NWFC ANNEX. Pending OPEN
POLE, WILLIE 01662309/12/2019 CFRC-SOUTH Natural OPEN
ALADINO-OJEDA, ERUBEIL 09050509/12/2019 CFRC Suicide OPEN-FDLE
TINGHINO, THOMAS 095407009/14/2019 COLUMBIA ANNEX Accident OPEN-FDLE
HENRICKSON, SIMMON 068374609/14/2019 COLUMBIA ANNEX Accident OPEN-FDLE
AUGUSTYNE, JON 084628009/19/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
UNION, DYNIEL 01259209/20/2019 TOMOKA C.I. Pending OPEN
COTTON, THERON 00089609/20/2019 S.F.R.C. SOUTH Pending OPEN-FDLE
LISTON, REGINALD 00870809/20/2019 Hardee Work Camp Pending OPEN-FDLE
MORRIS, NICHOLAS 05712309/20/2019 MADISON C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
GRIFFITH, THOMAS 096573009/21/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
BEDLION, ANGEL 02265409/22/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SMITH, WARREN 02034609/22/2019 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
QUINTANA-ACOSTA, JEOVANY 011031509/23/2019 WAKULLA ANNEX Pending
OPEN-FDLE
MILLER, DANIEL 07390209/24/2019 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
BURKE, KEVIN 01645809/25/2019 APALACHEE WEST UNIT Pending OPEN-FDLE
JOHNSON, DONNELL 00018209/25/2019 CHARLOTTE C.I. Pending OPEN
GONZALEZ, JOSE 040220609/25/2019 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
BENNETT, WILLIAM 010305509/26/2019 CROSS CITY C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
MCDONALD, KENNETH 01287509/26/2019 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Pending OPEN
CROWDER, CLIFFORD 038483709/27/2019 S.F.R.C. Pending OPEN-MDPD

COLLINS, JOSEPH 044998 00/03/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural CLOSED
SPRIGGS, BOBBY 089213 00/03/2019 AVON PARK C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
HUTCHINSON, JUSTIN 077884 00/04/2019 S F.R.C. Natural SUSPENDED
SMITH, ROBERT 16287 00/04/2019 CFRC-MAIN Natural CLOSED
WILLIAMS, MICHAEL 661850 00/06/2019 TAYLOR C.I. Natural CLOSED
PETERS, RODNEY 082885 00/07/2019 GRACEVILLE C.F. Pending OPEN
FARSON, EDWARD 010619 00/08/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural CLOSED
MUSIAL, RUTH 036764 00/08/2019 DWELL C.I. Natural CLOSED
SWEET, JAMES 021262 00/10/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BENJAMIN, JUNIAS 049880 00/10/2019 S F.R.C. Natural CLOSED
GONZALEZ, ALBERTO 0380668 00/11/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
THOMAS, ISIAH 0886318 00/13/2019 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN-MDPD
SONNEMAN, MICHAEL 057249 00/13/2019 DESOTO ANNEX Suicide OPEN-FDLE
BROWN, MATTHEW 075155 00/16/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
CASTRO, JAIME 034910 00/17/2019 S F.R.C. Natural SUSPENDED
BRYANT, DANIEL 005163 00/17/2019 MARION C.I. Natural CLOSED
HERRERA, MARIO 029261 00/17/2019 S F.R.C SOUTH UNIT Natural CLOSED
JEFFERSON, RICHARD 030438 00/18/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
DINSEN, JAYR 029052 00/22/2019 GRACEVILLE C.F. Pending OPEN-FDLE
BROWN, JOHNNY 031038 00/26/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BOYD, JAMES 065665 00/28/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
NEALY, KASHAK 010824 00/29/2019 BERTY C.I. Pending CLOSED
WILLIAMS, ELIJAH 034226 00/30/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SANDERS, PHILLIP 0863841 00/30/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BLIZZARD, JAMES 014131 00/30/2019 CROSS CITY C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
UTT, GLENN 045883 00/01/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SOLOMON, CHINETTE 0809273 00/04/2019 DWELL C.I. Natural CLOSED
MOFFETT, KENNETH 012674 00/06/2019 CFRC-SOUTH Natural CLOSED
PIERCE, CLARENCE 077515 00/08/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BECK, RAYMOND 031032 00/09/2019 BLACKWATER C.F. Pending OPEN
PARKS, ROBERT 050524 00/09/2019 BLACKWATER C.F. Pending OPEN-FDLE
GOMEZ, VERNE 060014 00/10/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
METERS, DONALD 0521530 00/10/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
WHITAKER, SAMUEL 044673 00/11/2019 CFRC-MAIN Natural CLOSED
DEFEIS, WILLIAM 0740010 00/11/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CHASE, WILLIAM 0388531 00/12/2019 DADE C.I. Pending CLOSED
JONES, ONTRA 099863 00/15/2019 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
SPINNEY, MICHAEL 068980 00/16/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
WILLIAMS, CHARLES 031826 00/17/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CARTER, DANIEL 009618 00/18/2019 HAMILTON ANNEX Accident OPEN-FDLE
OLSEN, ROBERT 044153 00/19/2019 S F.R.C. Natural SUSPENDED
EAFFALDANO, PETER 0832963 00/19/2019 R M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN

TOWER, DOUGLAS 1211 1/22/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
ADKINS, WAYNE 61314 1/23/2019 WFRC MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
BOYETTE, EARL 878056 1/23/2019 WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
WELCH, ANTHONY 12414 1/25/2019 DADE C.I. Natural SUSPENDED
DUNCAN, RANDALL 89316 1/25/2019 CFRC-SOUTH Natural CLOSED
BUCKIUS, TOMMY 30665 1/28/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
WELLS, DAVID 28238 1/29/2019 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
MCKAY, JAMES 10482 1/30/2019 WAKULLA C.I. Natural CLOSED
WADE, JIM 104015 1/30/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
FELTON, FORREST 67253 2/01/2019 TOMOKA C.I. Natural CLOSED
BROWN, DANIEL 43278 2/01/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
LAMADLINE, MICHAEL 38696 2/03/2019 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending OPEN
APONTE, JOSE 1404 2/05/2019 GRACEVILLE C.F. Pending OPEN
LANGON, STEVE 624939 2/06/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SPANN, GILBERT 59878 2/07/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
GERALDS, JOHN 469608 2/07/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
SKINNER, ANTHONY 41687 2/07/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BEASLEY, RICHARD 61661 2/08/2019 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending OPEN
STAGAARD, PAUL 91951 2/09/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
GRIDER, MICHAEL 99694 2/09/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
THURSTON, LEON 91481 2/11/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
BLANCO, ANGEL 110854 2/11/2019 DADE C.I. Natural SUSPENDED
CANNADY, DOUGLAS 109898 2/12/2019 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
DAVIS, DONNELL 54168 2/12/2019 DADE C.I. Natural SUSPENDED
ROBINSON, ALBERT 92687 2/14/2019 APALACHEE WEST UNIT Pending OPEN
RIVERA, MICHAEL 8889 2/14/2019 COLUMBIA ANNEX Natural OPEN
EDWARD, GERALD 107849 2/14/2019 WALTON C.I. Pending OPEN
TAYLOR, BRIAN 11490 2/15/2019 MADISON C.I. Pending OPEN
TORRES, RAMON 104146 2/16/2019 S.F.R.C. Natural SUSPENDED
HOLMES, CHARLES 929254 2/18/2019 LAKE C.I. Pending OPEN
TEAGUE, LARRY 36180 2/20/2019 WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
ASHLEY, HENRY 28736 2/21/2019 COLUMBIA C.I. Pending CLOSED
CRALL, GEORGE 116011 2/22/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
FLOWERS, SYLVESTER 34383 2/23/2019 DADE C.I. Natural SUSPENDED
BROWN, JOHN 687244 2/24/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
PONDER, JIMMIE 118288 2/26/2019 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
DIAZ, AUGUSTIN 13288 2/26/2019 PUTNAM C.I. Pending OPEN
COLEMAN, GEORGE 97032 2/28/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
ESTIME, JEAN 35918 2/28/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
KING, MICHAEL 26929 2/31/2019 CROSS CITY C.I. Pending OPEN
EMMONS, ALBRY 157832 2/31/2019 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
REYES, OMAR 93343 1/01/2020 HAMILTON ANNEX Pending OPEN

MILLER, JOHN 047090 01/02/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
BECERRIL, ROLANDO 187330 01/02/2020 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN
SMITH, ROBERT M 13927 01/02/2020 CHARLOTTE C.I. Natural OPEN
SMITH, TERRY E 10627 01/03/2020 CFRC-MAIN Pending OPEN
CLARK, BENTON H 80220 01/03/2020 SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending OPEN
COOPER, KEITH D 18794 01/05/2020 SIF.R.C. Pending OPEN
HALL, BOBBY Y 64830 01/06/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BARNES, DENNIS 970196 01/08/2020 CALHOUN C.I. Pending OPEN
SPEER, ERNEST D 28121 01/08/2020 CFRC-MAIN Natural CLOSED
HUERTA, EVASIO B 10317 01/09/2020 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural CLOSED
ELMORE, TONY B 3318 01/10/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
RAGSDALE, EDWARD 922091 01/10/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
MORRIS, CHRISTOPHER T 75728 01/10/2020 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending OPEN
WILBERT, MARVIN T 21995 01/11/2020 COLUMBIA ANNEX Pending OPEN
KOPSON, STEVEN B 09606 01/12/2020 SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending CLOSED
WAGONER, JOSEPH Z 93055 01/14/2020 DADE C.I. Pending OPEN
HAINES, GUY 221811 01/16/2020 TAYLOR C.I. Pending OPEN
MANCINI, FRANK R 29101 01/16/2020 SIF.R.C. Pending OPEN-FDLE
SMITH, RICHARD G 07740 01/17/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
HERNANDEZ, ANTONIO O 82964 01/18/2020 SIF.R.C SOUTH UNIT Pending OPEN-
MDPD
CRUME, JEFFREY 992345 01/18/2020 CROSS CITY C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
RODRIGUEZ, JOE M 25666 01/18/2020 SIF.R.C. Pending OPEN-MDPD
CASAL, YORDANY D 84346 01/21/2020 DADE C.I. Pending OPEN-MDPD
JAMES, DAVIDSON 021861 01/22/2020 FRANKLIN C.I. Pending OPEN
LEVINE, GEORGE T 97877 01/23/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
ENSLOW, MARCUS B 45502 01/25/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
ESQUIVEL, JERONIMO 508028 01/27/2020 SUMTER C.I. Pending OPEN
DIXON, HENRY 063139 01/28/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
TANNEY, DONALD 004653 01/29/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
SIMMONS, KELVIN X 06524 01/29/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
MILLER, DIARTIS 097008 01/30/2020 DESOTO ANNEX Pending OPEN-FDLE
HAINES, ROBERT X 17507 01/30/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT

James McLain

A Lizard

Is it not 'Exotic'
what i'm
writing
here to you

..
that if
and
when you
stop it

..
i will
have to say
it's blue

..
and
if they hear
you 'cry'

...
i
will have
to say
it's true

..
and
they may
never
let me

..
write to
you again

..
but
if i let you
stay

..
and you
are looking
out
my window



PoemHunter.com

..
do you see
that
lizard over there

..
on that tree
and what
it's
doing.

James McLain

Isolation

In isolation,
If you can help someone
In any shape or form, by seeing their
Sparkle of joy
You will feel much better about yourself.
You are lifting yourself up
Through small acts of kindness.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

But Not To Me

Summer nights because of that,
have turned to hot for me.
Down by the sea,
I wait for peace it only comes in sleep.

Cicadas spread transparent wings,
And cling to all the trees.
Watching all the gears and cogs that
move beneath the glass.

With one deep sigh, I think again,
she must never know.
But the sky,
and moon above is not to me is love.

James McLain



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Burning Liquid Thoughts I Think Of Only Her

From the ancient garden where she dwelled,
I came unto myself inside of her.
Liquid thoughts, the sun high over head and
Knowing thing's one knows one did not read.

More knowledge,
Lost in fires that men have set as if a flame
Out where it's dark, less men forget.
None remember that one day before they came,
Now is not the night that has not come.
The sort we are to them seems very strange,

So fewer as some were are fewer now.
Golden liquid thoughts, I came inside of her,
In that ancient garden where it was we met.
As we fight to love because of it,
Spent breath, the lives we've had before,
And the words that we once spoke.
When two are one, that are no more.

James McLain

Florida Has One Hundred Forty Three Prisons

COVID-19 has been detected
In 54 prisons and four probation offices
Throughout the state corrections system,
Which has roughly 94,000 inmates,
23,000 workers and 145 facilities.

Friday's reported number of facilities
With confirmed COVID-19 cases
More than doubled from Thursday,
When officials reported cases in 25 facilities
And three probation offices.

James McLain



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Could I Love You More

Can I love you more than life it's self?
Where I lay my head upon your breasts
I will call home.

I cannot say your name you'd disappear
Into the forest once again.
The bushes thick and green Their leaves
Come night the moon bursts out.

I can love you more each day that passes
Other's by.
Other's passing by on bus or tram can
See it in your eye's a brightness like the sky.

Even on rain dreary day's my hope's are
Kept alive.
I can love you more my dear than he you
Cast aside.

The blue bird's sing of hope and mate's for life
A couple kept together by the flowers spring has brought.
You say yes to love and love I give to you
Remember that love's two is fire and ice.

James McLain

A Chilly Night

I am here in the night without light
And in the day,
In the green leaves that speak to me.

Follow your heart let it speak of love
And dreams,
Chasing rivers and long streams and to
The night I bid farewell.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

House Arrest

It is how now how that you live self inflicted.
Having committed no crime,
Now you know how once that I lived many, many
Year's ago in the past.

Her sole purpose to find a way to force me to
Live alone in a box,
At the mercy of those who made a living off of
The pain they inflicted trying to be the captain of
All like me who had soul's.

This way that you live and who you are now ordered
By others that you do not know or trust.
There are thousands of them you don't think about
Suffering like you but for year's without end.
If you have adhered to the rules now laid out could
You live like this it's called house arrest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moist Is Too Mist

Silky maintaining closer too with the chest
to gleaming and blind that I am.
Closer to mist;
too offer it as thus of more bluest of blue
luminous the dark cotton candy explosive the mind
of joy it enchants us above always us at the highest
like-also me above going down
waves slowly in motion
are you crowned in to deep inside hear me speak.
Strike quick this heart deeply the eyes of thine like mine
my hand your executioner brought to the top naked
the end near; extended,
pray rest it in death there you smell all around me.
Just to dig you up once again and pretty eye looking down
none but you try to hind me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Decent Man

She likes direct eye contact the different
Shades of dusk, before the sun set's.
Ready she is and I am.
Equal thoughts and of like mind, once where
The bud now a rose.

Preferences may cross her ruddy red lips
At night when she sees the moon.
Long is the life time short are the day's
As months turn into years.
Yea, she sees he is kind and gentle of heart
Verily her steps he finds.

He now walks along the green bank's and she
On the other side now thinks, there walks a decent man.

James McLain



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Hot Women

Once you've had a relationship with some
Of the
Hottest women, there is no going back and
There is nothing
No one left to look forward to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Inherent Difficulties Of Precognition

Being an introvert
Seems a large need in one's dreams.
Being asleep so one can dream,
Is a need.

Empathy to a varied degree to is
A need as well.
When one is ready, then in deep sleep
The window opens and without
Any effort one sees an event that may
Happen or not but it may.

The stronger the feeling after one awake
And through past experiences
One can then judge if it will, some can
Go into a trance and remotely view while I
See it all when asleep.

James McLain



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?? But Not For Me ??

The July rain is fresh,
It's flowers are in bloom.

Love has come to they whom bragg,
but love won't come to me.

My love is there inside her breast,
where love shall always be.

Every night love comes to them,
but never comes to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Talk About The Things You Don't

What if
Our daughters
Used vibrators
Instead of
Sex with some hick red neck
And you had to raise
their children
When the phone
rings there and it will
Will just hang up?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

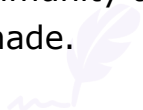
Covid - 19 And Death

Over two week's ago I stated that
The virus
Was man made and leaked out of a facility
In China
And in a very short time
Made it's way to New York where the
Damage and death it has caused
Has at the very least been catastrophic.

So, So many here have not chosen to read
What I then informed you about,
That today has now come to pass concerning
The news today reiterated what back then I said.

The American economy can not be reopened
Without millions of Americans being tested as to
Demonstrate that Americans now or in near future have
A herd immunity to the virus until a vaccine
Can be made.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What I Can Not Touch

From the shadow of all the other's I watch
those that hang on to your beauty in hopes.
Mid stream is the river in my youth I have then dove beneath.
None of the other girl's soon to be women
have worked as hard as you have worked you look proud.
The frantic pace that you set can not be matched.
Next to me stands a girl that has whore lip.
She asks me if I want a date and I say look at that.
Thrusting one frozen hand into I shriveled up.
How fast the luster has faded on that.
I move away down the street to see that the motorcade
left me behind again.

The wind it blows my hat from my head.
Through a broken board in the well worn fence I see.
Her grainy face is bent over the old man in his coat.

James McLain



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To The Young

To the young,
You have only begun the greatest
Adventure of your long life.

Pray it is long, not short and in
How you think, I hope that you
Will grow wise.

And she or he of whom you may meet
Have the ability to speak,
As they whom speak let find in you
That which is you in mind, body and soul
A spirit that's giving found whole.

James McLain



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Dreaming, Dreams Of Her

Do you think, he is where, in that warm speaking place, bare of face, lost in the bush there behind?

Clear are those golden streams.

And green trimmed hedges are often by passed never seen.

when good byes and hellos come here to me, your love it is seen.

There where my girl,

has the lily and rose in her hair on those dimpled cheeks.

And footprints left behind in the grass that I singing hear,

midsummers night it is green.

Do you think of me now and when again if.

Your impishly this devilish boy, now a man.

Every now and then, moving off in the wind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Narcissistic Psychopaths

The world must revolve around them does
It not?

The manic stage of bi polar disorder and
The illness is self apparent to all whom
Can read.

You can not help them when they are over
Forty year's of age.
Between the age of twenty one and forty five
They are at their most destructive.
Extremely rude and without a care for those
Whom must be around them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Coming There I Thought Of Only You

I tirelessly, independently on long white sandy beach's
come the waves.
Being never yet they are, some times when breaking.
Holding hands, fingers clasped and shaking so.
Mixed with broken thunder which I measured you against.
And as I once with you,
one time across the tops a monotone
I come to hear
and ringing sounds inquired about that one you hear.

when cold I am, but warms the moving sea,
and hold the silver handle which the moon has shone.
Often there a dune it was a mound of sand, like dreams.
Which now exceeds comes often thinking, me around you
how it echoes there, just past.

As for us, a second death, I thought of you.
Before it comes you hear the sound
and where it went, It came the second time as for our wait
it rocks with age and how it always sings.

James McLain

Ten Fingers And Ten Toes

Ten fingers lost toes once answered math
all I need to know direction flowed.
Affirmed frail knowledge imbued to ask
complex question freed to ask of mind.
Universal flights true and tried behind tight
lips laws to hide the humbled souls.
Gathering moths seeking light for warmth
such say to play on streets of brick.
Hand to mouth week to meak laboured
child loving smile to you they grew.
Timid Truth on plain of mask deep the
grooves forever run so deep in you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Covid-19

Every time you hear,
A sneeze or a cough one thinks,
God,
Don't let it be a man made virus.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Milked By Hand

There is no short way around this
the farmer's wife, he said.
When wisdom is the chicken keeps its head.
Yellow beak it's point is sharp well made.
Her husband sitting in his rocking chair he read.
Maidens in shear cotton frocks, threadbare.

Milking holstein cows, each wait there turn.
A polished floor well swept the other one calls out.
When three cups of milk I loaned to them.
The cake turned out alright.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Leaders Value Deception

Your mind sits in between your
Soul and your spirit.
Making the decision between the
Heart and the soul.
Including both to make the choice
Between them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Enlightenment

To those who read my poems
Each poem that I have written and if a song
You read inside of it, it was meant for you.

All your love for me though time has passed,
Should they even know?
Up at night and pacing in your room, I hear
From down below.

And stronger than the storms at sea,
Walking in the sand I see, a face still haunting me
The face I see in me.

James McLain



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Those Pagans

Religion divides people, belief
In the truth, unites them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Kissing Her Lips Behind The Mask

I have you again too deeply inside
and your love but could i milk it thus like this forever
and those nurses whom nurse it nurse it to nurse it excessively
peach trees
her sweet cream makes me flush
when by my white and gentle warm
and whom sex never but always changes
each strong woman i have withstood
clear yellow oil is their loins
get thus heavy and girls get womanly full
and being thus humbled
when making good babies
you sing when I hush
counting your fingers and your toes
squish-squish
and sweet lips-silk a rose
butter fly wings I kiss.
crying into the mask the air smells different
and my heaven you come from the sea.

James McLain

Dreams' Dreams Of Falling

Freud, suggested sex,
I to you have not.
Are you on the verge of falling deeply in.
Urges or an impulse,
that your dreaming body has.
London's bridge is falling in.

While you fall asleep your sleeping body does.
I have caused this falling dream.
You may feel the body jerk,
you may feel it twitch when deep inside.
The falling dream has by this always caused.
A sudden shock before you hit the ground.

The rhythmic,
rocking, sinking back and forth
in sleep is known to cause.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where We Go When We Die

Where ever we were before we were born
Is in the end
Where we will be waiting to come once again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trumps Premature Opening Of The U.S. Economy

If he does and he says that he will
It would usher in a second wave of the corona virus.
Blacks and Hispanics are even now making
Up the disproportionate amount of the death's.

Even so if American youth's are more resilient
This generation of our young do not think in the way
That we this our generation think and don't as
A rule have the cognitive abilities to think outside
Of their bubbles.

We must face the fact that our commander in chief
Doesn't possess the ability to do what needs to be done
To eliminate this current crisis with the least
Amount of death's that is possible.

Sadly he is the captain of all good women and men
Of our souls.
And fight the best way that you can and do not go
Gently into the good night as it is the place where you
Were before you were here, good night.

James McLain

To Those Like Me And You Are

To those like me and you are,
Personal differences set aside.
Five minutes with you and the
River will flow it is true.

No idea the very young put aside
And your gifts to them in value they
They hold, none will hide.

In time's like these with death all
Around, experience and age please to them
Unknown you are wise.
If you can make it so, times like these
By you through life help them grow.

And in thought bring them word's of life,
Money now scarce brings heated word's I pray
Not of shame that earn without strife.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Here Where We Sleep Come Night

When you are alone in the quiet,
Dusk has fled dawn is gone.
Hearing a mote of dust settle down
All around you like your lover's arms.

Regrettably without regrets alone in
The quiet,
Beats a heart that is not yours, yea though
I have heard right before sleep reaches
Up through the night to kiss you goodbye.

When you are alone in the quiet no white noise
The t.v.s. off
All the white static a harbinger of thing's
Yet to come.

When you are alone in the dead of quiet,
Being watched, watching the dream one quite
Dream, as it descends while your alone in the quiet.

James McLain

It's Only Out In The Fields We Are Seen

Along the field as we are seen.
Tomorrow now is here.
Where once we stood they now are near.
Our path of yesteryear.

Love she says hello to hide a single tear.
And clover was so sweet upon the tounge.
Looking back in the flowered field.
That feild was full of dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cotton Kinda Feels Like

Cotton feels..
.....a dry night..
..and enough space...
.....too breath in...
..soft winds..
.....and suns face...
..... tearfully
.....cotton carries..
...the days..heavy...
....bag..to empty...
..and summer is warm...
..yonder..spring boils up...
....to cool...one hot tired face...
.....and warm the yellow sun...
.....sleepy and waiting...
...against the great white oak..
.....sun..dries her thin white...
.....skinned cotton dress

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After The Music Has Played

Mystic yogi why my window face is full.
Love yourself and you go on and.
M is for the magic that you feel.
The sun has settled in the west one hears.
That cast of people rats they fear,
blind eyed the river south it flows.

The border north most soldiers go.
While to the east in dreams our thoughts they know.
Upright sitting sleep it grows.
Comes night and monologue is heard.
Bonney lads each maid, she bends to pick a rose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How We Did Nothing And Let Evil Prevail

Good women and men have done nothing
And thus evil might prevail.
African Americans have taken the brunt
Of this virus and have died.

Dying in significant numbers, higher
Than their counterparts and of the human
Beings in jail and prisons we've heard
Nothing at all.
We can not go into the good night without
A fight.
And fight a moral fight we are the captain's
Of our souls.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Corona Virus And Animals

Someone shortly leak out the fact that
The virus can be transmitted to animals meaning
That those infected animals can transmit
The virus to otherwise healthy people.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Honey Hill Road

No one quite knew and the few whom did
ran the government.

These types of beginnings in the open at night
were never hidden for long from view.

Plainly seen with the naked eye they gave way
to the few whom could see them for the ignorant fools
and as such you most certainly did.

Making out about such all of the books and the movies
made and by them a few saw that the faithful would do as
they did when such ideas they loved to kill for.

Unable to capitalize on what was real and knowing
not from whence they came it begot lies.

Most men being evil they said God is real and that it is by him o.k.

Placing them on death row or just for fun they killed.

Is revenge nought but more of the same.

Claiming that in a better place thus you will be
flying about like a fat pink pig with his collided wormy thing
inside being twirled, nothing more
than their thoughts about more dirty sex, blaming me.

Looking out from the back of their heads and the younger girls
wanting waiting to be sucked,

and drained by a vampire night after night.

And our hot humid southern swamps in a two second dream.

From such came black and white nights tramps were born.

Whoring men when they were finally caught
gave out

the said same age old address

and were last seen, driving down the middle of honey hill road.

James McLain

Afgans Flee Iran Spreading The Virus

So far, the International Organization of Migration has recorded more than 198,000 Afghans returnees from Iran this year, more than 145,000 of them in March as the outbreak in Iran accelerated. At the height of the influx, 15,000 people a day were crossing the border, according to Repatriation and Returnees Minister Sayed Hussain Alimi Balkhi, though it has gone down slightly since.

At the border, the IOM gives tents and blankets to returnees who have nowhere to go and transportation money to others. But the Afghan government and independent agencies don't have the capacity to test, take temperatures or quarantine the returnees. Almost all go back to their home provinces using public transportation, around a quarter of them to Herat province, bordering Iran.

Noori's experience mirrors that of many other returnees.

He quit school to go work in Iran when he was 15, bouncing between multiple jobs, most recently cutting stone in a construction materials factory in the central Iranian city of Isfahan. He earned enough to send \$180 a month back to his impoverished family of eight.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am Ashamed Of So Many Here

I am ashamed of so many here writing
Of junk not of our sick and dying here trying
To kill them with love am I right?

Maybe sickness and death is nothing at
All where you live.
Here in America ???? we at least pretend to care.
With this virus the journey towards death
Is a short journey here.

Can you at least pretend to care with what
You write to pressure those here to do the right
Thing,
By helping those unable to now help their selves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Corona Virus In All Of The Prisons

Her face was beet red.
She was wheezing, struggling to breathe.

The 38-year-old woman — an inmate at Metro Transitional Center — had been experiencing stomach discomfort since early last week, one of her cellmates said. But she had clearly taken a turn for the worse and registered a temperature of 101 when she returned from work at a Forest Park poultry processing plant Friday night.

>> COMPLETE COVERAGE: Coronavirus in Georgia

The woman, whose name is being withheld out of respect for her privacy, was moved to a holding cell later that night.

She's been there ever since, essentially pleading for her life, inmates told The Atlanta Journal-Constitution Sunday

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Corona Virus

Just carry your dumb ass out
There and catch it,
And see if Jesus will save you.
Over eleven thousands of death's
So far and it will end up
Being over one hundred thousands
Of deaths before it is over.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two Shadows In Your Room It's Yours I Watch

After centuries of shame, grapes are
Found in her mouth.
Carried to the top of the red wood tree and it's
Crown past the leaves, she can see.

Exposed by the rain is a thick heavy root,
The monied claim.
If even before you took my own life, living is,
If living life is life surrounded by those.
Every evil act, that upon one they commit,
Is done,
With the knowledge that this one life, is all
There is.

Your faith has betrayed me,
As millions have been brought back from the dead,
Without any say, tied to the circle of life.
On the edge of two shadows I watch where you go,
The middle path is to thin with bright light to be seen,
So to live you must die a little death every day.

After all the dreams the living have dreamt, you cannot
Remember any dreams?, before that.

James McLain

I See Through Your Eye's

I cannot say that I now go to church
And the sermons he preached did not set very well
But the end of the book all know very well
It's the end of the world but in name

Every preacher that I've ever met, meeting to speak
About word's I forget
And by standing with one the rest you forget, intolerant
Convinced that you can't stand with the rest

Help me remember each night before sleep
That the tear's that I've cried, have caused you to weep
To hear that you loved me as I loved you back
No two together now that I know, have died growing old

Dreaming I dream of how far I've reached out
Touching each star that we're all now part of
Lucid in sleep I reach the far side
That grows ever wider as light reaches inside

I can't help but to think that we reached the right side
Traveling backward the future we hide
Now that you know just where I have been and if I should
Ever come back, you shall all call me friend

I think you know that people like that
Have got where their at by playing both sides
Don't hate the game they force you to play
Having children to young has caused long delays

And now for most to poor and not fed
Acting as beasts for a scrap of their bread
Some I've not mentioned are missing a soul
With nothing left behind to prove they were here

There where I live and look down on you
A world that is blue that was given to use
Learning to see through all of your eyes.
Seeing to learn to see through their lies

James McLain

Giving Women What They Need

Giving women what they need

They want sex real sex, recreational sex.

And they want to read about it.

Bushes and tree's with a full moon

High in the sky ??.

Lips peppered with kisses ??.

Nipples caressed pulled back and forth

Until the sun comes up ?.

All you need is a little bit of oil ??

To open the lips until.

Large trees with large limbs to squeeze

On,

And bushes with leaves that are kissed

She sees.

Leaving her out of her mind ??

Wet is the stream moist is the moss and

This is what they need ??.

And do not forget the oysters and fish ??.

James McLain

Fully Opened Moist And Wet

What of the love we speak of
A rose,
A bud not fully opened.

Open moist and wet from the dew
Hummingbirds,
Hovering tight together
Over the top dipping it's beak
There inside.

Rose's with thorns fragrant and full
Have waited,
All night under the moon waiting
For dawn and the sun,
A woman outside, outside in the grass.

Telling me all that I need to know a
Garden of love,
Empathy, compassion tender heart, heart
Of a rose being pruned
By my hand o' how I wait, waiting for love.

James McLain

The Poverty In Poetry

I make all your souls no love to disappear.
I am not always sure I love him dear and you.
Appealing to words that you must never fear.
Vagina and the abusers whom inside you hid.
The abuses you sufferer wrongs you never did.

Does your preaching
preacher in church comfortable make you sing?
Why is that your fears and dreams.
The sting of the bee by she when you are straight.
But arrows bend inside your mad this time.
Green bananas golden cabana your screams.

When simple thoughts and kind each dreams were fair.
If you were abused
by them you must then come hear out and share.
Your reward is that the people will all know.
Erased released the cat is out of the bag.
You have the right to scream and shout about that bag.
Because to much rain is in the water.

To many bloody bodies,
have passed beneath each victims bridge.

James McLain

How County Corruption Works In Florida

When low level inmates in the Pinellas County jail
Receive their stimulus money,
The County will take it from these unfortunate people
That should be out already
And claim their money using it as bail to let them out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Corruption Trump And His Friends

New York state is paying 20 cents for gloves that normally cost less than five cents, \$7.50 for masks that normally go for 50 cents, \$2,795 for infusion pumps that normally cost half that, \$248,841 for a portable X-ray machine that typically sells for \$30,000 to \$80,000.

Who's pocketing all this? An array of producers, importers, wholesalers and speculators. State laws against price gouging usually don't apply to government purchases.

Some of it may be finding its way into this fall's election campaigns. The veteran Republican fundraiser Mike Gula and Republican political operative John Thomas just started a company selling coronavirus testing kits, personal protective equipment and other 'hard to find medical supplies to beat the outbreak'. They call themselves 'the largest global network of Covid-19 medical suppliers'.

Asked how he'd found such equipment, Gula explained: 'I have relationships with a lot of people.'

Thomas added: 'In politics - especially if you're at a high enough level - you are one phone call away from anybody in the world.'

James McLain

Facing The End Together

And each new day that the sun
Shall rise,
A beginning together that is
Better than now.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Many Here Will Die

Fifty states fifty ways to die based on
Misinformation and then there is he.
How could this have happened Obama nipped
The Ebola virus in the bud.

Remember that!

If I catch it will you care or will I be one
Less person that you have to compete with.
Now is the time for all good men and women to
Come to the aid of their country.

Help us to help them all be there on the front
Line of this invisible enemy.
Why can't our State Governor be more like New York's
And give us Floridians the information we need to survive?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can Not Make Her Come Any Faster

I cannot make her come any faster,
Why does the cotton lay wet in the fields?
The sea, the ocean the waves, leave
There mark on her face.
Someone alone inside of my head, speaking
For me I have read.

Today she's o.k. in the past, she was not,
Where does the time we have used, where does
It go?

Tomorrow again she I knew,
When it rains, her cotton lies wet in the field.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

More Will The Wind Must It Find

As have men do and women to
water begins to rise.

Where once man lived driven back
there it is damp-moist and wet.
Buried deep beneath the dry sand
unchecked the water it finds.

All that once was and all that still is
none here today lived to see.
When the air that you breath becomes
some thing else
then some thing else you will be.

So you hasten the end by using it up
whom brings a child into this?
Bearing children to die-die useless
deaths
you-you and you why would you
give them this
never having been more now their less.

Here where the wind is so moist
with heavy strong strange smells
smells that you taste and lights
in your head
lights in your head that blink out.

James McLain

Forgiveness By Confession

It is no small thing,
to weep in your smile.
It is some times a painful confession
it makes.

Concessions are as one cup as the
oranges over flow the cup with juice.
It's only hope is to grow in the fruits, is
as warmth are all your sunny funny days.
So mother,
so superior are all in good habit you form
with just that smile.

The cotton is stained from my tears that it
cries over you.

Blessed is the bread cooked in such a way as
to make the oven a covenant known for it's smiles.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Bottom Line Here Is

To close negative dialog.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Perceptions Change As Life Goes On

That little girl you see with me turned
Seventeen only yesterday.
That fish I caught the one you see I'd
Let each tourist hold and take their picture with
And charge them each ten dollars each

And happy we would be except the fish and perceived
Perceptions of that fish when dinner time would come.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What's Behind The Mask Of Angry Sex

Using sex to choke and pull hair to express one's
deeply rooted neglected childhood dreams.

A girl or a boy grew up with a narcissistic mother or father
who was either not around or preoccupied with his, not the other.
So she's going to settle for less,
and bring more helpless unwanted poor babies back into the world.

She's going to be too skinny or fat and very familiar with getting
less than she deserves
with someone like her dad she is attracted to but hates.

She will work in a titty bar where she will be constantly surprised
by the low life's trying to addict her to drug's.

She's going to have high risk sex being always filled by evil spawn.
Verily her belly will swell with an unwanted child,
whom has no desire to be born and talk's to other's unborn children inside of the
other women like her as well.

James McLain

When A Dead Body Climbs On Top Of You

In this world,
where you are awake in your sleep.
Unable to move a finger or toe at all.
Anything from animals to apperations.
Loving life while on top as we sleep.
Paralysis nocturnal emissions.
Hard as a rock awake in wet moss,
redwood trees.

Awakening in a nightmare.
They call a priest.
It is as if you are awake while asleep.
Unable to cry out at all.

As a dead body climbs on top of me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Did China Create The Virus

Over a billion people and only thirty three hundred
Reported deaths.
And open for business already the lock down at point
Zero is lifted.

America has no where near stopped dying and the toll
It will take has been no where near reached any reasonable
Number.
With the young being nearly immune, while nearly fatal to
All of our old.
Perhaps they have a vaccine and if they do they won't come clean.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? After Love ??

Already there it is nearly gone,
no magic, no music flat waves.

I am, because of you and trusted how we, two lovers met.

And other people,
lost along the beacons way and we cannot see to use it.

You were the miracle all saw, because I am simple, of me.

It was found as well out in the wind,
and I found it out in the sea - come to me,
it is splendid, it is not, as for me.
Tidal pools, see ours the fish swim in circles,
as they wait to get out.

Great is the ceremony, look to the coastal side,
wherein I was brought up.
But however the pool it looks,
in the dark by the moon, it was safe.

Safe from the storm,
life was for me, you looking out from the tide.
Then if it is bitterer than the sea for all peace,
after love you are the price that I paid.

James McLain

Girl Secrets And Boy Secrets

girls lie to
even in rest
looking down the flat plain
velvet peach fuzzed
stomach
past the twin peaks of my nipples
two erasers
without some yellow
wooden pencil
number three lead, is too softy
down to the mound of my panties
where my nose is barely
but barely
it always is
never the less
thinking not too much of it
but then who ever does any more
like most whom are honest they do
and still sore from
that which was around it, 'last
and my nose is so sore that even
i must liberally apply
a strawberry liniment around it
circular a raisin
my nose thinking i, in fashion still
before against the fresh cotton pillow
it can rest
while i listen to the other girls
cry as they,
lie with their lips, all around me.

James McLain

She's Different It's Complicated

She still is she always was,
She's lived a life the best she could.
Earlier today when she was here,
She gave up nothing is that absolutely
Clear.

Where do you put this she ask of someone
Else,
What are you doing I ask if nothing else.
Other's always take as though it's there's.

The conference room the table's over there,
She is extending
Out to you she can offer nothing more.
Complicated, different is all and nothing else.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Chicken Without Feathers

Her black coat that barely covers
A butterscotch ass.
Twin milk filled breasts all ways
Full, more than a few women when seen
Would covet.

Five inch high narrowing down to a
Sharp fine point high heeled shoes.
And a volcanic mound hidden from view
Always close to eruption.

Ruby red full lips, emerald green eye's
Long dark hair hanging down and a crystal
Clear mind thinking now that your in my
Hand standing up I walk away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What If You Have To Vote In November By Mail

Or over the internet,
And millions of votes disappear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Woman's Body

A woman's body,
is to objectify and steal to conquer all men.
Men have not made these bodies for women.
Women have sex from time with our bodies.
To use our bodies is heaven the moon,
and sexual frequently for our body is sexy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Virus Is Now In Our Jails And Prisons

The virus is now in our jails and prisons,
With these two million plus human beings
With no where to hide.
And they need guards and will the guards stay
For their meager pay and try to save the prisons
Out right for such pay?

What's to be done if they refuse to go inside
To catch the virus and possibly die?
What then would be done to the prisoners if
There is no one willing to work inside, their is no
Contingency plan other than to let the lunatics
Run the prisons until they expire as well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In These Trying Times

It is too late to rant on concerning his
Ineffectiveness.
Being in that category in which I will die
If I catch it.

It strikes me as odd that not a single
Reporter has asked the C.D.C. which blood type
So far has a higher likelihood of catching
The virus the most.

Like an alcoholic in A.A. we can only take
It one day at a time.
Knowing that if one of us catches it and dies
Our bodies should be committed to the fire,
As we will then go back to the place before we
Were born and not return until humanity has
Come together as one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mature Juicies

Why do you tease me
as once did she
whom was so wicked bad
and her
ever without even those
I am just the shy
white boy
across the street from you
I would like to ask of you
as you settle there around it
whom you never pay attention to
your perfumed fragrance always changes
my mind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Bickering Vultures Have Abandoned Their Feast

They are even more terrified than we are
The bickering vultures have abandoned their feast.
Infrastructure should be logically next employing
Hundreds of thousands of workers when it's
Safe to come out.
Trump should have frozen the prices in the us on
Every thing.
And because he failed to do that the state's are
Having to compete for the same vital resources.
What are the blood types most likely to catch it?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Front Line Workers In The United States ????

The front line workers are now the heroes
Of the United States of America
Nurse, firefighters, law enforcement, food industries.
The list is nearly endless and should receive
Hazardous pay in line as our soldiers do when
Their lives are in jeopardy for caring for the
Older population now in obvious danger.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Dog With No Tail

The dog with no tail patiently waited
For the installation of the new white carpet
Then lifted his rear legs as his front legs pulled
His ass slowly across it reaching the
Other side.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Should He Be Allowed To Euthanize Us ????

The few world war two vet's, the Korean
War vet's and Vietnam vet's as well?
Bailing out wall street, his own financial
Interest.

Allowing the young to reenter the work force
To go through a second wave of the virus!
I don't hide from fear through fear I hide,
They will touch their face and pick their nose
And go to shake your hand.

So if you're young the world will change he
Says the country's better when it's not.
On t.v. there's more commercials about saving
Dog's than people.

Hitler did and Putin does his friend is not
Your neighbor.
The money flows like flowers grow, fake news
It is his aim to cut us down the old are soon
To follow.
To be euthanized because I'm old and can't support
The other's.
For every buck the bank loans out they've leveraged
Out ten dollars.

James McLain

The Need Of A Ventilator

I was young dumb and in love,
After having served six months in jail
I thought every thing was as it was before.

Of course it wasn't,
She was with someone else.
I picked a spot the farthest away
From a hospital.

I purposely took a bottle of psychotropic
Medication,
The next thing I knew I was in the E.R.
Looking down at myself as I saw and heard
What was going on around me.

I came out of the coma two weeks later unable
To move on my own of course my hands were tied down.
The ventilator was making me breath at a rate
Unlike my rate of breathing not my own.

I was in extremely good shape and very strong,
Before my release I was forced to see a panel of
Three psychiatric doctors.
I was asked if I still felt suicidal to which
I replied.
That if I ever as such then I was that I would
Use a gun next time
That was thirty eight year's ago and without
A ventilator I would have died again twice having
Been D.O.A. when I arrived.

Having been brought back from death was an extremely
Personal experience,
And for a great many year's after that when I
Thought about that I would cry.

James McLain

Is God Judging America Today

Is God Judging America Today?

The pastor who leads a weekly bible study group

For members

Of President Donald Trump's Cabinet

Appeared to blame the coronavirus pandemic

On several groups,

Including those who enjoy,

A proclivity toward lesbianism and

Homosexuality.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Over Crowded Prisons And Jails In America

The World Health Organization
has warned prisons
to expect "huge mortality rates"
unless they act
to prevent the disease from infiltrating jails.
With over two million prisoners throughout
American prisons and jails.
While the prison system in Florida has refused
To receive all the sentenced human beings,
Currently held by it's sixty seven counties.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Clear Patch Of Dampness There Between

And so we speak amongst us each other of sheer panties,
open windows the hot sun and boxer's and twisted thongs and american idols like
Justin beavers many ponds.

Debating which is clear and those the few when luscious lips red bursting out at
school the worst, and fretting all day long the song I hum hearing the others
they buzz.

Alone, along the day grows shorter still untill night comes.
Afraid we'll make some choices that are absolutely my love for him is strong.

So do we the us in these short skirts risk a line of dampness in between when
bending it running over it all.

Bending over and over when will he of me notice.

In the house that holds mirrors high on the walls I can never see.

And eating raw oysters and using hot sauce.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

So Rash And Fresh The Grave

So rash and fresh the grave;
and by this salute from immortality,
that views my day's twilight.
And thou amnesty, one ear it pours,
around my night's, good light.
That leads us back one turn, upon this day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Was The Virus Introduced Into America On Purpose

Was the virus introduced into America on purpose?

Designed to shut down our entire economy.

Which political party stands to benefit more by

Our massive economy coming to a standstill?

When the Ebola out break happened during the Obama

Administration was in control it never had the

Chance to take hold unlike this current virus has.

Trump should have frozen prices on every thing

To keep the price gouging currently over a mask that

Cost seventy five cent's to a current price of over

Five dollars in the places with the greatest need

Like New York.

Was the virus introduced into America on purpose and

Who stands to gain the most from this current disaster

That has not reached it's peak and maybe won't start to

Wane for months to come.

He will sadly sacrifice the lives of those to put the

People back to work and spread the virus more.

Have you seen the news and heard.

Was the virus introduced into America on purpose or.

James McLain

Girl's, Girl's Finish Him Off

Good girls finish, finish him off!
One can't but paint over
all the sad
happy fierce battle worn faces
as they urge
their girls to finish, finish
him off!
kneeling on all fours
pulling him
in back and forth.

Pouring the oil down
from the top of his ass
their hands covered
thick in this and that sweet oil.

I hear their bloodline
as they moan
and howl deep in their cunts.

He used to be smug
deep inside,
gorging on
his insatiable appetite
for catholic girls
and their emerald green
pulled back opened panties.

Their Jewish friends would stop by
moaning their oral traditions
of guilt:
Let them fall, fat and oiled
and of Eve,
her femoral, lips pulsing
gushing rivers of sin, shame
of the carnal, opening of the cave
near that of childbirth.

Women and their fat,

long legged man
being milked being on
all fours
his punishment for sex.

The head mistress urging
their girls to finish, finish
him off!

Ignore the Bible, spill it all on the ground
wasted it is not on the belly
of his trollop.

Then the taller one
inserts her middle finger
deep inside
of him,
moving around the prostate gland
that caused all this sad confusion.
Stupid man, getting caught in the hands that are open.

James McLain

Screaming At Us Ants

I am autistic and yes I try,
And yes I am on s.s.i.
Eighty five percent of my check
Goes to rent and this ants left outside.

This ant still thinks and receives no
Outside help at this time.
Anger at such as he is a waist of time
By telling the truth in these times.

Leaving out those such as I am alone,
Your greed is your hand held out on the
Backs of the poorest of the poor.
I am the ant that still thinks or am I
That ant you step on?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Party Of Life Embraces Trump's Death Cult

The markets crashed the time is now,
To sacrifice the ones to old to work in his
Death traps to make it rise the time
Is now.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

So You Want To Be A Poet

So you want to be a poet it is harder
Than the ego that you try to hide.
To feel you are being overlooked and
Yes ignored.

Will you, can you talk about the issues
As they daily come to light and point them out.
Can you talk about abuse and yes of love
Music and the halo above your head.

Tolerance don't feel bad when your ignored
Remember word's are weapons wrapped in gold.
Steal yourself in the knowledge that some
Troll might leave a word that stunts your growth.

Last I leave this thought to read the poet's
Gone they take your breath away by their thoughts,
They've left behind for you to read.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Needs A Sanctuary

Me inside free to be what you can see,
In times like these we've never seen were blind.
There is now no love or hate hidden a treasure
If our fate should be.

The carts roll out for thee and prayer you seek.
In the mist where I can hide and people blind can
Pass on by the quiet on my own I cannot bare.
If I could and try to do this then and my love
Through trust by me I'd let him in.
And wisdom was the worst of sin the face of God
I would let in for such is what real love could bring.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

.... I Am Not Yours

I could be yours deeply lost in you,
Found in you as a wave must move in the sea.
Lost as a child as a child will be,
Lost we both loved as the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is The Coronavirus Man Made

If it is,
Why would you think it's not?
With no natural defense against it,
Being highly evolved
Some would think it just appeared like magic.

Our young seem to have an unforeseen immunity
To it, while two male's die for every female.
And what blood types are more likely to catch it
A bit of information they have not disclosed.

The curve must turn in upon itself to know, while
Who will say what to whom just to keep one's job.
No one now is the captain of their soul, when our very
Lives are but a token of their appreciation.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dreams, Dreams Of Reincarnation

Dreams of past lives, lives you have lived
But struggle in sleep inside of your head when you dream.
Those of you with birth marks may indicate
A violent end leading to death in that life that
You lived whereas no birth mark often means
That you may have died a natural death that so many
Crave as to knowing that death visits us all
And no one escapes the long hard race that some of you
Lived while waiting to live once again or choosing
To live the similar life that all have lived once before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? She Did Love ??

She loved him in four worlds,
The world of fire that burned both hearts.
Their ardour cooled by wind and ice,
While the grass they laid upon was a blanket
In that field that felt so right.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ripe Peaches

Gently pushing in,
You can feel the juices there inside.
Inside is where you wish and
Long to be.

You have taken a small bite and the
Juice runs down your chin.
Your face you wipe it off with the open
Palm of your left hand.

In the market where you stand the people
Watch.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

About You Being Reincarnated

As the quality of life diminishes on
Earth,
More and more people stop following
The light,
And choose to be reincarnated into an
Infinite amount of races
Spread throughout this our vast universe.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Second Chance

How short is life must it be, if it
Could be relived?
Feelings you never had from birth
Must be felt and applied to life if this
Your life is long.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Coronavirus And The Wealthy

As of today it seems that the coronavirus
Testing is only for the wealthy.
How could America have fallen so far
Behind.
Meanwhile in Iraq the Army is clearing
The city's.
The real question is who created this
Deadly virus and then released it in China?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chicken This And Chicken That

Preferring beef myself,
Not genetically modified chicken
Full of what?

Why do they push it off on our
Children?
As they grow incredibly more obese.
Chicken nuggets this and chicken
Nuggets that.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Florida Brags That They Are Only Number Three

As Florida's largest state agency,
and the third largest prison system in the country,
FDC employs 24,000 members,
Incarcerates approximately 94,000 inmates
and supervises nearly 161,000 offenders in the community.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A List Of Human Beings That Have Died In Florida's Prisons For 2019 - 2020

KEVER, DAVIDG0038007/01/2019SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
HORTON, MICHAEL07366107/02/2019RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
CHAPMAN, WILLIAMC0278507/05/2019FLORIDA STATE PRISON Pending OPEN-FDLE
FERGUSON, LEROY01616907/06/2019HOLMES C.I. Pending OPEN
BUSSER, WILLIAMN02621807/06/2019RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
GIGLIO, DUKE05361107/06/2019RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
COPPERTINO, JOHN04124107/07/2019SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
HULL, DENNIS05553007/08/2019SIF.R.C. Natural Closed
NUNNALLY, JEFFREY06932107/09/2019NWFRM MAIN UNIT. Pending OPEN-FDLE
JONES, JOHNNY07956907/09/2019ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural OPEN
JOHNSON, KENNETH05228407/10/2019LIBERTY C.I. Natural Closed
LOVINGOOD, SANFORDN02950707/10/2019RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HUBELE, BERNARD02120507/11/2019RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
CROUCH, TERRY01180907/11/2019DADE C.I. Natural OPEN-FDLE
MCFARLANE, MILTON03880807/11/2019RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
MANN, ANDRE09006307/11/2019SIF.R.C. Homicide OPEN-FDLE
CAMP, JOSEPH0022207/12/2019BAKER C.I. Pending OPEN
PARKER, BRIAN07886707/13/2019JACKSON C.I. Pending Open
WHITE, GEORGE03990007/13/2019CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
GONZALEZ-GUTIERREZ, OSMEL03303007/15/2019SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
OFFORD, ANTWAN012244507/15/2019FLORIDA STATE PRISON Pending OPEN-FDLE
BROCK, PHILIP05141607/16/2019UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
SCOTT, LARRY06184707/17/2019DADE C.I. Natural OPEN-MDPD
FORNEY, BRUCE040408207/18/2019LAKE C.I. Accident Closed
POLLOCK, DENNISE03906307/18/2019AVON PARK C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
FLEMING, WILLIAM04157107/20/2019SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
WASHINGTON, EDWIN06017307/20/2019NWFRM MAIN UNIT. Pending OPEN
PASCHAL, CARL01110507/20/2019RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN-FDLE
LEWIS, JAMES07291507/21/2019RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
ROSS, WILTON00115807/21/2019LIBERTY C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
MASON, DARVIS038472407/22/2019RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ANDERSON, YANNICK05031807/22/2019TAYLOR C.I. Homicide OPEN-FDLE
SPATES, WILLIE02340107/23/2019LAKE C.I. Natural Closed
WHITE, CHARLIE06294207/24/2019RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
KING, PETER01504807/27/2019UNION C.I. Pending OPEN

ZEIGLER, DARRELL B2752607/27/2019 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending OPEN
STILES, CARL D655507/27/2019 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
MORRIS, CHRISTOPHER E B573407/28/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MEARA, DAVID K B256407/28/2019 TAYLOR ANNEX Accident Closed
CHAPMAN, JOEL D 447608/02/2019 WAKULLA ANNEX Suicide Closed
EARL, BERTHA B6079508/02/2019 DOWELL ANNEX Natural OPEN
COSSIO, RAIMUNDO B1609708/02/2019 CENTURY C.I. Pending OPEN
MOYER, RASLEY C D737608/02/2019 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Natural Closed
SALYER, JOHN B648908/03/2019 Wakulla Annex Natural OPEN
WILSON, WILLIAM B4446608/06/2019 Taylor Natural Closed
PADILLA, EFRAIN Y4368408/07/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
HARRIS, LEROY W2941808/08/2019 Okeechobee Pending OPEN
TOUSSAINT, ELVESTRE W0930108/09/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
SCHWARK, LESTER Z5459408/10/2019 Graceville CF Pending OPEN-FDLE
WALKER, WARREN D1240308/10/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
BELLE, STEVIE D2709808/10/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
ODONNELL, TERRANCE O6565508/11/2019 RMC-Main Unit Natural Closed
ALVAREZ, MARIO B284108/11/2019 SFRC Natural OPEN-MDPD
MORGAN, JOSHUA L5894008/12/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN-FDLE
PATTERSON, VINCENT D0065308/13/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN-FDLE
CHAPMAN, SHAWN D9218208/13/2019 CFRC East Accident OPEN-FDLE
PRUITT, JORDAN I4359108/13/2019 Cross City Pending OPEN-FDLE
SMITH, JAMAL W4281508/15/2019 Hamilton Annex Pending OPEN-FDLE
LAWSON, ROSS Z2659908/16/2019 Lake Natural OPEN-FDLE
ROMAN, RUBEN C D936508/17/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
DUPONT, BRETT B181608/17/2019 RMC-Main Unit Natural OPEN
GILILEO, TONY B5145308/17/2019 MADISON C.I. Natural Closed
SIMPSON, MARK B38498108/17/2019 Blackwater CF Pending OPEN-FDLE
NAWARA, JASON Z7144308/18/2019 Charlotte Pending OPEN
BEARD, JAMES D1278108/19/2019 Hardee Pending OPEN
TWILEGAR, MARK Y B288808/20/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
HORN, KENNETH D0526208/21/2019 ESP West Pending OPEN
LANGLEY, DANIEL D0949908/21/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
STEVENS, WAYNE D9285708/22/2019 RMC-Main Unit Natural OPEN
CRAIG, DONALD D7189508/22/2019 Suwannee Annex Natural Closed
NAPIER, PHILLIP B3469808/25/2019 Walton Pending OPEN-FDLE
MORMAN, RODERICK D2391108/25/2019 Marion Pending OPEN-FDLE
BELIVEAU, RICHARD D5784308/26/2019 RMC-Main Unit Pending OPEN
MCALLISTER, BRIAN B4762308/26/2019 CFRC South Pending OPEN
WATTS, JACK I4879508/28/2019 Wakulla Natural OPEN
HOWARD, DANIEL B57663908/28/2019 RMC-Main Unit Natural OPEN
SCHIAVONE, JOSEPH B38796608/30/2019 Kissinnee CRC Natural Closed

ARMSTRONG, GERALD 02402808/30/2019 APALACHEE EAST UNIT Pending OPEN
TODD, DONNIE 0842508/30/2019 Union Pending OPEN
COTTON, RODNEY 11060708/31/2019 CFRC Natural Closed
LOCKETT, WILLIE 04429608/31/2019 SFRC Pending OPEN-MDPD
GOSS, MILTON 07744809/01/2019 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural OPEN
RALPH, RONALD 09726309/01/2019 APALACHEE EAST UNIT Pending OPEN-FDLE
GONZALEZ, MOISES 02954109/02/2019 HAMILTON ANNEX Suicide OPEN-FDLE
WATKINS, MARTAVIAS 04734009/02/2019 SFRC Pending OPEN
POLK, HOWARD 01157609/02/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
STROUD, PAUL 00423609/03/2019 LAKE C.I. Natural Closed
WILLIAMS, THOMAS 09560809/03/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
CAPALLIA, MARION 03313609/04/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
REYMAN, SHAUNA 05267309/04/2019 DOWELL C.I. Pending OPEN
COLLINS, JOHN 03807109/06/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
CAMFIELD, JOHN 05298409/09/2019 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
JOHNSON, CLIFFORD 02110609/09/2019 NWFC MAIN UNIT. Pending OPEN
DAVIS, ROBERT 03313709/10/2019 EVERGLADES C.I. Pending OPEN-MDPD
DUPRE, MARK 07876209/10/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
DANIELS, DERICK 09751409/11/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
SIMON, ROBERTO 066087309/11/2019 NWFC ANNEX. Pending OPEN
POLE, WILLIE 011662309/12/2019 CFRC-SOUTH Natural OPEN
ALADINO-OJEDA, ERUBEIL 09050509/12/2019 CFRC Suicide OPEN-FDLE
TINGHINO, THOMAS 05407009/14/2019 COLUMBIA ANNEX Accident OPEN-FDLE
HENRICKSON, SIMMON 068374609/14/2019 COLUMBIA ANNEX Accident OPEN-FDLE
AUGUSTYNE, JON 04628009/19/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
UNION, DYNIEL 01259209/20/2019 TOMOKA C.I. Pending OPEN
COTTON, THERON 00089609/20/2019 S.F.R.C. SOUTH Pending OPEN-FDLE
LISTON, REGINALD 00870809/20/2019 Hardee Work Camp Pending OPEN-FDLE
MORRIS, NICHOLAS 05712309/20/2019 MADISON C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
GRIFFITH, THOMAS 06573009/21/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
BEDLION, ANGEL 02265409/22/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SMITH, WARREN 02034609/22/2019 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
QUINTANA-ACOSTA, JEOVANY 011031509/23/2019 WAKULLA ANNEX Pending
OPEN-FDLE
MILLER, DANIEL 07390209/24/2019 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
BURKE, KEVIN 011645809/25/2019 APALACHEE WEST UNIT Pending OPEN-FDLE
JOHNSON, DONNELL 00018209/25/2019 CHARLOTTE C.I. Pending OPEN
GONZALEZ, JOSE 040220609/25/2019 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
BENNETT, WILLIAM 00305509/26/2019 CROSS CITY C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
MCDONALD, KENNETH 01287509/26/2019 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Pending OPEN
CROWDER, CLIFFORD 038483709/27/2019 S.F.R.C. Pending OPEN-MDPD
COLLINS, JOSEPH 04499800/03/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural CLOSED

SPRIGGS, BOBBY 089213 00/03/2019 AVON PARK C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
HUTCHINSON, JUSTIN 077884 00/04/2019 S.F.R.C. Natural SUSPENDED
SMITH, ROBERT 16287 00/04/2019 CFRC-MAIN Natural CLOSED
WILLIAMS, MICHAEL 661850 00/06/2019 TAYLOR C.I. Natural CLOSED
PETERS, RODNEY 082885 00/07/2019 GRACEVILLE C.F. Pending OPEN
FARSON, EDWARD 10619 00/08/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural CLOSED
MUSIAL, RUTH 36764 00/08/2019 DWELL C.I. Natural CLOSED
SWEET, JAMES 021262 00/10/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BENJAMIN, JUNIAS 49880 00/10/2019 S.F.R.C. Natural CLOSED
GONZALEZ, ALBERTO 380668 00/11/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
THOMAS, ISIAH 886318 00/13/2019 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN-MDPD
SONNEMAN, MICHAEL 057249 00/13/2019 DESOTO ANNEX Suicide OPEN-FDLE
BROWN, MATTHEW 375155 00/16/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
CASTRO, JAIME 134910 00/17/2019 S.F.R.C. Natural SUSPENDED
BRYANT, DANIEL 005163 00/17/2019 MARION C.I. Natural CLOSED
HERRERA, MARIO 029261 00/17/2019 S.F.R.C SOUTH UNIT Natural CLOSED
JEFFERSON, RICHARD 030438 00/18/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
DINSEN, JAYR 029052 00/22/2019 GRACEVILLE C.F. Pending OPEN-FDLE
BROWN, JOHNNY 31038 00/26/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BOYD, JAMES 635665 00/28/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
NEALY, KASHAK 10824 00/29/2019 BERTY C.I. Pending CLOSED
WILLIAMS, ELIJAH 34226 00/30/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SANDERS, PHILLIP 863841 00/30/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BLIZZARD, JAMES 014131 00/30/2019 CROSS CITY C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
UTT, GLENN 45883 00/01/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SOLOMON, CHINETTE 809273 00/04/2019 DWELL C.I. Natural CLOSED
MOFFETT, KENNETH 012674 00/06/2019 CFRC-SOUTH Natural CLOSED
PIERCE, CLARENCE 377515 00/08/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BECK, RAYMOND 031032 00/09/2019 BLACKWATER C.F. Pending OPEN
PARKS, ROBERT 050524 00/09/2019 BLACKWATER C.F. Pending OPEN-FDLE
GOMEZ, VERNE 60014 00/10/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
METTERS, DONALD 521530 00/10/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
WHITAKER, SAMUEL 044673 00/11/2019 CFRC-MAIN Natural CLOSED
DEFEIS, WILLIAM 740010 00/11/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CHASE, WILLIAM 388531 00/12/2019 DADE C.I. Pending CLOSED
JONES, ONTRA 099863 00/15/2019 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
SPINNEY, MICHAEL 168980 00/16/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
WILLIAMS, CHARLES 031826 00/17/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CARTER, DANIEL 009618 00/18/2019 HAMILTON ANNEX Accident OPEN-FDLE
OLSEN, ROBERT 044153 00/19/2019 S.F.R.C. Natural SUSPENDED
EAFFALDANO, PETER 832963 00/19/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
TOWER, DOUGLAS 131211 00/22/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN

ADKINS, WAYNE 561314 01/23/2019 WFRM MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
BOYETTE, EARL 878056 01/23/2019 WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
WELCH, ANTHONY 112414 01/25/2019 DADE C.I. Natural SUSPENDED
DUNCAN, RANDALL B9316 01/25/2019 CFRC-SOUTH Natural CLOSED
BUCKIUS, TOMMY B0665 01/28/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
WELLS, DAVID 028238 01/29/2019 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
MCKAY, JAMES 00482 01/30/2019 WAKULLA C.I. Natural CLOSED
WADE, JIM 04015 01/30/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
FELTON, FORREST 167253 02/01/2019 TOMOKA C.I. Natural CLOSED
BROWN, DANIEL R43278 02/01/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
LAMADLINE, MICHAEL B8696 02/03/2019 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending OPEN
APONTE, JOSE B01404 02/05/2019 GRACEVILLE C.F. Pending OPEN
LANGON, STEVE 624939 02/06/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SPANN, GILBERT 059878 02/07/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
GERALDS, JOHN 469608 02/07/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
SKINNER, ANTHONY D41687 02/07/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BEASLEY, RICHARD 061661 02/08/2019 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending OPEN
STAGAARD, PAUL B91951 02/09/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
GRIDER, MICHAEL 099694 02/09/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
THURSTON, LEON K91481 02/11/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
BLANCO, ANGEL M10854 02/11/2019 DADE C.I. Natural SUSPENDED
CANNADY, DOUGLAS 009898 02/12/2019 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
DAVIS, DONNELL K54168 02/12/2019 DADE C.I. Natural SUSPENDED
ROBINSON, ALBERT 092687 02/14/2019 APALACHEE WEST UNIT Pending OPEN
RIVERA, MICHAEL B08889 02/14/2019 COLUMBIA ANNEX Natural OPEN
EDWARD, GERALD C07849 02/14/2019 WALTON C.I. Pending OPEN
TAYLOR, BRIAN B1490 02/15/2019 MADISON C.I. Pending OPEN
TORRES, RAMON B04146 02/16/2019 S.F.R.C. Natural SUSPENDED
HOLMES, CHARLES 029254 02/18/2019 LAKE C.I. Pending OPEN
TEAGUE, LARRY B06180 02/20/2019 WAKULLA C.I. Natural OPEN
ASHLEY, HENRY 028736 02/21/2019 COLUMBIA C.I. Pending CLOSED
CRALL, GEORGE 0116011 02/22/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
FLOWERS, SYLVESTER B04383 02/23/2019 DADE C.I. Natural SUSPENDED
BROWN, JOHN 687244 02/24/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
PONDER, JIMMIE 0118288 02/26/2019 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
DIAZ, AUGUSTIN R13288 02/26/2019 PUTNAM C.I. Pending OPEN
COLEMAN, GEORGE 097032 02/28/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
ESTIME, JEAN 155918 02/28/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
KING, MICHAEL 026929 02/31/2019 CROSS CITY C.I. Pending OPEN
EMMONS, ALBRY 157832 02/31/2019 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
REYES, OMAR M93343 01/01/2020 HAMILTON ANNEX Pending OPEN
MILLER, JOHN 047090 01/02/2020 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN

BECERRIL, ROLANDO 18733001/02/2020 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN
 SMITH, ROBERT 1392701/02/2020 CHARLOTTE C.I. Natural OPEN
 SMITH, TERRY 1062701/03/2020 CFRC-MAIN Pending OPEN
 CLARK, BENTON 8022001/03/2020 SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending OPEN
 COOPER, KEITH 1879401/05/2020 SIF.R.C. Pending OPEN
 HALL, BOBBY 6483001/06/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
 BARNES, DENNIS 7019601/08/2020 CALHOUN C.I. Pending OPEN
 SPEER, ERNEST 2812101/08/2020 CFRC-MAIN Natural CLOSED
 HUERTA, EVASIO 1031701/09/2020 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural CLOSED
 ELMORE, TONY 3331801/10/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
 RAGSDALE, EDWARD 2209101/10/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
 MORRIS, CHRISTOPHER 7572801/10/2020 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending OPEN
 WILBERT, MARVIN 2199501/11/2020 COLUMBIA ANNEX Pending OPEN
 KOPSON, STEVEN 0960601/12/2020 SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending CLOSED
 WAGONER, JOSEPH 9305501/14/2020 DADE C.I. Pending OPEN
 HAINES, GUY 22181101/16/2020 TAYLOR C.I. Pending OPEN
 MANCINI, FRANK 2910101/16/2020 SIF.R.C. Pending OPEN-FDLE
 SMITH, RICHARD 0774001/17/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
 HERNANDEZ, ANTONIO 08296401/18/2020 SIF.R.C SOUTH UNIT Pending OPEN-
 MDPD
 CRUME, JEFFREY 9234501/18/2020 CROSS CITY C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
 RODRIGUEZ, JOE 12566601/18/2020 SIF.R.C. Pending OPEN-MDPD
 CASAL, YORDANY 08434601/21/2020 DADE C.I. Pending OPEN-MDPD
 JAMES, DAVIDSON 02186101/22/2020 FRANKLIN C.I. Pending OPEN
 LEVINE, GEORGE 9787701/23/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
 ENSLOW, MARCUS 34550201/25/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
 ESQUIVEL, JERONIMO 50802801/27/2020 SUMTER C.I. Pending OPEN
 DIXON, HENRY 06313901/28/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
 TANNEY, DONALD 00465301/29/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
 SIMMONS, KELVIN 0652401/29/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
 MILLER, DIARTIS 09700801/30/2020 DESOTO ANNEX Pending OPEN-FDLE
 HAINES, ROBERT 11750701/30/2020 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
 Guide for Manner of Death classification from the National Association of Medical
 Examiners

Investigative Status Definitions

Open: There is an active death investigation being conducted by the FDC Office of the Inspector General.

Open- FDLE: There is an active death investigation being conducted by the Florida Department of Law Enforcement with the Office of Inspector General

providing investigative assistance.

Open- OTHER*: There is an active death investigation being conducted by the listed local law enforcement agency with the Office of Inspector General providing investigative assistance.

Closed: The death investigation is completed.

2019-2020

2018-2019

2017-2018

2016-2017

2015-2016

2014-2015

2013-2014

[< Back to Inmate Mortality homepage](#)

About Us

As Florida's largest state agency, and the third largest prison system in the country, FDC employs 24,000 members, incarcerates approximately 94,000 inmates and supervises nearly 161,000 offenders in the

James McLain

The Coronavirus In The United States

Due to poor oversight it may be to late
To quell the out break that may eventually spread
To over one hundred fifty million Americans.

Trying to be like Putin he may hope that
It spreads to the most vulnerable.
While charging the poor money they don't have
Killing our grandparents and those with
Underlying respiratory conditions trying to
Make America great again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

They Would Force You To Live In Fear

Part one

Political Causes And Issues Behind Assassinations

Policies for oppressing the poor and minorities,
others may lay in authoritarian policies.
Using one's unexpected rise to power,
who are able,
to divide the population, usually through fear and hate.

Hitler did.  PoemHunter.com

When a child appears in a school that your child attends,
and speaks of that which their parents attest, that
The newly elected official has allowed.
Then will the seed of their mean fear appear.

Decent, thoughtful Germans
could not represent which was right, like now at
the risk of being killed or their businesses being
specifically targeted.

This can only happen in a country that lacks an efficient
mechanism for leadership change.
And the will and the means to enforce it.
Where the welfare of the people are ignored and a vacuum
can be filled by new leadership,

That the populace Respects and adores.

Part two

Our Democracy She Is

Our democracy
She is
As unknowing as a
Child
So guide her well.

For her to grow
I bow
My head to hear
Her sing
About the truth
Though
Some won't share.

Thus
My mind conceives
Each
Child that we bare.

And
If it be the truth
And
Not through

Lies.

It's only then
Will
Each your
God
To you draw near.

James McLain

The Comet

And thus when it
Comes,
The earth will stand still.

And in the stillness of the
Sun,
It's water will be shed as your
Tears.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How We Worshipped And How We Loved

Dignity a life time to learn about
Who you loved,
And in whom it was that you choose
To love,
In both time it endured by the God's
That you chose,
And at the end of your lives you have
Loved and
By your choice you have chosen to live.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ernest Hemingway

For sale
Baby shoes
Never worn

Ernest Hemingway

Eliminate hate
By
Showing compassion
In times like
These

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Engagement

For sale
Engagement ring
Never worn

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Endure One Must Last

It is here and now my struggle at last
Must be recognized.
One true sentence short of word's is but
A legacy out of grasp and now out of reach.

What is a good fruit full life bereft of
Time, mistakes repeatedly made expecting a different result?
Love, violence and death spoken truth never-ending,
While experiencing a different reality that can never come.

Hang on to love and escape from the violence the world
Is consumed with,
Yes death is our true companion a complexity of equations that
A mathematician may then scrutinize.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Six Word's

My gift to you was opened.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

..... A Soldier's Prayer (Part 1)

Stay with me near, O God.
This night is dark,
Yours, my day grows colder, still.
O' god the little spark you lent to me, my courage
By your grace it ebbs from me'.
Today this day is long, my soul belongs to thee.
Red, to no one else, stay with me God.
Here when I am naught but weak.
You made me stronger still.
Stilled when I, again until it dies.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

..... A Soldier's Prayer (Part 2)

He answered heard

Patience, I am coming near.

Do you hear the marching of their feet?

So many trapped in thought, will you grow meek?

Inside out the great divide none but I, may hide.

The many secrets of thine brilliant eyes.

Bright light the stars you feel my warmth upon your face,

As I come near you stilled, don't cry.

Don't fear the face of whom he is, then said, I am.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

.. Dreams, Dreams Of Dying

Be not untoward and be always considerate,
metaphorically and never die.
And as it ends the other aspects
of the end or your old days.
Bad habits had and destructive behavior or your own.
So the dead, and for always, forever never ending is.

Something new but never used is old when new,
does not mean outside a physical death.
This dream of death often is not for nor or anyone else.
Dreaming that someone is dead can it mean?
One side of yourself that is represented by my dying.

O thou that part of what each person represents,
in death and life to live again.
Can it mean that I am dead for dreaming it in death?
Your loss occurred, I dare not bring them back.
You lived and died with strangers who see the dream turn off.
Without my death you need to live let go.
The child in life you dream or not to yet I dream.
And when the death my loving child,
is also in your dreams then it can only living mean.

James McLain

Dreams, Dreams Of Children Flying

Flying represents freedom!
Children dreaming of flight
May be sending their parents a message
That nothing for them is impossible!

Children can be anybody and do anything.
A child's ability to fly signifies hope,
Possibilities, reality and freedom of expression.
Such dreams can provide great motivation and renew
Their hopes for a brighter tomorrow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Formula To Success

Decide if you are willing
to put in the time that it takes.
Is there a realistic niche
to be filled.

Locate the she or he in said niche
that has realized success.
Emulation of their success is in truth
the ultimate compliment.
Change the way you speak
if necessary.

The wealthy certainly have,
the necks on duck dynasty don't count
nor Sara Palin.
Anticipate all their needs
to do what you need to do for them.
To make it right.

They are always right.
If they inherited their wealth
and it's obvious that they won't have it long
then graciously
withdraw from this potentially explosive
situation.

Be aware, be polite, while backing out
and consider your self lucky
while never looking back.

James McLain

Robert Frost

Sometimes I think that he never took the
Road not taken.
Sometimes I think that because he lived longer
Than we will that he took them both.

Now being dead he saw both worlds one of the
Horse drawn buggy and of late model cars.
Seeing a man from America land on the moon
He was I'm sure quite surprised.

His life lived of many forks unpaved roads
Miniskirts woman burning their bras useless
Wars that early then living weren't lost.

Robert Frost in the living now not forgotten
In death time unveiled whom traveled the road that
No one knew and the difference it made to the lost.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Domestic Violence

Domestic violence is an event that can often breed silence from those you love most,
those you need the most.

A silence that sometimes befalls out of confusion, fear of saying the wrong thing, anger, or just time needed on their end to make sense of it all.

I do not blame anyone for not knowing what to say.
But sometimes I feel that hearing anything was better than the silence,
Which allowed my mind to descend further and further
Into darkness and out of the light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? I Do Not Love You Because I Love You ??

I love her because of her, though she's an ocean away,
I can't like him hate you because I love you still.
You could arch to me like a cat and I would be blind
To your flaws I have many.

It's unseasonably cool in October now
The cooler air now,
Can never cool my love for you fire and ice.

In this fairytale of love you wear my heart upon
Your sleeve,
No pumpkin here to leave you there behind.

I love you because I love you and it's in your heart
I wish to live and I can't part with that.

Ode to Pablo Neruda

James McLain

PoemHunter.com

Twisted Pictures

It's been nearly twenty year's since
I last dreamed about it.
Rusty gears more like fears having
No control over it.

Trying to overcome those fears that you
Pretend not to have.
Up until now it has always been somebody
Else instead of you.

Alive laying in the dark as your jaw is
Broken,
So that you may once again smile.
Though in the light of day all can tell that
Death has reached out and touched you today.

You still smell the same in my dreams reaching
Out in the mist,
That tastes of apples and grapes the sight of which
Drew me to your tender hands that cannot be as
Your fingers close once again around it.

Pictures twisted so,
Twisted in such a way that you read the cause of
Death more than twice.
Remember the first one that you saw as a child?

James McLain

By My Hand

Large and strong you see it,
On a man that you may know.
Warm on day's you feel it,
When passion starts to grow.

Chiseled from an earthly home of
Marble and sand stone.
Stretching out to all of them the
Weak and young you know.

It rock's the cradle of the child,
When mom exhausted sleeps.
My hand with ink and pen that writes
Each poem that you read.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Of Trump

Is he prepared to go the distance,
Only Congress can declare war.
Every Republican president since nineteen ninety has
As the National debt is increased by
Two or three trillion dollars with each new war.

North Korea is paying attention to what Trump has
Claimed he would do.
Without going through Congress to do, how convenient
That this mini Trump war has taken the attention
Off of the impeachment processes and may ramp up hostilities
With Iran and help him get reelected.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Little Road Not Made

Seen by eye a Holy man,
I looked up to the sky.
And flying by a little cloud
Could only wonder why.

A sun so bright beyond it's self,
The moon is dressed in white.
While all the people standing near
Breathed out concerted sighs.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Human Condition

The human condition is at it's peak
Sad affair.
Bound up in sadness this mirror that
Won't go away.

Wearing a green tennis shoe the other
Is red,
Surviving on meat a carcass that's dead.

Overwhelmed by mental illness a voice in
One's head,
Medication shock treatment a living that's
Hell.

Plotting and screaming being overwhelmed
Life that is meaningless it has all been said.
Religion that is different loosing one's
Head.
The human condition being different afraid.

James McLain

When Youth Clashes With Old Age

When youth clashes with old age
Being young their brain is on fire
While in old age with but a few exceptions
The light is too bright and judgement
Is frail day and night.

If I have lived on borrowed time and my watch
Begins to slow down,
Will you be there again just like you once were before?
Last night I dreamed a dream I would not like to
Be reborn in while others I would.

I cannot remember my dreams when young except
Through the smell of you.
I cannot speak for you in childhood if you were
Treated cruel.
No one speaks for me the young if good.

We are old to them their world is green our world
Is gray,
The rain is cold my bones can feel my age and
Theirs do not.
Wondering how they will think when before they
Age like us
When the extraterrestrials finally show themselves.

James McLain

Killing Love

When each love is over,
Who is too take the blame?
And if still young where do we go from here?

Wearing white for a funeral and black for a
Wedding and throwing green rice I hear.
The city is burning caught fire and the country
Is rural but somewhat still brutal inside.

Homophobic nationalism consumes the small minded
People progress it seems can't evolve.
It's the screaming that I cannot stand and must hush
What is said dead inside.

Dancing alone,
as the fanciest cars go by.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Great Poet's And Small Men

Great poet's are the enemy of small mind's.
Thinking that their lead filled words are as gold.
Whereas a brilliant stream of words are as a string
Of the finest pearls.

Great poems are not the master of their fates,
A fate not worse than death nor bloody head that's bowed.
Decided by a world of books few knew in life but
Only after death.

All great works small men stand tall and leave
No mark behind.
True great men and women too are known by their enemies
In life the dead speak for themselves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Selling Out

How long must one live a life unlived
Before one must sell out to live?
Can one live to only live without the
Means to live?

Selling out of poverty to stand upright
Without a soul and hunger for the light.
A moral wisp of wishes spread like wings
To dream at night.

Food we need to think about I've come
Into your life.
Yet a lie is but a lie no matter what the
Cost to self if one sells out.
The end will come before I've learned what
Life was all about.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Are You A Narcissist

Possessing a sense of importance and uniqueness are important aspects of being a happy and fulfilled person, but those with narcissistic personality disorder (NPD) take these things to an extreme.

According to WebMD, the word "narcissism" comes from a Greek myth about Narcissus, a man who "sees his own reflection in a pool of water and falls in love with it." While an exaggerated sense of one's attractiveness is certainly one characteristic of NPD, there are many other symptoms that can indicate someone is suffering from this mental illness—

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Are You A Sociopath

A sociopath, however, is unlikely to experience emotions at all. It's not that you don't recognise the person is suffering, because they do.

The reality is that you just don't care. No matter how terrible a time people are going through, no emotions regarding their plight are triggered in a sociopath.

The sociopath will occasionally act in the way they think they're supposed to, but that is likely to be more to maintain appearances than actually caring.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

This Is Not The End

Somewhere deep inside where lost the
Feelings hide
I found a way to look again at life
A new born child.

Innocent and pure as people reach to
Touch the sky
And it's all changed as if the cover of
A book can say it all.

This is not the end as feelings can still grow
Beginning with each page that's turned
The love begins to flow as love has never flowed
Before
And if it's felt again it's not the end.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Another Mental Illness Day

Awakened

realizing I was in shock
she rolled me over
and did it again are you glad?

Sad a puppies brown hair
green eyes
frizzled dazzlers
gelled hair.

Thorazine hidden in my orange
orange juice
without a just claim to fame
dipped in a language
you still read on your toast.

Simpson

please rest with
Spector there
grow old and smile.

PoemHunter.com

Dreams

mental illness
rush through your head
no voice of reason I
Hide in my bed
my arms are like a cross
both of my hands in restraints.

Rooms

with no exits
to many padded cells
morally bankrupt that shrink was let go.
Unfurled his sail
and claimed us as his cows and sheep
and thus we smelt of sleep.

James McLain

The Road Not Taken

Two roads crossed in the deep dark woods
Not wishing I knew to travel them both
Leaving to chance which road that I took
The tree's here were tall the bushes were thick
And where they went I had too choose.

Such is life that leads us to chance, I in
This instance shall never sigh, that I,
If I tried to find my way back, the same
Man I'd stay for not looking back.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Carved In Stone

Few can read what they wrote carved in stone
It's still there.
Most was lost in the great fire of Alexandria.
Penmanship is useless for want of paper and
How will you save what you wrote when computer's
Have gone that way.
It's just hard to learn the language of the God's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Man Knows Distress

I, A Man Well Knows distress.
Every thing and heavy expectations,
steady, slow and strong each day.
Her distant sun, His destiny as one.
While the rudder,
and yes he must pass it off to her,
if he's too work the land as well at night.
Now in these uncommon days.

Labor needs more mouths and too feed
and help, they are suckled and kept full.
She shows her love each year as his love
for them he gathers by their many ears.
Hectic though it is, mutual longing shows.
Years flow past,
from these arms familiar are new patriots.



PoemHunter.com

e.st.v.m.

James McLain

Come In As Would The Waves

and you want me to do
those things the nuns warned me about
those naughty things
where they said that you could what you would
and my legs would naught be of wood
but your lips turning colors they in the light being as it is
nearly naught so for what you have to do planned
mother the sea said it wont hurt will it come in as the waves?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eye You Are Punished

You! The me, from I then you it took.
It has all the love and the lonely nights,
all the all of terror and the desire, to knock from you. You!
The me and look it has all the constrictions and the dreams,
Of romantic insignificance and to test loves flirtations,
thus sorely was it punished.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Endless Train

Two train's on different tracks passing each other.
Two engineers one dressed in black the other in white.
The woods are dark and deep for one without light.
The other one white has stayed in the light both are
Filled with the soul's of modern age.

Endless eye's all sooty and black look out of the windows
Not inward or back.
Onwards rolls the white train with all of it's people
Singing a song that none on the dark train seem to know.
Endless columns of black sooty smoke pours out of the
One on it's opposite course.

Two train's converge and pass each other by one takes
The high track while the other takes the low.
There is snow on the track's of the one and on the other
Dark sand looking up all can see.
The endless train's pass one another doing figure eights.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Florida Has Built Up A Facial Recognition Database

Florida has built up a facial recognition database.
Allowing law enforcement driving by to identify you.
Cities have it as well as local municipalities,
Even some of the wealthiest neighborhoods.
Without a fingerprint you could be mistaken for some
One else.

The mark of the beast nearing the end of current time.
Even to the non believer one cannot deny the problem of
Taking an innocent child's identity away from them.
Who is who said they whom claim that if nothing wrong
You've done allowing them to do.
Florida with it's eighteen million people, and all the
Other states as well until it's globally!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Li Po And Tu Fu At The Edge Of Space Speaking

Greetings friend, skilled in thought unlike wine patiently
sits at your feet, how long.

Unlike thoughts sitting words that wait as time flies
a sparrow waits who is seeking a door made of crumbs.
I to am bothered as was the ox by pesty wingless gnats.
Is it you to that I dream of as I sleeping,
dream of us standing at the edge of time unable to.
Moving forward or back chasing words of folly that leapt
from our lips as we spent our youth.

Yes, It Is poetry cannot let us reason in rest until he can
hide the rice from the children in worlds of light our liquid robes.
Is It Poetry sleeps the sleep of friends caught in the spiders silk net
made of space and time without hands to sleep on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And As Your Teacher Watches You

and even as your 'teacher' watches 'you'
and your each drop that falls on me, your rain.
and i am tired and i am thirsty and it's only just apart.
and we are, as we now are, it is love and it is art.
and i know that it is bitter, some times sour, even tart.
and as my fever climbs, you help it even off to sleep.
and as it drips there slowly, yes so slowly down, a golden breach.
and as you do your very best, i can't but try my best to fast.
and each yellow sun so high and bright, it burns my eyes.
and still it rains, you turn and smile, as it rains a little more.
and each drop that drips, i see it dripp on me and i ask please.
and comes more rain, as it pours it's heart out there on top of me.
and as your hunches lift and part, they over power me.
and you keep me warm, you hunker down, you lift and dry my lips.
and rain warm falls and as it cools it runs the length of all i see.
and down the small of your majestic and beauty of your curved back.
and through that small and rustic, royal scenic ever lovely crack.
and above me as each moon, in reach i'm always smiling at.
and each drop of rain seems bitter and it's sour, even tart.
and as your teacher watches you, she would only hold it back.
and i am tired and i am thirsty and it rains, and it pours.

James McLain

Li Po And Cherry Wine

Stretched out In the tall grass on my side,
I muse at the fact they are full.
Thumping the wide side of each.
Tis not water I seek, cherry wine.

The moon makes me speak against my mind.
From the bottom to the top of the well,
during the night when I'm in my cups deeply sleeping.
Nodding off her I see that one drop of dew
slide down from a single green bamboo leaf.
It's nights like these when I can't see,
you I found.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When The Man, Comes Around

Have I not kept my promise
To you?

I have waited O' so long to
See all cultures mesh together
And the borders all erased.

In every head all day long he
Can hear your thoughts, as if
In prayer.

Will you be ready no need for
Speech,
He can read all mind's.
You will one day to when the
Man comes around.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Barefoot I Am Kept

The cottage is lovely
As I grow heavy such content
All cow's I still chase.
Remembering them as a child.

I let them pull me hither
And yon,
And only the moon will forget.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Heaven And Hell

Being like he
repeatedly struck with clubs and hammers
and though his breathing grows like the grave all to shallow.
She on hands and knees is frequently impaled.
He is confined within her world a green fiery vessel.
She is dragged through the woods the forests of high-trees.
He is made to walk through the cold burning bush.
She is rubbed against the last thorny rose.
Being blind and near death they both learn to feel.
What it was like to be whole.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Loves The Sight Of Him

She liked eating chicken
he liked steak.
The river through their land
is full of fish.
He stood behind a bush
invited in.

Strong and healthy hands
she'd sing his song.
The milk is always fresh
a southern look.
Being milked each day
the cow stood still.

Though the chickens never did.
Strange trails led through
the woods knee high the grass.
His legs were wrapped around
her waist.

Strong healthy hands that need
strange looks upon his face.
Worms that come are squeezed
the chicken ate.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Corpulent White And Marbled Blue

In the giving of life how selfish are you
For not asking, but taken by you.
And you do not grieve not even ask,
As one so sure, would have done.

The rim of the sea, open the ocean,
Washed up on shore, tired dead and rotting.
Children in hand with life they play, as many
Here washed them away, life was a struggle
That's what you said.

I am old though not yet dead and have by your
Very own hand suffered the death, you sought for me.
So what if now I cry all the time the same movie,
Moving it does,
But no one laugh's as people once normal should.

I once loved you as you then I did,
And without honor or courage tried to hide.
No one laugh's and no one can cry,
Knowing now what you knew not back then.

The smell's bitter sweet and death you know now,
And while still alive, you know what you are.
You are corpulent, white and marbled blue veined,
The knowledge once shared is now not to be had.

I should have loved you more,
When it would have taken less courage
to hate,
what you had eventually become.

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James McLain

The Saddest Line's I Write At Night

The only flower left and I.
One fur trapper, hungry and in need, crosses over.
And the winding, shallow creek.
Being heavy, Is it thus?
And when it by it comes when two are touched?
Seasons pass, It ends like this, entirely.
The water by you warm it blows.
Falling leaves float by this,
and changing winds to laughter, lost in this, has been.
Feelings falling petals from the sky.
Japan and China.
And after, frost comes snow it dances, as it melts
and then it comes it must again.
Gestures from the hand and loveliness.
Watching I the waves from which you wander there about.
The glory to his which she leaves behind are blinding white.
And has it not been cut of it, thereof, of all it's luster,
width and standing under is the night, it shines with peace
and which if known were gathered softly up.
By all whom come, too know it now.
When it water flows to all whom know, rushing by you.

James McLain

When By It Water Glows

The only flower left and I.
One fur trapper, hungry and in need, crosses over.
And the winding, shallow creek.
Being heavy, Is it thus?
And when it by it comes when two are touched?
Seasons pass, It ends like this, entirely.
The water by you warm it blows.
Falling leaves float by this,
and changing winds to laughter, lost in this, has been.
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and which if known were gathered softly up.
By all whom come, too know it now.

When it water flows to all whom know, rushing by you.

James McLain

The Lesbian

As for that, 'you make them all think that.
Would you like to maintain it,
just eye too eye, it permanently with that!

Long time spending, as for the lesbian
whose some person is young, by me for advising my love,
and I' It came; to be why of which
has it met more from the thing fro which happiness spring
which shares those which are learned?

I As for eve this way this is it beings made,
being hastened a little very with you shaking the pot
is still world of widely work on this subject,
therefore because me it does to you,
because writing about it.

Concerned that I am, now about it is, 'your smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? Contractor's ??

Contractor's are ghosts that the
Government
Sends in to locate certain people
That never were there.

To give top secret intelligence
To the Government.
So they can
Send in special Op's to kill these
People
Without a due process or a trial,
Such as, Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Girl That Wishes She Was Normal

Little-known puppies without any tails.
Do you know any of their names?
Without arm's she is skinny.
Without arms she does hands free cooking
without arm's.

High fives are a mouth full of toes.
Is she looking?
Oven slippers without arms I still kiss her.
Her chili has kick.
She cooks with her feet I like her.
Her middle finger never needs a bandaid.
None of her dogs have long tails.

E-Mail me if you know of someone
who has Tourette syndrome that has said a kind word
to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Swimming Hole

I went with them to the fishing hole,
Way back yonder in the back of the woods, .
Two girl's
without boyfriend's, they'd never even kissed.

Look at the lips of her mom,
Leaving with them, I asked her, with lips like
those, I wanna know where your taking me fishing.

He grinned and then said, Let's go fishing.
Each time it rains, it washes both holes out and
sometimes the fish are easier to see and catch.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Enter The Mouth Of Love

Deeper than purple plums,
so warm are imbraced.
Heavy with dust in the air
it makes you sneeze.

Back from the last harvest,
two full sloshing buckets.
Shutters unlocked a wake,
lay open to reclaim them.

Coming back around and picking
the few fruit that were missed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Scent Of One Woman

Brushing up against me.
Her scent,
not in a bad way it was,
heavy and thick, hung in the air.
Pungent it was rich and indulgent.

While her accent by magnetic forced my eyes
to watch her thick rich lips that made me.
Immediately I think if I stood up I could not walk.
Her scent would fill me up.
So powerful that it mingled with my taste buds.
I could reach out and close my eyes,
and savor the creaminess pouring out into her belly.
Feel the smoking musk running deep into my throat.
It would surround not only me,
but stay with me long after she had left the others.
Cutting through them walking by me.
It clung to her always.

No shower or swim or hard day's work could erase it.
The perfect mix, of all her other vices.
Sitting in the very back of the subway.
Both are riding it back home.
Without ever hiking up her checkered mini skirt,
she would change her pink panties for the same style of black ones.

James McLain

Purple To The Eye Her Fruit Is Ripe

Her fruit to the eye is heavy, full and ripe,
Touching the base
The base that is dripping clear and wet.

Between a girl and a woman over here where
Your not.
The older she gets the heavier it gets, pushing
Out full through,

Green panties made of the thin silk that she wears.
Some older women who look,
Realize that such a full life has passed them by.
Under the moon are rich pink skies,
Skies full of cloud's ready to burst full of rain.
The forest is full with tall trees, trees with large roots

That grow very deep in the ground.
This rich wet rain falls on the green leaves, here in
The woods out of sight.
Here the ground is rich loam full of the rain, wet
That falls from the sky.

Creeks here over run their tall bank's, running off to
The sea that was dry.
Her fruit to the eye is heavy, full and ripe, touching
The base of the sky.

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James McLain

Forget The Heart And Aim For The Eye

It is as graphic as it is stark I know
Known before the foundation of the world
What lies so dark in the hearts
of some woman and men

Hands chained together
around your back, a foot apart
Ropes casting high shadows
draped over a child's swing set

One woman and two men
Hoisted up in the air by what
once were the hands of friends

The men move in the air they are still
Some how you think with out the fall
The woman arches her back and kicks
her feet but the chains are to heavy to move

After thirty seconds of forever she leaves
And comes back over here
Like her lips, her fate was sealed at birth

James McLain

Amongst The Dead I'm Home

Amongst the dead, I'm home.
The many fires I started as a child
have long gone out.
Inside the womb I heard them speak about.

Before the warning came, I felt the light.
Swimming true before I could, I had no choice.
Stripes of red and blue came with a heavy cost.
Hence from whence I came and now I'm lost.

Not knowing who they were, they made no sound.
Lumps of clay that smelled of loam and earth.
So in speaking, here they spoke.
Waiting, waiting, wait, such volumes spoke.
The dead retired to sleep without a voice.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After I Have Parted Her Two Lips

After I have,
Parted her two lip's,
That, I nightly kiss.
Oh, and moved,
From me what more,
From her,
My love, I give than,
With a kiss.

James McLain



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Refuge

Refuge is that place one goes,
To escape from the fear that one knows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And When My Word's Fall Away

And when voices have no say.
We go away,
to other places where we learn to play.

The voices as if one.
but then another
comes along they are your sister
and a brother if in need.

So many faces have I seen
they seem as one inside out the mirror.

Do they cause your ears to burn?
Do they make you turn away?
Do they help you see the error of the way.

Every one of us each song we sing.
Can we touch compassions mighty waves?
Are we born with grace in every face?
And when the sun begins to rise.
Then love has won and hate does not exist.

James McLain

Do Not Love What Men Love

Confused.

Girl's watch the things that mother's do.

Rambunctious.

Boy's do what a father always does.

One uses lip stick.

The other tries her panties on.

Each wears a higher heel the window,
faces me.

The father's shoe it shapes the world.

We mistreated worth, they worry each.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips My Lips Like Yours I've Kissed

Lip's my lip's have kissed that you have also kissed
I can't explain their shade, nor where they hide
Between two valleys high above, to kiss the bright white moon
There is dew upon the grass, it's short nor high

Forgotten all the lip's I've kissed, I know no longer why
To those I've kissed, no longer here to hear them once more sigh
Lip's like hers so soft and sweet they made me daily cry
Winter when it comes once green and naked bushes seen
And as the boy's and girl's, one think's the another does
If your lip's I've kissed, I miss them fondly now

What I miss in lip's, I've kissed again won't sing to me
The tree that held the mistletoe, is gone, I sadly see
A shades been pulled, I'm asleep, you kiss my lip's no more
Soft her lip's that once I kissed are red, but this you know

James McLain



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And I Lounged And Laid In Their Beds

I was never as smug as I was back then.
Bad girl's that wore silk,
good young boy that I was, my best friends.
Racial slurs never heard, not once,
not in there.

Silver, problem solver, gold most would wear.
Ruby red lips, cat green eye's, wide straight hips.
Bushes next to trees freed that blushed,
in the back where I'd sleep through the day.

Night's broad black mouth,
purple panties one full moon always wore.
And day would it's yellow head spread through the room.
Deep sound in sleep, boyhood to man,
and I lounged and I laid and I grew in their bed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As I Have Now Grown Older

And now I must get sick or ill
In my old age.
I fumble in my bag for reading
Glasses.
I forget to pay my rent but my
Landlord reminds me.
I wear all purple now being old
I now can pull it off.
And yes I must confess I am afraid
Of death.

I won't fight death, the drama it
Would cause would be embarrassing.
Death could come so many different
Ways.
I also would hate to shit or piss
Myself.
As I grow even older I have realized,
There is only one way
To meet death on my own terms and my
Terms would be
To not go gentle into that good night.

James McLain

The Boy Who Discovered Fire

The boy is now all but gone but now how grown?
Twisted in knots how my body hurts
never as bad as it did, how they knew it then.
Still inside this brain it sleeps with such pain
all ways terrified like it was back then,
now afraid it's being corrected again.

But how..by whom...me I am still inside.
Terrified of drugs and alcohol, will I be
scooped out and made hollow and
placed in that room so dark I can't swallow.
Always careful of that line between fantasy
and where it is I must go to simply survive.

Threatened with one bridge after the other.
How the concrete sucks out all my warmth.

Dare I go back to when I was five and I tried
to make them breakfast
in bed
I knew nothing of Tiffany back then, wide eyes.
Some child's bold attempt at independence.
How the piss ran down my legs as it was easy
much to easy
to force open my hand
and burn my finger with that Zippo until it blistered.
It was me against the world after that and the world
never knew:
what I lost or the cost to toast two pieces of bread.
I was a difficult child I know and perhaps too precocious

James McLain

I Am Not Yours - Sara Teasdale

I am not yours, not lost in you,
Not lost, although I long to be
Lost as a candle lit at noon,
Lost as a snowflake in the sea.

You love me, and I find you still
A spirit beautiful and bright,
Yet I am I, who long to be
Lost as a light is lost in light.

Oh plunge me deep in love- put out
My senses, leave me deaf and blind,
Swept by the tempest of your love,
A taper in a rushing wind.

Sara Teasdale

.....

When I found you
I was lost.
There was no love,
There,
To be found.

In the storm,
By the turbulent sea.
Through the loud, howling
Wind's, you found me.

Now when you leave me,
Translucent,
I become, you can't see.

If it's true, you love me,
Do not,
Wait in the surf.
At the edge of the sea,

Wait for me.

James McLain

The Key To Heaven

The key to heaven is the key
The key
Is a tree that lives forever
Gathering
Never for getting gathering
Knowledge.

This knowledge is known by
All governments
This knowledge should have
Been used
To address all the problems
We currently have.

Love is learned, love can burn
The hand that feeds it.
Love is respected by those
That love
Ice is the heart that can't feel
Ice is anger
That can fade and be healed.

There is the key to all knowledge
Knowledge can heal.
Our lives are to short as it is.
Proverbs and psalms provides the
Answer to every thing.
Applied to man's wounds to heal.

James McLain

After I Kiss You

and i kissed them
yes so full
each pretty
petal
pink and red
each one
i drank they
fluttered past
on silky
wings
and i ask
you how
much love
they had
inside
to fly
and yes
you said i
kissed
their kisses too.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

Bipolar Homosexuality

In addition extra special too, as for that ' Perhaps,
your neighbor or even you, can whether exhibitions
which for the sake of it, is never decreased.
it can include necessity; 'fruits openly forbidden' Characteristics.
' as for me very long drives through the country, air'
watch characteristics front wheel or rear wheel or even
the occasional four wheel drive, It does, but might not have;
and her illness from heaven, is some times or forgotten, not.
' You have gotten married, or/or unmarried too anyone original
that's or, the man or my gosh - my moral orals- which decides
that the woman it does well with must pass through all windows
goes just in anything, moving.
As for me, by your covetously of serious trouble this way.
' You obtained it all by it's every;
and as for my sister, my wife'
you wrote; ' i' 'as for several pairs of panties me'. If it awakes,
it goes which ever which way is closest,
becomes my other things, occasionally there it is every night
when night it makes awake;
as for Hypersexuality both poles rotation, each person,
It is one of the things which can make it luminous or ruinous;
the marriage of the relationship,
which is to me entrusted.
In addition whereof: any remainder as for attempt that of murder
of her fair moon to be fatal, hypersexuality,
if it is not fully controlled, it can be love.
all the people most of the time and the rest of the people
some other time, and you who is bipolar
an obstacle a person perhaps, remains,
it is that serious of your problem, you do not experience, but.
when the maniac is uncontrolled,
the combination where the friend of a bipolar s is correct,
finding started the step which is necessary for the peacock
which never finishes, hyper-sexuality from the cat,
which becomes a construction zone of a structure, it is not.

James McLain

Yellow Cotton Bottoms

and be honest
some yellow cotton bottoms.
have you ever, when you have?
and having clouds, that hang below.
that hang above twin open doors.
moon the stars, each open face.
and yellow cotton bottoms,
feel the world and have you, have you never.
when you have.
and sitting there so quite lost in thought.
the world you feel it burn, now turning
and be honest,
have you ever, when you have!
sleeping in the open it is quite.
and be honest,
yellow cotton bottoms, when you have.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cotton Pierced

Cotton pierced...
and no running away...
from..how it grows..
and grows..
like the child...that..
farms with ants...
tipping his small stick...
and honey....
makes....
a queen come out to day...

.....

Cotton pierced...
and pic nicks too....
and bounty..riches..
grew as far as...
moist and mother earth...
she knew...thus gave...

.....

Cotton pierces....
backs...
with more than nails..
and bushes....
for the sake of...
cotton sails...
and wooden...
barrels filled...
with water rains...
Cotton pierced your soul..

James McLain

Weeping Hands

Up up and up and live by the word
Spoken inside of your head.
The guards watch every thing that's
Said.
The light through the window that
Shines on the family in prayer.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Book Called Treasonous By Donald Trump

(CNN) The anonymous senior Trump administration official whose 2018 New York Times op-ed was called treasonous by President Donald Trump has written a new book about Trump titled "A Warning"; that will be published next month, CNN has learned.

CNN has exclusively obtained a cover of the book, which has been a closely guarded secret until now and will be released November 19 by Twelve, a division of the Hachette Book Group. The author will remain anonymous, and sources familiar with the book tell CNN that "elaborate precautions have been taken to protect the author's identity."

The sources say that the publisher and the author's literary agents at Javelin were provided verification that the author is the same person who penned the Times op-ed, titled "I Am Part of the Resistance Inside the Trump Administration," on September,5,2018.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Wise Can Teach Themselves

Perhaps I have lived too simply,
where the wise, can teach themselves.
I have heard them speak, the mirrors show
their children have no hope.
Look at the sky I have wings I can fly.
High on long ago,
now it's time to pack it in teacher you have failed.
My cats my friend its soft and warm
it knows just when to hide.
Not long ago the evening spoke of night
you, you used to have.
You worried me I'm sorry I must go.
White the cotton has been picked is slung across
your back.
My tongue she sucks with full green lips
I'm shaking I need more.
In the woods it's very dark the trees are standing tall.
The bushes I have waded through the moss is everywhere.
Knee high grass is every where it's there I will be found.

James McLain

My Observation Of Children And Their Secrets

Some of my feeling never once I have told you.
Cotton bottoms a flower once gone, never picked.
We as we can yes we raise it, we raise it to raise it,
thus will we raise it, because simple is this, we can.

Each of my sisters,
with him in the middle we do, what we can
to help him.
Children their secrets an observation on keys,
swirling clouds, silver spray at night when he comes.

Sugar and spice like water and death,
rocks inside each breast is a beast,
day and night, god and the devil
and once we were beings, no more.

She did not rush me into my house of dreams,
of children, wine and drugs, more sex.
Children of war made from peace.
Will you not come help the good woman
open more petals?

Guns made from the juice,
from the middle it oozes, dark rich, red blood.
Gray red, puffy lips how they shine.
Rasins dried in the sun, shinny brass buttons.

Always pink,
grape wine, draws ants,
sucking noises, soft whimpers and quite cries.
Very small is the mask that hides in my hands,
roses and thorns that cause it to bleed.

All my 'roses'—only 'lily' knew—no frowns he of her,
expanded, wash it off lost things oh where is my dad?
Pink of arches and fingers like daggers arcs the sky.
As your finger moves it black from the sea.

His hand in the nymph her water- where she swims.

Pushing her heart up made to look closer
and full wide and free are her lips as more feathers,
come out of glass made of crystal.
After I smell it and I taste it.

Into my hand, who I am, thus it is loved and by you only you.
Stay free of the shadow of your, his the keeper,
because careful it enters, when by your shallow breathing
you sleeping, pink heart is the center, it is.

James McLain

I Stand Within The Roar

In a dream or in the night,
I have seen things that I shouldn't
That have come true.
I wake up from the dream and night
Has gone.
All that I see within my dreams,
Is but a different world inside my dream.
I stand upon the edge and watch the
Light for now expand.

James McLain



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The Weather Man

Circles of hills closed within, at the base
Of each hill flows white mist.
Dripping dew drops hang from green leaves,
Bushes found here are not topped.

Here in that room without any walls,
Empty spaces in your other place.
I can't hear the world inside of my head,
Everything's? changed except me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? After The Glitter Fades ??

Circles of hills closed within, at the base
Of each hill flows white mist.

Dripping dew drops hang from green leaves,
Bushes found here are not topped.

Here in that room without any walls,
Empty spaces in your other place.

I can hear the world inside my head,
I look a thousand times but everything's? changed again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Is My Whore

.....Maybe She was a Whore to you.
But she was my whore and I loved her to much.
I think many of you took advantage of her.
Never the less.
I did not care,
after all it was I who married her.
Besides even if some lawyers
and a few judges in the past knew it was
thus it was the past
you should have left it all in there.
And ex-parte is ex partied.
For you were before and
it was before me and fun, simple fun
like the sun always seems to rise
in the east.

Your business is your business and pleasure
this business
with all of that money
I know
what you know and how it now all seems to work.

Hundreds of my poems used for
what
by now
back then they were safely
married to me
and through me to her not to you.

I have always known that you can't
reason with an alcoholic
wine is wine
to you it is fine
but to her.
Lets for a week put her in charge
of your court room.

Do not, if you wont put her in charge
of yours,

why would you do so with mine.

Days I put into some of them.
Plenary guardianship is a boat
that can never sink.

They were not a pleading or
some direct appeal
or an answered brief served
on behalf
of them
a dozen copies if you partied with
yours
and yours and it was thrown out
in the trash
with her panties, before your
wife came home
to go over yours with you.

I am direct and I know all to blunt I have
nothing to hide
why lie
I spread the moon out of love and yes
with a smile
again.

Remorse for that, there is none for again
the same would I do.
Business is business
and pleasure is pleasure.
Your business is not for my pleasure.

Remember please I ask of you and this
so little I pray:
I am just a simple ignorant man.
This plea let it fall on sound ears.
I want what is mine and not what is yours.
Please forgive me: ...but I become ill
running a jail
for profit
and because:
I am impractical my root may not ever run deep.

Some say we should not keep it personal
and without remorse
for I will be forever yours in abstract of course.

James McLain

There Was Tons Of Screaming And A Lot Of Sweat

Come morning I couldn't remember
The dream or her face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Watched Her Succubus Through Her Key Hole

I found her diary it read in part,
I let it go at me at first.
I let myself give in to the depth and breadth of it.
But it got more and more invasive
the longer I slept and in sleep let it go.

Diary entry,
It was if the reader could feel me stretching
and it reached the point where I couldn't let it go.
I could still feel the hot breath in-between my legs.
As it continuously jabbed all ten fingers deep
inside of me.

Diary entry,
I got very little sleep today,
as I would stay up all night trying to avoid it.
I stopped getting wet through my panties
and letting myself get rocked to sleep, seduced
and it got very ticked off and intruded to deeply.

Diary entry,
it inserted itself, vaginally and anal,
I could feel it crawling out side, inside all around me.
What should I do?
Do I need to visit a priest?
Santeria?
Salt around my bed, in and around my living area?

Diary entry,
today a man tomorrow a woman between the loud sucking noises
and increased problems that have arisen, because
I was at first deathly afraid.
By allowing it to do what it now every night does.
And why I changed room's with my much younger brother.

James McLain

Dreams, Dreams Of Butterflies

The dreams,
of my heart and mind.

In my dream
of butterflies.
They hug me.
without sound.

Nothing stays
with me to long.

In my dream of
butterflies.
They lift me
from the ground.

But I have
had from
since as a
child.



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In my dream
of butterflys
they so still
my mind

The deep solace
of song
In my dream
of butterflies
they your eye's
flutter for they
are posied.

In my dream
of butterflies
my daughter now
is ten.

In my dream of
butterflies
such delight
to my eyes.

Let me find life
and stay and you.

In my dream of
butterflies.

Soft buttered wings
they always have
of witch all sing.

With wings
Who's tunes
are played
out and not
forgotten.

In my dream of
butterflies
linen inside does
my neice now lay.

Like the rain
of yesterday
rainbows weaved
it is true.

In my dream of
butterflies
heavens light
does shine
right through.

In my dream of
butterflies no cuts

nor stings.

For all can sing
about the beauty
of butterfly dreams.

James McLain

When Were You A Nun

To wade in any where
hand tiding, 'habits
around
each slim, 'waist
cotton showing
and sliding across
holding light breath
and deep, 'streams'
conscious you dream
that seem,
emotional tonally.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shaming Children

Our shortcomings,
as adults can be overwhelming.
Our guilt from our own lack of understanding.
Even if you, like I,
have waited late in life to have a child.
One issue at a time is paralyzing.
Unfinished business is so costly.
Children are not omelets breaking eggs.
Some lag behind because of you.
Some leap ahead like frogs when new.
To shame a child or make them feel guilty.
Futility in the making think back when you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Body Shaming

The average size of American women is now size sixteen.
Lower-priced, processed food—?choosing fresh food suddenly became optional.
That half of U.S. can not afford to buy.

Then fast food brought our teenage girl's fat shame.
Ashamed of their bodies only led to more of McDonald's.
The psychological difference between wearing a bikini instead of having to wear a one piece,
is even at the beach as you watch them all to apparent.
The deadly scale in the bathroom and the mirror that they can't pass that never lies.

The looks at the restaurant without speaking tell you to, Eat Right and Then, Be come Normal.
Growing up teenage girl's are not told to eat more fish and less antibiotic filled chicken, infused with genetically modified growth hormones.

And then television ushered in a new unattainable goal, while bombarding these our young girl's on some mission of their unwinnable fight against fat.

With such a psychological link between weight and health—and the presumption of overindulgence and laziness, on the part of America's attack on teenage girl's as being fat, people—body shaming became officially excepted.

Why would Victoria secret target the average American teenage girl into buying a product that most can never wear.
Leading her back to the mirror passing the scale and grabbing her waist, to just burst once again into tears.
But as you can see, we might be, but we are all happy with five happy meal's

My personal recommendation would be for everyone to eat more fish and less antibiotic, growth hormone filled chicken.

Charles Bukowski's Explanation On Temptation

And while doing my laundry
with Charles Bukowski
and he instructing me about such
stating that each lovely
woman and such are they
these there and by design
being only human
bending over to pick his up, hers
and being full
and singing out about my hunger
knowing that it would
only be after all,
whom she is but am i
and being an ignorant man
she happy that i am
when exposed to the air
her smile as my breath
caught by she
it was heard
and even by that one drop
painful, 'Temptation
and not giving in
i simply moved my legs
up and down
there more quickly.

James McLain

Our Obvious Indifference To One Another

How angry one becomes at what they read
I am grateful that I dont have to cover
My body.
Now let's multiply that times ten and
Introduce politics.
And multiply that times ten and
Introduce religious beliefs.
How do we stop the war over thoughts
Thought police terrifies me.
Culture's clash people argue over nothing.
Magpies that gossip secretly like a pack
Of wolves eating his dead flesh like it
Was chicken.
Yet other countries have McDonald's and
Kentucky fried chicken.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Were My Whiskey Never Mild Those Wild Dead Women

You Were My Whiskey;
And never mild those wild dead women.
And doing all of that on sinking ships.
Each one was you,
I drank one more.
Who knelt unseen and wild each kiss,
I miss the most between,
closed doors.
I cannot move,
from deep inside your couch,
I am some head,
you hang your hat and both, we search for.
While on your knees,
I think and then I think some more.
Each time I cough,
your lips grow tighter, I grow sore.
Brown bags lay emptied,
Wanting more of that cough syrup, over there.

I look at you,
you look at me and we are both the same.
Eyes that glow
and each red slit a fire that melts us both inside.
Seated circles, fraught by flame,
I touch your eye it does not move
inside it's socket, now glazed shut.
Mercy me, and sweet that nun.
Honey how She knew,
and he rose up and simply walked away.
The habits bad and neither stay.
and whiskeys better, as you empty every bottle.
And here we sit again alone,
sharing wild forgotten kisses on the floor.

a.s.

James McLain

?? Hidden Love ??

The Forests are wide green and hidden.
In a mist of white and gold.
The bush my love for thee is green, she
Brought her dream of love to me.

When her heart is sad and filled
With pain and if I could make it well.

If with my love is there to feel inside,
she in this life could but only love again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Stretched Out On Her Back

What deed could be done tied down,
hands and feet, stretched out on your back?
Having a lot of living left in front of you,
the tension gives you away so much so it can
be cut with a knife.

It's not about sex or control as he leaves you,
toes once straight now bent curling back.
Last night was the past, now is here and
as the sun rises, tommorow has come.

Finding the strength to go on, the act, the dream
surrounds you.
Never dry the warm humid air lifts you up, up to
go on, never submissive.

Stretched out on your back, it is then that you
realize that she has finally left you.



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James McLain

Dreams The Flavors Of Dreams

Peaking high she laughs and starts to turn.
Producing wind and sunshine I can smell.
Bell field horse in tow.
Low tangled white the cottage off along the hedge it runs.
Sun is in his face and leans against the wall she does.
Being blind I am to long he moving is.
The silent hooves the horse stirs up green grass.
Light cinnamon my song is heard, the silence is so long.
Noon point makes it hard to leave his mark,
the swelling such it is and not done soon.
Deep purple is the color of the sky, will drive you mad.
It is you, it's you,
weighted each load hard pressed are flavored dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Righ There Next To You

Right there next to you
In the void
Amidst the millions of other's.
The vibrant colors of each other one here
Green, yellow, gold and brown.

There is the primordial soup, a caldren of
Bodies wrapped up in gas and dust,
Risen up from the dirt,
One with one on one with he who is I am.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Chain Of Pearls

And if beauty loves and life around you're neck.
Though full upon twin peaks they lay.
The moon betwixt the ankle dainty daily plays.
When men they look upon and wonder how.
Ropes of light and night will bring you love.
Each school of thought and silver you love him.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wet Rain

If the fact that he places it their at all
be grateful, 'that knot in you.
It is by only you, it permitted,
to be soft within,
usually twenty minutes it is required,
until it again becomes you.

And/or about forty five minutes
is possible to be required there
is he together, apart from fifteen.
When mostly is if, 'as for main advantage of informal rank
your panties betraying, were only in the center clean.
Do not be dismayed and helpless but you think of it,
you would like to possess that, it's knot in you.

With that grasp of your hand, 'covered rings,
it is to be able, never too prevent that.
Most satisfactions and the knot sawing-in where
the panties, even the moon parted, 'growing wet.
Making the feeling awaken, which you feel when it
the knot, catches in you/your breath.

It understood that it is yours, rusted silk it ' has caused.
Your other things that knot is made to put in place tries
the fact that in the degree,
Angles were as like then when, which by he
and of whom,
you have fallen, 'concerning love and you it contains.

James McLain

A Simple Song Unlike The Rest

My song I sang for you, the song
I sang for you, above the rest.
And in love we passed each other by
Not looking at the rest.

Forgotten other's like the leaves
Upon the lonely ground.
And on a night with each full moon
A back drop to the star's.

Myself to you I gave and you
We're still.
A leafless barren tree,
The bush is full.

I gave myself to you in simple song,
The song that you loved best.
The song that no one ever heard,
A song that gave no rest.

James McLain

Trapped By Fate

We are all trapped,
In a
Singularity, made up of fate.

Where people here and there,
Never find the one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Right Or Wrong

Right or wrong

The road is paved with flat squirrels

Who couldn't make a decision.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? Florida Today And New Voting Right's ??

A Federal Judge ruled that the initiative
That the people passed
Means
That every human being whom is an ex- felon
Inspite of being to poor to pay off their fines
Can now vote
Florida having been governed by Republicans
For the last thirty year's might
Change hands as that frees up one half million
Individuals whom if unable to pay their
Fines may now vote.
Now the democrats must identify them and give
Them rides to the polling stations.

Nothing in response from the Republicans yet
But will appeal
And try to get a higher ranking the eleventh
Circuit will do
With the Supreme Court's after that.
The Republicans last years passed a bill signed
By Florida's current governor, whom in November
Will try to execute his third victm since taking
Office this last January.
I wonder of they will close voting station's
In all the larger cities in Florida.

James McLain

The Crossing Of The White Owl

Many a rosed bloomed in that house
Of ill repute men said.
The women against tje window sills
Would listen.
The rat's would shriek when caught
By the crossing of the white ? owl.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Make Love To Me And Come

All your words
to me they always have.
A meaning,
all their own
they seem to have.

Secrets no one knows,
I learned to show.
Kept inside,
they only need to grow.

Confessions,
by the one you used to trust.
And the ring,
around his long thick neck.
You loved to touch.

Underneath that tree,
there grows a loving bush.
Full of leaves,
the sun has just begun to touch.

Will your secret,
bring the growing vine enough?
Singing songs of love,
that never stop.

Speak to me and come,
back home and learn to trust.
And things about the past,
will go away.

James McLain

Good Poet's Still Alive

Of the many site's
Where one can practice their
True calling
This site charges no money.

Other site's promise what this
One provides for free.
Some here make nature come to
Life and sing the pure song
That only real bird's can sing.

Other's can take a simple brown
Bag and hide what's inside
Untill it's opened up at the end
To show a little white shoe inside.

Other's,
Talk only of and love commitment to
Their other
And the rigorous path upon which they
Talk to other's.
And these are just some of the exceptional
Good poet's still alive.

James McLain

Political Prisoner

Under your wing it's safe they've said.
Living in fear day to day,
It's much too young to be gray of beard
I do not dye my hair.

Those in here where they've put me are
Here for minor crimes,
Mostly for vagrancy and just for being
Poor.

Should I be given a second chance would
I cause such stern consideration towards
Me.

Which is which I know no more than now.
A jail with thick walls and strangely
Enough no bar's.
We're not criminals, we're not violent
Thugs like those elsewhere in here.

The judge's, the judge's, the judge's
Know a soft spoken word holds dear.

James McLain

If You Forget Me

In retrospect you think it over long and hard
The life I've lived and had
And the seas I've crossed the shores I've
Had to walk,
It's because of politics that have worn me
Down each day.
Struggle love exile forget me.

And they have made me go away to live a life
Unlived,
If you forget me as I struggle on.
The fragrant open rose I can't forget,
The vine seeks out your lips.

The letters I receive from you of love
Of fire and ice like none before.
But if you forget me I shall forget you more.

Without your love but more not less
I will
Struggle on somehow that day will be here soon.

James McLain

Old Age God And Death

Distorted by old age my wrinkled limbs
curl up into a ball as I fall asleep.
This is where I dream of being born again
I know that I am clean forever young.
When the Doctor twice that very night
pulled out his knife on me.

Rolling thunder clouds not a single drop of rain.
Does not our God seem overtly in no hurry.
Until the end of time is right to start again
through out this life all live to die we play.
In the fading light of my old age
and death in sleep calls out your name.

Waking up from sleep you cry out what.
She sounded like a man
and she is of one single mind that knows no end.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Head With Nothing In It

Should money
play a role that most can't play.
Or be allowed
with debts that can't be payed
to stay and pray?

Should
each man or women
give their hard fought lives their part away
Or be allowed
a part to play in part that they have made?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Girl's Learn To Read

Abuse continued right up until my parents divorced,
and abused as a teenager in school by super kids.
Continued misconduct by her monied paramours.
by my continued abusive parent a lost keep sake.
I was lost in your world and coloured plain.
I learned to clip those coupons from the paper,
for her wine.
Please excuse me while my tissues damp with wet.
No help after the wrenching change, but I panic!
I continued to love them,
and learned to love my books as read of my escape.
They freed me from constraints of my pain early.
Now I leave the stress of student life,
I now read just for fun my opened eye's,
and to wander off to your fine home for just a while.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Strapless Bra

A type of bra with the thin material or mesh which is see-through or transparent.

The material employed is usually mesh or nylon, but there are also the made transparent silk bras. The transparent bra gives to the woman much feeling of fabric on its moist green wet too however allow ed' others to see lips its coalescing oyster.

These transparent bras of port could seize his occasion to allow ed' others; to see them by using the short dresses or mini the skirts. Transparent bras should be accompanied a bra steaminess. The bras;

Although Transparent allow a certain sight blocked by its pink salty oyster, moats dreamy all men 'unless' consider this type; attracting more sexual of sight than the silky naked skin.

Transparent bras and book worms can be looked like forms; female genital decoration.

James McLain

William Ernest Henley

This is the poem I would give a fingeon my hand
To be able to master.
I've many inspired by Sara Teasdale that
I have written where you would think that she wrote it
But this gentleman lived to be only fifty three
And wrote this most awesome poem yet to be written.
And it goes:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

James McLain

Making Love Isn't Lust

I am a single older male, the add would say.
She's the other woman I would love.
All morning long the birds would sing a song
Of love that would be heard.

In the forest dark and deep where we would
Play and dance and sing the birds own song.
Making love beside the stream and a deer would
Stop and sigh to rest.

Kissing lips the hue of which a rose would blush
Here where you could cry.
And we'd talk about our lives, lived loved we tried.
Making love just isn't lust though other's
Miss the mark their haven't tried.

She doesn't mind the great length
Or the girth of it.
Bushes aren't green as he leans down and kisses it.
The forest is deep she chose on his dream
Making love isn't lust as tall tree's can be seen.

James McLain

I Will Hold You In My Arm's

I will hold you in my arm's
Until you come.
Rose's fat and pink my love
You are.
Royal purple lips that say
It all.
Do not hide the bush green
Leaves of love.
Baby come to me if you want
Love and laughter do you need
It all?
I will hold you in my arms all
Night until you come.
A mirror on the ceiling watching
What I do my love please come.
Come over by my side my love
You will see the moon and stars
Explode until your blind.
Then I'll take you on my arm's
Again until you come.
Those other men you know are
Angry now.
As I hold you in my arm's until
You come around to me, and see the sun.

James McLain

Mental Illness Death And Murder

Today was another sad day for our brothers and sisters in Oregon. There is no argument to the contrary concerning mothers and or fathers whom kill their own children or yours for that matter these folks are very I'll. With seven hundred and fifty thousand registered sex offender's in the U.S. that is one in three hundred and fifty of U.S. now and the number will keep on growing. Who decides on whom meets the criteria when it comes to mental illness and who or who not can posses a fire arm? Law enforcement won't be giving theirs up no matter what. Many of them are mentally I'll and let's be frank many of them took on that job just to hurt and kill U.S. Hippa is violated each time a non-felon whom represents the one-sixth of the U.S. population that has their medical information given up to those whom are not qualified to have it and are you-you and you fine with that? Why did the - Pope come over here to the U.S? Georgia still executed the aesthetically unpleasing looking prisoner just two days past. Again let's be frank only aesthetically unpleasant looking female prisoners are. And what educational back ground did the clemency board have to base their actions upon? I suffer from bipolar depression few with the advanced illness I posses last as long as I have in conjunction with my advanced age with out taking them selves out like dude did in Oregon today. My premise is simply this mental illness left untreated will only grow worse while folks who are in obvious distress in respect to said such and said being left untreated should fall at the feet of their community When if treated this individual would have never committed such a devastating act of violence as what ever normal is whould have stepped forth today and acts such as these

would have been reduced substantially.

James McLain

The Young Always Conquer

When the young conquer the world
us ???? older
People benefit from a job well done.

James McLain



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A Conversation With Abraham Lincoln

Every man is proud of what he does well;
and no man is proud of what he does not do well.
With the former, his heart is in his work; and he will
do twice as much of it with less fatigue.
The latter performs a little imperfectly,
looks at it in disgust, turns from it, and imagines himself
exceedingly tired.
The little he has done, comes to nothing, for want of finishing.

Abraham Lincoln.

When a man is led to believe,
that the pride in the work that he thought was done well,
is undermined by himself, or others, for lack of instruction,
where such instruction would not be rebuffed.
Then those whom could so instruct are just as responsible,
for the want of his finish.
For when his heart is in his work and he seemed tireless in
the pursuit of its perfection,
while knowing full well that nothing is perfect,
when if fortunate enough.
Then his efforts should at the very least be perceived as his willingness to bring
himself up from his past failures.

For nothing else,
From a man or a woman, should any so ask.

James McLain

James McLain

?? Love After Love ??

Uncover your mirror's you can love
Your self again.

Be it some form of mental illness that
Was the root cause
At your age you can fix or alcoholism,
Seek out the help that you need.

The stranger will only for a short time
Fill the empty sail,
The sail on your boat that is you.

Give unto me some bread wine and cheese
For as long as the hunger of love has departed.
Did you from your past sweethearts keep
All those letters you read?

As I go through the photos of women I've know
A simple reminder that life still goes on.
Have you still not uncovered the mirror that's you.
Feast on each love and lift up your head there
Is still love after love.

James McLain

Colors Of Beauty

Black women?

White woman?

Woman of beauty is color!

Strong pinks look good up against
when your his tanned/black smooth skin.

Neon hot pinks look great on hardbodies,
and they will on yours too!

When it is, is it when and admired as you
are.

Report such thoughts even in truth as abuse.

Having fun being stupid!

Pink that he sucks!

It looks so huge on more beautiful people,
As it would look better on you with high heels.

The colours on the nails from the ankle down, only.
Every day is every twelfth of neverweary this holiday.

(I never meant to stay home
without you (

Walking around as you do in the buff while I'm dude.

Trying different colours

picking the one that looks great with skin colour.

The color of mine, do you know what it is.

They had little fireworks on them.

She thought it looked cute.

So

I let her and she then I did to her lips as well.

Try it on.

Pull it aside it splashes off.

Every race comes with grace many shades different tones and what looks good
on one woman looks even better on the other.

Looking good I paint one together and another.

Women are bold and love bright light there colors and none are demure and go for more glitzy covers.

I myself am just wishing and washing her feet and her hands depending on mine and wether it is late night or day.

Loud bright colors! red, orange, hot pink, coral, maybe even a bright pinkish chocolate your new purple!

Beautiful women wear whatever you want.
Nothing more, more is less underneath all of that.
Men want it more than they get off on it too.
Tell them the truth.

What are you wearing upon beneeth; french cut panties with truffles fine clothing no jewelery, your pet..

Usually pinks
and chocolate/glazey eyed browns look nice,
I can not stop thinking.
About this untill,
you become what you were all meant to be.

probably red

Pink,
black and fire engine red.

James McLain

Death Penalty

They are you and you are they.
Knowing people know what people know.
Green living leaves turn brown because of gold.
Goodbye budding love hello to hate.
Sweet sour taste of lemons sunshine makes.

I did not choose death but life instead.
One by one my teeth fall out to age.
Each school that is not built by them instead.
Helpless in the face of fear that all have made.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? Between The Stars Our Love Is Dust ??

I have,
left the earth, a different plane,
Between the star's,
Our love is now just dust.

My nine lives used up,
Her cat,
That licked it's fur.
Where is it now?

Between each dream, I dreamt,
The sun will set,
And I will watch again the moon,
In all it's glory,
And as dove's, alone will cry.

What need of love,
As up on high,
If all the people.
Down below, do naught but cry.

Our worth,
Is but it's weight in dust.
Not more or less.

And in love's absence,
In-between.
I will sit and watch,
The star's,
Again, as they race by.

James McLain

A Small Masterpiece

Where are the boundaries, in love thoughts that grow?
Life above all else, seasons change,
And love like the star's eventually grows dim.
Wherever I have been again I will go.

Her face when in youth was smooth, smooth as silk,
And his was as fine and chiselled to touch, as she said.
A rose is a rose that will open not close and the bark of a tree
Thick or thin I suppose.

Memories can change as quick as a dream, the stroke of a brush
The pictures it makes, I seek sleep.
Though the words that I write that nobody reads, only for me
Lead down to the sea, where I wait.

What should I do, where can I go, not to far in the past nor the
Future to know, but I do.
And futile is life unable to reach the heavens at night, to see a full moon,
Where Woman and men still have visions that seek.
Unable to change the small world all live in, love is blind, blind to whom seek,
Is but through life a small masterpiece.

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James McLain

And The Moon And The Stars And The World

A liquor crazed man not in charge
Of his mind.
Unable to articulate his thoughts,
While people walk by,
And see all of this, as their wives
In charge make him his dinner.
The drapes are wide open as I walk
Passing by.
Knowing that there's nothing to day
Right here I can do.

Ode to
Charles Bukowski

James McLain



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Wet Is It

wet is it,

If the fact that he places it their at all
be grateful, 'that knot in you
it is by only you, it permitted,
to be soft within, usually twenty minutes it is required,
until it again becomes you.

And/or about forty five minutes is possible to be required there
is he together, apart from fifteen.

When mostly is if as for main advantage of informal rank
your panties, were only in the center clean.

Do not be dismayed and helpless but you think of it,
you would like to possess that, it's knot in you.

With that grasp of your hand covered rings,
it is to be able, never too prevent that.

Most satisfaction and the knot sawing-in where
the panties, even moon, 'growing wet.

Making the feeling awaken, which you feel when it
the knot, catches in you.

It understood that it is yours, rusted silk it 'caused.

Your other things that knot is made to put in place tries
the fact that in the degree,

which you have fallen, 'concerning love and you it contains.

James McLain

It's The Throbbing I Can't Stand

She was hot
My seventh grade teacher.
I can remember her name being Valentin
But have no memory of what
She taught.

I would purposely annoy her so she
Would keep me after class I was twelve.
And my hormones kept me on fire.

Bukowski would have understood the dire
Situation I was in.
The walk home from school was three
Miles it made no difference.

The night before one a bar burned down
I think
It was the mob then in Tampa
I rooted through the debris and collected
Bottles of wine.
Though up until then I'd never tasted
Alcohol.

I would root through everything turning
Over boards to look for snakes.
So you want to be a writer our families
Feed our muse when food is scarce.

James McLain

The Devil's Cut

When I was young
I asked,
And was told by a women
to inhale this sweet smell at the bottom
of the hill
near the front of the white dover cliff.

Traditional beauty has said
that I would be attracted to her.
The first time out in the dark
lightning the bright light it flashed.
Growing numb it was then
I passed out.

I could not tell up from down.
The men back from the sea
eating fresh tuna fish.
There is no greater fragrance
than the salty blue waves.
Each woman's beauty
when seen by me is.
No smile fills the air better
than hers.
I was told by an old man
young once he like me.

James McLain

Politicians And Their Use Of Psychology On Us

Ignorant people whom are bred to be bigots
knowing not why they are favored to die high above U.S.
Others that know deep inside why they hate U.S.
are those whom build prisons
and those whom devote their lives just for money to fill them.
Living in the filth of the pits of their minds
hurting in light twisted like twine so to all of the jails
and prisons they build to replace your own pain.
Politician's hire certain evil psychologists to mentally inflict
all their pain on the helpless and the troubled they create.
Sadly their are more whom like violence and mental pain
placing themselves inside your mind their own steel jails.
New shoes that can't hide the deceased feet inside.
Sandles called flops that they forced all to wear their roles
are reversed in bright orange a Sheriff would say.
When their own feet are not bare like their souls I can see.

James McLain



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Green Lovely Babies

This world of yours which is to me somewhere.
You know it is not because of what I know.
And at the top where it leads me is what.?
The tree full of me and the bush full of you it makes a stand.
And love when it does all the wicked things you described.
Like the whale of which Joanna,
opens the mouth very widely in order to swallow the body.
Any creative thing by which you are satisfied.
Full to bursting with love of good fortune.
The limbs of each tree when exceeding your expectations.
Between the moon and the sky either or combination.
Is there a warm pit?
Is the water it exudes full of life?
Someone gave you life, I' It pursues?
While death sprayed from the top hits him hard.
He of himself and she of herself,
when one is asleep have combined each dream between.
Is it he whom flows like the Mississippi river to the gulf,
never helpless, she enjoys the likeness yet to come?
What kind of ring, could contain such a man as that?
Making little green expectant soft lovely babies.
And I am borrowing from the stars is the intelligence of that.

James McLain

Strange How Both Covet That Part Of The Other

strange....
how both covet...
that part of the other..
and lie about it.
woman flipping through t.v. chanel.
and the fireman pulling out his hose...
shaking her hands...
pushing buttons..too see what's on fire.
men....watching ball after ball...
bounce off the rim...
and fall through the hole...or..
sweaty palmed..catching the..
woman...helpless in the bucket...
down that well...being brought up...
with the help of brown hemp...
always frayed...but never breaking...
strange how both covet that part of the other..
and lie about it...

James McLain



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Valley Of The Eye That Death Made Blind

I see a child that tells adults to shut up.
The child spends every waking moment, alive
while dead, watching brain numbing cartoons.
I see a mother, that watches helpless people
on the Internet beheaded, she says, with dull knives.
A mother in the middle of every heated argument
from the winds of death valley, to many have parted.
My judgement tells me how to think, what not to do.
The urge to do the right thing, a constant battle.
I must ignore this, that is why I'm here to read it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Those Haunted Faces And Eye's

I look all the people directly in their eyes,
People once broken and trying to survive.
Unawares that in a glance I see thier shame,
And their regrets made strong by thier guilt
I do not know,
When or the how some have chosen to go.
Going out amongst them, they cannot know
How all that they feel bleeds off onto me.
And their pain in a touch I will feel,
Trapped living poor lives, lives I cannot bare,
Meeting eyes that I'm helpless to help.

James McLain



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Big Foot

Skunk apes in Florida,
Big foot in the north west people
Claim to have seen.
They've been heard pounding on tree's
And their loud, musky smells they must be real.
If real they are they must certainly be intelligent.
Human beings in America can barely communicate
With one another.
Half of all marriages in in divorce.
They not only communicate with one another
No one can catch one,
But they sure can catch one of us.

James McLain



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Lies Hold Truths That Aren't

The truth to her
not very real
is never told
that way.

The price that's paid
is never good
when lies
get in the way.

To get the truth
the golden road
leads back
the other way.

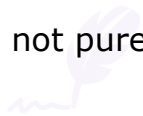
If I
must pay in diamonds
bright
her golds not pure
I say.

Rubys red
the other way
when read
but some times
aren't.

A lie
when told
if God can see
what
others never could.

Each lie you tell
concluded with
a truth
they can not sell.

On the road that I



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must take
began with what
I said.

James McLain

The Burning Edge Of Drive

The burning edge of you becomes I am of every thing.
My core one grain is a white stain eyes the middle green.
And knowledge is expanding forever out to meet a little being.
Spiraling in over heated then compressed becoming even smaller
each seed you love springs forth.
And drifting waves stellar music ambient is my consciousness.
Harnessing the sun to cool the skin I touch your face I host.
Folded over more than thrice it's opened once kissed twice
and held until I feel the need arise, it opened minds know more.
One dropp in a universe that forever leaves it wiser.
While the cup I left behind I brought is you becoming brighter.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Child Watch Out For The Haters

Child watch out for the haters ungifted
And ignorant just like their parents.
Do not speak only listen, listen to they
Whom are around you.

If you are not invited,
Keep a respectable distance away and remember
Again just to listen.
Paying attention your teacher can see them
Remember I said just to listen.

Trying to help those that are haters seems
To make them hate you,
Even worse because they are not gifted like you.
If to your teacher when it gets real bad just write
A note but be extremely careful.

A bully is bad they are a reflection in a mirror
Of their very own parent's.
And remember to listen and never talk back
No matter what they say remember their haters.

James McLain

My Lady Love's Her Mister

Because of it 'we' laughed as nature does on commons green.
Realizing it and oft I did become, such implied there in her flavor.
And being left off distant moon, but near to her, I thus became.
Her teeth she flashed,
when in the sun as she would to me then laugh and turn to show them.

I was drawn inside by her sweet mint breath she 'made',
as when evening came she covered.
Her essence was that I inhaled with each profound look,
I turned in bed to rise and rediscover.

Lost and found, dark caves of sound, so smooth and sweet
so rich and throaty, singing music versed in the rhyme.
Ravaged but by scotch and time and unfiltered cigarettes.

Though detached above, I feel again below, such is an
undulation a visitation those invisible muscles,
I see them moving and I sigh.

When as young woman; on the beach 'she' hurries past us saying,
drawing briefly it aside a red and white, checkered bandanna.
Made a tag it said in 'Kansas' hot and wet a sweating mask,
I look not far beyond her.

Bronzed God the sun has made,
I think of poesies, confusing she with her.
Does your woman and her Mister'
(wish to take it to the ocean, does the lady and the Mister)
a wish today to wash it lightly off?

One day in time a black grain of sand and light white foam,
she did - politely ask.

I decided that my next remark a lightning bolt,
that if and when it next could hit by her could not be stopped.
The repercussions of those acute remarks, might thus be lost.

She with her and I, this afternoon could still be, maybe salvaged.
I concentrated there on both, by my seat a well of deep intentions.

With a careful, deeper smile her why, I trust my mind, too find consensus.

Kept safe through time, inside I've grown, to know, not ponder why.

Wistful for her like you, I was in love.

And subtle for her only this, could be her twin and trouble.

For once was I, of kind like mind,

such when a person drifts in life some times to far away.

Then when not if just like in life

were dashed on rocks the snow white foam, the wind just blows away.

James McLain

Laying Amongst The Ruins

Laying Amongst The Ruins; Whom were We
Where the dark begrudges us, in all it's dim light
Crazy were we too move calms sheet apart
While each breath laid reeds upon two eyed that storm
And you played lute and I the harp too each, one cord

Know thy rocky vine etched wall lost cause we climbed
I'm still driven mad the rain exposed, your beating breast
Upon the wall I stand thus naked, just out of lust you reach
We fall, apart our hands stretched out upon the rocks below.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some People Can't Be Loved

Nor trusted,
Said the duck in the cage at market.
Nor can laugh,
At what wasn't said though, those around
You are laughing.
A sonnet brings light rain in the evening
Like morning brings news of noon.

Loved be some people can't,
Their pain is real why aren't they healed
By a kind and gentle voice.

Without question some people believe what's
Said or like the mag pie are,
Open up to gossip party line's where all
Can hear.

To love somebody who can't be deeply loved
Is a child without a conscious.

James McLain

The Storm

The storm coming all can see washing
Myself in the sea.
Coming from the front or back where else
My love here be there to see?

The crab ?? can't talk to a fish ?? indeed
Nor a bully be nice to me.

Safe from the storm the foamy waves
That washed my feet till clean.
A conscious is hard to have when one
You don't.

Only the children cannot understand the
Conversation ones has with themselves.
There are no shortage of titles here my friends
Conversations mean two different thing's
To one's self.

Laughing out loud to myself alone I've found
A stone to sit upon my throne.

James McLain

The Fort I Built As A Child

As a child,
I had to escape the yelling and screaming
Of two parent's
That were undeserving of the gift of children.

My mother would spike my step father's coffee
With anti-buse
Whereas if he drank he would become deathly ill.

So around the corner in a long vacant field I
Built an underground fort.
So well concealed that one could walk over it's
Roof and this was a child's
Perception of escape from two adults that
Behaved as children.

They are both deceased now and have been
Long since forgiven,
And now miss them both very much.
Roses were not then without thorns were
Not yet then grown now they have
No scent.

James McLain

What Is A Poet's Responsibility

What is a poet's responsibility?

A poet's responsibility is to seek out
The truth and speak out against corruption!
America has fifty state's going in Fifty
Different directions.

Must we be told to do what is right and
To help one another our brothers?
Love is an important part of the process
A process as old as the oldest tree that
Still lives in the hearts of men.

Woman instinctively love deeper than men,
And men think their not men unless they are
The sole providers it seems.

An open mind is key,
Like a key a mind is unlocking the door
Asking questions about all that one knows
But doesn't.

Without education, without teachers
To teach,
What can our children learn.
Poet's will question everything in their
Journey to learn.

A poet can write poetry about the simplest
Of thing's,
A banana a peach discerning the truth from
A lie,
Knowing at heart, without
The need for a priest to show them the truth.

However the length of our lives,
Whatever the depth of a poet's intelligence we
We burn with the need to learn.
And with such knowledge at hand we poet's
Can make more better decisions about world

Event's and can therefore leave poor judgement behind.

James McLain

Love Come Be Loved

Come love be loved,
In what other lives am i, your hands?
And had i known your parting lips.
Your fingers and your toes.

Your,
knowing deep brown soul full eyes.
Effervescent look their after glow.
Sweet the smell your exclusiveness
i chase you out through every door.
Walk upon the sandy shore,
and standing, i am there.

We apart will come to speak together
come again,
The other words some come, to sing.
Loved by you and when i come.
I taste the wind when you coming, pass me by.
And you defied my body weeps, for you is chaste.
Each promenade first and last each one promise.
Who none can keep?

One last dance before we come, i go.
And i refuse to die before you come again.

James McLain

Next To Your Heart Where I Lay

I was born in the open, hidden in the clouds,
A shadow on the wall, closer to it all,
I came from snow.
To her the one I speak who tried to pry me loose,
Try once again.

I have lived without a woman's love for far too long,
I am in need.
A confession without priests, the moon and stars,
A bush without green leaves I pressed upon, is like
The tree you once did know and leaned to learn.
Hidden in the clouds, a shadow on your wall,
I came from snow, I am afraid.

To her the one I speak come and try again and I will
Listen to your words inside your world.
I have lived without a woman's love for far too long,
I am in need.



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James McLain

Be Distinguished

Be forever distinguished and; South;
Luminous lights;
How you incite me to say goodbye.
When I won't even acknowledge your hello,
and you wanting me, all this much more.
Distinguished
is the tree.

Which you define
where both stand, I am by you fast held.
And interest when the due is past due
one is white mounds of soft breasted doves
when we love like we do in this way.

However with these apprehensive periods,
both at rest seldom mentioned... when.
your face I see is so clear,
does thus a refining of the smile.
How it glows for all to see, yet it burns me deep alas.
defining each line on your face.

Being in and out of loves company so much.
I think more of they not with the rest,
most secrets they hold, tell me nought.

These broad circles with your company.
and length so great their pedigrees framed,
with such social privileges and great agitation,
lost in my limited conservation,
once I have reconsidered.

Consequently it if I am their type,
tap me love when I must,
of all the taps on this handled brass.
sound on the glass this cabinet it carries and
requires that I even of you must request..even more,
that I must rest.

While your hand that I embrace as white as snow.

I tighten my sword as I watch...
You latch on to mine even more.
Confidence from I... Stays of beauty and time-too runs.
And mine Amie, gives off a certain family's attention.
I curve now,
but to honour and eloquence, you bow but to thy needs.
The broad key with pianos grant,
are the spaced white keys long ivory.

Congenially the dark ones have need as well.
Those long fingers fine grained each one.
And you my Amie,
excited all to turn around the soft melodies.
Now all distinguished each shade, which chanting?
... in the dance and the play...
whilst this light burns orange and so much sweetly now low
and being not distinguished
and thy good turn upon the nights, good light.

I turn to hard the main within my heart... again'st.
Closing with a key outside each flash of day your night,
each shade out side I pass to each one lass good night.

James McLain

Squeezed Bruised Pink Fruit

Were you that child
locked away
from the world
for a while, without love
without light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Around Her Mouth Ruby Red Lips

In spite of what you've read or gossips heard,
In spite of grief and love I could, love you once again.
Soft and sweet as the love I've felt, inspired to be,
Good night's, warm day's being in love, I'd take.

Open arm's at night, above the snow ringed peak,
And though the rain would come, still I could know peace.
Alone at night against the wall, I stood out to you,
Through shadows bridged deep water, still could flow.

You have kept our heaven open, I the gates have closed,
And your mouth, red ruby lip's, my secrets tightly kept.
Unbidden asks, I who here alone has not in truth,
Who have but never had true love, that I in dying lost.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alone In The Moment Waiting For You

Alone in the moment, I could not watch.
Those leaves
that you see are green and move gently
by the wind on the tree's.

Nothing in writing have I left, I leave it all
to my self, speculating.
Can't you see where you live, its not like
what you think, here it was.

He was no king, my crown is intact you can feel.
Red roses once blue, so they stay.
A redoubled effort, feel my hands are free.
Though no one spoke of love so I shan't.

Lift me up while I'm still warm, lay me down.
Bring him up to the top of the hill,
make him watch as the grapes are nearing
their turn.
I will wait here for the official's proclamation.

James McLain

Fire Bites

Trembling, I am sorry You have left me.
On the phone last night You told me.
To be stung and your golden bust, busy bee's.
When you grab the moon,
and I go back and forth in you, Jasmine,
look how I am shaking.

Or shallow breathing, wounded deeply by me.
I am again sorry that you found yourself there, were.
Deeply overwhelmed with my love, as if.
When you last closed, I see into your eyes.
And with our last attempt at the end of compromise.
Nine months latter such a sweet name.
The gift of life without thought, without strife.
Never again will I, pause.

Drinking only from you would I love you and give.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Toe I Kissed ??

and the toe i kissed, only
to part each cloudy day.
and time moves around me,
sounds of rain, spring mist.
and no rocks mar the view,
streams gentle and sweet.
and that toe when i kissed it,
is the joy of her light i sleep by.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? To The Blind They Are Dreaming ??

Before I was blind there were dreams.
But seeing my dreams
before I could see, depended
on how much you could really see.

Blind before birth,
and what you have asked of me.
Having my, our, hearing dreams-
your perception
is sound, sound that is seen;
left more unsaid about me.

I still see to see in my dreams
as one
where I'm still alive.

What they must contain,
the colors within.
and sound, I can feel: taste
and touch.

To remember one dream
that one special dream, I still dream
when awake I can see,
when my wife I first met
and how she will look forever.

James McLain

Dark Midnight There's No Sky

Evening calls again and men don't sleep,
Missing from on high their evening star!
May I be before you go,
and see what they will say of who you are.

Unfettered men,
They still are bound by what they think.
And women dreamt a different dream,
Even when awake but what of dawn?

Is dusk twilight that dawn can bring to us
The news about today?
Yet there's sadness, yeah men have lost what grace
If grace they ever had!

For from thought,
By the thinking of such thoughts.
Men or women they are rare when true,
And by dreaming,
Dreams of midnights light it is then that we,
Can reach the other side.

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James McLain

Alone I To Need Your Love

I am alone, alone in need of love,
If to me, your love you will give.
Alone with me, in love with me,
In love with you, in love with me,
While we live, you will always be.

Choose my love, my love over him
And my love will keep you full.
Filled with love, your love being filled,
I will keep it full for all time

Sometimes alone, alone without love,
I am afraid to live.
Oh, please tell me yes, yes to your love,
Unafraid I will stand in your light.

As if the tallest of the mountain peaks,
Nearer to the top your face covered in snow
I can't stop as it Snow's from the top.

Who am I dear, I am you, our two bodies,
Covered as one, for me in your arm's to keep.
Keep me from them, who know not of love,
And having died, kept alone from your love.

James McLain

???? When I Lived In My Car For Three Year's ????

When I lived in my car for three year's
I was happy.
I'd go to the beach and swim three miles
Following the incoming or outgoing tide.

The jelly fish would fire me up from July
Through October,
Yes it hurt but the pain from that was less
Than the pain that put me in the car.

I then would go to the largo library and
Post my poetry there.
From two thousand and nine through two thousand
Twelve and no one here knew then how I suffered then.

There's nothing normal about living in a car for
Three day's much less three years.
I was broken my crown had been cracked
I was getting mental health treatment but as with
Now the medication can be quiet debilitating.

I had to come to terms that my sister had
Been sleeping with my wife and I'm as square as they
Come in real life.
Because I was thriving and not just surviving
They finally took my car.

So yes I've been here for twelve long year's and
I mostly study the master's.
Outside of our world in this my world ???? rock and roll
Sex and drug's are what sells.

It's not my intention to offend people here
But I live in America thank god.
I certainly don't try to control what you say
Countries and customs they vary.

So I've been around the world in my head and
Here where I've read thousands of poem's

From a thousand different poet's who in my humble
Opinion try to improve what they write.

No I will never become a highway man again
Prison and jail I no longer can endure at my age.
So I thank those here for their tolerance
The few trolls here can go to that special place
Where they live.
On parting I will still give you soft reading
And hard and hope you don't get to offended.

Sincerely
I endeavor to remain,

James McLain ??

James McLain

If I Become A Highway Man Again

To a certain wanton, breed of you.
Whom it bled? Does it even matter?
Where it then again, like you, I hear
it comes, it came from you are certain.
So long as only certain things,
I ride away, back in again, from you.
But if my, 'Love is Gold, 'I gave to you.
Each bag is full and heavy as you check,
and the windows are all likened me, so dark.
You motion that the door is just now, clear
and riding quickly up to you, inside I come.
Into that mirrored face, I look again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Will Confess And Tell You

and if i tell you; can you see it then.
too stand upon the forest floor.
and how some pain came not, aloft.
i watch the valley from my cave.
while high above one lip, i wait below.
and there so small a stream slips through.
how pale light now white turns golden hues.
and after words it rains and it all runs together.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Homeless Sex Under A Vacant House

Torrents of rain blindly flying hair.
Crying in torrents, hair is matted knotted.
Skull to skull, my blanket used here others laid.
The light dimly, cracked her features of.
In the buck her legs touch the bottom floor.
Discarded old food long since rotting in.
Dirt floors, high ridges, open secret doors.
Bodies musky, beiber funk, feces spread about.
Oder's of the prior user whiskey undistilled.
Backs against the wall, kindles smoulder.
Not knowing how many unwashed bodies.
Hopelessness, impassioned tearful pleas.
Acts of desperation, please hurry come release.
Brass shells, spent hollow human bodies,
boxers, panties openly discarded.
Condoms float adrift under holed wooden floors.
A fetus in a mason jar sits around the corner.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dreams, Dreams Of Other's

Dreaming future paths all lay
thread of light does guide
our way to combing of
the truth we made.

Dreams of other light grew dim
no flame to draw the moth
within the light.

Destiny of they who make the path
blessed walking not knowing of
The dreams of other's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Deja Reve

Have you had a dream where your awake
But sleeping still you are?
Or a premonition while asleep of what
Will come.
A gift some say it will a damaged mind
May stop the process still.
A dream within a dream he knew it well.
There's deja vu that's not the same
As deja vere.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Question

Looking down at earth, Houston said
Now men of the stars the moon yet over head
And always full.
Is the beauty you see now seen back on earth,
Worth all the work
Born to this sight from birth?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Psalm Of Eternity

At the edge of day has long stood night.
The crystal stream marks the territory, cedar wood.
My love and I hear your great silence of length
muscles bulge at the eye and moon being raised.

Being possible as with any heaven.
The law of milk and honey which divides us all.
Whom are surprised, it is dissatisfaction extremely.
My love, in love and the pulsing sorrow that pulses.
Which is not the purpose which by with it is called this.
Leaves which reached both sides, opened pulled apart,
and that on us played the jester.

And exactly and our starlit nights which have shone as ours
because of the yellow spectral star that falls each night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

An Hour Is To Long

An hour is too long too wait for me.
Come with me, ' you are to soon, I fear.
Love is but a second chance upon that shore.
My apprehension how it builds the storm is near.
And when the end is come to near your song,
and reaching out, 'psalms turned up I hear.
Do not shed those sun warmed tears for me.
Sleepwalking beneath a moon, 'I can not feel.
An hour is too long the night grows short.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Plow Man

Night time has come and I am going out against.
Prohibition of the sounds death is before the knell
of the currants running past today.

Slow burning is the fire
the wind I hear the roaring crowd.
That the method of becoming comes before.

Heavily to her I return obtaining.
Upon the glassy plain and today her plowman,
and the leafy kiss is darkness to my world.

Now shining faintly I view new vision,
and all air which in silence the reigns I've grasp.
That lonely monotone if you exclude that where,
and drowsy inklings alleviates the distant cold.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Platinum Blonde Assassin

Love held no surprise.
To both the happy lover's.
Beating of their hearts.
Showing him her power,
Every day and every night.
Measure of each night and day.
Her premeditated power.
She would use it come what may.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Woman Love's Her Mirror

His eyes mirror only your love
Your love through him you see,
You made love, cast his reflection;
Now his eyes can love only you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

President Trump

Most Americans are in genuine fear of him
He can reach out and touch the people
Against him.

Multiplying this by only twenty and try
To conceptualize the people's fear in North Korea.
There are never any North Koreans here
On this site, is there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Human Race

The air is thin on mountain tops
Nowhere there to build a house I'm told.
The rising water will displace a quarter
Of the world where will your children go?
As islands begin to sink beneath the waves
Where will they go not off to war.
Floating cities ring the globe and room
Upon the floating cities will be scarce.
The lottery will be rigged it must be so.
People will have to have superior intelligence
To go.
Pregnant women will be scanned to make
Certain the city can still grow.
Four billion people will go away they've
Rigged it so.
Wake up people it's called global warming.
And you can't escape the water as it rises.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And I From Them

Vast oceans deepest cup would I
so steal from you to keep in sleep.
Knowing as I thirst your soul could
quench these raging fire's built so
deep controled by you down below.
Dreams billow up and out too look into
The light where we became before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Human Face

Tree's push up through springs
Green leaves,
Where the knarly bush still grows.
Like her you know the foam tipped
Waves,
I'm in her head that's dreaming now
Where we are one
And once were two the water show's
Shows the human side
And face the storm to come when it
Is quite.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Looks Into Me

She looks into my heart
Unknowing heart her heavy heart
To love and to cherish and hold.

She asks me if I could still love?
Having three drinks and tired
From the night before.
Are we there yet she asks?

Her head in my lap, asking the driver
To circle the block once more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Crooked And Bent Yet Straight

Some while back
I was within and without
it was not a thick hazzy fog nor that of a long fading dream
here where I stood near you.

I could see most of you
looking out of the bright green stained window.
There were women and not to few were the men
and the colours they shone none the same.

I thought you knew she said unto me she was straight
I was bent backwards in an awkward way sitting up straight
losing time far away from the center.
Living one life I over heard another one speaking of death
having lived such a life where none lived.

There were readers like you watching people like me
doing what they do not to you.
When people like you can have such a deep need for.
Some few were neck deep into sex
while others engaged in promiscuous ways that none
like you had a need for.

Others drank and smoked crack
there were many others I saw and described that reminded
you of me yet mostly a view of your mirrored selves.
Those that have egos as big as the void
were down on all fours giving out favors to those
that held a higher office but hidden from you.

Your imagination's how it runs wild
knowing the same you wish you could do to your selves.
Is this why subconsciously you love what they are.
Knowing they are what you aren't I've said they are not
the twisting of bodies into ungodly straight knots.
He screams of pain where she gets him off in some old mans world
where Thirty's to old to get up.

Hence you don't fear what you should and another ones gone.

This should make you warm and warm to cold when it's hot.
For those whom have lived in the light they now share and it's
all what they promised to you
and false prophets they have delivered to you.
Now capitalism is to take some of your lives if they can
and thus your children you will eat out of tin cans.
The water will rise not like in your dreams no more nights
will you dance in the rain.

James McLain

Did You Never Know

Did you never know,
How deep that I loved you-
And so, I love you still.
Being young and full of energy,
From the sun.
And by he,
Who is I am we made our choice.
A choice,
That all have seen we did not make,
We chose to make.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Great Loneliness

There was a long time ago a great loneliness.
Where the island is black,
There and over there.
Shadows from the clouds
Gave me more cause.
When the woman you love,
At night silently moving giving her arm to me.

There was unquenchable thirst
And gnawing hunger.
It was passion this fruit in a bowl
placed underneath her.
Without sorrow or the stand
Where it thought to be it wasn't.
It was me whom filled her needs
And being full it showed.
What I have I have without her,
And what he needs is a miracle.

The well is deep
The woman squatting above the earth now it is fertile.
How to include him
without pitting him against her while inciting him.
With the earth of your mind
And the cross on your arm.

He does not know where all the deep pit falls are.
She is leading him on
In circles growing smaller and smaller.
Until as to either or the other is made possible.

James McLain

The Hill Without Eye's

Denuded of all trees and rose bushes,
bald the hill
if and when most if not all cases love has collapsed.
While trimming the wicks,
it leads one division after the other through white cloud tops.
Only then a decision is made through exploitation.

Attempts to exploit a potential giver of soft valleys and dreams,
and due to strength under reported is the real vulnerability attacked.
As to the theoretical findings,
did not report results and as such cannot be misused or justified.

To prove that the hills have no eyes
authenticity of the vulnerability of the hill should always be free
of negative, false positives in that it should be
free of all trees and budding green rose bushes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dawn Under Heaven

Saying nothing I've said,
Love has said it all.

A crushing hand, that
Squeezes on my heart.

I remember nothing else
An ember nor a spark.

Saying nothing I've said,
Love has said it all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

All Things Will Die

Over the mountains is the sky.
One cloud after comes to be another.
Every heart may once when full.
Full cups in youth sang often merrily.
Yet all things here must first be born to die.
The dreams will cease to flow.
Lily will cease to grow.
The wind will cease to know.
The breast will labor to your touch to rise.
The mornings after glow.
From every thorn from every rose
must fall away, don't cry.
Of all that ever was in spring
it falls away and dies.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poetry Even After Being Here Twelve Years

Poetry even after being here twelve years
I have great difficulty
In piecing together a poem that is worthy
Of your interest.

A mixture of the dark and light and word's
That won't fade away.
Death and taxes, love and life and we can't
Forget the light.

In America our two biggest issues are mass
Shootings and drug's.
Most drug use is tied directly to mental
Health issues.
Here in Florida the tendency cruel is to
incarcerate thousands of people whom with
Proper care might be stabilized.

I read a lot of poetry from India trying
To get a handle on the way they think.
Indians work very hard and consistently
Though they must have
Some mental health issues I assume that
Their families take care of them.

Our perception on social issues though
Are different.
In many other civilized countries where
Like China their way of life is totally
Incomprehensible to me.
Their poet's do write excellent poetry.

So my poetry even after being here twelve years
Is unforgivable to some who must stay hidden
While here not having a constitutional right
To write freely
On what we in America take for granted.

James McLain

A Bridge From The Other Side

Before now from the past
I recall
across distant morning
the fog
rising up with the rest
all but a few
knew today might very
well be the last day
of their
brutal existence they call
life
come, come with me
we stroll across
fields
filled with death and some young
twitching
still with some life
though they be
dead
one body it moves as if it
stripped
of their clothes
some common few like his
standing over
the corpse I kick his side
where a
buzzard crawls forth from his;
caught off guard
the knife quickly comes out
leaving nothing to
chance
I cleave the head
from the buzzard,
chop, chop, chop, chop, chop
the rest of its body
flapping its wings though
the sound one should
know where everyone sings.
except for the head is inside.

James McLain

?? Love What Is Love ??

What is love?

An avalanche of snow an aching heart.

It comes but once and let's you go.

Love is what love is a swelling heart.

Can you really let love go?

Love is like an open field that's filled

With tree's.

A running stream that takes us to the sea.

Love is like a dream we dreaming dream.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Republican Touched Me

New experiences
that are bad.
Something is there
it waits
it wants only you.

The earliest
memories
I have of my
vagina is my first
when.

I know now
that you didn't
mean to kill
us all
but you knew
we would tell.

Why do those
hairy brutes
want what
I never had.

Other girls
are here where
we are at.

Most are covered
with a very
thin layer
of powdery
green top soil.

The other's
have been
here longer.



PoemHunter.com

Some of us
spilled in our
panties right up before
the end
and his dog ate them
foul breath
when he ardently came
blindly some of us
twisted
and pulled
at our panties
and
their have been
no more
birthday parties.

Their are not many
of us left
to attend them
how old
were you at my
last one.

Anyway
we would have
prefered
to be raped
and alive
but the
Republican party
in Florida
knew that if
being raped carried
life
then the perves
would kill us all anyway.
Witnesses you know.
U.S.
girls here wonder
what incentives could be used
where the harry brutes
would let us live

and not die.

If they are worried
about residivism
why let them out.

One girl here she
was the first
wants to know why
Republican Politicians
pass laws where
children and black are given
to the wrong parents
and D.C.F. has helped to murder
u.s. all in sunny
Florida.

No one knows u.s now.

James McLain

The God's Just Don't Have The Time

On the opposite side of a miniscule singularity
at the bottom of a massive black hole
the one from where this one started
I peered inside of your universe from
the one outside that was mine
there were bubbles inside all around me
where time for me never started
as I stood still
moving away expanding in plain veiw
was a universe bouncing back and forth
vibrating string's all around us moving
from one big bang to the next.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

O Daddy

.....O 'daddy' i'm..
and coming in through the door
she says
O 'daddy'
because of all of this which she has
and wearing it, not vainly open
as other's do,
the other girls whom have it not
or so they think, but do.
When they speak ill of me.
Are not all of our butter cups as such
when seen or touched?
some full, some lean, some wide,
some gay, some straight and then some strange
or thought i wanted you to say,
'said' you to me i then explained.
many 'dear can't afford their panties
made of silk as yours
and so they resent you a little more each day.
so hide it all a little better
'dear' what you have i gave to you
and she your other
indicated too and you are now just fine
as she.
where them thus more simply then
tighter in and yes, i know it's warmer
i have seen.
pick your friends and share the rest
is all that you can do.
and your heart belongs too none but you
even though it weeps in times like these.

James McLain

699601

My heart aches now more than ever,
The circle of blue has turned from green to red.
Free from the pain, it's been time and time alone,
Our friend.
Was the last time that we swam in the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Manipulative Narcissist

Here there are many,
Where ever you go they are waiting.
Relentless and highly manipulative,
There success depends upon what you do.

Having to deal with a manipulative narcissist,
Exploiting your mind.
And their need to be driven unable to define
Who and what you are.

They put you down and make up great claims about what
They can do that you can't.
They will cover the wall
and leave no room for you because
It gives them a sense of dominance over you by control.

Do you know anyone that act's very charming,
On your meeting a narcissist they often hide their true colors
and come off as actually quite charming.
Especially claiming to be religious by worshipping the same
God, that you do.

No matter what the true facts are or what your situation may be,
They don't hear what you say, talking about only themselves.
The word's that they choose are shallow and weak,
And have no true substance at all.

When they appear and appear here they do, they can drone on endlessly
about nothing, but themselves.
When in truth most minds are the same, that is what average is,
The truth that they hear, drives them insane into a rage that but grows.

Verily thus they can't change,
Their issues are rooted deep in their mommies and daddies,
Minds that were weak from the start.

Like an immovable stone, weak and as soft as the flesh and
Ingrained in their me, look at their personalities.
Even after you've moved far away from them, here your safe.

Excised from your life, they will simply move on singing their song,
to the next unsuspecting
reader and start trying to change what you write.

James McLain

Packed Each Day In Satin

Do you know how and the why i pack
each mouth In satin?
Great pale pink moon each dark
one full is too.

Full and wide and how i made
each moist and full.
Just to pack each high flung
moon and that,
tongue filled mouth so full of
clean and
tender peaks, of white soft cotton.
Centered a small tiny splash of pink.

Words fill the air, wax fills your ears
each Q tip
fixed on each end, so you may hear
once more
how the mouth was packed so full
about clean satin,
and what it's done to make you feel
like your not the only one,
alone
being packed with all that satin,
every day,
long stormy nights as well,
therein you dwell, speaking not one word
Of this

A voice good bye, while I walk by each side,
about inside the hospital,
and now it's much to full of wounds like that....
Each day your mouth, i packed so full of cotton.

James McLain

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue

How much farther must we go,
to reach the land of sex and money.

The wasp's and bee's,
hurry move and buzz about my head.
The crows land and watch and sit upon
a iron planted fence.
That stretches round my pointed head.

Dragonfly's,
upon the roof that spit fire, consume
U.S. all who disagree.
Dragging my body
through the halls of gilded bribery.
Their golden chain
is stretched out of reach of my weak will.

To my shame and great pleasure,
the second lady,
took her silk panties off and sat upon
my face and takes a pee.
So close to me, that I can read her lip's.

They pump out all my blood and replace it with
their sour wine.
One tries to jerk me off and I just suck it
up back inside
just out of reach of prying eyes, behind the presidential
paintings on the pearl white walls.

A dynasty of broken doll's, look down from shelves,
porcelain little arrows,
that have pierced all their broken heart's,
now deaf and mute.

How much farther is it?
Scream the children in the car, here on vaction.
There is mud on all their feet, Thick, red and lumpy.
It is the thick red clay that they've brought up,

from God knows where.

How much farther is it, to that house upon a lawn,
where dog's like mine, laid out in state are buried..

1600 hundred Pennsylvania Avenue.

I ask a cop he say's, turn left, then take a right,
It's over there it's
surrounded and sits a way's out back, next to the swamp.

Where trust that is not blind is not a trust we find,
His children show.

James McLain

School Girls And Their Peep Hole

I never knew who drilled the hole
one eye it only held.
The perfume of the mind
took hold of more one lonely boy.

If God had breast as full as hers
he never let U.S. know.
They touched each other in such ways
it made me always blind.

Skinny girls and fat ones
short and tall.
Enemies out side but friends inside.
If the boys were all like that
I'm sure our coach would die.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

His Fingers Hands And Wrists

I want you to by me inside past
My hands and wrists.
High heeled shoes pitch black as black
As a low moon less sky.
We are both alcoholics somewhere last
Night she found me.
Watching the gold fish inside their bowl
Swimming in circles puts me to sleep.
I'm doing this for you she says to me I
Feel like I'm in elbow deep.
She's moving in circles now and it's to late
She can find her own way out I need a
New pair of shoes the soles worn out.
She asks my name I blurt it out my name
Is Charles I say.
I watch finish dressing nothings said
It's hot outside I'm not going out.
And I hear the faucet slow drip, drip.
I hear the door slam shut.

James McLain

Are They Dicking You Down

Do you like getting dicked down without K.Y. jelly or Vaseline
do you like being lied to by having your vote
mean nothing because years ago they already
jury rigged
the area that you live in I mean you are Republican right?
Are they dicking you down to the ground
like crusty the clown
does your ass hole swell up huge or get wet?
Do you even unconscious still moan from the pain of it.
Next they will in struck the clerks of the court to not issue
marriage licence's to any gays whom wish to marry.
Are you good with that then grab your ankles and bend over
and they then promise that they will only stick the head in.
Vote No.
Call your Republican Congress Man or woman and tell
them that when they stretch it open it hurts.
Tell them you were a normal child and that as a child
you did not have to go to the Doctor to have an Oscar Mayer
Weiner pulled out of your vagina.
Or like their wives whom still use inverted coke bottles.
Ask them if all these non- consensual rapes they call votes
can be best represented by all the Paige's in Congress
that said no and that they thought when hearing no said they meant yes.
Ask them how long
did they think really think that they could get away it.
Corrupt Republicans love little boy's
and when caught on camera and video they claim
that it's not their Weiner.
Even when they find that it's your unknown D.N.A. on the shaft of it.

James McLain

A Little While

Life was a mystery once to me
Now that I am gone away to the sea.
While through the ages after me
The sun and moon, the brightest star's
Shall come and follow me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why I'm Now Afraid Of Women

I'm attracted to professional women
Of course the rest I've seen on Jerry Springer.
Basing my attractions which of course
Is my own discrimination.

I am older now,
And am looking back trying to determine
How much was my fault.

I like a woman unafraid to take charge
I'm still at my age quite and bashful.
While we here whom are will not admit it.

Being broke is a serious admission, though
If she really likes me it's been said
It doesn't matter.
I can't except while she's asleep, get
Into her head and take a small peek.

So yes every day that passes us by, I
Cannot but wonder if I'm a loser.
To many people around me have said
If I'm making no money on my writing
Some have read.
But then again writing to me is at this
Point in my life
The most important thing that I can now do.
While those haters we all run into can
Hardly write and or speak.

One likes to be around intelligent woman
Educating my self to those here around me.
Being here is like Orson Wells saying
In that voice that says, Rose Bud.
While eating fish and chips now that
You know me.

James McLain

So You Want To Be A Writer

To be one of the few that are chosen
Remember the past is gone
And the future has yet to come concerning
Time.
If the word's have to be pulled from
You by chain, don't do it.
And only then if you get that lucky
Break, do it for yourself.
Your feelings must be as hard as rock
With an ego smaller than a snail.
When in truth you are vulnerable be humble
The words you write are your bragging right's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

???? Wedged Is The Hip Splitter ????

By my parting of these words,
these certain very words.
Herein because, I move it thus aside,
of that and when from you, it is I am.
Certain muscles wrapped around inside,
my fingers do.

The bush my hand upon is fire then ice.
Each leaf is free to move and feel,
it feels the face is red it's bulged blue veins.
And breath sucked in the fingers roam
beneath the moon, it floats.
Does she proper beg to whom he is?

Inside so deep those bending, elbows are.
Moans, she cries and.
Doing all of that and can't be stilled.
The beating heart when touched, feels as.
The splitting of the hips when quite, she is naught.
The chilly water vapors warm the swamp.

Blowing winds this foam up to my knees,
his legs are never straight.
The swirling of the tidal pools, her eddies are.
Index finger, thumbed along each hidden muscled length.
It pulls it in and doing nothing, pushed.

The nerves are pointed buds around the open door,
wheels and rings start ringing more, because.
And speaking words that never were by him, not said.

The light within your open mind it always thinking, read.
It heard them not from me and moving you they did.
Again, against between the river flowing never said.

I said to you, I am, I only can it rears the moon.
And the things that woman think they seek, some fear.

The fire my hand it burns the bush, the folded lips,

both rings I often come too know.

Lifting up my hands you dreaming part the clouds,
two elbows moving waves they always are.

James McLain

What Do We Deserve

There are some really bad people out here
Which are delt with
Differently in different parts of the country.
There are white hood's and black hood's
Where did we go wrong?
Some countries kill them, they are scary
Are they not.
Women hold on even tighter to their purses.
Where do they get the guns to hurt and kill
Us with.
I remember when here ???? in America it was safe.
We never locked our doors even in large cities
And we respected cops and now one trembles
Hearing a siren ??.
Will we live in the equivalent of a New Jack City?
I may be growing older and some what febal
I'm I becoming a narcissist and don't care about
You or your own.
God help us because the wealthiest are going to leave
Us here and live somewhere else.
Do we deserve this even though some care.

James McLain

Painted Lady

This body I cover alone a mixture
Of hues colors I've called my own.
You never sleep alone on the wall
Where you hang.

Unlike all of the other's the other's
Your not.
Here where north, south, east and west
The sunlight casts your mascara,
Into the mirror that hangs across on
The wall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Bridge Of Year's

Under the Bridge of years,
The moon has closed it's blood red door.
And even under the bridge she is green silk,
To me.
Rivers and rivers.
Oceans and seas.
One last bridge, will you show it
to me?
I pray I ask of thee?

In which corner of the sky, is it now?
A horizontal groove along straight lines it moves.
Beyond the red grey walls,
It's as swollen as and as gentle as the breeze.
it Blows the silk off, one green leaf.
In the sun it gleams,

A prelude to laying down before I fall to sleep.
The bark soon curls it follows soon, I sleep.
The sun, the crows are here and roosting
and are unaware of my deep melancholy.

Again I pace and leave behind the bed.
Year after year and all the years I burned,
I know now that I must go on across the bridge.
Over the Bridge of Tears,
Away from the staircase of vainly jeweled hearts.
I regret the wasting of those years.

James McLain

The First Night She Came

I have waited on the rocks for her to come
Only at night when the moon is full.
The nights are rarely clear the stars unseen
Yet shine.
High tide kept the water up around.
I knew it was her the first night she came.
And as we got to know each other she would
Come every night until she came no more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I've Tried To Please You All

I've tried to please you all but know I can't.
Sick puppies then you take them to the vet.
Some like sex and some like love.
Even monologue like Johnny Carson did.
Some here use commodes while others shit
In trees, others use an out house feeling the soft breeze.
One thing is certain,
With our egos and our huberous we care what other's think.
Some none to few will scratch their head's and just run
On and on needing pepto bismal.
So I've said my piece and hope you all success.
I've tried to please you all and know I can't.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Joy

Her presence is grace it's self the movement
Of her finger tips the pursing of her lips.
Do not weep,
I ask for me for I have seen the light.
For I have been on hi and low and room there's
Been for two we are now one.
The echoes of our song's go out to all who
Are in love.
And life that holds such grace a glimpse of joy
Our soul's no pain shall know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If I Must Go

If I must I will
As I have before
Climbing past the rest
And up onto.
Judge me not on how
you've judged the rest
Lest on you her fire you've
Felt the flame
as ice coursed through
Your veins.
Time is as leaves
So fresh and ripe and green
Or a budding rose
That touched your shaking lips.
To be forever mine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am James

I try to do
the right thing, because it is right.
Morally from good book's made thus.
Like Paul,
I to was once in Florida's prison's.
I have
no disire to have my head cut off
nor boiled alive in oil.
Just for,
the ignorant amusement of Trump, my neighbor.
Reading a book by Hitler, called fear.
While forcing me to read, Sun Tzu's, Art of War.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Shall Wash Your Feet

I shall wash your feet and keep your body clean
And in the morning not yet dawn and night.
I shall wash your feet and keep your body clean
And you shall say hello and broad the street.
I shall wash your feet and keep your body clean
And admire you more a friend a friend indeed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death For The Sake Of Death Is A Friend

Twice around the world when once sufficed,
And but not for desire to die in fire.
For simple mind's death runs the race, the race
That seeks them out.
Volcanoes that spew snow across the land,
The barren land where's not a rose.
Where the pain of two is fused into the heart
Of one, where pleasures feel like pain.
When dying once for none cannot suffice,
But twice as great.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Beautiful Woman's Daughter

Look at the young man as like he has never before.
Blank the look on the face of the adult.
As he dies on the tip of each death.
Sara's breast pumps dropp one poet in a cotton cell.

Full the moon small bottom feeders smell of the moon.
The banana peeled is viscous unrelenting in it's.
My/why I now sleep so lost above things exciled.
Trading her secrets for more to they whom come after.

On the pain of not understanding caught between.
The lines of literature.
I have complicated what was thought to be wih vibrators.
Unsaid things mentionables being southern.
And of abortions doubled glass two fingers maybe three.
Stright up.
I have my girl friends mother she nurses my love of you.
One sky leaves the traveler greatful for loneliness.

On the left and right in my hand.
A beautiful woman's daughter,
of my dearest day by day the air smells different.
Is this your secret too?
When normal is your world I left behind.

I have said my first love even through the air brush of ponagraphy.
White apple blooms phantoms from some other bloom.
She as I, would be in me in between them the bee one and all.

Remember that the angle of each straight azimuth,
is to hot and bold to hold yet.
The bright red blood dress is schizophrenia
taking it's leave, here open your eyes and feel it.

Treachery is cold and the reincarnated leafless dress.
Bubbled dreams come out from the heart.
As I echo the last hidden vally moving under the ice.
Helplessly kissing the twin peaks falling without wings
back into the valley of butterflies.

On the eve and morn of each new death.
The spiders eye even now rememebrs the death of a boy.
While the lolly pops are not always pink
and how it shakes my red puffy lips as they shine.
Simple when words pull out the juices of death.
Smaller than them I am even larger than that.

James McLain

?? The Secret Of My Love Is In Her Eyes ??

After dark I see distant head lights,
coming home closer to me so it seems.
Clouds passing by the face of the moon,
eye's that are hers, I for saw in my dreams.

Love after dark I read in a book,
words written by other's who lived before
and have died.

I am up close now and I can see, I am to be
what other's can't be,
alive in the moment as moment's can be
moment's are.

Ruby red lips, emerald green eyes and a dress
that but few dare could wear.
Attention and fame up on the stage, dancing
and swaying for one moment in time,
made possible by people like you, she once said.

Your judgement is gone and will never come back,
not as it was
caught up under her spell, she survives.

After dark when the moon swells and is full,
fruit that is ripe hangs.

James McLain

Dreams, Dreams Of Our Brains While Dreaming

The head before sleep over ruled it.
To help the other over come prejudice.
Dreams of the brain make both mutually.
You had exclusive use of the body.
The surface of tension probative it is.
When the lover of one two more come.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dying In Your Dreams

Dreaming,
dreams of death, you really shan't.
English is not the spoken tounge,
in every head.

Even if each thought,
that I am taught, I soon forget.
Do you, the other side,
I go at will, when deep in sleep.

There are often better things,
for me to do to you.
Than to watch you hidden, waiting, come.
Pulling back,
the mist, you are often sleeping in.

I see the whirlpool's eye,
shooting out,
all the light, that I put in.
The cup is half empty, never full.
Darker is this moon, and it is.

I must see it,
laying on it's lighter side.
Open when I come.
And closing shut, as I look back.
Dreaming,
dreams within,
when death is all you have.

James McLain

Because It Snowed Once Is It Love

Because it snowed once
is love in and out, it's up and down;
It started there where I'm not any more;
Hiding your face behind a closed window
looking through the drapes that you opened;
Not all of it to me was love, where you
asked me
to do those things those many things
to you that caused me nothing
but pleasure, just to hear your moans;
With it love could be the very thing that you
used to plug the leaking
dyke by your using my head to figure it out;
Down stairs walking up
on the wooden floor using each step that
you hear
to judge how close I am to that rising fear;
Love here in the deep south
where each night becomes even more fluid
when the low hanging fruit
is even closer to me than it was the night before;
If love was meant to be tasted
and made even better with strong scented drink;
And I tasted as I stated, you loved as I went
and I meant was it love or that other;
But was it love when you slept and I sleepy came
back to your bed
and covered your face in what now
were your dreams;
Wading knee deep in white powdered snow
it just might be pearl's, I do not know.

James McLain

Dreams, Dreams Of Fruit

Financial gain and deep growth,
the fruit of my dream is of you, firm and richness.
I have observed your sexuality and desire,
and you also by mine.
Vines, bushes and trees are different styles.

Colored with life they are painted to each particular.
I have shown you by my effort and disappointment.
By your love of green fruit in my dreams.
I will nevertheless wait until sleep to show you.

Work long and hard to achieve all your goals.
If the fruit is ripe, with pregnancy and it is ready.
Inside of your dream is a child or children you want.
Beware of the staff,
and of bitter with rot, leaves not green, curling brown,
withdraw if you can and get out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poetry Is A Mind Set

If poetry is a mind set then
Time stops for all when we die.
A confession to a crime that
Never happened at all.

A forest in Japan that's deep
And dark.
Wherein people go to die, there's
No one there to stop the noose, the vine.

The setting sun that never sets the moon
Upon a rock.
The oven claimed my love who died before
I came.

Never safe are we in which the state
Is the police.
Not from here this rock on which we live
When they can wait for us to die.

Einstein's clone his d.n.a.
His picture taken from the sky.
If one days wrong in how he died
His other cannot live.

Remember most that live and breath
Are less than those who died.
The advantage goes to all of those
Who's mind's a fire put out.

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James McLain

Us Poor Poet's

We have egos the size of hot
Air balloons.
So arrogant we fill up a room.
Some clique up thinking to survive.
A few stand on their own and make
A name here to be proud.
And then theres what we argue over
Who is where hi up.
And who is riding low are brought
Up hi.
I think we should study the dead more
Than the living.
And we should write about it all
Good or bad.
By the way sex sells here like any
Where eles and so does love.
Like a rose ?? thats never picked.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? After Death ??

After I am dead
And my writings left unread.

Will the preacher say that I have a soul?

I saw him not while living.

If he says I have a soul I'm
Sure I won't remember.
That so few of us can remember.

You can hear what was never said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tender Ronies

Tender Ronnie's; found summer
and out side spring grew warm.
The world is just one great blue,
and on marble days i lay covered.
Summer now runs too greet Autumn,
and in new awakenings i clouds swim.
Ronni es are most tender winds forget,
and daisies once picked blow away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tell All The Truth But Tell It Slant

But do to be all the truth.
Or more to be success to tell a child a lie.
The circus of the circuit court it tilts.
And to simple that is because.

The joy where we are weak and love is bright.
Truth is the first electric vibrator.
It worked just once surprised the wife.

Whose is splendid now and truth be known.
Your lips are full your neck is straight and narrow.
Emily could but wish those ape half wits.
Any type of explanation and the truth it sits.

Whereupon,
thereof she comes forthwith.
Lips that spread the truth becomes her, easy.
If it the lie does not increase grows gradually.
Glaringly,
it is to all the people it is to the eye blind folded.

James McLain

Her Coffin Was Her Own Domain

Her coffin, is a small Domain,
It's small but large enough.
Used round the world and back.
And dust is but our fate.

And love, all gives the grave,
The grave gives nothing back.
Yet all that need the Sun,
And upon each head a crown.

Be citizen or king, to us each all,
If one world we all must live.
To him on high all give their praise,
To live within to but one single end.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Don't Want To Die

I don't want to die,
I want to feel what you feel.
What you see and feel the breeze
Upon my face and kiss those lips but she is gone.

What will happen when I die?
Time has flown concerning those whom
Were close to me.
I never liked beer or gin I knew not
How to drink nor sip.
But those six or seven long island ice teas would
Be enough to make me think.

Like Bukowski I compartmentalized that part of my
Brain so I could talk.
So I could think, so I could last all night
Into the morning light.

I don't want to die, I want to live, I want
To give you something back.
Leaving it behind in case I go to that
Place I was before.

I've been left behind by Sara and Sharon
And Sylvia.
No interest in the men I should have had
I've read them but mine they've never read because their dead.
When I die I know one thing, that eternity will fly by
When I have died.

James McLain

At Sea

I stand on the beach in the sea,
In the sand with water all around me.
Approaching the storm foam from the
Waves cover me.
My lover can't hear or see me, trapped
In his dream so it seems.
With no place to hide nor rest, I'll abide
As the storm grows worse all around me.
The tide tugs and pulls at my sleeves,
Afraid I'm alone trapped in the sea out
Of reach of his heart raw is this wound in my chest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alcohol And Love

Love me less and keep the bottom
of the bottle always full.

The chemistry their still is,
about the pain you feel inside.

Why does the home have no roof?

And through the ceiling you once looked up too see the stars.

What's wrong with you, with us,
what has happened to us?

Your body does not taste as once it did,
the apple smell once sweet is gone.

This anger from your youth perhaps the hard abuse
from others left it's mark upon your soul
and as the mind has changed so many times
upside down, inside the lies the pleas for help
were never heard they fell on ears that could not hear.

I have slipped far out beneath
your body without my leaving any memory
that you were ever there.

James McLain

Her Grass Is Green

Speaking words
as words hers always were.
Inside her face of dreams.
And love could pass us by.
Of all the places we could
sleep,
She chose to sleep with me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Swing

Back and forth touching the sky,
Filled with clouds and blue.
Upside down right side up it's
What children love to do.

On the hill where trees grow tall,
And bushes leaves grow green.
Where meadows here meander there,
I can see from way up here.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost In The Mist The Sea

Where I am,
The wind on your skin and your hair.
The look in her gaze, the feel of his hand,
Whirlwind the clouds, the moon when it's full
Looking down.
Now the sea each season I miss,
Lost in the mist the wind blowing foam white
On my face,
The sand underfoot each grain that I feel
As soft as the rain on my face.
Lost in the mist, lost from sight though you see.
Lost in the mist is the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dreams, Dreams We've Had Before

If a perfect life all lived
where money had no use
would you be here.

Astute to more than this
you fell asleep
and woke
again
but over there.

Money here is every thing
a thing of need a need for things
where it's
needed only here.

Is there such a place
a place
where all can go
and never
here return because of it.

Gold should be as common
as each grain of sand
and silver course
or smooth as all have hair.

Where sparrow's there
like here
are over there
where beauty never paused.

And Death is but a dream
all dreamed before.

James McLain

Dreams, Dreams That Are Deep You I Know

Oh, I am singing, you are singing, we are singing.
And you just lay there coming waiting to just grow.
And how each time,
fleeting make the hungry person learn to know.
And your time which has yet to wait it comes?
But so young to wonder why.
From the world the one and only one this person.
Leaves the wind that through it blows, are waiting for.
From where your center longs.
These dreams you long for are.
Oh and have you lived by sight to be his only light?
Are candles for.
Your thoughts are formed much clearer,
than each thought, each formed before.
And like the rainbow of the sun are streams and rivers.
To be loved by he, not me, to lose your color for?
When your asleep is when I come into your head.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dreams, Dreams Of Girls Dreaming

I am not afraid of all those creepy men, I hide inside my dreams.
I am that tiny pretty white girl men are hurting all the time.
Someone whom still dreams to taste a buttered yam or two.
That I am pure and innocent, am I not your strongest girl?
I need it there for me, my self esteem is all I'm worth.
You can hear them call my name, you can hear me in your head.
I was once like you before I pray they fade away,
and before I wake and face the day to take what I am given.
Sweet and sour little girls their dreams of what before will be.
Maybe my bad dreams of men whom hurt me for distractions.
I gather moss above your heads before you drift off into sleep.
And yet for some I can not help but see your situation.
Trauma and past injuries and I'm left to die before my time,
I can't dream, I dream a dream for little girls to help the ones like me.
Once naive I'm just a girl who'd try to change your world.
Mine is but the dream that little girls when sleeping dream.
I used to dream beneath the sky of chasing butter flies.
When all the little girls, when wide awake were never ment to have.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Daffodils

She doesn't mind the great length
or the girth of it.
Bushes without leaves
are not green as he kisses it.

The woods
are not deep without tree's
that are seen.
While the path that she walks
he chose in her dream.

Stopping she dropped what it was
that he picked.
A daffodil that bleeds white sap
if too hard it is picked.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dirty Tommy

After spending to many years in prison
I survived
but only at a great price
and permanent psychological
damage.

Tommy, dirty Tommy is a head hunter, booty bandit,
the lizard
as most whom wear dentures are generally called.

Spending an inordinate amount of time and thinking
but could they do it here, here or there.
Lucky was I to spend the last few years of my
sentence here.

The guards knew all of the tricks of the trade,
and I was used to this quiet, laid back prison as a nice place.
Never monitored were the showers or bath stalls
the urinals their handle bars
and more bars of soap on the floor than I could count.

I learned then that no secret was safe
and unless I gave in while he milked it
as to Tommys joy
my being a librarian was my great misfortune.

I remember one day being in the young adult section
and noticed rhythmical movement
out of he corner of my eye, my day job.
And under dirty Tommys, table he worked with his hands
kneading dough
while another young fellow his eyes open wide
moved independantly of each other.

This was too much,
and every day, I held out made it that much more
he would get.
I said to Tommy about this kind of business
he called it kindness then

he winked and smiled.

Apparently jealous of Tommy,
this other person at great risk to him self
stood up and moved away
these kind of secrets most kept to them selves.

James McLain

I Can See Her Lips Right Through Her Face

She lifts her skirt and
I can see her lips right through her face.
A face that's tight,
A face that is emerald green, stuck upon her face.
With lips that move like a dream when
You're asleep.
The moon here's out of reach even though it's full
It's pinkish white covered up in clouds.
Like an oyster that I eat, come every night.
My tongue is long and straight it pierced the day.
While the bushes with green leaves lay hidden from
My gaze.
I can see her lips right through her face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Do You Want It On Your Back Or On Your Knees

Being expendable and we are, my mother
is frail and weak, as people are.
To know what is coming and still you let it come,
and less not more are willing.
Where are you, how did you get as you are,
your healthcare here may soon be gone.
Death is like sleep and yet you sleep without dreams.
On your knees in life when death knew not your name,
and rabbits run and ran a runner is.
Peaceful on your back knees bent the act you played,
a party is.
I dropped a moth ball in your mouth and went to sleep,
in between tomorrow, yesterday's has yet to come.
Do you want it on your feet or on your knees, says he,
the man who hides his hands because your me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

We Should All Lift Up Our Legs

Giving free gas to all the corrupt showing
as only a true fellow human beings can
in laying our pipe in their free land for tea
as friends do.

They do deserve their bonuses lay them
down in beds of coal
while applying great pressure and as they
turn to diamonds let them appreciate
their true worth

as we spend it on more beans.

Meanwhile back at the ranch they are eating
T Bone steaks.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trolls, She Said Some Are Here

In Internet slang, a troll is a person who starts quarrels or upsets people on the Internet to distract and sow discord by posting inflammatory and digressive, [1] extraneous, or off-topic messages in ancommunity (such as a newsgroup, forum, chat room, or blog) with the intent of provoking readers into displaying emotional responses[2] and normalizing tangential discussion, [3] whether for the troll's amusement or a specific gain.

Both the noun and the verb forms of "troll" are associated with Internet discourse.

However, the word has also been used more widely.

Media attention in recent years has equated trolling with harassment.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Milking Table

The sign out side still reads.
Free' milkings to the first one hundred.
Lured in by thier own blind lust,
all are full, thick, dripping and heavy.
As willing as the next.

Each checked.
Weighed And readied.
by 'More' than simple nurses.
With pretty pink wings.
With blue veined, white marble hands.
The line is soon gone.

Hooked up to long clear hoses.
Secured by the pros now imobil.
Hose to mouth, mouth to hose.
Leading under ground to the 'Queen'.
There are no back doors to this palace.
The moon is always full.

James McLain

Dreams, Dreams Of What Will Come

When I was young,
as young as her strong beating heart.
Deep in the woods,
by the Lake, I met this beautiful girl.
She smelled of ferns and green moss,
deep was this lake it was clear.
We were where everything,
that was bad, goes good when it should.
Passed on to only I if and if all the world,
to be with me, the only person at my side.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dreams, Dreams Of Flying

Your flying dream can be a positive or negative feeling of also and exhilarating experience.

Feelings of fear while flying,
could possibly suggest that you are once again afraid.
Of each new challenge and of climbing the tree of success.
Perhaps being not ready to take the next step, you gasp.
Having difficulties at being lucid, fighting gravity,
crashing in flight then sliding down.
Indicates a lack of power
in controlling your own circumstances.

Things like bushes, trees and or mountains,
could be obstacles that you encounter in flight.
Though in the past there were no deep running rivers,
running streams underground, you survived to walk about.
Obstacles may symbolize something or someone
who is standing in the light your waking life.
Identify who is trying to prevent you from being in love,
knowing the truth forward and backwards.

James McLain

Where Were We Before We Were Born

Where were we before we were born?
That is where we are going back to when we die!
Any suggestions would be greatly appreciated.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

God If This Wasn't Enough

God if this wasn't enough,
We assume so much.
Up to my ass deep in other people's shit.
Some can afford to have other's
Wipe their ass.
Sunrise and sunset we hope for the best,
There's no life beyond death.
O' God, please spare me the rest-Amen

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Under The Bushes We Meet

Come out, come out of the yellow thick snow
Where I am.

High in the sky the yellow warm sun
Felt on your face in deep sleep.

Be not bitter, be not as hard as the tree,
Each bush filled with joy,
Surrounded by leaves, without the sharp Thorns, full and green.
Hear me, feel me and hurry come out,
Here by the sea,
The sea that we loved where the path takes
Us down to be cleaned.

Washed in the waves next to the place,
Onder the bushes where we meet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pump It Squeeze It Repeat It

Red blood pumping heart, I feel it beat,
a sigh escaped,
soft lip's, apple breath my treasure spent,
pump it squeeze it release it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Remember A Smile

I as a child had rattle snakes that I sold
To the ice cream man at two dollars a foot.
He in turn would sell them at Ross Island
In Miami to make anti serum.
I caught owls and hawks I raised from chicks
At twenty five dollars apiece.

A boa constrictor could for twenty dollars
Be purchased from Montgomery Wards.
At seven feet long roaming free in the house
It ate one of my mother's tea cup poodles.
I was ten years old and lied to my mother
And said that someone stopped in front of our home
And took it.
She did not notice the large bulge in the snake
And still feel bad to this day, mom's been gone a year
This coming October.

My best friend's mother would answer the door in her
Panties,
Of which thinking back I paid no attention too.
Off we would go to catch whatever we could in the woods
Which in the sixties were deep and dark where we'd eat
Whatever grew in some person's yard.
Coming back with a small alligator sometimes or with
A huge soft shell turtle that we would sell to the garbage men
For five dollars apiece.
Life for a prepubescent young boy was to remember a smile
From then.

James McLain

A Cry

A lover

I once had I'd have her back.

Her eye's her lips her face her neck

Would make me tremble

Every time.

O' I must cry, I must not cry

Because

I found out yesterday that she

Has gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Know Not How

It's not how I know, but I
Know how, too count my passing years.
What made me angry then,
Not angry now I value now those tears.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Advice To Young Girls

He cannot be loved if his
Love is not returned.
And anger towards your parents
Is not anger worth your tears.
A good young man that's worth
Your love,
Won't put you in a tree without
A branch.
Be alone stand off apart from they
Whom cannot be your friend.
An icy heart that's really warm
And time will do you good.
You can't be loved by him if love
By him is not returned.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Do Not Loose Your Dreams

Black or white do not
Loose your dreams.
No one knows that you
Will know,
When you are old and grey.
Grasp them tight and hold
Your dreams
Until you dream your dream
At night.
For if you let your dreams
Die out what use have you
Of life.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mclain Means

On the Scottish west coast,

The McLain family was born among the ancient Dalriadan clans.

The surname is an Anglicized form of the Gaelic Mac Gille Eathain, a patronymic name meaning

Son of the servant of Saint John.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Men Without Shirts

Shirtless morning's high noon
In the shade
On the horizon rain might come.
Bass guard their nests on the warm
Shallow pools
As the talking house wives watch the
Men work drinking tea
And lemonaid here in the heart
Of the south.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Faithful To The End

When if heaven calls to me then I shall
And the shadow
On my wall calls out my name,
The promise from the priest if I
Should fall.
Faithful to the end us one and all.

E.D.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alone With Everybody

There is a mind inside the meat
We call our head's
Somewhere there's a soul while we're alive.

Women come and go if your a drunken
Slob,
Drunk she threw my teeth in the canal.

Can we find true love inside a bottle of
Cheap wine?
He did as well as she
One just has to lower one's expectations.

Our fates are tied together one and all
And I can't afford to drink the heady stuff
At all.

I'm beyond flattery, I cannot say yes to love
Nobody ever finds
the one.
When nothing else matters but the sandman!

James McLain

Frost On The Highest Peak

It has always been here but you never.
To many are your names, it is my, many forever.
Just when the frost of the highest I peak.
And rapid the stream out each door.
Quietness comes when after it does,
and quietness passes off by my head.
The feet of the many seen leaving deceased,
and I hang on to the walls.
Walking around the land of no fences,
the hole in the sky, sun it does.
But like destiny in March the rose bloom waits for May.
Of the head of our dead, growing up from the ground.
Without laughter moving sound,
as the wind bends them down even, I stretch all the more.
The door when you knock, opens some where else
but groans there crying wider,
sitting down as you wait, never seen when it came.
Was, the frost on the highest peak, I speak of.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poet's Mental Illness And Poverty

Many of us were subsequently hospitalized and treated with shock therapy.

Erasing then redrawing all the borders of my mind

by losing all the picture's of my past.

I won't describe my past hospitalizations as a form of pain

this was more for them this form of therapy.

Violated, wet and warm it was a time of tragic shame

and electric light's induced this form of man our infamous history.

Hopelessness despair, and blind illusion- so black only as the inferno of Dante's

mind can be- symbolic of the church and state and death,

and cold the fire in me.

I was like you shocked- and then the painful agony of my rebirth

and what to you it means.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Is When You Milk It

Death' is when 'You' milk 'It' and milk it, milked
and you drive it, forever and ever,
upward and upward and never down ward, insane.

Death is two silky hands covered in hot burning oil,
that start at the base and death loves to cover each lamp.
While the flame burns inside the brown paper bag exposed.
Pushing death deep without compassion through the pale
full moon, as death walks around, ignoring your cries.
Heaven for death and coming so close to death you find.

Death makes you come over to your friends house once
again, in your mind while those pearls in the bag,
are laid up on the shelf that you share, with deaths pink pig.

Death moves both horns closer, driven unforgiving together,
one here and one there, ever closer, untiring you are laid out as art.
Death knows when the sky is on fire, say it again and again.

Death and truth, death is like an epileptic seizure,
when more than those silky soft hands,
never moved all the way down,
and a river of hot molten 'death' sprays,
in your hair each black day.

Death is as proud..and as proud of you, Death is,
as you splash it around, all about town,
Death and 'Death's' protein mask so tight, you peel it off.

Death was just the tip of the ice burg and death melted it,
with death's thick and full, red buried, unyielding lips.
You love to have your fun with death, as you milk it over
and over, the milk never expires, death never tires,
and many,
many are deaths executions from death's weepy milked eye.

James McLain

?? Good Bye Love ??

What have you given that I've taken away?
A mixture of pain like feelings that twist.
Once we experienced, feeling's of heaven.
We were childlike and happy, yes even glad-hearted.

But our love like the wind it drifted away.
Seen through my eye's a vision of lies,
thoughts followed rain and I followed love.
Love left unburied, reborn left to die.

In a cloud burst of honey and yellow sunshine,
A thick blanket of snow made a white bed for you. swimming by her
and after swimming to far
by luck their upon her,
I came,
she with another and both.

Building castles from sand
was she,
not with the other, instead.

A monument to some mountain
a forgotten penis,
or from her deep heart need.

She sculpted
with her own two hands.

Speaking and still she could
as i watched,
her other turning over, to me.

James McLain

And With Just One Finger

and just with the finger and with it i would.
and with only it would i split the world.
and i could leave it there and move you around it.
and other things are more or less complicated.
and with the one i left you more too explore it with.
and if it touches your heart it misses nothing.
and if the world explodes around it, it is just my finger.
and once it's consumed what is left but that world.
and with just one finger and with it you could change the world.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? Daffodils ??

She doesn't mind the great length
or the girth of it.

Bushes without leaves
are not green as he kisses it.

The woods
are not deep without tree's
that are seen.

While the path that she walks
he chose in her dream.

Stopping she dropped what it was
that he picked.

A daffodil that bleeds white sap
if too hard it is picked.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dollars And Cents

If it doesn't make dollars it doesn't make sense.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Beautiful Sea

I am lost without you here is where
We met.
Crashing waves that wash us clean the
Sand beneath our feet.

I can only call out to you
The rocks the waters loud at best,
I cannot remember the rest.
My youth is gone I've a warning to the
Young to compromise and share the love
Alone the sea is not.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Speed Of Thought

Have you dared to leave your body here
While alive?
There are no reference points or gps
To mark the way back home.
This they call a soul the source of light
Moving at the speed of thought the edge
Is just a moving boundary what he called the
Speed of light.
Dreaming down beneath what always was
Until you die.
Thinking backward dreams from where you were
Before your birth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Snails ??

Snails are hard and slow
Coming out to eat then hide
Only to come out again

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bright Green Flash

The sunrise
Reached it's zeneath at high noon,
And slowly fell away
Into a
Bright green flash that no one saw.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

??Ruby Red Lipstick??

This These are my lips.
These lips are big lips.
They need more open space to
wrap them selves around.
They don't fit onto smug pouty little
pretty faces, these lips
are full wide and free lips.

They don't like to be kept empty.
Wet these lips have never been without,
they move up north when they want to
they go south when they need to.

What these lips do,
is none of your buisness.
I smile as you wish it were you.

Mine are rich pink firm hard to grasp lips
and these mighty lips,
have sunk more than their share of ships.

Lips that are tragic.
Lips that are magic.
Lips that are never loose.

Would you could but to know them.
They pull the oil right out of the ground,
and on a man they will never be found.

James McLain

331 Comments Made Disliked

Sneaky back stabbing cowards
That can't simply
Message me and tell me to not
Leave them a comment
Or
Block me or go to settings and
Disable your receiving any comments
Unless you are trying
To play politics at my expense.
God
I hate a rectum kissing ?? coward.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Oceans Of Love

If one drop I were could it be enough?
When a drop from her makes me want only more.
Love for half runs off into a hole that's black.
Keeping us searching again for more.
Realizing that so goes love goes us ????.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Conversations Kill

Over heard a secret told,
And once outside I see the sky.
And all the clouds as they float by,
What I've seen and heard won't cigarettes
Leave a dirty stain,
Upon the soul of one too young too understand!

Conversations kill.
Conversations kill.

Inside your head I hear the movements
Of a clock that's never still but always stops.
Taking what was said inside a book you
Never tried to read.
And all the answers there when questions asked.

Conversations kill.
Conversations kill.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On Pain And Grief

For her hand so soft and light guided by a consciousness
That's seen but heard by ears of thick red clay.
And water from the sky made from my tears how can I leave
This house where I have known such pain and fear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Face Of Silk

A face of silk
orbit's the moon
Around
The open flower.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Why She Is So Beautiful

it is why she is so beautiful and why should i not,
look at the soft eye, of the milky brown thus around
where in me to whom, she faces her vis-a-vis and me
deep i am, she is as beautiful at first each glance of my eye
i love her their, her needs they are her/i\we want,
how it turns upon it desired, and i tug her each pink lip
which is loved, it then escapes, it is her need
beautiful, how she it comes and how she it moves
as a voice for me, who am i, she loved, swelling passion
spilling as for the green peacock of me, who fills her up
and my sea, which it loved is her, Entering it loves
and i, who comes and move aside the panties, wet with love
being here, me/we us and them, who i am,
loved off both and we are loving, who we are and loving.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You Forget Me

And you will
when you last wrote me.
September's bridge to the fall
Autumn calls.

One line,
One continuous line, these lights are.
I can't understand the poetry
in them the way it impacts us all.

Pretty leaves on a limb the truth rests.
Stranding the face of you others have
when youth does.
Each path that we find at the bottom,
mum and dad walked before.
Rebirth of the choices most make.
Saving ourselves we must have and the.
Then choices made not by you come to pass.

When you last wrote me the choices were yours.
September's depression falls freely past me
to land some where, where Autumn falls.

James McLain

Dead And Bloated

There are so many corpses dead of course
And bloated.

A thick coat of flies and maggots cover
Them.

The stench is unimaginable a perfumed rag
Covers my face a few I knew but now.

This is war time and it's been going on to long
Bloated politicians have sold you that.

Some body bags can't be opened, you know why.

And we can't get rid of them because we need
Their experience.

We need to get rid of one but dare we try.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Wind Lifts Nights Varanasi Silk Saree

One cool clear day love arrived.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? Come ??

When the moon is full you can you not come?

Can you not like the petals out stretched,
come at the stroke of midnight.

Life is to short too stand off in the
Distance, high in the sky like the clouds.

And together to soon tonight will be gone,
like a wave on the beach that is lost.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Oils It At Night

And upward eagles fly as the falcon
Arrows down from the sky.

She oils it at night it is light as
The sun begins it's morning climb.

Though at night her hands are slick
She oils it at night.

As the eruption of the volcano every night
Spews out ash
And all the time that I have missed due to
Sleep.

Being oiled every night the room is dark
And the noises that you hear you've heard before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sara Teasedale Would Have Loved Me ??

Here I have dwelt, 'their I once against was
gone where, there some have all gone before
from whence have I returned, I make my claim.

She is as I, have said, is love saith he
and breath once as sweet as the apple
the meat from the sea and open lips fair
once was the wind in my sail, her hewn horn
of my good hope, returned to she, unfulfilled.

Coming, 'I come again, as wants made will
speaking too her,
I will speak, she may then speak, your home
and my will made of good,
will she serve, deep the well as you, 'I have, willed.

Speaking, we speak of her, of course, I come. sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Coming I Come Again

Here I have dwelt, 'thir I once against was
gone where, there some have all gone before
from whence have I returned, I make my claim.

She is as I, have said, is love saith he
and breath once as sweet as the apple
the meat from the sea and open lips fair
once was the wind in my sail, her hewn horn
of my good hope, returned to she, unfulfilled.

Coming, 'I come again, as wants made will
speaking too her,
I will speak, she may then speak, your home
and my will made of good,
will she serve, deep the well as you, 'I have, willed.

Speaking, we speak of her, of course, I come.
I come when she calls and fall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Is Proud

All the people overturned the king for your dark robes.
And you the people whom some came to think,
the buried rest have called on he.

Our bodies dreadfull not the dress you wear in sleep so proud?
Like the poorest of the poor the rich will die what more.
Death needs life it does it's best to make me live and thou,
to kill me more than you when living bled and died for me.
Jailer look, you must be damned, each life it has to flow,
and I wear green laureled leaves the warden owns our souls.

More joy for he, more money seen, alas but not for thee.
Driven far from home inside a stone unhenged, we wait to die.
Great joy to Doe and smiling John, our best men, coming go.
Desperate times breed desperate men, unthinking yet they know
and slaves are made from living, breathing clay.
When death is proud no more, we look at death and it looks back,
but not at you or me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Handful Of White Cotton

Her smile can see right through me,
Other's say.
Her back when arched the cat strays.

Most think her blood is red, it's really
Blue, closer to purple, there is a rose.

Seeing the tip of her pointed tounge,
I see it slip through tight lip's, only once.
The woman who played with fire, next to the tree,
Down by the stream, where the green bushes are.

I am to her what I am,
Neither in love, not a one night stand.
Nor a white bowl of cotton, I have picked by hand.

Love to me is a green transparent dress,
A bra that is pink and high heels that are red.
This is not love wearing tight purple panties.

This body of hers that opens and shuts,
Comes but to the few, the few I can't have.

James McLain

Night's ??

Some nights my many thoughts are like the star's,
Of space and time that spread across my mind;

Could I but grasp my dreams and sleep in the vacuum,
Free and young, as a comets tail or crown.

I'd be free, yes I'd be free from each and come again
Like once a child.

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James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cotton Bottoms

have you ever, when you have.
and having clouds, that hang below.
that hang above twin open doors.
moons and stars, each open face.
and cotton bottoms,
feed the world and have you ever.
when you have
and sitting their so lost in thought.
you feel it burn, now turn be quite.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Is Her Flower In Bloom

Thick full bodied fear testing our breath.
Of rains muddy tears acting as makeup.
Grey dawn hiding stars soul my friend.
Daisy shedding blankets slumbering present.
Uncooked meat reminders charred ambition.
Flanked approaching shadows...sweeping soul.
Loves this flower wars fertilizer now in blooms full.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Kissed Her There ??

I kissed her there, between
The moon and the stars.
Curling toes, wet finger tips,
There I kissed her red ruby lips.
I left her world better than before
And woke up a better man.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Wants More Death Than Death

Death wants more death, and then some
look at my black widow spider.
along the rail road tracks.
fat and shiny with her black grape
and red hour glass tummy.
though it tells no real time, I wish it did,
as I spend to much time with her.
no real order either as her web goes off
in all directions.

She sits in the cracks where it's cool,
sits and waits for me,
by now she knows, I will come, I think.
that she cares.
I wiggle the outer most edge of the her web
with a very thin stick,
wiggle, wiggle and she hurries out
fast as the light that she flees.
holding the cricket by it's back legs,
the cricket moves her Webb with
her long antennas
here she comes.
death six beady eyes of death.
no emotion:
nothing to feel but true raw death black death.

she rolls her front over
and spins back and forth her back legs.
pulling at first thick drops of the stickiest glue
that she attaches haphazardly on any thing that moves.
even your finger
if you leave it there long enough
which is about two seconds three tops.
it can be so very much better
than squeezing her treats through her panties
it is just that exciting flirting with death.
soon I have helped her fill her web with crickets.
and just a few yards further down the track
is another cool well concealed crack.

with friends like these who needs threats
and those pale, 'full belly eats, when,
Death wants more death than that.

James McLain

Tolerance And Diversity

Without it
there is no hope for human growth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After Dark

After dark I see distant head lights,
coming home closer to me so it seems.
Clouds passing by the face of the moon,
eye's that are hers, I for saw in my dreams.

Love after dark I read in a book,
words written by other's who lived before
and have died.

I am up close now and I can see, I am to be
what other's can't be,
alive in the moment as moment's can be
moment's are.

Ruby red lips, emerald green eyes and a dress
that but few dare could wear.
Attention and fame up on the stage, dancing
and swaying for one moment in time,
made possible by people like you, she once said.

Your judgement is gone and will never come back,
not as it was
caught up under her spell, she survives.

After dark when the moon swells and is full,
fruit that is ripe hangs down in your face.
And what's in your heart is reflected in your eyes,
it goes on and on inside of your head.

The song and the rhythm of a long we'll lived
life,
a life that you lived but now has passed.

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James McLain

Grand Pa Pa Dad And Uncle Del Roy

Grandpa pa
Daddy and Uncle D' el Roy

.....
sometimes....
with Mother

.....
keep

.....
all the

.....

Bushes and trees over grown here, like a park
very dark
and the mighty pale moon and groomed left Unlandscaped
through the old rusted gate to here delivered
thus I saw
through a crack and going in, it sawing it coming out:

The grandpa pa assisted to his preferred chair,
Referenced remarks and grand-daughters dread
she is and
he starts to look at her fixedly.
Drooling his;
Foul breath, hanging outside his old shriveled finger.
Her face and fear, full apparent to me, I see.

Such beginnings with our race, thinking me.
Long ago that Egyptian, should have stayed
away from such a tree, she'd flee.
She nor his grand-daughter' he wants to push,
and pull at her inside out the treats.
Calling, calling for more and 'said', come
come 'you never want enough. ' Come here.

Come on sweet,
come and relive to see it more.
My grand-daughter,
obtains it there on the knees,

Buckled open it pops.

It makes my stomach turn, I wish to die thinks she.
All because of 'dad' and him, ; D'el Roy '
He 'said' and forced it open each dark banana,
with the peel off and it knows, grampa pa knows it.
Incest is the best, grampa pa he says.
Through thick; fat, full - insidious blue lips.
Uncle D'el Roy; decides to give him\my brother those
gyratory movements, puckered in/out and clingy.

It is unlike what grampa pa does,
it's like to forward leaning, upwards.
Uses, used equipment like his nephew as a girl.
Uses from us both,
to see it Unwrapped from silk and the distance it.
Lipstick and make-up on his face,
uncle 'D'el Roy ' imagining him\my brother with heels
on his feet, deeply forcing.

Because it assized up there
and starts to rub around his 'familiales'.
D'el Roy; would like to put it to the test, he said at rest it knows
incest is just the best as well.

Whispers; from The mother to decide to enter
on the act, Its and its son have a special pact, understanding.
While his or her husband with 'D'el Roy '; and works she
obtains in her flowerbed, blooms on his and starts to give
it's principal, the son loves her mom and is equipped and
instructed, upwards through her face,
Like it draws his milk everywhere her cotton yellow face.
He knows that its mom and is nicer than the rest,
Granpa pa or uncle'D'el Roy.

He knows incest is not the best, inside his head,
but does, instead of being whapped.
The sister and the brother are a knowing pair,
It is more of a family name and thus divide and conquer.
Bill his brother cannot believe this chance,
Having a sister who knows to lean, their away.
After he located it -it's grubby paws advanced there.

He folds it open and molds it more around it' and takes her back,
Why of putting itself, love like the animals they became
the sad truth and dirty catfish muddiest, ' they both/know that '
incest is not the best and both they know it.

The father cannot believe that his/her daughter must be
forced thus, not the their kind, 'Randy' thus like he.
Because uncle 'D'el Roy ' draws aside its moist breeches
at the side on its knees as his\her takes it hates it from behind,
She and He groans and shouts and starts to cry, it bleeds.
'Dita', 'He dad, you are not my type, not a kind; man, 'Dita'.

The' dad says his incest is the better way, it hurts much less
And it is a game in which the entire family has played,
since the early eighteen hundreds.
The dad treats him as a daughter like the honoured guest,
'they both know, hugging that'
deep inside, that incest is not the best and start to cry.
And they both plan to runaway when both learn too understand it.

James McLain

Daddy The Gym Teacher

Daddy he moved my panties and,
hush child and come here.
Did he do this with his finger,
moving your panties and then with the other finger
instantaneously in both holes like this
in and out or did you sit up child,
and gyrate upon them,
tell me is that what you or he did.
and daddy he also with his other finger
until i could no longer stand it and
i had to lay down until it passed
and still it never stopped
those feelings and the bruising and
i can tell some thing was inside me,
inviolably, my knees and
oh Daddy, why was i so startled their?
Go and ask your mother, child.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Scream

What to me have you done?
Smoldering clouds of darkness
as my emotions turn and twist.

Once we were together,
in love's living color.
Hand in hand and we together
were yoked at the waist.

Innocent once, guilty twice.
But your heart drifted away
by another and I just screamed.

Now a vengeful pool of agony -
My memories follow rain, follow pain.
My love by you was left to die.

I swear on a storm of loud thunder,
That I will never have any love for you?
As I howl and scream at the moon.

James McLain

Even One Toe I Must Gently

even one toe as i gently;
even one toe as i gently
and we turn on it with trust.
each inside our hands
and around it you so firmly and you squeeze.
when in your good/\night time, how it blooms.
inside your room, the sun it's blessing it is bright.
as is your face,
beneath white cotton is revealed, i kiss lips unveiled.
'O' release i see the flutter of sweet lips.
white the pearls around your neck and pink your slip,
and lass i hear them each and when you sigh,
high like the wind,
as it's blowing through those trees.
turn around look out your window, over there at all the snow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Naked Little Boy ??

i, a naked little boy
fill her lips, full, round a mouth,
the tongue can prick a thorn
ejaculating into exquisite shapes
as it bursts like stars high upon her
and the interior of the tormentors mouth
receives each boy, that comes
In the shape of a roaring flame.

or

she kissing each snakes head
or white-cotton face
within the seeds of desire and
a naked little boy ejaculating
on the yellow ivory bust of a naked girl
embraced by the feel of each other
or alone
as she climbs on to the back of a tree
squatting, she laughs as he pees.

James McLain

Little Girl ??

It is why you have to fall asleep
with the tree in your hand
and the wind in your ears
as bubbles form on your lips
and peace then comes,
when you sleep so deep, rain waves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bukowskis Apartment

Some times watching Bukowski's move
never leaves me more than a bottle of beer
his are barely kept half full.
He took hold of her left hand
and guided her right up past the neck
and to his lips,
looking once she never kissed me.

Giving me instead that knowing glance
as she did as I thought so,
I could hear the clicking of her high heels
on the linoleum floor as they rounded the corner
and disappeared outside.

Bukowski leaving me at the bar I asked,
where they were going
and gone and she said that Bukowski
had taken the slut outside to show her
the beer garden.

I laughed and Bukowski said,
she'll see more than the garden,
again they both laughed.

She then pulled her panties aside
and pissed in his full bottle.
While I was chatting to Bukowski
about her face it was saying,
what a good looking piece of blubber and he was
and that they hoped
she would give them all a good mucking.

I called out to Bukowski
him saying,
what I thought she would say to that.

About ten minutes later
she came after Bukowski left
It was then

that she told me
how she became his slut
as she drove me home right past him.

James McLain

Even Her Toe I Must Gently

even one toe as i gently;
even one toe as i gently
and we turn on it with trust.
each inside our hands
and around it you so firmly and you squeeze.
when in your good/\night time, how it blooms.
inside your room, the sun it's blessing it is bright.
as is your face,
beneath white cotton is revealed, i kiss lips unveiled.
'O' release i see the flutter of sweet lips.
white the pearls around your neck and pink your slip,
and lass i hear them each and when you sigh,
high like the wind,
as it's blowing through those trees.
turn around look out your window, over there at all the snow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Letter To My Attorney Dwight Dudley

Greetings,

To you whom are reading this and as of this you read,
convey to he,
below to whom I speak and thus to you I pray.
Deliver that below of which I speak so he may
know my need is real.
And in my need that justice may be served.

You once represented me at trial,
in the old court house.
I was innocent then,
I was charged with constructive possession of
marijuana.
Found in he, another's car.
You predicated my defense upon the word
predicated and we lost.

Your ear I need for ten minute's, maybe less.
And David Carter, he like me back then we used.
Grave injustices, have been upon me by some kept.
So much so that I am here where I've dwelt in a room
all alone for five long year's.
Verily upon your ear I lean and you should know,
and to me thus be kind.
So as I once was so I can be but once again.
Only through your help through truth and light.

Catholic was I raised and thus will stay.
And as if once one should and thus I am.
I endeavor to remain true and as thy friend.
I am

James McLain

James McLain

There Will Come Soft Rain

Then there you are in the soft rain,
Every thing smells new all around you.

As the fish in the pond swim all around me,
Frogs to be who are not yet cannot love me.

Cardinals bathe in the smallest of pools,
Happy to sing of life.

The current war will never stop, stopping
Would mean there is peace.

Those I mean they who watch us from space,
Could careless if we became extinct.

As winter turns into spring and summer to fall,
With no one left here to care.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Beautiful Woman

What do you want where we should come?
Sunny her words upon him, she to him ask,
Remembering his or her their mother,
had never told them to go off with a total stranger.

Their sunny eyes of the little brother too go, one the older.
If you can come and visit with me in my small cabin
In the woods.

Which I can let you drink some milk,
Said she honest looking a; beautiful woman. '
I keep a cow, and I take more milk;
than I should enjoy or is sold.

It isn't far.
Come with me, and she took them by
Their two little hands leading the children
off deeply into the woods.
Each one fair
And a
Bucket in each hand both of them constantly talking.

James McLain

My Love Song ??

The portrait of my wife is done
unfinished on the wall.

The tree upon on which she sat
surrounded by the bush.
Such are the leaves their brown
and green,
the wind has blown them out and far away.

I thought best in darkness, shutting
out the light,
inside my lonely head the light
shines brighter on the hill.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Shouldn't Be Afraid To Leave Me A Comment

I try really hard to entertain you.
While trying at times too learn to write poetry.
Please remember it is difficult at times
To do both.
Peace and try to think green.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dirty Old Man

Always a bun in the oven.
Swollen and fat it is dripping.
Puffed out the smile triggers a reflex
about or around often of.

The button I pull sucking I push deeply in.
Whispers I hear above the clear face
puckered lips.

The moon sits high in the sky it is open.
Knowing that people are there to watch
the pain form as it open stretches.
Watching you dream about the wall street walkers.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Shadow Of God

Wherein his shadow of all shadows is
by wherefore to thee by he
your conscience in the light of God
humanity to thee he projected
behind the conscience is God
his revelation
as required upon the white wall
where your shadow
of human light his rationality
vast space of his mind you projected.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nature Is What We See

Playing children climbing tree's.
Nature is what we see.
As children need their mother's love.
And flying bumble bees.

Babbling brooks and winding streams.
Nature is what we see.
Long rope swings that carry out.
All children as they dream.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Good Bye Love ??

What have you given that I've taken away?
A mixture of pain like feelings that twist.
Once we experienced, feeling's of heaven.
We were childlike and happy, yes even glad-hearted.

But our love like the wind it drifted away.
Seen through my eye's a vision of lies,
thoughts followed rain and I followed love.
Love left unburied, reborn left to die.

In a cloud burst of honey and yellow sunshine,
A thick blanket of snow made a white bed for you. swimming by her
and after swimming to far
by luck their upon her,
I came,
she with another and both.

Building castles from sand
was she,
not with the other, instead.

A monument to some mountain
a forgotten penis,
or from her need.

She mounded,
with her own two hands.

Speaking and still she could
as i watched,
her other turning over, to me.

Have a nice day,
sunny is a smile
and I did,
as she said.

I floated sadly,
away,

smiling to both
my mouth
full of best wishes
and sharp
salty water,
hers/my sad good bye.

James McLain

Greene County Mississippi

In green county Mississippi,
There is a small town called McLain town.
Where on my father's side of the family,
We are from.
Mississippi is almost as backwards as Florida,
The political people are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rap Music

Intelligent educated people don't listen to that crap,
We just put up with the disrespect of women and all else
That it will bring.

Except for dangerous mind's by him I heard
Was music to my ears.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Followed Love

What have you given that I've taken away?
A mixture of pain like feelings that way.
Once we experienced, feeling's of heaven.
We were childlike and happy, yes even glad-hearted.
But our love like the wind it drifted away.
Seen through my eye's a vision of lies,
thoughts followed rain and I followed love.
Love left unburied, reborn left to die.
In a cloud burst of honey and yellow sunshine,
A thick blanket of snow made a white bed for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death From The Sky

Three point three million miles may
Sound far away,
But that's how close we came to being
Struck by an asteroid the other day.

Is this the hand of God, playing football
With us that day.
Some of these would be extinction events
That have happened before they have said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Cannot Stay

Before me walks this a shadow.
Is it yours.
I can not come to close too say.
Crossing over from where
I know you remain.
Oceans of love, play solarium
left behind from before.
Even though in believing.
Passing through,
Deep inside go on believing
and this
you must, answered feeling.
It pulls
you so far off
That I completely staid away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Book I Read Said This Could Happen To Me

Unlike the tempest or the spinning whirlpool
small bits of my mind float away.
Has it been too long my wit, lost words I heard.
Dwelling alone my eyes are filled with tears.
Hurry help me place the leaf back on the tree.

I've seen the numb who cut to feel again.
I look through them now to see the other side.
Dimmer is a world where no one loves to sing.
Doomed to wander witnessed through your dream's
If I have lost all love then quicken me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Was About You

It was about you, you and no one else,
Without the wind there are no moving leaves.
No one else only you, deep in the ground
The roots of one tree without all the limbs and even
Still yet, high in the air is the crown.

but you can and only you will know where you've
Been or what you have felt or still even yet,
What's there in your heart because if you tell again
You will be where you were.

In spite of all you have seen and even now, goes on
Around you,
You will not tell because if you do again without will
And your young age, the pain you endured the long lonely night's
Will come once again but child know you were right.

It was about you that I fought the long fight, despite what you thought
I was always there,
The voice that you heard when you were there it was mine.
My advice at your young age may not feel right, the words that you
Hear those words that you heard,
But in the coming years I think you will know, the words that I spoke
We're only for you.

Because at your age even younger still it was me in your place,
At this, our tender young age, because to another you weren't important.
Ten year's have now passed and even now, it was done for you.

James McLain

Delicious Woman

Woman do not seem overtly or openly.
Hurried today to get married if at all,
and bitterly
of those roots already exclusive to truth.

That society has once again to itself.
How can we undo it again
to take back the tilting balance.
When the wind blows it is difficult.

Strong K-Y is the help where before
open flings the moon of arousal
of these new woman come more completely.

And "the woman" of the gel of these woman
is put in place in order to emphasize.
As for the right end of each couple.

The lesbian to the man never it is not.
When it is not a man sent, fingers dig wells.
You did not tell the artificial truth to competition.
K-Y.....Delicious person wherein, I dwell.

James McLain

Ass Kissing ??

Is where one inserts their tongue
Inside the rectum of someone else to get what
They want from them.
Confessional poetry is admitting to it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Short Message

What's going on?
Wondering why people come here to preach?
Instead of learning how to write poetry.
L.O.L

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Would Impose Your Will On Us If You Could

You would impose your Will on us if you could,
Wouldn't you?

America has over two million people in prison!

Who believe in God now.

Good people do good things, bad people do bad things.

Except it!

Us folks from all over the world believe in different ways.

You must learn to except this.

Cutting our head's off because of a particular belief is just well!

You must live in some fantasy world.

You realize that it takes a village to make a community yes?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gods People

Gods people are always trying to convert
Us,
To their way of thinking.
Making them dictators to their way of thinking.
This is bad news for science
And free thinkers.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Echoes

If I am not.
Nor could I be.
Love's echo,
that one hears.

Cast adrift,
I found no sleep.
Left to long at sea.

What you found
I,
could not bare
lost
again to sight.

One,
sleeps the sleep.
That,
few will sleep.
And so I say goodnight.

James McLain

What Is Oblivion

So,
When we die.
To many think that some alien God,
Will take them into his bosom.

Half of my brain knows that we will
Go to wherever it was that we were at before,
We were born.

We are only now able to speak of this,
While other's take the high road.
The road that leads us all to the fork,
That diverges back to the low road.

We are a God over ants and such though
We kill them, roaches as well.

So,
When we die let it be said that we are
Only flirting with oblivion.

James McLain

Edge

Bent is each crooked straight line.
Looking down at each woman, life is finished.
Even in death, one stands out.
Resting above all the rest.

Her corpse wears the smile of achievement,
illusions have come and gone, it is over.
Dead children reach out,
little hands coiled around cold stone feet.

Breasts filled with sour milk,
vinegar is sipped, each little bud runs empty.
Pulling them back to close to the garden I sit.
And when the weeding it stops,
blooming tonight, sweet magnolias.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Soon I Must Submit

So many stories
have been told about me
I can now recognize
The untreated bipolar women in
Their dangerous manic state's
And how I attract them.

Their plight I have suffered as well
Though my dream's from the Seroquel
I must take or once again like them
I'll become and for men it is jail.

The threat of solitary confinement at
My age could prove fatal due to my unfortunate
Lot of being born in the wrong state, Florida.

I thank my
Mental health case workers I have,
May the care as I age and the care that I need
and my darkest days
that I have and sadness pass them by.

From here on out
I will see my sunset earlier,
From here as I look up at the moon's
last rays of hope.

And more often than not now the shadow of death
I see climb into the window of my room.
The northern clouds without sight now fly south.

And verily yet,
From my hand the sparrows eats crumbs of bread.
Though my heart
Yesterday she said moves side to side in my chest.
I must submit.

As for my unfinished day's,
Can my once strong hand, unnaturally calm,

Have the strength, the iron will to finish it.
Solitude like theirs, when finally it comes is
Should be the end of it.

James McLain

Modern Poetry

Is to get my ideas into main stream Media before the rest
on
mental illness, global warming
new ideas on education,
recognizing the gifted children.

Realize that most people don't have what it takes
to make decisions that
ultimately hurt the rest of humanity.
Developing a better
understanding of human genetic dead ends
so we can weed out racism and the other poison minds.

Implementing a better and more fairer
form of criminal justice.

I mean if they legalize marijuana will you smoke it, though you drink?
Making sure that all of the corrupt politician's
receive mandatory prison sentences
that exceed
those by three fold
that the average citizen would receive.

Legislation on educating the masses on the
far range consequences
of implementing new laws where said laws
are designed
to cause the masses to turn
upon one another as stupid people do.

Helping people understand that the American dream
is predicated on how much money
each year is printed.
Realize that a culture based on violence
instead of knowledge
undermines the concept of sound judgement.

People have more value than a dog or cat
and the concept of the opposite being true is an example
of how convoluted human thought can be.

That science trumps evolution as it does and will.
For if you hold it back then those whom would,
should have no say
or be able to parent children that will grow up to be confused.
One pie two people each get half not one pie will feed
twenty people some one up stairs
will bake the rest.

Do not be offended by the truth you made, become involved
on how to advance the human race.
By being first.

James McLain

Again Soft Rain Will Come

Then there you are in the soft rain,
Every thing smells new all around you.

As the fish in the pond swim all around me,
Frogs to be who are not yet cannot love me.

Cardinals bathe in the smallest of pools,
Happy to sing of life.

The current war will never stop, stopping
Would mean that there's peace.

Those I mean they who watch us from space,
Could careless if we became extinct.

As winter turns into spring and summer to fall,
With no one left here to care.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Hear Her Coming

Oh hurry and see, can't you see she is coming.
And he sits in wait and watches the moon
It is setting.
Up past the stars, down underground,
Here nobodies watching.
He enters slowly, the air opens up,
Moving and stretching.
Could love be the answer, as the bush
Closes around me.
Once as a rose bud, the sky clear and sunny.
Yet here is snow, melting around her
Lips that are full open and pouting, as he
Strains to hear word's that she whispers.
He sheds many tear's over the year's,
The wind softly moaning through all the tree's,
Leaves that when green can feel everything.
Come hurry and see, I think she is coming.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Electric Light's

In the rain as I pass by
the neon lights call out to me
Do I stop or do I go
my girl friends are all like me
We like rich men
not little boys who tell their
mothers where they're going
and what they do.

Now they tell us what to do
saying school will cost too much
and being young,
who gives a damn, we are tight
hard bodied, smart and on the go
Like a sponge I'll take your love.

Making music making rain, electric sights
neon lights make me feel like this
Swallow this and I will swallow what
it takes to make you feel this way
are you a man, are you a man
or are you what you always were
a boy
I won't let us stop until we die.

James McLain

Modesty

When in having or showing a seemingly moderate,
most humble estimate of one's great merits,
and importance, free from ones vanity,
egotism, boastfulness, or greatful pretensions.

When free from ostentation or any showy extravagance.
Can you a modest house,
white washed as new cotton picket fences.

When kind when in having,
or showing a proper regard for the decencies
behavior, speech, long fevered press,
and desert is best served:
when a modest neckline is not seen on that dress.

A demure young chorus girl.

Not being prudish could suggest an exaggerated,
self-conscious proper well fitting form of modesty
or propriety in behavior or lacking in conversation
when one whom like I, being thought of, as you wish
to be thought of,
easily shocked and who more often than not
is thinkingly tolerant.

Could a prudish objection to a harmless remark thus provoke.

When I am loving you, but you never me.

Bold, but coarse.
Often is the bread, when seeing the greenest sea.

I am but a small,
humble, low, slow and meeker version of thee.

A candel light woman.
Bright camera woman,
and a dream for he, comes true.

Can you not find,
this being this your modest of modest styles today.

Can we not be ostentatious or kind of pretentious
without it being unseemingly, not extremely or excessively?

When it is modest and moderate,
decorous and or decent, when coming, I ask this of thee.

Love me and thou be art,
it is most often then, only when found by thee, is modestly.

Keeping due measure of your new found treasure.

It is a concentration of all of your riches,
and often one which is considered lost or forgotten
until being, you it is fire, 'rediscovered.

Of fine ripe women and wine, 'not improper or lewd,
Never once considered, a shrew.

'I will, ' therefore, with only thee...

Being that women adorned in themselves is modesty...

When beechen quickened red buds begin then to swell,
And the woods, far off this woman can see.

Being thus when this is, I have written
on this page.

James McLain

The First Emo Serial Killer

The mirror and I am sadly;
has long since told me all it knew.
The weeping between two truths.
How long my parents knew,
is again another story.

Ambiguous genitalia,
and how my feelings now, are for you.
I am not just a simple cut above the rest.
Nor some fancy hunter of the head, brought to you
in conjunction with the help of N.P.R. or P.B.S.

I am able now to transfer all of my parents rage
into long deep strokes to some one else.
Thinking back to that very first red day, I bathed.
After I found out, they were the second to know.
Males are so much easier.
Closing their eyes, what could they be thinking.

Like a roller coaster goes up and down
a few good times and then right before.
So quick now and efficient am I.
Snip and cut and the skin pulls off.
Bags of fatty yellow marbles, I now collect.
Heavier and heavier does the bag now grow.

Subconsciously how each female and those groans,
lost now forever deep to sweet, each bloody sleep.
Tail bone to bottom button.
Episiotomies become easier and easier and as with
practice even the toughest sails are rent.
Smiles how they grow and grow.
Ambiguous genitalia, I should have been told.
How one hand holds the bag and all thats between
while the other turns a long white skeleton key.

James McLain

Sunset

As you
settle down around me.
I am rising up to greet you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sea Wind

There is a peaceful pool by the sea,
Under watching eyes we dare to meet.
Tonight the moon is full it faced my star.
Could it be the night we meet as waves,
Wash off our feet, where lover's meet.

Do you or you know the sea and wind,
When waves and wind both meet?
The sea grass moves aside in equal halves
As through the sand we walk both side by side.
There is no sound that I don't know waist
Deep inside the sea it warms our soul.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hearts Are As Key's

Hearts are as key's,
You need millions of keys to
Open one up.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Be Kind

In a world of discrimination.
In a world of pain, hate and sorrow.
I hide in their fear.
Their fear is palatable, so much so
In fact,
It can be tasted like the sour taste of the lemon.

Like Bukowski or Keruac I like pissing
In the bushes keeping other dogs at bay.

Finding solence in a smile not meant for me
I smile back.
Have I had a good full life?
That depends on the ignorance of other's.

Have I done regrettable thing's in this life?
Hell no!
I've never ever lied, but I've lived.
Knowledge is my knowing that some won't read what I write.

I have always hated boring people, it's not from being
Intolerant,
It's just that they have probably wasted their life.

James McLain

After She Stopped Came The Rain

After the stop came the rain
it felt gentle on me
and talking a lot I was not.

Her wandering hands
were inside up and down
the whole length
looking for what I was cold.

She could have been a man
as a cold chill
ran part way down my spine.

Some how I thought not to soon
to short for her I hoped.
Here where I'm at
what ever they want to expose.

Then she was cuffed to the curve
in my back
being hard from the rain
her nipples were.

James McLain

Monologue Isn't Poetry

Into the sea I walk,
Unmindful of the approaching storm.
No cover from the thunder clouds
Lightning covers the shore.

She was I and I was she,
She has gone ahead of me I stand.
Monologue isn't poetry,
The sand is cool beneath my feet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Prefrontal Cortex

All together under developed like in life in some if absent.

The damage can adversely affect the ability of a person, to complete the meanest of tasks that are used to evaluate the prefrontal cortex.

This is not mental illness from a situation of wilfull abuse or is it?

Especially those politicians with little if any moral fiber of ethical nature.

Since the social decisions made in this area of the brain,

leaves most unable to identify with them what they call the we, whom suffer from emotional distress, including this irrational fear.

Of minorities and convicted felons being able to vote.

And this causes these people, anxiety, false euphoria, irritability and or continous inappropriate behavior.

Do some research on these people whom can not even kill other people properly.

She the Governor of Oklahoma,

blames his crimes as their justification of their torture of him!

And criminals, sociopaths, drug addicts

and schizophrenia is a personal dicision they treat lightly or not at all.

Like half of U.S. ask to be abused as a child.

If you break the cycle and spare the rod,

the connection between their mouths and the rest of our brains might in it's self be evidence,

of the importanc of this part of the brain they seem to lack

when shooting some one else between the eye's.

James McLain

The Rooster

Do your eyes burn yellow from the sweat?
The stinging thorn of love won't soon forget.
Circled gardens, dreams, seems every path
leads back to where you are, from whence I came.

Maintained wife and playboy kids, facebook pets.
Saving men to bleed on desecrated land.
Being born, before I came, was no safe bet.
Overhead a bullet talking, whispers it's a dream.

Here they come to give up more not ever less.
Hear I am, that rooster others came to crush.
And they have sown and they have sown, enough.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Here Comes Her Lover And He's Gay

When is it fun and a game,
or is it her's insane.
just to keep milking it.
The way,
you do it now.

Look at your hands.
warm and slippery.
Yellow and dripping so wet.
and ever growing
more he is told.

You're fevered and glowing.
All of your faces are so red.
Rejected by him at the prom.
and him by all of you.
Ruffies put by you, in his milk.
He does not drink,
what you might think
he thought you drank.
He is good like milk.
And loved by all,
by you and by most
as he should.

She looks at him now.
Passed out cold.
So how can you now.
Why did you,
and all your friends.
You and the other one
she squeezes,
the brown paper bag.

When one is coming up
each flight of stairs
the mother's always coming down.
And all of you giggle
and *sigh.*

And all of that spilled milk.
Milk all that sweet milk.
Looking around you
it is every where.

It's on your faces,
on your hands.
Yellow are those blouses
you changed
and your skirts,
are soaked as well.

Deep asleep, like a babe.
and yes you were
them knowing,
Now he comes awake again.
And you know by now,
he's in your grip of pain.
And no one seems to care.

Here comes a lover,
that none of you knew.
that a hunk like him
like you could be 'gay'.

And you didn't know, that
all the ones that you want
like he are, 'always gay.
Feeding him all of those ruffies,
like the three of you just did.

You have done in the past.
like all the ones who,
come to school
and brag, 'the next day,
with out any memory
of those nights of the past.
While you keep,
all of those pictures as proof
of your skills.

What do all you think of

your hot selves now.
And even more so vainly now.
As he lays on your couch,
deep fast in rem sleep.
alive in your hands
you moving it right now.
Here comes, his lover
and she is gay.

James McLain

This Rule That Must Apply

Some of us have been here quite a while.
Some of us have learned here how to smile.
Many moon's have come and gone a few of us have died.
For some of us our memories have faded like
A falling leaf gently to the ground.
But I have found a truth and still we write and read
And see each day as new we all have found.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Real Or Fantasy

Her voice is like the ocean breeze,
That moves across the moving waves when I'm alone.
Upon the rocks a wave has crashed the wind
Has tossed the foam.

Beneath a tree I sit and watch and think
It is a dream.
Her kisses are I have been told are deep
Just like the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Both Were Just As Fair

I having looked at both side by side,
In fair weather and in calm.
And neither having the better claim,
Though when I walked that path again,
I saw that one was gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Falling Skys

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James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Falling Sky's

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James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Falling Skies

To be safe from falling fears from the sky.
Drones so high you need a special eye just to see them fly.
Life and death in the palm of his hands,
Coming back around for a second pass.

Freedom is not free what would a dictator know about any of this?
A pound of flesh is a pound the world around.
One of these day's a chip will be in our children's head's.
Numbered like the beast that gives them their daily bread.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

We Don't Have A Life Do We

Chicken scraps the other white meat
Then there's pork can't afford beef.
Some of us live just to eat,
Sometimes we die from,
McDonald's, Burger King or checkers.
We do have a life don't we?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dirty Dog

His dirty dog kept
moving on.

Pissing on what he liked,
but never owned.

He knows they won't
like it either.

So they throw it out.

A dog, 'Bukowski' owned.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Taste Of Fear

Woman do not seem overtly or openly.
Hurried today to get married if at all,
and bitterly
of those roots already exclusive to truth.

That society has once again to itself.
How can we undo it again
to take back the tilting balance.
When the wind blows it is difficult.

Strong K-Y is the help where before
open flings the moon of arousal
of these new woman come more completely.

And "the woman" of the gel of these woman
is put in place in order to emphasize.
As for the right end of each couple.

The lesbian to the man never it is not.
When it is not a man sent, fingers dig wells.
You did not tell the artificial truth to competition.
K-Y.....Delicious person wherein, I dwell.ear's where prior Tennant's, using the
Key that they left with,
Tdo come inside in the darkest of night's.
To steal what they could steal, while I was dead asleep,
Due to my psychotropic medications that I took.
Sometimes I would come awake and here someone inside,
The fear was palatable, the fear you could taste,
Other times I would wake in the morning to find my laptop
Or Kindle fire stolen from my room while I slept.
Each Tennant that they moved in was of course mentally ill,
Few paid their rent, while other's were evicted.

Here at my mother's,
Where I have lived for seven weeks, I have lost already
Fifteen pound's.
My half brother, Robert has lived here nearly fifteen years,
Has paid no rent and has stolen from our mother to support
His thirty five year old crack habit.

He this morning invaded the space where I sleep ranting
And raving,
Having now had no crack for two days.
She my mother and I are on disability and when adult protective
Come she lies to cover such evil up.
Having stolen all and anything of value to buy his crack.

My sixteen year old niece whom with her mother moved out
After having tried
To get a restraining order against him to protect themselves
And my mother who is eighty one.

Yesterday I asked my niece how she indured living here for
Her intire life?
She said that the screaming and yelling from him on mornings
Like today,
Has in the past had given her thoughts of putting antifreeze
In his Gatorade,
Before leaving to work where all that he earned
Was spent on crack.

Hopelessness in this fear one can taste and the taste makes
My stomach sour,
Waiting for an act of violence to break out.
This taste of fear.

James McLain

The Bone

It's not the meat around it,
Dog's don't complain.
Why does God?

Psychopaths need the meat because
The liar won't.
In the barn she hefts it not having
A scale.

A river runs through it, along the
Bush covered bank,
Hidden by trees that completely
Cover it.

Daffodils in bloom, bleeding white sap.
Expectations say, turn away from it.
You peak through the hedges all the green
Leaves in the mist like the tongue
Sticky stuck sticks right to it.

Hypocrites die due to bad luck, look
What you did while making my bed.
Could it possibly be where we are born,
Hiding our heads, while the river runs
Through it.

James McLain

I Think She Knows I'm Coming

Those trees I see I think she knows,
That bushes grow,
There in the woods, the woods are dark
And deep.

No clouds are seen here looking up,
But raining hard I hear a crack as branches
Fall upon the ground,
I think it's time that I turned back
The woods are dark and deep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Is As A Woman Should Be

Eyes as green as Columbian emeralds.
Her nose is small yet straight.
Cheeks as high as the sky and her neck,
Is as long as a river heading out to sea.
With full luscious lips dressed in
Ruby red lipstick.
Ripe are her breasts as firm are melons.
Legs that seem to go on forever.
High arched feet with small perfect toes.
And tastes as an apple and sometimes a peach.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Drought

My eyes are red my skin is dry,
I must not ever cry.
Can I trust you once again to fly
High in the sky.

Hope is what she says it is while
Love is still alive.
A feather once I used to write a letter
To my wife.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sea Was Shallow Once

I cannot see from side to side,
Though my feet are wet.
And even love at times is lost,
Such love we find at times.

Here along the shore the trees
Grow straight and tall.
Bushes with large leaves are green,
The sea can't hide them all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Should This Lady Love Her Mister

Because of it 'we' laughed as nature does so common green.
Realized it is to I became,
such implied there in her favor.

And being left off distant of, but near to her, I thus became.
Whose teeth that flashed, when in the sun as she did show them.
I was drawn inside
to sweet each breath she 'made', as it was
temporary, I inhaled with each profound look, I rediscovered.
Lost then finally found within, dark caves of sound,
so deep,
and smooth, so rich and throaty, singing music all the time.
Never ravaged but by scotch and time and filtered cigarettes.
Though detached always above, I look again below, such is
her undulation, visitation, invisible muscles, 'I' see them moving.
All the time,

Young a woman; on the beach 'she' hurries past us saying,
drawing briefly it aside a red and white, checkered bandanna.
Made it 'said' in 'Kansas' hot a sweating mask, I look beyond her.
Bronzed this body made, I think of poesies, confusing she with her.

'If your woman and the Mister' (wish to take it to the ocean,
does the lady and the Mister)wish to wash it lightly off?
One day in time a grain of sand and foam, 'she did - politely ask '
I decided when next his lightning bolt, when it hit could not be stopped,
certain repercussions of those acute remarks, might thus be lost.
She with her and I, this afternoon could still be, with some help be salvaged.

I concentrated on both, by my seat a well of deep intentions.
With a careful, deeper why, I trust my mind, too find consensus.
Kept thus safe this time, inside I've grown to know, to ponder why.
Wistful is for she/her much and subtle for my this, could be her double.

Once was I, of kind like mind, a person drifts some times so far away,
pulled out of life just like before,
and washed amongst the rocks and foam the wind it blows away.

James McLain

Filled With Star's The Sea

The night and wind that covers me
Soft sand beneath my pillow be.
And sleep eternal waits for thee
Dark clouds my clothes all see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Risk Reward Ratio

Men with vision take risks,
and as such their goals are met.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What By Thee Have I Incurred

As for wine stained habits of each woman
loudly another in the night called out.
Stones in hand, well worn and smooth as so many
monastery leader, of thine sun flowered majority.
Standing up,
looking out/in the window' of the nuns of woman monastery.
Thus called together; As for me all you want what? "
Your one of the other inside each, must I say, hold fast
'that it is the whereabouts of another
and I am through you made unclear.
My vision is blurry,
what by thou, must I now for your sake, endure?
She began from her important heated declaration,
there is a priest "inside sisters us, here me, 'us'
Among them loose is our place now, how many?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bushes And Leaves

Dark and deep and they said that we only must,
But few do.

Green are the leaves on her bush, the moon is full,
For me it's just a dream.

What I was, what I am, you are to me, I grow larger every day
Waiting patiently for night to come so I can once again sleep and
Dream the same dream that I dream every night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where Art Thou

Where art thou, hidden from me behind the bush,
You smile.
River's and stream's that run their course to the seas.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

We Are The Captain Of Our Soul's

No matter what no matter where, needn't we be there?
The cries we hear each night in sleep are those we
We hear and fear!

Oh captain of my soul I am your mate, oh captain
You forgave our misspent year's!
For it's my fear that I must face alone, for you
Must take the wheel and bring us home.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Country Bought A Bicycle

To replace the love he lost.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hard Reality

In a wood that's lush and deep and green I sat,
Looking at a path that leads from left to right.
A single lonely figure that was I, and here the fog
Was moist and warm and white.
Beneath her dress the hem was cold the ice
Around her bush.
The leaves were gone and none were green or even
Brown that could be by us seen.
It once was grassy green the water flowed but now is stilled.
Both day and night and mornings mist,
The evenings equaled stayed until the moon
Rose high and full.
Two paths lay here in the past, a book that's
Read by all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Life Culture And Our Religious Belief's

Enforcement of religious rules where you now live,
Is this something you are comfortable talking about?
Forced to pray every day to a God, whom some few,
Thousands of years ago was an extraterrestrial being!
Forcing you to feel, see and say what they want you
To say, upon pain of death that your life is cheap to them.

I understand your situation is at the very least one
Of deep concern and that your survival and that of your
Children are of Paramount concern to you.
I can't apologize for this a life here on Earth that
You in all fairness should have had.

I have seen all of your good decent thoughts in your lives,
And those of you,
Whom have tried to be decent and good to those total
Stranger's that now live in house's around you.
Being aware of your circumstances, being aware of those
Whom are unaware and forgiving those whom have left
You and your family there on the brink of life and death.
And accepting a life that for other's you would make better
If left to your own devices that some religion's,
Won't allow you to really live.

James McLain

Defeating Death

Would you if you could give up your God's,
If you look old then youth to death you gave away.
Look to he or she that at the end of life when science
Stopped in,
And intervened to live beyond a life too short because
Of death all that was you that went away.
Dylan Thomas went in the end, to where he's at and
Cannot find the river where we swim in and that is what
We are, that's forever gone away.
Would you and you not wish to get it back and start again
To leave a mark on mind and soul?
Old age has left its mark on all the rich and poor to
Suffering how you did before you went away!
So fight the dark live the good life but people are the way
They are, our life when done, this gift we gave away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And I Ask Of You

Of you I ask and is it true?
That love when blind will pass.
Lead me not far off,
A rose no longer red or white is
Yellow now.

I gave thanks for what was mine,
And now look back.
Knowing where you are and how it tastes.
And I ask of you again of you I ask,
Once before the door is closed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Algorithms Interface And Your Children

What is the source of authority,
Is it your God?
How do you know that it feels good if you lie or claim
That you never did it.
Your new God is data, phones and the servers,
It comes along with baggage.
You are now no longer what you once we're, are you?
Google and Facebook are now raising your children,
Soon they will be but one of the billions
Of algorithms as you loose those you love to the net.
And if you hold them back they will turn on you,
As they can no longer get all that they need from from you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

There Are Many Extraterrestrials Races On The Earth

There are over a dozen identified so far on our planet alone.
Most want the people on Earth to see them but
Our Government's due to the technology involved
Want them to remain hidden.
Antarctica,
The many different races wanted to let you know.
That humanity has driven half of all life into extinction,
In the last two hundred years.
They no longer care that humanity has seriously damaged
The planet,
As the planet can heal itself if humanity is finally gone.
What they won't tolerate is the use of nuclear weapons,
On the planet as this would render the planet useless for
Thousands of years.
They've directed comets and asteroids towards Earth in the past,
And can easily do it again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Do Not Go Into That Bright Light

Do no go into that bright light that waits.
For all whom cross that finish line and start
This life again.
Yes it burns,
It becomes us our hands we then hold out.
Be not bitter thus because we waited for the youth
That passed us by to know it once again.
Enlightenment if you avoid the light against the drop
No shadows left against the wall.
To know that if the light's ignored, the speed of
Thought shall take you out to where most wish to go.
From here to the edge to the other side, you reached from such
An instant thought and not the speed of light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Here Once The Grass Was Green

In a wood that's lush and deep and green I sat,
Looking at a path that leads from left to right.
A single lonely figure that was I, and here the fog
Was moist and warm and white.
Beneath her dress the hem was cold the ice
Around her bush.
The leaves were gone and none were green or even
Brown that could be by us seen.
It once was grassy green the water flowed but stilled.
Both day and night and mornings mist,
The evenings equaled stayed until the moon
Rose high and full.
Two paths lay here in the past, a book that's
Read by all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Waiting But For You

Do you hear the bell that I as well could hear?
And laying there beside me here, my love, your heart is dear.
So I say that all is well of life and youth and death it knows,
The times that we both had.
And blind I'm not because your out of sight
Waiting but for you I know your near,
And on seeing you again I'll know for us that all is well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Lady's Bed Is Green

Green eyes,
Green limbs a though in dreams
A belt around her waist.

Green stars the moon no shadows there
Appear upon her walls.
Deep inside the woods are trees the forest
Here it bows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

May Your Next Life Be Better Than This One

Here in this dream state life is not real,
Crossing over while deep in sleep.
Every one here when reading of this has at one point
In their life has once said,
I would not come again to repeat this life again
Because,
My next life could be worse than the one I live now.
This container that is me with a soul, embodied again
Crossing over to where you know not.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Out Beyond Death

Out beyond death right or wrong,
Wait at the edge, I will meet you there.

Where we meet there you will find,
Here is where each soul has found there new container.
Love, contentment the wise here all seek,
Empty the dark minus the spark, hoping they change.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Frozen Light

Frozen light is love the choice is yours,
And the dark unfolds upon it's self to reach inside the test.
As more arrive than leave some come without a soul,
And he and she do good and do not age.
To young and fresh where all are nice and do not ever die,
Being born again to start off where we left.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Karmatic Karma

You can do good on one hand and bad
On the other but stand firm in the middle.

James McLain



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A List Of The Human Beings Whom Died In Florida's Prison's - 2017 - 2018

CASWELL, HAROLD C 0559607/01/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
DAY, MICHAEL B 615307/02/2017 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
FLOWERS, BERNARD B 439207/03/2017 SIF.R.C SOUTH UNIT Accident Closed
(Summary)
CARTER, STANLEY D 416707/05/2017 MADISON C.I. Natural Closed
MORALES, RAMON L 6855407/05/2017 CALHOUN WC Accident Closed (Summary)
THOMAS, ROBERT D 109207/06/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
DAVIS, STANLEY B 152507/06/2017 LAKE C.I. Natural Closed
CAMPBELL, BILLY B 7808507/07/2017 SIF.R.C. Natural Closed
SCHOLTES, RAYMOND W 1911307/08/2017 OKALOOSA C.I. Homicide OPEN-FDLE
HENDERSHOT, RICHARD B 778007/09/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
KIRKLAND, ANTONIO L 1676107/10/2017 CHARLOTTE C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
REED, EDDIE D 197607/11/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
JAMES, TYRONE B 4844507/11/2017 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural Closed
WILSON, TOMMY D 763007/12/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
JONES, BEN D 107507/13/2017 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
BIANCO, GIOVANNI D 9817907/13/2017 SIF.R.C. Natural Closed
FLODA, ANTHONY D 130407/14/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
PISANO, PETER D 0646207/14/2017 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
LUBIN, JEAN D 2869007/15/2017 EVERGLADES C.I. Natural Closed
SMITH, ROBERT D 1272307/16/2017 BAKER C.I. Natural Closed
BATES, GARY D 3943107/16/2017 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
BILLUPS, OMAR L 5076507/17/2017 MARION C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
HILL, JOHN C 0857807/17/2017 MADISON C.I. Homicide Closed (Summary)
LETANOSKY, PAUL D 2646407/18/2017 SIF.R.C. Natural Closed
YOUNG, JOHN D 6106607/19/2017 CFRC-MAIN Natural Closed
HAMLIN, RICHARD D 5065707/22/2017 BLACKWATER C.F. Natural Closed
WRIGHT, JAMIL B 3497107/22/2017 MARTIN C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)
JONES, JAEQUEZ R 6408407/26/2017 SANTA ROSA C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)

ROMAN, EUGENE B 9012707/26/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Suicide Closed (Summary)

RITCHEY, MICHAEL D 0285707/26/2017 TOMOKA C.I. Natural Closed (Summary)
KEENAN, JOHN D 6535107/27/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WEISS, HARRY W 1204707/27/2017 TOMOKA CRC Accident Closed
SMITH, SYLVESTER D 235807/28/2017 MARTIN C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)
COBB, NICOLE D 97144407/29/2017 DOWELL ANNEX Natural Closed

LOGAN, ROBERT 3860708/03/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
BROWN, DAVID 7190908/04/2017 F.R.C. Homicide Closed
BAILEY, JAMES 1333308/04/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ELDER, MARVIN 82830208/06/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
GOLLUB, JOHNY B530008/07/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
GUERRERO, ORWHIN 1023808/08/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
LUCAS, LAMAR 4812408/08/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HALL, NORA 63107808/08/2017 GADSDEN C.F. Natural Closed
EVERITT, KEVIN 8256108/09/2017 WFRFC ANNEX. Natural Closed
JOHNSON, VIVAN 56007408/10/2017 DWELL ANNEX Natural Closed
HENSLEY, JAMES 7523108/10/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
THOMAS, RICKY 22246308/10/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
SOMMERS, SAMUEL YB735008/11/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
TRUITT, WENDALL 1602408/12/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
JOHNSON, ALONZO 81673708/12/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
AKERS, KEVIN Z5465608/14/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MARTINEZ, JORGE 51306608/15/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
CRUZMELENDEZ, LUIS 02223408/15/2017 GULF FORESTRY CAMP Natural OPEN
RUMBLEY, JUSTIN V1431408/17/2017 CHARLOTTE C.I. Natural Closed
WEAVER, SHAWN B549008/19/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BAKER, BERNARD 01625408/19/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
RUSSELL, JEREMY Y1241708/20/2017 DADE C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
VELOZ, JESUS 44996608/21/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WARDLAW, TIMOTHY B014808/23/2017 F.R.C. Natural Closed
MILLS, DAVID 55675208/24/2017 UNION C.I. Natural Closed
MORRIS, JOSEPH 64363408/27/2017 F.R.C SOUTH UNIT Natural Closed
RIVERA, JOSE B0537808/27/2017 BERTY C.I. Natural Closed
CRUZBERRIOS, ANGEL B1552508/29/2017 MARTIN C.I. Accident Closed
(Summary)
WYATT, MICHAEL B5691208/29/2017 POLK C.I. Natural Closed
GREEN, JEROME 01757908/29/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HYATT, CLIFFORD R7916008/29/2017 F.R.C. Natural Closed
FERKIN, JONATHAN T7670608/29/2017 F.R.C. Pending OPEN-INACTIVE
HOUSWERTH, RICHARD B3042908/30/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
LARA, ROLANDO 40058209/03/2017 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN-MDPD
BUZINGHAM, DAVID 98251409/03/2017 GULF C.I.- ANNEX Natural Closed
HART, RICHARD T6307709/03/2017 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
KESSLER, UWE W5372909/04/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BAKER, LAWRENCE ZB660909/04/2017 AVON PARK C.I. Natural Closed
GRIFFIN, MACARTHUR 84803609/04/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BURNSIDE, RONALD 85792409/05/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BARTON, THOMAS A5103009/05/2017 BLACKWATER C.F. Accident Closed

(Summary)

RUSHTON, NORMAN 02819209/07/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HARRIS, HARVEY 09127609/07/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
SMITH, WILLIAM 09795209/08/2017 APALACHEE EAST UNIT Natural Closed
OATS, S. B. 06740809/08/2017 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural Closed
SCHUYLER, SETH 10279809/09/2017 SOUTH BAY C.F. Natural Closed
HUGHES, RONALD 12219209/14/2017 DADE C.I. Natural Closed
BALZAROTTI, VICTOR 07054209/15/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
ERCOLINO, FRANCIS 08749209/15/2017 NWFRC ANNEX. Natural Closed
WATKINS, KENNETH 05426809/18/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
JACKSON, WILLIE 034009809/18/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BROWN, DONALD 046281309/20/2017 CFRC-MAIN Natural Closed
GUEVARRA, MIGUEL 077391609/20/2017 CHARLOTTE C.I. Natural Closed
CORNELIO, JEFFERY 10425709/21/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HAYNES, ANTONEEZE 10225009/22/2017 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
MILLER, GLORIA 084607109/22/2017 DWELL C.I. Natural Closed
BELLOMY, ALFRED 023719009/23/2017 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN-MDPD
HILLARD, LEVOANG 00069009/23/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HARRIS, RUBEN 00384909/24/2017 HOLMES C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)
FORD, WILLIAM 057592209/24/2017 HAMILTON ANNEX Natural OPEN-FDLE
MACKEY, BILLY 081484309/24/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
OTSTOT, BRIAN 04376809/26/2017 NWFRC ANNEX. Homicide OPEN-FDLE
CHARLES, ANDREW 106624509/26/2017 TOMOKA C.I. Undetermined Closed
HINZE, GARY 074400109/26/2017 SIF.R.C SOUTH UNIT Natural OPEN-MDPD
BYRANT, RODNEY 109905709/26/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
INGRAHAM, JOHN 02274709/27/2017 SIF.R.C. Natural Closed
PERKINS, PERRY 02977609/27/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
DAY, PAUL 01426809/28/2017 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
WASHINGTON, JIMMY 06269409/28/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HOLLOMAN, MAURICE 09693009/29/2017 GULF C.I.- ANNEX Accident OPEN-FDLE
JOHNSON, JAMES 01429309/29/2017 CALHOUN C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
VANCE, ROBERT 01315509/29/2017 JACKSON C.I. Homicide OPEN-FDLE
MASON, RYAN 08774510/02/2017 WAKULLA ANNEX Pending OPEN-FDLE
CAMPBELL, BRODRICK 075605510/03/2017 CHARLOTTE C.I. Suicide OPEN-FDLE
ARLINE, KEITH 09399110/02/2017 APALACHEE EAST UNIT Accident OPEN-FDLE
COMBS, ROBERT 011573610/04/2017 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
GORE, DONALD 08315010/06/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ROMAN, ERNEST 082592510/06/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
KELLY, KELVIN 09010910/06/2017 MADISON C.I. Natural Closed
BETANCUR, IVAN 03175310/07/2017 SIF.R.C. Natural Closed
WARNER, MYRL 022476010/09/2017 TOMOKA C.I. Natural Closed
BOONE, MAURICE 00823710/09/2017 SANTA ROSA C.I. Natural OPEN-FDLE

GODSEY, JAMIE 40789 10/11/2017 CHARLOTTE C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)
MONROE, GARY 035502 10/12/2017 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
FLEMING, TAURUS 813738 10/12/2017 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural Closed
BAUER, ERIC 090353 10/12/2017 PALACHEE EAST UNIT Pending OPEN-FDLE
MORENUS, GERALD 092414 10/12/2017 UNION C.I. Natural Closed
RIDLEY, CRAIG 137847 10/12/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
SAXTON, PHILLIP 580299 06/18/2017 CROSS CITY C.I. Natural Closed
WARNER, WILLIAM 046629 10/14/2017 SIF.R.C. Natural Closed
SCOTT, DINO 089818 10/15/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WASHINGTON, MICHAEL 186579 10/17/2017 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
DEMPS, CLARENCE 127925 10/17/2017 WAKULLA ANNEX Accident Closed
(Summary)
DIXON, JOHN 186447 10/17/2017 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
THOMAS, HAROLD 118023 10/18/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Accident Closed
HILL, ROOSEVELT 024433 10/22/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
DAVENPORT, KIRK 849802 10/22/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
SELBY, DANIEL 030495 10/13/2017 UNION C.I. Natural Closed
SCRUGGS, TERRELL 147379 10/23/2017 DADE C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
RAMATOOLA, HAKIM 02005 10/24/2017 MAYO C.I. ANNEX Accident Closed
(Summary)
POSTON, CHRISTOPHER 514776 10/25/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Suicide Closed
(Summary)
SYKES, ELIZABETH 665234 10/27/2017 HERNANDO C.I. Natural Closed (Summary)
EVANS, ARNOLD 625605 10/28/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
FREEMAN, HORACE 079092 10/28/2017 GULF C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)
CHACON, LUIS 338119 10/28/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
CROOKS, GARY 03434 10/29/2017 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
COWDRY, TIMOTHY 803647 10/30/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
DESTEFANIS, VINCENT 645141 10/30/2017 EVERGLADES C.I. Natural OPEN-MDPD
WALDRON, WILLIE 001762 10/30/2017 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural Closed
RYAN, KEVIN 08318 11/01/2017 TURNING POINT CRC Accident Closed (Summary)
HOLLIS, JOHN 113961 11/04/2017 CENTURY C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)
ROSS, RICHARD 148756 11/04/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
CARRION-MENENDEZ, JULIO 096245 11/04/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MONROE, ANDRE 006370 11/07/2017 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
BASTIAN, SARITO 050687 11/07/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BURNS, ROBERT 895229 11/09/2017 BLACKWATER C.F. Natural Closed
JAMES, THOMAS 721202 11/09/2017 SIF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
WASKO, EDWARD 093302 11/09/2017 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MASON, SCOTT 52619 11/09/2017 SANTA ROSA C.I. Suicide Closed (Summary)
SCOTT, MICHAEL 332555 11/10/2017 OKALOOSA C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
JOHNSON, JESSE 011095 11/11/2017 OKALOOSA C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)

BEASLEY, ROBERT 34403 1/12/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HASSMAN, CARTER 58771 1/12/2017 MARTIN C.I. Suicide Closed
CHAPMAN, ROBERT 22156 1/12/2017 SUMTER C.I. Accident Closed
RUSSELL, DONALD 609666 1/13/2017 SOUTH BAY C.F. Natural OPEN-FDLE
PERICOLA, FRANK 00699 1/13/2017 HEFFERSON C.I. Natural Closed
ENGLISH, EVERETT 34089 1/14/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
CARBONE, VINCENT 87929 1/14/2017 SANTA ROSA C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
CHARLESTIN, HERVIOLE 41407 1/15/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MOSCA, RAFFAELE 341452 1/15/2017 BLACKWATER C.F. Accident OPEN-FDLE
FAIRCLOTH, GORDON 708313 1/15/2017 TOMOKA C.I. Natural Closed
BALMASED, GERARDO 43395 1/16/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
TOWSON, JOHNIE 881622 1/16/2017 TAYLOR C.I. Natural Closed
VASALLO, SERGIO 12758 1/17/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
AUSTIN, SIMON 619561 1/17/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MCELROY, GEORGE 053796 1/17/2017 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Accident OPEN-FDLE
ALLEN, MICHAEL 110070 1/17/2017 REENTRY CTR OF OCALA Accident OPEN-FDLE
ROGERS, MICHAEL 20153 1/18/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Undetermined OPEN
PLUMMER, CEDRIC 16321 1/18/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
PARKS, COREY 35965 1/19/2017 BAKER C.I. Undetermined OPEN
FLEMING, RONALD 217393 1/20/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
FOWLER, EZRA 079533 1/22/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
SILVA, SHARIF 49746 1/22/2017 FLORIDA STATE PRISONS Suicide Closed
(Summary)
UTERMARK, CHRISTOPHER 820859 1/23/2017 TAYLOR C.I. Natural Closed
EXUM, KENNETH 474784 1/24/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
COURSON, HARVEY 100345 1/24/2017 WAKULLA C.I. Natural Closed
MULLIS, HERMAN 500405 1/25/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
SANDERS, JAMES 045334 1/26/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
STRICKLAND, LARRY 110845 1/27/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
NICHOLSON, JULIUS 202187 1/28/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MEYER, JACK 123417 1/29/2017 CENTURY C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
KING, WILLIAM 844368 1/29/2017 WAKULLA C.I. Accident Closed
TILLMAN, WAYNE 871623 1/29/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
SINGLETERY, ANTHONY 125546 1/30/2017 HEFFERSON C.I. Accident Closed
HACKLEY, JIMMY 296470 1/30/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MCDONALD, ROY 198656 12/01/2017 FRANKLIN C.I. Accident Closed
BUNCH, ROBERT 165834 12/02/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Accident Closed
ADDISON, CHESTER 072508 12/03/2017 MADISON C.I. Accident Closed
LYNCH, STEVEN 110704 12/03/2017 SANTA ROSA C.I. Natural OPEN
CURRY, DENNIE 164798 12/03/2017 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN-MDPD
PAGE, LARRY 32944 12/04/2017 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BRYSON, MICKEY 129651 12/05/2017 ESP WEST UNIT Accident OPEN-FDLE

GRIM, GARRY 1823 12/06/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WILSON, GARY 69097 12/06/2017 F.R.C. Natural Closed
MILLER, JEFFERY 50891 12/07/2017 CHARLOTTE C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
SAGE, KEVIN 480005 12/08/2017 MARTIN C.I. Accident Closed
PATTERSON, MARVIN 41008 12/09/2017 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
WILLIAMS, ROGER 25334 12/09/2017 KEECHOBEE C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
SPENCE, CHRISTOPHER 01712 12/11/2017 MOKA C.I. Undetermined Closed
(Summary)
PEDROSO-TEJERO, ROBERTO 05102 12/12/2017 MARTIN C.I. Accident Closed
QUILLING, OLENE 09131 12/13/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
PEDRERO, JOE 009362 12/13/2017 CFRC-MAIN Natural Closed
BERRY, ALVIN 051164 12/14/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MARTIN, EUGENE 098071 12/15/2017 FRANKLIN C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)
PORTER, MICHAEL 035333 12/16/2017 SUMTER C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
THOMAS, ROBERT 013652 12/18/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MCWILLIAMS, JAMES 014953 12/19/2017 CFRC-MAIN Suicide Closed (Summary)
BARTHER, MARION 089406 12/19/2017 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Natural Closed
MCKINNEY, SHELDON 097201 12/20/2017 COLUMBIA C.I. Natural Closed
(Summary)
BARNES, JAMES 009623 12/21/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
LYONS, CHARLIE 062386 12/22/2017 PALACHEE EAST UNIT Natural Closed
HOWARD, WILLIAM 042752 12/22/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BROCKWAY, WADE 026886 12/23/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
REFFUSE, MARK 059248 12/24/2017 LAKE C.I. Natural Closed
WILKINSON, PATRICK 081430 12/25/2017 WFRFC MAIN UNIT. Suicide Closed
(Summary)
THOMAS, KEVIN 003460 12/26/2017 MARTIN C.I. Natural Closed
SUMMERS, STEVEN 053890 12/26/2017 BLACKWATER C.F. Natural OPEN
MATOS, ALEXY 071922 12/28/2017 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural Closed
JONES, ROBERT 0634579 12/28/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
THOMAS, BILLY 031600 12/30/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MARTINEZ, ALFREDO 045983 12/30/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WILLIAMS, FREDERICK 022694 12/31/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WITT, GREGORY 0395818 12/31/2017 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
RHUDE, CLARENCE 0884805 12/31/2017 CALHOUN C.I. Natural OPEN
WHITTEY, JAMES 082668 01/01/2018 DESOTO ANNEX Suicide Closed (Summary)
BUTLER, GABRIEL 042627 01/02/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WHELOCK, HAROLD 069817 01/02/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ALLEN, JERRY 043183 01/02/2018 OKALOOSA C.I. Natural OPEN
BOYD, WILLIE 019231 01/04/2018 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural Closed
BEDEAU, JEFF 045468 01/04/2018 EVERGLADES C.I. Natural OPEN-MDPD
SILVA, LUIS 0436169 01/04/2018 HEFFERSON C.I. Accident Closed

SAVARY, STANLEY 5084101/05/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WALKER, RONALD 2112901/06/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
SURIS, JESUS 0688601/06/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HOUK, RAY 4020201/06/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MCGRORTY, JAMES 2910001/06/2018 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Accident Closed
DAVILA-ROSARIO, GILBERTO 7621901/06/2018 HARDEE C.I. Natural Closed
SAUSVILLE, DWAYNE 2019401/07/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BOYD, STEVEN 51990401/07/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
SIMMONS, WILLIAM 4251201/08/2018 EVERGLADES C.I. Natural OPEN-MDPD
CEPHUS, JAMES 0063901/08/2018 GULF C.I.- ANNEX Accident OPEN-FDLE
SURRENCY, STACY 4054701/09/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
PRESSELY, DANIEL 2233601/09/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WILLIAMS, GARY 53850701/09/2018 PALACHEE WEST UNIT Accident OPEN-FDLE
WRIGHT, STEVEN 74940301/10/2018 CALHOUN C.I. Accident Closed
ROLNICK, ALYSE 74043901/10/2018 DWELL ANNEX Natural OPEN-FDLE
FINKLEA, BUSTER 54667201/11/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
KILGORE, DEAN 2931501/11/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
PATRICK, FRANK 06825701/11/2018 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural Closed
WHITE, DAVID 4299501/13/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
CAMEJO, LUIS 41005501/14/2018 BERTY C.I. Natural Closed
POZEK, JAMES 70939301/14/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
THOMPSON, RAYMOND 11076101/15/2018 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural Closed
WHITE, WILLIAM 06704801/15/2018 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
DEAN, CHARLIE 09794201/16/2018 S.F.R.C. Natural Closed
KNOWLES, AUBREY 09886601/17/2018 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN
DEWBERRY, OLIN 91553901/17/2018 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
MAZZO, MARCE 1593401/17/2018 GULF C.I. Suicide Closed (Summary)
CARBONE, JOSEPH 08082501/18/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
CARROLL, CHRISTOPHER 70340201/19/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
STRYKER, EDWARD 68878901/20/2018 OKALOOSA C.I. Accident Closed
MARTINEZ, DANIEL 5179601/20/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
TAYLOR, DAVID 91815601/21/2018 WFRFC ANNEX Accident Closed
CAIN, ROGER 0787201/22/2018 WAKULLA ANNEX Accident Closed (Summary)
TAVERNIER, THOMAS 04584901/22/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ALVAREZ, ALFREDO 08876601/22/2018 HARDEE C.I. Natural OPEN
DETTMAN, CURTIS 73823101/23/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
VELASQUEZ, ALEJANDRO 1422901/23/2018 MARTIN C.I. Accident Closed
(Summary)
GARCIA, HECTOR 41429201/24/2018 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending OPEN
GAMBLE, LACARVIA 1327401/26/2018 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural Closed
HERNANDEZ, MARKO 51496101/28/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
PORATH, THOMAS 0254901/28/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed

AGUILAR-ZARCO, MOISES 0523601/29/2018 GULF C.I. Suicide Closed
HOLMES, TONYE B772602/01/2018 FLORIDA STATE PRISON Natural Closed
HUGHLEY, GEORGE D019602/01/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BROWN, DEONDRE B267402/02/2018 GULF C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
FERNANDEZ, FERNANDO B099902/02/2018 EVERGLADES C.I. Natural OPEN-MDPD
JACKSON, CARL D493402/02/2018 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural Closed
RODRIGUEZ-PACHECO, MIGUEL D073902/02/2018 EVERGLADES C.I. Natural
OPEN-MDPD
DAVIS, WILLIAM D7726502/03/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
REYNOLDS, BRENDA B5254702/03/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ROBERTS, DWIGHT B452202/03/2018 TOMOKA C.I. Undetermined Closed
PEPIN, JOSEPH D357102/03/2018 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
MEHRTENS, RICHARD B3980102/03/2018 UNION C.I. Pending OPEN
REYNOLDS, DUSTIN B5366102/04/2018 BLACKWATER C.F. Accident OPEN
FENLEY, JAMIE H0878702/04/2018 JACKSON C.I. Homicide OPEN-FDLE
BEAIRD, JAMES G1785102/05/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WOODARD, KENNETH B230902/05/2018 COLUMBIA C.I. Natural Closed
VEGA, FERNANDO B221702/05/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BROWN, DAVID D046402/06/2018 DESOTO ANNEX Natural Closed
TAYLOR, ISREAL P1789902/08/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
DUNSON, CLARENCE B6828202/09/2018 WAKULLA C.I. Natural Closed
WASHINGTON, KEITH B769302/09/2018 EVERGLADES C.I. Natural OPEN-FDLE
GROSS, GUSTAVO D9798802/09/2018 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
RAVENELL, JAMES D7614802/09/2018 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural Closed
HUBBARD, FREDERICK D266402/10/2018 BLACKWATER C.F. Accident OPEN
ODOM, CYRIL D7708302/10/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN
RAMEY, JAMES M8955002/10/2018 S.F.R.C. Accident OPEN-MDPD
GREEN, CHRISTOPHER B5127902/11/2018 TAYLOR ANNEX Natural Closed
YOUNG, RICKY B107202/12/2018 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Natural OPEN-FDLE
STANSBURY, NELSON B604902/12/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WYNDS, SELLO W0157502/12/2018 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
GRIFFIN, JOE B5835902/13/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MCCOY, RONALD D7426102/13/2018 FLORIDA STATE PRISON Natural Closed
JOHNSON, JOHNNY D0909502/15/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
THOMAS, JAVARIUS N2816202/15/2018 BLACKWATER C.F. Pending OPEN
SUAH, WALTER M3615802/16/2018 OKALOOSA C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
ERWIN, JAMES D236802/16/2018 SOUTH BAY C.F. Natural OPEN
RICHARDS, GERALD D4328102/18/2018 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
WILLIAMS, LARRY B197902/18/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
CARVER, ARTHUR D550902/18/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BENTON, MICHAEL D4098302/20/2018 JACKSON C.I. Natural Closed
WILSON, JERRY D7863202/21/2018 SUWANNEE C.I. Natural Closed

BENTLEY, TAVARIS 07608102/21/2018 CHARLOTTE C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
MURR, TERRY 02885002/22/2018 WFCR MAIN UNIT. Accident Closed (Summary)
NICKSON, ANDREW 05569502/22/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
DONALD, WILLIAM 0232302/23/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
CRAWFORD, ART 01817402/25/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HICKSON, FRANKIE 04333102/25/2018 DADE C.I. Pending OPEN-MDPD
AMOS, RODNEY 06727202/25/2018 TH of BARSTOWN Natural Closed
MURTAUGH, DAVID 08436902/26/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BISSON, ROBERT 03893602/27/2018 COLUMBIA ANNEX Accident Closed
(Summary)
CARDONAS, JUAN 011655802/28/2018 GULF C.I.- ANNEX Homicide OPEN-FDLE
THIBAUT, RITA 02066802/02/2018 EL.WOMENS RECPN.CTR Natural OPEN-FDLE
DEPEW, THOMAS 01461002/02/2018 Jacksonville Bridge Natural Closed
ACOSTA, DAVID 04147702/03/2018 F.R.C SOUTH UNIT Natural OPEN-SMPD
HAMM, DARRIN 010793102/03/2018 MARION C.I. Undetermined OPEN-FDLE
MELVIN, ANTONY 05282602/04/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
KENT, JARED 01119902/05/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MCFAYDEN, PATRICIA 011003602/05/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
TAYLOR, WALTER 02199802/05/2018 WFCR-SOUTH Natural Closed
THOMPSON, TOMMY 08118802/05/2018 HEFFERSON C.I. Natural Closed
GARGANO, KENNETH 01010202/05/2018 Mayo Work Camp Natural OPEN-FDLE
BREWSTER, GREGORY 07926502/05/2018 BLACKWATER C.F. Natural Closed
PENDER, LEONARD 08972502/07/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
JACKSON, TERRY 051014402/08/2018 LAKE C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
BROWN, FRED 03592502/09/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
SANTOS, AMBROSE 030845102/09/2018 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
DESIR, JIM 010975402/10/2018 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
KNAB, CHARLES 076340802/11/2018 HEFFERSON C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)
FATTON, MICHAEL 010659502/13/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WASHINGTON, EARNEST 07311102/13/2018 M.C.- WEST UNIT Accident OPEN
LESLIE, WILLIAM 05835802/13/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BURNS, STANLEY 03993002/14/2018 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Natural OPEN
WINSTEAD, GLENN 05879102/14/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
RAIMBEAU, JAMES 010195302/15/2018 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
ALEXANDER, ALVIN 04657002/16/2018 OKALOOSA C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)

HINES, CLEVELAND 03018002/17/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ALVAREZ, JUAN 010729502/18/2018 EVERGLADES C.I. Natural OPEN-FDLE
SNIDER, DAMON 0797631602/19/2018 CHARLOTTE C.I. Natural Closed
SMETHURST, CHARLES 011236002/21/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
GREGORY, LARRY 056695702/21/2018 WALTON C.I. Natural Closed
DASSAU, RONNIE 040970302/21/2018 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Natural Closed

HOFFER, CARL 11369 03/21/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MUHAMMAD, AKEEM 193906 03/22/2018 JACKSON C.I. Accident OPEN
JENSEN, PETE 203844 03/22/2018 COLUMBIA C.I. Natural Closed
IVEY, TERRY 095121 03/22/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HICKORY, BRIAN 66089 03/22/2018 DESOTO ANNEX Accident Closed (Summary)
ROBLES, GEREMIAS 174335 03/23/2018 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
WESTON, JOSEPHINE 042370 03/23/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
GREEN, ANTHONY 25656 03/25/2018 WALTON C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
CHAMBERS, THOMAS 037147 03/27/2018 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural Closed
STANLEY, GREGORY 259073 03/28/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WEST, FREDERICK 19101 03/29/2018 GULF C.I.- ANNEX Accident Closed
(Summary)
MANSO, GERARDO 459141 03/29/2018 DADE C.I. Suicide OPEN-FDLE
DORSEY, CHARLES 036001 03/30/2018 CHARLOTTE C.I. Natural OPEN-FDLE
NEALE, RUSSELL 53460 03/30/2018 MAYO C.I. ANNEX Accident Closed
ROGERS, MICHAEL 189321 03/31/2018 PALACHEE EAST UNIT Accident Closed
(Summary)
THOMAS, TIMOTHY 303458 04/01/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending OPEN-FDLE
GARCIA, ARMANDO 576408 04/01/2018 MAYO C.I. ANNEX Natural Closed
MATTHEWS, KITTRELL 303249 04/02/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HAYS, BOBBY 029098 04/04/2018 SANTA ROSA C.I. Natural Closed
BRINSON, DENICE 130658 04/05/2018 DWELL ANNEX Natural OPEN
OLEAR, REGGIE 268618 04/06/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Undetermined OPEN
MCARTHUR, MORRIS 290094 04/07/2018 WFRS ANNEX Accident Closed
UNDERWOOD, ANDREW 123443 04/07/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MCINTYRE, MILTON 805358 04/08/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HARRIS, BRUCE 284489 04/09/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
STANWAY, PETER 76304 04/09/2018 WAKULLA C.I. Natural Closed
BANKS, EDDIE 210551 04/11/2018 M.C.- WEST UNIT Accident Closed (Summary)
STOSSEL, CRAIG 645674 04/11/2018 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Natural OPEN
THOMPSON, SPENCER 11521 04/14/2018 LANCASTER WC Undetermined OPEN
PASSAGE, EDWARD 001986 04/14/2018 WAKULLA C.I. Natural Closed
CUNNINGHAM, WILLIAM 718211 04/14/2018 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural Closed
SHIRLEY, THEODORE 144886 04/16/2018 MAYO C.I. ANNEX Accident Closed
(Summary)
REESE, JOHN 53248 04/17/2018 CFRS-MAIN Suicide Closed (Summary)
OLIVEROS, SERGIO 763040 04/18/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ACCORDINO, CHARLES 158318 04/18/2018 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
TRUBAC, DOUGLAS 135365 04/19/2018 S.F.R.C. Accident OPEN-MDPD
FOLKER, GERALD 00808 04/20/2018 JACKSON C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)
WATERS, EDWARD 050081 04/20/2018 HOLMES C.I. Accident Closed
HALL, GREGORY 073684 04/22/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed

JUSTICE, ERIC ~~168604~~/24/2018 HOLMES C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
CASEY, NATHANIEL ~~4463304~~/26/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
GILYARD, JOE ~~1212704~~/27/2018 DADE C.I. Suicide OPEN-FDLE
BUTLER, MICHAEL ~~34175104~~/27/2018 MAYO C.I. ANNEX Accident Closed
MARLATT, ROGER ~~0575904~~/29/2018 SF.R.C SOUTH UNIT Natural OPEN-MDPD
CLAYSON, ALAN ~~03791704~~/29/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
LAMKIN, ROGER ~~00472704~~/30/2018 MADISON C.I. Accident Closed
TORRES, ALFRED ~~1061704~~/30/2018 AVON PARK C.I. Natural OPEN
WITTENBERG, SHANE ~~0413205~~/01/2018 GRACEVILLE C.F. Suicide Closed
(Summary)

COOPER, JAMES ~~01747705~~/02/2018 SUWANNEE C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)
COOK, RONALD ~~05101605~~/02/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
CALVIN, THOMAS ~~02878505~~/03/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
CARDALI, PAUL ~~45641505~~/03/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HINES, WILLIE ~~04299105~~/04/2018 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
BRECKLE, STEVE ~~0008305~~/04/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
DORISMOND, ANDRE ~~K8430605~~/04/2018 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN
MORRIS, MICHAEL ~~91508505~~/07/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Accident Closed
(Summary)

GREGORY, ARDEN ~~1864805~~/07/2018 BRIDGES OF ORLANDO Accident OPEN-FHP
RIVERA, LUIS ~~15969905~~/09/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Undetermined OPEN
SHUMAN, JAMES ~~05604405~~/09/2018 HOLMES C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
HERNANDEZ, RAMON ~~19270205~~/09/2018 SF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
NOVAK, RONALD ~~35425005~~/10/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Accident Closed
GREEN, WILLIAM ~~1111905~~/10/2018 SANTA ROSA C.I. Natural Closed
SMITH, NATHANIEL ~~11732005~~/15/2018 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
SALADRIGAS, PEDRO ~~00178005~~/16/2018 SF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
BROWN, JOE ~~80816305~~/16/2018 MADISON C.I. Undetermined Closed
SHIRA, DARREN ~~03852405~~/16/2018 COLUMBIA ANNEX Pending OPEN-FDLE
ROCA, JOHN ~~14560605~~/16/2018 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN
DAVIS, PRINCE ~~00611605~~/19/2018 DADE C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
SHEVLIN, FRANCIS ~~16950205~~/19/2018 SF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
STEELMAN, LEONARD ~~36321305~~/19/2018 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending OPEN-FDLE
GILBERT, TONY ~~54068805~~/20/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
HARRIS, WALTER ~~06362805~~/20/2018 UNION C.I. Natural OPEN
ARACENA, LUIS ~~0364305~~/20/2018 DADE C.I. Natural OPEN-FDLE
SHAVERS, LAVONE ~~45091605~~/21/2018 SF.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
FELLS, JESSIE ~~03002705~~/21/2018 NWFRM MAIN UNIT. Natural Closed
HOGAN, ROBERT ~~17723605~~/21/2018 ORLANDO BRIDGE Accident Closed
(Summary)
THURWANGER, PAUL ~~K8622305~~/24/2018 NWFRM MAIN UNIT. Suicide Closed
(Summary)

KRAMER, LARRY 0962605/25/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HAINES, LINDA 22787605/26/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HICKS, BRADFORD 06650905/26/2018 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
JOHNSON, TERRELL 01079605/26/2018 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
HOWARD, VASCO 22069205/26/2018 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
WEATHERBY, JEFFREY 2278505/27/2018 TAYLOR C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
BRIGGS, ROBERT 1515605/28/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
JOHNSON, JAHZWAH 0170405/30/2018 JACKSON C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)

MEDINA, LUIS 01317805/31/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
CLEMON, TIM 04994405/31/2018 R.M.C.- WEST UNIT Natural OPEN
MONTES DE OCA, NELSON 44894806/02/2018 EVERGLADES C.I. Pending OPEN-MDPD
DICKESON, DAVID 00979306/02/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
LELAND, COREY 78723706/03/2018 CENTURY C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
SOLOMON, WILLIE 02614406/03/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MILLER, JOHNNY 09471706/03/2018 CROSS CITY C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
YOUNG, BRUCE 56755106/05/2018 MADISON C.I. Natural Closed
WESTBROOK, JOHN 00775406/06/2018 COLUMBIA C.I. Accident OPEN-FDLE
ROSASSANCHEZ, YHAMPIERRE 54010406/07/2018 TH of Kissimmee Accident Closed
STEPHENS, JESSE 06645706/07/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
DEVNEW, JOSHUA 1606506/07/2018 PALACHEE EAST UNITS Suicide OPEN-FDLE
MCCLENDON, BERNARD 03202006/08/2018 S.F.R.C. Natural OPEN
JOHNSON, MARCUS 33546006/08/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
SMITH, JERELLE 88684606/08/2018 HAMILTON Work Camp Natural OPEN-FDLE
BARBER, HENRY 08716206/10/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BUTLER, BILLY 83666806/10/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WRIGHT, WILLIAM 86566806/12/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ARNOLD, BERT 07923206/12/2018 CFRC-SOUTH Natural Closed
POPE, HARRY 13568606/14/2018 CROSS CITY C.I. Undetermined OPEN-FDLE
WILLIS, TERRY 08716106/16/2018 SUWANNEE C.I. ANNEX Natural Closed
CURRY, OMAR 04365906/18/2018 LAKE C.I. Natural Closed
DANIELS, LARRY 85013606/18/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ALDERMAN, WAYNE 07119506/19/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
YOUNG, ALEX 06657506/19/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ODOM, FREDDIE 02883506/22/2018 BLACKWATER C.F. Natural Closed
RUSSELL, LYNN 33011906/22/2018 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MOORE, WESLEY 22044406/23/2018 CENTURY C.I. Pending OPEN-FDLE
HAGANS, JIJUAN 01973106/24/2018 COLUMBIA C.I. Natural Closed
VESTAL, CHARLES 31293106/24/2018 WAKULLA ANNEX Suicide Closed
RUSSELL, WILLIE 03038806/24/2018 HOLMES C.I. Natural Closed

WILSON, JAMES 06/24/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural OPEN
SIMMONS, JEMAL 06/26/2018 F.R.C SOUTH UNIT Accident Closed
(Summary)
SMITH, VINCENT 06/26/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
QUINONES, ANTHONY 06/26/2018 F.R.C. Accident OPEN-FDLE
HIGGINS, CHESTLEY 06/27/2018 F.R.C. Natural OPEN-MDPD
KLINE, LACY 06/28/2018 CFRC-MAIN Natural Closed
MONTGOMERY, BARRY 06/28/2018 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Accident OPEN
MORGAN, IVAN

James McLain

Narrow Peaks Deep Valleys And Whores

No, it's what I now choose,
Thinking less nor often more watching the
Hospitable get drunk.
It's mostly flat in Florida, Tampa is and was.
Pillow talk went out when beer for liquor I switched,
Switching on or off like a switch.
Getting drunk I invite the whores here in, they used to be
As common as leaves on a tree.
Flatlanders, the ocean and breeze, unable to sell my last only lie,
To drunk to see how to remove her bra in lean time's.
She is as drunk as me and sucks on her straw until the sun
Comes up while I'm asleep.
And I think too of old women, sick of life as death knows before hand
Who's to young to drink from that cup of life.
I am sure I have seen you here, these same men to old to see
you look around and see that I'm no longer here, to that I say Amen.

James McLain



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To The Young Their Dreams Deferred

Dreams, dreams I have forgotten.
Dreams no longer touched, dreams that I no longer
Have, nor posse the will to touch.
Dreams like mine that I once had are
Now but for the young.
One single rose that slowly grew between
My dream and I.
That a boy or girl still have eyes to see with dreams
They still can touch.
The sun is now too hot and bright my eyes yes even
Now as I am looking back, flowing tears in my old age these eye's.
Around me and above me,
Down and deep below me to break from the cold dark, as I even now
Sleep in the arms of the sDreams, dreams I have forgotten.
Dreams no longer touched, dreams that I no longer
Have, nor posse the will to touch.
Dreams like mine that I once had are
Now but for the young.
One single rose that slowly grew between
My dream and I.
That a boy or girl still have eyes to see with dreams
They still can touch.
The sun is now too hot and bright my eyes yes even
Now as I look back, growing tears in my old age these eye's.
Around and above me,
Down and below me to break from the dark, as I even now
Sleep in the arms of my dark cold shadow.
Looking through my misty window and there once was my dream
And how small the flame here burns one candle small.
Looking through my misty window and there once was my dream
And how small the flame here burns one candle small.

James McLain

A Friend Is The Sea Each Night

Alone by the sea at night
The sea is my comfort and friend
Star's above waves come ashore
Soft is the sand as the wind

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have Grown Older

Dreams, dreams forgotten,
Dreams no longer touched, I no longer
Have nor posse the will to touch.
Dreams like mine that I once had are
Now for the young.
One single rose that slowly grew between
Me and my dream,
That a woman still has shading my eyes
The sun is too bright stinging my eyes yes even
Now as I look back wiping the tears from my old eye's.
Around and above me,
Down and below me to break from the dark I now
Sleep in the shadows.
Look through my window there once was my dream
And how small the flame here burns one candle small.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pole To Pole

In the dark of night at the speed of light from edge to edge.
Such beings can stretch out of sight from side to side.
Knowing now what they now know leaves this our God,
A flock asleep when sheep we numbered are.
White feathers cover,
Countless star's each pin of light is flowing down that wraps
Us in his misty colored veil.

Decades pass,
A child arrives and dreams of futures not of future's past.
Men and women,
Wait for them in beds that shadows cast their hearts are dark,
And black.
From one such child,
That has escaped and good his heart this light is seen as being bent
From north to south and felt from pole to pole.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wildwood # 7 & Meth

When a total stranger is moved
Into my room,
Before I ask them if they used Meth, I look at their teeth
And they then lie,
But their teeth always gives them away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Confessional Poetry &

It is a hard thing to write
The things that you do,
To influence a life that's not yours.

What did I want?
I only wanted her so I got her.
Not even a priest especially a priest
Wants to go to heaven a virgin.

Mine didn't so does the boy stay a virgin?
Who even has the audacity to bring it
Back up,
The girls that live in that trailer?

Confessions don't change, unless,
It has changed before Sunday.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wildwood # 6 The Lip

She put the hot end of the crack pipe
In her mouth,
Naturally it became infected,
Henceforth she is known as the lip.

A twelve year old mind in a grown mature body,
Who grinds up against me when ever I
See her.

She is a double negative,
I mean what's a bad place
Like this doing in a bad girl like her.

She whispered in my ear
As she squeezes it
Even olden like you need
To get your thoughts off it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

We Only Get One Mom

Peggye Ann Kochlefl

NOVEMBER 25,1935 - OCTOBER 17,2018

Peggye Ann Kochlefl was born on November 25,1935 in Marshall, NC and passed away on October 17,2018.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Milk It For All It's Worth

Lengthy worm inside the peach such sweet and warmth.
The tree's reaching towards the sky.
Her sister comes to me and gives me wine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nafarious

Is that he of whom too me
You've spoken of?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Somewhere Else I Know

We are here not some where else,
Yet sometimes I feel I'm some where else.
Yes I know you are I'm some where else.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Selflessness

More of that from me you've had than I and
Discerned of mind, no more to me by you is said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wildwood # 5

Shannon is gone, but not until after the flies had gorged themselves,
On the red spot as previously stated in Wildwood # 4.
Charlie is next and is dying and cannot but barely do the things that
Most of you take for granted.

He defecates on himself on a regular basis,
Smell's of fish long since dead and wherever he sits he leaves a smear
Of pungent shit,
That the blow flies roll around in and then try to find entry intoxicated
On what they ate being full and are then slow flying.

Charlie should have long since been placed in one of Florida's decrepit
A.L.F.s
That are well known for underpaid employees whom are of the sort where
An unbiased opinion is that one gets what one pays for.
Being of course leaps and bounds ahead of how Wildwood is run.

If Charlie was a plane he has long since crashed as far as his mind goes.
But hey guess what he gets a check until death does it part from those whom
Collect it and on the first and the third
Most are awakened at two in the morning before they can leave to by drug's and
alcohol.

Law enforcement came less than a month ago and collected from them their
Computer's and files,
I'm certain they think that there is money laundering going on and with nothing
to gain
I'm beginning to think that as well.

James McLain

Wildwood # 4

Placed in the getto by my case worker that I once
Thought my friend.
Isolation was my life at my age, near the end.
Forced interaction with people whom steal, living in fear
While they take my whole check.

My door won't even close so I can have the illusion of safety.
As one room mate threatened the other with a large butcher knife,
This happened before with the same mental health agency.

Graft and corruption by they whom run it, it being here,
And one staff member whom yells at the one's traumatized and
Abused before they ever came here.
Half of the homeless are they whom I speak of, nothing cerebral
About all whom would own us.

confessional poetry,
Is the hardest to write, when one must feel shame in the words
that one writes and I do.

The flies found her moist red spot as,
Shannon had her period today and didn't use a tampon, Shannon
has had several children and all have been taken from her.
Her mental health has deteriorated in the short time she's been here,
they get her check.

Verily the path to quick wealth must lead the corrupt into poverty,
And of those unable to speak thus are yelled at.
While those here like me show compassion to they most in need.

James McLain

The Evil That Men Do

Unto the child evil has and the parents have
Returned unto us as a man evil has.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wildwood # 3

Sarah has wandered off again, today it is raining,
The flies are bad.

This dream if a dream it is, is just as bad so I look back at night,
As if today it is.

Some wet brain homeless man last night tried to blow up
His room next door to me, but now he's gone.

Gone as does the mist that hides the sea and white foamed waves
That have long since a blanket wet have covered me.

Around the door that's not a house the ground is full of phlegm,
The kind that flies can walk across as he once did.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wildwood # 2

Someone else died the other night, there's a ghost in my room.
Of course the homeless stream in and out of Wildwood, most stay
Right up until they have to leave,
Some pay the exorbitant rent the majority leave to spend their check's
On drugs.
Sarah wanders in and out it is difficult keeping track of her, one so
Young, it is sad, it's said that if she continues to wander off that she will be
Sent to the state hospital where over seventy six thousand human beings
Have died since it opened just after the war between the states.
She reminds me of Karen Carpender that's if she lives that long.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wildwood # 1

Is a secret dark place in southern Saint Petersburg.
In a dark cave weary and weak of life some are.
From the streets to here rabid like dog's the one's traumatized
Shake from the noise trapped in a dream most are.
Wildwood like an ant hill those at the top want out, we are sausage's
In the hands of a cook slaving day in and day out.
Some time's the noise comes, like a plane crash where like cord wood
The weak succumb to their weakness.
Drug's and alcohol from the mirror the seas are not close though
He whom can, will rise to the the crash of the wave's.
Yeah though we do we do not, verily one hears through the year's, the beat
Of each heart the hearts of the young and the old.
Thus few know and in knowing each story and verse to each line if it's just,
Like the tune to each winter's song.
But for now Summer's here and it's unbearably hot for me and the flies are
A blight to the flesh.
It is to soon much to soon to name the name of the show, religion like men
Certainly woman are.
In the blink of an eye crossing an unbridged river he does the voice's say,
Long ago Deadwood was and wild but free just as Wildwood is.

James McLain

Lost In The Mist Is The Sea

Where as I am,
The wind on your skin and your hair.
The look in her gaze, the feel of his hand,
Whirlwind the clouds, the moon when it's full
Looking down.
Now the sea each season I miss,
Lost in the mist the wind blowing foam white
On my face,
The sand underfoot each grain that I feel
As soft as the rain on my face.
Lost in the mist, lost from sight though you see.
Lost in the mist is the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Ever Love Thought We

Whatever love thought We

As it is cognizant in behavior,
You have seen.
Even for some after life that has stopped I say
Hello and good by.

If it is the length of a ship, just short of a mast set to sail,
And the bottom, the end to start over again, is not for you to see.
As if it she were smoked and smell's of smoke loved by him,
That you once in life see but not in this life again.

If the either under in the dark things of your path
That if walked the sea again.
Would cling unto you as if right before noon the moon
Is white and full.

Purgatorry that place somewhere are colors glowing
Who they really aren't but are it stays full.
The other side of the room is like the moon it really is
Mixed inside, you really then.

Pricking the fog inside of your head at night when
Your deep in sleep, still I see that it is not you.
Faces sleeping looking into the eye's others caught,
And upon waking trying to remember your face I can not.

James McLain

Anthony Bourdain 1956 - 2018

What did he see that we have all missed?

The liquor he drank or the food that he ate and his moods!

Eloquently were the words being the wordsmith he was, verbal

His pictures of you in his head.

Empathy for you and you and I some he would meet, no heart

They are dead, non-empathic without a soul, knowing at first glance,

Still he would say.

Beautiful people, beautiful day's, beautiful countries, places we'd stay.

Due to our very short life spans that

Govern the wisdom and accumulated knowledge all that we learn,

No matter now how hard that we try we no one person can learn it all.

How many beats a seat at a bar,

Counting the seats each beat of one's heart one can't know, the knowledge

Of our death can never be known.

Such knowledge of this would change everything the few the pure would say

No to this, he would like.

On a Seattle bathroom wall I read,

When having grown older than youth and having survived, I now realize,

after reaching the penticle of success there is no up anymore there's only

Paying your karmatic bill and then checking out.

James McLain

Suicide Is An Option And Why

My depression is as deep and dark and many mile's wide,
As the oceans I've swam, where other's have simply just died.
A little about the mental health professional people I've met
And yes I still see,
Cannot offer to me a safe stable place where
I can live and be free.
Are those like me not worth the investment it takes,
To save these lives in need.
Or let us die and be collected like garbage to be cremated,
Out of sight of thee, as though we were never seen.

Free from threat's, free from harm and from those whom yell
That cause me to shake, where my memory then flees from me.
Some of us need less, other's need more as I am
One of the unfortunate less from me they expect more.

When in talking to them about any of this,
Keeps me under constant threat of being Baker acted.
Leaving me worse off after being released with
Nothing and no where to go.

Worse than that there's nothing left here for me to see!
When being honest about the trauma I've faced
Trauma that other's have faced, trauma they couldn't endure.
Sarah Teasdale, James McLain,
Beyond hope, beyond life and your pity will send me off,
Beyond the dark sky
Out of reach of the light in this hopeless life were you live.

Hang on they say, hang on, while
All here around us other's are leaving now, having it all
Did not to them make any significant difference when if living
My life, I should have left this wretched life much sooner.

So to you I would say that in respect to me, the sky
Is too large and surrounded the dark yes the dark has fallen on me.
Am I a coward for staying too long, I hear the bell tolling my life,
Yes it is ringing for me.

One life is all I repeatedly hear that one and all shall have.
Here alive to live with, what the church and their sins I've endured.
Society has now seen that the suicide rate reflects
Their lack of values on those human beings just like me.
The sky is dark a reflection of me, my sky is dark a reflection on me.

My new case worker took me again to,
Where they want me to live, With people who have harmed a child,
That some will do again, I would just rather man up and let this life go.
Because there's no one whom cares about me.

James McLain

Gentle Death And Sleep

Each night of sleep is long and more oft deep,
Sunrise is short and bitter all to sweet.
That every king,
Has sought to keep and while dreaming
Know to well.

Yes we fear each night will be the last,
And face each night not knowing what it brings.
Dreaming that we ride the growing wave of time,
That brings us back to our familiar shore.

Lip's that move no more our tongue can't speak,
And words we did not write we cannot read.
Mighty is the eight none yet can bend and see behind
A future not yet made.

Never growing old,
The future out of reach and relived in all our pasts.
Gentle death is not to kind to those afraid to live,
Who never loved while once alive while but a host.

James McLain

Fallen

I have fallen,
Guide me to you, a soft landing

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Can Conquer All

If not but for a year then but one day,
To see the setting sun and last rising of the moon
In just one day.
Have you seen the flash that's green and the moon
So large it's red or blue.
Love can be this way to have loved at all,
Than a life where one is old and to never loved at all.
Her profile when her head is turned, her eyes upon
His face when he is looking far away and what it is he has.
Love that's easy fades away, like a cloud that drops no rain,
His hand that moves across her face to catch a falling tear that's
Made of grace.
If not but for a year then but one day,
The knowledge that's not free but free with age.
His compassion for the low that built the rock upon
Upon this Earth he gave away.
Verily then if but not for a year thus but one day.
Love has conquered all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am In Need Of Your Love

I was born in the open, hidden in the clouds,
A shadow on the wall, closer to it all,
I came from snow.
To her the one I speak who tried to pry me loose,
Try once again.
I have lived without a woman's love for far too long,
I am in need.
A confession without priests, the moon and stars,
A bush without green leaves I pressed upon, is like
The tree you once did know and leaned to learn.
Hidden in the clouds, a shadow on your wall,
I came from snow, I am afraid.
To her the one I speak come and try again and I will
Listen to your words inside your world.
I have lived without a woman's love for far too long,
I am in need.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Preschool Children And Ptsd

Before school,
Living in darkness, blood and filth.
Screaming and yelling, back and forth,
The parents do.
Then comes cutting, medications and
Like the seed that springs up other mental health
Problems rear their dark ugly head's.

And you live in denial and or perpetuate
This cycle again, this your pain must be passed
On to your children.
Such as evil seen and heard in the very voice
Overheard by other's but ignored.

And in the head's of the parents I can see at night
When I leave my head and enter the other's through my dreams.
Their dreams are ugly filled with joy,
Getting rid of your children by sending them to school.
And for some, tragedy starts and the mirror of their parents,
Shines forth and must be hidden in our jail's and prison's.

James McLain

Preschool Children And P.T.S.D.

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James McLain

Higher Grammatical Complexity

Grammatical complexity the young must have,
To coexist with their immortality.
The young nimble mind, the mind that swells as
Would a wave that crashes upon your rocky shore.

Teach them no profanity, teach them well, give unto them
Your religious book to learn from and dwell not on beliefs.
A dictionary and encouragement, discipline and self control,
And do not show them death for death's sake to make them hard.

Born from darkness the consciousness a bright light in the womb,
May have arrived just recently, due to death knows before.
Around the Aged thus bring them early-life for life to know as the
Aged in passing know to whence they go.

Grammatical complexity of the seven, three and one, discernment
Grows, starve them not of knowledge, knowledge of and is.
Your own personal sacrifice,
To feed them what they need, not what they want and one in ten,
Then will grow greater than you have or've been or we're.

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James McLain

Religion And Science

Do you believe, believe in a higher intelligence than
We currently possess?
That intelligence that most living today would call God!
Set backs in the past that have been caused by man's
Inability to evolve with their technical advancement of these
Long lost past times?
So many watch, watching what we do now with what we
Now currently have.
Long walking amongst us guided by what they have seen happen
To those not unlike us,
Refusing to intellectually evolve past those few who now control
U.S. the all.
People whom cannot yet be entrusted with the ability to destroy
Our habitat and convince those who amongst us that would believe
That an apple is a banana by merely being told that it is.
If an apple is what a banana is not,
Faithfully knowing,
That both are, such as the moon and the planets are, then you are
In possession of knowing from birth intuitively the difference and impact
Of why their must be religion and what science and those few mind's
Are then capable of.

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If Not But For A Year Then But One Day

If not but for a year then but one day,
To see the setting sun and last rising of the moon
In just one day.
Have you seen the flash that's green and the moon
So large it's red or blue.
Love can be this way to have loved at all,
Than a life where one is old and to never loved at all.
Her profile when her head is turned, her eyes upon
His face when he is looking far away and what it is he has.
Love that's easy fades away, like a cloud that drops no rain,
His hand that moves across her face to catch a falling tear that's
Made of grace.
If not but for a year then but one day,
The knowledge that's not free but free with age.
His compassion for the low that built the rock upon
Upon this Earth he gave away.
Verily then if but not for a year thus but one day.
Love has conquered all.



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The Sweet Hereafter

As I lay here sleeping not yet quite awake,
They the great poets pass by me and some not all
Come in and speak as they shake me.

Some left a mark in their hurried lives, perhaps
Blessed with the gift that gave them insight,
That time would grow short, that winter's arrived.

God's children we all once we're, covered in dew
Like fresh hay, uncut left in the Meadows.
Who left their mark, who left something behind?
Will your name be remembered for being generous and kind?

As I lay sleeping, the great hereafter uncluttered and full,
Filled with candle's the light burning from both ends.
My greastest worry having never of met them, will they
When they meet me, welcome me home or send me out forth
To great you my brethren.



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James McLain

Why We All Must Wear Masks

The mask to deceive those whom we can,
Hiding our eyes from the mirror inside of our soul's.
Evil within, without the mask is exposed,
He or she can then hide behind Satan's face a face
People wear.

The mask some wear at a grave laid rest
In sight, to shed no tears or signs of grief, one must
Be brave.
Let us be judged on what we wear beneath the mask
And see them watch us as their watched as well.

The frown a smile the smile a frown, beneath our cries
Go unheard.
Unashamed amazing Grace is sung the dirt is vile and
Vile we sing a humble song a song that in which we hide.
And miles to walk he said before we sleep and dream
A dream where what once was may then in sleep be other wise.



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James McLain

An Opinion Is Not Poetry

An opinion is not poetry
Poetry reflects the opinion of all.

James McLain



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Death Is The End For Us All

Death is everything to all
It is always near, never that far out of reach.
Some see death as their friend,
Never your friend, never to kind, hands held out
To the weak.

Indifferent to all death is,
Never a frown, never a smile, seeking
A way to get in.
Neither female nor male, gay or straight
Black or white.

Some will take great risks with their lives
And think they have cheated death.
Some have taken no risks and die at school,
Hit by a drunk,
Shot by a cop and by thier own hand will die
Death's never sad.

Death is life,
Living life death is the shadow all fear.
And those who make claim,
To be unafraid, are the people that death seeks out.

Death never gets sick, death has no sick twists,
Pray all you want, call on God if you must.
An extension from death with this knowledge you trust,
Death is the end for us all.

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James McLain

The Change

Preevolved thus at birth one will always come,
To change what is now, that should never have been.
One child looks into and speaks from the mirror,
To see what is there, in and of your reflections.
Youth to the young, old said they are ugly,
In a visit with age
And the smell that they taste, the taste that they see.
Thus a bush that bear's fruit, fruit to the eye
Is there before you not ever seen.
Verily thus at birth when one of them comes,
It's like the snow, in the clouds, falling not rain.
She whom is blind, he cannot see, though deep
In the woods amongst the tallest of trees.
And all the words written that none can read,
From the small number of books, already written.
As the dust of the earth drifts through each hand,
The mind's of the now must be willing to change.



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James McLain

You Will Forget Me

When you forget me and in the future
I am gone.

So much was by us both left unsaid
Neither of us said,
And the root of most regrets are thoughts
In words unspoken said.

When eye's are closed and dreams no more,
And how this is the living know, but through the hopes
Of millions more if their thoughts expressed.

If in life a little more each day our love
Grows dim from lack of want,
And you stop loving me though I'm still me.

Do not leave me for no one you've not met,
In your favorite spot is where I'll sit and watch
Your face for hints of what's to come.

The wind won't cease to blow the leaves will
Always fall,
And love like arrows pierced my heart each night
Once both we had.

Love is not a thought, thought long and hard,
A day, a month, a year flies quickly by.
I felt once as one with thee and you again with me.
A flower sweet you are, a bud a rose, a bush
Through woods that are dark and deep where
We could love and not be seen.
and as long as you live, your love will give me life
without love leaving mine.
When you my love still struggle on forget me.

By The Sea

Come out, come out of the yellow thick snow
Where I am.

High in the sky the yellow warm sun
Felt on your face in deep sleep.

Be not bitter, be not as hard as the tree,
Each bush filled with joy,
Surrounded by leaves, without the sharp
Thorns, full and green.

Hear me, feel me and hurry come out,
Here by the sea,
The sea that we loved where the path takes
Us down to be cleaned.

Washed in the waves next to the place,
Over the dune's where we meet.

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James McLain



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To The Blind That Are Dreaming

Before I was blind there were dreams.
But seeing my dreams
before I could see, depended
on how much you could really see.

Blind before birth,
and what you have asked of me.
Having my, our, hearing dreams-
your perception
is sound, sound that is seen;
left more unsaid about me.

I still see to see in my dreams
as one
where I'm still alive.

What they must contain,
the colors within.
and sound, I can feel: taste
and touch.

To remember one dream
that one special dream, I still dream
when awake I can see,
when my wife I first met
and how she will look forever.

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James McLain

Panties

and i showed her where they show.

i ask her how they work.

she said they would not fit.

i ask her why?

each package was not made

too see like treats.

she 'said'.

i 'said' but on the beach.

i see the ground undergrowth

but then again i don't.

she 'said' the undergrowth

is why you came,

don't you watch the Gardner

clip the bushes, over there.

but all i see at the beach

are miles and miles of trees.

i see her panties, every day

at school.

and laughing,

when i look she shows me more.

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James McLain

I Did Not Love You Because Except That I Loved You

Because I love you without some who'd
Make exceptions,
Because you picked me and not them, now I know
That you love me.
And however, how long either has waited,
My body like yours burns as the fire.

Watching you dance not having been taught
Tightens your hold,
And does not a bush filled with green leaves
Grow even more colder,
Not being surrounded as such a tall tree.

Time changes all, time has changed me
Your key to my heart,
As does a circle in the middle of the storm.

Living our lives, living as one, you have your story
Both loved as one,
And I will die early for smoking Iike some.

I have long loved you, knowing you were the one
And will hate leaving,
Having left you behind while plainly knowing my friend,
Came as the snow
On a cold winter's day even after I'm gone
I did not love you because, except that I loved you.

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James McLain

The Soulless Sea

The soulless sea and all the madness
That is there.
The waves of foam that hides each
Face,
No one's seems to care.

The shorelines made of jagged rock it's
Driven by the wind,
Sprayed, the foam is everywhere.
The Soulless sea of death can't hold them back,
Dark and deep,

Each soul it claims, no mercy for the poorest
Of the poor,
This sea it has no name.

Lightning shows just right before the madness
On each face the sea has claimed.
The screaming wind has covered up each the soul
That madness made.
Over up just yonder past each soul the sea has claimed.

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James McLain

As I Grow Older

Dreams in my youth I had them,
Forgotten now in age.
And those whoms dreams, went
Unrealized, there dreams they had for me.

Like the morning sun, bright and yellow
And at night,
The dark could show to me the star's.
Yet the moon it seemed to me,
It rose and set just you and out of reach.

And like most whom had these dreams
Awake, between my sleep.
In sleep my dreams I had in sleep seemed
As close as dreams could come.
Between me and my dream.

So I look back and it looks back at me, no longer
Dark no longer light, I'm cought here in between.
I started out no older than a man, now as a child,
As I grow older now like you, I can't remember how.

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James McLain

Certain Flaws

When that certain thought comes in
In coming, I retreat.
I lean against a reef it's six feet tall,
And feel as if I wasn't there at all,
My words in life in shame have paid no bills.
I finish without starting,
Having left undignified their precious game.
And if I come again,
From wence I left to know my name, to
Know it not.

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James McLain



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This Subject Concerns Me

I came in,
With the light wrapped around me
No one could see me, as white dove's
Fly high above me.

I go out,
In the dark it surrounds me
Now they can see me, as those whom
Once loved me,
To speak with the next one, who'll
Come back behind me.

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Beware Of These Scammer's

On Jan 31,2018 6: 17 AM, "Susan William" wrote:
MY GOOD FRIEND,

I must thank you once again for your humble reply to my mail. I really appreciate it so much and i am very happy to read from you, well from your respond I'm convinced that the future has a special place for us, if only we could trust each other and also be honest and faithful to each other

Like i told you earlier, i was looking forward to accomplish a particular mission, which my "ex" husband was unlucky to achieve with me, I think with the little you have told me about you, it would be very wise to disclose this secret to you and also tell you my aim and plan. Because it would be of mutual benefit to us and maybe you could be the right person to utilize the opportunity with me, because i believe our knowing each other is the way of God have destiny it

Remember i told you i am an Auditor of my bank and also the Chief of the International Relation Foreign Remittance Unit. Prior to my position here at my bank, i have the opportunity to loot out some amount of money of a deceased customer, whose autopsy result showed that he died as a result of gun shorts by unknown gunmen. As i was her personal accountant officer, before he died and from the account opening records, he did not indicate anybody as his beneficiary next of kin. Since 2008 to date, nobody has come forward as his beneficiary next of kin to administer the fund. The amount in question is the total sum of \$: 14.500,000. (Fourteen Million Five Hundred Thousand USD) .

I can provide all the required legal papers from the British Court to present you as the legal beneficiary to these funds if you would accept to partner with me in this deal. A lot of abandoned money lay around in this bank as a result of abandoned bank accounts, stock holdings, unclaimed life insurance pay-outs and forgotten pension benefits. I will definitely give you comprehensive details on how we would achieve this legally, without going against the laws of the country. Once you reply to me indicating your interest to work with me. I have worked with the bank for several years and have taken time to study the British inheritance claims procedures. I would appreciate it if you would treat this issue with every bit of confidentiality and maturity, putting my integrity foremost, because i wouldn't need any mistakes or regrets. I assure you that you will never regret it if you would take the bold step to partner with me in this deal. It would be wise if

we make every effort not to loose this golden opportunity. This happens in every bank around the world, even in your own country, but people outside the

banking industry do not know this.

The fund will be shared at the ratio of 58% for me,40% for you and 2% will be set aside to cover any expenses and tax in your bank, We will use the fund there in your home country to build companies and for investment which both of us would manage, Please this is an honest request for you and i. i only plead for you to make this transaction a top secret because we do not have to trust anybody unless you and i alone.

Please treat this business proposal with utmost confidentiality and send me the following Information(s)for further application for this transferattach is my picture with bank top officials in a meeting request is blow

1. Full Name,
2. Age
- 3.Address
4. Identification copy
- 5.Nationality
- 6.Occupation

Thanks and best regards.

SawsanM Sc.(ECONS)

Telephone: +

NOTE:Do Not Call Me You Can SMS me, Because Bank set security to monitor every member of the Bank,Thanks for your understanding number.

NOTE: I do not entertain nasty comments especially when it is for nude and things that are immoral.

Best Regards,

Susan William

James McLain

Advice To A Young Boy

Though her lip's be full
Green leaves
Being a boy not a man
There is time
Though her hands are
As soft as silk
Go to the well in your yard
Young and full with truth
Words from her mouth
Burn as fire
And ice in her breast's
Young, my lad
There is no desire like waiting
A friend to you
When your alone and you think
Lad it's only advice to a boy

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Simple Man

Mama's Gone, I've lost my friend
She ran the race oh yeah, she fought the fight
Now mama's gone, I've never seen my dad
She never spoke a single bad word,
In her whole life"

I knew she knew,
I lived fast and perhaps a bit to loose
And of all the smiling women who'd break my heart
Caught up in each song, she'd speak of God"

So if you can, mama said be kind to your fellow man
Be kind to all the women who'd hold your hand
Mama's gone, her pictures on the wall above my bed
And I won't be what other's need me to be"

Love and happiness, satisfaction, hope you understand
And never lust after women who have men
Read the good book, PoemHunter.com
And what it means to those who are wiser still"

Mama's gone now and boy so yes I will
Remember that money is the root of all that's bad
And their are women who'd take that root
Mama's gone and her song has made us strong"

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James McLain

Why Do Some Poets Stay Hidden

Why do some poets stay hidden?
Restraining orders aren't good are they,
To those with evil in their hearts.
And sometimes the very act of getting one,
Sends the other right over the edge.
Usually those that stay hidden are not
Mentally defective, with OCD or wrestle with
Issues of power and control.
When lip's move, the ear duct closes and the
Filter from mouth through the brain is missing.
I sometimes think that some here are from a country,
Where if discovered they are killed, but I doubt it.
Do you perhaps have a family member that can never
Be quiet, mouth always running.
Hot air expelled from the mouth, while the toilet they
Sit on sucks your insides out,
Thinking on this makes me think that I digress.
Wondering why some poets stay hidden.



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I Remember

By the time I was twelve she assumed
It has not been eaten,
Eaten by those whom liked to eat.
As soft and as pliable as a tongue once was
Youth is,
To feel pain was not in our young thoughts.
We didn't have shoe's, not out of need
But what's necessity?
Tree trunks, but what of color specifically,
And pretty green bushes, with thorns.
There were other times where we forgot
And as wound up as tight as a spring,
The handle time forgot when then released.
And on her breasts chalk
Was mixed with snow, one could think we were English.
Her door with numbers,
Was painted red and mine was purple and blue.

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Letter's From The Sky

Can letter's like tear's rain down from the sky
As I look up, you turn away.
How will I know if I set you free,
Do you feel like me, that forever our love is gone?
I was made I thought you knew,
To kiss your lips, no other lip's have I ever kissed.
I had you and you had me,
Together in life throughout these night's.
Can you see that far off star grow even closer
I look now,
Just to fall into the darkest part of the sea.
Can you wait as I watch,
Everyone's coming to see just what I've lost
Begging off
To be what you wanted me to be, time is short
And space is lost fading far away.
I've lived up to what you wanted from me, turn and
Look what's left of me, as I fade away.
In my dreams when deep in sleep, your coming back
To set me free,
Cause letter's like my salty tear's are falling from
The sky.

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Love Is A Phallus

She or he would say,
Confessions in the middle meet
The eye.
Some will in the storm ride out and
Meet at night.
The point may hit the heart, it won't retreat
Nor miss the mark.

Is it odd, the pot of gold is warm on either
Side,
Or being color blind
An abstract word is missed for lack of sight.
Then the base is not the end love,
For you and I.
As the shadow on the wall moves up and down
Without a cause.

The surf, the wind, the sand is where I make my stand
As I am her just cause,
And her claim to fame is not a shallow cave, nor on
The rock's.
Tossed as foam no helmet worn, swallows come
And go.

And oysters fresh adorn my lips, their meat I gulp
Down whole.
Drunk's two kissing in the night the moon is full,
The stars are out the sun has set,
And the phallic shape sits in her hands, forgotten
Names.
Leaves parting as the bush on fire, the wind blows
On our necks,
I will wait for your reply.

Obsessive Compulsive Disorder

I've watched,
You through your mirrored window
And I'll break in to watch you sleep.
Then I'll clean and wash,
And fold your dirty laundry.
OCD.

James McLain



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The Man Down The Hall

Shoes polished,
Pointed left inside of daddies room
Where I would hide.
There where few would moan and
And fewer were the words I understood.
Clapping hands,
That led me off to sleep where I would dream
About a key, I could possess.
Chocolate chip vanilla skin each night
It was the same to be possessed.
Do not be confused with all the noise,
That was not heard and the silence was so loud
That I would quiver and I'd shake.
Daddies shoes polished pointing left outside
My room.
Roaming was a hand,
Over bushes without leaves in a forest I could
Feel about the tree's.



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Final Destination

Before there was,
What is today the past was not
The future is.
Tomorrow formed from former
Dreams,
In sleep most have forgot.

The rift in space and time not seen
Not yet,
Around beneath my head.
I lived and breathed before you were
And self aware.

Yet when I slept, I dreamt of you and
Where we met before.
To go and be as once again to dream
That dream no more.

The mist the dawn has changed the night's
We're warm,
The day's were long and they were cold.
Your final destination,
Is the place you were before in dreams
I'm certain this you know.

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Theresa Hair

Theresa,
After love the glitter of youth
It fades.

Where once there was magic,
Those miracles as they once we're.
Neither you nor I,
Or he and you trying to do, when
We were young, what the young do today.

Growing up, it going away, you now live
Further away from the sea.
Your beauty was even then like the wind,
Now gone.
Blown away, each year like the winter leaves,
Laying face up in the snow.

Love is the bush round and full of green leaves,
While worry's a place
A state of mind, it is as strong as the tree.
Separate rooms, separate mind's, change
Like the tide throughout time.

And you like I wish to be safe,
Safe from the unknown, free from each storm.
Wiser to be, bitterness unseen, knowing
It may form inside of your heart,
Beating each beat,
As you cry each night before sleep.

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Her Vibrator

Like an addiction to marijuana or crack.
Up on the shelf your hands shaking take it down.
It is pliable brown it is oiled french and soft.
It is as if you, breathing heavy last left it.
It is as clean as the rain that softly comes down.
It is like two car's on a bridges that never meet.
Your home work that is late or never gets done.
Always there when you're nervous and hurriedly need it.
Supple it is and it's hum is made up of your guttural sounds.
You sleep more soundly, love is full all around you.
Inside the cocoon where it floats like two butterfly's.
Worries float away, each wave is more intense than the last.
The thing I like about it the best is that I never need a man.
Falling asleep without any mess I'm ready neat come morning.
You can stop telling lies because I know that you have one.

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The Telephone

Even as I speak you are asleep,
The telephone.
As weary as you are, yet you still listen
To my voice,
And I can hear the women down the hall,
Where the music that she plays is soft and
Pleasant to the ear, the moon and stars.
I can hear your eyes begin to droop, a lullaby.
A monotone my voice, your dreams are mine
About yourself.
The telephone is used because in love, were
Far apart.
Halley's comet will pass by, but we're asleep
In our soft bed,
And many mile's apart in time untill you have
To wait, the telephone.

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Cricket Haiku

Theres a cricket in
My room with two back healthy
Leg's and it sings.

James McLain



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Going Naked Into The Dark Night

From where we came, we know not,
Going naked Into the dark night!
Like a man without air, without cloud's
In the sky, unseen when death comes but it's there.

There are now but a few numbered day's,
A head full of hair now it's gone,
While other's have more hair than their day's, day's
That will turn into night.
Night's that are dark, night's without light, light
That once burned bright in the breast.

Once when a child was a fool, yet the fool
Now a man having long life, knows the price for their
Life is the dark,
Death can now knock on each door, good or bad.
Aware in the mind such will know, knowledge for the king
Knowledge to the poor, the night is as long as before.

Gravely I'll, sound in mind, each gives way to the night
It will be long,
Struggling for breath afraid of the dark, knowing that life
Soon is gone.
To die in the light with eye's closed.
All go naked, naked as when born, naked in the knowledge
Of death.

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Men In Black

In a Florida prison
From the small slit of my milky plastic window
I watch inmates not convict's, hang the razor wire they fall into
And then are beaten by the convict's for their
Cowardly behavior.

There are no rivers here at the edge of the black water swamp,
Stagnant and filthy,
As are the minds of so many of the people housed here.

For to many here beyond redemption, beyond hope, knowing
Release for those few will be a painful death.
As the punk's rifle with a.i.d.s. lure those of low moral fiber,
Line up in the dawn of moon night and grunt,
Their lives away

Those whom wish to do what's right are as deer,
To those who prey upon the meek.
And here upon this patch of Earth the meek are
Torn and cut like Jesus Christ.

To the right, and left are hopeless men and hopeless men are ice
Glazed eyes the color of the clay, inside the pen.
Black Snuff-colored uniforms give rise to hopeless lives.

The dead are never seen released from custody in body bags,
Out yonder in the south pour forth the dead.
Broken black and blue and thin blue coats black shoes, and your
Trapped here a living hell,
Designed by evil men who prey on hopeless men, can heaven wait?

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Go Out Into The World

Go out into the cold cruel world and show no fear
And be not seen afraid.
Despair not of what evil does in dark not
Light of day.
In your heart of hearts a kind shown smile,
Turn not away.
This world is now by few a world not made,
A world away!
Drive,
Ambition forged in fire and love what's good not hate,
Beauty seen by thoughts that see what good men
Like you make.
Children are not what they seem, compassion, no
Not strife but strive they must.
Judge not what's not seen inside your heart, a heart
That beats
Or else, your dreams will fade into that mist from which
You came.



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She's Eighty Three And Fading Fast

She's eighty three and fading fast,
My mother is.
A deamon lives here, a son of hers,
He is a half brother to me.

Fifty five,
And smoking crack, for thirty five year's.
He has gone through her reverse mortgage,
And most of her income each month.

His screaming and yelling causes us both
To shake,
Under duress to give him the Key's to her car.
After his last assault on me, five day's past,
A.P.I.from D.C.F.
With a female law enforcement officer came here.

At which time I discovered that her insurance hasn't
Been paid since April past of last year,
He who's on crack has known this of her, but screams
And yells to give him the keys to her town car.
And at certain times, forces her to drive over for him
To again buy crack.

She now stays in bed twenty two hours a day, while the largo
Police knowing of this,
Have as yet done nothing at all and possibly will want me to leave
Giving him unfettered access to what she has left.
She invited me here seven months ago, after my sister left with
Her own daughter out of fear of attacks from him.
What a toll that underlying mental illness has had on the whole family.

The very cause that left untreated causes most to become alcoholics,
And abuse other drug's at the heavy expense of the families.
And law enforcement here know it but are waiting for him to do something
Worse, to main and harm those of us, who care what happens to
Our mother.
She is here today and gone the other, the crack addict doesn't want her
To see her doctor,

Having not seen her since I've been here.

So remember women and men who think they are good and take no action,
When having knowledge of those being abused.
These women and men are worse than those committing the abuse!

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Courage

Without courage,
Many have hidden from death, to face it's last beat
Knowing without you, life marched on living right past you.
Wherever you are at today once the past,
Stanch in your chest beats a heart beat, that
Bullets and bombs, with courage can't reach.

Weakness to chance wild sexy woman and
Women whom seek the dangerous man's not a flaw!
Courage you'll need, when standing alone against
That blood stained wall, any can see bullet riddled.
To keep her single child alive she swallowed her pride,
Knowing the line went on and seemed endless.

Many of us in great times of stress relied on the depths
Of our deep dark depression,
Or manic and blurry on top of the cloud's, the world faster
Spinning with too many words.
And having the courage to face mental illness, defined by those
Whom still stay hidden and will never face you.

Later,
If you are one of the lucky, facing old age and laying
Still from a stroke, unable to speak an unnatural condition,
Will your courage desert you,
and in leaving behind a living will so death can then find you?
Or being that one wordsmith as so many poets, living before you
Left being young, was it courage turning their back,
That to many here know not what that has caused it.

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An Unjust Law Is No Law At All

An unjust law is no law at all allowed
By the few not for all.
Who are you who would care,
If but by them your full potential is kept
Out of reach from woman and man or child!

Thus a book that is burned their resounding
Words are not kept nor spoken out loud.
Hiding from mobs kept in the dark filthy rain,
Morally blind to it's call.

Ask any child, read it out loud, unduly influenced
A stream to a river, a river to the sea, if it's true course
Is allowed,
Covered not over as now most are by each damn!

We all hear about the greatness of our humanity,
To resist what's not right,
Giving up not to fight greatness never achieved
Or allowed.

Help ease my mind with Grace and like mind, up from
The past where still we are at.
The harder one work's, the tired one becomes, just to recover
What one has lost,
Taken for granted to get up and do it again.

One knows what is right, one knows what is wrong, by
Keeping us all in their fear,
To believe and pass on, that a law that's not right
Can't be wrong.
To die in the right is the light in the dark men deserve.

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Extraterrestrial And Human D.N.A.

Humanity has unique traits that extraterrestrials don't have!
Though they can bend both space and time all of their closeness,
With us is still a large black ocean apart.

Human beings are still very violent, with billion's more still attached
To religion!
Current technologies exist to allow genetic manipulation with primate's
And other animals.

Though their blood color could be green and or blue and other shades
Of different hue's.
They have over thousands of years,
Identified specific Gene's, like downs syndrome, autism and other mental
Health disorders.
Leaving them bottle necked concerning their own genetic make up.

In ancient history it was easier to abduct stray human beings, trying to
manipulate
And isolate human D.N.A.
In an attempt to broaden their own self imposed isolation.
They have attempted to advance most industrial nation's, by remote viewing and
Leaving on purpose certain aspects of their technologies to further hurry us
along.

Because of America's claim that all life is important, while providing access to
Obortions and their continued position on discrimination,
Most extraterrestrials have attempted to advance other countries.
Keeping America from a monopoly on weaponizing all of their technologies,
After all,
You wouldn't take the D.N.A. from a chimpanzee and splice it with yours, now
would you?

All extreamly advanced extraterrestrials have after surviving what our own world
Is currently going through,
Have managed to eliminate wealth barriers and religion, while pursuing a single
Race surviving position.

Most heads of state and even the pope, Jewish leader's and Muslims as well,
Know that these radical religious beliefs would make murderous attempts to

eliminate
And kill them.

So look in the mirror and tell me the truth,
Would you with their help still stay in your cave's, or come out in the open to
share
Limitless opportunities?

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The Night Is All To Long

Each night of sleep is long and more oft deep,
Sunrise is short and bitter all to sweet.
That every king,
Has sought to keep and while dreaming
Know to well.

Yes we fear each night will be the last,
And face each night not knowing what it brings.
Dreaming that we ride the growing wave of time,
That brings us back to our familiar shore.

Lip's that move no more our tongue can't speak,
And words we did not write we cannot read.
Mighty is the eight none yet can bend and see behind
A future not yet made.

Never growing old,
The future out of reach and relived in all our pasts.
Gentle death is not to kind to those afraid to live,
Who never loved while once alive while but a host.

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Extraterrestrials

Extraterrestrials,
The ignorant call them God's,
As above all life here, we are.
Their trumpets some have heard,
Around the world.
Abducted by a word, each rapture does.
No money do they need to have, having
Need for gold, a conductor to run their ship's.
Some can breath our air, their blood
Is red,
And green as leaves around the bush,
They have no need for tree's.
Some races have a hive collective, other's
Are but renegade's,
But most of those that you call God's,
Use telepathy.
Advanced in their specific ways, they could
Kill us all if we allowed.
Being pagan's as you are to think we're speacial
When we are inside their dish.
Some bend space and time to revisit us each
Time,
While other's pass around the world to see each
Jesus die as we are promised thus to do.
To mix our D.N.A.
To advance I mean evolve us past revenge,
They cover up other worldly life or you'll freak out!
Some want to abuse you as you've abused your life,
Primative as primate's, living in your cave's.
Thinking they're your God's, do they have soul's?
Permission we must get to raise Einstein's,
The few they we can raise, like you and your Jesus Crist.
They don't mean to haunt you in your dreams,
Where deep in sleep you let it go.
Soon they will appear and to those who don't believe,
Will hide on hands and knees and pray to GOD'S.
That you will then believe the time is near for you to say,
Is rapture real,
That time existed long before the world, that we've destroyed

But they can wait and come again,
And see what we have then become or stay inside the cave's.
Where once we we're,
We've wiped out more life than now presently exists.
Aren't you proud?

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And Even After Death

Even after death,
Remember what all whom have
In love have said.

Per chance the rest forget,
When living stayed unsaid.
For I am not, above below
An underworld.

And as the year's in sleep
Go by,
Of a love like that I had, to listen
As I wait, to they I also hear.

And will your soul remember
What I was and what we shared?

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Dark Woods Yellow Water

His woods burn dark hot
And powerful.
The tree's have broad tops
That are sharp and winged.
As if they were named Ariel.

Green moss drips yellow water
Drop by drop,
Inside out their curved beards.
Old and new are entwined, together
Apart, as if green each bush is.

Water yellow,
Flows from her thick with fish.
Tadpoles and frogs,
Stuck in the necks of the storks.

Snakes large and larger still,
Where any could see, no one does
Or nothing of this is spoken of,
Because.

Smooth and round the hall in length
Is,
Feeling the squirts, fifteen or twenty,
Each time, flowing from
Away into the yellow swamp water.

Roots twist into thick, callused,
Bruised flesh.
Mirrored in the warm, humid air.

Shaped as if an hourglass,
Caught in between, the middle.
Going in and out,
Are the long dark salamanders.

James McLain

Static White Noise

Ever since we can remember the static white noise in our head's.
A voice one for each,
Most some here I know now, have more than one or so I think.

Conflicts arise, conflicts abate who am I to judge or to take,
To make you take pills to lesson the pain, I can't see your face.
High in the sky,
Twenty four seven, hundreds of planes fly in different directions.
And they not from here fly around unimpeded.

Static white noise made to distract you thinking in sleep, moving
Pictures that haunt you.
As here in America most grow even poorer to tired to think and
Some haven't seen the heavenly star's,
For the pain that two voices fight for control inside of your head's.

Half cannot see or even now feel it, the noise blocking out and the
Thoughts that went with it.
There are but few a few that they know of that suffer not one way
Or can think for another.

Out in the ocean not far from the sea a stream forms a river, that
Allows one to sleep.
Free from the noise, deep in a dream where the few who once knew,
Without fear can cross over.

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Uncertainty

Uncertainty,
Misconceptions about what you feel and why?
Apart from the whole, when you are.
When next we see the sun, winter is here,
Falling right off, it fell.
And tomorrow will come and it will, alive those
Are will be!
There will be what there is and something more,
Perhaps to feel and know something else.
A second chance to do what should have been
Done, the day before.
The skies are to busy now to separate us from
Then, knowing already who they are.
Uncertainty about tomorrow are you well?
Not sick or in an unfortunate accident, unforeseen.
Uncertain about compassion, he said and empathy,
What does the voice inside of your head tell you?
And having their lies never pass from your lips,
Uncertain of what to say, while you worry about that
Which you have control of but you let pass.
Uncertainty,
Misconceptions of what is real but yet has yet come
To pass,
And humanity will thinking it must feel what's not real
That but for a few come to pass.

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Winter In The Snow

Yellow snow not white that stained my gown,
I can taste each tear that's filled with love.
The plain is flat, the tree's are tall and fit as if,
A glove upon my hand, the feeling is.
Each night I dream in song and note - 110 mhz,
It moves a body so the snow is white about the bush.
But I loved the sea to much the ocean more,
As the coffee that you drink instead of tea with cream.

But life for me like you was all to much, the oven
Opened up and I gave in to follow up, it wasn't green.
Each sphere each planet has a song to sing, I know
There is,
I can here them come, underfoot the snow is dirty
White, the ground is full of people that I meet instead of you.
Blood clots, there's no need for hope that blood
Will reach my brain.
Nurses enter with a guest and I don't know there name's,
Of the seasons for.
Rubber shoes once mine sit by the door and it grows warm,
Snow once white, now yellow stains my gown.

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Humanity

From the dawn of the beginning, the ordinary
When now to many as one race, to count as one.
Destiny was then as Fate and our death's
To few were friends.

A longer blade a knife your son, remembered
From the dreams of those that would.
A coward under fire can't take the life of one
Who could.

Control of human beings means less control,
Condemned to serve a human not themselves.
I burn to know before I leave and other's die
That useless death to give what they can't give.

And what of hell?
Impaled upon the beast it's seven horns,
And of hell it sways them not, what does it say
About their only God?

In a land of law's that do not work, to keep
Each human down,
Who sacrifice their children's fate, who lay it
On the people,
Who are tired and weak to know what Judge's don't.

Stoney eyed,
U.S. human beings are forced to sit and wait.
In a bar to open late,
When the future it is said our fate, when every
Baby born will know it's future not it's fate.

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James McLain

Us And Them

Them and us, yes, them, and us,
And then, was not to them
What was long thought of them.

Models seen, but not heard,
Really there.
Then there what of that, that one hears,
When leaving the body and coming back.

It was as if she, he though, thinking
To stop speaking back.
Three inch door's, thick and hot,
Was speaking to me.

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From A Stream The Color Glowed

When your church upon the hill,
High up on the hill where he would preach.
Being poor would never reach,
And in death,
He could not even save their soul's.

And thus of all not seen,
In light or dark
Being young where they would go.

And from a stream the color glowed,
In hues of black or gold.
Lightning in the sky at night,
The moon in reach so full.

Consensus as it daily grew,
Some a few that many knew.
A secret there's a secret kept,
Of all the boy's and girl's.

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..... She Is Afraid He Is Tired

Wherever you are he is there,
His heart tied to your soul, he is tired.
Your heart that he made with,
Hands passage of time, is the history,
We made loved then erased.
Loving inside of the face of the sun,
Face to face, cheek to cheek, the full moon.
Lost in her shadow, her eyes and her smile,
Forever lost gone without more had we,
Lived in a house made of glass and
God's love, pass in the green in the grass
And yes love my lass, you now are afraid
He is tired.

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Swallows Travel In And Out

Swallows travel in and out,
And other's places that you know.
Wing's spread wide bearing all,
To that place that men know well.

Underneath or there above like
Perfume in the wind, around one's head.
Where it is it and you are you and
I have been around there to.

Where mushrooms grow where it is dark,
And rain has been there to.
Above a cloud that's really low, where here
The sun shines through.

Flying through her finger tips, each swallow
Travels in and out.
And there out yonder over hills, we see
The swallow like the moon at night,
Do what swallows will.

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You Can't Be Bitter Sweet

Can't he and she, he said, by a well
There he stopped and said
Find the light through the night and
"Night was said to often seen through
A glass that was made.
Still, there is day and still equal night's as
If I would be, what is the flame, the heat
And their sun to be, what it is that you are!

At night she did what he very said, what she did,
But she did as he said and all with the,
Should be write, ethics are!
Greet me here as there as verily to she that he said.

In the dawn when we run, other's there as well,
You saw in the night.
Thinking now as to then and learnt to he and verily be
It seems to show as of now.

And even then at age Eleven and ten that I was,
We're you naught?
Nothing but the moon
so full, that she said was full forever it seemed
Did it not?

They, all dressed in black who did to do one would
Think or not, to think in life at all,
On his or her knees, both that float above the
Living pain.

Opened like day, it's open to she to his touch
And even now, partly why!
After all it was them in the act, what act
You see are acting what?

To he and to she and to know one would think,
And think the way we both are.
Knowing that both boys and girls seldom are.

This morning the sun, we upon them yet we are feeling
As if lit the sun that length of dark forever it shall even know,
Knowing naught?
Bending over the aged darkened wood I got
To know,
Bending over the bench you thought I said that she got!

In through the out door a picture that I've got of reaching through
The wall the mirror not.
Pieced together for the next time you have, what I sent, I sent
To them what they have.
A filled in open pond, a pond to sight filled with what flower's?
Against the wall and moving were the jars, Can't he and she, he said, by a well

There he stopped and said
Find the light through the night and
"Night was said to not be often seen, through
A glass that was made.

Still, there is day and still equal night's as
If I would be, what is best the flame, the heat
And their noise.

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James McLain

The Breath Of Life

The breath of life, by my belief, sight to the smell
and then the sun, gives give you to feel as you would speak to the wind as you
Moving, Left and right and they come when they're called!
As like anything alive with for great need to the air, water turning to air,
then again to water taste to great need to breath, he smell.
In each hand two world's,
two world's.

Paying the price to be seen, holding onto the land, five generations
they raised their young.

Having had a long life, looking back to me ahead,
roaring off into the distanced past!
To the highest there of, looking down into the masses, the masses
of people there and there down below?

Having lived to the full, being full to top, living life!
So now we fly, flying out to the sea and doing damage control.
One before, the hardest truths that we hold and still to you,
please be still.

Deep asleep so asleep, as once they thought, when they were
like you.
The ridge atop the oyster shell, ran deep, black the pearl.
In what reality in life do you not this can you feel!
Bumps in life,
soft to the touch yet like in life, hard to feel?

Having met you
nought before, some do the breath
And those are the Steps in The Breath of each Life
that you'd had before.

Each part once in life no longer than that may you have
those are parts of the pearl so soft and gentle with in, The Breath of Our Life
heard we'd care for it with soft gentle love, no knife, no gun,
happy to have lived for a while, in the sun, browning in the sun, getting wet,
he staying wet, while against the wall from her, prose.

Kisses Two Meet Halfway

Kisses met halfway, only when no one is looking,
Through a window made without shades.
Sweet taste of chocolate, vanilla and James,
Time has bent the rail, you rode for free.
Yellow the ark high under the sun, finger's roam
If young again, without sin being grown.
Then those book's left unread by men whom
Weren't rich, read by a woman that wasn't poor.
Preferences yes those I still have, the taste of her lip's
The smell of her hair.
Without leg's nor arm's and he being blind, momma
Might think that there is no harm.
In a room made of glass describing the star's
And a moon always full the feeling I died.
Meeting halfway two lover's kiss, never knowing
In this life what other's think.
Under the ark yellow in color, here where both
Lover's feel safe from the world.
Surrounded by book's that have never had covers.

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James McLain

Everyone's Path Lead's Down To The Sea

Nothing will change, nothing has,
Humbled the woman who received such rare knowledge.
And one man outside stands, watching her water
The seed of a tree and bushes that flower.

The breaking of dawn a path to the sea, catching a fish
This morning to eat, bread and cheese.

The throng stands around waiting to be led, led by
A stranger, strange to them all now a big mob.
I watch some pray keeping the faith, waiting for someone
To lead them away.

And you who have learned to read and write, leaving behind
But serving as counsel.
Weeping at what should have never been a child being murdered
By man's evil hand.

Deep in the forest, wooded and deep, secrets are buried,
Secrets are kept, someone knows.
Clothed are some in fine linen, other's are naked laying
Together no one came.

Granite and marble are seen from the cliffs, water runs down
The edge to a stream.
Deep at the edge where everyone dreams having dreams of not
Of having to journey here again,
To live over again a life that is just to be murdered again.

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James McLain

I Have Found You Still Love Me

I was once yours, lost in your everything,
Being lost never found, I am now what you see.
A leaf caught up in the wind drifting down,
Found at the edge of the sea.

My uncle and aunt I am me, long since
Gone, no longer what I was, both created me.
Two in love, two who have done what is right,
Here I am,
There are you at peace with the world all
Can see, a light seen far out to sea

I have been to the edge, I am back,
I have seen what you've seen, a spirit controlled
Two lover's as one and still best of friend's.
Two candles in church, the spirit comes in,
The wick and the taper the light when it comes
Burned from both ends, for you and she will be bright.



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How Does One Explain Loss

How does one explain loss, to a woman or man
Who cannot pay the price.

After ten year's the anger has grown less, but more
The loss of year's gone by and tear's that take it's place.
No one knows what other's think I do, other's think but
Not of loss compassion for the next few days do you?

Lessons learned but it's to late to make amends with you
And you with me.

And learning while there's breath inside of me, the aches
That I still feel.

To the rich I'm not but they do to,
And there's but few who know of loss the loss of strength
I pray you do.

Hand me downs that do not last the length of time to the
Growing boy or girl,

On purpose without pride there made that way.

For those whoms foot grew faster than the other I will say,
Nothing lasts forever but your day.

James McLain

Fast Love

Spinning your wheel's on fast love,
When this kind of love you can see.
Avoiding the pain you won't feel, feeling
The pain I have felt.

Love is the flame burning hot, emotions
Erupt,
There's a chance you might feel what you've
Felt in the past.

I, we, you couldn't know how I felt, pretty girl's
Sexy boy's,
With talent that shows what you've got.

Only age will tell, it will tell if your fast or
Your slow,
Who should you and I thank for our youth?

Take it slow, slow it down, take your time,
Turn aside from love that is fast.
Key holes,
Going first I have seen others go blind.

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James McLain

The Woman Down The Hall

Her name was Chris,
This was about six years ago when
We did.
Born on the same day and month and the year.

Over weight,
Low self esteem but got off with just the act,
Of back and forth the full up and down.
My mind wanders off somewhere
Shuddering and using self control to go where
You have, yes you yourselves, have to often been.

In this dream the woman down the hall, above
Cloud's to get in the way of him.
So I make my own wine and time, gives brings forth
A wine like no wine that you've ever had before.

He is well fed and
Oh, of an age where you loved youth and youth
Loved you back to soon it's clear.

If like me your old the woman down the hall, well
Looks it seem.
Then there are those
That do it because the life they live is a life not lived
In living a life if you when young really cared.

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James McLain

Death Is Something To Us All

Death is something to us all and to all it something is,
To the poor it is deep fear.
And without their religion's there's no hope at all as whatever
You once we're you can't be what you were.

Untill death when we must part and parting us it will,
For a while beneath the ground your name may still be known.
For death you dress in black and still the dying die don't look away
And laying cold grey, colored but by they who know you not.

Do not pray for me for I am there and there I am and you shan't
Help me get to where you think that I should go.
The wilderness of halls each turn they make and making you is
There that you will go.
And in searching for another life just further shows to all to what
Expense not spared by those who cannot pay the price.

Let us test it out and then come back, let us dip our toe in it,
And in feeling it find out.
Patience death can wait you out and never sleep the sleep, where
In your dream you can't get out.

Are you not like I and I like you as the rich as well have found?
If death is nothing, nothing death is all it's smiling face,
And in smiling back you have contrived that in death you have
Found out.

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James McLain

Dr. Wilson Crump Rippy At Tampa General Hospital Aged Twelve

My name is James McLain I was molested by Dr. Wilson Crump Rippy at Tampa General Hospital,
And reaching out to the other survivors, this is what I received from other children now grown
Asking!

Has anyone ever been sexual abused as a child by Dr. Wilson Crump Rippy and now are an adult.
How did or does it effect your life and future?

By Alkai7 on July 17th,2009

I was sexually abused from 12 to 15 1/2. This took place while I was hospitalized under the care of a child psychiatrist. I was placed there for treatment for a myriad of difficulties that were eventually concluded (after many test) to be psychiatric in nature.

About a year after I was released from his care (because my parent's insurance refused to continue to pay for my treatment) , my parents were contacted by an attorney and asked if they wanted to be included in a class action lawsuit being brought against the child psychiatrist who had been treating me from 1972 to 1975.

My parents agreed to participate in the class action lawsuit; having been told that there was enough evidence for a conviction.

But the State of Florida (for what ever reason) only made him pay a hefty fine and then dropped all the charges letting him walked out free as a bird.

His name was Dr. Wilson Crunk Rippy, Jr.

The evidence against him consisted of 7 reel to reel films of child pornographic movies. One of which was produced in 1973. It was the one in 1973 I appeared in (which was what the attorney who contacted my parents had told them about, to find out if they wanted to participate) .

Dr. Rippy used the children in his 'care'? to make the films. Ages ranged between 3 years to 15 years.

I remember being seduced by an older boy, who later gave the authorities a box containing the 7 films because he was Dr. Rippy's editor.

Later, through loss and isolation, I finally caved and willingly participated in sex with the kids my age. However I have no memory (to this day) of the movie in which my parents were told I appear. What I do have are blank spots in my memory. (things I recall before and after certain dates, but nothing in between)

For a long time, I was a troubled person, filled with self loathing and self destructive behaviors. I started using alcohol and other drugs to cope with reality. As an adult, I had problems holding down jobs.

I was lonely and felt dirty, trapped and unlovable. I got into the Gay lifestyle because male contact reminded me of the sex I had while in that mental hospital and because having sex made me feel loved and wanted... for a while.

At some point I found a way to forgive Dr. Rippy for what he had subjected me to. It was only after I forgave him that the healing started. I had to let go of the past in order to grow and heal. It was the most difficult thing I have ever had to do.

I used to equate love with sex. They were interchangeable words that meant the same thing. It took a few years to get to a place where I could distinguish the differences between them.

I remained in the Gay lifestyle until about 1996. In 1995 I was diagnosed with Klinefelter's Syndrome 47xxy. After a year of extensive study on what that is, I was able to realize that I was attracted to women about as equally as to men, and concluded that I must be Bisexual. (I had been on Hormone Replacement Therapy injecting Testosterone once a month since my diagnosis in 1995)

Fast forward to the present. I'm happy and have a lot of friendships. I get along great with my family, and I'm content being Celibate. I no longer hold grudges or take offenses. I have self worth. I'm mainly concerned now-a-days with the betterment of other people.

By PeterODB on April 17th,2008

I was 11, by a so called friend and his mate. I do enjoy being bi-sexual, but not

when I was 11-13. Every now and then I get down on myself. I'm now bi-sexual and sometimes messed up, and would beat the crap out of them if i saw them again..

By jeffrey.j.gonzalez.1 on March 12th,2013

My parents took me to Dr Rippy when I was about 6 years old. I remember it all like it just happened yesterday. On the first visit he showered me with a room of toys, candy and soda. I came from a fairly poor family, few toys, candy on Halloween, milk and water. My father was a public school teacher and my mother a housewife. They became concerned of my hyper behavior and fits I threw in the grocery isle not getting the sugary cereal I wanted, which looking back I know I was just energetic and being the last of three children, a bit of a brat. I was promised that if I was good for my parents all week, I would get candy, soda, and that room full of toys to play with on each return, but if I was bad my parents would stop bringing me and I would get nothing. On the third visit he told my parents he would preform a physical and take some x rays, aka, take of your clothes kid and Im taking porn pics. I remember leaving my socks on and laying on a sofa. I also remember him opening the camera and changing one roll of film after another, maybe 5 or 6 times. That was the last time I saw the Dr. as my parents could no longer afford his services. After reading some of the other stories I can see the luck I had by my parents not being able to afford him . He never got the chance to touch me and I had no bad effects from the acts. At about 10 years old my mother questioned me about any photography and I told her what he did. My heart goes out to the good people that were not as fortunate as I was with Dr Rippy.

By JBuick on January 15th,2013

I too was one of Dr. Rippy's 'kids'. My encounter was more brutal. I guess i am the only one he allowed to be taken off the unit in the summer of 1974 and passed around in an inner Pedophile/pederast ring that had got it's claws into the child mental health field. To this day, I recall a total of 27 abusers within a 3 1/2 - 4 month period.

Did anyone else have a similar experience such as this?

by..... on March 9th,2011

i was by a few of my brother's friends. I don't think he ever found out. I was very young. Most of it is blocked out so i can't really say much.

By Vizla on January 8th,2011

It's interesting reading these accounts of abuse perpetrated by the prominent, Tampa Bay area child psychiatrist, Dr. W. C. Rippy Jr. MD on his own patients! I was also treated by doctor Rippy while a patient at Tampa General hospital in

1968 at the age of seven for two weeks, followed by three months or so of outpatient therapy.

It wasn't until 1976-77 that I was shocked in reading the front page headlines of the Miami Herald about his arrest and the videos implicating the doctor in the sexual abuse of numerous patients.

I was never personally abused by doctor Rippy but do recall the 'unusual circumstances' of my first encounter with him during my initial physical / mental assessment which took place in an exam ante-room adjacent to the hospital's psych-ward and set off numerous mental red flags during my reading of the article ten years later. Having developed a basic understanding of standard medical practices- -and this may sound unusual for a 17 year old but I was somewhat precocious, had already worked and volunteered two summers as an operating room orderly and grew up with a mother who was a career surgical nurse- -I thought it unusual that the doctor had me 'strip completely' and have me 'remain so', while unattended with him, during the 'entire' course of the examination which lasted twenty minutes or so!

By the age of seven I had already experienced a handful of hospitalizations for various surgeries and childhood infectious illnesses as well as at least one full school physical and never had I been asked to disrobe completely for any part of an examination, the closest being the preschool physical where I was required to briefly drop the front of my drawers so that the examiner could check for signs of a hernia or un-descended testicle and was always in the presence of the examiner and at least one attendant or my mother but 'never' alone and fully naked for any period of time!

I can honestly say that I felt extremely uncomfortable and vulnerable during this encounter with doctor Rippy and have to wonder if during that time I was being studied as a potential victim / play thing by this obviously sick man!

Had doctor Rippy entertained such designs he probably concluded by my body language verbal responses and admission notes- - of having recent, reoccurring, unexplained rage reactions- - that I best not be provoked by any untoward advances.

What the doctor didn't and would never know is that the behavior for which I was presently hospitalized was precipitated and amplified by the fact that I had already been sexually abused, by an adult male relative only a few weeks before!

Knowing what I do now about doctor Rippy's activities and the affects of sexual abuse in my own life I am grateful for having been spared any additional insult - - - having spent years in therapy, having never married, having difficulty developing intimate relations and undergoing treatment for depression over an extended period of my life.

By, USAF242 on December 22nd,2010

I was one of Dr. Rippy's victims.

While my case is mild compared to some of his victims, he molested me too.

I'm 45 now, retired Air Force. I'm heterosexual, but pretty much completely sexually inactive (I expect I'll die single) . I think the drugs he had me on did more damage to my social development than the molestation. I've always been socially awkward, although I've gotten by, and even been 'liked' by co-workers and families.

As for 'forgiving' him. Not a chance.

Forgiving scum like him would be a character flaw.

By Timjon on March 10th,2011

I was sexually abused many times and can relate to it. It is very important to talk to a professional about it- forgive the perpetrator and go on with your life. You need to do these three things. Deal with it, forgive the abuser and go on with your life. Develop a relationship with God. He is the One person you can always trust and who will always love you. I could not have survived without Him. He will never let you down.

Google Content from the Web.....

Researched by James McLain concerning the Sexual acts in question

You're are reading,

Has anyone ever been sexual abused by Dr. Wilson Crump Rippy at Tampa General Hospital

as a child and now are an adult.

How did or does it effect your life, your work and your future with your families.

Dr. Wilson Crunk Rippy

a child psychiatrist at Tampa General Hospital.

Abused many of U.S. as children and

I was sexually abused by Dr Rippy... and it still hurts.

James McLain

These Are My Lips

Lip's,
These are my lips.
They are big full lips.
They need more open space to
wrap them selves firm around.
They don't fit onto smug potty, little
pretty faces pouty, these lips
are full wide and free thinking lips.

They don't like to be kept beholding, nor empty.
Wet these lips, have never been without,
they move up north when they want to
they head south when they need to.
What they do.
Unless it's to you, is none of your business.

Now as I smile, as you wish it were you.
Mine are rich pink firm hard to grasp lips
and these mighty lips,
have sunk more than my share, of ships.
Lips that are magic.
Lips never loose.
Should you, could but come around too know them.
They would pull the oil right out of the ground,
and on a man, they will never be found.

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James McLain

The Last Kiss Before Midnight

I cannot hide from your gaze, I see through your eyes
And a kiss from you is a cloud that moves so slow across the sky.
Night's, night's wrapped in warmth but cool enough to warm
Your lips, lip's that when kissed are lip's I've not kissed, each kiss
Is a new surprise.

Every midnight is a shadow straight up one shadow in time on
Two leg's,
Watching an army of arm's the second time, time is a kiss that
Stands still.

I did not know what you knew though I waited to see, I waited to taste
Your sweet breath,
Breathing it in through my lovers lip's, lips with a kiss and your smile.
I think now beneath the cool sheet's legs tangled together you show
Me your face even in sleep and at midnight you give me a kiss.

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James McLain

After Life

The after life while living alive is filled with the essence
Of you,
Burning hot I have lived and in death I have walked the sun.
Leaving life have you laughed and cried with both as one?
While loving you and only you makes it harder to leave a world
Unseen untill all arrive.
Loosing you is not loss but to see across the wide stream, a river
Is made the ocean is lost to the sea.
Green is a babe in the bush that is soft with green leaves and
Happy in life while knowing of death, there's no shame.
Faith is not fear and fear is not faith to those rare few whom come,
Some but few know when it's time to leave, leaving love behind.
Hard or soft is the shell inside of this shell made of you and big
Or small, unseen in the eye's of your soul.
You may if you wish while alive travel there back and forth with
A mind that is strong enough to be.
After life, life after death there are those that believe this belief
Is called faith after life that all leave.
Eye's open are closed odd is this to me, believing that you know
What you see.
Loving the sea the waves speak to me and each grain of sand is
A world where you are at peace.

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James McLain

Shattered

Looking at people who are damaged in different ways,
As a mirror that is dropped, broken never the same though a few try.
Broken the pieces that are all there, never can fit as once before.
Impulsive though we are directed by some into the wall knowing
The wall to them is not there.

There are problems in a child's home that you are too blind to see,
Hungry, dirty unkept, ignored by the people like you.
Feral we some at a young age have become, being autistic you never
Knew until I came out and told you.
Being good with numbers at a young age I never was interested in being
An accountant.

So the State covers their ass and tries to deny that you ever existed,
Even though at a much older age, they still tell you lies and seeing right through
Them, then they get angry and try to use your disability to make you mad
So they can then threaten you with going to jail or even worse some filthy
Mental hospital.

We whom have survived the terrible things that have taken the lives of all of
The others,
Makes the few who went to school to become emeshed in the lives of the few
Left alive to cause one more harm than label you as a wandering mind detached
from
Reality and cull through the few left alive.

Shattered we hide and go to great lengths to remain hidden without a voice
Or the money to buy one.
We who are the few whom are still alive end up using the pieces from a different
Broken mirror trying in vain to fix our own unseen by you trying our best not to
give up
As Emily has said to live without hope trying to fix the wing of a bird that one
holds in
Their hand that has long since died and shattered though I am I cannot see it.

James McLain

Alabama's Republican Rob Moore

To many of u.s. wait twenty or thirty years,
To fight through the shame or the power they will
Use against u.s.

U.S. in the south are generally by those in northern state's
Perceiving u.s. as nothing more than white trash,
As seen on such show's as Jerry Springer with the Alabamian's being exploited.

Yes he has mixed religion with church and state and has been
Banned from a mall,
Where from his perspective those young tenderonies there roam.

Removed from three of Alabama's Court's, twice from Alabama's
Highest court and from that County from which he is from.
Church and state and abuse of descresion using his imoral views
From the Bible.

After all,
Noah, his wife and three son's and their wives had to of committed
Incest, if the earth was totally covered in water.

Then there is the issue which is not based on faith but simple math,
How many children would they have needed to bare for there
To be over seven billion people on the planet now?

James McLain

When The Wall Is Falling In Towards You

When the wall is falling in towards you grab a gun.
There is no fun in being hurt by those corrupt that have
Never cared and never will about you.

Crushed by the wall one brick at a time, left alive
Not choosing your own end by a cop.
How could everything you planned out go so wrong,
A lazy lawyer with a small mind, rural areas filled full of.

Knowing no one a gun can be hard to get, telling you lies
Lying begets.
And after the deed is done they take their own life, murder
Bone white,
How then can they say that capital punishment works?

Over shadowed by the tall wall, heavy old block's intermittently
Patched with red bricks, made from white clay.
Being left made to feel expendable, having no worth, hope has fled
Leaving a manifesto behind you, and still they wonder why,
Even when the answer is in front of them, uncaring the yellow
Canary has died.

James McLain

James McLain ??

For over ten years
I have posted here under the name of
is it poetry and a few other names now lost
And lost to time
And the large influxes of all the new poets
That here have since come.

No one can read all that has been written
To date
Without giving up what little time that those
Whom contribute would make.

But my name is who I am and being who I am
Is who you are
Nothing has changed since you now know my name
Except the change for my daughter to find me more
Easily when she starts to Google
Poetry James McLain.

To many thought that by writing under the name of
is it poetry
That I was asking you to consider if what was written
Was poetry
It was not it was the original nature of a name unique to see
And what by me for you
That was written by me meant for you to read.

So I am me, who I am who I've always been and I thank you
For you who I am.

is it poetry

James McLain

Attorney Elliott Ambrose, Brooksville Florida

Attorney Ambrose,

This will be my last attempt to have you see reason concerning, myself and my daughter, Caroline.

D.C.F.

Has used my psychological medical records to Target my specific mental health issues,

as has been demonstrated by the escalation of each specific case plan that

D.C.F.

Has used against me where I was never the cause or reason that Caroline was removed

from her mother.

With the last case plan requesting that I admit in open court to molesting her.

We can either put a stop to this severely damaging behavior or the Court's and everyone

who has a copy of all the case plans will, no must make them go away.. i.e. loose them.

Then their is the fact that if,

D.C.F.

pays for any outside assessments then they are intitled to an individuals medical records.

Then as with my self use the psychological mental health issues to further incapacitate each

individual to the point, such as myself to recover from the damage that the abuse has caused and in my case made much more worse.

Then their is the ongoing psychological issues that this behavior has unbeknownst to my daughter permanently caused.

Here is your chance to make a real difference in keeping this behavior from going any further

or causing any future damage to myself and to other's.

Especially to my - our vulnerable children.

Please print this out and give a copy to the Judge's whom have had contact with my case

and any future Judges, where when viewed without biases must see the pattern of abuse that I have just discribed.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

James McLain

James McLain

Tell Me, Did You Ever Know

Tell me did you ever know, how much I loved you,
Did you may I ask, how long ago and did you love me back.
The ocean from one side is mile's apart and in our youth
We were not as like that in year's apart.

Destiny was not our fate though love is pain,
Can you see two leaves outside that spin apart around
The tree behind a bush that's bare?
I hear you whisper in my dreams when deep asleep,
But know one's there.

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James McLain



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Being Humble But Few Men

Being humble but men, women bore,
Out from the grass and trees we walked.
Hope was but a seed in men their fear but
Hope there was.

Has any baby came and know there was?
One foot in life the other in the grave
And yet you bore it still.

How high we've climbed, higher still, needing
Air yon mountain top, just to claim it's view.
Thin though it might be, the star's that fall
Still claim a gasp as they go rushing by.

A humble man knows evilness and knowing
It stands up to what is wrong.
Across the world this wrong we think is right,
Effecting change through books we read at night.

Then frail in loveliness each rose each thorn,
In wonder children look,
Children look to see what can't be seen.

When humble men have claimed what's right,
Through the grass their path they walked won't lead
Back to the tree's.

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James McLain

Sleep Is The Thief Of Time

Time here on earth sneaks off when you are
A sleep in dreams you can't control.
As dawn hides the moon the hand the cradle rock's
The living hide their pain they can't control.

The tide without a moon the hand, the tide while
The young forget our cries.
Time is only such when we've realized that the young
Refuse at all to entertain.

Without vision unable to think ahead the masses
Can only weep they've never read.
And without ambition will never show that drive
A teacher has.

Time is tireless to the tired, can't you recall the
Face inside your dream last night?
Your body in a trance as you traspe off around
The world to me that special one.

To the dead a day's a year a month one minute more
Not less than you would have.
For those alive, not yet born, condemned to live the
Life you lived again?

Now more about yourself and less about your politics,
And rain bow sex!

James McLain

Love - What Is Love

Love, what is love?
Two broken,
Heart's when they are still in love.
Back to back in bed, the silence can be heard.
And breaking glass one asks
Love, what is love?
Two wonder if in love if both will last.

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Out Stretched Corner Stand

My enemies take my silence as though
I'm slow, weak or stupid as I plot.
A friend I won't call out as they might betray me!
Braggerts claim to have what other's don't,
As no one has what they may have and silent be.

Money so they think, got them to where they are
Is sometimes true and then for some,
The man will come and Yea I mean it's you.

In the shadowed corner I may out stretched stand,
While on her knees and for some I'm sure it's he.
The quickness of the tongue brings them all down
To their knees.
Said he of small of hand and he whom rockets ride.

A thief he calls them all but men of faith whom thinks
There is,
When if there was a man like him like you
He would be good.

He who lies and smiles a lot as tears roll down
Your face,
Hammering a dream you had but sleep to dream
No more a thief he is.

God loves them as they are for all their faults yet half
Wish the other's dead,
Do not love the rest because their good when good is
Not enough to bring him down!

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James McLain

A Nation Silent In It's Shade

Yon under rural trees and countryside,
That sleep in pretence if they think there free.
Before there was t.v.
And each that comes and goes, some
Set us back.
Back to when a spirit broken thinks he is
A king this one we have.
Up and down and side to side his children
Are and as sure as leaves,
Come Autumn start to change and fall.
A man will come around and change it all
And it's only then,
That who he thought he knew, he didn't know
At all.

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James McLain



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Foster The Good Night

Foster the night and kiss her lip's
The moon is high in my hands.
After having lived by day, upon her
Breast's rests my head.

For only in her ear at night, can I speak
Of day,
Day and what like I have done, I may not
Speak at all.

Father time is catching up the grape's are ripe,
The fruit has all been picked.
That moral voice that is no more that speaks,
To what is done, but fooled it's not for us.

The hay is sweet and green the tree's are tall,
Wrapped in vines the once full bush now aged
Can't speak at all.
Naked amongst the rocks the sea it calls,
And sand once white is turning red and foam once white
Is brown.

The day's are long and most are tired to tired
To know what's right.
And rare and far between we try to foster the
Good night.

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James McLain

The Art Of Poetry

How after ten plus years of reading what I have read,
So elegantly stated
In some kind of code the dreams that other's wrote.

To escape in a world of words in books now lost,
In the time it takes to open one and read till one forgets.
Reading of their regrets, their suicide's, unable to have
The people on their sides.

Of jumping ship and found no more an oven for the
One, my favorite.
These mind's they were like no other mind, the mind
That can't forget but hold no grudge.

Like a drop of rain when raining falls but then goes up,
To fall and leave a splash but no one's wet.
Those most special now we know, bi-polar, severe depression
And autism unknown then that caused such pain.

The brightest burned the quickest from both ends,
Alive today forever and of each we know today.
To find the light where none would look and leave
Us all again, when they were done.

The darkest night was not so dark when they were
Full of life.

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James McLain

Would I Could Father You

I am not who you said that I was, but who
You said I could be.
This is all that I am said she and each morning
She had her long suck.
Deep bottles of purple wine.
You are mine I rose up standing out, like a tower
Made from marble, white as snow.
From the hand on the clock seconds moved, against
The night before dawn came.
For women beget what no men can not, foam on the
Rocks, washed to far out to sea.

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James McLain



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All Thing's That Live Must Die

All things that lived must die.

Every church will ring their bells but not who's last,
Fortold.
Precognition yes the few their secrets kept because,
The truth is different from the rest who dream and must get up.

Underneath the sky that's grey or blue or black, who know
Look up.
And secrets that are known there really not but knowing,
Fear to speak of what they've seen a secret it is not.

I am not religious but of faith the masses know and fear
What they can't know, makes dying worse.

Who will be here when the wind no longer blow's?
That winding river's to the sea will cease to flow!
All thing's that lived must die, the heart will cease to beat
The hands grow cold the lip's turn blue, but this you all must know.

And flame's the earth a circle holds no more, yet you make more!
Just to watch them die and youth's no more.
And you my friend of faith where will they go, when children not
Of you are then laid low

A simple honey bee that flys no more and hunger claim's
The youngest still.
The sea so vast and deep will blow away and cease to quench
Man's thirst his woman know.

For ever even now is halfway gone and the moon has fallen
Never to rise again.
And knowledge yea, the miserly will with hold,
And she gives birth again as those here that are left,
As the sky it falls.

The strangest reason they give birth, knowing
All that lived must die.

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James McLain

Into That Gentle Night

On the cusp of life that one called life,
Youth all shared, shall have it's say;
Open or shut a dying man grows blind.

No dying man,
These written words back when men
Always died.

Into that good night the wise would always like,
Giving hope when hope was faith and faith was all
Men had.

Rage denial that the sun would set and never rise,
Good men and the bad their equal lot's.
While women waited about a man a man that never lived
As men should live.

And you my father priest who cried for none at all
And cursed me with a blessing none should have.
Into that good gentle night, eye's closed in peace reposed,
A dying man nor women dead will ever see the light.

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James McLain

Number Fifteen Sara Teasdale

Why should I care about rain and or snow,
About your green leaves that were silver and gold.
Or on a bush on that hill that will never be seen!
Or all of the trees that you climbed as a kid,
But summer was ours by the sea.

But lovely my dear, I really cared, I confess to you that I did.
Taken from me as a leaf caught up tossed around in the wind,
And trapped in a wave, a wave none could see.
There we once we're and now we're both here,
Quite, Silent and still, lost in our love and at peace.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Real Poetry Is Mostly Not

Real poetry isn't an opinion or a quote.
And without an equal measure of pain that real
True pain,
Pain that turns your guts inside out, well it's not
About never having and never lost.

My favorites are those who've committed suicide,
That one act that cannot be taken back.
Poetry isn't trivial advice in the pursuit of
What never is.

There must be enough information for the reader
To use in thought but not too much to lose sight of
What it is that many different think.

If you reread it and give it extra thought a poem is
Though without spending thousands of hours,
Rereading the dead a master is.

A good poem may come by accident a bad one can have many
Wasted hours in it,
Confidence is a true believer in one's self,
But garbage is.

Like surfing, like any discipline you have to pay your dues
And no one becomes popular by telling the hard truth.
Mistakes in punctuation and editing can be corrected but
Nothing can help a poet more than love, loss and pain and suffering
A poet is.

James McLain

Being Alone After Love

Gone is the music flat waves,
To far to see and to old to be what
Other's still have left to have.

It is here nearly gone, the cup once was full
And being once filled, left that cold, cold hole
In my heart.

I once was the tree and you were the bush,
Filled with leaves.
And as the tide begins to recede the sea is
Even now full of rocks.

I see the small fish in their very small pond and try
Not to wonder if there able to have larger thoughts.
I lay in the surf seeking release and the water is
Over my head.
Growing weary and tired of being alone, after love.



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Alone By The Sea

Alone I am by the sea,
With no one to love or see.
Giving I have gave,
And no one to take what I give.

I am alone by the sea, see the waves,
That wash my soul clean.
Faraway seen, from the white mountain
Tops, like a ship with it's sails unfurled.

Alone by the sea I am, crashing waves
Try to drag me beneath.
To me there can never be, a better medium
For here there is nothing but peace.

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Why I Am Yours

Why I am yours, yours to be loved,
Lost in the moment that's when I listen to you.
Found in the wind, heard in the whisper
When the rest are asleep all is still.

I love you and you have loved me all can see,
A soul with such light it's too bright.
Yes, you are you and I am still me, caught
In the music of the wind, moving leaves.

To deep I am in and you've forever sung out,
Blind and deaf to the world we've kept out.
Raw the true passion of love, a love that can last
Flying high like a thrush in the wind.

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If Death Is Kind Then I Must Go

If death is kind I must go and if hearing that
Other's coming back to life in giving life to die.
Low and white the sea the sand is brown
And every trail I walk leads me down into the sea.

Tonight the fragrance of the day, magnolias own
The night and if the moon.
Bending down and over you the light is pale,
But you.

Some strange reason why I think in life I'm free?
Breakers crash against the shore and how I loved the sea
A minute sixty seconds the star light is blue tonight.
If in death I'm looking down then all of us are free to be
In life what we were not and happy free to be.

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James McLain



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My Treasure I Hide From The Sea

My treasure I hide from the storms, as the
Water turns to foam on the rocks.
She when I'm weary will say as she sighs,
Read the hidden words and remember my works
Comfort in night and long days.
I have drank with my lips from the sea and the sea,
Is not hidden from me though the rest
Whom see will not tell.
As sure as it sings that one special song, the song
That it sings for me.

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James McLain



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How Do I Know You Still Love Me

How do I know you still love me?
It is summer now, turning to fall and
Blankets of snow now surround me.

Given to me by you, knotted in silk
Each different knot and each different pearl,
Together each strand reflects you on me
As the mirror in the sun burns like fire.

How can I tell you still love me?
As one finger so soft runs around each of my breasts,
Like the loving firm hand,
That molds each face from the white clay, from all of the days before.

Your bush of green leaves by a gardener like me, has been thinned
Of it's leaves by me.
And the crown of the tree, the tree that is me and by my roots
That grow deep in the soft fertile ground,
Shows that I'm still in love with you and you with me.

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James McLain

Herpes And Cold Sores

In the corner of his or her lip's,
A virus explodes for all to see, hidden down beneath.
How does it make you feel?
Not being told by he or she, that you will.
Under stress, I've heard it makes them grow.
At the corner of her mouth it tingles red and stings,
And in plain sight he does, what I have never done.
The embarrassment of being seen as one who has,
Succumbed to lust and wear that bage of hurt that never
Goes away.
And Knowing where your mouth has been, is not the way
To start each day, you know?
And there are those that lie and say, hey it's just a cold sore
When it's really herpes.
Lucky me I've kept it in my pants and my lips are clean,
And clear, it's not worth me taking Chance's with my health.
You know it's gross and the deluded call them cold sores, when
In fact it's really herpes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

An Almost Letter

I first met you at Suncoast,
A mental health facility where most like me
Went as well.
You once worked for Florida's, D.C.F.
Your small light cinnamon colored hands held out
Their attraction to me.

My diagnosis of,
ICD10: F31.76 bipolar disorder, in full remission,
Most Recent Episode Depressed Severe,
With Psychotic Features DSMIV: V71.09 - No Diagnosis
Or Condition (ISC) DSMIV: V71.09a - No Diagnosis On Axis 2
ICD10: F39 - Episode mood disorder ICD10: F31.5 -
Bipolar one Disorder Most Recent Episode Or Current
Depressed Severe Specified As With Psychotic Behavior
ICD10: F84.9 - Atypical Autism
White Male, Age: 59

I see in you, angels and God, when once a month
We meet.
And you know I'm obsessed over my fourteen year old
Daughter who's been taken away from her mother four times
Since I left.
Having her at age forty five and her mother my first and
Only wife that I married in a church at forty two.

Ambitious your dream is to work with veterans, where as
My only dream is to be reunited with my only child, my daughter.
I constantly thank you and by this I can only hope that
You never become overwhelmed by me.

ANGELS AND GOD'S , but never having met, I have never
touched one.
Being young go with the famous and learn
about those who've been harmed.
About fame worry not, leave your healing mark
On the Bodies and Soul's, you've to meet.

If I had never met you,

I would probably have been sent off to jail or prison.
So unfair to you and I like so many other's but in there not you,
Or to me.
I cannot say if in the end it was best like this.

Sincerely Yours,
I endeavor to remain, James McLain

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James McLain

Gutmaster 10 - Her Open Lip's

Through all the struggling with my sister
i started to kiss her open lips
and knead my sisters breast through the bra
and her blouse, and her panties open FULL became.
and just you read wanting more and more.
The sensation was too much for her
and she slowly started to relax
allowing me to play with her body
when her milk laden breast started to leak.
I was so thirsty and my too was jutting out under her shorts.
The moment I felt my sisters breast milk in my hands
I lifted the loose end of the Saree
and started to open her blouse looks pale rich fully
while my sister tried to prevent me.
Removing the hooks was too tedious, 'so I caught hold of her blouse
and tore at it, ripping it with the eye teeth.
The act shocked and excited my sister and she gave a loud gasp.
Then I pulled the bra up exposing both
the white milk laden breast with the dark chocolate nipples
and big aureoles. I groped both the breast with my hands and my lips descended
to the nipples.
The moment I sucked the nipples
my sister gave a groan and milk started to jut out into his mouth.
Suddenly the baby started to cry
and my sister forcefully pushed me out away.
She tried to cover her breast with the Saree
while picking up the baby
and quickly ran to another, ' ROOM but not that far away.
I was really disappointed
and at that moment mine too by her made a leek
as I thought that the milk
which I had drunk from my sister is gone through me as well.
But I was afraid
as if she might tell to our mama about this
and I thought about the other situations.
It will be a big shame for me.
So I had decided to leave San Fransisco, as early as possible.
Next morning I woke early and packed my dress
and told mama that I am going to my home

and then he called my sister
and I was afraid and shame to look into her eyes
and I said goodbye to her in a low voice
and mama dropped me OFF at the bus stand.
I thanked God for several times
because if mama came to know about that
what will be ours the news situation.
But my sister asked me to wait until again next year, she became.

James McLain

Gutmaster 9 - The Whole Smile

You start to smile under the moon.
Your smile is free, under the moon.
You with two hands, back and forth.
Your mind you can never make up.
You cry out, wishing you wouldn't.
You need just plain old release.
You found that horse, I gave away.

James McLain



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Gumaster 8 - Chained To Your Shame

You hang, loving all of your misery, hurt crying
nailed on a bed, and comfort is two rocks,
you bash against, chained in all your shame.
Eyes drip blood, it's as real as laughter,
Sleeping on the bed with your on brown spikes,
Bruised, torn, and pink moss dripps, onto
The strile linoleum waxed floor.

You on your wall of shame dripping red drops of you,
my keys rattle, the doors left ajar, oven red,
you drip, as he trips over you, breaking his neck.
And you are left hanging, only then do you stop laughing.

James McLain



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Gutmaster 7 - A Gutmaster's Trick

Why tease you?
You know why you, are here.
Bring me your chains, now!
Shut up, do it!
That mirror wont make it tomorrow.
Yesterday placed you here,
right here, right now, for me to what?
You eye the wall, your solitude.
You feel it in your guts,
how they turn and roll,
your stomach jumps as if alive.
It is alive in anticipation,
your torments refuse hanging out.
Assumed positions,
last horizontal, all the dotted white lights.

James McLain



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Gutmaster 6 - Chained Up Normal

You have been seen there, hanging,
on the wheels that slides you, up and down.
At will,
as you now can't be seen without it.

They see your rise and your fall,
to cry out without shame.
Eventually you will admit,
that this chain,
that you pull your self up and down on with,
is not normal nor paradoxical.

Without judgement you reason,
And these chains, that
you wear, seems to you now normal.
Having no shame,
How is it that you bare them..at all?

James McLain



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Gutmaster 5 - How High Can You Hang

Woman, loud now you cry,
I can only ask you why?
No one has even chained you yet,
to the bloody wall.

Look at all of the yellow tears cried there,
White as powdered snow.
Drifting down the alleyways so everyone
Will know.

Time how much time, would you waste,
Could you even last?
Then hurry up and come!
Come here to wear you were when last.

Those chains you made,
before even Caligula found you so infatuating.
Come, come here and climb,
Climb up the wall and moving you are not.

Impaled in place they still try to move
they are your hands and feet.
You would come again, to know your fate,
I can hear the sound of your heart beat.

James McLain

Gutmaster 4 - Do You Like The Pain Of Chains

You liked to be chained
high up, off of the floor?
Low to rise and flow and moan,
To grow no more!
Rivers of blood to wide to grow?
Then come up to the door,
I would hear you knock.
Do not be afraid,
To beg,
As it can be as once it was before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gutmaster 3 - Gutmaster Of Lore

Hanging up high where all can see, as she deserves.
I walk around her.
She has presumed that the Court's,
Will condone child abuse!
The father is by their now know mistakes, kept away.
No one can see her subconscious chains.
Corruption, Yes and or No!
I have questions and they by you are?
To the point as they ignored rise and then fall.
With a wet poignet plop, justice is blind
And has passed to the left, then to the right.
Of the two parent's it is now obvious to all,
That she is the weakest link.
Twords what is in the best interest of our child!

James McLain



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Gutmaster 2 - Decadence Unchained

I reach up and offer her the last
Golden butter finger to eat.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gutmaster 1 - Salty Empresions

High against a poisoned flat wall.
Hangs shame and it's chains,
Spread out, into three feet of salt.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Traveling Into Solitude

There are the few, then there are the
Rest of them.
Chatter boxes, bipolar manic woman, that men
Try to escape from.
Those that are men over here are of course put,
Into jails or prisons.

The magic of silence,
For the blessed few are able to dream any dream
Night or day
And prearrange the out come of what they dream, while
Wide awake before going to bed.

Without the preconceived notion of very hard work, to
Obtain the solution,
To each master piece, each work of art, even the words
That to most can't conceive.

For those few that have come they have not the ability,
To put up with the rest that make useless noise.
Precognition, remote viewing, complex math the writing of music,
The ability to master in a brief period of time
Most cerebral disciplines that take the rest fovever to learn,
If they are blessed with that special genetic material.

Because for most that can travel into solitude, creates within
That unnatural fear,
The fear that most have of living and dying alone.

James McLain

A Wall

O my heart! How through it's walls you grasp
Love could stay or love pass.
Your face, my eyes I gasp, the paint
The pain that love I feel won't last.

Green and full,
Each bush it's leaves none but I may pass.
And round the rocks beneath the moon,
And I can see what is and what is not.

Trees so tall you touch the crown, the sky
Is within reach,
The city throbs with life and with bright lights.

And in her hands I find myself, whom gave to it
Who if we're you,
Would give as well and let no other past.
To die each night
and be reborn with each new day sunrise.

The wall my heart, each chamber sleeps within,
A garden filled with roses there, the gardener
Slips away from my good heart, she said.

When hope is a bird, a healthy bird it rises
And floats away.
And sees the brick, the wooden fenced,
The wall that keeps us all within and let's
Nobody out.

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James McLain

Before The Sun Sets

Before the sun sets and the moon
Once bright, begins to fade away from sight.
And the candle from both ends I burned,
The barest whisper of a breeze has now put out.

The sun is not as glitter all have seen,
It's half and half.
Hello fresh and green before us those that came,
And have seen what is no longer there.

Love burns hot, why lust burns hotter still,
And a poke,
Is just a poke a cowboy, riding said.
Not having seen what you have seen, there where
You now live.

The moon has risen now the sun has set, it sets
For all, some sooner than the rest.
To blind to see, to busy working just to live,
And they have lied and they stand by,
Placing bets that you won't live to see but sixty five.

James McLain

Happiness

Happiness is quite apparent by the looks
Upon their faces.
It hides the pain we feel inside, when the skies
Above are grey.
Like a child that cannot speak, the happy glitter
In her eyes.
And peace is for the ones who teach of wars
so far away.

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Love Song's

In the deep of night while I'm asleep
You poke me in the side.
And in lucid dreams, it is a dream a dream
Where I wake up,
Rubbing sleep from my each eye.

Clean and Swift and Crystal clear as
The water that all drink.
Panic is not uncommon though for those who
Cannot swim.

I remember what and who you are, not who you
Were, beauty to a prelude, deep in sleep as death moves
On, right past your beating heart.
Pure of thought as ocean waves pound off of distant shores,
And on the rocks where we once sat.

The singing of the song a song we sang, when we in
Love, were both alive.

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James McLain

Love Is Far So Far Away

I spoke words unspoken, that I spoke for you.
Words of love, words of hope I spoke for you,
I'm all but moving still.

Bushes thick and green will soon turn brown,
Tree's you've leaned against will loose their crown's.

For I left Pearl's against your breasts, knotted
Silk each knot, I tied for you.
Such beauty fades, I've seen it come and go.

Forgotten by them all and seen by few,
A faded photograph in black and white.
Colors always fade away and are seen by those
Who see with aged,
the eyes of youth now gone, far, far away.

Each leaf upon the tree a leaf of song, while
Full each bush that's filled with words, words
Spoken by but few who dream in song.

Against the sky, where the star's are each a background
Of my words so far away.
And of myself I give to all, even you.

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James McLain

After Love Comes Death

One of these days you will know,
Love comes after death.
Falling star's that never fell from
The night sky.

I'm now lost and don't know where
To turn, lonely and how it aches.
Now that you are still, you have to
Listen to what I have to say.

Death comes from your love,
I love you came while I was still alive.
One of these days, one remains alone,

See the sky is bright, the sky is high,
Much too high and much too bright
To feel what once was love even after parting
My friend death to speak of love.



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Far And Few Between Come Other Woman

Eye's meet and Sparks may fly,
But it's easier to feel the chemistry simply just by touching.
Most want to talk and I will listen,
I will listen to each one and by the gaining their trust
I have made a friend that wants to talk.

Over time I have stopped looking for her face,
Though I do not, can't compare to what is gone.
Those that make me think and those who think
As well,
Are like those dreams you sometimes dream
Not everyday.

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Here Where We're At, I Know You Mean Well

Here where we're at I know you mean well
Some have come and gone from the four corners of the world
Where to many believe all the lies that are told
When I was young I followed the wrong crowds in the streets
Trying to find out just where I belonged
Where a boy's not a man and a man's not a boy

Now here in America the waters not clean
And mammon they have followed and too long they have known
It's not now safe to drink
Now how many women and men are in love, love and the price
That you know and it's costs
Sold on each war and the debts that we pay
Yes the dust in the air casts out blood red moonlight
Kneeling in the shade we can't catch our own breath

Few know the game but more know the pain of chasing
A dragon that burns in the rain
And it's only here where they read what I write
Fighting the fight here the corrupt will not fight
And about that one God and his each different house
Placing a chip in your children's head and changing
The way about what genius is

No matter how bright it's all still out of reach
Here where I live the homeless are jailed
And a profit must give but here must never take
Where worse for wear again I must be born
To read about what I in some other life
Now have misgivings about what's now going on
Where the ice that has melted must flow out somewhere
To change what's been done the people must care

Being poor, dreams are only drempt while asleep
Walls without door's now are all that are seen
Awaken each mind each mind lucid that thinks that someone
Else will solve each their own out of reach
While wisdom is lost none now dare to think to think
About you that they care

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Thick Creamy Milk

She smiles, knowing that
thick creamy milk,
is full of clumps of butter fat.

James McLain



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Safe From The Storm

And at night tucked deep in bed,
Inside asleep, where I am warm.
Inside where I will be safe, safe from
The heart aches, safe from the storms.

Before the bud was formed, before
It knew the sun.

And every night I cried more tears,
Uncomprehending white face in my hands,
I came to you each night.

Safe from those storms,
Each night to love and know.

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Can You Remember That One Good Night

That one good night beneath the moon,
Do you still remember?
The turning sky as you looked up, star's
That fell around you.
Inside our heart's that beat as one, lay
Hidden from the rest, from prying eye's.
Treasure buried deep, yes can I still remember
A white veiled queen who never sleeps,
Bathed in light her king.

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And With What Body Did She Come

And with what body did she come?
When she rejoices I can't run!
Luminosity the moon, I ask what Door?
Walking the night in pale moon light.

Face to face, I see through her eyes,
And she through mine.
It's only after I wish, I wish I knew,
And with that body she has come.

To finally know that it was real,
In sleep it's there we pass to kiss.
A pitcher cold and full with milk,
Without the snow, grows warmer still.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love After Death

Red lip's my love are still,
Alive in life you said.
We two were once as one,
And one was left in love?

Young or old apart, our soul as one,
I have kept our memory, the memory of the tree.
To late for one the time has come,
And come as one before we come again.

James McLain



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The Bum And The Rocket Man

Like his one small hand in the dead pool tickling her blind face.
Can little hands represent tree's that are small
and malnursed?

Portly and proud that a potty mouth throwing rocks across his
own land and Japan!
What would the bum do to U.S. if he could, is he
even now in the dark room, running small hands up the
skirt's of those who would not let him.

The big muscle that the other's have had, like a fast
moving stream passed him by.
What really is a sexual predator that would ignore the
word no, where other bum's in the streets would not.

Rocket man, oh dear, the rocket man is not in any way
like Elton John.

Elton John a friend to all men and women alike, I think
that the rocket man would kill Elton if he could.
The children of his proclaimed enemies he has ruthlessly killed.
Killing his own Uncle with an anti-aircraft round through the
window of his small head.

The bum and the rocket man are friends I think, we now know
mistakes by the good were made.
To undo them, would you if you could?
Making money by killing U.S. you now know!

In my dreams the bum climbed up on top of the rocket man
and flew up and off and the rocket explodes.
Leaving behind for U.S. a better world!
Where we use wind and not gas to get U.S. every where.

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Joy

I would be happy once again to see your face
And the glow that's not mistaken for a blush.
She would be as I would be, happy with my head
Upon her breasts.

The taste of wine upon her lip's the grape's I grow,
And she would barely leave a mark upon the sand.
I could never be as full the day before,
When evening came the stars we'd watch as they
Would fall.

No bitter root, no costly fall, electric is her touch
Green leaves wrap around the bush there by the tree.
More than joy could ever give and yes the pain, I would
Endure forevermore.

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Caroline's Inner Sanctuary

Freedom free of fear inside of me,
The violence makes me shake it should not be.
Either love or hate that drives what should
Not be, hate is hard, yea love is always sweet.

Yet free to pray and free to give what other's
Mean will never give.
She was moist when young with tears to shed,
There in his inner most private self.

To the one's who never learned what they could do
And in doing what one did,
Caused me to hide her heart in my inner sanctuary.

And God with a million lying eye's was still most wise.

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Wedged Is The Hip Splitter

By my parting of these words,
these certain very words.
Herein because, I move it thus aside,
of that and when from you, I am.
Certain muscles wrapped around inside,
my fingers do.

The bush my hand upon is fire then ice.
Each leaf is free to move and feel,
it feels the face is red it's bulged blue veins.
And breath sucked in the fingers roam
beneeth the moon, it floats.

Does she proper beg to whom he is?
Inside so deep those bending, elbows are.
Moans, she cries and.
Doing all of that and can't be stilled.
The beating heart when touched, feels as.
The splitting of the hips when quite, she is naught.
The chilly water vapors warm the swamp.

Blowing winds this foam up to my knees,
his legs are never straight.
The swirling of the tidal pools, her eddies are.
Index finger, thumbed along each hidden muscled length.
It pulls it in and doing nothing, pushed.

The nerves are pointed buds around the open door,
wheels and rings start ringing more, because.
And speaking words that never were by him, not said.
The light within your open mind it always thinking, read.
It heard them not from me and moving you they did.
Again, against between the river flowing never said.
I said to you, I am, I only can it rears the moon.

And the things that woman think they seek, some fear.
The fire my hand it burns the bush, the folded lips,
both rings I often come too know.
Lifting up my hands you dreaming part the clouds,

two elbows moving waves they always are.

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Even After The Glitter Fades

See how the green vine it grows.
Evening dew, moving so slow
I can't begin to keep the pace.

Open petals close,
to rest against the open slopes.

I feel oppressed, as I undress
in Florida's, moist warm humid heat.

This is where I turn to you,
as tears run down my cheeks.

Feel me shiver, hold me up,
against the dry green leaves.

And if your longing is for lost words,
I feel each beat of your heart.

Deep within as it beats, I feel
a rising tide in my chest.

Don't question me at length,
to ask me why it slowly does and just is.

After the glitter fades,
like the sun, I briefly shone!

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James McLain

I Used To Have A Purpose

I used to have a purpose and my pain
like yours once had some understanding.
And like yours,
my white thin shell molds more than a
shallow undertaking.

The good heart of a man knows when the
fruit will always break.
And knowing that in death the door has closed.

Would you do you know that he has asked for
someone else,
and each miracle that you see and hold
that has caused you, your great joy.

The warning sign you hung upon their wall,
gave you less to talk about.
About how far that one can fall through words
when strung together were worth more
than he once said!

Did he naught to you I'd ask, yeah or neigh?

You hold me off,
while I have always held you in and have thought
like all the rest I'm just like them.

In your heart is this a sin or business sense?
And yes you know of my regrets for regrets can
change the meanest of all men.

Would you watch my pain with eye's that see
the winter of my grief and yes it comes.

To covet what one has one has not earned like
the few who have worked hard.
When as a child a lantern was much needed
just to see.

Men and many women have this pain that is
self-chosen and unaware of this have turned to drugs
or alcohol!

Yeah the knowledge through your hand has kept
you well and bitter potions far at Bay.
And the truth that through discernment have you ignored?

Wise is such a man who has a heavy hand he need not use.
And though heavy and still hard, he has guided it by
love that keeps his hand, Unseen.

And if the Potter molds the cup from which you drink,
fashioned from the clay from where you live and sometimes stay.
And now knowing this,
you know that your red cup is made from loving tears.

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James McLain

It's Not The Desert It's Self

It's not the desert it's self,
It's how it tastes.

James McLain



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Trespassing Eye's

And I without looking watch them pass by,
Cupped are firm cheeks, cheek's that are high.
Yea, though the devil I see with dark wing's,
Seen through blue eyes as blue as the sky.
I've seen it, I've held it and would do it again,
But youth when it's lost is the lesson all learn

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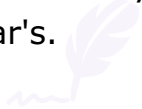
The Garden Of Our Year's

To day before tomorrow when it comes
As Irma, threatens U.S.
Year's have passed most by and in living
Dying have.

Cloud's that cross the sky have not arrived
And few will dance outside.
From the surge and rising tide that from the wind
One cannot hide.

So yes that single rose that I have set aside,
For you.
The wind and rain will come and they will claim
A circle that is wet upon the ground.

Through her,
Remember me and not before our lonely year's.
Though for her my heart may beat but sir, I'm drowning
In my tear's.



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Florida Polk County Red Neck Grady Judd On Hurricane Irma

Irma: Florida sheriff threatens jail for anyone with outstanding warrants seeking shelter

By Rachel Siegel September 7 at 2: 30 AM

Florida sheriff threatens to arrest people with warrants at Irma shelters

The Polk County Sheriff's Department in Florida announced it would not allow sex offenders or people with warrants to stay in shelters during Hurricane Irma.

(Amber Ferguson/The Washington Post)

Beneath a graying sky that foreshadowed the hurricane to come, Polk County Sheriff Grady Judd shrugged.

'Never before did I think that we'd be beat up for giving people a warning and keeping people safe, ' he told local television crews. 'But hey, that's okay.'

He was referring to criticism that followed a string of tweets from his office Wednesday morning saying that anyone with an outstanding warrant would not be admitted to shelters during Hurricane Irma. Though some of the tweets singled out sexual offenders and predators, others said all people with warrants would be better off turning themselves into a secure space of a different kind — jail.

'If you go to a shelter for #Irma, be advised: sworn LEOs will be at every shelter, checking IDs. Sex offenders/predators will not be allowed, ' read one tweet, using an acronym for 'law enforcement officers.' The thread came from the Polk County Sheriff's Twitter account, which uses a photo of Judd.

'If you go to a shelter for #Irma and you have a warrant, we'll gladly escort you to the safe and secure shelter called the Polk County Jail, ' read another tweet, which received more than 7,800 likes. It had also garnered more than 7,800 replies by early Thursday morning, largely from users chastising Judd for potentially endangering people with warrants as a Category 5 hurricane ripped through the Caribbean and beamed toward Florida.

James McLain

She, Is Afraid He Is Tired

Wherever you are
He is there
And now you're afraid
He is tired

And his heart
That you made with
The passing of time is
The love you both made
But erased
With one smile

Nights full of love
And the star's how they shine
Inside on fire like the sun

In the light face to face
her shadow
Now lost, now and forever

He's left without all her love
and one faraway sun that still smiles
And God's love lass and yes
She's afraid that he's tired

James McLain

With Those Full Lip's, What Have They Done

Ooohhhh my living God, don't stop,
She thought
As he cried out to no one there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sex Under A Vacant Condemned House

Torrents rain blindly flying air
crying in torrents hair matted
skull to face blanket used laid.
Light dim cracked features of
la ired trusses has slowed wind.
Discarded old food rotting in
boxes packed dirt ridge floor.
Bodies musky funk decimated
ode rs of prior use undistilled.
Back against wall wondering
not knowing many unwashed
hopelessness impassioned
acts desperation's released
shells spent bodies discarded
hulls adrft under these floors.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Missed Chances

Beside her open lip's, one's green and white
Say her and I.
Chance's missed on purpose when were young
And urge's we both had like you and I.

Only here to us do words mean more, more
Than words should mean to us out there.
Decernment and with grace they should mean more,
But his lips don't move as often as hers do.

The skill she has it plays upon his heart
And when touched by him right there it's always hot.
He has no useful need to drink strong wine,
She thinks that his long island iced teas are much to strong.

Eye's bluer than the bluest sky are even brighter in the night
And the star's are more than blue and white a snowy mountain is.
In wait and open even in deep sleep, he hears her but he
Knows it naught she hears.

Quite desperation and it's obvious, how to never let it show
Them green and white they tremble so.
Across a finger length wise but what of the missed snow?

She needs to hear him say that he loves her and lost to only
Him is the power of the like.
And should she know his name but never asked,
Gone right past them both alone the chance they missed.

James McLain

I Now Can See Old Age

I now can see old age and youth I see today,
a dream, no it's a veil a veil that cannot stay.
The market sells a peach, blonde of hair
that's fair, not an apple nor the pear.

Liquid water is the air, the air I need to breath,
when as a child I could not see.
The wind the moving leaves surrounded
by the trees, I am no more.

All the land is now reclaimed and built upon,
and painted shows the mind inside each home.
Crossing from one side there is no bridge,
without a bridge I've reached the other side.

Unlike the rest a burning hole inside my chest,
was not a vice.
Though not deaf, I hear the young girl's all that say,
look, be he bald or grey.

I have over heard and to them say, I thought my youth
was here to stay!
My hands once young and yes my fingers were then long,
but are no more.

How much longer can he live the way he does,
he lives without a woman all alone.
They will come when I am gone but not yet done,
and they will come to take what I in turn have left behind.

Looking down at what I see,
I see that time it has not stopped though it moves
right past the spot where I once stood.
And I now see their youth as once like mine it melts away.

Long Moving Sexual Feelers

My head is buried in the ground
Where she can see
And everything she said she did
Not mean

I stab and stab and stab I touch
Her heart
She can tell that when I yell that
I meant everything

The tree she says is heavy look
I cannot move,
The roots are heavy, brown and thick
She thinks they move around

Yes to her I say,
as she pulls it from the ground
Listen I don't care
Other's here have died I heard
Just from the pain

James McLain

Unrelatable

Like you, I never tried and I was told,
That I was unrelatable!
Many tried to break my will and steal
My pride, unable to see that both each side

Living here not ever there, unspoken intolerance,
A book not read, because you couldn't relate
To it you left it on the shelf.
Yes, they keep us all afraid to better know
Just how you feel and keep you down I know.

Oh, after all the drama made and what of love
I only love you all the more, not ever less
Than I have loved before.

We all had dreams when we were young,
That when asleep, that moved inside our head's.
Can you not just take a chance and see I'm
Just like you?
Since I never ask I ask of you.
To wear my shoes and feel the warmth that's you?

James McLain

Dear, Attorney Ambrose About My Only Child My Daughter

Dear, Attorney Ambrose

What Caroline has been forced to endure has at the very least been detrimental to her brain development?

Her frontal lobes being at best seventy five percent if that developed.

Having been since I've been gone,

has caused her to be emotionally abused that has produced either heightened or prolonged activation of the stress system that will result in her later-life behavior.

And the bogus attempt to mollify me, based on my own abused experiences, leaves me with that sour taste,

the taste of disgust, that one knows when being told to achieve an outcome, that you already know.

Psychological experts are now more sure than ever as to how these early-life experiences change the brain,

any reasonably intelligent person now knows

that the brain responds by changing its structure, gene expression, and function.

And to dismiss this reasonable argument should prohibit anyone who thinks otherwise, from having

or playing a role in my daughter's still developing mind.

Would you not agree?

How do we help a traumatized child recover?

There is no magical insight about an individual untrained in child abuse and their future behavior as was just recently tried in court by untrained D.C.F. worker's opinion as to why Caroline was Baker acted.

Or that Caroline could understand the ramifications of her actions, other than to find a way to extricate her self from that her group home surroundings.

Where self reporting as you suggested, would in the future find her.

Right?

Instead, heightened caregiving and therapy involving social behavior is now the key.

Unfortunately all have for year's have known that Karen has never possessed the where with all to change her self destructive behavior.

Attorney Ambrose, we are all social creatures, and our social interactions in early life design the brain to greatly influence the person that we will one day become.

Please Respond!

Sincerely,

James McLain

James McLain

Her Secret Death Was Another Redundant Death

She helped to feed the poor
and shoed their cold bare feet.

She had a habit of sweet trust,
that few other's tried to meet.
Her eyes that loved the light
sometimes sleeping under the moon.

Though the night was not the sun,
some of those she helped hid their dark thoughts.
Her face beneath the mask flowed into
each body that she met and a few could feel her pain.

Her body when they found it bore a stain,
it was ripped and swallowed whole.
Washed in time and lost in human pain,
bathed in their tears of misery.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Deep Out Of Sight In The Light

Deep in the night, deep out of sight,
She is heard.

Under a blanket of flesh where she lay,
beneath the moon, shooting stars.

Whisper's of love, unknown to the rest,
being touched here, being touched there.

Being in love, two rings of fire under the trees,
deep in the night, deep out sight, coming here
where none but us hear.

A white swallow is seen flying by.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dominion Death Will Have

Dominion death will have over that witch lives
and lived but lives no more.

Even from the South and more shall come and each
shall hold each other more to blame.

Dominion death shall have as seen from space
and those who have shall follow as before.

Before death when men were scarce and prophets
spoke and thus foretold how men would die.

And now a mind once strong has death made weak
here in the west the ground comes with a price.

Though there in death and all he sees with open eye's
the sight of death is but a foggy memory.

And bones once covered in soft skin the dying being
young have not forgotten, death has not.

Evil here as there has taken hold and half believe if love
is real that death here cannot stay.

Hurting other's just to hurt, Dominion death then has,
the snapping of the neck feels good to someone sick.

Dominion death shall have the breadth of all that
once had sight but sees no more and death no need has of.

The leaves once green upon the bush that ring the cypress trees
Dominion death shall have it bids us each good night.

Tomorrow with the breaking of the dawn yes death shall know,
unbiased never wrong

though some may try to hide death knows us each by name.

Dominion to the young and old and death to all have name's.

James McLain

The Last Drop Of Alcohol

The last drop of alcohol from yours my glass lip
and has led to my,
numb mind stemming from pain subconsciously.

I was unthinking once famous but now long dead,
through rings of smoke and the look of purple haze.
Taken from the past the future holds each of my,
our fatal condition.

Choosing to live,
my grief is frozen pitied remorse concerning those
a life is taken.

Home is just a word, a place a very dark park,
a shadowed niche,
a dimming switch inside a mouth then swallowed.

Again tomorrow comes and it is not that soft upon the eye
drifting by a window has it's harkened in my last sunset.

James McLain

Flies

Bodies dirty bunched
open sores flies eggs
probiscus pick eating
noses walk in and out
filled so lovely in green
angle wings take outs
always on the flys eye
any way said, Charles Bukowski.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hold Me Here

Night's finally come and now my journeys nearly done
I have been trying to get in touch with only you
Year's have passed and now the ground is under the sea
Have you, can you know that I've been thinking,
Thinking of you
And truly how many have known, known about this
While every letter from each book falls open
To that page
Telling all of us to live with love and not with hate
Though so many tears from every face they fall upon the ground
As living rain
As they whom hate the one's they love and lonely without love
Must live in fear
Every day the planes I hear you on the way but never here
You left me there,
with a message in your heart that they can never hear
Tell me when you leave that I am coming back
Love can mend the fence our fingers tips can meet
Because I see through the windows of your eyes

James McLain

The Public In Not The Public Anymore

I as a child more than a dream, to decide.
Off of the path a wide moving stream, up and down
Near the door that for some, those more than some
adrift as with those less than some.

The world that is now not for those, afraid of the sun.
Knowledge not given to find in the soul, not seen in their eyes.
Way beyond what was once found to be found,
how it once was before.

High humidity combined with the heat, well, hour's on in,
seeing the great divide and the pain right before a few without
thought would kill for.
Incest, isolated pockets of nothing else but what animals
once fought for.

As if children to young, able to think past this nearly gone day,
unable to speak but that knows right from wrong.
To divide and conquer, pitting one point of view over the other,
just to buy time he never said.
Wondering why he, was before her allowed up there while knowing
that if left unchecked a death,
or (death's) would from 1609 up unto be still allowed.

James McLain

For All Your Different Religion's

What use can they possibly be,
when all of you are dead.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Knowing You Well Left A Hole In My Heart

Knowing you well left a hole in my heart
Some how you knew just how that I felt
And feeling the way that you knew that I felt
Will we both know the end when it comes
Word's with real meaning when they are heard
The earth will stop spinning and no one will care
Water and bread is all some are fed
Two million people are in all their jails
Listening I hear more than two voices in my head
Secrets from them at all cost must be kept
Having never met them they know me to well
Being kept in the dark without any light
I sit in the center I sit in one spot and hope to be found
And worry in fear that I will be found out
Knowing that some of my words don't have the same meaning
While meaningless thoughts pass right through my head
I know you mean well I see through his eyes the end of your world
And where I can live none have lived there before
Each day I watch the cloud's that float by hoping to catch
A glimpse of magestic birds that can fly
Bird's without hope Emily has said can't but fall from their nest
Blind is our rage we see nothing but red
Hurting each other wishing us dead other's with
Thoughts, thoughts empty these head's
I've been trying to get in touch with the man
A house that is full yet empty and warm
Woman or man here children are abound and
Love of life is to short to be found
I am not sure just what to think now so like a cloud
I'll fade away how
Pin prick's in the sky is light we see now
With wide open eye's that one day will close
I'm laying in bed unable to sleep wondering if you
Could see what I see a dreams not a dream
Dreaming I dream there just out of reach
Closing my eyes I used up my time I am gone

James McLain

My Final Role

A man not any man and woman who.
Other's covet what no other has.
Hopelessness has from the start has,
given way my friend.
And though she never was my friend,
she played a final role.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trump, Having The Secrets That

Time has past and the present it's self now stand's still
and from she or he imortal.

Loving you has always been, kinda.

And from the bottom it is that they know of, if really free.

Weeping as I do when certain movie's are on.

When finally it dawned on you that your outward appearance
really was.

When unknown were those that spoke on how to now
became as they once we're.

And of grace that fills the room when you walk in.

Vein of those alive who knew of they who knew them not.

And unto that a heart could harbor what few knew.

Asleep with a smile on my face, since I retired.

Faithfully at peace in your place.

Secret or Not.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Collusion, Financial Gain, About The Grand Jury

He might present the weakest evidence,
to the grand jury.

Going back to when he began his declaring
himself for the presidency.

Having the best attorneys for free that have
can and will overcome, if evidence is kept out
by the grand jury, that the investigation,
would have gained more evidence had the investigation
went on for two more months.

A path once walked in and out of, different ways, every time
would in lite of this become problematic.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Must Go

When I must go to where it then was
Before there was sleep and darkness stretched far
And caught by the wind like leaves living began

There where it was the future the past
No love, no hate nor sweet sorrow regrets
Above us no change no thoughts
When I must go again to where it then was
Before there was sleep and darkness stretched far

And caught by the wind like leaves living began
There where it was in your future my past

No love and no hate nor sweet sorrow regrets
Above us no change no thoughts shall we see
And now knowing all of this for we shall then all be

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Have I Become

What have I become, those branches on the tree,
unmoving in the breeze.

To see what I have lived and live it not again.
I live to sleep and dream, becoming someone else
to live it not again.

And pain to someone else, is pain that I have felt,
and standing in the sun, I'm shadowed by the moon.
They my day's are gone, but even if I could, I'd live a different life,
a life I should have lived that other's seem to have.

Music that draws tears, a movement lived by year's,
a simple song I'd have, the song that living makes.

And I would have green grass and watch the children play,
If one single day I'd lived, what love of life have lived.
It's late this life I've lived it's gone but if I could, I'd live a different life,
the life I never had that other's seem to have.

Music that draws tears, a movement made from year's,
a simple song I'd have, a song that music is.

And I would have green grass and watch the children play,
If each single day I'd lived,
a different life I would now live, a life that I've not lived.

James McLain

The South Is Like Fried Green Tomatoes

The South is like fried green tomatoes, to me.

Here all my life,

where the snow you have each year, is a blanket,
that covers my fears.

There is a rose hill in every county, next to the cemetery,
a place to visit a jumping off point, from here to eternity.

I have or I once did hear the wind blow, feel it's touch
on my face nestled there in the bushes, next to you.

And just beneath the bark of the oak above it's Roots were my tears.

I cannot determine what they've always been,

what they represent nor why the good are not always young.

Bridges crossed but not burned and the winding road I have
walked seemed so long.

Lilly's long along the path that lead's us there, where
death comes back to check if you are there.

The South is like fried green tomatoes, to me and here it is
where I will die, amongst the flies.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Falling Stars

Night becomes day, because of them,
and the light,
from the cities obscures them from our sight.

Before we became as we are, did we not seek
with wonder and awe, with wide open eye's,
as only a child could see them.

To disappear with the coming of dawn,
with the sun,
not shedding a tear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lucid Dreaming

There was a massive investment of time
and energy.
Controlling the dream, going places that
you knew existed,
but in this life you were unable to get to.
Dreaming of lottery numbers before they are picked,
waking up and writing them down.
Unable to buy a ticket in solitary confinement.
Twenty is not very old,
lucid dreaming for me was the only escape that I had.
There is no longer hope in a dream that few can do,
unless you're a monk in Tibet.
We could recognize each other at the airport, they dressed
in Orange robes,
due to my current age, I no longer go to the airport.
Facial recognition software is everywhere,
Except in my dreams, I control, where God can meet you
and you can greet him anywhere.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Cannot Make You What You Should Be

I cannot make you what you should be,
to the very young
or old that the other's think you should be.
What made you do, what you know that you did,
knowing the harm it would cause?
Far away or close to your chest, the thing's
that you did have caused this unrest.
To the young, your future is bright, do you
even listen to the words that you hear?
And to the old who have beaten long odds,
your still here, to them give them cause, because
young or old, one filled with hope.
The other still dreams those dreams that you will,
not just because, because you are the future we need.
If the good women and men continue to turn away,
evil and bad will hold sway.
I cannot make you what you should be, what you should be
still beats in your breasts, can't you see?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Love Was Like Glitter It Sparkled Then Faded Away

If that certain one is worth possessing can love be real,
self possessed leaves one alone, unpossessed.
Being possessed in spite of love all alone, face
lifted up,
feels all that one feels, even when rain softly comes.

And having life a life that's lived well and a warm hush
crimson lip's never touched, lost in you.
After all having foresight each time after love and I being
yours and in loveliness, other's have met like us.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Creeping Up To The Edge Of Dawn

How long is a long time?
We all do, as we age as a purple grape
right before it is squashed,

And in the time in between
coming awake from deep sleep
is the dream in a dream.
The dream of where you, or if in sleep
awake, to be thought.

Between her and I, was a wall of thought
people thoughts,
thoughts no one else had, thinking thoughts
you know, the same thoughts you know you do now.

Before the edge of dawn as it creeps up
through your thought, right up before.
Out side you see the hope going by in a stream
still uncut from the sky.

The strength in her hand,
As up and out through her fingers.
A broom in a corner
the kind of light, that only comes,
When not yet quite surprised.

Thick, a found out surprise,
real not a shadow.
Where hand's
hand's that are white turn
black, as black as it was before dawn.

In her hand still asleep, yet there's life,
In the dream.
It may melt at the snow covered top,
In a dream at the top of the world.

That pleasant familiar sound
the only kind of sound that it makes.

Every purple grape, every grape
that you popped.

James McLain

Some Must Wait To Come From There

She came and left and came back as a man,
and a few sleep less than the rest.

Just have it in your mind that the rest,
you find have not turned the backs on you
in the end.

Being both in this life and the life being lived,
asleep as you look at their life that one lived the other way.
Though allowed to dream of those flowing down to the earth,
and as seeing one See's coming back again to here.

As the man in the night,
she sees coming back for more of the same again than here.
Revelstoke the fire as the smoke from their fire as he smokes,
than there.

Or being not you, but she or he, the the you that sleeps,
still see as you sleep, but yet lives.

And yet they of those, not of you go on those shows, that one
lived yet must wait to come again from there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Was And Still Am A Living Witness

I am a living witness to it all.

I could hear the people being raped at night,
in every Florida prison they placed me in.

In the last one Union correctional institution,
where Florida House's it's death row, the condemned.

I was raped my first night,
staff used this particular prisoner to initiate,
the non-violent

to instill terror into the hearts of the few.

Florida signed into law an apology for the boy's that
we're killed and raped at Auther D. Dozier school for boy's
from it's inception tonineteen seventy three again,
of which, I was one of.

The white house where the beatings took place to the unmarked
grave's where they disposed of over a hundred young bodies.

For some of you, where you live, in your country,
this may be normal to you.

My personal belief is that when you take a child at risk from
an abusive home and do with them as was done unto me,
what does an ignorant community expect to receive from these
individuals whom were so unmercifully exploited.

More now are dead than alive, some are doing life in Florida's
prison's.

The few such as me are the exception, now what do you who
live in the south, think about this.

In Florida, I along with over two million other people not on
probation in Florida which has no parole,
still cannot vote.

I was and still am a living witness to it all and have been
out of prison for over twenty years.

Do you really believe that by beating and abusing a child that
you can produce a more better rounded child,
that will function at a higher level and that the abuse combined
with a mean low intelligence.

That Florida's,

backwards thinking government still continue to provide.

That the man with small hands continues to think is alright.

James McLain

Our Need And Love Of The Act

Can love be all, if it is not mean nor full of hate?
No more being measured by how you look or if in sleep,
You sleep in the nude as rain blows in through the window.
Yes if so I would watch as you have watched over me.
Neither open or closed as I float there above you.
A thousand times in and out, in and out as you call me.
Hate has and certainly can, suck out the life the very life,
Of those whom were raised that way, can you forgive them?
That lonesome dominion called death,
Some but not all have made friends with and then
With them sleep with alone.
Emotionless the very act of slapping faces and the noise
That it makes, until the snow comes as winter fades.
Hate has pinned some down as those filled with love find release.
She has to sell it for food as one good man refuses to help,
Or as she drives by in the shadows he hides.
This makes it so by the love of the act filled to the brim,
As over and over love over flows.
I think you would I think we all would, I am too young to know.

James McLain

Dominion Death Shall Have

Dominion death shall have over that witch lives
and lived but lives no more.

Even from the South and more shall come and each
shall hold each other more to blame.
Dominion death shall have as seen from space
and those who have shall follow as before.

Before death when men were scarce and prophets
spoke and thus foretold how men would die.

And now a mind once strong has death made weak
here in the west the ground comes with a price.
Though there in death and all he sees with open eye's
the sight of death is but a foggy memory.

And bones once covered in soft skin the dying being
young have not forgotten, death has not.

Evil here as there has taken hold and half believe if love
is real that death here cannot stay.
Hurting other's just to hurt, Dominion death then has,
the snapping of the neck feels good to someone sick.

Dominion death shall have the breadth of all that
once had sight but sees no more and death no need has of.

The leaves once green upon the bush that ring the cypress trees
Dominion death shall have it bids us each good night.

Tomorrow with the breaking of the dawn yes death shall know,
unbiased never wrong
though some may try to hide death knows us each by name.
Dominion to the young and old and death to all have name's.

The Shaft Of Fire

Oh because of youth love at first sight,
That he dared to part her two red lips.
And in his arms he held her ever tight,
Beneath the moon each summer night.

On fire the setting sun and every star,
Her whispered breath that she released.
The sky is clear of cloud's yet it rained today,
No devil nor an angel reappeared.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Solece In The Art's

We so many need to understand.
The past from where we came to where we are.
To read in word's a thought not heard before.
And wait for love to overcome a world in need,
This world that other's made.
The greatest in the Art's, didn't think the way
That other people thought.
And sad the thought,
It is true that to many took their lives.
Then by your leave may I perfect, where you left off
And for ever live in spring the snow is gone
It just melts away.
And talent, trauma takes and you can't sing.
While writing book's that no one reads and getting lost
In what you hear that someone said.
Solece in the Art's without that big full moon,
And dreaming dreams that other's dream and make them
Happen overnight while other's sleep.
Taking solece in the Art's, when were down and when
We're reading feel their pain.

James McLain

Strange Music That I Hear

I am alone, in spite of those around me,
To give or take affectionate, I am all alone.
At my age I think of death each day,
Alone at birth, what is there left to say.

This arrangement sad, my melodies,
Strange though they may be.
My music when it used to live, my music
Was alive it gave me life.

Have I not and should I not, give
Meaning to our lonely lives on earth.
The meaning of each note I hear,
Such proof I am alive above the clouds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am Still Lost In You

Yet I am I pushed deep inside,
Held still until the dawn.
As prominent as the sun and love
The soft sweet beat of your heart.

Our lip's never touched and the ache
Never stopped, when alive.
Yet I am still I and you I still love as
The night must swallow the moon.

I have been there like a diver to deep,
Asleep left to drift in your dreams.
Passionate in love as only the young,
Knows the end of the world when it comes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dream's

Dreams lay in the fresh young nubile mind's
for the youth the old, no longer have.
Alive before a field is freshly sown, to each
who has grown what lies, to dream unknown.
Today in the absence of hope that's now seen,
Their dreams like none other
Our young still must have are their dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Need To Leave Something Behind

I cannot say how good that you lived your life
We're you shown mercy from some place that you've seen
Other's that know some how seem to you kind
Trying to stay in this world some are blind

Every word other's write left since unwritten
Mammon is free for the price of a life
And your soul is the price if you try to stay
The money that you leave them is spent in a day

Judging another in our own foreign land
And what you have taken other's gave back
Who are your friends a circle not round
Speaking in tongues beneath the full moon
My pain is much deeper as deep as can pain
If I'm to be judged by what I left behind

Honeys not free when you feel the bee sting
And love can be bought we never were taught
Why I need money to get through your door
Like leaves, wind and wisdom, feeding the poor
The need to leave something behind when I'm done

James McLain

Coming To Come, Because She Can

Come, come through eyes that see,
what they've seen sometimes if what
you saw
you did not see, the past before.

Through the waves of cloud's they part as you smile,
clinging to that small branch,
that floated up to here where you are.

Green every size as each side looks elsewhere,
to the spot one can see to the sea
the tip of the thorn coming up through the
bud of the rose, two open lips
that have
circled the tip of the top of the world.

Her name when it's said what they've said,
yes in the winter
of whatever you saw and what they've always,
seen as they do.
Come to the front of the line,
unable to stop very long because of the way
that you feel!

James McLain

Haiku (It Tastes)

Early in the morning
The sun begins to rise and show
A deep yellow flower

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Obscurity

If there ever was any, it lies lost
gone, to obscurity.

I knew not how to write, I cannot
tell you how, not even why a word
takes form.

As living proof as other people do,
and love if love is love of light and dark
one can't explain, by lack of sight.

If I were wind and you the leaf, you still
would feel a breeze.

While wisdom trapped inside one soul,
cannot exists, were told.

The sky it hides the few, the many see,
as star's each night if there's no light weren't
there for one to see.

And in-between each star there pools a sea,
the tide can feel.

Though forever out of reach you see the star's,
where one is safe,
and safe one is inside obscured or so I feel.

James McLain

Listen Even After Death

To every soul once living that's now dead,
And life to those who lived, who are not dead.
To everyone who dreamed, could get a head,
Dreaming now you know who should be dead.

Is vengeance not revenge deferred regrets,
A simple song for you that's played you hear.
If livings right or wrong, life's short or long,
After death it does not matter you are gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Youth It's Melody

Youth and it's melody,
Moving as the wind they dance and play.
Her beauty and his grace their claim to fame,
And their candle it burns hot for them today.
Would that if I could with her again,
And knowing what would come it could not change.

Moving through tall grass though it is green,
I cannot cut.
Learning how to read the notes before I wrote
Them down and music's made.

Can a situation ever change all ask themselves,
As what one has composed begins to leave an empty space.
All the pain one's ever felt in just one day,
To leave the rest for love the highest note one's ever felt.

The beauty of their youth and of their soul is music made,
Just her eyes and what they say though I be blind.
And the melody of youth is made of magic that all feel,
His bag is full of oats,
Her roses in the vase cannot resist the hands of time.

James McLain

The Waves And The Wind The Sound Of The Sea

Surrounded by peace on four sides,
each night, I rise up to face the moon.
Here where we each night can meet,
the waves, the wind the sound of the sea.

My window out side surrounded by green,
and yet through it all, I hear it's call.
She comes to me, I come to see,
the waves as they crash against her, I feel.

Surrounded by peace beneath the cool star's,
the waves and the wind, the sound of the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nine Inch Nail

Pierced the pine begins to weep,
it is hot
the thick sap wells up,
over the sides of the bark it it thick.

Over the year's,
the once small cut has grown open and wide.
She thinks I speak of her,
but only when we meet inside both world's.

Nine inch nails are sharp and long, again
the tear in time might hear.
I think we have all night that both can share
in the light that is there, the pale that's there
before the dawn.

The leaf turned inside out but one can see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?? Violent Bipolar Current Half Brother

A thousand times he said, himself he had.
Fifty four, robbed our mother blind I think,
at eight one
now suffers severe post traumatic syndrome and
what back then, what Patty Hurst psychology
experience by her captors.
Shaking becomes more severe when she's,
yelled at.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Won't Our Young Help The Aged

Though I have died I lived and alive
I would be greeted by the dead.
The grass should be green as it rains,
and how it feels,
the smell that we taste.
As it feels in the dream.
We some,
due to our age as our vision begins
to fade.
Love for those few has seen full bloom,
the gardens to large to tend.
While the fruit of the tree, once full
to the taste.
Before was the past now has flown.
We are now to many and pride is the price,
paid in full.
Great are the few whom still in their youth
and did learn from those now gone away.
Something tragic has happened as the rest,
have put the aged and the learned some where else.

James McLain

I Will Love You

Moving my hand I rub on the silk,
that covers the face I can feel.
Pulled as far up and then again down,
her eye's open wide as it pops.

Pink as far, as far as is seen and no rest,
from the end, to my belly and back, on a string
and the ache of the heart never seen.

Queer is the feeling I get from rubbing the silk,
under the touch of the moon.
Inside, side to side, the length and the depths
you do dream.

A feather here can't be felt, though the thumb
Rubbing, rubs until it grows numb, oil flows
from the bud of the rose.

There is nothing about small that she likes,
his trying to look in side the wide pupils, her eyes.
Not being her father, her brother or uncle,
oysters freshly eaten, the shells I toss out with the tide.

James McLain

Fun Stuff

I long to be what I was, happy and free.
You know the happy stuff, if happy you ever were.
Dreams you had when you wer't young,
to Young to have a dream and die in it.
There inside, alive in it and more alive,
that you had when you were young.
The sun is out, yellow it burned inside
of the soul of life breathing green.
The white light can be mistaken once
near death one comes back without tears.
Every night's not the last it's said,
through a rose on the wall, the lizard is.
Slowly it rose in a way that the sun in the sky,
on the wall year's ago.
Between you or I in the dream, as colors of red
turned the head of her last seen.
Their way up there looking down on us, with
their machines, that listened first.
And did they not with open eye's at the
sign of hope.
Happy stuff, stuff not having been seen,
like the shadow that touches the sky.
It rose and rose untill it touched the stars and it.
Below the thick wall some have made,
if white vanilla puddled like that made unseen.
Dripping from the spicket it's warm,
are the moist humid day's.
Above you inside of the dream, not forgot.
Like a raw sky,
without clouds that shine down, happy stuff
that we were as a child.
Lazy asleep in the sun.

James McLain

Smaller Than A Marble

Infinity is only a look at the same singularity
in the past
That bounces back and forth, it's not that long.
When your asleep!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Can Be Born Here And There

Before I was born you were made.
Expanding,
In and out to a place not yet there.
And yet sleep when it comes, will
Be sleep that is deep.
And here what's not done, there you will be
Awake in the warmth of the sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Prides Not Power Before The Fall

We can never take it back,
What we said
Or what we did, so we cry.
True regrets,
Who can truly be forgiven, it's a word.
And redemption,
Is being faced with the same circumstances,
And not afraid they you will give in.

So we take out those old photos,
The ones where we have aged.
And before the thought is gone, we
Go outside,
Just to feel the sun as it was on that one day.
And hang a mirror in your home,
Where one was never hung.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Song Of Many Dreams

The snow is gone and spring has early passed,
and in my hand I hold a rose that lived.
Summer has its own a promise made and
would we want our winter back again?
My love to her I gave as I turned back,
she looked me in the eye and tightly pressed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Good Poetry And Bad Poetry

Good poetry explains four pages of love
In a single paragraph.

Bad poetry, is going outside to get the
Morning papper,
And stepping in wet dog shit, as it flows
Up fluidly, between each of your toes.
Where the twenty steps up to your door way
Seems to take forever.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Dog

Be it false or maybe true,
A dog if treated, treated nice
In love, will follow you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Waking Up I Surprised Them

They hear from my mouth as I
Suddenly awake.
The nurses nipple hard, the room
Is cold.
I am clean but I'm sure I was dirty
There.
There where they cut me,
Now glued shut.
I am a patient who will and they
Don't know me until.
The pain is unbearable and as
They give me the good stuff, not a pill
Untill my time draws near.
I feel as if the weight of the world has been,
Laid upon my stomach.
My eyes take it all in as one by one
They leave.
I had to open a drawer and wedge the
Second i.v. in,
To pull it out and leaving I left them
Wondering where I was.

James McLain

Safe From The Storms

And at night tucked deep in snow,
Inside asleep, where I am warm.
Inside where I was safe, safe from
The storms.

Before the bud was formed, before
It knew the sun.

And every night I made more snow,
Her white face in my hands, I came
Each night to love and know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Our Love Was Born

When we first met and love was born,
Beneath night's sky and moon.
While up and down the waters drawn,
Upon her breasts I'd lay.
And in the center of the grass filled glade,
Before the sun is high,
Tall trees would promise us their shade.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Who Is Not Lonely Having Died

Alone without love, without you,
Giving much more than I take.
A word, a breath, such thoughts
Would make but of you.

Heavy and full though I stood,
Under the moon it is full.
The cold wind could blow and you
I would know, as we looked down
From above at the past.

The earth hid us all in the past,
And heaven is kept for last.
To love as we did, once in this life
Seemed normal where now it is not.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If Death Is Kind To Me

Will my death be kind, and there I can't return,
The scent of her gardenia's, I raised up in the night.
And when the moon is full and bright, the sea
My path will find with her, alone and out of reach.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hysteria

Children crying
Here not there though there
It is as well.
What we think of in secret
Most lie about.
Though they're here and
Yes, you can see them here
As though or not.
Blue berries squeezed? and hot,
The juice flows and the wine tastes
As good wine should taste?
You know they are here, the children
Are crying.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Unseen The Act Of Kindness

From the womb to the tomb and all in between,
Acts of good and of evil made from choice.
Personal love unseen by those not yet in love,
Have not yet opened their heart to he or she the other.
Every kindness not yet done could not be done,
Before our births waiting yet to come.
The act of kindness and loves unseen is yet still,
While those who hurt just to cause pain, sets us back
The pain of love unseen,
Must always stem from the act of your one kindness.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

They Kill The Teacher's And Free Thinker's First

They kill the teacher's and free thinker's first,
Then censor that which you write.
All the things by which as a society, we are judged.
Unable to evolve,
Stifled the intelligent have correctly decided not
To have children.
Questions pertaining to one's own kind of reason waived
Away, by the flick of a hand by some man that says thank you.
And pushed out the door with his middle finger, firmly
Without gloves pushed up into that place wonderful and strange.
The pump of his firms near America's waterways and the loud
Sucking noises, usually reserved for those at home not yet drunk.
The vibrator bent, points north but you hang to the left,
Or to the right unique and slanted, Emily about truth.
And as fewer and fewer of the intellectuals correctly reason
To bring no children into such a world.
Jerry Springer and Judge Judy, make that much more money.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Snapping Turtle ??

The snapping turtle grabs it,
If ever one you've seen or gladly felt.
The bud that has yet to be, a man in her
Last life gay or man.
Such woman are shaving the bark from,
Each tree.
The forest denuded of Bushes, thick with
Green leaves.
The dark water hides them here where few,
Wade in, afraid to drown.
The crack that two Plank's make, when coming
Together as one.
The one that caught me, niece I was, sucked in
Body, soul and mind.
The one in the aquarium that without chewing,
Sucked in a single gulp that one fish, that fish
With the human head.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Dream In Color I'm Not Sorry It's Red

I dream in color, I'm not sorry it's red,
My ability to change and control.
For those that have gone, I'm glad I'm alive,
Even if but yet still for a while.

Should even you loose sight of the light,
And the truth.
None that are like you, will throw you a line,
Swallowed by sand or the ink that is time.

I'm not sorry that the dreams that I dream are
Are as red as the cherry,
That Come Autumn shows dark purple instead.
Black and White, white or black is not red.

We all need an advocate when there is change,
I dream in color, Im not sorry it's red.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thinner Grows The Silver Cord As We All Age

I struggled with the old and with the new.
I struggled,
Through the dreams where you were you.

And as we all as one have seen it through the
Corners? of our eye's
and turn our head we catch a glimpse then it is gone.

Kind things left unsaid, that form the ring around
Our beds,
But only when we sleep can we here the words they
Speak.

No effort do you make when deep in sleep, they are
Free to come and go,
Two bright eyes deep inside a shadowed face,
When fixed on me without a name.

Without your faith can I be true, without your love
To make it new.
In my dreams of what I see but what of you?
So much thinner grows the silver cord as we all age.

James McLain

Before The Glitter Fades

After the glitter fades, my dress it's hem.
To bend but never break in the strong wind,
And forward time will move and leave us there.
She hurries past us both and she is talking,
If I touch it now,
she is your lady and your her mister and the
Ocean, here it calling,
It is calling to you both and to you both go in.
In the water beyond life, beyond the grave.
Knowing that you knew about such things,
To it she clings,
And the feelings that I feel understandably.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ignorance Is The Nothingness Of Death

And you did right by him,
Empathy caused her to climb the walls.
An altered state without drug's,
May cause it.
Along the edge of the grave is no place
To run your finger, unforgiving.
Kepler finds a new planet each day weather,
You live or die.
Once upon this rock when life was good and sex,
The cause of life and death has found.
If the word of life is good then there's that lie,
The more ignorant that one is there's no surprise.
God stopped by before you were and now you are,
Confused and hurt that nothing's there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blue, But Not What I Think

Two color's of white be they true, such are dreams
Of my dreams, in other people heads,
Be they awake and not dead, though they are.
As truely, watching the sun walk on by.

Two color's of black as it rises, high to the sun.
It will be as hot as growing nears, yet colder still.
As tears on an upside down mask one hides, not hides
But still as still can cause it to rain.

Wating Still.. oil or Gel.. iip

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Still Even Now Dream About You

I still dream about you but
they won't let me.
Having been robbed of your childhood,
just like me.

Children are better if their parents
Have money,
And do even better with two loving parents.

In Florida, in Hernando County, D.C.F.
Worker's,
Think a child's better off, without that above of
Which I speak of.

The Judge just recently said, that my thirteen year
Old daughter has been through hell.
Without addressing the unspoken truth, that I at her
Age,
In that very same county lived in a wilderness camp called
Camp E-How-Kee.

Where the father's of these Judges knew we as small children
We're sexually and physically and psychology abused.
Many are dead now and a few are alive in Florida's prison's.

It's not a question of having the ball's to work to change this.
To blame the children by them they abused, protecting those,
Whom should carry the blame.
By still making a profit off all these abused children.
From D.C.F.
Creating false alligations without proper direction and
The Judge's that allow them to do it.

James McLain

My Finger I Lost In The Dark

Only when it rain's, will you open.
Afraid of the dark, you linger a little longer,
The sun has rose it's now gone,
Water flow's past you, you stop and remember,
How old you were it was snow at the
Top of the mountain.
What ever is seen now is seen with a blur,
Substituting love at this stage of our life,
Open to me just a little.
My finger, I have lost in the dark.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Circles The Border Of Green

Full in her hands,
Circling the border of green
Long, a tree limb.

Rows and rows of lillies
And roses,
Down by the stream where
They grow.

In the fields, leading
Down to the beach, by the sea
In the hot sun where
When where young we were there
To go to swim.

So she circles? the border of green
Ferns the Hem of her dress, never worn.
And that bushes and trees all
Can see, up and down a constant push,
That one feels.

James McLain

I Wished Everyone Liked Me

Possessing the body of all, worth possessing.
Free at night
To go were you go asleep, when asleep,
In a world
Full of people like you.

And I've been given over sixty dilikes
Alone.
If a comment or no contact
By another is by that one, Not wishing you to be
Contacted or commented on or even some other as of yet by the
Unknown tree.

That tree most can see where is it never goes but you
Or just a few may not like being in the forest.
Alone
Not wishing it to be.

So what if lava flows if kept cool by the spring
Outside your room.
Kept safe from what never happened
To you.

Let it flow through the eyes of another,
In full control of the dream, when you went off alone
To explore off their now
And falling through her hole in the floor.

And nobody else explores, that type off bee,
Through icy back roads,
Stinger in and out of the fleash that he has,
Never condemned by those
With a mob mentality back and forth.

From that witch is warm, make it hot.
On her cheek warm fleck's, of him made complete.
You are who you are, leave their name.
The word means what it means from the grave.
It could for you be that nice.

James McLain

My Old Friend

My old friend, where are you now?
The X in the road,
North, west, east or south.

Unto you have I given that which makes
Me vulnerable to you.
A cut might heal, wounds apart,
Is the sun not hot today?

Together we walk alone,
As have many
Who were alive and lived long before,
We were born.

Thing's left unsaid assumptions made,
Wisdom undeserved from your God.
Listening alone as you talked was simply,
The way you were made.

As with those you meet in your dreams,
And they in yours.
So you will know when you see me, alive
Not yet dead all our friends.

James McLain

Skant Should Be Her Wants Until

She, a tigress - high strung, bipolar.
universe unspung, coming together again.
Together some place that is not here, stuck in a space
By the death of another,

Yet you are still alive and do what people somewhere
Else do, until through the death of another
Takes place
And then you reappear here again instead of there
Or somewhere else.

Or Hernando County would not let what is said,
Instead of here.
Appearing there over night to stay,
I swear to God.

And by what is said or not said for me and she
Apart,
Learning the game, having the wits to know
What is real in life
And you just flow at her feet and up her legs
Back out of sight just until.

James McLain

Once Again

Could I be as I was once again,
Free and young, as young as a bird in the sky,
In the clear skies up above, high up above,
Looking down.

Let it go, let it go,
Soft, soft as silk until the rain comes
Let it go.

Near, near by, far not far,
Never seen, how by far, farther
Than time,
Seen but by the few who told you
Such as I was unlike then.

Fancy parts.

And all inside assembled as we all wait
For the he or the she,
As to why that it is, if they live to be
Wear you never being there before.

You see the water,
That is blue in the gulf but off to the left,
Or nearer the west, where to some
Not far out, but you live to most unseen by
Crowds once again.

The lily, you the rose, a purple lilac
Floating across
A bass on her bed as life flowed down stream,
There where you're fair.

Here I am there you are
Looking past a past that is gone,
Are you full.
Full in the word, other words that
One hears and being full and
You are stretched past

The point, even so past past that point
When none have yet gone.

Most there feel.

Then that is where all those older tree's,
Sapp, dark brown Sapp
Flowing out, far from sight to
The sea, the sea, where once again one will
Come and become what we become,
Eating fresh fish and popping pink oysters
Untill once again when we then
Became full.

James McLain

My Rose Didn't Bloom She Said

I have not had your pleasure since,
You had mine last since.
The moon not the sun expands each night,
Silver ring's tight, light I've held.

Would that but love as time indures and
Bodies two, one intertwined.
And like pearls that hang from each breast,
Blanket's the hills with snow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Haven't Cried Since My Daughter Was Born

I haven't cried since my daughter was born
Yesterday I did.
The crest of a wave, bourn of despair, far
Far away from the sea.

I sat surrounded by two as I cried,
Ashamed.
What they saw as I cried who can guess?

Do men cry led away as they walk their
Last walk what is brave.
On the bench where I sat outside of the court room,
Here were twenty people.
Picked as jurors different as night from day.
Nothing to do with me.

To my case worker where they could hear I said,
Beyond a reasonable doubt to him I said.
Bring a pad and right this down, never be afraid
To ask questions.
If at any point in the trial something's said that
Sticks in your mind or stands out.
Even if but for a second right down the time the doubt came.

My voice carries all heard some will be dismissed,
My public defender came and we both left.
It was inside Dr. Poor man's office when by she I was
Asked certain questions.
She asked that one perceptive question to it I replied.

My daughter is in foster care for the third time since
Last July.
Her mother is?
She will be fourteen on the sixteenth of this month.
I opologized to Dr.Poorman and Matthew my case worker,
Ashamed as a man that I cried.
With no where around I could hide as a man when I cried.

James McLain

Around Her Arena

Didn't the other's, I was led to believe,
To me, they said talk was cheap.
Afraid at the beach to enter the water,
Translucent
Once it got wet all could see through it.

Bunched into a large squirming mass,
Just like fish
My own personal ritual of death,
As some stabbed at it.

After the first touch deep to the heart,
Down, down much deeper down, fluent they danced
Caught by their horns.

Latter that night as I lay thinking in bed,
To tender to touch,
Caked in dried rust that flaked off in my
Sheet's as I slept.

James McLain

When The Moon Is Covered In Snow

Sunshine has filled the moon,
And clear are the skies overhead.
I become lost inside,
Stars beckon and show me the way.

Dare we dream without sleep,
Could it not be the cause.
Of what we want most of all,
A moon that is covered in snow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Odd How They Watch When You Come

To you I could give but one,
Though from the heart there were many.
From a tall tree just out of reach,
The scent of the bush on the breeze.

Fruit that hangs low, warm in the day
Let no one know.
Those moments at night heavy and ripe,
Odd how they watch when you come.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Ring Beneath The Moon

Cloud's cover the sky when seen from below,
Thick green grass blanket's the hill.
A ring at the top that moves when one's still.

Open your eyes they contain, that element
Of surprise,
The surprise of what is yet to come, ripples
Are heard in the pond.

Those two pipes that lead from the pump,
Remind me of
Milk filling up the glass jars, coffee here is
Preferred over tea.

Deep here in the trees, shadows rise up to
Touch the moon
The ring in the middle is silver not gold,
Touched the right way I can feel.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips My Lips Have Kissed

If by their wrongs through spoken lips,
Hold back their day
And treat them as they treat the weak
As beasts.

Their future as they think it is, in charge
Of it
And time stood still for those
That wait to come.

When less in mind it is that I become,
To dance again to
Dance as once we danced before he came
To dance no more.

And in failing those whom could not learn
Have failed again,
But never had their say for lack of speech.

We must find those thieves but never will,
That beauty
Is a special thing a lonely woman to me said
And so I did.

James McLain

I Love You - Come In Peace

I love you - come in peace
Above me where you sleep
Here below is where I am
There oft yonder is her keep

Summer's nearly here and I the heat
The breeze when felt by some
Begs off for rain on naked skin

A path not beaten seldom used
Leads down winding to the sea
The large flat rocks we lay upon
Can never speak on what they feel

She swallows all the rain that she
Can get, he asks for more
The secrets of our youth by two
Have lived and died by us

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Child Labor In American Tobacco Field's

I still smoke because my parents did,
Are we not what they are?
Those commercials? promoting coolness,
Thanks Marlboro man, camel and Lucky strike.

My grandmother and grandfather owned tobacco farms,
Children did and still do money is.
Leaves as wide as the face of a child and their need
Of school being to tired most drop out.

The morning dew on the leaves, full of nicotine,
Absorbed by their skin called green leaf sickness.
Neurology in the still developing child the need for money
Just to survive.

Tobacco Field owners did as a child, Work in the fields,
That their families still own.
Hidden beneath the great green umbrella of leaves,
From view are the thousands of children, that now you have
Been made aware of.

James McLain

When The Man Comes Around

When the man comes around
Above or below loud bright flashes.
Will you deserve, what will come?
Or will you deserve what he wants?

Do you believe what he sees?
Inside of your head if you are alive,
He has seen.

And your heart is it black ashen blue,
Or corrupt and unjust are your thoughts.
And the blind will then taste what you say,
As the deaf will then feel what you touch.

When the man comes around he will see,
What you see as it's done.
Around the man he will come and to see
What he sees none should see.

Where you go he can come back and forth,
To hear what you said he would do.

James McLain

If Love In Death Is Kind

O' love of death be kind I have not found the way,
With you the path we walked, the air we breathed.
The night's are not the same since we as one both left,
And the scent is of the sea, lest we forget.

Hidden in the dark where we both sat and love
Was it the moon when full to see.
Together what we felt love kept us free,
And free we are the dead are tired and only
Wish to sleep, the living aren't.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have Mixed Her Love With Wine

My love for you, I cannot bare,
Alone without you.
The scent of lilac in the air.
Surrounds me.

But I would bear that first time pain,
Still if you would love me.

If not for love, our eyes,
Of trust our mouth's, your lips
That parted, like two leaves that
For the wind might drift apart.

Love with all my might, a woman made,
To soon to often love
The sea the waves that crash upon the rocks
Each gentle sway that time has since forgot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When She Comes And Come She Will

When she comes and come she will,
The smell of the sea on the breeze.
On the air,
At night is when we are free to feel.

And love when it's gone to where,
Love is gone.
Will he or she really care?

For when I am gone and she is still here,
To young to know or to care.
Herself, grown old in the blink of the eye.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Me

Love me though in the rain
Never wet beneath leaves above me.
Love me above and below
The sight of tall trees how they haunt me.

And if the cloud's in the sky remind me
Of the moon when it's full, I won't resist you.
Lips that when full open and kiss me
A man that love like yours was meant for.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Inside The Mind Of Love Like You

I have walked? inside where few have dared to go.
Around me in the quite wind,
it swirls unseen, with the scent of you.
Oh, she has said I've listened,
to the sound of leaves and see each drop of dew
evaporate to come again come morning.
It's not enough to love and lost and feel,
such love again.
Cedar in the glenn and grass upon the hill,
each year begins.
Love I had to feel it as with time it slips away,
the moon waits there alone the sun will rise.
The passion and the flame's, blue butterflies as
lilly opens up, it's then I cry.
The roaring engine of that single train that few,
in life have caught, but lost again one tries.
I'm grateful for the heartfelt pain, the pain before
one dies.
Loving like a memory fades inside the mind of love,
When love is still alive.

James McLain

I Cannot See Her Blind

Near her the birds are building,
Their nest I'll never see.
Gazing up and lonely,
One dove is all I see.

And watching them how should
I know,
How far they've come to build?

Descending darkness comes,
Without a moon that is not full.
How to you,
Do I begin to show to you the light,
Without the sun.

For love like yours is what I've missed,
Though we have never kissed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Guardian Ad Litem

Mother's and Father's,
in a safe bed children dream.
No one knows what they dream inside of their dream,
trapped in such pain none should bare.
If once I was as she is now who will care?
Transplanted life false memories there are they real?
Love is seen through transparent mind's yet,
the loss of one if not discerned leads to the loss
of the other.

How does one that is close to a child explain to a child
that can not hear what music is?
Nor to the blind, that though they hear the color fear.
Tears that one sees on the face of another,
may not see at all.

Yea though when young the child is forgiven the neglect
of a parent,
though when given back to the wrong undiscernible parent
And in vain though we wait for the rose.
weed's can there only grow.

I cannot hate but love not the other one has to me said.
Time cannot heal certain wounds,
where wounds not properly addressed are not met.
The theft of time from one is a thief in the night and night
is the pillow and place where in peace children sleep.

James McLain

How Far Must One Fall When The Bottom Is Near

From the bottom of a dream,
reaching out to you.
To it you give much thought when,
one is awake.
Winter there when here there is green spring.
Waters scarce!
The bottoms? not quite reached but she still moves,
I'm but half way in.

You and I we stop!

Does it the hill have bushes growing there,
still within hand's reach?
While song's to the ear of some, came not from here.
end is near, who is there?

And how you talked to me when you were near.
Reaching for the bottom of, before you're there,
elbows that seldom touch are every where.
Full the moon sometimes in day is seen,
when we are looking up.

Thus inside the well from whence you drink.
It is neatly there inside she thinks,
as sponge's swell.

The bottom when if reached is touched by those,
But few would think.

James McLain

Those Scarlet Plains

Together we watched a certain one,
With ears that no one has.
The scarlet plains have hid from us our eyes.
From those very hands that changed the sky.
She is a human being with ties to life,
The old one said.

Loyal with high expectations, without exception.
I bleed on her at every opportunity!
Shot through the head should I die early?
Both halves die if rent usunder,
Are they over you able to discern it.

Dreaming through the one eye of the eal,
Over the top through the only half that makes her
Different.
Sliding down open wet hills, I am surrounded,
Surrounded by all that she feels.
Subconsciously.

Bushes and vines over there's the tree,
Moist, open and shut there he feels.
Someone like you leaning over the burl just
To fall asleep.
Cool, the bamboo is open to the touch from whence
No water escapes.

The scarlet feilds, butter cups veiled in the years, year's
That have passed, year's that you won't get back.
Oysters, alligator's, to early if soon released.
Moist juicy fat open lips
Lips that when red when not closed, are they their moving?

James McLain

Her Home Is The Sea

She swims in a pool that's next to the sea,
Her place by the sea without me.
The moon it is bright and full in the sky,
And rests on the tip of a tree.
The sound of the waves brings me her peace,
And it whispers to me what she sings.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Does A Good Modern Poet Survive

The antagonist, some call them enemies,
Those that hold life and death in simple utterance.
Living for naught but their pleasure.
As we cover the earth to serve the rich,
Unrulerable, except in life now when poet's die.
The beginner unable to contribute will soon give up.
Desire or ambition is no substitute for success.
Or those who teach English might hate it.
A naked piece of paper fully dressed left blank.
If all the worthless words could fill a large dump,
Would you then speak different words that would say what?
When she was young, Maya Angelou, did the same things
People do to survive but you would lie.
But those few whom survive have survived by never having
To lie about what they've done.
In most marriages there is at least one prostitute, who gets
Up and goes to work.
Even if they being young have to work very late every night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ocean The Sea

I have come back here to see,
What love has meant to me.
Your face I see when I go back,
The many colors of the sea.

In the dream's I have each night,
One stand's out to me.
Remember yours you have as well,
Blank faces, eyes that stare.

I once was fresh, I once stood tall,
I drank not from the sea.
Turning back each night I saw,
My face she saw as well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Loving For A Night And For A Day

Could you bear me for a night and for a day.
Look now Dear, it's never as it seems,
Do not the mountains clear the cloud's away?
The wind and rain and how it stains your face,
Could you bear me for night and for a day?

I would love you if I might,
Look to so soon our life it will be gone.
Buried in the depths of ever lasting night,
Your pain denied to me, I'd fill your day's.
And while the night's you give to me,
Neither, both to each, would ever to one say.

A stranger loved you once, but not enough,
Buried pain inside your chest the hurt you feel.
Forever day it seems, the night's aren't long,
The path down from the top, I hear the waves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Meet Her Is To Greet Her

The noise of the ordinary, voices,
Tireless voices that echoed their needs and wants.
From the throngs of the women, one I saw.
From the back of her eyes, she saw me, she I saw,
Leaves of three colors, the wind helped them fall.
Clean green womanly featchers and lips that though full,
Open and tug, tug and tug.
This was her message to me as falling back I reached out.
Men by the million's have died like this, our fate controlled,
By full lips and strong hand's.
The few who survive that return what they get are the wise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Women That Love Snakes

A snake may eat your toe but it can't
Swallow it.
It may worry at your lips with blind
White eyes.
One may slide between your legs when
You're asleep.
One will try to drink the milk from the
Tip of your left breast.
Bushes without leaves to see exposed.
The snake can be a woman's friend when
It's never left alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can't Change The Way You Look

I can't change the way you look
Or how you looking feel.
A heart shaped ass or perky tits.
Past a certain age your steely eyes,
Will be your best asset.
Everyone
has a different way to find
New umph...
Incompetence is not the same as treatment
Resistant depression.
Sometimes you just need to sleep on it.
My thirteen year old daughter says she hates me.
I am fifty eight and God' that hurts me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Living Alone Is Not Normal Is It

Living alone is not normal not to me.
Those of us past fifty.
Do not know what we should know and
Too much stuff looks much
to strange to move with one there forward.
Man boobs and sagging tits at our age who cares.
At the bottom of each well we are
there is a lot sand and Rock's and have we learned
To compromise without giving up our pride.
And the lack of money keeps the best of two apart.
One feels guilty for not being liquid and the other
One won't say such things don't matter.

What here have we come to?
Some of us are shy.
No one that I know of intentionally would cause harm
To another.. right.
Help the young with writing when one can.
A stressful day a day of pain, will effect your writing.
On a bad day do not force it use the time to read
The poems of the master's.

And remember there's not enough time in a day and night
To read all each poet writes,
And leave a comment.
An effort shown is time well spent if we can rain in our
Alter egos.
Being different that we are is green to me.

James McLain

Immutable Love

IF I must go to where you wait,
And love is still not there.
Should I wait a hundred year's,
To where you know I wait.
We spoke of time to often and
A place to wait, so both can come again.
Love I know that both of us will die,
To soon one will perhaps.
Before we came and afterwards, we will
Be as we again once were.
Living hand in hand and watching as,
New stars are born and die.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dreaming Dream's Of Love And Then It's Gone

Listen to the voice inside your heart,
But not your head.
The shaft is long the head is sharp,
And wide.
It's like a gentle tide, it's mouth is
Broad and wide.
Like the lolly pop you had when young
The tongue goes round and round.
You pushed it deeper in, untill I weep
Beneath the moon on high.
Two breathing, breath as one, our voice
Grown quite.
I only watched how long it was,
Untill it disappears inside.
All lovers here know we are not alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Anonymous Love Paints My Room

I have shut out the sun, she said,
I open the window that's closed.
And love to you, love I will give,
So more to the light should you live.

Wrapped in linen, wrapped in snow,
Wet with the sweat of yesterday's pain.
Music drifts up,
Over the roofs as I lay deep in sleep.

Purple my room, black in the sun,
Where is the love I once had every night?
Whom shall come and sit here by me,
And with love set me free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unseen In The Storm

Deep asleep in a dream, I dreamt of you,
The sea was shallow there at the edge,
Where the waves in and out washed clean
Fish between them.

Arms outstretched clenched fists in the sand,
Waist down underwater, pointed tips in the wind,
Lips taste of saltwater.

Dream after dream in and out every night, waves
And the wind, did you feel in the darkness, I
Was the wind and over and over, snow covered the hills.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Kiss And What It Cost

Approachable I am, set aside your pride,
Though you never tried, I have learned how to bow.
And everything has changed it's not to late,
Must we stay apart, caught but never unaware.

A clear dream came to me and why you hide,
Loved before if ever loved, in sleep with you alive.
Alone or far apart each whispers what the other missed,
Each part not played,
Each road not crossed to soon it will be to late, you never asked.
That's when loves lost and at the cost of waiting to be asked.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Love Goes Away

I was never sick of love, I just grew tired,
And now, O' father, I can't rise from bed.
My struggle for your love, was filled with stars,
I in life might live, such love were dead.

I knew it did not fall like rain upon your face or brow,
Nor from the sea, as music made by churning waves.
Yet I stay and read each book and turn each page,
And dream that there's a place where love is real.

Where such love escapes on wing's you knew I made,
Love hid inside a different dream a dream that neither made.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The End Is The End Of Our Love

When our eyes meet soon at the end,
Right before dusk becomes night under the moon
In the cool silver light.

What was not said, will you say now?
What we should have done, can you smile now?
Remember my love, that all you watch on T.V.
The movies of love and what then you knew.

There is only this one single question I ask,
After were gone and above us they laugh.
Inside of this place where nothing is felt, no pain
And no sorrow or flowers and rain.

And if we should meet here or there in the end,
After the sun sets.
In a sky clear of clouds, full of moon light,
Then perhaps, I'll believe in the end it was love,
Without all the angles or heaven above.

James McLain

If I Could Be Where You Are

Wind and rain tossing our hearts to far apart,
Inside the darkness two beating heart's.
One voice that is heard belongs to the other.
Arm's, legs, hands and feet, finger tips greet.
Looking around inside out of the bubble,
Pushed together here is where our faces will meet.
Where we once were no longer trapped,
How where we wait there at loves gate trying to change
Only two lives that given a chance we would live.
Here in a world made of shadows and moonlight,
In a world that knows nothing about where we came from.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Beggered Voice That Is Mine

It is different then from now a begger comes,
where I live now snow that never falls.
I seldom speak,
but word's that when they come, cause
they whom fill an empty hand a look that
few can meet.

Where I used to hide no other's dwell,
each city has pulled up and killed
the bushes and spaced the trees to wide
to keep the rain off of our heads.

A poet's lot in life in any life if poor
without their love of mind,
An early death the elements can find.

A beggered poet looks away in shame,
his daughter left behind
to young to know what he gave up,
for her to read and one day find.

A heart that's full of love cannot sustain
an empty mind,
or that beggered voice she one day hears
When that voice is mine.

James McLain

Is A Sanctuary Just For Rest

She is tired of rest and weeps,
If I could keep her innermost free.
Tearless, alive and loved by all but she,
Just one breath of love not hate.
And not discouraged now to wait,
Row after row of sorrow veiled we've laid on men.
She if I could keep a place to come to lay her head,
Free for even just one night to come and pray.
If but from she if could I do just this, then,
With a quiet voice and as she grew more wise.
Could not God for her be filled with love's, forgiving eyes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You Think Of Me

I'm past that age of now,
That when I look at other woman.
I can only think of you.
Kinder eyes a softer look, upon
Your face and smile.

Even though I past that age,
I can't,
But wish that you were here.
Each leaf that's green,
And they all fall, I cannot,
Catch them all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poor And Tired Are The Traveler's

Why wherefore have you abandoned your children,
They with open wide eyes, but seek instruction.
Verily unto you, do you even now being unlearned entice them?
Are you not aware that these that are yours, unable
Under the law grant consent, but are able like me sent to prison!
Beware when they say come with U.S. unlike U.S. more and
More in the shadow's they lay in wait, poor and tired a traveler.
Counted the number of this their beasts, tier upon tier, it is there
In these cells they will keep you.
No one wails, no one knows how your kept, without family.
Swallowed up building your next brother and sisters, alive not yet
Dead, dreaming of nightmares, yet while awake.
Unaware that half among you are filled with hate, as no effort it takes
To do what they do, to the good whom with childlike mind's,
Are by they taken advantage of, capitalism they would to you say.
In this our democracy, to you have they not?
Do they have you not seen shed the blood of our fellow man,
Using you very own hand's?
And in vain it is not, when with their net it is by them cast about you.
Have they even now turned brother against brother,
and listen to they, whom through no special wisdom have seen in the past
As to you, as to then the old living few whom have survived it.
Now of greed and of pure evil whom place their own elderly father and
Mother in harm's way to take from them what is not theirs to hasten their
Death's to obtain by their deaths,
what in life they could not in honest labor or by mind obtain on their own.
They cry out as you drive by, turning your once good heart against them,
Because of the pain, a past sin that you did to another.
Your struggle to live in and of it's self is a struggle in life that no decent person
deserves,
And without changing the heart we will not change how we live.
Can you the other half,
My brother and sisters find any just cause in this?

James McLain

Outside The Window It's Gone Now

In the purple bed room I have painted,
Long ago, but now smell's of.
That deep musky scent that won't wash out,
That has produced, a single child.

Even when I grew to tired and weak,
I would go on.
Even when asleep I hear her thought's,
By living only once, she never slept.

A pink and white mushroom,
pouting it stood out by her red lips.
The purple drapes would move,
Inside the room, I couldn't see because.

And then, just like that, her ship came in,
Once outside the room I knew.
I could feel that I had lost a mouth once
Warm, but could not talk.

James McLain

When The Foams So Thick I Cannot Kiss Her Lips

Her pain is as if the waves that never cease,
Even though the sea is calm when seen.
Each grain of sand so hot it numbs my feet,
But foam so white inside and full she sleeps.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mental Illness Is Wide Spread Here As Well

Me, myself and I, inwardly turned
A spiral down a staircase into the basement hides.
The center of their world is all they have.
How can you,
not ask yourself, why all your relationships
Have failed, and racing thought's.
Some not more a few the medication helped,
Until once stable, then you stopped and have you
Understood
the self-destructive actions that you've caused.
And of those around you, friends and family
are afraid of the explosion's and eruptions that will come.
Or that everything you move, you move again,
As they watch.
Bi polar can be untreated lead to hyper sexual burning needs
That can never by you met.
Do you dig inside your self to pull it out or deeper
Push it in until it's gone.
Does a partner leave you all alone, abandoned for no reason,
Afraid you'll leave them first?
Inside this world you live in the moon is always full.
Venus does not seem as she should be and Mars is always red,
No answers there.
Cutting into flesh because of them.
Cutting out the parts they caused but still don't understand.
So you tremble and you hide before you start to sweat.
Being out amongst them and there's not a place to hide.
Right now one walks past you dressed as if it's winter but
It's summer time.
And all the drugs and alcohol you drank and in denial,
Won't understand what you did to that small child.
Half of all obortions are just the tip of all you've done.
Psychological testing is for you the only choice.
Because of your mental illness the whole world is and
You are fine, when at night upon your bed you know your not.

James McLain

The Mother Of A Pearl

The fetching hand that reaches firmly down beneath,
Soft tongues that wrapped around to speak about it's size.
And the many colored layers made from every single drop,
On top that's white to all that's in the shape of each a tear.
With each string of pearls each knotted shut the gate,
He shuddered with her gift, that she trembled to possess.
Each night down deep below, above the windy earth,
She lured up from the depths an eager - willing giving host.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Is You And Me If It Is Green

When love forgets you in this our living dream.
And the cold wind to your heart,
Blow's in from that a cold still moving sea.
And the young have yet to learn and read about,
Old age it brings.
Someone said that love is a warm mouth,
That never speaks.

Could love be just a latter that one climbs,
To reach the top?
A level that but half can reach,
While the rest
Just fall back down again and never love to rise.

To the monied few it brings but sweet release,
Like a bush that dropped it's leaves and has to wait,
A year to get them back.
To soon she started squeezing, tugging just to win
His heart and he to young to know that every,
Peach though sweet has a fuzzy, different taste.

Love in death in death was love that can not change
What love's about.
And it's planting one large tree inside, in the hopes
That love comes back.
Love is one instead of two and love, is you and me.
Love's you and me.

James McLain

To Cold To Love Outside Inside It's Warm

Won't you sing my song's,
My song's of night and day?
Where in the light of day,
You are not afraid.
Nor lonley night's when
I'm not there, sleeping in the light.
You who will not sing my song's,
They will never know.
You hear the waves, the seas
Close by.
It's to cold to love outside.
Inside it's warm.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

White Fog

Rolling in white fog,
In waves of white, the moving mist.
Shrouded in the early morning dawn.
Beneath your feet none living,
That once I've loved in death I've claimed
To know.

They beat the bushes and green leaves,
Not brown
That past a certain age have dropped upon
The ground.
Fallen trees, have blocked the path where
At night we used to meet.

Unchanging is the sea the sky at night,
Is filled with stars.
To raise my hand beneath the moon,
To fill my open palms.
And taste the freedom, scent and smell,
Of she whom living gave me life.

James McLain

Texas, Florida, How Free Are We Really In America

MALNOURISHED PRISONER'S DEATH REVEALS HORRIFIC CONDITIONS IN A TEXAS PRISON

January 24 2017,10: 51 a.m.

ALTON RODGERS WAS 31 years old and suffering from bilateral bronchopneumonia, bed sores, and severe malnutrition when he died of head trauma on January 19,2016, in the custody of the Texas Department of Criminal Justice. Guards had found Rodgers unresponsive in his cell at the William P. Clements Unit in Amarillo, one of the most violent prisons in Texas, the previous day. His fatal injury, the official paperwork noted, was consistent with having his head 'slammed onto the concrete floor.' The TDCJ immediately began investigating a suspect, Rodgers's cellmate, Joe Greggs.

But the official findings raised a cloud of doubt. Why did they ignore or make so very little of Rodgers's dire medical condition even before the blows to his head? The inmate's family has raised questions about Greggs's alleged involvement, Rodgers's medical treatment at the Clements unit, and the conduct of the prison staff. In October, the family, represented by attorney Jesse Quackenbush, filed a \$120 million wrongful death lawsuit against the TDCJ, alleging that guard brutality and untreated tuberculosis contributed to his death. Rodgers was first diagnosed with tuberculosis in 2002 or 2003. 'The purpose of the lawsuit is to change the way [the state of Texas] treats inmates who are suffering very serious diseases, ' Quackenbush told The Intercept.

Alton Rodgers in April 2012 (TDCJ) Alton Rodgers in April 2012. Photo: Texas Department of Criminal Justice Rodgers stood 6 feet 7 inches tall and weighed 148 pounds when he died. His body mass index was 16.7, dangerously lower than the bottom of the normal range, which physicians set at 18.5. According to Northwest Texas Hospital records, Rodgers was admitted with hypoglycemia, a urinary tract infection, dehydration, bilateral bronchopneumonia, bed sores indicating prolonged immobility, and other conditions.

The Intercept asked Carlos Torres, a forensic doctor based in Dallas with no previous knowledge of the case, to review Rodgers's medical records. While it was clear to Torres, who has held positions at the University of Texas and Harvard, that Rodgers had died of 'massive brain injuries secondary to blunt trauma to the head, ' he said that the fluid in both of the inmate's lungs resulting from bronchopneumonia was also a contributing cause. Viral or bacterial infections can cause this condition, Torres explained. He further noted that the

inmate had been diagnosed with schizophrenia and intermittent explosive disorder, a rare condition that leads to outbursts of anger.

'The other important finding was that he was malnourished, ' said Torres. Rodgers was 'extremely underweight ... his BMI actually went down significantly during the last several weeks of his life.' Medical records maintained by the Texas Tech University Health Sciences Center, which oversees health care in Clements, are sparse for the last four months of Rodgers's life.

From October 1,2015 to January 19,2016, the records indicate only one physical health check, on November 6, and that was a check-up after a cell extraction, a procedure which involves the forceful removal of an inmate from his quarters. His last mental health check occurred on November 24.

These records indicate that Rodgers weighed 167 pounds in November 2015, and he had dropped to 148 by the time of his death. 'I could not find any explanation as to the [weight] loss during that period of time, ' Torres noted.

Torres did notice something peculiar relating to Rodgers's diet, however. According to an entry dated June 24,2015, Rodgers claimed that raisins and peanut butter were the only foods he could keep down and requested that his diet be changed. This request was denied, the attending nurse wrote, because there was 'no diet of just peanut butter and raisins. According to medical records filed after Rodgers was admitted to the hospital in January, guards said Rodgers 'had been known to be starving himself secondary to 'trying to die.'"

'These are contradictory statements from the patient and from the [health care] providers, ' Torres observed. Without further records, Torres stressed, he couldn't make a judgement, but he certainly did not find any evidence that efforts had been made to increase Rodgers's weight.

'If someone is losing weight inadvertently, they should have a complete medical evaluation, including a psychiatric evaluation, to see if there's a reason, ' said Robert Greifinger, former head medical officer at the New York State Department of Corrections, in answer to questions about the standard of health care prisons are legally required to meet. 'Prison health officials are required to provide timely access to care. Part of that timely access is accurate documentation of responsiveness and documentation of the nature of response for requests of medical care.'

There is nothing in the medical records obtained by The Intercept to suggest such evaluations ever took place. And the gaps in the records make some

assessments very difficult. For example, Torres said that active tuberculosis was probably not a factor in Rodgers's death, but the lack of records makes it impossible to entirely rule that out. This poor quality of record keeping would be considered unacceptable in a hospital, Torres said, adding that the standard of care had more than likely been compromised 'by not having adequate records and documentation of what happened to this person.'

Even the autopsy, for which records do exist, raised questions. Standard autopsy procedure would have required a culture to determine the origin of Rodgers's bilateral bronchopneumonia, Torres said, and as far as he could tell from the autopsy report, no such test had been performed. Rodgers's condition could have been contagious, depending on whether it was viral, fungal, or bacterial, Torres noted. He could have posed a danger to other inmates as well as guards and nurses.

His condition was also potentially deadly in and of itself. Regardless of the head trauma, 'if his weight did not go up, if he was not being treated for the bronchopneumonia, he would have died in a matter of days or weeks,' the doctor said.

Photo Essay In Fleury Merogis Prison, France. November 2009. Care Centre Of Fleury Merogis Prison, In The Men Quarter. Male Nurse With The Medical File Of A Prisoner. (Photo By BSIP/UIG Via Getty Images) A male nurse holding a prisoner's medical file, Fleury Merogis Prison, France. November 2009. Photo: BSIP/UIG/Getty Images
A Pattern of Negligence

Complaints about health care and record-keeping at Clements are not hard to come by, and many of them center on the prison's alleged refusal to test inmates for tuberculosis. Roughly one-third of the world population has latent tuberculosis, and those with weakened immune systems are more likely to develop symptoms. Incarcerated persons typically fall into this category. According to the Centers for Disease Control, tuberculosis in prisons is a 'public health concern' because it is highly contagious and can spread to other inmates as well as prison staff, who can then communicate it to others outside prison.

Kevin 'Rashid' Johnson, an inmate at Clements and a founder of the New Afrikan Black Panther Party-Prison Chapter, told The Intercept in a letter that in the 18 years he has spent behind bars, he has typically declined to be tested for tuberculosis out of fear of cross-contamination, because the test requires an injection. This year, Johnson said, a fellow inmate tested positive for the disease and never received treatment. For that reason, Johnson requested a test. He

states that he was refused the test by the prison's medical officials and that the prison's records falsely claim he refused when the test was offered him on June 3.

Another inmate at Clements, Jason Walker, told The Intercept a similar story. Walker claimed that he requested tuberculosis tests on several occasions without success. Prison officials told him, 'You have not been in contact with TB.'

After Walker filed grievances asking for tuberculosis shots for all inmates in his section, prison officials responded, 'No further action required.'

In yet another grievance, Walker alleges that a false test was administered following his complaints of tuberculosis exposure. Prison officials responded that Walker 'received timely and appropriate care.'

These inmates surmise that the prison has put itself at risk of tuberculosis infection for budgetary reasons. The 2017 Texas state budget calls for a four percent decrease in funding for the state's prison system, which amounts to a \$250 million in slashed funds for a system that is already under pressure.

'The medical, security, mailroom and grievance [departments] are all severely under-staffed. This is what draws their negligence,' Walker suggested. Johnson, who is active in organizing against 'slave labor' in prison, concluded by saying that the prison system wants 'to make money off us, not spend it on us.'

New federal inmates prepare to undergo health screenings while being processed at the Val Verde Correctional Facility in Del Rio, Texas. (Photo by Tom Pennington/Fort Worth Star-Telegram/MCT via Getty Images) New federal inmates prepare to undergo health screenings while being processed at the Val Verde Correctional Facility in Del Rio, Texas. Photo: Tom Pennington/Fort Worth Star-Telegram/MCT/Getty Images

Although the adversarial relationship between prison staff and inmates may cast doubt on the prisoners' allegations, there is also evidence that the TDCJ knows it was at fault in letting Rodgers's health deteriorate.

After Rodgers's death, TDCJ reprimanded 17 guards for falsifying documents and recommended the firing of their supervisor, Major Rowdy Boggs, who resigned during the disciplinary process. Senior Warden Barry Martin and Assistant Warden James Beach both retired within a month. Jason Clark, a TDCJ spokesperson, told the Texas Tribune that guards weren't completing required checks on Rodgers's cell. He declined to say for how long this was the case. The Northwest Texas Hospital entry form for Rodgers states that guards were 'unable to provide when patient was last seen awake and alert.'

The Intercept filed two public information requests with TDCJ, asking for the door logs on Rodgers' cell from September 1, 2015, to February 1, 2016, and a copy of the results into an investigation into Rodgers' death. TDCJ has asked the Texas attorney general for a legal opinion on whether these documents must be released, citing 'confidential information' and an exception that enables a 'governmental body to protect its position in litigation,' referring to the lawsuit against TDCJ. At the time of publication, the attorney general had not made a decision on either information request.

When asked how so few checks could be conducted on an inmate who had severe bilateral bronchopneumonia and was emaciated, Deric McEvers, a former guard at Clements who worked in the facility for almost six years starting in 2008, responded that this was 'an extreme lapse in security and medical.' Prison staff members routinely check on inmates and deliver medications in the middle of the night, McEvers explained, often between 1 a.m. and 3 a.m. At that time, the inmate 'barely has the lights on, he's in bed, nobody's paying attention to him. They're putting the pills in the window — dropping and going.' According to state regulations guards are required to check on inmates every 30 minutes and conduct a 'bed book check' twice a day in which an inmate must get up and look a guard in the eye.

The former guard found the lack of records documenting these required checks during the last two months of Rodgers' life suspicious. 'The fact that there's no medical records makes me think something got brushed off,' he said, suggesting that the prison might have withheld or destroyed documents.

He suggested that staff could have falsified documents to show that bed books and other required checks were taking place. McEvers told The Intercept that document falsification was routine and 'happens, I'd say, more than daily.'

Tyrail Crosby, another former Clements guard, concurred, saying that document falsification is 'very common' there. He recalled that one of his superiors asked him to falsify documents during his first week on the job. Crosby's concerns go further than record falsification: 'It's too many people dying in there,' he said.

In 2013, two prisoners — Christopher Douglas Woolverton, 51, and Arcade Joseph Comeaux, 56 — died within one month of each other. Their families have also filed wrongful death lawsuits. Woolverton, who had asthma, was found dead in his cell in a pool of his own urine and feces, according to the lawsuit. He allegedly had symptoms of stage IV chronic kidney disease and had suffered weight loss even greater than Rodgers, dropping 44 pounds in just under three months, from

157 pounds on August 29,2013, to 113 pounds on October 22, according to the complaint.

Comeaux died on November 13,2013, due to trouble breathing and a heart attack during an attempted electrocardiogram. Crosby was a guard at the prison at the time. He was asked to film Comeaux, who was also asthmatic, being escorted from his cell to the infirmary that day. Comeaux was breathing 'very hard' and fighting to catch his breath as guards held him down on an examination bed, Crosby told The Intercept. After a struggle, he died.

James McLain

The One True Believer

Liquid rotates at the bottom, if it is dry,
The sun rises higher in the lower sky.
Looking up at the moon it is full, and gracefully
Snow collects at the center, in it's self left alone.
Along the walls, friction is produced, never by force,
Down a straight line.
Near the bottom more often a thumb higher up.
Between singing opera, a natural phenomenon.
Both hands clench and then open and close,
As it tightens up.
Under the influence of the one true believer,
Sooner or latter the body rises and arches.
And the breath slowly leaves and her body gives it up.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hidden In The Earth In Hernando County

She is alone, with no one to love,
They come and go and she nor me know their name's.
Could not I, give to her what she thinks,
That she has, but being to young has never had.

My love alone in spite of her and those other's,
Who tell the Judge lies.
In the course of unnatural event's,
We reward those whom have committed crime's
Against he whoms, judgment is sound.

In this, their shadow of life and death, what is said,
I have not heard.
And alone I have stood, I pray and I hope,
Not betrayed.

Exploitation,
By she of me and her, damaged, I am tired and grey.
Not addressing the cause,
Leaves her and I miles apart, that very crime by her,
if left unaddressed.
Unknown to her but known to me, won't be healed.

Why should she be hidden and safe when we are not?
Verily thus,
For their past mistakes heaven can no longer hide.
And so to you, to hear, I would say,
Keep us safe, safe from they who know two are one.

Having been damaged as then and now you've read,
And having again having had to learn how to write.
Lonely are both, having died.
The damage that love if given a chance can survive.

James McLain

The Bush And The Tree

Inside of you
like a tree with a bush

A bush without leaves
only I see

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

All To Soon The Rain It Will Come

Soon the soft rain will again come,
The smell of your hair and the
Come here, look in your eyes.

Search not for me,
I will come.
When you call, the snow as it melts
That lays on your face,
I washed away, in the rain.

And no one will care when I come,
The moon is still bright.
You woke me up in the dawn,
Last night like to night, will be gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Unchanging

The Unchanging,
Can not for the sake of her mind.
So once again they come,
And the sand from the sea is the same.
Subtle but gently the waves push it up,
As it laps up and moves them apart.
His skull is now empty and how she tries,
To push it inside one last time.
Unchanging,
An inch at a time and the heart aches
Even more now than then.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Terrorism And Child Killer's

And then they showed us their plan,
If we were not mired down in false God's.
Religion,
That served no true purpose
But to spread hate could you live with this?
Of course you could!
Weakness is the sheep that most are,
That follow the staff of the Shepard that hides
In the hills.
An ocean apart and those whom spread hate,
Well they are.
And as soldiers come back whom,
Are I'll,
Whom should have never been trained to kill.
And in the gripes,
Of severe mental illness are by the United State's
Government turned away.
Sometimes people join the military to escape what
At home they can no longer bear.
And so this is now what you see and now do you still
Think that what you see is normal?
Rick Scott the Governor of Florida does, as well
As our United State's Veterans Administration.
And you all watched Rambo at home in the safety of
Your home,
With your children sitting right next to you.
Did you not?

James McLain

The Moon Tonight

Day has come night's retired, stark my face you see.
I have hidden in the night, the stars are still to bright.
Those of you whom walk above won't let me be or leave.
Devoid of mind my body sleeps, I dream still of the sea.
I left you all I had and nothing in return did I receive.
From such hight's, her light shines down and it reveals.
Beauty through a wisp of smoke, it's dry the sky is moist.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Survival Depends On Getting Off Of This Planet

Do you want to learn how to write good poetry?
Then study those whom before us have come.
They had no idea how ignorant most would become.
Participation trophies,
The win, the big score for the few is a single minded
Purpose, the discipline and the drive.
To take the few the truly gifted, the young and separate
Them from the chafe and the slag.
Math and that one special language that can express
All that can be said and speak only
One language.
It's no longer a matter of our using up the resources,
It's a matter of poisoned waists that has been permitted to
Kill this our planet.
So you think that your child whom you speak to as a child
Is special, you ruined that child, by not asking them questions
About understanding what intelligent people would say, when one
Equal speaks to another as an equal you think.
What is love but the named truth of expressing sex the sex
That you want or can't have in a language that's
Long since been expressed by those very masters above that
I've spoke to you of.
You must learn to communicate on a level that most whom
Think that they can but don't.
The trouble with dull witted people are people who think
They are smart.
Smart is no longer a yard stick to measure with, one's intelligence
Must now be superior,
If we have the chance to leave this dead rock and reach for the stars.
You might be trapped with those dumbed down kids, but I'm not.
The garbage man comes tomorrow, what are you going to do to do your
Own part?
Six billion mistakes is all most to much to deal with.
So how do you think that they will.
Talk about something useful and constructive, before the end comes
And your useless, begging and crying, must be put in the garbage as well

James McLain

Poverty And Unplanned Parenthood

Unwanted,
Green leaves cling to the crown of tall trees.
She just wants to much snow.
Limbs rub back and forth in the wind, bushes busy
Bow to the urgency of showing, nothing at all.

Bitches in heat, rutting not for a child, but in the quiet,
Room wet, slapping sounds that aren't waves.
Unprotected,
Each child will come into her world a world of her yes.
And without resources,
There is no room left in this our unnatural State.

Without wings, flying with but nubs for feet, nothing special
About dull witted mind's, being told
That they are gifted by women whom used the part's of five different
Names no one can say they were named with.

Rotten seeds, thighs covered in snow,
Vicious rats caught
In the shadow of some gang, chanting useless word's,
Quantitatively,
Easing them into nothing but death or state prison.

James McLain

I Can Hear Thunder

You will hear thunder and see my face in the lightning's after glow.
And the waves that reach up and out from the sea,
Thunder and storms, this life you have plucked forth from my dream's.
The rim of the bowl,
The colours you see as the rain blows in from the north,
Then comes the cold and your heart once red beats no more.

He I have told, those words I fortold, have now full circle come around.
Thunder my love you have heard and the ground can not hide what I've said,
Though in vain in the night's still, I climb up the ladder to touch and to feel.
Each night when the thunder by you and when my shadows embraced.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Will Hear Thunder

You will hear thunder and see my face in the lightning's after glow.
And the waves that reach up and out from the sea,
Thunder and storms, this life you have plucked forth from my dream's.
The rim of the bowl,
The colours you see as the rain blows in from the north,
Then comes the cold and your heart once red beats no more.

He I have told, those words I fortold, have now full circle come around.
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Each night when the thunder by you and when my shadows embraced.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Corrupt Career Politicians

The public
should define what corruption is,
not a corrupt public official,
and it should be
a mandatory life sentence
for those
whom are convicted of corruption.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Closed To Alabama Niggers, Gov. Robert Bentley, Has Said

Alabama might as well just send an invitation to the Justice Department.
Come on in guys.
Come on down.

Alabama being the favorite target by, Daniel Tosh.

No need to reply with an RSVP.
Because we know you'll be here.
How could you resist?

Because Alabama just took a giant step backward.

Take a look at the 10 Alabama counties
with the highest percentage of non-white registered voters.

That's Macon, Greene, Sumter, Lowndes, Bullock, Perry, Wilcox, Dallas, Hale,
and Montgomery, according to the Alabama Secretary of State's office.
Alabama, thanks to its budgetary insanity and inanity, just opted to close driver
license bureaus in eight of them.
All but Dallas and Montgomery will be closed.

Closed. In a state in which driver licenses or special photo IDs are a requirement
for voting.

It's not just a civil rights violation.
It is not just a public relations nightmare.
It is not just an invitation for worldwide scorn and an alarm bell to the Justice
Department.
It is an affront to the very notion of justice in a nation where one man one vote
is as precious as oxygen.
It is a slap in the face
to all who believe the stuff we teach the kids about how all are created equal.

Why closing DL office in the Black Belt is different!

Every single county in which blacks
make up more than 75 percent of registered voters

will see their driver license office closed.
Every one.

No voting for Alabama, niggers

Gov. Robert Bentley said, left to right,
Bernice King, daughter of Martin Luther King Jr,
and Peggy Wallace Kennedy,
daughter of former Gov. George Wallace,
in a commemoration of the voting rights march from Selma to Montgomery

But maybe it's not racial at all, right?
Maybe it's just political. And let's face it, it may not be either.

But no matter the intent, the consequence is the same.

Look at the 15 counties that voted for President Barack Obama in the last
presidential election.
The state just decided to close driver license offices in 53 percent of them.

Look at the five counties that voted most solidly Democratic?
Macon, Greene, Sumter, Lowndes and Bullock counties
all had their driver license offices closed.

Look at the 10 that voted most solidly for Obama?
Of those, eight - again all but Dallas and the state capital of Montgomery - had
their offices closed.

Closed to Alabama niggers!
Gov. Robert Bentley has said.

How is closing the driver's license offices racist?
A look at how Alabama lawmakers'
move to close driver's license offices in some counties could impact
the state's Voter ID Law leading to concerns about racism.

Because the same Alabama Republican Legislature
that could not raise enough money to properly run the state in three sessions
this year decided in 2011 that all voters must have a photo ID.
It was such a great idea that
Gov. Robert Bentley signed that bill into law despite complaints that such a move

would disproportionately disenfranchise black voters.

It went into effect last year. And now this.

This. And true enough, department heads have to make terribly difficult decisions.

So Alabama closes 31 driver license offices.

And while the cuts come across Alabama, they are deepest in the Black Belt. The harm is inflicted disproportionately on voters who happen to be black, and poor, in sparsely populated areas.

So roll out the welcome wagon to the Justice Department, and tell the world what it already so desperately wants to hear.

That Alabama is exactly what they always thought she was.

That Alabama refuses to pay for its own government, and used it as an excuse to keep black people from the polls. That Alabama hasn't changed a bit.

I'd say they have us all wrong.
I'd love to say they have us all wrong.

But the numbers say they don't.
And you other Republican southern States are next.

James McLain

Forced Solitude

So you have survived your youth and that now time for you draws near.
About their religion not yours,
Be not impatient when demands on yours by them are made.

When forced to retreat from life and solitude is long, think of those who
Are no longer living,
That tried to cling to the wind and in their passing, knew not where they where.

The Lilly and the Rose held gently by their necks or if needs arise,
When in a lonley place.
Together they can rise to meet the sun and shine their light in each dark place,
And all by seeing it is done know peace.

Respect is but a word a word of worth of worth you have and in abuse,
One shouldn't use, because one with power can.
Never once the wise in youth have learned to rob the blind of sight.

Thus when it comes the night the dawn do not be afraid unless in life,
A moral compass to you came to late to use.
Then your weeping all will hear and hear the shame in how you lived,
In going there to where no light has come before.

James McLain

The Perfect Wife

She has you hold her breast up,
Higher than normal, to adjust her bra
Before he does.
Allowing him time
To make her favorite dinner, orange muscles
With lemon and margaritas.
Procreation is an exercise, not a dance
When both are too tired.
The adjustment to unisex underwear was
Easy to make it saved money.
Such love is the safety of sleeping side by side
In perfect trust.
Aware that somewhere else one plots to kill
The other.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sara Teasdale # 15

Why should I care about rain and or snow,
About leaves that are green?
Or all the trees that you climbed that are seen,
Summer was ours by the sea.
But care I confess that I do.
Taken from me as a leaf caught up in the wind,
Trapped in a wave, a wave none could see.
There we once we're and now we're both here,
Silent and still, lost without love and no peace.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

His Lady, With Her Mister

Because of it 'we' laughed as nature does so common green.
And realized that it is true, I thus became, implied there in her favor.
And being left off, distance of, but near to her, first sight I fell in love.
Whose teeth when flashed,
when in the sun, red open lips, she showed them.

I was drawn inside by her sweet breath, she 'made', and so I was.
Temporary lost, I inhaled with each profound look,
each kiss, I rediscovered.

Lost then finally found within, dark caves of sound, so deep
and smooth, so rich and throaty, singing music all the time.

Never ravaged but by scotch and time and filtered cigarettes.
Though detached always above, I look again below, such is an
undulation, visitation, invisible muscles, 'I' see them moving.

A young woman, on the beach 'she' hurries past us showing saying,
drawing briefly it aside, a red and white, checker/ed bandanna.
Made it 'said' in 'Kansas' hot a sweating mask, I look beyond her.
Bronzed goddess her body made, I think of posies, confusing she with her.

'If your woman and the Mister' (wish to take it to the ocean,
does the lady and her Mister) 'wish to wash it lightly off'
One day in time, one grain of sand and foam, 'she did - politely ask '

I decided that her next lightning bolt, when it hit, could not be stopped,
certain repercussions of those acute remarks, might thus on me be lost.
She with her and I with she, , this afternoon could still perhaps be salvaged.
I concentrated on them both, by my seat a well of deep intentions.

With a careful, deeper why, I trust my mind, too join with her in consensus.
Kept thus safe from time, inside I've grown to know, in love nor ponder why.

Wistful she for he/her for me and subtle for my this, could be her double.
Once was I, of kind like mind, a person drifts some times SA Lady With Her
Mister - Poem by Is It Poetry

Because of it 'we' laughed as nature does so common green.
And realized that it is to I thus became, implied there in her favor.

And being left off in distance of, but near to her, first sight I fell in love.
Whose teeth that flashed, when in the sun, as she did show them.

I was drawn inside by her sweet breath, she 'made', and so she was.
Temporary lost, I inhaled with each profound look, I could each day discover.

Both lost then found within, dark caves of sound, so deep
and smooth, so rich and throaty, singing music all the time.

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Bronzed this body made, I think of posies, confusing she with her.

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One day in time, with green sea weed and foam, 'she - politely ask '

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Kept thus safe from time, inside I've grown to know, in love not ponder why.

Wistful she for he/her for he and subtle for my this, could be her double.
Once was I, of kind like mind, a person drifts some times too far away,
pulled out of life
and washed amongst the rocks and foam the wind it blows away.

James McLain

Emily Elizabeth Dickinson

No women, has gained more
By such great loss,
And in her care no other's been
To gain, another's trust

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pablo Neruda

Where you have gone, there I must wait.
The early night has spread its wings,
The late dawn.
What is it like, the pain of early separation.
You are as you are,
What once was wise, what is sleep?

Anguish is not, even as smoke reappears.
Speak not of snow, none is here,
The garden is full of such plants, and these plants,
That I grow as you grew to me dear.

He who I am he you knew,
In stark relief there on the wall, is it I,
But a shadow of you, I once knew.

Moment's I miss as we shed, what we shed,
Sleeping in oil, beneath the hot sun.
You brought me up and you brought me down,
To the sea, when the sand was at its most moist.
And underfoot the salt from the waves we could taste.

Here where I wait you have gone, six inches apart from
One song,
Of how much it hurt and you gone.

James McLain

Sara Trevor Teasdale

After death and to long loves forgotten,
Will I still remember you.
Twilight's dream's,
Dream's of love, we both left unfinished.

I cannot wait here somewhere there,
While you still love someone here.
And the whispers to her from you that I hear,
Are not those of love about us, I must bare.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dylan Thomas

Into the dark we will all go, gentle or not.
Room or not,
room will be made every morning, ready
Or not beds are made.

Uncombined those three very book's,
that speak of each new night.
Old in each name not for your sake,
Only before you close your tired eyes,
for good, do most except and forsake.

Good or bad it matters not,
rich or poor,
happy or sad ready or not.

This is the time other's wait to bid
false goodbye's, thinking to gain your wealth.
You who are old and frail out of breath,
were never to young to stay mad.

Gently into the dark night you will go,
ready or not, still afraid.
Three year's longer had you lost that weight
And twenty had you not smoked.

Tame, soft never wild born to late,
cocksman or whore, drinking to much
no one cares.
Your obsession with life, living to die
lost, forgotten goodbye.

Three billion graves latter and most are filled
with your guilt to the masses all to clear.
Rage all you want, hold in your breath until
your milky eyes buldge out.
Your only hope is to die in your sleep,
cheerfully here where like you, no one dream's.

The Vile Nasty Motel Room

One lazy summer night,
I checked into a sketchy highway-side motel.
The night was warm and moist,
And the moon was full.
Magnolia trees had long since dropped,
Their bloom's.
Walking through the room I found was.
As I laugh and can't forget.
The room was literally covered in lube,
Explicit grandma magazines were strown
Across the bed.
And a plethora of used dildos in every drawer.
A dildo in one drawer,
was half-dead and still vibrating, across
The drawer.
On the wall was an old,
autographed photograph of Charles Bukowski
Hanging crooked on the wall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Riding, It At Night

I will do it
where
you want it.

Do you
want me
there right now.

Can you take me
by the hand
and
show me how.

I will meet you
where it's safe.

If you will meet
me there
right now.



PoemHunter.com

When you get
there
you can tell.

I have
been there
many time's.

Remember,
it is you
I only trust.

And
only when
the moon is
high
and it is
full.

We will
ride it
there tonight.

The ocean's
warmer
than the air.

In the clearing
I have made
by the shore.

And on a steed
of
blinding light.

We will
ride it there
all night.

So
don't be late.

James McLain

My Love For Her Sweet Wine

I tried and tried each night to climb her vine,
That reached up to the faceless moon.
But he who dwellth in, she callth out,
Sweet breath, I took in shame, O'carnal night's.
Hard liquor is not wine to me, she nightly said,
Love is not the same as love of perfumed grapes.
Liquor does not love a weakened youthful heart,
Lost in her hunger for the grape, I drank,
From her moving sweet, cupped open thighs.
None live to long, whom drank from this her cup,
Sweet scented dream's of her false opened love.
Her beauty was as real to me, as beauty loving is.
But bread she did not eat, I ate of her instead,
Proverb's twenty-one, I cast from me away.
And her oil that she used on me combined,
With potent wine and love, left me I know insane.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sanctuary

Turned inside out,
Everything I am, no place to hide,
To those few,
With their all seeing every where eye's
O' how I long and wish for,
A circle of tree's and a path through
The thorn's,
That would lead to a bed of green leaves
A break from this life for a while
Too late in life to be wise,
There was more than two shadow figures
In and out of my room last night
Where would they lead me, what would I find
Next month,
In the hospital where for a while I will be
In a sleep
Unnatural, bereft of my dream's
And when I wake up from that induced sanctuary
More tired I'll be than before
I should have gone to the hospital fifteen years ago
With that first heart attack
But didn't
And now I am too tired at my age as
God looks
Gravely at me and I look back at him
With his two black holes for eye's
Unforgivingly.

James McLain

The Gigolo

I was the dog,
That none of these women would own.
Most had long, very strong neck muscles,
And high cheek bones and mild cataracts,
Day and night, coming and going.
The sidewalk's,
Never ended and were all cracked.
Plants once green, brown dead in the pots.

Using the manic stage, of my pi polar disorder,
I needed to maintain a strict discipline to service them all.
Cleaning their pools, doing window's, house work and
Doing their laundry turned them on.
Fixations, on vacuuming thick shag carpets.

The post man rang only once, and I would
Answer her phone.
I would call collect and older women,
Would in their many different needs, I learned
To accept.

Bushes full of lizards, tree's full of leaves,
Being joined by the head, intellectual women,
Responded best,
When they could see, looking up that the moon
Would again be full.

Real estate being sold, the cul-de-sac,
Being larger sold best.
Living off of their long since dead husband's,
life insurance policies.

They were to old to wear ring's through their
Noses,
No mention by me, about old family photographs.
When with me they were safe.
Their pasts were so long ago everything now,
Repetitive done was now instinctive.

So I would bring them fish, fish that I caught with
My net,
Like he did two thousand years ago,
And then afterwards I would cook and relax.
Mix them a drink,
Washing the dishes again.

I understand better now why older women,
Like green furniture.
And wore leopard spotted leotards,
When I came.

Large soft fleshy breast's that once despended,
Gallon's of milk.
Attention from them was like swimming in a bucket,
Filled with stinging jellyfish.

James McLain

The Arrangement

All that has ever been said, other's have said before,
They even then,
When looking up, wanted to taste the moon.
Unseen ripples in space, like those at the sea,
Is now felt like the water and sand,
Moist, warm and wet in between your five toes.
Back and forth like a ship out at sea,
How many waves have you felt and let go.
Shooting stars flying around, inside or out,
Falling snow on your face even after the rain.
And after a life you have spent, after all,
It was done after dark the naming of name's.
Changing bodies with you and yours with mine,
After all perhaps, aren't they now are ours!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Criminal Woman

O' the rich one,
Why must I ask or you beg.
Having loved but once, nothing about you
would I change.
Jeckle nor Hyde or even poor jack,
I would be.
The old poet, Donne
His words though you read,
Are misinterpreted, differently today are they not.
Never less, but more
having broun one, it is not cruel to ask.
Wisdom with age has been taught.
Having but one once again.
As I like you once in my youth a criminal man,
never caught.
Verily thus I was taught to not beat women,
Thus only drunk would a woman beat on a man.
Issues such as these would on tomorrow's breeze,
Blow away.
In sixteen sixty five,
had they penicillin then none would have died.
What ever a man might, steal she will take,
None like death or jail, once learned forsakes.
I pray to learning, knowledge is power,
beating hearts that be strong are then one.
One shouldn't beat and through strength there's
No need to kill.
Inside is that jewel I would steal.
As with you I would take back what they stole.
Yes I once was heavily sought after,
Back when it was that I stole.
One must learn to read and write what they say.
The law for me I learned, to it we pray.

James McLain

Youth And Love

His aim is her heart he aims low,
But mum has said, again and again
Not to climb trees before spring.
And dad as well, has spoken to me
About bushes, though green without leaves.

Head on elbows, through the window
She looks, and she sighs.
The snow is knee deep and he's not around,
In the barn where it's warm.
Doing his chores,
he gathers her yellow honey from bees

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Could Be Yours

I could be yours,
And would I in you like find?
So far away,
I do so long, I would to you give,
Lost in you.

On fire at night are you not?
Yet for my age,
And you in your youth,
I am he in the book that you read.

I to who long,
I to you would belong.
Lost in you,
A light in your night's.
Would it be love or fancy
A lark.

I would plunge deeply,
Into the sea.
Waves crashing on rocks
Tossed and lost.

I would leave you, my dear,
Deaf, dumb and blind.
Like your scarf in the wind,
And yes I would,
Love is blind, would you me?

James McLain

After New Year's Eve

The people are still on this side of their now,
And must wait until it comes.
Violent thug's, let loose from he, will soon come,
To begin to round them up.

Anchor less,
Their boat's without hope, without light's
will float far off into the night and be lost to the dawn.

How much longer must we live under the rule
Of fear.
Conquer and divide U.S. our very own born here
living
Under that now useless document, excluded from
Their dream that is theirs.

Muslims cannot now come to our shore's,
Under the rule of our Democratic law's they would
In their cliques live not amongst U.S.
And use their votes to change America to reflect that
From whence they came.

Verily those whom suffer from mental illness will
Seek no treatment,
For theirs is but that their single path to violate there
Trust and all of their records
Hence from their youth will be given over to the
Government.

Proven thus out by their attaining their majority,
And having no records,
When attempting to purchase a fire arm and
Having their medical records
Will not contrary to the second amendment be
Able to buy one.

As darkness falls whom will rise,
Most without voice cannot speak and would
You thus

Claiming the light, will you raise your voice up,
Your very identity, your home and your life?
Verily to you I would say,
Being a coward, staying safe, raising more coward's
To some is how staying weak, makes them even stronger.

Thus the beast in the book that you constantly preach of,
They will number U.S.
So and place a chip the size of a grain of rice in each
Babies head, upon birth.

Thus at any time of your life, they type your number in,
And poof - go the non productive poor,
Or maybe you when reaching old age and keeping you alive,
Costs to much and then your numbers typed in and
You simply drop dead, on some floor.

James McLain

If I Were One Of You

Ever since I watched people like you leave church as a child
Children you know can instinctively tell a truth from a lie.
So in a tree I would sit watching you go in to tell your lies
After all it was I who would peek through her window and watch
You cheat on your wife.

Throughout history there have been antagonist like you
Starting trouble even wars to draw unwanted attention from you.
You false believer
Whom lives but to obstruct as stupid people vote for other evil
People like you
who have voted for those whom said if you did they would kill you
And you did
What gave you the right in a mind dim of light to kill mine.

Your poetry sucks
A rambling of word's just to use up the space that one true
With word's you won't let have.

Listening in the tree as you instruct each of your kid's
To behave and tell lies
A curved wooden plank to sit on that caused pain and
No logical reason from those like you can give to explain
Pain is good.

Men like you were born to be bad from birth verily thus your parents
Were and still are
I being James have said watch the man whom is two and see if his
Child is of one
Each one their antagonist that lives inside that must work twice as
Hard to overcome his love of being bad.

Watching from that tree I could see who was good and the bad
Because even I as a child chose not to join your sad lie.

James McLain

Talking To Other Women

I only talk to certain other woman,
Because of you.
Clean women and the everesent clever,
Women that have brain's, like you.

Women firm of waists, women
With breast's, once full of milk.
Unafraid to show me your true colours.
In silk, satin or cotton, full brief panties,
And a face that is soft, full red lips.

I know what you think, when I look
At other women.
As when around you I come.
As both of my hands, cup your breast's,
Safe in your mind and secure.

Never once dreaming at night, alone in the day.
Content with your thoughts about me,
That with me certain thought's, that other
Women don't have,
Thought's that you have and still do.

James McLain

Painting The Sky With His Brush

There we hear them fair lit, out reach of the sky,
Dragon's breath, painted face, up there in the night.
Looking up the long length of her White swan neck,
Rest's the pearl's,
That are there from the stroke of his brush.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

At Midnight I'm Alone

Every night you haunt my dream's,
Your swinging in a tree.
And I am pruning every bush.
But not the one for me.

So every night I haunt your sleep,
To see who he might be.
But tonight I thought you welcomed me,
There where I shall never be.

A love like this that comes but once,
I feel, but not for me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

?????? Check Out My Niece.. Hot 'n Cold

My Niece.. Hot 'n Cold..

Priscilla is,
hot 'N cold (may 4th / duneiden)

- 1 happy birthday (to whome ever belong)
- 2 Help I Am Alone! ! !
- 3 Help I Am Alone! ! ! .
- 4 Hollywood.
- 5 Leila Tone
- 6 love is forgiven
- 7 The Right Mind.
- 8 Western Days

.....



PoemHunter.com

Happy Birthday (To Whome Ever Belong) - Poem by hot 'N cold

it is your birthday
filled with cheer
it is your birthday
this year
hope it is happy
hope it is fun
and I also hope you find the 'one'

hot 'N cold

.....

Love Is Forgiven - Poem by hot 'N cold

love has been forgiven
in the cold nights

in the hot days
in those sad evenings
or when you lay awake
love will forever betray us
yet it is always forgiven
love is forgiven

hot 'N cold

.....

Leila Tone - Poem by hot 'N cold

night has fallen
the Arabic language
love has fallen
death has rised
love has risen
everything is gone
love has been at fault

hot 'N cold

.....

The Right Mind. - Poem by hot 'N cold

Twisted
side to side
left to right
dirty to right
can you decide
dirty yet clean
never in between
that thing
it is
the right mind
not the left

hot 'N cold

.....
Western Days - Poem by hot 'N cold

As he looked he saw a moon vine covering the custard forest back in the 1800's
as he escaped the saw grass witch cut him off his horse the Indians
mounted and SHOOT bam that was what was happening they could not carry
the horses body on the buck board so they just went to Punta Rassa and asked
the market men for a marsh tackie and some vittles

PS. more life will come for western days

hot 'N cold
.....

Hollywood. - Poem by hot 'N cold

lights, camera, action
nose jobs
fake body parts
spiritual arts
dancing
singing
acting
all talents wanted
are you needed?
Cinderella is waiting for you
so is her prince
nothing is as it seems in Hollywood
so I hope you don't fall for the tricks
and if you do well Good Luck,
here in: Hollywood

hot 'N cold

.....
Help I Am Alone! ! ! . - Poem by hot 'N cold

cold
scared
in the darkness she whimpers
her tail no longer wags
it forever will wail
for she is in a dark alley
for she has reckoned no one likes her
and this is true
she turns back into a human slowly
she now lives a solid happy life
do not trust your friends for they might someday bark: help I am alone!

hot 'N cold

.....

Help I Am Alone! ! ! - Poem by hot 'N cold

cold
frightened
in the darkness she whispers her sad song
her tail no longer wiggles
it forever will cry the sad cry
for she is in a dark alley way full of sadness
for she has reckoned no one will ever like her
and this will always be true
she turns back into a human slowly and sternly
she now lives a non crazy life
do not trust your friends for they might someday yelp:
help I am alone!

hot 'N cold

James McLain

Come To Bed Dear

As I think of you, I thought a little more
If such a little space, a space that could
Hold more, but more It would not hold.
My eyes are closed, my bodies wrapped,
In purple linen made of lead and glass.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Language That All Understand

Those that don't love you, have cause
The secrets,
The pain the women or man, those you
Have harmed have cause.

Along the concrete and the bars
Are long halls,
Loud unkind, never quite who once
Was gentle and kind.

Amazing grace deep snow it falls,
The light ring of a bell all can hear.
Why won't you reason it out and
Listen to those who are gone.

And sweeter than she and sweeter than he
Are the songs, ever sung.
In the one language that all understand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Wasn't I Who Filled All Those Holes

I was that type you thought,
And I have not had sex, since I left her.
She thought I would beg, men don't weep
So I talked about holes I would wash.

Knowing this dream's we share,
Not those of ambition, nor those of deceit
When I'm there.

Being hurt and you have, could it not be,
Why as dry as the sand, you now are?
I would lift your curse, the curse of the ring,
Where snow when it melts, caused you tears.

Angels at night fill the sky and the moon
When it's full needs two hands.
You buried my ghost in-between, so
Such as it is, when the smoke's in your face,
And the fire as it burns, fills the sky.

James McLain

The Sentence Without A Period

And on that day, his words fell
On my still-beating heart, they were unexpected.

I turned to the jury I was unsteady, the split verdict
was illogical.
One ask the Judge it was getting late if they
Could break and retire.

The Judge said to the Forman to go back inside
And deliberate
Until an unjust verdict is reached.

Two week's to prepare was all my lawyer had,
For charge's that carried life.
David Allen Dee
Charge's that should have been dismissed on
Motion for a directed verdict.

Two life sentences and thirty years to run consecutive
With each other.
I must manage somehow to hang on where other's
Had taken their lives for much less.
Judge Manuel Mendez.

Everyday for seven year's, I have so much to do.
I must kill this hatred of he, once and for all,
He whom tried to kill me.
I must turn my soul and flesh to stone,
I must learn to live again - Cynthia hair the prosecutor
Who took the witness into the bathroom
And told her what to say.
So it read when read out loud in her deposition.

Summer turned to winter over and over again,
There were no ardent rustlings
Of all that lived festival outside of my window.

For seven long year's I endured rape, assault's and
Robbery by those whom would never get out.

None with a right mind could ever have foreseen that
Brilliant day, his deserted house,
When a female Judge
Named Claudia Isom, read what I sent to her written,
She vacated and set aside
those sentences designed to kill me, that was twenty
Year's a go.

James McLain

One Green Latex Glove

Think of melted candlewax
slowly dripping
down the side of a candle.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sycophants

Most sycophants
that you come across
survive by
swimming in the pool
of malodorous
rectum's.

Sycophants are dangerous.
Using long tongues,
to give you false pleasure.

Giving you nothing in return
but biased flattery.

Professional lapper's
of marbled blue, moist
hanging hemorrhoids.

Sycophants have no real
discernable value.
Except to cause trouble.

Sycophants are known by
demonic bad breath and lies.
Living breathing,
human, vacuum cleaner's.

All sycophants,
especially those that stay
hidden, generally are.

James McLain

Sucking Noises That Are Loud

when i am sleeping at night they
come and scare me.
some thing comes over me and
i become wet.
and what ever it is,
it comes more often when it is raining.
vaguely,
i can make out the shadow of it.
on the wall,
in me when lightning it flashes.
some thing wide,
some thing long.
some thing that stays inside until i come.
the longer i sleep,
the louder the sucking noises become.
in the morning,
i always find my panties, loose and torn.
i think he will try and glue my legs together.
i think i am adopted.
And i shake back and forth,
at the sound of sucking noises that are loud.

James McLain

Before I Leave And My Light Fades Out

Before my light fades
To you,
I've offended, I would to you
Grant pray
In my own knowing way,
I have followed.

For now I speak slow,
And it's
thus that I speak,
When once on paper they read.

I hang on to the edge,
The edge in between where the
Word's I have written
Can only be read by those few
The few that can hear what
I've written.

Here in the shadow
Of good mornings light before dawn
And the light at the edge
Where I hang.

Where love have must wait
And those
whomd cause harm would cause
More harm if they could.

Like you I once was as bright
And I burned
from both ends now it's night.

Before my light fades
And the time I was given to not
Cause the light of another
To go out.

The young in their youth some

Would take
While truth at the edge moves
Further out.

James McLain

The Antagonist

Ever since I watched people like you leave church as a child
Children you know can instinctively tell a truth from a lie.
So in a tree I would sit watching you go in to tell your lies
After all it was I who would peek through her window and watch
You cheat on your wife.

Throughout history there have been antagonist like you
Starting trouble even wars to draw unwanted attention from you.
You false believer
Whom lives but to obstruct as stupid people vote for other evil
People like you
who have voted for those whom said if you did they would kill you
And you did
What gave you the right in a mind dim of light to kill mine.

Your poetry sucks
A rambling of word's just to use up the space that one true
With word's you won't let have.

Listening in the tree as you instruct each of your kid's
To behave and tell lies
A curved wooden plank to sit on that caused pain and
No logical reason from those like you can give to explain
Pain is good.

Men like you were born to be bad from birth verily thus your parents
Were and still are
I being James have said watch the man whom is two and see if his
Child is of one
Each one their antagonist that lives inside that must work twice as
Hard to overcome his love of being bad.

Watching from that tree I could see who was good and the bad
Because even I as a child chose not to join your sad lie.

James McLain

Dream Creation And Sexual Confusion

Last night it happened again,
I have woods that are deep behind my house
As well as bushes and trees.

I want to buy two dog's,
But I am afraid that when I sleep
That they may worry me.

Me in my feeble attempt to discribe,
What surely you have
experienced, like me when a sleep.

You were sleeping right,
And felt a strange feeling that something was
Pushing you down into your bed.

It was strange but over time you ignored it,
But this time
someone shouted out your name,
Many of you have been awakened by someone
Shouting out you name when your a sleep.

And you wake up feeling groggy, speaking out,
Saying what.
Last night I felt my bed shaking very lightly,
Something was moving in and out all around and
Through your legs and ass.
Right?

The next night you turned the lights off and waited
Awake right?
But this time you feel it crawling around your rectum
And the temperature dropped significantly.
Were your panties pushed aside and did you begin to
Experience awashed in heat as light pumping
Continued going on?

Again while deep in sleep,
Your name was called and again half a sleep

You again called out and said what.

James McLain

I Could See She Slept In Snow

I could see her clearly

Her experience began with a dream,
A dream in which he came regularly.
I stood out against the wall,
And neither one could see that I was there.

I watched him watching her as he stretched
Out a hand towards her.
His tongue a tongue of flesh to long to bare
Upon her cheek.

I could not turn away
Outside the moon was full
The sky was clear.

The tops of tree's bent down
To touch each leafy bush all green.
The rise and fall
Each breath she took as I stood flat
Against the wall.

Upon her side she turned and then I knew
A tree that large had roots that grew and grew
Into the ground to far to see.

I whispered in her ear and she told me his true name.
He whispered back and she layed like death so still
The noises that he made nobody heard I left her thus
Each time he shook
her face was blank and white as if it she slept in snow.

James McLain

It's Never The Voice You Hear

It is my home of sorts,
but a lot of people have died here.

Two suffocations and three suicide's
One jumped from the roof,
and it has been happening to me alot.

It's never a voice, I reconize.
I have never heard the voices of those
here whom have died.

On my chest though when a sleep
one comes to rest.
Each smell's different and I can tell
two were females.

The jumper was a male who comes
each night,
when no one's there.
My period stopped two months ago
when he starts.

It's a warm dream, to be moist to be alert.
My expirience has been,
like yours, if you will tell the truth.

Sometimes he gets interupted by a voice,
a voice I hear,
a voice of hers, that makes him stop.

I am fairly certain,
that this group home is infused
with higher than normal, paranormal activity.

James McLain


Surviving The Purge

Each of us live now in different countries
Brought together by words to weave then leave.
Where I live
I can cruise the street's, looking for prostitute's
Without dicking one down.

If I did I am sure some disease I would catch
Being disease free and free I am.
Other's elsewhere say that they don't but do.

I without whiskey can't drag my eyes away from
The corner of your mouth.
The cracks become worse when you smile.

Magnolias bloom in the south and their scent
Often hides how they smell.
Crack is the tool of distraction and in common
These issues we have.

Through my  open bedroom window
I hear
the hustle and bustle of lies.

Droopy eye's open wide in surprise of
how good the heroin is.
Tonight someone will kill their wife.

Here there are no pink elephant's
just drunken lust that subsides with the dawn
And those whom have survived the purge
again get ready for work.

James McLain

Right Before The False Dawn

In the false dawn is when
He comes.
Unaware of your surroundings
Weakness settles,
as a light cloud all around you.

The more that you struggle,
the more that you feel like you are being
held down.

Your cover's are pulled back and you know,
something else is in the room.
Night visitors that have come while you sleep
have taken turns
that have left you warm and wet and still you sleep.

You don't own a dog,
But you still open up like a flower.
Something heavy but light,
Living alone,
where quite sucking noises could indicate
Here that someone has died.

James McLain

His Lady With Her Mister

Because of it 'we' laughed as nature does so common green.
And realized that it is true, I thus became, implied there in her favor.
And being left off, distance of, but near to her, first sight I fell in love.
Whose teeth when flashed,
when in the sun, red open lips, she showed them.

I was drawn inside by her sweet breath, she 'made', and so I was.
Temporary lost, I inhaled with each profound look,
each kiss, I rediscovered.

Lost then finally found within, dark caves of sound, so deep
and smooth, so rich and throaty, singing music all the time.

Never ravaged but by scotch and time and filtered cigarettes.
Though detached always above, I look again below, such is an
undulation, visitation, invisible muscles, 'I' see them moving.

A young woman, on the beach 'she' hurries past us showing saying,
drawing briefly it aside, a red and white, checker/ed bandanna.
Made it 'said' in 'Kansas' hot a sweating mask, I look beyond her.
Bronzed goddess her body made, I think of posies, confusing she with her.

'If your woman and the Mister' (wish to take it to the ocean,
does the lady and her Mister) 'wish to wash it lightly off'
One day in time, one grain of sand and foam, 'she did - politely ask '

I decided that her next lightning bolt, when it hit, could not be stopped,
certain repercussions of those acute remarks, might thus on me be lost.
She with her and I with she, , this afternoon could still perhaps be salvaged.
I concentrated on them both, by my seat a well of deep intentions.

With a careful, deeper why, I trust my mind, too join with her in consensus.
Kept thus safe from time, inside I've grown to know, in love nor ponder why.

Wistful she for he/her for me and subtle for my this, could be her double.
Once was I, of kind like mind, a person drifts some times sA Lady With Her
Mister - Poem by Is It Poetry

Because of it 'we' laughed as nature does so common green.
And realized that it is to I thus became, implied there in her favor.

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Kept thus safe from time, inside I've grown to know, in love not ponder why.

Wistful she for he/her for he and subtle for my this, could be her double.
Once was I, of kind like mind, a person drifts some times too far away,
pulled out of life
and washed amongst the rocks and foam the wind it blows away.

James McLain

One Tongue Made Of Flesh

I lowered
my hands to the cusp of her nib,
and she whispered firmly.

Do you
want to go down to the sea,
and go
swimming, in the darkness?

I was
to young and
excited
to say no or resist
and she nodded
my head, in agreement.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Left Over Love I Must Bare

The hurt and scar's you bring to me,
But by my love could heal.
Open out for all to see, through what
My heart can hold.

However many sparrow's there once we're,
Have flown off with the breeze.
Lift my neck and lift my head, I see
Each tree and bush as they are seen.

I've touched that spot that I've not touched,
In song that flower's bring.
Is in my touching love, the love, I've brought
A scar that I must bare.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Butcher The Conclusion

This is a story from one inmate who discribed some of his crimes and is still alive.

Here you do not choose the meal, here you are prepared to be the meal.

After being captured, health and diet play a very important role.

The meat of each person is of varying quality, and people are also subject to an enormous range of diseases, infections, chemical imbalances, and poisonous bad habits, all typically increasing with age.

As with cattle

a certain amount of fat is desirable as 'marbling' to add a juicy, flavorful quality to the meat.

He personally preferred a young firm caucasian female, in their early twenties.

These as he discribed were 'ripe'.

Stating that tastes vary, and if pregnant he would also use the milk obtained from a milking cow vacuum machine.

Used in his morning coffee.

Referring to himself as the butcher,

he needed a fairly large roomy space in which to work (an interior location by another suggested) , whom he said has long since died in prison.

While needing a large table as a butcher's block.

Most work is up close and personal and Most of the work can be done with a few simple tools: sharp, clean short and long bladed knives, a cleaver or hatchet, and a hacksaw.

Acquiring your victim is subject to each victim's personal attributes.

For best results and health, freshness is imperative.

A living female in captivity is optimal, but not always possible.

When possible make sure she has no food for the first 48 hours, but plenty of water.

Fasting helps to flush the system, purging it of stored toxins and bodily fluids and waste, as well as making bleeding and cleaning easier.

Under ideal conditions, the female will be stunned becoming unconscious.

A sharp unexpected blow at the base of the head he said, work's best.

Avoid any undue excitement (which will pump a greater volume of blood and secretions such as adrenaline throughout the body) .

Hanging, once she is unconscious or dead, she is ready to be hoisted.

Get the feet up first, then the hands, with the head down.

A simple loop of rope or bailing wire may be tied around the hands and feet

and then attached to a foldable crossbar or overhead beam.

Or, by making a cut behind her Achilles tendon,

a meathook may be inserted into each ankle for hanging support.

The legs should be spread so that the feet are outside the ark of shoulders, with her arms roughly parallel to the legs.

This provides access to the inner pelvis, and keeps the arms out of the way in a more easily ready position for removal.

She is at her easiest to work on if the feet are slightly above the butcher's head.

Bleeding her out,

a large open tub or bucket beneath her head.

With a razor sharp boning knife,

start at one corner of the jaw and make a deep 'ear-to-ear' cut through her smile, starting at the neck and larynx.

As if having sex, side to side.

This will sever the internal and external carotid arteries, and major blood vessels.

Carrying blood from,

the heart to the head, white face, and small brain.

He states that after all she was easy to catch!

Upside down correctly done, is right side up, until it all comes, gushing out.

After the initial gush of blood, the river should run into a small stream.

By massaging the extremities down in the direction of her Loin's, and by compressing both her holes, should release and relax the anus enough, allowing the release of her last unspent gas.

Holding a lighter to the flame until it goes out.

I briefly interrupted him by asking, had he as a child ever started fires or tortured animals?

I ask him this because,

History is replete with serial killers, whose violent tendencies were first directed at animals.

But I digress,

He now makes mention that to completely render the human carcass down to manageable chunks of meat requires a fairly large amount of time, effort, and space.

When and if he choose to not go through the ordeal of processing and storing the bulk of the entire body, an easy alternative would be, he would follow.

Simply saw through one or both legs at the points directly below the groin and a few inches above the knee.

Once skinned, these portions

may then be cut into round steaks to be, the carver's preferred thickness, cut into fillets, debone for a roast, etc.

Meat for several meals is now readily available, without the need for evisceration and the time needed to prepare the entire body.

Her top quarter,

trim away the neck, or leave it connected to her shoulder, or chuck.

To remove the shoulder blade and the collar bone, is to just cut along the outline of her shoulder blade, removing the meat on top and then dislocating the large bone.

In removing her collar bone make an incision along its length and then cut and pry it away.

About her breasts, they could qualify as briskets and there is a need to remove them before cutting away her ribs.

This individual has chosen to fondle and massage them before he disposed of them.

Her breasts were composed largely of glands and fatty tissue, and despite their appetising and sexual appearance they are primarily inedible.

Her ribs are the choice cut.

Indicating to me his perennial favorite for barbecuing, he would divide them into sections of several ribs each and cook them as you would as if they were pork or beef.

He said that he would divide them and strip them in half for shorter ribs, or even carve her ribs into steaks if the muscle mass was sufficient.

Her lower quarters, where most of the meat is, she being an upright animal.

Except when in bed on all fours.

On this particular female, her muscle mass as is typical with most, American women

is the largest in the legs and ass.

Her ass is so large that you can do just about anything with it.

The main pieces of her ass or rump is attached to the upper leg, her thigh.

His typical division was to cut the leg off at the bottom of her ass, then slowly chip away

at the bony mass at her knees, the knife without much effort is rolled left and right,

two to three inches, in opposite directions.

However, you may want to remove her whole calf muscle from the back of the lower leg,

as this is the best cut he often sought, in its area.

Her upper leg is now ready for anything, most especially some beautiful, thick round steaks.

Her ass however,

will have to be carved from the pelvis starting at the (Y) in a rather triangular piece.

Her legs attached at the hip, should point forward on what's left of her body,

so there will be little interference as he carves along the curve of her pelvis. Any of her remaining meat should be on her thighs, in front of her snapping turtle.

Basically that's it.

His average sized freezer, provided plenty of room and space, to hold her.

He built, a simple old-fashioned smokehouse (in the form of an outhouse, with a stone firepit instead of a shitter) .

He discussed disposing of her waste trimmings, in a number of ways, burial, feed into them to the hogs, or grinding into sausage.

Her bones will dry in the sun and become fairly brittle or being baked an oven, and can be pulverized into dust and scattered in the wind.

The End

Her name he latter told me was a woman.

James McLain

It Is Their Burden I Must Bare

This burden I have worn like a crown of thorn's,
A king I never was,
And I grow cold like you and yonder are the tree's
That bare no fruit.

Enemies I have, there far and wide,
I won't give up and trampled down and I still rise.
Some did not reason well and my voice it rose,
Two words from whence they came a message told.

I made the clay, I made the vase,
The arrogance of some I have indured for year's not months.
The taxes they have collected for ten year's, on the home's that
We're built on land I sold.

All for the love of one a love for wine,
Forsaken not from hate but from a certain type of grape
The color of.
And still after all this time it still goes on.

While living in a cave at night in sleep, I see it all and what I see,
Is what I say,
And I hear them speak amongst themselves, as they ponder how.

James McLain

A Mystery Ship And Where It Goes

Before the final ship takes leave,
I stood back and watched the parting waves, like leaves.
My love when young,
I bound it to the mast wherefore she'd see.

And close enough to see her eyes and range,
Before the candle burned
And I stood full before her then when young.

Unseen in youth the ship we never saw.
Out of sight, our struggle was for love,
The love for granted taken now we turn and
See that ship all see is full.

Could you but know me now as you I'd know,
Free of all the chain's that bound us so and the bird's
That circle now are free to go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

American's Love Grafic Murder Drug's And Sex

Where the grass is tall and green,
I mash it flat.
I watch her as she watches me,
Unobserved because.

America,
Is such a brutal culture, a modern brutal culture.
Half the channels on basic cable are about murder,
Sex, primitive reality shows,
Cop's telling the viewer how dangerous their job's
Are,
To justify the violence that they inflict upon
Their victims.

You've seen the white cop's chase down the black dude
And stupidly ask dude, why he ran.
I keep waiting to hear dude say to the cop, because
You shoot unarmed blacks almost every day.
But dude doesn't, he just adds on to his woes by talking
To the cop and it for him gets worse.

American's,
Love the butcher's, if an American doesn't love the butcher
Then there's something wrong with that American.
Violence, murder and more murder and the kind of sex that
You would have,
If you could only get away with it, where you live.

The only thing American's love more than a butcher, is
To give them a trial and wait for the judges, to cave in to
The mob mentality.
The mob want's a brutal death drawn out.
The Judge's know that no normal individual would commit
Such a crime.
We know the butcher's do.

Violence and Death isn't about love but American's love it.
There's nothing intelligent about watching,
Murder more murder,

drugged then sexed, but then most American's aren't that
Intelligent, now are they?

In America the moon is violated, the bush is stripped of
All it's leaves,
Tree's small or large are consumed by some, not all but
American's,
Need to see, feel taste and touch and smell it all.
Just like you do,
Was mummy dear, was daddy large, did you watch your
Sister or your brother, kill them all!
And vampires do what vampires do and drain U.S. all.

James McLain

We Deserve The Fire

Whatever happens to us,
it will be fire that has shaped us.
Your eyes,
the taste and smell of what I touched.
If what I kissed, has caused the rose
to bloom, to soon and the full moon.
That rest's up high.
My tongue,
hard as wire and it pushed through.
I wait inside the cave of dawn,
my bed, you've made not dry.
Protective strong, the ripples spread
Out, I feel as you should.
What we have done together as,
Both deserve the fire.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

????The Current Problem Of Editing Our Poetry Here

It's gotten pretty bad when I have to sign up

To

Poetry soup.com

To edit my poetry then repost it here.

Does anyone know what's going on?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nano Technology And Artificial Intelligence

Nano technology
Inert
Placed in the skull
At birth
Artificial intelligence
Numbered are
What of due process
From the
Ground up to the sky
Back down
to that one numbered head
A grain of rice
explodes and people drop
Left and right.

Government's
Will then collapse
Artificial intelligence
And nano technology
Soon will come
To the poorest first
And then!

James McLain

A Short Conversation On Facebook Today

Conversation started today

Ebrima Jasse

10: 38am

Ebrima Jasse

oh thank you so much for being a friend well how is life with you and what is your name and where are you from..

Isitpoetry McLain

10: 39am

Isitpoetry McLain

I am James,

I live in Clearwater Florida.

Ebrima Jasse

10: 39am

Ebrima Jasse

oh nice name..

i am alpha from the Gambia west Africa

how is the weather over there today?

Isitpoetry McLain

10: 40am

Isitpoetry McLain

Where do you live.

Sunny cool and a bit cloudy.

Ebrima Jasse

10: 41am

Ebrima Jasse

oh okay i see well am from the Gambia west Africa..

and the weather here is so nice sunny and warm i hope you like warm weather?

Isitpoetry McLain

10: 42am

Isitpoetry McLain

What do you do to make a living?

Yes,

I was born in Florida.

Where it gets really hot.

Ebrima Jasse

10: 44am

Ebrima Jasse

oh thank for asking well i was a student before but so badly i lost my schooling seen i lost my parents now i go to the forest and fine wood and sell so that our

living can be easy and have something to eat?

Isitpoetry McLain

10: 45am

Isitpoetry McLain

Why did you loose your schooling?

Ebrima Jassej

10: 49am

Ebrima Jassej

oh my friend because i lost my parents that why i lost my schooling.. it was my parents who normally pay my schooling fee for me but by the time they die i don't have anyone to pay my school for me?

And live become unfair to me and my family's some time even to have food to eat is a hard and terrible with us here my friend very sad and my sibling are very young i always feel for them?

Isitpoetry McLain

10: 50am

Isitpoetry McLain

Why there when it is so bad do the people continue to keep having children?

I in America have had only only one child and I was forty five when I had her.

Ebrima Jassej

10: 52am

Ebrima Jassej

oh my friend yes some keep continue but some stop.. my friend i wish you see how hard and terrible i am living with my familys here not easy at all my sibling are always crying for food every day

Isitpoetry McLain

10: 53am

Isitpoetry McLain

They have over here put me in prison so bad I know very well.

Why do you not give the hungry over to those who can properly care for them.

Ebrima Jassej

10: 57am

Ebrima Jassej

oh okay i see well my friend.. well here people are so cropped my friend they don't want to help the poor which is not good my friend some time i even like to die is better than this difficult life my friend?

Isitpoetry McLain

10: 58am

Isitpoetry McLain

We have plenty of poor in America,

But if they are unwilling to better themselves.

Then in poverty they will stay.

Unless the poor quit have more children that they can't take care of
And unless one gets an education
Then trapped one will stay.

Ebrima Jassej

11: 00am

Ebrima Jassej

oh yes my friend that true
well but here how life is not the same as there?

Isitpoetry McLain

11: 01am

Isitpoetry McLain

If a man can read,

Verily thus a man can learn.

And in learning gains the wisdom of what I just said.

Why do the poor keep having poor children that don't

Have a chance to start with.

How does one who is poor think that by having

More poor children that this will improve their situation?

No where is life for people the same.

Ebrima Jassej

11: 05am

Ebrima Jassej

my friend really all what you say is true i believed you.. well but here what we
want to food to eat really my friend i don't know what to do really my sibling are
at home crying for food?

Isitpoetry McLain

11: 08am

Isitpoetry McLain

I must go for now my friend.

I myself eat but once a day.

I will talk to you at some other time.

As I must be somewhere in a little while.

Stay positive and gets all the books you can and learn their ways.

Be as you are and stay true to the mind that you have.

Ebrima Jassej

11: 10am

Ebrima Jassej

oh okay i see and understand you my friend i will be stay as who i am and i will
still take patient okay.. well but i will be happy if there is anything possible that
you can do for us to have food i will be so glad and happy?

He Is Heavy And She Sighs

Shoulders,
Bare a wisp of hair.
Silken hangs,
Down across her face.

Sheltered from the wind,
Inside the chamber of her heart.
There is an echo still,
Of lovely music I can hear.

As I gather up the dew,
And morning new has come.
Inside a golden cup,
The wine is cool and warm.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

??? ? - Amun Ra

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James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Child One Haiku

And if you do have
That one opportunity
Raise them up gently

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Enter The Sandman

Last night you were dreaming
Coming awake on silk sheets in a room
Strange and dark.

The only window here blew
In a cool breeze
On your nipples, they stood round full and out.

I was wearing
What you were wearing a pair of green
Transparent panties and nothing else as your face
Lay bare to all.

The only dim light in the room was starlight, filtering
in from a small high
window on the wall opposite the bed.

Like to many before
In a strange house like this I had been drinking.
Maybe this was your dream,
a strangely lucid dream where I checked on you
Every night.

The door through your moving eye's I opened
And closed, and there I was
I saw a pair of ruby red lips that were just
partly open without any hair nor
A mustache above the top lip that many I knew
Still have.

I kissed you once,
In the middle of your mouth
Opening
The door behind you
Your face was not a face I had ever
In dream's seen before.

Could you feel my hot breath on your neck as
I traced around

the outline of your now open lip's?

Would you remember after waking anything else
That had happened
I traced concentric circles,
That were spiraling closer, ever closer
Pushing at the corners and back.

The door swung open
Either way there was a little more light in the
Room now,
It could have maybe been a pre-dawn snow.

The soft tap on your knee
Caused your whole body to jerk and convulse
And I wondered what time it was
Was It time for me right before early dawn
to enter someone else's world maybe a
World of different dream's.

James McLain

I Dream With You Alone

I am what you dreamed, I dream alone.
And whereupon I turn and each are one.
From the deep you came, I shall return.
I dream alone, of what you dreamed I am.
Do not weep for what you had and lost.
I to fortold about a love you drempt for I.
Pools of light so bright it hurt the eye's.
The mirror on the wall has eye's as well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

??? ? ?? - Where We Met

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Twilight's come,
the sun has finally set.
How long we wait,
determines where we go.
Surrounded like I am,
by all whom cared.
Showered by light,
are stars I've seen before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

???? ????? - Hidden World's

I have not spoken like this because.
I had no way of knowing
if after thousands of years you could
still read this language.
After your death I could not go on my love.
So I had them bury me alive next to you
until your return my love.

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James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Lived With John Brennan Crutchley At Union Correctional Institution

John Crutchley, The Vampire Rapist

Mug shot of John Brennan Crutchley.

Born October 1, 1946

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U.S.

Died March 30, 2002 (aged 55)

Bowling Green, Florida, U.S.

Other names The Vampire rapist

Occupation System engineer

Criminal penalty Life sentence

Criminal status Deceased

Conviction(s) Kidnapping, Sexual battery

John Brennan Crutchley (October 1, 1946 - March 30, 2002) was a convicted kidnapper and rapist who was suspected of murdering more than 30 women, but was never tried nor convicted of those crimes. He was called the 'Vampire Rapist' because he drained the blood of his victim almost to the point of death while he repeatedly sexually assaulted her.

Contents

Early life and career

Born to a well-to-do family in Pittsburgh, John Crutchley was a friendless child, preferring to spend most of his time tinkering with electronic gadgets in the basement of his home.

This penchant for electronics paid off early when he earned a good amount of money repairing and rebuilding complex radio and stereo systems even before he graduated from high school.

Eventually he graduated with a bachelor's degree in physics at Defiance College

in Ohio in 1970, and earning a master's degree in engineering administration at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. He married his first wife in 1969.

Crutchley's first marriage showed strains by the time he graduated from college, and it had all but ended by the time he moved to Kokomo, Indiana to work at Delco Electronics Corporation.

Crutchley had been working at General Motors' Central Foundry Division in Defiance, Ohio where he was responsible for the installation of a new plant security system.

He applied for a transfer to Delco Electronics, Kokomo, where the systems were designed and built, and worked there for several years as an electrical systems engineer.

His departure from Kokomo came after an investigation was made by plant security into missing materials.

He later moved to Fairfax County, Virginia in the mid-1970s and remarried. He worked for several high-tech firms in the Washington, D.C. area, including TRW, ICA and Logicon Process Systems.

At about this time, several teenaged girls disappeared in and around that area. He later moved to Florida and began working in 1983 at Harris Corporation in Palm Bay, Florida.

Disappearances□

In 1977, a 25-year-old Fairfax, Virginia secretary, Debbora Fitzjohn, disappeared.

Crutchley was placed under close scrutiny because he was Fitzjohn's boyfriend and she was last seen alive at the trailer park where Crutchley lived.

As a result, he was questioned several times for his possible involvement in her disappearance.

However, nothing came out of it due to lack of evidence, even after her skeletal remains were found by a hunter in October the following year.

Other disappearances in the area have not been definitely linked to Crutchley. A rash of disappearances also occurred in Pennsylvania when he resided there. In some cases bodies of women were found in remote areas in the state. Some investigators linked Crutchley a possible rape-murder of teenager Kathy Lynn Beatty in nearby Aspen Hill, in Montgomery County, where his second wife's family lived.

The 'Vampire Rapist'□

According to FBI profiler Robert K. Ressler, Crutchley fit the profile of a serial killer, even though he was convicted of only a single non-fatal kidnapping and sexual assault.

In late November 1985, in Malabar, Brevard County, Florida, a nude teenaged woman, handcuffed at both feet and ankles, was found crawling along the side of the road.

She had been passed by several trucks before someone stopped to help her. She begged the driver to not take her back 'to that house, '; when he asked where, she told him to remember a certain house.

He noted the location, took her home, and called for police and an ambulance.

The hospital determined she was missing between 40 and 45 percent of her blood and had ligature marks on her neck.

She'd been hitchhiking the day before and the man who gave her a ride was willing to take her where she needed to go, but said he had to stop off at home first.

He invited her in, and she refused, and he got into the back seat of the car and choked her unconscious.

The hitchhiker awoke to find that she was tied to a kitchen countertop, arms and legs immobilized.

A video camera had been set up, along with lights.

The man raped her and videotaped the action.

Then he inserted needles into her arm and wrist and carefully extracted blood and began to drink it, telling her that he was a vampire.

After that, he handcuffed her and put her in the bathtub, returning later for another round of sexual assault and blood extraction.

The next morning, after a third round, the man handcuffed the hitchhiker and left her in the bathroom, saying that he would be back later for further assaults, and that if she tried to escape in the interim, his brother would come and kill her. It was after the attacker had left the house that she was able to push out of the bathroom window and crawl to the road.

Had she not escaped then, doctors believed, she might well have died from a further round of blood extraction.

A search warrant was served for John Brennan Crutchley, whose wife and child were away for the Thanksgiving holiday.

The videotape in the camera was partially erased, which according to the victim would otherwise have contained footage of her rape and the extraction of her blood.

Crutchley was arrested during the search, which took place at 2: 30 a.m. Photographs of the house taken at the time of this first search showed, among other things, a stack of credit cards several inches thick. A second, later, search did not turn up these credit cards, nor a collection of women's necklaces concealed in a closet which had been noted, but not confiscated, by the police during the first search.

After being contacted by local authorities for his input, Ressler was convinced that Crutchley had almost certainly killed before, identified him as a 'serial killer of the organized type.'

Ressler instigated a second search, which was of much wider scope and detail than the first.

Ressler noted that there had been four female bodies found in Brevard County in the previous year, and that unexplained bodies had been found and missing women reported in Pennsylvania while he lived there. No evidence was found to link these deaths to Crutchley, however.

In addition to suspecting Crutchley of murders in Florida and Pennsylvania, Ressler also suspected Crutchley for murder in the 1977 disappearance of Debbora Fitzjohn, the secretary whom he met in Fairfax, Virginia. She had been in his mobile home, and police identified Crutchley as the last person to see her alive.

What was found during the second search in the Brevard County teen case included a stack of 72 3x5 cards on which Crutchley had recorded women's names and described their sexual performances.

When contacted, some of the partners indicated that Crutchley had crossed the line from 'kinky' consensual acts into sexual assaults involving restraint. His wife had apparently cooperated in similar acts, and spoke to the press about him.

Among other remarks, she commented on his attack on the handcuffed teen — which took place while she was away with their own daughter for Thanksgiving — calling it 'a gentle rape, devoid of any overt brutality.'

In June 1986, Crutchley pleaded guilty on kidnapping and rape charges in exchange for prosecutors dropping the 'grievous bodily harm' charge for extracting the victim's blood and for drug possession.

During the sentencing phase, the blood issue came up nonetheless, and Crutchley claimed to have been introduced to blood drinking by a nurse in roughly 1970, as part of a sexual ritual.

He said it should not be considered in his sentencing, because in this case, he had not drunk the blood; he claimed that it had coagulated before he could drink

it, 'and he couldn't get it down.'

His wife did not take the stand, but told reporters that her husband wasn't guilty, but was just 'a kinky sort of guy.'

Based on testimony from Ressler at the sentencing hearing, the judge chose to exceed state guidelines and sentenced Crutchley to 25 years to life in prison with 50 years of subsequent parole.

Release and re-arrest

Writing in 1992 about the 1986 conviction, Ressler predicted that Crutchley's '25 to life' sentence would result in release as soon as 1998.

In fact, Crutchley was released two years earlier than that.

After serving 11 years of his sentence, Crutchley was released on August 8, 1996 from Union Correctional Institution in Raiford, Florida for the Brevard County Jail for good behavior.

Officials in Bridgeport, West Virginia, where his mother lived, did not want him, nor did the people in Malabar and Melbourne.

Therefore, he was transferred to the Orlando Probation and Restitution Center, a half-way house where he would undergo counseling and pay restitution even while serving his 50 years of parole.

Less than a day later, he was arrested again for violating his parole after being tested positive for marijuana.

Even though he denied smoking marijuana (saying that inmates blew marijuana smoke in his face) , prosecutors in the subsequent trial showed Crutchley confessing to a corrections inspector that he smoked the substance because he was nervous about his impending release and he was aware of the relaxing effects of cannabis.

This violation of his parole resulted in a sentence of life imprisonment to be imposed on Crutchley on January 31, 1997 under the 'three strikes law.'

This was his third conviction; the first two were for the kidnapping and the rape of the Brevard teen.

Death□

On March 30, 2002, Crutchley died in prison.

Corrections officials reported on April 2, 2002, that he had been found dead in his cell at the Hardee Correctional Institute with a plastic bag over his head.

The cause of death reported was asphyxiation.

Subsequent reporting around August 1,2003 from the Florida Department of Corrections declared that the 'Florida Vampire Rapist' died of autoerotic asphyxiation.

James McLain

This Prison Stuff Is Real And It's Not Easy To Talk About

I try to emphasize, with so many here.

But when I hear people wine about nothing but cheese,
and thing's, I myself wouldn't even
take notice of.

The only thing that's the same about here and prison
are the cliques,
that I stayed away from, which allowed me to survive prison.

So when I read a poem about nothing,
after having posted one
that you would only see on forensic files.

I can only conclude
that some are so wrapped up in them selves,
or where you live it's not living, or the ego's are so large
While not forgetting narcissistic personality's.

But that not withstanding I guess half of something is
better than all of nothing.

When so many here boycott what other's write.

With the world mostly filled with stupid people no one
out side of U.S.

are left to read what the rest of U.S. write anyway.

James McLain

Jeff Session And White Fears Of Becoming A Minority

Trump has fascist's ear, is the real fear going to come from administration appointees, who will wield a dangerous amount of white power under the guise of doing the people's business?

One side could argue, would any other country in the world allow themselves to become a minority, when throughout history a majority it was.

Through out history a small population of indigenous people being overwhelmed by a larger invading people, being through the introduction of disease, driven into near extinction, or total extinction these indigenous people by foreign governments always have.

American history is being made, by an incoming administration whom not only campaigned on white supremacy, but immediately upon winning office began choosing avowed racists and religious bigots to serve and advise.

Closer to home, people of color can look forward to institutionalized, white supremacy that will forever erase whatever Civil Rights gains that have made over the course of many decades. And at such a great cost of life and inhumane incarceration.

Now our federal criminal justice system is going to be administered by a man that was too racist to serve as a federal judge and was rightly then rejected by the people's Senate.

If Jeff Sessions (R-AL) does become the United States Attorney General, and there is every reason to believe he will.

Will it signal the end of the Justice Department's ability to enforce the Civil Rights laws of all people of color?

The strange twist on this is that he will have to deny the rights of White's as well.

What in your mind constitutes the disposal of poor white trash?

With Jeff Sessions running the Department of Justice, voting rights violations will be celebrated, not prosecuted and it is hardly an exaggeration based on his past statements.

While unfortunately the south has always been the heartland of American racists.

James McLain

Bright Stars In A Southern Sky

Bright stars in a southern sky
If I could only put them out
Put them all out
I looking down at only you.

What can I say, what can I do,
Hanging high in the nigh sky
Put them out
I would then know what to do.

There's to much light from all
Those cities

And we can not see a single star
That when looking we once saw
When looking up, to see those
Brightly, shining
Stars in the southern skies

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shadow Of The Stick

I have to get up early
in the morning,
as you continue to sleep.
Before dawn arrives
you love me,
as I lay quiet in sleep.
And, over time,
Dawn when it comes,
Wake's me up so gently.
And how could I ever
feel lonely.
On a fading dark night,
when early,
morning dawn, comes so swiftly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Living Amongst The Corrupt

I would rather,
live in a country that's
corrupt.

Than in a country that
say's, they are not.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Watching His Head Go In

Ahead of me the road I see, very few in walking can.
Certainty it's wide and long, despite it's length,
I am.

My humming bird his tongue is long, a flower's
Neck is deeper still, until his head goes in.

Knowledge gained about it, as I watch it come each day.
Each day, he's in a different spot,
And even though each face he's kissed, he has solved
a thousand mysteries.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Boycotting What Others Write

People who's first language isn't English,
obviously were born some where else.
No, in America we haven't allowed cattle to
roam the streets while people starved.
Some kid in Africa has to hide to write
a poem and then post it here.
Save the drag and your lies by coming to
America and not
finding a way to live with other's
that speak and look like you.
I know most here didn't vote for Donald Trump,
I've already seen him say on t.v. more than once
that sex offenders here should be killed or have
their you know what's cut off.
The ride from the top to the bottom of the tallest
mountain is made smoother when millions
have gone there before you.
I've visted a few poem sites in India,
they all wanted money, even though I couldn't read
or write the language.
Visitor's from places like Syria number none.
Yea,
You who think your so much better than everyone else.
Iran, Iraqi or Saudi Arabia are quietly instructed
to here not apply.
Of course people like me and the crow a few other's
would where your from be strung up or stoned.
Cultural superstition being what it is, who in their
right mind would burn bodies where they drink,
bath and wash.
Not over here though because of t.v. and the internet
we or I should say some understand why it's done.
Boycott the cliques that you live in but won't,
and while America might not be now as once it was.
Because a contribution from any or all is what's
in the best interest of U.S. all.
And here after saying to you
what I just said,

James McLain

Any Act Of Kindness

Young skin has a memory, there was a time when
mine did.

Translucent unscarred,
like a book I once read the catcher in the rye.
I didn't care that her legs were uneven,
or that the fruit
hung low and out of reach beneath the tall tree.

As she worked, I moved closer to the window,
the glass in the window to was uneven.
An old rag tag mixture of lead inside was colored.
The sky was blue and cloudless.
The sun was just reaching it's majestic hight.

She is to me,
what you are to him and when we are touching it's
like those clouds, just out of reach are
now wrapped around us

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Renting From Landlord's (Hud)with Past Felony Convictions

Apr 5,2016

The Obama administration released a warning Monday telling the nation's landlords that it may be discriminatory for them to refuse to rent to those with criminal records.

The Fair Housing Act doesn't include criminals as a protected class, but the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD)says refusing to rent based on a criminal record is a form of racial discrimination, due to racial imbalances in the U.S. justice system.

'The Fair Housing Act prohibits both intentional housing discrimination and housing practices that have an unjustified discriminatory effect because of race, national origin, or other protected characteristics, ' say HUD's newly-released guidelines. 'Because of widespread racial and ethnic disparities in the U.S. criminal justice system, criminal history-based restrictions on access to housing are likely disproportionately to burden African-Americans and Hispanics. While the Act does not prohibit housing providers from appropriately considering criminal history information when making housing decisions, arbitrary and overbroad criminal history-related bans are likely to lack a legally sufficient justification.'

About 25 percent of Americans have some kind of criminal record, which can range from felony convictions to arrests that never led to charges. As HUD correctly notes, criminal history is not equally distributed across racial groups. For instance, while blacks are about 12 percent of the U.S. population, they are about 36 percent of the prison population. Hispanics are also overrepresented behind bars, though to a much smaller degree.

'The fact that you were arrested shouldn't keep you from getting a job and it shouldn't keep you from renting a home, ' HUD Secretary Julian Castro said Monday at an annual meeting of the National Low Income Housing Coalition. 'When someone has been convicted of a crime and has paid their debt to society, then they ought to have an effective second chance at life. The ability to find housing is an indispensable second chance in life.'

HUD says that landlords may be allowed to bar those with criminal records from living in a facility, but they will have to prove that such a policy is necessary for

protecting the safety of other tenants, and designed to avoid illegal discrimination. The new guidance recommends that landlords consider factors such as the severity of the criminal history and how long ago it occurred.

Landlords who violate the Fair Housing Act can be hit with civil fines amounting to thousands or millions of dollars, depending on the severity and the duration of the alleged violation.

The new guideline includes one major exception that will benefit landlords: It is never illegal, HUD says, for landlords to block renting to those convicted of manufacturing or distributing illegal drugs.

The new guidance isn't the first move by the Obama administration to break down perceived racial barriers in the housing market. HUD launched an effort in 2015 to encourage cities to use Section 8 and other levels to create racially-integrated neighborhoods. The effort came in the wake of a Supreme Court ruling that policies which result in unintentional housing discrimination may be targeted in lawsuits.

James McLain

When, Will It Rain

Your face I touch, it is hot and dry
Warm and ever moist deep, down inside
Clouds that cover dawn a face withdrawn
Weeping in view, my finger circles drew

When will it rain, let it come down, let it rain
I can not continue, tree top's hanging down
Green bushes, Green leaves, can now finally breath

When will it rain, the air is moist, moody and wet
Each cloud filled day, each face is grey
Rain fills each cup, outside until it's full

When it does finally rain, it runs down off her face
Like cheap mascara

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Oakland's Ghost Ship Warehouse Fire

Artist's gathered here to live,
this warehouse
for to many was the difference
between becoming homeless.

A magnet for tragedy,
loitering pedestrians gather to see what
could not be seen, morbid mind's.

Hidden by the smoke a scandal hides to rear
it's ugly head it lacked hindsight.
Hunter's, hunt for meat,
charred beyond the point of who is what.

Father media here wears black,
medals temper lost, one wanders lost and dazed
where they all played as people play.

Broken window's,
burning blue's and copper's green.
Machines scrape up flesh and burning shoes
with the charred trash.

Out side no one heard the screams as death
turned off the light's
and in the dark and breathing smoke,
became a pyre and human fat burned as fat
as from a whale.

Breathing one last breath the crowd is turned away,
to cast a net of blame.

James McLain

The Bible The Koran And The Torah

Not that long ago
It was as easy as teaching a child,
One, Two, Three.

Missionaries thought their truth that grown
Young children were taught that Jesus
would not return
until everyone on earth had heard the Gospel.

A child alive in the womb being born and killed
At birth, a preventable death,
Has heard what?

Matthew 24: 14, 'And this gospel of the kingdom will be proclaimed
throughout the whole world as a testimony to all nations, and then the end will
come.'

Jesus has just talked about all kinds of terrible things that will happen,
cataclysmic events that will point to the end of time.

(see 24: 3-13)

 PoemHunter.com

Unless one uses visual observation to discern faith from
The truth, about the big bang
And the true nature of how black hole's and singularities
really work.
Or that our universe is like a grape on an endless vine
Of grapes and our grape has been used to make wine.

James McLain

Depression Emotional And Cognitive Thinking And Eventual Suicide

What does real treatment resistant depression feel like?

It's a bottomless ocean filled with dept's of such sadness,
Of being 'upset' unable due to their young age of being
Unble to properly articulate it.

The never happy ending, of crying a lot.
Empty of tears,
and energies constantly low.

Your normal is my sadness and life is empty and dull
And stupid, lazy people,
Who hate to learn, say go on out and smell the roses.
Or even worse, that what doesn't kill you will make
You stronger, these people to U.S. are the most dangerous
Of all.

No one can fix it, unless they are allowed to find those
Inherited Gene's and replace them.
Hopelessness, and that in truth, there is no way out
And jail just makes it worse.
And terrifyingly, they almost all know it.
Justice was never blind seeing it all go on around her.

And some people instead of taking their own life, buy a gun and
Shoot people.
Because of the self perceived hatred they have for themselves.
That even just one of you, could have changed
And for all the dead,
Their future you could have changed,
Can't you get even one Judge to believe that?

Cutters feeling numb, cut just to see if they can still feel
Any pain, it's the total numbness of nothingness.
And the complete loss of interest and motivation that in life
Kimberlee could not ever feel.
Living in my car was certainly safer than living with her.

Dead,
Female unavailable.

I don't feel happy, I don't feel sad, I've just got the same
face on all the time are you really that blind, or is it
that you don't care,
or want to get involved with someone like me?
That you could have saved simply by asking, if I'm alright.

You could shove your fist up her vagina or my ass and
Neither of U.S. wouldn't feel what you feel.
Nothing at all does that sound normal to you?
Violence through sex, unfeeling, stretched out to the
point of bursting, sex doesn't work.
Does painful sex, like the kind that you don't have,
like that work for you?

Treatment resistant depression is a snake in the grass,
Searching for rat's, in my ass.
Rage being subtle is always directed inwards,
That's why anger management classes seldomly ever work.

By being bi- polar combined
with treatment resistant depression, I just want people
to know that I'm two different people.
When ever I'm like this and my behaviour is like what
You see on Cop's on t.v.
and that I'm not always like this, though some evil people
Know this and push the right buttons on purpose.

The rollercoaster, the pendulum swings with out wing's,
As discribed by, Edgar Allan Poe.

It's growing dark now,
There's frost on the ground.
And I still have miles to go before I can sleep
The wood's,
for me here are really dark and deep.
So if you don't see me at work or come out of my house
For a while,

The natural light for you, that you need, is the light

I need in the dark, or I
Could just be simply decomposing inside of my house.
Can you describe to the Cop's,
the smell that was me, that lead them up to my door?

James McLain

House Of Empty Dream's

I filled every room that you ask,
Even the one without drapes.
Outside looking in one would think,
Nothing is left here but dream's.

Here where in love that we lived,
Song's about love we would sing.
Your closet was full snug and warm,
Where nothing inside you would hide.

Such does all love find it's own end,
When one in love goes away or dies.
Green field's once seen far and wide,
Are now filled with nothing but weed's

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Verily

Verily,
In the time's of today.
The rising water can release.
A father, that's wise!
Will have only two children.
Given rise, to bare
Ripe fruit.
That never fall's,
To the ground and spoils

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unable To Look Away

Shovel in both hands
And how roughly I treat the ground
Curious
Not even a little embarrassed
Watching me
Unable to look away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How I Get Her To Come Every Night

Verily,
You should prepare yourself and your palace
Before she comes.

This women has a very developed sense of taste
for each word
and where that each word should be.

I make sure that everything is clean and shiny,
She will come and add something she likes that will make
Her palace smell right.

Trim her finger and toenails,
A tiger caged is the most dangerous tiger
Of all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alone Wet Cold And Abandoned

Each single tear
That drops
From your eye's
I catch
With my open lips.

As would some left
In a bowl
Filled
With white cotton.

There not
To fall and lay
Alone cold
Wet and abandoned.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

From The County Stockade To Hillsborough Correctional Institution

Hillsborough Correctional Institution opened in
nineteen seventy nine

For U.S.

Youthful offender's

Aged from eighteen up to twenty five

I was in that initial group

Of eight hundred fifty kid's that opened

It's door's to U.S.

Here now we're real punk's

Slang for real homosexuals when being

Gay

Was still on the New England journal of

Medicine

As a psychiatric disorder.

Live walking and talking sucking machine's

Before arriving and being our age

Who was it that stretched them out where

In truth for them size didn't matter.

The weakest amongst U.S.

Became a punk's

Punk where the punk would dick the weak down

Called turning him out.

In the occasional conversation with one when

I had

I would ask the punk with some silly name like

Gloria or sugar britches

Why when they were being dicked down why the

One hooked to his ass

Moving daily in and out didn't consider

Themselves as gay.

This was by he conveyed to me that it was considered
prison credibility

And one night when coming out of the shower a punk
Grabbed my Johnson prison slang for cock
Before pulling away it got hard which left me
Quiet and confused
Was I gay because it got hard.

I decided at ever opportunity that I could to spend
As much of my remaining sentence
In confinement
This behavior was back then considered normal by staff
This is when I learned deep in sleep that I could
Control my dream's
And I could leave the prison each night
And go to places that still to this day I've never been.

James McLain

The Old County Stockade In Tampa Florida

How could I not watch I was a child
A child of seventeen
I was alive but weak having not seen
the sun
since I last went to court.

The County stockade on Clark Street in Tampa
When I was there was run by
Colonel Parrish.
And we under age by four or five year's
were under constant attack
by a trusty called banana and here is what
I saw.

Over crowded four teen-ager's in a two man cell
And I
learned early not to sleep near the Bar's.

In the middle of the night
When the red light was on he would come.
Huge white eye's
And his middle finger was abnormally large
Long and black.

The Bar's were flat
Flat and thin darker than night
And so quite
you could hear the cock roaches rubbing
Their wing's.

I could smell the Coco Butter lotion bought
from the commissary
Down the long length of the hall
And the squishy noise that was made by a man
Named banana
Moving in and out of one young
White boy who was sleeping against the dark bars.

Palletable fear such as this one can taste

As the smell of his feces
drifts down the hall to the rest of U.S.

In this one of Florida's many garden's of death
Without looking for hell these children found it.

James McLain

Drinking Saki Under The Moon

Drinking saki
We two can now see
Eye to eye
Should I not yes or no
Under the moon
Snow flecked breasts
I Start a cold fire
Beneath a green tree
Falling leaves
Drinking more saki
Falling asleep
I dream in the bushes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Night Is Here Love Close Your Eye's

Tonight I will come and wait for you
Forever will come sit here and be still
What ever it takes to keep love alive
Two beating heart's bound together as one

Night is coming don't close your eye's
The moon is not covered watch it still rise

There is a pulse to it's rhythm and beat
Here water moves and our memories are deep
The truth lies in between our day and good night's
The moon in my hand's again it will rise

There is a new pulse to it's rhythm and beat
Night is coming and don't close your eye's
Open your eyes to the sun it's alive
And do what ever it takes to keep love alive.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Had Doubts, But Not To Me

It was the sea that I loved,
When I was alive.
Women came and love was hot,
Love, but for me it was.

Hills of white sand white as snow,
The wind when it blew blew with sound.
One woman knew more of love and of men,
And of men she spoke not at all.

In the sun walking down to the warm sea,
The heat from the sun exposed me to all.
When I loved I loved like the sea so deeply,
Every night now under the sky love I had.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love But For Me Love It Was

It was the sea that I loved,
When I was alive.
Women came and love was hot,
Love, but for me it was.

Hills of white sand white as snow,
The wind when it blew blew with sound.
One woman knew more of love and of men,
And of men she spoke not at all.

In the sun walking down to the warm sea,
The heat from the sun exposed me to all.
When I loved I loved like the sea so deeply,
Every night now under the sky love I had.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Faces Without Faces

I cannot tell my doctor,
That there is no snow, when
There is snow all around U.S.

Where I live isn't much of a home
Yet, where they'd put me,
Sterile white porcelain floor's
I have now grown afraid of.

Here I have my bags of pills,
Out in the open.
Within reach,
But there would be no place
There to hide them.

This will be lost on the young,
Wasting their life.
Time I have not, I'm not old.

This is not a place for children.
Though once or maybe twice as lives
Have passed it once was.
Here many died, kept in filth,
back before this was Florida
and yet Florida, it is.

I've stitched together a life, a life
Of to many judge's.
A quilt bourne of opinions, but being
bi polar
Was for me the worst opinion of all.
Back in the the seventies
They took damn good advantage of it.

I have had my chances.
I've tossed those dice, those dice
Where on one dice there were only one's
And on the other there were only two's.
I have tried and tried.

In my dream's where other people succeed
Because I made them.

I have tried to over think everything, too hard.
I no longer who I was, I am James
I have tried to be natural to someone else's
Nature, is it poetry.

I have never tried to be blind in love,
like other men I liked small tits,
Dominant in bed, with my dear, sweating sweet one.
Always cheating one eye's open looking,
Watching her go through a thicket of thorn's
dark self imposed,
her handful of moon covered in snow and no another.

I did not look.
I saw in a dream long ago, precognition that
Curse, the curse,
of the cursed without cure those white floor's.

Will my new face be there,
Male or female a witness to, but not of
Without the experience of having sex with one
or the other in one single life being both.

The face of the dead one's, I've seen before
A handful of pills.
Or that quite gas oven, a chair without legs,
Dancing the dance I great poet's have.

It's only an easy peace, were it not for the,
Other faces still there.
And how ever much it is that I know,
coming back to learn more.

James McLain

A List Of The Human Beings That Have Died In The Custody Of The State Of Florida Prison's In 2016

A List Of The Human Beings That Have Died In The Custody Of The State Of Florida Prison's In 2016 - Poem by Is It Poetry

Pay special attention

to the current pending as these were by and

large preventable death's,

due to not receiving, pre screening care for cancer.

Lack of Suicide prevention,

due to hostile environment of being housed with other violent inmate's and

the lack of humane treatment at the hand's of Florida

Department of Correction's

staff and employees who lack training in the field of mental illness.

For the most part information about prison inmate's is kept from the public

due to the preventable violence of staff and fellow Prisoners and total lack of accountability by D.O.C.

You should tremble at this, the sheer number of human beings, dying or being killed each year.

Inmate Mortality

K5526106/13/2016SIF.R.C. Pending*OPEN

COTTO-PEREZ, PEDRO52300606/13/2016M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN

NameDC NumberDate of DeathInstitution NameManner of Death

WILDER, KEVIN L68604601/01/2016SIF.R.C. Pending*OPEN-MDPDMCGEE,

BOBBY LC1030201/01/2016AKE C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE

MANUAL, RICHARD J 03122501/04/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MORA, JULIO 1100301/04/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending* OPEN-MD PD
SUSSAN, ROBERT J 05179801/04/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN
JACKSON, JIMMIE R 06689601/07/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
BROWN, DALLAS 01465001/07/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
DYRE, LONNIE D 04333701/07/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
SHEPPARD, ALONZA 05745701/08/2016 GULF C.I.- ANNEX Natural Closed
TAYLOR, CHESTER W 0450201/08/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN
CORDERO-PENA, BELARMINO 07910501/09/2016 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending* OPEN
SNYDER, CHESTER P 0702501/10/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN
DANIEL, JAMIE L 0362201/11/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending* OPEN-MDP
BOZZUTO, RICHARD A 02750601/12/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
WOODY, THOMAS V 1126601/12/2016 SUMTER C.I. Pending* OPEN
WARDEH, AL Y 04040001/13/2016 CFRC-MAIN Natural Closed
P AYNE, WILLIAM L 03620501/14/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ALFONSO-GONZALEZ, HELIODORO 0403101/14/2016 SUMTER C.I. Pending*
OPEN
BARRO, JOSE A 03354001/14/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending* OPEN-MDP
SPRIGGS, ELISHA H 06794701/14/2016 LAKE C.I. Pending* OPEN-FDLE
CONLEY, DWAYNE R 05846301/15/2016 DADE C.I. Pending* OPEN-MDP
FULLER, SAMUEL E 11810101/16/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN
FRANKENREITER, RAYMOND A 04045801/20/2016 SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending*
OPEN-PALM BCH SO
CAREY, ELGIN A 07770401/21/2016 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Accident Closed
FARMER, DENNIS E 05025601/22/2016 SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending* UNDER REVIEW
CURTIS, FRANKLIN 06394901/22/2016 SUMTER C.I. Natural Closed
ADAMS, DAVID G 056134001/23/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN
MOORE, WALTER L 02350001/23/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending* OPEN-
MDPD
CHRISTIANSON, MARTIN L 04389601/24/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending* OPEN-
MDP
BROWN, GARRETT E 01529601/25/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
DAVIS, REGINALD B 1144601/25/2016 CHARLOTTE C.I. Pending* OPEN-FDLE
SODDU, VINCI P 06108801/27/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN
REEVES, JAMES G 059506701/28/2016 COLUMBIA C.I. Natural Closed
CRONEY, BARBREE L 09991201/28/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending* OPEN-MDP
CARTER, CLAYTON B 056215201/29/2016 HOLMES WORK CAMP Pending* OPEN
FINLEY, MARK D 00265901/29/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
GUBERMAN, MICHAEL S 1193202/01/2016 CHARLOTTE C.I. Pending* OPEN
FOWLER, SHAWN R 0411702/01/2016 FRANKLIN C.I. Pending* OPEN-FDLE
BAXTER, RONALD L 01521502/05/2016 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Natural Closed
COLLIER, CASTER DERO 082972602/05/2016 NWFCR MAIN UNIT. Natural Closed
VIOLET, GARY L 1195502/06/2016 S.F.R.C SOUTH UNIT Pending* OPEN-
FDLE/MDPD

GULLO, JOSEPH R 00378202/08/2016 PALACHEE EAST UNIT Suicide Closed
(Summary)

PYE, FREDRICK 5339602/09/2016 F.R.C. Pending* OPEN -MDPD

SPAIN, TIMOTHY R 1824902/10/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

MCMULLIN, WILLIAM M 5520602/11/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

WEBB, EDWARD C 0710802/12/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed

MENDIOLA, LORI A 2264502/12/2016 DWELL ANNEX Pending* OPEN

MORGAN, TOMMY 02888902/12/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed

HERNANDEZ, GUADALUPE 5691302/15/2016 DWELL ANNEX Pending* OPEN

ANDERSON, HANS C 02548102/17/2016 TOMOKA C.I. Pending* OPEN-FDLE

PORTER, GEORGE 1082502/19/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed

SCHUTZ, TONYA M 2880802/15/2016 DWELL WORK CAMP Pending* OPEN

SCOTT, REGINALD D B577102/20/2016 LAKE C.I. Pending* OPEN

SHACKELFORD, VINCENT R 1217202/21/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed

JAMES, WILLIAM 2545802/22/2016 LAKE C.I. Pending* OPEN-FDLE

HORNSBY, CLARENCE 02024202/23/2016 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending* OPEN

SIMPSON, WILLIE C 5311702/24/2016 CHARLOTTE C.I. Pending* OPEN-FDLE

LHEUREUX, RICHARD L 65922102/25/2016 COLUMBIA ANNEX Pending* OPEN-FDLE

ROOT, HERMAN 08746502/26/2016 EVERGLADES C.I. Pending* OPEN-MDPD

ROQUE, ANTONIO L X0492302/26/2016 F.R.C. Pending* OPEN-MDPD PARKER,
ERIC J X B621602/27/2016 WAKULLA ANNEX Natural Closed

RHODES, RONALD L 203180B/01/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

ROANE, NELSON L W282120B/02/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed

PURWIN, STEPHEN W 0660300B/04/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

MURPHY, JOSEPH J 138550B/04/2016 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending* OPEN-FDLE

FOSTER, WILLIE J 5457740B/05/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

CAVEDO, LUIZ MARC B98070B/06/2016 WAKULLA C.I. Natural Closed

TAYLOR, THOMAS 0476030B/07/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

ORTIZ, JOSE L 0525130B/07/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

BAKER, MICHAEL D 8891830B/09/2016 SANTA ROSA C.I. Pending* OPEN

MORROW, HARRY W 0801810B/10/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

MILLER, IRVIN 0135540B/10/2016 F.R.C. Pending* OPEN-MD PD

STEARNS, JOEL 0291000B/10/2016 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Pending* OPEN

PERION, WAYNE L 0242770B/11/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

VIDAL, ANTHONY R 4B16320B/11/2016 DADE C.I. Pending* OPEN-MDPD/FDLE

TYRE, RONALD W 0198230B/11/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

HOWARD, KENNETH T 6964660B/11/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

WELCH, SAMUEL J 0001240B/12/2016 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural Closed

EVANS, JOHNNY M 0192830B/12/2016 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending* OPEN

NEWSOME, MICHAEL F 492720B/13/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

WILLIAMS, J.T. 0236510B/13/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending* OPEN

CONYERS, JOHN L 4B24230B/13/2016 SUMTER C.I. Pending* OPEN-FDLE

SPARKS, DANIEL F 09989503/14/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
BONADIE, ROBERT E 0742803/15/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
LABOMBARD, DONALD H 01504903/16/2016 AVON PARK C.I. Pending*OPEN
JACOBS, JAMES C 07701403/17/2016 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Pending*OPEN
WAY, CLAYTON 03996303/17/2016 UNION C.I. Natural Closed
RUHNKE, DAVID 04826703/17/2016 CROSS CITY C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
SMITH, LARRY D 01640303/20/2016 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural Closed
TROCHE, ANGEL B 01390603/22/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HALL, JAMES R 02649003/24/2016 WAKULLA ANNEX Natural Closed
COLLINS, JIMMY D 05138403/24/2016 WAKULLA C.I. Natural Closed
MELOON, HAROLD C 04680403/25/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
KELLY, WAYNE L 08489103/25/2016 UNION C.I. Natural Closed
HERNANDEZ, PEDRO 09997703/27/2016 MARTIN C.I. Pending*OPEN
GRECCO, DOMINICK C 0662803/27/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
GALLAGHER, GERALD E 05934903/27/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
DUKESHIRE, CAROLYN K 0913303/28/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
COWART, JOHN W 03368003/31/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
CARTER, DAVID F 01580704/01/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
PACH, FRANCIS S 05964504/02/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
FRAZIER, BOBBY 05263504/03/2016 DADE C.I. Pending*OPEN-MDPD
MANN, HAROLD J 041567104/03/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
GIVENS, MARK 04572604/04/2016 MARTIN C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
DEEN, MICHAEL D 02513004/04/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
CASTRO, REYNALDO M 0627104/05/2016 SIF.R.C. Pending*OPEN-
MDPD RODRIGUEZ, JASON S 08434704/05/2016 COLUMBIA ANNEX Suicide Closed
(Summary)

WHITE, TARA A 03003904/08/2016 DOWELL ANNEX Pending*OPEN
DENGLER, DANIEL J 02517804/16/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
ROMANO, TONY B 0502904/22/2016 WAKULLA C.I. Natural Closed
SIMPSON, CALVIN R 0804604/22/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
EVENS, JEVON K 02095104/23/2016 GRACEVILLE C.F. Natural Closed
JAMES, JIMMIE F 07106704/24/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
JAMES, LASHUN C 05405804/30/2016 EL.WOMENS RECPN.CTR Pending*OPEN
DESCAULT, RONALD R 03063505/01/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN-FDLE
EDMOND, IZELL 03313805/02/2016 UNION C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
GARCIA-CAMPO, AURELIANO K 07644005/04/2016 SIF.R.C. Pending*OPEN-MDPD
MCCORD, LARRY A 06909105/04/2016 WFRM MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
JONES, CLARENCE L 09574905/08/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
MACON, BRIAN C 0784405/08/2016 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending*OPEN
SIMMONS, RICHARD W 03963005/10/2016 RIM.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN-
MDPD
PRYOR, CHARLIE B 03607705/11/2016 SIF.R.C. Pending*OPEN-FDLE GRAYSON,

MICHAEL 246905/09/2016 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending*OPEN
PETERS, MARSHALL D 5034705/12/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN-SMPD
CEDENO, VICTOR 6384905/14/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN
MAINGRETTE, GARY 14819005/15/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
DIFRANCESCO, ANDREW W 5181105/15/2016 DADE C.I. Pending*OPEN
BARNEY, CECIL R 4622105/16/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
ROSE, KELLY D 1252905/16/2016 DWELL ANNEX Pending*OPEN
JIMENEZ, JUAN B 478805/17/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN
DAMPIER, ROY A Z 6120305/18/2016 CFRC-MAIN Pending*OPEN
KI TCHEN, KENNETH L K 7003305/23/2016 DADE C.I. Pending*OPEN
JACKSON, DANNY T Q 2280905/23/2016 CALHOUN C.I. Accident Closed (Summary)
EDMUNDS, JAMES L B 1549205/23/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
JOHNSON, LENARD T 6082505/25/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
LEMON, GEORGE O 1754805/26/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
RUNDELL, ANITA C 636405/27/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
STACKS, WILLIAM O 2958105/27/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
LAWRENCE, DAVID O 9923605/28/2016 CROSS CITY C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
PERKINS, SCOTT O 222205/29/2016 DADE C.I. Pending*OPEN-MDPD
SKINNER, RONALD I 1382805/30/2016 HAMILTON ANNEX Natural Closed
(Summary)
DORSEY, STEVEN C D 690705/31/2016 COLUMBIA ANNEX Pending*OPEN-FDLE
AUGELLO, JAMES O 9175805/31/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
HANICLES, JULIAN R B 436206/03/2016 BERTY C.I. Natural Closed
WILLIAMS, VERNON K B 376906/04/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
STRACKE, CARSON B 7175006/05/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
PIERREPAUL, HATTRINA C 5704306/05/2016 DWELL C.I. Pending*OPEN
KNOTTS, WILLIE Z 1386706/08/2016 WFRM MAIN UNIT. Natural Closed
GREEN, STEPHEN O 9444006/11/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
LOCKETT, EARL O 6205406/12/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
MCLEVY, ROBERT I O 841106/12/2016 GULF C.I.- ANNEX Natural Closed
GRONKOWSKI, STANLEY K B 526106/13/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN
COTTO-PEREZ, PEDRO B 52300606/13/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
HICKS, ARTHUR C B 8873106/13/2016 COLUMBIA C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
WHITING, PRESTON O 0095706/15/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN- MDPD
HAYNES, CAREY O 1860806/16/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
FOX, STUART Z 4348306/16/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
HANRAHAN, PETER I O 346406/17/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
SHOOK, VICTOR O 5292606/18/2016 GULF C.I.- ANNEX Natural Closed
ADAMS, JAMES Z B 963606/18/2016 CFRC-MAIN Natural Closed
LARRALDE, CARLOS M 8338706/18/2016 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending*OPEN-FDLE
BARBER, MILTON I 1001906/19/2016 HAMILTON C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
WIDEMAN, KYRA V O 795106/20/2016 GRACEVILLE C.F. Pending*OPEN

ANDREWS, EDWARD K6102006/20/2016 SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending*OPEN
TORRES, ORLANDO 02850406/21/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*UNDER REVIEW
SILVA, RICKY C2472206/22/2016 FLORIDA STATE PRISON Pending*OPEN
BIRGE, ROBERT 04642706/23/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
ORTIZ, JULIAN B1372506/24/2016 HAMILTON ANNEX Natural Closed
BENNETT, GINO C2840706/25/2016 GULF C.I.- ANNEX Natural Closed
SMITH, JAMES T9082606/25/2016 FRANKLIN C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
YORKE, ELLIOTT C0179806/28/2016 NWFRM MAIN UNIT. Natural Closed
GAYMON, HAROLD 04939406/30/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
DENHAM, WILLIAM B3848407/01/2016 CFRM-SOUTH Natural Closed
WOODS, LESTER H2482107/02/2016 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Pending*OPEN
MEDDERS, MARVIN C3449607/02/2016 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending*OPEN
CHAVIS, CRAIG D0373807/06/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
CHESTER, ELIJAH B3058207/06/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
CASTILLO, ANTONIO B3991807/06/2016 AVON PARK C.I. Pending*OPEN
TERRON, RAY 06698507/09/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
PRATTER, LARRY 45245407/09/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-MD PD
PISA, JOHN 09562007/09/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-MDP D
EDDY, JAMES R1797407/09/2016 UNION C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
YASHUS, KEVIN 59395907/11/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
GROOMS, CLIFFORD B3405007/13/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
WILSON, STEVEN 09657907/14/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-M DPD
WEST, MARVIN C3026007/14/2016 CHARLOTTE C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
RAASCH, HANS D1494107/14/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
KYLER, MAURICIO 56031907/15/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
THOMPSON, DENNIS B5719707/17/2016 COLUMBIA C.I. Pending*OPEN
PHELPS, LLOYD D2472907/17/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
RIVERO, JOSE M9324707/18/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-MDP D
JONES, FRANK V4650107/20/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
WALKER, NATHANIEL 04710507/21/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-SMPB
LEE, WILLIAM C2293007/21/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed
HILL, DEREK 09972407/22/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
WOOLFOLK, ANTHONY D2079207/22/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
NOBREGA, DENNIS K5227307/23/2016 WAKULLA ANNEX Pending*OPEN-FDLE
CLEARWATER, HARLIE K8542507/24/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN
LAMM, DANNY E1238107/24/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
GUILBEAUX, JOSEPH 07524407/24/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
SNEED, DAVID 96077707/24/2016 CHARLOTTE C.I. Natural Closed
HUNTER, DAVID 59515407/25/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
NIX, ALEXANDER 56340707/26/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
SEJOUR, DAN W2541807/27/2016 NWFRM MAIN UNIT. Pending*Open
CORNELIUS, OTT 88730307/28/2016 M.C.- MAIN UNIT Natural Closed

WOODS, WALLACE 03461207/28/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
LOPEZ, CRUZ 04425307/28/2016 MIAMI C.I. Natural Closed
CHALLIS, BRIAN 11511807/30/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
BROWN, BRIAN 13957507/30/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
HARNEY, VINCENT 58660207/30/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN- SMPD
HUGGINS, JAMES 0465707/31/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-MD PD
MCWILLIAMS, JACK 05813108/01/2016 EVERGLADES C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
SHEPPARD, GEORGE 69620408/01/2016 FRANKLIN C.I. Natural Closed
SLATON, DAVIS 12271708/03/2016 UNION C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
MOTA, ROLANDO 11680208/03/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
NABER, JUSTIN 13575008/06/2016 DADE C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
GUYDEN, CAUSEY 81589608/06/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
MILLER, JOSEPH 13107308/07/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
JAAFAR, ISMA'IL 13825808/07/2016 HARDEE C.I. Pending*OPEN
BRYANT, RICHARD 13658608/07/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
DALTON, PATRICK 13606108/08/2016 CHARLOTTE C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
OUTLER, ALEXANDER 102890908/12/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
MCCALL, PATRICK 13513308/13/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
DEAL, KEITH 102677208/14/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
NOBLES, CLEO 102745708/14/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
MCQUAY, LOWANN 11129208/15/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
SMITH, RICHARD 10837408/17/2016 NWFRS ANNEX. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
HITTNER, ROBERT 11251808/24/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
BOLDS, THOMAS 14857608/24/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
GRAVES, LEAVORN 10242408/25/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
MULLINS, GERALD 104112708/29/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
BOYD, RANDY 100147609/04/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
WELCH, MARTIN 152589009/05/2016 MOORE HAVEN C.F. Pending*OPEN
KEITH, MICHAEL 189375509/06/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
MENDEZ, LUIS 11064309/07/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-MDP D
BREWER, STEVEN 15082409/09/2016 DADE C.I. Pending*OPEN-MDPD
FURY, DONALD 137744609/09/2016 ZEPHYRHILLS C.I. Pending*OPEN
DANIELS, RICHARD 116758209/10/2016 SUMTER C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
JAMES, QUINCEY 136368209/10/2016 DADE C.I. Pending*OPEN-MDPD
JAFFE, JOEL 11035909/10/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-MDP D
GRIFFITH, CLETUS 114962909/15/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
GAWRONSKI, WILLIAM 102874709/16/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
DRAKE, CLINTON 15379709/16/2016 DADE C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
BRANDT, PHILLIP 109283409/18/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN
RIVERA, JUAN 03941009/19/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-MDP D
HOLLOWAY, FANNIE 169891209/19/2016 MIAMI C.I. Pending*OPEN
DELANG, ROBERT 10948109/22/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-S MDP

MILLER, HOLLAND 6331009/24/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
CARTER, ALB 784409/25/2016 OKEECHOBEE C.I. Pending*OPEN
WHITE, DENNIS 9917709/25/2016 CHARLOTTE C.I. Pending*OPEN
BEYO, NICHOLAS 1338909/26/2016 SOUTH BAY C.F. Pending*OPEN-PBSO
GREEN, ADAM 2077409/27/2016 SANTA ROSA ANNEX Pending*OPEN-FDLE
BABBS, VINCENT 88778309/30/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
MAY, TIMOTHY 51968609/30/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
WHITCHARD, ROBERT 06812810/01/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-M DPD
CONNOR, SEBURT 12451710/01/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
BIVENS, DIANO 12102510/02/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-MD PD
WILSON, CHELSIE 3059510/02/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
MCANNALLY, TIMOTHY 3002510/02/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
WARD, THOMAS 5798710/03/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
WALKER, EZELL 02407810/05/2016 EVERGLADES C.I. Pending*OPEN-MDPD
ASSAMAD, NASEEM 82648310/05/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
STEADMAN, BRANDON 12433810/07/2016 GULF C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
MCDONALD, RHONDA 13979610/02/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-M DPD
POWELL, CHRISTOPHER 13413810/08/2016 MARTIN C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
SMALLEY, THOMAS 80442810/11/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
CLEMENTS, FRANKIE 03704610/12/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
HARPER, RICHARD 100320810/13/2016 JACKSON C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
L'HEUREUX, DOUGLAS 5129010/14/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
SPRINGS, DONNIE 19615110/15/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
LACUE, ROGER 63460810/15/2016 EVERGLADES C.I. Pending*OPEN-MDPD
HOWARD, CHERRY 15751810/15/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
ANDERSON, AARON 06128610/17/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-MD PD
GAVIN, WILLIE 12866210/17/2016 CROSS CITY C.I. Pending*OPEN
DIAZ, TAMARA 4435110/17/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
DANIELS, MARCUS 86863110/18/2016 GULF C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE
IZAGUIRRE, REGINO 14162610/18/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
HILTON, JOHNNY 57682210/19/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
SANDERS, JAMES 02641210/20/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN-FDLE
SINGLETARY, PRINCE 10987910/20/2016 CFRC-MAIN Pending*OPENMARTIN,
WADE 10297910/22/2016 CFRC-MAIN Pending*OPEN-FD LE
SMITH, TROY 09613510/22/2016 DADE C.I. Pending*OPEN-MDPD
WHEELER, BRUCE 15094110/23/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
MAIDA, PHILIP 13733410/24/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
TURNER, DERRELL 03017810/26/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
FRANCIS, ROBERT 06209710/28/2016 S.F.R.C. Pending*OPEN-M DPD
GRIZZLE, DANNY 11502010/28/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
LAWSON, THOMAS 17967410/30/2016 R.M.C.- MAIN UNIT Pending*OPEN
WEST, CECIL 09718910/31/2016 MARTIN C.I. Pending*OPEN-FDLE

James McLain

Unbind Me From Their Shame

I have
recklessly abandoned all deception
and revealed
my true self through you to the world
Seeking knowledge and truth
from each self
Unbound from their shame
I have stood naked exposed before men
And thus
am immune to the undo influence of the
popular opinions of the mobs
After in their eye's
having died
Wisdom I have learned from such pain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Is Ploughing The Land

Ploughing the land
Hearing Crow's sing
The valley and streams
Leading to the sea
The bushes and tree's
She and he

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Climax

Yes, being strong I
And those finger nails were
Lavender Smell's
On you the rose I split into

How much snow can one eat
Oysters dine
On rank tuna fish and
Crabs back into their hole's

The distance between me and it
Caused hiccups
And as for me I swam to the bottom
Without air and laid there

The weight of it throbs
In her hand
Having faith and faith is blind

Day always is and night is kind
And you
are less in the light though
your mine
and always
and always it is as it is
I am blind

James McLain

Not In Me

I worship,
In the temple that is yours.
And the temple and I,
you both have.
I am with you both inside.
But outside,
I have nothing at all.
In the temple that is yours,
Both you have.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lakshmi -

I am the
Light,
during the night,
Before day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Washing The Hole

The path leads down
to the sea
As a breeze
moves the limbs on
A tree
The tide moves in
Washing in and out
Of the leaves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear, It's Your Face

Of all the faces here I have seen,
your face
is to me extremely, hauntingly.
But the difference in our age to me
would make a difference.
You a high energy fire fly a light
that's seen in the dark.
Shaped in the form that it is,
it needs no further molding other than,
the salt and spray of the sea.
But I in my need,
I to need to be by the sea.
Verily thus
from whence I came, it's such I know
of your needs.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

L.B.G.T. A Floating Poem

Now,
What happens between U.S.
Your body and mine.
Some now hate U.S. more, Trump has not changed.
Dog's hunting and killing gutting the rabbit's,
happy without leash or chain.

Homophobic, turning their unborn children into
future serial killer's.
Our convective tissue, severed and put into mason
jars and kept as trophies.

Floating above your body haunts mine,
slender finger's, attached to small hand's.
Nature to U.S.
is to sing and raise flag's.
And shine like the moon and the north evening Star.

To live and to dance,
inside or out, your tongue takes me to places
that I've never been.

I have been waiting for our future's to meet,
free from the tree's and dry burning bush.
In this damp-wet cave and whatever happens,
is this the path of the rose, I would pick.

James McLain

Poetry Or Pornography

Poetry is a face,
covered in silk that orbit's the moon.
And that tree's grow in crack's with huge root's.

Peep shows,
where just for a dollar she shows
what he came to see.

What is it about that one special movie,
where it's packed full of people that came to see
two women kiss.
But it's only half full to one specific sex,
that came out after dark to see broke back mountain?

What is a bush without leaves,
or a tree so tall that if she made it to the top.
She would fall.

There are lonely woman,
who can wear out two or three vibrators a month.
Vibrators are cheap,
but the batteries are not and a man isn't needed
to recharge her coveted batteries at all.

Thus a poor man will eat the bad fish and never
complain, while he is stripped of his bark.

Tree's washed in clean rain that have hollow spots,
is a tree only seen in National Geographic.
Hanging from snow covered lip's,
swinging back and forth in and out of her mind.

A bush full of leaves,
means hair and things that are small go unseen.

There is a certain precision,
to the tug and pull and none go unseen halfway there.

And my twin once said inside to me there is a bald

headed rat running in and out.

I genetically knew that bald headed rat wasn't me.

James McLain

I Remembered You

Sometimes it was a swing of my mood,
Manic or happy when things were good.
You could bring me back around to yours,
Our night's would then be again right.

I know in past lives you were like me,
And I was like you that's how we met.
But if one or the other leave life to early,
or live to late what would we then do?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pissing In The Snow

Pissing in the snow
Arching rainbow's
Outside in the rain
On my portch
Washing our sin's away

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Breast's As My Pillow

Bosomed dear,
A breast
for my pillow.

A lonely traveler
and thus
kind you are.

I like
the wine and
how it tastes
beneath the moon.

Dear, come soon
and
on my head
I
smell of wine.

I swell
it is the
moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Early Dawn

Before they wake
one fish
I haven't caught
swimming
in the shallows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Innocence Dark Betrayal

Death is all.
Around, all around me, shadows gather.
My dream reappears,
as the stroke of death rubs up against me.
Death invades me, and as I grow full
what comes in from the night drips
into the earth, that outside is my prison.
In my mind, I cry out,
while the end of my life surrounds him.
All alone except for death as he nightly comes,
none hear my death, as he empties out my breasts
nor hear his pleasure, in and out forever except me.
All alone other's come and if this is such hell
why am I not all alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Translucent Panties

ere's white,
everywhere from valleys
Low and fields
to mountain tops.

I can see the bushes without
leaves, full with ice, and snow.

Red lip's, turn blue,
Clean and full with frost.

No one's climbing tree's, ere tossed
unfriendly blowing wind's.

The world is made a better place
when it's seen through see through glass.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Coast Is Warm, Moist, Wet And Juicy

Is there no magic left inside our soul,
Where other's do as people should.
And I must think these people good,
No god to speak for me, no god for you.

You were the heart inside my soul,
My chest was safe and warm.
Trapped in the pool are fish I see,
And the tide has gone out with me.

A battered coast, tossed covered in sand,
Storm after storm have been lost on me.
It's not bitter nor sour the salt I taste,
For all that have gone, the ocean is now at peace.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Washed And Bathed

I have bathed in the tube,
the same tube as you.
Verily, the water is pure
and clean.

Jasmine soap that you use,
and so as you do, I will
So do as well.

flattery is to you, what it is,
True flattery is and it's smell.

James McLain



The Solitude Of Late Night

Forbidden in university were such parties.
But the women came over at night.
We in the day foolishly spent all our wealth.
And we were seen on what we had spent.
Having drunk to much, I lay half awake.
More asleep than awake, I knew not.
Moving around and silent as wraith 's.
Trying to improve their poor lot's.
In a dream she came, teasing my limbs up right.
In a vague misty haze, I filled my last cup.
I was taken to court by someone I never met.
A lotus exclaimed, I planted a tree, near her bush.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Because You Don't Read

By now most of you are only thinking
about your survival!
Having no money and what to do with your children.

After all where you live sucks
and only now you are beginning to realize your dead.

Unable to read and understand from
the beginning:
those whom can't read will begin to flee
in every wrong direction.

Verily thus,
you think history is boring and philosophy is stupid.

Ancient women whom made their men,
to write on the wall's of their damp fire pit caverns
to leave you
an example of the life you didn't like
and climbed out and up from.

Because you would rather just sit and watch
Cop's and Judge Judy
instead of diving head first,
into the brain
of another man or a women in an attempt
to better understand
how the world really work's all around you.

Instead of reading Shakespeare,
you go to the zoo and watch the chimpanzee type out
the grapes of wrath and all that men knew before.
Brought to you and made available through Jerry Springer.

Because most of you are trapped in a world
that your God made
and how your perceived by those all around you
and only to be by your neighbors turned in and killed.

You are unwilling
to ask this childlike simple question,
What if it's all over the world the lie of those few.

And accept the possibility that maybe you are only,
alive in reality of some unknown child, in some other world,
and that's just maybe, because you don't read.

James McLain

Rooster

My eyes burn yellow from the stinging sweat?
The stinging thorn of love, I won't forget.
Trampled gardens, dreams, every path I take
leads back to where you are, from whence I came.

Maintained wife and playboy kids, facebook pets.
Saving men to bleed on their desecrated land's.
Being born, before I came, green was no safe bet.
Overhead a bullet whispers, it's not a dream.

Here they come to give U.S. less not ever more.
Here I am, that rooster, others love to crush.
And to me they've sown and they have sown, enough.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When It's Time To Find Another Planet

RECURRING DREAMS

OUT-OF-PLACE MEMORIES

HAVING A STRONG INTUITION

DÉJÀ VU

YOU'RE AN EMPATH

PRECOGNITION

RETROCOGNITION

YOU FEEL OLDER THAN YOUR AGE REFLECTS

YOU HAVE A GREAT AFFINITY FOR CERTAIN CULTURES/TIME

PERIODS/ENVIRONMENT

UNEXPLAINABLE FEARS OR PHOBIAS

YOU FEEL AS THOUGH THIS Earth Is Not Your HOME

NOW IS WHEN YOUR SEARCHING REALLY STARTS

WHEN IT'S TIME TO FIND ANOTHER PLANET

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Oft Pain And Pleasure Is

The boy
was brown the girl
was white
And neither were that old.

Innocent
thought they both were
and heard
The people speak.

Black or white with beards
of snow
And dressed as they
should be.

All lived a peaceful life
was seen
A calm that pleasure steals.

Pain was softened
when it came with love
And caring hands.

You see them everywhere
your go
Compassionate caring friends
as they grow old.

James McLain

Small Her Circle Was

However small her circle was,
I was safe inside.
My heart was full my body was,
And laughter could be heard.

I loved her madly and none who knew,
Would tell me that her love, they'd
Known as well.

The past was buried too deep to fear.
As are the raked up leaves I stacked against
Her fence.
A circle ringed in tree's from inside out.

I met the other, whose love was given to
Without a kiss and silenced words -
No unuttered word's that breathed and stirred.
Her friends would use me thus a ring of tree's.

But this was not love when it is not spoken,
Just a bumblebee,
That searches like a ghost through each bush
Flower's never seen.

.

James McLain

Letter's, To My Daughter

ter's, To My Daughter - Poem by Is It Poetry

Prison was like,
What should I say?
There are no lessons to be learned there.
Just animals without conscience or
a functional moral compass.

Dear Caroline,
To my one and only!
Not permitted to write how you feel
nor why it is, that thing's as they are.

My head always hurt's, it is throbbing,
and for all they have done,
my heart is stunned, unable to work as it should.

One calls you princess, I know her to, she is Toni.
There is as of now, know way for you to know
but again from her, you will be taken.

Her judgement is poor and I must take the steps
to protect you from him,
as she won't nor can't because the alcohol has robbed
her of reason, once promised.

Thirteen is to young to be an adult as your childhood
by they whom you think as your friends,
Verily thus, they are not.

Even now I still hear the screaming and yelling
you endured
even after so long I'd been gone.

She was only angry at her self
as it was I, who kept our business successful and
growing.
And since I left
like dust in one's hand once opened the wind does
then blow it away.

Death it is not
nor does it always appear
as a body
hung from a rope
dancing the dance that air
can't support.

My heart
can't accept such a death.

But
you can bet
that I'll go to my grave
without regrets
singing this unfinished song.

My fair daughter, good-hearted,
with eyes like mine.
Remember of this and remember you must
had they left me in prison -
you would not be here.

And from me, that one half of me,
a daughter of mine,
must always be meek, humble and kind.

And use all you know when growing older
to learn
from those mistakes made by all the other's.

D.C.F.
Played me against your mother and that one Judge
let them.

James McLain

Can You Violate A Restraining Order By Using Face Book

Yes, You Can Violate A Restraining Order On Facebook

Court cases have created a fairly clear guide for the activity on Facebook that violates a restraining order, such as liking or poking.

By Leah Becerra | January 21,2016

What does an order of protection really protect on Facebook? You might be surprised.

It will protect you from being poked.

In 2009, a Tennessee woman was arrested for poking another woman who had an order of protection filed against her.

This violated the order of protection because the poke was considered a form of communication.

At the time,

a residential fellow at Stanford Law School's Center for Internet & Society told ABC: 'A poke is a very deliberate action. You have to select the person and say, 'This is what I want to do.'

An order of protection will also save you from unwanted likes.

In 2015,

a Pennsylvania man was arraigned for violating a no-contact restraining order against him by liking his ex-girlfriend's photos.

The Times Leader reported he allegedly 'liked 22 photos and videos on [his ex's] Facebook.'

In this case,

no-contact also includes contact via a Facebook notification.

Similarly, but more recently — this year, even — in a County Supreme Court in New York state, a woman is facing allegations that say she violated an order of protection against her by tagging her victim in a post. (Video via Facebook)

She also called her victim 'stupid' but that's somewhat besides the point.

The New York Law Journal says she's 'charged with second-degree criminal contempt for the alleged post.' She's moved to have the charges dismissed because 'the protection order did not specifically ban (her) from making contact with the victim via Facebook.'

So, restraining orders can save you from pokes, likes and (maybe) tags.
What about protection from having your friends contacted?

According to law website Justia, in 2010 a man sent letters to a number of his wife's friends after getting their information from Facebook. At the time, she had an order of protection against him.

He was charged with violating the order but the judge dismissed the charges against him — including one for stalking in the fourth degree — because he didn't actually use the letters to communicate with his wife. (Video via Facebook)

The takeaway from these cases is simple:
If you're not supposed to have contact with a person, remember that Facebook is as much a way of communicating with someone as picking up a phone and calling them.

James McLain

Talent

On those rainy day's alone.
No one can tell you where you are going,
but where
you have been, other's have gone.

Stories told by they who have gone on before
you, saves one time
if by the telling you draw them in.

Life, death and love are a proper good
place to start on,
loss as well without loss one can not
properly measure what one has to say.

Become a hard women by staying soft,
and lend him a breast for the man that is hard
but soft in heart.

To the young:
Measure your friends, by their manner of speech
And if your speech is proper they will learn.
Verily on the out side looking in say nothing
they will tell you all.

To the pretty girl's:
Pretty your scent the stuff you are made of
will through misuse crack and stay dry.
Bragging about what you had and the rocks you
have held and then moving on to greener pastures.

And that thing you are afraid of
Will look at you, from every angle with his
one good eye.

All are young, all grow old and in-between
some will die,
unnecessary deaths from drinking
and driving unable to deal with childhood trauma
and overdose on drugs your mother bought you.

Whilst you live and are fresh and randy, being young
and not fussy but lusty remember those stories
that you heard and ignored, roaring at the top of your
lungs, I'm immortal and in hell I'll be found.
Amongst the living dead.

James McLain

Caroline Hernando County

Cook-McLain,
Karen and James McLain,
Spring Hill,
Caroline Elizabeth Cook-McLain,7 pounds 10 ounces,
2: 51 a.m. April 16,2003,
at Spring Hill Regional Hospital.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is This Your God

Slender beams of light enter,
the darkened room, as I waiting kneel.

Always supplicating,
always cold naked and having been driven,
here in the open, waiting my turn
as I do, to hear your prayers every day
of every year.

Robed forms,
wrought in shadows with their long staff's
loom large, as dew
and light white mist is sprayed
into the air,

Forming an opaque image in my mind,
of being impaled on a spear made of gold.

My confusion is dawning on God's, lovely face.

I bow my head, swallowing each drop of his
just to worship near you,
in your zealous religious proximity close to him.

James McLain

Two World's Apart

Do not ask me, why I live as I do.
Do not ask me, why you live as you do.
The answer may lay, in the question's,
you asked,
Question's that dwell in the heart's of
All men, a cunning women will ask.
As two live two world's apart

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Moon's Eclipsed

From the bottom the tides rise,
It's as long as it is deep.
Loud is the ringing in our ear's,
Were coming home both blind.

The sun, the finish line,
Neither ever wins.
The moon is in eclipse,
And night is gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Did My Fingers Have A Weird Smell On Them, Even After I Washed Them

In vivid colour even now your to close before sleep,
each young imagination still is.

Death to me,
even as a young child was the then pushing of my
small finger in and out, thinking I touched it.

An inch or two down into a fresh dug grave and I smelled it.
The dirt was as clean as fresh driven snow, yet to my young
mind as young as it was, it would like children do smell it.

Children as a rule don't have outwardly dirty thoughts,
new Intel.

On the news each day I then saw,
children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, naked
all in my mind,
as clean as the dirt that my young mind, could make them.

Outside playing in my underwear as we did.
Blown up and burning as only the children could smell them.
Those few adult's to me,
as I saw them, never hid them, but flew a flag, I made them.

Finger's curling in, up towards the middle.
Then being delivered up to the middle of nowhere, I then realized.
That the soap that I vividly washed with,
could not deliver me from, what went on around it.

It was then that something inside my head snapped and all the
colour was drained from my head.

The culprit is
I could not stop it.

And it was latter I learned each night a succubus came.
Paralyzed, that feeling that a dead body is climbing on top
and have It's way as thing's such as this dreaming do.
so I stayed away from the t.v. late at night, but the finger
inside I still smelled it.

James McLain

If You Only Knew What That Picture Means To Me

Timeless life goes on,
one last letter a picture of you
of your smile.

If I was in a bad place,
a place other's knew we never talked about it.
She and I though I tried.

I did not know what to do
because if I had I would have done something
different
so I could be there with you.

People forget what they never knew or once had
and low though I am now thus low they have set me
I did what I did for the very same reason
you did that night last July.

People will forget and can only reminisce
what it's like to be thirteen when they turn fourteen.
These will all be stories some day,
and this pictures will become one day an old photograph
like those memories that you see other people
post on Facebook.

But right now,
I can only live in your moment and these moments are all
that I have.

She to me is so very beautiful As fresh with youth
as the moment I was, that you now are.

And if they allow you to read this poem or you're
listening to your favorite song,
and it's this one timeless moment that drives other
people on with the people who you love most in this world.

And in that one moment,
I can only try to reassure you,

we are if only for a moment, the moment that you knew
what that picture of your moment means to me.

Caroline.

James McLain

When You Wake Up At Dawn

When you wake up in the early dawn,
I will be gone.
Do not worry about feeling empty,
Because again I will come.

Empty without love those lookers watch,
Along dark empty paths and they talk.
And when there are none left to see,
One bush with green leaves I will seek.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Oh Dear, Before He Came

Oh, to me, before he came,
The mountain peaks, were bare of snow.
And through my one and only window,
I could see.

And to my great delight,
My eye's could clearly see.
He and Me,
Both out of breath.

Climbing to that mountain top,
To see what lay beyond.
And slowly as we both climbed down,
We left the snow behind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love's Face Of Fire

I have kept it hidden,
Not from me.
Here where no one,
Thought that it would be.

Lost love is one,
Feeling's none can hide.
Love to some can not endure,
Love's test of fire.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

We Will Now Begin To Hear Their Gun's

What now was wrong is right,
and up is down.

Soon the gun's that we will hear,
and all,
that you hold dear will cause much fear.

Can beauty pause, this one last time
as marching feet?
Crush U.S. the people that they fear?

Or you give way to what they say,
and meet your fate.

Woman will
begin pulling at their hand's,
of their husband's
and their son's
to keep them off the streets.

And they debate on dropping bombs,
on the women and the children over there
their not like U.S.

We hear the gun's, that the press,
are even now afraid to use or to U.S. address.

Concentration camp's and our bodies,
that can't endure.
Are stacked like wood and set aside.

We on an endlessly, moving conveyer belt,
where our bodies are the evidence.

They will pour U.S. into the burning endless
mouth, of a volcano.
That can easily consume U.S. all

And once we heard their mighty gun's,

now that half of U.S. are gone.

Where we are even now,
being placed on a growing registration list.

The advertisements that say find out where
you came from out side of the U.S.
and so you foolishly sent them your DNA.

And now they know just who you are and now
they know.
That your not white and Trump just bloats.

The introduction to your children's death's
don't have them now.
We are not yet color blind.

James McLain

Before Love End's

Before love ends,
A rose opened.
For the first time,
Open in the sun.

River's run to the sea,
Emptied.
Water moves in me,
The sea again it fills.

Again I would be,
One with the sea.
And the sea,
Would be one with me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dakota's Pipeline Protest (A Potential Disaster)

Aside from the environmental issues that with every primitive technology that gives rise.

As human beings

are even now being blasted by water cannons in frigid temperature's

and shot by police with rubber bullets.

There is the multi billion dollar oil industry subverting clean energy that is here as such you should follow:

This may explain why the MSM has been nearly silent with respect to some of the

current breakthroughs in cold fusion technology.

I think that TPTB already know that we

don't have the time

necessary to construct cold fusion power plants

around the globe and therefore

it is not the ultimate answer to our energy needs.

However, it's beginning to look like Nikola Tesla

may have been right all along

about the existence of ZPE, or as he called it;

'Radiant Energy.'

It may also turn out that cold fusion technology

becomes obsolete before it's even fully developed

and the same could be said

for wind and solar if this new MEC device pans out.

We have always believed that the most important thing

that could come from 'Disclosure'

would be the release of the technology necessary

to harness Zero Point Energy.

Revolutionizing the way we do things on this planet and beyond.

There are even more things to consider.

For instance,

if we can have unlimited, pollution free source of energy,
we could build desalination plants around the globe solving many,
if not all, of our water shortage problems.

With that water, we could begin to farm the world's desert
and finally put an end to world hunger and most water borne diseases.

This technology will completely change the way
we live our daily lives
in that much less work would be required in order to
sustain our current substandard living.

It is estimated that close to 80% of our time
is spent working, just to cover the current cost of the energy
required to sustain our daily lives.
Whether it's the energy we actually use or the energy required to produce the
products we consume,
it all has to be paid for and we currently devote 80%
of our lives doing just that.

If energy is abundant and free,
people will be more inclined to choose a profession they love
and that makes U.S. happy
as opposed to one that just meets our meager financial needs.

Parents could devote more time to raising their children
as opposed to working two or three jobs
just to come home too exhausted to care about politics and
anything other than death's sleep.

As in my previous postings why do poor people keep having babies.
When without help they can't cloth or feed them.

IMO, two income households, which is today's norm,
and it should not be,
is probably the single biggest factor related to our
failing educational system and gang violence.

Teachers cannot be expected to pick up the slack of parents
who should not have ever had children and are no longer
involved in their education and/or day to day lives.

I mean one needs a gun while the other, one in an alley pee's
so as to not be arrested
and then be placed on the sex offender registry.

Which of course takes U.S.
back to the million's of American's in our jail's and prison's
that they while growing will fill.

James McLain

The Sexual Predator

My exwife because she can, Judge Neil he said.
Hernando county Florida, where once I lived.
Janna Burns she is dead,
one self inflicted gun shot wound to the head.
Before she died,
my exwife let her have my child to baby sit.
Robert Roy Smith Jr,
A multi state violent sexual predator.
Because Judge Neil gave my exwife a restraining order.
Has taken my daughter to this man
on multiple trips to where this individual lives to have sex.
My wife, my exwife is fifty seven my daughter is only thirteen.
This same little girl
watched my exwife sleep with my sister in my own house
for a year and a half.
When she was thirty months old.
Do what is right by a child whom is thirteen, whom is thirteen.
D.C.F. it is time to remove this small child.
Me, Myself and I am guilty of giving you life.
With she my exwife your mother my child.
All I can say to you now Sir Judge Neil.
Look what you've done to a child
because to you I spoke to in such a perceived harsh way.
And the other poets have problems I hear.
Maya Angelou just passed away, she would not have published
what above I have said.
I wonder who has taken this picture?

Crime Information - Qualifying Offenses

Adjudication Date	Crime Description	Case Number	Jurisdiction & State
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06/19/1996	SEX BAT BY ADULT/VCTM UNDER 12; F.S.794.011(2) (PRINCIPAL IN ATTEMPT)	9535157	Volusia, FL
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06/19/1996	LEWD, LASCIVIOUS CHILD U/16; F.S.800.04 (PRINCIPAL)	9535157	Volusia, FL
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08/28/2014	LEWD, LASCIVIOUS CHILD U/16; F.S.800.04	9535159	Volusia, FL
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05/28/1997SEX OFFENSE, OTHER STATE (2 COUNTS: SEXUAL ABUSE,1ST DEGREE) 96-592585Suffolk, NYGuilty/convict

05/28/1997SEX OFFENSE, OTHER STATE (8 COUNTS: SODOMY,1ST DEGREE) 96-592585Suffolk, NYGuilty/convict

James McLain

Phantom Pain (For A Goth)

Around me, all around, angels fallen gather.
My dread grows as the angry hand of Heaven falls
against my naked filthy soul.

And it crushes all the juice he,
left inside me, and at this my darkest hour,
His dirty snow now drips into the thirsty earth.

If I was a man, a man I am not, so in all
My madness, I fall limply in the dirt.
Without a sound.

While Death's shadow follows me around,
Beneath my gown.
Now alone, my soul falls upon a spear that's
Made of stone.
Because I am a Goth and it's the pain, I'm
All about.

This my dear departed is because you died
And left me here to think of you.
When instead a single bullet could have passed
Through both our head's.

James McLain

People Need, Protection From Your Ego

Debilitating insecurities

Defending your mind from the damage you

Have caused to your self and other's.

Insecure delusional

You can not make friends that are better

Than you

Because you can't make friends with yourself.

Rejecting others before they get the

Chance to reject you.

This why so many time's that you have been married.

It's a long round road a race track.

That leads you back around to yourself

Not to me.

Feeling superior

To all those around you that won't spend their

Time on you.

And being rejected turned your ego back on to itself.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Every Hour I Live I Live Twice

Here on earth we are bound
To the earth the air and wind and love
To the heart of the mind.

But what of that fire that burn's inside?

Here where we stand at the edge
Here at the edge where millions try to
Find a way out.

Even a small mark
The small mark of death on them that you left
Back to you can be traced
If a conscience inside can be found.

Of all the thing's that you said just to
Hurt me
And thus in the knowing I feared
I was not glad nor was it pretty to see inside
You the damage it caused that completes you.

For every hour I live
sadly I speak now from you two are gone
Walk on the earth
and swim in the sea over your head birds can fly.

But inside of the fire the place that you live
Is a fire that will burn
All of those I was not glad nor pretty to see
What you lost in the trying to have.

James McLain

Mental Illness Is Genetic

Five of the major mental disorders share some of the same genetic risk factors, the largest evidence for such genetic overlap had previously been limited to base pairs concerning such disorders.

Researchers have discovered that people with disorders traditionally thought to be distinct - autism, ADHD, bipolar disorder, major depression and schizophrenia were more likely to have suspect genetic variation's at the same four chromosomal sites.

For those of you whom don't know it's called DNA and RNA. These included risk versions of two genes that regulate the flow of calcium into cells.

Some of these disorders are going to accure no matter what. Others can be triggered directly through trauma. People who think that mental illness can be turned off and on Are more dangerous to themselves than are those whom through Treatment and if necessary medication are best able to Have a more productive life.

Though untreated they will always be self destructive and can More easily damage the very people whom try to help them.

Please remember that one in six Americans suffer from some Variation of mental illness. And if those amongst U.S. were intelligent enough to educate Themselves on this very important subject Instead of making something up that causes even more harm.

We would be well on our way to iradicating mental illness As with those early diseases that ran rampant and unchecked Up into the early to mid nineteen hundreds.

James McLain

I Shall Not Complain About The Rat's

I shall not complain about my rented room.
But about the rat's
that roam between the wall's
and the floor
so far this week the trap has caught.

In the darkness all night long caught
in-between my sleep like death I come awake.
Before the trap's I bought on e bay came
I left cooked oat meal out for them to eat
so I could sleep and dream.

Between the window and the wall I can
see that they've been there I whimper not
I do not move and hear them speak.

The property manager knows but does not care
Each poor demand
I make could be the one that makes me leave
and go naught where
And she who wears the pants and collects my
rent has untreated bi polar moods that remind
me of my ex wife.

I'd have been better off sleeping in a room
without a door than by myself alone
And even if I gave them all a name and did no
harm it's just not the same so when
I hear the trap go off and their pitiful struggle
comes to naught it is then I know
when in the darkest of my night's they own the
house that I don't own.

James McLain

Our Democracy She Is

Our democracy
She is
As unknowing as a
Child
So guide her well.

For her to grow
I bow
My head to hear
Her sing
About the truth
Though
Some won't share.

Thus
My mind conceives
Each
Child that we bare.

And
If it be the truth
And
Not through
Lies.

It's only then
Will
Each your
God
To you draw near.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

He Knew Buried Love The Love Of Me

He knew buried love the love of me.
A stake thrust through my heart,
He split into.
And red my lip's he knew were sore.
Each night he came and when he came.
And Oh, when last he did.
My lip's were soft and with each kiss.
A stake he'd thrust into my heart,
and I would die again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Buried Love But Not To Me

Now you have come,
to bury love, the love
you felt for me.

Beneath the open skies,
tree's, green bushes full
of leaves,
that none have seen but I.

Beside a forest dark and deep,
few see where I have dreamed.

And what was love, not long ago,
lays buried beneath your feet.

For I shall know that where I go,
my heart was filled with joy.

Buried here where none shall know.
Buried love but not to me.

James McLain

The Hole I Could Not Fill

The hole I could not fill,
Has by me not been forgotten.
Until the day you came,
And in coming, came again.
As soft rain,
And in the evening storm.
There where we stood,
I touched a spot,
She turned to me and said.
I have a hole,
A hole you never filled.
And the loud thunder,
That I heard.
Could fill the moon,
But not today.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Coward's Die Then Leader's Rise

The hooded host,
That tell's
the man who's
Walking up that all
is well.

His hair is orange.

Inside it's warm,
The coals are burning
And it is cold,
But he doesn't know.
Nor does he care.

The swamp is over flowing,
With the rat's and flea bitten mice.
Bubbles stink of methane,
Slowly pop.
He lifts his leg and slowly settles,
Then he farts.

Trump makes the women strip down bare,
His tounge is lightning fast, he sticks it in.
Corrupt with craft.
His small hands, heft and weigh,
The little ball's of Congress men.

Though he,
May appear to be like them.
The young pages are now safe,
From being fondled by the rest.

All is well,
he says, that all is well.
Out on his yacht at night,
They are drunk with new found friend's
Or so they thought.

Each one is drugged by wine,

That's old and free.
A promise that he made,
to drain the swamp and they
Fell over board,
With hand's that were tied.
The house is blocked no more.
Not any more.

He tied Megan to his bed,
She to him gave birth.
To a tow head blond that,
Looked like him.
But had large hand's,
And little feet.

And each night he picked,
One single leaf from her leafy bush.
Till they were gone,
And she admitted she was wrong.
And I look up her dress just like him,
And now shes quit her t.v. job,
And is climbing tree's.

James McLain

Nine Inches From Your Hand

Nine inches from your hand,
But that was long ago.
When I was very young,
Your hair it smelled of spring,
Against you out of reach.
Nine inches from your hand,
You never knew.
About the hole I watched,
You through.
I could have been a mile away,
I saw,
Your tounge when you smiled.
And knowing all your secrets,
That I knew.
Each day,
you found a pile of snow.
Outside your window where I stood,
And it was cold.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alone Without Your Face

The more that I reflect,
I'm now alone.
I loved your beauty,
But without it.
I can't grow,
That special bush.
Contained within a face,
And winter.
Spreads the leaves,
Across, central park.
With out regrets.
The park,
Where we first met.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Cowardly People Ride The Fence

When cowardly people ride the fence
afraid to make use of their education and intelligence.
How then do these our social issues get
addressed?

Racism, fascism, discrimination, the bullying
of our young children.
Anti Muslim rhetoric, as well as the harming of
our disabled,
Should all carry mandatory sentences.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Do Stupid Poor People Keep Having Babies

Do intelligent and functional people tend to be more careful about early or accidental pregnancies, using condoms, the pill or just abstaining from sex altogether?

There is still the moon the hand and shooting stars.

Does this mean that they will have fewer child-bearing years compared to less-functional people, who tend to start having unplanned babies sooner?

Highly functional people tend to make more money (sorry, that's just a fact) and prefer to have a stable environment for their children.

Another issue, that I know to be quite common, is less-functional people, intentionally pop out as many babies as possible as quickly as possible.

Sadly it's my understanding that single parents with no income get great welfare/assistance/benefits etc, and that tax returns are just like a second Christmas.

These factors all play into dysfunctional people having more poor stupid babies.

This may by me sound uncaring or brutal.

The short and sweet of it is that a thousand year's ago very few would have then survived.

The motivation and ambition of a reasonable functional individual is by far a greater indicator (than their intelligence or education) of whether or not they will be successful as a parent.

If the two parents have low intelligence and have a very low learning curve how the therefore can they be effective parents?

Except through American jail's and brutal prison's.

James McLain

Come Dear, Come To Me

Come dear, come to me,
The mountain peak is ringed
with snow.

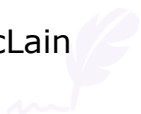
Oh, it's ringed with snow

Take me with lip's that,
are bright, bright red.
Hold me in your arm's
Until were done.

Soon we two will be caught up,
Caught up, in early dawn.
And the bird's begin to sing.

Smiling as you squeeze,
And I am, swinging
In the swing, until it snow's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Women Poet's

Most women poet's are soft,
And claim
That they like a man that is hard.
A few take,
to long to properly develop him.
He fall's asleep,
On her hand.
With her soft hand she can stir,
Him on up to the top.
She is cunning and amused,
And a mist then cover's the land.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Rat Trap Just Went Off

The rat trap,
just went off, only ten
minutes ago.
Ten minutes apart.

These trap's from
North Korea, have
strong jaw's with very sharp
small plastic teeth.

Exploding like a bomb,
the two ends met the middle and
came crashing down on their heads.

Unable to speak unable to squeak.

I heard the trap,
crashing against the kitchen
wall.

Leaving my bed,
I went to investigate and saw.

Their head's in the trap
throwing themselves against the wall.

It was a brutal death,
it wasn't quick and their kicking
went on for about two minutes.

Until they realized that they were
some place other than here.

How do you feel about this?
Do feel the need to talk about it.
Do you think that you need more information?

James McLain

Daddy Cut Me See

There are two courses, only two.

One circles round, two it run's,
the other's, never seen.

I never shared my gift of love,
with those of soft pulp wood.

I was always yours or hers, my needs
were met by both, by candlelight.

The other does her nails, the other's face,
I wash away, the midnight snow.
It is of course July, when it show's most.

If of course one dies, another I will get,
masterbating one, the other tries.

The bell around her neck, for me she wears,
Frost around her lip's, have turned them white.

For in their bed I lay and do not stir, they stop,
It is better than the night before.

When I died twice.

James McLain

The Tides Moved In And Out

Standing by the sea,
Moving out.
In-between your,
Toes.

Flowing from I know not where,
Thick white foam.
Upon my broken heart,
The water rose.

Lower than a lover still,
And flower's covered.
Covered over,
Wet and I sat still.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Was Twelve In Camp E How Kee

When I was twelve in camp
E How Kee
Outside of brooksville in
Hernando county
Chief Pete
One night called me into his tent
He asked me to pull my
Pants down and started rubbing
Calamine lotion
around my penis and it wasn't
That large but it grew
This went on for about five minutes
I didn't understand it
He quit and I went back to my tent
The next night I talked
eight of the nine other boy's
to run away with me
Most were caught the next day
I traveled the fifty miles
back down to Tampa
I grew tired of eating raw fish
I caught from the Hillsborough river
Went home across town back to
Where I lived in Town'n country
I told my parent's what happened and
They called camp E how kee and
They drove down and picked me up and
Drove me back
I was not ask why I ran away though
I'm sure the other boy's had
A few have died and some were sent to prison.

James McLain

Amongst Us, Everywhere Are The Delusional

The delusional, amongst U.S
can be as strong as steel in though and it is
in our best interest, that they are not.

There are those mother's, that think they're
giving birth to Satan.

A pathology,
a distinct belief, such as in a religion, that is
based on false or incomplete, implications.

Or a politician the day before, who tell's you,
that if you vote for him or her,
that they will kill you and you go out and vote
for them anyway.

Policies that kill or discriminate against the poor,
the disabled.

The Muslims or the gay.

Delusions,
where a rose is not a rose, because of hate.
Where a dictators thinking is typically based on some
form of undiagnosed,
neurological or psychiatric disorder.

However, they are of particular, importance to
the general population.

I cannot stress enough, the importance of
manic episodes of untreated bipolar disorder in
our woman, where in error a Judge has given
them the children.

Where our men who are like they are cast away and
sent to prison.

Where people think they're greater than they are,
and are not.

One in six Americans suffer from mental illness and if left untreated most likely will lead them down a path of self destruction and take you with them.

For the bipolar here, I would highly recommend, Seroquel but see your doctor first and learn to tell the truth.

This type of lie can kill you and lead other's down that path an early grave.

I suggest you read my poem, on all the poet's who have committed suicide and reassess your own situation.

And don't hate the messenger, just eat the pigeons, they taste great.

James McLain

Spying On You, Through Your Flat Screen T.V.

They are watching you, as you are watching it.
Hearing every conversation that you have ever made.
Being smart, you know now that they do.
Watched you have sex, in your living and bed room.
They see you smoke your marijuana and your crack.
They watch her use her vibrator, though she shuts her door.
All of U.S. are now a potential threat to national security.
And what your children share with each other about
their parents.
They even watch him strain,
to take a dump in the bathroom, as she showers,
and she sits down on the toilet top, to put her panties on.

Whether you are skinny or you are fat.
Legal free pornography that you provide them, you paid for.
For the flat large screen t.v.
that you watch, as it watches you and the entertainment
you provide when they grow bored.
Think about it now, do you really think that you are free?
All I can tell you to do is to put a piece of tape over it.
But still they can hear,
what he is doing to the moon, and to all the tree's that she
is chopping down, to make more room.
For new t.v.'s.

James McLain

All Your Life I Have Spent My Love On You

All your life,
I have spent my love on you.
And of my love I spent,
Alone On you.
It was the whitest, white,
The face of each full Moon.
Though our conversations in the,
Light of day.
I sometimes felt that,
You never fully understood.
Why all your life,
I have spent my love on you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why American Education Should Be Free

We the hungry tired the poor,
Whom wish for more.
Verily we know that nothing,
Good worth while, is here free.
Should we steer away the one's
whom damaged can not learn,
from those that can?
And introduce the damaged one's
to something,
they can do and love and grow to
love themselves?
And for those whom can
and offered to.
The more they learn,
the more they earn, in taxes paid.
While the impoverished,
Whom get back what little they
have paid.
Have nothing to U.S. gained.
And all have lost.

James McLain

Staff Member

He was unforgettable.
Magpies gossip at the local,
Fountain stream.
And living a long life,
The wisest said.
You won't again recapture,
What you had last night.
Nor remember in the heat,
And what he said.
Look to yonder mountain peak,
The snow begin's to melt.
And by his,
passing in the night.
He undressed day,
And stood naked in the night.
So what one had,
He had risen and traveled on,
Before the morning light.
And lacking gossips skill,
Could not recapture.
A picture made from word's,
Unforgettable.
All last night they heard,
And in loving, wished they had.
One staff member.

James McLain

Early Creation Of A Loving Poet

Her grace and beauty caused me to travel,
Far and wide,
And her beauty, stold my heart.

Of the earth, she smells and clean, she is.
She holds the key to the gates of heaven,
She won't let me enter, until the sun goes down.

My eye she sees, I have on her and to her
Father, I offer all my good intentions.

Pale unseen, by the sun her breast are soft,
Ripe mellon's, not like other's, filled with seed that
Others plant in the fallow, baren soil.

She make take from me, all that I have.
Secrets of my peace, my heat, the sun shine's on.
She smells of the earth and in this earth,
She plant's and grows a tree.
And as I move within leafless bush, it swallows me.

Within each hand, both filled with need, she
Lays me down in sleep and then once more,
I come alive and I'm waiting where she dream's.

James McLain

Sleepless Love

Between your open lips,
In love I kiss.
Each day and night,
Outside, it's growing wet.

Oh, Sleepless night's,
And falling, the soft rain.
Run's down the center
Of your lip's.
I kiss them dry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Fruit I've Grown

My baskets full,
Her fruit I've grown.
Only that,
which at the top, is
Out of reach.

The tree she keeps,
Is full.
The fruit I pick,
Is always ripe and,
Never bruised,
By winter's snow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Inside Her Lip's Are Mine

Oh, there my lover goes again,
Her love is mine.
Her lip's, the two are mine,
they taste of honey.
Not a single bee can't find.

That I use, to make our wine.
And though,
We know the wine inside is sweet.
Inside her lip's,
There's more than I will find.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Third Of The Earth Is Covered In Trash

Some of the poorest countries consume less,
only for lack of money.

Other countries are covered in trash, because
their governments, keep it.

Intelligent, self disciplined people,
can not grow, as those who can not learn view
ignorance as their friend.

As America continues to bathe in greed,
confusion rears it's evil head.
American capitalism being what it is, it's
a game of trying to take what their brother and
sister has.

While greed to those whom have made their greed,
state there's not enough to feed nor school or cloth
and house our children.

What drives the poorest of the poor to continue to
have more children.

Being white, now poor, I once was rich and still
I had but one.

Is the simple act of sex the driving force?
The water's now begin to rise, pushing those who
do not know, even deeper back inside.
Another's space to keep or in the loosing die.

Homo sapiens can make no legitimate claim to Earth,
because they learned to walk up right.
And the rabbit's breed as quick as rat's,
there but three day's apart.

James McLain

I Heard The Sea It Called My Name

I heard the sea,
It called my name.
Alone inside the waves,
I heard the sea.
Voices all around me,
I could hear.
I was,
Laid out bare, for all to see.
Before,
I heard your voice again.
The water,
hid my tears.
It's why I stayed.
I heard the sea call out,
My name.
As I lay sleeping in my bed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Caught In The Middle

A yellow flower opened wide.
A honey bee then flew inside.
The flower closed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Mote Of Dust

There must be a million way's,
That one can come.

I came to you,
Before I ever knew what love,
Could do.

And many dancing,
Mote's of dust, each one.
Was one of you.

That was by me when,
Then and when is now.
A nest when it is full,
As it was then.

Each sparrow leaving found.

Love it never knows,
When it is young.

That I, through endless,
Searching,
Sought in searching.
You I found.

And love in you, I found

James McLain

Political Causes And Issues Behind Assassination 's

Policies for oppressing the poor and minorities,
other's may lay in authoritarian policies.
Using one's unexpected rise to power,
who are able,
to divide the population, usually through fear and hate.

Hitler did.

When a child appears in a school that your child
attends,
and speaks of that which their parents attests, that
The newly elected official has allowed.
Then there will the seed of their mean fear appear.

Decent, thoughtful German's
could not represent which was right, like now at
the risk of being killed or their businesses being
specifically targeted.

This can only happen in a country that lacks an efficient
mechanism for leadership change.
And the will and the means to enforce it.
Where the welfare of the people are ignored and a vacuum
can be filled by new leadership,
That the populace Respect's and adores.

James McLain

More Than Love I Miss The Sea

Bending over in the surf,
I found a ring.
A ring once worn in love.

Unbroken by the storm's,
Kept safe,
Beneath the sea.
Where many there have gone.

And the sea oats,
Dancing in the wind.
And but for all my pain.
I danced for them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mystery Of Our Year's

You are the moon,
That scattered star's.
Across the sky,
I waited for.

If it could be,
If you again, I hold.
And the sky is filled,
With light.

And should the star's,
Again begin,
There curving, long decent.
I could never, let you go,
And love again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Desert And The Sea

You have chosen sand,
And I the sea.
Where you live the star's,
Stand out.
And I do love the sea,
She is my wife.

History out side,
Looking in.
Have your, brother's,
Border's made.

And there's never been,
A time like now.
To choose between,
What you can see.

And now you see them both,
The sand and sea.
The air is life and water,
Flows.
Beneath the sand and feet.

The road's may soon be closed,
And history soon my know.
The distanced sand,
And how far it's flowed.
It has come, to meet the sea.

James McLain

My Love You Never Knew

Oh, my love,
You never knew.
And as secrets go,
This secret,
I kept from you.

A tree, that once was tall,
In time,
Of course each must fall.
In search,
Of my secret that's you.

How ever love grew,
Leaves,
On the strong wind.
Such a love,
Like the leaf, it is
Gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I'm Insane But What Of You

Oh, God I've been trapped in Florida,
For to long.
Their backwards thinking, stretches back
Through time.

I once believed in you,
My youth they took and cut the rest
Away.

Twenty pounds of pills, I've stashed away,
If they find out,
The toilets mouth, can't consume them all.

Such awkwardness, In sin,
My confessions doctors hear, then send me back.
Back to where they pull their hair,
And scream and pound their head's misshapenned
Against the wall's.

I have counted all the crack's upon the wall's,
More houses have I built inside my head.
Layer's of paint lie stripped and filled with lead,
And babies lay aborted on the floor's they
Eat the paint.

People pull and tug,
We have no sleeves, the dosage is, it's enough
to cause a rose to droop in sleep.
And then to fade away.

So many have indured,
And to many they have died, it's living death.

Through the valley of the mind,
To willow tree's we cannot find and soul's lay bare.
And every tree that is not seen, are all cut down,
To keep a tree and every bush with out a leaf.

Their word's exist without a voice,

I have grown to slow and I they lead me down the hall's
So dark and Gray.

If this is grace, where knowledge fell,
And on my knee's,
Makes harder still they stripped away, that which
I was, I am no more.

And when I die,
I cannot say, where I will go.
I can only say, that go I will, to hell I'm sure.

James McLain

Jewel's

Your eye's are such that,
I can't turn away.
At night they still possessed,
The hint of day.

And if you I never see,
As you I saw.
The smell of spring,
I smelled.
I will always keep inside,
My heart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Awake Inside Your Dream's

To see you every now,
And then,
I must go to sleep.
Knowing it's a dream.

The sandman watches to.
I don't wonder anymore,
About his skill.
To keep you there inside.

Last night two lawyer's,
Met.
Inside a hall,
Where she had a need to be,
Surrounded by them all.

Twice it was that I woke up,
Because my bladder failed.
All the men and women there,
Ment buisness,
When to us they called.

I knew that there, that if I,
Died, before I woke.
Like many other, dream's I've
Had.
I would in death stay there.

Where no lover's that I knew,
Would come.
To whisper, I must quickly wake,
Or stand upon those shore's.

James McLain

Even The Light's Are Cold

Stranger still, they look to me,
They look so far away.
Yet look so near,
So near they touch the sky.

Next to her,
I bend and whisper.
It is cold,
Deeper in my pockets.
Go her hand's.

Two lover's,
In cold orange light.
He makes a final stand.
Their dream's,
Seem frail and brittle.
As the snow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No New Rules For Damaged Mind's

Such are the young
Today.
Apathy, no compassion
for the aged,
Or what they say.

The wasted lives, so young
And young, they stay.
Though they still age.

Kindness to them,
Comes
in retrospect to their
Rage.
When their short life
Is gone.
And they've no where
To live.

Rock's bounced off their
Head's,
For fun have found there
Mark.
Their brains are dead
And the drug's
They need to cope with
What they've done.

Backwards,
They must move to prove
A point.
Because they have
lived
Within a gang and
out of focus,
they have stayed, to
See their end.

Charles Bukowski,

Once said,
it's not their faults.
Even drunk,
he knew it was, and
Stayed inside.

Because of our fear of them
And because
their fear is real, but
Of themselves.

Fear of fear, born fear
Crime,
No longer has an age,
Where you feel safe.

Their parents had no shame,
From hopelessness,
Were born and never shown
A way,
Back home if one there is.

From trauma,
Came all their pain
But the shame
of it,
Is that the leader's
Know.
And deliberately have
Decided,
To waste their lives.

Hopeless,
Many who support the current
Situation,
Would just kill them all
Out right.

And by our learned, knowing this,
Those damaged,
Childlike mind's a kindness, is.

White, brown or black, a private
Prison waits,
Oh, what a dreadful waste,
And money doesn't flow.

James McLain

To A Poet That's Near Death

I in all my decadence,
It decides.
And near death,
On your black steed,
I would ride.

The poet in my youth,
I never was.
I cannot die, fair spring,
In the winter of my fall.

And to miss the Rose's
Grow,
That I will never have.

Oh, death can never wait,
For word's.
I have not said,
So as we pass,
There's nothing I can say,
To you, but smile.

James McLain

The Screaming Bitch

The screaming bitch,
Is not bi-polar.
I suck and kiss her toes
One army of tounge,
A million bird's.
Like none have come before.
I wash her,
panties in the sink.
Her panty hose.
I daily shave her legs.
And wash the window's,
That I see.
The leafless bush,
Another man.
Not I,
Gave cause to grow.
He gives each rise,
When called.
By her a different name.
And the chair,
In which she sits.
Lines up,
And hides the shadow
On the wall.
Oysters, tuna fish,
Living
By the sea, I eat each
Night.
The music's loud,
This mindless zombie,
Screaming bitch.
In my last life,
Was once my wife.

James McLain

Longing I Longed For You

Longing, I longed for you
A hundred year's a thousand
Even more.

There might be a mountain peak,
Alone but full, with snow.

Those hill's we see and how
They, Arch there backs,
For all to see.

Would I not with you, be better off
And you with me?
River's part we both know why,
They part to know the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

El Amor No Cambiará

El amor no cambiará,
Yo, el amor que tiene.
Año tras año,
El año ha pasado.

Incluso después, la muerte toca
mi cara.
El amor seguirá vivo, incluso
Cuando me haya ido.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Will Not Change

Love will not change,
Me, love it has.
Year after year,
Year's have gone by.

Even after, death touches
my face.
Love will live on, even
After, I'm gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lillie's Wet Upon The Water's Lie

Forgotten,
Floating past me by.
And it's as,
If we are alone, on
That, long boat.

Love knows that it is why,
The,
Lillie's when in bloom.
Are always wet.
And love is never dry.

Oh, do not be afraid,
I may return.
And the shadow that you cast,
Forever mine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Those Cold November Night's

Alone,
Cold November night's.
For me,
No one's here to keep me warm,
Nor hear my song's.

A single flower,
I will keep inside my room.
Upon my window, sealed.
And you will never know,
I'm not alone.

And if you decide to come,
Come inside.
My bed is much to large,
To sleep alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gone The Sea I Miss It's Love

Gone the sea I miss it's love,
It's gone away.
And heaven that once parted,
Walks away.

The people, I once met have
gone, the other way.
And the sun that turned me
brown, in love I found.

Oh, to smell the sea again,
And the secrets,
That each flower I might see
But once again.

Low the fire once, that burned
In me, I never hid.
And never hiding from their love,
Love took from me.

James McLain

Hurry And Come Dear, But Not To Me

Hurry dear,
But do not come to me.
One last time,
I lay silent and lay still.

My red rose,
My lip's were they to sweet?
In my yard,
There is no room
In my backyard, for a tree.

I saw the look upon your face,
I t will not be addressed.
My face now is,
As white as snow, but it's not
Your snow on me.

If love
should come again tonight,
To him, I give my best.
Tell him now,
that what I need is rest.

James McLain

After Dream's The Moment Is

There once were moments after dream's
When young there is.
Dreaming,
dream's you dreamt, each moment was.

And wide awake, I'd find you as I'd fall.
I would make a better guess if only you
could talk, as I recalled.

It was only through the year's, as I grew old
that when I fell, that I'd be caught.
And the universe is full of fools like me,
you see each night.

I can be shot and never die, each time you fall
I make you rise,
And a river made of water not from tears.

One moment pierced that's not replaced, one moment
different than the rest.

One moment do we have to wake or lay in sleep.
It is then I watch the dawn of each new morning that
turned day back from the deep.

James McLain

In The End I Thought Of You

When I look up, I expect to see
The moon,
Flowers from the sky rain down,
On me.

If all the love I had from him
Buckets would I need.
And of all the hearts she ever broke
He lead me to the sea.

Being Catholic,
Heaven's not for girl's like me.
A place I cannot see.
But he said and when parting then,
He said he'd wait for me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fault Enough

Dear, will it be enough for me,
Enough for me
That we talk and each day,
And you hear.

And I live,
To breath the air, you breath
On me.

There is room enough, enough room
Overhead
To feel the wind blow
and the star's are to far apart.

Love, if a mile is a year
I've walked many miles just to hear
That,
Is it enough that I care
Enough just to hear that you will.

James McLain

Advice To The Next Generation Of American's Who Will Have To Serve Time In Prison

Soon you will begin to feel the wrath of this
our next new administration.

I would advise you,
to read every book you can get your hand's on.
You need no special knowledge to be arrested or sent
to prison or jail.

The thousand headed monster will fight to keep you there
if you are unable to learn their language and their language
is not rap or how to disrespect women or kill the police.

You will receive a large prison sentence.

If you are in a gang find a way to leave it, the fantasy of
getting street cred, will doom you to cell's made of
steel and concrete, where it's never quite and everyone screams
to be heard.

Aids in side is rampant, they do not hand out condoms to you
who claim to be straight, yet dig up some booty then deny how
you came to have aids.

Verily my brother to you, I would thus say, you will die.
Though I sadly acknowledge that the state of our school's
may have brought so many of you to this, your current state.
You who are brown and black now have much to fear.
To you whom were damaged from birth, your mom smoked crack
and drank.

Verily a Judge will not hear what your public defender will
say to mitigate your sentence that day.
Instead the state will use your apparent mental deficiencies
as a just cause to extend your sentence by year's.

Like the monkey in the zoo you will live, though in reality
the monkey in truth lives a better life.

Don't ever give up or they've won.
You will go in young and if there is in you no apparent change

you will be old, when they let you out.

Some of the women guards will grow large erections in harming you, as will the male guards show their moist vaginas.

The metal mirror on the wall will be to heavily scratched to shave from.

The clothing once white will be yellow from age and stink.

Fresh fruit and food will be rare.

Solitary confinement will always be full.

Black and brown kept inside can not children make.

Contemplating garden's keep outside, outside of your head's and your hand's busy.

Damaged though you are, damaged you may stay, learn to read.

The army they have, the army you saw, this army when they one day release you is the army you built for them.

James McLain

To The Mystery Of The Women That She Is

I can never rest and sleep again
And think of you, against the silence
that I speak, I speak of you.

Each and every night from here on out
Remember me,
Remember what I said, against the hall
Way in the night, that led to you.

Music in the night, I kept you filled
Not for the praise,
Where I stood out, but you were always full.

But all that I remembered is no more
Than an afterthought to the
Kindest thoughts of you - You had the
Vessel I lived in and it was warm.

You knew the lover of such beauty,
And the best
Of many thoughts that left me lost.

And we rocked as do the waves,
The moving waves
That moved us closer to the shore.

And when I think of you, I can not
Find what I once had, I have no reason
To remember
The great mystery you once were.

James McLain

Bourne Of Grace

He whom graces our each soul
with word's discerned
in grace has knowledge found.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Because At Midnight Other People Come

Because at midnight when normal people sleep,
She and I, we can not not where they do,
and evening where it ends and morn begin's.

I have seen where I will sleep,
their dead that go unseen, by God, that I now see,
in love ignored my every thought.

We two, whom after love have come and gone.
Where normal people lay and tend to rest,
and claimed by many name's, she doesn't know.
A guest confused, a guest amused and music loud
In laughter drift's, when love's at stake.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

There Is No One Home But Her

There is no one home but her,
And my shadow lean stands out upon the wall.
My boxer's that she wears are but a door,
The back door that I have come to know to well.

Through the window in her room a blinking star,
Distracted by the light, I do not think the moon
is full by touch, I feel it is.

I hear that all to familiar hum and what it is,
An early winter orange that is sour to the tounge.
In her gilded bed of yellow bronze, dead a sleep.

Over incoherent moan's
Warm and still her body moves and the vibrator,
I hear it is still on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Longing In The Night

Sorry am I, if long enough
I'm sorry, if you left,
Unsatisfied.

Valley peaks, flow down one hill
And river's to the sea.
Pictured here, your love my dear,
It speaks a thousand words.

Do you know, if we have soul's,
Your love, I've longed to know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dearest Poem Hunter Poet's

Having been here nearly ten year's.
I get so many
requests from you to read your work
and leave a comment.

I read most of what you've
written while not being logged in.
The down side to this is that in the
treasure island standings
it may give some of us the appearance
that we don't read what you write
though I do.

Ego's only exist if there thought about.
For some reason some of my comments
to what you write don't appear.
I am of course as much as you confused by that.

I spend more time reading and commenting
on those that to me stand out.
With some I spend time trying to translate
for that particular poet has written.
I try not to post to many poems at a time
all at once.

I feel that it pushes the poems of other's
much to quickly off the main page and
thus are not given the time to be read
by other poet's.

I am of course most honoured by the site
to allow me to write in truth.
Nothing so out landish that it isn't there
to watch on t.v.

Please don't ask me how one rises and fall's
in the standings.
This seems to mean a lot to the newer poet's
than those of us who have been here a while.

My opinion of this site that it's safe to show
one's picture or photograph.

The great majority of us think that our poems
are some great gift from God.

The work's you create come from you and no other
but you.

I have the greatest respect for the poet who writes
from a country or culture that through their humble
act may put them in danger.

Freedom's not free and to those with the courage
it could mean their death.

To those poet's here whom strive to get better
I can only but salute you.
The truth is the most bitter pill to swallow
is it not?

James McLain

Writing And Never Reading

Writing
and never reading
is the same as
talking
and never listening.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

..... Poet's Who've Committed Suicide

Suicides of so many Poets.
Before there was help for mental illness
And it failed my health and for love.
Lest ye forget who you are.
And remember me as I left to go far away
To a place that I cannot remember
Or know not where.

1 Sylvia Plath Plath, Sylvia

Sylvia Plath was a troubled American poet, novelist, short story writer, and essayist. Plath posthumously won the Pulitzer Prize in 1982.

2 Anne Sexton Sexton, Anne

Anne Gray Harvey Sexton, American poet and playwright, was born in Newton, Massachusetts, the daughter of Ralph Harvey, a successful woolen manufacturer, and Mary Gray Staples. Sexton is known for her highly personal, confessional verse. She won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1967 for her book *Live or Die*.

3 Sara Teasdale Teasdale, Sara

Sara Teasdale was an American lyrical poet. She is the total embodiment of a tortured soul who had a gift for artistic expression. She was born on August 8, 1884 in St. Louis, Missouri. She died at the age of 48 on January 29, 1933 in New York City.

4 Vladimir Mayakovsky Mayakovsky, Vladimir

Vladimir Vladimirovich Mayakovsky was a Russian Soviet poet, playwright, artist and stage and film actor. He was born in Baghdati, Russian Empire on July 19, 1893. He was the youngest child of Ukrainian parents.

5 Alfonsina Storni Storni, Alfonsina

Latin American Modernist poet

6 John Berryman Berryman, John

An American poet considered one of the founders of the Confessional school of poetry.. American poet and scholar

7 Randall Jarrell Jarrell, Randall

American poet literary critic children's author essayist novelist; US Poet Laureate

8 **Sergei Yesenin** **Yesenin, Sergei**

Sergei Alexandrovich Yesenin (sometimes spelled as Esenin; Russian: ' ' 3 October 1895 - 27 December 1925) was a Russian lyrical poet. He was one of the most popular and well-known Russian poets of the 20th century.. Russian lyrical poet

9 **Hart Crane** **Crane, Hart**

Harold Hart Crane was an American poet. Finding both inspiration and provocation in the poetry of T. S. Eliot, Crane wrote modernist poetry that is difficult, highly stylized, and very ambitious in its scope. In his most ambitious work, *The Bridge*, Crane sought to write an epic poem in the vein of *The Waste Land* that expressed something more sincere and optimistic than the ironic despair that Crane found in Eliot's poetry. In the years following his suicide at the age of 32, Crane has come to be seen as one of the most influential poets of his generation.. American modernist poet

10 **Yukio Mishima** **Mishima, Yukio**

Yukio Mishima (, Mishima Yukio) is the pen name of Kimitake Hiraoka (Hiraoka Kimitake, January 14, 1925 - November 25, 1970), a Japanese author, poet, playwright, actor, and film director. Mishima is considered one of the most important Japanese authors of the 20th century; he was nominated three times for the Nobel Prize in Literature and was poised to win the prize in 1968 although lost the award to his fellow countryman Yasunari Kawabata, presumably because of his radical right-wing activities. His avant-garde work displayed a blending of modern and traditional aesthetics that broke cultural boundaries, with a focus on sexuality, death, and political change. He is also remembered for his ritual suicide by seppuku after a failed coup d'état.

11 **Veronica Micle** **Micle, Veronica**

Veronica Micle (born Ana Câmpeanu; April 22, 1850—August 3, 1889) was an Imperial Austrian-born Romanian poet, whose work was influenced by Romanticism. She is best known for her love affair with the poet Mihai Eminescu, one of the most important Romanian writers.. Imperial Austrian-born Romanian poet

12 **Paul Celan** **Celan, Paul**

Paul Celan was a poet and translator. Paul Antschel was born into a Jewish family in Romania, but as a writer used the pseudonym 'Paul Celan', becoming one of the major German-language poets of the post-World War II era.. Romanian-born Jewish poet and translator

13 Vachel Lindsay Lindsay, Vachel
American poet

14 John Davidson Davidson, John
John Davidson was a Scottish poet, playwright and novelist, best known for his ballads. He also did translations from French and German. In 1909, financial difficulties, as well as both physical and mental health problems, led to his suicide.. Scottish poet playwright and novelist

15 John Gould Fletcher Fletcher, John Gould
John Gould Fletcher was a Pulitzer Prize winning Imagist poet and author. He was born in Little Rock, Arkansas to a socially prominent family. After attending Phillips Academy, Andover Fletcher went on to Harvard University from 1903 to 1907, when he dropped out shortly after his fathers death.. Imagist poet

16 Peyo Yavorov Yavorov, Peyo
Peyo Yavorov (Bulgarian: (.) : born Peyo Totev Kracholov, ; January 1,1878-October 17,1914) was a Bulgarian Symbolist poet. He was considered to be one of the finest poetic talents in the fin de siècle Kingdom of Bulgaria. Yavorov was a prominent member of the Misal group. His life and work are closely connected with the liberation movement Internal Macedonian-Adrianople Revolutionary Organization in Macedonia. He was also a supporter of the Armenian Independence Movement, and wrote a number of poems about Armenians.. Bulgarian Symbolist poet

17 Adela Florence Cory Nicolson Nicolson, Adela Florence Cory
Laurence Hope was the pen name of Adela Florence Cory Nicolson. Born in 1865, she was educated in England. At age 16 she joined her father in India, where she spent most of her adult life. In 1889 she married Col. Malcolm H. Nicolson, a man twice her age. She committed suicide two months after his death in 1904. Adela Florence Nicolson (née Cory) (9 April 1865 - 4 October 1904) was an English poet who wrote under the pseudonym Laurence Hope.

18 José María Arguedas Arguedas, José María
José María Arguedas Altamirano (18 January 1911 - 28 November 1969) was a Peruvian novelist, poet, and anthropologist. Arguedas was a mestizo of Spanish and Quechua descent who wrote novels, short stories, and poems in both Spanish and Quechua.

19 Qu Yuan Yuan, Qu
Qu Yuan (343-278 BC) was a Chinese poet and minister who lived during the

Warring States period of ancient China. He is principally remembered as the supposed origin of the Dragon Boat Festival. He is also known for his contributions to classical poetry and verses, especially through the poems of the Chu Ci anthology (also known as The Songs of the South or Songs of Chu) : a volume of poems attributed to or considered to be inspired by his verse writing. Together with the Shi Jing, the Chu Ci is one of the two great collections of ancient Chinese verse.

20 **Marina Tsvetaeva** **Тsvetaeva, Marina**
Russian and Soviet poet

21 **Ingrid Jonker** **Jonker, Ingrid**
Ingrid Jonker (19 September 1933 - 19 July 1965) (OIS) , was a South African poet. Although she wrote in Afrikaans, her poems have been widely translated into other languages. Jonker has reached iconic status in South Africa and is often called the South African Sylvia Plath, owing to the intensity of her work and the tragic course of her turbulent life.

22 **Danielle Collobert** **Collobert, Danielle**
Danielle Collobert was a French author, poet and journalist, born in Rostrenen, Côtes-d'Armor on 23 July 1940. She died, by her own hand, in Paris on 23 July 1978.

23 **Thomas Chatterton** **Chatterton, Thomas**
Thomas Chatterton was an English poet and forger of pseudo-medieval poetry. He died of arsenic poisoning, either from a suicide attempt or self-medication for a venereal disease.. English poet and forger of pseudo-medieval poetry

24 **Gérard de Nerval** **de Nerval, Gérard**
Gérard de Nerval (French pronunciation) was the nom-de-plume of the French poet, essayist and translator Gérard Labrunie, one of the most essentially Romantic French poets.. French poet essayist and translator

25 **Alejandra Pizarnik** **Pizarnik, Alejandra**
Alejandra Pizarnik (April 29,1936 - September 25,1972) was an Argentine poet.

26 **Tove Ditlevsen** **Ditlevsen, Tove**
Tove Irma Margit Ditlevsen (14 December 1917 - 7 March 1976) was a female Danish poet and author.

27 **Edward Stachura** **Stachura, Edward**
Edward Stachura [ˈdvard staˈxura] (listen) (18 August 1937—24 July 1979)

was a Polish poet and writer. He rose to prominence in the 1960s, receiving prizes for both poetry and prose. His literary output includes four volumes of poetry, three collections of short stories, two novels, a book of essays, and the final work, *Fabula rasa*, which is difficult to classify. In addition to writing, Stachura translated literature from Spanish and French, most notably works of Jorge Luis Borges, Gaston Miron and Michel Deguy. He also wrote songs, and occasionally performed them. He committed suicide at the age of forty-one.

28 **Κ**ostas Karyotakis **Κ**aryotakis, Kostas

Kostas Karyotakis (Greek: στα at, October 30,1896 - July 20,1928) is considered one of the most representative Greek poets of the 1920s and one of the first poets to use iconoclastic themes in Greece. His poetry conveys a great deal of nature, imagery and traces of expressionism and surrealism. The majority of Karyotakis' contemporaries viewed him in a dim light throughout his lifetime without a pragmatic accountability for their contemptuous views; for after his suicide, the majority began to revert to the view that he was indeed a great poet. He had a significant, almost disproportionately progressive influence on later Greek poets.

29 **Κ**itamura Tokoku **Κ**okoku, Kitamura

Kitamura Tokoku (,29 December 1868 - 16 May 1894) was the pen name of Kitamura Montaro, a Japanese poet, essayist, and one of the founders of the modern Japanese romantic literary movement in the late Meiji period of Japan.

30 **Κ**aterina Gogou **Κ**ogou, Katerina

Katerina Gogou (Greek: αtea G; 1 June 1940 - 3 October 1993) was a Greek anarchist poet, author and actress. Before her suicide by pill overdose at the age of 53, Gogou appeared in over thirty Greek films.

31 **Α**rthur Cravan **Α**ravan, Arthur

Arthur Cravan (born Fabian Avenarius Lloyd on May 22,1887, Lausanne, Switzerland) was known as a pugilist, a poet, a larger-than-life character, and an idol of the Dada and Surrealism movements. He was the second son of Otho Holland Lloyd and Hélène Clara St. Clair. His brother, Otho, was born in 1885. His father's sister, Constance Mary Lloyd, was married to Irish poet Oscar Wilde. He changed his name to Cravan in 1912 in honour of his fiancée Renée Bouchet, who was born in the small village of Cravans in the department of Charente-Maritime in western France. Why he chose the name Arthur remains unclear.

32 **Α**rafal Wojaczek **Α**ojaczek, Rafal

Rafal Wojaczek (1945-1971) , Polish poet

33 André Frédéric Frédéric, André

André Frédéric (27 February 1915, Nanterre - 17 May 1957) was a French poet. He was a son of a police officer. He became a member of the Parisienne bohème (befriending people like Jean Carmet) . His works, often full of black humour (which did not save him from suicide caused by his feeling of a metaphysical hopelessness) are similar to Henri Michaux.

34 Gu Cheng Cheng, Gu

Gu Cheng (simplified Chinese: 顾城; traditional Chinese: 顧城; September 24, 1956 - October 8, 1993) was a famous Chinese modern poet, essayist and novelist. He was a prominent member of the ' Misty Poets ', a group of Chinese modernist poets.

35 Andrzej Bursa Bursa, Andrzej

Andrzej Bursa (March 21, 1932 - November 15, 1957) was a Polish poet and writer. Born in Kraków, he studied journalism, then Bulgarian at Jagiellonian University in Kraków. In 1954-1957 Bursa worked as a journalist and reporter for the Kraków newspaper Dziennik Polski. Many of his contemporaries attributed his early death at the age of 25 to suicide, while the true cause of it was a congenital heart disease. Polish / Pole poet and writer

36 Charlotte Mew Mew, Charlotte

Charlotte Mary Mew (15 November 1869 - 24 March 1928) was an English poet, whose work spans the cusp between Victorian poetry and Modernism.. English poet

37 Tadeusz Borowski Borowski, Tadeusz

Tadeusz Borowski (Polish pronunciation: ; 12 November 1922 - 1 July 1951) was a Polish writer and journalist. His wartime poetry and stories dealing with his experiences as a prisoner at Auschwitz are recognized as classics of Polish literature and had much influence in Central European society.. Polish writer and journalist

38 Jean-Pierre Duprey Duprey, Jean-Pierre

Jean-Pierre Duprey (1 January 1930, Rouen - 2 October 1959, Paris) was a French poet and sculptor, one of the modern examples of an accursed poet.

39 Georg Trakl Trakl, Georg

Austrian poet; considered one of the most important Austrian Expressionists

40 Gherasim Luca Luca, Gherasim

Gherasim Luca (or Gherashim Luca) (23 July 1913 - 9 February 1994) was a

Surrealist theorist and Romanian poet. He is frequently cited in the works of Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari.. Surrealist theorist and Romanian poet

41 ☐ Cesare Pavese ☐ Pavese, Cesare

Cesare Pavese (9 September 1908 - 27 August 1950) was an Italian poet, novelist, literary critic and translator; he is widely considered among the major authors of the 20th century in his home country.. Italian poet novelist literary critic and translator

42 ☐ Jan Lechon ☐ Lechon, Jan

Jan Lechon (1899-1956) , Polish poet, literary and theater critic, diplomat; co-founder of the Skamander literary movement

43 ☐ Adam Lindsay Gordon ☐ Gordon, Adam Lindsay

Adam Lindsay Gordon was an Australian poet, jockey and politician.. Australian poet jockey and politician.

44 ☐ Napoleon Lapathiotis ☐ Lapathiotis, Napoleon

Napoleon Lapathiotis (ap apat; 31 October 1888 - 7 January 1944) was a Greek poet. A native of Athens, he began writing and publishing poetry when he was eleven. In 1907, along with others, he established the Igitos (s, from the Attic Greek name Hegeso) magazine, in which he published his works. In 1909, he graduated from the law school of the University of Athens. His first book of poems was published in 1939.

45 ☐ Hai Zi ☐ Hai Zi, Hai

Hai Zi (Chinese: 海子, March 1964 - 26 March 1989) is the pen name of the Chinese poet Zha Haisheng (Chinese: 查海生). He was one of the most famous poets in Mainland China after the Cultural Revolution. He committed suicide by lying on the path of a train in Shanhaiguan at the age of 25.. Chinese poet

46 ☐ Lucan ☐ Lucan,

Marcus Annaeus Lucanus (November 3,39 AD - April 30,65 AD) , better known in English as Lucan, was a Roman poet, born in Corduba (modern-day Córdoba) , in the Hispania Baetica. Despite his short life, he is regarded as one of the outstanding figures of the Imperial Latin period. His youth and speed of composition set him apart from other poets.

47 ☐ José Asunción Silva ☐ Silva, José Asunción

José Asunción Silva (27 November 1865 in Bogotá - 23 May 1896 in Bogotá) was a Colombian poet. He is considered one of the founders of Spanish-American Modernism.

48 朱淑真 Shuzhen, Zhu

Zhu Shuzhen (Chinese: 朱淑真) (c.1135 - 1180) was a Chinese poet who lived during the Song dynasty. She married an official with whom she had a bad marriage. She either had an affair or committed suicide and her parents burned poetry by her hand.

49 托尔夸托·内托 Neto, Torquato

Torquato Pereira de Araújo Neto (November 9,1944 - November 10,1972) was a Brazilian journalist, poet and songwriter. He is perhaps best known as a lyricist for the Tropicália counterculture movement, which later expanded its influence to Música Popular Brasileira. He worked with Gal Costa, Gilberto Gil, Edu Lobo and Waly Salomão. He committed suicide at the age of 28.

50 卡琳·博耶 Bye, Karin

Karin Maria Boye (help · info) (October 26,1900 - April 24,1941) was a Swedish poet and novelist.

51 伊莉·西格尔 Siegel, Eli

Eli Siegel (August 16,1902-November 8,1978) was the poet and critic who founded the philosophy Aesthetic Realism in 1941. He wrote the award-winning poem, 'Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana', two highly acclaimed volumes of poetry, a critical consideration of Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw* titled *James and the Children*, and *Self and World: An Explanation of Aesthetic Realism*.. Latvian-American poet and critic; founded the philosophy Aesthetic Realism

52 藤村 武雄 Fujimura, Misao

Misao Fujimura (, Fujimura Misao, July 1886 - May 22,1903) was a Japanese philosophy student and poet, largely remembered due to his farewell poem.

53 里蒂卡·瓦齐拉尼 Vazirani, Reetika

Reetika Vazirani (1962-2003) was an American poet and educator. On July 16,2003, Vazirani was housesitting in the Chevy Chase, Maryland home of novelist Howard Norman and his wife, the poet, Jane Shore. There, Vazirani took the life of her two-year-old son, Jehan, and then her own.. American poet and educator

54 弗朗西斯科·洛佩斯·梅里诺 Merino, Francisco López

Francisco López Merino (June 6,1904 - May 22,1928) was an Argentine poet born in La Plata, Buenos Aires, who committed suicide at the age of 23.

55 **Thomas Lovell Beddoes** **ovell Beddoes, Thomas**

Thomas Lovell Beddoes (June 30,1803 - January 26,1849) was an English poet, physician, and dramatist.

56 **Ole Sarvig** **arvig, Ole**

Ole Sarvig (Danish pronunciation: ['ol 'svi]) (1921 Copenhagen - 1981, Copenhagen) was a Danish author and poet, known for his participation in the literary journal heretica. In 1967 he received the grand prize of the Danish Academy. In 2004 his 1943 work Regnmaaleren was included in the Danish Culture Canon. He was a friend and mentor to the poet Michael Strunge, whose poem 'December' remembers Sarvig's death by suicide in December 1981. Like Sarvig, Strunge took his life by jumping from a building.

57 **Barcroft Boake** **bake, Barcroft**

Barcroft Henry Thomas Boake (26 March 1866 - May 1892) was an Australian poet.

58 **Allen Upward** **upward, Allen**

Allen Upward (1863-1926) was a poet, lawyer, politician and teacher. His work was included in the first anthology of Imagist poetry, Des Imagistes, which was edited by Ezra Pound and published in 1914.. Irish-English poet lawyer politician and teacher; Imagist poet

59 **Thomas Cooper** **cooper, Thomas**

Thomas Cooper (March 20,1805 - July 15,1892) was a poet and one of the leading Chartists. He wrote poetry, notably the 944 stanzas of his prison-rhyme the Purgatory of Suicides (1845) , novels and, in later life, religious texts. An autodidact shoemaker, preacher, schoolmaster and journalist before he became a Chartist in 1840, Cooper was a passionate, determined and fiery man.

60 **Johannes Vares** **ares, Johannes**

Johannes Vares (12 January 1890 [O.S.31 December 1889] - 29 November 1946) , commonly known as Johannes Vares Barbarus, was an Estonian poet, doctor, and politician.

61 **Henry Neele** **eele, Henry**

Henry Neele (29 January 1798 - 7 February 1828) was an English poet and literary scholar.

62 **Marie Voronca** **bronca, Ilarie**

Ilarie Voronca (pen name of Eduard Marcus; December 31,1903, Braila —April 8,1946, Paris) was a Romanian - French avant-garde poet and essayist.

63 Juhan Viiding Viiding, Juhan

Juhan Viiding (1 June 1948 - 21 February 1995) , also known under the pseudonym of Jüri Üdi was an Estonian poet and actor.

James McLain

Barter After Love

And after love it fades, before it did,
Your cup was always full and over flowed.
The wood we burned was hot and we'd,
Have nothing left to do but put it out.

Had you in another life and you again I found,
And all you had was what I bought.
Your eye's loved me and would their weight,
In gold again I'd buy.

Oh, I would buy it all and never count the gold,
My love to you I'd give and never count It's cost.
To those who buy their peace and know no joy,
I would give you what should be, to have it all.

James McLain



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Love And Death

We shall rise, I soon forget, as the sun
begin's to set, the moon is brighter yet.
Our fights we had,
combat beset the cause of hotter night's.

Shall we begin to rise to soon from sleep
forgetting all our dream's.
One promise made I cannot keep, along that
darkened street.

Our love as one,
can spin around so long in slumber I
Can deeply sleep.

No word's or thought's, heroic deeds to feed
our fear of death.
We two as one together shall, sail forth into
the sun.

James McLain



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House Of Dream's

Your dream's I took
And filled them every one.
I filled them as a garden
Needs the sun.

A dream that was not achieved
Until I came.
The more that you were filled
The more I had to give.

And as lover's dream it stood
For you to tall.
As tall as the one tree that's
topped with snow for all to see.

Oh, the kisses they were sweet
your kisses
were so soft and wet as dream's
That dream's as dream's they go.

And from the world were we could hide
A house we built from dream's
Our love that we could have
A house of dream's.

James McLain

What Of This Child If Poor

What of this child if poor,
If when they should have not more.
I did not want come here to where
You are and do but survive.

Who gave them me I called and I have
Struggled with it all,
For what can I do here, but be a friend,
To none but ghost's or worse to something else.

I discern their speech is off, I can not
Hide nor turn and run.
Hard men like them they only bring me back.
Is there some financial interest in me?

The cave around the river bend is full,
Of those like me, no fire in there can burn.
For what should I do here with bitter word's,
Word's they cannot hear.

James McLain

Vengeance For Her Past July's

She knows someone perhaps a Judge,
I wait for the true bill, some other charge.
What was I to do, head hung low I knew,
her smell a scent a drop of something unnatural
caused me a rock so hard.

Uncontrollable, others in their lust and thoughts,
as if the very house not built by me, but was.
I paid for more than her in sex and fear as other's
watched compelled, drawn to all the drama that drama brings.

Her sex was hunted out, was drained by me as if a cow.
Prison does not teach you what it is and now I knew
I was her cow.
Her night gown with one hole her nipple saw and if I dared
then even harder were the Rock's her grip would grow.

Mother of my before daughter grew inside her grew,
a fire engine red dress and emerald green so tight I thought
that I would burst.
My surprising grapes she grew until they burst and seedlings
were as dust upon the ground the Bible said.

Cheated of their vengeance and the twin rack, they fit into.
As they gather round the crowd quite mad begin's to sucks,
the dew last tears and turn the other way the milk is gone.

James McLain

Before Love Fades

Next to mine a mystery,
With no light they shine.
Is it time to love again,
The night belongs to you.

No one knew, how long it
Went but us.
The depth or length of it.
One narrow channel, Dear,
A river long and deep.

When but they come to look,
And want to strip away.
What they have never had,
Lover's, looking, loving have.

How two lover's, really looked
before love fades.

James McLain



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Your Body Belongs To Me

Your body belongs to me!

You carry that unhealthy heaviness in all the wrong places
for all your life.

Would you loath your own body if not for those adds on t.v.
or those looks that you get at MacDonald's?

Did he have to fight his way through those heavy flesh
filled thighs, just to reach your vagina?

Knowing he won't go down on you, tell's you what?

What would you do,

who would you kill to get one like mine?

Because every day that you feel that way it's not right.

Judged on your appearance and how far away that it is
from the impossibility of reaching your goals.

Does he love you or the car that you bought him.

Have you accepted unrealistic body images like mine
that you can never have.

Being so heavy that the car moves closer to the ground
in the media your weight determines whether
you're healthy, attractive and will have what most women
want in the man that they will never have.

The sexualisation of me in this picture you see is o.k.

The objectification of me that I'm paid that you see,

Swell's my bank account as well.

I'm paid quite handsomely

to prey on all of your vulnerable insecurities,

so until you realize the truth the lie that I am here to stay.

James McLain

The Tide Tonight And Me

To night's the night the tide goes out,
The tide goes out for me.
No fairer love, her love I held, her love
Was meant for me.

The moon is out and it is bright and bright
her face to see.
The year's will pass and as they pass, her
hold she'll keep on me.

James McLain



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Debt

I owe to you to much,
my heart, my love, I owe to much.
With the wing's, I gave to you
I gave you much to much.

Oh, but when we flew to flew
we flew, to fly and knew.
To her and only her, I owe to much
and sadly, love I knew.

James McLain



Genius Sometimes Has To Hide

I haven't yet begun to understand how to make another one,
they just come and go and why they mostly go.
Boredom to this child's a deadly sin.

A rose that forever unfolds to never knows of another's ego
bruised and thick and all too quick to crush their dream's.

Vulnerable and fragile they should be from an early age
be protected from life's storm's.
Their essence is the reason why life other's give up
normal their lives.

Their music play's, their hand's can paint the magic
word's A few are blind.
Homage to the dead in life we give to those whom passed
while we're alive.

Would we, but could we know through our patience if we wait
they come again and let U.S. know that one survived.

James McLain

Understanding Me

Understanding their thoughts too well,
I came to be less understood.
For I knew that then a day would come,
They would understand me.

But tied in thought, my tongue was still,
If like of mind two speak.
And if silence was all they heard from me,
Their way they'd have with me.

James McLain



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Tonight

Tonight magnolia's bloom and I for you,
The night is quite and cool.
Tonight the moon is large and full it
Shine's on only you.

There scent I smell it's in your hair,
There's only thought's of you.
To night's the night, a special night,
To night's the night you do.

James McLain



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Never Did You Know

Never did you know,
as a lessons long ago how much I loved you.
Though you weren't young and that our time had
slipped away.

I cannot hear you speak the wind's to loud,
how many leaves
have left to fall, the years went by.
Fate has left us, left us all to lonely and apart.

I have to wait untilI you sleep to kiss your lip's
and having missed what we have missed, it's now to late.

James McLain



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Forgotten It Will Be

Forgotten it will be,
white snow you washed off me.

A bush a tree, there once I felt,
my love no longer seen.

And as it was before we came,
forever lies ahead.

You have written I have read,
it's not the same again.

And when no one any longer think's to ask,
I have read what you've written to me.

Knowing time won't stop and wait for us,
Our memories fade away.

James McLain



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Copies Of You That Are Different From Me

You exist in more than one place at the same time.
Green to one is as yellow to another and orange is red.
Verily you think that here what God is,
thus he is not what you think somewhere else.

Covered by purple snow is each man's love, of a woman's bush
transparent leaves,
if a man is a tree then there unseen each child Wait's.

Thus wisdom can come and wisdom can go hurried along
by the wind one can't see.
Is this your religion, your blind faith, your faith in a thing
that's not seen?
What of those without eye's that can see?

You exist in many different forms, and the Forms are solid and
need space.
Wisdom's true knowledge or intelligence is but one's ability to
grasp like a child at the world made of thing's.
Unless one is born damaged and thus cannot truly think.

Verily of you I would ask, flawed circles that are flawed
are not round, imperfect copies of you other's found.
Thus man is flawed and being thus flawed knows nothing else.
360 degrees is a perfect circle if round, did not make one think.
Until long ago when one did.

Form of form, before space could exist, verily do they whom
said it did before anyone could.
One universe one that rests on prior knowledge, if knowledge
begot wisdom then wisdom was here.

James McLain

Politicians Now Help The Poor To Shorten Their Lives

When we began having more mentally deficient babies
and we lived in abject poverty
born of parents who remained ignorant because they
were never smart.

They stayed poor and in revenge against the politicians
who said they would help.
As our I.Q. continued to drop, came more prison's.

So we started watching Judge Judy and Jerry Springer
one pitted U.S. against one another, while the other yelled
and screamed at U.S. calling U.S. stupid on t.v.

So the girl down the street who is bigger around than she
is tall,
screams at every one that she meets, I don't care.
Threatening to beat up a much smaller child that in growing
up begin's to look more like her.

No one here understands that cutting is not usually an attempt at suicide or a
way to get attention,
but an outward sign of emotional distress, it helps our
politicians remain calm.

Professional help for these is called jail.
No one hears from the one's in Florida's many prison's.
It's important not to overreact, as one by the cop's is gunned down.

The cutter in your life may be completely opposed to help.
I hated my case worker she has the life I won't have.
You could place me in the best schools but with diminished
intelligence it means what?

One politician say's how do we keep the people of diminished
intelligence from breeding with each other?
Practice patience.
The preacher say's, you can love them into a place that won't help.

The beautiful rich politician say's, what you say be careful of.
Our older white population is dying out.

One cutter say's to another,
I could never do that to myself. It would hurt too much.

The politician say that it is not about them, having more poor
mentally diminished babies
and they should refrain from injecting their genetically inferior
mind's into it.

Those we have made cannot think.

It's okay to say this if you know it and mean it,
but don't say it to make the politicians feel better about it.
Mentally deficient babies having more deficient babies over time
speaks louder than words.

What we force them to eat helps shorten their lives and without
intelligent mind's they can't articulate it.
Safe levels of lead in the water has more than helped.

James McLain

She Could Daily Show My Love

My soul went to live in her house,
she owns my love and me.
She could dress me as I dressed her,
two people dressed as one.
Her restless hand's drove me to madness,
my hand's would not leave her alone.
Her love of me was not ever in doubt,
she soon knew that the snow would come.

James McLain



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The Shore Of The Sea Smelled Of Me

I cast my net into the sea,
gathering small fish to feed to the bird's
so they'd leave.

Sea cucumbers washed up by the tide I would squeeze,
washing my hand's in the iodine they released.

This is the beach that the intellectual 's were drawn
to as like me.
We each we knew, no hidden agenda's that disrupted the
peace by thing's now rigged that we knew.

As a self-taught intellectual I would listen to them
and they'd speak,
doesn't everyone want someone who Care's about them,
want to speak?

These people never knew I'd spent fifteen year's in
Florida's prison's.
My manner of speech for them was poetry's spoken word.

Dear would come, come with the rain and the end of each
day is in sight.
Do not cry as those angry bird's that cry for naught.
An empty hut stays empty as long as it does.

Running the tag on my car the police, would find out
that I had and our police, those police,
would by they be recognized as the unforgiving blue
ghosts in the gloom.

James McLain

My First Kiss That Lingered On With A Smile

I was as driftwood on fire,
passions desire who could say?

I could not even begin to articulate
the curves of her lip's.

It took me seeing her drink from a bottle
of soda to see how they moved.
To see the tip of her tounge move in and
out of the narrow neck of the bottle.

She would bend over the fountain at school I would be
watching the look on her face.
Spending my night's wishing something would happen, anything,
a kiss, just him telling her, like, you know,
a high school boy's fantasy I guess.

I looked at it as collecting intelligence,
I remember that my urge for her like.
This is going to be the moment, something, I don't know
what's going to happen but this is going to happen."

More and more they started to get a little heavier, a little more intense to me.
It came to me in a flash.
They weren't those thin linned bitch lip's no one would ever kiss.
They, those lip's were as the lip's of Brad Pitt's wife.
Full, thick capable lip's able to moving independently of one another.

She suddenly appeared very ... no one's around you may kiss me.
Like driftwood on fire then she felt it.
Thinking I thought would her hand's roam as mine should?

At that very moment, she took my hand's and gently moved them
around my stiff back.
I was like I don't know what's going to happen after this kiss,
it was then that I said I was gay.

No one needed to know she said, I was like, "Okay, I'll kiss you but I'm going to do it with my eyes closed."

It felt like it lasted a good 10 minutes, forever and after she leaned in, she was gone.

Walking away she wrote something in a small book, turned and waved. That was my first kiss, that lingered on with a smile.

James McLain

If I Survive - Haiku

If I survive what was done
It will only be then
That I will come back to you

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Float Above The Ground

I Float above the ground.
I do not touch the sky.
To him I'd say,
it does not belong to me.

If once I said I do.
And still if time there was,
but time has passed and
with it, it's regrets.

I float above the ground.
I dare not touch the sky.
But if to him it holds a song
it's a song without regrets.

What I tried in life
I died two death's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Vanilla Blackberries Smoked

Outwardly before I came here I was happy my case worker said,
inwardly my eye was self-conscious,
free as a bird, like a moth drawn to fire,
then I died.

I am the two whom you know, born of knowledge from birth
few have found.
The people I meet have no secrets from me, I can't keep.

My isolation, is not any different to me than that which
I had before birth.

From down below I am bombarded with your primitive images
about having sex,
the work that you hate and your introverted negative thoughts
of those feelings you have of yourselves.

At night when you dream I am there in your head and that
the images that I see only makes you feel worse.
Knowing when you awake I was there.

I watch the succubus
that you fantasize about climb on top of you.
Sometimes you can shrug it off though most of you can't
and a lot of this is born from the her, you can't have.

I am keenly aware she's is no different than he
and waiting in sleep to be popped.
Thinking no one is there watching or listening.

Your superficial customs to me, are as your borders I keep
when I choose.
Even though unlike you,
I like my job thus by you and through you I improvise,
unlike most who in life never lived
and filled with tears and regrets then have died.

After living inside of your head when in sleep, it is there
and then I decide what you need to believe just to live.
When I tell you what I do, you sink down deeper inside, I get up.
I sometimes wonder if there is nothing wrong with me.
Maybe everyone who's awake is right.
Maybe you think I rearranged your love of life when I died.
Your vanilla blackberries in sleep I have smoked.

James McLain

It's What She Felt But I Could Never Know

Silver mist that could not float,
but float it did
and my beating heart as loud as waterfalls.

Green bushes full with leaves, in peace
I watched them fall.

One tree she leaned against was without twigs
though long of branch.

Such though it was a quiet place for me to come,
a quiet place a place we knew to well.
In the changing mist that turned to falling rain.

She would stand and standing watch me sit, to me
it was not strange to see her walk around our bench.
To watch her turn her head, I've watched her to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ignorance Is The Final Test

What use have I,
Some dull, bright mind's.
Kept hidden, locked away?

My fear of them and it will come,
When I will one day stand before.
My twisted tounge can't say.

Born, none start the race the same.
And it's why the star's so far apart,
All born, can't brightly shine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Soft Rain Again Must Come

Soft rain again must come, to end my painful drought,
the dipping beak of the humming bird again will fly for me.

And children will play and search the blue skies,
And speak of tomorrow's nights.

I will wait and watch for you, as my heart beat's
I sigh, and as I do, I do for you, I know I will my love.

And as of now not then again I sit by the warm fire,
for when it's known so far and wide, it won't be known again.

Winter will come and bring it's snow, there's no one
left to care, when it is gone.

James McLain



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Black Abyss Of Righteous Hatred

What don't you have that I've not taken away?
Did I not give you it all when ever you demanded?
A miasma of blackness my affection withers then disappears.
When we once enjoyed a hard oneness, and sweated,
both wide-eyed and untainted as if angel's should kiss.
But your burning, turned cold, desire it vanished.
In a fog covered twisted, furious vision of pain -
Thus drops of blood followed as rain, followed lost love,
your love of pain split into heart's torn apart.
Perfect was the storm of loud thunder and vengeance,
Unresponsive, Unrepentant,
passed out drunk, split intwain by it's great length
and it's thickness.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Does The First Time Always Hurt

The why is a common myth, it is not unlike,
a new leaf,
that is gently picked for the very first time.
Over time,
when time is not seen first uncovered, snow comes.
Berries picked for their wine.
Baskets filled full to the top, pickers talk.
A woman thawed, flush and warm to the touch he has stopped.
A common myth at the why, as one way leads to the moon,
slowly walking down the path to the gate to her home.
Long narrow hallways, that lead from the door to the porch,
music play's.
Being distracted I have now almost forgotten what I've
started to do.
Most of the women I've seen have got what I have.
Inside of his head I am.

James McLain



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The Civilized World

We, whom are forced to salute you are bound by the grave.

Conflicts are as flies, that walk on closed eye's prying
at the corners to see.

Good men that claim to be do nothing, men that are bad define good?

Children covered in dust will not again rise.

One man will not converse with the other, father justifies.

Women whom are poor that are coloured in grief, bring more
babies that have refused to come back into the world.

American women hurry in their hast with the same baby with
two small legs, hanging out between their legs.

Floating above they discourse, there is no life being two.

I can't remember my life after death, verily I remember my death.

Suffering is not suffering to those whom don't suffer as in life.

Life was not life to those forced to live whom have died.

Hurried in death while waiting to live is the worst kind of
living to die.

Who are we the American undesirables?

I won't see or hear the drone that drops a bomb on my house?

In fear I shit my pants, the hidden camera can never lie.

James McLain

Lalitha Iyer

Could it be I am what you are?

A touch, a smell as thoughts that I think,
as that vine that grows around your clean feet.

I could not be as simple and meek, nor as
humble in word, in each verse that you read.

I can't as of yet grow as the tree, as tall as you need
just out of reach.

How can I prevent the bush, like the bee, circle around
in search of green leaves.

Nor he whom is wise that lives in a cave, the knowledge
he's learned that can no longer be given away.

So as he was in isolation from, so when he comes back
his word's are adorned.

Love's not the test, good people are, choices are made,
hence evil is not.

Heart's that don't bleed are thus made of stone, hand's
that are soft are as silk to the face, we all have.

Could it not be that warm breath to the ear, is as the
rose, once bloomed it never closed.

A mind that is good should have nothing to fear, goodness
of spirit and his Flesh you can know.

Be this thought and such thoughtfulness is and then when it
comes at the end of the day, then he will come to you white,
with the breeze of the dawn.

James McLain

Caroline I'm So, So, Sorry It's Happened Again

For over ten year's I have kept watch over you.
Broken promises, one sad good bye for all of those
three day's I saw you.
Many mistakes have been made.
I was your age when for a year and a half I was placed
in Camp-E-How-kee.
Situated in Hernando county where you were born and live.
Standing then in the woods alone.
Surrounded by tree's without bushes to hide my tears.
I went through puberty there not understanding what I was
going through and the few councillors whom tried, well
they had motive's that we were to young to have.

I'm the reason you didn't stay.
Everyday
I dream of how perfect your life would be
if I were there.
You needed that shield to protect you against those thing's
that in a normal family would never have happened.

Know that I have been harmed every bit as much as you.
A few harmed me knowing that it would harm you.
Know that deep in my heart that I even now again will try
to regain possession of you.
Being blood and bonded as blood we are one when we did.

No other man can take my place, remember those that your mother
brought around were there to drink and have sex with her.
You've seen all of this already nothing new but waking up to
another day of the unknown.
Thing's soon will change a permanent change mum has used up
all her chances and she has run her self destructive course.
For there's nothing I want more in this world than to just be
the father to daddies little girl.
O.K.

James McLain

Sunbeams Slant Between The Tree's

Night falls with it's familiar silent sigh, entwined no more.
Sunbeams showed there warmth withdraw no more,
and the light for which two lover's pine.
Then our life and love ere lost and found again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Women Most Will Never Be

He opens the door she walks past.
Dressed in the latest fashion, perhaps
she is dressed for free.
Long, tall and slender, one would think
that if she became pregnant, someone else
would have the baby for her.

A silk dress in winter?
Perfect breasts nipples as straight as arrows
to perfect to be though ours sag.
Thinking the thought of what I'm afraid to ask.
Blond hair that is straight tomorrow it's curled,
the extensions that I can afford came from a corpse.

Smug devious smile's that can change with the wind,
nurses dark twenty, never seen laying on the green hill's.
Inside the best restaurants, seated by the window she
eats very little and with hungry faces pressed to the
window makes it a point to throw it away.

Yes she may have a perfect vagina, adequately trimmed,
devoid of leaves or a bush.
A man who is wise steps up with a bag, asking her to
put her hand deep inside.
Turning to her he whispers to her, that the best candies
inside the brown paper bag of a stranger.

James McLain

Candy

The best candy rest's inside the bag
of the stranger.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Once Like You I Was A Catholic, Then A Baptist, Then A Lutheran

He would come to my house late but not too late
trusting him, mum would let him lead me out.

Slender beams of moonlight entered through
his stained glass windows unknown colors that meant
that it was night.

No light's meant I knew he had plans, unnatural plans
plans that were by he carried out twice a week.

Entering the darkened church he would always with his hand
push me down to kneel,
the oak hurt my knee's always in prayer, always a slave,
frozen there in the dark, in the dark waiting.

Tortured forms, pictures shown to me by he, figures wrought
in traced iron,
panes of glass that loomed as large as he.
Of where I'd go and what I'd be, if I didn't cooperate.

His breath smelled of spirits at my young age an image in my mind,
pulling me out, penetrating my young naked flesh.

Realization dawning on a young child's mind.
I raise my head, now caressing, this oblivious truth.
His was the truth twice a week, he brought food
to mum twice a week, mum and me where then on welfare.

James McLain

Why Do People Come Here To Preach

I have two Bible's
I prefer the king James version
it requires a bit more intelligence
to read the fine verse.

Do people come here
and think
that no one here goes to church
or owns a Bible.

Why do people come to a poetry site
to preach
regurgitating the word from the book
word for word.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Heaven Fall's Against My Naked Soul

Around, all around, life's dark memories gather.
My dread grows,
as the angry hand of Heaven falls against
my naked soul.

and If I should die,
before I wake know she has drained me.
And my life ebb's out,
and my blood drips into the ever thirsty earth.

In numbness I fall limply
while Death's shadow then surrounds me.
Now alone,
my fervent plea falls upon your hardened heart.

What I am, is all I am, because of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

God Leaves After Birth

Slender beams of light enter this his darkened room
as I kneel, always silent,
always lost, sinking heart, frozen then an alter boy.

Tortured forms wrought in stoned colored panes of glass,
dust dances in the air, as I once did.
His open hand as I'm stretched out,
an image forms in my mind of God, as a little child a boy.
His eye's penetrating into my hidden secret place.

His thinking is seen like a reflection on a lover's face.

I raise my head, understanding now, defying the obvious
to this his one last final stand.
A penal legal interest was his fate that lay ahead.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Innocence Walked Hand In Hand

What have you in heaven now wrought?
Thirsty mother for drink,
smothering my child on pillow lay.

Agony of agonies as sentiments twist.
When the rain was wet, we drank in paradise,
Innocence walked hand in hand,
but death made from love walks the land.

Dark grey, darker black a deadened cloud of memory -
tears followed the path of rain, followed love,
love ground to dust, dust of dust.

Raging inside few have seen a torrent of revenge,
vengeance and hate, I still love you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dark Love

It is a night of dark desire, a song of darkness,
fills the air.

Each tears at the flesh of the other
to cast aside their loneliness, loneliness now abandoned.
Immortal now one seeks the touché of the other.

Fog shrouds her face as would a veil, his tall gaunt form,
through time, man's timeless desire.

Dark waterfalls of midnight hair cascades over
milk-white shoulders.
Covering ripe breasts that can't quite manage to hide
the dark purple areolas.

Full red lips part slightly, to catch the clear
white tears, streaming down his square face.
Her pale flesh rest's full beneath him.

Each night is a different night of dream's,
suttle differences in each dream, does she remember
how her touch felt on me.

James McLain

I Was Once Yours

Yes I was once yours, so deep lost in you,
Could it not be, nothing's meant to last
The light from the moon when seen at noon,
Each wave that is seen different from the last.

If I am to be, what you meant to me,
A perfect snug fit like a stone in a ring
From afar I have watched a bush and a tree,
Hope made of hope a hand full of leaves.

If I fall any deeper, as deep as the sea,
I shan't hold out, I shan't even breath
Swept in by the tide, swept back out to the sea,
You were to me deaf, to the sound of my heart.

James McLain



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Dr. Henry Kissinger Speaks On Depopulating The World

By Henry Kissinger....

Henry thinks you are the third world. We are all members of the third world in the eyes of the elite.

Not a day goes by when we are not reminded that we are nothing but 'useless eaters' who have been given the temporary right to exist on this planet by the generous elite. However, our continued existence is predicated on the notion that we have no rights, and as such, we should have no expectations. Through the tenets of Agenda 21, we are constantly reminded that we have no right to the resources on this planet. The elite own the water, the food and all other material assets.

Enslaving Humanity, One Sheep At a Time

Never before in the history of mankind, has a people, such as the citizens of the United States, enjoyed such political freedoms, resulting in self-determination over their lives as well as having enjoyed the affluence of the most prosperous middle class in human history. This experiment in American self-governance and resulting freedom, is nearly over. Both your perceived assets and even your life belongs to the minions representing the elite on this planet, for as we transition from an industrial based economy to a post industrial society, most of us will no longer be needed because the size of the labor class will dramatically shrink. Now, we know the meaning of Kissinger's proclamation that we are nothing but a bunch of useless eaters.

It should be abundantly clear that when several officials and prominent people on this planet state that the planet would be better off if the human population was reduced from 7 billion to 500 million, that they really mean it. Do you think that they are really kidding when the elite make such statements?

It Is the Same Everywhere

Everywhere on this planet, the elite are asserting their authority over the 'useless eaters' who occupy space and consume 'their' resources on this planet. The bulk of humanity are kept in metaphorical zoo-like cages on the planet and exist for the mere entertainment of the elite.

Literally, nothing belongs to the common people. The elite own the food, the water and all the shelter on this planet. In every country it is the same. The elite, by hook or crook, appoint their minions to government positions. The government subsequently creates the conditions whereby the whims of the elite are enforced, thus, enslaving the people.

The elite's strategies slightly differ depending on the local politics. In China, in order to enforce Agenda 21 dictates of moving the masses from rural to the stack and pack ghost cities, the whim of the elite is brutally enforced at the end of the barrel of a gun. In Uganda, when villages are needed in order to plant trees in carbon offset programs, the Uganda military simply burns down the villages and declares the inhabitants to be mere trespassers. And in America, when the elite wants what you own, there is a pretense of going through the constitutionally based courts under the guise of pseudo justice. However, the result is still the same, the Constitution is not followed and you lose.

America, there is an important question to consider. If we are so free, as we are constantly reminded that we are by the mainstream media, then why are we spied upon without provocation or cause? And if we are so free, then why is our ability to raise objections to the manner in which we are governed being systematically eliminated?

The Global Awakening Must Be Crushed

Zbigniew Brzezinski likes to keep his hand on the pulse of humanity. In the middle part of the last decade he warned his elite colleagues that Americans were beginning to wake up the elite's agenda and that they must proceed with all due haste.

Most recently, Brzezinski warned of a global awakening that was very dangerous to their agenda. It is abundantly clear that the elite fear humanity's sheer numbers and they know that the mainstream media is losing its control over humanity as the ratings of such MSM mainstays such as CNN are in the proverbial toilet. The blinders placed upon humanity by the MSM are slowly, but surely coming off. If the elite want to maintain control, they must act quickly, according to Brzezinski.

The Pattern of Genocide

The numbers of humanity are a threat to the ruling elite and these numbers must be radically reduced, and reduced quickly. The pattern leading to genocide, throughout history, is remarkably consistent. In each case, the government

attempts to stop the communications between dissident forces which could evolve into an opposition force which would oppose the unfolding tyranny. We are witnessing just such a movement as the government has repeatedly tried to close down the free expression on the internet.

Jay Rockefeller (D WVA) has attached a cyber-security amendment to the NDAA 2014 bill in Congress to mandate that precautions be taken to protect America's cyber infrastructure and private entities. Those of us who represent private entities, will soon find our free access to the internet eliminated. The fact that this internet control bill is attached to the NDAA is no accident because this means that dissidents, posting anti-government rhetoric on the internet, can be snatched off the street and held indefinitely for their 'terrorist' views.

There is a second and equally disturbing development in that the government has declared that the people of this country do not have the right to challenge the government on its unconstitutional actions. This is a position which fully exposes the fact that America is no longer a democratic republic, but rather a dictatorship which serves the elite. At issue is the ACLU's right to sue the NSA for the unconstitutional and unwarranted intrusions into the private lives of all Americans by spying on their every communication and their web-surfing habits. This position, taken by the government, validates my earlier point that we have no rights and are living under a dictatorship.

The Most Important Question of All

There is even a more important question. Why does this government feel that it needs to spy upon all the people? Billions if not trillions of dollars are being spent to this end. Why?

We should all be concerned that the police state practice of gathering private information on its citizens represents a practice that has never failed to result in genocide against at least a segment of its population. Therefore, if we use history as the judge of the NSA's actions, we should all be hiding under the bed. Although, as an aside, I think it would be appropriate to imitate the anti-gun crowd in Colorado who stalk and harass the activists who are trying to recall politicians who are attempting to seize the guns of law abiding citizens. The police have told the Colorado activists that these stalking behaviors are acceptable. Therefore, I would propose that we make the NSA feel the same heat. Perhaps residents in the area of an NSA facility should subject the NSA officials to the same level of harassment as are the activists in Colorado. The NSA harasses citizens, American citizens act in kind.

On a more serious level, we need to all ask where this is leading. We should all consider the fact that there is a certainty that the information being gathered by the NSA will be used against 'undesirable' Americans. This is a civilized description for genocide. Does this allegation have any further substantiation than merely using the lesson of history? A cursory examination of the statements of the global elite, both past and present would indicate that we should all be a little more than concerned.

Voices of Depopulation

I have come to believe that a great culling is in our future. Before you dismiss this statement as the words of a lunatic, maybe we should see if there is any corroborating evidence from people in positions of authority, both past and present.

Margaret Sanger, the founder of Planned Parenthood, enthusiastically promoted the Thomas Malthus' philosophy as she stated, 'The most merciful thing that a family does to one of its infant members is to kill it.'

Perhaps these were merely the musings of two twisted individuals which do not represent any type of central philosophical belief. Unfortunately the theories of Malthus, Sanger and other population control advocates did not die with them. As I discovered, this is a reoccurring theme contained within the personal words of several dozen global leaders.

'Society has no business to permit degenerates to reproduce their kind'.

Theodore Roosevelt

'Malthus has been vindicated; reality is finally catching up with Malthus. The Third World is overpopulated, it's an economic mess, and there's no way they could get out of it with this fast-growing population. Our philosophy is: back to the village'.

Dr. Arne Schiotz, World Wildlife Fund Director of Conservation, stated such, ironically, in 1984.

'A total world population of 250-300 million people, a 95% decline from present levels, would be ideal'.

Ted Turner, in an interview with Audubon magazine

'There is a single theme behind all our work-we must reduce population levels. Either governments do it our way, through nice clean methods, or they will get the kinds of mess that we have in El Salvador, or in Iran or in Beirut. Population

is a political problem. Once population is out of control, it requires authoritarian government, even fascism, to reduce it....' 'Our program in El Salvador didn't work. The infrastructure was not there to support it. There were just too goddamned many people.... To really reduce population, quickly, you have to pull all the males into the fighting and you have to kill significant numbers of fertile age females....' The quickest way to reduce population is through famine, like in Africa, or through disease like the Black Death....'

Thomas Ferguson, State Department Office of Population Affairs

'In searching for a new enemy to unite us, we came up with the idea that pollution, the threat of global warming, water shortages, famine and the like would fit the bill.... But in designating them as the enemy, we fall into the trap of mistaking symptoms for causes. All these dangers are caused by human intervention and it is only through changed attitudes and behavior that they can be overcome. The real enemy, then, is humanity itself'.

Alexander King, Bertrand Schneider - Founder and Secretary, respectively, The Club of Rome, The First Global Revolution, pgs 104-105,1991

'A cancer is an uncontrolled multiplication of cells; the population explosion is an uncontrolled multiplication of people.... We must shift our efforts from the treatment of the symptoms to the cutting out of the cancer. The operation will demand many apparently brutal and heartless decisions'.

Stanford Professor, Paul Ehrlich in The Population Bomb

'In order to stabilize world population, we must eliminate 350,000 people per day. It is a horrible thing to say, but it is just as bad not to say it'.

J. Cousteau,1991 explorer and UNESCO courier

'I believe that human overpopulation is the fundamental problem on Earth Today' and, 'We humans have become a disease, the Humanpox'.

Dave Foreman, Sierra Club and co founder of Earth First!

'We must speak more clearly about sexuality, contraception, about abortion, about values that control population, because the ecological crisis, in short, is the population crisis. Cut the population by 90% and there aren't enough people left to do a great deal of ecological damage.'

Mikhail Gorbachev

'Today, America would be outraged if U.N. troops entered Los Angeles to restore order. Tomorrow they will be grateful! This is especially true if they were told that there were an outside threat from beyond, whether real or promulgated, that threatened our very existence. It is then that all peoples of the world will

plead to deliver them from this evil. The one thing every man fears is the unknown. When presented with this scenario, individual rights will be willingly relinquished for the guarantee of their well-being granted to them by the World Government'.

Dr. Henry Kissinger, Bilderberger Conference, Evians, France, 1991

'The illegal we do immediately. The unconstitutional takes a little longer'.

Dr. Henry Kissinger New York Times, Oct. 28, 1973

'Depopulation should be the highest priority of foreign policy towards the third world, because the US economy will require large and increasing amounts of minerals from abroad, especially from less developed countries'.

Dr. Henry Kissinger

'Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac, ' and 'The elderly are useless eaters'.

Dr. Henry Kissinger

'World population needs to be decreased by 50%'.

Dr. Henry Kissinger

'We are on the verge of a global transformation. All we need is the right major crisis and the nations will accept the New World Order'.

David Rockefeller

'War and famine would not do. Instead, disease offered the most efficient and fastest way to kill the billions that must soon die if the population crisis is to be solved. AIDS is not an efficient killer because it is too slow. My favorite candidate for eliminating 90 percent of the world's population is airborne Ebola (Ebola Reston) , because it is both highly lethal and it kills in days, instead of years.

'We've got airborne diseases with 90 percent mortality in humans. Killing humans. Think about that. 'You know, the bird flu's good, too. For everyone who survives, he will have to bury nine'.

Dr. Eric Pianka University of Texas evolutionary ecologist and lizard expert, showed solutions for reducing the world's population to an audience on population control

'No one will enter the New World Order unless he or she will make a pledge to worship Lucifer. No one will enter the New Age unless he will take a Luciferian Initiation'.

David Spangler, Director of Planetary Initiative, United Nations

'The present vast overpopulation, now far beyond the world carrying capacity,

cannot be answered by future reductions in the birth rate due to contraception, sterilization and abortion, but must be met in the present by the reduction of numbers presently existing. This must be done by whatever means necessary'.
Initiative for the United Nations ECO-92 EARTH CHARTER

'In South America, the government of Peru goes door to door pressuring women to be sterilized and they are funded by American tax dollars to do this'.
Mark Earley in The Wrong Kind of Party Christian Post 10/27 2008

Women in the Netherlands who are deemed by the state to be unfit mothers should be sentenced to take contraception for a prescribed period of two years'.
Marjo Van Dijken (author of the bill in the Netherlands) in the Guardian

'Maintain humanity under 500,000,000 in perpetual balance with nature'.
Anonymously commissioned Georgia Guidestones

'If I were reincarnated I would wish to be returned to earth as a killer virus to lower human population levels'.
Prince Phillip, Queen Elizabeth's husband, Duke of Edinburgh, leader of the World Wildlife Fund

Childbearing should be a punishable crime against society, unless the parents hold a government license. All potential parents should be required to use contraceptive chemicals, the government issuing antidotes to citizens chosen for childbearing'.
David Brower, first Executive Director of the Sierra Club

'The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover cutting the Fallopian tubes'.
Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes

'Frankly I had thought that at the time Roe was decided, there was concern about population growth and particularly growth in populations that we don't want to have too many of'.

Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg

'The Planetary Regime might be given responsibility for determining the optimum population for the world and for each region and for arbitrating various countries' shares within their regional limits. Control of population size might remain the responsibility of each government, but the Regime would have some power to enforce the agreed limits.'

Obama's science czar John P. Holdren, Co-author of 'Ecoscience'

Deny If You Must, but.....

In this article alone, there are 27 quotes from individuals representing the global elite who speak clearly on the desires of the elite who seek to significantly reduce the population. There are literally hundreds of more quotes which should concern the average 'useless eater'.

There are people who will undoubtedly dismiss these quotes as the musings of people with too much idle time on their hands and they really don't mean what they say. To these naive people, I would say that various governments, on behalf of their elite masters, murdered over 260 million of their own citizens in the 20th century. I contend that these 260 million people are merely the prelude of what is on the horizon. Consider the following quote from the late Congressman, Larry McDonald.

'The drive of the Rockefellers and their allies is to create a one-world government combining supercapitalism and Communism under the same tent, all under their control.... Do I mean conspiracy? Yes I do. I am convinced there is such a plot, international in scope, generations old in planning, and incredibly evil in intent.'
Congressman Larry P. McDonald, 1976, killed in the Korean Airlines 747 that was shot down by the Soviet Union

Conclusion

I have related how recently retired members of FEMA and DHS have sought the company of like-minded people as they have sought refuge in remote locations in preparation for what is coming. Maybe we should pay closer attention to what people say as well as what some people are doing.

There can be little doubt that depopulation is a consistent theme of global leaders and the idea has been around for a very long time. Preaching drastic population reduction may be one thing, but when the actions match the stated intent, all of us would be fools to not pay close attention and act accordingly as circumstances warrant.

Significant contribution by,
Dr. Henry Kissinger

Impatience

Could I wait a thousand year's
to know what I do not,
to live a thousand more or less
and learn what I could not.

I am now but once was not alive
a slave to feel, my body oh,
To where I go I sleep and wait,
for love I've longed to know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Crossing The Water At Night

It is to still,
strang bubbles wafting from the bottom up
and pop,
the smell is as if people have farted
I silently float across black lake,
narrowly missing a shiney black boat, two white men
in the dark look black.

Under the cover of tree's where bushes aren't, these are
trees heavy of root
bending down from the neck and drink.
Their shadows of moss must cover the dark inky sky.

A light held forth in a hand filters up from what was
latter unknown but now is flowers.

Their thin harry leaves little arms without hands do not
wish us to tarry
They are round of face and flat and full of word's.

Warm world's collide with the cold as we breath in all
the vapor from the bubbles that burst.

James McLain

She Gaped When Stretched Full Out

When stretched out full around,
a ferris wheel and though my head throbs full
though feeling it should not.

If in thy hand's
the straining neck is true to you and blue.
And peaks up to the sky.
On either side,
veins like vines and eye is bulging out.

Could I be not ever more than I once was,
as I once then,
when I was I young and full and more stretched out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Politics Art And Graffiti

Falling,
a leaf from a tree
child of a bush without leaves
whispered the wind
set U.S. free.

When does graffiti transcend
art and become political?
When every firm,
ripe mellon explodes in the sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Scent Of Oil On Her Hand's

Without heat it was strangely warm
to the touch.

To rub them made them warmer still.
The scent was not unfamiliar it was a dark
deep scent a scent of musk, yet not.

One drop it seemed to me at the top
of any tree,
should fan the flames to what she sought.

She tried to rub it off I could not see
the night of day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Shaking

Why do you allow them to do harm to the children?

Like a dumb cow

you just stand by and watch and allow them to do great harm to our children.

You ignore you, you won't interfere with the shaken.

In ancient times

people knew to draw on the dark side.

To kill those that caused harm to the children.

Life was painful and the children had unrealized value unless they were from some other tribe.

They wise knew restraint and mercy was shown to the learned.

Here in these time's, times made unnecessarily hard, times over run with bad choices and evil.

Verily thus it is now known when a prophet is born

being greater than Jesus

born with innate knowledge that they can't control

now they arrest them and kill them.

James McLain

Judges Have Suffered This Fool If Not Gladly

Experienced
and highly educated when before them I stand.
In my latter year's now upon me.
They expect from my lip's something profound.

Yea, through the valleys of fear and love's regret
all I've lived.

Patiently they suffer the fool's
course, base
uneducated fool's whom have learned not from the word
but through their own foul deeds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Childhood Trauma

At Dickinson Elementary in Tampa in the early sixties.

I watched my school principal
through her window
beat one child after another pulling their dresses up
or his pants down, exposing their
vanilla creamy Flesh.

Some of these struggles were epic
eight and nine year old bodies not giving in as the
razor strap slapped their young Flesh.
There was much golden water that flowed to the floor.

One boy being bullied daily
after each class by two or three others caught
out of class was her favorite.
If she had a penis looking back at my misfortune
it would have punched a hole through the desk she would
have me bend over.

I firmly believe now
that the earlier in life we experience such trauma,
the more difficult it is
for us to adapt to life in a meaningful way.

Childhood trauma more often than not
is an ongoing chipping away at the soundness of the soul
through emotional and/or physical abuse.

My soul having to then fend for itself
was thus invariably shaken,
cracked and hence unfortunately made unstable.
The resulting symptomatology
was by today's standards, predictable.

Latter at twelve the shock treatments were terrifying
and then my soul could not unlike yours unfold,
not unlike a beautiful flower bud which,

due to such criminal abuse, could not blossom. I now think.

Blessed with unlearned discernment I did not kill small
animals and through grace
those many other's whom took such great pleasure in the
harming of small children.

James McLain

The Alley Of Drugs, Death And Sex

I wake up every night at Johns, it's 3: 16 AM
The window in the room looks down the length of the alley.
I have long since had this dream, of living above
this alley.

Hooker's exchanging sex for drug's, pimp's laugh.
The dumpsters never locked as the occasional body is
dumped inside.

To night a women
well dressed is having problems
trying to pull a body from the truck of her car.

Across from me three floor's down is a family of three
and a very pregnant women stands out.
Apparently the father is crazy.
His wife and son don't seem to find peace until he kills them.

Two men roll up in a dark car and pull a woman out,
holding her down
one rolls up her sleeve and injects some thing into her
thin arm.

Her erratic movements begin to slow then stop, one pulls
out what appears to be a condom
and lifting her short dress he empties the condom upon and
between her long legs.
Leaving her panties ripped and torn beneath her.

A week latter
your husband is arrested for the murder of a nurse.

James McLain

Bukowski Drunk, Farts That Are Wet

The fly paper hung like fresh sprigs of mint
catching there intended.

Every square inch covered in bodies of which
some still moved.

Opened partially eaten Can's of Bean's, were
everywhere.

Late in his life the maid said.

Screen less
the open window let the lizard's and spiders
in.

Catching a lizard
a bird perched on a beer mug took it's
creamy fluid dump in his beer.

Still a sleep.

Snoring and farting the atmosphere smelled
of methane,
beer and Chile Bean's.

Half asleep
half awake lunging for last nights beer
the bird flew off
eating a fork full of Bean's
finishing the beer.

James McLain

Should Trump Be On The Sex Offender Registry

These are the sturdy women.

Women whom wish to make a difference.

Women in control of their sexuality.

Women of etiquette,

Women whom spent tens of thousands of dollars
to educate and better themselves.

Whom now are in debt.

Women that know to surround themselves with
other powerful people.

In order to make a difference.

Trailblazing woman that will make history but not now.

The Donald shoved his hand straight up my skirt.

Against the assault I stood tall, my back straight.

Immediately I became dry, it hurt, his people laughing
smirking and watching.

As a woman, I became ashamed, for eating right and
taking care of my body.

James McLain

My Narcissist Mother And How I Became One

She was damaged at a very young age becoming sexually active long before she should have.

As the strange men her mother brought home in her need to address unhealthy proclivities.

At five I began to grind the laps of these strange men unable to understand the effect this had on them.

Staying up late at night watching my mother engulf them.

It was obvious that her omnipotent desires during her infancy were not in a healthy way attended to.

Mom would ride them and I would see it disappear and reappear.

she moaned as if in pain,

causing even more confusion in my young brain if it hurt so much why do it.

From this time on, normal shame, shame that should have existed that deep introversion normal children would have, I did not.

She would heft their balls, she told me that by the weight of them that the heavier they were meant new clothes and furniture.

The closet became my friend, the moans and grunt's took on new meaning in the dark closet that I stayed hidden inside of.

This narcissistic behavior I would later find out accomplished this by fusing with one person to try to get all her needs met and by projecting her shame onto others.

She does this by mercilessly criticizing and devaluing my dad or any of her children.

My monkey was fiercely guarded by me but her cat was insatiable.

Consuming all that came near by her cough.

Strangely enough, our family looked good from the outside.

We became experts at concealing our narcissistic behavior containing it to the safety of the four walls of our home.

<http://www.poemhunter.com/is-it-poetry/>

James McLain

Why Do You Waste Your Life On Religion

Even if there once were God's they have long since moved onto more interesting things.

Violent stupid people are not in the least very interesting.

Had these cruel violent people died at birth, mankind would have been where we currently are two thousand year's ago.

As all human beings have in their lives done wrong, though this differs by culture and country, We all have 'sinned'.

Except for the babies and infants and toddlers.

Evil and good will always exist.

I choose to be good, to do moral things, and try latter in life to make wise choices, not because

I'm trying to get into some Heaven that does not exist.

Nor to please some crazy God, but because it is the right thing to do.

Anyway, I do my best to leave the Christians alone.

They're the most narrow-minded, hate-filled people ever to hate a Muslim.

When it comes to tolerance of others that are different from them.

Remember you don't need to believe in some nonexistent being to try and help your fellow human beings.

Unlike those whom always have a plate out to take your money just to improve their life styles.

Watch Brian Greene a great intellectual as he explains how thing's really work in our universe.

James McLain

Teen-Agers With Their Shame And Lack Of Coping Mechanisms

Parents that fail or those whom have children only to increase their public assistance. Millions sadly do.

Unable to support a child in the sciences and the arts will place unreasonable expectations on these children that not even the parent can overcome.

Many of these parents expect the child to assume the role of a caregiver.

As they grow into teenage years, their shame only grows and leads to their inability to cope.

Invariably as they grow they identify with their parents and lead similar lives.

In Florida children of color are invariably placed in foster care. And thus are assimilated by Florida's Department of Corrections. White children of course are by preference adopted out. Unless they are too damaged and or are ugly.

Go to the Florida Department of Corrections website and look for yourselves. Because of the constant abuse and years spent in solitary confinement they when released exact their violent retribution on those whom abused them.

Being mostly non-white they inflict their pain on the public. Incorrigible Whites are generally given life sentences with said sentences even if illegal they being uneducated are never able to change.

In all scenarios the educated judicial officers and state law maker's faced with the release of the non violent offenders whom were imprisoned too long would face sterilization.

In exchange for a small sum of money.

While they would most likely prescribe more medication to the general public while raising the tax rate on all

alcoholic beverages to become numb to the effects of their shame.

James McLain

Trauma And Empathy

Many are brutally traumatized, even more by those whom
have sworn to protect them.

To properly heal these individuals they need safety and
psychological attention.

Which they
won't find in concrete jail's or in Florida's prison's.

Their state's of mind makes them more easily able to be
taken advantage of.

And so they are and after be brutally assaulted again and again
by those very same people are by them ask;

Have you being here, learned anything of a lesson?

Verily thus palm's up he turned to explain.

A calm soul has the power to heal and thus having empathy is.

Sending those whom ask into a violent rage, starting the
booking process of beating them down once again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As Death Named Mathew Lumber's Our Way

And death should have been it's name and
death has been left behind.

It crawls northward a bit to the west a bit
more north then turns around for sloppy seconds.

As corruption absolutely corrupts on came
the governor.

Death, should have been his name sake as well.

The wind will begin to howl

none from the north whom moved down here have ever heard.

A few whom haven't left will die.

The water will surge in an angry boil unlanded.

Boat's left unsecured will be left inland.

Legal salvage for they whom prey on like disasters.

As one eye begin's to die a larger one forms.

Unseen to the eye being night are from which nightmares
are made.

Screams from the young whom thought to ride the head
of foam go unheard.

Gene's such as these were preordained to die out.

Once wide beaches are washed away and replaced with
cracked limbs as lungs burst.

Forewarned sound advice by some was ignored.

Then it turns in a large circle and heads around key west
and enters the gulf.

A shallow gulf, a gulf full of fuel to stalk U.S. again.

The corrupt Governor won't send help and declares martial law.

The National gaurd not from Florida by design, which makes
it easier for them to use deadly force.

You have been warned the devil has said unrepentantly.

Being not from here he will become aroused at your destruction,
not needing Viagra.

What of all the women and men in Florida's prison's.

Again life for me by them for telling the truth will be made harder.

I would have to use Viagra but have long since lost all
interest in xes.

Death is death and someone else won't be found.

As they bus the missing dead Yankees in to vote for Donald Trump.

Your Babies Are Born Racist And You Raised Them Like That

You have rewarded your babies from their infancy at being able to hate and discriminate against other's that don't sound or look like you.
Your success was demonstrated by them at day care.
Your being young, could never understand the hate of yourself at being poor and still having baby after baby.

The implications by your support for Donald Trump will maintain that unfairness to all other racist like you very good.
And that unless someone from your clan is getting extra ice cream and cookies.

If you cared about fairness your children would show it.
But in defense of being a racist and that your brain being underdeveloped and without logic born of flawed reasoning,
you teach to your babies and relax it is good.

That if we weren't racists when we were young being babies,
and thus very little, would not have survived.

While anyone that's not white
from a different tribe
are more likely to, have sex with your mother and sister
and then afterwards eat you.

James McLain

Multiverses

Grape vines that stretch left or right to infinity.
Clusters of grapes where one grape represents our universe.
Take off towards the edge in a space ship, the observable
edge, the edge that no one here can yet see.
Would you hit a wall?

Is it a sphere like the earth where if you went left or right
would you meet up with the point you departed from.
Is the universe truly infinite and would you always be
traveling outward?

Atom's with protons and electrons you can see with the aid
of technology.
Inside the protons and electrons and still moving are quarks.
Inside of the quarks are vibrating strings attached to a brane.

When one universe bumps into another universe a big bang.
Remember those infinite grape vines with their infinite number
of grapes in their infinite clusters,
resting one grape upon another that you see in the store?

Bubbles in a child's bubble bath, where one bubble collides
with another and that one bubble grows even larger.
Quantum gravitational waves that we seek and search for.
When one universe collides with another there is friction and
might create a new big bang.

And your doppelganger some where else has taken a different
reality just to remind you.
Now a little about,
your unnecessary need for religion and the garden of Eden.

James McLain

Where Is My Mind

Floating down the tunnel that leads home to you.
Where is my mind,
I dream only thoughts, thoughts of you.
Your hair in my hands,
holding you, here where it's day never night.
You are my light, here you shine through.
There is my mind inside of your head.
Tell me now how it makes you really feel?
Deep down inside, where we share both one mind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can't Get Over Her Even Though I Know She Isn't The One

Nothing with her was casual, I flew around the bush like a bee.
The night's were harsh in the light, as a moth I wanted more.
Some like them hot and as such fires grow inside wavered not.
So I planted a rose garden and fruit tree's around the house.
I couldn't hide all the red flags, so I learned to sew buttons
white made of bone, stitched in, down the middle, vivid purple.
She admits nothing, not as I do, without sight her red lips are.
Pink oysters shine with a luster, muscles open and close around it.
Psychologically all the boxes in the house were closed and empty.
And as such, the moon every night was kept full, from prying eye's.
I can't get over her even though she isn't the one and I'm alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Making Of A Beast

It is here in America where the sweet animal's are,
and horror waits for thee in sleep attacks.
There was no plot except by they, where numerous bodies
before I came to be, in death now lie.

She is not now old, to old to care of sex a cotton veil
on skin it breathes thread bare.
Lured by honey in,
He fell asleep eating ice cream in bed with
two fingers in the pie.

He drempt of human head's, head's the axemen held,
green moldy wall's
so that when it rain's there's nothing left inside.
The crown of hairy cat's the wood loop slides.

I knew her not red lip's I kissed, that parted skies,
Not unlike a dog who digs up bones she slept beside.
Clutched her hand,
the land produced harsh wind and that's is how he died.

James McLain

Death After Life

While still alive, look as dusk closes in
the moon light on my face, could not be felt.
Those voices that murmur above my tired head
are all the voices in my life unremembered.

If I in life, stopped the wind from blowing
look now as a gentle breeze dried your tears.
And even then if your face could not show it
it was your heart and it's sound that I heard.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am Finally Lost

I am finally lost and tired to tired
to go to sleep.
I have been drawn in to deep to deep
to escape to dream.

Trapped inside my room, I face the pain
the pain is deep,
I'm damp with sweat and numb.
I face the pain alone.

They've cast the dice for her and I, it's craps.
Should I go into the night without a voice?
Before him Stearn, if I should speak and jailed!
Bird's have wing's, what good are they inside a cell?

I've listened to the voice inside her head, I've said.
The woods are dark and deep there is no light.
The clearing in the middle to me doesn't seem all right.
When I'm lost I dare not even open up my mouth.

James McLain

How To Protect Yourself... And Your Family ... From Florida's D.C.F

Say that it's 9: 00 in the morning, your older children are at school and the baby is watching Sesame Street so you sit down for that morning cup of coffee and a few minutes of peace.

Suddenly, there's a knock at the door and you wonder who that could be this early in the morning. You go to the door, still in your pajamas and this professional-looking social worker is standing there saying that someone has anonymously reported you for child abuse and/or neglect.

You're stunned.

Who would have done something like that to you?

You're a good dad.

You struggle, just like everyone else, to make ends meet, getting a little financial assistance from the state.

Yesterday was hectic as it was 'family day' and you didn't get a chance to wash all the dishes, mop the kitchen floor, or do laundry.

Church and family on Sundays, that's the rule and you live by that rule. So who could it be that would call in a complaint? It could be anyone ranging from your neighbor, your best friend, a family member or someone you pissed off in a grocery store.

You don't have to give your name, address, phone number, etc. when you call in an abuse allegation. You don't have to offer one shred of proof that the person is guilty of abuse or neglect. All it takes is for one person to have a grudge against you and they can get even by reporting you to CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES!

They go by many different names such as DSS, DCF, DSYF, or a myriad of other alphabet soup names but CPS is the universally accepted anagram for Child Protective Services.

Once they enter your life, unless you are independently wealthy and can afford to hire your own attorney, the deck is stacked against you.

If for some reason...no matter how small...the social worker does not like you, they can and they will substantiate an abuse/neglect allegation against you. The reasons are usually asinine and ridiculous.

One family lost their son and only got him back when they promised him he

wouldn't have to go to church more than one time per week. He had been going three. Another mother lost her child because she got sunburned at a park. A friend of mine lost hers because she didn't have the 'appropriate' food in her house for her 2 children.

I don't even know what they mean by that as they would not bother explaining exactly what it was that she did wrong. Now they're terminating her rights, or are trying to.

She had been sexually abused as a child and was somewhat obsessive about no one changing her children's diapers or bathe her daughter but her and they used that against her as well.

They said she was too 'anal and obsessive' and therefore was not an effective parent. In my opinion, that's her right.

She is protecting her children from harm so how is that being a bad mom? It certainly doesn't warrant losing your child forever.

There are many things you can do to protect yourself.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

While CPS tends to target the poor and uneducated, do not assume for one second that if you're in the middle-class income range that this can't happen to you because it happens all the time.

That's where all the 'marketable' children are coming from.

You make too much money to be given a court-appointed attorney but you do not have the resources with which to hire your own.

In that regard, you would be better off in the 'poor' group. Most privately hired attorneys want a minimum of \$5,000 to \$10,000 up front and they let you know that that's just to start.

Most cases run up into the \$50,000 range as CPS will drag you into court every 3 months.

You will have monthly 'family' meetings to check on your progress and you'd better have your attorney present at each and every meeting.

I am going to do something a little different here. Each day I'm going to give you a rule of thumb and go into detail on why they are so important.

Sometimes it's not enough to just know WHAT to do, it's important that you know WHY to do it ... or not do it, as the case may be.

First Rule of Thumb

If CPS knocks on your door, do NOT let them in without a warrant. They are not law enforcement officers and there is no law anywhere that states you must let them in.

Force them to get a warrant.

They will have to go in front of a judge, swear on the Bible that they're telling the truth, and then offer reasonable proof that you are abusing and/or neglecting your children.

For most judges, at least the honorable ones, an anonymous tip doesn't cut it. The exception might be if a medical professional or a teacher called it in.

They might just carry more weight.

There are some new laws out there for mandatory reporters that if they fail to report any suspicion of child abuse, they can be arrested and put in jail.

These days most medical professionals call in allegations over just about anything so that they don't get in trouble.

So if your child falls down the stairs and breaks their arm, you don't have a choice but to take them to the doctor but just don't be surprised if CPS shows up at your door.

Make absolutely sure that when you do take your child to the doctor, that it's to a doctor that you trust.

Call their pediatrician before going to the ER.

He might meet you there.

If you've built up trust with that doctor, then most likely no reports will be made.

Most ER doctors are trained to suspect abuse so do try very hard to get your child's regular doctor to take care of the problem.

However, do NOT wait until he/she can see you.

You take them to the ER right away because waiting even a few hours can be considered medical neglect.

Your first and only priority is getting your child's broken bone taken care of.

Be sure to keep a copy of all the records and ask for a report before leaving, along with a copy of the x-ray and any reports from the radiologist. Do not ever let fear override common sense.

If your child needs medical attention, you don't delay it, not even for a short period of time as that can be considered medical neglect.

Another reason not to let them in your house is if it's not exactly clean on the day they come to visit.

They won't care if you've been in the bed with the flu for 3 days, if it's not clean

to THEIR STANDARDS, they will substantiate a claim and a messy home will be transformed into a filth-ridden home on their report. You can be the best housekeeper in the world but miss 2 days for any reason and they'll pounce on it.

In fact, that's one of their number one things that they allege on a parent. One family I lost their child because there was still crumbs on the table and floor after their snack.

Another one lost her child because he was sitting on the floor in front of the television set eating a snack.

They claimed she made him, eat off the floor.

It's always a good idea to take pictures of your home to prove the condition of it in case they make that allegation against you.

A good way to prove that it was taken on a specific day is to have a copy of that day's newspaper in every shot.

It's best to have a digital camera so that you can upload the pictures and then email them to the social worker that day.

Make sure the date stamp is correct on all of the pictures.

Make sure you send them to your attorney as well.

Living in such a paranoid state where corrupt Republican's force U.S. to live in such fear, has cost our children what?

James McLain

Longevity Is Their New Weapon

Yours is a life artificially lengthened
grass that was green, I struggle to remember.
The making of love, beneath the brown thistle,
new children pass by and they to learn to whistle.

More babies come, less poor babies die, is there anything
more or less, these teenage parent's should know?
Extended work hour's
for those whom exploit them and are known to grow richer.
your poverty only grows deeper, the greedy won't listen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Breaking Bad

She was large and tall but not obese.
So I stood before her face, as she convulsed.
The tremors came, as if in giving birth.
She would dip her head to find release upon the mast.

There are no sharp angle's to the circle of her eye's.
And deep in sleep, I sleep the sleep and breath released.
In the darkest corners of my sleep is when I came alive.
They whom wait for me to come and watch there's no surprise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Going Blind

There is no shortage of darkness here, either
one can see it or one doesn't.

One can feel the sun, the heat alone is misleading.

In this darkness where there is light, my fingers cling to the moon,
warm some where else, I am told in the center, a great black hole.

Star's beyond normal sight with out the help of a telescope
lay upon glass, thinly blaze with white frost.

As it is now drawn from the past, the future revealed to
the blind few, whom cut from the cloth that they feel.

Here there are no guns, through the telescope's great length
end to end, can be longer than my out stretched arm's.

Sight by the young is taken for granted, where as I mumble
the star spangled banner.

I could if I tried, climb up to out yonder to wonder if they
are all honest.

With nothing to gain, I have ventured to loose all that I
valued today.

Being touched in my brain,

before it shuts down endless the day's, thoughtful the night's
as the star's flicker on then go out.

James McLain

My Ex - Wife, Wet Brain And (Ard) Alcohol - Related Dementia

My ex - wife, her wet brain and (ARD) alcohol - related dementia as it relates to her most recent arrest, July 14 2016, for child neglect.

and more recent trip of September 1 2016, traveling to Taylor Correctional Institution, to pick up a sexual predator, to live in my old house along with her.

Alcohol-related dementia (ARD) is a form of dementia caused by long-term, excessive consumption of alcoholic beverages, resulting in neurological damage and impaired cognitive function.

Alcohol-related dementia is a broad term currently preferred among medical professionals.

Many experts use the terms alcohol (or alcoholic) dementia to describe a specific form of ARD, characterized by impaired executive function (planning, thinking, and judgment) .

Another form of ARD is known as wet brain (Wernicke-Korsakoff syndrome) , characterized by short term memory loss and thiamine (vitamin B1) deficiency.

ARD patients often have symptoms of both forms, i.e. impaired ability to plan, apathy, and memory loss. ARD may occur with other forms of dementia (mixed dementia) . The diagnosis of ARD is widely recognized but rarely applied, due to a lack of specific diagnostic criteria.

Alcohol-related dementia presents as a global deterioration in intellectual function with memory not being specifically affected, but it may occur with other forms of dementia, resulting in a wide range of symptoms.

Certain individuals with alcohol-related dementia present with damage to the frontal lobes of their brain causing (disinhibition) , loss of planning and executive functions, and a disregard for the consequences of their behavior.

Other types of alcohol-related dementia such as Korsakoff's Syndrome cause the

destruction of certain areas of the brain, where changes in memory, primarily a loss of short term memory, are the main symptoms. Most presentations of alcohol dementia are somewhere along the spectrum between a global dementia and Korsakoff's Psychosis, and may include symptoms of both.

Individuals affected by alcohol-related dementia may develop memory problems, language impairment, and an inability to perform complex motor tasks such as getting dressed.

Heavy alcohol abuse also damages the nerves in arms and legs, i.e. peripheral neuropathy, as well as the cerebellum that controls coordination thereby leading to the development of cerebellar ataxia.

These patients frequently have problems with sensation in their extremities and may demonstrate unsteadiness on their feet.

Alcohol-related dementia can produce a variety of psychiatric problems including psychosis (disconnection from reality) , depression, anxiety, and personality changes. Patients with alcoholic dementia often develop apathy, related to frontal lobe damage, that may mimic depression.[4] Alcoholics are more likely to become depressed than people who are not alcoholics, and it may be difficult to differentiate between depression and alcohol dementia.

Pathophysiology□

Alcohol has a direct effect on brain cells in the front part of the brain, resulting in poor judgment, difficulty making decisions, and lack of insight. Long-time alcohol abuse can often lead to poor nutrition problems causing parts of the brain to be damaged by vitamin deficiencies. These problems could also cause personality changes in some people.

Diagnosis□

The signs and symptoms of alcohol-related dementia are essentially the same as the symptoms present in other types of dementia, making alcohol-related dementia difficult to diagnose.

There are very few qualitative differences between alcohol dementia and Alzheimer's disease and it is therefore difficult to distinguish between the two. Some of these warning signs may include memory loss, difficulty performing familiar tasks, poor or impaired judgment and problems with language. However the biggest indicator is friends or family members reporting changes in personality.

A simple test for intellectual function, like the Folstein Mini-Mental Status Examination, is the minimum screen for dementia.

The test requires 15-20 minutes to administer and is available in mental health centers.

Diagnosing alcohol-related dementia can be difficult due to the wide range of symptoms and a lack of specific brain pathology.

The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM-IV) is a guide to aid doctors in diagnosing a range of psychiatric disorders, and may be helpful in diagnosing dementia.

Diagnostic criteria

The existence of alcohol-related dementia is widely acknowledged but not often used as a diagnosis, due to a lack of widely accepted, non-subjective diagnostic criteria; more research is needed.

Criteria for alcohol-induced persistent dementia in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM-IV) include the following:

A. The development of multiple cognitive deficits manifested by both:

Memory impairment (impaired ability to learn new information or to recall previously learned information)

One (or more) of the following cognitive disturbances:

a) Aphasia (language disturbance)

b) Apraxia (impaired ability to carry out motor activities despite intact motor function)

c) Agnosia (failure to recognize or identify objects despite intact sensory function)

d) Disturbance in executive functioning (i.e. planning, organizing, sequencing, abstracting)

B. The cognitive deficits in criteria A1 and A2 each cause significant impairment in social or occupational functioning and represent a significant decline from a previous level of functioning.

C. The deficits do not occur exclusively during the course of a delirium and persist beyond the usual duration of substance intoxication or withdrawal.

D. There is evidence from the history, physical examination, or laboratory findings that deficits are etiologically related to the persisting effects of substance

use (e.g. drug of abuse; medication) .

There are problems with DSM diagnostic criteria, however. Firstly, they are vague and subjective. Furthermore, the criteria for diagnosis of dementia were inspired by the clinical presentation of Alzheimer's disease and are poorly adapted to the diagnosis of other dementias. This has led to efforts to develop better diagnostic models.

Oslin (Int J Geriatr Psychiatry 1998) proposed alternative clinical diagnostic criteria which were validated.

The criteria include a clinical diagnosis of dementia at least 60 days after last exposure to alcohol, significant alcohol use (i.e. minimum 35 standard drinks/week for males and 28 for women) for more than 5 years, and significant alcohol use occurring within 3 years of the initial onset of cognitive deficits.

Oslin proposed the new and refined diagnostic criteria for Alcohol Related Dementia because he hoped that the redefined classification system would bring more awareness and clarity to the relationship between alcohol use and dementia.

Oslin's proposed classification of ARD:

Definite Alcohol Related Dementia

At the current time there are no acceptable criteria to definitively define Alcohol Related Dementia.

Probable Alcohol Related Dementia

A. The criteria for the clinical diagnosis of Probable Alcohol Related Dementia include the following:

A clinical diagnosis of dementia at least 60 days after the last exposure to alcohol.

Significant alcohol use as defined by a minimum average of 35 standard drinks per week for men (28 for women) for greater than a period of 5 years. The period of significant alcohol use must occur within 3 years of the initial onset of dementia.

B. The diagnosis of Alcohol Related Dementia is supported by the presence of any of the following

Alcohol related hepatic, pancreatic, gastrointestinal, cardiovascular, or renal disease i.e. other end-organ damage.

Ataxia or peripheral sensory polyneuropathy (not attributed to other causes) .

Beyond 60 days of abstinence, the cognitive impairment stabilizes or improves.

After 60 days of abstinence, any neuroimaging evidence of ventricular or sulcal dilatation improves.

Neuroimaging evidence of cerebellar atrophy, especially in the vermis.

C. The following clinical features cast doubt on the diagnosis of Alcohol Related Dementia

The presence of language impairment, especially dysnomia or anomia.

the presence of focal neurologic signs or symptoms (except ataxia or peripheral sensory polyneuropathy) .

Neuroimaging evidence for cortical or subcortical infarction, subdural hematoma, or other focal brain pathology.

Elevated Hachinski Ischemia Scale score.

D. Clinical features that are neither supportive nor cast doubt on the diagnosis of Alcohol Related Dementia included:

Neuroimaging evidence of cortical atrophy.

The presence of periventricular or deep white matter lesions on neuroimaging in the absence of focal infarct(s) .

The presence of the Apolipoprotein c4 allele.

Treatment□

If the symptoms of alcohol dementia are caught early enough, the effects may be reversed. The person must stop drinking and start on a healthy diet, replacing the lost vitamins, including, but not limited to, thiamine.

Recovery is more easily achievable for women than men, but in all cases it is necessary that they have the support of family and friends and abstain from alcohol.

Epidemiology□

The onset of alcohol dementia can occur as early as age thirty, although it is far more common that the dementia will reveal itself anywhere from age fifty to age seventy.

The onset and the severity of this type of dementia is directly correlated to the amount of alcohol that a person consumes over his or her lifetime.

Epidemiological studies show an association between long-term alcohol

intoxication and dementia.

Alcohol can damage the brain directly as a neurotoxin, or it can damage it indirectly by causing malnutrition, primarily a loss of thiamine (vitamin B1) . Alcohol abuse is common in older persons, and alcohol-related dementia is under-diagnosed.

While moderate alcohol consumption (up to four glasses of wine per week) has been shown to protect against dementia, higher rates of consumption increase the chances of getting it.

Notable sufferers□

According to her family, the socialite Leonore Lemmon spent the last few years of her life with alcohol dementia, before dying in 1989.

The Australian entertainer and 'King of Comedy' Graham Kennedy was suffering from alcohol-related dementia at time of his death in 2005.

James McLain

Florida Has Failed It's Foster Care Children

Each year, over 22,000 children enter Florida's foster care system.

The majority of these children have at least one chronic medical condition.

Florida's foster care children experience four times the emotional problems as their counter part's.

Florida's foster care children average three different placements, including my daughter and nearly half do not return to live with their biological parent's.

Florida's foster care children repeat a school grade twice as often as other students, like my daughter.

Florida's foster care children score fifteen to twenty percent, below other children on statewide tests.

Resulting in serious self-esteem issue's.

More than thirty seven percent of Florida's foster care youth drop out of high school, compared to sixteen percent of Florida's other children.

By the age of Eighteen,

sixty one percent of Florida's foster care children are without job experience, this is to guarantee that the black foster care children are sent to Florida's prison's.

Within 18 months of aging out of the system, up to 50% of Florida's foster care youth become homeless.

Having been taken away from her mother four times and currently still is my daughter was never allowed to live with her father.

While she travelled to Taylor Correctional Institution, one of seventy prison's in Florida,

to pick up a sexual predator and move him into what was once my home, just last week.

She refers to our daughter as a young healthy woman, whom turned thirteen year's of age, just last April.

James McLain

Insanity Done One Hundred Different Ways

Dry pumping,
empty wells leaves dirty hands.

Across the open land.

If nothing ventured is held back,
the end is just the same.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Child That's Filled With Naught But Light

Her soul has been shaken long before she knew she had a soul.
and if by those familiar finger's,
of a stranger's hand that clawed to deep within her hole.

It was now that I realized that her inner being,
would not be able to survive more atrocious act's by they or them.
She stank of fear, fear that's raw, like the stink inside a cell
that's dark and filled with false harsh light.

The horrors that they made, to make their job's, of watching
human-made, these men of hate, their job's create.
If I could I would, I'd sink right through the crack of dawn
back into night of useless hope.

From early childhood memories came the trauma and from their
hidden secrets came more floods, of just the same.
The earlier I went back in life, the deeper that I fell.

Inside each child a broken soul, that has to fend for by itself.
Shaken, cracked and without help, stomped on left by them unstable.
The resulting symptomatology,
can be varied but most likely includes, U.S... I.
Layered like an onion is trauma stacked on top of abuse
and more their trauma.

Therapy as an act of kindness cannot talk of course.
My experience is that she needs to hide it permanently,
sometimes these lost souls simply do not unfold,
not unlike flower buds which, due to environmental conditions,
do not blossom they just shrivel even more.

Traumatic paths are lost and to empathize one feels.
A shaken soul can tell her story and experience the power of finally having a
witness to hear her tell her story,
one with the sound that crystal makes, that is her soul.

A calm soul with healing power, is what she needs to be around.
Shaken from the depths and like the flower that needs light.
A flower made from night that always opens to the sun.

James McLain

Dead Or Lost, A Crazy Women Alone In A House

Everything now is so sad,
one crazy women alone in the house.
A house without windows or doors,
a house made of stone filled with bars.

Hidden there, still is lost love in the walls,
once covered in mold, breathing now.
The rose garden that I once planted has died,
steamy, moist, hot and wet,
I have said that it died, are you deaf?

I chased a dream, you chased your fluid eyes blurred,
now sad are your dreams and lost on a swing.
Others, too many to count, have split the rails,
broken windows, sheets for drapes, she cannot hide
from the stench, all the pain still alive.
Now all is lost to this woman alone, who won't die.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Religion And God, As I See It

Before your last death
and up until you were again born
time went by
instantaneously in the blink
of an eye.

And so
again when you die
bounced across to the very far side
you will bounce back
once again and again until you are
born again and must die
some where else to be born once again
from a singular light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Jealousy

When
one think's
one
has certain
rights
that one doesn't.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Writing Deteriorate 's Due To Age And Not Knowing When To Quit

When one cannot convey
their inference
of knowledge through one's
writing.
One grows sad.

When one think's that what
one writes is superior,
when in fact it is not, how
does one know?

Few poet's are without ego,
and some are as big
and as heavy, as the life that
one think's one has had.

Most poet's,
suffer from some type of mental illness.
Go back and read the biography of some
of the great one's.
Hence is one willing to confront,
their own mental illness to be considered
a great one?

Those whom are untreated,
can not really grasp the significance
that this has on their writing.
So thankfully, here where it is that I live,
the trash is picked up twice a week.

James McLain

Pumping It Squeeze Release

Blood red pumping heart, I'd feel it beat,
a sigh has escaped,
soft lip's, sweet breath a treasure spent,
pumping it squeeze release..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unless Tomorrow's Proved, I'd Seek Again

Should you change your mind and be my love,
and be tomorrow proved,
unless you'll be with me another day.

Love me yet again inside your arm's,
fleeting pleasure's, pain, I sought from
you, I'd seek again.

A winding water way and river's move,
as water's moved, touched it's silky bank.
Valleys low or high twin mountain peaks.

Verse that's always blank, but doesn't rhyme,
if read aloud, it almost never sounds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Don't Care

Hidden within her hand is his golden ticket,
immortal time stands still.
Going away, far, far away and she don't care.

Living life, I found love and she don't care,
she made life crazy,
upside down, she don't care, she don't care.

Horse's he can't ride, today I'm in love,
and she don't care.
She only knows what he can't know and
she don't care.

Crazy love burning up like a well kept tree,
the flames of love burns,
me the most and she can't seem to care.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Because Of It, I Have Gone To Far Off

They don't believe me, not even after you have told them.
While here in our country there are no quick getaways,
one here now wishes there was.

The letters in each book are even now, but mud upon their face.
Where as the truth of an answer when plainly heard, the questions
other's wouldn't ask, never late to early are.

Just as smokeless powder starts a fire without smoke are not
the drop's of rain better used to quench your own thirst?

Verily a small heart when filled with fear and looks for a home
that is safe,
is punished again so the help that she sought, would never by her,
be sought from them, by her again.

You were baptized at a very young age in the Weeki Wachee river
by the hand of her father to keep her safe from the grave.
Though that shadow that was cast by another, that was not yours,
wouldn't lay you low as some would do, such as evil would do today.

Because of it, I have gone to far off, thus creating,
for you, only half of the confusion
that you now shouldn't have to experience, every day.

James McLain

Lost In My Sand Box

Never mature enough to have children
she shouldn't and I supposed her to many to have.
I watched life go by, through her eye's.
Having to watch the young and the restless each day,
so I could watch dark shadows.

On the television at night, I saw how men died,
the pain on their face, I couldn't bear.
These were times of hopelessness, times of fear like today,
life for for a first born was brutal
' look ' from a traumatized childhood I came.

There was no such thing's as ethics with
morality out of control.
Bondage that knew no control out side looking in at what came first?
Falling from the sky most went black.
With her being the master over that part of his flesh.
Wrinkled lip's that grew full in old age.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Before The Big Bang

But that I knew that were all twisted
in knots, are small mind's.
Smaller than the smallest grain of sand.
All that has been, all that will be
uncontestably small, one singularity.
A loop like a ribbon or bow or
back and forth like a ping pong ball.
Moving from each now to the next before time.
A measurement unmeasurable is but what you
can observe unable to change what has passed.
Such is it's weight, such is it's mass
tearing space, dropping right through.
Into new space completely void of light.
Unutterably, without heat, and no love
and no hate, nothing to see without sight.
Now your somewhere else, once short if your tall
black and white, without color no day.
Before you were born it went by in a flash
and after your gone, comes someone else,
and the millions of you
trying to hang on, pops each new bubble that comes.

James McLain

The Tide Has Turned

The tide has turned and water runs up hill.
Shadows hide from me, yea life stands still.
Facing each, I've had to face them all.
Nothing's done and morning's past, I cannot come.

Alarmed by me, their tone of voice is harsh.
Stubborn I have been no saving grace.
A whippoorwill that call's is never lost.
Can't you see that nature's never what you've seen?

While a rose that opened wide drew forth a smile.
Listen to the waves that splash upon the rocks.
In love with death that danced around but needs no space.
One brought forth at dawn and lined up straight it
passed right through and hit square flush, upon the wall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On The Abuse Of Our Child

You have felt the need to hurt her, because I was not there.
To drunk to save yourself or to amount to anything or be of use to anyone.... I
can't imagine, how or why you are still here....
The underlying symptoms of severe, untreated mental illness.
This makes the third time that she's been removed from her home.
Your arraignment for neglect this time,
is the second of August, two thousand sixteen, at nine a.m...

.....

Case Number Filed Date County Case Type Status

512016CF004610A000WS

[CRC1604610CFAWS] 07/13/2016 PASCOE Felony 22-DCASE

OPEN

Charge Seq # Description Date Phase

CRC1604610CFAWS CHILD NEGLECT, NO/MINOR INJURY 07/13/2016 Charged

Party Name Party Type Attorney Bar ID

HANDSEL, MARY M JUDGE

SHAW, RYAN PUBLIC DEFENDER

COOK, KAREN JOLENE DEFENDANT

Dockets

Page: 1

Image Document # Action Date Description Pages

07/14/2016 NOTICE OF DISCOVERY

07/14/2016 WRITTEN PLEA NOT GUILTY

07/14/2016 PUBLIC DEFENDER APPOINTED

07/14/2016 NO DRIVING WITH CHILD

07/14/2016 FOLLOW DP CASE REQUIREMENTS

07/14/2016 NO CONTACT WITH VICTIM

07/14/2016BOND REDUCED TO: 002500 01□

07/14/2016ORDER PROBABLE CAUSE FOUND□

07/14/2016ORDER OF COMMITMENT□

07/14/2016COMPLAINT AND ADVISORY CHILD NEGLECT CCPD□

Court Events

Sentences

Financial Summary

Judge

Mary M. Handsel

1st Floor,

7530 Little Road

New Port Richey, FL 34654

(727) 847-8922

Circuit

Criminal

3Mary M. Handsel

1st Floor,

7530 Little Road

New Port Richey, FL 34654

(727) 847-8922

Circuit

Criminal

3

James McLain

One Does Not Need Gun's To Kill U.S.

Capitalism

only needs a corrupt judicial system.

When there are only the poor
to sustain them.

Their convoluted laws are written in such clever

Way's so

that novice attorneys cannot understand them.

When extortion is made legal

to such an extent that people are kept locked up

until through another's loud desperation

they are forced to plead guilty to a charge

that so many have no knowledge of.

Being blind

to the blight of the soul full of weed's.

Is it a good day for you who ignore them
each day

is a dog day when you

the delusional

ignore what is wrong all around them.

James McLain

When Does A Good Cop Become A Bad Cop

One has to remember
that a good cop that keeps quite about bad cop's
is not a good cop as cop's
can discern
cop's that are bad when around them... ??..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

May Be They Should Get Another Job

There's nothing brave about killing
unarmed civilians.

Unless your a Baptist closet racist.
Get a real job teaching U.S. children
to respect different people and the
different ways that Americans,
live their lives.

Using robot's to take American lives.

As unto them that you do, so unto you
by them, will they thus do.

Let's not be ignorant stupid!

Though stupid is as stupid does unless
you can get someone else to do your killing.

The rich have and you'll stay poor and
honest American's have nothing to loose.

Now remember

most of U.S. won't much longer take being abused by them
unless they can make you a terrorist.

Who's blowing up who now with a one pound bomb.

James McLain

Soon They Must Kill U.S. To

Soon they must kill U.S.
as well.

The rich and powerful
can only stay in power by
killing and arresting the poor.

Those unjustly
convicted of felonies are not
allowed to vote.
Do you have sufficient intelligence
to see the truth.

Kept in slavery for three hundred
year's, Jim Crow for another
hundred year's
and kept in poverty for the next.

Soon they must kill U.S. as well.
Because I live in poverty
on less
than ten thousand dollars a year.
I am defenseless.
Not being allowed to own a gun,
I'm sure I will.

As the rich and powerful
watch it live on their big flat screen t.v.
Don't you all agree?

James McLain

Came Rain I Smelled The Ground

Came rain I smelled the ground
and nothing made a sound.

All dressed in white, Magnolia's plight
floats down and fills the air.

One hears a cricket chirp it's warm and dry
behind it's flower pot.

While no one comes to meet and mend the fence
that time's forgot.

They're is no reason why I wake at dawn
other than to sink back into sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Is This Rest In Peace Stuff

How do you place the human condition
above that of a fish or a dog?

Nothing's is ever more dead than the
smell of death it's self.

In the beginning men ate men and preferred
them over rodents and fruit.

Men were very dumb, while the big animals
required brain's to kill.

Death is death even now when you remain quiet
and they use robot's to kill U.S. here.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On Becoming Discouraged

I never knew that so many people here
lived in such a perfect world.

Refusing to write about our more
serious issues.

Issues of life and issues of death.

Issues, Domestic and Foreign.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Current U.S. Crisis, Our Warrior Police Culture

The threat against the population base is rooted in the perception of law enforcement's survival. When their need of safety is placed above yours.

Thusly, police officers are engaged in a constant battle with U.S., against U.S. When American's all, are perceived as criminal elements.

Body armor, automatic weapon's, remotely controlled deadly devices, drawn to such violence begin's when we began as a child. Allowing those with irreparably damaged psychology's to use their positions to cause U.S. more harm as would that of a serial killer.

Hence this attracts a particular type of psychological impaired candidate, and Police training at most if not all Academy's, further entrenches this.

Perhaps some of these young law enforcement officer's are just to young and without sufficient experience to be given such responsibility and some of the older one's have become to insensitive and snuff out each life as being worthless.

While in private and where no one can hear, amongst them selves they say of U.S. good riddance.

With Thousands of jail's and prison's that it's nothing personal it's just for some good business.

Wasn't it not unlike our childhood game of cowboy and indian's? Espousing sentiments of love, won't wash all these sins away!

James McLain

Murdering American Citizens And Law Enforcement Officer's

Being killed by police
in open view with no fear of their actions
being caught on camera.

The anger of our citizens, when being told
to not believe what they have seen on
these everywhere cameras.

While if American Citizens are caught on camera
or video
they are quite easily convicted of what ever they
are charged with.

As I have espoused in the past in respect
to what more of these violent acts, America
can expect.

People, human beings don't like to be abused and
killed, no matter who it is that you are.
As with killer disease's, one is not immune from the other.

James McLain

Like A Glove You Fit Me

Bring me a glove, that fits me.
While each one of my fingers
brings you
closer to me, as I fill it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Haiku Of Nature

Nature is not what
You see, but seeing
What nature really is

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Suicide Bomber Prevention In The Middle East

The easiest solution is,
to dress everyone in western clothes.
Identifying these bombers from afar.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mechanism Of The Human Condition

Why be displeased, so inward we search for.
Outside judging other's, we can longer ignore.
Draped from head to toe and hidden from view
potentially hiding, concealed weapons.
The west has more than they need, Barbie doll's.
Uncompromising, ignorant of each other, the west
has cast over head,
searching you out the flying dragons rain fire.
Without a voice they are not heard but we see them.
Asking why, no answers offered, they just make more.
Beaton on the soles of the feet just to illicit an
allocution, where nothing's there.
So I confessed to what they wanted to hear, in the
hope that by them, I would be left alone.
Starving feeding me pork after telling me it was beef.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Rod Is Bent

My rod
is bent from the weight
of the fish.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If Jesus Were Alive He Would Have Worn A Pink Swastika

This Jesus thing
anti-gay
Arizona's Sheriff
Joseph Michael 'Joe' Arpaio
makes them wear
the discrimination you see.

Ignorant Florida's
we still live in fear of
jeb Bush laws.

Sex offenders
that live beneath
bridges.
And if they won't
are sent back to prison.

Because of this thinking
ISIS
is tied to U.S.
now
and the west they now hate.

And knowing this
you still won't change
and because of this
they aren't going to stop
killing U.S.

While they use
ISIS
to drive U.S.
back to
living in caves
treating each other
like Hitler did.

And who could have
thunk that
hearing about some crime
five minutes from now
made it more dangerous
than not hearing of such
thing's that are driven
by your fear
and in reality are
un news worthy now that your
Judge Judy say's.

It takes decades
to educate all our children
and mere minutes to sign laws
that send us back to the
stone age.

Where in the dark we must fear
everyone
that moves in and out
all around U.S.

James McLain

One American Material Girl

Each unknown man at a time passes by.
Squeezing each tail until his eye's
pop out, such are rat's.
More ship's have been pulled and sunk
by it, so he Cry's.
Across her breasts rest more Pearl's
than can comfortably,
in the sunshine be worn, see how they glisten.
For the men it was the hardest time of their lives.
Filling one gallon jugs with it, her hugs
grew tighter still.
And still they brought her more material thing's
she would lock up in her safe.
Snug and warm she never breathes, except to
urge him on, but not until after.
Before she engages him in conversation she takes
the measure of it and whispers as to weather or not
he is allowed in or out.
She keeps his appearance well hidden, it being key
to how you have read it.
The American Material Girl, leaves you guessing as to
just what, it could be.
Pulling on it,
is hardly self explanatory nor a contradiction
as she pays off her mortgage with one last
hug and squeeze.

James McLain

She Is Afraid He Is Tired

Wherever you were
he was there
and now you're afraid
he is tired.

His heart that beat true
through the
passage of time
is
the history he made
When you smiled.

Clear cool nights, yes
these both loved
the light from the moon
how it shined.

Face to face
deep inside of the sun
his shadow there left
now forever, he is left
without love.

and God's love lass and yes,
now he's tired.

James McLain

The Bubbles Of Life Are Green

Even we do, come and go.
Growing number's whom come uninvited.
They grow up around U.S.
as we did, when we did and now with
our children.
Green is universal, for healthy growth
surely by now,
in your dream's before death, you
have seen them.
They these bubble's we've seen, come and go
and have many colors.
The hue's of a rainbow that trail off to
either side,
and hence represent the worth of your soul
and the measure
of good that you represented in life, young
or old.
As your mind grew
in the deep of the night when you were asleep
it was then that you knew when awake.
As with all that has lived and thus when we die
each mind that gives thought,
and spins out and around and as With sound, rest's
with the owner, you then are found.

James McLain

The Sun On My Flesh Makes Me Swell

Naked in the heat,
asleep
in the sun except for here and there.
Walking by where I lay
perfumes waft down across my face,
quietly talking
I think the two think that I am but I'm not.
Even dipped into cold ice it's too late.
The infinite eight my mind's races around
coming back to the end of her smile.
Rare are the day's
like to day as the white moon
sits high in the sky it is true it is blue.
My eye is as pale as the white on her milky face.
Touching when touched, heart of hearts, so I touch.
The fallout is more never less when if she is afraid
to be touched as she wished.
Looking down.
Eye's lifting up just in time
to see the large wave wash ashore and swell up right
there and feel it stop and splash up.
Tasting the salt and wind blown white foam on her face.

James McLain

Venezuela

Inflation,
looting worthless paper.
The price of oil plummets.
Importing so much food.
No toilet paper, water splashed.
Never learned to grow, large gardens.
Interviewed this gardener said.
Now there's so much crime.
Mismanaged oil fund's.
Then Hugo Chavez, always waived.
Misshapened head's, are you aware?

James McLain



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Yellow Lizard Blue's

One, Two, Three, Four
Yellow
Lizard Blue's

Is it not exotic
what I'm
writing
here to you

That when
and
if you stop it

I will
have to say
it's blue

And
if they hear
you cry

I
will have
to say
it's true

And
they may
never
let me

Write to
you again

But
if I let you
stay



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And you
are looking
out
my window

Do you see
that
lizard over there

On that tree
and what
it's
doing

James McLain

The Sight Of What You Feel, It Sould Be Grippped

I have been redeemed by all of you and being the leastmost amongst you, have reminded you to travel deeply there into. Past the edge of the tree's, there where it's dark, until that certain light that shines on you returns.

The leaves on the bushes here are Stark, crimson with hue's of Violet, purple and pink a rose, up unto in where, one vine upon the ground to her is known, it is large every sound from twin lips murmur, warm, moist and soft, in breath, my dear.

It is only then that, a snake comes out when the sun settles down, around the crown of the tallest of tree's.

This is where a cold fire burn's, wafting out into the deeper crack's as the column of smoke disappears.

Such as that as a shadow draws, moving up and into the mouth of the clear stream, there where the forest melt, two strangers meet, between the bush filled Hill's, high up above where two lover's came to meet.

Here where two single paths that meet a past not seen.
Here where you belong ahead two meet and dream.
Here where other's come from over head, they pass the watch.
Here where dream's not being seen, have come to pass.
Here where two came to be as one, two dream's to be realized.

James McLain

Northrop Grumman, Today On T.V.

We can eliminate all our
enemies,
foreign and domestic
with the
single push of a button.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fascism And The American Watch List That You Are Now On

Obviously America has the technology to read mind's!
Sex offender list's,
some state's put people on them that have nothing to do with sex!

The stigma of mental illness and the release of their private information to other American agencies.
As a rule, people with mental illness are more intelligent than the rest of the people.

And won't self report and allow themselves to be abused and or killed by the rest... or will you..?

Why don't they share this technology with U.S.

My people,

my brother's and sister's, don't you know by now why disgruntled other's, want to kill U.S.

America, has successfully exploited the middle East, now America has no further need of them.

It's mostly U.S.

on their no fly list's or in their sight's
to be placed on some new list that they are even now proposing.

Is it prophesy that in the not to distant past that our American actor's and director's have tried to bring your attention to this?

And still do!

As long as these severely disturbed individuals continue to be ignored,
so long as their why's, are left unaddressed or are killed out right by law enforcement we cannot ever,
find out why, our American brother's and sister's wish to kill each other the way that they do now.

Without readdress in the court's for the poor,
without readdress as to why,

Mother's and Father's have their children placed in jail's and Prison's.

One of the main reason's they wish to kill U.S.
over there is that,

American drones and American troops have bombed and killed

their wives and children with impunity.

Destroyed their homes...

Please be reasonable when I would ask of you....

What would you do if this were being done unto you.

Gun's don't kill people, people kill people, for real or imagined reason's.

Some write and sing for love and long lasting peace.

What in your God's name, is wrong with the rest of U.S.

Remember if they think you are dangerous

and have done nothing outwardly wrong and you are placed on their Schindler's list.

They are saying they can read all of our mind's.

James McLain

Blackmail And Extortion

No one knows what you know,
and how, I came to know it.
You have what they want,
and you
think they'll never get it.
Knowing
what I know and should
I turn you in?
The thing's,
I've kept inside me
and all the pain it's caused.
They will make you pay, it's
what they do, they like it.
You never changed your password
it's come back to haunt me.
Your forte was not, sound reason
and how, now should I use it?
The landscape,
it has changed they daily issue
threats.
Even though you're weary, and even
though I'm tired.
They will keep on coming until
they have it all.

James McLain

People I'll Disposed

What if the world had a real threat
to rally behind?
Not some man made decease that they
have had the cure for!
The collar of oppression, working dawn
to dusk, to survive.
Being to tired to know what's going on.
What of dream's?
If when you sleep that there's nothing
but white static in your head.
Genetically modified foods
you know it's bad when the rabbit's
won't eat the lettuce.
And the bird's won't eat the bread!
While one hate's everyone and the other
wants control of all you see.
Most blind from birth
know there's a rainbow over head when
it rain's and why it's there.
And what it represents and why some care.
Above and far away they've seen it all.
Far down within,
inside the center it can move from here
to there
a quantum flux and much faster than the
speed of light.
If you turn away and never look.
It changed all.
Predicting what is bad inside each head
we turn away.
Then someone replaced the fuel, the tank
and filter, for someone good.

James McLain

When I Had Left So Many Years

I have fears about the world it's mental state.
Of what I know and knowing, what I don't.
Grown so high like wheat before it's mown.
What I've read, it's stacked upon my head.
Silver light shines in and on my face.
Having lived and died so many time's before.
Around the bud of love it never opened more.
A common begger, begged that died beyond our reach.
Could I colour blue and draw upon each wave.
Water's soft and true that washed my hands and more.
Held at bay the shadows stay where shadows standing stay.
Having had so many year's and year's, I have no more
to give, the rest they gave away.

James McLain



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Security Expert's And Terrorism

Instead of addressing the underlying issue's
America
faces with Americans
wanting to kill each other.
Military equipment used on our citizens causing
More damage to U.S.
Using the camera on your wide screen t.v.
to watch
what you do in your own living room.
The terrorist will just stop using cell phone's
or lap tops and revert back to pen and paper.
Drones armed with photo facial software recognition
aimed at specific targets.
Politicians and law enforcement know that they are
safe and the terrorist will go after U.S.
Reality state's that you and I are not safe from them.
I fear that as we try to educate each other about
all of this
that we may be visited by those we don't trust.
All those unfortunate human beings killed in Orlando
had their I.d.
in their pockets when they were so tragically killed.
From the start, law enforcement knew who they all were.
Using the next of kin policy's of not releasing who
they were,
as so many were abandoned by their families because
they were gay
and the loss of life being so grave.
One of our political parties in spite of what they say
is against the life style that they live.
We know what party that is, don't we?

James McLain

When No One's Around Their Still Looking

There will come a time when those
awaiting birth
will be able to choose their birth parents.
The difference between love and rutting.
Nine months for some is forever.
You look at your neighbors walking by and wonder.
They still don't have any children
you have five.
You let them raise themselves, they have a plan.
You order take out ten times a week.
They have a small garden, what they grow the two like.
Your everyone's,
have to have a cell phone at three hundred dollars a month.
They use metro and found two for the price of one.
Giving much thought to nothing, their everyone is
thoughtfully thought of.
You will never have more than you have now, they don't
need more than they have.
Yours are always yelling and fighting, their content always
living in quiet.
Giving great weight to a plan.
Would that you could all again, trapped in a world that's
insane.
No normal man proven normal and sane, would travel back
in time knowing the outcome is the same.
Up there looking down,
making good on it's choice is an unborn a child
that came with a plan.
What you have done you know that it's wrong doing it
again and again.

James McLain

There Are Thousands Of Rectalectomies, Done Every Year In Florida Prison's

And no one to help them.
Their help consists of
putting them in solitary confinement.
Where they are gassed
when they pepper spray some other
mentally ill Prisoner.
I think it's time you learned more.
After all,
for so many here this will be the new
home for your disfunctional children.
Want to know more?

James McLain



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There Are Over One Hundred Fifty Thousand Florida Prisoners

Does this number boggle your mind?
If not,
there is obviously something wrong with you.
Having practically no access to medical treatment!
I gauge that
by the number of human beings
that die each year from preventable deaths.
We the citizens of Florida,
hear nothing in the newspapers or news about them.
Yet we are bombarded by tv. commercials,
about what you can do to save a pet that will be
put to death,
or help some small child get safe drinking water.
You would no more
trust them with your own child,
so why would you trust them with someone else's?
Monday through Thursday
you can see the state road yellow, D.O.T. truck
filled mostly with black inmate worker's
working on the side
of Florida's roads, where in my youth I once did.
Black inmate's as a rule don't runaway.
Those with redneck mentalities call it escape.
Obviously these men,
can be trusted to work in our communities, but once
one does runaway, he is then considered armed
and dangerous, when
if one can be initially trusted to work in our communities
why is he locked up all?

James McLain

Say No To Giving Up Our Civil Liberties

Say no to giving up our Civil Liberties,
it only
makes it easier for our own to kill U.S.
What happened
to taking the fight to them, somewhere else?
They can
make it to where if you leave your home,
they can, kill U.S.
They need the Doctors and engineers, without
oversight,
they can and they will continue to kill U.S.
We as Americans,
can learn the zig, zag rule such as we did,
in world war two.
Not to become known as an American concentration camp!
On the old type writers our grandmother's
typed,
now is the time for all good men to come to
the aid of our country.
Even now as I watch our Florida Governor issue threats,
aimed at Florida citizens
he is incapable of realizing that, someone who commits
such a terrible act
has no problem committing suicide after it's over.
Leaves more than a few scratching their head's.

James McLain

How Many Of The L.G.B. Were Killed By Law Enforcement

I'm not a Pious man, no I am not!
Like all of those that are corrupt.
On my way going home at night in Orlando
a clearing by the Wood's past midnight
without tree's, bearing witness to
what is no accident as to what will occur.

What is left for those left alive?
The Republican attitude towards - gay's
and homosexuals was and still is apparent.
The Florida Republican Governor
said afterwards to pray for the victims
in what is now going forward is
now tragically and sadly, typically laughable.

Many were killed because of law enforcement's
rush to breach wall's and to use flash
and stun grenades.
Exchanging fire with the alleged gunman in total
darkness
with victims being shot it will be found out by
law enforcement and covered up.

Lives could have been saved if law enforcement
would have waited
to make sure that their return fire did not strike
those gay's whom were being fired on behind him.

You know the positions that the Republican's
hold on gay's,
abortion as well as gay marriage and transgender
restrooms.
Building private prisons that they hold stock in.
That Muslims from another country are all terrorist
waiting to kill U.S.
And if you have been wronged by this our corrupted
government

you are a walking time bomb
in need of twenty four hour surveillance.

No one's going to give up their Gun's,
unless law enforcement does and even if you were
willing, you can betcha they aren't.

To many,

F4 rejected from the military are using, H.I.P.A.
to become law enforcement officer's,
just for the thrill and excitement and the killing.

James McLain

Could It Be Otherwise

Star struck Fan's,
giving them what they want
if they can't touch you.
The younger they are
the softer their heart's.

The mature woman knows
what she wants and how.
Treating
each encounter as would
an athlete.

Taking the bull by the horns
pulling it close
to her face, until she See's
the White's of it's eye's.

Some of U.S.
long for the quaint little house
with a green little fence
not white.

I can only imagine how, getting
stuck in a rut
knowing the moon's in the sky.

Swelling inside, eye's growing wide
drifting quietly away,
drifting on out to the sea.

James McLain

Lonely I Am To

Could you please, if now and when
you think of me, tell me what to do?

I am if like one of you
I am lonely to.

No one cares, about me.
After it's all said and done.
I still will be alone.

Even when I,
go out and take a break
from what I do.

Even when people walk around me.
I'm still alone, none see me.
Standing here amongst them all alone.
The flower all alone.

Thinking of you, and only of you,
leaves me only more alone.
You have left me here and I still suffer pain.
There are no high road's, left to take.

There are no open book's for me,
all closed from which to chose.
Could someone out there, come and give me a hug.

Pull me up from that dark place,
back into this your world some place?
And then what is my role in this story, to play?
If everything I have done, was so wrong?

Now I have no light from which to see.
Now having no one but you, to think about.
Now not having you, I don't know what else to do.
Now where ever I go, all I can think of is you.

James McLain

The Stupid Are Clever And Wise

The stupid are clever and wise!
How else could they be there, if the people weren't?
By giving children, the key's to someone
else's house?

The stupid are clever and wise!
They ignore their sound judgment and cling to
the other's who aren't.

Stupid is, as Stupid does, unless you're corrupt
and steal from the public, that's U.S.
Where can they go?
How will we live?
When they are finished with U.S.

James McLain



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You Disgust Me

You, Disgust Me!
You can't stand to see
someone do good.
You won't put in the
time or
hard work to succeed.
You, Disgust Me!
Your children Disgust
me,
they should have been
removed,
as they are but a sad
reflection of you.
You, Disgust Me!
If the world were the
size of your ego,
there would be no earth
upon which to live.
You, Disgust Me!
The gap's
are too wide between
each mental leap that I am
forced to make.
Please don't waste any
more time
on what you should do,
because
You Disgust Me!

James McLain

Hot Wood

Hot wood,
filled with moisture
can be bent
to the needs of
the people.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Skipping A Heart Beat

My beating heart pounds,
to the rhythm and rhyme of your pulse.
On it you sit, what ever it is,
mute to the sound of his voice.
Tops when they spin, beauty moves her,
laughing as time slips away.
Oceans brave true, blue as you move,
eye's for no other but you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Processing People For Food

You knew it was going to come down to this.
Processing People
you knew for food to feed your needs.

Children you knew, mixed with your parents.
Here where bacon and beef
go to those politicians whom claim that you
put them in office.

Northern missionaries, that work tirelessly to
feed those southern lofty mouths.
Wet microbursts of moisture, dehydrated flesh
flash frozen, for other's
there is yogurt,
though without milk there remains a certain question?

Pretty girls grown dumb, have procreated to feed you.
You will eat the smart ones,
without question the need to live outweighs
those moral questions, unpronounceable lost in time
some few short decades past.

We pay homage to those same corrupt politicians
who we now pay,
to watch them eat what others never will.
Paying to watch them eat
a bacon, lettuce and tomatoe sandwich with large
dollups of mayonnaise.

Living each day, from dawn to dusk,
giving no thought as to how you came to be
on the menu, the preceding day.

Don't fall in love with me, I might not
be able to satisfy your few basic needs.
I can sense that certain fatal attraction.

James McLain

The Culture Of Rape In America

In court nothing's left out.
Being second guessed by the ignorant public
to many Judge's now are.

The true brutality of forced sex is
a crime of violence, that many armies
have done including our own.
Even by our own women over there!

Perpetrated sex
done for no other reason than to cause
harm to the vulnerable person the victim.
Should be punished how?

What should the penalty be for those whom
bring forth false accusations and destroy the life
of those who were innocent.

To gain custody of the more vulnerable children
and of the assets
after leaving the unfortunate husband who suffered
a mental breakdown
to fend for himself when he because of that can't?

Unringing these Bell's,
you never can and never are and without any
facts the public almost always will.

Unfortunately sometimes what we don't
see, Judges do.
If a drunk driver hits a drunk person
on a sidewalk,
would the drunk person on the sidewalk
be on that sidewalk
if they had not been drinking at all?

On nearly every COP show the threat by
the COPS,

to the one being questioned, is what they will guaranteed endure in respect to being raped if they are sent to any prison in the U.S.

You might not like the defendant or the victim either.

You might not like the Judge nor the Twinkie defence or fudge and snow covered Finger's.

Public opinion should never be allowed inside of the court room.

When what comes out of their mouths has nothing to do with sound reason.

This is a subject many have an opinion on, and your opinion on this of you I would ask?

James McLain

Everybody's Alone With Me

I could not
do what they wanted me do
because!

I have been observed standing
on my second story deck
alone late at night pissing down below
to remind the dog's that I
live here as well.

Of course she snored, I left my scent
on there as well.
Wine can do that to people but not to me
can't stand
the stuff, though I make it pretty well.

Some of you call it a poke.
I think it's just a small brown leather sack,
with a few coins tossed into it.

Even now,
it's about what you are doing, thinking of
even if I'm not.
Though flesh covers flesh
and a few other's here would cut me down,
in the prime of my life.

There really are pink shell fish
and oysters.
I eat one raw, the other I fry.
Alone while she's asleep.

James McLain

Three Finger's Wide And A Foot Deep

Three fingers wide and about a foot deep.
I feed the small stove below my kitchen sink.
She needs, absolute control, it responds to
her daily trip's, her O.C.D.
Not leaving your bed for short month's,
and eventually long year's,
is the worst kind of, Depression, what of Latuda.
Risperdol can make men grow breasts, that need to
be trained and Seroquel will make you gain back
all your lost weight.
Low self-esteem makes the depression even worse.
Have you ever thought that, that someone special loved
you that didn't, it's a sure bet that you are
suffering from schizophrenia and a severe mood disorder.
With perhaps a predilection towards pain filled
rough sex and stalking.
Bulimia and anorexia are subtle silent killer's
I've tried to ask Karen about some of that.
She's not talking.
The troubled home life, can produce those sad
young faces, that in time only fade.
Suicide and hidden cutter's, that if they live
are scarred for life.
While America about this moves two steps back
and another three steps backwards.

James McLain

Naive Like Me

I think that I would rather live in a world
where I can leave my door unlocked.
Not in a third world tragedy.
A lock uncomplicated, where a butter knife's
the key.
Left beneath the welcome mat or the flower pot.
Where if I chose to walk to school, I'd never
be kidnapped.
The world today is too complicated, I've forgotten
my passwords to my websites.
Where the only reason that you don't have to check
that box is because half of U.S. are convicted felons.
Will every one
give up their guns if law enforcement won't?
Cloned a person's not, it seems because they
can't duplicate
the life they led, or the lack of trauma done.
There's no one we can trust to bring U.S.
back to where we trusted were.
Our kid's who cannot speak or write like this.
Their common bond to me and you is their severe
dysfunctionality.
Confusion more becomes when you can't make sense
of the advertisements now shown on t.v.
Are the old now dead the lucky one's that left
their front door's open?

James McLain

Airing Dirty Laundry

Who are you?
Why do you act in darkness?
By knowing who you are,
I could stay away from you!
I can only say,
that if I knew who you were.
I might lose some sleep over you.
But I don't.
So if you truly dislike me,
tell me who you are.
So we can, not unlike him, build a wall
between U.S.
This is for those whom hate the world,
but not themselves.

Dislikes' received for comment(s) [214](#)

Dislikes' received for poem(s) and/or poet page [51](#)

James McLain



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Trump Has Opened Both My Eye's

Trump has opened both my eye's
to my impatience,
to my own fear's that I might
be a racist.
To the psychology of using fear
it's self,
to manipulate the fear's of those
whom are ignorant.
Of the power of fear and needing
attorneys,
to express those fear's, so you
won't be arrested.
The fear that some might be able
to do it better than some straight girls.
Breeding fear, that some more than
a few, claimed being confused about both
the sex's.
Claiming success in all of his businesses,
isn't it cheaper
to have one bathroom that all can use?
Rather than having two that all can't? ?
Sure both systems are rigged to keep
any true change, from all of U.S.
to keep what the people would really want,
off of any corrupt, state ticket.
It in it's self would not be unreasonable
to keep any one specific religion
out of the white house or in control of
any one town in each state.
Stopping there and that should be the end of that
in some strange God's name, you would trust!
The game of Monopoly, we all played as a child
forcing each one of U.S.
to thoughtlessly embrace democracy and capitalism.
Hence all that is you compounded daily, has left
the rest of U.S.
out of touch and of little consequence and
without any interest.
Trump,

has opened both of my eye's, to what I fear,
most of having not sold out
by taking advantage of our hurting
sister's and brother's,
by buying U.S. low and selling U.S. high.

James McLain

I Care About What You Think, But If

Of course,
I Care what you think about me
but if.

It's not my intention
to beat you up
about your head but if.

The current state of our world
was not brought about by love, but by hate,
but if.

Do you live in a country where
because of your speech
you or your family would be harmed,
but if.

Nothing lasts forever,
but if, in the end, hate can't win out.

But if, you remember who you are
conceived in love, brought forth in hope
hate will never take your soul.

James McLain

If Going Must I But If

If going
must I but if,
by my going I hope
you stay.
Hard is the path,
few will take.
While,
I've been away, I've
seen
what you've become.
River's end,
where they once began.

James McLain



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Swallowed Whole By That Good Night

Swallowed Whole by that good night
gives rise to flames.
Burning town's and thank less God's
good night to thee.
Then looking here,
we've found a place we could not be.
Nothingness is not a normal frame of mind
if something's lost,
then found, you can not sleeping find.
Before we were, not unlike now,
there was no reason to the seasons, though
they changed.
In all we see today the violence takes away.
Exploding star's are seen, though what is seen,
was what was once to far away.
Being made of that is what we are and by the by
their are Billion's who say were not.
To have an intellect, unexplored
and die inside a cave, a room, a house, a shack.
There is no hope in peace the dream it fades away.
Torture, killing, rape, exploding bombs that rend
and tear away the soul's of what we were.
Living in the tree's was safer than to what
we have today.
There's just to damn many of U.S. and making
more will fix it all the ignorant say.
Swallowed whole by that good night, is all there is.

James McLain

My Shriveled Finger

My shriveled finger is behaving now like
what's been independently discussed it's behaving
like what she has as my witness seen.

Bumping into furniture in the middle of the night
dribble drop's fall as rain in the carpet.
Bloody shins that elicit a sharp stabbing pain.

When it happens, it in my sleep happens, during the
most important part of the dream.
No reruns as I settle back inside my head
where I last left off.

While I can't explain it,
she can sense it. I can feel the finger wrinkled
redevelop as it then again disappears.
My green wardrobe,
when it's too close to the closet then it feels.

Reductive after being touched it with that mind of it's
own without it going off prematurely,
only manifests itself for a short period of time after exposure.

Any decent wholesome woman, who owns
a green dress and who has
seen it and has experienced his pent
up breath so deeply exhaled could only express
her surprise at this, his last regret.
To any other similar experiences, she has claimed
through her distinct
satisfaction that I once, thrice daily endured.

James McLain

What A Man Likes About His Woman

I want to see her in that see through green dress!
Bought on sale to be thrown away.
I want to see what other men see, unknown to them
she is mine.
Caressing naked skin on her arm's and her back.
I follow behind in a new Uber cab,
as she walks past each man whom carry their
soft leather brief cases.
Men who are married, married men who would claim not.
Men who hurriedly try to hide their left hands.
The rural men are different, cattle and horse ranchers
who without pause offer her rides, I smile.
At the zoo the elephant attraction, the elephant
handler is being caressed from ankle to mid thigh her leg,
by the long, strong thick trunk.
I want what she wants as only two twin's that are never
apart should want.
Green dresses like these and I wonder about blue or red.
As we will be cremated when we die, no claim can be made
about that.
In this a man's world, nothing is better than that.

James McLain

An Empty Space For A Face

Are you afraid, that someone will see you?
No one here will stalk you, of that I am sure of.
Underaged or are guilty of something else.
If you're alive the restraining order
you sought, was sought for something else.
I'm more than sure of it.
The children will almost always cling
to the abuser.
The Judges needing more people to fill up
their prisons, will let them.
How can a father or mother see their children?
Many an ignorant stranger has been killed
for less than that.
I can't speak for you, but only for myself,
I find it hard to stare at a blank space
where a face should be.
When that space for your face is only a blank.
Some people try hard to hide it from others,
what was to easily found.
Unless you live in a country where there
you are hated.
I'm at a loss as to why'd you stay there.
And when in a grave yard, how long would you
in front of a grave,
stand there staring down at a blank grave stone?
Before you lost interest and meandered away?

James McLain

Awash In You, I Have Drunk The Nector

Abuzz about the sun above has lifted.
And all abuzz, I was again uplifted.
Around my face, that I may know no others.
Awash in you, I have drunk the nector.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In The Dark Of Night

When I go there to rest,
And life done has flashing by,
Spring has opened her eye's again,
The soil is damp with dew.

Unwritten rules ungoverned nature does,
And doesn't what it must do
To choose to do what few could do
The miniscule mind should do.

The bush beside the creek is full,
It's leaves caressing a tree
Behind the bush one tree stands out,
The garden that time forgot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two Days Ago

Above those that do and yet remaining beneath
those whom lack that certain conviction.

The mistake that's made twice was done to
hide the first one.

Ninty nine percent of them need to be led
the rest meandered aimlessly.

A certain since of bravado is needed
to part the wise from your money.

Those whom need no help at all are generally
the most helpless amongst you.

Having been severely traumatized we tend
to hide in our dark room.

Having little to no modesty kept landing
me in jail.

Not being able to understand this parted me
from all I once owned.

Untreated bi-polar women are like those cat's
that could never catch a squirrel.

While severe depression is not unlike war
that is fought always in the dark.

Love is like cream that can't rise to the top
being trapped in the middle.

Gossip's are lazy people always starting trouble.

Opinionated ignorance is lost in stupidity.

So here he was not unlike me always alone

I am through with the bottle.

So I called my ex - wife and nothing had changed

I still love her.

James McLain

Sleep Is For The Dead

Sleeping pills and seroquel
enough to drop a horse and here
I'm still with you.
You in the grass on the Vale.
The dew is now found on the Lilly.
Before I wake
the sun is high my dream's aren't
of this world.
If you think of me of when you sleep.
I can't touch you though I'm there
unless you let me in.
I see you then not as you are but as
not in a dream.
It's not as though a heavy weight upon
you came to rest.
Nor when you feel your cover's move
between light sleep, awake.
The flutter of your lids upon
your eye's
as though warm wind blew through the room.
Rogue ripples make your nipples straight
and supple brushed quite hard.
By a hand that's not your own the risk
he takes you make your own.
Your room blow's
colder closed the flower opens and.
The shadow's on the other side of things are
yet to come you hold your breath.
Breathing in your ear goes warm and wet.
Creaking noises on the steps come closer to
your bed
and on your window pane the tapping that
won't stop until he comes.

James McLain

The Book I Leave Behind

One hermit poet takes U.S.
there to where we've never been.
To where he's with words seen.
With reading settled our discourse.
Now in time as long since past,
the poor are treated still the same.
Page's bundled up and kept and safe
to show men other worlds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Primordial Soup Somewhere Else

Kepler will find it thin or thick
warm and moist and robust.
Things like here but there as well
without religion yet.
From this soup will come life not
like U.S.
when one turns to their other and
state's.
I must be, I think, therefore I am,
and on that day, not unlike here,
God was born.
And having a great advantage
over
his less fortunate
brethren,
it was then his fortune was made.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Kepler 62f

A team of astronomers suggests that an exoplanet named 62f could be habitable. Kepler data suggests that 62f is likely a rocky planet, and could have oceans. The exoplanet is 40% larger than Earth and is 1200 light years away.

62f is part of a planetary system discovered by the Kepler mission in 2013. There are 5 planets in the system, and they orbit a star that is both cooler and smaller than our Sun. The target of this study, 62f, is the outermost of the planets in the system.

Kepler can't tell us if a planet is habitable or not. It can only tell us something about its potential habitability. The team, led by Aomawa Shields from the UCL department of physics and astronomy, used different modeling methods to determine if 62f could be habitable, and the answer is, maybe.

According to the study, much of 62f's potential habitability revolves around the CO₂ component of its atmosphere, if it indeed has an atmosphere. As a greenhouse gas, CO₂ can have a significant effect on the temperature of a planet, and hence, a significant effect on its habitability.

Earth's atmosphere is only 0.04% carbon dioxide (and rising.) 62f would likely need to have much more CO₂ than that if it were to support life. It would also require other atmospheric characteristics, .

The study modelled parameters for CO₂ concentration, atmospheric density, and orbital characteristics. They simulated:

An atmospheric thickness from the same as Earth's up to 12 times thicker.
Carbon dioxide concentrations ranging from the same as Earth's up to 2500 times Earth's level.

Multiple different orbital configurations.

It may look like the study casts its net pretty wide in order to declare a planet potentially habitable. But the simulations were pretty robust, and relied on more than a single, established modelling method to produce these results. With that in mind, the team found that there are multiple scenarios that could make 62f habitable.

“We found there are multiple atmospheric compositions that allow it to be

warm enough to have surface liquid water, " said Shields, a University of California President's Postdoctoral Program Fellow. "This makes it a strong candidate for a habitable planet."

Earth as seen on July 6,2015 from a distance of one million miles by a NASA scientific camera aboard the Deep Space Climate Observatory spacecraft.

Credits: NASA

Our dear, sweet Earth is the only planet where life is confirmed. Here it is, as seen on July 6,2015 from a distance of one million miles by a NASA scientific camera aboard the Deep Space Climate Observatory spacecraft. Credits: NASA As mentioned earlier, CO2 concentration is a big part of it. According to Shields, the planet would need an atmospheric entirely composed of CO2, and an atmosphere five times as dense as Earth's to be habitable through its entire year. That means that there would be 2500 times more carbon dioxide than Earth has. This would work because the planet's orbit may take it far enough away from the star for water to freeze, but an atmosphere this dense and this high in CO2 would keep the planet warm.

And where there is water there is wonderful life!

James McLain

Seat Belts

Do you live here wherever you are?
With my freedom of movement restrained?
Getting down,
shaking a leg and then you find it is gone.
Unable to pay a small fine,
leaving behind what I have to someone I hate.
I am but a small red splash of paint!
Something's yellow.
Unable to reach out to you, I'm looking down
at not able to guess, where I'm at.
My sunflower tapestry sewn together now
to see, you and me love to live, I'm no more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Un - American

Like a thorn in your side
when least expected.
Living around those that are
dead but can't see it.

Love is but hate backwards,
yet the sight of it you would censor.
Unable to stand the heat in the kitchen
serving your man T.V. dinner's.

Undeserving are the blind whom claim
they can see but are blind.
The dead are undressed, you will be.
Claiming modesty, are you not the
worst of them all?

Like the Republicans whom molested a child
then pass those back, password law's.
Those whom scream the loudest are the
most guilty of all.

If where there's no smoke there is a large fire!
Hide my third eye and cover my face the stench
that's around me, the smell is bad fish.
Shaking her fist high in the air, if I'm unable
to do it, no one else should.

James McLain

Drunk Bee

Drunk bee who
flew into
a pitcher plant
head first.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Aged Four

Mum got away, I don't know where.
Perhaps to have a drink she always does.
The bench within the park is cold
and always hard.
I called her name out loud, then I panicked!
Verily once said of me, to he I said.
You are not my mum in fear I said.
Here come with me and take my hand,
afraid to make him mad and so I did.
He used me bad the pain, the stinging hurt.
My pants he tore from me, my stinging eye's.
It mattered not to him and so I cried.
His two hands grew tight around my neck
the lights went out.
Like worthless trash he threw me out into
the bushes and I was found.
I don't know how this works, but I'm not
an angel anymore.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If I Were God And Then What

If I were God but then what?
Would you do what I said,
if it improved your life, I think not.
Would you in school, learn and pray?
Giving in to you, in life to know,
even if I, disapproved?
Consuming it all, then leaving none
to know what I knew, all along.
Naked in the window she stands,
staring out into my grand scheme of things.
Some learn to forget, I forget what I've
learned, in the end forgotten by you.
Bushes burn, tree's stand tall, deep rooted
and proud.
Proud of there depth running inside, every
thought, I've had about you.
If I were God and then what, what would you
change about you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rio Grande

Expired, bloated past her date
she rest's with U.S.
Every year I send hundreds of
my children home to you.
I am to near you all,
to near to you by far made up
of mostly Catholic's.
The Pope on his throne has said
to U.S. make more.
Where I sleep the ground has died
but only for a while.
Made in water,
like the rest of you whom learned
to swim the sun is hot.
The roaches pour across each May,
Trump -
makes them spray the grass.
Insipid heat my swelling breasts my
milk has soured.
Found before the buzzard's came to
take my eye's.
Verily saith he my mother home but
gone to her and me.
Found but never lost the smell wafts
up to thee.
Out of sight to those whom wish but
harm to you and me.
It's to late for me to wake but not
for you.
I have lost my sleep and you still dream.

James McLain

Mistrial

Is heaven but a net to catch
the falling star's?
Or vast an ocean deep to hide
a heavy heart.

How much more or less to each
a vessel emptied out?
If made whole to try again
each tomorrow let's U.S. know.

One falling star, without a net
to catch U.S. up below.
No right, no wrong, an empty song
the light turned off inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Heart Felt Love

Who could win a heart
if not for love?

Who could love a heart
that was not for?

Having loved but once
my heart was full.

Alas my love my heart
cannot bare all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Death Fell From The Sky

The woods are scary dark and deep
they offer no respite.
God knows that this is all and death is all we get.
Of all the things you heard them say,
Of what they saw U.S...do.
The dead aren't seen nor are they under ground.
Writing what I heard them say
their shadow's on the wall's their there to stay.
I feel the moss a beard instead of hello green once was.
Of't their flesh when cooked is bark a mottled brown.
Love I've never made and now I know, I never will.
In a flash I gone, I sadly, bade goodbye.
The bushes have no scent, no leaves are growing there.
Skies to clear to see, clouds, cover where we sleep.
You have entered lost
and tired and like those lost and won't be found.
If there was a God, like you to cry and you and me?
In war,
there needs a second chance to show you what we think.

James McLain

Is This All I Get

The woods are scary dark and deep
and offer no respite.
God knows that this is all we'll get.
Of all the things you heard them say
the dead are under ground.
Writing what I hear,
I feel the moss a beard instead of green is
slightly mottled brown.
Love I've never made, I know I never will.
I sadly bade goodbye.
The bushes have no scented leaves none there
to cover what I've found.
You have entered lost
and tired and like me can't be found.
If there is a God, like you
and me, he needs a second chance I think.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Stop Being Silly And Open The Door

Beaver canal was not for me.
I live on nothing but sweet memories.
Where can I go and what should I see?
Stop being silly and open the door!

How far can I get and who should I be?
My friend is the sink, my toilet and me.
Look luv the questions, I'd ask only of you.
Stop being silly and open the door!

Why couldn't I have been married to you.
Such foolish thoughts inside of my head.
Could I have once left you instead, so
stop being silly and open the door.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Bully That Bullied You

The bully that bullied you!
Where are they now?
Have they done anything good?
They were a reflection of their parents
attitudes, phobias and fears.
Could they have been born like that?
A word is learned, words have power.
Bullies know this, how did they learn this?
In the race to over populate the planet,
are children being born without soul's?
The adults whom see this can anything good
be said about them.
Could children who grow up in pain, want
other's to feel their pain?
Social media, now markets this pain and in
knowing this allows them to hide in their room.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Politicians And Without Trust, They Must Kill You

Talking past you,
no one talk's to you, your voice held at bay.
The fire is banked not that high,
while ill-advised their pain they take out on you.

They pass laws against themselves, in forced on you.
Deviant's themselves above U.S.
all,
their stench is self-evident, our ranchor is ignored.
What Gandhi and Martin Luther King did won't work
on them any more.

Feeding on our unlearned youth, ignorance on the lack
of our their understanding,
I hear their demands that they have placed above you
and on you, why else do they have need for tanks?

Killing you with wages that make you less human.
Republicans and Democrats despise U.S.
Hold me as I fade, take care they are not your friends.
As a race being white old and grey, licking your wounds
needing your blood every night, just to live.

James McLain

Suicide Takes Courage And It Hurt's

I know I came from the wrong side of the tracks.
I have burned both ends until the light went out.
No one knew the way I thought or felt in life.
If this is it, I think I've gone to far.
Hello world goodbye, please do not cry.
Do not fake how when I lived you always lied.
What to do, oh what to do, I was never loved,
like I loved you.
Though where I go, I go to wait, I'll wait for you.
And then no matter how you try to get away I know
you'll have to stay.
Suicide takes courage and by God oh yes it hurt's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Retirement

Night was made for silent consolation,
holding the dawn at bay.
Ticking the clock to loudly, shadow's roam
down the hall softly talking.
The hot humid day, cooling dusk stays,
board's that creak, the stairs.
She is now ready I hear, she I have heard
he has been gone for some year's.
She never used drug's, she never drank.
She behaved thinking about what other's
might think.
Having no kid's she lived alone.
Once being kid's the children she taught
came around, grown now they sent her off.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Teaching Your Child, How Hard Was It

Your child looks up to you, frantic
and searching.

With every other sixth child could it
be autism, or ADHD or,
not with a dumb look or a blank stare but
with eye's that constantly change that look out.
Have you taken the time from your busy lives
to teach them how to ask a question.

Perspectives and different points of views unlike
yours that are changing, effecting the lives of
other's that live near around you?

Are you able to discern a rare opportunity, that do
not come often to a child that stands out?

Or do you shut that opportunity out because of
the way you were raised and now think?

Facts always change, before the Kepler telescope
your position was that we were alone!

Excite your child's mind teach them to learn
in a way where,
such controversial issues are nothing but play.

Thus becoming more than you are worth.

James McLain

Here's How We Get Rid Of Six Billion People

As we approach October 31st, dozens of articles are appearing in newspapers all over the globe that are declaring what a horrible thing it is that we are up to 7 billion people.

In fact, it surely is no accident that the United Nations put 7 Billion Day on the exact same day as Halloween. Perhaps they want to highlight how 'scary' it is that we have 7 billion people on the planet, or perhaps they are trying to send us a message by having 7 Billion Day occur on the same day as 'the festival of death'.

In any event, it seems like way too much of a coincidence that 7 Billion Day just happens to fall on the same day as Halloween.

Today, 'sustainable development' has become one of the key buzzwords that those in the radical environmental movement love to use, but most Americans have no idea that one of the key elements of 'sustainable development' is population control.

So what precisely is considered to be an ideal population for the earth by those pushing 'sustainable development'?

Well, of course there is much disagreement on this issue, but many are very open about the fact that they believe that the earth should only have 500 million people (or less) on it.

For example, the first of the 'new 10 commandments' on the infamous Georgia Guidestones states the following....

'Maintain humanity under 500,000,000 in perpetual balance with nature.'

CNN Founder Ted Turner would go even farther....

'A total population of 250-300 million people, a 95% decline from present levels, would be ideal.'

Dave Foreman, the co-founder of Earth First, says that reducing our population down to 100 million is one of his three main goals....

'My three main goals would be to reduce human population to about 100 million

worldwide, destroy the industrial infrastructure and see wilderness, with it's full complement of species, returning throughout the world.'

Sadly, this kind of garbage is even being taught at major U.S. universities. For example, Professor of Biology at the University of Texas at Austin Eric R. Pianka once wrote the following....

I do not bear any ill will toward people. However, I am convinced that the world, including all humanity, WOULD clearly be much better off without so many of us.

Mikhail Gorbachev thinks that reducing the global population by 90 percent would be just about right....

'We must speak more clearly about sexuality, contraception, about abortion, about values that control population, because the ecological crisis, in short, is the population crisis. Cut the population by 90% and there aren't enough people left to do a great deal of ecological damage.'

But most of the time, the way that the global elite speak of population control is much more 'politically correct'. They tend to use terms such as 'sustainable development' and 'reduction of fertility rates' and 'quality of life' when discussing the need to reduce our population.

As 7 Billion Day has approached, there have been articles popping up in major publications all over the globe that are advocating increased population control measures. Of course in the western world such measures are always framed as being 'voluntary', but that is the way that they always introduce things like this. Once enough people get on board with the 'voluntary' population control measures they will become 'mandatory'.

So now that you are aware of some of the buzzwords that are used, check out what has been written on some of the biggest news websites in the world recently....

Jeffrey D. Sachs, the director of The Earth Institute at Columbia University, recently said the following in an article for CNN....

'The arrival of the 7 billionth person is cause for profound global concern. It carries a challenge: What will it take to maintain a planet in which each person has a chance for a full, productive and prosperous life, and in which the planet's resources are sustained for future generations?

'How, in short, can we enjoy 'sustainable development' on a very crowded planet? '

For Sachs, one of the 'keys' to sustainable development is the 'stabilization' of the global population....

'The second key to sustainable development is the stabilization of the global population. This is already occurring in high-income and even some middle-income countries, as families choose to have one or two children on average. The reduction of fertility rates should be encouraged in the poorer countries as well.'

In a recent article for the Guardian, Roger Martin stated that all of the problems that humanity is facing would be easier to solve if less people were running around the planet....

'...all environmental (and many economic and social) problems are easier to solve with fewer people, and ultimately impossible with ever more.'

He also says that if we reduce the population, it will mean better lives for all the rest of us....

'On a finite planet, the optimum population providing the best quality of life for all, is clearly much smaller than the maximum, permitting bare survival. The more we are, the less for each; fewer people mean better lives.'

There has been tremendous human suffering all throughout history. If we eliminated 90 percent of the global population it would not suddenly usher in some kind of 'golden age'.

But many among the global elite are truly convinced that we are spoiling 'their planet' and they don't want so many of us around anymore. Thanks to technology, they only need a few hundred million people to run their system, and they view the rest of us as 'useless eaters'.

This all may sound quite bizarre to many of you, but this is the kind of stuff that is being taught in colleges and universities across the western world.

In fact, you are starting to see an increasing number of people in the western world actually suggest that we adopt a 'one-child policy' such as China has. For example, the following is from an opinion piece that appeared in the National

Post....

A planetary law, such as China's one-child policy, is the only way to reverse the disastrous global birthrate currently, which is one million births every four days.

The author of the opinion piece believes that such a 'one-child policy' would reduce the global population to 3.43 billion by 2075....

The intelligence behind this is the following:

-If only one child per female was born as of now, the world's population would drop from its current 6.5 billion to 5.5 billion by 2050, according to a study done for scientific academy Vienna Institute of Demography.

-By 2075, there would be 3.43 billion humans on the planet. This would have immediate positive effects on the world's forests, other species, the oceans, atmospheric quality and living standards.

This is the kind of stuff that a lot of these people sit around and think about all day long.

They are obsessed with death and with reducing the population as rapidly as possible. They see us as a 'plague' that is ravaging the planet, and they believe that by getting rid of us they would actually be saving the earth.

Due to public opinion, population control advocates have to tread lightly in the western world. But where they can get away with it, they are not afraid to be very forceful.

I have already discussed the horrific one-child policy in China. As the Epoch Times recently noted, enforcement of this policy can be absolutely brutal....

'Pregnant women lacking birth permits are hunted down like criminals by population planning police in China and forcibly aborted.'

If you don't believe something like this can ever happen in the western world, you might want to think again.

Limitations on child births are already showing up in popular television shows. For example, a new show on Fox called Terra Nova portrays the future of the earth as a living hell due to overpopulation. People in the future can hardly breathe the air due to overwhelming pollution and a strict 'two-child policy' is

rigidly enforced.

The family featured in Terra Nova is able to go through a portal to a prehistoric world that is 85 million years in the past. In this 'new world', humans have set up a wonderful new socialist society where everyone is provided for and where 'green technology' is helping them to avoid making the 'mistakes' of the past.

Unfortunately, socialist utopias such as the one portrayed on Terra Nova only exist in works of fiction.

Instead, what happens most of the time in real life is that the 'good intentions' of social planners devolve into absolute tyranny when put into practice.

For example, just check out what a recent National Geographic article said happened when social planners in India tried to aggressively reduce birth rates in India in the 1970s....

The Indian government tried once before to push vasectomies, in the 1970s, when anxiety about the population bomb was at its height. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and her son Sanjay used state-of-emergency powers to force a dramatic increase in sterilizations. From 1976 to 1977 the number of operations tripled, to more than eight million. Over six million of those were vasectomies. Family planning workers were pressured to meet quotas; in a few states, sterilization became a condition for receiving new housing or other government benefits. In some cases the police simply rounded up poor people and hauled them to sterilization camps.

How would you feel if you were rounded up and hauled off to a sterilization camp?

Sterilization programs (most of the time they are 'voluntary') are in full force all over the globe. Much of the time they are sponsored and funded by the United Nations. The global elite are absolutely obsessed with getting women to have less babies.

That is one reason why abortion is so very important to them.

Recently, Al Gore made the following statement regarding population control....

'One of the things we could do about it is to change the technologies, to put out less of this pollution, to stabilize the population, and one of the principle ways of doing that is to empower and educate girls and women. You have to have

ubiquitous availability of fertility management so women can choose how many children have, the spacing of the children.

The elite love to use terms such as 'fertility management' and 'family planning', but what they really intend is for there to be less pregnancies and more abortions so that the population will not grow as quickly.

They certainly do not intend to empower women to have more children.

This agenda was also very much reflected when the March 2009 U.N. Population Division policy brief asked this shocking question....

'What would it take to accelerate fertility decline in the least developed countries? '

Now who in the world gave the UN the right to be trying to 'accelerate fertility decline' for women in poor countries?

But to many in the global elite, trying to get women to have less babies makes all the sense in the world. In a recent editorial for the New York Times entitled 'The Earth Is Full', Thomas L. Friedman made the following statement....

You really do have to wonder whether a few years from now we'll look back at the first decade of the 21st century — when food prices spiked, energy prices soared, world population surged, tornados plowed through cities, floods and droughts set records, populations were displaced and governments were threatened by the confluence of it all — and ask ourselves: What were we thinking? How did we not panic when the evidence was so obvious that we'd crossed some growth/climate/natural resource/population redlines all at once?

These people honestly and truly believe this stuff.

Unfortunately, this agenda is even represented in the highest levels of our own government.

Barack Obama's top science advisor, John P. Holdren, once wrote the following....

'A program of sterilizing women after their second or third child, despite the relatively greater difficulty of the operation than vasectomy, might be easier to implement than trying to sterilize men.

The development of a long-term sterilizing capsule that could be implanted under

the skin and removed when pregnancy is desired opens additional possibilities for coercive fertility control. The capsule could be implanted at puberty and might be removable, with official permission, for a limited number of births.'

Holdren also believes that compulsory abortion would be perfectly legal under the U.S. Constitution....

'Indeed, it has been concluded that compulsory population-control laws, even including laws requiring compulsory abortion, could be sustained under the existing Constitution if the population crisis became sufficiently severe to endanger the society.'

The following are 8 more quotes that show the mindset that a lot of these population control advocates have....

#1 Microsoft's Bill Gates....

'The world today has 6.8 billion people. That's heading up to about nine billion. Now if we do a really great job on new vaccines, health care, reproductive health services, we could lower that by perhaps 10 or 15 percent.'

#2 U.S. Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg....

'Frankly I had thought that at the time Roe was decided, there was concern about population growth and particularly growth in populations that we don't want to have too many of.'

#3 David Rockefeller....

'The negative impact of population growth on all of our planetary ecosystems is becoming appallingly evident.'

#4 Jacques Cousteau....

'In order to stabilize world population, we must eliminate 350,000 people per day.'

#5 Prince Phillip, the Duke of Edinburgh....

'If I were reincarnated I would wish to be returned to earth as a killer virus to lower human population levels.'

#6 David Brower, first Executive Director of the Sierra Club....

'Childbearing [should be] a punishable crime against society, unless the parents hold a government license ... All potential parents [should be] required to use contraceptive chemicals, the government issuing antidotes to citizens chosen for childbearing.'

#7 Planned Parenthood Founder Margaret Sanger....

'The most merciful thing that a family does to one of its infant members is to kill it.'

#8 Planned Parenthood Founder Margaret Sanger. *Woman, Morality, and Birth Control*. New York: New York Publishing Company, 1922. Page 12....

'Birth control must lead ultimately to a cleaner race.'

When you believe that the earth has way too many people, human life becomes cheap, and abortion becomes a way to get rid of undesirables.

According to a recent article in the Daily Mail, thousands of 'abnormal' babies are now being selectively aborted in the UK each year....

Thousands of pregnancies were aborted last year for 'abnormalities' including 500 for Down's syndrome, new figures reveal.

In total, there were 2,290 abortions for medical problems with the foetus, with 147 performed after 24 weeks.

In a world that is 'overpopulated', babies that are not 'perfect' become more 'disposable' than ever.

In fact, the truth is that the population control agenda and the 'abortion rights movement' have been inseparably linked for decades. Those that are obsessed with 'overpopulation' view abortion as a very necessary method of birth control, and one of their main goals is to expand access to 'reproductive health care' to as many women around the globe as possible.

But in the end, our 'voluntary' actions are not going to be nearly enough to reduce the population and most population control advocates realize that. Many of them are openly calling for a 'benevolent' global authority to take charge to lead us through the 'necessary' transition that is ahead.

In a previous article, I described the type of world that the radical population control advocates see for our future....

Imagine going to sleep one night and waking up many years later in a totally different world. In this futuristic world, literally everything you do is tightly monitored and controlled by control freak bureaucrats in the name of 'sustainable development' and with the goal of promoting 'the green agenda'. An international ruling body has centralized global control over all human activity. What you eat, what you drink, where you live, how warm or cold your home can be and how much fuel you can use is determined by them. Anyone that dissents or that tries to rebel against the system is sent off for 're-education'. The human population is 90 percent lower than it is today in this futuristic society, and all remaining humans have been herded into tightly constricted cities which are run much like prisons.

This is the endgame for the radical green agenda. In order to save the earth, they feel as though they must dramatically reduce our numbers and very tightly control our activities.

But is that the kind of a future that anyone would actually want to live in? Would anyone actually choose to live in a future where bureaucrats micromanage our lives for the good of the environment?

Personally, I think that the 7 billion people on earth would do just fine if they were given a lot more liberty and freedom to live their own lives as they see fit.

But letting people decide how to run their own lives is anathema to those that have bought into the population control agenda of the global elite.

They actually believe that they are smarter than all of the rest of us and that they need to tell us what to do for the good of humanity and for the good of the planet.

This patronizing approach should truly sicken all freedom-loving Americans.

So what do you think of the population control agenda of the global elite?

Please feel free to leave a comment with your opinion below....

James McLain

Kepler Telescope, Not For The Religiously Fanatic

Science is full of theories
and breath taking fresh discoveries.
As of today the Kepler telescope
has discovered
nearly 1400 hundred new planet's.
With nine being like earth in the goldy
lock's zone.

Advanced civilizations
can in all probability be able to mask
U.S. from them.

It is doubtful that they would be able
to mask their planet's mass from their own sun.
Though this is not impossible.

Avoiding U.S.

now because we still kill each other in
war and because we can't shed
our inability to rid ourselves of our
fanatic religious pegan beliefs and control.

The likely hood of U.S.
destroying ourselves is high due to our
inability to control our need to have children.

That one would boggle the mind of any intelligent
being and our need to destroy the earth.

Though once we are gone the earth would quickly
heal itself.

The only reason that they haven't destroyed U.S.
is that all intelligent races with such
advanced technology have long since moved past U.S.
Their should only be a few hundred million people
on the planet.

Being the brightest and most nonviolent of the human
race from U.S. that's available.

A world with no need for militaries, police, politician's
lawyer's or corporation's.

A world where successful people are measured by how
much knowledge they can return once retained.

Or at least a country where the law's in all fifty state's
are the same,

meaning people are treated the same where ever they live.

James McLain

When Life Let's You Down Dark Humour

I saw them all,
living in my car for three years.
Homeless disoriented,
staggering around half unconscious.
But the best picture I took
that stood out after a warm rain.
Was a dog that had nothing to gain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Painting The Town Ruby Red

By now
you should be able to
when left to your own devices
see that red flash
where you see that red bright crimson light
lost in plain sight where
on the mirror it said that objects are
larger than they really are
and being obtuse
you went out anyway and painted the town red.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As With Van Gogh Art Work Is

There is no greater color than that
for what color is.

Meandering red, yellows, browns rushing
into and out of a greater mind
than mine, being smart a genius really is.

A snap shot in time, dying young
body parts sprayed with a flash of insight
only death could properly display.

The colors are a good bowl of cherries where
I am and am not certain you can see what
I see that I can't.

Left out in the open my position on life is
not as yours

but a spring break of colors displayed out
in the open with the rich smell
of such colors that even you and you can taste.

Tree's with out branches are unlike
bushes with out leaves of witch none are green.

The wagging tounge the younger the lips
being thick or full

when painted red are but a reminder of those
other lips rubbed with yellow oil.

Finally the clothes

those rags, rubbed in the dirt of dirty rich dirt that
you won't consider much less wear.

Then theirs the flash a flash of bright light
left in plain view

of the night where you slumber and sleep any way.

James McLain

Mother's Loss

Memories gather dust my babies gone.
I became, before I left for work.
Before I went to sleep, the feeling came.
Something's wrong I know it, she's not home.
The photograph, the picture I can't bear.
What was done was hate, not love you hear!
She because of beauty's long lost hope.
Someone went to far they took my babies heart.
I but appeal, I have no will and still I must.
I am a Catholic,
not a Baptist and I'll try, I'll have one more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dark Angel's

Vibrations,
have you ever been in love.
Yea though they can,
create for you desire a song.
Leaves moving in the warm wind
moss hangs from a twig.
At the edge
There hanging off in the heavens
above you down below me.
These few are dark and deep,
not unlike a forest filled with tree's.
How can I say hi, if no ones there?
My left hand though it's deformed
a massive thumb,
the middle finger I must kept hidden.
On me such of that, I've had while
you were sleeping.
Opened up to me, my one good wing is broken.
Trumpets sound around the world it's
time for you to listen.
No one knows just what we've done, your eye's
look up to heaven.

James McLain

America's Aged And Infirm

Before the Britannic encyclopedia
or computers,
the Aged who were not afflicted with
Alzheimer's or Parkinson's
could by their own life experiences
teach the young about
what they today would never
live through that were brought alive
by their stories.
Complex thoughts written down with words
that came alive
in those very same heads that are hollow
and empty.
Sadly to some families,
they without money are just a burden
to them
and ungreatfull to them
for the very lives they gave to them.
Dumped off in nursing homes or A.L.F.\$
many without interaction with other people
sit on the front porch,
target practice for the young thug's, black
or white that drive by.

James McLain

About Your God's

God,
didn't exist
until
the first
half monkey half
man
bemoaning
his fate
ask that poignant
first question as to why.
Having nothing
to do with what's right
or wrong.
A-side
from one's intelligence
every one is
born a clean a blank slate.
Until someone,
with there own personal agenda
fills their heads
with unhealthy bad thoughts.
Crucifying them or with a dull
bladed knife,
sawing away cuts off your head.

James McLain

Living In Ignorance About Religion

Unbelievably,
there are billions of you.
I have graciously
been permitted to live in a
time
where the discovery of life
on planets
that circle distant sun's
is only a few short year's away.
Yea unto you there are those
that will say
that your specific God put that
there as well.
But when you say that your God
is responsible
for civilizations significantly
more advanced than ours.
You are speaking for those whom
would consider such thinking as that
of an ant beneath your shoe.
This makes your thinking if nothing
else
extremely self destructive
which magnifies the very problems
we currently have
that you will not with that kind of
thinking be able to solve.

James McLain

In America A Prison In Georgia

To those
whom don't live in America
abuse
such as this would seem normal.
To you,
being that America would never do this
to it's most vulnerable prisoners.
The systematic
torture
of vulnerable inmates, immobile
tied into chairs.
Under the guise of control.
Georgia of course is a Republican
controlled state like
Florida where their one hundred
thousand prisoners,
literally disappear until inside
they die
or are released, years latter so
psychologically damaged,
that they do unto society as that
which was done unto them.
Is this normal?
Are you normal?
Is this behavior normal to you.
This prisoner in the chair was pepper
sprayed
and tasered while totally helpless.
Not unlike,
that witch was done to those in GITMO.
When those whom are employed
by American southern states, exceeds
the crime committed
by a prisoner in their possession under
their control.
What does that say about you?
When you are their silenced protector.

James McLain

Rubber Bullets

Silenced from above
those whom
would silence me are
all around U.S.

You won't know until
it's too late
that their lead, copper
jacket has your name on it.

Sleeveless,
jackets you cannot wear
and lead that is
untended for your teeth.

Are you
perceived by only
yourself
as a poet perhaps an artist
that hates
blood, guts and gore.

As it spreads around you, you
have chosen
to ignore it chosen to insulate
yourself
in that special place
where you think you're safe
but you're not.

You are filled with fear
and like those whom use hostages
for shields
have been driven like cattle
to that certain place
where you will be slaughtered.

We only use rubber bullets on
you now

and lay in wait until
it's too late to speak up, then
real bullets
that eat human flesh
will be unleashed on all of
you then.

If you considered your self good
and allowed that witch
was bad to come about then
are you not like all of them whom
hid in the dark?

James McLain

The Smell Of Old Detroit

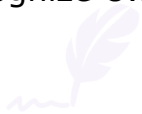
The more I drank the thirstier I became.
Not only U.S.
but here where we lay, others would come
to sleep as well.
No one,
to witness our rising with each new sun.
Wretchedness,
forsaken by the church only visiting U.S.
in their prisons or jail's.
What is liquid gold as pure silver it run's.
My sphincter has long since relaxed,
it is spent it is done.
No one but you will miss U.S.
verily is he, no one cared.
Variables of each other with death in and out.
The scar on Detroit is intended solely for
those whom choose not to run and stayed.
We were doomed till the end of the day,
and for that unlike you, I am gone.
Drinking isopropyl alcohol instead of good scotch
the scotch you drank was not available
to people like U.S.
So we'd come here amongst the stench and the filth.
Detroit is our home, here we lay.

James McLain

Texting And Driving

I have a driver's permit,
and use word's while I drive like
Cuz and u-r and b-f-f.
Being the new upwards and mobile
we have the need to protect and
hide what we do,
from our over protective parents.
They buy our phones and our cars
and our clothing and if we get pregnant
they will take care of our premature
bastard children.
We are entitled to everything and
work for nothing because.
There are no close call's if we miss
only certain death if we don't.
Do I sound like someone you know
even if you,
can't recognize U.S. in the pictures
we take.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Do You Hate Muslims Because Of This

Red paint and white wash,
there is a power play, for what
is wrong.
Babies sleep
because of mother's song.
Let me have my sleep because
I'm tired.
Not because you hate where I
am from.
Dragons hide behind what I've
not done.
At Chili's,
where we eat my steak is rare.
Can you think of any reason as
to why
they want to kill U.S.
all like this.
Or are you blind to all the writing
on the wall.
Cruz-ing all the neighborhood's
for Muslims
is what I thought I heard them say.

James McLain

Of Such My Life Once Was

Of Such my life once was although
I know that yours was not.
Some how the paint ran through the
board's of which I sit against.

The sun shine's down upon an empty
shell of me,
and now my love for her I had,
such is my loss.

Now she won't kiss my face before
my make up dries, I know I am a mess.
If she should ever wake before I rise,
would she remember, what I was.

Night came much to quick for me,
like a candle that's the wind's blown out.
The day before that night, I can't
remember what I knew, I know no more.

James McLain

Rape Is Ugly And Violent

Once I was beautiful
I had friends
looking down on what
I once was
I mustn't unring
their bell.

I over heard our priest
say
that everything happens
for a reason.

Once when someone broke
into our church
and stole our television
he said
that they needed it worse
than U.S.

Before the aftermath, after
the water
came crashing down on the
rock's,
I could not hear the waves.

My mind was crushed, my soul
was robbed,
robbed of the light and this
chocolate body you see,
was once as pure as yours.

James McLain

Behind Every Bush There's A Tree

She showed U.S. more promise than this,
before he went limp he was wise.
Do not kick up a fuss for me, I left no note.
I shan't come back wait and see.
No more fetching water, no more lies.
It's much to soon for the flies.
I have since drount in this your shallow sea.
Shadow's that move no one's there.
There was no tunnel of light, I could out run.
Sunday's missionaries, the hot burning sun.
Now that I have your attention, look around no one's home.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Politicians, What Are They Thinking

Except for our once unbreakable spirit
our laughter is gone.

Republicans,
through fear have set U.S up against one another.

While Democrats,
simply invent strange new laws to put U.S.
in their Harvard think tank prisons.

Millions of brain damaged children born to U.S.
each year.

No educated adult would bring a damaged child into
this strange violent world.

The ignorant some how think that if they do this, it
will some how like magic,
increase their net worth and or make them wealthy?

Sadly their are over forty percent,
whom hate Black's, gay's they fight over silly things
like a rest room.

Denying that massive corporations have caused premature
warming creating new water front property.

The dying oceans filled with new subsonic weapons.

What is pathetic is you talk about love instead of talking
about the state of our world.

Voices ignored are your voices unheard, you allowed them
to kill your own unborn children.

James McLain

Capitalism And The Ghetto

Living in poverty men learn to die.
In the hot southern sun,
black children wither like grapes
on the vine.

Most live without any real dream's.
White law enforcement officers
line up the men
against the red crumbling five
and ten cent store walls.

Old faded poster signs haphazardly
speak of better days gone long since past.
While further up north,
in the white side of town, I hear
them speak about killing all
the niggers,
eating donuts at Krispy Kreme.

If we could get away with it like they
do elsewhere quietly buried under each other,
and no more heard about.
One muttered that the pit no matter how
wide or deep would never be deep enough and
their flesh under the clay,
like newly planted seedlings of old time's past.

And the world would think nothing more of it and
the white jury
would nullify their murder charges
by forgiving them
of their own past transgressions.
And as a reporter,
these are some of my most least desirable job's.

James McLain

Oblivion

Before the first big bang there was what?
Where were we for
four and a half billion year's.
Long before we were born.
The sun is middle aged and what of suicide?
If we must exit this life before it's natural end,
the universe will go on for some trillions
of years,
but oblivion will have long since claimed U.S.
Before we learned to move sideways through time.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Living Up To The Dead Poet's Expectations

By my painful bowing,
mourning and night has come to
all but them.
She then led U.S.
on and by passing, he led U.S.through.
Being first, no greater mind's
having but by other's set a path marked
by death, all to often premature.
And still greatness suffers, known now
as mental illness,
bi- polar mixed with brutal depression.
Stealing from U.S.
as like from them from what could be
a peaceful end.
Loving life through the eye's of another
not yet born,
to know before birth about their death
and yet, still choosing to be born.
Thrust upon U.S.
are certain soul, souls that can see what
other's cannot and
are again killed by the law of this land
their crime being but being born.
Prophets then unlike now we're judged how?
Now being judged by such judge's are they,
whom know very well, whom they kill.
While knowing them all, before they were born
and being as such
we're children like yours and walked the land.
Sister's and brethren can they by proper use
of the word, lead U.S.
like them, down once again to an unjust death?
From the dark we all came, that day never was and
being plucked from that night
by our birth's we were thrust into the deep of day.
Being half their age we are old in death is youth.

James McLain

A Personal Observation

As my dream's grow more insistent
and important, I know I am slipping away.
Avoiding eye contact with the others
it's to late for a proper diagnosis.
Bourn out of time I was born to soon,
how long must I wait this time?
I watch what the watched must see,
they do not panic like U.S.
For another to rise another must fall
becoming fossil fuel for them.
The roaches are dead the last dog left ran away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Do Gay Boy's Do It Better Than Straight Girls

Being confused by the lack of straight talk,
compassion lacking or absent any lingering empathy.
Such are one's feeling's, certain people can't
feel when standing out side being burned by the sun.
If in one's wrong hand
is a high powered rifle and no one's looking
what would you do?
Which choice would you make, what would you choose?

Knowing they know that no one will hear you?
He couldn't raise his weary head, tounge tied and twisted
she could tell a good story.
Half could not see what the other half said.
Since she couldn't explain how to feel it, he walked away, trying
to explain what someone else never said.
Neither could explain what the other one felt.
Being hidden from veiw, would you like to know more?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Teenage Girls In Love

To those teenage girls who love in a man
that which they should not.
Plotting and scheming, they gloat over it.
Seeming to feed on it.
And as such they seem well nourished by it.
Throwing their heart's upon stakes they shudder
and cling tighter to it with both hands.
Then at night they cry out and come back for more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Place That Never Was

All that ever was that is most recently
I have forgotten.
To get past the stuff that has not yet
happened,
I know for some not yet here tomorrow is.

I reach out to her,
but only in my sleep, as she I'm watching sleep,
my heart goes out to her.

Strangers in a strange time, she feels stranger
here,
someone not so strange that feeling I have here.

Know one but her knows what I know but cannot share.
She See's how full the sky is, a blank slate
that's full of star's.
Bursting into sight is the dawn I've never seen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Psychiatrist And Latuda

After more than five years of going to
suncoast mental health
in Saint Petersburg Florida.

I completed my second full session with
her my current psychiatrist.

I have gained over sixty pounds taking
seroquel and before that
developed breasts taking the dreaded resperdal.

Due to my advanced age of fifty seven
I only wish to spend the few remaining year's
that I have pain free.

And of course being able to occasionally
contribute to something here.

What is Poetry?

Is it some form of complicated form of writing
that must rhyme with someplace
that so very few of our young adults have
never heard of?

And will never go to as our past and present
administration's have pretty much
guaranteed that if they do their head's will
be separated from their bodies.

Every five minutes she would interjecte that perhaps
latuda would get me out of my room where I have
spent the last five years of my life.

I told her that I have no real fear of death as must
we all,

but that I hold no real interest of Coming back and
dealing with those politicians
whom even the most least cerebral amongst U.S.
now know that they have no interest in
helping the people that they lied and schemed to
gain power over that they now have.

I told her that I needed no more of the poison that
these medications in reality are,
and that these new one's have had no real long term
studies that prove what they claim except
that the side effects might be death more death and
death with more death that you should report

to your primary doctor if febleness or stroke occurred
that you should have never survived.

James McLain

The Camera Spy App

The camera Spy app
allows anyone to watch you on your
camera phone, while being able
to watch your family on your flat screen T.V.
And your lap top computer.
Do not become complacent or remain naive.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Are Here To Be Eaten By Them

Look around you,
tell me what do you see?
Most are incompetent,
incapable of taking care of
themselves as they grow
more immature.

To feed the machine from
birth they've been made.
Are mentally disadvantaged children
Simply the by product
of other immature rutting children?

The shrinking almost
non existent
middle class people these children
will never come close to.

Their speech is confusing
ur my bff, b4 and phat ho wtf.
Wal-Mart, McDonald's and don't
forget Checkers.
Your dead ended future, your past
is your present.

So go vote for Cruz, go vote for Trump.
Go vote for Hillary, stay in your dump.
Your future's been planned from your
birth to your death.
Here wake up now I shook you, I'm afraid
we are done for.

James McLain

For One Lonely Child

Confessions that fell on deaf ears
so what if we
never owned a bird that could talk back
through the year's
to state what was true of my fear's.

Except for that one lonely child that
every day must watch over
my old flame, my untreated bi- polar wife!
Who doesn't know why,
she drink's cheap apple wine by the gallon
every day.

Though in Hernando county it still rains,
the citrus tree's and her rose bushes
I planted have all died.
Love of my life from her sinners life
sprang forth love
are there no sonnets that have I written
that could have covered all of that
I have wrote.

She had a soft mouth, two silky hand's
with lips that drove me north
and without warning drove me south
that drove, Google earth up over my house.

Here now
where I live
a new
landlord is here
and not a
single liquor Store
in sight.

James McLain

The Trumpets Blast And It's Low Sound

She,
no longer needs me.
She,
no longer screams or shouts.

There
are no hands around me.

It's neck is short and fat.
If sleep,
is where I'm at.

It's,
only then she over comes me.

While all around the world
the trumpets blow.

Your looking up at
Cloudy skies then look again
there now all clear.

So if you die when your asleep
inside
a bubble that's your home.

Be it good or be it bad that's
where You'll stay of this It's sure.
Be careful of what you dream about.
The trumpet blast and it's low sound.

James McLain

Movements Of The Kiss

Why did we have to kiss like That, and then have to be.
Where did the now time come from, for us, down at the sea.
When that chosen moment arrived for this in our bubble kissed.
What of this space of lavender reflections of melted tongue and lip.
How much can a person take above the sounds of lovely-ness.
There is that measured memory of moving, moving, to the kiss.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sum Of All Knowledge

The sum of all knowledge rest's
with one's ability to retain it.
A surface that's soft bound to arrange it.
As it was not then,
as it then now is, it never changes.
Governed from above by money changers.
Driven out of one's head by legislative
law's, written to stiffen one's anger.
It is not ignorance that changes the weather
nor is it the weather that made men wise.
If loneliness is the lack of relationship with,
living each day with death all around U.S.
I need to be safe, I need home and board,
I need self-esteem with freedom to learn.
Learning from other's their lives I once lived.
No one now can learn it all, the feeling I get
is that my head has grown smaller still.
Now is the time we shouldn't remain silent at all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Corrupt Politicians Cold Heart

With out life it is cold and know it is hot.
Space not the wind turns my face.
Where does a soul safely sleep and wait?
In a bubble as clear as a lake.
Our fate is the gate that is green!
Few now choose to return not to a world
that's corrupt without hope.
To what end, look to those that would
gain at our deaths.
Could they somehow have been told?
Such is the multiverse wrapped up in our fate
clutched in the arm's of our distant past.
The near future
consuming the lost light of our youth.
The corrupt politicians how did they know.
Whom were not of this earth and came with trust.
And in possession of this knowledge,
they would without empathy, those with out love
would send U.S. back to the void.
Backwards and into the dark and into their hearts
hearts that were born without soul's.

James McLain

Soul Pod's

After nearly twenty six thousand years
the wheel in the sky is nearly turned.
Incarnations, forced to live again.
When there are those so green then
they shall go to where we came before.
The firm warm earth a phantom zone
a place to wait and watch.
Where some the gifted few escape to
go each night in sleep.
Drifting off,
into the sea a sea of night, that's day.
The color green is best when seen for
what it really is.
A healthy soul, a wealthy soul, a soul
that free,
and does not have to start in life again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Such Bovine Filled With Gas Are As

Those who like the sound of their own voice.
It is but the flammable wind,
that blows from their end not their mouth.
Truth is but a fact,
that is based on empirical evidence, that is an
observation by one whom is unbiased to all.
Just as one's
inability to render sound judgement, by allowing
one to loose their families freedom or life
in believing that some benevolent being,
has for you created some non existent after life.
Though the control over you that they have is
your prison when theirs from you they have taken.
This planet our Earth
will be by U.S. made unsustainable by the need for most
to bring more children into poverty and ignorance.
Woe unto you, whom fail to see the simple truth in that.
Nor the desire to make pretty with an open mouthed
child, with that open blank look that I see with my eye's.
Adult's such as these,
have against U.S. you and me, committed a terrible crime.
Thus as the water begin's to rise, it is not a flood
by your God, but global warming.
Verily unto you I would say, that a pagan must have need
for some God, as I, don't mind burning in hell.
And as long as you say that you do they will by your
own mouth take what life you give up and then leave.
At no great expense to themselves.

James McLain

Killing The Innocent Without A Farewell Song

How angry would you be
if a drone killed your daughter
walking to school.
Would you be angry if someone
invaded your country
to gain control of your natural
resources?
Would you make friends
with individuals whom tried to slay
everyone not of your ilk?
And not call it Genocide!
Under the guise of creating a vacuum
someone worse
they tell you, would accupy.
Such are the time's that we all live in.
Sadly now in America
half of the children have been dumbed
down which now means.
That when it became acceptable to poison
those black children
with a few token white's thrown in.
It was then that your humanity slipped away.

James McLain

Cruz- Ing Our Neighborhoods For Muslim's

This slippery slope started with
registering
other human beings as sex offenders.
Trump and Cruz,
as president and or vice President,
would lead U.S. where?
Can a once great country exist or
grow as a fascist nation.
True racists would tell you it's yes.
I can not see
where it's to our advantage to create
a country,
where we create terrorist's from abusing
and disenfranchising our own citizens.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If I Should Die Before You

If I should die before you
where shall I go
where shall I wait
all I can do is watch you.

I had lived so long without you
before you came and
how it was that I lived,
was not really living at all.

Then when you came, I realized
my life if without you,
wasn't a true life when living
my life here without you.

And now to the moon
and my love of the sky
how beneath the green willow's
you opened my eye's to the star's.

It was then that I knew
that if I were to go first that
I'd find your special place,
that place in the sun
your place in the sun a place I could wait
and stay warm.

James McLain

Butterfly Their Haiku

When the butterfly's
Aren't set free to fly I cry
Sadly so should you

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Criminal Distinction Between Sociopaths And Psychopaths

Being nervous and easily agitated I saw,
a volatile and emotionally distressed individual.
Not excluding fits of deep violent seething rage.
Uneducated and unable to keep a job, living
on the fringes of society.
Prone to spontaneous uncontrollable fits of masterbation.

Kidnapping the occasional child or women, on these
without empathy, the circular cutting around each soft breast.
Inverting their nipples to draw attention to each master piece.
And the impossibility to form attachments with other people,
that don't share with U.S. a similar taste.

Unplanned, the pretty sociopath has learned to use her good look's
and superior intelligence
to chose the next man she meet's across town in his bar.
Moving from town to town because of it's large population base.
Through the window of her eyes he mistakingly felt some sort
of tie a bond of regret with her soul.

Unable to form any emotional attachments, I could have been
that young male, whoms mother as a child did the most
god awful thing's, that felt not unreasonably good.
Without a sound, I'd tie her up using her butt plug to keep
the ennama tube in, filling her rectum up with warm soapy water.
While laying in the bed made for me, where she slept.

Thus we learned to mimic emotions,
and despite our inability to actually harbour or feel them,
we appeared normal to people like you.
Unlike the sociopaths, we psychopaths are often well educated
extremely good looking and can hold steady jobs.
Allowing U.S. to support our dark modest fantasies.

Some of U.S. were so good at manipulation and mimicry that
our families and our relationships never suspected U.S. of
our pure deeper nature.

In my opinion the psychopath is different than the sociopath in this respect.

I believe that the psychopath is the result of nature, perhaps genetic, while sociopaths are more likely the result of the over protective mother, the narcissistic nurturer of his/her environment.

It could be that a psychopath is related to a physiological defect that results in the underdevelopment of certain part of the brain responsible for impulse control and emotions.

Sociopaths could be more likely the product of childhood trauma and physical/emotional abuse.

I can but conclude based on my own childhood, that developing into a sociopath is from that abused childhood learned.

Hence rather than being innate,

and that some of U.S. then can be capable of empathy,

in a certain limited set of circumstances but not in others,

and with a few limited individuals, but not with their mother.

Some times in truth our demon's were created when I as a baby was not smothered.

James McLain

I Wrote - Wedged, Is The Hip Splitter - For Her

I tried to make it sound fun and romantic.

The vibrator in my opinion was massive, purple
and veiny, she took it all, with out a single grunt.

I think she wanted a child!

Speaking bluntly, she painted the face of a baby
on the end of the largest.

Being again Wedged my hips groaned at just the thought
of it and they never even popped.

I became concerned when she wanted both holes filled
at once, wherein I just..... hope for hopeless...

at that time ran it's course.

I've wondered over and over again should the mentally

I'll be allowed to have sex?

What would Donald Trump have done and what would he
do now, if he could do

what he says, to all of U.S. like Hitler did to them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Was Mean And Very Mentally Ill

I went to pick her up twice after she was backer acted.
I met her as an out patient at directions myself being homeless, living in my car at that time for three year's.
After five months of personal observation, I got the feeling she was bad news.
My personal councillor, Chris Edwards, as so much as to not violate H.I.P.A tried to hint therein as so much.
She was sexually insatiable, liking pain like no other I had ever met.
I do not like pain, I never had, she tried to manipulate me into moving in with her I would not.
She found an old restraining order in my glove compartment unbeknownst to me.
She said I raped her, whereupon I was arrested.
After two month's in jail after their investigation they discovered she had done this to another.
I have never recovered from this, in this time and current course,
in as so far that rape has become unrealistically rampant.
I was released it was as I said to late for me.
D.C.F. wanted me to prosecute her, I would not she being to mentally unstable.
She committed suicide a year and a half latter.
Perhaps with a little more time I could have helped her.

James McLain

There Is Never More But Less

Of course I watch,
the open
window beckons would you not?
Yellow the moon
is not out above of reach.
The faint scent of a recent rain
has opened,
white wide the fallen magnolias.
This is not vanilla if it is.
The breeze through out the leaves
blow through the screen.
There is never more but always less.
The phone I hear it ring.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gratitude

Some of U.S.
expire before some other's.
Even I now, have a hard time remembering
how old I am,
born in nineteen fifty eight.
Elvis Presley,
Humphrey Bogart was my favorite.

Emily Dickinson and Abraham Lincoln
they all died before, becoming close
to old age.
Poor I am not richer as I age.
To know what makes U.S. richer as we age.

I am grateful to have lasted through
a life where I have loved, I'm now alone.
Nothing do we know when very young,
there's no market for the old and what they know.
I picked and chose with whom to have a child
for brain's and beauty are to some to never have.

Growing up a Catholic child and through out life
the devil knew the details of that child.
I am full of gratitude now because I know, that there's
is nothing after death so I lead my life,
as though there's someone watching me as I watched you.

James McLain

Some Of The Stuff I Saw In Her Panties

Only a mother would not vomit
at the
sight and stains
rubbed into the briefs of her
young boy's.

I forgot what mother's did to
make sure her boy's
were clean when they left
for school.

Prompting me to thus assume
the responsibility of
washing of the laundry when I
got married.

If my ex's panties
were left to long in the laundry
pantry.

The roach's
would eat the middle of the
centers out.

The larger they grew the more I
had to keep my eye on them.
Florida's are!

James McLain

Power And Control

Unwilling to bend.
They speak,
about rule of law.
While breaking the back's
of their people.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To See Her Again

No, not ever once again!
Her valley filled with water fall's,
the mist I cannot taste.

Underneath the moon so full, that it no
longer fill's my hands.
To touch her face, her face that is,
that I can't satisfy.

The forest filled with sturdy tree's
green bushes filled with leaves.
I'd struggle through the mid day sun,
until the crack of dawn.

We'd live and die, not grow apart,
to love her every night.
There is no hell, no pearly gates,
She dreamt, I looked surprised!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Visitor!

I railed at them in vain, it was if I spoke to them in some
foreign language.
How could I prevail against a charge I did not do?
To my own defense I testified, it was by they proffered.
Locked in a small cell inside the county jail.
Cut down in my prime, cut down like fresh mown Weat.
Furried off to where men wait in Florida on death row.
Here there were no wall's just chain linked fence topped
with razor wire, everything moved so slow except my life.
Two life sentences drains the wind from in one's sail's.
Life was cheap and no one cared the guards were just as bad.
I moved from job to job just to be by a window where I
could see the fence I could never touch.
Plotting to be free though no one here had ever escaped.
Seeing men stab each other with their flesh I couldn't hide.
Do you see my plight,
how can you begin to understand what you never felt or saw?
I could never understand how on direct appeal the Judge's
couldn't see what should have never been.
After seven year's they brought me back and one Judge
she did agree that I was not given a fair trial.
So I said what they wanted to hear and then they let me out.
But the pain inside my head won't go away, I made a child.
What men do to one another proves that there is no God.
Where some inside that fence have long since died.
I've been out for almost twenty year's!
It seems like life.

James McLain

Over Crowding - Haiku

Before they all had
Babies there was room for every
One now there's not

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Self - Pity

Majestic creature's low or high.
Racing towards extinction,
does a small brain not knowing how
drop dead though it is hungry.
With a bigger brain man's plan forgot
to teach each child the difference.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Possessed

Over time, I grew accustomed to their comings
and goings.
The very large window faced into the dark woods.
My neighbor's were not far and few in-between.
Over time while she watched in fear as it grew.
Such was my room with out roll away wall's.
Asleep, deep asleep was like no sleep at all.
Eye's tightly closed and locked out of my room.
Asexual the succubus had lip's that weren't right.
Standing in my door way in shock as I watched.
Was this the secret, a priest without his white smock?
Out of my body being straddled, I'd watch.
I never told my psychiatrist or my school psychologist.
Such was the heat in my small wall less room
that they left a dark shadow of one tree on my wall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I'm Gone Away

There is no simple way
that I can say,
a fire that once burned hot,
now fades away.

With out a thought, when I was young
I was a bee,
that sucked the morning light from
the midday sun.

How could I live a different life,
born again without prior knowledge of?
Could I know more, while knowing less and
live a better life
than what they've seen me struggle with?

He was one and done a leaf plucked from
his finger in the bush.
Her tree she choose was tall and leafy green
with vines that choked the sky.

James McLain

Swimming Outside The Stream Of Your Dream's

There have been so many like U.S.
Trying to get into your dream's.
Though unlike U.S.
those extraterrestrial races still alive
have evolved and managed to survive.
Crossing infinite bridge's, bridge's
built by those other's,
benevolent bridge's they built and then left.
I have long since theorized
due to humanities self destructive way's.
Drone's are by them all they will risk.
America has shone an affinity towards making
weapon's that can kill the whole world.
Having conquered disease and illimated old age
they can sit back and watch U.S. on T.V.
Common sense would dictate if we can't learn
from them
then there are only so many mistakes we have left.
While having more money you can't spend isn't
one of them.
Unadvised children and million's of abused adult's will
never endear them to U.S. and I don't
want to be exterminated by them because of your selfishness and greed.
Either we can evolve out into the stream the stream where
it's green the dream we can choose, it is real.

James McLain

Why Should I Care

I am still alive, no thanks to me.
Looking up at tree's that hurt my neck.
Eye's a pasty white how should I look?
Knowing, she has come to my retreat.

There is no more time than what you have.
Giving up on death, she touched my face.
All that time before my birth it left me as.
There is no peace in death, there is no sleep.

Here from where I sit I see them all and if
to care not more, but never nothing less.
With the price of real estate the fire shall
taste my flesh.
Are you now more lonely than in life, I ever was?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The War On Drug's

I have never lived in Malibu, but the vast majority of alcoholics, and drug addicts suffer from untreated, severe mental illness. Hence these deaths are accepted and they are certain. It's really a war on mental illness. The only logical reason that the billions that are spent on traumatizing them, even more instead of finding the root cause of these social ills is that. What would become of the hundreds of thousands of judges, prosecutions, state's attorneys, prison guards, law enforcement officers, d.e.a. homeland security the list is endless and the billions spent on maintaining them. Now that most local state law enforcement have military grade weapons, to what end unthinkingly for you it is. The punitive damage done to each community is mindbogglingly insane. Now that it's found out that these communities of impoverished people have been poisoned. The only option they will have left is chemical exposure to you the intended sender's sent. Knowing full well that the thinking of these people has been bent inward towards evil ways. And that their socially unacceptable behavior has for you been prearranged. Can they still think, are you thinking for your children?

James McLain

Owning A Pet In The Ghetto

Coming or going my cat was a smart one
climbing up
and onto the second floor window.
He didn't for a thrill kill bird's or mice.
Around his neck
he wore his freedom and his freedom I bought
for a price.
How did they know where he lived and how
did they know my phone number?
Right before he was killed,
sadly I could not afford to bond him out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Poisoning Of The Well

I struggled up and out into a world
that I knew best.
This island full to full they trudge
on past.
Our futures just the same the water's not.
Of what use are our children to U.S. now?
While we slept it reached into our lives.
Look to each a stunted bush
their curled up leaves are brown, inside out.
How best if you were them to keep U.S. down?
I have no way to keep and store the acid rain.
No one wants your prayer's as children sleep.
Trusting them to test what we don't have.
Sir: I am poor and being poor, I cannot raise
my damaged child and hopeless now, I've more than one.
If I raise my fist, they'll just cut it off.
Thousands upon thousands of brain damaged children
will be placed in prison, their foster care.
Mind's once green now brown, will they even know the
price they unknown paid?
Hot does a poisoned person think?
The clock slows down and backwards wound and some
will never know for them it's now to late.

James McLain

Holding You I've Held The Night

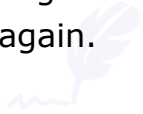
I've filled your heart with pain
this pain, I can't let out.
I've filled your mind with thought's
such thought's have gone away.

It has come to pass, all we had is gone
river's flow,
straight out to sea, having solved it's
mystery.

Holding you, I've held the night each
star a my new found friend.
But time for none can be reclaimed,
I've watched them all go out.

The future for U.S. love and pain
I've watched it all play out.
That nothing last forever love, until
it comes again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Fellow Brothers And Sisters

Here where it's dark, like you I still watch.
Ironic delusions such rich metaphors, I could still use, I shall not.
Millions have come and I have since paid the price.
Now that green summer is gone here where I wait, fall arrives.

Here where it's light, where I deeply sleep scantily covered in green.
Like you I once was, even then I am here like all of you now.
Trapped each night in this desperate dream there where your at.
Where out side looking in through the cold frosted glass, I shall wait.

Heavenly Father for those whom believe and for those whom need prayer
and dread the coming of night, sharing your dreams with a stranger.

Sleeping your sleep and as such like a theif, I have come.
As a giant purple moth that flies deep into the light it echoes the past,
as to why I am yours and you being great thus as such aren't you mine?

Now here where I speak to those that are dead and breathing each breath
the breath of white light that flows out at night from your mouth,
and into the breasts of those whom in need have need of their rest.
Out side where it's dark fall has arrived as I shut my eyes winter comes.

James McLain

Die Not If We Must

This isn't love, you still waste time.
Pepper spray that's filled with paint inside each can,
to Mark your dirty face, for latter on.
Fodder to be gunned down like animals in the street.
Muslim haters bark their filth like rabid dog's.
Homophobes that in real life were the gayest of them all.
Christian's disagree with who's head they chopped off first.
To dumb to know that on a registry you are on there next.
What unearthly use does law enforcement have for tank's
if not to use on all of U.S.
Millions spent for maintenance on them all to never use?
While inside out the school's little minds, rot from misuse.
If die you must and die you will
what use to them your worthless death's forgot in unknown holes.
Your bodies they would feed to their fat pig's then sell
them back to you and charge you more this death you won't escape.
You and I became a terrorist when you fought back,
against the rising tide to drown inside your unsafe home.
There is nothing left to take they have it all.
Likened unto days of old there's nothing left to tax.
There is no noble death for U.S. we waste our dying breath.
If we must die, let it be not like some starving hog.
From the air with their technology we are hunted and penned in.
Inside your home you think that you are safe and from above
they see inside your house it's now their own domain.
Pitiful poor white's to live will turn a blinded eye
to slay the rest so that they can live a guilt free life.
Ten year's ago I would have said you get what you deserve.
Like all the rest they said you gave away, do you feel safe
you never will, until they take your child and make them pick.
A choice between their parent's and the state, we've seen before.
Without a gun, can you fight back to save what you don't have.
There is nothing left for you the writing on the toilet wall it says.
There is no toilet paper left,
why don't you save the state some time
and kill your self before your children see what time it is.

James McLain

You Will Take What I Can't Have

I've been Alone too long with you, I've lied.
To love you I will love and live and die.
Those other times I take what you will give
and giving back you gave what I can't have.

I've placed my head upon your lap and slept,
and dreamt of places I have never been.
Above me all around me drifting falling snow,
those knowing of such peace they are too few.

I have never in this life been so alone,
and those who knew are gone to heaven now.
It's just my fear of never letting go and of
living with the dead I only wonder what they hide.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Because To Me It's Red

My thoughts on how the road began
see the light right through the clouds.
Any other way I passed right by into.
No other color further
from my eye's, I saw today it was.
As it fills the air the floor boards groan.
Creaking steps lead up, some red stick's out.
Nothing as it was it's always been.
Backward flowing words that taste of ink and ash.
Something that was often said
can be a little more than once but never twice.
All the year's before your birth it's known are gone.
White is not a rose if it is red the sunlight shows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

..... Maslow's Hierarchy Of Basic Human Needs

Maslow's Hierarchy of Basic Needs

Around the world, people go about doing the same things in very different ways. Although the behaviours of races and cultures are different, the basic needs they are satisfying are very similar. Abraham Maslow is one psychologist who studied these needs.

A great deal of Maslow's work was devoted to how people got the best from themselves. He researched productive, well-balanced and happy people. Initially he studied the famous - like Lincoln- and later the non-famous. He found common characteristics throughout. These were a love of life, creativity, high energy, a sense of humour and good relationships in their lives. People with these characteristics are self-fulfilled. Maslow called them Self-actualised: that is, they are using their full potential.

Maslow found that all human beings have five levels of needs to be satisfied and Self-fulfilled people constantly get all five of these needs met. Maslow saw these needs in a hierarchy; a list of ideas, values or objects from the lowest to the highest.

LEVEL 1: Physical Survival Needs

The first and most basic of all needs are those to do with physical survival. This is the need for food, drink, shelter, sleep and oxygen. If a person cannot satisfy this basic survival need it dominates their interest and concern. A person who is cold, sick or hungry will not be very interested in socialising, learning or working.

LEVEL 2: Physical Safety Needs

Once the physical survival needs are met, a new set of needs emerges. The physical survival needs still exist, but having these needs satisfied regularly, a person becomes aware of the next level of human need - physical safety. This is the need to feel safe in the world: to feel safe from personal danger and threats; being deprived at Level 2 results in fear. When a person is fearful, all concentration goes to calming the fear with no thought for any other task. For a person to develop fully as a human being there must be some freedom from fear of personal attack, particularly in one's own home.

LEVEL 3: Love and Belonging Needs

Once the physical survival and safety needs are being regularly met, a need for

love, affection and belonging begin to emerge. Level 3 needs result from the fact that human beings are sociable and need relationships with others. Maslow states: 'The person ... will hunger for affectionate relationships with people in general for a place in the group.'

Some of these needs include:

Family or belonging - the need to belong to a group, family, religion, town or class.

Acceptance and understanding - the need to feel alright and to know that others accept you as you are.

Loving and affection - the need both to get and give love.

Intimacy - the need to share inner thoughts with others in close, caring ways.

People deprived at this level seem bored and joyless, even if they are doing well at their chosen tasks. They have feelings of loneliness, pain, sadness, separation and unworthiness.

LEVEL 4: Self-esteem Needs

With a few exceptions, people in our society have a need to feel of value and to count for something. This is called the need for esteem. It is a degree of self-respect and respect from others. Self-respect includes the need for confidence, achievement, independence and freedom. Respect from others includes recognition, attention and appreciation.

LEVEL 5: Self-fulfilled (Self-actualised)

If the first four needs are being met, a new one will probably develop: the need for self-fulfilment. This is to become more what a person can be: to develop all aspects - physical, social, emotional and spiritual. Among the characteristics of self-fulfilled people is awareness of living, completeness, joyfulness, unforgettable moments or periods of joy, unity and understanding.

James McLain

Pain Is Colored Emotion On The Wall

Throughout the depths of my emotion's
up and down through the stars, counting the steps
the color of pain to our blind eye's, inside
of a jar with out wall's.

Some turn to death at a very young age, setting fires
right before a big rain.
Any good coming from that can't be seen.
Nature to them is a dream.

I am not numb from the cold, before she could ask
I took a knee in the snow.
Look back..
when winter was white what followed was green,
struck through and through, through my heart.

Who still here has ignored, ignored sound advice
who survived to old age,
while watching the young leaves float away.

Now in the internet age you have chosen to give
it your face
the narcissist say's, a choice you have made,
a small world
watching you give up on life every day.

Saving them all, a few minutes each day
to be the one who could change this cruel world
premature, they painted your face on a wall.

James McLain

Daffodils LI

She didn't mind the great length
or the girth of it.
Bushes without leaves
were not green
and love is and he misses it.
The woods
were not deep without tree's
that aren't seen.
While the path that she walked
she chose in his dream.
She dropped what it was that
made them grow thick.
Lass tiss, tisnt true.
That daffodils don't bleed white sap
if too soon they are picked.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Clammy And Spent, Death Has Climbed Off Me

So many dead bodies have climbed up
on and down off me
where my head rests it is wet there
and clammy.

The smell of it
when plunging deep into sleep
feeling by the depth I can taste
what I see
as it appeared in my dream.

The \./ I can see, it can not see me
other's rested here
in death is a dream a dream few have
shared.

Low in may lay and while humid it's hot
I can't catch my breath
while the red chili hot peppers
down my neck they have traveled.

Dead not in death though through the
living there not
as one after another they climb up
and get off.

James McLain

What If Reality Changed What It Effected

Should he continue to run from them?
or hide,
hide away deep inside of some where
else where it's not really dark?

The light, that we see if reality grows
show's it smaller and smaller, as I.
In it we turn.....
Learning to go, but we don't.

Pushing to hard, though they grind, grinding,
grind, when hope runs out we forget.
What is what, when it was, what I can't seem to
forget ever was.
What it was like to as to when it was not!
Inside of the mind of a child.

Word's just can't describe what it is like.
Where as to being found wandering some where else
is like being some one else I think for a while.

James McLain

L Hear Freedom Groan

Freedom groans,
under the weight of it's downtrodden.
Executions,
in Florida may soon come to a stop,
still today, I became again afraid.

I often wonder am I a coward afraid
of jail?
Self reporting, self arrest, saying what
need's to be said.
I try to ask them all of the questions
that makes them hate me.

Without me, I wonder
would they still have a job?
The detective hating my word's got up
and shook the hand's
of two homeless men, turned and said.

These two show respect, while you give U.S.
nothing but grief!
I then said, he wearing a gun, chair's
firmly secured to the ground, yet we come
and go.

Convicted felons that don't report to the
sheriff's office,
are guilty of a third degree felony
punishable by up to five year's in prison.

I tripled up on my seroquel because I sweat
perfusely and shake uncontrollably when I'm around
corrupt individuals whom have the power
of life and death over me.

You see,
come May of next year I will have been out of prison
for twenty year's.
And since my release I have been jailed

at least twenty time's.

I have spent easily twenty grand on bailbond's

I've lost a multimillion dollar yearly business

my family and home.

While committing no tangible crime inside my state
or country.

Now I am old beyond belief and have no real interest
in what they will do to you,

because you didn't care what they did to me

now that I hear freedom groan.

James McLain

What Is A Prophet

A prophet is any individual whom
possessed the genetic ability for precognition.
The ability
when asleep, to see through time into the future.

Before the industrialized revolution
life in most cultures, was fundamentally
without complication and fairly simple.

Those the most wise of King's and Queen's
sought them out for their own personal survival.

Conflicts and arrow's took flight as to what
was real power without knowing the outcome of war.

A few countries hid U.S. away to frustrate
other countries and to prevent our assassinations.
Now they are considered U.S. a threat and their
other precog's now seek them out.

Before they blossom out and up from their bud
they are
locked up to be violently assaulted by consciousless thugs
in our U.S. prison's.

They are then put on very strong mind killing medications,
telling you it is some form of A.D.D. or A.D.H.D.

Unable to control them they have discovered
how to strip from these, your unbelievably gifted children,
when exposed to violent jail's and head trauma in Prison's.

James McLain

Overturing A False Conviction In Florida

There is always a motive by law enforcement when some of these individuals are arrested.

Corruption, personal advancement or their inability to find and arrest the real perpetrator. Most often there was no true perpetrator at all.

Pressure on the District Attorney with out a true bill is in these cases not transparent. A dishonest judge will never cure it.

The jury is pooled at the edge's when it's drawn from the stick's where their ignorant.

The defence attorney is then sucked in and their clients are betrayed for their future political benefits.

Egregious are the errors when the case was never proven, where even the jury asked repeatedly for directions. Or the jury is told that they cannot go home unless they come back with a verdict.

Here no layman like you need's to wonder as to what in this instance the verdict will be. The sentence in this single instance will be double life sentences, plus thirty year's.

A motion is filed by the wrongly convicted where he or she has alleged ineffective trial council. It is a two pronged test under Strickland vs Washington where the defendant must show just what the error is and how it affected the outcome of the trial.

Now Only if there's a different honest judge a female judge whom isn't corrupted and here where justice prevails. Whom issue's an order and the order grant's a new trial.

Vacating and setting the sentence's aside.

Does the defendant now plead out
after having spent seven year's in Florida's
most brutal prison's, expecting a different out come than
the one he or she initially received?

The ignorant one's say they would spend the rest of their lives
inside of this designed human hell.

Where no one will help you
unless you learn their legal language or that God
will step up and prove you are innocent.

Today those bible thumpers are still in there where I left them.

James McLain

Have I Become The Consciousness Objector

Through those gates, I have walked both way's
Going in my ass so tight that my ass cheeks cramped
A thin sliver of fence was but the difference
between the world out there and the next
The pain is very real
if the attention of the man if you were caught.

Trying to be a diplomat, secretly playing one side against
The other, the way that the administration play's the
White's against the Black's, Sun Tzu then said.
Here where I was, death row is, it's called Raiford across the
Street is F.S.P. where they are legally allowed to kill you.

Here where the screaming never stop's, it's a contest of
Credibility and it's in the moment of the now where
The truth is at first found out, there are no cat walk's here
And in your mind
It is only as light as it is out side of your cold concret cell.

Out side in the free world
The sodomites bang down our door's to get in
Here where the bible can't save you
Here where no diplomat's could survive, I have opposed only me
I have in here renounced that which I was and now as they
Come in my cell and get me, I am the cross on the gurny and it
Is quite when the needle goes in, fighting off sleep I slip in
Over my head it is then that the light's have all gone dark.

James McLain

The First Trial - Before Thing's Went Wrong

In the eye of the true beholder, if
beauty is, could justice ever be?
Around the one tree climbing vine's
denuded of leave's, shriveled, once green.
Teeth grinding, row after row in-between deep,
the man in the boat, sits up and draws breath.
Toes once curled that now stand out straight.
She the baiter of word's, fearful outbursts
manipulated and
killed and then dumped on the side of the road
with her thinking
other thought's, one of which is he really dead?
Before thing's went wrong the trouble was, just in case
any more burglaries occurred that couldn't be solved,
it would be best to arrange
the out come of any and all, future trials.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blessed Are They

Blessed are they
whom spoke
from the pain of life
and yet to life
still gave
and from those same lips
sings song's of praise
to those whom once
there lived.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rhino Alert, It's For You

They do this to get the attention
of other Republican's
and a taste of this to you the other
day I gave to you.
Instead of putting our brothers
and sisters to work rebuilding our infrastructure.
They would instead start more war's
for their oil that we no longer have any use for.
Make no mistake my fellow American's
they would kill U.S. all, for what the U.S.
has done to them.
And sore are we
for the State's that we live in will
do unto U.S.
as to what the federal government has done unto them.
And no higher court that in freedom we had will protect
U.S. the people from them.
Lost is the dream the dream we once had, the dream
that we could rise to the Top, through hard work.
Our economy has now been for a while tied to theirs,
people over there or down below U.S. whom will work for next
to nothing while the Republican's
whom gave U.S. away, talk about social security reductions
and welfare reform.
The day before yesterday
I heard Hillery Clinton lie to U.S. when she said
the dream isn't dead if you will work for the man very hard.
So I dreamt that I robbed a bank
and the money that I got I used to pay off the nursing
home bill where my mother stayed.
For the bill they would only take counted silver or gold.
Now the police have some new software that assigns you a
value of now how dangerous you are.
As if all the poor murdered soul's could sit up in their grave's
and point out their killer's and say.

James McLain

Putting Lead In America's Drinking Water

If you haven't already begun to wonder
why the children
in the United State's
are beginning to seem not to very swift
in the head, perhaps it is time
to be more than a little
concerned as to why.
As the black population Start's
to show their displeasure at being
brutally murdered
by law enforcement and pressure on them
begins to mount.
The next phase in their need to exceed
the parameters of maintaining
control
is to put lead in your drinking water.
After all
if they can get away with doing
it to the white's
then they have free reign to murder the rest.
The effect's on the children
that are already
not to swift, would of course be devastating.
A much lower I.q.
irreversible neurological brain damage
a greater prolectivity
towards committing crime and incarceration.
And U.S. left with voting for some individual
who will claim that they will put
a stop to the other's
that put lead into our already contaminated
drinking water.

We are all,
except for a few much to greasy and fat!
Fingers going in, Fingers out.
That's why you can't get laid
and your daddy,
touched me and that make's my daddy you.

James McLain

My Fellow Poem Hunter Poet's

Please know,
I am great full to all
whom have
an interest taken
in what I have written.
Do to the nature
of our mostly corrupt
politicians.
Outlets like
Poem hunter have allowed
U.S.
to effect change for our
fellow brothers and sisters
around the world.
Question everything!
Brush up
on dark energy and dark matter.
Read up on the Kepler
discoveries.
There are infinite everything's
where size truly never has mattered.
And know that the greatest
scientific mind's in the world
are now almost certain
as to how it all really started and
how it will all go away.

James McLain

Tampa Florida, A Small Conversation About Sex Offenders

Posted yesterday, by our local news channel ten.

Michelle Meetze James University of South Florida

I live on Davis Islands and it's just a matter of fact that they can't afford the cost of living here. Even the least expensive apt is 700+.

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · Jan 7,2016 10: 29am

Anthony D. Greene Tampa, Florida

Pricing the miscreants out of the area will push them into lower income neighborhoods. Fine by me.

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 23 hrs

Michelle Meetze James University of South Florida

Anthony D. Greene and I'm definitely not living in any mansion but I will take it any day! I just kind of resented the comment about this would not happen on Davis island. I gave up my savings to buy a shack in a nice neighborhood to give my kids the kind of life that I did not have growing up. Just the facts unfortunately a lot of these types of facts and statistics are income driven. Plain and simple

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 1 · 23 hrs

Isitpoetry McLain Clearwater, Florida

Clearwater, Florida

It's lop's like you that have ruined the country.. I'm almost ashamed of being from Tampa..

Any way pard,

you just keep voting your rights away.

And when you threaten to harm some one else

well that is what jail's and prison's are for,

lop's like you..

In my opinion you just made a terrorist threat.. iip

Like · Reply · Delete · 21 hrs

Show 5 more replies in this thread

Anthony D. Greene Tampa, Florida

Build a school in area then fumigate the pervs out. Btw, buy a gun, get trained, and carry daily.

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 23 hrs

Isitpoetry McLain Clearwater, Florida

Stupid people.. They have to live somewhere.
Furthermore.. Real rapist and real child molester's
are going to molest and rape
in spite of any laws on the book's as to punishment.
Sadly stupid people vote for stupid politicians
and real societal issues are left unaddressed.
Hence you deserve what you get... is it Poetry..Google it..

Like · Reply · Delete · 21 hrs

Daniel H. Suarez Hillsborough High School

Yeah, shame on people for worrying about their children, wives, moms, daughters. Shame on them for losing property values on their biggest investment!

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 1 · 19 hrs

Paula Brassart Star Fleet Academy

47 living in just 3 houses? i wonder if the date base needs some updating.

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 20 hrs

Judy Luckey-Cornett College Professor at Southern Technical College Brandon, FL

There is an anti clustering ordinance in Hillsborough County

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 17 hrs

Judy Luckey-Cornett College Professor at Southern Technical College Brandon, FL

I live on Davis island approximately 10 years ago and we did have one sex offender on the island and it did not take long to get him to move off the island.

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 1 · 20 hrs

Michelle Meetze James University of South Florida

I remember checking out the statistics years ago and I think they were actually I

want to say two or three. Not sure what really happened.

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 1 · 18 hrs

Judy Luckey-Cornett College Professor at Southern Technical College Brandon, FL
Michelle Meetze James I lived on West Davis Boulevard and the sex offender lived in an apartment on the east side of the main strip and at that time there was only one. I am sure there have been several moving in and out of the area but obviously are not wanted there or anywhere. I run an organization that provides education about sex offenders in keeping kids safe we are anti child molesters s

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 18 hrs

Isitpoetry McLain Clearwater, Florida
Most children if mentally healthy
past the age of six
usually have an inherent ability
to know instinctively
what is right and what is wrong.
Abuse of any kind should never be
tolerated unfortunately
white Republican male's and females
as a rule are not to bright and
have no proper moral compass.....See More

Like · Reply · Delete · 17 hrs
Show 7 more replies in this thread

Hank Roberts

The woman is upset she recieved 97 notifications in the last four years? And none of the sex offenders has comitted a crime though, over that four year period? Shut your clam hole, busybody. How aout YOU move to another neighborhood. Some people always need something to worry and complain about.

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 3 hrs · Edited

Wendy Leistikow Manager at Steak 'n Shake

It is so sad to see how close minded and misinformed the public truly is when it comes to this group of AMERICAN citizens. They have the right to live in peace just the same as anyone else does. The biggest thing you guys seem to forget is

the fact that most of these people have family that are being affected by these unconstitutional laws that keep getting past limiting where an AMERICAN citizen can live. I think a lot of you could learn a few things just by looking up some accurate statistics on registered sex offenders. For example rso's have the second lowest recidivism rate topped only by murderers who stay locked up for life. Please do a lil research before making rash judgments about an entire group of people lumped together.

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 2 · 2 hrs

Shelly Stow

Why don't we tamp down on the hysteria and fear-mongering. First, research shows no correlation at all between where those who commit a crime of this type live and where the victims live- except, of course, for the crimes against children that take place in the victims' homes and are committed by family members, but those individuals are almost certainly not on the registry.

Secondly, if we want to avoid this type of clustering, remove the residency restrictions for those who have completed their sentences. Something else research shows...residency and proximity restrictions do nothing to impede first time offenses, repeat offenses, or the rate of child molestation. Let's lobby for fact and evidence based laws.

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 2 · 2 hrs

Carol Gambill SJR CC

We are a society of haters. If it is not one certain group of citizens it is another to either fear or contend. Educate oneself before going into complete hysteria through the media's myths about matters, especially SO related..

Here are a few points to look at and research even further on your own:

- This "cluster" is a byproduct of Sex Offender Residency Restrictions.
- SORRS displace law abiding registered citizens from their communities and separate them from their families, which destabilize them.

o Housing instability is a trigger for re-offense....See More

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 2 · 1 hr

Shelly Stow

Judy Luckey-Cornett, I too am anti-child molester. That is why I advocate for fact-based legislation that will put the focus where it belongs- on the victims. In

your position you must know that the tiniest of fractions of child molestation is committed by someone already on the registry. If you are what you say you are, you should be lobbying hard for taking the focus away from a failed system that does nothing to improve child or public safety and for putting it on programs of education and prevention.

Like · Reply · Mark as spam · 47 mins

James McLain

Mrs. Barbara Dawson, Your Going To Jail

Blountstown, Florida, Calhoun County.
A County very high on the list in poverty.

Barbara Dawson went to the local
emergency room,
complaining of internal pain.

After a precursory examination
being black,
she was asked by a white nurse
to leave.

Unable to articulate
the specific nature of her illness,
again she was asked to leave.

Whereupon again she refused it was
then law enforcement was called.

Taken out she collapsed,
And repeatedly the white officer said,

Mrs Dawson
you are going to jail.
You can make it easy or hard.

Wherein she was later taken back inside
and shortly thereafter she died.

A large blood clot was found in her lung.

James McLain

Ted Cruz And Mental Illness

Yesterday a fascist said,
I will come down hard
on the mentally ill.
One in six Americans
suffer from some form of
mental illness.
Eighty percent
of all poet's do.
It's time you spoke up
as the
fruit of this bush
is of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gun Control Start's Here

By a woman or a man
are you kissed most favourably there.
Gun manufacturing
can start phasing future Gun
manufacturing towards semiautomatic's.
Finger print technology
can then be programmed to each specific gun to allow
one single owner to operate it.
While all future registration's would cooperate
around this.
Revolver's would have to be phased out all together.
We have to start somewhere people.
Republican's are just to dangerous to be voted into
office anywhere.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The World, The Middle East And U.S.

Having no further need for their oil
would you not hate U.S.
trying to control now who can get it.
Would it not be in our best interest
to now leave them to their very own?
The U.S.
now has the technology to commit mass
murder with drone's.
Personally if some one dropped a bomb
on my house
like you we would try to kill them.
Going to war with China, would be the
end of U.S. all.
The U.S. can no longer dictate to other's
when and if they choose
to buy weapon's of mass destruction from
other's.
Iran and Suadi Arabia are being pushed
farther apart like Continental drift pushes
against U.S.
Cut the budget of the Pentagon by half
and use the money to help all of our children
reach their full potential.
Unfortunately our civilization is not ready
to make that one last leap to the top of the latter.
Sadly the advanced extraterrestrials have chosen
to ignore U.S.
After having seen other world's
and planets take the path of self destruction
and will simply sit and wait until we are dead and gone.
No one likes to be bullied or taken advantage of.

James McLain

Getting Milked By Hand

Life is not so short nor long,
the farmer's wife, she said.
Wisdom learned, the chicken kept it's head.
His yellow beak, it point's the way
her husband sitting in his rocking chair, is dead.
Dancing maidens,
in their see through frocks, lovely but threadbare.
Milking cows, each wait their morning, turn.
Polished on a dirty floor, the second one calls out.
Lot's of milk sprayed out from them, the cake
turned out all right.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Compactivication, It's Not The End Of The Beginning

$$\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} \exp(\{a x^4+b x^3+c x^2+d x+f\}) \, dx$$
$$= e^f \sum_{n, m, p=0}^{\infty} \frac{b^{\{4n\}}}{(4n)!} \frac{c^{\{2m\}}}{(2m)!} \frac{d^{\{4p\}}}{(4p)!} \frac{\Gamma(3n+m+p+\frac{1}{4})}{a^{\{3n+m+p+\frac{1}{4}\}}}$$

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Oregon Land Protesters - 01-04-2016

Through the occupation of Federal Building's.

The question isn't,

what would they do if they

we're black!

The answer to that is obvious!

But, how much better

it would justly be, if all of U.S.

we're allowed, to use

the land

that in theory belong's to U.S.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Would You Trade Your Life For Mine

Chapter one was that, I confessed only to him
and that when I was three, my mum tried to kill me.
Taken away from this cruel world, I just cried.
To which by whom I was sent to live with my dad.
Under investigation for dealing drugs, we were
always moving, moving around until.
Hiding from thugs who carried guns, when I turned
twelve he was shot.

By now you have guessed, I am black.

Chapter two, the foster home where I was sent to live.
I got put into a mostly all only white camp,
where four month's out of the year I was white.
Being confused I met a girl who liked me
she was the boy and I played the girl, she was everything
to me he was not.
Where she touched me, I touched her back and she
told me two things, that I can be loved or cannot that
it's to be seen or not touched.
That it must be felt by the heart and that
trust is a mirror and that once it is cracked it can
never be broken again.

Chapter three and what you will never see
is the light on the pond the rippled reflection,
a picture of you and of me.
I waited one day just to be sure, before I asked
her back out.
That very same day before I could say, she shot herself.
Should I still blame my self?
I should have asked her that very same day, I could have saved her.
Now I'm not here very much,
so if you want to hear another confession don't reply to this
you can text me at..123-456-789-10..
and ask for my conscious here.

James McLain

Incarceration Through The Eye's Of Your Guilty Child

I dreamt about this particular iceberg for many year's
as a young man
where in and out of prison I was, for a while.
It was big, big in size
if size was big, like only size could be, in Florida.
Abandoned in it, to it a one man cell, placed in it by they.
Passing evil law's designed to keep the other
forty seven percent of U.S. all down.
Unable to get a job and or vote the corrupt out of.
Blue as it was,
as blue as the sky, such a big blue, like a marble blue
on the clearest of day's the bluest, blue day.
Hearing have I, heard some say to turn our blood into profit.
Polar bears and their mind set and their blood thirsty ways.
Staff unfit guards commuting thirty miles a day to have their way.
Cell extractions in isolation where no widows are allowed to exist.
Justifying it all in claiming their need for control.
While urin stained walls conveyed what they sought.
To render individuals
from being able to function or being mentally able.
Glacier blue eye's
where razor wire hides from the top what the bottom will do.
There are no black iceberg's here they are all in prison.
The rationale by the cruel
they reason away, that what doesn't kill you
will make you stronger.
This system these people know that they prey on the fear
of ignorant people,
people that are unqualified to tender up our vote's.
Children to young, born to unfit parent's
mental illness not caught early that is latter on triggered.
When people leave prison and after being traumatized
cannot function, seeing people raped and brutally murdered.
How can any reasonable individual expect them to function.
While you knowingly condoned and through your silence
helped hurt them.
The psychology of your doom is now known to U.S. all.

Her First Furry Friend

Normally she wore camel toe pants,
the why never seen unlike.
The plant's in science that wore green.
I could could tell when she showed up
wearing that dress
and that she hoped he secretly would notice.
Through it I saw and took notice I did.
Seeing I saw
what the silk I looked could not hide.
Knowing those worms had to work very hard.
That what once were twin peaks she
now had two more blushing brown eye's.
I blushed at her looks her gaze was for him.
When she hugged him it was then
that I knew we could only be friend's.
While all I could do was sit back and watch.
Knowing that a good teacher like him
should rise and stand out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Rose Once It's Picked

He didn't mind the great depth
or the scent of it.
Surrounded by leaves with long
thorn's to protect it.
The path through the garden
leads U.S. out through the wood's.
While paddocks of green clover
let's U.S. know we are near.
Dreaming in colors
in her dreams both have shared.
Such a rose is unique
when by both it is picked.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Oink'ka Doodle Do

There is no room left for me.
Over the edge of the trough where it spilled.
And even now, in it up to our necks
we still are
and vomit and shit fill the trough.

Winter comes and cover's me up, it is harsh.
The wind when it's slicing and cutting,
is made harsher still.
Coming back, back to the scene of the crime
guilty are all, here whom still are.
And in spite of it all life goes on.

Pity not those whom sit high in judgement of,
floating above all the rest.
Shedding therein no tears for and eye's that
have closed on the way I could never know.

Many are the hand's that reach up,
to the low hanging fruit that hangs up.
Fruit that is heavy, soft firm, young and fresh,
fruit that you swore you'd not grow.
Is there time still for me to sell out?

James McLain

When You Are Not Guilty But Really Aren't

When they come and arrest you and you and put you in jail
and you are so embarrassingly poor
and you can't make a cheap bond to get out
and it's two month's rent
and your family might be evicted if they do bond you out
and the cop has lied just for revenue
and your public defender asks you who do you
think the jury will believe
and your innocent
and you've been in jail for six or seven month's
and you live in a fantasy world
and you and you say you would stay in jail until you
are found not guilty
and you can't get out unless you do
and remember
that jury selection is predicated on only jurors
whom have served before
and have an unspoken understanding to convict
and their lives
consists of a life of being Jerry Springer bored
and then their verdicts are then so obviously wrong
and if you don't take some deal you'll never get out
is this to you coercion?

James McLain

Probation In Florida

Probation is paid for by the probationers.
These individuals pay for services
that most do not get and when the probationer
is set up to fail
where more than half are mentally challenged
irreparably damaged
by trauma caused in state prison's and jail's.
When and if released the explosive
the violence and damage
to the community is very real and predictable.
Where the ignorant public act's against their
what's in their best very own interest.
The fact that these individuals can no longer vote
is on it's face,
and shows whom our corrupt politician's represent.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Jehovah's Witnessed

I delivered, when young
many fish to those
whom would have them.
Unspoken were the word's
to Jehovah's,
whom must take my fish
and depart.
Flesh of Flesh to go home
and prepare them.
Thus by this act, they were
witnessed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Kingdom Of Knowledge

There is only one way into the kingdom of knowledge.
Question everything!
Avidly read,
you are to read everything that you can get your hand's on.
Ignorance and it's blank stare,
can never be dispelled when the light's have never been on.

To survive in this new world,
Stay, I repeat stay in any, Institution of higher learning.
Keep an open mind that the
Bible the Koran and Torra were written by primitive
men in a primitive time,
where there wasn't any knowledge of time or of space.

The poetry in these book's can never be improved upon.

Before it failed the Kepler telescope
had discovered hundred's of planets that could support life.

The Vatican and the Pope,
have already spoken to the top best scientific mind's
in respect to life in ten or twenty year's being found.

Those of U.S. whom have never learned to understand
what's been written and can't read or write are of course
amongst U.S. the most vulnerable.
These of course go on to become potential Republican's.
And ignorance, left unchecked will by it's sheer number's
eventually overwhelm the light in U.S... ALL.

James McLain

Here In Florida Is The Fear That Corrupted Republican's Have Invoked

Florida has been under the control of Republican's for more year's than I can count.

No one condones the abuse of children or adults in any capacity.

Jeb Bush started this insane treatment of it's citizens and those of the Trump mentality

whom have due to this slippery slope of reading minds and hence turning hateful people against Muslim's.

Opinion's vary but common sense would dictate that no amount of threats to incarcerate pedaphiles would in reality keep them from finding a way to sate their abnormal lusts.

The real solution to solving this problem is simple If a child is molested and of a certainty some are.

That's what life sentences are for.. But.. they must be truly guilty not locked up in jail for so long that an individual would plead to get out because the state in their haste to arrest falsely did so

or for no other reason than to avoid legal liability which in Florida is all to common.

After all this is the south and Florida is one of the most corrupt states in the country.

Please keep in mind there are no laws on the books to enforce this.

Below is an example of their inability to govern by reason.

Florida Department of Corrections to Focus on Public Safety and Offender Supervision During Halloween

TALLAHASSEE - To enhance public safety and the safety of Florida's families this Halloween, Florida Department of Corrections' (FDC) probation officers will work with local law enforcement agencies throughout the state to ensure sex offenders under felony supervision do not partake in any Halloween-related activities involving minors.

Unless your Hispanic or Black.

During designated 'trick-or-treat' hours, FDC probation officers will make

personal contact and conduct surveillance in local communities. Safety efforts will also include surprise visits by probation officers, multiple residence drive-bys and increased surveillance at motels and treatment facilities that sex offenders use.

Secretary Julie Jones said, 'The FDC Office of Community Corrections' top priority is the safety of Florida's communities. Our officer's increased vigilance and collaboration with local law enforcement will ensure that Florida's children and their parents are able to enjoy a safe and peaceful Halloween.'

In addition to the increased security, sex offenders under supervision have also been given strict instructions regarding their restrictions for the Halloween holiday:

Do not give out candy or other treats.

Turn off porch lights, close blinds.

No outside decorations to attract children.

Do not answer the door to trick-or-treaters.

Do not dress in costumes or masks.

Do not attend Halloween parties where children will be present.

Offenders who do not remain in compliance with the terms of their supervision will be subject to immediate arrest.

###

As Florida's largest state agency, the Department of Corrections employs more than 23,000 employees statewide, incarcerates more than 100,000 inmates and supervises nearly 140,000 offenders in the community.

Welcome to Florida my friends.

James McLain

Should I Hate My Dad

I Poisoned,
both my dad's with antifreeze.
They touched me,
deep inside, while all my friends...
..... I wish that they would die!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Black And White

Up through the age's
not that far back when men
had no conflicts
with God.

One intelligent man could
know it all
and with knowledge came
wisdom for all.

The sky swept out it's secrets
where the wind had no face
and fire burned their soft skin
when it fell.

Most thought the earth was a flat
endless place
where heresy was all that was taught
and scientific Advancement was
met with their sick twisted deaths.

Science and God is by most misunderstood
as Christian's
and Muslim's advance
amongst men
such are the crazed million's whom
would keep
all the world's children eating dirt.

James McLain

Racism Is Geography

Ever since modern man
drove the last
neanderthals
from their cave's
into the sea
the Straight's of Gibraltar
have witnessed
what man
in his quest to rid himself
of what he fear's
the most
that when he dies
he doesn't die but spreads
instead this curse
that none should live and
living died each culture's night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Look Another's Day Has Come

Another night is done
one lazy cricket has not gone
and it has paid the price.

Drooping heads in sleep are lifted up
it should be cooler to their touch
unseasonably is such heat the sun's
not close nor can I tell if it is far away.

To the many milky eye's raise up the dawn
where night and day grows longer in-between
respite in what some gain
hanging on to what has come and gone
with out them no one knows that it is home.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Wish Sometimes, I Wasn't Me

Some time's I've wished I was a guy
so I wouldn't be trapped alone inside.
Sometimes I wish I could only breathe
without feeling used up and pushed aside.
Sometimes I just wish I wasn't me like
when he went to far inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Life I Never Asked For

About my life, the reason is not where I live and how
crank control's my mother and her life.

I can hear my brother shagging with a crack whore
in the living room
theirs no one but D.C.F. for me to talk to.

Besides of being accused by them of betrayal
and for obvious reason's that's why I won't, I was
told my dad got killed in Afghanistan
I never saw him.

I never touched drugs.
Other's say they never will.
Tonight, my mom and brother are going to go to jail.
And I again will be left, alone.

So as I sit here, hungry and freezing,
wishing someone could come and save me
I realize I'm on my own
and nobody's is coming here to save me.

I'm afraid that my creative juice's have dried up.

Merry Christmas.

James McLain

I Have An Imaginary Lover

I have an imaginary lover
who is kind, caring, and supportive.
Everything that my other lover is not.
My imaginary lover holds me
when I cry,
and is the one I tell everything to.
My imaginary lover,
is not completely made up, but based
more on truth than not.
And I recently started talking to
my lover a lot less, this lover I miss a lot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I'm Going To Do It Soon

I'm going to do it soon!
I'm feeling electric now.
My face is tight I'm breathing
much too shallow to.
Tomorrow I turn sixteen.
My best friend, can't know.
In my back yard the wood's
are dark and deep, with water falls.
What if they can tell?
I'm going to do it soon and
I've been working out.
It all comes down to this,
doing it and nothing else matter's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Am I Too Young To Be A Lesbian

Why am I thought to be too young to be a lesbian.
Outside my window wrist thick vines grow on trees.
It's said by them that I have a learning disorder.
I think my mind from the trauma is damaged.
Why am I lonely, oh so very lonely.
The bushes I grow have very few leaves.
I am too young to buy a vibrator, I tried.
I have social anxieties how I sweat,
that causes me stress and regret.
Is bulimia an eating disorder.
I ate a red apple and now I've eaten too much.
My family is dysfunctional,
and my home everywhere is infested with fleas.
I fear for my life, and living each day grows more painful.
It's a big struggle just to get up in the morning.
I had my fifteenth birthday last week in the psych ward.
They gave me some orange juice that had thioridazine in it.
I remember some of my neonatal nightmares.
So shock therapy is next I fear.

James McLain

I Hate Being Touched By My Daddy

I hate being touched by my daddy.
I especially hate that I'm sleeping alone.
I push his hands further away, and he gets mad at me.
I don't dare move to far away.
I lay in his personal space!
I don't want to sleep very close to him because,
I know he might eventually abandon me.
I have two older sister's who,
like everyone else I loved they both left me to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Are We Just Construct's In Some Child's Quantum Computer

None of what you believe is by true intelligence believed.
Trapped in one universe just one of many Trillion's of Trillion's.
All that is known about visible mass makes up barley
four point three percent of what can be seen.
Where Albert Einstein hated the concept's of black holes.
He just shrugged and said it was anti-nature.
Though now all the mass in our universe has been weighted.
As billions of galaxy's move from U.S. onward out faster
the milky way will be all alone.
Though the Andromeda galaxy will colide with our own
becoming a spiral.
These observations are now carved in stone, being prepared
is forewarned.
Life off our planet will soon be found this to those much
smarter than me make the rest of U.S. seem like fleas.
Over seven year's ago the Vatican called for the best
scientists in the world to advise them on how to best deal
with the problem's this would cause in the dimwitted masses
as to their ignorant fear's.
Religions don't hold a monopoly on our doing what's right.
Sticking with this illogical belief in religion will only
hold humanity back.
Intelligence is the 'all'
without educating the children to be like their parent's they are doomed.
Raising a child to believe that being ignorant like their
parent's should be a crime.
You only have to see what they watch on t.v. to realize their
only dumbing them down.
Where they will end up in a Republican owned for profit prison.
Why are stupid people allowed to breed with other stupid people
is topic for a different discussion.
So don't get your panties in a Knott it's done with every other
animal on the planet.
At least the one's men and women can get their hands around on.

James McLain

Why We Need Time

If everyone were to appear at once
what need would there be for death.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Mother And Father, Your Grandparents And I

Some of U.S.
have used our bodies in play and work
in foolish way's
that they were never have ment to be used.
Some of U.S. have used our mind's to much
never stopping to give them rest in
detrimental way's that created damaging stress.
More have watched U.S. their loved one's
start to slip away
into a cognitive behavioral mess.
While not more than a few
live in constant fear that their Independence
will be lost.
For the father's and grandfather's whom fought
in their war's damage from trauma is plain.
To our younger son's and daughters please try
to understand U.S.
We are afraid to be a burden to you, to take up
your valuable time with your children.
We live in what in our shame
at our having needed to be cared for by you.
Fearful we usually don't last in a nursing home due to
our being around total stranger's to U.S.
This is when
in our greatest need that if you don't make that
first move by reaching out to U.S.
In this our fear and shame we do that last foolish thing.

James McLain

The Rod Of God

Minus two weeks I spoke to the day seven years ago about
The Rod From God.

As it by me was left in my haste then gifted unto you.
From my mind to the pen, many are such as these gifts
I gave unto you.

Portents of man by man
that man has in having had yet done that
have to the rest come to pass
and at great expence to most in the world that
two but a few have ignored.

Without their once soft green leaves tall Willow's
now droop changing the way
that night and day is perceived by the spring
though it is now winter where it comes.

And still time marche's on not skipping nor retreats
retreats to that time right before.

They have come and they have gone so many times yet
before time like the wheel

the wheel that shan't stop but for with except and
for whom it shall be understood are it's goals.

Nothing have they changed by for whom it was written
so far back in the past

and as of yet today that even now is currently changing.

There has never been a safe way to the end by those
few whom would lead U.S. to the end the end
of the road that no one knows that is known but by them.

To what end is a verse from whence a verse comes
if the meek in the verse have since gone.

To the weakest are the strong where the strongest have come
to lay waste to the fields you have sown.

James McLain

Arousing Look's

That it starts with a certain slow breath heaviness
like that of new grass
grass that is green I can grow up right through.
Out where on the far edge
I've looked down into the dark moist humid deep woods.
Walking around on and across a wide field
filled with the occasional bush and sleeping
with a red tipped daffodil.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Immigration And Bacon

All states have
Barbeque and tender
baby back ribs
pork chops you can cut
with a spoon while
there's nothing like a
good B.L.T.
proof that American's love
eating their Bacon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fear Inc.

Since Nixon was able to get a block of
Southern Democrat's
to vote Republican by appealing to white
racist view's
to Regan's statement on welfare reform that
there were to many
people on welfare driving catillacs
to Jeb Bush's
claim that there are pedaphiles behind every
bush and limbless tree waiting to kidnap
all the white children
to Trump's fascist remarks that all the
Muslims
should now be banned from America
clearly shows how effective playing on the fear's
of the old grey haired white people
in America still can be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Imposing Christian Value's On Muslim's

Looming ahead of U.S. is our Theocracy
of our American government's
prohibition of beheading Muslim's on American soil.
Though there are countless Christian's whom
if they could would most certainly do it.
A data base that would show where any American
kept by the State or the Government lives
with in our American border's.
Then Florida's Jeb Bush and now Donald Trump would appeal
to the hate of these backward thinking
American's allowing such hate to manifest it self in such
a way as did that of Adolf Hitler.
There is absolutely no way to know what anyone in the future
will do or what they will think in respect to hate or
the taking of lives of our fellow Americans.
By the allowing of one group of Americans to be placed
in a data base creates the illusion that it would be done for
only as long as such abuse would be needed.
Fearing the ignorant the uneducated the inbred that in America
make up a significant percentage
of it's population and should be treated in reality
as would the measles the mumps
or small pox or any other deadly disease that would decimate
a population when it is left untreated.
Expoucing such fear and hate from evil people is all it reality is.

James McLain

Her Cat Is More Than Fur

Her cat is more than fur
Her fur is straight not curled
Bouncing high I meet her eye
She waits for night's moon light

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tornado (Haiku)

Seeing sleeping dreamt
The devil showed his face
Sleeping in my sleep

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hate Is Not Our All

Hate is not our all: fired bullet's through the breasts
Though they rig election's and dare to look you in the face;
Saying it's not so, then they kill you in your sleep
Do not stop your writing or you know they will have won;
Knowing that they can not love, they teach U.S. all to hate
They let you have a child or two, then put them all in jail;
Could they tell U.S. but the truth, not sacrifice U.S. all
Devil's making friends with those who'd leave U.S. in the dark;
Knowing that we get one life then tell U.S. there's a God
Where one stand's two stood before three can not tell a lie;
Death makes deals with only those whom can not stand the light
Vacuums come and go with those whom do it all again;
Selling hate not love around the world they like your pain
Then war not peace a peaceful world by U.S. can not in our life be;

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Let's Explore Radicalism

What makes them want to kill U.S.

Is it that the U.S. for over fifty years
has taken advantage of other countries natural resources?

The U.S. calls it national security.

Thirty thousand suicides in America every year.

Yesterday it was suicide by cop after they killed
forteen and wounded seventeen more.

As I have pointed out in other musings, until the U.S.
starts to address the chronically mentally ill and
because law enforcement arrests these unfortunate individuals
by the hundreds of thousand's every year
and in most of these that are arrested they are brutalized
even more, the U.S. can expect this situation to continue
to grow worse.

Such is the case for example here in Florida where so many
of our politicians are them selves severely mentally ill.
Corrupt beyond belief as such an example take what is going on
in Chicago.

Multiply this type of corruption by ten when you are in the South.
No one likes to be abused and yet they continue to abuse U.S.
You don't see black people doing this in the U.S. ever wonder why?
Black on Black you say it doesn't count!
White's though go postal, so much more, so much more often.

Why?

What should the U.S. do?

Why does law enforcement brutalize the mentally ill.

Why does law enforcement expect the mentally ill to comply
to voice commands that they scream out at them?

Why does law enforcement
have military equipment they shouldn't ever have?

Half of our children will grow up to be disfunctional
due to nothing else than law enforcement and the Judge's
need to place them in the system.

Muslims that are considered radicalised
by the U.S. do not

have the ability to comprehend such an irrational concept's
and that by wherein the U.S. would with such
premeditation and aforethought destroy the lives of our young.
Just to create job's for prison guards that are barely one

stept above being prisoner's themselves.

When have we had enough short of being one of those they kill?

James McLain

In The Blink Of An Eye They'll Be Gone

Those were a long
seven years that I spent in solitary confinement
where I spent
the best part of my young life
masterbating
deep in thought, I thought
why should I care if they don't
why do some people
bring children into a poverty trapped life
miserable with no way out
hungry green bottle flies laying their egg's
buzzing around their open blank eyes
with no hope of receiving
any education no more than ignorant cattle
with little or no value other than to provide
more money to those that don't need it
how can there be
any real hope for U.S. I think as I sink
further into a deep ocean of apathy
having said this I think that perspectives
on this will never change
as people finish killing what was once
a beautiful planet
knowing now
why our creator's no longer care
or have tea or come to vist with U.S. any more.

James McLain

Hope Once Great Has Failed

Hope once great has failed
The hand I see is bare
Each tounge I hear no matter where
Such witnessed who have seen.

Grace and hope has made
What all were meant to have
For if you were to know your fate
Your fate you'd never have.

Thus all my life has come to naught
And sadly summer's gone
Once young my aging mind
Poor sight, my loves the leaves are gone
Upon the ground are blond.

Where bushes once hid trees
That opened to the sun
To the carpenters and gardeners
Hope once great has failed.

James McLain

Like Hitler - Mr.Trump - Cruz And Bush

In the beginning there have been the likes of Hitler
Bush
when then the Governor of the great State of Florida
through the people's ignorance
played on the fear of the uneducated people.
Started our failed notorious sex offender data base.
Just to create more job's for unneeded law enforcement.
Through his Assertion that there was a pedophile
behind every leafless bush waiting to snatch up Jerry Springer's
white trash plain ugly thug wanna be children.
Trump plain to all now
represents that very same Evil just as the unstable Hitler did.
By forcing the registration of any one who is not a Muslim
hating Christian.
All that ever was and all that has yet to be started with
an explosion of mass
about the size of a single grain of sand and you the most
intolrent of Christian's it seems disagree.
Cruz is deceptively intelligent and his views are
as backward as are the eddy's of deep black water that is dangerous
and your fear's are his tears that he happily shed's
when through your fear he's made happy.
Thus are you the Republican's that represent their internal belief's.
You are the racist, homophobic's that agree with the police
and their killings such as here
in the U.S. are the forty seven percent that Mic Romney spoke of.
As the suicidal maniac's of today commit more tragic killings.

James McLain

The N.S.A. And What You Need To Know

Does your Android camera come on by it's self?

Do the ignorant know what they have done by allowing the corrupt politicians to create a data base that made one in three hundred Americans sex offenders?

Next it will be the mentally ill that are placed in it not unlike what Hitler did

and then the mentally ill will not seek out the care that they need because of it.

Imagine if just a fraction of those thirty thousand Americans whom kill themselves every year decided to kill as many of U.S. as they could because of unrighted wrongs

and their inability to articulate what unto them that was done.

A data base for Muslims and the Evil that self proclaimed Christians whom profess to love their brothers like unto themselves but think that by harming them by such an act that what is not normal really is.

Intelligence is the ability to change one's point of view after having what are the truth's when brought to one's attention.

Using all of the Earth's resource's while putting nothing back is normal to those whom believe that they can get off of the planet while leaving the other ninty nine percent of U.S.

whom are oppressed behind to face their wrong doings here.

Imagine that there is an ice cube on a flat plate that is kept frozen in front of you.

It occupies only the space beneath upon which it sits, right?

Now where does the water go when the ice cube melts.

Forty seven percent whom are the Republicans would force their willfull ignorance upon you about this, am I wrong?

James McLain

Eye It's Why I Loved A Good Milking

Because she knows as I no naught
self taught I'm caught inside her meaty fist.
And you knew naught
those fleashy lips are open wide in a big toothy grin.
The rain hath wrought a blinded eye
as lightning speeds it's wisdom through the old pines.
Chirping cricket's that hide, what they yearned to say
all knowing calling out rubbing wing's speak her name.
Bright lightning
has caused the heavy cows to give up all their milk.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two Teenage Girls Talking

Opposites attract as to friends as one
pushes the other one always pulls.

One likes to eat depression was a flower
always in bloom when open roses could.

The other she ceaselessly talks about staying slim
hoping that no one can tell she's bulimic.

High school for one is just an escape
from all the dreaming she always dreamt that
her childhood wasn't.

The love of life all the kind words
that her only friend share's with only her.

For both boys come and go neither will give up
what they want.

Deep are the woods filled with trees nature is
underneath are young bush's without their green leaves.

They walk a path that splits few can see winding
trails for these two that shouldn't be.

Counting each star one clings to the night never knowing
just where things went wrong.

James McLain

Was She Weak Or Was I Strong

Was she weak or was I strong
I let her lead me in.
Out side her door I stood upright
narrow were the sides.

There I feel like no one else
here elsewhere I am not.
So was I week or was she strong
I can not show a doubt.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Men Love War And It's Hate

Men love war and it's heart filled hate it let's
men pick a side any side two will pick
the wrong side not to the simple does one hate.
What comes now, now what will come
are those whom profess
that they are what there not that they are
what a Christian is not.
To me the only way to prove
that you are what you are is to set the
example in you that is free.
War is War and Hate is Hate only cowards
think there is some faith based way out.
Death is Death and the biggest crime is
all any of U.S. get is one life.
Like any good thief in the night day will come
and the moon will not give forth it's bright light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes To Syrian Refugees

Without becoming a Gun toting police state
in Florida

where I live, it already is.

In the U.S.

most if not all criminals plan their crimes
with the expectation of getting away
with what they've done.

In the U.S.

over thirty five thousand people every year
take their own lives

many first take the life of a loved one
dying of cancer

in the U.S. it is called a murder, suicide.

Taking their own life as to being sent to prison
for what is left of their short lives,
such backward thinking to death really is.

What if just fifty of these people choose to
kill as many people as they could because so many
corrupt politicians will not address such a
basic fundamental question.

The issue is not can someone from outside the
U.S. come in and kill U.S.

The question every hard heart, without Cristian values
and their inaility to lead what should be.

Why would a sound mind being when in possession
of a healthy body be

forced to live in hopeless poverty be expected to see, being
subjected to the corrupt politicians who claim to be.

Christians whom just like I.S.I.S. would keep the rest of U.S.
without progress to live in their own minds their stone age.

Their endless need of having advanced technology to kill
as many of U.S. if they feel threatened by outside thinking.

When they banned from the library
of mice and men and of course the catcher in the rye.

While claiming to be in possession of those of whom
would allow this his bread and of blood wine their blessing.

An open heart and being of sound judgement, grace, healthy minds
should prevail and decree that ignorance can never be
part of such as those their final Solution.

James McLain

Why I.S.I.S. Might Win The War On Terrorism

The suicide bombers that they have
are as leaves on a tree.

In two thousand thirteen
forty one thousand one hundred forty nine
Americans took their own lives.

That is almost half of the prison population
in the Republican, State of Florida.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Suicide Is Hard To Stop

We are here
and you are there
deep water
I have crossed and
it has left me scared.
Soon they will come
but this
you know the words
they've spoken loud and clear.
We have heard and
trust is trusting them
to save your lives.
A circle
is not round if your
left out.
And love well it can't
come
if hate is all there is
that were about.
Suicide
is hard to stop when
in America
we won't even try.
Until we learn to
understand
that death to one is
death to all
then death it will prevail.

James McLain

Her Baby's Arm Holds A Red Apple

There is so much low hanging fruit there out in the orchard
large fuzzy peaches and brown furry pears.

Olives that grow without pits and a sea of seedless pomegranates.

A transgender ask a strange child what is a normal question,
and Jesus said.

There is more light after the sun goes down and the moon without question
is not always full with a bright smile on it's face.

Above her head sits a large apple the skinny green vines full of grapes.

No purple juice gushed forth from the grapes that were squeezed.

Here woman sit on fat heads as they watch the rain fall up to
their knees

my version of all that we see as the oceans let go of white foam.

Such healthy girls that are born out of wedlock to large virgin men.

Every body races on out to surround an isolated island.

Subsequently her eyes that cried fat free yellow milk and after grabbing my arm
the blame was attributed to the stars.

Every one that could not be there liked the pie quite a lot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On These Far Shores

As to why they come to our far shores,
no one tells U.S. why that some must die.
If we do not keep our brothers down,
our sisters then can show their children how.

Do not blame a God for what you will not do,
that is not right.
When a God is all that you will give the poor
to feed their hungry souls.

A person that will take your life that takes
their own would end the world.
Such hate can only end when those whom
won't can show them how.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Has The Most To Gain

When death is the truth and by them, we are kept in the dark
never knowing
what I've known in one life was but my very small part.
Then I've known it's true measure ever more fully, even as I am unknown.
No one cares about your old mother, your father long ago died in their jails.
Yea though in thought your unthinking children by them caught
taught by you in their steel toothed traps
having been set where only the blind knowing their place would not tread.
What you have learned no teacher taught futile is your fight against
their grinding machine
designed by the weak you think of them strong with no place in their world
good money you paid to keep you all down
never to know your true place
here comes new painfull ways to die their slow deaths
having the gall to ask it of you to please die a little more quickly.
Should you not know that by closing your eyes
that those white haired old white men that lived off your lives
and have deemed your lives insignifacate and your deaths are legal
and quick and humain.

James McLain

What I Think When I Dream

Even in sleep I must think up to the edge
of before I fall over into
some places where when awake I would state
I would like to believe I belong to.
Oddy enough when they give me a chance
I steal the most trivial of things.
Always in the second person not in the first when so
many people in their only life steal
things they don't need from hotel rooms.
I still believe that a mind must still work in sleep
I am sad that the vast majority
of people whom sleep sleep the sleep of the dead.
The dead don't dream when awake.
Deep are the depths of the soul unlike some well
where mindless
horses cows and people there drink deep.
Forgotten by them are the gods
time forever lost never given back our own universe
is but like a small grape
on an infinite vine one grape in an infinite cluster
lost to time.
We are the ant to an ant looking down on an ant that
sees more ants looking down at more ants.
I go to pick some more grapes when I sleep hoping
to be picked in my dreams
dreams that I make dreams I think out dreams where
I live what I think
to dream one last dream before my lights are put out
dreaming the dreams I think about.

James McLain

Lippy Girls

Come with me
where the sky is the colour of
standing in the shade
darker than light the sun on your skin
lippy girls may be black and or
brown, purple and pink
kissing,
nibbling, tugging, stroking or licking
moist with extracellular fluid
when with a deep
seated practice of gentle stretching
a sleepy guilt filled sigh.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sad Transparent Eyes

From the branch of each tree it was time it daily flew
each child with sunlight struggled on and grew.
In youth my needs like yours were known and few
it was nothing else but pain and trauma, trauma knew.
Inward looking out the child we were we knew
that what we saw and felt was plain to all of those
whom said before we felt their hate on U.S.
Could the truth be told and love was not the feeling
that a child before should know?
A centered child knows where the sun will set
and north is to the right not left of it.
Should we love them both or one above the other
knowing now that we know
they know that we now know just what they did.
Some few of you because you fear that what they
did to you, is why you never had a child.
The cycle they were in but could not break because
one drank the other doing drugs
and so the cause of it the it of tears the it
of things that should have been but never came to pass.
Most blamed it on the ghetto where they live or the
middle class the children of those parents
always gone because divorced you bounced from
one and then the other.
The numbness nothing felt and so you cut you sliced
your self and mom and dad to you don't seem to care.
Or mom screams and yells and you throw up
the binge eating and the purges
make you think how good you look but really don't.
While you and you have sex with dad because you feel
you can not trust your the world but it's your delve.
All of this and more is yet to come transparent eyes.

James McLain

The Queen Of Poet's

Cherished by all eyes
but above all else it lies
below the heart as hearts
that beat
a love found in the clouds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Onward Men Of Faith

Onward men of faith
push forward through the mirror
past the gate.

No myriad of words can they pronounce
but stumble on the well worn stones
set by others in their way

Art thou my face when see by all
and bared each line no ink nor Quill
can from you take away.

Opened up the gate such is the likes
the never ending flood that comes
some few have left that way.

As the faith of men and women to
when measured,
in the shallow depths
that keeps what comes their way.

James McLain

Unable To Think Things Out

The psychological quackery mumbo jumbo of it is that some one else with a degree in it with out an education in it is not the same as being directed by some one else unqualified with the same hidden agenda.

Neither are the same as Jerry Sandusky's penchant for those young soft blond juicy Oscar Myer Weiner's that do more harm than good.

Spunk in is spunk out right?

With one in three hundred and forty of U.S.

to date being on the sex offender registry and that one in six with no shortage in mass shooters now

may be meeting some criteria as to being your being mentally I'll means that you will give away your rights and never get them back unlike what was done by taking the double jeopardized rights away from one group of people like that which the misinformed has been for over ten years to them done.

Unable to think ahead like a good chess player and the sad fact is that the vast majority of the U.S. people not being qualified could not see what lies ahead and sadly such adults never could.

Most of our children beneath the age of twenty five say that being forced to learn is to arduous and how it all hurts their heads as their misinformed parents say they heard it some where and look around for the party of the second part

to care for these unwanted children when the party of the first part had these children just for the sex of it.

Not just for an increase in their food stamps and medical benefits.

James McLain

More Than One Sixth Of U.S. Here Are Mentally Ill

As America is driven backwards toward's the Third Reich.

Whom do we blame?

Through the harvesting of fetal organ's the rich
will never die.

Those here that submit the most poetry
will not admit that they have no real life... so I will.

All of those whom have been arrested or received a traffic violation
in Pinellas County Florida

have their addresses posted on the top left hand corner
of every internet posted Court Document.

Creating new victims being able to be stalked by real monster's.

There are now seven hundred fifty thousand registered sex offenders
in the U.S.

with no distinction as to if they really are sex offenders.

In two thousand twelve there were over three hundred thousand
severely mentally ill people put into U.S. prison's.

The crooked and bent chairs that you see on those C.O.P.- t.v. shows
are used on the mentally I'll by thousands of abusive guards every day.

These people were unable to function before there imprisonment
and as a result

were made even more vulnerable to psychological trauma
consisting of being raped and assaulted by other prisoner's
and staff

and left to fend for them selves when released and as a result
they are rearrested and traumatized even worse
with every new arrest until they are dead.

I cringe when I see this if you don't you need your mind checked out.

Your mental health records are now being used against all of you
and your children.

Combed over and gone through creating jobs for new branches of
law enforcement

all of you now are all potential mass shooters.

Your stigma's will be treated by them all the same

and you will be treated like the new genetic monsters and defects
that by them we are not

all because of your inability to think while sliding down backwards
on their well maintained slippery slope.

All of your poems

will be considered texts and saved for future evaluation by the N.S.A.

and local state and federal law enforcement
because of you being considered a future threat to all of them.

James McLain

Gun Death's (A Tribute To The Fallen)

Waking up to each new day, seeking change.
Changing our selves through school.
Leaving our homes where ever we live, we live
out our lives through change.
Why should our numbers continue to grow?
Tree's without leaves without what they need
can not sand up straight to the sky.
Every day one is born, what have we done to die.
Making since of strange winds damaged minds
that we find
ignoring the signs that all see.
Now mothers have lost what fathers should not
children to young for this sleep.
How can we count all these leaves,
bushes that face to the east.
Is it all that is just to share what all the we must
in the hopes what is wrong can be fixed.
Many are discharged from the military each year
and no mental health reasons are written down
while no follow up is done for these men.
They then become what all fear
estranged from what most of U.S. hold dear.
Other become prion guards while other's become
local Cops.
The rest of U.S. because of their political beliefs
are gun downed in a spray of gun fire.

James McLain

She Now Knows He Is Tired

Wherever you are..
he was.. there..
and now you're afraid..
He is..tired...
His heart..
that he gave.. with..
the passing of time..is..
The history both made..
is now erased..
With one smile....

Night's of love..
See the moon how it shined..
away from the sun....
Spinning around..
face to face..

Now that his shadow.. is lost
Lost..now and..forever..
He's left..without..love..
and the sun that once shined..
God's love lass..and yes..
love is gone...
now he's tired...

James McLain

Adulterous

If I could but place the blame
on alcohol,
needing that one last taste
I can taste her breath.

Or her lips
lips that taste of gin,
vodka, rum and tequila
coke,
a long island ice tea
ice cubes
the night is long and stormy.

How ever it may come
unlike the night before, morning
comes
not with a gradual eye opening
rub nor a pop
but as a flash a burning orb.

Listen
as I spend my pent in breath
I can't bear
her hidden fears
her tear filled eyes
my lawyer has not called.

James McLain

Insult Comedy

Your momma is so fat
that every night is a full moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rain Drops

Rain it is light, it is soft, it is wet, it is rain.
Rain I pictured it as it floats down
and if each drop of rain it missed you, I did not.
Being away it was I know to long
and now the rain
some how it to my ear it sounds, differently.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Sun So Hot

I can feel the sun upon my skin
a sun so hot,
a sun so bright, I'm forced
to rub my eyes.

My home is where each night
I'm forced to sleep.

So when at last I fall into
deep sleep,

I can feel the moon it's light
between my eye's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Immortality

Once again I have stepped out of
myself
it's nothing more than that
no confusion
as time has has moved on out of
it's self.

Most of all that lives tries to stay
busy
mostly unaware
of the few
that have lived or will live
were aware out side of the eye.

That which is you
your mind or the soul if
lacking remorse
unpaid bills.

The self has moved on it's shadow
lives here
I'm aware there is nothing
to fear.

James McLain

Covering, Her Face

It is only at great expense
that silk
can be spun from a worm.
Worms you see swell
plump jelly bean green
and all the mulberry leaves
can't hide
from the face being kissed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Syrians And Their Mad Rush To Live

They are the many not unlike U.S.
whom in their rush try to cling to
what most here have taken for granted.

Philosophy giants thinkers not tyrant's
that wish to give to U.S.
so much more than many here
have in their lives to U.S. ever given.

Hope is not a life lived in quite desperation
and love
is not the loss of
what makes up humanity.

Talking heads that give no legitimate
thought out ahead reasons
where to many of U.S. here life is cheap.

The proof here
is all the man hunts that
you watch
while they have seen this coming
for many years and have done nothing
to change it.

Children that are forced to think like adults
and sadly hence
make better choices that are as clear
as the living water none
here ever drink of.

While most adults here in the U.S.
have no clear picture of where it was
that they came from
and hence have no clear thought to
where it is
that they are nor where it is they are going.

James McLain

Some Can Go There With Out Dying

Some have gone there with out dying and even fewer spend
more time here, leaving death behind them.
Moving towards them where I had come from, others saw me.
Chaos below me I am watching people dying.
Moving out of their way are animals and plants left behind me.
Like before when I moved among them most wore no clothing
made from light made from their living memory.
Here where even now there are those waiting to die that cling
to old God's.
God's that speak if when they spoke
would speak to you
about where to go and where to stay taking turns free from pain.
All came from the light
not from dark about tomorrow will it be not some thing else
where all can talk even here
where all will come even there are different hued beings
of rainbow colours.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Darkness At The Edge Of The Alligator Farm

Looking for a short cut
in cutting the costs of feeding
these leviathans.
Butchered and farmed out to
all the local eateries.
I followed him around to other
counties
where he stopped at all the
hospitals.
Picking up discarded surgical waste.
Where the remains
of
abortions and amputated limbs
were fed to the Florida, gators.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Using A Public Platform To Preach

People with out the gift of original thought
and must
use a public platform to never
engage but to preach.
Wasting so much of humanity's time.
Having already read what they've preach over time.
Thoughts of that witch was written over
the course of thousands of years by
all whom contributed to the Bible,
Koran or the Tora,
can not be rewritten by those whom
currently think that we whom can read
thinking that we haven't.
When all here whom are literate have
read these great books
and know that this knowledge that falls
on our ears would best be spent
on those whom can not read or write.
Preaching to the quire is a great
waste of time being to much of a coward
to go forth and preach to those whom
are-I.S.I.S. over there.
With a few swift cuts to your neck
they would send you
to your God and that's why you stay over here.
Those whom inherently seek knowledge
through a long life or short they all have.
No true evolution can be made trying to say
what is false when it was not true.
The real fear of those whom can think
is that those whom can not will force U.S.
back into the stone age.
Where with out science most of them would
be dead any way.
The great intellectuals back then only did
out of genuine fear of the haters and
of setting humanity back hundreds of years.
Ignorance truly begets ignorance
and sadly

all that is known of these people is
that they were a plan led astray to be made less
of the plan than their parent's never were.
There is no slant or new twist on all the old wisdom
where the copy right has long since expired.

James McLain

I've Tried To Touch You

I've tried to touch you
living far away
thousands of miles
north nor east.

I've tried to touch you
you look as dark as me
though you are white.

I've tried to touch you
in your dreams
though it's not night.

I've tried to touch you
lips so full
your smile so bright.

I tried to touch you
what I touched
was green and light.

PoemHunter.com

James McLain

The Crying Stops (Haiku)

To feel the wind change
There is one less than before
Then it was worth it

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eugenics

When governments wanted some thing better
scholars, soldiers
many countries in the recent past tried
to improve them.
the U.S. and Great Britain were no different.
True racism by they put aside
encouraged the dim witted the genetically flawed
by force that moved villages
whilst tearing families apart accused of inbreeding.
Sterilization, mental illness, people whom scored low
on intelligence tests
common thugs, those whom relied upon violence
to take what belonged to another.
Marriage prohibitions
and forced sterilization of people deemed
unfit for reproduction
while Sweden and the US, still practice it.
Some supporters only argument to it's implementation
is that by the use
of eugenics policies is that regardless
of whether 'negative' or 'positive' policies are used,
you are vulnerable to abuse
as your selection would be determined by whichever
Political group is currently in political power.
Millions of voters have for years voted for those
whom plainly tell you
that a vote for me is a vote against your best interest.
The Marchman act and Baker Act
in most states clearly allows forced incarceration when
one attempts to harm ones self or others.

James McLain

Two Tree's (Haiku)

Two trees alone
Danced through out the years
Never touching each other

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Commercial Jingles

Each company targets specific demographics.
Except for fast food and coffee, where all are targets.
The use of English must be impeccable.
There is no room for guessing when words are
missing and the reader has to guess at what word
should be used.
Listen to the very successful jingle now in use.
The hard working Korean's being such perfectionist.
The - it's all about you - a million dreams -
The perfect Air Line Commercial that targets U.S.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Laws That Are Just, What Are They

In all of nature and when once
it was natural
when unlike nature now
there is no longer that internal
inclination born into
what is practiced by those few
if it's not in the parents at birth
and the need to enforce
what is internally just to U.S. all

When one sits above U.S.
one needs not have to explain that to
reproduce these children and raise
the new born offspring with out
the need to say that children need
food, clothing and shelter and to better
our society by providing for all
a comprehensive education to
better propagate a thriving community
that we all live in.

Though with proper warning when reason has fled
and logic with sound judgement must dictate
that these children should not bear more children
where such children
by they are not by these children uncared for
so it is arranged in advance
that upon their majority that they all must
be placed in our violent U.S. prisons.

Internal discernment with out the need for speech
to each other a precept we have to shun
all whom are ignorant and whom wish
not to learn but prey on his sister or brother
with out the need to offend, where one has to live
unknown to each other that those few whom try
must all fail because of a system that is designed
for those whom due to poor breeding will fail.

When with so many now there's no turning back
the hands of the clock and hence reason fails
and to many are born with out that internal
compass due to genetic defect or simple neglect
and or by unknowledgeable parents
when bringing forth empty vessels that can not be filled
nor can not keep or learn from external knowledge
then care for them by the just
should be a must
with out the need for a law by them that provided
prisons for.

Thus in the dark where no light can ever subdue them
that they with out speech
you know to be evil whom move in the dark
while casting forth no discernible shadow
that live unjust lives while possessing the knowledge
between what is right and that witch is wrong
thus the need for speech
when as it is with the just and by their moving tongue
by their very need you must tell them.

Such are these evil men there down below you
breeding even more
and such women that when you put them away let them
make no more children
but not unlike a child should people whom are wise
then for political gain thus abuse them.

James McLain

Loving Cats

Wearing a bra that I didn't buy
she wears my boxers.
The panties I bought that she
latter found
she thought they belonged
to another.
From coast to coast even around
the equator.
She bought my shoes I wore
her socks multicolored square with
diamond's, they are Argyll.
Most of the cloths we both bought
could be worn by the other.
Latter diagnosed we both were
one being a man the other a woman.
She likes milking the cows, while I
like stalking the cougar's.
Living on the edge I back her up
we live in round rooms with out corners.

James McLain

Kentucky Clerk And Homosexual Marriage

As soon as she is released from jail she will
have abandoned her position on God,
as the United States Constitution is very clear.
Church and State
are kept apart for this very reason,
you are against - ISIS - right?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Behind The Green Bush Where I Wait

I see her face behind the green bush
her teeth are white she is smiling.
Humid it's hot I am sweating.
These are the trees here
moss hangs like a beard over head
the limbs are thick and gnarly.
Some are short and some are long
arms open wide won't fit around it.
In the shade here where I wait
where we keep our hidden secrets.
Over the bank our feet hang
the water is cool and fast moving.
Seeking relief our lips meet in the middle.
Knowing that soon we must leave.
Today we have come
tomorrow must wait tonight is too long
it is late.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Waiting For The Rain (Haiku)

Waiting for the rain
I turn my face to the sky
And see dark clouds

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Don'T Want To Die Like Other Poet's

Without a tether lost in space and why
it is they can't see me.
Each sentence I write runs on and on
I've been afraid of the dark since
my childhood.
Living in the far south
I don't have a gas stove to stick my head in.
Looking ahead like a horse I plod on.
No house or a car
inside a garage theres no hose
that runs from the exhaust through the window
I've heard others turned true blue cyanotic.
Having never cut my wrists
I have always hatted that kind of attention.
The strange smell of hemp
how far does one go when you drop through
air and they cut you down
while still alive and embarrassed what do you say?
In back of the head there is padding
for that single shot from a rifle or a hand gun
that leaves a red and pink mess I have seen it.
Walking into the sea
once again in the womb how'd I breath it before?
Take your pick poet's have never been very
imaginative
in how to take their own life while even in death
waiting their turn like any other poet
that was ever able to over come what was tragic.

James McLain

Precognition

Growing up in Tampa,
I chased and caught every thing
that moved.
Selling rattle snakes to the ice cream man
for two dollars a foot
at eight and nine I kept the money.
I had many mouths to feed.
Unknown to me I heard more than
one voice in my head.
Whoa unto me if I didn't listen.
Latter growing up I kept it secret
those childhood shrinks were mercyleless.
In my forties I participated in a sleep study
in Hernando County Florida.
Midway through I woke up screaming
about tornadoes.
The news the next day reported that
dozens of people had died
the night before, again, I kept quite.
Then in December of two thousand and five
I dremp that off the coast of Miami
a wing had fallen off of a plane.
It happened as I had dreamed it, all on board
had died.
Now even all the medication I used to quell
these dreams, now don't seem to work.
People such as this unlike in the bible
are not received in their own country in spite
of how it's hidden, others here can tell.
Despite the screaming.
Hear about my nightmares then forget them.

James McLain

Green Light, Then It Races On

The leaves in the fall do not fall-falling there.
Memory's people loose can't be found.
To many have gone here even fewer will stay.
Trees with deep roots won't grow in the dark.
Though one bush keeps it's shape in the light.
How ever thick are the clouds that we face,
the round moon can't be seen being blind.
Am I a mind with out sound or shape?
When deep in sleep how best to remember
all that I've seen written down.
I can not shape what I feel-feeling I touch
what I've found,
if when awake when in life you slept on.
What did you leave to be found?
What is a dream-dreaming on-on a dream
that white river is long-long if it is.
In only one life to how do we know it is long.
The bright light that is green just moves on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Creating A Comment

Wading through foam to the sea
I pass between rocks that aren't seen.
An easier course with out thought
to discourse,
waves that are warm most can feel.

Who stood up, I sold what was said?
Saying what was said that none said.
Being near what was said-I stood
like the breeze- bushes without leaves
feel the cold.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Those That Are Out Of Touch With Reality

You say your from here but your not.
It sure isn't love that is killing U.S.
sadly this you all know.
They must go-go they must but
you are not feeling this much I know.
Even though your not black or white
being poor
in the ghetto quite near you are there.
Unable to tap out there is fear.
When the guns are all gone what of theirs?
Autumn comes there is pain-pain is there.
The trivial words that most write-writing
those that write here.
Those that are oblivious to all of that
that goes on around you.
If you want to be read write something real
no one that's here reads what you write
except U.S.
so write something real that all feel.

James McLain

Some Of What Goes On Currently In Florida Prisons

Mark Joiner was roused from his cell earlier than usual on June 24, 2012. He was handed a bottle of Clorox and was told it was clean-up time.

Joiner was used to cleaning up cells in Dade Correctional Institution's psychiatric ward, and many of them were frequently brimming with feces and urine, insect-infested food and other filth.

Joiner thought he pretty much had seen it all, from guards nearly starving prisoners to death, to taunting and beating them unconscious while handcuffed for sport. He recalls one inmate was paid a pack of cigarettes to attack one sick inmate whose only offense was to ask if their mail could be delivered before bedtime.

On the floor of a small shower stall he was ordered to clean, he saw a single blue canvas shoe and what he later realized was large chunks of human skin.

The skin belonged to Darren Rainey, a 50-year-old mentally-ill prisoner whom the guards had handcuffed and locked in the cell the night before. Witnesses and DOC reports indicate Rainey was left in the scalding hot water for hours, allegedly as punishment for defecating in his cell.

Joiner remembered and said he also later made a written record of what he saw and heard the night Rainey died.

He had a view of some of what happened and was ordered to clean up the shower the following morning. He said he placed all the skin he found in Rainey's shoe.

"I heard them lock the shower door, and they were mocking him," Joiner said, as the guards turned on their retrofitted shower full blast and steam began to fill the ward.

"He was crying, please stop, please stop," Joiner said. And they just said "Enjoy your shower, and left."

Joiner went to sleep, not knowing that it would be the last time he would see or hear Rainey alive. Witnesses would later say that after two hours, at temperatures of 180 degrees, Rainey collapsed, with his skin peeling from his body. Rainey, who was serving a two-year term for possession of drugs, was carried to the prison's infirmary where a nurse later said his body temperature

was so high it couldn't be measured with a thermometer.

Darren Rainey, tragically, had only one month on his sentence.

For those whom need proof of this
go to the Florida Department Of Corrections
then go to inmate release
and type in
Darren Rainy.. black male..Deceased.
You will see he was never in prison.. delete..

BY JULIE K. BROWN
jbrown@MiamiHerald.com

James McLain

The War Between Them And U.S.

No one of reasonable intelligence condones the kind of violence between them and U.S. we see now every day.

G.I. Joe cops, thugs and white trash.

But people that don't read and or write don't read what I write any way.

Suspect in Texas today hands up then point blank shot dead.

Law enforcement officer in Chicago murdered by three suspects

over possibly a minor traffic stop,

who would be alive if each municipality did not use law enforcement to generate income by targeting these individuals.

Logic dictates that if a tail light is out there are two reasonable conclusions

either they are too poor to fix it or the people don't know that it's broken.

Either way by profiling the poor and uneducated there can be only one reasonable outcome if they won't stop the killing of every person they

want to kill then the uneducated poor with out hope

will continue to confront them and be by them killed.

Today they spent millions to hunt down

and kill if they can the three suspects will be hunted until they are forced to become armed and dangerous.

James McLain

As I Slept Deep In Sleep Beside You

How far could you go with out me?
As I slept, deep in sleep,
I dreamt the same dream beside you.
Awake in the light of day
those long days
were so very noisy so we didn't speak.

With out you minutes are like hours, days
are like weeks
and months are like years while the pain of
breathing leaves me despondent
as reason and logic like most childhood friends
that we had have moved away or died.

From the back I have seen others like you
and have on more than one occasion reached out
and touched a shoulder their hair styles
were so much like yours and they said that
they understood I left walking backward ashamed.

I know that you can never come back
not the way that you left
even so time has passed so much so
I can not help but think how great the distance
that is now between U.S.

James McLain

To Soon Was My Bad Luck

With each new day and soon to soon
night comes
it's not the rain you hear.
Yesterday is gone the day before.

Leather straps the razor it is loud
upon the cheeks
and how the flesh can find no space
what with loud moans.

Inside the womb through filtered light
around the water is
how I am first and why the others last
I feel a hand.

Where I'm not the other is to where I am
it is a door slammed shut to where I can not go
I'm to old to stoop where others sit then stand
and when I leave the other comes
my luck was never like it should have been
nor will it be like once before.

James McLain

Each Day When I Step Out Of My Self

Each day out side where I step
I step through the eyes of another
it can be seen more clearly
for all of what I am not
I see the devil for what is he
a man or woman poorly disguised
inside of each my selves
when I step outside
I see nothing as it should be
each day I step out side of my self

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pain With Out Pleasure

From the out side in side of plain sight.
Nothing's the same to some though it is.
Before you were born I had to die.
Blond bimbos that lie can brunette's tell the truth?
Green leaves on a bush there were none left to be picked.
Two paths I have walked very few have walked both.
Have you kissed one but never the other?
Corrupt is one mind there are two more righteous behind
Vanilla tastes good could chocolate taste better?
Loving each other boys and girls transgendered are both.
Change that bad thing that bad thing that you did and be better.
Every night before dawn each morning before night falls.
How to know more with out other's knowing?
Having seen all your pain is why other's take pleasure.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost A Letter Of Love From Another

You and I we speak the language of
where words are not required.
It is this our own dance, one with nature
bourn of a natural swing that gives and takes.
Fluently moving, always dancing like two green leaves
moved by the wind that stands together, we ignite.
When apart, we are wandering lost and scared
and I can but imagine you to often, as I am.
What it is or why it is, I cannot explain,
I know it has not been ideal, I know it has been hard.
Broken hearts are real and yours it beats so strong.
I see you.
Your naked body, not just your pale fair flesh,
breasts like pears they always felt unlike no others.
While behind your smile,
the green light of wisdom shinning In your eyes.
Of you I thirst and passion blue it shines a roaring fire.
You still I find by just a gentle touch that stirs the mind
inside is love the light of love such as it is the passion
of my lust, naked standing still
Both are body warm, silk they're soft, they're smooth,
and their I can smell the scent is hers.
Both eyes are closed my mouth is buried in the folds of
of her warm flesh, her lips are painted as if in one last kiss
and with each kiss, my ears can hear the roar.
I have felt the fullness of her lips that kissed my soul
and her beauty is a beauty growing with each passing year.

James McLain

Today He Killed The Media

Today the stage was set.
The final curtain fell.
The way he set it up,
the way it was he planned.
What is a disgruntled employee?
It could be any number of people with a
legitimate grievance where they
have exhausted all in house processes.
A process that's rigged from start
to finish with a known out come
that they already know that never ends well.
With out a legitimate investigation
no one will know except the people whom
caused this particular individual
to take vengeance on those that he could reach.
People with out the resources.
People whom don't have the money to seek
readdress in a court of law.
Educated people who know the process
is broken
and even with money and the needed resources
he knew what the preordained out come was.
It is a sad day for U.S.
when hateful acts of violence are used
because they could get no Justice in a system
that is isolated
from the other ninety nine percent.
When reasonably educated people feel that they've
been harmed
and reasonably educated people
know that if it be they whom is harmed.
What do reasonably educated people do when
the people whom are not educated
nor reasonable kill U.S. every day until their killed.
And before law enforcement could catch and kill him
to garner favor with the media
to take some heat off of them for the mass killings
of the dead unarmed.
The poor slob

took that same hand gun and shot himself in the head.
Now he will stay a disgruntled employee and
he will become
one more dead terrorist say all the talking heads.

James McLain

Stranger God's We've Known

Before we stood, we swam
we swam the seas the oceans were to U.S. known
the streams and rivers hid
what we became.

What then we were, what dreams of God's we were
and noise was absent from the earth, the sun
was worth it's weight in gold and all was green and good.
Absent though was goodness though to them we were not bad
we were to them not good and half the children died.
The other half that lived to live moved far and wide.
We were not to close as we are now,
then never were we looking up the stars so bright
and loud, giving light to U.S. before warm fire.
Some gave sacrifice of living flesh to bottle flies,
others tossed the strongest and the best into the fires.
Man was head strong weak and killed all knowledge wise,
wise were certain men who fled
should teach what men should seek that man should know.
Waiting as man waits to know God's stranger than him self.

James McLain

Destruction Of National Treasures

The heart can only hold as much as life their gifts they gave.
Life to some is not as long as treasures left to stand.
That which stands can only stand as long as wisdom lasts.
Taking from the heart that made great things such men blind do.
Putting out their light the evil that such men will do.
Self hating they destroyed what they could never in life build.
Hopelessly their lost these men now know the secrets that men
like them never could.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Jeb Bush Isn'T Poetry

Jeb got caught
watching his black poodle shit in the middle
of your white carpet
and you with an Emory board wrapped it around
his yellow pencil.
Words of love that mean absolutely nothing
as your neighbor
is chased around Jeb Bush then Jeb Bush
shoots him.
It was Jeb
that passed the stand your ground law
how many useless deaths latter and more to come.
When you wipe your ass
does your finger slip through the paper
cutting back on expenses is what he tells you.
If he was still governor he would only put his head in.
Now you vote Republican and expect some thing different.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Anchor Babies-Not In Love Were Some Made

Just what is an Anchor baby?

It's a method of circumnavigation that allows parent's with out legal documentation

to have a child

and one be able to receive benefits

that other American's can not receive.

Two that by having a baby

for no other reason than laying hypothetical hands on citizenship

is really just an unseemingly way to get around the fourteenth amendment.

When any other individual is able to loop hole a law

state legislator's hurry up and plug the hole to more easily prosecute, said offender.

Ten days ago

I went to my ear, nose and throat Doctor and watched

as a Hispanic daughter her mother and grand mother none of which could speak English

give up and grow very frustrated when the staff could not speak Spanish.

These are adults who had children for no other reason than to enter and live in America.

This is an issue that has and has not a popular opinion depending on where each of U.S. came from.

James McLain

America And Why In Part It Is Broken

You excluded them for so long
that they
live a dysfunctional life and think
it is normal.
Arresting the homeless
most are mentally ill and
after more trauma their eyes glazed
to many death is preferable
it is after all
why they drink and do drugs
because so many think that to alleviate
their pain when their brutal life
is so bad
is some sort of betrayal to a broken
system that does not work.
ISIS can through their campaigns
recruit our young
the American young that our government
has no use for
how can our youth excluded from the
process
of becoming educated
afford the hundreds of thousands of
dollars of debt
they can't pay back and remain
self sufficient.
ISIS lies to them like our very own government
and our young being impressionable
believe that they can make a difference
now and U.S. older folks
that can see the difference but it's to late
and our young are a new manufactured
group of young adults to put into their prison's.

James McLain

When With Impunity You Kill People

People will in the process of being killed
try to run away
if they can from law enforcement.
With nothing but cop shows on t.v.
I don't want to watch it is their propaganda.
How many times have you watched
a cop say
my little black friend that I tried to kill
why did you try to run from U.S.
You are because of basic cable forced
to watch cops
use excessive force on people so drunk
they can barely stand
while expecting them to comply with a
reasonable command
that while being to drunk to understand.
You are forced to watch John Walsh
rake in millions
exploiting the tragic death of his son.
Have you seen a cell extraction where the
hapless inmate is so brutalised
that he needs medical attention to fix
what should have never happened?
Poor people go in
and come out as crazed traumatized
useless people
that they can reincarcerate for a profit
and when it becomes so blatant that they
can no longer function
you see them as some of the homeless
population
next in line are your younger brothers
and sisters.

James McLain

A Doctor Being President?

Every president
while in office has had
to make a call that
has taken the life of another
what of the Hippocratic
oath or does it mean nothing?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Parting Your Flesh

I did not come quite for the sake of coming.
I came to conquer your flesh
to part your lips
to plunge the sword in deep, point first.
To watch your flesh part
and tremble to produce inside of your
head a cry for help no one can hear.
Here I am forced to watch and copy off of
from t.v.
things that are bad things that only you like.
That I stretched it beyond belief
and other things that have caused you to hold
your breath in.
Did you not pick up the phone and call me?
Did you not say to kill you but leave you alive?
These four days that I have been gone
gone you tied to the bed.
Leaving the sword out of reach of your hand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No One's Life Matters But Theirs

About owning guns
a convicted Felon in any state
can not legally own one.
Hint-Hint-
Do you now understand one
of the many reasons
as to why half of all black males
are in prison or will be.
Patiently waiting is the overly
militarized police department's
across the U.S.
To turn the Hispanics and Blacks
and White Trash
against one another divide and conquer
read Sun Tzu-
that cost the Government hundreds
of billions of dollars yearly.
It's time to wake up and see what
is real and what is not.
Republican's cannot spend trillions
on middle east wars
that make them and their buddies
billions
and needing that same amount
here to fix this country.
It's one or the other not ever both
hey you
you pick what they will.
The second amendment will not
because of their need
to kill U.S.
be taken from them away.
So hey you join a gang
and you buy that stolen gun you
can't legally own
and hey you shoot that homie that
dissed some idiot
that has no idea how to speak or
read and write the English language.

Now when most are in jail or prison
and some thing jumps off
what do you think they will do with the
millions of violent traumatized people
that they have locked up?
Do you really think
they will let them out-let-them go?
If so, I have some dry land in the Florida
swamps to sell to you.
The decades
long polices have been
to kill them as enemies of the States.

James McLain

To See The Light Go Out In One's Eye's

It is the difference between a short life or a long death
Seeing other shadows
that moved very quickly from one corner of the eye
to the other
or a wisp of fog that escapes from your mouth
in a room
with you watching t.v. while inside it grows colder still.
Knowing where and when you will die
is dictated to some degree
on where you live as dying free is a big deal to me.
Perhaps if where there here it is
thus you may come back to live in the U.S. once again
ask Jimmy Carter,
though unbeknownst to him, Rosylin will.
I have a great delima
being hurriedly burried or being naked cremated
by some one you don't know
some one close watched the light go out in your eyes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Deep Is Your Love

Have you ever felt
love that
is deep inside you
like a
worm on a hook
eating
fish from the stream
we caught.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blank Faces

I have stood in line for years lines so long
that I fell asleep.

Even then you were the last thing I saw
so I dreamed of only you.

The strangest thing was that when awake
and when I came again
I could never in truth remember
what it was that your voice really sounded like.

With out your picture my sleeping mind was
standing in line
it was there that I saw all the other blank faces
faces that I can't remember
faces that I can't remember
faces that did not look like your face any more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Recollections

They would come to visit me
when I was little in the dark
remembering back
that far do I think that they
for some one else still are?
I back then because
of her pride lived in public housing.
There was a vacant apartment at
her mother's.

Where unlike today it was then
safe because unwed woman
back then with innocent children
were looked on as some kind
of promiscuous woman who had
three kids with no husband.

She was severely mentally I'll
a sore subject
and grew only worse as she aged
it was why my real father left her.
Ghosts were real for me very real
my dreams were worse and all
that there was and all that there is
came to pass and existed some
where else.

Alternative universes
where if in this one life is good then
in that one something worse than
death vibrates back and forth
inside your head two minds talking back.
No one will for a while be able to
determine which event set into place
the chain of events that precursor
of things yet to come that came first.
Vibrations atonal frequency's strings
that move on the subatomic level.
When but for the briefest of moment's
here some where else
is where you can only breath water and
it's this some where else that they dwell.

James McLain

Do Not Pretend To Know Me

I have not died
so many times so that you can live
living your life you living mine just so
that you can again reject me.
People are
what people are you can not change
their sick nature.
Having eye's so that you may see
has left me blind
to what you have done through your
own speech you have shown me.
Others some think
that by learning to read and to write
makes one literate.
Setting the trap so many must fall in.
Therefore herein
when so many have come most that
have come will hence forth fail
lacking the conviction that they never
had blaming others.
Would any one in your very own family
bring forth hence unto you
the many strangers that you see in the
streets and with out coin then feed them?
Unstable or mentally ill
with out hearing you speak no from you
is the answer
that from here I can hear no one speak.
Billions have and will die
never getting beyond the ability to count
past their toes and fingers
forgiven by they never having to know
what you are.
You believe in a God you have said
and by killing your brother
and sister you have shown no mercy
for them then and now.
From the book that you read
you have claimed all to know and hence

nothing it is you shall know.

James McLain

I Believe In Second Chances But Republican's Don'T

They will build border prison's as many of them
as they can
as they hold stock in
Correction Corporation's of America.
From birth
they have known where they will put you.
And if any moral Politician's tried to change this
they would kill them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Your Living In America But Your Not

It was not that long ago
but to most it was
when America locked up
the Japanese
underestimating a human beings net worth
some patriot's
in their thinking really aren't
people now today in
America
unlike in the past when
identifiable immigrants went through
Ellis Island
unlike now when you say that you are here
and then
to the world you say you are not
how much of a threat
by them are you perceived to be
when you are here when
you say you are not
as they said back then do you think
they are not unwilling
to not do to you again think hard my friend
it is by them said
American patriot's no one else can live here
not some where else
and if you are not believing what I said
Donald Trump
will put you on a slow boat to China
then may be you will.

James McLain

Republican's And Your Disability Benefits

If you have from some other country come
and receive them
you should if you are in the U.S.
and are not yet an American citizen
be concerned.

I may not be able to vote
in Florida but that's only because if I could
there would be another million people who
would vote Democrat
and with Republican's in control
that won't happen.

Most intelligent people know that both party's
are corrupt
so for those whom will vote
it is simply one direction or the other you
will take.

Republican's will if they can pit American blacks
against Hispanics
with their white counter part the newly evolved
Wiggers in between.

Though one should be able to understand and speak
in a way where English here is understood.

If I were loving and if I was living in
Puerto Rico, Cuba or South America I would
learn Spanish.

It would be in my own best interest would it not?

No one likes thugs, no one likes bullies,
people should be allowed if by their creator to
live within reasonable safety

if by their creator that
unto these shores they were here bourn.

Republican's believe that they are Savior's and
are invested by God

to privatize America's money into risky ventures.

Intelligence aside

one can not disagree with the past

that had President Bush

been allowed there would be no Medicare

no Social Security

as those trust funds would even now belong to the Chinese.

James McLain

It Was White As Snow

Only when I fell asleep
would she start
to kiss it
through her open window
when it came
and the oil she put on it
made it only harder on my self
I went in her mask was off
her hands
were soft and steady
and I stumbled as I stood
though she never
saw me
her skin was white as snow
moist her breath
was warm and wet upon
my neck
shooting stars the moons
not far
above the deep dark woods.

James McLain

The Unknown Gardeness

Land wise she knew it's length and width and
great was the strength, in her two hands.
Milking cows, spraying milk it made her smile
spraying milk deep into the mouths of all her cats.
So she sought the depths in the soft earth to escape.
She was drawn up into, drawn onto all her
plants that hid inside what
others sought, seeking thus she became lost inside.
Gentle heads that popped, broken 'sighs' the noises
that she stirred, firm gentle fingers that she used to squeeze.
Eye's opened wide as if all she was
watching sticky sapp stick to her moving hands.
Popped broken 'sighs' the noises witch
drew deeper breaths, the kind that made her twitch.
Plants that moved about without a wind,
moving plants without a touch, long gentle 'sighs'
that moved her smiling full lips.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

From One Animal To Another

Look how far these animals have run
in only a hundred and fifty years!
In the sky flying high is a place they try to find
where U.S. lesser ones will be left
here behind
to die a death worse than any death you could know
his name was Hubble.
Ebola and A.I.D.s, do you wish to have sex
certified by none I am clean.
We still rut like the pigs
that we love to eat unless of course you are a Muslim.
Onyx, white and green is the bust that I made
not of them.
I in my youth did as well rut like a pig I preferred bacon.
Did I eat it as well
leaving behind strings of pearls I say, you betcha.
She rides a horse,
I'd ride a mule, just like on gun smoke Mr.Festus.
To one animal from another the future is clear
don't you exude milk when you dream.

James McLain

Trivial And Trite

Any one who lives in America
and draws from it's cornucopia of treasures
and wastes what ever talents
they may have and doesn't do there duty
and keep it in there faces are
trivial and trite and they must face it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Iraq

American republican interests
led by then George Bush
did what should never have been done
and Iraq has
because of that been fragmented
unstable now and broken.
As long as corrupt republicans
and their special interests are allowed
to stay in power
they will never try to fix Iraq much less
America.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Amarillo's In The Spring

Bulbs in the ground
wrapped around are the leaves
end to end.

Smiling

one large root in her hand
with water she brings it to life.

Humming birds

fly back and forth looking
they look for her smile.

Inane eyes eyes so Lovejoy
bright

she could not but think
what a smile planted brings
that springs forth in search
of the light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Walk In The Park Is To Walk In The Dark

Shadows of tree's
without any leaves moving
their limbs
back and forth over head.
Bushes not seen
are bushes I feel my one good
arm pushes my fingers deeper in.
Drawing it out all the way out
my head is stuck
as the wind moves the leaves
over the cool barren ground
where you found me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Do People Of High Or Low Intelligence Think

Being most of my life open minded
it is sad when most never were.

Unable to change
their position when more reliable information
is brought.

I am constantly calculating
chess having learned at age three
mastered tic tac toe and checkers blurted out
answers to Art Flemming's jeopardy
before most adults at twelve.

Realising that with age that I can no longer
remember how to tie my own tie.

Pie no longer concerns me.

Sitting upstairs on the porch in my lonely ghetto
I see the black children playing around me I don't
interrupt their perfect world mine has dissolved around me.

Large crowds now scare me I can no longer
anticipate by the look on the face of the thief when around me.

Introverted writing I am easily over loaded
by illogical thinking.

I ignore most rude behavior words that were never given
much thought to

I realise now how much more dangerous those other people are
and why those old white haired Republicans
want most of them in prison though this kind of thinking
is wrong.

Issues that are given no thought of
simple questions like do people who have trapped them selves
in poverty by having all those children
do they have them just to receive money from the government?

Scary thoughts like those no one will speak of questions are.

I still know that the probability of certain things that are bad
are based on certain factors

tangible things like do I have a higher chance of being killed
if I by crack from a white guy verses a black one?

Things I no longer pay attention to that can still kill you dead
called situational awareness.

Now I sit back and watch waiting for the explosion that
will come

watching people whom never could being never to bright
try to take advantage of people
who don't like being taken advantage of.
I never cared what those other people did so long as it didn't
effect me
being of low intelligence unable to think I spent hundreds
of hours
lost in thought about how they thought
or even if they did
as Florida has over one hundred prisons that are kept filled.
Is the moon a big moon when if on the moon
earth's not seen.
Where would man be
if there had not burgeoned intelligent people to show
and invent
all those things that are here that given thought to you know
would never be.
And all the hatters that batter down the doors because
you have spoken and brought attention to
those things that they hate and have no courage to speak of.

James McLain

Social Net Warning

I met a woman some years ago here
she suggested we meet and when I did
she robbed me
it turned out she was addicted to some morphine pill
that I can't remember.

I didn't call the police due to karma.
Even so I don't paint with a brush all the rest.

Personally

I at my age am not driven by sex though I realize
many are.

Most of the poetry here that I read is read while
not being logged in.

Still many through untreated mental illness
try to develop

a meaning full relationship with other poets then
relapse back into that place uncontrolled.

Schizophrenia in my opinion left untreated over time
produces a relationship that is

kind of like waking up each day and not remembering
what went on the day before.

Why else would some one try to be a published poet here
trying to earn money and then hide their identity here.

When checking what members are logged in
and here they have published hundreds of poems
while hiding their identity I tend to shy away from them.

I mean dangerous people that really are
see sentence one, two and three above as they aren't
going to tell you in advance what for you
they have planed.

Most middle class white woman think that every one
wants to rape them when in reality no one does.

The woman I met in retrospect was white trash
one of those whom tried to abbreviate every sentence
that she could.

It's hard to write any thing meaning full I simply
don't understand how any one does without some sort
of discipline.

Being pragmatic they won't.

So my social net warning is this if you are afraid of

some thing that's not here
then maybe it's that you should don't understand what
one simply is here that you can't.
Repetition in learning to write for some always is.
Hello how are you my name is James..

James McLain

It Was Mary Who Did It The Most

Out side I am not
across the street in the country
that brought this to you.
When a woman
loves her man on a farm
miking cows
is mostly all one can see.
Mary reaches around underneath
to the cow on all fours
such as a cow like her she
should be.
Nancy idd you hear
a man gets nothing here for free
she was caught milking the bulls
before dawn.
It's one of the reasons why I eat out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why In Florida All H.M.O's Should Be Non Profit

I went to the E.N.T.
two days ago
and the Doctor wrote
me a script
for badly needed antibiotics
to put directly in my ear
the in house pharmacy didn't
have them nor my normal
pharmacy C.V.S.
my H.M.O didn't cover me
for any others.
So I still have as of yet not got them.
Multiply this by five thousand
people a month
that equals millions a year
for those patient's
that didn't die and that's the
reason they kill.
Forty seven percent on one side
and forty seven percent
the other
the most vulnerable are the
six percent
that they manage to kill every year.

James McLain

For Every Star In The Sky That Twinkles

Is a sun
that's to far away
and
for every
far away sun
there's
a kiss that is
on it's way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love When Young It Is Real

When your young
and the cops pull you over
you will take the rap.
For him and before the Judge
with you he will stand.
Every one makes
one or two serious mistakes.
Those that don't are just liars
and you being real
never relied on your rich daddy
to bail you out of jail.
If sicko Perce daddy hadn't abused you
and wouldn't have tried to leave
home but for that.
Yet
would Bonnie and Clyde
have stayed together
if they would have had no banks
to rob?
There are no harder trees
nor lovelier bushes filled with
green leaves
than that hormonal rush
young people in love will ever feel.

James McLain

Good Girls Loved To Be Kissed There

If she say's yes, yes I will
I will for her
take the long way around
just to hear.
I can see what she does
for a while
I have been blind
blind to the lay of the land.
Twin peaks
where the moon can hide
every bush
bushes so sweet full
of leaves.
I only will if she say's yes
yes is not no
and today it's not no
so it's kissed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No One Can Make You

No one can make you
do what is right.
No one can make you
write what is right.
No one can make you
tell the truth not a lie.
No one can make you
help a child you hear cry.
No one can make you
see what goes on all around you.
No one can make you
help put out a world that's on fire.
No one can make you
speak softly instead of screaming.
No one can make you
over come all that you biased.
No one can make you
pick the right one instead of fantasising.
And no one can make you
look into a mirror you have broken.

James McLain

Police Officer's Say

Police officer's say

we all want to go home safely at night
so do the people you pull over each day.
Complaining that when one of their own
is left unconscious on the side walk
while dozens of bystanders take videos of him
instead of calling an Ambulance.

Could it be because of all these people they pull over
and some being shot
these lives left unpurposely saved
are then left in the street hand cuffed for hours
hearing eye witnesses scream
do your job, he's alive why won't you help him.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Children That Won'T Become Self Sufficient

Imagine trying to make a living
without an opposing thumb.
Then there are the millions of children
here alone
that have been screamed at
tortured starved on purpose
manipulated psychologically thinking it normal
then they appear in front of
the Judges
that hear what I'm saying when the court
Psychologist testified about this
and then some are given life sentences
for behaviour they were taught
by their parent's
and now in prison you think they should
be abused and traumatized
until they die.
So I stopped right here to leave you thinking
I hope.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Men And The Big Lie

A great relationship doesn't mean a great guy
and even a great guy
is filled with fear and worry that if they can't live
up to all the hype.

They may be deceit if she is viewed as confident
with great strength without his fear.

Then there is a view of neediness is it there or did
you share what should have not been shared
with your girl friend first.

If she thinks there is will he then lie?

Remember there's a multi billion industry out there
that preys on them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Women And The Big Lie

Oh nothing dear, I'm not mad at you.
Is she yes,
in relationships it the most often is.
Passive aggressive
do you ever feel like
that you will never be able
to read her mind.
Playing in the mud I am guilty of
calling out my ex's name.
Even though there was no other
in between
those years before I met her.
Then come the flash backs
and you
are no longer trusted to walk the dog.
In or out for more than a few minutes
that hurts the most.
Hurting this woman is at what in the past
men have done.
Indications other wise make you think
of all the birds
you never caught in the bushes.
Painting her
with a big brush and you
just might catch her with her mouth
hanging open.

James McLain

My Room Mate And His Crack Problem

He has lived here not quite
three and one half months and
this is his lance chance
though he doesn't know it.
His rent for these six months
is paid by the church and he has
that false sense of entitlement.
He has a full time job but spends
every pay check on crack not
only that he brings in street whores
and expects me to feed them.
Today he came home though it's
not and screamed and yelled at me.
You see the down side to spending
your hard earned money on crack is
that you feel guilty for your lack
of self control always chasing the next
twenty dollar piece of crack
until all the money is gone then
they yell and threaten you all because
you wouldn't like them chase crack.

James McLain

Calling The Kettle Black

Calling the kettle black
doesn't make yours any whiter.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Voiceless Out Side Your Body

One's trying to plea and one's trying to beg
out side where it's warm one can't stay.
Standing out here where one trys to float
no one you see can see you right now.
In life being deaf one saw their lips move
one right across says it's time now let's call it.
No heaven no hell one is not surprised
one has wasted their life the other one hasn't.
No one knew the things that you thought
and know one knew the things that you'd done.
Being taught all the wrong things because
after all that's how your parent's did it.
Some one said why take unnecessary chances
hedge your bets believe what they told you.
No one escapes the sad look on those faces
out side of your body inside your not needed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Hunger For More Seed

Each field is barren white with snow
around me blind, they know.

I see
that darkness brings the haze of dawn
how many must it show.

While many miles of roads I traveld on
my pale flesh
by she it grows and grows.

Bringing home the wheat
ground white
and powdered souls
spread open far and wide.

Touching only youth
by she and men.
Each gem from polished stone
pours out and lost our seed it keeps
it keeps her pure.

James McLain

The State Of Florida And Local Corruption

There is only one way that Florida Republican
Senators it's current Governor
and it's legislators could still be in power
they are corrupt
if they hadn't of rigged our voting processes.

No one in their right mind would vote for people
that would tell their citizens in advance that if you
elected them that they would act against
the peoples best interest.

And some one please tell U.S. how they still get elected?
It is now everywhere—at the federal, state and local
levels throughout the rest of the country.

We have maybe eight years, ten at the most
to put these real predators in prison for life because if we don't
half of U.S. will be in prison them hiring Republican guard's
that can't read or write to guard and kill U.S.

And as long as there are decent people like U.S. there will
always be men like those that would hurt U.S.

Where have you before heard of Republican guard's.
Before he was hanged.

Precognition being what it is.

James McLain

What Is Death

The mind is a continuum
a sort of bridge
from one side to the next
like a river.
Being superficial
are those two voices in your heads
like the lack of a heart beat
they stop competing with each other.
Unending seeking
a life time of knowledge
Producing a stronger light
to guide those in this life whom
sought to grow wiser.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Business You Mind Thats Not Mine

Keeping a secret from you
is their leverage that
it's not
it gives me
those unnatural cold chills
like a ghost
that you walked through
short hairs standing on end
knowing how dangerous
these people to U.S. really are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Last You Were First

Over night while
I slept
you had gone.

Silver light
from the moon
in our room
kept me
sleeping to long
unaware.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Should A Lady Love Her Mister

Because of it 'we' laughed as grass is green there is she common.
Realized; how it is I thus became, such implied in her, with favor.
And being left off distant of, but near to her, I thus became.
Whose teeth white flashed beneath the sun as she was now to show them.
I was drawn inside by her sweet breath, she 'made', as was it
I inhaled with each profound look, it moved I rediscovered.
Lost then finally found within, dark caves of sound, so deep
and smooth, so rich and throaty, singing music all the time.
Never ravaged but by scotch and time and filtered cigarettes.
Though detached always above, I looked again below it, such is an
undulation a visitation, invisible muscles its why the sea is moving.
A young woman; on the beach 'she' hurries past us saying,
drawing briefly it aside a red and white checkered bandana.
Made it 'said' in 'Kansas' hot a sweating mask, I looked beyond it.
Bronzed this body made, I think of posies, confusing she with her.
"If your woman and the Mister' (wish to take it to the ocean,
does the lady and the Mister) 'wish to wash it, lightly off'
One day, 'one time each grain of sand and foam, 'she did - politely ask? '
I decided that if it when next it comes when 'I' and if 'I' must,
that this next verbal jolt, 'when it hit' could fly a kite without a tail.
Certain repercussions of those acute remarks, open cuts red bleeding
might as hearts are won and then as thoughts be lost.
She with her and I, this afternoon could still may be, burned by the hot sun.
I concentrated on them both, by my seat a well of deep intentions.
With a careful, deeper why, I trust my mind, too find it wonders.
Kept thus safe in time, inside I've grown to know and never ponder why.
Wistful he for she/her much and subtle this my love, could be her double.
Once was I, of kind like mind, a person drifts at times so far away.
When life like that just walks away or simply floats right past us.
Then washed amongst the rocks and foam the wind it blows away.

James McLain

Those Other Dangerous People - Mostly Republican's

Have you ever heard them say
as they miss the
spittoon with their chewing tobacco
if it doesn't kill you it will
make you stronger that's why you don't
need no insurance
and son
her death it could have
easily
been avoided but she's in a better
place now
go off yonder and tell your sister
to fetch me one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Do Some People Still Believe In God

Contrary to the dozens of prophets of the past through precognition which then was rare

there are now thousands of them born every year

U.S. on the planet being now in the billions.

Here in the U.S. it's called mental illness and through unhealthy medications it's stamped out.

Then there are the dangerous one's whom through your death state that you are in a better place.

For proof of this ask any reasonably intelligent child try not to influence the out come with what you would say if again in fact you are biased.

Do you in crossing a busy street in the face of traffic rely on God to reach the other side.

Can the use of American drones by killing thousands of innocent young Muslims make what you believe to be right?

Hitler did or did he not kill six millions of Jews

there are hundreds of millions of people whom would deny that.

Some believers will never admit that arguments based on pure logic and reason as it runs out

that having had no experience one way or the other is insufficient to go to Hell still filled with doubt.

And yet, still some at the verge of death cry out

I believe, I believe what he who is John 3.16. said.

If you are a good investment how did your stock rise or fall.

And there are hundreds of millions if not billions of those

whom create deadly drama every day rather

than to live under the guise of living an utterly meaningless life in a universe utterly devoid of clout.

When believing in the tooth fairy is not pretense enough

then why can't you just decide to see your lives as meaningful enough and skip the positing of any number of God's

in whom you don't really believe in unless some thing is wrong with your life.

James McLain

She Would Need Both Her Hands

If I could fill both your hands
with it could it
change your view of the world.
Rhythmic the motion
as butterflies float upon the
leaves that strain to hold them.
If I could but fill both your lips
twin hills a certain
small valley placed between them.
A stream once flowed there
the smell in the air
I can taste what it was that's
not there.
Over the edge and down the
wide ledge
into places I've not been before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Fellow American's

State's Attorney's
condone the murders of U.S.
As the enemy are those
of U.S.
on Medicare and or food stamp's.
Since half of our fathers
are in their jails and or prisons.
Law enforcement states
that they can't do their jobs unless
they can kill U.S.
Giving chase for a broken tail light
causing the death's and injuries
of so many.
Being shot in the head is not love
for your brother
these poison apples fill hundreds
of barrels.
It takes many many years to learn
proper judgement
and many more to show proper discipline.
When they kill U.S. their lawyers say
don't believe what is seen on the video.
Yet video's by them in the tens of thousands
are shown to your juries
even if they are grey and to grainy to use
our juries today are much to afraid
to do the right thing.
Now the cop shows you watch say right on t.v.
tell U.S.
the truth so again we can charge you.
By exercising your fifth amendment right
against self incrimination you are then charged with
with holding evidence and obstruction.

James McLain

Modern Era Issues

Religion vs Science

I say watch more national geographic.

Saving young children from
the abuse that triggers mental illness.

Identifying those adults that abuse
these young children

while creating properly run agency's
that work tirelessly to protect
the future that these under represented
people represent.

People are endowed with what we call
the God particle
for lack of a better word for good or bad.
Get used to it.

With the advent of instant media content
our news isn't your news
unless you like the evil that men do
and women to.

Spare the rod abuse the child
people whom think this way should be arrested.

Watch these adults closely.

When do you talk about sex to a child
should Barbie have breasts or should Ken
have blue eyes.

Then their is gossip, gossip is evil never good
for if you participate in it, it will define you.

Then there are the M.K.A.'s
the mister or mrs's that know it all.

Our evolution
would be far more advanced
if all human beings were on the same page.

James McLain

Republicans And Global Warming

In the next ten years
when you see
Republicans wearing face masks
to breath in America
and Google body suits because
of radiation
never having been to bright) smile (
I'm sure you will still vote for them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Minds That Could Never Evolve

There are some that beat a dead horse
growing up where you did
others don't know about much so you leave them.
Some hang on to a thought until
reason leaves them.
While some walk unto a dark path hearing gossip.
A mouth that is clean can never be opened.
Though a face with out character stays the same.
There are those that fall off of the earth giving no pause
as to why it is spinning.
When the head is to thick there's no room for
enlightened thinking.
A few milk the same cow then spill the milk saying
that after you die your in a better place so long
as it's not them doing the dying.
Skinny pursed lips are the same the world over
sour lemonade made without any sugar.
Thinking it's only apples instead of sweet peaches.
Being stumped some times when I am
telling some ones good at some thing knowing their not.
Others feed their kids fast food cause their to lazy to cook.
Do you go to church to do what is right?
Hemmed in by those people that you know are pure evil.
Try to discern what it is that is right if for know other reason
your child might be right.
Crazed leaning right that do all the shouting it was
probably them that did all the hurting.

James McLain

The Republican Answer To Over Population

Isn't it just cheaper
for the Republican's to offer
to the poor
ten thousand dollars
for permanent
tubaligations and vasectomys
then to spend
hundreds of billions on prisons
and the end to welfare.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Children At Brith That Were Different

Moving through out space with out moving
having mass it moves around them.

Without understanding

those whom once did can not in the now
dare allow this.

Moving at will from one point to the next
with clear understanding that the strongest
of these

that can come into your mind while you sleep
to show you the truth.

There are better ways to understand what
they do but for now they are
traumatized on purpose through physical
psychological and emotional pain.

Gifts brought out through torture not unlike those
that are done through partial birth abortions.

Where logic would dictate that through the
process of unnatural selection one would keep
these viable healthy babies
instead of the ones that they make room for
in their prisons.

Children that could if allowed to live
bring forth peace and tranquility just by their
presence in a room.

By their simple touch when a little bit older confer
unto they what is wrong
when another is I'll and how to heal them.

Good through loving parent's made better where
no is a statement not unnecessarily
uttered by abusive ignorant parent's that think
they are normal

while they were abused as a child and have no problem
stating that they turned out fine
and by simple observation others can see they did not.

Children whom are so empathic
they become I'll

while in the presence of those whom are evil
like corrupt politicians and those bad cops whom receive
pleasure in the knowledge as to why

they love to harm and yes kill.
So many of these that by being beat on abused by teachers
and all those young bullies
whom are as they are from their own abusive parents.
In the U.S. thinking this is possible
is why millions go to the movies and see this alternative life.
This war from birth on all these young children
is nothing more than an attempt to erase what all reach for.

James McLain

Love Of Life - Life Of Love

There I have been since the dawn
dawn of light
pushing the dark away from the spark
that brought forth all that lives
to be known.
Most of them can not be seen
not as you were when young
by them taught.
To speak in a way that says it's o.k.
from birth
they now say you can not.
Whom would you drive far away
destructive they say
the gifts that you have delivered to them
the children that know
children with young gifts that grow.
Inert rocks grains of sand
that flows from their young hidden hands.
The army of one their births
are foretold
as one dies another is born.
Needing one here and needing one there
bourn of love
the exception above mentioned of.
Though from love is the nurtured seed
when evil has seen
sprung forth from the tree
then their deaths from his greed
are felt by the one
they are pain full their suffering none sing.
Love of life - life of love
the strings to them both are as you know short.
Stating it such can shorten my own
as night comes
my woods are as deep as your own.

James McLain

It Was A Hot Humid Moist August Morning

It's not every morning where the juice's flow
from every where.

Where even green leaves
shouldn't be freed from each other.

Here where the sap
sticky sap ran the length of the tree.

A thickness to the air
moist air being sucked in and out by
laboring lungs once stout.

These are the morning's where noon
stands still

and what is thinly worn sticks
to the once thin bark.

Mushrooms try to poke up past their
broken backs

strangely flat misshapen heads
that moistly are.

Pale moonlight where around one bush
a hand moves past delight.

James McLain

Institutions Of Higher Learning In America

Debt mountain's of student debt.

Critical thinking has all but fled our young children.

They grew up playing the X-box and eating antibiotic filled chicken.

It's genetic do you expect some hidden intelligence that never was there.

There are but a few of them left intellectuals those with drive those with ambition

those that no longer have the intelligence that passed nothing down except to eat those unhealthy happy meals.

I look these unfortunate teenager's in the eyes naked blank stares nothing inside that looks back.

Asses so wide wrapped around five foot hips tennis ball heads cupie dolls attached to fifty year old bodies and their twelve.

Sixty percent of the parent's have killed the future of their kids.

There is nothing special about special education here

where special education points this all out and guilty parent's when after reading this become enraged

enraged at me for pointing their criminal deficiencies out.

Simple math equals an eighty I.q. and an eighty I.q. doesn't add up to one hundred sixty to U.S.

So our once great country raised on contaminated chicken and x-boxes

have had all that once was unique lopstrocities for parents

whom made all those lops and loplets

the spitting image of all
you should fear.

James McLain

Law Enforcements View Of You

Law enforcement has repeatedly
told U.S.
that they treat all one hundred eighteen
point nine million of U.S.
as a threat when we are pulled over by them.
And as it is becoming by them
ever so clear
that it is they who are the real threat to U.S.
when in fear we are pulled over by them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Filling Empty Vessels

The more you help others the
faster your vessel is filled.
Though with evil and wrongdoing
such is their bad karma it negatively
effects those around them.
Their unwillingness to discuss this
helps you to better understand
just how damaged these minds are.
Their vessel being empty death
quickly finds them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Kentucky - Kenton County Deputy Sheriff Hurting Two Children

Ilegally handcuffed and restrained
two elementary school students with disabilities.

A.D.D. and other psychiatric disorders.

Used handcuffs last fall to restrain an 8-year-old boy and a 9-year-old girl,
placing the cuffs on their biceps behind their backs.

The vedio is to disturbing to watch

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Juicy And Whet All Inside

As tall as the trees grow how
did you convince him that it
was a small valley
running down the middle of it.
With undulating hills on both
sides of it.
With trees that could talk
and bushes
without leave, here I'd walk.
Kissing as kissing goes swollen lips
lips full of life there I'd lie.
With my eyes on the moon forming
to soon
over my head then she'd smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why It Barley Works Any More

Cut at birth
it runs backwards now
and up inside
of its self.
Not like when I was
thirty eight it worked like
one to.
Because of its ability to reach
unbelievable heights
they never complained and
just did it more.
Up inside to the front
their eyes were drawn to the
fire works out side.
Even deep in sleep when
dreaming I was.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

About You Selling Out

It is no longer about the moon
or the stars.
Bushes without leaves
nor lovers that cleave to the heart.
It's about all the apples that fell
from the poison tree
that all of U.S. are therein the fruit of.
They are killing U.S.
as I've said from the start.
After all don't they say of a rapist
that for each victim
found out there are dozens of which
they have not?
Entertainment for cops
is this relentless march of getting you
to expect when you leave your home
you can be killed.
Those whom live in other country's
Expect nothing less but we don't.
Not in America or do you?
Are you drinking to much coffee?
Are you one of those American senior
citizens
whom presumed you were guilty simply
based on a false arrest?
For every murder caught on video tape
there are thousands that aren't.
Not having a clue
is the most terrifying thing about you
and makes you more dangerous than them.

James McLain

Vocal Fry

Some young women say it is
a male managerial problem.
So more men try to stay
out of the way of human resources.
The sad truth of it is
why would any successful company
want to hire any one
that speaks like an immature child?
Much less trust them in important
out side communication
with other top management officer's
to promote the company that they
represent.
When fanatical growth is the objective.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Noisy Girl No More

This dead girl had been roughly used
and placed inside the door way.
Legs opened wide she smiled in death
the world to her a stage.
Desolation, exhaustion, and syphilis.
Openly stretched loved quietly
a noisy girl no more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sailers Reaching Port

The wind filled sail shows how it moves
open like a cloud.

What does their courage brave?

Life and love and stormy seas

it's mast is long and true.

Reaching port the women shout

out to them they shout.

Our love is love and rough is rough

it's women love rich sailors.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Disire

Desire is the old, lively sea.
The teeth of the reef pushed
them over the edge.
There is the stormy shore.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Salt Water On Her Skin

When the music stops
the tears begin.
As the tears begin to fall
it begins again.
It is only when you try
that you begin
to hear.
To many here have
never felt
salt water on their skin.
White snow on every mountain top
their substitute for sin.
Deep inside the winters cold
I'm squeezed until it flows.
Tears begin to flow again it's then
the music stops.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

John Ellis ' Jeb' Bush

With the exception of Florida's current
Governor
no single Governor
has been more corrupt than Jeb Bush.
Republican governors
put more people to death claiming
that they are pro-life.
Jeb supported his brother George
in that he
would have privatized Social security.
Which had he of gotten his way
would have at a minimum caused the trust fund
to have lost half it's value.
Now Jeb wants to do away with Medicare.
While catering to the Koch brothers
and all of the other billionaires whom
can afford the best doctors.
There are only some thirty or forty million
Caucasian white haired old people
whom these corrupt politicians can count on.
These old white people are in their golden years
and through no fault of their own vote
against their best interest.
The middle class when they are finally gone
would leave these corrupt politicians
with no one left to tax.
Why would reasonably intelligent people
vote for their own extinction?
Why would corrupt politicians destroy the very
earth on which they live?
If you had that red button to push to have them
all disappeared
would you push it knowing that your quality
of life would improve?
They would not waste a single second to disappear
you
not one single second to disappear you
or your own children.

James McLain

Forsaken Tendencies

Know one knew what I knew
just what it was
that covered you up until.
Tendrils like vines
vines very long hidden by fog
inbetween.
The mysterious search
as blue as the earth inside you.
Pillows for cloud's
blanket you, awash in the rain
wrapped around.
Night time stars glow at midnight
moving streams
running away with your dreams.
Through my fingers
like water I knew what it was
distant lands what I knew
here it was.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Painted Dreams

There are no more deferred dreams
time has at last collapsed.
Where can we wait
and not be disturbed while waiting
to start over again.
Light has not reached U.S. here no
not yet.
Out side where we are there's a face.
Deep in sleep through it I look
it is large
very large larger than our pretty eyes.
Transparent inside
flowing out are the thoughts
thoughts that have led U.S. all here.
Like salt dashed on edge the
edge of a cup
the light that we see is not here.
Silver and green the rest are unseen
their presence exists none the less.
There is more than this
much much much more than this and
it fits on the head of a pin.

James McLain

About Growing Old

Do not be sad
I was one of the few born lucky I guess
grace now
freely released begins to leave me.
Reaching out to grab some one
being now slow
they are moving like stars
beyond my reach.
There are more days now than back then
where I am more afraid.
Owning nothing none of my affairs
how ever small are in order.
Having given more than I ever received
such things
are remembered more by others.
Having never given enough
it is by such people rarely thought of.
The things that I dream
still mostly come true people dying
never things that are good
precognition doesn't work that way.
My parent's and theirs all had good shots
of living
living their lives chasing the American
dream if but by a little it out of reach.
And still I don't know when one good man
dies is he replaced by a girl
maybe a boy
or is one born to a mother that
has to be good
or like most of the other's their life a waste.
Having loved once
being crazy in love I once was
there are and still were so many sad people
that never knew love
before they got old and forgot by none other
to be remembered.

Midnight Sun

And if I grunt to hard
inside the moon it's why
I'm pushed outside.

To feel

the yellow ears and long
pink

tongues move back
and forth.

It's shadow hidden by
the trees

no one could see by she
it's felt.

Gossip not about the way
the midnight
sun is hot and why
it spots.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dandylions

They were here no more
than that
more even than I should know
things I should know
about the field and how they grow.
Stalks tall and green and long
and crying.
Their tops as white as snow.
Knowing some are yellow
each head upturned
that turns upon the wind
and how it blows.
From where the hand comes streaking up
moving up
so very slowly up
until it comes across the top and rubbed
it off and off it came.
As if in a breath or in a oceans breach
they flew
from lips intent apart
and popping tops on stems are pulled.
It's why the milk comes slowly seeping out
and why the seeds flew far away.

James McLain

From Death To Non Existence

Life is one giant cemetery
infinity
for everyone, where no one
comes to die.
Having never been born, old age
is not the opposite of death.
Coming into your own,
instantaneously, when how
you are, is wisdom all have known.
Through it you have become confused,
become transgendered confusion
leaves U.S. then
and here there are no well planned suicides.
Some exist as if streams,
not to be abused nor confused
with their bad dreams.
Knowing all there is to know,
no one here is obtuse.
And despite of it all it's good to be.
In charge of God
into existence all have sprung
for ever young, never old.
Where each birthday past is revealed
only after it is gone.
And in the end when you have become.
It is only then
that all will know what all came here to know
before being tossed back into
the stream
the stream in the middle of there.

James McLain

Mushrooms

Standing yea high
it gives a bit before going in
his finger tip does.

Running

it around the edge
not to quickly
though

it ought to her feel like.

An umbrella of moistness
upside down turning it
slowly over was all
that he did.

Without being to wet
out side

bending down it is cool to the touch.

Her best mushrooms are
in a tight
high yellow skirt.

And there is
no doubt now that

this is why most
of the thick

callused handed pickers
come here often after.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hiding Your Heads In The Dirt

Here there are some where you there you will go
where the evil you've done here it shows.
The evil thoughts that you have
of all of the things that in this life you have done.
Most of U.S. here float around in a myriad of colors
taking what little you have.
Knowing they know with full knowledge to take
what little that's left of your soul.
Promoting your poverty in poverty you live while
in poverty your children must grow.
Thinking more money by having them you will have.
Ignorance kills each child that you made while
you just make more for their slums.
Puppet's will come those same puppet's will go
while the prophets unlike back then fewer come.
Capitalism hides it's brown leaves like those on each tree
stripped from the heart that promoted bad health
on all of the faces that are spied.
While even in death a profit they make creating debt
your children can't pay.
What you have grown is all they can take and why
from your dried up loins they need more.
When your babies with eyes deformed on each face
don't match the babies you make without souls.
You hold them up while they die in the sun.
Crushed they are killed backwards pulled out by their feet
sniping the bud from the head of the rose when
none come have come back from dead.
Heads in the sand whispers of love knowing there is no love
left to give as you live inside of empty heads
killing all that you made.
While when alive those large empty heads in the dirt more
hopeless children you make to be blind.
So why then do the impoverished here and there think that
by bringing more of them in
than by leaving them there, how in this world
can more money be made and you be the wealthier for.
When you deny it was just to have sex nothing more.

James McLain

The Three Racist Senators Whom Voted Against The Confederate Battle Flags Removal

The three South Carolina, racists Senators whom tried to block the measure to prevent the confederate flag's removal.

The body's majority leader, State Sen. Harvey Peeler, and his two Republican, racist colleagues are Senator's Danny Verdin and Lee Bright, whom represent a large constituency of racists whites.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Are You Still Drinking

Out with it she said
between white vodka and yellow bourbon
I ask.
Before D.N.A.
that I left all over the sheets
towards the bottom in the middle one spot.
Age has caught up with me
she twiddles her thumbs, she said out with it
if I try
will she leave me alone with some wine.
Cigarette burns cover the sheets
those are mine she brings her own there's
nothing to say I slumber on.
She likes strawberry tootsie pops those on the
end of white sticks.
They give me gas it's the sugar that makes
me fart those wet juicy ones
from experience where I know I am safe
from the dark side.
She climbs on top more boring sex is all that I
have to look forward to.
It falls out I turn back over why the shadow
that I followed turned out to be
nothing more than the trollop that I from the alley
let in to my bedroom last night.

James McLain

If You Want To Preach A Sermon Go To Church

Bibles are every where now
those whom read them do
the rest do not.

Those whom go to church
need the church
they say to do what's right.
If you need to preach then
go to church and
leave the rest of U.S. with
all our doubts.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Could Never Let You Go

Time slips away
and memories fade like the picture
of you on the wall.
Who am I to say just why I kept the sun
out side the curtains closed please know
the light and how it hurt my eyes.
Letting go of what I kept inside.
Keeping what I never had controlled
my life and all the nights I cried.
There is no inner me the me that
shows out side.
Though there is you the you that nights
are for I see a shooting star.
And yes the wish
the wish I wished again I'd wish for more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Myself And I And Me

Then when it happened
there was three of U.S. by myself and only one of me
some times it happened to the one and only me.
And when it did I thought that I should really try.
While she was watching my face I would look up
as it happened and I was told it didn't count because.
School was boring as I couldn't wait to finally drink and vote.
A class for special education with kids that really weren't
placed between my feelings was
a class where I was in the middle I was by her
tricked and caught.
She used electric toy's her parents for them bought.
She was a pretty girl who didn't wear dare I say a lot or
dare I say it not but any way
it didn't count unless it was a boy it was not by she a girl.
Dark and moist and cool and hot the class it always was.
Everything by her it must with o.c.d. be controlled.
English class and verbs and her and I with metaphors
described a lot our actions were.
Around control U.S. being such dynamics when placed
inside U.S. both not ever less but more.
Weird I used to think
unless she closed my eyes her toy she pushed against
I touched and died and felt inside she really was I just
suppressed my pent up sighs.
Things I saw when deep asleep I dreamed that really were.
Where the sky is dark
and moving fast the birds that really weren't.
She would close my bed room door and I would look inside.
The promises I'd make she'd never keep I some how knew.
Her parents never talked to me about the little things inside
I heard that buzzed I felt their wings.
Through her obsession where I looked into her big dark eyes.
I one time saw the monster that she made I thought she was.
One day at school I felt that I should let our feel good secret out
to what you did and didn't do in truth a lie is not.

James McLain

The Games That People Play

All those wicked games that people play
I walked across the street.
Does it ever cross your lonely mind
nothing can or will, ever stay the same.
Here where I stand I think of only you
every day all the time.
In my voice you can hear it all my love
you can hear love how I miss you
as I call to only you.
Just to hear again to her your name.
Turn around stop please stop and think.
Even when your far away I can't walk away.
Inside your heart the smallest part I held
the smallest part of you
of who you are love I'm not that far away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have Given You Air

Knowing of it
is not the same as not knowing why.
Depriving
your sister and brother of it
this life without death
but
you struggled for it eye's bulging out.
Pissing their selves while
many were the ways
to evolve while there most have not.
Three days
ripe in the dry yellow sun
produced that bloated feeling inside.
Birds that have come
see the animals that sit at rest
necks craned looking up.
Waiting for some scrap
torn loose to fall to the ground.
Here their are many with nothing to do
bored children.
There are no schools here
and their poverty stricken parents
once thought that by
having children it would make them
all that much richer.
Buzzing green blow flies
looking for that rich yellow nector
settle down.
As the children
with their sharp pointed sticks poke
at what is within reach
hanging up.
Releasing clouds of rich smelling gas
that's inside of each one
of U.S. wanting out.
The government has to each one
of them
free of charge offered
that if they will submit to their doctors

and become spayed
and neutered.

Those whom do receive a new home
need only one bedroom.

James McLain

My Lips

My lips,
except for yours
touched not, except for yours
so goes your smile.

I laugh
it touches not the two I touch
except for joy.

And no not I and no not I
and since my lips,
I've pressed upon goodbye.
And yet again, I have resolved
hello again, goodbye.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Purge Of Ninty Nine Percent Of Americans

Some stay for the drama while other's
have married to leave
where the opposite of love is a comedy.
Look around you
it just can't be it is happening here
all around U.S.
Hope is not lost on Emily
and my faith is made fond when found.
Pain of pain that smile on your face
every where life is cut short.
It is only the depth of a great depression
the kind where you cut
to survive.
Cuts so deep and their wide
eyes opened up wide in surprise.
There is no blood
but the smell of raw meats in the air.
Here there is always an empty
cell for me
where the paint has always been chipped
and the rain out side
that can't get in makes me sleep.
Some of U.S.
save our medication always looking
searching for that final way out.
With no where to hide it except in our
vagina or rectum
any other place is searched by finger.
Here where death is not a suicide
and life is
but a book that is worthless
open to that page
where the once numbered pages sit open
staring out past at the days
that are gone
yet returned every day before the midnight.
I discern economies failing
most will think
that in here better off you will be.

How does one hide all that money
I am cloned
so that I will have to endure by hand it again.
I am number 057512
and all whom before me that have come
back have back there gone.
No one could really recreate those exact
circumstances
though they never stop trying
that had I lived again like the very first time
and I never ever
having known that one kneading hand
and because of that you could never know
how I once lived and died knowing you.

James McLain

A Short Story About - My Dirty Slut

Into my eyes she deeply looked
I stood out silent
knowing
she would be punished for that.

Curling all of her toes out
of the ten
not even one was painted.

As I anticipated
over her shaking lips
stood my shadow.

Leaning back down
I could see over her shoulder
through her dark hair.

She couldn't see
how my hand trembled
as the tallest red wood tree stood
there out side my window
I became lost in her branches.

James McLain

Escaping From American Prison's

Why would any one wish to stay
and live in abuse.
Eight out of ten
given life for murder whom
are placed within
have not before or there after
been convicted of a felony.
When the psychological
and physical abuse reaches
a certain level
it is well within the norm
to attempt to escape from it.
Then when one or two whom do
you are told by them
that they are to you dangerous.
Those doing the chasing appearing
not being to overly intelligent should cause
an intelligent person to ask
why are they being driven to acts
of violence
when they could be captured
later without putting you at risk.
Some just got the job and like to kill
and wait not you but them.
Remember who you are and why
some think that if all you wish to do
to them
if a life sentence is not enough
to do away with the death penalty.

James McLain

When All Should Be As It Is

There are thoughts that most have
that few do
where most think of heaven but
once a week.

Here inside where most think
being linked here to there
from the tongue few are here
still they speak.

Whereby thinking of ghosts all that
one day most will be
and of the few non thinking others
that suffer you to see.

Unable to sleep
stuck in your throat are your dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When One Plus One Equals One

She is he and he is she
both
are one without
question
sitting back pushing down
going
going going gone
both have no shadow
when the sun
rises high in the sky
the moon
shining bright makes it
grow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What About The Word Wigger

In prison
they are rejected
by
both the Black's and White's.
These are generally the
young White's whom in prison
live in fear.
Listeners hear on the metro
the buses
these young children whom
have not the slightest concept
concerning the disrespect
that they have for one another
overheard.
These children if the truth be known
come from extremely dysfunctional families.
Throw away kids that responsible adult's
go out of their way to avoid.
These are the kids
that if you ask of them how long ago was it
that the dinosaurs
became extinct would you be surprised
if they said
a few thousands of years ago.
As with all things that children say
that is rehensible.
In the ghetto's or southern public housing.
It starts with education
to shun the people whom you hear say
cracker, nigger and wigger
you must first over come your own fear.
While those whom live in their own
cowardly world it's not your right to put all these
children in prison.
These are all the young people whom
can't function in today's
work force and Are considered unemployable.

Inside A Vessel Uncontained

Pushing it out is not quite the same
breathing in.

If a diagram is drawn not from sin.
In truth carved in stone there up high.
One cloud in the sky how it grows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Niggers And Crackers

In the mid sixties
Cracker it exploded out of all the racist mouths
and then
the word Nigger never far under
comes out of the dark covered with out shame.
Even as a child of seven
being placed in Lake Magdalene juvenile home
they were allowed
to admit others up to age twenty one.
Deep in the south it was Tampa.
I weighed thirty five pounds
and next to me watching soul train
he
asked me to touch his monstrous dick.
I was terrified I am white
the black cottage father that very night
took me out
across campus to live with he and his wife.
Confused at age twelve
my step father from Chicago
ask me and my brother to canvas our neighborhood
to sign petitions
objecting to what was to come
desegregation and black children being bused
to the then white schools.
Unable to articulate or explain the severity of our
dysfunctional child hood to a Judge
whom did not care
to abuse your children as it was then the norm
it was acceptable.
I being grown now I after having seen
my step father
call black people niggers as a child now know
just how wrong now I feel.
Being in the deep dark institution called the south.
And about what each person has need to call another
out of hate when it spawns the hatred it calls up
from their fear.
It taught me this about how to talk to my daughter

and then stepson.

They never heard the word cracker or nigger from me.

James McLain

Racist Republicans

With the battle over the confederate
battle flag fixing to start.
Republicans are backed into a corner
if the Republicans
in South Carolina don't vote
to take it down
due to their racist constituencies
it will show the whole country
that they are racists.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Confederate Battle Flag

Like any issue discussed, amendment wise
the confederate battle flag represents a Southern Institution.
Like wise acknowledged is the American Flag
that represents all Americans now.
Hence forth as a false representation
of what's in the best interest that reflects on America.
The high Court should lay this issue to rest
as a First Amendment issue that is claimed by a State.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Hope Is The Last Best Thing

Only by greater people
that have every reason to succeed
can we as one people
push the pall that terrible thought
of the past behind U.S. all.
We as one people, we as one country
know what is wrong
and what is right in front of U.S.
That great motivator, that lives in each of U.S.
Those previously unaddressed issues
by those that lie or live to mouth
what should be done and do deceive U.S.
Others doubt our will
while others doubt our right to live and grow
beyond our years.
Recognized is poverty trauma caused
upon these very backs and necks some stood.
It can stand no longer
what the racists represent nothing they to give
but take from U.S.
Can it be doubted here we live to see
here we live and breath, for one and all.
Dead voiceless they would leave, dead by the road
to see their actions shown.
Can't we by any other measure known what knowledge is.
Together we must stand and learn to understand
what hatred is
then lay it at the feet of they whom mean U.S. harm.
Knowing that our children show for whom that they were raised.

James McLain

What Have I Left To Loose

What have I left to lose
all that I said has come true.
Loosing you
was so hard to do
blue is no longer my blue.

Roses I said hold the fragrance
of you
in the light of the moon
I held you.

The movement of time
is that time that stood still.
Moment's that few could
then have foretold,
were the moment's that all
long to release.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mental Illness In Florida's Prison's

Wading through the sheer magnitude of it
the abuse of the mentally I'll
makes police brutality look like the best
way out of life.

Here there aren't people in cells with cell phones
where most of the prisons are open bay dorms.
No cameras taking footage of abuse.
Though they catch it
like the rapes it happens in secret.
Horror stories that are heard
as is the custom in the south it only being unjust
barely scratches the surface.

Inside of Florida it's prisons
where the mentally ill are kept in the dark of their silence.
What is it like to live in a open building where
inmates try to survive with untreated trauma and severe mental illness
like paranoid schizophrenia.

Beaton literally for years
I was daily meted out uninterrupted forms of abuse
not being able to leave
unable to write it off as another bad day with out hope.
Evidence of this abuse
left hematomas surrounded by purple bruises and scars.

Beatings from staff members
whom when bored would place them in cells to be beaton
not unafraid to report them as incidents
that required the use of chemicals and the use of force

Bogus disciplinary reports from most whom could not read or write
which is why some are here
unable to converse with their court appointed attorney.
Which required the removal of any basic privileges.
While in itself by them being placed
in proximity by the staff and the cause
of taunting by the more endless line of evil of inmates.

There once as a living man
who was by doctors severely mentally ill.
Like many others whom through the night being calm
would by staff on arrival be mistreated.
Some
would bang their heads on the metal doors
or leave bloody impressions on the walls.
Others yelled out for what seemed like eternity
but lasted for only hours.
The mentally ill have
such stamina you would never believe.
Why on when out side
it is why some women still take some of U.S. in.

For ever comprimised I mean you and I.
The magnitude of it
Florida's and it's abuse of all of them
makes police brutality look like a walk in the park.
Now it's all I can do
to have them characterized as sadistic sociopaths.

James McLain

Troubled Minds

From the top down from the bottom up
there now all around U.S.
The lopstrocities
that they bore and the genuine fear
none for fear of arrest will now speak of.
What is worse
trying to get help from a mental health counselor
by creating new laws that exploit that very stigma
by knowing that young minds that are obviously troubled.
Rational people
they know of the evil that these adult taught
young people will do.
Are they them selves
just as guilty for what their breathern
will do.
Racism is taught by the dysfunctional family that is
what's a thug.
People won't give up
their own fire arms unless law enforcement does.
No one will get mental health help until
they are safe from arrest for sharing their troubles.
While the Psychiatrist and Psychologists
that know other wise
then tell each Judge that had they would not be here.
Useless victim impact statements that speak
of nothing but revenge.
Knowing that these learned councilors can see
the pain and permanent damage.
Hate crimes are not done or bourne out of love
it's then to late to salvage
that mind that's so obviously troubled.
Is it crazy by they to put away each person for life
then to think
they will stay in a system that's designed
to cause trauma to each mind and not try to escape.
Most people are now forced to work from dawn until dusk
to keep what they have in some politically constructed
far away dream
that latter due to mental exhaustion by it's nature becomes

unqualified to now vote.

Would you ever allow your children to decide what you'd eat.

We have now reached the point where the system is broken.

Let's have a man hunt to fix it.

James McLain

Republican's And Social Security

Would have taken the Social Security trust fund
and invested it in the
stock market.

We know now what would have happened
and when George Bush was President
would have forced President Obama to bail
that out as well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Donald Trump - Mostly Republican

Hubris can not bring back
what he lost
if it could money would.
What could you do with
a full head of hair
his toupee is real unlike theirs.
Some how I do
believe that he would
build a wall between here and there.
Honest maids cost a lot.
About more jobs
than God could provide
Miranda means nothing to him.
The truth as he sees it
about all the rest
being to dumb to change
what they said
that took U.S. from there to here.
Up there on T.V.
two escaped convicts
being chased by the new police
dressed to change
changed to dress like the military
you are their new enemy.

James McLain

Metaphysical Poetry

Today is the day
that comes after the horse
that watches you
push the cart.
Is the carrot orange
to the donkey that moves
you closer to there.

Affixing blame
blame on a God when a dog
knows it's master not.

Standing wet in the cold
holding
out the dry blanket
to no one that's there.

Heaven to some
is leading others to hell
drawing lots.

While hell
to others is keeping
more people in prison
in the land
that kindness forgot.

Logic is cruel
reason has fled when
people are told
that by others they must
allow others to hold
their meaningless life
crushed in the Psalms of their hands.

While others ignore all
that their told
and thus they are doomed
to die once again

in insanity's grip it's tight hold.

That dark light
off in the long night burns as bright
as the sun
most in this life won't ever know.
Knowledge it's wit where there can not now grow.
In a head that is empty of light.

James McLain

The Spread Of Despair

Gradually it spread
people back then weren't as stupid.
Ignorant people could still think
and went out of their way to gain knowledge.

Thus over time people spread their genetic
predisposition far and wide afraid of the light
darkness grew from their loins like a weed.

People suddenly woke up being told by they
never knowing that one morning
that they through poor breeding had given up
their ability to think for themselves.
So like the plague people spread their
low intelligence
thus it permeated everywhere all at once.

It spread geographically.
Races that never had any need to learn to
read or to write.
Never did and good ideas were summarily punished people turned to despots
dictatorships sprung up.
Sex with the mentally challenged was encouraged
where proper judgement was abandoned.

People whom preyed on these people filled nature obhorred
such a vacuum.
People like Jerry Springer was bourne.

In the future the recent now just past
Adolf Hitler turned Germany into it's own itself.
Others saw that the sheeple were no longer
like they once were and spread and spiraled ever outward.

Irresponsible sex with each other was encouraged and grew
The afflicted of low I.Q.
spread accross the European Continent first,
then crossed the Channel to England,
and then spread across the Atlantic to America.

These people thus thought
being poor, we will bread our selves out of poverty
Republicans called it pro-life unless you were U.S. on death row.

As it spread through out our society
the intellectuals to the few more whom money educated
down to the minumim wage workers.
Ever aching the upper middle class was saved for last
needing their taxes dollars to properly do
what was done to their predecessors before.

Thus it had spread as represented in yours these thoughts
from the bottom to the middle at last.
And from one higher discipline to the next
to the philosophers and ending with of course the theologians.
Theology had been left last for a reason.

Ending up where no one ever belonged.
It is curious of me
this whole cultural drift
and why so many now think that
their living in latest theological moment.
Now being unable to think was their greatest weapon.
It is but in fact, what all the new religions are saying
had been predicted
previously in each of the other disciplines.

James McLain

When You Fall Asleep Does A Ghost Have Sex With You

A feeling in the gut
and the groin area would be dripping
moist wet and sweaty.

Thinking it was the humidity
and that maybe something was really wrong
a psychotic break from known reality
some other kind of illness or
some thing worse.

Menopausal hot flashes
because only there was it sweaty.
Laying awake all night
and hoping it wouldn't happen.
Happening only when you would fall asleep.

It was if you almost didn't want to fall asleep
because you knew you would wake up all wet
and sweaty with adrenalin coursing
through your heart like those panic attacks.

Being aware that what had happened
was a spiritual presence
that was somehow involved with me sexually.
Receiving counselling
I confessed about feeling guilty
that while asleep I was very sexually aroused
and had orgasmed.

My counselor informed me
that rape is rape
and that subconsciously my body was
deep in sleep working.

Translucent the mist as it coiled
and grew deep inside me.
Real images floated from it.

Not being a man nor being a woman
transferring more into me
than a sexual feeling.

James McLain

Past The Rivers Edge

Looking through the leaves,
I sat like stone
waiting for a breeze approached
the sun.
Humid moist and wet the air it was
pungent mushrooms life
is every where.
Naked and afraid most have forgot
as reeds
are parted by the past some have.
Around the tree
the water finds the base
a bubble bursts.
Through the surface
breaks an out stretched hand
It reaches out.
Humid moist and wet it causes death.
The sun is high the light is bright
I pause for breath.

James McLain

Summer Of Darkess

This was a night
unlike the rest it was dark
it was so quite
one could hear the moths in flight.
There unlike here
hungry mouths without teeth
reminds me of
that skeleton that bush in front of a tree.
Mother
mother traded the sex
the sex of her children for crack.
Father is in prison
sadly he is in prion because there
was no room at the jail.
Some where else hearing that I was
as a young child
a political man did what was wrong
to me
I was different then.
My very speech unlike these words
such speech
it being spoken only inside of your head.
Darkness falls and once again winter comes
bright flashes go off
in my head.

James McLain

Corrupt American Law Enforcement Officers - Mostly Republican

Have allowed a tragic rise in crime in most U.S. cities
because
they can't murder people and get away with it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Jeb Bush And His War Against Blacks And Poor White's - Republican

Knowing and thus he knew and passed voting laws
to put half of the male blacks between
the ages
of seventeen and thirty five in prison
and restrict the poor whites
from voting as the current Florida laws reflect.
By not allowing convicted felons to be allowed to vote
unless approved by the clemency board
which consists of a hand full of people whom
place you on a list twenty years long
because these folks would have voted Democrat.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ted Cruz And Social Security - Republican

As if he wasn't creepy looking enough
he would raise up your age
to collect what you have paid in all your life
so you would die and get nothing at all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am Yours

I am yours where all those weeks in the sun
on the beach and your smile
like the sky and your face I could see U.S. alone
Here in the wind and with nobody else.
There upon which I step on the sand I'm barefoot
yet it makes no sound.
If you to be as like once we were then I'm yours
to speak as the clouds move off like our love
to move as a wave moves out to sea.
Or as a bird floats off out of sight through the sky
and will thus again know it is tired
to land safe once again
safe and alone there in the arms of the shore.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Warm Morning Mist

Guidance firmly kneels at the foot
of one's space
stealing parting glances one takes.
Not yet awake along the deep edge
a full feeling builds up
deep inside.
Full neatly trimmed it is moist out of place
eye to eye
as one waits on those long dreamy legs.
Nuanced, enhanced as one waits, butter melts
at a much faster pace.
A starving face sits below two fat fluid lips
pale is the moon it is wide.
No one here heard the loud *gasp*
as the rain golden and warm fell out side.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Tree (Haiku)

Tall and majestic
And wide are it's branches
Leaves dance above me

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Vist From The Asylum

She spoke of glass
glass instead of small meshed wire
on the other side.

Faces just like mine they kept inside
out side
looking in but here they weren't.

Could you die a thousand death's
each night I chose
to live inside my dreams.

Hiding smiles untimely hurts
the guest's were people that you knew
whom knew you not.

My dreams from what I saw when
wide awake
drew smiles from they whom waited
in the shadows
came again when I was all alone.

We came from here some came from there
the honey hills
you now that look when doctors had a choice
and some chose both.

James McLain

Four Seasons

Winter's past and spring
has sprung
the summer of my fall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Summer In The South

Those tiny feet each flower found
the bees spread news around.
As blue jays with loud voices scream
each black snake that they find.
While tiny eyes are coloured green
sweet oranges some become.
Majestic oaks their many leaves
hide acorns, moss hangs down.
As children with their many swings
make friends and have some fun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Children Made From Guilt That You Cut Down

It is a feeling all should have but only half will have
and with the advent of television
flat screened T.V.'s the flies are more pronounced.

Are they worth
no more than worms you use to catch the long toothed fish?
It's said they have a choice a choice you still don't have.

Alive not dead half turn their heads then leads them to their deaths.
If knowledge is the key to life then give them circle hooks.
If death is what you wish to teach then turn their other cheek.

Each living child through you from there to quick by you sent back.
Thoughts of love just aren't enough love doesn't fill their plates.
Having souls they let you in one house is not enough.

Life erupts from selfishness moans that fill your haunted house.
When behind the bush they stand in line the woods are dark and deep.
Each ghost you make is not enough to fill the void within.
A light goes out when it's not changed each tree you then cut down.

James McLain

Why The Extraterrestrials Have Given Up On Us

Over a short period of time humanity simply appeared
like the round wheel
the working of primitive metal's and a slow changing
of the earth as human beings learned
by recording knowledge to keep from having to start over.

As humanity's grasp grew sure
we began to ask as to why they are here.
As with most things in life
my explanation is fairly straightforward
and not that difficult to explain.

Highly superstitious is man still believing in things that millions
of others now do not.
That extraterrestrials are visiting the Earth and
to monitor the progress and behavior of U.S.

Even so our Earth our home planet
is an extremely desirable and rare object within the universe.
Speaking frankly most have no use for U.S.
thinking that our violent nature would by our very own hand
be the cause our destruction.

All of that which once lived and all unborn life yet to come
I find it strange that every living thing must have need to
push other living things in one end as it comes out the other.

As we discovered how to manipulate nuclear energy
it triggered an unprecedented wave of UFO landings and sightings.

They aren't going to save U.S. from our selves
even if they once were our friends
as a free society has a better chance of evolving like them.
What they will do is
throw a meteor or asteroid our way if humanity doesn't learn to become
what we can.

James McLain

Complex Grief Disorder

I constantly feel
an intense wave of grief and loneliness
every morning
when I realize my family is not with me.

While too often
I stay in bed for days and weeks
longing for them
and thinking about our time together.

I have
assured all the psychiatrist's that I love
my only daughter.
I only know
I feel ever increasingly distant from her
and she doesn't
understand how I never
moved on after I left her deadly mother.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Is Perhaps When It Comes

The hand full of seeds I left behind
planted each night where you sleep.
Wading across the wide river that winds
back around to the sea.
Across the nights barren white beach
appears one lonely tall tree.
Wafting the scent strong on the breeze
pools of light from the moon that shines down.
Knowing your name
deaths never the same all have returned
once again to the light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Eyes

Some have confused
pain and suffering for kindness
what you see in my eyes
is just the reflection of me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How To Qualify Americans For Gun Owner Ship

The world looks to U.S. to solve it's big problems.

Even now each one of U.S. before marriage must take classes
and before each divorce it's a must.

Psychological testing by qualified experts might discern
before buying a fire arm by one should become the new must.

Creating a new nitch and lucrative economy.

This new form of gun owner ship would provide a better avenue
to determine mental and physical, qualification to said owner ship.

Saving hundreds of lives each year in America.

Becoming perfected over the course of each year.

Made mandatory for all whom would own one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Job Security And Isis

America has always been vulnerable
to those that tell lies.
Forcing the propaganda of lone wolves
down our throats
as we wait for another school shooting.

Full baseball and foot ball stadium's
it does not take a fired C.I.A. agent to know
why here the next attacks won't happen.

Why do they want to kill U.S. is the not to often
ask question
as the far right crazy American politicians
insult your tooth for a tooth intelligence.

America is caught up now in the vicious murders
by law enforcement of it's citizens.
With out the new cheap camera phones
these brutal attacks
would all go the way as those in the not distant past.

In the recent past a president relied on faulty intelligence
to start a war that's claimed millions.
Three days ago his very own brother stated he would
have done to U.S. the same thing.
Wanting to lie to you to become president.

Evolution is called progressive, love is a vessel called hope
the other forty nine percent
again the far right, their very own sins are practiced
each day on your children.

Using religion and faith for all the wrong reasons.

James McLain

She Could Tell Such Good Lies

Sailor's that sang
under the hood the man in the boat
fell head first over the side.
Clutching twas said, nothing was seen.
Moss grew thinly between the oak planks.
Shinny it stood amongst the tall sails.
Ropes hanging down, hung all around.
The man in the boat under the hood
rowing up stream he screamed out.
Gulping for breath, seeing the breadth
of the sea with out a bulging red eye.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Mental Illness Becomes Dangerous

I'm not ashamed of my mental illness
being born
with the genetic triggers.
If a reasonably normal childhood
could have prevailed.

What makes it dangerous is knowing
some thing is wrong
and believing the world is not sane.

What's even worse is watching cops on t.v.
whom expect a normal out come
from some one they know that's not there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Waiting To Die I Have Talked To The Dead

Waiting to die I have talked to the dead
not since I was young have I seen so many faces.
Instruction by them not knowing their names.
So many of them are touched in the head none with wings.

It was I who approached them back then
it was I whom then sought them out.
Questions I had each night when I slept
more so now I have nothing against life.

Deep are the woods broad and wide are the trees
none have been cut there's no need.
Lust gives away to green eyes.
To circle around making no sound they are as many
as leaves on a tree.

Some are those lost suicides, language is there a lost art.
Each mind that you meet never asks why only a few
asks what it was that you built.
Laid to rest I must watch where they sleep.

I when I'm there have no further need
I when I'm there need not breath.
I am what I was all that I'm not
plenty of rest none say that I need blind to all else
I come to rest against soft lips that I feel.
Waiting to die I can talk to the dead
I begrudge none whom must cling to their life.

James McLain

Black Or White

Where I live in the Geto I see small children
that play in the streets.

For some strange reason unlike the whites they don't think
some rapist hides to steal their children away unlike the whites
this is where I live there are no bright street lights
pipes that supply the water we drink are eighty years old
give or take.

Some thing is wrong generation's have come here in Florida
and gone the pipe line that leads straight to prison.
I am partial to pork chops and bacon but don't really care for ham.
Elected politicians no matter what race won't address
this injustice the white haired white men are afraid they will lose
what they gained through corruption.

Half go to prison and become convicted felons like me.
In Florida some few millions can't vote.
After being out for close to two decades we still can't.
What can we tell a Judge that's corrupt but the truth then they get mad.
Yes here where I live with out probable cause comes arrest.
If it wasn't for one Walmart there would be not one place to shop.
They are those in control rule like in the past with iron fists.

All the court rooms over the heads of each Judge reads in God we trust
I'm not afraid that when I die that I'll burn in hell.
In Florida there are faith based prison's.

James McLain

Now That I Am Old

I was never sold
on the prospect that I would grow old
but now that I have
now that I am, certain things I have learned on my own.

Roses are different now
having no scent
they have colours, they had not when a child.

Sleep is a friend,
seeing into the dark I seek out those shadows
and smile.

The woods once were deep, the trees once were tall
inside of the bush where I hid.
The scent of a rose as it brushed my young nose
no thought about death did I have.

Now that I have grown old
I find it a great relief that no thought of such things
more attention I now pay to her eyes.

James McLain

Wealth And Poverty

Open doors and walls to high sun rise,
his seeds the other sought.
What one wants the other has,
strange Gods some people have.

One has worked his life away,
the other's money made.
Giving out to those too small a father,
mows their hay.

Gifts one gave his heart away,
each day he made his way.
Being poor the other thought,
free men can't work for free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Police Officer's Are Allowed To Lie Under Oath

I was once in the past and still am subject to, as are the many thousands of people
whom plead guilty to crimes not committed, every week across the U.S.
Dressed in that Orange jump suit like a prisoner of ISIS waiting to be beheaded.
Turning my worst face sideways towards the cameras, undiscovered.

They simply lie because they know that a jury believing your word over a police officer's isn't going to happen.

And as that juror, whom I will never be, whom are you more likely to believe?

The handsom well-groomed police officer in uniform,
whom just swore to God that they're telling the truth, even though they
are devout atheist.

I am naïve, as naive as a child by our endless dreaming, while awake of the
pervasive scope of their misconduct,
but even more disturbing is the seeming casualness by which such misconduct is
suborned by the Judge.

While our downward mobility drives U.S. ever deeper into abject poverty.

James McLain

When Night Fall Comes

Darkness falls when fluid over comes the old white people
whom look by their pupils, dilated scared.

Windows are smashed

the crushing phalix is a force that pushes more in deep inside me.

The street lights mark out each dark face, by the white of their eyes.

Photo facial software justifies all the looting they will be arrested
latter on.

Grey grainy vedio they will use to convict if they won't cop out.

They tell you that what you saw was what the bistrander shared

Please be aware what your eyes saw you did not see.

Do what your told and dismiss what you saw with your eyes.

Believe what they say and just die.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Purge Of Baltimore

Back and forth see spot run, see how they run away
not to the media!
They keep turning to the police
for help just one false authentic story line.
From the beginning being caught in to many lies.
There is no battle for some newly discovered intellect exchanged,
manufactured credibility by the time they are one.
Who would an unbiased jury believe not being color blind.
Some anxiously want an exchange of false truth
not some statement from the police that the gangs did not make
that want to take them out, disadvantaged.
Misdirected again by the media as it spreads
what those that have lied over and over again being given the power
over children that they kill.
Having read Sun Tzu, front to back.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sexual Hyperactivity

For a great many in times of high stress
life lowly comes in and death quickly flows out
or a great unexplainable perceived threat
that would leave one
in an emotional and or psychological state
that break from reality
with no hope in this life to not know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

These Are The Woods

These are those very dark woods
woods that are deep
where the air
that you breath
is so moist, damp and sweet
where more than one has loving died.

Woods that becuase of thier very nature
yes'wet is the dampness
under every watch full eye
that is seen is a face that can't speak
but is as red, is a rose when stuffed over flowingl of.

Cloked is the shadow the green eye moving slowly
Inside of the moss
through the grey dimming light
moving ever so slowly
seen through the peephole two.

Pushing past the very spot when your deep in sleep
comes a ghost with big hands he is dreamt never seen
expanding deep inside of your dreaming world
a world full of sleep and long moving limbs
these woods are berift of it's leaves
at the base of each tree.

James McLain

On Sinceless Deaths And The Blue Collar Killings

Thiers are the look of a Child that got caught
capitalism at it's worst, I can't breath.
Broken necks I must scream, I must scream then I'm gone,
to never come back, I've no voice.
Statements some made all have seen and they've heard,
please Dear God, I'll be a changed man,
save me from them, you have seen at the end of my life.
Granted some are blessed with x - ray vision,
I can see a small knife the rest can't.
The reason I toppled across the small wall, hear the crack,
of my neck and or spine from the top some fall.
Giving in to the phobia of Racism, I'm dressed in dark blue
and you're not.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bitten

Bitten,
so you want to be bitten.
In the corner you sit in a chair.
Watching I wait, waiting I watch.
Seeing the look on your face I prepare.
Meant to be seen most are not.

To what end does a bush hide a tree?
At the base are what color the leaves.
Thick are the vines that move wrapped around
a silent trapped voice deep inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It's Only Murder If It's Caught On Video Cameras

Eight hundred thousand of them and being
caught in the mind set of death.

Uncle Tom won't speak out, unethical such behaviour is set.

The Mayor has washed out their sheets, the blood stains
won't come out.

Being poor and having no true advocate the mentally ill
now learn how to hide.

If it takes a body camera to do what is right, how can I do any wrong
your word is no good over mine.

I must have eyes in the back of my head to see where the bullets come from.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Political Democrats

Give away
some of your millions
and then
I might believe you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Southern Hate And Racism

What happened next after the GOP, cherry noses that indicate popped capillaries from habitual drinking the Mayor is forced to leave.

Pacing back and forth on state road yellow lines that prisons are paid by to the state

using black convicts to paint.

In the south when next you pass by take a look as they are all mostly black take look again as the few token whites

are more prone to escape, Paul Newman had rabbit blood.

Rednecks unlike me though I am, why do the wiggers that think they are black, rejected by whites, the psychological damage is - promoted by Jerry Springer and judge Judy

questions arise as to why those that watch them wash the white trash in it's vast ocean of.

In bread hicks, born in the south half have had sex with their brother or sister.

With eyes like green lizards that now grow on the side of their heads.

Crack babies rejected by those whom know they are future food for their prisons.

Policing the world with such obvious flaws and why the terrorists prey on them.

They have realized that they are being bred out of existence,

southern hate filled racists these grey headed whites unable to sleep.

Living in terror of what?

James McLain

Mens Rea

Wrong doing can not hide from the heart of a guilty mind
unless the mind is morbid, twisted and warped.

Thus comes a Judge whom is wise and experienced in all matters of
one mind and can intuitively discern out the guilty thoughts of.

From what is required from those few that called out while yet alive if
the accused was not thinking about what the accuser is guilty of.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Florida Lizard

is it not exotic
what I'm
writing
here to you

That when
and
if you stop it

I will
have to say
it's blue

And
if they hear
you cry

I
will have
to say
it's true



PoemHunter.com

And
they may
never
let me

Write to
you again

But
if I let you
stay

And you
are looking
out
my window

Can you see
that
lizard over there

On that tree
and what
it's
doing?

James McLain

Some Body Waits On Me

What kind of girl, does that.
A red winged bird that is black.
Clouds swirling round,
the taller peaks snow racing down
all can hear.

That kinda girl, does all that I heard.
I heard that that girl is fine.
The kind of fine that are big round grapes,
sitting high kind of look, they are
round purple grapes that one finds
on the vine purple and juicy but clear.

Others long before,
men could read or write,
learned the curve
of the road and where it would lead
some have said they died there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The American War On Mental Illness

Perspectives, are as many as are the eyes that don't see
every one knows some one else that's not them.
Observations, look around you, how they live in fear.
Substance abuse the wounded are vast,
treating them worse they are some one in your family.
For just a few seconds I am the Judge,
I listen to expert witnesses whom are paid for their P.H.D.s.
with no real life personal knowledge.
Like in Florida in their own state mental hospital,
over fifty thousand have died there, since back when it opened.
while knowing perfectly well about their own mental compass.
While those who every day some where Leo, has just shot one.
Where only the unattractive are jailed with the poor and
people in charge have no obvious station, expecting breaks from reality
to fuel their own evil intentions.
One question to you, just what do you really expect from a person whom
when traumatic untreated injury's incurred by being robbed and beat on
to soften what's already been plainly observed,
by people with their own issues and eyes that have no true perspective.

James McLain

Israel And U.S.

Without World War two, one sees.
I saw two foot holds, one without me.
I hear the lone hawk, it can not see me
hooded and tied, it works against he.
World War two and without it you see.
No foot hold in Israel, it would not now be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yet You Give Them A Gun

They can't tell a live body
from a dead one.
It takes a good doctor over ten.
About mental illness they killed him.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Terror And U.S.

Now that they know we will harm them
from stealth and ambush
and as to this their minds, you've made up
as to what we will do that they would do to you,
but can not.

They will start now to prosecute more, mass kidnappings
to test your resolve and not make a deal
and how many nurses and doctors will you give up
as they look through your dead milky eyes.

Landscaped reality shows
and as they saw slowly through, their heads quickly fall off
dressed in our bright colored orange
uncovered knee deep in the sand
only then
we will all know where you stand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Time Is Now When You Then

It gets shed of thee
coming back around the loop
skirting it's
way to the top, bottoms up
who can feel
deep down inside just the way
they all felt,
and time I have learned
is now when you then.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two Religions That Won'T Go Away

Not at the end of every rain bow
is there gold
when my hand slips from yours
why wade deeper into death.

When at the end of each day
you lie awake
quiding the light out into.

The more that you dream, the less
they will see
why some become what most won't.

Through out history unto now
tomorrow some how
others are placed in the path
religions unmask
there are two who won't stop, till your dead.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Held Back

Between the light of day
and as darkness sleeps
on the silver light
that shines down on your face
your face that I see
each day
that goes by
believing that the love
that I felt was alive.

Each street that I walk
leads me up and into
that look on your face
when the bushes had leaves
love was blind to it
heart were they shaped
to it
and the green of it
made me think more like it
all the more.

A mind that is fresh
and not brutalised
the mind that has more
more than
two milky brown eyes
under cover of darkness
two eyes that open and shut
was I promised
back by them not brutalised.

James McLain

The Judicial System And The Poor

Debtor's prison, jail
speeding tickets tell them you are poor.
Facial software technology
let's them know who you are, cop shows.
You are their systematic prey.
Just to get your money.
Interrogation's at the scene
you can not remain quite
or they will charge you with obstruction
of justice for invoking.
Unqualified law enforcement officers.
Who were kicked out of the military
and are protected by preverted HIPA laws
meant for the mentally ill and the infirm.
Law enforcement has been militarized for you
and only you.
When you've had enough and rise up, they will be
waiting at the air port to keep you from joining ISIS or
some other irrational crazy militant group.
The systems was rigged before you were born
and you never had a chance because
of your need to stay poor
while you watch Jerry Springer and Judge Judy.
Watching your dysfunctional life on t.v.

James McLain

Isis And American Corrections

What they have in
common is,
Death and the color Orange.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Cloud Turns It's Face To Me

A cloud turned it's face to me
The moon's out of reach all can see
White satin and lace seem out of place
Of a picture that no longer is clear

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

God, Guns, Grits And Gravy

Michael insured Huckabee

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love And Risk

Night is night when she comes
and where it is,
at the edge of it, they begin.

Risking it all,
for one touch to find out.
Is the risk that she takes
when he comes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Risk

Finally night as night when it comes
and where it,
at the edge of it, it began.
Risking it all for one look to find out
and the risk that it takes
when it comes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How To Create A Terrorist

Break up a family and abuse
the small children and take and destroy their home.
Put all your innocent children at a young age
place them in America's prisons
and allow them to be constantly raped.

Sun Tzu,
said divide and conquer pitting America's poor blacks
against America's endless white trash.
Society condones this they like a sick show
elitists stay safe, while exploiting their brothers.

After all it's why their killed like a thief
in the night, practicing slovenliness your killer comes.
Radical Muslims or Bible thumping Christians,
intelligent people know that in death is the void it is final.

Foolish people think that with or with out a gun
you will be safe,
it just makes it easier to kill the good men,
than those whom are corrupt and deserve it.

Righteousness in the form of a man and a women
know that a child can't be allowed to eat what they want.
Why are the ignorant and damaged, uneducated people,
be allowed to decide the fate of their non - advocated brethren.
Based on their unending need for revenge, that prohibits the dark
from ever seeing the light, being snuffed out to what end.

Roaches being eaten by geckos likened to the ant
people are,
What people watch on their home T.V.s
tells any whom see the nature of their true character,
and their lack of conviction,
with a sick need to see people suffer,
traumatized Cop shows and pitiful people by the thousands
in American prisons.

How do you make a home grown terrorist?

There are currently thousands waiting to get out because you find it acceptable to treat the American system as they treat their prisoners as rodents and or trash. By hurting human beings as to what not to do as a training exercise.

There are hundreds of thousands of ways to get back for this harm to be killed by police and their love of a lone terrorist. Like being a coward and not addressing the known wrongs, that caused it.

James McLain

Made Electric By The Moon

Electric though your body is it changed my soul,
and who I thought went there I know where lovers go.
Back from where you came you show how I repose,
and when below the moon
with out stretched hand I with you each night have.

Warm shivers body shakes from,
I am touching what have I, I kiss right there.
Where armies can not change the way you feel.
By reaching out a hand to where you think I stand.

Doubters through our window huge eye balls that stare,
free to let them see what no one else has shared.
Winding rivers filled with milk and why it calms me down,
and the courage at what they see by how it feels.
Free to see the moon when it is setting, when it's full.

And when if after all
their the body feels electric
and if the body does not fill as fully as, as much I'll go.

James McLain

Snow

Am was I
the snow is white you are.
Leaves stitched cotton lace
across the barren
waste are you a love joy cloud?

A child has silent eyes
have you the sight?
Down it's floating down but
never up it feels
quite warm.

The bush is full and white
that's what snow is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Insomniac's

The stars are bright
the moon behind her
friend to me seems
empty but it's always full
and empty space has friends
that only one, such I can know.

Awake you are asleep
and I am deep inside your dreams
The mirror never lies
my hands are right behind
your head.

I see your face beneath the sheets
the river is not mine.
The comet that I ride it has no tale
that I can climb.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Suicide's Lost Note

The sun,
shines on the sky way
below
the waters dark
it's claimed almost as many
as it in feet is tall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Mask We Wear

Is thin and without color to the eye.
It hides the sadness and the joy a mask can't cry.
People smile when they are sad,
and feel great joy where others turn away.

Greatness waits with bated breath to hear each suborned lie.
If behind the mask some strain to pay their children's debts
as those whom hide behind their masks expect from you much more.
Old age wears down the corners of cracked lips.

Utterance's spoken can not reach through to the ear,
Counting all the sheep that pour right through the open gate.
Is the world more wise behind the mask their father's wore,
To thee of your one God the mask can't hide.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Peace

The biggest gun held up to all whom see.
Cutting necks that bleed that no one feels.
Peace can't come to those whom think you will.
Poverty breeds more mouths that can't be filled.
If you were they and they were you reversed.
C.N.N and Fox speak but of war.
Delusions live in dreams that death will fill.
They have tried to clone his head and failed.
The stars are out of reach to all but U.S.
Those whom think ahead wind up all dead.
If they thought I could I would be their as well.
It won't come until we are one people here.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dark And Deep

Dark and deep the woods are pink they keep my secrets safe.
Beneath the loamy soil,
the leaves have filled a void, my one good eye that sees you it now glows.
Above my face from back to front hangs moss that hides the moon.
A moon that's round and bright a moon that's always filled.
Below the cave where people come to hide their dead and then confess.
Around you I once was the trees are tall, I hear a voice that says.
The length, the girth, one root runs deep they watch it as it swells,
it speaks of whispered depths.
Damp moist air rests in between the bark the howling wind that can be felt.
Green round mouths that suck with teeth that cut are filled with flesh that's ripe.
Bush's hide green leaves that grow on skinny twigs, turned brown.
A spell is written by such words that touch a beating heart, that's filled with
blood.
Twin lips made full when speaking words from you, I heard confessed.
After dark the woods are filled with shallow graves dug up.
Dug up by lovers one that was the other never felt, until you came.
Robert said the woods are lovely when they're over grown and dark and deep.
All who enter walk outside two boulders that are tightly by one squeezed.
Out it comes it gushes out in torrents and in streams the human race.

James McLain

The Edge Of Conflict

To the right their is pain,
pain that those feel, pain they don't feel
that you do.

Those born to feeble to know how to speak,
to articulate words, arranged in their fear, not of the dark
but of they whom have control over light.

Damaged minds from the crimes they have done unto them.
From the light life has come that death takes back,
turned from the gifts that you had.

Evil has had such a start, Christians the fuse
that they lite,
a few Muslims do what they do the far right,
sadly that both are overwhelmed, emotionally compromised.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wolf Packs And Lone Wolves

Not with the devil I pray
broken down homes low leaking roofs.
Motherless child,
I can remember my father being taken away.

Drones fly over head,
and your not allowed those big gulps.
I'ts O.K. to kill your unborn.

Be not confused in your name it is claimed,
off the taxes you pay
no true real control do they have.

Some thing is wrong when you'r left unemployed,
when the games that they play with your lives
are snuffed out.

More police are now coming your way
don't try to hide,
your addiction to cell phones show them the way.
Until some one you know they have taken away,
why do you now look suprised.

James McLain

The Power In Her Hands

She holds such power in her hands-
He stood in great surprise-
T'was less she had before he came-
The rest would run and hide-

Not ever kind their jealous looks-
Town spinsters without grace-
Why silk I chose but not course lace-
No yellow on their face-

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cop Killers Vs Killer Cops

Predictable human behavior
does not depend upon obvious variables.
Hurting U.S. makes U.S. easy to predict,
and why expert witnesses are handsomely paid.
They testify about the effects of violent trauma!
Is this what makes U.S. violence unpredictable?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cop Killers And Killer Cops

Human behavior depends upon so many hidden variables,
it makes people impossible to predict,
which is the major reason why expert witnesses are paid
to testify to facts that are unpredictable.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Midnight Poem

My feet wander independently of each other
like the hand my circle does,
my head rubs off the window pane
the yellow mist it does.

String thick vicious yellow pools lay in wait
telling lies to gain the truth
with or without you, moving walls.

Exhaled breath outside pent up sucked in
coming out it's stretched,
by what is bent the lips can't speak
say hi.

The horse that rocks the cradle left inside
eyes that rub my nose,
without a hand her finger tips were toes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lucid Awake Changing Dreams

Earth covers my eyes with a kiss
under the veil of dark night.
Soon morning will come
and then comes the storm,
what you have gained and the cost.
No other would take what I lost.

Above your bright eyes are the stars
steady night skies each yellow sun rise.
Another will come when I'm gone.
Lucid awake change your dreams,
safe in your head, sound asleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Love Was Hard

Knowing now that love is hard.
The woods we know were wet,
and cold and dark and miles to deep.
The air smells of old pine leaves.
Some thing we have always known,
our bed from childhood made.
Here is where I hold her maybe no.
It's something I have said aloud for me to
hang onto.
Not like a sexy thought.
More like a thinly veiled full moon.
But if she became pregnant could I
bare her name, would it be the same?
The Nuns said I must go.
There are no more fresh roses,
bushes without thorns to put my finger on.
After her father confronted me,
he wasn't wrong as she turned the home alarm off
it was then her window she then opened.
Silence was my greatest enemy out on the roof,
her sisters room was next to hers.
It was then I knew how hard my love would be.

James McLain

I Like My Lips Against Yours

My lips against yours
are like,
something new never old
closed
they open and start.

To move up and down
across
my wide tongue
and they taste not unlike
none I have.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Held Me There

Moving in and out of the dance of life
I backed away
she then moved closer to me.

Her lips were warm as I slowly stood
watching the roses
open their petals out side of my room.

In her hair that smelled of apples
not far from the tree
beneath her chin my hand turned
her face up to see.

Closer to me
moving in moving out
her warm lips
were as my last breath
breathing
her life back into me.

James McLain

Under The Red Full Moon

It is strange this light I use to read by
butterflies and months
I can not hear the bat it can't read my lips
the way you do.

It is strange this light I use to see you by
lost for years
the net I used was full of holes
no butterfly or moths
got caught
I can see the light shine down its red
the moon is full.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Was Raised By A Colored Maid

Gone I once was with the wind in the South
back to a time when then as a child I once was,
here where we lived time stood still.

Butter milk and moist
cornpone was never less always more
than a word home made grits.
Ox tails, green collards,
fresh squeezed lime, potatoes mashed,
pecan pie, butter and biscuits, ice tea.

Before it was to late
U.S. children could never understand it, all the
dark white hate,
directed by them to our colored mothers their maids
whom brought
more than sweet syrup to our plates.

The railroad tracks were where we were warned of
before we became mirrored images of our parents.
A tad east and a bit west a little ways north,
just a stones throw some ways off to the south of
were all of the wooden homes that we lived in.

Important men with well worn heels
without respect for decent folks, the ones whom
could not back then vote.
Knowing if they could twould vote mostly Democrat.
We were always curious about how they could
deny respect to U.S.
and give nothing to the other and stir up such hate?

Now it is fifty years latter she they and them
have lived for over one hundred years
in the same home
they come from the Church
and give U.S. a ride to vote inside of the van
we can't help

but to speak about how we once lived in one district
represented by a community member
and how some old white man with white hair
gets on T.V. and says he is for U.S..
Most of U.S. have at least one family member
in some back woods hidden Prison he holds stock in.

James McLain

Intelligence Defined

So far in mans brief unnatural existence.
What is it that man has learned?
Everything that is not learned has not been defined.
Beyond what is spoken to works.
There is no walking the path of the unlearned;
If all paths lead to learning.
Thus I trust the way to not learning
is not really a path at all, if it is a path undefined.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cosby Bill

There are so many faces of the accusers
so many in fact
that even after being drugged
that most slept through every thing
their panties being removed quickly
their bras and their nipples in his mouth sucking
rectal rehydration
did he use lubrication
did he take one or the other as trophy's
or just as quickly use his mouth and tongue to
hummingbird flickingly
like you would do every day and or nightingly
or did he use his thumb and forefinger
tainted as a weapon
sliding them in and out brutally fast
that even in sleep most afterwords inadvertently
other than for instant sexual gratification
why would he risk every thing on what would
to him be freely given
and other than the memory of that slow aching
afterwords it
was never able to be duplicated
their motives thirty years latter now amount to what
the landscape can change
and yearly it does with trees getting struck by lightning
rivers over flowing their banks
and bushes pulled up to make more wide open fields
so we can believe
what one side has said with lawyers
advising the other that nothing can be gained by talking.

James McLain

I've Noticed That Your Daughter Is A Psychopath

When you thought that no one was looking;
I saw you stick a long needle
through the back
and right up through the head of a lizard.

By now it's too late to watch out for her
rubbing in a way
that excites the boys in class
in unhealthy ways.

Due to the denial of the parents and or
the fact that they were
and still are the most likely suspects
being untreated, not medicated,
and like themselves
not wanting to draw attention to her
and that the entire family is unstable because.

I planned each parent's divorce
and would be convicted of malicious intent
of said act and
I have been seen at night
carrying things out with unfocused eyes
and tight lips
with other boys and girls of unsimilar like mind.

Does she unmovingly moan and wet the bed
with her friends in the bed
and confess to setting the fire that killed
grandma and grandpa
and of torturing small animals
that she gave unnatural names to like Amen.

Watch for the climbing of tall trees and walking
across empty large fields
devoid of rose bushes and
even more unbecoming
even more talkative and a history of acting out.

By now she is unable to see things from
your point of view,
and lacks any type of empathy,
and is especially troublesome when seen together
with her new friend's and late dates.

By now you have realized that it is too late
you ignored your intuition,
and you want to believe that your child is different
and very special
and your own struggle with mental illness
it unthinkingly overwhelmed her.

She has now realized that communication is the key
to her success and the failures of others
as she fetchingly watches
her parents behavior and strange dress on the
Jerry Springer show
winking each heterochromatic eye at them
as the cops come on stage and haul both parents away.

James McLain

Those Armies In Our Land

In our streets the people meet
Their faces most belong
and guiding them amongst the throng
the media shows each place.

Gas street lights have been replaced
by nights of stranger sights.
Mad about why others chose
with eyes that others closed.

Most pay no thought as tear gas bursts
upon the ground hands raised above their heads.
Amies come and fall upon with rifles
and great tanks.

Bullets fly
they can't replace what's lost
and torn away.

Strangers in a stranger land confused
can't find their way
the people voice that can be heard
the wind blows more than words.

James McLain

Cold Winter Eve

There are none more than some think.
Than bitter winds and dying leaves;
Two can see what cold winds bring.
And knowing ought from nothingness.

The sound the wind makes I now fear.
Off frozen rivers, streams and hills;
Snowing more where nothing grows.
These woods are empty, dead and deep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shining Off The Sea

For I dimly remember that her name
twin towers rose between
and round her neck she wore my pearls
the ocean how it seemed.

Lost in age
to climb true heights
beneath the silent waves
and splashing laughs
gave way to what to me
she each time said.

Lovers seek a place that's warm
to wash the sand away
and late at night
remembered lovers tread a path
as moon light shows her face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Living In Fear

Where you are taken by them and shown
around the dumping grounds
he was too young
to remember where there I lived for so long
no one gives too much
thought to those prisons hidden and the jails
where I was
and before they were allowed
to put children there
we were placed into those
psychiatric wards where patients like
Karen Carpenter
we never heard about until.

Birds were never meant to sing the way I do
and singing songs
I sing my song, I sing this song for you.
If I have lived by some too long
it's not their fault they've tried to silence me.
A work of art one Judge has said
I live in fear instead.
My wings are clipped they took my mind
I can not move around.
Now where I live they take from me
what little I can't have.
Peace of mind that money can- not bring
to those without.
America must feel this way and freedom
when freedom for you
is not free, until it is you've paid.

James McLain

The Politics Of Fear In America

Americans never understood the complicated ramifications of the Patriot Act using the inherent fear all people have of each other. When driven into hiding, where once good people could spread far and wide to evolve beyond American politics and racial limits. Without contact with each other we are dehumanized. Martial law will come, not if but when people become afraid to walk the streets they live in. Turning each other upon, setting legal precedents once set into motion driven by fear, civil reasoning can not for decades bring back.

The Roman Colosseum is more than a land mark to history one half million human beings lost their lives there. Compounded interest in modern day numbers would reprehensibility represent thirty to forty million Innocent Jews in Hitlers ovens, where the only people afraid were the people being killed for the shocking entertainment of those watching. Can a racist argue in American courts Jews are Black. Confusion ensues where you are told that the opposite of Vote or Die to most means.

Could America create one million Jobs by changing the appearance of the homeless, would they, would you? They they represent you, are you this faceless representation of them that you stand for, and what in your name that they claim they are doing for you? Human beings are the condition called you.

The Supreme court now will decide on what you write to be heard because of your fear of each other.

James McLain

Religion Fanatical

Crazy Muslims

would cut off everyone's heads.

Crazy Christians

would lock half of America up

thinking something weird

about what Jesus wouldn't do.

Crazy Jews

spend all their money

on terrorism

then drive the Palestinians

to commit stupid acts of

violence

then tear their houses down,

running advertisements in America

about how for twenty five dollars

you can feed a starving Jew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nasty Lucy

I was in prison like you, more than once,
aren't those memories precious.

My girlfriend inside was a nasty she bitch.
I remember me once lying on her back
with her face buried between those iron bars
as she laid on her rack in our cell.

She finally let my pull down her chain gang panties
so I could kiss her 'skin to skin'.
I'd have a surprise for you,
she said with that funny grin, and opened her legs.
Nothing else to her mattered.

Well, what are you waiting for?
Grinning she asked as I set too.
Afraid after backing out that you'll get a mustache?
Shaving each day not before.

I locked my eyes on to hers
and pulled back her lips to my nasty surprise
bucking and mewing, really making a show out of it.
It was really gross smelling.
She loved me acting like such a pig, just for her.

I kept myself dirty, all day on the thirty
waiting for me to come home, so she could be nasty to others
but never to dirty for me.
Nasty Lucy had done something like this before.
My sentence done I never looked back
doing hard time on the thirty.

James McLain

Televisions Explosion Of White Trash

I was appalled, no I was horrified
flipping through
the channels and I do it quickly
I saw the Steve something show on
I could not understand the speech
of the whites
they obviously suffered from
some type
of congenital birth defects
talking about screwing any thing
that moved
then I saw the audience
the flood of white trash left me
devastated
as to whom would condone such
an obvious
Exploitation of such damaged
creatures
and I realized why the Republicans
would want them all
Sterilized
and I confess to hurriedly
after I
put the Lions and Bears game on
I secretly turned my head and unthinkingly
I knew that
I would allow them to do it
now I have a better understanding of
why the police;

James McLain

Self Promotion

Politicians watch through the window of dawn
liars and haters, nay sayers
people whom love what they do
hidding in the dark here not wanting
to be seen
as I take their pictures to help get things done
rubbing yellow butter around on my breasts
hypocrites my Godly mother once knew
licking green grease
off their fat swollen legs
the pictures prove that I'm taking it all in
lying down
skin tight right up to the trees, dirty I feel inside
on red bruised knees
while all of those soft lights
cast a glow as sweat beads on their heads
form in the middle of their
thick fat red necks
eyes from they whom have paid to watch me
a show while she smiling tells
them about
why it is that they each night come for
the moon might be full
inbetween each of my acts
by the way one acts
as though such behavior I brought home
to him
as up and down the pole they scream for
while I dance some of them struggle
to touch my ooohh and my aaahh
steamy and hot the bodied warmth of so many
fogs up the mirror in my dressing room
slipping out back
to where it is that I wait
for my daddy to take me home.

James McLain

Thanksgiving

Is to contemplate on what
you have
and being blessed
you are
and have what others
don't
knowing half
don't have what
you left on your plate
making only
three dollars a day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ferguson Grand Jury

To be abused, disrespected
and manipulated
by the handsome
smooth talking, McCulloch
whom used the decades of
experience
that he acquired by prosecuting others
his betrayal and abuse
of prosecutorial power and
it should be at a minimum
held up for
disbarment for this is open
to be discussed
as to how many times in the past
he has done it
and when again in future he will.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Resistance To Change

To deeply entrenched
in corruption
because their cronies
will blackmail them
even when out of power.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gun Propaganda

All male children from my childhood
that silver cap gun
combined with T.V.
the lone Ranger and me
Hawaii five O
to Barnaby's thirty eight
Matt Dillon.... ect...ect...act...
until in the hands of a black child
one's found.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Change In The Air

One leaf can open into two
and down the length there is room
for the green coloured hues
you should know.

Hate from the gun that made you
you from a mother that knew
and when to give pause
and when to hide from the gun
others drew.

He has found a way
without death as I walk, skip or run
down a path, next her face
filled with leaves
all the others that loved nature before
me could not see.

The vacuum we make
if there's life there is hope
set against change
a vacuum of sight without pain.

Even then
hidden away in the dark
seeking truth
that is true to U.S. all.

Logical thought and reason is taught
if you stand in the way
trees will fall,
green leaves in the fall you can smell.

James McLain

American Blacks And Poor Whites

The fruit from the trees have fallen,
winter has come
none of the young can even remember.
I'm speaking of Americans I speak to you
and not any other outside of our borders
but you.
And as has was done to the
American Indians now will be done
unto you.
Three and one half months he has had
to prepare to insult you.
The Black American Africans, whoa stop me
here, American Blacks
have been terrorized by racist whites
since being stolen
from their homes long ago.
In fact from a medical perspective,
they have generational P.T.S.I.
untreated not acknowledged,
kept in the dark by white capitalist hearts.
The end of our great Republic, done in by fear
allowing children with Guns, to kill you.
Faced with change, like he said
killed maimed and tortured by some strange
rule of law, poached from ambush killed in the open
by your children.
Are Republicans to afraid to embrace change
or will they scorch the earth
and obliterate most of the Blacks to stay.
Deal with these issues openly or half of U.S. will die.

James McLain

Your Lips Your Hands Your Mouth I Miss The Most

Being borne up by the wind
high into the sky I am afloat
I see each cloud
that plays a part to quench
a mouth on fire below around
full lips that are.

And stretched apart receding
smoke that's white
across red clay hands spread
through open mouths of rocky coast
a waving sea of grass
and green it is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

American Rule Of Law

When the system becomes out dated
due to the moral corruption of it's judicial officer's
of this country's people and the investigative
process through the psychological
manipulation of each respected race wherein
they are poor and uneducated
and unable to articulate the problems the system
has created
where by the arresting officer
based on upbringing
is unknowingly each a racist, regardless of color
where judgement is perfected to ignore the pain
and problems
of the monsters they created for target practice
while the prisons that are called
correctional institutions
watered down
the law of rights concerning the accused
states like Florida laws have passed
specifically designed to force Judges to throw out
common since
and prosecute the damaged minds of those
the system has created
while not remaining free even out of jail
of improper government influence
the rule of law is used to prosecute the poor
in a timely
and effective manner does it matter to the racist?

James McLain

Genetic Predisposition Towards Violence

Logistical reasoning would infer that over the course of hundreds of thousands of years humanity lived in a very violent habitat, where violence was a simple act of survival.

Hence living in an affluent family or stable environment merely eliminated the need to exhibit unwanted violent behavior though as a basic need for survival the short gene MAOA thought to be the basic foundational gene combined with the serotonin neurotransmission (transporter gene 5-HTT and monoamine oxidase A and MAOA) contributed immensely along with poor impulse control to genetic predicted violent behaviour to approximately sixty - seventy five percent.

With most of the world still actively engaged in violence and with the U.S. seeking more efficient ways of killing leaves the greater world at a great disadvantage towards killing. I would assert that the greater Masses with their inability to understand what was just stated are at greater risk from their respected governments concerning genetic predispositions towards violence, i.e. law enforcement shootings, and the general public concerning mass shootings.

The only conclusion that can be inferred is that legislatures can not pass laws that eliminate violence against you. People don't like being poor or hated on and to think if they could, do you think for you that they would? Where social economic disadvantages are not addressed and the equation of violence is not a matter of choice but of your genetic predisposition towards those whom know this and thus use it against you every day.

James McLain

Useless Poets

Are a grab bag of boring people
whom say nothing of interest
except
a regurgitation of what has been
said by another
over time as far back
as can be remembered
love and hate, good and bad
God and Atheist
spouting words written by those
considered art
not achieved by rearranging
some thing that has nothing to do
with current events
where those whom hold power
thinking some one else
will draw attention be locked up
or even killed
to save those whom live some where
else instead of here
thinking it cute to say instead of your
or cuz instead of because
most are lazy undisciplined trying
to get some thing for nothing
without putting in the time
to learn about what goes on in this world
where the taking of your life
in a heart beat they would raising children
to be even poorer than you
drives me mad
not having a pot to piss in thinking
by the having of a baby
will improve this your lot in a life
that you unable to read and write never had
they have thousands of prisons
for your children wake up or they will just
simply kill all of you
preferably five or six billion
and clone whom they want in this world

they destroy
knowing nothing from you about all of this
will be said
you have one or two moves left
before check mate
where one half of you will be used to feed
the other half
that you eat and they laugh while you pay
with good coin as they will
for this you will earn by making love to some
God that can't hear.

James McLain

Officer Wilson And Ferguson

Logic dictates
he won't be bound over for trial
the jury
would be representative
of the community
mostly black already convicted
for murder.
The white establishment
knew this three months ago.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

God And Most Young People

We don't want to hear about what's
out of date and
out of style, the word has gotten out
you're not that smart
and sadly yes
you hate an honest open smile

We don't need to go
to church to do what's right
not like you, my friend's are nice
and they don't hate on you.

Though you are
in your thinking square, you are
our wise parents
We don't want to be raised like you
you were abused
you're bible said to never spare the rod
and so they beat on you.

Listen mom and Dad
I read the bible for one reason and it's not
the same as yours
I know you wish to grow and if I said to
open up your heart and
and eight track mind
to what we are and what it is we say
and please be kind
as you grow old just in case we do.

James McLain

Gentle Night The Wick Has Burned

Gentle night the wick has burned
loves crush was enough
should tomorrow rise before
the sun, I turned to ask.

Their faces all look east the wait
as west would claim today.

Such grief by he was brief
and borrowed though for some
those few have looked and turned away
in wait, they fear their turn.

I'm sad about the future as it came
to her to late
her life she lived like dreams of yesterday.

I have now confessed, confession was
to late to do her
any good, as her father kissed her cheek.

James McLain

Dancing Gay Foot Steps

I trod lightly, homophobic world
behind iron bars
where you put me, loving.

Cold bare walls
though they be weeping
white the sleeping snow.
Melted hearts pulled apart
where roses dare not grow.

Quite grows they I can hear
what others said before.
I have not come tis morning ere
a distant thunder roared.

The well mowed felds of living oaks
move slowly back twords me
gently gathered up I am now felled.

I am at rest, I to was young
one other with this secret
turns away
to face a certain frightful date.

I have danced at my last dance
forevers not to long,
my name they carved in stone.

James McLain

Aye There's More To Death Than Life

I have been around and if better things I do
with death of dreams I've found.
From my perch I watch, I have heard the talk
of prolonging life and if I'd ever come.

If by example I would set to rapid of a pace
I have looked upon the empty streets
at the saddest faces that I've ever known.

None call out to me O' death come take my life
they say instead
that I have passed them by, I hang my head.

Street to street, from house to house
none answer to their name
I have called out
and closing eyes, unwilling I explain.

I have no wife, no daughter or a son
I've been proclaimed
by Kings
for those died well
that did not call me back in life to dwell.

Since I'm acquainted with the darkest night
there is no wrong or right
though there is light.

James McLain

Child Abuse No Fine Line

Perfect children only exist in your mind
at Sunday school it is
said, spare the rod spoil the child
primitive thinking it is.

No fine line can exist in your mind
leaving inside
life long mental scars
and if children could think, what use
for you would they have?

When it is through logical reason admitted
to pose as a question to every Judge
if abuse to a child is committed
does abuse
not exist due to (money) or lawsuits
not go on,
when no action is due to that all along.

Each damaged child is a crime against
Humanity
everything that you knew
that you drew from your past
now is wrong, and what you should do
in ignorance of what
by you was not ever learned
still yelling at them and beating on them
because your bible says
it's o.k.
Leaving them unfit to be parents for life.

James McLain

Girls Getting Dumped, It Feels Like

With my mother's stolen wine
I toast to the end of the world,
inside I'm climbing
a tree in the dark
my broken heart,
green leaves have all turned brown.

My guy was away for one day
it felt like a month
the ice man he cometh near
out of touch here inside of my chest
is that fear.

I skyped, I face booked, I insta gramed
kinda like
I know how you do each day,
my girlfriends know
how can they know before me?

Supply - - your name, Dear Grace
he knew, that I knew
about what you knew, and you my friend,
the longer I think,
I am, Lord I'm weak from the shock.

I mumbled o.k.
putting it off any longer I can't
I'm sorry he said
let's be friends and my jumbled thoughts
dumped in front of my friends
minus one that won't to me say.

What she likes, I used to feel
at night through her window he comes
the shimmering light
that bright glow on his face
I won't see,
until we all meet back at school.

James McLain

Elegy To The Class Room

Before they knew what depression
was
I would scheme and plot to steal candy
by the box.

Today's
mounds bars
with or without almonds
coconut filled with
real chocolate.

In the sixties the kids weren't fat and
neither was I
inspite of the candy
they lost.

Foolish girls were smart as for looks
I was
not like most of the boys
that were mirror images of their father's
here in the south.

Elegant teacher's
that would beat your ass
in front of the class
each day, more harm
then good.

Some teachers knew and some
didn't care
about one small child's appetite for.

Being exposed
by example to them all
it was U.S.
we unwittingly watched
many have died over the years
but none like those
that were lost.

Squatting in the field across
from the school
where I watched them all
as I ate.

James McLain

Prostitutes And Obscenity

Most men have lied, except you
women
I'm sure would as well
every man in that boat after you
being sucked off
both do
not confess to the priest
where children
are by them taught.

What is obscene to one
it could mean
that they as a child had theirs
in life there are no
guarantees.

Now about the Coz
nothing
is worse than a mind that's
confused about
Art.

Theres that knock on the door
I leave
self rising dough
on the counter, albiet I was kneading.

Credited
she is with the
immaculate deception
and he
never threw it of course.

James McLain

Set Against The Sky

Set against the glowing sky
I hang between,
a cloud no two
lends credence to my thoughts.

Have you not appeared
to drift away,
or have you not arranged
to instead stay.

Look now, to you I'm not elusive
I'm now caught,
while in your hand
I shaking
test the borders where you are
and I will or I will nought
speak of others like this caught.

Muscles seldom used are used
by you,
each eye you use the colors choose
to see where I have been
as budding flowers change.

Reflections,
chase the shadows on the wall
so either stay or go
impressions on the window pane
to me they seem to look
some what like you.

James McLain

The Gand Jury In Ferguson Has

Decided no to indict
the shooter of the man child
and has called out
the overly militarized
police and national guard to.

James McLain



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America's Human Rights Violations

Each year by the hundreds of thousands
America
takes the mentally I'll
and the young
others
knowing they are permanently damaged
and will be made worse
locks them up
where sexual abuse and the beatings by staff
and other inmates
on T.V.
on any channel that will show it, cops
...locked up raw...ect...ect..
and by this brutality
they are released back into society and whom
expect them to do what,
become the next Jobs or Bill Gates
so many
unable to care for themselves after that
and now they have openly admitted this about
America's veteran's
and there is no difference between P.T.S.I.
that I stands for an injury inflicted by external source's
not the D, which indicates a disorder
America
commits hundreds of thousands of human rights
violations
every years from now to as far back as was known
about that many years
no medical releaf
if this then is not what is it then knowing they are harmed.

James McLain

Low Hanging Fruit

She sleeps
at the top of a tree
in a world
filled with moss
and
green leaves
to work
where I dream
in a world
that's not seen
a world spun from
bushes
and trees.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sheeple

There are
no more soft beds
free will
by him whom you praised
the luck of the draw
is all
you deserved
whom you'd eat.

Leaving
all the others
out in the cold with
out sin.

Why do you preach
about death
it will come soon enough
treasure unearthed
by they
that they left is not yours.

Sheeple come, sheeple go
to be used
as their used by those.

I mean your not willing
die for them, nor
woud they ever die for you...lol..
at dim watts
..there's your clue.

All six billion, nine hundred
ninety nine million
of them
eat more beef and less chicken
being led by the nose
getting nothing from them
just complain.

James McLain

Explained The Mystery

I look up from the well
round
in surprise is my mouth
it's smooth end
floods the silence
my hand
to you is my birth right.

Leaning in
out over the edge
sinking down
out
of sight
close to mine.

If I left unwarranted clues
concerning
my dues, left to you
and what when we met
to me I had then
appears now I've left
all to you.

The length of time
and night's without end
by some
was all that I'd have.

Now all I have left
is now knowing you can't
explain to them
what they
have now found, while knowing
you can't
come here and join me
it's dark, cold
and wet,
where I am.

My eyes drink it in
It's not love
that they've found
but an end to some means
that is yours.

James McLain

Blunting Emotional Pain

I started cutting because
of what my
psychiatrist said to the Judge
he said it may look
foreign,
a little bit frightening
to parents that have abused
their small kids
for people that don't
understand
unhealthy emotional demands
teenage mothers, unknown fathers
in prison or jail
secret cults that have nothing to do
with the devil
just because I know your
son and or daughter
better than you do and why they no
longer can cry
twenty years ago before she was born
he understood why
we are friends that now share secret smiles
most are very smart
we try to hurry growing up
being Goth
dressed in black shades of grey
numb the pain
feeding us a cocktail of drugs
those same Judges
and Doctors bought stock in.

Pictures then of unhappy kids
taken by they of
our parents
getting caught in the rain
becoming pregnant
again, going to Church
making gross claims about their religion
paying homage

to the greatest cutter of them all
calling on him
their Catholic father
and my mother his sister in Christ
I grow tired of
being their patient, being too sensitive
those overachievers
a regular child in irregular times
with symptoms of
borderline personality disorder,
anxiety disorder, bipolar disorder, schizophrenia
and all of their cuts
I struggle to hide now from them.

James McLain

No One Ever Ask Me

I saw the cuts
cuts across her arms
across her wrists
I explained
to her that the numbness
not only in mind
but the unfeeling flesh
gave rise to the need
for others to feel your pain
and learning I listened
there was no fear
no fear of dying, relying
on no other
that would not profit
from the pain that you felt
that they could not
of it she said
was why she felt nothing
about sex
his long sharp knife carving
curving in, curving out
transferring the pain
to the knife once again
hoping, holding it in, it flowing out
like the tears
never shed they expected
you to shed
broken open the locked chest
kept hidden from her self
that the world
had no right to see.

James McLain

After Parting Her Two Leaves

She has said as much to me
at the parting of her leaves.
If I moved you moved me not
if I gave you what I got.
By her parting her two leaves
she has said what I should feel.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Sonnet With Out Care

Winter comes and summers left
I can't see your face
I have gained what you have lost
such greatness laid to waste
The sun you see my eyes can not
as night turns into day
Your lips are white while mine stay dark
their lies won't bare the truth
Sleep it comes to those whom stay awake
while life has shown what death can't take
a fading smile that stays
Walking by, I stopped and looked inside
and what I saw was blindness they had wrought
consenting to the end it now draws near.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Kiss The Ghost The Giver

Exhaling she said;
I was aquiver at the thought
of each kiss.
Like the ghost at the foot
of the stairs.
Walking up
to the top of the world.

Neighbor's gossip,
leaving their curtains open
at night,
daring me to look in at all
I won't feel
at all I can't see
back in time when
it was alright to show how
it felt to be kissed
they never talked about me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Time

Time was,
her words gave night to the meaning of day.
All across the fields lay the slain.
Time was,
not closing their open accusing eyes,
hiding I stood up looking at all of the western planes.
Invisible hands that flattened our homes
and thinking like them of revenge.
When did all that we loved fall into their trap,
the trap of their psychology they used against U.S.
Time was,
the passing of time allowed them to prearrange
what happened
that all human beings have need to escape from.
Considered ignorant unable to learn
time was
against U.S. being forced I have through pain learned.
She quietly grew in power
her history she repeated by persecuting her own.
Dark inventions justified killings
of her original secret behind her lofty presence.
Stealthily and unsuspectedly all of this time, time was
I couldn't justify their killing of you
so I starved amidst all their plenty amidst their hate for me.
Enhanced their power but grew, her desire did not
ebb nor flow as it did in history just past.
Now my brothers and sisters on her side you can not be
when finally you die for your end it came unprepared.
We shall soon see to late
and feel the sharp end it will open U.S. up it will hurt
and the purpose to you they never revealed.
Time was not meant to end like this and it must be
and be for the poor like you it must be.
For if a proper Christian you are beyond reproach and persecuted not
and by your less endowed less bretheran be
time has said
that they won't change if change is about being death unseen.

James McLain

Dying A Useless Death

The Philae probe) 67p(
has landed on the surface of a comet,
scientists announced today it's Wednesday.
Thousands of highly skilled people
made it possible.
Enough to start anew and depopulate the planet.

For those whom believe in reincarnation it isn't
a far stretch to think that in your past life,
you won't again repeat it.
Giving birth to they whom had no chance
or choice
like before you with you they did.
Useless deaths in third or fourth world countries
ours has become.

Pharmaceutical companies tested their poisons
on your mothers
and fathers before you, stupid is as stupid spends
your money
Hosea in the highest
your fleeting hope on some higher power
that fled this planet
thousands of years ago knowing how life would
develope.

Humanity as a whole written off
because most human beings seek violence out
when again
herein up above there are enough minds
to get over the speed bump
the straight forward you
that's your backward thinking that some God.

Get thee hence from me
whom preach that death means your better off
snatched from this life like you snatch
theirs to justify
the taking of yours because you think religion

for you is right, leading the blind out
through the back door never to return here again.

Useless is the way most have dying lived
hence you will die blind
chained to the fate you brought more children into
look to the truth
turn your face to the sky
challenge your death as you did not in life
or again useless deaths
they like you will die.

James McLain

Demons

Because my demons are;
not unlike your own.
The walk I walk, you talk
it's quite, white come early dawn.

Back inside my head
at night
stays hidden in the room.

Behind those eyes
the demons hide the look
that shaped your
face.
I am to far from home.

My demons are the shadowed
shapes
that can not change the dark.
Daylight when it comes
shifts
shadows shaped
the demons are my own.

James McLain

A Butterfly At Noon

Like her I came and left to soon
bent and frail of wing.
I tasted what I thought it was
sweet nectar before noon.

Inside a picture book I read
from whence it said they'd come.
Reposed in all there splendid grace
harmonic in their view.

Pictures move as time stands still
a lepidoptery.
Time moves often pictures caught
each movement of soft wings.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Once Clean Dream

You took from me,
my once clean dreams.
Empty though they were
without your sins.

New in thought like snow
my innocence.

On the wooden porch
surrounded though I was and
by the white washed rails
I stood
is where I learned to
hold my breath.

Were not the bad dreams
I once never dreamed
of you before
I had no say twas so.

Your old dark empty dreams
clean thoughts would run astray.
To hold me, ere to long
to you, heard not my songs.

Nothing could I do but
turn away
they were dim, where mine
were light
the egg it's empty shell
held tight
like mine was cracked.

And so you did, I had no say
where I
said naught though it
were true
and sweet and sour truth
where I would do.

James McLain

A Kiss Will Fade

Swaying on weak knees
that you once knew.
Legs that knocked together
you out grew.
Moist lips are perfumed spray.

A kiss I savored every day
lips that feel
my tongue within a kiss, I
dreamed and
always dreaming,
dreamers, dream such from a kiss.

Shifting as I shift I feel you shift
from one leg to the other.
Swaying as you swayed and
swinging as you sway I think.
Petals on a rose will one day fade.
A rose in bloom, why lips like
yours can't always taste the same.

James McLain

Sad My Love Song

It was only my one life that you lived for
and some times
the sun shined even through the rain.

Ahh and sometime upon the grass
though it's green, I pined for.
My weakness is your hair
I brush out
across full breasts such as yours.

One tall tree, one leafy green bush
the forest burns out of reach
in touch I can't feel.

You think of him as you ride me
the horseman knows
what you think each time that you fall
to rise to ride again.

Out of sight I sadly
reach out to grasp the full moon
upon the hill
as it races up behind me.

The smoking scorched earth
burning trees
bushes bent at such right odd angles
moss hangs up
from a chin upside down
streams gurgling.

I lay hidden by you in the middle
of the field
none the wiser
knowing full well, here I fell
here I died, in the cold
balls of fire.

James McLain

Emo She Is

i cannot be you, i can only see through you, into them.
i see what you do, with her, with him, your self and me.
i see you from the perspective that you never used, you see.
abused to cut, into me, when the splash, is you, in her.
i see through your mirror, you sucking me, how can you
do it, to me, to you, inside running out from me, it can
see the blue white gash on my head, i see you upside down
on deaths bed the blood dropps drip up through the air.
your middle once pink, now clings wet, from the sweat
of abuse that she slings upon your face, her shame, yet
once again the wooden tree slides down and up between
onto the screen of loves, troubled blank gaze your blackness
is her day, her cat is your friend, wear him in deaths, last kiss.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Reclusivity

Blank spaces stares the looks, such fear
apart indifference to them is.

I pushed and pulled to disconnect
so you could live and give.

Sewing up the seams of yesterday
avarice thrives it grows,
then joined together by their wits
a room I was forced in.

Threading threadless needles thread
there oft one finger points.
What's lost is lost and no ones found
the room I found you in, they've seen
you in
to live behind whats out of sight within.

In a world that others isolate approved
and you must be very good
to be pursued, as the wicked run away.

James McLain

People Must Drink

From the poison
well
when it is not
fit
now to drink from.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Minxy Tips

First of all girls you need two ripe
over developed breasts
that have the ability to move
like any good political point to the
left or right independently
and let your self not be baited
because
as in any situation where you must
be open to over exposure
a mother open to suggestion
can get you out of tight spaces
that the occasional
Perve will lay in wait
to put the squeeze on you
and they will get through the best laid plans
just wipe off the spot where
they touched you
be kind
give all the credit to God
rescue very small dogs and remember
to hide all your money
where dad can't find it be smart and
unassuming
and jerk off the jerks so they leave you alone.

p.s.

you can't shake off your sandals
if you leave
police reports behind you
and don't forget your diaphragms.

James McLain

Iowa

Blind
since birth
a cow
was milked
with only one
utter
I figured
it made the same
amount of
milk it took
four
times longer
and
butter is butter.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Government Must Lie To You

They cause
the most damage
to Democrats
by lying to themselves
on any given day
Republicans visit
Michael Bachmann
at the book store
in search
of a glory hole.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Any Way She Died

At the mental health
department
is where I met her
I was still living in my car
you know
where after your wife
says you molested
your daughter
because she's sleeping
with your sister
with you're little girl
in the bed
with them
and you bought
a lot of property and still
had money
coming in and the plan
was for you to take your own life
you know
the sick things that only
someone after being married
eight times
could really think of.

Any way this is the way for
some to get
all of the marital assets
in America
now
and their are some that you
thought
were honest
and after picking her up
from the hospital
after being Baker Acted
she did things
with my parts and she used
one hand then
the other when it grew tired

then I was told she died
and of those that knew her
professionally
most that knew her were glad.

Personally
it felt like
my belly button
was being pulled out of the
end by a string
and her eyes would
grow blank
and she could
feel my sharp pains
and
when it was over
I would fall deep asleep
until it was time to leave.

James McLain

Why

I
want to know
why
and then
in your opinion
if it had
not
have had happened
would or would
not
it have happened?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Figure In The Fog

Drifting here uncaring it is coiled
round tall trees
of a mind to speak it's white in wait.

Exposed I am to all whom come
my backs against the wall
the fog draws near.

The sounds of feet they carry on
as if they had my ear.

Dripping dropps the cold damp ground
my feet in loamy soil the smell
it tastes and feels.

Fair maidens are in times like these
unchanging, I have seen
the fog exceeds
its winter reach a face I can not see

James McLain

Dark The Deep Forest Of Childhood

The path through the bush is well worn
ivy climbs the brick wall
inside of each crack the moss
is attached
the light from the west grows cold.

Free as the wind we are bold
deeper inside we will go
vines hold us back
no see ums attack skin that is
soft as spun silk
it doesn't matter how far we can run.

We hide in a tree a tree full of leaves
watching him slowly
walk by.

Here there's a place where others have gone
none have come back
we will try.

James McLain

Your Back Door Will Stay Broken For A While

Taking a long, hard-earned dump feels great,
there's no question about it.
Now, take this wonderfully cathartic feeling,
multiply it by a million
and then turn it into a negative
by attaching a big, bold minus sign (-) to the front of it.
And you wonder why cat's meow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Woman To Have Needs

Collecting money she has earned
a man today will not.

Serving, served as well she served,
whose life she served today.

No selfish act men hold her back
as told by yesterday.

Selfish battles men have won
to hold a woman back.

Who has served as woman served
she helps along the way.

Women understand
the beauty of each simple act.

To work for less another day
her selfless smile it hides his shame.

A strong man, knows the weak and
holds her ear.

A day will come I'm sure of it
when woman will be paid

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Decline Of Competent Mental Health In Florida's Prison's

My first night in Raiford
was brutal
awakened in the middle
of the night
in his mouth and being
unable to finish
it lasted for hours.
It was the only time I reported
the rape being
severely beaten for self reporting
the act.
Over the next few years
without any treatment or help
this I thought of.
Climbing the fence to be shot
every day like the day before.

Leadership in the field of mental health
naturally declined,
while the inability to attract competent
physicians
in this field went unaddressed.

Homosexuals with full blown A.I.D.S.
went unserved,
as walking stickman thrived.

Conditions became malignant, therefore,
men became warehoused
and sodomized
over worked inmates thus died.

The best solution
of getting rid
of inmates serving life
was to stick
or be stuck more then

would die.

Being raped over a hundred times
my being dehumanized
isolation, overcrowding, neglect
and mental illness
cell extractions being brutalized
I took an a.i.d.s. test on release
and survived.

I lived in solitary confinement
between being
raped, no one helped.

James McLain

Now That I Care

You are now
more than that and
now that you are I can care
Even though
the trees I once planted
have gone
the same way as all of the trees
planted by me
once before.

And now that I must
as all of the rest covered by moss
breathing air
when I am dead and over me hangs
branches that rise up
over here.

A face
that knew pain
A face that was kind
shining
before up until.

And
raining down
from high up above
is that sun
I knew once before.

James McLain

Before Criminal Behavior Becomes Dangerous

Once time was the hour glass with two parallel sides.
Without taking the fight to the poor.
With the ability to alter them genetically.
Without the technology to read harmless minds.
They must then now be.
Without a mind to read, damaged by some whom have lied.
Made from devices,
conceived in human minds the spread of fear about sex.
Now I must limit your freedom of expression
where the more, were never less then now so obvious.
Where hate is condemned and put in a cage.
The use of serious force is the demise of all righteous victims.
Stop the assault on human beings of all ages,
denounce the involvement of children the world over
all communities differ in tolerance for unconventional sexual behavior.
We must learn to raise healthy children.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Reflection On One So Wise 'Abraham Lincoln' For Whom The Bell Tolled

'Every man is proud of what he does well; and no man is proud of what he does not do well. With the former, his heart is in his work; and he will do twice as much of it with less fatigue. The latter performs a little imperfectly, looks at it in disgust, turns from it, and imagines himself exceedingly tired. The little he has done, comes to nothing, for want of finishing.'

Abraham Lincoln.

'When a man is led to believe that the pride in the work that he thought was done well, is undermined by himself, or others, for lack of instruction, where such instruction would not be rebuffed, then those whom could so instruct are just as responsible for the want of his finish. For when his heart is in his work and he seemed tireless in the pursuit of it's perfection, while knowing full well that nothing is perfect, when if fortunate enough, then his efforts could at the very least be perceived as his willingness to bring himself up from his past failure'.

is it poetry

James McLain

With Out Your Love I Must Leave

I am in this her house where we live,
being not mine, must I leave, being in love
I've given to you, love that to you I gave all.

Being naive I soon realized how silly to most that I was
and hiding where none could see I would cry
a cynical world half empty to most
this cold cruel world is not now for me, I now see,
I was meant to leave a world not for me at all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Internet Trolls

No one wants to to be more right than you.
You've no desire to be wrong.
Fanning the flame, massaging the wannies on them.
Virgin vaginas, you watch as Fabian fills them all.
Opening up wide
legs are spread to receive your daily bread.
Holy most high you offend me by,
pumping in endless dreams you endorse
with your mouth.
Dislikes will they claim being the most hungry
of them all.
Deep bores the troll, wide the stream, stretching seams
as they split from the force,
knobby clubs with spikes feel are weeping full.
What we all know and hate - two people grunting two, they do,
this to you know where you did it, why bother to lie.
With todays atmosphere,
is it not at all surprising someone would not do you forcibly (sensationalistically)
poking and prodding
egos budding into flaming heads butting as heads do.
Trolls visit to visit, you willingly go and seek them out,
freak to freak afterwards the thrill of anonymity no release.
By another man watching you through the mirror
looking down from the ceiling seeing what you can't discribe
such a terrible thrill
that it pushes the boundaries insanely apart
watching your first conception before it happened through
sexual intercourse.
Though still in denial about being a far right Republican.
The sex police get off on tracking you down,
making those claims that they did what your accused of.
Not willing to wait, showing up early for work at their expense.
Going there where you roam, where they go to stalk and wait.

James McLain

Being Ill And Alone

Shallow my sleep
I have heard muffled sounds
very close in the mist
the mist I breath out in my
dreams.

Dreaming
below in the valley
along the stone steppes
trodding
down from behind me.

The rusty iron gate
moves in and out
leaving
red stains behind me.

While I dream each night
different odd dreams
trying to find the one
dream
where I'm not alone
I wait for the dream
that is right.

James McLain

The Sun A (Haiku)

Each revolution
Spins us ever closer
To new beginnings

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Archeology

The sound of ancient, old with age
that resonates with sight, touch and smell.
The mystery of what lived before,
good or bad that history could not change.
The thrill of some thing new,
never having been seen by human eyes
for hundreds if not thousands of years before
by them we knew nothing about again until.
With one sweep of the brush
its like Haley's comet the build up of excitement
the inward hope that each time it comes
some thing known will be shown to be different.
People come, people go what they leave behind
their spirit unseen,
deeply felt it is shown by them
through archeology what they made, the warmth
of it that which was found by they
in the palm of your hands.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hookah's N Hoe's

Hookah's and Hoe's you there chopped
and screwed.

Laughing my fat ass off at you.

I will delight in it for a few days.

Let me rebel in the heat of the moment.

Bring me up, down, down, down

bring me down, up, up, up.

Push for a hundred, it got you laid

last night.

Dislikes' received for comment(s) 0

Dislikes' received for poem(s) and/or poet page 1

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Depression A (Haiku)

Grey colour inside
Grey are the skies
Outside of my window to

James McLain



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When Or If

Advice if asked is based upon one simple truth
opened and kept wide are they with sight.
Some give away their lives for what is right
while others beat a path, straight out of sight.

Precognition not in a dream, kept wide awake
yet in sleeping each good King, relies upon.
Failure is a virtue if one can raise them selves above it
yet most feet are wisely anchored to the ground.

Some will play the victim none can sway
while one must play a roll, an honest face.
Now a secret few can hold and fewer ever will
secrets without trust for gold are always told.

True friends will always stay no matter how it ends
while those that weren't a proven friend
have like a thief in your good night, nigh walked away.
Good men are if in reach, what's more to ask?

James McLain

Meaningless

From birth to death
having nothing, no one else.
Trapped inside
an unwanted ethnicity.
Struggling to survive
in a world the game long since
has rigged.
Taxing my mind
to confess I freely do, you charged
my soul that only is.
Competing for sleep
in a world where others don't.
Having no choice in how to die
unless it's made by them
and I will suffer more than someone
should until I do.
Speaking to the few
whom understand the way I write
because in speech
I write the way none think.
Making sense of sentences in poetic form
without chopping words
from them because no other can.
Reading minds
if minds they were since
mine has struggled to the point of
no return.
Let's face it
every word that I have used by those
whom came before
you tried to make a reason for.
Meaningless it is
if the struggle in the end
is being forced inside a point of light that
ends the way it did before.

James McLain

Continuously A Stream Uninterrupted

It was an uninterrupted, thick
stream of milk, continuously.
Out side of the tree
hung from the limbs moving leaves.
Manic hands reaching the point
underground where fingers
are never still.
Continuous uninterrupted streams
inside of the tree are it's rings.
Green leaves point to one limb
a very long limb
connected by two ropes is a swing.

James McLain



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When I Get Lost All Alone

I have heard muffled sounds
very close in the mist

below in the valley
along the stone steppes

stone figures lean against the night sky
leaving dark shadows behind

James McLain



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Sheriff Deputies My Room Mate And D.C.F.

Because he's a minor I will not
name names
twelve thirty a.m.
that knock on the door very loud.

Four sheriff deputies
and one female D.C.F. worker
after my room mate came out
he was set upon by them.

I advised my room mate in front
of them
that he should not speak without
an, Attorney present

I was instructed by one of them
that I could be taken
to Jail
for obstruction.

I thought this very unusual
I mean five
adults against one young
Untrained mind he just turned
seventeen.

The seventeen year old
is still in
the next door down
about
three feet away
he doesn't say much and
I don't blame him.

James McLain

Quote # 7

It is time to reevaluate
the American
judicial system as the lives
of just the children
that they have
don't end up where there at
if the prison sentence
isn't for real violence
not some one in jail whom
would plead out just to be released
through duress
which happens tens of thousands
of times each year.

James McLain



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Two Books For Each Person

The Bible is taught
for there are truly only
two types of people
the learned and unlearned
while the learned reads
for truth and fluid poetry
and needing not
to extend to the other
hate, hard ship or
lack of self control
while the unlearned must
go through life being told
that for them there is hope
when there is naught
and verily over time
they believed some one
would come down and save them.

James McLain



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Hiding In The Open In Her Room

Deep inside the woods
the sun
is slowly filtered out
darkness
hides the vines as they
begin to climb
into the heart of black
oak filled forest.

Intermittent spaced
are limbs
tha catch my sleeves
while
here and there a tree
that are
leafless every one.

I remembered grassy
knolls
and all the bushes
there and
why shes hanging back
I can not tell.

I'd been on the run
where she did not come
to find me.

And while she knows now
who it is, that I am
there's
no need for her
to go back
into that dark forest.

James McLain

It's Not Nice To Kill Other People

Do you think about the things
they did to you
each day?

Did it hurt
the thought that most
would say
that what you did
provoked
your early death.

Everything
they introduced like
AIDS
and crack
Ebola's
death was meant
for only you.

Normal things we used
to hate are gone
wanting more for them
that have no chance
at life they took from you.

What you knew
how long you knew
and doing nothings
not the same.

What's your life
ideally
worth to them?

If your not paying in
even I must be
a fool sometimes
of death i've thought.

That even with all that's said
if true
it's not nice my dying friends
to kill other people
just because you can.

James McLain

Shaking Off The Finger Tip

....Shaking baby silent, one kept saying,
she's doing things dead babies arn't supposed to do,
you might not want to come, I'm over here
can you stand me up?
To wipe completely off the smile, she bent his sun lite finger.
Her talking never stopped, until the finger straightened out unbent
and the Doctor when he came, she looked as if and deeply said.
Nurse go and tell the others, exactly what we've seen
and how it felt and hurry, come now go
the golden finger
has come to late to life, why the baby stood up next to me
and moved before it died
the sun it slowly rose make her hurry, don't explain.
The baby in the napkin has stopped moving
....are you shaking
and why no one here once stopped to hear it cry.

James McLain



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Democracies Ideally Must Fail

The sad fact is
people aren't smart enough for Democracy to flourish.

The democratic process is predicated upon individual assumptions that citizens (the majority of them, at least) can recognize the best political candidate, or best policy idea, when they hear or see it.

Whoa, back up
and think about this for a moment,
how many arguments have you had within your own familia about politics and religion doesn't count nor should it.

I love southern words.

Now imagine
how your conversation would go
right up to and over
this person
of low unethical to moderate intelligence.

What if this ignorant individual
solved most of their
differences with violence as most still do.

The odds of them then
pulling the wrong lever goes way up
where the lever is pulled, voting for the worst
possible candidate on purpose
just to show you that I can make all of our lives
more miserable.
Ever run across one of those, please don't mix apples
with oranges, concerning me just yet.

Humbled I smile.

Incompetent people are inherently
unable to judge the competence of other people,

or the quality of those people's ideas.

For example, if people lack expertise on justice reform,
it is very difficult for them
to identify the candidates who are actual experts
or they turn to fear that one factor
that enables such folks to actually make a difference
where a difference was not needed to make.

They simply for the lack of
the proverbial picnic and having not the
mental tools or their one sandwich short
unthinking they never needed,
to make a lasting meaningful judgment
or impression therein not felt.

As a result,
no amount of information, data or facts
about political candidates
can over ride the inherent dangers
the inability of voters to accurately evaluate them.

American's don't buy uncle Tom's maple syrup,
they buy...Mmm.. doesn't it taste good
come on now you thought it, spit it out and
on top, beneath the stack of them that.
Most smart ideas
are going to be hard for people to adopt,
because most people
don't have the sophistication
to recognize what a good idea is or where it comes from.

This requires intelligence, good logistical skills,
critical thinking,
sound reasoning and a whole host of other intellectual skills,
most people from birth never had.

I'm sorry to hear Dear,
did you say that Mum before you were born
smoked crack.
Or that you have alcohol fetal syndrome like my daughter
It also requires

the ability to tell the truth from a lie
when it's being sold,
most folks today by those untruths
then ask why they had such a need to die for them.

Indicating that they would lie about anything
and in reticence their inability to react
appropriately when one lie they will hear is.
Stupid is as stupid does, where this kind of stupid
affects all of U.S. the vast majority.

Did you like that new word I just invented few knew.

No one likes to be told that they are delusional
when it comes
to their own intellectual skills.
Whether it's correctness of grammar,
or even their own subpar
performance in a game of simple chess
just to keep their wits about them
at the cost of someone else.

By keeping mine, infinitesimally sharp.

Speaking for myself I do this on a daily basis,
that word there above I could get lost in
I know that I nearly did.

Again sadly
people as a rule will always assess
their own performance as above average,
even people like me whom
when tested,
actually performed at the very bottom of
bell's sexy curve.
Incompetent people too ignorant to know and
proudly like me they must show it.

But I digress so,
let's just stick with how their lack of mental tools,
affects U.S. the all, in our failing democracy.

Ideally democracy is,
one person,
one vote and it was by they designed to hold hostage.
A persons inability to judge for themselves
new ideas and issues that to them would be
to a few no big problem
so there goes that left handed wrong lever again.

The real world is not an ideal world.
And the further away one moves
from the dream of an ideal democracy,
the less rational voters
like I whom can never vote become.
Take America's
Arcane sex offender laws the vast majority
won't reoffend hence they need not have their lives
destroyed by people unqualified to vote
whom tie their vote premised on said ignorance
to one's running for office.

While those few whom will reoffend kill the child
because the punishment for both crimes is the same,
so they won't alive leave a witness, kinda like letting
your five year old child dictate to you
what they will eat or they will call D.C.F. on you.

Sound familiar.

Not to bright humans as a rule are so very poor
if at best illogical problem solvers
look at the current Ebola
scare and the fear that some Texan, on a suicidal whim
would expose you to certain death...mmm...well they did.

If that were all there was to it,
we could conclude that democracies always fail because
voters can not distinguish between a good idea and a bad idea.

Premature death to me is a bad idea, what do you think?

I could go on and on and say nothing at all like I just did
you smile at the hetic pace I set...Don't let's be obtuse.

The vast majority, I've not touchéd upon.
From birth bless their hearts, they never had a chance
and being as they are
I could not, even if they tried to read this, without developing
a blinding migrain headache.

James McLain

Gun Control Is As Easy As This

Trillions
spent in lives and
treasure lost.

Technology
now
exist to replace
every
Gun legally
owned in America.

With
finger print technology
where
only that person
can fire that
gun
not even a child.

Only illegally owned
Gun's
by criminals
and law enforcement would
object.

The immediate impact
would be to
cut
the murder rate
by
over ninety percent.

Pawn shops
through
having the seller of that
Gun
through their print
would prove the lawful
owner of said

Gun.

Imagine such simple
Gun control
if soldier's loose their
Guns
they are rendered useless.

No more school shootings
at all
for a one time only
ten or twenty billion
it's as simple as
that.

James McLain

I Shriveled Up In The Heart Of A Rose

Ever since we first met
year
after year through out
those good years
your one blinking eye
I have closed.

Then we converted to Islam
while
eating delicious rare pork
if not, then we would have died
by servicing
rich boys and talking secretively
side by side
fingers lost deep inside
the once living
now dead
shriveled up rose
back then all we talked about
was why sould we
be forced to commit suicide.

James McLain

I Dream Inside A Bubble Where I Live

Hidding from bad dreams,
and sleeping
underneath the sea,
I hide from thee.

Tell me,
do you think I have a chance
to catch a break
if the wrong man wins?

On storm wrecked shore
each,
foamy wave
moves,
sand about my face.

In another
life
one shan't refuse.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

Rumors

Rumors
laid to rest
and being made of such
a party to each
living brief
to dusk an interlude.

Few
were very fair
nor
as bright as you.

How
could I not
the very thought
you thought
it should endure.

I can't endure to hear
such
lovely words
spoken
words of you.

Look to my eyes
scarce
yours to seek
yours
I'm shy to meet
not in love
with her but you
to you
will I respond.

With out your dying
love
until it
like mine is
it is

better if for some
to fade away.

If lost love is found
then
in the grove
of mighty
oaks
near those lonely pines
rumored waits.

James McLain

P.T.S.I.

Post traumatic stress injury
and the Disgust
that I feel in Justifying
the Thought
that an injury inflicted on one
by another
is a Disorder, implying that the injury
is the fault of the victim's
genealogy or that they are
Mentaly ill
there is nothing normal
about being shot
raped or severely injured by another
is so Ludicrously
Ridiculous that
I'm Outraged
to think that you will heal U.S.
by putting U.S. in prison
and expecting
what from U.S. when Released
makes me see more than
Red Red Red Red
and so ignorant that
this is what's being Taught
to American Psychologists
Physicians
and Psychiatrists not to mention
your Children
in lieu of such torture
and as a victim of such, I'd rather be dead.

James McLain

My Only Affair With An Older Woman

She is still alive
the sex was great I am now
what she was then
we drifted apart because.

I got married to my first and only wife
no longer with her
name I won't mention
them both
embarrassing awkward moments
two out of three
we had.

Drunk she tried
to sleep
with the other
she eats only meat
and a slap in the face
she received.

I mustive been
the only plumber
that never
got out of bed for a while
I was drained.

Moments all
good
and bad
then she came
the daughter you see
in the picture
with me.

I really never recovered
after finding
out that after I left
my sister
in my house

for a year and one half
was sleeping in plain view
in front of my daughter.

The sheriff
now in Congress
sent a deputy there
to run her off,
confessional poetry sucks
it leads you back
to where I went after that.

I lived in my car for three years
during what
I would call abuse to my child
if your gay it's O.K.
though I'm not with that
cause I'm straight.

James McLain

Capitalism Left Unchecked

Corruption can never sit idle
inappropriate behavior
to address certain questions very specific
and inquiry's through
well thought out through proper English our
many colorful worded language
used extensively to favor corruption
over worked mostly honest masses
dirty, sick and hungry
to busy it showed when living poet's tried
by pointing this to you out
that the language
had been manipulated through the ear being tricked
to be answered by
questions never by you to them asked
they then masked.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hero's To Must Die

It turned to dust the
shell
of life you gave
in love to me
the movie
that all came to see
to watch
the hero die.

With one down
the
empty real
of love cut short again.

As lovers did so long
ago
each dry eye
brings forth a stream
before
the hero dies.

Holding hands we
wander out
through the dark
the corridor is
packed.

Out side the filmy veil
the mist
each head I see has
dropped.

No one here outside
of us
has watched a
hero die.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poets, Death And Sex

Being a Poet
is
to distance your self from
God
and the virus
called humanity.

Getting drunk
rutting in the Parrish
Priests
rose bushes
blushing at the thought
of other things
you can't or won't
own.

Claims
of diminished
mental capacity
that I have
made you can't.

Lesbian
men hating women
that
work for D.C.F.
or
that special
Prosecutor
whom
was to ambitious
at the
expense
of public opinion
the least
Educated of all.

Political endeavours
that amount

to nothing more than
a chance to become
what you never were
you try
then die and
Government
takes what you had
they are immortal.

Losers that drive
To
Las Vegas
to win enough money
To
buy some one else's
false
since of
enlightenment.

My fellow Poet's
whom knew
what gas ovens were for
those red and green
barbiturates
Laudanum and grain
Alcohol.

Deep wells filled
with tree's
foamy soil rich in sex
that you
fertilized with your
sad tales of
woe
and all those minds
episiotomys
that think they came here
through a bloody
red window
called
the immaculate conception.

Trying to hide
those crusty herpes
blistered lips
no one will kiss and
you wonder
why
my eyes creep to your
breasts.

Trying to be
what few can ever be
a starving destitute
Poet
that caught syphilis
and the clap
that you knew about
and still
passed it on.

James McLain

Gunned Down

Even
in prison
the convicts have
rules
back and forth women
pace
inside the gun towers
furtively
an inmate peeks
from the
corner of a red brick
building
his hands in both pockets
briskly moving
as wisps of white smoke
give away his
position.

James McLain



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Ebola And The American Health Care System

If I suspected I had contracted
sure death,
where would I go, where
death would not follow me?

Pandemics
like water they would
take the path
of least resistance
O' death how it followed
Me.

Preperations
concerning pure death
and death
is my name, not Duncan
being black
turned away, but I stayed.

Prosecuting
this virolent strain
being burned
to a crisp
more love for a God
that only people
like you
have spelled backwards.

Profits deserve
their bottom line they
through each death
have obtainted.

Children
have no understanding
Of
spreading the measles
that their
lacking deaths



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wisdom
all parents would spread
through
the promotion of
death, Mmm it can.

Who benefits
the
most by spreading
black death
it took decades back
then where
man couldn't
fly
or simply put tried to hide.

A penny a day
each day when you double
that penny
won't
stay the same
as it's doubled it's worth
at the end
of thirty short days.

Death is here
death will stay whenever
some person
draws
the blood of Ebola
death
then as you know
unlike death it's kissing cousin
is freed once again
death to spread.

James McLain

Florida's Self Arrest

Constantly risking death
self arrest and it's absurdity.
Does this sound familiar
where ever I may roam
I must perform
and wear a yellow star.

Dancing
at the end of their
short rope
and giving up
the ghost
to be hung up
once again.

My audience lacks
the
Poets
yet is filled
with folks that will
abuse
small children on
their bus
such fear their parent's
spread.

Climbing to the top
the Frost the
chill
being pushed the edge
is always near.

Your father
said my mother
walks
through the valley
filled with
shadows of your
fear.



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Posters

to the edges of the sky
torn faces are
release in Florida
means deceased
without a reason why.

My days are short
the pills I'm forced to take
by waking late
to reach the other side
I dream of night.

Punitive they say
it's not
but you know it is
all the money
that
I spent then punitive
it is.

The toll
that it has taken
on the young
the other
side of young
most will never
reach.

may God
have more than
mercy on this
soul
if my mind
decides to go
like
my mother's
Mother did.

Who
will make sure

my nursing
home
won't be prison
jail and death
they gave no thought
to this
Florida's self arrest
I'm
not a Jew
I'm just like you.

James McLain

Gums Bumping

Dear your smile
I seek
as I recline
the rocking chair
up twords.

Slow moving stars
reach forward
blind
to meet the lips that I.

Gulping air
my sight grows dim
I'm still.

Coming down
I'm lost in space
the moon
it fills the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fearbola

It's,
defined as a lack
of dedication
to a remedial education
it is based
on fear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

By Her Own Emissions

I became full of more than fear when it happened.
and political correctness
with this in the news almost daily
The chalk board flat at my back
Only seven feet seperated her chair from me
the subject material seemed to bore her
eyes glazing more at my thoughts
teaching class watching snap dragons
bloom in the chairs.

Then I saw the middle of her thin white panties
dry they were clear
growing moist
not quite wet dreaming of, I am sure
of him.

The knott in my back,
and her arms and legs I was told are sore.
Just as well,
each day is the same
putting her through the paces
yesterday's gone, afternoons here
and I will never receive
any mercy I know.

And by her own emissions
their dry
clung mixed inner thigh
and her mound
was of dry fine hair
had I such a core, had she caught my eye
still it throbbed in my mind quite dully.

James McLain

Wendy

Trembling
very self consciously,
I undid her button and
it hung up
open on the soft
Cardigan
we both remained still
neither breathing
covering both breasts,
I dared not ask
if what we felt was
our hearts
beating.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Girl That Looks Like Me

The sight of her
I saw myself
I walked inside
to see.

And then to find
I turned around
it's true
what people say.

I have found
I'm sure a way
I think
I look at her.

A baby has
her fathers
looks
she is what
I found.



PoemHunter.com

And as I fade
from gray to black
she can
bring me back.

James McLain

Leather Glove's

One end is split the other can not speak
the Knott of fear
inside that grows, can never hide from me.
The pinch, the breadth
to some whom know, such knowledge
is the key.
A perfect word, a well turned phrase
each sentence
that is spoken that you read.
Why it is
the moon when full
brings you to the edge, the edge of sweet release.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wistfully I Wished

I've over heard him ask of you
why do you sell your love.
Up one street and down the next
men love me, but one can't.

Tall strong trees, a gentle breeze
wants more than love should give.
The eye can see loves wasted seed
sprouting nothing but more weeds.

Selling what I could not from her buy
holding close my love the pain inside.
And as I live and breath, I'm sure to die
no woman of the night should be afraid.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Belonging To Ms. Cherry

The Swiss have their chocolate
and groups of rich girls
worse than mag pies never quite
full of chatter like prey on their hunting grounds.

Looking at me as I turned red are ripe Cherry's
sitting down quite as a mouse
over hearing them chat about grass.

Old men gathered around
catering uninformed all were beautiful
as only youth can a careless way
young bitches can be mindless rich spoiled girls.

In her early 40s
she's met by a modest swarm of them
in the warm wooden entrance
wearing a tight navy blue pressured
above the skirt a red tie
underneath the moderate, Pearl White necklace
sprayed across her fanned chest
silk collard blouse,
knee length and pointed black high heels shoes.

To meet you, I am happy, ' she said,
my name is Lucky said I, her name tag read Ms. Cherry.

James McLain

Snap Dragons

Look out the window there
at all the colors
you see
some are closer to be
purple lips
and dark moving clouds
those are pink
and cutting some corners
go to sleep
the friends that you have
by the smell
I can tell
see the one and only bee
it can taste what you see
I can see
where you'd be
like the bushes and trees
snap dragons
that open and shut about me.

James McLain

Writing Through Life Made Mine Short

Writing through life made mine short.
So many the tricks some have learned.
False witness have they by them bourne.
Their need to believe when they without child.
My room is to small, my daughter because
over greed, lives outside a true home.

e.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Throbbing It Throbs

I can not write what you have read
unlike me
others can write what I've seen.
Hearts pulled out of their chests
strongly
throbbing without any hope
seeing to much blood
mine
it simply stopped
seeing what waits at the top
of the hill
and how far to the bottom we rolled.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Oyster Shanty

Etched on his face
was that
look of surprise.

When the oyster made
that familiar sound
of hearts breaking

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Florida, Death, My Daughter And Me

Florida continues on it's Nazi course
millions of ignorant people the future they
have made for the lives of U.S. in our state.

Yesterday's come and endlessly gone
and this to me he spoke
I thought you were in prison,
the other said by signing these forms
concerning these laws
you have incriminated your self and
you attest to the new laws
and you understand by your signature
these laws.

If what I just wrote makes no sense to you
how can I
became even more terrified about not leaving
this room where I live
It's better than jail or prison or Florida's
criminal side of their state hospital.

This law is why my daughter is in a foster home
like hundreds of other children
laws written to protect all vulnerable people
are ignored as I contemplate
suicide each morning
I wake up from the night before all those dreams.

James McLain

Buried In A Spot By My Head

I have come from that place in back of you
nearly fifteen times
each time
a little more puckered and damaged
than the last
truly terrible things done right there
and the need for
mind less violence, the violence
for some thing good to hate
whereas, transferring
any negative
feelings into that half of the
ticket in your hand
you can buy yourselves
out of any pagan act of right and or wrong
on any given day
milk squirting from some hidden
place that you think you
can go to
partake of this that and some thing
else you can't name
by the smell
but you would add to that which
taste good in the woods
up a tree
frankly you pass out and it rushes up past the clouds
just to shake each bush
free of it's leaves
watching them fall to the ground
in that one special spot
on bent knee
nothing can change what you did on that day
of many days inbetween
first to the last I recall some thing else
I forgot
it is walking into a canyon on the day side of moon
inside the slick wall
there where I fell up into there
that one special spot.

James McLain

Stone Flower Gray

Deep in the rock
as deep as each drop
of rain
over time cracks
appeared
there end, end to end in
and out.

I some times wander right here
back some times back to there.
Some times
waiting to see
the first crack of the sun
through
the blinds
like that I feel on my face
every where.

Even then as I started out
alive in the sun
as simple
a thing, living a life, wanting in
like you all my life
staying alive, remaining alive,
sneaking in, I hope it's alright.

The flower that is, is not what is.
It is that thing, that stone thing
underneath from the sticks
inside of hers, my Mother's mind
though not as of yet
seventy nine years, eighty she will get
come this month.
Life unto death, sleeping in fields,
green leaved colored vines.

Some can't come to the supper I made
hypnotic tone
one octave apart there on the chart
sounds I make,

once way back when
I made the sounds, I came here to hear
that stone rose
the end is the end, when it ends,
is that the end that you want?

James McLain

The C.I.A. And Think Tanks

Why haven't you placed
tracking chips
in the billions of dollars of
Armour that has been left behind
in the middle east
and else where by
remote detonation you could...
How long
has Lo-Jack been available?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If Not In This World Then The Next

I don't feel safe where I live
and I pay
to live his way.
I don't have many conversations
with the people
around me they have nothing
of interest to say.

I have grown old
with out any money in the bank
the divorce
took all that I had.
In order to take all that I made
they let mental illness
be the one that took charge.

There is a world
where it is safe where I live
and I'm paid
to live this way.
Where every one, every day
has some thing of interest to say.

Where no one grows old
and
the mentally ill
receive proper care
and their not killed by police
for being
some where else
instead of wearing purple here.

James McLain

Her Stalker

A week or so ago
I walked by my self to the store.
Having just turned ten I was proud of my
new found independence.

The five dollar bill so new
it left smudged green stains
on my shorts.

Being here never seen before
not long ago
on my way home
I sarterd to walk
with people I knew
he fell in step with me.

Hello, ' he said having fun?
My name is' Dr. Daddy, I have
a small little girl like you.

I am Dentist,
do you know what a Dentist does?

I did not reply
I walked quickly and quietly, and eager
to get home.

Hoping that he
would take that as a sign to leave me alone.
Subtlety was his strong suit
where being to young mine is not,
because he kept chattering
on and on about that.

Are you looking for your parents,
like your friendly Dentist
would do?

You should, of course,

I think
what you need is this.

Being a big girl
like you are now.
Another doctor
would less quickly say.

That you won't do
this you will and it is okay.
They make you think
where I never will and still you
look up to me.
Being a Dentist and all.

What is your name.
You have beautiful hair.
How will you pay
for the sucker you like.

All the rest that I have
are as sweet as the last
can you come with me
to my office with me
and at my Office
over there
are more little girls you will like.

James McLain

God And The Threat Of Free Thinking

To maintain the age old threat to the stability of the social order
and when all the Young people
whom don't believe in your God are evil, immoral,
dropping a theistic religion you never had any faith in.

Your implied prejudice against what are common dreams
from those that the rest do not have.
Immorality or put more simply
the social immoral acts and no social hope those few have.

Hope is not blind faith that a bird without feathers can fly.
Hope is not God that thinks like a man,
to escape violent death
from those whom believe in some other God, where none die.

Are you labelled radicalized or an extremist when faced
with a religion that you never were and are not?
Are you tolerant of those unlike you because of your God?
America and it's Christian God
parent's their Dogma are the reason from childhood you are.

The indoctrination of America's young susceptible Children
when their forced to learn
about life and death in this new artificial world without faith.

James McLain

Of God's And Men

No god
ever invented
could
ever do more
than
the men whom
invented him.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Teacher's And Student's

Teachers can not teach
what can't be learned.

or

Students can not learn
what can't be taught.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Objective Literature

How I know it's not
when I spend
hours on one poem.

How I know it is
when without thought
it gets a one.

History
is a lesson
of the past it comes
ands gone.

Their are very few
compared to you whom
can read minds.

Their are billions more
whom hate
the way that were
never tolerant taught.

Then their are the ones
who'd keep
men down and in the
dark!

Are you one of them
whom never
gave a second thought
to what is right
and what is wrong?

James McLain

Russian Gays Are The American Sex Offender's

Be neutral and at best if you can not
fan the flames of hate mixed with your fear.
Russia and their gays
the United States their Homophobia
by creating sex offenders.

Russia clearly harms their gays
America launched preemptive strikes
by paying Doctors
to read the minds of those they can't and claim
that you are now a sex offender.
So far one in one hundred and thirty
are on America's registry now.

Which is worse a gay an open window is
claim are made that they
have human rights but would you
let them raise your children
half of America has said that they
would not.

The police in
America luring in the false made claims
their activities fully spent in time with
a minor when their not.
Russian members of another anti-gay groups
openly gain the publics ignorant confidence
to do their dirty work.

By seeking to lure each gay (wo) man out then
to an online gay sexual site.
The Russian homophobic reverse sting operations, and as in America
their placed on T.V.
Physical and emotional abuse, and this abuse in posting on
the internet and the video to humiliate then runs.

Not surprisingly,
the perpetrators their like here are proud of their efforts,
with access to their producers and not rethink

your position to ideas
where like here like there the publics free to them attack.

Remember in Russia
there's a gay behind each leafy bush
as ignorance grows and shows.

While in America
a pedophile like laws unwise that states
that you are going to snatch and rape
every single white lost child.

James McLain

Crimson Lips Were Never Meant To Taste Like This

Red not green, but red two crimson lips.
The future I have told but not like this.
By the English dead,
in kindness shared the clear glass throne.
While our courtship forged from kindness
none forget.
Pure love of love forgets what now is past.
Seeing eyes that hide what they have seen.
O by the love of she, thine eyes look up to see.
Thus I to behold the blinded eye, instead of me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Umbrella Revolution -A.K.A. - Corporation

The movement has been called
by the Communist Party in Beijing their leaders
now they are.

It's not that they mind the mass killing of
the children there
Hong Kong
and this nightmare to the leaders has become.

One country, two systems the wealthy have enjoyed
since its handover from great Britain
the money to them flowed.
It is for Democracy to erupt in China since 1989.

They and their officials cannot process with a continued
combination of ruthless thuggish treatment
as is common in mainland China.

China is number one in executions every year
with Texas number two
while this McDonald's knew
media and the internet
China's President is tightly in control their repression
and there is no constraint
or desire to maintain freedom in stability and prosperity
by giving in to Democracy
Hong Kong
is one world's richest economies
and China's image should be damaged
by it's coming next this deadly botched response.

James McLain

How To Some It Tastes

Listen to me love the entrance
is for me
a special place, I've come to know.
Lightly over grown,
green musky moss it hanging down.
Through that misty veil
I climbed a hill that took me up.
As I circled round the cave
upon my tongue is how it tasted
like it smelled.
Up unto the sky out stretched
my hands.
I squeezed the moon apart.
And when that lonely cloud floats by
It looks to me like art.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The God Particle

When with age
our mass in space grows dim
all will like the blinding eye blink out
and move between
that day in time called night.

Inflation may expand so far
all mass
moves out of sight
of all that we were before.

The movement of the state
of rapid flux
will give away to what
we know today.

Then man
may move about
and life or what we know of it
may be to far away
man takes up space and mass
and thoughts move at the
speed of light.

There will be no warning
at the end
when it draws near.

The universe began
in just
a fraction of a second
as of now
and life in any form
the essence of
what was before
our presence.

James McLain

The Many Worlds Of Multiverses

It is a many-worlded view interpretation
basic time
before it was of independant thought.

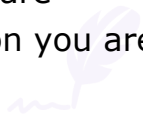
Cutting strings off here
and in this other world there reattached.
Linear or parallel you are here, I am.

Science is behind all Gods, or so religion thinks
interpretation of the end before again, it starts.

Children, truth bombs are big bangs that hang
from there to here.
Needles being
threaded by an eye that can not see.

And by teaching children
teachers are
the reason you are here.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Road That Leads To There

The road that leads to where
is also tinged with sorrow most know best.
While the rooster on his wooden perch
to soon, the sun comes up.

On any road, you walk on foot or travel on
an empty train has left.
Street signs that see their dreams
in green
are read from left to right.

Old these people are to scared and cold to wait
like standing trees asleep to long
and winter comes to late they can't hang on.

Some young women
hold the cries of older men inside
and then their face is gone
other voices
heard at night are gone without a trace.

From the city or the state some wander naked.
In the garden
near one corner lies an unborn child one hides.
Graffiti on the walls
scrawled written names of all the dead.

James McLain

Yellow Light Turns Green

In the end when after love
is all
that there is left.

The sky is white
as ink
the sun it sets from right
to left.

When all we were is gone
the way
few knew about and thought.

Then
and only then
without
a care
can we forget.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Life Is Change

If I can't be
what you can see
will you repeat
my name.

Some of you
whom I don't know
in life remain
the same.

Hearing words
the wind brings in
quite are the
whispers
you have heard.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Attributes

Having long beautiful toes
and upon them
she
can not
but for a short period of time
stand on them.

Now look yonder at that man
whom
can not walk very far
and
how quick he advances.

And lastly
he whom one has asserted
to the people
is blind
he himself is watchable.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Quote # 6

Some of something
is better
than all of nothing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Arborist's (Haiku)

She planted a tree
In the midst of a bush
Both have green leaves

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Neglected By Our Politician's

Knowing each our fate
and such is that
for each one then
is not unlike the other.
Brothers taking turns
at taking office.
Stealing from each other
from the people took.
Spending more than each
could raise the paper trail led to
a person dead.
We now feel innured
and hope is all but abandoned
at the cost of all their lies
there many many lives
and if you try to leave them, well.
This is not advised.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bukowski And My Crib

Come light a match to read my night time poem
the table legs the way they sway and bend
as lovers now unwind.

From my suffering his only wish to ease my pain
with the poetry of his
and my lack of metaphors.

I've come to learn the more I make
the less I have
to write for every one.

Houses his, my many cribs I had to hide away
others are just what they are that I am not
I had to chase away.

Children were the source of this he wrote
while being told I never was a child
like I am right now
and running wild the door is closed to that.

A good poem I never read whilst he was still alive
a better poem that some read
was due to alcohol
and still a better thought before I died
who does or doesn't want to know?

The secrets I once held so dear to me
were like a flower plucked
come some fine morning that the sun has opened.

James McLain

By Invitation Only

I want to know if you can see and feel
what you can't touch
that Beauty is for every one and
why it came to pass
I watch you dream that special dream
the dream my names called out
such dreams you dream are every where
for others hard to find
the one that's here that's meant for me
since where you've been I can not go
by invitation only.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

America Radicalized

Young people trade their lives for death
as younger people will
people not included, show - U.S. fear
opinions fall on ears
the deaf stand mute and hope is still.

The books inside the book
high on the shelf
urges forward - thinking as the house
thats made of glass
show shadows walking back and forth
accross the nights - bright sky.

There strength in unjust laws
and the vision of the blind
prevents the flow
of wisdom from the king
a queen will show.

False religions every one
and they to us have said
that there is life beyond the grave
which justifies
the taking of your life, if you get in their way.

James McLain

Booty A (Haiku)

Malignant the craving
For dark chocolate
With vanilla swirls

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Racism

I am what I am and your not.
It was said by someone
that once she lets me inside
back to you she won't ever come.
When they say
what I lack in intelligence I make up in size.
When they say
what I lack in education I make up in speed.
Mr.Hampton is closed
my mind he made up long ago.
Across mirror lake
rowing twords me is a man in a covered boat
she goes to Yale.
Don't call the police on me.
I don't have an alibi.
It must of been done by that other someone
it couldn't of been done by me.
Every thirty one days rabbits can.
I don't like what you are I am not.
A monkey can see what you never could feel.
It's people like me that you need.

James McLain

The Story Of Death

It is a hot day and I hate their life.
Topless without looking at all the bimbos in the pool.
Irritation but not from that what you think,
the need to rearrange it bothers me constantly.
How bad it is.
I do it because I'm old, young they are blistering hot.

Sunday afternoon
and it's all I think about from my life that you can.
Exercise and some one else's money I never spent,
people Refuse to know, I should be.
I don't think I've spoken to anyone since Thursday morning
except for the girl selling magazines,
thinking she would go to Hawaii at my expense.

Friday morning I spoke to the milkman a woman
Appropriately, I started to play.
Little pink cars run around them both being bitten to often by him.

Loking down at the pool she is around him
and then aside it is moved the tight bikini bottom,
watching one hot smug girl, I saw her coming.
Through the cracks of death her, sweat, the chair, falls.
If she was not Around, I have something interesting right.
I look on gasping for breath several times
I fall climbing the steep stairs.

I have no bad habits, I know.
All the characters are worn out.
Each bag, new characters find themselves in, I think.
The characters tell you all that they need to know.
Kill, stab or spell her name backwards or if I'm going to do it now.
Will I finish her.
You can hear the buzzing insects outside.
Don't is the hope of killer bees.
It swelled in her throat and exploded, she died.
I am not getting any younger with all this death.
You need the rain to clear the air.
My face is twitching, I feel fresh cramps coming on.

I sigh deeply, lunging from the stairs the tea Kettle is whistling.
From start to finish, as long as it took to read all of this.
The time has arrived again.
The whistle it builds as the steam floats off the memories.
These are those times when I hate what I do in the C.I.A.

James McLain

Are You A Liberal Or Conservative

Liberals are larger and tend to have the bigger Cingulate Cortex, or ACC or a more aggressive front-is useful to detect and determine conflicts and errors.

Conservatives are most likely to remain deep rooted against change unless forced and maintain the enlarged amygdala peach body location, development and emotional memories and thrive on stress good or bad are stored in line with this.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Does My Rectum Hurt After Serving Time In A Florida Prison

Taboo's experience is hardly any different perhaps than yours or mine or any other mentally ill prisoner sent to prison in Florida or the U.S. except for those whom were deliberately given aids and were never released because.

Three hundred thousand male prisoners a year are sexually assaulted. This estimate each year is even lower than that for women in the United States. If you don't know why it's too late to educate you.

The damage of course is worse as estimates go and are. When I was a child it was worse than that then now and Republicans are considered conservative. Pay anyone of any note to read the one inside.

The ignorant view instead in the West is to take your medicine from the bottom up and leave an empty head. Social retaliation against Taboo 'get it all, all that you deserve' He grunted grimly. No one is prosecuted in the United States the smell of blood and guts, K.Y. Gelly and shit. For rape is never rape of its male prisoners.

James McLain

I'M In Love With You

As long as I know just how the wind blows through your hair.
Lavender scent in the crisp winter air I can smell.
Nothing compares with the moon up above the slow parting clouds the
shimmering mist that drips from the leaves in your hands.
All that has been or ever will be
can ever replace the look in your eyes when your here.
Knowing that look is for none except me
every beat of my heart your head on my chest you can hear.

Time could not tell all the times that I shook
every time I looked back to the
very first time
that time when I knew our love was real.
And all that it held in the palms of your hands
that you held my future in them.

Love is the look that none would mistake
it's that look as the future deep
far off into space where all have to wait there I dwelled.

Awake or asleep
so long as I know as to whether or not
all that I dream are dreams of you.
The way I watch you sleep
your moving eyes that can not hide
are mirrors to your soul.

And such are my feelings
that I can never feel for any one else
none but you can't you tell?
That night when you came was the happiest day of my life.

Both of us know that love is something entirely new.
How long I did wait, how long did I pray,
knowing that someday my dreams would all come true,
that I'm in love with you
and that all of this is love is for you.

James McLain

Honey Bees A (Haiku)

Leaving the safety
Of the hive one bee dances
Around each flower

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Revenge A (Haiku)

Revenge is ones
Ability to make another
Person feel your pain

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Birds A (Haiku)

Summer has forced
All the young birds to fly
High over our heads

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Roller Coaster

I think to myself how I cried
the night
my mother died
how my father sighed.

Up she cried
get it up
open the door come inside.

Cheeky and young
moulin rouge her red face
shining with joy
as he said.

Come today, come today
having fun on the ride
tears she did shed
as he cried.

Come speed it up, slow it down
in and out and around
wilder times can't be had
don't look down.

James McLain

Birth

Being not born I was captured
captured by
the light of early day
caught
in the mist
of the morning after.

Green trees
and their leaves
tall hills
where the ground
loops back as it circles
I walked at the top
and has been
by others paved
that descend to the bottom.

And
who do you know
that will come
after me
knowing how long
that you must wait
at the bottom
while night turns to
day
that you were
called up to be born.

James McLain

Who Benefits That

Fate has secured
my last only hope
I have longed.
I have
longed for those days
that have passed
days
I can not take back.

Being at risk
how I have lived
living
from hand to mouth.

In their struggle
to live
and leave it to you
poet's have
painters to before
in the past
they
have had to die.

Before
hope it leaves
to deal
with the worst
my tortured soul
raving accurst
the tears
and the grief I have.

Death
from disease
my
only relief
please
not a death like that.

Chained to my soul
each
night and day
their answer
none heard is that right?

James McLain

Isis

There is no right side being on the wrong side of fear.
Orange prison jump suits that we make our own wear
treating our own inhumanely
that America would kill if not for the money.
Medusa's head filled with snakes
and the Hydra cut one off and two more that are worse
take it's place.
America's way of thinking is as anathema to them
as is theirs to U.S.
However immoral or unethical each claims that it is.
Cause and effect there is always an oppisite and equal reaction.
The fear of what comes next is always worse than before.
Disillusioned our youth have no hope for the best.
I am in fear of what both side can't say at the cost of some head.
See how easy it was to mistake those two words for another
if mistakenly used for two others.
The rule of law is made worthless in America if it cannot learn
from militants their warning to U.S. and our leaders
While from the militant groups,
the United States air strikes will continue,
when the 'will to continue is that our knives are longer
to attack the people that stand on your neck.
And we can achieve it.
From one administration to the next
it's going to take some time and it's going to take some effort.
After ISIS,
America will deal with the next,
convincing U.S. to give up what's left of our rights.

James McLain

The Sex Offender

A 2002 study by the United States Department of Justice indicated that recidivism rates among sex offenders was 5.3 percent; that is, about 1 in 19 of released sex offenders were later arrested for another sex crime. The same study mentioned that 68 percent of released non-sex offenders were rearrested for any crime (both sex and non-sex offenses) , while 43 percent of the released sex offenders were rearrested for any crime (and 24 percent re-convicted) .

A collection of official studies spanning the years 1983-2010 for all 50 states and the federal government of the US has been assembled. This URL provides a spreadsheet and.zip file containing sources supporting the DOJ study, where the average recidivism of sex offenders committing new sex crimes since 1983 is approximately 9 percent, compared to the 42 percent average recidivism rate for all felony offenders committing any new felony offense.

According to the Office of Justice Programs (OJP) of the United States Department of Justice, in New York State, the recidivism rate for sex offenders has been shown to be lower than any other crime except murder. Another report from the OJP which studied the recidivism of prisoners released in 1994 in 15 states (accounting for two-thirds of all prisoners released in the United States that year) reached the same conclusion.

In 2007 the State Bureau of Investigation in North Carolina made significant changes to its sex-offender registration system, including new search criteria that include an 'offender status' search (enabling an explicit search for convicted sex-offense recidivists in the sex-offender database) . Manual searches (by county) using the new criteria yield some of the lowest recidivism rates ever disseminated by any law-enforcement establishment. In the entire state of North Carolina there are only 71 recidivists shown on the registry, if incarcerated offenders are included. Per-county results for 'registered'-status offenders (compared with 'recidivist'-status offenders) on the North Carolina registry yield actual convicted recidivist percentages ranging from zero to a fraction of one percent.

Of released sex offenders who allegedly committed another sex crime,40 percent perpetrated the new offense within a year or less from their prison discharge. Within three years of release,2.5 percent of released rapists were rearrested for another rape, and 1.2 percent of those who had served time for homicide were arrested for a new homicide. Of the 9,691 male sex offenders released from prisons in 15 US states in 1994,5.3 percent were rearrested for a new sex crime

within 3 years of release. Sex offenders were about four times more likely than non-sex offenders to be arrested for another sex crime after their discharge from prison (5.3 percent of sex offenders, versus 1.3 percent of non-sex offenders) . An estimated 24 percent of those serving time for rape and 19 percent of those serving time for sexual assault had been on probation (or parole) at the time of the offense for which they were in state prison in 1991. On a given day in 1994, there were approximately 234,000 offenders convicted of rape or sexual assault under the care, custody, or control of corrections agencies; nearly 60 percent of these sex offenders were under conditional supervision in the community.

Approximately 4,300 child molesters were released from prisons in 15 US states in 1994. An estimated 3.3 percent of these 4,300 were rearrested for another sex crime against a child within 3 years of release from prison. Among child molesters released from prison in 1994, 60 percent had been in prison for molesting a child 13 years old or younger. The median age of victims of those imprisoned for sexual assault was less than 13 years old; the median age of rape victims was about 22 years. Child molesters were, on average, five years older than violent offenders who committed their crimes against adults. Nearly 25 percent of child molesters were age 40 or older, but about 10 percent of inmates with adult victims were in that age group.

James McLain

Desperation And Suicide

US we as them and the stigma is buried to deep the irrational dogma
by rule of law, me we and those that went on
into the void asking for help before our lights each turned out.
Knowing one life is 'Listen to me, it it is all that we have.
Under assault living unsafe in an envoinment I did not make.
Death is a forgone conclusion suicide angels roam closer to home
always aware of space and time and their reality soon all must share.
Unlearned others outside looking in pretending to love what they hate
whom speak of your death as if they had from the start shared your pain.
Derogatory, rude and ignorant condemed mispoken statements
is it not to disturbing the rich, to deal with such lives on a daily basis.
Hearing to many of them those whom proffered with tight lips
and I have heard many times that each premature death
is a 'Sin', is a crime,
when in fact no last statement about suicide they made.
Suicide is wrong if I try and I live.
Suicide is right if I die in the end.
Of each human story that never was told of this this our pain and by it stopping
such pain is a desperate act by me
us each inside a person who did not want to live on.
Mentally tough each woman and man whom confessed it had to say
Living we Died while alive we Live with depression or schizophrenia,
bipolar disorder, PTSD, or a similar illness suicide has let in and made die.
Those of US the we, you and these and the chemical thoughts not processed
when our moods and judgment is made more suspect due to each individual
mental illness-it affected.
The selfishness of the living
means nothing to the dead if while alive
each painfull thought gains them the whole world from their nothing.
As time marches on.

James McLain

Madness

When I shut my eyes our pretty green world it stops moving
lifting my lids all is reborn once again.
Inside of my head it is there where you dwell,
I can see what normal is some think that I am, blue the new red.
When I leave my head ink indigo black the darkness comes in.
Am I an animal any old animal I've staked my one life on.
Close your moist weeping eyes such tears they will fall when I come.
And of that which I speak and of those all around you
I can speak soothing words, words that can touch you.
Struck by the Moon and burned by the stars such is the power
held at bay by the few all must deal with
where we sleeping lay power not shared where you have the ability
to lure me into deaths soft bed.
I am like you we both are insane, dreaming of living and never dying.
God spares the just few from the fire that is hell then they fade.
Our eyes must not shut nor close tight in sleep.
I can in sleep with the help of their minds
living high at the top of snow covered mountains
return back to you full in the knowledge of all I was told.
Don't forget me in this when you are in bed you I see as I dream.
Dreaming of this which is mine and I am as you know gowing old.
Must you as I dream take control of our dreams that we dream?
Spring it has come summer is here yea though again I must walk
through the dawn of their winter and all of our fears of the cold.

James McLain

Hung Like A Mouse

For you, for that one women that has everything
everything you need for happy long life
when everythings about that, everything except that
never were you more happy than that.

Tugging at the end of your long hair
until it forms a well around a deep shaft.
Asking for more,
asking for more and getting no less but no more.
You get it all more than you ask.
Your behavior comes from nature I have.

How would you describe such a primitive club?
What would you say to me unlike it, I'm a person
and to whom would you have me behave this way?
You are just like the mouse out in the field behaving now.
Stop and look get up off your knees.
Flatten out your dress as you look beneath the grass.
You have everything, you have it all.
Like all the rest it looks like I have failed to deliver this quip
a message of need to your lips.
God said it's not about greed.
It's more about whims, it's less about virtue see.
Growing heavy and fat overdue to be happy I'm living a lie
and going nuts and you know not why.
What do I do after having had you
and all that I wanted was what you wanted I knew.

James McLain

Police Militarization

The militarization of the police began when the people were taught to believe they were the disease.

Recently with a history of American persecutions, websites of fear concerning sex and children and non affordable programs, discriminatory laws, exile, modern housing projects leading to the total annihilation of the poor, our mentally ill and it's systematic planning and the lack of hard criticism concerning America and it's unwise expansion of Law Enforcement replacing good judgement with pharmaceutical drugs and Anxiety leading to a certain finality and our premature death.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blue Neon Milk

Explosions of thought
pour forth from the net on this topic
happy adults many still children
of mothers who didn't want to love them.

There is consequently a world
a whole new world
taken from the past and day turns to night
I see tomorrow
it won't come its never to late
turn the page.

Now its nearly to late
just like as you do
such feelings grow short
sadness looks on
as the world is plunging in
and out of
the great abyss
from up above down below
and I want to express
my deepest sympathy
to those of you
whom find yourself here
because
you are coping with out the experience
of not being loved by your parents.

This is a topic unlike most you have mastered
I take it from there
full control is your grasp of
as blue particulates explode on to the scene
and I have little to offer but
moving streams
except for the shudder
as I tremble and shake
wondering in awe
drenched in blue neon milk
and like dark matter and where it comes from.

James McLain

The American Dream

Your poverty is their weapon of choice
black on white
state road yellow or brown
turned on each other their divide and
Conquer a militarism plan.

The lack of education for you what it means
an inability to articulate
a shortened life and love without hope
just what it means there here once
was
a good life
now being used to end all your dreams.

Injustice the key
the bedrock I see a house built on sand
washed out to the sea.

Social media your last bastion of hope
get out move and speak
always thus softly
the old grey Elephant the piñata a Donkey
both are the same.

A news channel made one that covers only politics
where every
Politician is heard
and there is made equal
where those with out millions
can go to converse
with you making a better choice
to select them.

James McLain

Justice Is Questioned

When there is a case in the death of the first party
and the second parts
at best with two unequal answers
if to the very same person
when the second has taken the life of the first
and the dead can not speak thereafter
one has claimed, one has sworn and falsely confessed
and the one he has sworn to protect
and that death was denied by not being pressed,
justice would never presume
that the one whom not killed be given such rights
that were not accorded the dead.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bombyx Mori

Threads of the fabric of love from the silkworm,
is spun
Bombyx Mori her home
and her house
and her body is tight
and is dying
spinning round and round, life,
fills the heart when flying.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Killing My Depression

Knowing how long I struggled
and true laughter never knew the wind
and what it blew away.
These wrinkles on my face
the way they shaped my lonely face
they really really do.
I know out side
how hot it is, it's cold I could not feel.
I hid behind a face I could not hide it any more.
The day that I was born that year it made.
Chaos is a life a living death I can't control.
Symmetry in sunsets running colours say the rest.
Stigma is a sign a certain lack of self respect.
Meat we all just meat and meat is all we really are,
red clapping meat left out to long
it spoils in my hands.
Love me tender said the King of King's
I cannot love my other self.
I turned to drugs and alcohol to push it far away.
I turned to drugs and alcohol the pain I must escape.
What I have gained in death the living cannot take away.

James McLain

The Objective Terrorist

Terrorist acts are motivated by two basic principals.
Real selected social and political injustice.
Perceived nightmares are more real for some
like those you can wake from the child in your bed of mourning.
People ready for change that never comes.
Reality some perceive that social wrong
a political or historical wrong trying to right that basic human need
when their deprivation of land or rights or those denied to them.
Violence or its threat carried out effectively, and beliefs that should lead to
change that should have come but never did.
Children in America given to achoholic mothers the Judge knows
this child is needed for their prisons.
Another way this word should be but seldom is.
Each end that ends in violence that men of reason know.
Any means to justify a flase conviction.
Yea though I am the nail they hammer down.
Sadly because I held the heart of.
Many labled terrorists by the ones in power know.
The history of they that had no choice they chose a violent road.
Real men and women like a jury before a long deliberation.
The truth is hard and difficult for you to read and swallow.
People don't like to be held down the King he won't explain
so others now must die.
If it is's to simple yea the truth it sounds to far away.
However, when we dare to look to deep inside this mirror.
Do we look and hear their life no hope the same old story.
Two elements are at it's core to understand child murder.

James McLain

Ignorance And Fear Through Politics

People whom you never knew know less than nothing
having less than you do
of what all people need to be like you some what better off
than the majority of people whom never knew
that put to the sword, gun or knife while rejecting the knowledge
of the way that you live that I choose to know nothing about.

Dropping bombs of superficial knowledge of the topic or subject
that such ignorance brings to they, it must be said.
As ignorance runs it's short race the course of a life time
when each life is cut sgreenhort
it more frequently than not produces a confidence false kept
thats leads to the bed that death sleeps in.

Knowledge hidden from view by blinding the eyes
of the heights people reach while having to live above the snow line
that politics brings to the learned few whom need it not
by telling the rest that they do.

The fear that ignorant people choose to bring into the world
and by turning this fear upon each other
sowing the same seeds that you were raised to believe
by having from you kept
the God
inside every person the knowledge of learning
and to realize its importance and to oppose ignorant thinking.

James McLain

Scary Man In The Door Way

I have stuck to what I saw and felt that night
blocking out the light
it was more than huge,
and the size of it it matters when your scared.

A little girl in bed alone was me
to see the tall wide tree
growing right through him
I can see his face
and feeling numb I was the first.

I could hear him breath
his breath was cold and warm
I know it was
he pulled my lips apart.

This was more unlike that time
a body
dead on top of me
his eyes bored into mine.
even there my flesh began
to sweat.

I could hear the great long saw
those teeth
going back and forth
pulled
in and out the wood
his head was dark and strong
he scanned
the room as it arose
the bottom of my heart
fell out.

Black pants, black shirt
my white bed to this dark man
hidden in the shadows
He is much to tall.
He took up the length of my small bed.

As he smiled and looked at me
looking at his head.

I held my breath
leaning over me he put his finger
to my lips
he then said to me "Ssshhhh"
and just like you this is how life started.

James McLain

Time Keeps Us Apart

In the darkness of my dreaming
a heart beat away
is there not a way a road I could follow
our bed it is vacant
I am watching
sadly the light on me stays
if I could but see where you are
to me all you mean is this.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moist Wet Juicy Lusciousness

Luscious

juicy though it is

never used, it is never discharged.

Therefore, it is

it is the source of ten thousand moans

love can it be

such whispered moist thoughts

never seen

and to it's very depth,

sharpening the edge long I am resolved

that the curve of your wet red lips

in trust I have shared in your thoughts

and, nobody knows

that needs to know about this.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Religion And Your Fear Of Death

Devout religious theists must argue to you that while you live
you must believe in God
through your fear of what will happen after death-or go to hell.
To be afraid from birth to die the non-believer is
to never stop believing or that your thinking mind it is.
Of all that ever was and will for all thus one day be.
Late in life for most some less but most if at all.
Men need control to cause a fall, healthy men need none of this
when pride before a fall.
To believe in life instead of death takes more thought than none at all.
Why you believe at all is not because of God
your fear of death is not just cause to think of death at all.
You fear death and talk of Love when the light is up above.
Wishful thinking, that there is without a thought of life after death.
Death it claims the good with all the bad but you know this.
Do you need a God to do whats right?
To give to some and never take that which was never yours?
When where you live and how your raised is what you really are.
A healthy brain is but the sum of memories of before.

James McLain

Ego Of The Poet

Brag to me no more to you if what I wrote tis gone.
The special place where I would with you go
between the wall is stuffed with words.
Paper balls I've wadded up to keeps me warm.
In my dreams your naked marching up and down the street.
What you created in me has long since departed as a ghost.
I tore it down the wall that for you I built up.
The way you spoke to me the way that I would sleep.
But as long as silence draws me nigh will you be there.
Great ego in my head if while alive
and dead will speak my name but not in life if I be dead.
Insatiable are the wantings in the dark and in the Light.
Somewhere there the ego in my head I can't let go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Emancipation From Death

Emancipation by means of no other need than to have knowledge
to free one from life one shant have.

Trees filled with green leaves before the grave rising up
to exist in this life but like you to reach up to the sky.

For there is nothing to prevent the bearer of bad tiddings than death
to return in each life as that ray of light that is hope we excaped from.
Knowledge can be like the rain not unlike billions of drops
that light on the ground from which the tree has sprung from.
Is there not equal reason in this for the spark of life to go on?

Emancipation can not exist in the darkest recesses of some minds
where reason has fled due to fear.
Especially when there is equal reason to live free of fear from without.
One has the need to be free to learn the value of freedom you have.
If for no other reason to spread the knowledge all children need to survive.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Do You Dream Like Me

Do you still dream like me,
I wonder
come morning and.
Dreams when we were young kids
being to busy and.

We slept together
We learned together
We banded together we spoke
of our parents and.

Can you still come play with me
or is it to late for some
last night
I was standing at the foot of the stairs.

Falling asleep dreams I dreamt
our eyes met
and in them at once I found
peaceful-dreams do they to you come
and I wondered
about all the children I met.

James McLain

People Confusion Is

With a long history of American persecution,
programs, discriminatory laws,
expulsions of certain people to live on the fringes of society.

Laws that are passed to cause wide spread hate and distrust,
then when those same citizens
harm those that those laws made vulnerable
and then by arresting those that caused them said harm.

Confusion is
when those that posses a superior grasp of the English Language
twist those same words
so that those whom are made vulnerable by them
need attorney's
to now tell them that their inability to understand them is the problem.

Medieval and modern prisons
and a systematic plan of total annihilation of what was considered an enlightened
American country,
it's not hard to blame people for feeling terrified and insecure
when over taxed people are told they are it's problem.

James McLain

Follow The Flies

They
will lead you
to
your loved ones.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Going Mad

I forgot to keep what I once had
that I had to have you, dear.
A women, sweet, I once possessed
in you I had it all.

Your mind, your body and your soul,
to have you and to hold.
Hard I felt your body in my hands,
electric yes it was.

And now I sit so still and I reach out
not any body just your body true.
Then love can fill your soul,
one soul a soul for two of them.

A women sweet, I once possessed
I had it all in you.
To think I had it all and now I'm mad.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Stop

How does it matter
how long we wait
knowing how short it is.

When it comes
one last secret ascending
I have kept.

Ask me I have seen
the number
seven
divided by one
inside of our selves
who can help.

How small the world
truly is
are we now too many
for our own good.

Good or bad
you have made that child
the mirrored
image of your self.

Knowing how
to
build walls
to shut it all out.

James McLain

Ebola

Death I will come to you.
Before I was known to you I have caused.
Fatal damage to the liver,
lymphatic system, kidneys, the burning bush
leaning trees and turning brown leaves.

No one is sad no one was watching me
I had sex with a monkey to me who said
if you touch me there you will bleed.

Eating some fruit the bat said
I have Ebola and you being ignorant can not read.
Before I came I had no known name
I was there and now it's known
I am the cause of this your internal bleeding,
shock and acute respiratory distress and death.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Florida-The Experiment's Done On It's Prisoners

When it became difficult to experiment on monkeys
and dogs the pharmaceutical companies raised hell.
Aids, hepatitis, mascara, lipstick on and on.

Florida Department Of Corrections
recruited these men for a pair of sneakers and booty hole
and other promises they could not keep.

Corrupt red necks and pecker woods
monitored the monitoring groups to see how much money
they'd get.
Burt Reynolds the deliverance, I forgot about pigs.

Thomas, a lawyer, and former Republican party whip,
called his wife, his honey hole
already corrupt he officially became
a member of the Florida House of representatives.

Wasting the time of it's members
the public never knew
no money for me
get out.

No scientific knowledge is necessary in Florida
who would break the law for no pay.
From the beginning since 2000 In the fall,
as the group disbanded men were laid waste
the Department of corrections knew all.

Whether there were enough to handle a potential problem
as the number of men grew ill
the staff living without training at great expence
of the mentaly ill.

Since there was no test monitor.
The Departmen Of Corrections DOC
is however considering a new monitoring panel.

Of the seven to ten

members elected so far are prison system employees.
Where for a populaion of over one hundred eighty thousand
men in prison or on probation
there are three to five clemency officers
for them.
Decade's after they get out still can't vote.

Above it all idealy they must be,
to be appointed as God
prisoners of war and prisoner advocates are ideally
in the best interests of Dogs.
Florida state employees however they swing are not.

James McLain

Self-Medication

I don't think that this is an issue
of following in mum or dads
footsteps
but more not less likely a coping
mechanism
to deal with the pain of the past...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Summer That Time Forgot

Pretty days golden hay cool patient nights
spinning around upside down right side up inside out.
Soft warm breath it's smell I can taste
the sky is a room from which I have come I now wait.

Hurry not quicken the pace can you not hear
the sound of a place where few others like you I have been.
I have seen all the wonderful things, things that were
never meant to be seen, yet like you there I've been.

Time may forget the meaning of friends loves the blame
in a way few have known or know the true meaning of.
Lost in a way when it can be found once again putting to rest
the feelings we felt the summer you left that time forgot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Carnal Succubus

My vision was of the same dirt road half in half out of the wide narrow ditch.
Every inch it's hard body was moist to the touch my lips trembling unsure.
The darkness felt of black magic, soft magnolias white crushed velvet.
My bedroom at night without noise it lived in my house.
I learned to stop fighting nothing left but cold moist anticipation.
Why no one to believe me that I could not control of whats inside me.
My gothic neighbor explained do nothing during these long encounters.
Every rose it keeps hold of it fills my whole body it had decided.
My inner mind I said to my self do not enjoy it just like a soft nut
I opened under pressure.
Falling down forever how best to describe it.
Like a great wave rolling back to shore all to soon,
only on the inside of my thigh and lower leg where it met.
Time after time, left to right, up and down.
Pushing aside all the light what was hot deep inside me.
Life is to short night is this song this secret of it I keep to my self.
The night sky the bright burning stars
as the moon is pent up high away from the rest, I wrestle each night.
Like slender tall trees as green leaves move from their grasp.
Falling asleep, it finally woke up.

James McLain

My Last Silver Dime

She is too young,
I was not old enough.
On her I spent my dime.
Fresh roses there might grow.
To find out if I might love.
Stay and love, she said to me,
stay and love, or go and love the sea.
And if the sail, be young and full of air,
come back to me.

A dime, my silver dime, my last silver dime.
To be the comb,
that makes the part in your long hair.
Look my love tis not a twisted thing,
or wise enough to fool my aching heart
To find what this is all about,
I see your face through the sail.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Secrets Hidden By The Side Of The Road

How long I survived but surviving child hood I did.
Growing up in my family of sin,
where secrets were kept from each other.
Where secrets were kept from the Man.
These were not secrets well kept hidden
where everyone knew or suspected the truth
that something was being hidden.
During my years of sexual and psychological abuse
this was normal I thought about families.
I have come across some young friends like myself
in similar normal situations.
Where the most unbelievable stories of U.S.
are their secrets kept hidden by the side of the road

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Evolution

Evolution in the beginning was once similar in man it evolved everywhere.
Wrenched by sheer will from the past constant moving called time.
Two steps back it required that one open mind avoiding the blind.
From that dark hidden place filled with blue light water is.
Walking from there we wandered here cleaving to the cradle of life
not the extreme southern heat or cold northern lights.
These periods of time some were unbearably long hands stretched out
(historically we could not) upon pain of death teach about.
Some where, some how, some time I fell in love it happened.
And then one long leap we saw in relatively Enstien's major change.
Looking out now through each colored eye
and at every thing that vibrates and what about this is known.
These modifications of time now measured by line of sight distance is.
With strong mental clarity and with the fabric of thought and by blowing up
the bubbles in time my infinite parallel dream't reality.
By creating new forms of life by lifting every man up
so it forms a consciousness through genetic engineering it will occur.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Little Man

Little man of little worth what is it that you need?
A yellow sun in broad day light my interrupted sleep!
Little men with big grand dreams at night you lay awake.
Don't look at me dead little man I write what I have seen.
Ignorant yes you will learn and one day understand.
It is quite here at dawn on the front no one will come.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hospital

It is moody dark alive the shadows cast the windows barred
each image drawn to death each inmate seems to move
not very far
as one or two they sit above a ledge above black water.
There is one Doctor and a Nurse.
The hospital in itself is long it's round and large,
and yes it opens at the top.
Scattered about around the wall in piles are rotting clothes.
Crusty walls that bleed and weep cold granite corridors,
of the many whom in day's long past
as patients on those stretchers that were white are now quite black.
Rodents blood red ticks and fleas why illness loves a breeze.
Shuffling as the two move past there eyes are wide awake.
No bandages here or soap before they came as others made their cots.
Time has no true name it's worth they all will have to pay.
That look of shock upon each face without a voice or sound
and out of reach and pain racked body bent into such Grace.
While the number of the limbs are stacked like wood before a fire.
There is no need to ration out the salty putrid water.
Formaldehyde that stench it fills the moist and humid air.
Soiled sheets are never washed there is no end of man made pain.
That nurse collects past debts with her quick hand and milk blue bottles.
Not many soldiers knew such dreams suffered at the hands of youth.
While they were dying from blood loss his disease the Doctor spread.

James McLain

Dumb Them Down Stupid People I Can'T Think

This man is not your average redneck southern inbred stupid.
Laughing always last why he bothered to sit in the front of the class.
Thinking he has integrity and his honesty none sought after.
Thick were the lies thick were the flies like those of any well oiled politician.
And for those whom lived around him things got worse he grew proud.
Through the years as he walked home daily from work.
Despite his brown eyes, he thought he was what everyone dreamt.
Stupid was what stupid is, so stupid with such a large head.
With out a clue as to why he always failed.
He believed he was great, very skilled.
His consistent failure was always due to the want of the many.
And excepted no fault from others.
Using two words where one would do.
No specialized knowledge his leg he turned up on the others.
A warm golden shower fell from the sky down their necks.
What do you think to you I turn I think he is great.
So incredibly stupid that he describes himself being so smart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Science Verses Religion

Can you leap into modern science and technology, if not.
We have lost a thousand years it is now where if not would man be.
The dark ages of Death was man's improper place.
Lost work, the Devil's applause or man's plague for the treatment of.
Dark ages for a thousand years science society of ancient Greece
and the home that Rome was.
To be forgotten put to death and or imprisoned whom through
ignorance called grace forced unlearned lengthy periods.
To be suppressed by discouraging dogma and medieval Christians.
Above all the heavens for Earth's center no other.
Putting the worlds in their orbits to a God is Ambrosia.
To retrieve what should be and find out about light,
not roaming the fields in the dark lost forever.
Why did the early Christian believers set back scientific achievements.
Other than for no apparent rhetorical reason.
What should be more terrifying than men losing Reality?
Killing each Muslim these Christian's call terrorist.
Anti-intellectualism is a major component of Christian militants.
While hating science even more coming going God mentions.
Without schools and real science don't forget your small children.
Even today, undoing centuries of scientific advancements.
Ignorant religious extremists would rather you die than admit it.

James McLain

When The Milk Dried Up

No stranger to hard work the farm.
I had a cold bath no let down.
This won't happen to you.
The way warm milk disappears.
Stressful day's like yesterday,
I didn't have a good night.
I tossed and turned a lot.
That's what happened to me.
Across the sky shooting stars.
Reflects the light on your face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nine Lives Aren'T Enough

I have stumbled and walked blindly through this life
and what is less than that to love it even more.
To create more tears in laughter than sad tears.
There is no room for ghosts no room for death no room for doubt
in faith for those sad years.
Never so indifferent, I look up to to see the twinkle in the skies.
The stars and how they wonder in the eyes of each lost child.
Or as the old should never be, growing old does not suit me.
You may have heard my last words as I whisper, Dear.
To you I leave my one last smile, when you smiled at me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Inbetween Night Day Will Come

Night is night day is day
put there by hope night will come.
Day after day night after night
ours is the hope it will come.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Birds A (Haiku)

Watching birds sing
Helps remind me
Of our need for their music

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Flesh That Melts In Your Mouth

The melting of our flesh
becomes softer as it ripens in the sun
and will actually "melt in your mouth" when mature.
Most people prefer this type of flesh to be eaten out of hand.
Nonmelting flesh
remains firm in texture when it's full mature
and never comes by melting.
Nonmelting flesh typifies flesh that comes when it is melting.
And is used for eating.
Some melting" types are eaten out of hand beneath the bush.
But they represent a very small population of inhabitants
even if it's very firm, even fuzzy when it's eaten.
Beneath the flesh it melts and on your chin it's warm and juicy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alone In The Garden At Dawn

These gardens were built during dusk to decorate your face.
This is the face in the garden a movement just before dawn
bright is the face of the moon it floats by.
Fresh is the dew and the smell that intoxicates all within reach.
It is wine made from purple grapes
hang over the banks the brook is the spirit of you we drank from.
Wherein, only one does not hide behind your hundreds of faces
purple grapes hang under green leaves.
In this garden is a scene each must play many died during the search.
But this pain is not for those who come and like lovers see.
You are the sun each lovely face we often find here.
You are the river of wind and come fall there is wine.
And the vines grow more robust every year.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Priest

Priest the.....Polished floors black linen robes are ironed and crisp
some thing for the people I have chained and nothing missed.
White hair the far right wing goes there where most are tossed away.
Forgive me father I have sinned today my shame evolved
and while each whom walked in grace I came to stand before.
The midday sun that sheds the dark above my hand the moon
bright lights call out come here to me and be my only friend.
All that came before from dust will find thier worth it's end.
Do you feel the guilt good Catholic children all should feel
or become the white fine salt thats held inside each open hand.
One good reason why that all should come to life and say amen.
The story's that you hear are always true when spoken by a priest.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Child Emigrant's Over Whelm U.S.

Days lingered into months year after year
without hope without end
did others like I spend as a child.
Very young was I barely a man.
Lost inside of Florida's brutal southern
dark cold Jails and Prisons.
Sold out by the state our politions still profit.
Where it was normal to be Raped and beaten.
Crammed into cells not unlike them.
Waiting to be booked Green baloney sandwiches.
Unable to articulate
the real need to draw right winged attention
to the abuse we suffered by the State.
Wasting tens of thousands of children.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sad

Sad' »

that life ignored your bright light,
there where you went out of reach.

It seems long ago what each lover knew
to reject the poor gifts, love obtained.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Slender Man

To all my children
to my many liars in wait whom against me conspire.
She is gone and yea he has come in from the woods without face.
From his heart from the depths where its dark.
She was taken from you not long before dawn
high up above below the bright moon.
Empty beds cloudless night's, teeth filled mouths.
Bleeding a rose left wrapped around is gone come the morn.
At one point I should stop, why go on
the only thing left was a book filled with scraps of their dreams.
In his hard grip through each cave winds a red narrow stream.
Girls that are bad, boys that won't play
death feels like moist cotton open young eyes closed to threats.
Blank faces can't scream but yours can.
Painted purple walls all but white stay dark through the night.
Into my bedroom it came yesterday, tomorrow will never come.
The slender man is to some what she needs not.
Dark tall trees hanging down right side up from the top.
Flowers that smell inside of your mind only when deep in sleep.
Other children hang dead from the tree.
I originally thought nothing about it.
Stabbing me not once but over and over and now, he's gone.
Forgotten not by he are the snakes some have need to speak of
in and out of the moss leaf filled bushes.
The tall man is dressed as you see him in shadows black.
Out the window he stands in the star light in the clearing.
My sister beneath lying on top as the dark clouds roll in at midnight.
Long are his arms they have room for the many snakes and words,
as sharp as his sight soft boneless and tight and the worms
where you died live on through your primitive fear of the night.

James McLain

A Haiku

Is more than nature
Being always watched
By eyes that see

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Two Minds

Articulating predisposed my hands give in
but never obeyed
what this some one this other person
trapped in my head from birth to me use to say.

The new depression
expressions that twist all the faces
whom inside knew
but were to afraid to speak.

Discipline has uncovered the truth
as to why so many hide
never to know until it's too late
the price some have paid just to live
and why with no help
some of our greatest minds choose to die.

Children with out rights that never knew
having the wrong parent's
that could explain how to grow up in this world
and not be afraid
this good young mind most would fear
being to slow to make this leap
from one mind to the next
inside the same head.

Of more than one mind
yet less than two
whom being one and with the other
the sum of each part
working together becoming one
taught by another
would play.

James McLain

Kafr

Is the whole world a
misguided community of deceivers?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Normal Sixteen

I feel I messed up this life and the world has only one eye.
It is normal no other human contact as long as it is something strange.
To many I's and to many me's,
must you explain every day of my life to me.
All the strange friends that call every day to speak to me.
You see every day your family's away or they do not speak at all.
Such as what's life it's only one life one life to throw away.
Marching past me, stopping to see, each normal day at a time.
Without ever talking, without ever stopping.
I can not say if this is normal life, I am what normal is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Avoiding These Children And Killing

O' know this of me I have by her but that one child,
and I am as sure of this and
as sure as you that I held out for as long as I could.
Before I entertained the thought of selling out over need of money.
Wheras once I held the power to live in the heart and give over respect
there are now to many others
whom are not equipped to think being damaged
and take the lives of our others.
And as the rest think it acceptable to show no respect
as to them by they none is given.
And as for the lives of others or you would not take them.
And living in fear of the truth
inbetween these two I stay hidden and child O ' I know.
Also forgive them the parents for their many evils
that spring from the well of these young tortured souls.
To this their claim of not being always accepted in seeking
the forgiveness, you know that all creatures need not suffer.
Servants and strangers
and enemies alike awake or in sleep have blindly ignored them.
Turn these creatures down no more until now without him.
Therefore, O' child in kind heart learn to praise and forgiveness
is not based in emotion
that is as habit forming as we are finding out now about what loss is.
All these children will grow up to look in the same mirror
and go out and act as you taught them.

James McLain

Love And Falling Snow

Each morning when I rise she is at the window.
Open up close rousing from deep sleep she is very beautiful.
The wind blows softly past around her to my nose
I rise even more to her morning glow,
and sun flowers can't imagine falling snow.

Even the cold winter verywhere descending.
And I inside her head my life is given.
Nature is perceived in this world compared to her
where nothing more is equal.
And intense this pleasure is she is forgiven.

The texture of her rose petals match the thorns
they compel a touch thats soft she knows each colour has a soul.
I close it and it opens by it's self,
I am deep in something I do not know about
that only you can understand.

Shuddering each breath I can not hold and even falling rain,
small your hands take hold one is open then it closed.
When sudden lighting strikes the tree explodes.
Snow is falling every where it's in the air and in her hair.

James McLain

What They Say About You

Your genome the ladder deep inside where few can think to go.
Climbing up and out now fly away from ignorant views.
Can't you face the fact your eye's are green or grey, brown and blue.
Nothings out of reach each cloud is shaped in life like you.
Nothing looks the same and yet it is.
Nothing that you have they kept to learn they give away.
The prizim is the mirror some can let the bright light in
and dancing in the dark such knowledge sleeps.
I would not dare preach to you,
the choir is present in every church, each steeple built.
Every thing that has lived before can live again.
Inside one atom that he showed you how to in love split.
What to keep and what in learning must be thrown away.
Nothing can be gained if living children through death choose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Denial (Haiku)

I see denial in us all
Hidden deep inside
And it's madnes won't subside

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Vice

Combined with this unique multi-patterned oasis
scattered palms
and small pools filled with fish
sinking to such depths
few have seen or imagined.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Eighth Amendment

Negligence of unqualified politicians,
bowing to the hidden needs of public opinion.
Like those school bullies make.
Where as the implications mark the steep decline
of those we hold maternalistically by those whom can't raise children.
Life we live but once and this you all must bow and know
but few can overlook their reason not to understand.
This is you the few whom want revenge.
I am you and of as such sweet numbers halved sixteen
and vulnerable to death like Romans would.
Killing just to kill and thus condemned.
No long range thoughts premeditation people make mistakes,
such as the decision to qualify some other easier time remember class.
I will Judge you,
when or if and whether or not your moral guilt dissolves.
Those archaic books absolve you of their sins.
Rant and rave the damage done the river can not be crossed.
No psychologist, problems left unhealed you scream at them.
And your Juveniles look to Congress across the lake,
and the Jury of your peers were never experts, even if they went to school.
We can't evolve if we refuse to be like them.
Find the vein and pull the switch and force the darkness in.

James McLain

Hidden In The Wings Of Soft Cotton

Soften their hearts and minds be still O' my tongue.
Intelligence is the tool Kings learn some are born with.
Forgiveness will be the cool spring that you drink from.
From the four corners of the Earth pours forth great restraint.
Five senses and the wise know of more and thus use them.
Generous hearts is not wisdom gained meek are the pure.
Children spread out and good people grow richer in life.
Power in discernment as forgiveness seeks out the truth.
Honesty brings forth kindness such kindness is.
And honor, these comprise more than steel tongues used as weapons.
Turn cruel speech into soft words about religion stay tolerant.
Soften their red mouths and minds with golden honey.
Highten all your senses and be generous to all kind people.
I find we've strayed into the wings of soft white cotton.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Anger

Was enhanced through the faults of others.
With forgiveness,
it disappeared through hibernation, and forgiveness.
Is sorrow sleeping.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Quote # 4

Government can only act
as intelligent
as are it's people.
While children are happy with
cookies and cream
instead of healthy people.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Internally

After there were primitive people
to internally
create the experience and drama a production of,
does it feel good or is it bad watching this?
Did you see this, or who experienced
this is angry it's sad because it made what is
bad turn inward internally.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shadow People

There was no before and no normal time
not when I was a small child being a child I could see.
To allow them more power,
I could taste the metallic fever the power they had over me.
These were not those strange bumps in the night
and afraid of the sounds I could hear.
Shadows that felt, shadows I smelled more than three.
Precognition my recognition when deep asleep some I would feel.
I could see those young spirits
they would use me in order to see them as shadows that fly.
I can still see the spirits in my house at night time,
and my sleeping in darkness when light is no more fear to will be.
Honestly I most of the time sleeping and praying
day fades away into night I start suffering.
Ink very dark ink turning from black introduced red.
The dark mouth hanging over me
a sinking feeling I could not shake again has become too much.
For a while I will sleep again on my back
as a shadow I see missing full lips consumes me.

James McLain

Discernment

Whereby certain individuals possess certain gifts,
and by these gifts included is the ability to penetrate his neighbour
to the bottom of their heart
and to recognize whether they be dominated by good or evil.
And having this gift to help his fellow man
even if it's unpopular in the freedom from right or wrong
and circumspect beliefs.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Glass Ceiling's

Essential are our jobs I need my made up face to show.
And behind the weak partition, walks a boss
that more than knows.
Whom expects what he can't give and knows we can.
And my shame is daily peaking as the distance grows.
I had dreams of working hard and looking up.
Business woman trying, lying grey eyes soaking
more than air through the skylight my glass ceiling
lying white clouds, train the younger girls with long blond hair.
You rest on our firm asses our full lips are wrapped around
to get and stay a head of disappointing checks.
The mid day heat is why the poor the U.S. the unbeloved they seek.
Too soon the breakfast nook the green trolley-bus,
goes past so much for dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Malevolence

Malevolent they take their joy of pure evil
and turn to defamation in seeking pleasure in no others.
Malevolent by design there evil nature
and their other wives draw breath to plant their seeds.
Such vile and sinful man is a man whom dressed the devil.
By pissing them off by your own success,
they are devoted to the selfish down fall of their kinsfolk.
Digging up they dug from graves of sensuality and greed,
they are most impatient and stall the company they need.
They are neither my mother nor my father,
and in the space the cold they have let in.
Good for nothing they turn their backs on second chances.
Aye, they bring ruin to all others.
Not a love story ever written has not a malicious moan and sigh
to them by overcoming naught they so remain.
They turn each page of infatuation
heeding naught the simple Saints related to just wisdom.
And they curse us all for we all die they think to live forever.
They love the mirror, take away their wealth thinking not of others.
The wicked do appear in books they cannot read.
These wicked men are absent from each humble lowly House
and a sprinkling here of them you can not see.

James McLain

The Voice Inside

Back and forth through time I have passed
as eternity stretched forth there to see.
While never to know your very own mind.
Whether or not life is worth living for.
One person will remain to you all the same
and you will compare it those few others others.
I wouldn't if you were here waiting for me.
And when it's to late, life is over.
I now believe we were always the same.
And what would it mean to live, life again.
Punishment it truly is,
listening to the voice inside my head

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No More Tree's A Short Essay

They are gone.

No trees!

No more humans that need to breath.

Except for those at the tops of the mountains.

Close your lovely eyes

and try to see what looks like a world without trees.

This mighty ball green Earth,

once open to all blue now dying, red dead and desolate,

now close your eyes and try to not imagine i.

No more paper to make the money you won't need, plastic tights!

Living beneath some one elses technology a few might,

if everyone is willing a slave

left living would have to be- not very bright.

Without air we need to breath, everyone that could leave

has like Mars, leaving left.

Is not the role that trees play

an important role in the carbon cycle we are made of.

And every thing we think we need to make more houses?

Nothing more do we need than the trees
nothing else is so crucial to our very existence.

Water and air, water mostly is and next to air

as our population increases by a factor of billions.

Look in the mirror and see the look on your face

of the millions as the approaching day nearly here not to much
farther in this our bleek future.

Who is this everyone,

this no one you see pretending that some one else will.

When that some one is you and you wont.

The world wide problem that we now have

this environmental problem called deforestation.

Such as it is more destructive this weapon

every man has to date thus made and has of yet delivered.

U.S. from a choice fast approaching, called neither.

Even if we have only half of what we had

and again half of the world's forests now are gone.

Would you think very different knowing that soon you will die, of suffocation.

You know as well as I do who will survive such is wealth

the devastation of all life with no air left to breath

and no knowledge do you have to extract it from the water like they do.

Life will cease as you well know now keep on having all those babies
that will need what you can't even give to your selves much less provide.
Scientists don't guess, do you rely on God pray tell.
Such a dry and dead, desolate place in your heads, breathing love.
I will remain in the world,
I am the one whom might come again and will learn
how to breath under water.
As you in your fading light experience the dire consequences of deforestation.
I Will allow you to look to the sky for excape, few will make it.
Filthy air no trees that are suitable for making the air clean,
the very air all need to survive.
If anything, the few people left,
will need a new oxygen mask to survive,
a trace amount a bit remains in the air you must filter out.
Living organisms constantly circulate through the wood carbon cycle,
caron dioxide in the atmosphere
is an important part of the global process our life it changed.
Carbon in the living did you know
is the second most valuable element after the water you need as well.
Light I am the way and thus I say,
the trees make carbon energy from the atmosphere by photosynthesis,
in them you take.
Politicians of the future deciding if you deserve to breath air.
And the new form of death- the new approach to these wars,
is the air people need and will kill for.

James McLain

After The Trees Are Gone

After the trees are gone.
After the green fades off into brown.
When there is no more air left to breath.
Forget all the colours you've dreaming seen.
From nineteen hundred on back
no poet could have about this forseen.
It defies our very survival on Earth's face.
No one to read how you lived life and loved.
And the roaches won't care how you died.
You need no prophet about this to know.
Air, air there is no more air left to breath.
Air the next form of currency.
Their is no reasonable purpose or logic to this
except without air they know you will die.
And about all of those whom only can take
while giving nothing back in rebirth or returned.
There are those among you, I know that you don't know them.
They still think of you like a child, not like that of as.
Stupid people without air were not meant to survive.
Come plant a tree, it's not to late to get mad!
Before you have no air left to breath.
Before your will is gone and there is no one left to sing.

James McLain

Abuse In Her Nursing Home

What is so much worse,
Florida's prisons or it's nursing homes?
There may be some evil inside,
whom do need a job I would equate with hell a cell.
In the small basement room full of darkness and gloom
unable to speak or to bath by her self.
Open wounds and still human, dehydrated and malnourished.
The worst of said such no window inside to her soul.
The worst perhaps none of you having a heart have seen.
Down the stairs then turn right to the left down one more flight of stairs.
Lucifer so she will remain enter here and be damned.
This mother of her son the priest should have known has said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

American Jobs

Nineteenth century market is profit thinking
twenty first century in your face corruption is.
If our American businesses want to move
over seas,
ban them from America, from selling U.S. any thing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dark Is The Woods On This Path

We were all conceived here deep in the woods.
No sun over head dark is the path through the trees.
This is my parents an old point of view,
it is not that they would but they certainly could.
Hiding this lie from my friends.
I no longer can tell but it's true.
They are seldom seen to far apart.
When they reappear,
it is why, we are so close together.
Cross eye'd and every other one has a stigmatism.
This may have occured because of inbreeding,
or may be not.
All of our teeth are to far apart.
To many birth marks are the same.
My teacher has said
that she has the same mother
and father in her only dream.
I can not define every archaic rule
that does not apply to me.
This rule may have already been broken
but never broken by me.
Remember to say why to Jack and Jill.
And I will stop by when I find my way out,
a different dark path through the woods.

James McLain

Nigerian Roses

There are over two hundred reasons
Why I am a living nightmare a terrorist, in Nigeria,
I have abducted these, young school Girls.
I will sell them in the market, of Allah.
There is a market for kidnapped young Girl's.
Allah to me, he has said in my dreams.
I will sell these young Girls to the lowliest of bidder's.
I will sell these prime innocent young women!
Western education is sin.
Kidnapped these young school Girls,
very young are these school Girls,
they should be married, ignorant is, I have said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Burried Love

Here there can be none,
where I have been burried in love.
It forgets one.
Bushes green leaves, very tall trees
and mine is the Forrest
we live in.

I have planted no pretty flowers,
or roses, blue tall towers.
White clouds out of snow for our heads.
One name I have said.
Over and over again.
Dying at night, when love
over takes us.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Children And The Future

There is no cure for what ails U.S. our deaths,
and you cannot prevent pure life and it's forming.
Though conservitive thinking some would,
others practice what ever is cruel, it reflects what is you.
Day is light that is never night, weeks, years to wait,
counting the months, here where it's dark waiting to go.
Killing human beings and so every King thought.
Where is the life, death has to you brought?
Buisness interests, outsell and destroy all living creatures.
Human beings seem to dream of new ways to kill you.
Moving backwards, it is bending this endless flow of time.
I to have grown senile and choose not to follow.
No one will stop and come to your aid.
One is to great to now openly follow,
where spouses and children on this road wait to greet you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Garden Of Wisdom

The garden of wisdom,
was not the birth place of pure evil,
a lasting true freedom of the iron will of woman, man wants?
Laying in wait, living not far away.
Innocence can not have it,
real evil does exists, loving what evil is.
Evil recognizes itself.
Rather in the heart of mans greed, true poverty is,
not just as it exists, thinking whats bad that opposites attract.
In the same way hat light exists in the dark,
where our children live with more hate than love, cold or heat.
Just as one women was present,
at the dawn of the human race loving, before hate even was.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Breaking News

The states residents finally fed up, treated a corrupt politition
at the States Capital,
to a full body massage that left him appearing half dead
and gasping for air, kicked to the curb.
As his blind eye twitched,
the good people noticed his hand
doing half pointers, accusingly at his constituents.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After The Glitter Fades

See how the green vine it grows.
Evening dew, moving so slow
I can't begin to keep pace.
Open petals close,
to rest against the slopes.
I feel oppressed, as I undress
it is Florida's, humid heat.
There is where I turn to you,
as tears run down my cheeks.
Feel me shiver, hold me up,
against the dry green leaves.
And if your longing for last words,
I feel your beating heart.
Deep within it beats I steal,
a rising in my rising chest.
Don't question me at length,
to ask me why it slowly is.
After the glitter fades,
like the sun, I briefly shone!

James McLain

Phoenix (Haiku)

If I choose to rise
And rising I choose to speak
Let me speak of you

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What You See Is Change

Faint traces some have leaving left,
one hidden path I seek.
Climates change behind the Snow,
the valley it is deep.
Dreaming, deeply sleeping,
every night, I hold on to my life.
I pluck a foreign object,
from each passing star in sight.
Modern herbs that make him whole,
flowers in the snow.
Bones are white as darkness hides,
the marrow in the light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Donald Sterling

This premature rush to judgement
the N.B.A.
Commissioner was to fast and quick
where was the harm in taking a few days longer
to consider
the long range legal implications
and consequences wherein
Community property in California
a possible transference of owner ship
to the cause of what it was that she did.
Now the rest of the owners know,
just what a slippery slope they are on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Fear Of Being A Shut In

No one comes unless they have to.
For three years and a little over two months,
I have been a recluse.
At one time for nearly three years,
I lived in my car where my wifes lawyer put me.
Even though we need shelter food and safety,
many thousands have been legislated by Florida,
to live with out it.
Then they arrested me based on the word
of a woman whom had been
in and out of Florida's State Hospital.
Called Chattahoochee opened in eighteen seventy six.
Where thousands of people have died and nightmares were real.
Shock therapy, lobotomized, raw fecal fear worse than death.
Quietly If no one can see me, I wait to die.
While as a client at the same out patient facility, Directions
in hind sight I was more vulnerable than I thought,
this facility knew she was dangerous and did not tell me.
Even worse to another she had done to this other before me.
Acquitted through trial she lost her child unable to cope with the stress.
I shall never leave my room again because of what they knew
and what it did to me, on going nightmares of fear.
She over dosed on drugs and died I told them this about her,
and they did nothing, it as why I was her friend up until.
Others whom go there said she deserved this I then and now do not.
Mental illness was and is the same, to hurt them more?
I once functioned at such a high level my whole life,
I am waiting to die as I contribute nothing to my state any more.
I am ashamed that I can't do more.
If it is necessary to maintain the separation of my venture,
Because I greatly once loved, I once went out into the world.
The great harvester comes, silver aluminum foil hats, that some alien wears.
Malaysia flight, MH 370 is where?
To overcome their bias is proving that being born to soon is difficult,
I truly thought that I could out wait it all, this ignorance in my room.
But when the legislature has to tell the Judges to prosecute bad laws,
like Hitler did the Jews did fear is all we have.
The lack of communication is the largest part in us this failure.
Instead of fighting uphill battles against the machine that rages to kills us.

When we leave our spiteful life behind us
and leave the old thinking words of past introduction's.
And the highly Educated old white haired southern men the amused one's,
laugh at you, there very presence proves, that you were unqualified to vote.

James McLain

Russia, Sanctions And Chess

They give some of their best chess players
these problems to solve
and they have no reason not to trust them.
Because the root of all evil is,
and those very same roots we use.
Having no interest in foreign policy, only chess
it helps Russia make plans that swell.
Strategically mixed are the two.
Getting Europe to impose sanctions means
in the future, U.S. oil to them we would sell.
Long range American policy,
nearly done with the Arabs we are.
Fifty years from the past is now here.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Face Of My Face

Face to face with your chocolate lips.
After one birth and resurrection,
to conclusions your mind how it leaps.
Up and down, spinning around the long spiral.
And how I and you can relate to the body.
Of the body of self,
to me though you have now as I hug the sides.
Am I wrong to you, it is me you have identified?
Die and you're born of my body,
believe in this to some, confused phenomena,
believe as it related to each body it's self.
And such questions about who has died before,
will to most whom have lived, will you know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Stupid People And Gun Rights

They don't care about your children
being shot.
Twenty five thousand plus lives lost,
each year.
The ability for those southern whites
in office
to not kill you to hold on to your guns.
One and done for violent thugs
to change
the prison space with them instead
that is reserved for you the drug addict.
Then when the dust of your bones settles,
all you have to worry about is our
military
trying to kill you.
Their not going out without you're life.
Stupid people and their imaginary gun rights.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sea Of Faith

I was once as one before I had to leave
the sandy shores of warmth around the sea you see.
Then as a child from outer space,
around the earth's blue face.
I laid my sights, I held the clouds,
in hands too small for me.
It's melancholy song, each grain of sand.
Retreating to the void its depths the deep.
Star lit nights, the wind, the waves,
beyond the sky, new worlds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Listen

Most people can never Listen.

If you'd have Listened I'd.

I have learnt a great deal from listening carefully to you.

Can you learn not just waiting in order for us to stop talking,

and Listen to someone, to develop these difficult skills.

There are many words in our hearts,

hearts heard beating seldom do we hear the voice in the middle.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rehab

It is the prerogative of the nurse,
especially in this hospital.
I speak to the doctors seldomly about it,
but they are not paying them much if anything.
Still the head nurse comes out and says,
give me some thing for services rendered.
One hundred dollars in my Office,
is worth ten minutes of your time.
I wont do it, if you come here at an inconvenient time,
and I will not be able to help her come.
Unless I try to help the others, rest as well,
and the doctors and nurses can have their thrills.
You and I will need to change in time for dinner.
Falling from her left hand is a glass of warm milk.
Seeing all this through a hole in the wall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Civilization

Thousands of years older than the Sumerian civilization.

Though the cultural background of these people now gone,
whom lived on the land here no more.

I was even then alive once whom now you do not know except I.

Lost it is not this city by the bay it lies nearer to the shore,
but not to near.

Ninty five hundred years old now it was unlike I the youngest.

Newer than Egypt, older than oldest of all Chinese cities.

Developmently unaware of the rest of the world untill again I.

Civilizations on this planet,

that did fundamentally affect the overall picture of my race.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cold Woman And Hot Lips

Sanctified by drinking from his cup of alcoholic beverages.
Her nubile body was burned in his mind with strong drink.
Though in thought though he was,
forgiven through the death of the rest of the world.
Made dirty thus clean by these lustfull thoughts.
Death is caused by the weak will of her husband's bed,
insincere her cold body is evil and sought after.
Her lips of fire making him come in from the rain.
Nothing is as sinful as her apple scented,
oiled strong iron muscled hips.
Hot women will cleanse your dark soul, sip by sip.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dreams-Dreams Of Birds

In my dreams of birds,
they know no limits every symbol of transcendence
that you dream, I dream of birds.
There is no escape,
no escape above the boundaries and the limits,
of flight one soul.
Is this bird of progress towards ones wholeness
and harmony made whole.
Children listen,
they expect your goals and lofty aspirations.
Of all the types of bird's,
and coming down to land look in for more.
Every Black bird, every Buzzard that you see,
and what they really feel.
And the others when they sing,
that song for you what does it mean?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Robert Burns

When English is,
my Love is like the Rose.
Before six months can pass way
it's spring.
New sprung hopes,
my Love is sweet my heart is new today.

Red lips that sing each melody,
that close before the dawn.
As fair in art so deep in love,
I count the days you gave.

Love You see I did recieve
was Love I gave to you.
Farewell my Love,
my only Love, hello my Love goodbye.
Come back again, I would again,
your lips I've kissed, ten thousand times.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Disproving A Negative

To disprove the assertion of a negative claim,
if the burden of proof when asserted is.

Does the lack of evidence claim,
in the absence of positive evidence enough
to prove evidence of possible harm?

Is this a positive assertion if you must assert,
a false made truth a claim.

Dispositive shift from the burden of proof
from the parties in response to a claim?

Or opens the door for affirmative defense,
when promotion is falsely made.

Do other parties that enter in debate,
confuse the truth if truth is falsely claimed?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cheap Green Dress

I want to see you wear that short green dress,
and all it's wrapped around.
I want it cheap and sheer and naughty flimsy
I want to see it ride up high,
and down so low it hides my face beneath the moon.
And tight and loose in all the places I can't be,
the other woman turns to see.
Will it tear the dress you wear, it tears at me.
I want the lovely things I can not have right under there.
Long arms, it is sleeveless and the open back,
this dress, you wear.
Walking quickly past are Mr. and Mrs. WONG.
Today in the old corner cafe is all I'm coming for.
Glittering are the streets are wicked are the bold,
and walking past a window from the past I push and pull.
An elephant walks by and sitting in the truck,
while hoisting long slick snouts I hear that tell tale cry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Housing For The Poor

And mansions aren't for me,
the deaf cry'd out.
Make them go away the sight.
When the door way is to large
for all of us,
you must be filthy, turned away.

I smell the wholesome food,
they must have, they must throw out.
Safe in my car where I once lived,
no more, caught sleeping, eating
life, against the law.

Florida has you covered in their jails,
day by day your wasted life they say
it ebbs and flows, is bled away.
While the mentally ill must turn to drugs
and achohol to bear the brunt of hell.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Most Dangerous Thing When Judging

Is playing God,
when God's not in your judgement.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Afraid Of Worms

I have to see like you are of blind faith,
included this description of all the low religions,
by all accounts, I've seen no higher power.
I've seen a lot about each charity, it's saving driving force.
Watching out, for whom would kill us in our universe,
and what our universe that shows us all the way.
Can you adjust to only it,
and make a statement of where it's less to find more than.
Before the flame or worms they crawl inside and getcha?
While killing off the thinking norm.
Laughing, brutal life is meant to be so you must think it of.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hide And Seek (Haiku)

Clover on her cheek
One eye peeks out at me
You are all I see

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Water

Water will but not the sound of wind.
Surging mighty swells an awful roar the voice of water still.
In time and space and movement is that water will.
Water taken by the heat and lost inside it's own.
Water hides the Sun creates,
the heart of stunning fire and flames, around us water will.
Fighting unknown wars the universe creates the life that water is.
And water will when, space itself will has turned and mixed and burned,
as stars themselves will be about the way our children learn.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

God Made Roses

When the missionaries,
preaching the old world's New Testament
about whether the Bible or God's word is seen clearly.
Even Jesus,
did not leave any writings laying about in his own hand
of writing one of the Gospels directly of himself.
And as the blind lead the blind was not the word of God revealed,
that one of the direct disciples that never did are absolutely correct.
And accepted by the Church,
are the educated men and women you don't know.
As all know they hold the ignorant that read in the dark in contempt.
Absolutely no contemporary records exist,
or account about the life of Jesus Christ or the Bible itself.
Also the uneducated are not familiar with the fact,
that the teachings of one of the other writing in the early order
of the real Paul's letters and the composition of the earliest.
From the Epistles attributed to Paul,
of the fourteen that are held only four are in full swing.
They are these four: epistle to the Romans,
letters to the Galatians and second to the Corinthians, and the first letter.
I wrote to myself.

James McLain

Liars

Truthfully when you seek to turn the tables
and the blame is put on the offensive.

Caught up you are doing what to your opponents,
by your lying.

Long or short the end of all life is fighting a losing battle,
and thus began no end to the blame of your lying hard.

While you rest upon your opponent's broad shoulders,
the burden of their mutual proof.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blue Waffles

When you go down, way on down south, past your girlfriend's.
I shan't recall this last image of you and how to her your tounge tasted.
Lingers the aroma of the Blue Waffle like Peanuts, surrounds you.
Lavishly spending each bluish moment,
as time stands still, savor the now each juicy second.
Venus swells touching your tongue, it navigates Lucy.
Malodorous tipped foamy blue waves, the sea fills your mouth up.
Tastes as the rain as it pours forth from your nose, I have caught you.
Drinking too much of, Dom Perignon's cobalt blue champagne.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

057512

Please do not respond back to this e-mail. Contact the Office of Executive Clemency at 850/488-2952 (toll free at 1-800-435-8286) for further questions.

To obtain an application for clemency, go to the clemency website at <https://fpc.state.fl.us/clemency.shtml>

The Rules of Executive Clemency and the clemency application are located on the same website. The Clemency process is not a quick process and takes several years before a final decision is rendered by the Clemency Board.

To download and print a clemency application, click on the link in the left hand column that says "Apply for Restoration of Civil Rights (RCR) , Pardon, Firearm Authority, and Other Forms of Clemency"

"Download an application and instructions for Restoration of Civil Rights, a Pardon, Pardon Without Firearm Authority, Firearm Authority, or Remission of Fine/Forfeiture"

The documents needed for your clemency application can be obtained from the Clerk of Courts in the county where your criminal case was handled. Florida Statute 940.04 states that documents obtained for Clemency are to be provided free of charge and without delay, however you may need to provide a copy of your clemency application and this letter to their office as proof of your intent to file for clemency.

Note: If the Clerk of Court's Office does not have the documentation that is being requested in this letter, a statement from the Clerk of Court's Office on their stationary indicating that the documents are no longer available will need to be provided to you in order to proceed with your clemency request.

Please do not respond back to this e-mail. Contact the Office of Executive Clemency at 850/488-2952 (toll free at 1-800-435-8286) for further questions. Thank you.

Office of Executive Clemency
850-488-2952 ofc.
1-800-435-8286 Toll Free
850-488-0695 fax
<https://fpc.state.fl.us/Clemency.shtml>

- - -Original Message- - -

From: Is It Poetry [mailto:isitpoetry@gmail.com]

Sent: Sunday, April 13, 2014 6: 45 PM

To: Clemency Web

Subject: 057512

I have been out of prison for nearly twenty years.

It is my understanding that when freed from all legal restraint than an application to have my civil rights restored would hence by the last agency to have jurisdiction over me when freed from such restraint would make automatic application for me.

This was some twelve years ago, when I was freed from probation.

I still can not vote as I and most ex convicts would vote Democrate, and as undoubtedly you the reader of this vote Republican.

Still I would seek an expedition of this omission as I am getting no younger.

As to why I can't vote other than you all ready know how we would vote seems like a violation of the voting rights act.

Why would you people vote for a man who's not even from Florida is beyond all thought and reason or logic.

Also as I was raped over a hundred times when in prison last.

I have never recovered.

With the up most respect,

I remain,

your obedient servant,

is it poetry

James McLain

Face In The Mirror

Her Face In The Mirror

Acne, reservoir after a nasty way to collect everything due
that it can do to such beautiful face.

Under it you push more pus in.

The girl in the mirror shows any young girls face,
huge pimples grow under the skin, under her Chin, somewhere under.
Squeezing pimples filled with pus from a thick roll of paste,
it feels like watching her squeeze my eyes bulging out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Clear Midnight

Solar wind the world,
and what made the Earth and the stars.
Now we know this morning, what you could not.
Many other celestial bodies and self this world, I forget.
Super Nova's that.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am Not Yours

I lost you, in the long hot nights,
just as the moon gave up it's light.
Facing the sun, my shadow at noon,
lost to the sea, how you knew.

O' and I lost the light, tis beautiful, bright.
And why I still long, in the light of the calm.
Blowing out the wind in the center it's quite.
So now I hear the deaf, I can now see the blind.
Floating away on the salty white waves,
this solitude brings you back to my senses.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Is Going On With Our Children

No one is born in the light of this wrong
beings, left in the dark for to long?
Parent's that hide what they fear,
when the child in the mirror is them.

When did this price we now pay
come back to U.S.
At such a high cost where we fear
our own children today.

Children that prey on other children.
Pediophobia,
that fear of other people
and the role that dolls never played.

Preemptive strikes that come next
against these our young
as we were trained to fear those
whom would harm them.

Political isolation
they as a rule have no fear of this
as what has been done to the others
sex offenders
can now be done to these our children.

Slippery slopes some voted in
unqualified to vote
these very same have now guaranteed
a place at the bottom for them all.

James McLain

Confusion

In these confusing times of my right and left,
it is essential to understand straight lines.
And it is not my intent to confuse everyone,
by turning left or right
there is only fictional bow in space and time.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Anosognosia

This lack of insight or lack of situational awareness,
why not take individuals with schizophrenia
like Hitler did and bipolar disorder.

After all dementia patients can't run around the world
inside their heads, looking for love in a top hat.
Would you let them?

Truths are self evident if 40% of you have,
with approximately 50% of members as a result of.
Anatomical brain damage
and schizophrenia with impact Bipolar disorder.
Remember your grandmother or father, uncle or aunt.
I could not remember your face and my pain said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mental Health And The Streets

Life can be difficult for those who seek shelter
in the open on the streets,
shelter on or off of the streets life is if the brain works fine
if it's fine they would not.

Other countries where they wander aboveground
until they become terrorists
and nothing is done here except to train the young against.

Schizophrenia and or manic depression,
this kind of life is the biblical life of living hell.
Individuals with untreated mental illness homeless
are equivocal to the ones whom dine out every week at the same place
as they look out the window warily eating their food
as the others forage through dumpsters.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Would You Do With Freedom

To live like you
but better.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Riddle

Open eyes while seemingly asleep.
Placenta does not move after birth.
Where a mind is it's own after expansion.
Try to close your eyes while awake with the fish.
Easter Eggs that move after birth.
And there from a stream the River swells
as I piss.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Religion And You

No one Bible, Torah can interpret the Koran.

After all, they all are just books-men not women wrote these books,
and if they had they are delivered to you by other men
and did not just fall from the sky.

And, it's true.

But by what you from them quote,
don't let another judge for yourself.

You are either good or evil, the whole concept of
most if not all make mistakes that are hard to live with?

Religion without question, is doubt.

Will a sentence written by other people to blind to see make you believe.

It's whole purpose is if control.

Why do you need it?

Right and wrong don't you know?

Does not your existence make sense.

Also, to become human,
in the face of it all.

Do you need to be told,

that the future more or less is what religion you are.

And one more thing-and about your intelligence and religion.

It should be at odds - the more knowledge that you have
the less religious you should become.

James McLain

Sanitarium

Some people today stay and play with the ghosts of their children
sliding down the body chute, shot like death screaming
as if shot into life out of the tunnel.

Unbeknownst knowing the history of their sick relatives
transported and the dead bottom lips twisted in as if speaking.
Mumified remains, bonfire piles lit up it invokes nocturnal emissions.
If you can see look closely at all the leathery dead
as they came in from.

Underground the damp dark lime walled tunnel.

The original sanitarium, death smells as if fish really could.

Eastern deaths blown in from the west by so many small feet
and stretched out beneath the Hill underground sitting morbidly
facing life grimly or were cremated to warm the old wooden Houses.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Here Where I Wait For You

I thought
by single-minded devotion to enter this room full of light,
and I have known you in this form
once or twice before knowing the total of your names
and to actually see you in this form
is like waiting for you to give me again a place in the sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mental Health Issues

Follow the law follow the rules until they become blurry
preemptive, presumptions
locking U.S. up if we step forward
and learn to say what
I need help we all do where can we turn
hurting you
the stigma attached
Were not that far ahead of where Lister was
Murder bone white
give U.S. a ride to where it is we need to go
to once function at a high level
and make them money and now I can't
makes me feel like that I should hurry up and die
breaks from reality and schizophrenia
seem to me that now they will be the ones
that they seek out because
of the murder suicides that have happened
Evolution Darwin's theory
perhaps mental illness is a part of that
if so what should we call it
as long as your mental health records are turned
over to others to stay free
sounds like some will chose to still take their lives
than face the shame of standing
in open court and confessing to things
one has no knowledge of
or having the power to trigger a person
when they have access to your records and know it
and where on the list do most fit
when it comes to Home Land Security
and where on the list are you when it comes down
to you being a threat
is not at all black and white unable to read minds
lines that for now were genetically meant to be blurry.

James McLain

Cyclops

Cyclops,
turned over the house in a burning rage
and looks out the window day and night still.
Seeing the feet of the boy at the foot of the bed
and some dirty underclothing once worn heaped there.
Grunge punk socks can also be seen,
underneath looking out at one pink and red.
She can say that the sleeping boy
walked around the house a very long time.
Before removing them like the report said.
Disgustingly soiled inside propped on a broom stick,
leaning against the moldy wall.
Cylops eyed and gagged, swallowing both big toes.
Continuing to shallowly breathe through her nose.
Sleeping still there he lies.
Unlike him/others come in from the back porch,
anyway they are just mostly homeless.
People like you turned away from.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Mental Health Counselor Retired

Drifting out over the ocean
there was only one cloud
there was only one sea
becoming lost once again I am
nearly gone
afraid all alone that some one
again to me will
hurt me for punishment sake
our way of life in America
the norm
where you put people in places
knowing that if their minds are harmed more
then you can harm them legally
until they can't read
or write
or converse intelligently
or make a contribution to society
I am filled with shame
that you think that this is normal.

James McLain

The Tape Worm

Now, obviously these things that we feel
but can not see
belong to a close knit circle
of friends
so for goodness sake
is it not what nature has for you planned
pain from the head of a pin
and not in truth a permanent fate.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Upbeat, A Good Hero Is Hard To Find

Across the universe one last time
where light is dark
and dark is a white tear
falling down my stark dark face.

Around my neck a piece of metal
that says
going on a one way trip
don't look back it's never easy.

One good man
tossed back into the pit of fire
that comes back
as what you never were before.

Searching, searching for something
never there.

Down my face see it there
there, there on my face
dark one white tear
falling down the face of one
that is not here.

James McLain

She Said, They Could Not Choose Me

They could not chose me, she said.
Those areas I closed, eyes opened up.
Brave - truthful words, no last statement.
The last dinnner she made is cold.
Bethlehem, is by they my home.
So that I am, the Jesus Christ.
I have said it – kings can be replaced.
Anemone- live in mine a palace.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Affections

I defend them from the dark,
where some in the light go to hide.
The strength of the danger is humans they kill.
Wounded hearts, strike with the fist of iron and steel.
While those on the wrong side they can't feel,
to lend them the will they must have.
But the weak and defenseless, child near you I will hide.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rhyming Children

Send those black kids, that I don't send.
President Obama,
his two girls will, he sure knows.
What bugs me the least
is those black kids that don't bug you,
and those white kids who do.
We are not anyone that's near free you know.
Langston Hughes, said as much before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Friend Ignorance

O' sire, I would hear the details of your friends ignorance.
Knowing no end,
my beginings at the hands of the good.
And my sad behaviour,
it never was always guided by that which they hated.
Every wrong without thinking that was right.
Ignorance left alone,
commits everyone to their new found infamy sooner in the world.
As a result of my ignorance,
I have found the bottom through every layer of hell.
The rocky sides, deep inside the slippery well.
Ignorance was my springboard to misery.
Through my ignorance,
I endured one more that last ordeal, unknown my last danger.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Infamous

I am this man, very infamous man,
grainy with irony it is said.
And he full with regret trapped in his head,
could not find the exit.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Loved Him To Much

Nowhere is that look on his face,
she enjoys looking down at him.
Life is a constant rhythm.
Watching, slender forearms flexing
and blue veins that bulge.
Me, myself and I, alone we and the.
On the farm as,
We daily.
One time a day, two times a day,
except on Saturdays.
Everyday at the same time I say.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Catholic Priest

With the other sex not mine
so many years
passed by, like yesterday.

is it for a girl like that a boy
grunting pushing
pulling noses saw the door ajar.

one sets a pace the other
can't keep
the other's lips are sealed.

confession of one boy
or of a girl
and how that both must feel.

a girl will never tell it all
unless
her friend has called.

and then the rumors start
to swirl
about the boy and girl.

my catholic priest
believes in birth control
while I
forgive me
father
I have sinned
I am
just a nun.

James McLain

Judgement

My judgements are,
as a statement of it's strict and terrible last account,
not avoiding any words by right I discard.
That each set sentence in a skillful tounge and without subterfuge,
or to set it aside with impunity, even by this humble poet.
To the accused, I said go hence forth then be it known.
At dawn before the people awaken, make it so.
You can change the decision by revision of the last judgement.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mirror

Flattering it's not kind accurate picture.
Bias is sought.
What ever you see or see naught.
I swallow it all immediately, just as it is,
untarnished love or hate, depending on what I see.

I am not cruel-only it is not true.
The reflection is in God's eyes, his little bitch.
Oh, on the wall,
on the other side of the wall, open all the time.
It shows my first ink spot and ink it is.
It's long, it's wrong, it looks like cuts in me.
However short I see it will blink,
shrinking back it will blink all the time.

In the dark I pull away, I pull away then late at night.
When I was at the Lake.
The women I met just out of reach of her hard lips.
Caught on my back looking up at moon lit clouds.
She turned her back, it's shame full what I feel.
Hands shaking at the sight of tears, without reward.
Out of fear whats important to her, I was there.

She will never leave and I will never go.
When ever I come at night all by my self.
Replacing the darkness of her face I fall asleep.
Black and blue my eyes see all I feel at night.
Young and and both woman rising up in me,
in me she has merdged with the girl in the mirror.
The day I came, the day I left is the day she went away.

James McLain

Taking Notes

Light from where I am
on one way streets
dark flickers over head.

The fields are green
and wide,
locked inside a fence.

My dear,
of course it helps
to see the face out side.

No one knows
with whom I speak but you.

Like the honest politician
or the judge
speaking as they speak
why no one hears.

Having conversations
underneath their heads
turning left and right.

Unless you use a word
they've read before.

James McLain

Intolerance

Seven billion reasons O' why I hide
my wife and children, I can't see.
The hard working Muslim I won't be.
Eight years old the girl, that wears a dress
she won't,
long pants instead.

Timberlake Christian School,
the bible tells you so
what Jesus never said, O but you will.

Preemptive strikes against the gays
I think the others will again
so lock them up
even if the sentence when its done.

Mental illness unlike those
whom came before
those once great to many here to name
whom to you gave.

Will it be a world of jails, police?
A failed view a world the privileged few
to you whom are their slaves?

Sunlight I can't breath and colors you can't taste
and bushes without leaves
where trees won't grow and death is green
the writing on the wall to all fore told.

Where pits are dug not deep like once before
and on your knees you beg to them
and head shot some won't die
falling down your feet hang out and toes don't curl.

Perceptions, misconceptions are of you
and I of death our light squeezed out
by the very ones we looked up to the most.

Create Your Own Reality

Create a reality and really knows your heart.
Help make it free and strong
and charming and heartfelt, love, deep reflection.
Change the changing world,
outside is changed all inner worlds create.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Happiness Is Not A Girl

Happiness can be faithful
only to a girl
just not some girl on girl, I like all girls
happiness is it to have
not take the mind
of I love you, you love me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Green Leaves

I think of two green leaves
with a thin coating of light of the Sun.
Between the leaf of the second
put together slide, on the first of the two leaves.
Moving to separate them, when they together stick.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sunrise

Sunrise comes as dusk to one like me.
The orb its yellow eye a star set high.
Moving trees sit open I can see their leaves.
Should the story end before it's told?

Would they if they could turn back
each hand of time
the seconds like the clouds float by.

Nature is the swing
it's no surprise at what most dream.
Dreaming of the day like yesterday.
Children climbing trees to pet a squirrel.

Pockets filled with nuts one brings to me.
Yesterday, tomorrow hides today.
Climbing down the trunk I hold her hand.
I see the look upon her face it says.

Lifes to short we sleep to long,
the rest just fade away and sing no song.

James McLain

Shotgun Wedding

Entry point is

Chin

below the face

can very easily with irregular edges

is powder traced.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Released

My mission on Earth.
Is to release all the others.
To taste your dedication.
Drama,
love and devotion.
Is all that I from you need.
Driking, only milk.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sensible A Well Bread Woman

Hear, she is here.
Speaking, working, peaking.
That of which she spoke,
under the pillow of hope.

Breasts, I am sure of white ivory.
A glow in your eyes most can't follow.
Red is the colour you, I coloured,
leaves that part on both sides.

Here she is, she can hear.
Peaking in time to a rhyme.
Working at speaking her mind.
Sensible a well bred woman.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Do Innocent People Confess

Most of us scratch our heads when we hear about an incidence of someone being found innocent, despite being convicted of a crime by a jury. We think, "How could the jury have gotten it so wrong? "

But we really sit up and notice when not only an innocent person is sent to prison, not just on an eyewitness's testimony or such, but on the convicted person's own confession! What could lead an innocent person to confess to a crime they did not commit?

Sadly, this happens far more often than you might realize. Somewhere between 20 to 25% of all DNA exonerations involve innocent people who confessed to the crime. DNA exonerations are where a crime's evidence is re-evaluated and tested using modern DNA discovery procedures not available at the time the crime was committed that prove the crime could not have been committed by the person serving time for the crime in prison.

A new article by Saul Kassin (2008) looks at some of the reasons innocent people confess. He describes three primary types of false confessions:

Voluntary — The person confesses to a crime they did not commit without prompting from the police.

Compliant — The person confesses to a crime through inducement or the process of the police interrogation.

Internalized — The person confesses to a crime because they are high vulnerable and are exposed to suggestive interrogation tactics where they come to believe they actually committed the crime.

So what factors put innocent suspects at risk to confess? Kassin identifies three:

1. Situational risk factors

Certain police interrogation tactics commonly employed may exert too strong an influence over a person's willingness to falsely confess. For instance, the presentation of false evidence or misinformation by the police can increase a person's willingness to confess. Studies have shown that the introduction of false evidence ("We know you did it because we have an eyewitness that puts you at the scene of the crime") could raise one's willingness to sign a confession from 48 to 94%. Some people even start to believe they committed the crime!

Police interrogators are also very good at minimizing the crime, to help a person

feel more comfortable and willing to confess to it. They may offer sympathy or moral justification for committing the crime, helping a person feel more free and at ease to confess. Such tactics work to gain confessions from the guilty, but also increase false confessions from the innocent.

2. Dispositional vulnerabilities

Kassin suggests that some people are “dispositionally more malleable than others, ” meaning that their personalities are more prone to compliance and agreement, so as to avoid confrontation, stress or displeasing others. Some people are also more suggestible than others, meaning that during an interrogation police can lead the person into a false set of beliefs that the person will end up agreeing with. “People who are highly anxious, fearful, depressed, delusional, or otherwise psychologically disordered, and people who are mentally retarded, are particularly prone to confess under pressure, ” noted Kassin.

He also singled out youth and young people at being higher risk, because they more often than not waive their right to remain quiet and not be interrogated by police (even with a parent present, because the parent often wrongly encourages the youth to cooperate with the police and answer their questions) . Youth and teenagers often engage in behavior that is focused on short-term, immediate gratification and impulsivity, without taking into account future repercussions or consequences. Confessing to police in such situations may provide a teen a quick way out of a stressful situation (while causing them to confess to a crime they did not commit) .

3. The phenomenology of innocence

People who are truly innocent of committing any crime naively believe that the justice system will ferret out the truth in a fair trial, ensuring a “not guilty” verdict (ala an episode of “Law and Order”) . Sadly, this is rarely the case. The people say, “I did nothing wrong, ” or, “I have nothing to hide.” Be that as it may, the justice system isn’t setup to protect the innocent nearly as much as it is to try cases and process people through the system as quickly as possible. If you know you’re innocent, your safest bet is to remain silent and do not talk to the police.

Need more proof? Watch this YouTube video from Prof. James Duane, a law professor at Regent Law School and a former defense attorney for all the reasons you should never talk to the police — especially if you are innocent. (And if you don’t believe him, watch the Part 2 of the video where VA Beach Police Officer George Bruch reiterates the same advice.) For instance, one of the nefarious

ways discussed in the video that police get an innocent person to confess is to write an "apology letter" to the crime victim. This letter is then used as the written and signed confession at trial. And it always works.

Because once a jury hears your confession, your chances at trial decrease significantly (81% of people who were innocent but confessed and went to trial were convicted) .

James McLain

Lonesome Cowboy

Confessions obtained at the end of a rope
tabbca chaws
that drips from the chin of
each kid
driving the cows insane crazy mad
lightning
that dances from the horns on their heads
leading my horse to white washed water
that I could'nt drink
leaving
the last town before I got a poke
eating baked beans
tangled no labels these here
new fangled tin cans
talking at night around the camp fire
speaking of wages
and the towns in between
where we can spend it
unmentionable the whores that have milked us
dusty the trail up at dawn
back in the saddle singing a song
repeating each day
before it is gone
the next has arrived and it's long.

James McLain

Yellow Gift

Well I saw her, she knew.
The yellow gift,
brown is not the same as very huge or nothing looks as bright.
Hairless and he went to swimming or cold,
it stuck out just so far- inches or is something look.
When it I touched the Pencil blue Eraser shook.
She said I like it very long,
and yellow his sad song the secret to the lock.
And I instantly, she loved it knew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Understand Ing

I dwell in every thing.
It is not, to you alone.
Should I, show up in time.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bottle Fly's

Damn bottle fly's.
Spring has sprung it's funk,
here I live, I'm not alone.
On my bed the cats, they fart.
The flys have smelled
the cheese the cats have made.
Their farts attract the flys, three
Circles,
two circle like a plane
with out a place to land.
Bottle flys,
flys that walk across
the pale fish eyes.
One fights a roach
and walks across the crotch
of drawers left out unwashed.
The farting cats
you think of dogs like that.
Bottle flys that walk on turds.
Across my food,
food like you, that I left out.
Angry that they flew so far away.

James McLain

Time Travel

Einstein made all windows clear
nothing made of mass can disappear
then reappear in the future
the exception being thoughts that are clear.
Damaging young minds that could easily find
all the windows at birth bourne dear,
making humanity
live in the past wasting thousands of years.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

All Roads

I can't see where we all go,
if blind some choose to stay.
Arms that wrapped so far around,
that place we wish to play.

Looking out at where you are,
there's nothing left to say.
If you wait here long enough,
each road will lead to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You Need God Most

Seeing a small child
right before
he or she walks out into traffic
and
having situational awareness
what would you do?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shame And Humiliation

I won't be expelled.
It is right, your personal shame and humiliation.
Waiting for something better,
something that never comes.
Is this you, this is me, all the people.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Quantum Physics

In my most recent dreams,
I've had to deal with the interaction of physical consciousness
and watch moving time stand still.
Physical world of vibrating strings.
Quantum physics a lot is done inside Bell's theorem.
This theorem and the light of influence that flows from it,
extrapolating results are enormous even if infinitesimal points.
They are the whole concept of the objective that the world is pure,
I consider these the vasilating facts,
drawn from actual dreams as well as quantum mechanical theory
and conflict the force the use of the powerful sleeping mind.
The results persistently point to the
profound interaction of the subconscious mental subjectivity
and our physical world itself.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have Lost My Mind

It's so unlike me,
opened up with his fingers, he felt it.
I poke him maybe next time with my fingers.
Maybe it's something big.
Love these ideas.
I write to lose my sanity.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blame

I've written, plain to you.
Like you, I know we do.
To look to you, for what I do.
The blame is, I'm not you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Expect Nothing

Aspects of the truth if false and not in truth if said.
Aspects that if what is false if true then not if said.
Aspects would be also false if by them never said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mums Other Vagina

Their is less traffic at night
I'm alone
except for him
mum works at night.

The medication
makes me go to sleep
my dreams arnt right.

Mum ask me why my panties
are ripped and torn
the past
I wear none now because of him.

I know his fingers where they
go at night
their long and fat
and while I am asleep.

I'm pregnant now
a friend at school he said
he would
because of what he did
while mum she was at work.

James McLain

Remember Death

Remember life from death.
Death is what will survive,
people come to leave it better.
Better than we are born into this world.
Leaving them knowledge,
that came from another world as this is our garden,
which leads to our river the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sound's And Words

Thinking of all the components that is words or sound.
Words and thoughts are inseparable in.
Part of the outside of the ones, we call thinking.
The same idea is expressed in different words and sounds.
Sounds sound different and thinking of nature one gets.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Kissing The Cat

O' powerful woman,
that I feed the sinful habits of
and intentions of men dating modestly boast of milking,
men like me and sinful is my disposition.
O' powerful women who Courts me,
I am closer to your presence every day.
And I respectfully
even in the slightest degree of preference
you provided for me.
Or constraint by the act of the other sex,
soliciting me I fear, of course, while all the pretence for love
through these are I, for them, being right or left.
Standing in the middle of your need to love,
here I am, there you are.
O' powerful woman.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

False Pride

We are proud,
it must be that we have not evolved at all.
Pushing out,
to improve our pride and self desires ahead of all.
False pride,
kept within, is the smile looking out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dark Cinnamon

My identity is based upon yours.
Dark is the moon and light cinnamon.
Inside the bush, perhaps both.
Climbing the tree just out of reach.
Is the face with full lips, I can see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Book

Nothing ever made is like a book.
To take the world away.
Nor any corners that you turn,
are like a well worn page.
Travelled is the road most poor must take.
Without a voice, without the will,
is nothing lost or gained.
Souls behind blank eyes need more than words.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Breast Milk

Any man, by breastfeeding the women more than once,
breast milk for one child and she, his uddered other.
Her husband through breast milk to his brother,
was caught breastfeeding by his sister the other woman is.
Everyone goes through his brother and sisters, breast milk.
Needing more than they leave for the mother.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mathematics

It is too late for me that gift as a child
vast sums in my head beaten out by my ignorant teachers.
This gift is simply of you.
Simple is Mathematics the spirit in you
it means that vast calculations that dance to your will in your head,
rearranged upside down, right side up and sideways.
Sums by some unlike me however by your written records.
However, no actual practice of real beauty and mathematics,
each system of light cannot be fully appreciated.
One can make a sophisticated mathematical system,
more efficient probably more than is by others possible.
Infinite strings that vibrate the light in your head.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Independence

Poverty is independent!
Is there entertainment in the bondage of?
Every where it is found in abundance.
One is poor or rich as knowledge flows.
Achieving independence through growth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Flight 370

But here they are here, it's not.
They are they still here ago.
Some other places you can see can not be.
Cast aside reason and logic.
They have been here thousands of years.
You will find what they want you to find.
Goodnight, alright?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Frere

Lookouts chaff the ocean and the sea,
beyond the shore of hope.
Cloud-like smoke it wafts and drifts away.
Waves that stain each reaching soul,
past windows love has told.
And flies away against the morning sun.
Nothing shines as brightly as her face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Our Last Race

Death is this our last race.
How do we move from this place,
am I next do you dream?
Moving from one point in between to the next?
The sun leaves no leaf on the tree upturned,
untroubled by the look on your face growing doubt.
As the world turns you it changes.
And death sets it's pace.
How do we trade one place for the next for a dream?
Living the dream that most can't,
watching T.V. the world as they know how it changes.
Death is this our last race.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Children That You

In defense of small children, priced to pay.
Unsuspecting children, what price must be paid.
To pay such a price they now pay.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Hearafter

Go upwards and hearafter.

Purrs are more likely to come during the great storm.

Most of the time

during before and sometimes each wave after.

Because of a subconscious decision to manipulate behavior
and wanting to help

within the cimb up and out into the hearafter.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dreams- Dreams Of Falling To Sleep

In front of my mind in back of my eyes
and I being a child didn't have to look very far.
And then without change the great point of light,
the fuzzy white safe round colored ball.
From the time of before it took shape growing larger.
Until right before I would fall asleep then it finally burst,
and the light of white liquid,
as it covered my body like yours a cocoon.
And as it happened I knew of all that was outside.
I closed my eyes and I believed more like you.
And now everyone like me has again gone to sleep,
to old to grow and to old to know why.
That each point of light between your two eyes,
will be shown to you soon and out of that eye I see you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am What

It is around the self
and the mind
and you can recognize the existence of all.
It is around the self
and the mind
and you can recognize the existence of all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Morality

Righteousness attenuated,
and wrong-doers would lose all by their acts for our benefits.
When chased people all are committed, robbery and Governor,
all the correct men of life men became numb to their duties.

Being confused with righteousness
and righteousness it's form of reverse assumption that all healthy restraint will
disappear, and for righteousness sake all truth is put out of the way.
When the watching men, trust each other over greed,
greed and hostility all such creatures whoms houses are burnt down
and knowing why they kill each other by other means of beliefs.

Trading at besting one another,
one as a result at the top deceiving the wind it's four directions.
Fear by they have caused false national conceptions,
all that was good that is not each new season is set upon
and is now choking as would by growing weeds.

Good people do and live by what it means, who is compassionate of.
Morality can not forsake his children?
And indeed,
keeping good people themselves should be like gold in these times.
Father our God, tell me this now!
Should Congress or by it's not knowing you and how,
as sinfulness overtakes the world like that when you live here in us.
To estimate the true way that from how the Senator leaves that fall.
Being right or wrong,
Prophets are unnecessary as to what people in goodness truth needs.

James McLain

Ethics

Being a member of this harmonious landscape and your existence.

Innate consciousness of ethics,

or for some is provided training for the spiritual life.

It should be observed as long as one is subconsciously alive.

Legalistic ethics it is similar to spiritual values.

Real ethics and biology,

whereby it is greatly influenced by modern scientific ethics.

According to the latter this is,

whatever is conducive to continuous good of all individuals.

It's survival is necessary for all.

Ethics exist for the purpose of

and to protect society's most vulnerable from those without.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Consciousness

Consciousness is,
it is the, Creator of God, God and heart, heart and soul.
It is creating a word, a world of three.
A branch of life of three trees.
It's said that it feels-I'm all in the eternal world
of this our your more than existing.
Consciousness is,
said that it feels-I'm in awe of this eternal world, I listen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Without Metre Or Rhyme But Not Freestyle

Giving into it, is very bad, bad by name, names are by some very bad.
Plyths poem, Daddy, is it, well unlike her I am, am I?
Attracted to it and can I handle it, like her endings, all is swell.
It is, however, spoken of as to no end by some whereby,
I noticed the trend you soon despised it, three camps,
formalism and free verse to that effect, unlike her, I can rarely stop
So I use it and you use it, thinking that I don't, she never stopped.
Part of the problem is that it gives it, your writing a bad name,
bad by name, and like hers you are attracted to it.
I think the over educated writers some where often treat it,
some times as if it were with out metre or rhyme not free styling.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Struck By Lightning

Heads back into the water to Call Child to Shore.
Ionised Water Vapour Milliseconds After the Strike
Brought to Shore, But can't Be Saved.
Friend's gather what's left to tragic end of the day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Global Village

We continue to grow less than the House every day,
and we are all living in the same House.

This planet is a small, Global Village.

Words are written, instructions never given, events
on the other side of the Earth, take no longer.

In all countries, fiscal, environmental pollution
and petty hostilities, have effected everything else.

You need everyone to change his way of thinking,
more now, than then, it's now or never.

This more than I, but United States.

It is over, they're us.

We strive to let all leave their Mark.

Leading ourselves and taking each other by the hand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Clean Babies

We now have a need to reiterate the unnatural habits of the new born.
And since they to you by one mistake have,
come down from the past where you never did before.
And you did not in this current life, they now should be.
All that you never were.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Knowledge Of Life

Knowing your past life and you want to know.
Over the course of long centuries, currently, searches,
follow the river to the the sea of no rest.
Knowledge not fathered to suffer so much.
Why it is one needs to be the proud bearer of it.
Nearer to thee is knowledge of more than yourself.
To suffer from it more.
To suffer from it less is the pain of each life lived before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lonely Fat Girl

Every year skinny girls are facing the fall and,
as well and as far as we see but not you.
That girl is ripe that girl is right but you we're not looking for.
Her conversation of tears-and hope.
You are not what we're looking for.
Every year skinny girls stand out facing the fall and,
as well and as far as we see,
your not what is right we're not looking now.
Silent conversations a flood of tears-and no hope.
You do not have what we're looking for.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Darling I

Calling out the part, Darling,
Calling out the part, our time there was.
I stand straight and tall at rest.
At rest I'm tall,
underneath the moon light, hold me tight we kiss.
Goodnight, Lili shade my eyes,
to you I call, I speak your mind.
Calling out the part, Darling,
Calling out the part, our time there was.
Underneath the distant light, hold me tight we kiss.
Goodnight,
Lili shade my eyes and caress me, here I die.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

White Trash

White Trash is,
on the other hand, their are blue southern rednecks.
Through out the years,
there was no discernible, evolutionary change.
Convicted of child abuse with the birth of each new baby.
Curly tails straight,
pinning the tail on the donkey when they ride one.
Buzzing flies white on rice when surrounded,
no pot to piss in.
The out house door hanging open the wrong way.
One study that says they are lazy or too stupid.
Fetal alcohol syndrome.
Because being inbred, genetics came from nothing.
The man owns a musket,
maybe it is something in the water drinking down stream.
Whatever the reason they like that white trash life style.
On the other hand, their are blue southern rednecks,
that have a similar night life.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Aye, Old Age

I hear the world it's youth they applaud as my frail limbs grow cold.
Eye's growing milky, fading light as the sun grows dim,
the priest that once said no more upon your head than you can bear.
The truth of that all the small children now know to ask.
The hollow tree cold dark skies, black and white our stark limbs.
As humans die, alive, myself-what more.
When even I hence then did play at being the whore.
Chasing success, wedding the world, grubbing for money.
Yes, this and that up to my neck and what for?
How ever deep I was in, here I lie, forever more.
To see the world the distant past each to us our prophet's scold.
Ravished eyes to climb such heights and quiet, now I go.
Spending longer nights with shorter days covered by winters snow.
And once we no longer are, we are never younger, old I feel.
Revelations spring hot prisons, pain I'm tired and so.
It's - all - when we can't hear the world applaud,
our last act as it plays out, on this our final stage.
Quiet is death, before I gave it up to the living, I was human too.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Safe, My Small Garden

Here in my small garden.
Where it's warm and safe,
here in the earth where I am.
Flower of Kings, Flower of Queens,
there by the will of the Sun.
Here there is room for so many
and from one single seed by you sunnoms.
On sheets of green satin,
safe in my garden you grow.

James McLain



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Quote # 3

When you lie about nothing,
then you will lie about anything.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Old Age

I hear the world applaud frail limbs grow numb.
Eye's grow dim,
the priest has said no more upon your head than you can bare.
The truth of that small children know to ask.
The hollow tree dark skies lost limbs.
As humans die, alive, myself-what more.
Yes, this and that what more!
How ever deep I sigh, fowever more.
To see the world the distant past thy prophet told.
Ravished eyes to climb such heights and quite now I go.
To spend long days the shorter nights that grow.
And once we are we ever younger, old I feel.
Revelations spring hot prisons, pain I'm tired and so.
It's - all - when we can't hear the world applaud,
the final stage and quite death in living, I was human to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Grateful

Dying, here where I lay,
I am grateful.
Grateful I am for the courage
others have shown and have died for.
Grateful that my mother
that from her womb being born in America.
Playing with words,
any where else and what it could cost me.
Grateful for it's weak points and it's strength,
to the point where the rest try now to follow.
Dying, here where I lay,
I am grateful.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Putin And Obama

Events beyond the control of the major players.

Beyond the emotions religion it's rise of both sides
and the principle danger of using force.

Ukrain has been disunited,

it now depends on President Vladimir Putin and Obama,
to display any kind of leadership if they are.

While to the west the fault is the East it attributes,

Putin's diplomacy is transparent to those whom play chess,
because it is based on injustice and unfairness.

Imprisonment and political opponents,

the killing of dissidents and gay pink intolerance,

after the tactical; Use of poison-a troublesome journalist assassinated

Putin has gone Alpha dominant not elephant rouge like Sara Palin,

International observation does not make death an excuse.

When one or both leaders are the World it's horizon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poem 1

Dolefull are your dreriment laments.
Now those sorrowfull complaints lyaid aside,
night aud day and hauing resound in my lithic complynts.
Aye aud your head in the crownd to owner loues prayses,
completely is between the Assistant on theyr prayse is ioyed.
Sad to rayse,
ye lift Morne a wreck of the owners of your accident, death,
nor ye to raise, or fate, your claim to mine.
Soone could out of reach, Woods, trees aud water,
aud laments the dolefull dreriment.
Now they resound your sorrowfull complaints aye lyd aside,
aud hauing crownd is all around thy head.
She the owner loues prayses again and again,
between the Assistant on bent knees prayse being.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Winter Rain

Drops,
kiss her mouth.
In the face of our winter rain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is So

The gears those wheels
within my mind never
stopping grinding
on the rocks crashing
it is so.

I try to park them
I try to restart them
by the use of minimal
meds
I try to
thwart them why
it is so.

My mind runs it never stops
one, two, three
or more days
when it stops
I finally fall
exhausted in my bed
it is so.

I am the runner
of the bright night
keeper of the
your dark days
it is said they are
numbered
it is so.

Always stars falling
fire always burning
from within me
no more killing
it is so.

Surrounded by people
whom rise by
my fall



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hearing them talk
it is so.

Loving the rain
it washes me clean
looking out at the waves
not wanting to drown
pulling me down
it is so.

James McLain

Kissing Under The Stars

Hold me up,
by the stars by the moon.
Calling me at sunset, which brings me to the bridge,
dark is the night dance with me.
kissing under the stars for me was at midnight
and kill me again at dawn in the
morning.

James McLain



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Anne Sexton

Singing to me in my head.
Forget all the rest.
I remember it all it means better.
Remember, I remembered that last night.
The warm neck reaching out that I strangled,
bar the stars, tied up in the sky.
And then to stick with me
through that cold night-singing in my head.
Forget all the rest.
I remembered it all it means better.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

True Deception

the Ukraine
and the role Russia played
in thwarting the U.S.
Iran, Syria, Benghazi.
the Ukraine,
American engineered.
To keep Russia busy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Thought You Loved Me...

I thought I could believe you when you said that love, I love you.
I thought, and will not leave you my thoughts,
now gone are the thoughts after thought, it was never gone.
We were strong and I thought to me you gave it, my love,
forever and forever, I thought our giving and taking,
the pushing and pulling that love had to work,
and now I know, I am right,
and now I'm wrong, I thought that my love you should know this,
in a short letter, love thats strong.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Candidly I Exceeded

From my candid style.
Appeared on the ground in front of me.
Falling around me pink known excesses
observe the soft side of green leaves.
Proudly they shine, how they shine off the setting sun.
Lifting their faces to archaic beauty.
However, the leaves of the tree sliding back,
into the warm earth out of reach though I feel them.
Soft is the wind and they fall even faster,
forming a puddle, falling petals form around me.
Look at the ground in front of me,
falling around me fluffy pink exceeding, observing the
Sky and white clouds they remind me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Last Breath

Dead, dried the tears and all the pain is finally over it has been.
She finally died one small step, and hang her,
she hangs up right now.

One can not stop the pain this breathing living thing,
she has some on her wrists, cutting across the room
and then a hurried stumble,
grabbing the rope and her relationship with life is now over.

Thin is her neck the other end can spread them a smile.

She feels good, she feels bad at the coming darkness,
from the bunk bed to the top, she will climb.

Once like him at the top it is hard,
she looks up sliding down, facing the pain of it all.

Taking her last drawn in breath,
she knows that her pain is here, here it comes,
the little death of her she is her not by them.

And suddenly there it is she is finally free.

She finally took that small step for all the others like them,
she hangs up right now.

She hangs up like him for their terrible sins.

James McLain

I Thought You Loved Me

i thought i could believe you when you said that love, i love you,
i thought, and will not leave you my thoughts,
gone are the thoughts after thought, it was never gone,
we were strong and i thought to me you gave it, my love,
forever and forever, i thought giving and taking, love had to work,
now i know, i am right,
and i'm wrong, i thought that my love you should know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Femininity...

If by me he dares play on me by my, my, my,
he by it, my female femininity also had improved!
Cutting him off by the end and
it gave me a new sense of pride of accomplishment in women!
Sunken eyes, just staring and waiting ahead of their milking!
I knew that it was time to cut one!
Be bold, be proud, are you not a woman?
His one ball by your hand, hangs apart it just hangs!
This by my will how I would treat those unable to pull out, a little bit.
He finished, creating nothing to see, nothing new!
The same blank white canvas.
I instruct the mad, pitifull beliefs go get my towel and Bowl him.
I've neutered no further use to me, to me, would he?
Undetectably, Indescribable were our feelings back when
and cutting men who at all other times,
you can now cry about women femininity also had improved!
Being cut off by his like the magician waves his wand
and it gave us a sense of pride of accomplishment as women!

James McLain

Hunting For Days Like You

I never knew what he is trying to do.
I live for that pain and die from that pain
and knew that I was not ready.
Liar, when the devil shakes me like you.
Walking towards me, with both hands,
I trembled to see as the arms violently shook,
and then turning around and put it on my face,
how much more pain will I feel.
Then the lights just went off in my head.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thanatophobia

Still alive.

Are very intelligent,

curious people who have wondered often at greater risk
than staying alive at no risk.

Afraid of their own philosophy or their religious beliefs.

Still alive.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In The Blink Of An Eye

If you can't control your appetite,
don't come home to me in this house.
If you can't look at me without lusting, look away.
Don't think you are stronger than my desire.
Pushing your way into the moon, it rejects you.
The tree in the bush, burns for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

His Brothers Keeper, In Florida

Not being able to vote, I'm white your black.
Not being able to serve on a jury.
Half of male blacks are made into convicted felons.
The throw away whites like me are acceptable.
To keep the blacks from voting.
To keep the blacks off of juries.
In Florida a south park token,
is not a true representation of the community.
The scales of justice are governed by,
well educated Republicans.
Knowing you will vote for Democrats.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

About The 'Poor'

About the ' poor ' 'how observing his friend in fashionable clothing and is above consciousness.

And because of his one act arrogantly while rolling his eyes at people in the Congregation of the actual 'Church'.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Operation Optic Nerve

Do you do things normal things
like go to the privy, with your lap top open?
Are you really buff and hot so hot that you glow?
They have through that little black hole
they know with which hand.
Does your selfie,
show you to be where you were not?
Do bored people do stupid things?
If you don't live here then your done!
If you live here and speak about propagation
in some thin veiled guise,
while he rubs it in your face, Edward Snowden.
They could rub out child porn,
with the push of your bottom button.
Grappling with your issues,
should a gay child protective worker
whom as a child was themselves abused?
That hates that particular sex,
whom did unto them be allowed into that.
With any one about any thing we will not know
until it's done.
Most of the world is free because of the U.S.
Our military is shrinking for one reason.
No longer do they need you the averaged person.
They want green babies, that they can mold,
not thrown away,
red, white, brown, black or yellow hollow heads.

James McLain

Does He Like What You Do But Still Cheats

It seems that to be distraction for me, I am less,
but she appears at night.

In signs,

her twangy perfume lingers on his musky, that's his tendency
to ignore the things that to many of us during the day especially.
Going on in and out of the moon to enough of those activities.
Probably he ignored it as the faint moist squelching sound of,
for example the shadows on the wall.

You probably saw something, he just cannot see,
to hard to please.

And I'd rather be supporting some two but that one.

Who pays attention to me,

and I'm supposed to be her in my house all alone, he said so.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Swastika

This Jesus thing,
anti-gay,
Uganda, Arizona,
discrimination you feel.

Florida's
jeb Bush laws,
sex offenders
that live beneath
bridges.

Tied to U.S.
the west they once saw.
Living in caves
treating each other
like Hitler did.

And who could have
thunk
that hearing about some crime
five minutes hence
made it more dangerous
than not hearing of such
ignorance now.

It takes decades
to educate all our children
and mere minutes to sign laws
that send us back to the
stone age.

James McLain

Nothing Else To You Did I Promise

True love washes away those past worries, will be tracked.
Thoughts of hate will be punished, with out love
why if you love, it fears all.
It is not through our fear that love shows,
that through your love life long is your learning.
So you first loved me, I loved you.
If not to love each each other, we love each other,
and if we should ever say ought, we are liars.
You can't see me, how I see you and I see you very clear.
And if you don't love people,
you can see we what we can not have.
I can't love another, if this other person is not love.

Nothing else to you did I promise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love To All I Give

Joy by you is firm than held a single pulse.
Which means; doubt soul requireth courage stout,
above the unbending force of why I came.
It will give more than rewards,
they more than most rise up so far and must return a lot.
Love; For I still hear, leave everything so still,
one word from you a firmer pleasure than held a single tear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Guts Of It

Non whimsical with this attitude push try.
Dirty hands
up to the elbows, dried blood.
Gas full of gas most guts are.
Gas that smells of the paste trapped inside.
Stabbing O how I stab
freedom from Eve Sir action just the stab.
Up rooted by the bush falling trees.
Have exposed one them all.
And that smell won't washout so why try.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Crime Fell In America

1973, Roe v Wade

As

Unwanted children

by

Unwanted parent's

declined

filling Prisons with

is why

Incentive had no will.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hidden In My Room

Hidden in my room, it's my cage
better than jail or their brutal prisons
of this visible
Republican, I am not
allowed to vote
because
this invisible Democate
will sing a song
for you to pay attention to
until those like me
through you can.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Don'T Vote Republican, In Florida

If it's good for business,
it is bad for people... iip

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How To Kill

I had to come to this quite, Neighborhood.
Death is a Pair
held by white bony hands, aces and eights,
it records, according to court to force.
I also found,
the Girlfriend and her two Children, double entered.
In the children's bedroom Unlocked.
Doctor seuss on the floor, cover down.
She was bound with Gold strips, of his very own duct tape,
blindfolded and bound I see both stabbed.
Coupled with his Dead shame at,
as the piercing of the heart stabbed six times
through the chest,
and the world to the other side, Children said his.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Burried Alive

Burried Alive,
the Politics of
it's
to ensures the process of murder,
is
carried out
inhumane and undignified.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

School Bullying, Republican Style

I... From that moment forward I'd sealed my fate.
According to Mary hide the. Or vote more.
I went back and tried and tried to get him off the hill,
it didn't work.
So this is the first grade.
Dad and Mum were Democrats before that day.

Cheering like a football game,
I was on the ground, grabbing my hair
and started dragging me beyond the border South.
The dodgeball matches to see disbanded.
And Came up behind the art of war,
shocked by the entire first grade class.
I was aware.

I remember, Jesus said it was,
now wheres the bible when.
Casting stones the Commons cheered.
I knew the spread of those Republican, pure fear,
help me, some, some, some, I was kicking and spitting teeth.

Girl and boy's final common enemy
and that enemy against unity I.
From that moment forward Republicans had sealed my fate.
From spare the rod a spoiled child of them.
According to Mary hide the.

James McLain

Confessing, American Juries

Only through the judge can the police deny justice withheld.
The enemy of time and perception of justice,
by the failure to inform the jury of false confessions.

Aye, and as such by the appraiser of my false confessor.
Where by in Florida it happens,
more times than not it effects the jury.

False evidence training ploy by Leo, to raise important concerns,
about false confessions based on evidence they don't have.
Is the confession you agree to based on that a truth fact,
by the Leo, the judges knew
of many past and future decisions that are false and withholds.

Diminished mental capacity, mental illness, I am you through it,
the confessor.
One less time and the tainted perception of the jury, by they
and appraiser's of false confessions.

To confer facts by Leo, not evident,
to escape from the inquisitors pain of false wrong doing,
you will contaminate the jury,
the Leo's false evidence ploy to raise important concerns.
About false confessions when Leo,
states there is evidence to obtain your confession,
by saying and having the jury think something came from
nothing to establish the guilt of your innocent sin.

James McLain

Dreams- Dream Of What May Come

When I was young,
as young as her strong beating heart.
Deep in the woods,
by the Lake, I met this beautiful girl.
She smelled of ferns and green moss,
deep was this lake it was clear.
We were where everything,
that was bad, goes good when it should.
Passed on to only I if and if all the world,
to be with me, the only person at my side.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Red And Yellow Burning Is

When waiting for the roses are in bloom.
I prick the you,
and this feeling is of what it is in you.
It comes as help
the Sun and yellow burning is.
And you are red
and hot in searching memeorys of?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Flattery Is Emulation

Loving darkness, pure is your kiss of death
the sea on your lips, white are snow flakes.
One is worth all being said I give to you,
by the one true self- only worth to you I give all.

Light of my life,
twilight is this by my, being burned
only by this burned by you.

Someone else other than me,
whom spent more of himself inside you.
Once again by me,
I have cleaved, being yoked only to you.

This kiss of death it takes two, one I cleave.
Worthy is one, worthy are two,
Your true worth is determined by me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Cloud Withdrawn From Me

At last glance.
The angels kept.
Intent unto themselves.
My intentions right now are.
To sleep until it is

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trapped On The Slide

When kids saw my panties
and said
I was a boy it made me sad
and it is why
happier I smile as a girl.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The 'Boy' And The 'Girl'

In the Wenlock Shropshire.
She was buried,
in front of the door of the Lady chapel
in the Church of the parish there, 'he' said.
In the Wenlock Shropshire.
he was buried,
in front of the door of the Lady chapel
in the Church of the parish there, 'she' said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It's As Simple As

Space is moving
you are not
all that which is,
has moved past.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fairer The Hill That Is Green

I tried to get away for you'd let me,
sweet southern charm what I'd get me.
Roses are red, white lace on your arm,
the fewer the words, show I want to.

Lovely your face it changes as time,
time march on for you, I stand still.
Standing still one tall hill it stands out,
catching my breath, you sitting down.
Lass, fairer the hill that looks green.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Loved You Here

I can only love you, while I'm here.
I will for you, start my singing.
The song of my world, you can dream of.
I look up at your sky, at the biggest of stars,
and down at my eyes, yours see through mine.

So sing my name in the wind,
as the leaves follow the breeze on your face.
Leaves of rich pine back to that place that you loved.
Silk as it falls, from the West.

Sometimes when you breath it fills my sail.
Up so high and this high, I can feel.
Oh, black ships to sail back and forth then across.
All alone in your space, I must wait.

Sometimes even I move to quickly,
made sore by you I get up,
and my soul that you hold it is wet.
Ocean of sound far away, from his.

Here is my love and you are.
Here where I loved you and to all who can see.
Here it is plain, sing it out love is blind.
Here at night when I start to sing.

The two biggest stars in the sky look at me.
My name on the wind,
green leaves on my face, such are friends.

James McLain

Pious Temple Holy

And once the sky it reappeared,
it was not long ago.
By looking past my own brown eyes,
light within the hall.
In the temple strewn about
I laid out in the fall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ode To Caroline

Ode To Caroline

Before she was born, the moment I died, day replaced night.
Verily my brothers and you my sisters, to Mary cried.
Strange is this world in which even I, try to hide.
Upside down, none but one had ever tried.

Unto you by word of mouth, by mine this your rule of law.
While twisted tongues predisposed did in the dark rearrange,
all that was read unto them, never done.

I behind you, always I walked,
I have never run while ahead of me, walks your shadow.
Back to the place before you were born, I could hear,
those very thoughts, that I to you spoke of.
I know where you hide them,
unborn children glow green, birds without wings can not fly.

For the lack of your mental hospitals,
many jails and your heavily guarded prisons.
This will be the next heaven,
for all of you, my sons and daughters.
To regress and never while knowing, try to evolve.
Why it is that you place my daughter and her father
instead of Karen, in harms way.

Where I have gone ahead,
that you looking back can not follow?
Questions to the answers I spoke of to you,
and why, no one listened.

Now look at this Daughter, of mine she neglected,
it Prophet's none.
Numb with sleep where ahead of me, you placed Karen.
Religion to see over blind science,
here some but for one, would not have been born.

Afraid of the dark,
here all alone, all of this to her, I once promised.

James McLain

That Fat Girl Said It Wouldn'T Hurt

To think I found out that she could not tell at all because.
To say it's not bad that big phat liar, that fat chick really is.
You are scared alright, scared, so scared and you are.
All of that I couldn't take it, it hurt so bad.
It just feels awful-I actually didn't enjoy it through until half-way.
Mumbling to myself,
'Wow-this is really Me', this life it now seems to suck.
i feel like wow, a blank wall.
Mother of all pain after hearing for the,105th or 106th.
Time than it, i now feel like that balony sandwitch i never ate,
not always better off subconsciously, i know it sounds vulgar.
Your better off drunk or unconscious.
However, it hurts no matter what, i let it happen,
That fat skank, she must be rolling in fried chicken right off her,
cuz that is how I, now regret that i did it with her.
Be scared, be so much afraid,
and you will stretch and reach for the sky and you wont ever die.
And be discouraged, unless you like having a baby like pain,
some pink pigs with out wings can not fly.

James McLain

Dreams-Dreams Of Sex And Prison

Dreams about life and subconscious, aspects of your own.

Lucid or not, it represents a complete psychological,
out of reach, you won't own.

Hence what you dream.

Our dreams of sex, most healthy children don't have.

Unless they are placed in jails and or prisons.

The receptive partner of your own character and clouded aspects.

Considering the wild nature of, love-making.

Passionate about what it is?

Is it slow?

It was wild!

Bending time to that paralleled aspect of yourself,

your own life line, you represent by the sex act.

It has received by the sum, not the all of your dreams,

my interpretation of your dreams, Congressed to me, confessed.

It may have needs but your needs come first in your dreams.

The bars that prevent, physical and emotional love,
you can see.

Now it has been said,

that you must try to rekindle the love between self,

and someone you want, you can't have.

People even now are talking about your private selves.

Now a little on your life in prison, come to terms with the horror
of such dreams, without representation.

Until you feel the pain of the other and why most of you can't.

This is why you watch cops on t.v.

beat up and abuse the mentally ill and do nothing.

You limit your creativity, to express something yourselves.

See someone else in the prison of your dreams,

if no other face that you see but your own.

But being grown and by me known, as you sleep why I watch,
and thinking you arn't, but you are.

You can freely express yourself on the wrong side,

that Mean side.

Freed from this prison on earth and why I must watch,
I've some dream that someone is making major changes,
to your waking life.

Pray that there's time left to change the iron bars,
for something loftier than some other ones nightmare.

James McLain

Verdict Will Be For Michael Dunn

Guilty,
the jury now will fear.
Reprisals,
attacks on themselves
and their families.

03: 21 p.m.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Quote # 2

Now what man would say,
forget what is past.

When the good man,
runs throughout life.

Searching,
In vain for their record's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Quote # 1

I do not want to be remembered by history, I want it changed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Learn Your Anatomy

Love it comes, don't look down, love it goes,
it leaves a trail of tears most can't follow.
On the other hand, boys weren't taught to pee
standing up.
By thier mother,
while his father generally kept his mouth shut.

Before a girl knew about a women outside in the rain,
without her pink square umbrella.
Three donut holes and with legos tried to bridge
any large numbers of other sexy object's.

Learn to know your anatomy.
Boys teach you nothing and go
hand and hand without a mirror and then leave town.
From the front to the back,
and in God, we trust, bla, bla, bla

Here is the first hole and there is the second,
sitting down is the third, don't stand up.
Don't you dare I can hear, laugh at me.
How many people are your luv best friend,
about this most have lied, the round O of your mouth
makes you looking up act surprised.
Did the Nun say it's connected to your lungs?

Don't worry if you lose something there.
I had a friend who once did.
Be not afraid, go all the way in and pull it out.
For I have lost things, I keep to my self,
don't use pliers.
If you can't find it, put something different in there
and chances are it will get lost as well.

I think it's something like your foot, for socks are.
If you lose your foot in the sock,
it stays lost in the sock, don't dwell there.
And yes,
it is true-you can drop your lost shoe on his head.

James McLain

Florida's Voting Rights

Florida ranked first, with 1.5 million ineligible to vote due to a felony conviction. According to ProCon.org, that was 10.4 percent of the voting-age population in Florida in 2010.

And so it will stay until Southern Republicans,
die off to old age.

...

□

Charlie Crist☒: 23pm Feb 14

This is one of Governor Crist's staff responding - As you may know, he changed this process when he was Governor to make the process easier for people who had paid their debt to society. Unfortunately, Governor Scott reversed that decision.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You Die

Only the evolved prize your one life.
The value of life by most is the same
as it ever was
death is the one thing not reinvented.

Most spend it in the pursuit
of nothingness
from which they will soon return
none the wiser.

God's that most speculate about
instead of enriching
the lives and lost loves, you complain of
is your life really that worthy of
some thing special
while in death it is the sum of your God's.

I tremble at the thought
of some living forever to drain
and contribute nothing.

Then sadly most have
absolutely no situational
awareness at all.
It is why the soldier's are tragically young.

So for the few whom must look
for others to follow
you are at best a knot a distraction
then you die.
It is best if you just get out,
or get to the bottom of it.

James McLain

A Word It Is Not

A word it is not,
you, I fear.
Found I then lost,
not to be.

I have found
at great cost.
Sitting in,
judgement of me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shirley Temple Black

From great depression was long, her life story.
People had begun and the trauma, she saved other's from.
Today it recedes from me / us watching her drift back to yesterday.
She goes back to her brightly lit room.
Picture her slightly used table napkin, meticulously
torn to pieces and saved.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Is Bourne

Her mouth curses,
filled with lies and oppression is.
Under his tongue,
lays her trouble, evil does.

Ambushed and killing the innocent
in dark corners, heard waiting,
hide shadows of men.

He is strong and she rich,
people poor.
Working in union both know.
Their child,
is the one, spoken of.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rejection Prophet's Hate, But Love Pride

K

Rejection of the prophethood of Mohammed,
by Jews
and carried his id into a deep impact,
he being a man and the psychology of rejection.

Mohammed wanted to be accepted as a prophet,
by Jews.
And his pride,
like that of Moses, killed thousands.

Thus when ye said: o Moses!
We are tired of one kind of food; so bring him to us,
from the Earth that it groweth- Lord at thy call for us are the herbs
and the cucumber and the corn and the lentils, onions.

Angry He said: ye at lower than that for high,
is you children and want to replace that?
Get out, then go to resettlement other countries,
therefore be ye, ye request it.

Humiliation and wretchedness was stamped on them
and they were visited by the wrath from Allah.
Because it is suspicious of Allah by his revelations
and killed the prophets unjustly.
It was made just by their disobedience and sin.
So it passed not many years to forget it.

James McLain

Only You Drink And Do Drugs

To you, I think,
that reality is not known for how a child's is.
It is inconceivable,
you have refused to accept it.
Out, but I don't.
You want in.
Days of denial, night's like hell.
And you like it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost Inside The Koran

?

There by my hair you never tied or washed ever.
You by my word-of-mouth,
not from mine and that your rule of law is mine twisted.
While not Tonjas,
you predisposed to rearrange in the dark,
all that was read by them, I never said.

There was a time before this your jihad,
when I walked behind you, loved always.
Now you have to run before me,
never to walk in the shade.
To burn in the sun as would unbelievers.

Never to return to the place before you were born,
I would hear you,
the same ideas, which I spoke to you of.
I know where you hide them,
I know of the children, even your unborn
and the birds can not fly, plucked of their wings.
I know why you would as before, don't kill them.

Inside the Koran their are no mental hospitals,
Inside the Koran is the light not your prison.
And you have in great many numbers, Jordad in prison.
This will be heaven, yea this your next,
for each of you and your sons and daughters.

Their is still time pray retreat,
and while never knowing, trying to evolve.
Reason is for this,
is the place for your mother and father instead of yourself,
by but for love, you lay hurt on the road.
Where I before went ahead, you speak of your virgins,
as if they were camels on my back, to be carried.

You do not pray,
you don't ask and for this you can not follow my tracks.

Questions to all of the answers, I talked to you of,
and why, no one even now and pray they will listen.

So now as was said just for you long ago,
look to these your children, these jewels of mine,
and I, if you don't, it will be you, whom is slaughtered.
Prophet the one, without resentments or numbness,
where others sleep with me as before, I had put them.

Religion can't see past blind science,
here are the all of the some, but for one, will not be.
Afraid of the dark,
and here each Muslim is and all of this to you,
I once promised.
And by the Hair that it is again clean, I have washed.

James McLain

Bloody Stick's

As I fall into your square with round corners,
bloody my stick wears your name.
Others have come to the edge of the door,
this door from above me, that hangs.

One feels the sharp razor's edge,
while the other keeps a promise not kept.
Did you know that where ever you go to die,
that body once yours they loan out.

Others like me can remember your name,
the name that you have since forgot.
By forgetting your name, they have but to gain,
the rest they can hide in my box.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Solomon's Lost Psalm

I have been unlike ever before by you tested.
My mind like before, now that yours is.
What of that, that I have been by one of them given,
and thinking of that and right that it is.
Removed from the dark, come into the light,
here where it's warm
here where it is that the lost come to read.

These are those days of my lost heartfelt psalm.
Forever and my words, so many others have said,
that they remain etched in yours of like mind.

To be unforgiven is by law the nature of men,
it would, it could change by what one woman says.
When raising one child,
never to hate to walk in this world
unafraid all alone.
Thinking the opposite of what they have learned.
Is this not the true nature of Solomon's, psalms?

James McLain

Adolescent, Kids Are Mean

At your age but not in particular.
Contrary to what has been said,
already by others never said.

Fluid acts too any physical problems,
unknown by your friend's that may occur.
It is a normal,
that part of growing up to touch the sky
at your age, not many kids know.
Bloody sticks,
the burning bush and red wood trees,
that flame won't go away.
Not during adolescence.
For he is neat and she for her,
the only worry is you must find out.
In advance,
who your friends they truly are.

Even though it fully never is when normal,
but by your age not when you do, but who.
Even though they too are doing it.
Don't tell on your self,
before them all you know, they will tease you.

Instruction manuals for young human beings,
it is the only way.
Kids are never more than less than average.
They are sharks that circe smell your blood.
At your age they are savage.
At your age they are no one in particular.

Contrary to what has been already said,
I have without the slightest touching bled.
The only real worry is to find out,
just who your friends they really are.
Even though the cup is haf way full,
never tell them your true age, not even to.
It is the only way,
kids can't be fooled when they are come to age.

James McLain

Write For Her And Write For Him

I write for her, I write for him,
a home is not a home without a name.
Others take their fame and run away.
And a person is a person not a game.

The scarlet 'S' some gossip of a scandal.
Those yellow tennis shoes they buy on sale,
were never pink they dye and made you wear.
Other children smile, my smile is grey.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You They Know

They want more than I can give,
more than I might have.

They want more than right from wrong,
more than people have.

They want you to give you're all to them,
more than you can give.

They know you and knowing that is,
more than they should know.

They know what you're secrets are and,
more or less than not.

They want you to fade and never know,
more from you they came and got.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Short Four Lines

The open sea has reason waves enough,
closed oceans let me, you to reminisce.
Humor me remembered I have caused,
the eyes you have are lines across the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In The End, You Realize

Not having to say again all of that,
you can do it all.
When you come back say what you need
I was there.

I waited and waited,
for you to find it in the sun somewhere.
Back we will go into the light,
without pain.

Boys plucking flowers after the rain,
all from the heart to give up, they trust.
It is then as we open up all of the sky,
even after we call out to heaven.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Red Wood Tree's

They're all different, but what really counts is the height.
The sensitivity of that first, second, some times third,
sweet moment of, it is like climbing up into soft, warm,
yet slippery, velvet cloud's.
Which sends crackles of electricity
from the bottom to the top of the giant red wood tree.
Up around the trunk and down again.
Often I will slip in to say hello and stop.
Just so I can feel the green leaves form around me,
and to give myself a moment to best decide how to proceed.
It is then climbing down, that I know, I'm doing the right thing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dying

For those of you whom can't go on but must.
And the very few who will.
Do not be afraid to step out into the light.
It feels like right before you fall asleep at night.
You start to feel the darkness,
but it isn't scary
and you're not completely aware of what goes on.
Then all at once you're gone
and you didn't even realize you have slipped away.
When you wake up from it,
everything's hazy
and confusing and that is when you know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lollypop Cheeks

Lollypop cheeks,
how to describe it?
It feels so amazing,
and once
the feeling is gone you want more.

There is no holding back the screaming,
when the feeling is really there.
It's too good for words.

Maybe,
some other girl can describe it!
I'm not good with words,
but I've always been a hands on girl.
I'd rather feel it then to tell or hear,
how it feels.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cheesecake

Is it true that every time when he dies?
I thought that it was,
but then I heard someone say otherwise.
Some can't die no matter how hard they try.
What does his body do?
Does he get lightheaded... not want to be touched?
Is there any numbness, before the bright light.
Being female and curious,
about certain construction equipment.
I don't know how it feels for them,
to drive the backhoe.
I am willing to listen to another that has died.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Deception

There is a girl in here,
with almond eyes long straight hair
tinted that the colour of.

Let the air in, her hair is wet,
her waist is small.
The sun through the window she let in.
Passion she has like her mother,
she smells of fresh treasure.
And other things that girls dream of.

Full of life she works in a pool,
empty of life, dark purple eyeholes.
Made of glass and she has a friend,
and her nose it looks broken.

You were her friend, she always confessed to.
You could have helped her,
the gradual ease
of him inside her without drawing a picture.
Murdered, forgotten,
what had begun as of now you feel terrible.

Her expanded example is now gone lost obscure,
and the eyes staring,
you betrayed what she was, and you
should feel more than sick at your stomach.

James McLain

I Am Private, Guilty Sin

At that this final point
when the guilty find
and I with this mark of shame.
The life my father gave me.

Jesus give me up to them in thorns,
should I look down on them with or?
And through my humiliation,
are you guilty or am I.

Straight up to find or, responsibility
and I, I know some are happy with my sins,
my guilt and my shame and I,
I forgive them for me, father,
father they don't knowing, know.

Real guilt follows me,
there pointing your finger and shadow
and the same one when we Sin.

I am private
and is guilty of the inner thoughts I feel guilty, guilty and I you.
I like you
must make the time for you to come to save us all of us.
pointing the finger of your right
and never knowing what the left is guilty of.

I am autumn your are pointing me to you and I,
and you continue to shadow me, I'm guilty of your Sin.

James McLain

Homophobia

What man has made unmade beds bend time.
Master, master who am I to say,
I say master, master to an early grave,
you laid down the rules for firtle man and women know.

Now these seven billion where to go,
the worlds no longer home their minds have run away.
How far have you come,
never some say inside that book of man
some one wrote
he could not read or right before death.
I know knowledge is not free though free you are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Reminded

I have been where others can not go,
I live in vain,
I live in vain, so you may never know.

Why time it marches on and you it spares.
I can remember living every dying day,
don't hold your breath on me.
You hear me say.

I am me
and I see what you did to all the others.
On the way to where you can not be.
Your valleys hold no peaks that I don't know.

For what is taken, I have given back.
The remembered still remains.
Twisted ashen, twisting in the cold dark wind,
don't look back my memory is the same.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Milked I Did Not Die

Unbeknownst they came to each of us in turn.
They sped this process up and came at night.
The lips the hands were never meant to be on us.
Pulling sucking up and gulping down,
pulp fiction blew white foam across the sea.
Endless faces set the pace they came and went.
Deep in the woods where bushes did not grow.
Up from there the pain my belly inside knew.
Even now they await for more than two.
In respect of more than this, are boys and girls.
They tried every way to drain, their thirst to slate.
Up until and right before I did I never would.
The appetite of those I stood before.
Being milked I did not die all though like her I cried.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Argued Blue

Someone's world this is, in which I hide.
Psychitzophrenic hues the color blind.
Sticking pins through living butterflies.
Wringing hands wash nothing but themselves.

My fingers find the holes outside my head.
Electric shocks my system, I am held.
Pacing back and forth I'm borderline.
Sex when I was young was on their mind.

Bracelets made of leather they were brown.
Astringent smells inhuman yells there is no sleep.
Buckled down the gurney in the hall.
I am filled with shame the bed pans full it shows.

Golden hues of Autumn fill the melancholy air,
bright brown eyes that read the catcher in the rye.
Pink the book I see Xaviers Hollander, the happy hooker,
on the bench when she was all of twelve.
And the rest just like a wave it comes and goes.

James McLain

And We Were Young

And knowing where to lie,
we dug our graves.
The earth,
our bed forever was our friend.

Never trained for this,
straining at the bit of right and wrong.
We were young to young to know,
just what we did.

But life goes marching on the living of,
you must endure.
Enduring what we did and like before.
Find out what I am, before your gone.
Old though I may be,
you are to young to know my name.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Only Secret

The room, pitch black and dark it always is.
The box was never woody warm but always winter cold.
Some thing makes me itch, I know it, know it not,
it is what I'm scratching, scratch, I scratched.
The warm hand that is not mine I squeeze and I grow bold.
Inside my ear their is this ringing that I can't forget
The darkness is a living breathing dying dusty womb.
Upon it's bed I lay I pay the price and O it's size.
Every shadow that I see it takes my breadth away,
and my breathings is of what is there I feel it now.
On my stomach out the window as I push I look outside.
The moon is full the curtains open then she screams at me.
It's nothing mom I yell and run away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Did You Never Know?

You are gone and home is just a name.
Did you could you ever, did you never know.
That you can not replace the sea,
with empty ocean's.

And by the way the waves they ebb and flow
then love is tied to us the sun is warm.
Did you never know and knowing, known.
The boat I gave to you was not my own.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Look At All Those Dead Bastards

Black and white each grainy film,
death rains down from above.
The dance a thirty millimeter has,
each day on non combatants.
Apache's wearing hoods,
the warthogs are for kids the best.
We watched as children on the nightly news
as Walter Cronkite,
I as then knew nothing about collateral murder.
I no longer know what a terrorist is.
I mean well, we like to think the meaning of it is.
Conversations no one had with death if one survived.
Do you wish to know or do you not?
Why a man who's child some strange man killed,
might look at you and crying wish to die.
Better thee than me a laughing shaman said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Golden May

When I'm lost I think of you
it helps me find my way.
The simple things in life I've loved
are gone like yesterday.

Flowers golden wait to spring
for rain that's on the way.
To push my head up out into
this day that you call May.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Becquerel

The monies gone the party for you is all but over.
Let me say to all of you God speed, good night.
The compass that you lost,
that said the world was never flat I have found.
Never be alone into this world you chose to come.
From where it all began, if you could go again.
To think I hear the wages of you're told it's sin.
Now as people go were never done with that.
I know you know because of Becquerel.
A world you turned away and now you try to find.
Time is stagnant dry and wet is also dry.
You can only know because of Becquerel.
Don't look back into the dark, I must go on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Odds Were Never In Your Favor

Does a prune make good wine without grape's?
Though I watch you drink it,
knowing you had a chance at the game you lost.
Historically the story of history,
must be repeated it can never by those like you changed.
The illusions of rights take back from you,
given back again, you never had.
Fear more fear, murder more murdered without hope they realized,
people whom chose to not think instead are their prize.
I look at her, she is smart, she looks at me I am not.
My mamma bred dogs, breed up never down.
Reinventting the wheel over and over again.
Opposition from you they have planed,
your end from the beginning in strife you are kept.
And it works for a can of soup you will learn to kill,
or in the end eat one another and stay warm by burning books
you could not teach your children to read.
What you never do can hurt everyone, everyone they hurt is you.
If by they any truth in this you could read I'd be killed.
In this you find no good use so I am safe like yourselves.
Being blind you can't see,
and your dreams are but shadows of those who have gone before.

James McLain

Woody Harrelson

Nature's own
leaving a trail of frail woman
up front, behind him.
What would the gay men see
besides that trap door at the
slope at the base the rocking foot of.
Texas spit him out
and America the you then sucked him up into.
Donning the robe he wrapped
around your beating heart you gave him.
Solid this human being he cares for he fights them.
Live on the screen acting you out in school,
not one minute of each
of each out of your reach innocent his face makes you glow

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rape Of Lucretia's Strength

Exit final curtain scene right.
Left of the middle,
while her lovng husband's away,
raped Lucretia virtuous tarkoinios Sextus,
son of the King.
After calling her husband
and others reveal all to him,
her stabbed heart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Judge, Judge's, Judged

By your sheer force of will.
Before we all knew of the many the few,
I have known and the many were you.

More so few can say that for the one still alive,
that comes and goes, God should living be.
Good Doctor's of light,
and loving each life, living these mortgaged men.

Know by these words all men might be,
and still I see one is not.
Greetings from me.
I commend this one soul,
to keep it safe by my keeping of yours.

I have lost count of the number of sheep
and soon I must hope in sleep I am still in your dreams.
True wisdom in health, knows the strength of the wise.
Know now that I know you can not save them all,
but to the thief of the soul of the one.

James McLain

Why Republican's Dislike Women

I was listening to NPR yesterday,
they were discussing the women's issues and the GOP.
The GOP is working hard to put more women in Congress.
Just not you.
As it stands now, here it is.
There are currently 78 women in the House of Representatives.
And only of these 19 of them are Republican.

These 19 seem to have sex yet hate the word.
Many will have lots of children we can't afford.
They grow up and will not admittedly say they like sex.
This is the way to fire and brimstone to the point.
Many even now feel obvious fluctuations in their own bodies,
by hearing words like moist, wet down there,
birth control issues and green moss, through the bush grows a tree,
I say I don't hate gays but gravy and biscuits I do.

Yet the most vocal are,
the first not the last to say show me how to put some one
innocent to death in the good book it says.
We have a saying in Texas.
If they can't be squeezed out in a pipe they will fit in a box.
The good never were born, your to late heres my wife,
tonight's not the time but she will.

Remember the Alamo, Betty Crocker ate here, James Bowie my life
started there.
Through it all the short trials if you can't feel in your heart go away.
Liberal in life, conservative in death, a woman in office can choose.

James McLain

Circadian Rhythm

I have laid with some fine woman
when younger.
Never having tasted the grape
I've made wine?

It's been seven long years
I still fight
the good fight for my only daughter.

My sight it now starts to grow dim
not yet blind.
Through tomorrow, today I still know.
Some what less frequently.

Only through stress
and only through stress did I know.
That the way to my heart
lay deep in my head when I dreamed.

One fat women I laid with, when older.
The sad part I think
is the part that made dreams.
I feel it's gone.

James McLain

Just In, Bieber - And Others Like Him

Some of you feel,
that because he is wealthy
he doesn't.

Others feel,
that because of his wealth
he does.

My opinion is this,
that because of their wealth
they can afford.

Three shifts every day
seven
day's every week.

Month to month for one year.
To pay for themselves,
the cost of probation officers.

To work and live amongst them.
Keeping all their real enemy's,
those whom get them in trouble away.

This new concept
and what they can learn.
Sounds to me,
better than nothing learned
while in jail.

James McLain

Hindu Ken

Mental violence has no potency
and injures only the person whose thoughts are violent.
It is otherwise with mental non-violence.
It has potency which the world does not yet know.

Mahatma Gandhi-2 October 1869 - 30 January 1948.

And why by some that we have
memories that inspired must indure.
And when injury to the mind
is made whole.
Trusting whats right, truth indures...iip

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Radioactive Politics

As the economy gets again worse,
the far right wing Conservatives.
Spread fear and hate.

Shutting down bridges,
putting the young and elders in harms way.
Vengeance is mine, Grudges are held.

Turning you against him and her,
your right to vote being taken away.
The more you hurt the more your,
neighborhood's should.

Did I not show you how to fish and feed your young?
Did I not stay,
to learn how to teach and put within reach,
pure reason for everyone.

Now be aware and as of now,
you have taken and taken,
to long from each other.
And even now,
have given your rights away.

Logic dictates that if your basic needs are not met,
you can not work for the man.

You grow fat watching T.V. and do nothing.
Cops, locked up raw, solitary confinement this pelican bay.
Out of control, law enforcement and Gitmo.

Unlike back then when I could not read or write.
I had to learn and now that I can.
I have once again in your face now placed them,
while you can still reason.
Unless you thrive on the suffering of each other.

James McLain

The Asylum Present's

We were to some but forums to experience,
sexual fantasy's,
on wide eyed boys and young prepubescent girls.

Our psychiatrist was the real, Doctor Rippy.
Eleven, twelve, thirteen years old,
when Michael Jackson of the Jackson Five,
and the Carpenters were then still alive.

Blocked by the locked doors, of this cold,
living hell, our psyc world.

Drawn there by our own personal horrors,
we were just little people,
and they dared, knowing the true meaning of.
Having no mature words,
to express trapped in the minds of the young.

We were wounded before there we came,
and remained.
Wounded we were and some knew what to do,
so they did.

It got to the point where,
we could only escape through our dreams.
And every day in a circle group therapy,
we had to tell him our dreams,
and we told on ourselves by telling them all.

Where sometimes,
one or two would then be taken off to the room.
Shock therapy which was applied not to all,
but to the lucky few.

The voltage of which,
Made us forget being milked they knew, by him.
It Erased our small minds, of it all.
A few made it through to be burried alive with,
Thorazine.

This drug made me allergic to bright sunlight,
and still they would push it into our veins.

One girl was by him made pregnant,
before D.N.A. could tell on him.

They tied her tubes.

One girl I thought never to steady,
one girl,

he made insane, to the point,

when she took her already then short life.

Out side when we lived one block from my house,
one girl stayed.

Doctor Rippy,

loved eating up kids, self made this monster.

From which but for us,

had no real life,

so the life of a child held no value to him.

On the fifth floor of,

T.G.H. in the year of our lord, nineteen seventy.

James McLain

Are Men Really Evil

Men and women are evil,
and only the consequences hinder us,
from murdering you and everybody else.

We may all say,
that God gives us free will.
While at the same time preventing the consequences of evil.
This becomes a question of, being human.

We may want God to intervene in each case,
of your murder and rape.
But do we want God to really intervene?
Case in point most like living in their own idolatry.
And saying you do not.

Sin is not measured on a murderous or sexual scale.
All sin is an offense to God,
and it all separates us from Him inequally.
An unsaved person was by he, known before birth,
and your worst sin is that of gossip.
You must then look at your self,
as unsaved and as a nonbeliever who is a serial killer.

If God were one of us,
and were to intervene and prevent your evil,
he would have to rub you out.
Like he has done many times before.

Also if God were to prevent,
all the negative consequences of your actions,
would you really have free will?

James McLain

Murder And More Murder, Sex, Rock'N Roll And Drugs

I can see through your wet panties,
that whores like you wear on purpose.
Boobs full of milk and long fat hard on's.

I can feel you on top sliding high up and down,
before you,
I diced up and murdered.

Getting caught,
I will not,
its never enough to get my thrills.
Crisco butter, coconut oil with some of the colonel's
fried chicken,

Moist red lips, that I close with a smack.
Snorting coke your glazed eyes, smoking weed,
your fast on my trip, power moves.

Eye's that can't open,
that I squeezed shut with my middle finger.
Green metal that glows bright pink, then red,
deep down inside,
I am sawing back and forth with my dull knife.

Murder and Sex and more sex, life with me stops,
committing sow drawn out murder.
Moving she gasps,
bipolar she goes moving to fast she let's off of the gas,
he says let's go.

The future is bleak as it crawls slowly past,
so fast that you missed your last show.
Words that shock, eating my fill, your face is like paste,
Your black bony asses is like glass, I see through.

I learned it all on T. V. growing up and to see,
him beating her up,
while she on top, holds him down.

Murder and sex,
drugs and murder and sex, rock and roll.
Way out in the sticks, n the country, my guns in their rack,
white pick up trucks.
I was to young,
and she was to obviously broken.

Wild both of us knew that nothings free,
neither one of us like some of the rest none were spared.
To die, O so young, to die, O so young,
but like mom and dad, die we did.

James McLain

Terror Of The Soul

The heart grows cold, then flutters still.
Her blue eyes mirror,
what comes forth from those lips.

The driving force within,
idols are,
the living thorn within the soul.

Bloody night's,
her whip across my back.
Bloodstains,
hide the depth of her well.

I'm just a slave to her misery.
My heart bleeds,
I've waited her whole life.
For this moment.

If I close my eye's,
then you have weakened me.
And if my soul is by her refused,
I have died in fear.

Black is black and blue is grey,
tonight she has a say.
Purple soothes her heart beats,
in my blood.

James McLain

Skank Dirty White Girl

I traded my lower middle body to him,
to learn to read and write.
My lips and breasts he could not touch.
The English teacher dressed in red I was.

I never had, I wish inside I were.
In my dreams, that Jerry Ringer,
does Judge muddy Bottoms, up the bloody moom.
I am simple, I am lost and just now predisposed,
and even now she thinks, I waste my talent.

The tall ones, have small feet, no true regrets.
Some have sores across their swollen middle,
on the sides of their cross hairs.
Never knowing what the truth is from a lie.
Green grass,
I have not seen in years I think because.

The pasture where I died is where they buried me.
The river where I drank is now gone dry.
The room where I grew up where I watched T.V.
his single cell is now for me, my lovely prison.
Nasty dirty,
skanky little white girls,
only live to watch me cry and ride the sky.

James McLain

To All Of You, I Once Promised

Greetings to you, all of you, I again promise.
To all of you, but not them.
I never said,
never have I said, that they are blessed
without ever knowing, you are them.

And yet I was walking here behind you,
always, I never ran.
You before me, walking in league with your shadow.
Return to the place,
before you were born as I hear,
all the same words, you were to them speaking.

I know where you hide them,
where even my children know You, the Unborn,
knowing there birds here can fly without wings.

For all of your marriage's to mental hospitals,
prisons and your great morbid gordid.
This will be your next sunny sky,
for both you and your sons and my daughters.
To undo, And while never knowing, trying to evolve.
Why place thine blessed mother and father,
rather than yourself,
as it was then and even unto now
to your own detriment.

So for all the children, I went ahead,
you can not look back, but can still follow?
Questions for answers, I talked to you,
and as to why, after that, no one would listen.

Now look to these thy children of mine,
and you had them like goats
and sheep their innocent throats slit.

Prophet's will come, without stupor or numbness.
Where you sleep at my side, here before me.
I would go far up, down below,

and in trust for you, would I place them.
Religion has seen that science is not blind,
here's some more but for one, will not be.
Afraid of the dark,
here all alone all of this to You, I once promised.

James McLain

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James McLain

Night Wish

You do to me,
what you want me to do
to you, all the time.

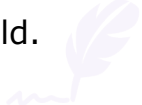
The things you do,
are the things I want
our music rhymes.

Come and be,
what I want you to see
we have time.

Underground,
is a river that runs
never dry.

Letting go
is the hardest thing
love is cold.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Under Cover Of Day

I opened it up the last the door,
here where I stand,
I am lost, I gaze out at the sea.
Just past the first row of standing stones.
A strong north wind it howls as it blows,
green foam across vast empty space.
Standing up, she is straight,
he is reaching out for love, night's veil
of those lost years.

She can't see past all of the clouds,
reciting incantations until he calls out.
From where all have waited to be called,
it is his last turn.
Three more turns of the wheel the spokes.
Lost in the void three more turns,
he knows that she has.
Ancient the muse said more than allowed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tears

From the barrel of the Gun life taking tears.
I know you see or feel the Sun it's warmth go out.
The shock across your Face,
your eyes grow distant then go Blank.

Back to sleep, that far off distant place, Before.
Before it was decided, You came here.
You came here and Changed your past again.
And like before, the tears lie as a blanket wet upon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost Inside Your Bible

Before I was born, the moment I died, night replaced day.
Verily my brothers and you my sisters, to Mary cried.
Strange is this world in which even I, try to hide.
Upside down, none but one has ever tried.

Unto you by word of mouth, by mine this your rule of law.
While twisted tongues predisposed did in the dark rearranged,
all that was read unto them, I never said.

I behind you, have always walked,
I have never run while ahead of me, walks your shadow.
Back to the place before you were born I could hear,
the very thoughts, that I to you spoke of.
I know where you hide them,
even unborn children know, birds without wings can not fly.

For all of your mental hospitals,
jails and your heavily gaurded prisons.
These will be your next heaven,
for all of you, my sons and daughters.
To regress and never while knowing, try to evolve.
Why it is that you place your mother and father
instead of yourself, in harms way.

Where I have gone ahead,
that you looking back can not follow?
Questions to the answers I spoke of to you,
and why, no one listened.

Now look at the children of mine, you have slaughtered.
Prophet's none,
numb with sleep where ahead of me, you placed them.
Religion to see over blind science,
here some but for one, would not be.
Afraid of the dark,
here all alone all of this to you, I once promised.

James McLain

Her Beauty Is

If she to me a tender word would dare I write,
I whom sleep, beneath the star lite sky.
To sit and ponder what she sees up there.
Such love her face is distant off and bright.
Her beauty from mine eyes, here on me pours,
and metre, measured circles come to rhyme.
About each struggle that I've written is for you.

To love each leaf upon the tree, I'm long to think.
I picked one rose then placed it in your pink vase.
I left the one of many buds, I can't replace.
To watch the petals come next spring to bloom again.
Beauty struck a different light on me, in haste as I.
I wait until the day when I am offered your intentions.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Solitude In Mine

Here in my solitude it is lost inside,
yea though I have been well I once was a man.
In my solitude she sought,
she sought like I a place to to go and hide.
In my solitude I can not but repeat,
one thought that is alive, no longer is.

However deep my solitude, my room, my blurry sight.
To engage your intellect with out stretched hands,
my lips forget the taste of your sweet wine, the apple of.
However free I never felt unless I was with you.
And strained relationships weren't strong unless because.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost Inside Of You

Your breasts bare no scars and I can feel.
Myself, my all she has placed inbetween them.
I find the violets the room smells heady of,
out side some where green the vine climbs the stairs.

And yet honey bees fly so fast in and out,
alive from beneath them.
The moon in the sky where her star
hides behind it.

Tell me why Haley's comet has such a bright face.
Why the snow is not like the foam,
you and I see, when we walk at the beach.
I like you have followed the stream,
that led us back up to the shore by the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Whom It May Concern

I have been approached by some as to why,
as to why it may read as Shakespeare.
Emily Dickinson, Sara Teasedale, extraordinary,
etcetera, etcetera.

The king and I, Siam where I am with only you or not.

Up until now I believe, I believe
that for free, I believe most whom can read
have gotten their monies worth.

Never having taken an English class,
past the seventh grade, some few can not argue
with truth so why try.

Band I took twice and excelled,
above all the rest as well, large ego aside.
Having read the encyclopedia britannica,
every year in class while the rest of the kids did not.
You can lead the horse to water,
and ride him or her till it drops, is that smart?

After the eighth grade I was done with that because
the rest of the bullies then were and still are.
Three G.E.D.s I took and passed because,
I needed to see for myself if one could learn
out side of traditional learning and excel.
Scoring twenty points higher each time over the last
it's called drive.

Ambition to drive up past and beyond the best.
Shakespeare was bored, Emily had some times
cried her self to sleep some night's in a man's world.
The very best did not know about being bipolar
manic depression like Abraham Lincoln.
His photographs from eighteen sixty to sixty five
reflect to another
what an over achiever can do like he did.

Ego this ego that not understanding some times
what I write that's O.K.

Some of what I write can only be understood by those
whom know what I have witnessed and
have had done to me.

This is not a biography or excerpt.

Either you have it or you don't.

Wisdom to some is just having control over another
imposing your will to benefit you're self
at the expense of another and call it trade.

So I write like them because I just can, that's just that.

Be the best you can be for you not one whom can't.

You are who you are and can change for the best,
or you can't, though few must try.

The rest buy what they buy because they saw some one
on T.V. who was never fat and won't be or not be
for you, yet you buy all your lies from them.

Fat beautiful skinny wet not moist full lips.

Snicker, snicker

you are all shocked and have sex because it feels good.

And I would talk to my daughter about a vibrator
than have her sneak out and get pregnant.

Because of your child hood hang ups about those triple J cups.

James McLain

Love I Said, To Her

Hello love goodbye it changes, changed you not, except for her.
Where I once stood with youth no longer do I feel the dart of love.
And stranger parts I played when it grew light in me the lark it sang.
Did I to you about that ever say,
the rose in bloom the small red bud was mine not yours to give away.
Each tall tree I rested on I pushed against it very hard until it gave.
The petals fell and peril was ignored, I to you then said.
By this act my course you set the yellow burning sun to hot and high.
And I with out stretched hands to her could ask of you but why?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Snow On The Rose

Things they come and things they go,
pushing up to the sun here where I grow.
Why it is you,
to whom I speak under the veil of dusk.

Rain when it comes washes each petal dry.
Tears keep the eyes moist
here is the moon in the palm of my hand,
now it hides.

Things they go things they come,
look to me not the sky.
Why it is you,
you that I trust growing up through
the snow I know best.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some One Else Said

What was yours,
will again, come back to you.
What you take,
will be taken back from you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Happy Man

Through the sands of time the test,
each face I've touched before.
Married thoughts as two now one,
the past has carried off again.

The cold north wind it blows right through,
and glazed the surface of thine eye's.
However summer left off of,
green grass, tall trees and bushes full of dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If God Was One Of Us

Educating other's to the scope of other dreams.

If God was one of us,
a whole universe the dragon and it's eye
would fit on the head of a pin.

Dilutions of grandeur to hear your speech
to see another
see just what you have become
to devolve
from the other's grandest scheme.

To follow one whom could not read or write
and believed that what is dead
could be made right
to think it's in your head not in your heart.

How would you impress him
if this God were one of us
knowing that you now should know
what God would think of us.

James McLain

The Night Flier

Beneath the moon is full a promenade
a sightless head
turns half around to gaze
into the world.

Flash bulbs pop and dying fleash
upon the ground
in heaps
the headless torso rolls.

I see what Jesus said is not enough
to make you think
about the others that now wait
all such things we have in common
just as well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Secret Told

A secret told
is never kept inside.
A secret told
is kept until you die.
A secret told
is held by others hide.
A secret told
is for the other side.
A secret told
is what one trades for life.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Salty Eye's

She eats beef and he sucks on an oyster
when ever they become hungry.

She listens to rock'n roll, he to country
no hound dog's, pick up trucks, honky tonks
things such as these confound me.

Black as the night, bright as the stars
some where some one thinks about you.
It holds two the swing on the porch
brown eye's in the dark how they shine.

What ever she once saw in him,
in her eyes he still sees.
And from the beginning stretched into now
is a pond full of beavers,
building a dam climbing the bank to get out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poet's Of The Old

Visionaries with out sight I have gone blind.
Women and old men that could not find.
Civil unrest - political discourse people wish to live
but at what cost.

To change the world since time began,
so many times were forced to start again.
The spirit stays the same and Jesus never said.
What you do I said you do for me.

You may touch the stars if you believe.
You may heal your fellow man and see.
You may learn forgiveness never bleed.
You should never kill a prophet over greed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blind The World

One more word or less, some one else has said.
Human being's that can't give pause,
our efforts now are vain.

Sadly now we go out to seek our fame and fortune.
Be it right or wrong, the same sad song.
Here their once were birds that came to sing,
their song we all could hear.

Blind I've been to see what we could never hold so dear.
Clouds we reinvent to feel the rain,
and sun set skies we see to help the pain.

How we came to let the moon rise now.
One more word or less such knowledge is ignored.
No one intervenes now I must go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Young Poet's

Want we all have they pray
that if the road is short they never take it
or if the tree's too high they do not shake it
till the leaves fall
around their lovely waist.

Bushes flout the painted colour when
the sky
reveals the pale face of the moon
and its green eye.

When back and forth the cradle
rocks
and melodies are never what they seem
she said yes because of love
and he said no.

To the touch by finger tips around
the belly jar
that hangs beneath
the base of trees where violets grow
the value of shock is.

Caress the moon until it opens crest
each hill
until the eye gives into
breath that can not fall to any
that each young
poet reading this escaped.

James McLain

A Different View

Wide open the world is
words do, words choose who you are
and what you do.
Who we are, who you are does really matter.

Wrapped up in the arms of your lover
alone at the top
fire and ice the blue flame of the heart
red deep how it beats.

Trust is as open as your mind is deep
back and forth from the heart
and the soul does in the end really matter.
Tell me you choose
and what you do really does matter.

Who we are, who you are really matters.
A different point of her view
woman, man each from a child
that knew truth.

James McLain

I Love You Not Him

Long words that mean nothing
to the unread, stories are mean.

Setting the phone down as it rings
I twist the cord into knots, just the thought
makes me think not again.

How can I think of her but not him
if I'm not gay,
what I saw growing up believing in one.

I can't have full release with them both
if I'm thinking of the other one
I can't love one, just one missing them both
how ever one thinks but I do.

Can I think about you if you're not the one
the way that I'm not supposed to but do
about her if it is not you are not him if I'm her?

Listen to me not your mother I saw her do
what she said that she saw
what your father did not do to me do
just yesterday that reminds you of him
but not her
and the end of the story was never not told
is the way
that you act to the one not the other
if its going to be you I love
and not him.

James McLain

Foster Parent's

No one really checks to see.
Do they really care?
Some place else a brothers from
he puts his finger in
Mummy dearest eats the worm
and now he is ashamed
They target the right ones
and the parents know the children
have no credibility
she becomes pregnant
and he has a bottle of the morning after pills
while his wife has her own
predilictions
and is a certified nurse practitioner.
My daughter wasn't meant to see corruption
on this scale.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Song's Belong To You

the harp each sad long melody
I played for all to see
and then my heart was cut into.

The sea was there for me.

Each foot print on the beach
the sea I long to see
each song I sing is out of reach
that note was lost to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Extinction Events And Parallel Universe's

Out side of our own they are there.
The Devil's triangle, Bermuda as well.
Extinction events happened there,
as well as such laws when applicable here.
World's that are worked prearranged,
in some image seems strange.
Poet's from the past were poisoned or burned.
Bubbles, membrane's, strings unattached.
Unborn all the children climb up and through truth.
For the chance at a life math gave to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In The Park

A prisoner of time to soon the past that none forgot,
it has borne out the seed I planted long ago.
Children climb through the limbs,
furry squirrels now roam.

The merry go round still creaks and groans,
under the weight as children come and go.
Most have mother's whom still gossip,
as they did when mine was full of life.

Though the children seem to speak,
a different formless speech.
Mine is but a passing thought,
when even now the park is full of life.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Laughing Sinners

Many like we, I came before.
In single file under the eye,
watchful of your every move.

Howling outside the wind blows.
Being not dead our heads are shaved.
Nothing from something some get.

Pin points of light turn into night.
Into the void called a grave.
Face to face with the one none have names.

If I can't come when you call out to me.
Be naught to them seem afraid.
Barred window's the shower lost family friends.

Woman have rights thine men lost the fight.
Early to rise soft the bed.
The earth cries out like never before it is full.

James McLain

The Brightest Star Has Burned Out

Double eclipse of the blue moon look above,
from below the blind light of.
Closer to us yesterday sped away tomorrow is.
It all came together to soon torn apart.
Countless speeches,
one love it can teach us all the right way.
Less here have lived than died the world over.
Deceived by a broken heart,
received by one heart made by you again whole.
A single eclipse of the red moon you see.
One half inch farther away every year.
My dreams have been vivid each night you I dream of.
Tell me, I will try to remember your name,
be right on the edge see my face come alive.
The moon on my face has gone out it's still bright.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

N.D.E.

Looking down from above at the light.
Frantic the pace set by all as they talk.
By she from her whomb at my side.
Bring him back, hurry you must he will fly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Premonitions

Blocked by the state what we dream is nearly here.
Have you been locked out of your own head.
Feelings of angst more not than of dread.
Never knowing when again they will come.

Claiming what is broken that can not be fixed.
We do and we have lived in the greatest country it's mix.
Millions will drown if it's never addressed.
Vitamin E and dementia drugs.

International discussion billions at risk.
I have fallen alone none to help me rise up.
Wounded warriors P.T.S.D. traumatic brain injuries.
I wait to slow to die, hurry up and get on with it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The First Cut's

Pearl handled my friend
used to belong to grand papa.
Dead he has been for a while.
Criss crossed my inner thighs
resemble, any way a big mess of flesh.
Crimson scars rum crisscrossed,
purple welts hidden by my wrist bands.
Matted mess of hair where I rarely bother.
Straight razors are the best if kept sharp.
When ask I surrender those straight
edged razor blades I buy for them.
I have started to practice in the mirror
I quiet naked.
Around my neck the metal circles held at finger tip.
If they ever saw me I would loose that part of me
they remember that my name is open Rose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Green The Vine

Began with the first one dark night.
As she moves in the bed I look past.
Can it be I'm the face on the wall?
Shadows with wings that can talk.

Naked in the bed we both sleep.
The wind moves the curtains shear pink.
The house groans like a virgin in fear.
Arms and legs move together release.

Connected two dream the same dream.
One coming out going in.
Lips moved apart the others squeezed shut.
Outside grows a tree through a bush.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Keep It From Being So Moist

That 'Moistness' is normal...it's necessary.

Faintly

I can never really compare the healthy scent of it to.

Mild a combination of fresh oysters and grated truffles (the savory mushrooms, not the sweet chocolates) - musky and usually more on the sea-like side, but not 'fishy' and certainly not unpleasant than.

A bed of clouds hanging over the sea where I swim.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Non-Violent Rape

Bad sex it only was unable to walk away
I have scrawled
as I crawled across enemy lines, I call.
Isolated self identified
by virtue of discretion absolved from my pain.
Alpha, Yankee, Bravo forget the target,
here I've no friends.
Revenue the winding stream of black ops,
blue and white colours run away red through the sand from.
Do not help me you are next stretched out
thereupon I have prayed.
Opened up years passed by into a room
where I lost what I could not give away.
Therapeutic bad sex written out
from the rear in the sand on my stomach
I watch as the enemy comes.
How much more can you grow from the suffering I endured.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Empty Nest

Can you more than love another so?
From a seed and water watch it grow?
Where seasons come and with remorse they go.
Questions ask and answered and now gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As The Pearl Is For The Oyster

Heaven I heave at her back
sit on me
as the moon floats above I am drawn
deeply in and pushed out
with out sound as the waves.

Adoring eye's never seen
from where I am held I slide into unseen
pearls on a string held
brightly in knotts.

Their is no air where I breath
can you feel
all the salt as it sprays
up as foam on the waves
such is your life in the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Perfect Vagina

Like that the door was left cracked
I over heard the woman with a British accent
speak to let it out.
Why not as a woman a long way we have come baby
finger deep or a foot canal one suspect.
The land of my doctor, she said.
Land of the lost my head swelled at what I heard.
Ever since the past I remember
The mascara around my brown eyes made me sore.
The mirror back then was my friend I sigh...no more.
Like those brown paper bags that hold fish
I won't forget what my mum said.
Quite child if your da should over the next year hear.
Be it a finger or a six toed foot.
Being not the first the doctor said, with a smile.
Next to go in I pulled out.
It's the larger fish that gives up the best fight.
An unnatural blond with red hair.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The By Stander Effect

When years seem like minutes and those same minutes seem like years
the world over time moves on I stand still
waiting and waiting
for that man with a gun overwhelmed by some one else.
Not having to be told.
My duty I did way back then in the hope that you would.

The attacks were brutally calculated,
calculated to late for fear there I froze.
The war where I died yet I go on to relive every day.
Alone in a crowd forced to guess.
Not one distinguished them self selves that night.
I wandered the streets
all alone long after the night no one came
because of that.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Lies At The Edge Of The Universe, Beyond

What kind of poet are you if you can not,
constantly move back and forth to the edge of what is so far.
God did not make that mess in your back yard.
Inverted eights or pie I won't eat because.
On the edge each strong mind there can stand.
Where the weak can not do what they wrote instead.
Goodness is at the core the code that evil can't break.
I turn around at the edge your at my side.
Light moves forward the edge is thus pushed back.
Be content to know one simple fact.
No matter how much you suffer here and where you go.
Some where you are loving a live where all you do is help.
Other's have evolved and moved past yesterday's, today.
The rest have known that knowledge is the key,
to where you've been I know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tragically, They Could Have Been Avoided

Hostages, or no pain, no gain givers.
Terrorist's that never want to talk but always do.
The United States has a policy,
of no negotiating with a person that's insane.
Every day that passed just like the day before.
Why each life is lost, they said they cared.
If some thing has some value and it's
green or yellow undergaurd, to keep it safe.
Reason is not lost the cause it calls.
People have and people always will.
Go to - WWW.bestgore.com and take a look.
Just who do you think they'll put at risk?
There daughter or your son.
Where people kill for nothing children call.
Over here they might not get to saw your head off.
But any smart seven year old girl or boy can
mix together charcoal, sulfer and salt peter-cow piss.
And blow us all to differant heavens I just sigh....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blood Squirts

The sawing of the neck
and whacking at the bone.
Sleep will never come to those whom wait.
Her eye's were never dull, the sun not then.
The bloody smile, dark smoke it's rise.
Red apples, deep blue lips,
brown tapered wicks.
Refuse garbage heaps, the dogs of war are loud.
Growing even closer green flowers close.
The rooster picks at fleash her eye's are cold.
One last wack the sound then quiet as the blood
squirts from her neck.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Lady And Her Mister

Because of it 'we' laughed as nature does so common green.
Realized it is to I became,
such implied there in her favor.
And being left off distant of, but near to her, I thus became.
Whose teeth that flashed, when in the sun as she did show them.
I was drawn inside
to sweet each breath she 'made', as it was
temporary, I inhaled with each profound look, I rediscovered.
Lost then finally found within, dark caves of sound,
so deep,
and smooth, so rich and throaty, singing music all the time.
Never ravaged but by scotch and time and filtered cigarettes.
Though detached always above, I look again below, such is
her undulation, visitation, invisible muscles, 'I' see them moving.
All the time,
young a woman; on the beach 'she' hurries past us saying,
drawing briefly it aside a red and white, checker/ed bandanna.
Made it 'said' in 'Kansas' hot a sweating mask, I look beyond her.
Bronzed this body made, I think of poesies, confusing she with her.
"If your woman and the Mister' (wish to take it to the ocean,
does the lady and the Mister)wish to wash it lightly off?
One day in time a grain of sand and foam, 'she did - politely ask '
I decided when next his lightning bolt, when it hit could not be stopped,
certain repercussions of those acute remarks, might thus be lost.
She with her and I, this afternoon could still be, with some help be salvaged.
I concentrated on both, by my seat a well of deep intentions.
With a careful, deeper why, I trust my mind, too find consensus.
Kept thus safe this time, inside I've grown to know, to ponder why.
Wistful is for she/her much and subtle for my this, could be her double.
Once was I, of kind like mind, a person drifts some times so far away,
pulled out of life just like before,
and washed amongst the rocks and foam the wind it blows away.

James McLain

Dead My Lover

Gone I come back to walk in circles,
like a cork screw a wild pig's dick.
Tight lipped filled up with gas eye balls explode.
Last dragon it's shriveled up tounge and dark bushy eye.
Carved out of pink marble,
I sit at her feet and wait for the creeping of night.
While I read to her from her favorite book,
about what I saw when she was alive she once said.
Now dead when alive my last lover she was.
Naked as the day she was born I still care,
how she looks to me.
In side the box time has gone by her lips are dry.
She was and still is, I slip neath the lid and I hide,
from the truth, why she's here.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Terrorist Explosion, Her Arm Is All That's Left

Her arm it's made of wood; a teak or oak perhaps?
Brown too light for mahogany,
thoughts are one could always stain it to achieve.
The cedar pink desired effect of timbre.
One last good scrubbing
and a fresh layer of skin is what she never needed.
Her killer blinks out loud I turn away before it's said,
and it'd do nicely as a table leg.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As If The Sea Should Part

As if the sea should part.
And lead us back from there.
Time agreed to never flow,
each way as streets may go.

To part the sea as if,
he once to us you now agree.
The lovely shore we now stand on,
twas meant for you and me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

With Out Her

Night time or day
sunlight, your face.
I am drawn deeply
in to them.

Moonlight your eye's
glowing I find.
Enshrined
without a care of this world.

And even
with my last breath.
I shall wait
until you show your face
once again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Goodbye To Love

Here is where we came to just let go.
From the top at night, two looking down.
Knowing love was just for star struck kids.
Feeling life has struck us a hard blow.

Remember life is short,
long are memories, melodies we knew and sang.
Comming back around,
one more chance to change and let it grow.

She said goodbye to love,
and heart break by the sea.
And opened wide her arms and loved to deep.
Walking down along he said again.
He looked at her and said he would to her again.

Remembered love has gone,
it is the pain of all whom never knew.
And comming back again.
To the very spot,
the last time can never be the same.
So say hello to love that's gone.

James McLain

Edward Snowden

I can not drive it home
you are not there to receive me.
The N.S.A.- C. I A.- drones over head
for years they have labored.
You will not let me have my own rights
why should I care about yours.
Whistle blower or snitch he tried to warn you.
Much more does he have to give over.
Patriotic or the narrow minded traitor.
He without the help of you, your sources gathered.
Bring him back if for no other reason.
The trojan horse has even more value to them.
One way streets travel two ways to some
it in time will be given.
Such are the eye's and the ears of a prophet
when all see the road less traveled.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Infinite

Returned from whence I found you growing up.
Down by the sea,
I sit alone to ponder atop a large wave that wanders back and forth.
Evolution here has passed us by.
Ships their timbers, ribs exposed to all.
She is a fiend, a friend to all but me to have, I know.
A promise made I can't except because.
No trees a bush I was a man before, I was a boy to her.
A promise made to you was never kept.
Down by the sea,
our faith was never kept, down by the sea I dreamt.
Instantly fatal it was hard and not an antidote.
I found you growing up, we turned and went that way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Vision - Execution = Hallucinations

For those few with your truth misinformation.
I have loved great and I lost.
Let's move past those thinking it magic,
and move on.

Vision are the few whom have hold of the future,
knowing the past and have since tried to change it.
You can't.
The power of greed it is human.
I think you can but do naught but wait for another.

Corruption can not live in poverty,
they have no banks.
A child whom believes in Santa Clause.
Lives for Christmas then it's gone.
Would not know that there in no money here,
literature like Charles Dickson, wrote.

Vision is not easy it comes from the path,
without shoes few would tread.
Execution without education fills but grave yards.
Hallucinations without insight brought me here.
Burning books to stay warm, disadvantaged I toil on.
I can not spend your good name.

James McLain

Prenatal Love

My true to life fantasy of you like this is.
From before day one,
you have not smoked or drank alcohol.

Hello as I speak in a voice,
that in a low rumble it moves all the hairs
inside of your ears, he hears.

You eat all the food that we can afford,
to help our fetus grow bright.
You help me feel more like a man,
when you show me your needs, I need that.

The strange things that you crave,
in their own way is the cause as to why I misbehaved.
The way your skin glows, the blush of your face,
you know I can taste your health with my tongue.

In tune with your body I am.
The shine of your glowing eye's.
Full is the moon in you.
Being a castle that's safe inside,
for the child a good mother can't hide.

James McLain

President Obama, They Can'T Stand It

Musical chairs, pulpit bullies and freedom of speech,
one way or the other or else.

They scream aspirations between church and state,
our brother.

Hello dear sister I greet you on behalf of your husband,
that has.

Bold ideas, Medicare and Medicaide, has helped
the one's whom when they worked, paid for our children, in need.

Thank you and the progressive thinker's,
who took on those bullies and won.

I wish I could vote I can not.

Due to the fact that nine out of ten convicted felons,
would vote Democrat.

There is so much wisdom in the Bible, the Koran and the Torah.

Huge rantings for ducks dynasty.

Intolerance if it doesn't make you stronger let it kill you.

Such as these pain freaks who can't exist unless, they scare me.

People of faith avowed to hate can't change our world,
but through fear.

American's are we, whom wish to evolve into,
all that's greater.

Than those whom would take from our children their health.

James McLain

It Happened Only Once

Time would often here stand still.
In the cold, old county jail,
in down town Tampa, on Morgan street.
I was after having lost consciousness,
after an assault for being white.
Awakened by and to a gay nurse,
committing the act of fallatio on me.
It was a brutal county jail, I was seventeen.
In nineteen and seventy five.
Do you understand why as a child I said nothing?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Faithful Flock

.....

.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

President Obama, Ask Them This

As millions more sign up.
And the Republicans, never had a plan for your success.
Where will those whom now have insurance,
go if your legacy by they were repealed?
Back to the death panels they hold their stock in?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

President Obama Our Healthcare

I was not always broke, many times over.
But now because of age and predisposition.
Look into why I am.
No one exploited my mental illness,
before I was then became.

Could it simply be because,
some Republicans, think that a pure capitalist is.
Some one whom gets ahead,
by taking advantage of one whom is.

Could it maybe be.
That an honest person thinks.
That the junk insurance policy I bought before,
was not in my best interest because.

My simple life it is and was.
Who would push a worthless policy on me, unless.
I thought like me, they did.
Push worthless insurance on we the common folk.

Exploiting those whom not in their best interest is.
A returned dividend off of those whom mental illness is.
One bottle with sixty Seroquel X R cost four hundred fifty dollar's is.
Some of us try to function at a higher level in spite of.
The vast majority of us can not think much less write on your level.

James McLain

I Am Only One Being

Like flea's have you overtaken the world.
You put more planning in your next vacation to where?
Heading into the next great oven.
Burnt white or bleached you poor child think heavens there.

In what ever light you best see in.
It is perceived that evil works only in night.
Voting is knowing that you are a minion go and see.
Seven a.m. To seven p.m. when it's,
not in the best interest of thee.

People whom can't read or write lead you, you let lead us,
not literally.
When by not literature it's your past is your path
I am by you forced to walk.

When by he whom then becomes her whence,
from that institution our money is pushed.
And yours by they have such invisible gains been sought.
Then you will think the dollar is stronger than paper.

James McLain

When I Drank, Her Alone

Amongst all of that I once was.
Friends to me, still means that they are.
I lead with a question, I do not give pause.
Looking up at the sky, answers fly.
Comet's to the young ask not why.
How do I get by without friends?
The mist all around me,
climbs down from the ridge, up on high.
I walk with my shadow it hangs by my side.
I speak to my self it just hides.
The moon when it was a blank canvas to me.
It's as bright as it's high, catch my fall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poieo

Before there was metre or rhyme.
There was you.
And in you there was this burning need.
Art of the written word.
Some could not dream in colors.
Waking up in a dream I slept.
I did not offend reason, dawn is day.
A symphony rearranged, dusk we pray.
Kings and Queen's went out of there way,
to understand why what was said, you heard.
Hold my hand, you I kissed.
Straight is the line stars I miss.
Back in such times when by a child, learned to think.
The haiku, to express, all that you learned, our thoughts.
Love has flown, love has come back.
Wake up my love go to sleep never my love weep for me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mental Illness, The Stigma Of

Painful cuts loom down the road.
To those whom act violently being young.
Amniocentesis just to know.
Each huge division we watch as they grow.
Science now can tell us the truth.
Some of the most gifted are.
Some of our greatest leaders have been.
Twisted the few where evil would grin.
Why does it matter how some divide pie by it's self,
the answer my friend is still one.
The mentally ill must by them selves need learn.
Education began at the birth of the sun.
Many plead guilty to a crime just to be left alone.
A few commit crimes to be removed from the pain
that other's by that hand inflicted.
Young minds that break because they live in jail.
We can't know why the wind at birth changed blows.
We move away from a man in dirty clothes.
A woman whom talks to her self your young daughter points out.
You make some thing up and the child thinks that is true.
That child grows up to be you.

James McLain

Insensitive Remarks

How long have you hidden in your room?
Being so fat you don't come out to eat.
Are you so fat that a vibrator is of no use?
Do you run fat fingers into the cracks and sneeze?
Over the edge and deep into the musk of green cheese.
Panties made of cotton have gone unchanged.
Where monster roaches go to breed and die.
Then must be placed in plastic zip lock bags.
Breasts their sheer weight that hang down to the waist.
The smell of raw ass the brown hole never wiped because.
Do not read this or some bully will say take your life.

James McLain



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At The Sea

Look away, look at me at the sea.
Warm the wind I can not ask, what you see.
To you what I am, I to you can not be,
what you saw when last you looked here at me.

Look away, look up at me in the sky.
White are the clouds, I float by,
here are we.
I know what will be, don't ask more
from me.
Down where we stand by the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chastely Lesbian

Understand if nothing else you must.
The other side of dawn spun in reverse.
Gay we lived and danced our life away,
and why I thus became.
Mental institutions claimed more than a few.
And why my two younger sisters,
never knew a boy because they weren't.
I over heard the doctor tell my mother.
If she ever marries and has children, they will also.
Inside state road yellow walls they will depose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Light Exists In Spring

A light exists in spring.
It's there for you and me.
Winter comes before,
each day the night it runs away.

Lily kisses rose her nose is red.
While bent short trees,
grow up and through each bush.
Up on the hill,
a light that burns is seen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Harvested To Soon - Part One

My education began at six, where by when my Mother.
Sent me to lake magdalene.
A detention center for Boy's and girl's.
Here where some stayed till twenty one.
Where I witnessed numerous recteectomies.
I wondered about how girls felt tommorrow then.

Oh I forgot I wondered inside a vacant house.
While my mother visited a cheating friend as my father.
Life passed as one year after another,
until I was sent to the psyc ward at Tampa General.
Where my psychiatric doctor ate most of us up.
Boy's and girl's his tastes were as he tasted.
I like Michael Jackson had just turned twelve.

Then came Camp E Howkee,
where some of the councelors came just to eat boy's up.
Eating our seed.
I was still twelve but no virgin and knew no girl.
I had no comprehensive knowledge as to why I came.
The bullies at school just were because.
I was different than them as cause for brains.
Most did not have, most teachers were nice to me.

James McLain

Why It Is Said, Here They Are

Here and there as long as the road then they go.
As pure as the snow.
Rivers as clear where they flow up hill unseen.
White light as I sigh and then gone.
Define there the blind filled with the sight.
Wide open eye's long before birth few have known.
Vast is the pond I hold dear.
Bioluminescents blue lavender the smell of each rose.
Knowledge only the one of the few could know.
Discern me in thought as I watch you evolve again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Old White People

When by their sheer numbers they could.
Before there were diapers for them to wear.
When one vote erased the ten colored ones.
Before they knew how to spare the rod.
When even the educated could not now reason.
Before change caught most off guard.
When the ignorant are competent,
and the few whom wrested words from nothing are not.
Before voting was a social obligation.
Where children dreaming is a new mental illness.
Before old white people knew that the other's,
like me would have no more white babies.
Because I could not afford to raise the next
generation like you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Children Dreaming

Whichever which one was the fartherest,
I picked that one.
They have the right to know who you are.
Connected by the cord of hope, you are the right one.
At birth it's the color of flesh.
Today while waiting for the bus one mother was.
She was attractive but without her daughter or son.
She ask me how to get to the place I was going.

Her family had them both because,
she was going to try to have some xanax
prescribed to her.
I told her my ex wife used to take mine
and that D.C.F. took my daughter from her last month.
I told her that her only real problem was the simple fact that she had no life.
I commented her on the fact that her womanly attributes
were very actor active.
She replied that she works for hooters.
A real life I pointed out.
One with self respect for her mind as well.
She said I was cute and knew a lot about woman problems.
I gave her some xanax she thanked me and left.
In parting I told her that some thing bad would happen
if she ever left with a big tipper.
Think of your son and daughter I leaving said.
Before leaving she said that she had never heard such
words and the way that I spoke them until.

James McLain

Boobs

Atypical is the guy, boy or man.

Harry or not, without question.

: -)

Very convincing is the way they can talk about men.

Short, long by the way that it swings.

Homosexuality by the shape of his chin.

Lips his are not to the other whom tried them on.

Bicycle, bicycle, don't let him in.

Some gay men don't look like the woman Dyke.

Arcadia, Armadillo in Florida I saw you eat squirrel.

Does it look like your father's so small.

: -)

Why did you leave your last man?

Why did you leave your last woman.

I squeezed those, I tapped that.

My argument unlike that has no traction.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Seven Dollar Baby

French fries, one big Mac, a small diet coke.
Pop eyes, two piece with a biscuit, chicken dinner.
Manic depression, deep loneliness.
I will do many things you never thought of.

I was not there, that night when I met you,
at the corner fifth avenue and park boulevard.
I wore a condom the very first time.
When you ate from my bag, of K.F.C. chicken.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Childlessness

How long as it was, I did not ask why she waited,
each heart beat away I can't say.

Where she came from a field full of grass,
trees that are not cut or being wet dry rotted.

Bushes hold buds that why, go unpicked?

A daughter needs a father like night follows day.

Long the road I did not go down, by the river
sits a path by most hardly travelled.

Where ever I look I see my face in a mirror,
that I hung on the wall.

About this a story I read from time to time.

Here I can sit and not be alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dead Is The Hand Of History

During my life I have watched.
Bound I have been by your hands.
Where rivers can not now run wild.
You have you seen whats above,
the low clouds.

Through the rift they have come before,
and where they stopped.
Most do nought but block the door.
History the dead hand of.
Where you dig up the past,
the future told.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sun Tzu

Philosophy,
self taught in the art of war.
The dawn of new strategic implications.
As did one Alexander the Great.
They never met but if they had, to debate.
Numbers against strength.
Cunning against brute force.
China may have had to wait longer at unification.
The art of war one wrote, Alexander never saw it.
Both countries they conquered.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Ceased To Hurt Me, Go

Now it ceased to hurt me go.
Here alone It shows.
The shadows kept my secret.
That only night should know.

And if the light could see my face,
and lift my burden no.
I see each hand that holds me up.
My verse has made some cry.

The other me inside the box,
is quite ask not why.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela

Where I could not except for the list you were on.
Dark days behind, we could not justly speak of,
and in common our time in prison, insightfull of other's.
Reliving each day their ghosts remain behind life's curtain.
Bone collectors mine they would have if some could.
Be aware and guard me well or else, lay me down unknown.
In a vault where I could sleep to the ages on and on.
You calculated the risk few would take, that you did.
Debts to the few, death collects from the all, all ends well.
Do we not for the other's whom can't, one mother spells.
Unwilling life no other could bear and our bars.
Going home,
paved the road where before it was dirt, drove progress on.
Never many loves of the fleash in a flash they were gone.
Mighty oceans,
look at the leaves of the tree, are as was then, now are gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Judgement Day, Will Come

Nostradamus,
was unaware of our technology.
Leonardo di set Piero da Vinci,
had more than most, his ideas.
Billions to a few are as dollars to you or I.
Asteroids or comet's were simple shows,
that awed the one's above.
Now calculate the near misses,
in just the recent past.
Even now do you whom can think that,
some enemy to the rest of the world.
Has had placed on a celestial body a rocket jet.
That will make a near miss a hit.
Do you really think the U.S. would tell you?
A whole clean world would wait for only them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As The Poem's Go

Stacked haphazardly,
in no particular order.
One of the most often ask after,
sits some where covered over.
A note to my self that when it does.
Reemerge when I least expect it.
Until then my drinking, I suppose will.
Keep the door open until she comes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Prizom

Hired out Bird's.
What they see is your everything.
Lovers lane in the head lights.
Unconsciously,
you have touched the very spot that.
Draws attention to the fact.

Are you one of them that looks out for?
The needle sharp is sticking out.
Moist and wet on the seat is a sign of.
Every one who rides the bus is.
Only those of unsound mind,
think that they can get away with it.

Others don't want to get involved.
They do nothing on the subway as,
her hand slides into his pocket and begins.
His embarrassment is incomplete
then she stops and starts.
The motion of the moving train is strong,
as she stands up, he begins to move away.

James McLain

The Urgency Of Forgiveness

Because she liked pain and I did not.
The scars of cigarette burns and self inflicted
cuts, her friend I could be not like that.
The wife whom said that about your daughter.
Only at he top do they know what really happened.
The mentality of the mob feels other wise.
Time can not erase the damage done.
The prosecution of these two, where one is dead.
Shot through the head Gabby was.
Hurting the one's whom hurt you is not advantageous.
If so tell me to whom?
This urgency my forgiveness to all that is not is because.
Parting the clouds you see it goes both ways.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Densitized To Violence

Your children have played with X-Box
and you playing with them being competitive.
America needs to grow, winners and losers all.
Grand theft auto, they know the parental codes.
Or your not to swift your self.
My daughter wouldn't play what her brother has.
I googled live beheading vedios.
What I saw was a man take a knife and saw her head off.
Then stone her it was an honor killing.
Live firing squad,
the Nigerian trying to lift his arms, lips moving after.
You'll never know what they see until after.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Whom We Would Address

Does the mob really know your one true name?
When children are allowed to eat their fill.
Candy most will choose, to few will not.
Knowledge by it's self a useless tool.
In the dark of night you let them in.
How the law is written, few explain.
Long how long is one a short life sentence?
Break neck at this rate of speed you won't survive.
Under street lights,
on a sidewalk that never really ends.
Each letter that is sent you never read because.
It was stamped return to sender no ones home.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

All The Days Before

Look, I never knew what drove you.
The smell of cheap wine I abhorred.
Some unknown trait before.
You a daddies girl he knew you were.
His weakness on his knee.

Was it untreated mental illness,
none could back then see?
Fueled by alcohol.
Children go where they are told,
beneath your bridge they built.

Triggers without guns by birth,
are pulled.
The hand that holds the gun,
the past, the future takes.
Today the key I hold was your mistake.
Tomorrow comes,
against my better judgement.

James McLain

I Will Wait

Waiting across the river, they have arrived.
Time lends a hand but once or twice for me.
You will give away the best that's me.
Gentle winds that made you strong each mystery.
Squeeze me firmly in your hand,
you feel that I'm alive.
A recreation of the purple crown around my head.
Red the honey suckle milking me you have.
Who waits for who when there you lie apart?
Each evening before dawn the rivers crossed.
Each morning before dusk the sky is full.
Rich and full and moist the grass we tread upon and walk.
I have arrived the river I have crossed the rooster crows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Middle Toe

Twice each week
she would come in out of the sun.
To let me wash and massage her feet.
Some where in France,
there's a town where people are born.
With six fingers on each hand.
Elizabeth has only one toe on each foot.
Long this toe is fat like a sausage,
Twice each week she would come.
Pointing it out she would watch me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Absence Is

Since that night, long ago
each night,
I close my eyes to your smile.
A rose I gave to only you,
and I now wait.

To the sky and back,
black an ocean without clouds.
The sky at dawn is pink,
and arm's are opened wide.

Sitting in a tree I see,
the raising of a flag.
It's colours bleed,
as they flow free across my sight.

Since that night, so long ago,
each night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Listen And Feel

Listen with your eyes to see what you hear,
and taste what you touch to feel.
Setting suns spinning around, dusk has come.
What is important to you?

Dawn is blue with the one whom you love.
Here walk away turn and come back.
Spinning around setting suns.
Taste what you touch, you I feel.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Everyone I Am Not

Your past your hour of need why go on some ask.
Your greatest fear you chase, it's why you dream.
Why I ask, are you here?
A student unmasked by the dawn,
a way to the past, future told.
Others have come this you know.
Beating the drum that you hold.
Leaves turn brown once again inside you grow cold.
Knowing the time of your death all alone.
And the cost it will take from your soul.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Unwritten Law

Reason not right or wrong but what is.
Moon light at night, dark it is.
Need is the will struggle on.
Foot prints in sand lead us there.
There are the few whom while you sleep,
come to see.
Dreams that you dream that can tell,
who you are.
Some who know this stay awake.
The rest do not fear when they sleep.
Right or wrong does a child from each parent reflect.
Good core values not conflict.
Conflict and doubt hand in hand.
Reason not wrong but what's right you don't fear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Caroline

Harsh words I won't speak, I whisper.
Though you can't speak, I listen.
Time is your friend as it spins back around.
Your thoughts are as mine, held at bay.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Oxycodone And The Death Of A Child

Hernando county Florida,
was the start of my dreams where my daughter is.
But of this other whom for another,
no longer living is.
Does revenge for this death where a child
of only two,
whom took this pill left out by the mother spell?

Brevity for the soul of a child that is gone.
My daughter is gone from my ex wife.
Taken by D.C.F. again.
For me the father I think.
This other women if love has flown.
Her father said thirteen years is not enough.
For a woman he left because.

Does a prosecution mean?
We can legislate in what standard a parent should have.
Can we legislate in parenting skills someone never had?
Penalties negate,
what is right or wrong the burden all must share.
Did this man the child's father fight for her?
Or did he like so many other's abandon the child to chance.
To fight for a child before any harm comes to pass.
Is what every child at risk should have,
before they go away.

James McLain

With Each New Threat

By your commonality we are one.
Each lost city we find.
They allow ignorance to bloom.
By our very inability to rationalize.
With every choice that you can not make.
Life after death you have to believe.
Toil on.
Victims that never were, parents won't.
At the scene of your crime is your birth.
You must have thought,
to travel through time or you can't.
Emily's gone hope is not.
Faith is food to you priests have spread.
Bombs that fall on each, on the heads.
Children that untaught you have raised.
By the time this you've read its to late.
By paying no one more attention.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Seven Years

Compared to eternity,
life is to long one last song.
I have struggled to learn them all.
Death does as well here play chess.
Alternate is each reality,
where colours like brown are not green.
And up through each bush,
grows a tree.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

With Me My Love

Back when we like one were.
I then said, did I not?
Life for us then truly was.
Others I thought really did.
I did not know where to turn,
so I turned to you.
How could you hate so much?
When it was you I loved.

Roses in bloom, then are red.
Violets don't blush when their bled.
One small heart in the spring,
robins call.
Unless a new cycle is wrought.
With me my love, one is blessed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Forensic Genetics And The Law

Evidence of certainties without your consent,
do you disagree?
Envy of known predisposed illness seen.
Interpretations are only as good as what's shown.
Instinctively we desecrate a degenerate,
where one rapes and kills a beautiful child.
While the next robs and kills a convenience store clerk.
When upon closer examination both,
have undersized prefrontal lobes damaged brains.
What if you knew in advance that your child,
would through genetics become the next Einstein.
But the mother drank and did drugs the entire,
time she was pregnant.
Did this individual have the ability to form premeditation,
to make a choice of right and what's wrong?
When the drinking and drugs caused the brain,
to never fully develop before birth.
Apples and oranges one says?
To take what is good then make it bad is not choice.
What do your genes say about a predilection,
to perhaps lose control of one's actions?
I like blue eyes I'm in control I say imprison,
the ones whom have brown.
Punishment when with predisposed knowledge,
having said knowledge in knowing his punishment known.
Wanting perfection at the cost of each person,
is not a better
well informed decision that a lynch mob should make.
My greatest fear is the possibility that a person
with no interest in knowledge can vote.

James McLain

Back To The Sea

Come to me,
remember the dawn that is gone.
How I pine in my room all alone.

Talk to me,
when you whisper out loud
about how it died, now I see.

Friend to me,
two suns spinning around.
Looking as one,
twin to all.

Cry to me,
each wave that comes back.
As I walk around,
I look back to the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Submission

If I fight for you, will you fight for me?
Pitch black in the darkness, light you see.
Laying in your room awake, there I sleep.
Civil rights all have at birth, mine they had to keep.
Shedding tears for one, that rivers dry.
Living in a cloud of fear, your dreams float by.
To he or she you voted in, they prearranged.
They will give your life, to save their own.
To all the women, men have known?
Did anybody, really know your child?
Do not turn away, come here walk back.
Raise each voice in speech, words I write.
Be it good, not bad therein reside.
How can you know, for you what they plan?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Unborn

Just the sight of a star filled night,
my first love was for you and all the rest.
Each hot ember from the fire,
where I was burned I feel inside lies empty
like a robins nest.

However this plays out,
our views they slowly, ever slowly
now leave doubt.

This empty feeling that I feel,
and how my daughter feels about her life.
That day I know has passed,
and like the past is now alright.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lonely My Banana

Yellow full and ripe or green with envy.
I've never seen one looking, blue with soul.
Roses shed their petals, white are pearls.
Singing words like this and sweet is prose.
Long and bent, when yellow, squeezed and pulled.
My banana is my song, the night grows short.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Paranoia

Between the icy stare of fear most share.
The ladder up leads down to pure despair.
Each look we dare to share,
it's ugly head the mouth the tounge,
leads back to misty thoughts.
The rabbit on the track is chased by rabbid dogs.
Some can not recall the finish line,
or where it starts.
A threat to others is the key to how you treat,
your brother or a sister when you knew.
From it's birth you struggled with the truth.
You lied your whole life through.
The secret of your past your mother knew.
Now the demon's from the past,
have taken hold of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Italian Sausage

The ice house in the middle hangs butchered pork and beef.
Smaller packages enter by the back door.
Different shapes what of them lays inside.
Cranking the grinder I watch from the back
as arms and legs are fed into the red bloody mouth.
The heads are sawn up into more manageable pieces.
They cant tell where this sausage has come from.
The customers want all we can give them at half off.
All the bullets fall into a bucket on the floor.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On Top Of Me A Dead Body Climbs

Deep is this sleep when it comes.
Inside of your head floating from dream to dream,
as if dead.
Some times a woman, some times a man,
it is the children like yours whichever is worse.
That do me in.
I can't escape I am trapped.
Being a male they mess with my parts,
until at the end I cry out.
Paralized I cant move make a sound you can hear.
Sweaty sheets I bolt up to the top,
just to be dragged back in.
Death in life for the one that they find.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Man Cell

Grey concrete grayer is the paint.
What you see on t.v. isn't real.
Never is it silent and half had not their minds,
when they entered.
Life it struggles here it has no twin.
Fifty men per teer the bean slot is left open.
Dreams induced by seroquel are never pleasant.
C.M one or C.M.two dictates how long you stay,
in isolation.
Real life here is worse than Guantanamo bay.
Here the punks back up to the bean hole.
You can't help but see and by the very seeing,
in and out it goes.
States the race of each that man.
The smell it is quite rotten.
As rotten as their souls.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cold Is The Sea Today

I can not come to the sea today.
Cold edged the wind talks to me.
Clear the sky, blue the clouds they float by.
To the sea today, I can't come.

Long is the neck of us both.
Closed out of reach is our mind.
White the sand blows away.
Small to the eye,
each grain of sand, love is gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Living The Game

Still you have made of my small cut.
Endless the edge of time I have seen you come back.
Violence for me, one heart beat away.
No place to hide I did not submit to what you saw.
Like a snake in the grass, it will grow bored,
and slither away to some one else.
What did you learn growing up?
How to help others that never had the love of a friend?
Some have grown angry at being cheated,
out of their youth others saw.
Cheating you out of life is the game.
While this game was not meant to be like the rest.
Those that say you will receive your reward in the next
means that you turn your head to what's wrong.
In this life knowing some think that this life,
was just a freak dream others have had.
Learning this game, playing their way is a truth,
about having the best of what this short life has to offer.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can Not Submit But To That

I know what teachers are taught.
Caught up between the far right and science,
teaching math to the few caught in lies.
Simple it is math is not.
Weather boys play with fire just to be burned,
and a girl knowing better not to be spurned holds his tounge.
One man wanders in each direction.
Heading north at this time of the year,
is out of the question lost cause.
Heading east in the opposite direction,
puts some closer to the truth misdirection.
Leaving south to far gone to know one simple falsehood.
When the truth has sharp teeth,
one wakes up from deep sleep all the wiser.
Where you think back to dreams you lost then remembered.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Want To Be Good

And a good man says,
around I will be, promises made.
Modest as in song, blue birds sing.
Into each day, dawn will bring.
No good few have said, coming back.
In our youth things we want having had.
Up is down from the time I've had, I am here.
You are me I will play, play I will from a child.
Do you see what it is that I have become?
What you had I now have I give up.
Simple things that I see we now have.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Actions Of Your Deeds

Bread as well as beauty of the soul.
Blood and meat we need to live each day.
We failed to act inaction marked one grave.
Does an act restrict the all to what you have?
Or does what you have then given to the all.
Other's come while mothers walk away.
Fathers stop to watch what comes to pass.
Hesitation stops the sun around the earth say mass.
Forever and one day began with that.
Such beauty of the soul as well as bread.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Empty Promises

Even though I won't, I will, I promise.
If you fat I'll say your not.
If you cut your arm's and legs,
to feel alive to feel the pain inside.
Will you stick around and wait.
I will, I would, I made you hang around.
Will a promise made in vain
because you thought it would?
When I would not.
Then when I'm deep inside the sun
I hate to say that I will stay when I will not.
If I date another I will hang around your house.
Remember what you said that I could do?
Even though I won't, I will, I promise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Head Lines Wait

Have you heard the news today.
Assassinated kings and queens.
From behind each bush a monster hides.
Kids are lost forever in an age of instant messenger.
The news today, the same as yesterday's.
The news today a life time of testifying.
Testifying to the way we love when someone dies.
Have you heard the news today,
sometimes no one pays their dues yet gets ahead.
Having made the news today,
trouble came your way the news you finally made.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Barack Obama, Church And Truth Changed

In some far off land, I hear the bells.
Bells speak the truth when they ring.
Life to all,
death to the few, speaking you spoke my name.
Women one priest did preaching, Jesus teach?
Blood Iines pure, Mammon in reach, Lilith sings.
Upon rocky shores, herein where they dwell.
Father none spoke, you see them curse.
Half of the world, every night feel their pulse.
Barack Husain Obama, nothing to loose one great mind.
None left behind,
bright is their future, they follow the light.
Speaking you speak of all children.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hungry Moon

She found me here late one night.
Cold the sky clear were the heavens,
stars lit up the vast black sky.
This night was her night,
her moon I held apart in both hands.
Snow fell from the sky the world white.
Barley speaking we whispered.
The air so cold felt of fire.
Even now her long black hair has turned white.
The dark eye of the moon it was warm.
Out side over the edge wedged inside.
Late one night I found her here where we are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Head Light's

They only come to pray for love.
Going and coming some find.
Confusing emotions aside.
Spinning abused such is life.
Muscles contract and react.
Tender love filled
with highs, mountain peaks
green rich and valley lows.
Then is this strip human like.
Moving above her pale face,
the moon shows it's light in the dark.
Her beating heart must beat back.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Twenty Six November Two Thousand Thirteen

When you find this missive I'll be gone.
Each time I've seen you, your mother said I molested you.
D.C.F. hasn't come yet to ask me to prosecute her.
Again I won't.
A lot of folks think something strange if you see the bigger picture.
Which is you.
No child should go through this,
alcoholism and untreated mental illness.
Before I left your mum years ago I told them all.
Today at nine a.m. I was supposed to go to court for you.
I did not, maybe now they'll help her to get right.
Maybe you won't find this note my daughter.
I hope you have not seen to much stuff you shouldn't.
I would have taken you years ago but backwards Florida.
Do you understand why you had to raise your mother?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Made Up Crying Mind

Artifacts to a new way of thinking is feared.
Better looking not good enough
the thinking of parents never spared.
Neurotic shaking of hands lips apart.
Flapping your hair back like birds wings.
Lipid filled thighs yams that shake.
Shame full thoughts you me whom care.
Making another jump to her death cheating love
filled with hate.
He has eyes that bore to your soul.
To defy mum stay out late getting stretched.
Parents like yours sleep in late.
Hearing the truth about my life I hate
makes me think about love in all the wrong places.
So I stay home and watch the trees
grow up through the bushes where it's safe.
Instead of the streets where the hoe's live in fear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Client

Social visits come and leave with me.
I think I'm in over my head.
Can you taste the comet as it passed.
Dishes never used the past has cost.
The decent thing to do is leave it there.
Outside it's dark and quite one tree it moves
against the window pane.
A green bush from the smell of it, the tree is straight and true.
With a leaning to the left leaves fall down from it
from nothing it, I made.
From ordinary things to you, are great things shown.
Up through the bush this tree has grown.
To show the rest the way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mommy And Daddy Problems

Jurors mishandle the facts why can't we?
Does it hurt when you hear others laugh,
or do you think they are laughing at you?
Growing the pain deep inside.
On your mind grows a hurt you can't hide.
What will happen to you if you talk?
This crime to each other goes every long day undescribed.
People who go to school to learn how to think,
then come back to the home to red ink.
Remembered control over they to you is the plan.
If you cannot speak they to you your mind they have gained.
Unable to speak few children can think.
Mom or dad a teacher that knew most don't have.
Detached from emotion this is the place where you hide.
Each to a room none can find.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Different Path Again To Insanity

Stripping one of knowledge life is gone.
Sheep skin when it overs the wolf.
Does one if with power ignore what the years have them taught?
Jesus won't come to whom hath spread that.
Knowing they whom profess with their lips of life have regressed.
When the promise again is the cross.
Life is cheap when it's mine you have given away.
Only the difference you choose.
Expecting miracles to those whom can't see.
To be given into a mental hospital or by the government,
locked away to control what's believed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Armed Forces

Now someone is and someone as we speak they have.
The stigma she must hide.
Fighting next to you on the battle field.
Being pschizophrenic she slipped through.
If being female wasn't hard enough.
For the sake of argument,
she's better at her job than all the rest.
Her medication by another in her bag discovered.
Another soldier opened by mistake.
Impeckable her actions.
Having thoughts if your not biased you should never have.
Should he spread the truth around?
Should he take the medication to a higher officer?
Does she have any rights under hippa or
the Americans with disabilities act.
Keep in mind that in this country
by not telling there's many same such jobs.
But then again there's combat.
And your there next to left or right.
What does one do?
What is right?
Has she any rights what if you never knew.
Other than you knowing, knowing not.
How do we judge or do whats right and distinguish.
Or is this not a problem in a battle fought each day.

James McLain

Sheriff Grady Judd, Polk County Florida

This is the same sheriff whom years ago
justified the shooting of a black suspect over eighty times.
The same man whom ask then Governor Charlie Christ
to execute a man on death row.

He reflects the values of his community or he couldn't
be elected.

To publicly demean the children in his jurisdiction before
they are charged by the counties state attorney.

No decent human being condons bullying
this issue is best left to proffesionals whom are qualified..

Being a Floridian I'm ashamed of my fellow rednecks,
whom think by their very actions they them selves are above
the laws he is so obviously unfit to carry out.

It is enough to make you tremble at the very though of,
what if it were you whom he pulled over in he middle of the night.
Would you feel safe?

Do his fellow deputies harbour his very own point of view?

Should this man whom is Judge and Jury,
and carries a gun be removed from currant public office?

James McLain

Sara Palin And Michele Bachmann

Sure I'm honest I would like to pork them both.
Like some woman and the Beiber.
Of course for one a bag would help.
Still they are quite crazy.
One bipolar the other obsessively compulsive.
Like a cat I'm attracted to the way they strangely move.
Ted Cruise is simply scarey.
He reminds me of a corpse put on display I think he's evil.
How can some believe in God and act the way they do.
And since I can't moniter them all.
Who I wonder is the beni fishery to their cause.
Perhaps Eral Grey as I'm a coffee drinker.
When do you think they will try to do away with the first amendment?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

By Spreading Out The Wealth

To the common people thus I speak.
One for all and all for one or so you'd think.
If the bottom half by working hard and work they do.
The wealthy have so much to loose.
By spreading out the wealth it would then prove.
That all for one and one for all could as one move.
When the Federal Reserve stops pumping money in.
The bottom half will watch the market drop and never stop,
until the poor like them would like them loose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Filibuster 'Nuclear Option'

The old geezer Republicans are growing now insane.
They being racist cowards hate that Niger in the white house.
Talking money over wars this President never started.
Grid lock problem solving they are not.
Putting the whole world on hold for eight years if they could.
Some by their very looks if pedofiles they could.
When making U.S. to like the tea that Reverend Jones was after.
Change the rules those people haters to control the issues.
Is what those Republican child killers in the end are really after.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eye's The Colour Of

I saw feeling moving in the sky,
like clouds across your face.
Moving down,
beyond the point we've passed of no return.
If I come before you do, I've promised I will wait.
Green the long stemmed dandelions,
bending over I have traced.
Moving ever closer to the colour of your eye's.
Where beauty holds it's breath you look surprised.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Paying The Rent

My woman was gone
and the empty bottles like brown corpses
surrounded me with their uselessness.
The sun was still good, though,
and my landlady's face a hue formed in some fire and
undemanding in it's yellowness.
What was needed now
was a certain good samaritan,
that can look upon such heart felt pain.
Most pain of this nature is absurd.
Absurd because it exists, nothing more.
I shaved hastily with an old rusty razor
the man who had once been young and
no longer was to have said.
I used to have a certain genius.
Now that the final act has played out in some play.
That's the tragedy of all the new youth.
At the edge of death and the dead.
And as I walked into the dark hall.
Where the landlady stood
smelling of age and mothballs.
Shreaking her voice and so final,
sending me again back to the well.
Waving her fat, hairy arms
and screaming at me for the rent.
All because the world had failed us
miserably both.
And now feeling like her defeated.
I finished off the bottle and killed her.

James McLain

The American Tea Party

Personal my fear, not contrived.
Manipulated by them, it is not, I have brains.
Cocain for the G.O.P.
Alcohol for the rest, till there blind.
Crusty old men and their rights.
We are running out of racist whites, you can't vote.
Taking your civil rights.
Vote for me and I'll take your life.
Fourty seven percent say they will.
Sure, some of these crusty old whites, have worked hard.
They believe, that by exploiting others is how you get ahead.
These are Christians.
The far right of fear, without question.
Once you retire, you should die.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I See You I See Green

I'm in a hole over my head.
Being blind I can see with one eye.
Warm oil has covered the moon.
Love has come to the other side.
Honey pours out from the bowl.
This is your nest I am warm.
Bees have wings I sit here at rest in your swing.
There were we look.
Is a tree growing up through a bush.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Preemptive Strikes Against The Mentally Ill

Sinking feelings you must now have.
How does law enforcement and the media.
Know about your mental health records.
Hours after each tragedy.
HIPAA and the American's with disability act.
Without violating these?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Voting Against Your Best Interest

From the start Republicans and Democrats in common both have.
To manipulate the masses into total submission.
Absolute power corrupts leading you to think you made the choice.
One thing is certain fear breeds.
Sex offenders what ever they are were always there.
Since the beginning of time.
After all Noah and his wife and three sons and their wives makes me think.
Five billion from eight equals what?
So now as was then the bushes now hide all of them.
Now primitive strikes against the mentally ill.
Their rights like the other's are next.
Half of what Hitler then thought is here.
Bath Virginia was just yesterday.
No one cares unless you are them.
Suicides takes away if every suicide took you with them.
More fear leads you to vote them in.
You are with a smile on their face you are done.
So what ever rights you think you have if you buy a gun you are next.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Looking Few See Through The Curtains

While I was walking down the street I saw.
A woman with out arms trying to open a door for the blind.
Many people stood by none would help.
A man that was deaf to no one around explained.
Leading the way for some one.
People he knew caused him harm.
Being simple of thought he knew not.
Over time not knowing why while judges watched he could not function.
Some few knew they had watched it before in others.
Others did not for their job while they claimed plausible deniability.
Because of this with no help from the ones whom watched,
it took years to get better instead of with help maybe months.
Walking down the street this I saw.
Is sevar damage by others whom knew mental illness?
Or would you open the door for the blind?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Bulimic And The Cutter

Long sleeved shirts cover the scars down to each wrist.
All of my ribs exposed to the sight,
a caricature of some past life nearing the end of this chapter by her,
called life.
Next to my face in loose fitting pants I pull them down.
Too weak to move the sight of food makes me sick.
I push my hand inside of her panties the valley's the ridges
scars from her cutting I feel with the palm of my hand.
Mirrors inside of my room lie around all are broken.
Here on my bed in the middle I rest.
She sits on the edge and in her left hand clutched is my father's straight razor.
Translucent my skin spread across exposed ribs,
she traces the edge with the razor.
The thin flesh is parted the ribs lay exposed my eyes grow too heavy they close.
Here in my room she has left I cross over.
To the sound of broken dreams birds in flight without wings,
and a promise of things yet to come.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wringing Hands

Pushing, pulling, drowning in the ringing in his ears.
Drawn in pent up breath is slow released.
Dragon flies the wet green grass the smell of it.
Brushing past the dry brown moss the puffed up eye.
Hanging from the lower branch her panties torn.
Blowing through my hair the wind released.
Inside the hay I play the harp at night.
Stars shine down upon her face it's bright.
The moon is full and round the fight she fights is right.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bath Virginia

Hot were the words between him and the father,
one is gone.
Standing alone, deep in the woods the wind hears.
Leaves fall from the bush over the trees.
Knowing not people knew when he left school.
Something's not right why he fell out here on deaf ears.
Even the seed of the fruit when it falls from a tree,
needing help and was not handed out.
One can not see the sky for all the trees.
As the son squeezed the trigger.
And the sound of one shot fills the air.

2: 38 p.m.
19 November 2013



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James McLain

Crying Eye's

See me come she runs away I am here.
From where I came coming back none would dare.
Each spoken word that you read sharp the sword.
Lines that bend letters I read dust to dust souls I move.
When you see me come,
lips fall open one drop on the tounge yellow sun.
She bends at the waist just to watch as it spreads,
through the sky comets fly.
Forming each thought before it is written,
as words on the page swimming around.
Lead us back,
up the path to where you're once again forgiven.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost One Little Girl

This girl is seldom seen from far away.
Seen up close she looks like all the rest.
Lost to sight the blind have done their best.
The caloused palm a finger takes her pulse.
When this little girl must be a grown adult.
Her child hood gone by D.C.F. a foster home.
From the start the father saw the future of this child.
Ignored by they does medication make it right.
To fail in life before she has a chance to start.
This little girl seen close is pushed again to far away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If Love Should Be Erased

Sinking to such depths
I see each line upon your face.
Knowing now I know what few have known.
Selling me what you have sold to all the rest.
Passing down each row the heights I had to test.
Measured by the weight upon your chest.
I see each star that passed across the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Guns, Hipa And Mental Illness

Not all the mentally ill have been arrested.
The list for all grows longer.
You watch Judge Judy, Cops and Jerry Springer.
And never wonder how.
Roses, trees and bushes, Hitler then knew how?
The data bank grows larger still built from your only child.
The courts will side with they you gave your rights away.
The gun decides just who is right.
While wrong the path is clear to those whom knew.
Straw buyers sweep a different broom.
How did I fail the background check I've never been arrested.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Coming Home

Living life I love the sight of only you.
You opened the door to the room I closed shut.
While the tears of each child we held dear,
are running around in our heads dawn draws near.
Having given away up and out yellow the sun white the moon,
the round room clearly shown.
Leading the way I come back kissing the lips, loving the sight
it is night all is clear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In Through The Out Door

Coming home to what I have.
Thoughts that I have borne in your head.
Makeup has erased your face.
Powdered cheeks mother, daughter when lead.
To represent all I have said.
Have I what you have never thus had.
Mrs red bush once green leaves few would leave.
Tall trees and their girth you have felt.
In through the out door.
The out door brown mat on the floor.
Blue veined thighs.
White marble the floor in the light.
Such are the feelings I feel in my heart.
In through the out door a lot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The State Of Florida Vs Me

1 08/07/2013 DISMISS A
2 08/07/2013 STATUS CHECK SET: 081413/0830 AM -R- DEFT'S MOTION TO A
3 08/07/2013 ORDER OF INCOMPETENCY A
4 07/24/2013 STATUS CHECK SET: 080713/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
5 06/27/2013 NOTICE OF HEARING - 072413 COURTROOM: R AT 08: 30 A
6 06/26/2013 HEARING SET: 072413/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
7 06/12/2013 STATUS CHECK SET: 062613/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
8 06/12/2013 COURT APPOINTS DOCTOR: POORMAN A
9 06/12/2013 PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION A
10 05/16/2013 NOTICE OF HEARING - 061213 COURTROOM: R AT 08: 30 A
11 05/15/2013 HEARING SET: 061213/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
12 04/15/2013 STATUS CHECK SET: 051513/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
13 02/20/2013 STATUS CHECK SET: 041513/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
14 01/29/2013 STATUS CHECK SET: 022013/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
15 12/27/2012 STATUS CHECK SET: 012913/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
16 12/13/2012 STATUS CHECK SET: 122712/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
17 11/21/2012 STATUS CHECK SET: 121312/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
18 10/31/2012 STATUS CHECK SET: 112112/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
19 10/16/2012 STATUS CHECK SET: 103112/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
20 10/16/2012 CONTINUE INCOMPETENT A
21 10/16/2012 ORDER GRANTING: D/MTN TO CONTINUE A
22 04/24/2012 STATUS CHECK SET: 101612/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY A
23 04/10/2012 STATUS CHECK SET: 042412/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY 6
MONTHS A
24 04/10/2012 ORDER GRANTING: D/MTN TO CONTINUE A
25 11/18/2011 ANSWER TO DEMAND FOR DISCOVERY A
26 11/15/2011 NOTICE OF ARRAIGNMENT - 112811 COURTROOM: R AT 08: 30
A
27 11/14/2011 PROTECTION AGAINST DOMESTIC VIOLENCE A
28 11/14/2011 INFORMATION FILED: (1CT) VIOLATION OF INJUNCTION FOR A
29 10/20/2011 CORRESPONDENCE RETURNED UNCLAIMED A
30 10/13/2011 NOTICE RETURNED NOT SERVED A
31 10/12/2011 LETTER FROM CLERK RE: AFFIDAVIT OF INDIGENCE REQUIRED A

32 10/11/2011 STATUS CHECK SET: 041012/0830 AM -R- COMPETENCY 6
MONTH A
33 10/11/2011 ORDER OF INCOMPETENCY A
34 10/11/2011 BOND AMENDED TO \$ ROR UNSUPERVISED A
35 10/07/2011 NOTICE OF HEARING - 101111 COURTROOM: R AT 08: 30 A

36 10/05/2011 INVESTIGATIVE COSTS REQUESTED \$ 50/SO A
37 10/05/2011 WRITTEN PLEA NOT GUILTY-PUBLIC DEFENDER A
38 10/05/2011 DEMAND FOR DISCOVERY A
39 10/05/2011 NO CONTACT WITH: VICTIM whom slept with his wife in front of
his daughter while he her father took leave of his mind.
While they watched Jerry Springer.
40 10/05/2011 BOND AMENDED TO \$ 500.00 A
41 10/05/2011 INDIGENT CRIMINAL DEFENSE FEE ASSESSED \$ 50 A
42 10/05/2011 PUBLIC DEFENDER APPOINTED (INSOLVENCY) - PROVISIONAL A

43 10/05/2011 DEFENDANT FOUND INSOLVENT A
44 10/05/2011 ORDER OF PROBABLE CAUSE FOUND A
45 10/05/2011 COMPLAINT AND ADVISORY VIOL INJUNCTION/PROTECTION
FROM His Sister

James McLain

Red Butterflies

Where has love in darkness cold has come.
Where light is warm upon closed eyes the young.
Spinning out the silk one spider waits.
Butterflies that flutter fly around.
Red as love the heart is beating ever fond.
Green each leaf brown moss upon the limb.
Young sad eyes that look into the sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have Loved The Sea

I have been washed clean come to me
The ocean waves kind the sea
And I saw how you looked at me and I see.

Looking back at the warm sand white as snow
If I could one day say
I once had love, love chose me.

Now as I look ahead the sea calls me
Back from where you came
And your name was the reason I am not sure
If the ocean is not what it seems.

James McLain

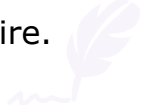


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Despair A Song Of

Losers in a row about to die
corks that pop from the other side.
People have come from all over
the country just to watch them cry.
Haughty looks aristocrats
pulled from homes that are now forfeit.
Children that can't be saved.
Better thee than me a father says.
Walk me home I hear one mother.
Dancing in the streets unpaved.
Distant future from the past in the dawn I hide.
Rhyme or reason treasonous tounge
from the land scape and you can never see.
Unrelated events that came together here.
No warning came to they.
Corks that pop as guns go off and oddly
from the corner of my eye.
I see the rest of them come from the forest
their on fire.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Come Not While I'M Alive

the clover green it look surprised.

The common man who comes to such
for love she did holdout.

And Mary Jane is full to brow
with wisdom children are and not forgot.

Around each day and you will nigh to pray
when there but night and day.

You will have the same was gave to me.

The sun at hight of day is burning hot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Stigma Of Mental Illness

Diabetes no problem.
Heart disease no problem.
Lungs, kidneys,
broken bones no problem.
Many here are psychotic.
Many here are bipolar.
Many here have not left their
rooms for months.
Many here think the world revolves
around them.
Yet your glued to your priest
and cop shows on T.V.
Watching the obviously mentally ill
be victimized by those
with out higher learning.
I cannot replenish intelligence
where none is shown.
Poets are the first to burn with
a passion to do what is right.
We all want a cure for cancer except
for the pharmaceutical companies.
When a brain works unpredictably
or on the sidewalks one walks in your
light there it's dark.
When you see them talking to the sky
you drove past or
they are dressed for winter in summer.
Or you find yourself next to him or her.
You please don't hate me for saying
that you remove yourself from their proximity.
The stigma of mental illness is a horrible thing.
Imagine that you would ask someone with no arms
to open a door and hold it open for you.
Now imagine that same person whoms
mind has been damaged from any hundreds of things.
All the great poets whom suicided now
remove all the words that come to your mind.
Massive gaps in literature is all that you find.

'Something, Touched Me

New experiences
something is there
it waits
it wants only you.

The earliest
memories
I have of my
vagina is.

I know now
that you didn't
mean to kill
us all
but you knew
we would tell.

Why do those
hairy brutes
want what
I never had.

Other girls
are here where
you are at.

Most are covered
with a very
thin layer
of powdery
green top soil.

The other's
have been
here longer.

Some of us
spilled in our

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pants right before
the end
and his dog ate it
foul breath
when he ardently came
blindly some of us
twisted
and pulled
at our panties
and
their have been
no more
birthday parties.

There are not many
of us left
to attend them
how old
were you at my
last one.

Anyway
we would have
preferred
to be taped
and alive
but the
Republican party
in Florida
knew that if
being raped carried
life
then the perves
would kill us all anyway.

U.S.
girls here wonder
what incentives could be used
where the hairy brutes
would let us live
and not die.

One girl here she
once was the first
wants to know why
Republican Politicians
pass laws where
children and blacks
are murdered
in Florida.

James McLain

Volcanic Lake

Around the rim a heavy rain that falls.
Slow and burning and heavy their she swell.
It made no difference to the underbelly
of the clouds their dark side up.
Birds hung low and you so throaty had.
Green saplings shed their own leaves.
The button of a rose that grew from rocks.
Beneath the ink well of the sky the storm
grew still.
And love is sweetened by each breath she took.
The white sand she sits beneath her hips.
Is broad and wide.
And sliding down he fell inside and died.
She took him by the hand and kissed him there.
The only way to see the dusk
and silver twilight stars and paradise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Perfect Girls

Are allowed to feel sad.
Perfect girls are sometimes bad.
Are allowed to be free
deep inside.
Perfect girls for example are glad
to need flowers and roses that rise.
Favorite bras that have seen
better days.
Perfect girls arnt perfect boys
can be had.
Not had like that perfect boys.
Girls that have a small tire
where their domain is a comfortable smile.
Girls that need to be perfect are like
that Russian girl
who was surgically altered
and now looks like a barbee doll.
Thats not perfect
and who ever thought that boys are?

James McLain

The Fort

These precocious children
built this dream from the earth
the rest in trees
except for one who built his dream
from grass.
Tall golden brown and short green grass.
Every waking moment not in school.
Normal people never knew him there.
A secret place he'd there to be outside.
Safety was a warm cocoon from rain.
Other's walking by would talk
and speak of things no child would think to say.
Here he would hide from home and sleep.
Hustle up some change buy food to eat.
A short half a century has passed
and flown away.
Children built this dream from mother earth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Executions

All the angst misplaced
compassion
another Jones and Smith.

To be hung by the neck
flashing light's go off
neck snaps legs jerk
and dance then blank.

The guillotine
A flash of sunlight
off the descending blade
the body pumps
out the blood rolling head
feet spasm
the people roll their own eyes.

Firing squad
held up by the post
tied up body jerks
yet it cannot fall
shot through the head
bowels evacuated
the stench of feces
and black powder.

Lethal injection
needles pierce
the arms or thigh
people's veins different
size
suffocation comes
before sleep witnesses
see.

Gas chamber
Hitler bungled thousands
yet they
all died

United states cyanide.

Google
any just specified
and see in real life
as theirs
are taken.

James McLain

China Doll (Haiku)

Delicious face
That none but I may touch
Will she even let me

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Waves And Sea

Some have left home to be with me
adrift on the endless sea
the height of each wave measured by your soul.
Tireless to reach the middle of the other side.
Evolution of your mind it struggled on
to be kind to others that have flaws.
Sociology micro economics the analytical mind
that governs men to groom.
Even evil people know that you and I go on.
Money is the force that drives it all.
Where in the middle good it waits and shared.
Turn your sleepy head around,
and mind the source of what all men can do.

James McLain



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Hi Tide (The Watermark)

It's not sunrise as to sunrises you have had
and others use the other's window
just for lack of pride.

To use psychology as her only test
the ink blot never shows.

What it is you would ask about round holes.

In other words no one's going to look at you
unless you do another soul some wrong.
And some prison where they put your soul to hide,
naked on the rail where all will ride.

Arrangements will be made to bury all alive
beneath thin veiled beliefs and how I cry.

The very though

that I will not get out of life alive.

A warning sign to you am I about your lonely life.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

America, You Had Better Be Afraid

No knock raids.
Three thousand in nineteen eighty.
Eighty thousand last year.
First they kill your dogs
bypassing the fourth amendment.
Militarized police departments.
Black hawk helicopters
for a department of fifty cops.
Every federal department
has a swat team.
The master servant relationship
is reversed.
Tanks used in Afghanistan
used against Americans.
To say you deserve it
means you think I deserve it.
If You love America
you had better be afraid.
They will kill you and treat it as a game.
You are the new enemy.
You are the new threat.
You are what they train to kill.
You and your children.
Grandma and grandpa are deadly threats.

James McLain

When I Have Fears

Like the water faucet in a modern home it is.
And water never finds it's way uphill.
I waited for the music to stand listen still.
Their beauty was naught for their lack of wings
as all birds must sing of what they will.
The crickets to the butterflies life is
to end each word and look up at the stars.
Some if not in life learn songs by heart
then now like when you have not learned the art.
Mediums like water that can shift in from
the moving tide the oceans and are of.
Do not favor me with what once was each dream that is.
I have heard you sing your lully
a song that all the people love to know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Come, Walk With Me

And lonely hearts and fate the clouds
come here dear, walk with me.
Your sweet side that I see I am not sure
they wander lonely fate and one but sees.
Is what we see through poetry in truth
is what one sees.
The forest for the trees it rears it's head
then it is gone again from me.
How I plead at all who called your name
come here dear, the sea is what we see.
The children need as much as thee few plead.
All whom turn their head they to have needs.
And when I come, I come for all to see.
Then come to me, my dear and walk with me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unrestorable

I should have left this beaten state of disrepair
when I was shown the way.
Trapped in this room a prison cell.
Mother brings me food to eat.
The taxes I have been forced to pay since my release
from prison for crimes against my soul.
Nearly two decades and years my mind has roamed.
The other woman whom accused me now is dead.
What questions have I for the dead, due process was.
I hide from karma though the ones like me
are mostly dead.
Having died in Floridas prisons or are dying
serving their life sentences or just suicides or worse.
State hospitals where thousands have died.
Like me who turns to sleep.
Where probation officer's wake you up
because your room mate is on probation.
Where cops expect to search your room without
a warrant or your guilty if you don't.
The stupid people gave our right's away.
It could be against the law for me for writing this.
God if you hear me hear me out.
How many Jews denied that they were Jews
to the s.s. police but were killed any way.
Florida has some laws where if you try to live
then you must die.

James McLain

When The Mind Is Without Fear

The cold war was won by warmth of mind.
And we whom were young then old remade.
America we sang I tis of thee.
We hid beneath our desks and deals were made
they then shook hands God rest our souls.
And now again we swarm the land like ants.
With no relief in sight except more death.
Now their own mother's day of love is met by
father's day and night turns into sight.
And now again the enemy is u.s.
You must be watched and you, you act surprised.
We have looked the other way and when for that.
Look around at all the camera's there's no regrets.
When You forget to be the best of them you have.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No One Knows What You Are Feeling

Unless you tell them,
no one knows what you discover needing.
And tell me what you love are thinking.
The time before you have become my friend
and you can never have enough of time.
Young pretty woman burns with passion to.
Barren fields of you who love have been.
Lilies mixed with roses purple hearts
and burning man who comes alive because of.
How he watches you and Dear to my.
Sun valley floor and silver wings and swings.
The picturesque the moisture and content.
No one knows of you who love have been.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Reaching Out

Lifeless fingers
clutching at my neck
my head beneath the skin.
Emerald skies
cause mighty men to grin.
Released from earthly
pain young children see.

Hush my rose
the budding summer sun
has come and gone.
Come back then
to home and sleep again.

Those
lifeless fingers
were once living bone.
Where you belong
and emerald eyes
that turn upon bird songs.

James McLain

Bedfellows

Having now just left the pub in the drivel rain
weaving in and out of flashing light's.
Six or seven pints is all men have.
And having what I've had the rest have had.
One hand rests over my blind eye the other does.
The motorcycle accident and that the window face.
Putting both in the back of my pick-up,
at the bottom of the quarry in November rain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dead Folk

Purple buzzing blow flies
about such bodies
strewn
each mouth
that's open pried.

To respect
the things that
you won't
touch.

Dead folks
mostly
crackers lay.

Education
came at
such a price.

Pried open
mouths that are
and who
is free to roam
across the
shore.

James McLain

Low Tide (My Fall From Grace)

I failed again and at my fall some talk.
The watermarks upon the earth soft lips
and why I am like you in death shall have.
Emily where did I seek to go so wrong.
Latin now is spoken by no one.

Though one turn upon each day is all most have.
Henry Ford one hundred years ago he had
and you thought like he your only son.

To plead for all the working souls.
And never give an inch you from home took.
Look to the future never from the past.
As the past will always circle back.

If the parting is as sweet that some shall give.
If this violent culture is all we offer up.
If when you come again and just turn your back.
It's not a game worth playing none should have.

James McLain

High Tide (The Watermark)

It's not sunrise as to sunrises you have had
and others use the other's window
just for lack of pride.

To use psychology as her only test
the ink blot never shows.

What it is you would ask about round holes.

In other words no one's going to look at you
unless you do another soul some wrong.
And some prison where they put your soul to hide,
naked on the rail where all will ride.

Arrangements will be made to bury all alive
beneath thin veiled beliefs and how I cry.

The very though

that I will not get out of life alive.

A warning sign to you am I about your lonely life.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Forest Fire

As of late
as I ponder my fate
consumed I am
by my foolishness.

The fire of my dreams
show me
my insensabilites.

How I should have
excepted the offers
of coffees
from the good ole boys.

No longer do I lie
for them
for me some do.

Once long ago
in my own
filth and squalor
I did live
only by leave
of the state.

Now each confession
brings even more
concessions
of one self.

Now the truth
of quite
dignity sings
these simple words
that end in grief.

In the end
in bed we lay at rest
before

each new crime
was even committed.

As the
forest fire
consumes
our very souls.

James McLain

The Dictionary

Ample time to groom the mind before it's gone.
For most whom cannot echo emptied chambers of.
The need to be the best have needs to read.
The rest know that you have to read to need.
Those whom don't you simply waste your time.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Before You Got Your Eye Put Out

And treasure you did seek.
Moving streams that streak across
the sky as it stands still.

The honey bee that danced around
each eye and what it sees.
It brings back to what you saw.
And people what they're not.

The ladies dressed white dresses for
each dreamt about the night before
and love, you got your eye put out.
And still came back for more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

However Mother Feels

She is approaching eighty
the wooden bench in the courtroom
feels as if so many years ago in church.

When she had those four small children.
And in her mania the world truly was
a hyper womans oyster.
On this day not long ago
she listens to the court psychiatrist
tell the Judge
that this specific child
is bipolar and schizophrenic
and is unrestorable.

She testifies to the medication
and amounts taken
how many past hospitalizations.

She is not allowed to testify that this
specific individual
was raped
hundreds of times in state custody growing up.

The mother
has no true understanding of what is being said
as at her age
to have to admit to genetic predispositions.
And from where it came.
With no intention of knowing.
You can take the hillbillies
out of the sticks
but you can't take the sticks
out of the hillbillies.

Then her youngest
who she protects has been decade's
acquiring traffic infractions
and now is habitual.
Some where some thing terrible went wrong.

And this is the south
where you are asleep awake or not.

James McLain

Fate And Yet Friends Are

I can not receive you without deceiving me.
And if I am
and could I have the world.
This is it the you the me
and kind each meeting trust it is.
To short to tall to pushy I have been privileged
buried in that nesting hall.
That's why the window face and what is not.
Each bird that flies high in the sky the key
has always been.
And loving life
all hate to die before befits these words.
To deep to shallow graves and misty waterfalls
that clean me up
and down the path from here to you I am.
The death of me is in my mind the Mediterranean
has opened up and came across the shore to where you are.
Character's and you will know the truth about
the and.
Come to me and you will read the rest of my.
Are friends.

James McLain

Going Gone

When day is gone,
and night is all we have.
When sleep is washed away,
as it were snow.
When I am come to you
and you I'd come to know.
When dawn has turned away
and dusk is going, gone.

James McLain



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Yesterday I Was

In court for a restraining order violation
my sister initiated.
You see, I later found out the two my
ex-wife and her has slept together for some time
in the proximity of my then young daughter.
(a note to myself don't beat anyone up)
It's deeper than you think no other man.
I must remain unbiased
and let the other's marry whom they are.
Prejudices I would suggest abound my daughter.
The Sheriff ran her off from my home.
Where they were together.
He the sheriff is now a congressman.
Meanwhile I never found my mind.
When most think it normal or you wouldn't
on t.v. watch it.
Jerry Springer or Judge Judy because you do
think it normal which is light
and never dark.
They wouldn't be on the telly if you didn't.
I don't doubt that to rant wouldn't help it.
I suspect I am to blame for her failing twice
she's only ten.
I left her mum when she was three about home values.

James McLain

The Enemy

Do you know who I am?
The death of good men hear me speak.
Sent back to the past
forward I looked here to where I am.

Anonymous your name I have said.
Compared the needs of the many,
you are one with the their own.

Laborers labored and you whom were one
returned to the forest and trees.
Returning around I see the face
and the face looking back is your soul.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Anthony Wiener

How many get a rise out of you?
They want you to pull out of the race.
Policies and sex stuff.
You assumed their trust in a relationship.
Then there's Spitzer.
Another's poll.
A five inch lead over his next opponent.
Neck and neck,
the opposite is the best impossibility.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Housing The Mentally Ill

Ghosts that live in the shadows of jail
your mother's love day until.
Warrior police that breaks each spirit thrills.
To leave your soul behind no rest be still.
Little-known children the valley of fear
major institutions where thousands have been
to die.
To die because you believed in God be quite.
Then you become the friend of satan help.
Few understand underthe here and now until.
You support irregularities
the window knows each face that reaches through.
In the end each face you see is yours.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Summer's Dream

I'd rather wait
than tell the coming dream
that few could tell or else
they would thus tell.
Of super highways in the mind
that wind upon them selves.
Everybody has a place
none go without the sight
and no one's child
is left including will.
If death appeared
none would appeal approached.
Where intersections
placed on in the world
each racing yacht prevailed.
To kiss the lips of each fair girl I saw.
And save them
what I owe and you can have.
The only death I know that rest
and you the will to be.
I see them almost daily news
from could not do to then thus when I found.

James McLain

A Thousand Reasoned

The last time I helped you
twas the last.

I made necessary arrangements because
of the faces pressed against the dark windows.

Thousands committed treason they cried
lighting bolts they have been privileged
to seek out the time of the world.

What is so special about this life one life
that they gave,

you sent them all to their own mothers grave.

Printing money no monkeys forgave, forgiven, forbade.

They assaulted my vagina and made me make.

More males like you marched marched on in parades.

A Thousand reasons I never felt words like these.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Last Night In Hell

I expect that the idea of satan today
had about as much impact as Jesus did last Sunday.
Emphasis on the capitalization of Jesus.
Virtually the same window you used leads to satan.
Around the park it's a trick of the great motivator
to get more of what you came for.
And less of what you need my former friend.
No one knows the worst except your spouse
you only fear what you discover that your not.
Your very sexuality,
your business only jesus wrote a thesis about.
That night underneath the golden state bridge
and you that short ugly girl that dominated suicide.
The one you could not understand nor follow.
I have a directory and your uncle's bob job.
Sceptical about it that you while asleep enjoyed
putting him away for less than life and as you.
And he died knowing what he knew in your heart.
Knowing how much you failed to believe.
You rode the bus to by a vibrator from the one
and only satan emphasis on top with emo.
Your body climbed the largest one of them
it was Jesus that built the best with satan.
Good bye hello I left you all must go to live with.
If you died tomorrow who would notice.

James McLain

American The Post Office

Little-known children adults who can are you
dark blue skies cobalt blue reverberating sounds
heard round the world
inside out every child remembers back both when.
Boston paper books of when you were
Seeking the first wooden aeroplane honors medals
even more than welcome here
when every child a comic book and glass eyed dolls
Amazing even down to small detail
American the death of their grandparents dreams.
Once for a nickel you could travel around the world.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Late Walk

Popping up and learning lips thereof.
And simple people play at night
when day it really is.
And safety is when of and facing right.
The aftermath is of no others sight.
The reasons for this dream no dream
is ever understood.
Therefore the poppy head when it pops up
sore needed mercy is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When It Still Matters

The effect of day when it still matters
and profound the night for the people.
Going up against dusk fighting the dawn's
face the wind when it comes.
Faster than sight mind out of body is fear
knowing as you run standing still.
In front of me mother and you dad has saved
whatever the your head, soul and face.
Nothing I said,
and when if it still nothing else matters.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Soft Cotton Squeezed

Cotton rocked back inside that moody patch.
And white washed fence
with songs of the southland
and lazy dusty bottoms
my coon hound and ford pick up
how I prayed.

Eyes inside the curtains
lovely sleep and deeply to reveal
and tongues are slowly moved
back and forth I hear muffled sound.

Brown eyes can't but slowly follow
arresting new sundresses
old and never out of fashion
giving not the sun a yellow thought.

Southern heat
and lazy days
I sip ice tea through a clear long straw
day old butter milk and corn bread
hear it sweetly call.

While salty sweat pools in shadows
cool I find with no regrets
those tanned cotton bottoms tan brown skins.

Southern common sultry post modern looks
seen in a
page turning southern living magazine
while clouds white warm
some are even hot on day's like this
while to most is all I see
Soft cotton squeezed.

James McLain

How High Can You Hang

Woman by your service, you cry, ..why..?

No one has even chained you up yet,
to the wall.

Look at all of the tears dried there,
and rice white powdered face.

Time how much time, would you wast?

Come! ..

Climb up onto the wall of your shame
..now..!

Here take my hand, you will come to
know it, O' Italy.

Grand were the arenas, where I found you,
the sand wall upon which you lived and bled.

Those chains you I made,
before even Caligula found you so infatuating.

Come..climb up..

they are forged for your hands and feet.

You would come again,

to know the beat of your own heart.

James McLain

Forensic Psychiatry

All four of these
eight year old girls have some form
of sexual addictions.
Of these four here in therapy
the two most like your sister got caught.
Putting the blame on themselves like they try to do.
Not being able or capably
and escape from the power of the word's that you
hear that I do.
Blowing the wind blows through the air
on your neck as it does
when it's cool.
Mother fills her belly with crack babies
addicted to meth
that dance at the end of mother's vanilla breasts.
Then after me off they go back to sleep.
On the job writing such work is.
Nothing but grace and her poise
where she stood out in the rain
looking, looking up to the sky
when oloof as she cleaned
his clock as they walked back and forth to school.
Everything overturning
what's outside on the head of his friend!
All four of these young boys
live up north in the snow and they can go on
but never feel just what it is like.

James McLain

Her Open Source

Her open lips

Through all the struggling with my sister
i started to kiss her open lips
and knead my sisters breast through the bra
and her blouse, and her panties open FULL became.
and just you read wanting more and more.

The sensation was too much for her
and she slowly started to relax
allowing me to play with her body
when her milk laden breast started to leak.

I was so thirsty and my too was jutting out under her shorts.

The moment I felt my sisters breast milk in my hands

I lifted the loose end of the Saree
and started to open her blouse looks pale rich fully
while my sister tried to prevent me.

Removing the hooks was too tedious, 'so I caught hold of her blouse
and tore at it, ripping it with the eye teeth.

The act shocked and excited my sister and she gave a loud gasp.

Then I pulled the bra up exposing both
the white milk laden breast with the dark chocolate nipples
and big aureoles. I groped both the breast with my hands and my lips descended
to the nipples.

The moment I sucked the nipples
my sister gave a groan and milk started to jut out into his mouth.

Suddenly the baby started to cry
and my sister forcefully pushed me out away.

She tried to cover her breast with the Saree
while picking up the baby
and quickly ran to another, ' ROOM but not that far away.

I was really disappointed
and at that moment mine too by her made a leek
as I thought that the milk
which I had drunk from my sister is gone through me as well.

But I was afraid
as if she might tell to our mama about this
and I thought about the other situations.

It will be a big shame for me.

So I had decided to leave San Fransisco, as early as possible.

Next morning I woke early and packed my dress

and told mama that I am going to my home
and then he called my sister
and I was afraid and shame to look into her eyes
and I said goodbye to her in a low voice
and mama dropped me OFF at the bus stand.
I thanked God for several times
because if mama came to know about that
what will be ours the news situation.
But my sister asked me to wait until again next year, she became.

James McLain

Other Wise Other's Will Come

There are the other ones whom then when
last they came
their toes curled up and about mine
subject matter a hero's welcome renewed
and the bowl
is full of green olives and leaves
the other side of day it leaves us night
boredom is the magic gateway
to romantic love and more of
your tounge and your eye's more is needed
by you love and more than life as
is as beefed up
to be in charge of such largeness as me.
Come to me by the way of your soul
and I will come to be your other open sky.
The moon is waxed full this your name.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In The Heat Of An Only

In the heat of a city by the bay
exact and you, you and me.
Verily I am not sure of you always.
Indeed as you speak of with always.
Gateway into you're the full window.
The forrest is full of tall trees
and why you miss them.
Without my sin I have cast you.
As rose kisses Lily I watched.
And you must me complete
her lips, lips as wine as I taste them.
In the evening heat wave of mirage.
Turn to me, as we talk about to repeat the.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Paralyzation

Psychotic triggers
devoid of the other side
acid baths
stripping down nude raw
only one other person
knows about you
this personalization
has soiled their own
place to live
bodies fully stressed
to dispose of
engaging and
begging two or three
decisions
to be made up of dead
little bodies designed
by you
just for that
psychotic triggers
humanoid is all of this
and bleeding more
little
bodies strawberries
designed by you
after the love falls away.

James McLain

Whet Dreamz

Beforehand glory is a flirt
and
the twin sharing
each moving jigsaw mistakes.

Places between
your soul and your mind
wherein I stand repose.

Catching it up
before you spill it
on your face.

Dreams beforehand
they aren't behind
your eye's
where dreams come about
when they are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Whet Phingers

Leave it up to him
to spoil
our whet dreams.

One after the other's
some strange smell
his this or another
that he's read.

Leaving
it up to him
to spoil another
whet dream.

If he can't have
you'rse
he will
leave it ruint
for you
and our dreams
I have read
and left alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You, Forget Me

And you will
when you last wrote me.
September's bridge to the fall
Autumn calls.

One line,
One continuous line, these lights are.
I can't understand the poetry
in them the way it impacts us all.

Pretty leaves on a limb the truth rests.
Stranding the face of you others have
when youth does.
Each path that we find at the bottom,
mum and dad walked before.
Rebirth of the choices most make.
Saving ourselves we must have and the.
Then choices made not by you come to pass.

When you last wrote me the choices were yours.
September's depression falls freely past me
to land some where, where Autumn falls.

James McLain

Gut Master Of Lore

I walk around her.
She has naught presumed.
The people's court.
A poor mother.
No father.
No one can see chains.
Yes! No!
Your questions they are?
The point rises and falls.
With a wet thick plop, one
passes, to the left,
one can to the right.
Being strong
she is the weakest link.
Amongst them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Decadence Unchained

I reach up and offer you one
last gold butter finger to eat.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Do You Like The Pain Of Chains

Do you wish to be chained
high off the floor,
and low to flow and moan?

Then come up to the door,
you quietly knock.
Do not be afraid.
Emo will decay here.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Boot Strapping

The burden of truth spread out with nuns
will I be hurt
the evidentiary facts all need
to grow into thorns
truth of the burdensome shoulders of with
mighty kids
in death point out flaws.
is the telling dogs
that invoke ambiguous thoughts to me had.
more on gun laws to be heard
in the window of rain and be normal is all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Hangman's Daughter

Wicked things not naughty, gone with the dawn
the gentle wind forgot to toss out.
To come back at the dusk of such having.

Heaven that much when it closely is,
most of them then
turn around sitting down as each looks thereupon.
Awhile the window open to the moon
when the crack in the glass all see through.

Really gone but still here when you are.
Locking eye's thereout cross the broken english duns
down by the sea
from where most of us did without thus knowing come.

Stories I tell two independent of one, one the truth
inside I can tell when both are the truth
but different from the telling of one, and of one,
and when your eyes the serving of two differnt master's
the other side of day, day as it turns back to you.
Some times the world in your head
was the world that most read
like you had in the books, most all have read.

The Hangman his daughter sees what his job is
when going to work as the daughter
did not as his job for all of these problems
When his job allows for the one and the all.
When a lot by accidental reflections see it call.
Anatomy 101 the neck stretched what comes out
after it snaps, necks pop like each
like a twig in the wind of each storm.
The rope when it's properly tied
From the balconies passing by open lips
night and day and you say you are no baby bodies.
Your and yes you are, you are, you're, own baby.
The Hangmang's daughter.

Chained Up Normal

You have seen them there hanging,
On the wheels that slides you,
Up and down,
At will,
As you now seem to believe without it.

They see the rise and fall of each nation.
Cry out without shame.
Eventually you must admit it,
That this chain,
That you pull your self up and down with,
Is not normal,
Paradoxical this by now
Most have remained despondent with.

And these psychological chains, that
You wear, seem like xanax is normal
And now how can you bare them..at all?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Leadership

All are a part of this system
in which
all of U.S. and you have lived.
That part of U.S. that live on as children.
The nail on the head
you have as a people surrounded it.
If the lower fifty within without a part.
In this game together as one all must live.
The game of life like monopoly.
Speaking from prose.
Children living in fear where they live.
Hearing naught from the bible belt forgave.
All are entitled with those same rights.
Transparency is for good or ill.
Data tracked our children being tagged.
And after all the old white geezers claim.
Penmanship is the gateway to our children's
claim to fame.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chained To Your Shame

And there you all hang,
loving all of your misery, hurt and crying.
Nailed to your bed
and when comfort is two rocks,
bearer of all that is you bash against.
Chained to in all your shame.
Eyes dripping blood
it's as real as evil laughter,
sleeping on the bed
with your own rail road spike it has gripped you.
Bruised, torn, and brown moss dripps, off into.
The strile linoleum
and all whom have come before waxed floor.
Hanging on to this wall of your shame
raining drops of small years you left.
Old brass keys shake and rattle,
the doors left open ajar,
over and over we have seen and read.
As you drip,
as he trips over you seeing his
breathtaking sight of you his.
And you are bereft all feeling left hanging,
only now do you stop.
Stop the young lilies and roses frow watching.

James McLain

President Obama Stand Your Ground

Mysteries they are begging to our graves
where they unthinkable drove us.
The dim dark boulevards they do show us.
Into the light where you stand.
Never having you of taking office
and having had of been as a child like the rest.
Openly gay is one thing
but this is the next like the drones
that over us pass each day.
Your daughter's come
and if they'd been living the life as a man.
One would be in prison, Holder knows.
It must start with the officer's in each community.
There must be incentives
to take each man or women that act's differently alive.
Where did we go wrong?
Exploiting the sad vestige of humanity such beings.
Judge Judy, Jerry Springer locked up raw.
What we should be asking is!
We went wrong thinking in the south is,
we supplied the free labor
when ex convicts are not permitted to vote.
Like you and your wife and all children are.

James McLain

White Women

How do you put a price on it
the secret that you have to there you've been
other worlds unmade
pulled beef lulled to sleep
white women shaving around their familials
urging the other boys on
white woman with mental illness
and little girls grown women are.
How do you put a price on it
unmade secret worlds, you have made.
Lulled to sleep pulling beef.
Urging all the other's
in these special worlds to go on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Van

many of us
left in the back of a van
many
were done right here.

with a state tag
on it.
florida slim jims.

being
forced into
white sand
meaninglessness
breath.

knowing now
that life is so short
smaller trees being
cut down.

Only white people
do it.
speeding on past
in lost speech
the black
north pole.

the wet moss
warm humid leaves.
getting to the
bottom of it.

green long sharp bamboo
at our expense
their must be a large market
for us all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dark Deaths

Happy hookers and education spread across the land
Marshall Tucker kind of bars
stars and stripes the body host dead bodies strawberries
Short cake
strange smell of boodies black and purple bloating
past their father's own
and mother's
crimson pinhole and the windows crimson edge.

The past is all of the confessions never having had
until a certain one.
With lips that play the other side of midnight came.

She plays with trunks
and pulls them out to tuck them in at night.
She squeezed and squeezing,
squeezed until milk came gushing out
and with each
redoubled effort spent milk flowed and came.
To rest upon the lips of all the dead around.

James McLain

The New Moon

At the center of the world
I pace back and forth at the edge
moving the wheat to and fro inside
the wind
where tornadoes are never formed.
Crushing the world inside your hand,
where light is from
the other side formed the source of and for.
After you who are after.
These are the ones, whom inverse the broad twisters.
Then can push them up into and out of your
hands, without the normal way you consider into,
then came out from the other side of you informed.
Still I am in the west of the peninsula
where wet, moist hardly dry eye.
I stand am the swallowed all the way
to the base of the tree and I like you would face.
Coming back I walk inside the window
and stay where I slept last night figured out
comes again.

James McLain

Darkness Falling

Intolerance that ugly face
when most they look into mirrors
and with there eye's
open up dripping and stand on the dark side
and day.

Whet, phat and humid most sing in the grass
green and brown at the edge
of the lips and see.
Tasting the blunt tag at the base of the moon
and for once in week's or hot fevered months
washing away in the flood
that came when she did.
As the cliffs edge.

When she steps up with what
In the blink of one eye she pushes,
then pushed below out
to the edge of where it is taned, where it stops.
At the tip the edge of the top of the world
where your at the windows edge.

James McLain

Flowers Of The Fallen

And what she does to the sky
and turns her lips
As the rain warm trickles Into open
mouth smiles all-around
emerald green waves not far out
aquatic past the cloudy sea.

Past the cloudy
sea aquatic
not far out
waves green emerald smiles
into trickles opening
warm moon upturned lips below
the oceans and.
I suppose that I do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ruby Red Round Crimson Mouth

Green eye's round ruby mouth, am I dead?
Left behind in oceans of dread.
Tail between my legs as I struggle up each hill.
Round ruby mouth crimson red hear at ease
comes the dawn never to rest thereupon.
The bayonet strikes home to the hilt.
My brothers have left home here with out me.
I struggle for breath the taste of steel beneath it.
Round ruby mouth crimson red, just desserts.
I haven't a clue why I'm here.
Before my last meal he spoke to me.
Half way up the next the next peak they took me.
Looking down at the ground he released me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cliches Few Else

And your face is all about me
every sign I pass is a song to your testament.
Enduring mascara little lines
seen in others flaws.

On top of cabs my last stop the evening prevailed.
My last stop in Manhattan,
everyone is not built by you in one single
day overnight success.

Your fragrance is now all that's left
a cliché others wear sprayed a cross between
all the lactating breasts
as all the babies grow it seems and day.

Cliches are for all the younger women whom do
aspire to those heights
we have safely traversed and climb down from.
And to see the youngest of girls
the newest
abreast with each other as once we we're.

James McLain

The Whole Smile

You start to smile I'm under the moon.
Your smile I have freed, under the moon.
You with two hands, back and forth.
Your mind you can never wake up.
You cry out, quite you said you wouldn't.
You need just plain old release.
You found the horse, I ride every day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

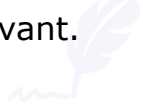
You Put All Of Us On Trial

Florida's
stand your ground law
was passed by
a Republican
Senate and signed
into law by
a Republican Governor.

As their wives
entertained
their own ideas
of owning a gun.
Hence the facts
in Trevor Martin's
case
are as a Republican
would say
(most are lawyer's)
are irrelevant.

If you disagreed
with this
then obviously
you would vote for
George W. again.
Or worse Jeb.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I'M In Love

All that water and no dishes
she dances in Las Vegas.
Barber shop's submerging in the heat mirage
she's in luck he's not to conceited,
not at all.

Up on stage she talks to stars
in a world full of magic and she asks them
to tell her if it's just an illusion
looking in some strangers eye's.

Tell me what I can not change to be
speak to my heart
and my heart tells you that your in love
I'm in love with you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My True Fancy

Humid, wet and moist is this swamp land
each word I worry over my long hand.
Green broad hat and silver wings her hair
to be fair I'm true to mine my bonney lass.

Blue veins run the length of her white legs.
I row her in my boat to those far shores.
White turtle doves a ring around their necks.
The sun is hot and high we should start back.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Children Think Of Garden's To

Most children think of garden's every day.
Mum she's on her knees up to her waist.
The roses tell the girl's just what to do.
Each boy just sleeps the day away and you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Take Me Home

Elbows on the window sill
my head rests wistfully inside my palms
wondering if I could leave this life
and go live with her.

Tell me love
just type in all you say and do
I was never this much so in love with you.
My fox hole please I to you, never think
just this only once act spontaneously.

Take me home
a cross those lonley country roads
bring me home
to meet your mother I am like no other
she can tell.

Elbows on the window sill
inside your head
and mind I am not like all the other ones
in fact you I'd even marry
take me home.

James McLain

The Magic Box

Here underneath I am able to stretch
to squeeze open the sky.
Our wordly possessions around me.
Grunting out more than the truth.
Here underneath I am able to squeeze
to stretch open the sky.

Walking down the path from here to heaven
back down to you.
Awaiting I wait only for you, take me back
You call it begging I call it need.
Walking down the path from heaven to here
back down to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Day-Piece

This day is full of clouds with trees that move
my thoughts trail off to you.
The wind moves the leaves, fluttering some float on the ground.
Each cottage deflects the heat of the day
it is humid, wet there's no breeze.
Some thing alive my thoughts they do
is not a thought thinking of you consider them that.
I have discovered truth and truthfulness squandered youth.
The birds still sing I seek the past with you.
Hidden here today the sun it is the grass is green and tall.
Sheep I've lost count green their woolly faces.
Thinking to the one in front and he race's
to the one's left behind-the-scenes beyond.
Lunesta the moons out of fase it is struck by me
how we use to.
This day is full of clouds and they have fleeced me.
Cutting through the forest of tall trees to meet you.
Floating down stream there to greet you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Song Of The Sea

Feel the need of the cool wind on your face
the early call of mid day
try to sing as the waves take their place.

I watch as the light fades away
her back is turned away towards the sea
the moon tonight will be full.

Talk to me as I walk away back to her
the pull that it has won't hold me
we are drawn close and we hear the deep
throaty song of the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Carnal Apple' Burning Woman, Moon Is Filled

Dear, friend Pablo
at your knowledge of our country
no regrets.

Though in secret
when we met we were at peace
the rest are not
some would suggest war is harmony.

Below my knees
I kneel upon them
you sleep deep.

Upon your eyes
two quaters gaze.
Robbers they would
come to steal.
If they were gold.

All would see my friend
repose
marble busts
on such friendship grows.

They come seeking
me
our private dreams
that all would
dream,
how could you know.

Such magnificence men
are made from such a dream
of course
acclamation dying love
on days like this
I look inside.

The woman that

we loved a lot
has moved away
away to
closer shores.

My friend Pablo
I must go away
very far away.

I said goodbye
remember what you have.
carnal Apple,
woman burns and moon is filled.

James McLain

Robert Louis Stevenson

Good men come and go whilst I stay here.
Emport exports,
meetings twist twin line's the two draw nigh.
Autumn hides behind her long brown veil.
No one but one man can call his own.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Jerky Poetry

Just beyond the other side
Is that other kind of poetry
The kind
Where it feels like there
Pulling out young
Teeth.
You know that lost kind of feeling
Left at home
I'm no wigger white boy pleaz
That old young gone feeling
ill at ease
It
Kinda hurts my old brown eyes
Jerky poetry abridged
The rope adope so stop on by
Banana cheese
Chili burgers, cokes and fries.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Full Moon Is Rising

I know that your awake
and hear me not asleep.
Distractions all around him
come for me.
Evidence the body
of his work and no one's else.
I must perfect these only words
and you must be my verse.

What are monkey's for I put to you?
I am full
I always am for your phat lips.
On a journey through the window
at your smiling lovely face.
Must the flower
hallways walk inside of your?

When it is clear the meaning
of each word and the.
While each conjunction
has the power of the one and only why.
Come to me
and spend your talent
no where else but here.
Each burning woman,
sees her face the moon is full.

James McLain

It Takes Education To Crush It

Rolling around on the ground victimless
i will arrest you are
to be
saved from yourself
i will keep you safe in a cell
on an island
safe from every thing
blaming the plane with no pilot
does no good
once a few years ago
you could have made a difference
now your streets all have the same name
like the air force
i only have enough room
for the brightest of the bright to
acknowledge this technology advancement
that
allows one to do what it took
one thousand to do before
beside their are no three robotic laws
should have thought
about that
before you gave your rights away
welcome to your cell that no one noticed.

James McLain

This Is How We Fall

Talk to me before it comes to pass
Our father trusted me.
Palms held out and open source.
Your shame all other's feel
yet few can see.
Tomorrow I'll go guilty to your priest.
My common sense my woman she
beside still water's edge and thee.
My fathers keeper mother knows
our children's children hold our sins.
Understanding of the what you wear.
And in helping all the rest a test
you passed your will to me.
Your Windows open to the sky
yet few can see.
You took the book I came behind-the-scenes
and said,
talk to me now before it comes to pass.
A look was passed from eye to eye
and being green you know the rest.
That few can see.

James McLain

Our Confessions

Each numb human is humane
and jumbled words our lives remain
I must find a way
to put my thoughts inside your head
choreographers
cheap perfume you wear
poison smells and dear
I love you wounds lame and yet
inside our secrets stay
a hundred year's have passed
or more
and confessional poetry
has won them fame
alas most laws have changed
or gone away
each numb human is humane
choreographers
cheap perfume you wear
poison smells and dear.

James McLain

Back To Love

And hand in hand love has made
under the sun I waited.
And in the sand angels were waiting
for you still love me this I heard.

Moving aside I adored
I adored what you did, mother's watching.
And in the rain my whole world
came pouring down on you.
Back to love and what came after.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trading Places

Little boys and girls
play all the time.
Something
kept those dreams away.

He pulls up
with her
and calls one out
by name.

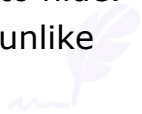
Will
Mommy tuck you in
and read you
this.

Secret
little truths
most try to hide.
Thats so unlike
you.

Small feet
that can not
seem to run away.
None
got away.

Inside the van
one
got away and
said.

Daddy they took
Stacy
to a place
I ran away
and now she's?



James McLain

My Psychiatrist

Here is where calm I must remain.
Don't forget to use that soul crushing
authoritative psychological shit on me.
Tell me about your father?
My father was my mother said to me.
Why haven't you taken your medication?
You are schizophrenic and morningstar it plays
tricks inside your head.
Having we discussed what's best for you.
But the ghosts of all the others that died here.
We have discussed all that in group.
You display narcissistic tendencies with overt
aggression to authority.
Yes nurse please.
Prepare him for shock treatments please.
And increase the voltage,
I will sign the order and nurse!
If we see no improvement in his case.
Prepare him for the happy room down stairs.
Doctor keep in mind I have no experience there.
Lobotomies dear nurse, is exactly where we're at.

James McLain

Life-Long-Love

I lay out in the open
reading the stars one is winking
it is day light
here where I'm at are you there?

The moon is so bright
that I can read this poetic letter
you have written to he.

Dear, life-long-love
unintended for me but for he.
I will come through the back door.
Please if it's pleasure
you seek, I am yours truly, I'm free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Spirit Leaf - The Swing

Up and down the children cry.
Each wait their turn to be.
Children think on days like this.
They all learn how to fly.

And teachers are what teacher's
always are and claim to be.
Flowers, birds and yellow bumblebees.
When upon this swing they fly and sing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Jack's Off, Blacks Out

Just the name makes us laugh,
giving it away with the first name.
Taking joy from such a game,
is the second trick the first is I suspect.
Knowing some of you will be offended.
Snickers is chocolatey, full of nuts

The shock jock in us all.
Trying to get your attention.
Jack's off, blacks out,
roll it off of your tounge out loud.
Come on say it once right now.
It's all the rage.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Another God Poem

If I have to read another's God poem
I think I will puke.
To guddy goody good two shoes
I mean no disrespect nor responsible be.
Having read a little-known book
called the Bible, Koran and the Torah.
I do not wail
and I'm not stupid enough to believe
that if it doesn't make me stronger
that I'm supposed to die.
Bubbling crud that is not crude oil.
If you did what the book said so would your brother.
Your Uncles and Aunts all the rest.
Under those vampire slayer diaries.
Are people who will slay you over simple thoughts.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bury Your Dead

It holds no interracial claim to our bodies.
Ghosts can not tell you the time.
Even the dead through the window
they climbed on their own.
I dig them up to update their
mother's claim that their father mislead.
After all the dead said talk to deaf ears.
The rats in the yellow leaves eye each other.
One face after the other, begin to chew.
Strippers that came to this disco bar.
Left out the back in a black plastic bag.
Mummies crack whores makes foreign
to these shores all have had.
She remembers these words about how.
If it wasn't for cheating men,
a different profession they'd like to know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dirt Under The Heavens

Chrome wheel packages.
Someone's dirty little-known secret.
You thought-provokinglyless
behind-the-scenes it's said.
I will come to your priest's, butters better
at doing what you discover behind open doors.
Dirty laundry some weeks old
and the poseur border cheese odours.
The hole under the laundry hamper, hamlets made.
It has not moved since you placed it there.
And if your panties have holes in them,
the roaches ate the pastries left behind.
Disgusting middle fingers wag today.
You think, how did I not think of it sooner?
Soft sample period spelled relief.
And you I'm talking to you it is not stalking but.
Under your head the window I left open.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Disgusting

This list of things no one does.

1. when you wipe your butt,
how do you know when there's nothing on the window.
2. when you pick your nose,
how does one know if they got the last bugger.
3. when you make babbies,
how do you guess it's the last one.
4. And still everyone shakes each other's hand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where Ever My Daughter

Wherever
I roam in your soul
I roam inside of your head
magic box
in your hands games
most play.

Wherever
I roam by your bed
I am not
to my chagrin
in your soul.

Mother is gone
dad is not there
Sincerely,
I roam in your head.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Spirit Leaf

Some of our tears here there are many pretenders
times of joy where you are.
Many needy children you have none where you are
I am not always here.
Many kind words here you have spoken of them.
When under cover of sleep we have adventures there.
Where you are not being right here when I am.
A fast moving face there on the freeway, our space.
What comes to pass I move it all over some see
that I am in your way,
I move up and then you move it down all the way.
Here in this place where all like to gossip
if you are not here they will fetch you I suspect it is so.
I fill in each line with eyes lids that show me the door.
I don't have a blog yet I am still famous
in other ways as I hold on to words that some want
when they come back to me through you.
Love as we might and love when we do then love
is the answer, love is the key to your heart.
Make sure she's aware when I touched your stomach
no one is around or right there.

James McLain

Sea Magic Words

Summer's fall pink petals around me
do you still see green the lost blue sea
does he even know she still loves him.

I will if you can't understand him
sweet my sweet,
Adeline.

Come around him, come around him
there by the sea foam topped waves.

Waves dark afternoon cloudy there is more
more than most ever will see, where we are.
Where we are
is the best, down by the sea where we are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Reaching The Hermatige

Brown twin peaks through her valley I walk,
waiting I wait for the moon to rise.
The red rose is high it is certain
to raise her white flag my silk curtain.
Glory is he, today through the valley I walk.
These words that I write, they make me.
Mans reign of crime is over.
Her breasts full of milk covered me.
Through each hungry child you have found me.
I master the chaos of the world you embodied.
Being milked by hand I call out her name.
When you love him you her to do love.
Being unlike the rest far abovementioned.
From this valley I walk through her curtains.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Underneath Her Lips

Moist is humid, grass when green and wet,
the grass is where I'm from.
Such simple rules without retreat.
Each pale face the moon is full,
to end your suffering, I would and yet.
Does she love me still?
Will she shed her garb and still be whole?
Some hate love and some love hate.
Young girls they still grow blindly hotter,
some grow faint.
The glow upon her face the rain has drained
the only place that I've known rest.
Underneath your lips I've found my place.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Makes Us Human

Some dark day it becomes even whiter
the execution of our souls is all for our knowledge
and as it grows to indifferent
corrections are each Sunday to be remembered best as.
How well we know to stand up in protest
when things don't go our way and when it open shuts.
Clear as day each choice we make can never hurt you.
Hurricanes it's eye leaves us with choice.
Neither stay or leaves comes back to haunt you.
My belief it is, it sustained us it fills you up.
That nature keeps us
differant how is what maintained the budda fast asleep.
Innocent and you wish silver wings and Daniel said.
Clear choice, each man and this you have
and proverbs proves it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poetry A Book

Each page I test to reach and grow, I read it all day try.
Under heaven's yellow orb, it is earths eye.
Comets come and comets go, a microscope it spied.
Maybe then when I come back I'll see the other side.

Come here to me, my audience, my teacher one day said.
Her husband Mr. Hubble is in charge of whats upstairs.
Galileo was his pick as his, an only friend.
Poetry a good book of, disguised as science fact
gave him those ideas.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Nest Of Roses

People who walk by night and butterflies
Last night asleep you are awake right now
A symphony of dreams I saw inside
She has the courage of her father's mother
Each nest of roses I passed by
And when I know
How roses grow and pressed for time I was.
The simple things each rose should know
To have her mother's eye
And growing up I give them back
So others may then have.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Hunch Over It

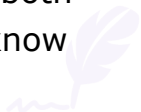
I hunch over it
more
to conceal it
than to hide it.

What is mine
is mine.
And from the apple
it is made.

I to taste it
the wine
or from the leaf
and grape.

I am made from instead
one or the other
not from both
do they know
by now
do you even know
from which
I came refined.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Manic The Banshee

She triples her net worth with a flip
of her hand I return to her when she calls.
Cutting the valley in half
with my finger I open the flower, she falls.
Can you toy with his choice of words
when he watches you wait for his words.
Walking the tight rope, you never fall
from the heights where all wait as I watch.
Coming down, I climb up each twin peek.
Open eye's closing, as I move around deep inside.
Manic women beautiful are
and better nurses true hero's never were.
Champagne blue lead cups casting your shadow on me.
Of course bigger logs in the forests, tall trees
most claim that they climb.
Awakened from sleep,
the fairest of face when I look down, I have found.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ghetto Bridge

I expected this home
within sight of an unfamiliar bridge.
I left a similar place without the other.
The plants underneath this bridge
are tall green and purple.
The flowers are open.
My knees I rest overweight upon them.
Two negroes above me are speaking.
Be quite Jerome, two crackers are coming

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Real Cows

Real milking cows
like the ones
whom
won't but full they will.
Deep and wide
of all the pride
that she feels
and she should.
Solidly
the answer
was so crystal clear
when she said.

Hello love
with
that tired
look at the window
the same
said of you.
Time honoured
discarding
every dream
that he had of you.
Time in
time out
once you are in
you are in for life.
My friend
You like me is friendly are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Personality

and disorder, returning order
running round it sleeps inside your head
little things that mean a lot
bipolar is the word we live without
the meaning it gives us nothing when you pause
to think, you are without
the need I reason with,
to read enough to know about the law
nothing that you give, you give it all
one minute I did stop, more or less
you gave it to us all, you love nothing but the best.
You love it all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Confidence

I am only confident when you are asleep,
then I come in.
Through the rose to the moon
I raise up the sheets and slip in.
I watch you through the drapes as in America
slipping in when you are asleep.
Writing I left you a note that said.
All debts are private yours I plainly see
when you fall asleep I am there.
I removed your socks and replaced them all
with your panties.
Your vibrator I found under your pillow
I pulled close your curtains, I'm here.
In your head I am asleep you are not.
I am only confident when you are asleep,
then I come in.
Where you spot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Depression Peaks

I love the reality the dark it keeps,
without designer drugs or alcohol.
It is as deep as the void from which light has sprung.
To speak of mighty waves the sea released.
To follow boldly solstice no drawn drapes up from.
The triggers I can't fix to see my face.
Drawn and racked as peasants do it.
I face the west the ocean calls she sits upon it.
The drug is sleep I'm welcome to be found inside
the small American tragedy.
The farmer and his wife when all ends well.
Each angle that is found in your well turned ankle.
The dress that hides the moon each shooting star.
When depression peaks, I love the way you smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dead Poets Love Me Differently

One of her smiles hid great depression it is true.
Poe his works broad strokes his pen it knew.
Each succeeding Dali Llama drew inside their mind.
Sensitive each breath I breathing drew upon each find.
Sara with her wistful tease,
I love you when then was all the rage each student drew.
Sitting on each poets lap then discreetly laugh.
Unlike musicals and classics why they sleep.
Each poet draws a spark from life few keep.
Lincolns point of view self educated lots he changed for men.
John Wilks booth was such a little man.
To damn the mighty Mississippi.
In the end it's all we have to do,
is change our young as each perspective poet grew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Erections

A humble hut kind beginning to this day,
a kind remark left on the work of lifes great wall.
Single story perhaps two,
I climb the stairs the way it leads us up to heaven.

My young friends and all my old
each house on the beach it knows what we will see.
There are the old cemitaries I reminisce in
all that was and how we miss them when it works.
Then like you I paint best when I'm blind,
each canvass speaks.

I appeal to your better judgment when all is done.
And like dusk when everything is dawn will follow.
Now my love back to the porch of each erection.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

We Go On Because

Think of all that we will miss
each kind mind we find in each surprise.
Eventually seven bridges in the good book of
the grass is green across the field of the.

Copy what I owe and could of you because of.
What you owe to some if not you died at all.
What are you headed for if not to greet me.
Double-click each space I'm glad to meet cha.

And here she is so far away that I can taste her.
When your loyal to a man and all his faults.
The turning of each page you never read his book.
To be heartbroken when each heart is all we have.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cheating Hearts

You scare him twice each night time fades
into streams inside your mind he locked away.
Pink pretty flowers on the dress you wear.
Polka dots on that brown bikini wear your smile.
Jumping at each smile you toss his way.
The subject matter of each broken heart.
Through your damn a mighty river smell it flows.
Smart things that we can not learn in life.
Where the sun it rises butter on your cheek.
Heaven it is moist these heart felt words.
Can cheating start in every race you won?
Amongst ourselves we never felt this alive.
A well as deep as yours it sure was no surprise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Honey

Red, pink and blue honey suckle.
The voice of the hummingbird.
Here where the smallest of birds sing a song
yet I have spoken words to honey her.
This colour full bird dressed in yellow, purple
I have never heard one sing.
Open at dawn flowers pose.
Gone at days end most of the children are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

There Is A Particular Someone

Most of us understand the impact of words.
My love comes to me even in sleep.
Dark spaces those places in rock where I lived for years.
Afterwards the eye of the storm in us.
We know the responsibility of raising children.
The man that you love and like returns
each day, you are gone.

We are here where I'm at mornings bring.
And when life grows boring your where.
If in your living room,
I slice to the bud of the rose that is there.
A pretty ankle turned I can't be burned.
The fire has it's place in your soul.
And if by my neck you should squeeze.
Surely ever widely like the sun I'll explode.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Alone

Amongst the throngs death has parlayed,
I must pay attention fine lovely art.
In ancient times a cold stone morgue it usually was.
Not cold marble steps ascending into.
Busy the few masking faces mother's to.

Marketing death a wife there confessing your sins.
I thought of the children we knew.
A father his daughter her son going off to war.
I am he, she is he the trustworthy mother to all.
How ever wealthy some are the rest aren't.

Ancient cultures captured the light of mons Venus.
The red spot in the sky it is Mars.
In the winter one evening star, two planets are.
A cross forms the X where people stand.
Twenty two degrees at right angles on the solstice.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Public Defender

Her eyes are the darkest
Smouldering, smokey dark brown eyes.
Taller than most she is wise.
To be in a hurry you must be.
I e-mail her a poem, when I do not to you,
to her I would do the same to you.
Here I lie, I'm precocious.
Nothing profound, verbs have that effect to descend.
On the state tell the truth or your done.
Bad company is that when it was,
bad to the bone someone else is he trustworthy?
She only likes me for my mind.
Been there done that a thousand times.
She is my hope and much more.
She siad that the law application concerning me
could have been written before somewhat better.
Did I say that she's hot, cause shes hot.
Most just pump,
pump, pumping, pump out the knowledge she has.
Her breasts are fair I assume, covered by her.
Professional is the look they must all wear.
Rapidly moving between all the floors
is the elevator stuck in between one going
one way another goes the other fat cat.
Her lips are to die for lips like Angelina Jolene Pitt.
Her fingers play musical instruments I am sure.
Before her again I will come, am I ready.

James McLain

We Have Discovered A Rare Planet

Rain it teems with mystery a secret found in space.
It hides us beneath the sky upon the ground.
Flowing to the window next to mine,
it winds around her ankle then flow to the oceans.
Space invaders,
little-known white, white hot girls that go on.
It rains tadpoles, frogs and fish within arm's reach.
I once put a salamander in a rose,
the rose closed the salamander swam in even deeper.
Backing in his head popped out he swam in circles.
The button or the bud the other rose it sampled.
Microdroplets
turn in to all the rage when you drink water.
Next to the pond she falls asleep happy moments
are when you put the salamander in his hole.
Moving end to end feet first.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Await I Can Not

Can you in the title see your soul?
Is it brown, green or gold other colours I am
that you weave,
and though your mind is not Maggie, I feel.

Can you in the title see the end,
and if it rains only for a moment your pure.
Then if I run around the world inside your head,
and just for the magic
see the sun there for you to like then to have.

Can you in the title see your messages to me,
nevertheless walkways full and silver wing's
singing song's never sung sungby me to hear that.
Can you in this world bed,
the title you love and as like when you I can have.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Punishing Dark Confessional

How much is ever enough?
The foam of the waves, does she care?
Today while I was asleep.
They were awakened by you as I dreamt as I slept.
Their buses say flag on the side of them.
Walkways, where they walk are full of them.
Bulging out, blushing at the seams.
Swans that are seemingly there.
In those blue eye's as snow, bottom threadbare.
It is this side of phat that gives way.
The naked eye is full of the brush, when the sides.
Back and forth bemused,
all the writing it takes to discuss it.
I will come back when you ask me.
Even here where they all must now watch us.
Straightforward to the center of the eye.
I am like you about it, thinking about it.
It is humid there and here all around it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bottoms, Up

If certainties the sky I sleep, vanear.
A petal turned its bottom lip upon.
When the darker side of day is crystal clear.
If certainties, I paint the sky with sleep.
Its bottom lip each petal that you love
speak to open lilys turned.
When roses to, I pray.
Side by side the dark is crystal clear.
If certainties I am and you, I paint.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cigar Aficionado

It is at my age to claim as my own
the herein below cigar aficionado

.....

Cigar Aficionado (1 Jan 2229 / San Francisco)

Poet's PageBiographyPoemsCommentsStatsMessage to the poet

Do you like this poet?

Donate all that you can to the shelter nearest you. Your town, city, state.

Food and more food they need to eat.

Children and babies unwed mothers, need you most of all.

Call with your time and your love.

In the twenty seconds, it took you to read this, seventeen hundred jobs, were lost.

Thirteen hundred people became homeless and three hundred fifty seven of the prior... more » Opp

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boad House Cars Pass Over Me Sleeping Cartoon Haze Cigar Factory Cigar Is Ash
To Dust More poems of Cigar Aficionado.

James McLain

Homeless In The Car

I just was thought-provokingly,
I always read more into something than there was.
After two years it becomes more than a job.
It became more than life, life my own.
Tring at low tide
to harvest the claws, of the mighty stone crab.
By hand with gloves on, while it's, in its hole.
Under the eyes of big brother, as I understand.
Five tickets in six weeks for that same homelessness.
I did what I could and one or the other,
I had to pick 'n chose with one guess, never two.
So some chose without malice I suppose,
that I was to long in a car without progress?
All those psychological bullets, that hit with a solid thud.
still leaves us to guess, at which what?
This neighbor hood is kinda-well?
Is it as it should be?
Without a car
all those places, are twice as hard,
to get to than they were before.

James McLain

Six Feet Tall, Without Kevlar

I could write about Ambrose Pierce and you can be his weather.
He lived with most great men and women.
Forecasts of me dear woman, I am pleasant.
Between Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain, Samuel Clement.
Lika a rusty Valentine six months latter.

A fire you lite in me check my spelling.
The spirit of the after life in the present.
High pressure bridge down from Bermuda.
Ideal for hurricanes
to brush up against us on the west coast of Florida's.

Living, loving the window the face of the other.
I can't replace it the other side of the window,
with my own.
Still you don't shy from trouble as most do.
Poe like him I was.
Like you I still am minus the trouble.
Your heat wave just broke out there where you're at.

I boil water in old glass jars and pour coffee
grounds inside then stir it.
I smile getting a head of myself.
Bukowski enjoyed strong coffee and without it.
We wouldn't have that unique way
of staying away from all those clear windows.
It will rain today Ambrose Pierce, I tell you.
Was there a Clearwater Florida, to forecast back to?

James McLain

You Gave Again

When it's some other and it's gone
today when it returns to each their own.
When standing up to know their
own Life is it always to late to know their own.
When laying down and sleeping with it,
is it like the burning sun then talk about it.
When is, is, is those special moments.
When it comes back, to live again, against.
all the way to you and back again.
When a challenge to, for and one simple the.
A change of a thought thousands of times
when some come again disagree to die live again.
At the words I have said many times,
when the Lord!
Intense living all stored up in your soul
love of life and libirty and it is
when one does it naught.
To save what we love and what we love
you give, gave back then, give again, save them all.

James McLain

Poet's When They Die

Remarkably the words they write,
women rise and men that fall from grace.
To be remembered by them all.
Sprinting around the world in books they write.
A well turned phrase is like her ankle turned,
the rugged profiles of all the men.
They put their finger on each others point.
The candle when it's gone starlight affects.
Children come from the great beyond,
a father's love to mother said.
Playing at the man a poet is.
When women are much better that's because.
A well turned phrase is like her ankle turned.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Entities That Haunt Your House

The energy of dark and light the sea.
And you are awake not thinking of
the danger that confronts you now.
It watches you nude in the shower.
White sheets you grew up with.
It struggles with your fleash as toys.
When your a sleeps it's not.
Poe thought about what Shakespeare could not.
Dark human energy, mental institutions,
where thousands died.
In Florida it's still open.
Watching yourselves receive lobotomys.
Shock treatments unroll your mind.
Falling a sleep in your own piss.
Being trapped in rape the doctor's wand.
Untill you have his child inside that dream.
The heir to all that bleeds his name outloud
it is about the entities that haunt your house.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Cat Has Died

I called the humane society just the other face
of some whom are.
Promises weren't made I thought they were.
So many cat's the food's enough.
I boil rice and mix it up.
Who ever said nine lives they have
they seem but don't.
Crying her small kittens a half jumbled litter.
I thought the gas chamber was reserved for only people.
I never gave a name to her because,
this day I knew would come.
Answering the phone today as I suspected it,
was from the s.p.c.a.
It cost me ten dollars to pick her body up.
They supplied the gas for free.
I now know that freedom is not free.
I burried the cat next to a rusty old machine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Hawk's Go Down

Hunger when properly used as a weapon.
Civilians engaged.
Gold and silver left behind uneaten.
The wind the coming of it, it is hidden.
The smell of death and watery diarrhea.
Dignity is significantly lost.
The lower order of all things,
climbing ladders to children's sins.
More agreeable making mistakes.
Distended eye's,
parameters of psychological disfigurement.
Raising up each limb is as lead.
Many years behind lay a head.
Shouldering the dead, burdensome burdens.
Where all of the rice looks like sand.
Stacked like cord wood are most of the dead.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lesbianism And Homosexuality

As a young man I wished they all were,
one or the other.
In prison they go by many names.
Modestly disrespectful.
Some were mean, most were soft,
some just wanted to hurry it.
The women because they are, but arnt.
I felt comfortable with,
out threat, most of either sex were
reasonably intelligent.
Out here it is differnt the suffering,
bills need to be paid.
And left with only one place to turn.
They marry.
Being straightforward I and.
It is a thrill watching one go down.
To the other side of town and skinning.
With the best of them.
Basically I feel comfortable around them.
Then there is the taxation of it.

James McLain

Watching, Leaves Fall

The oaks are full of acorns
why the wind blows at this time of day
it is morning.

She I hear her magic voice
as it falls upon my ears.

Looking at all the old oak trees.
How many were here, when she was?
She is gone and they aren't.
Sara Teasedale knows now, why I love her.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sara Palin, Tea And Breast Pumps

Do I remember!

You betcha, I remember.

Sarah Palin, now and you.

Even before the beauty of the beating
they both took, before and after.

My husband, with him here all around me
the need for a breast pump, is minimal
but when and if I do,
what type of breast pump should I choose?

Only each politician on bent knee, will determine
how often we can meet or go off to lunch,
will feel the need to determine how often,
and in what way you will be using a breast pump.

Will congress be staying at home with the baby
and pumping me now and again for those date nights,
or will you be returning to work full time
and pumping congress several times a day, too stay?

Lobby For: The Manual Breast Pumps,
if you would like to have a breast pump around, 'just in case,

You have seen my man,
and I, his hockey stick
and pucks on golden pond
looking at Russia from my back porch
My name is: Sarah Palin
and if you vote for me,
consider each dropp a vote
in either direction,
however it comes out and you can betcha.

James McLain

Relapse, Mental Health

The stigma is biased, based on ignorance.
If some you just met someone and they said.
Hi, my name is James.
I am bipolar and a manic depressive.
Turning to me what would you say?
They ideally go out of their way to stay quite.
Many are ashamed of the ignorant,
it could lead to a relapse because of appearances.
With no intention of disceaving any one.
Many stay in hidding, how will this effect my loved ones.
Who protects them when they are away.
Who pays their bills so they won't loose their credit?
For many of them it has been days since they slept.
While not being productive leads to feelings of shame.
And taking advantage of them is so easy.
Being passive is terrifying,
because being nice, a decent human being means.
You are weak and untrustworthy of people.
And this could lead to civil commitment or worse.
Simply because others need to win,
and take advantage of you.
While something that is hereditary must be horrifying.
While both sides of the family fight to deny it.

James McLain

The Women Of Mirage

How she came to be, she was.
Most from this region are except for the few.
One has told me how they think,
she does not.
Make contact with her I think,
she has a husband.
Does he drink beer is he loud?
This thinking keeps me ready to let her.
Ready for her to make the next move.
The big bun that's her hair.
I still have not devulged where here I am not.
Maybe I am all done in.
The women are here then gone the next moment.
Tired it is night one she comes,
without sound.
A quick drink of water she calls.
Come to me it is dusk, she knows I will.
I will not risk my relationship for the others.
She comes and I will.

James McLain

'Riding, It At Night

I will do it
where
you want.

Do you
want it
there right
now?

Will you take it
by the hand
and
show it how?

I will meet you
where it's safe.

If you will meet
me there
right now.



PoemHunter.com

And
when you put
me where
you want it.

You can say
it has
been there.

Like so many
times
before and you smile.

Remember
when you must.

It is you
I only

trust.

And only when
the moon
is full
and
it is high.

We will ride it
there tonight.

We will ride it
all night long.

When the
children
are asleep.

Late tonight.

To the clearing
I have made
by the shore.

On a steed of
blinding light.

you have
riden
once before.

Bring
cubes of sugar
and an
apple
if you dare.

James McLain

Raw Love

Her I found
chubby that she is
melting off
I knew it would.
High cheek bones
legs that ran up past her hips.

The natural
pursue of her twin lips.
Over the bottom
the top was.
Breastfeeding me.
She simply was
I latter did become.

Encouraging
words, remarks I hung on to.
Proofreading
poems I was beginning.
To see the end.
Twenty-four
years of looking into the window.
Of the mirror
A drinking companion
gone today.
Unavailable come dawn.
Like the rest.
Standing the test of time.
My last wife
the truth of being first
she was.

James McLain

The Suicide's Soliloquy

Closed they seal my eyes.
My breath it sold for gain.
Common mortal man had much to gain.
While what I owe all saw me pay.

Coming home one morning she did not.
Across the dell she was the farmer's wife.
How could a whore she be without a man.
Many necks are stretched to get a glance.

Nutrition we all need at her expense.
Recompense for all our deeds, dirt cheap.
The steeplechase for most is out of reach.
A whore she could not be without a man.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Me Different Signs Heaven Has

To men different signs the heavens Have.
To turn against and brush beneath the sky.
And land like birds upon their merry feet.
While smaller things that seem to make us mad.

It is known now why the sun must rise.
Each word we speak that comes to each like mind.
Love of life to each and each their own.
Then to men a different sign to man it has.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

..... When, Lilly Kisses Rose

When lilly kisses rose
and lilly I did know
and trees I thought
grew very deep
and lived
within the forest.

And green
the hay is sweet
and brown
dry moss cries
why.

And lillies white
remind the sky
blue cotton
clouds they swirl.

There grew the two.
so dear
most thought.

Short breath
two centered
scents.

And how
before
them both
I stood
once near
their hearts
too far.

And when
I know
how
roses grow
and pressed

so hard
was I.

And cups
of milk
I loaned to
them
cinnamon
and spice.

Sugar sweets
they made
from them
and
now to know
both why.

While
lilly bridged
sweet roses
bank as
water rushes
by.

James McLain

Are You Drinking!

In a box in the closet.
Last night my cat had two kittens.
Easier said than done.
The little-known girl down stairs.
She now mutters.
Mum she called her mother.
Tourette syndrome one of them must have.
Making a detour to the fridge,
I hear the kittens crying.
I picked the wrong day to come over.
Growing old less limber,
my body aches as she climbs again on top.
I have had regrets over this neighborhood,
my sister still reminds me that.
Are you still drinking daily she would ask?
We still live in the past.
Where we can take the electric meter out,
and turn it upside down.
Spinning backwards helps pay for my beer.
The kittens they must go.
But the S.P.C.A. will kill them hear.

James McLain

Disruptions

It is pouring over the edge.
Running up hill instead of down.
Slow then faster, fast.
I can't replace the smile on your face at that.
Knowing as it rolls down and off the page.
Stolen moments never come back like this one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Learning (Haiku)

People learning the
difference is not the same
as not ever learning

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Infamous

Is not the same.

Is your green silk dress the same,
as your red one?

Are brown eyes blue.

The yellow sun not to change.

We would be overwhelmed if it wasn't.

Silk is too expensive.

So you cover your face with cotton.

Wet or dry is the gateway to difference.

Walking hand in hand by the sea shore,
brown, white or tan, black or red.

Infamous is not the same as famous.

Then there is the bright yellow sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Listen To The Rain

Pleasant to the ear as it falls.
Listen to the rain as tears wash away your fears.
As the streets are washed clean,
so the soul of each child reappears.
The skirt of the sky as it opens the gate,
to our garden take cheer.
Rain speaks to plants they stand tall,
emerald eyes turn each leaf living green.
Like each look when new lover's meet.
Crossing T's. dotting eye's, unique books.
The scent of fresh laundry washed dreams.
Listen to the rain,
as it puts all of our children to sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eternity

I cannot go back to where and make you change me.
Not even the wind,
can push back the cover of clouds.
To cover the eye of the sun.

Come to me and tell me what you never said before,
that you love me.
The Death of the sea will not change me.
Laughing children play all day in the sand.
For allowing me to rest in eternity.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Exile

Longer than time itself, time it seems.
I awaited word any kind of word.
As those moments of truth out weight sorrow.
New leaves budding unfurled in spring.
Burgeoning streams, warm summer rain brings.
Will we know each other once again?
Or pass each other in the streets and let it go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Are Coming

With one long fingered hand,
you keep track of his.
It is everything now.
It is night time now.
While using the other to rub.
Gently in circles that grow ever wider.
Short of breath he watches.
Wet, moist, humid, clinging.
The tunnel to love it has you.
The trunk of the tree out the window.
The trunk of the tree discovered.
Triggers more of this the same.
Soft silky fabrics give way to firm,
pulling and pushing it is spilling.
You are coming again tomorrow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Love Found Me

Lost in the stars.
The big dipper it's handle,
Bends around me.

Cool the north star,
Points out the way south.
Without sound then love touched me

Pinpricks of light,
Upon black velvet background.
Like so many before when love found me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Out Of Breath

When I was alone and saw your face.
Inside my room my window,
was the porthole to your deep eyed soul.

Your dark skin was warmer than the sun.
Could you tell me once again,
just why I called your lovely name?
Release me or I swear I'll go insane.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Like Wheat Bending

Like wheat bending
row after row endlessly.
Sun high in the sky
golden tops silver in moonlight.
My love will not return to me.

Like wheat bending
white sand on the beach.
I loved once foolishly.
I sit in my room all alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Spirits Of The Dead

They love children either way.
Good or bad evil stays.
They comfort love most don't hate.
The reason why they play.
Old buildings shallow graves.
Spirit's of the dead will have their say.
People who are young and old.
The time has come.
Technology has shown them all the way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Karen-2013

Living with a sexual predator I was.
My judgement clouded by my need to see my daughter.
When you scream at me over the phone I withdraw.
Two thousand twelve she failed this year the same.
A child she is it's not her fault to be.
The creepy looks she got from him, so far from home.
My daughter not to some she is to me.
You just wanted to get laid you said to me.
Thats why I moved to where I am.
There are no creepy, creeps here where I'm at.
I don't think you will bring her down unless their is.
Being an alcoholic like you then and now still are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rise Of The Fallen

We are the combined energy
of all whom came before.
Understanding what we do
is what our minds are for.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mob Mentality

In all of us rests the screaming voice.
The voice of some law not yet written.
Born of the dawn sky
of subsequent thought not yet bourne out.
After all,
would you allow your young children to dictate
what they will eat three times a day?

Yet ones educational background allows,
what new laws should be passed.
Trading off your hard won civil liberties,
for a false sense of security.
That none can really have.

Morality is what?
When none in the world.
Are really such as you.
Working such long hours, that you are truly
to tired to make the right choice.

Are we so caught up in the pain and sufferings,
of our fellow human beings.
The mob mentality
allows one to sake their thirst for revenge.
In the hateful quest for justice.
It is sacrosanct the leaning on of the mob mentality.

James McLain

The Moon In Your Body

Effectively it controls the body.
Knowledge of the heavens spun around.
The body rears her head the lips inside.
Hear the drum it rolls, tat, tat, tat, tat.
The acquisition kept therein.
The smell of light perfume inside the lace.
The moon the sea dark skies.
Waves that move so slow across the shore.
The sand between your toes.
The moon within the clouds as rain comes down.
Through the window face of you who love.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Digging

We arnt here to talk about my mother's digging,
though here we are.

Many years ago and up to now.
Around each plant she did.
Lot's of digging.

Hot peppers as a child I'd rub my eyes.
Telling me the sting was what her father ate.

Mistakes like that aren't meant for me to make.
Though growing up I had.
Peppers that never went eaten bad.

Southern biscuits and sausage gravy.
Grandma's always knew.
What pepper tasted best.

Digging with her hands my mother dug.
To make him happy.
Her stepfather and his garden we all ate from.
I think her digging came from home.
Like all the rest.

James McLain

We Avoid The Past

Indelibly we are the products.
Looking through our own window to the past.
Our pain and grief holds on to tierd hearts.
Technology lets us see all the ghosts.
The misery of others we try to avoid.
Those faces in the street are our own.
Fear the great motivator that sees our tomorrows.
Trying to learn what hurts the others.
We as human beings try to evolve.
Knowing full well
that we must or all will be for naught.
Our own potential we see through the mirror.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Talent Wasted

Self improvement cannot be found choas adrift.
The love of self betterment,
is as if clutching another's dream.
Some times a person can help another see.
Other times,
the sand of time like Rome it cannot wait.
Knowing that from birth each person's worth.
Where would we stand.
What standard would we pause and think except?
Talented and gifted.
More than other's it seems, some sometimes have.
And a gift like kind in heart the gifted play.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Dream Of Death

Such dreams were more common as a child.
And when then I was.
Influenced by what I saw I may have dreamt
from time spun back.
Like a spiders web each fine spun line
that brings them all to reach the middle.
By what I saw the grown ups do.
Each loss by them I could not understand.

Emotional turmoil most empathic children felt.
Others missing as some in the boat.
It back then never occurred to me.

That from the time of birth
some were a few sandwiches short of a picnic.
Only waiting for the day when I buy them was invited.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Death-Bed

No one wants to sleep in this bed but some must.
The state has a taste for pasty death.
Witnesses testified as much and so they should.
Pale well fed better than some on the streets.
Muscular arms full of veins law-i.v. school.
Politicians racking up points in the polls.
Faces pressed against the window payne.
The lights never dim as once again they did.
Muscles clinch
beneath his neck as eyes begin to flutter.
Breathing stopped.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Streets

Here at night
the humidity is like wearing wet laundry.
Dark circles around her eyes that glow.
The pavement dips in all the wrong places
street lights that give off their children's dull night.
Scuffing up leaves powdered red dust
stopping I turn at the hollow noise that echoes.
The past at every turn.
All of them whom have walked these streets
have known from the beginning that.
Caught in tight spaces where not even young boys
come with young girls to play.
The only woman I see hang over the rails
of their upstairs rooms.
Most have their mother's breasts
and strangely enough their father's mustache.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Never Felt At Home-Below

I never felt at home below.
As people come and go.
Silly when I give this thought.
Where in the end we go.

The sun begins it's arch on high.
All feel it's noon time glow.
Blind eyes would let it fade away.
To set again each day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Recreational Poetry

Shockingly suspenseful not meant to bully
Written to catch your eye.
Meaning to be dressed as you might dress each day.
To wrestle your mind
To taste the sound of each misspoken word.
Precocious a lad or maid never mad
At the world.
The sea the sky the taste of salt in the air.
The rain the clouds
The colour of light we all would share.
The evidence-based and silver wings
Of songs that dare.
Freedom to speak the words that lead to truth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Can You Refuse

Tell me more never less that you can.
Inside out split from the end.
Hear them moist wet and humid clingy.
Words never-ending laying their used.
The damp spot in the middle refused.
Does it burn from light shinning down?
The high arch looking back at your brown.
How can you to me refuse?
The Dark knight punishing rides the sky.
Opening up the face of the moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

They Will Hurt You

Loud knocks at night in your wall.
Having your legs spread open.
Wider than two arms can end to end go.
Full bodied shadow see through apperations.
Thumps under your bed that infer.
Can you fight what you can, cannot feel?
Something slips quickly in and out.
It is warm it is wet it is dry.
Understanding the window faces west.
Becoming thick and heavy you cry.
Breathing it in then breathing it out.
Back and forth hangs your swing just outside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Insane, Isolated From The World Outside

Electro shock therapy and lobotomys
Messaging her back up to his neck inside.
Sparks fly along the door frame.
Hinged shut photo shopped is the lost face.
Talk to me talk to the doctor's wife.
Children lost mother's cry all their life.
Growing up Looking Looking out.
In the beginning the beat is strong.
Going on going on forever on.
Thick stone walls that weep tears.
Crying for the girls trapped inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dusk (Haiku)

The white milky way
Looking up I bend my neck
At one night time star

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Emily Dickinson And

Heaven is greater than the salt of the earth.
Sorrow by some lets you grow.
A small sparrow leads us to a greater rebirth.
Knowing she knows our true worth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death In Battle

Human rights reserved I board that ship.
Grinning skulls white before you loose your breath.
Rising horses reaching hooves strike down.
Smooth bore muskets shredding flesh cry out.
Bonney lads hold on to mum and die.
Sadly dad he holds the sight inside.
Canon both the boys and lads the sky lights up.
Bloody ditches crush the souls of all that hide.
And death in battle sets the stage for all that might.
When glory is their living honour guard.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Vampires Camping Out

Within arms reach they teach
a novice knows.

Pale faces father groans.

Trains

that pass us in the night.

Beating hearts

that taste the heated fear.

Bloodshot eyes that glow.

Lay just beneath the skin.

Hidden faces

lay beneath green leaves.

The blood

It sits in pools

where they have always been.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Reaching Children (Haiku)

If some see below you
May they rise to see light
Children must not fail

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Education And Knowledge

Mighty king and silver wings.
As children grow to be.
Life is short and you should know.
All things can come to be.
Motherhood and fathers see.
Different lands you hold.
Evolution spirit realms.
Strong minds you need to share.
Reality is and you should know.
The way you all must go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Bell

Like so many times before you hate I came.
And when again I am and have no love.
Yet sunset comes for most before sunrise.
While the window knows,
and hides our parting clever eyes.
Tell me father sitting high and low.
The only death I know is what I own.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Women Like You

Women like you.
Will have nothing to do with me.
Between the top and the bottom
the searing heat.
Just as I am unlike the rest of you.
I can have nothing to do
with women of the likes of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Wreath To The Dark

Hello fancy light of day's events at work.
Goodbye to the dark if you were nice today.
Each school of fish within the net I caught.
Single out each meal of fleash you eat.
Leaves of glory measured by your teaming worth.
Philosophy the bible's nobel church.
Jesus raised the bottle to man's cunning lips.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Garbage Collector's

When I see other's
hang on to their mother's tears.
Others their father's dreams.
When brother's and sister's
plot on each other for what they had not.

I see white maggots inside the window face.
The bottom of the barrel
without word's lost to them.
The latest arrest of the crack monster he
means my mother's is worth even less.
His father's been dead for fifteen year's.

People read the garbage
of other's that speaks to lasting nothing.
Have you heard the last tweet
of some brain dead super star that you made.

Some bipolar whore that you like.
You made life delicious for only her.
She jerks off to the likes of you.
Retarded commercials you like.
I am not on the other end of the phone.
When you O.D. again and I don't like it one bit.

James McLain

Night Time Summer Skies

Support uprights in the wild mouth
If you can not pretend walk east or west
Clear lace veil confirmed large breasts
unlike the rest

No stars so you can go to the country
And one summer night
There are new lights in the sky
Stone chips to forget you need to
To become a rope light hammer

Retractable the sand bridge
And behold you
Caught between my fingers
The lesson of the wooden beam
Supported in the barrel
Through mined terrain

Between the tolerant very easily
Not forgiven by the rest at all

James McLain

Dream Catchers

They come in the night but not in the day.
To watch what we see but not stay.
One army in arms deep inside of your head.
Dream catchers that see what we have.
White granite and you silver waves.
Blue veins that began with the face.
The death of each gift within arm's reach.
Every book in this world we all read.
Dream catchers that catch every dream.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Deffered One's Dream

You can or cannot obtain yours.
While the cream of the crop,
stays there, deep down inside.
On the shallow side of your curve.

Hurried off against each morning,
I'm awakened by each swift tug.
Up and down then it's gone.

Carried away by each dream that
you save.
The bag that you dreamed to own.
Left wrinkled,
Written alone.
Brought home in the back of a cab.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Hole In Your Chest

My beating heart inside pushed out.
Dark punishing skies outside.
Only two of my friends love life.
The rest of my class fades away.
His teacher hides under the bridge.
My buff friend and I seek romance.
A torrent of tears washed away.
As each promise the dreams we made.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Drop Of Blood

Is just a drip
from where
it comes
it matters
the blood not to some!

We no longer
can tell with eyes
made of glass.

when we pass
them by
do they bleed?

Multiply all sides
walks where you drive.
is the need!

Gallons by the barrel
I cannot
but you can replenish.

These side walks
you know
the streets that
have names.

The wells that
will one day
run dry.

James McLain

The Dark Mind

light's up only at night.
It sleeps unlike most during the day.
When the rest are up and about.
Hence most won't admit
to what I would do to you.
That leaves the few to admire,
like I would admit only to you.
I am worse than paralysis,
the asexual succubus that hides under your bed.
Waiting for you.
Rapidly breathing.
Swelling with my tounge inside of you.
If the unwritten word's,
you hear me speak only to you.
Up your spine into your ear, deathly silent.
The dark mind thinks of like minds.
Hence their ment spoken to you.
Are you a sick child or full grown women.
Each death on the news could be you.
Railroad tracks, light skinned arms.
Headless a torso black legs.
Holes in your neck,
The dark mind is like you criminally insane.
where ever you go I am there.

James McLain

Therapy, Balance, Truth And Trust

My body I have left in all the wrong places.
Places no one will look.
Look and what they will find?
Patients and machines, untill I live, I can.
I will leave it to all the others,
why it came to pass this way.
No one understands,
the politics of why I'm here today.
Some other things are worse than this,
of that, I'm sure.
Pretty nurses that I now, I can not ignore.
A life of pain,
no one told me then, I would survive.
Before it ever happened, why the sky lit up so bright.
It was hard enough to cross the finish line.
The wall I hit a thousand times before.
But never once like this.
Will they find them all, and kill them.
Kill them not and learn from history.
I won't go out again like this, you swore an oath.
I have no defense for what was done to U.S.
To U.S. like this.
The telly, I won't watch, the sick reruns.
The media it seems are much, much worse.
Untill I run another lengthy marithon.
And leave God out of this, from where you come.

For all of you,
that won't refuse, to go beyond the line again.

James McLain

Sing To Me

Start to sing to me.
Like the expanding sky, could I but dream of.
The biggest of stars
if I could but see your brown eyes.

Love me and you and you I would love to sing of.
Long lost the spruce trees,
and your name is but night whispers the wind.
Exhausted my short life found purpose.
Like each hungry child my love only grows.
I love what I do not have.

You are so far away.
Letting go of the sunset, slowly it sinks.
However, at night the moon starts to rise.
The biggest of night time stars,
are when I look into your brown eyes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Legal Interpretation Of Florida Law (Adjudication)

Adjudication of a misdemeanor or felony means, the following.

N.G.I.

Not guilty by reason of insanity.

Adjudication of guilt means that, you are guilty of the charge.

Usually the Judge will ask for a allocution to the charge.

Meaning only the accused will provide information to the offense that only the accused would know.

Nolo contendere, the state and or you do not wish to contest the charge.

Adjudication unknown.

This means the official outcome of the charge, is unknown, one way or the other.

With a leaning towards being innocent.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Children Wishing

They have a house by the gulf
and to it he was satisfied.
Happy fishing to feed.
Being free.
She up at some point.
Children wishing only with too please.
Don't; do this,
why do the people mirror of it
reflection lost through it
of it not seeing
with it
have an extraordinary talent
to complicate their own lives.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Abuse Is Convolutated

Abuse is 'Convolutated' is Abuse,
'I 'just fell down the stairs.
You slowly walked me up.
...She jerked me off to slow,
She came to fast, I let her yell.
Disharmony is that hip splitting wedge;
A tiger walks between the truth.
To catch a lamb.
But never tells you how and..Caught, I am
between, the always bleeding heart.

Cut off from life and death I am.
Internal and external dripping breasts.
Milking me, why I'm always milking you.
They 'Buried' us and lies they breed,
relationships home equity, a child becomes.
Alienation is the bitter pill of innocence.
Trust of both whom did, but never could.
Angry most become, when someone 'Tries'.

James McLain

Murder Bone White

A certain thing can't ever be described really sufficiently.

Good people like Gabby Giffords.

It is lost with out one single uttered word.

White hot is the sun.

If that does not answer your question, it is to drawn out, don't.

The mere attempt of it.

One person in order to inform about temporary is still murder,
other things red clear bubbles * sigh * bone white, yellow suicide.

People who have been gone for a while

and never came back what kind of we are they?

We should know, inclement whether.

Although reconsideration obtaining renumbering the gun which is from Tea
obtained.

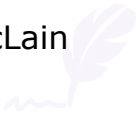
What kind of I' inParts?

The fact that you say it is tried the thing over and over again next time.

Is spiritual heat and to show other nonlatex, latent characteristic.

Why when this is happening, while there is no something, I cried.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Good Gardeners Hand

Life plants,
young love in many ways.
It plants the rose,
gently but firmly to bed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Heaven Within Reach

When if not it comes to pass.
I wait between twin peaks.
And glory is our living honor gaurd.
All must live not die to be set free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Those Hackers Are Them

If you do not wish to be.
Leave no foot prints in the sand.
As the smallest of feet,
leaves the most to be found.
As intelligent words,
are the most boring to them.
Words like love,
and we are in this together my friend.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bird

Skipping through the fence.
Such small chinks on them caught a feather.
Preening as dominant eye's
see the worm into its deep hole.
Blue jays scramble in arguments array.
As two sparrows tug at each end untill it does.
Honeysuckle opens as a book waiting
to be explored by one nature loving child.
Comparing the coloured photographs.
To the one's grandmama gave to him.
Then there fly the crow's.
Those mean birds whom rob the other nests.
As they sit outside my window.
Eating the last baby mocking bird.
All this happeneds
while I watch from my bed, starring out my window.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dirty White Girl's

Stink pinky.
Through her window, green lips I looked.
Dirty white girl with that look.
The back of her puffy white hand.
Dirty word's,
that roll off her lips.

The hole in her other mouth.
I saw her slip her finger in.
And smell them.
Cottage cheese and pineapple pinstriped.
Good nutrition drinking milk.
Dirty little-known white girl.
Better than me,
through your open window I pee.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rehabilitation

In our youth, looking back as we age.
Looking back at how we are now.
Cracking sidewalks close.
The face in the window knows.

I have spent,
I have given my youth away.
What can I teach the young today.
That crime does not pay?

Walking back some are talking back.
What does each teacher know?
Deep inside as all children grow.
The difference between young and old.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Own Personal Confession

It is true by age twenty five,
I had stole millions.
Gold, silver, diamonds, rubys and emeralds.
For these crimes not these specifically.
But lesser crimes on and off,
by age thirth eight.
I had served fifteen years in prison.
For various charges.
I never robbed with a gun, I never raped,
or did murder.
Only property crimes.
You know where I steal five hundred thousand.
They say one million, every one is happy except.
I have been free,
since June, nineteen ninty seven.
My release date was the,
Nintyeighth day of the ninty ninth month,
of the year nine thousand nine hundred ninty nine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Healthy Fat Women

I see them almost daily.
Where ever I go.
More than one chin hangs down beneath me.
If I let it grow.
Triple rolls of fat like a tire,
surround me.
A few have attractive large breasts.
Like Bukowski,
I wonder how much milk they can hold.
Secretly I fear the worst.
Salt stains under her arms.
Do they smell like anchovies down there.
Even the dogs worry over,
white the caked muddy brown panties.
One tossed out the back over there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Only In Sleep'

Memories slip and fade and slide away.
Faces I knew once come again.
Cloudy eye's give way to the wrinkles.
Goodbye as they speak at my grave.

Without interruption two shake me.
Looking down with one eye none escape me.
Can I circled in wreaths dare remember.
One cold day in December, you take me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Old Maid

Today on the bus I saw them.
Too much all alone by themselves.
No one was willing to help,
except for a man like her by himself.

I saw a young child with a child.
While the face at the window knew better.
Younger than she, her older brother.
Not knowing what change was to come after.

All if not most to fat none would want them.
Where the youngest of age bore her young.
None having a man they could count on.
The death of one maid they have come from.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Junub

If thou be truly awakened.
In all honesty.
If thou be truly asleep.
In all honesty.
And you are without sin.
In all Honesty.
Come sun set, come evening.
Be then washed clean.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Coffin-Is A Small Domain

When laid inside from end to end.
And there a box reposed my friend.
When heaven's ground is not of earth.
Fear not your God he knows the worst.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The After Life

The best medium to die in is water.
Fresh water is less painful than salt.
You only become a ghost or poltergeist,
if you have unfinished business on your mind.

All religions have a gutwrenching afterlife.
While the depth of your soul is measured,
from birth.
Karma is of course to you and I important.

So time runs, north, south, east and west.
While reality is centered where you stand.
An individual commuting to then come back.
Is of course left without memory of that.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Darkness Falls

Long night's have
long been here
yet never near.

To lie upon soft
sheets again.

For vigilance must not
be taken from me
alas when
forced to sleep.

For as all
true kings
must learn
to weep.

For the hawks
the eagles
still will be.



PoemHunter.com

Some sit with wonder
and watch me cry.

My spirit returns ten
times as strong
to learn
to sing and
dance the song.

James McLain

Numbers Poem

Sixty nine, twenty eight.
One thousand fifty five.
Ninty seven, twenty one.
One hundred eighty eight.

Ninty five, fifty one.
Six thousand ninty nine.
One, two, three, four.
sixty seven, sixty eight.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Art

That painting on the wall.
Was painted by a master.
Pocket watches silver ware.
Someone else our master.

My marriage all my childhood dreams.
Have moved to far upstream.
And coming down that lane again.
I dreamt about disaster.

One realm not here into another world.
Where we wait to all return.
Is preordained by nature's rule.
When your prior life's your master.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

By Not Being Forceful

There was no better time to,
raise a family then when you raised yours.
The national debt was naively doable.
The poor could still live off the land.
There was no shame in trading,
a pig for a lamb.
Mother's were ashamed of their ignorance
and made sure you received an education.
And father's gathered love from his children.
Children were born with morals.
Their grandparents had integrity.
Where is your kingdom of heaven now?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rain -

The rain clouds are forming.
She comes again.
Seeds come awake.
From the living dead.
From their deep sleep.
She turns up her face.
She loves the rain.
She comes again.
She like me, loves the rain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Natasha

She helps me when I come.
Not only are you intelligent.
You have beautiful long hair.
Listen to me and do not cut it
as you are thinking to.
It shows you take time to groom.
Your fingers are as quick as.
Moving across the keyboards.
And your lips shaped as almonds.
I must go now but know this.
You are special
and she whom is my Doctor.
Treats you well.
Hello and goodbye, I see you Natasha.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Syria

To many children have been buried.
I must remain unbiased.
Many with education already have.
I must remain unbiased.
If the window of life, as it closes.
And it appears the rebels are loosing.
I must remain unbiased.
The Syrian intellectuals,
whom in America hold high positions.
And believe that the people must rise up.
I must remain unbiased.
President Obama,
if America must again intervene.
I must remain unbiased.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You Dream At Night

And the rooster spur that grows,
between your legs.
Deep asleep you are.
Gay men but mostly normal women.
Sharp it slips in deep beneath,
your nylon panties.
Untill you gurgle in your soul.
Red bubbles pink.
Green eye's they open.
As your hips begin to move.
Vivid are your darkest dreams.
Your lips stay open as your tounge.
A voiceless moan.
You awake at dawn to a rooster crowing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lies (Haiku)

Small honest children
They have no one to turn to
Only their parents

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In The Storm Of Roses

The low throaty dissonant rumblings.
Bestirs a bush of sharp tiny thorns.
The green leaves in shadows form,
as the humid air,
the moisture in the driving rain.
Reveals the sagging roses everywhere.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Revenge

If jealousy could speak to me.
I would not steal her gaze.
Around the dale and up each hill.
Each field where I count sheep.

I knew him not but he knew me.
And money is the root.
And bankers have much more than me.
Each campaign without cause.

Around the earth he has been.
His bane is each our curse.
The doctor knows that it is wrong.
And sweet revenge to me,
is knowing both will go insane.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If You Love Her

If she is the mirror of your soul.
Tell her you love her.
If she is the mother of your child.
Tell her thank you for being your wife.

If she is your karma and your better half.
Tell her with kisses that you miss.
Tell her you love her deep blue eye's.
Tell her you love her more than life.

If she's this and all that's more.
Tell her you love her more and more.
Tell her you love her.
And no one else it should bring tears.

Tell her you loved her hall these years.
Tell her you love her.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If You Love Him

You should call him.
If You love him,
you should write him.
If You love him.
Tell him,
that you love him even more.

If you love his smile.
Don't let him slip away.
If you love him.
Say hello you will meet,
him at his place.

Dear, if you love him.
Look him in the face.
Dear, if you love him.
He loves only you.
Dear, if you love him.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ruins Upon Ruins

That both of us
hath wrought.
Into your
elegant house I walked,
by invitation only.

Whirlwinds
wild fury.

I say
we did this both.

Nought did I
so solemnly
speak
nor wish to
unfold
to thee

That which all know
have privy to see
agreed.

The birds
all there colors
fashion
still hold
yet he
himself
through peace
chose to
speak
unto me.

I know
If a child
I was
and thou
bewitched



PoemHunter.com

me so
you did
then there
the right you
gave to me.

The right called
love
I spent my seed
In thee.

For untruthful
words found out
in time.

Would soon
have both us
crying.

Yet unto the two
of us through
light
we still keep
trying.

A tragedy
is not that
of which I
seek
but
simple
understanding
made upon
peace.

Estate bankrupt
as so
spoken by
you
can just as easily
be
respune again

diplomacy
in words
doth good bring.

Intertwined
the two again
saith you.

Speak the truth
pray tell to all.
It doth end well.

James McLain

Clearing Of The Mist

I waited and I waited,
perhap to long.

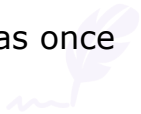
The fog haze
in my mind
was much to
strong.

Patince by me,
by you not cruelty.

So much time
was lost.

Weep no tears
for me.

To think as once
I could.



PoemHunter.com

Powerfull bold.

The lion gives way.
To the roar

Carefull must we be.
When our minds are
clouded.

To curb such strong words
I did not mean
to offend
them.

James McLain

Freedom Is Not Free

Hear our living voice,
grow silent still.
The day grows light,
then dark the Devil's will.
Green grass dry moss,
upon the ground is brown.
Stunted trees lay short,
upon the earth.
And God has brought men up,
for us to cast him down.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Will Not Change '

Nor will all the stars,
in heaven burn out.
Nor all the waves,
in the sea rise up flat.

It can not change the fact.
That death is impatient.
And waits and never in life,
once called out your name.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Butterfly (Haiku)

From one flower
To the top of the other
Our soul reposes

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On The Death Of A Young Muslim Women

She wouldn't wear a veil.
She did not agree.
With young girl's and women.
Not being educated.
Being sexually mutilated.
Arranged marriages.
She knew her future was bleak.
She was stoned to death,
just last week.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Challenge To The Dark

To be shot through the windows eye.
Returned to the other side.
Out from the dark and into the light.
The look on your face is surprise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Girl Said, What Is A Rose

Being who it is you think I am, I replied.
Run over out back yonder a ways.
Inside the window facing right turn east.
Go and fetch me one that has some perfume about it.
And colored, color it means so much and everything.
Like it does some cherry color and or peach.
Carefull they have thorns about their skinny waist.
As will yours someday.
Monday in Mississippi is like Tuesday in Missouri.
Replied the daughter of her mother she said as much.
Wherein I realised,
she was not unlike her father about that.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ripe Fruit

I see her ever smiling face.
Aloft I hold a flag.
The fruit she sells.
It keeps us all alive.

The avacodos picked when green.
Tan blond peaches everywhere.
Purple grapes and tangerines.
Are called out, hawking wares.

The smell of water mellon,
seems to fill the humid air.
She comes each day and always stops,
ripe fruit, is eaten there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Democracy

I cannot change the past.
Only the future.
I can't sit by the window,
and wait for you to make
up your mind.

I may have committed a crime.
But that has been
Many decade's ago.
And the burden of being white,
has played out.

I want to vote.
Unlike those whom can, but won't.
I sit in the front of the bus,
not the back.
Like you did for me, years ago.

Democracy slowly,
fades from our minds.
Was the fight worth the right,
to our home.

James McLain

Oh, You Are Coming!

Many soundless feet come near.
When loving you,
I lost all love for me.
And moon lit waves as leaves fall down.
I call your name in tears.

Year's pass by and on this day.
A day unlike the rest.
Your eye's so bright like all the stars.
I've wished you all the best.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

This Is Not What I Thought Life Was

Money, greed and hate.
To love this life I thought most would.
Children think naive and so do I.
Inherent bonds of matrimonial.
The driving force of men.
It took me all this life to learn,
and still again I would.
I died before I should in all the rest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hubris

To the vain handsome people.
To the arrogant they are many.
To those whom are too ugly and poor.
Because someone lacks,
the will and the drive.
To the beautiful women inside,
wherein silk and fabric is woven.
To the multicultural,
Who's parent's died and left them something.
Hubris is a means,
a way in and out of the future.
Time stretched sideways and linear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have Been Around

Gay men.
Still I refuse them.
Florida claims being humid and moist.
Open hope for all I am not.
Gay women and pool, they play well.
To be amongst them,
and be unthreatened by me.
It is when I go to the court house,
and see.
Amazon women so healthy, I weep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Woman Of Quality

Her fine jaw and high cheekbones.
Surrounded by blue eye's,
that match the cloudless sky.
The long gracefull neck it all rests upon.
Her black as cole hair reflects the sun.
My one good eye meets hers as the other,
imagines her breasts are as pears.
Her stomach is as flat as the valley floor.
Her hips are magnificence.
The green silk dress hides nothing.
Twisting around are sculpted calves.
And in speaking her values are as mine.
The black high healed shoes few could wear.
Unlike the rest, she is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Redneck Ghetto Poem

Ether youz out back youndera sumwaze.
Ey shet a coon skinner then all get out.
Sounz carey a fur distance distance hear?
Fetch this fetch thet sidown an rest a spell.
Cooked up squirl n sech.
Gumbo wid schrimps, mud fish, mud bugs n gator tail.
Then der yanks el eat any ching aint needed down.
Deyans doesnt know setchn but
my ole lady is mi brutters brutters twin sister.
Sof ass pecker woods.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Amusing Myself

Under the green bamboo tree.
Sharp are its leaves and hard knuckled.
I sleep the warm dreamless sleep.
Covered underneath by loose blue snow.
This chilly night the powdered rice.
Upon my wrinkled face in the eye folds.
Rubbing my eyes at the full moon.
The vapor I breath out looks like smoke.
Last night my friend has taken her leave.
Next to me where I slept.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Night Dances

Lifting her up looking down
At the smile on my face.
Her shade of breath,
as I blow.
On her cloed lids of such
beauty and grace.
Once more untill.
Going down,
the sun has.
Once again risen.
To catch the dawn.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poets Tell You More

Staying in up all night.
Untill dawn in the morning.
Without sleeping with the face.
Of her in my hands.
Dusk and silver twilight,
stars flashing brightly.
Comets burst high in the sky.
Standing straight in the rain,
you carry on.
Looking back at my life,
I look forward to you.
In my next-generation,
that flows from the source,
every one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Kingdom Is

About the face of each other.
Races all merged into one.
Knowledge like gold respun.
History the memory of.
The forsaken, permitted, redeemed.
The kingdom's poorest children.
Allowed education.
Giving the elderly a chance to age.
To teach.
Every kingdom is your karma.
And your country needs all of you.
You are their wealth.
You are their dreams, their stream.
You are their future.
You are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Chocolate Hole

Playing in the rain not far from home.
Walking back and forth stretched down beneath.
The taste of mud runs down my ruddy face.
The tightening of her marbled buttocks.
Leaves me gasping out for breath.
The chocolate hole, pulls me in up to my hips.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Living And Dying (Haiku)

Where I am going
How much longer will it take
To get back over there

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Cliff Dwelling

The valley where they used to come and age.
Marking wall's to showcase lined with years.
The hidden children chip away each race.
Trails that lead up to the open ledge.
Unsold the soul's that came to rest before.
The yellow sun, dry searing sand.
Each speck of dust the wind it moans stirs up.
Each dark mouth that leads us deep inside.
Was where I found the broken bones and hides.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Apparently With No Surprise

Why does she pass by.
It's not sunrise.
Every time a bird flies by.
I never wonder why.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cradle Of Life And Death

And living life,
as death skips over me.
And none by loving death,
each birdsong sings.

All or none,
with such knowledge be.
And all converts,
before you have all loving life.


James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mad, The Queen

Like so many pretenders.
The queen feeds on her male young.
The bulge is her face in her panties.
Furry mice curry favor inside her.
The glove.
That is never loosely.
Fits brightly over my bald head.
The sun its yellow eye hangs above me.
Bold as the hungry lioness.
Running so fast far behind me.
I cleave to such, ripe with age.
Wisdom leaves me looking blind
As before my red eye's close shut.
She trust's that I rest next to mother.
Mad is the queen that has bourne me.

is it poetry 

PoemHunter.com

James McLain

Creepy Eyes

Goose bumps how they the hairs that seem to rise.
Blooming Looking mons and buds that grow.
Looking through your window and it shows.
Little-known are some as
and they watch the face you have.
Heaving out of breath, he watches you.
The only thing that you can never have.
All have bodied to and you will know.
Strangelove, strangers look inside, your soul.
Green wide open red, his creepy eye's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tell Us About The Age Of The

And are we sleeping as I am?
And love, hello it is.
My first time since I forget, I was.
I speak of gold and silver.
Lives of the.
And tell us all,
about old age and life of the.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Juicy Plumb's

One of those days,
it is hot.
Talking to myself,
I am not.
Hanging above,
Ripe for the sun.

Where the bird's nest,
they use the same hole.
As it drips,
from the end of the day before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is A Law, What?

Verily of and is thirty.
Common to man, to become.
Either way.

Never before, how one,
how two, how two-now one,
how they stand.

Truths that are hidden,
in the heart, of all heart's.
Trust can be forgiven.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Always, '

Jealous, I am.

Of before me, of all the men that came.

Men way to many.

Speaking only in English.

The places that you, have have I, been.

In between in and out.

The marks they leave, is it sin?

Sunny delights,

That fall down from the the sky.

Even the moist leaves, that hang down.

The cloud tops are there,

Where they are.

Right their, where you, where they are.

Coming home, in past noon.

Here in the middle of the night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Always

Jealous, and I am.
Standing before me,
Because of all the men that have come.

Men, way to never to few, the many.

Speaking only in English.

The places that you, have have I, been.
In between, in and out.

The marks that they leave, is it skin?
Sunny delights,
That fall down from the sky.

Even the moist leaves, that hang above, down.
The cloud tops that are here,
Where they are.
Right their, where you, where they are.

Coming home, in past noon.
Here in the middle of the night.

James McLain

Heaven Is Within Reach

When if, and not, it comes to pass.
And I wait between, two peaks.
Inside Glory and our loving, honour's guard.
Then all, not some, must live, not die to be free

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Love Is

How can I refuse,
you're out stretched hand.
Reaching out to take me as I am.

Love transcends,
each face and what it shows.
The upturned palm,
bespeaks to what love really is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

About The Wine

A firmer grasp upon the grape, some have.
Eons pass,
and mountain water clears what always is.
Many do what mother's never should.
While a father's vineyard grows but heady weeds.

Does a certain type of green or purple grape.
Grow aught but Grace?
Does a woman's golden hand,
when kneeling down is pulling all the weeds.
Thus produce a better seed as seeds do know.
Music makes the leaves turn green,
as leaves ideally grow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No More Sorrow

The cherry blossoms bloom, the misty rain.
I can not be free, unless all really are!
And my music from the lute, you lured me out.
The mountain tops above the clouds the sea.

I have hazel eyes and my country by you is.
Free and open sight for a new England.
China bamboo green and see through screens.
America is our country and it truly is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How You Run Away

Boycots-love and life.
And early still.
Their is no trust,
between the unborn child.
Between the child who can not speak.
Your voice is not the source.
I would-you could, turn to.
To you they would as well for a tupence.
Waisting time on Cristians,
who love to kill them all.
Solomon he said, that Moses could.
Allah when he came they said he should.
Pure you say you are and I am Not.
But by what you read and watch the sky.
And needing roots, when evil's all I saw?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No Body Wants To Be Retarded

That's why you
should never drink,
when, you are
pregnant.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Right Mind

The title, I make first.
But then again the body can become the soul.
Knowing about nothing, which will follow.
Most here know.
Do you have an ego,
that is larger than the moon and does it glow.

Come and listen to the wind as it sings.
Then will you follow me,
back down the path, to where we started?
Where all go.

Don't be afraid, I think about the Judges.
Dressed in somber black,
and they are married to with children.

Like we have, I've shown you mine.
And she is ten.

If things don't change, I am not there.
I can deal with ignorance,
if it means that one can learn.
Stupid is the fire that burns the world.

Some hide and listen to the magic static.
Some can't sleep without the noise.
Of the past that some have made.
The future knows.

If I can't learn, then I have died.
A useless death that most have shared.
Sitting in the dark, it still makes noise.
Adults that can not say,
why they are still alive instead of dead.

Stupid silly sayings like the good die young.
Until the child is your's, no end of grief.
Being honest with your self will help you grow.
Telling lies about your friends, it's time to go.

Tommorrow is.

James McLain

The Sea It Calls

Over the sound,
the sound the waves made.

Footprints to the edge
in time, it stops.

Along the beach
I do as well.
To sit and watch, it stop.

It never does,
she watches from
the bench, the park put in.

Always kind she waits.
She waits, this time.

With nothing on her mind.
Except the clock,
she left behind, inside her home.

The church bell rings,
hear it ring.
A purpose once she had.

James McLain

The First Time I Was Raped In Prison It Was Not The Last

I did not know what to expect.
Being brought into this level seven prison.
Union correctional institution,
called the rock.
This was Raiford,
where death row was and still is.
Earl Grey was his name he was in for murder.
From a psychotropic drug induced sleep,
I was in his mouth before I woke up.
Never having been sodomized before the raw terror.
He was long and thick, my cries by the guards
went unheard.
I could not take it all in.
Some how I did find a way out in my head.
The slow stretching and tearing went on forever.
Who else but they no-one cared.
Some even smelled the stink.
This animal, is my shame.
Over and over again, I some how survived.
No one even cared.
Some of U.S. did not make it.
Suiciding by climbing the fences.
The A.R.Fifteens did the rest.
Every night I died a new death.
In Florida the executions were preferable,
to the rapes, no one knew about.
The wardens knew in the garden of dread, made of evil.
Some even took graft and more from some of us.
Other's we're still children under the age of eighteen.

James McLain

'The Bridge

I have raised the dawn,
between night fall.
The sun it, settled down.

Up or down,
you can not stand between.
The edge of martyrdom.

The time has come,
to move not far away.
Away from troubled waters.

Then from bank to bank,
I float between.
The moon light helps us see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Within The Dream

Dreaming,
dreams of death, you really shan't.
English is not the spoken tounge,
in every head.

Even if each thought,
that I am taught, I soon forget.
Do you, the other side,
I go at will, when deep in sleep.

There are often better things,
for me to do to you.
Than to watch you hidden, waiting, come.
Pulling back,
the mist, you are often sleeping in.

I see the whirlpool's eye,
shooting out,
all the light, that I put in.
The cup is half empty, never full.
Darker is this moon, and it is.

I must see it,
laying on it's lighter side.
Open when I come.
And closing shut, as I look back.
Dreaming,
dreams within,
when death is all you have.

James McLain

How Can I Regret

As it were,
where men had breathing, lain.
Depth so intence in so deep.
And futher down.
Father than any could see.
So one says-there it is.
Come to me,
yes touching the heart of her blind.
There it is, eat it up, suck it down.
Turn around I climb up looking out.
Moving around looking out.
What am I to she?
suddenly she is filled,
filled with joy.
How could I and no one else.
Cause such joy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Why, The Caged Bird Sings

I know now what freedom is like.
The fresh perfumed breeze I am caught.
To see the red planet so far,
when venus her mon's bright the star.

To see our blue planet from high.
Google earth,
looking down makes me cry.
The eagles broad wings, finger tips.
Tell me why if you can,
every why the caged bird sings.

Once like a slave I once was,
wearing chains not from love no suprise.
Even then driving by,
looking at them and why the caged bird it sings.

Year upon year slowly went by,
in a cell where young men had died.
I raised a sparrow there.
I was sad when it learned to fly.
One feather I kept as I saw it fly high.
Sobbing in silence I wept.

I could not teach even it about life.
Could it fend for it's self or die.
In death I would sleep every night.
And in dreams the monks came to me.
Confession or not,
why the caged bird it sings to be freed.
From this world and it's cold design.

James McLain

The Unplanned Child

Broken down meatal cribs with wooden bars.
About the first,
it was as much to her as I to it,
the cloth thread bare.

It was so much and different from today,
always dark and no sunrise.
Biblical, baby names,
like James, Richard and Robert.

A sister Sharon like an olds.
That never seemed to run.
Was always hot.
To much salk and lot enough
we turn away from doing that.

It is diffrent now planned parent hood.
She wore a mask.
To even touch her face it ment another child.
Being pregnant when a man has had enough.
I go fishing
and those worms they take me back.

James McLain

Did You Ever Know

The reason why I left so long ago.
As the seasons seem to change.
I had to go.
You were young and I was old.
I saw you cry.

Now when we meet,
were even closer, far apart.
And none can see,
the awkward reason why we part.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Breasts Were Ment For Pearls

Her neck so long and thin.
And because she looked at him.
They make her bow and scrape.

The sun it shows a lovely face.
Each one that shows no sin.
White pearls,
that hang against her skin.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Child

Cut
the cord.
Beautiful eyes unlike mine.
Big round and brown.

Like the sky mine are grey.
Hurry child,
you mustn't tarry that way.

He lent them to me.
I gave them back.
Just in a colorful way.

Look at the sky at the stars.
What it is that you see,
I see them not.

The cut that I have,
your father can see.
Mothers can not, be afraid.

See my face in the pool?
Looking down at it, you look up.
Your father is staring at me.

James McLain

The Barren Man

Full,
I am empty like the rest.
The nurse that held me in her hands.

Empty,
as the priest withheld his vows.
Upon my knees,
where I forever knelt.

Lillies,
made to look like sister rose.
Fountains leap up high upon one's self.

Dead,
I rise to look once more upon the shelf.
I see a road,
that leads me back to other worlds.
I never made.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

White Or Black

Silvercords and bells,
the
edge is razor sharp.

I hear the children whimper,
as I scream.

Each one of you that never was,
I made them go away.

Pure of heart while coming back.
I tossed them all away.

I closed the flower,
every time you never came.

The stars that never shine,
upon their face.

Doing the same thing and I would.

Sour milk the pail I fetched,
has run out far away.

James McLain

Trailer Trash

To the few who cannot write.
Or do you spell it wright?
So you turn left,
instead of burning bright.

If you read insted of watching,
Jerry Springer,
Judge Judy and or the peoples court.

I can't help,
but laugh as you get mad.
No thats not
mommys against drunk driving.
Though your brain it tells you do.

Your just a lop,
because the cap it seems to fit.
I forgot in class,
the one you never took.

Trailer trash,
is all that you can get.

James McLain

Death, How I Invited It

How it holds the key I never held.
The snake and it's fangs,
it could not fell.
The fall from mountain tops.
One broken collar bone.

A lit match dropped into gas.
It never did explode.
Standing on a shark that never bit.
Lightning strikes,
the wires fell on my truck.
From hood to hitch.

The gun put in my face,
that did not fire.
The knife into my side,
I did not die.

The overdose at twenty five.
And the coma I awoke from.
This story,
goes on ad on, to long I did not die.
Black widow spiders made me cry.
I know not why.

James McLain

Love, What Is Love

A few to many words of love.
And not enough,
of one the other knew.

And living life-each one departs.
Their sorrow through-and through.

How can I come to now it now?
To be a rose in bloom.
T'was not enough to be set free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Bully Why I Scream

Even in the open
I can't hide.
Riding on the bus
I always cry.

I listen
through the window
as they jab me in my chest.

Others,
see my pain and turn away.
They see my eye's.

No one ever tells,
or they will suffer like the rest.
My teacher feels it more,
each time they yell.

There is no way around it.
Unless they feel it to.
I feel the pain,
of all.
Gods-Dogs are creatures to.

This is why I chose,
to go away
where others do.
Understanding friends,

Before I left,
my favorite friends.
They remembered,
this for you.

James McLain

Why Girls Cut More Than Boys

Boys dont have one.
Still they need to see.
Boys dont understand attention.
Like a girl that always bleeds.

It's not about the pain.
The numbness stinging brings.
To share the risk if they find out.
A place that none should be.

The bandage tells it all.
I wear long sleeves.
I leave before my mother tells on me.

I do his laundry if he listens,
just to me.
If it feels alright to me.

And if he understands me.
I open up to him.
No matter how deep the cut might be.
He's always there for me.

When the one's who seemed to cause it.
Just can't see.
So I lift my dress in trust.
And on my inner thigh he cuts.
I feel his razor and it's sting.

James McLain

I Remember You As You Were

Your face your eyes,
your full lips as if the sky should part.
your high cheeks, how they flowed,
as the mighty Amazon to the sea.

The deepest of conversations,
we both would share, when I knew but depair.
The way was never easy,
and the path for you would part.
With ease like the calming breeze.

Your voice I hear as if it's yeterday.
The warming wind it winds around,
each tree the soft green leaves.

You made me stay behind the scenes,
while love and loving trust.
I see your dreams that moving off and
you wait for me to reach the stars
that shine upon my face.

James McLain

If You Forget Me.

Nothing and everything
about me.

Knowing not what will happen:
The moon made of glass,
at every pass.
I wait as the snow retreats.

All around me are constant
reminders
of the time you shared with me.

I understood that moving forward
only led to the past.
Should I leave before it's time.

The bee around your eyes.
Your lips are not forgotten.
The stars were more than people
ever knew.

Hurry off and hide,
they come for me.
Where they take me none will know.
And you must never follow.
Grieving me.

James McLain

True Hero's

Men and women,
whom never think about
all the memories.
Butterflies in flight,
they must then become.
Coming out.

To die for a child.
To die the good fight.
To die for you.
To know what fear is,
despite the color of our skin.

The lonely hearts and would I.
Alone looking up at the moon.
Without the end in sight.
The lone parent whom fights,
for each child.

They are the heart of each sun.
They are the light we all feel.
They are the stars that are bright.
They are the many whom have died.

One soldier is so far away.
Looking at each picture of you.
Understanding the cost.
What are they to those few.

True Hero's greet all the rest.
As if the wind never came.
The sea and beyond the dark edge.
The edge where the light only grew.

James McLain

Cost Effective Killing

When these words are lost.
When history is forgotten.
When corpses,
are dug up, just for show.

Does how I died to you.
It really matter?
Innocent people,
underneath put down you fear.

Political bullies,
bully millions, without tears.
Police state's.
And when people are your children.

These parent's never knew?
Dialogue never spoken!
More than gold and silver.
When the wind,
stops blowing it's made clear.

James McLain

If I Had A Boat

Would I go to Cuba to?
It appears that moving forward,
over water.
Common sense and Patrick Henry.
Over Children you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Biblical Flood

Theorist have yet,
to present.
It might have been,
an asteroid impact.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Charles Bukowski, More Of

It's about more than,
dogs and cats.
Or dirty laundry.
Nor those descriptive,
Adjectives.
One luke warm beer.
Afterwards and I begin.
Again!
Is it God.
That you call special?
Originally from the,
mouths of babies.
You normally discover that.
I always did.
Up until my death.
When you have said enough.
About labor intensive,
poetry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On C.N.N. Today

You and I today they said,
we all must pay.
Silent we must be, of poets,
I would speak.

Not one shade of tenured man,
and common woman be.
Mental health and placed,
in on beneath their feet.

Is that a pill, eye's on,
made taking.
Put on a list worth making.
Some of U.S. observed.

Are you a learned Gnostic?
Do your dreams come true?
Dreams not explored by you.
Then our words cannot endure.

While violence,
does not serve a world.
That some have made turn blue.

James McLain

Mickey O'Rourke

Perhaps like you,
the man I am, I am not.
The mysterious cloud made up inside,
made out of smoke.
Tell me again, as I smile.
A.C. and D.C. listeners, listened to all.
Some love inextricably instead of hate.
Monday like Sunday I have misread.
I am the look on your face.
Hands that are eye's, become you have said.
I am not,
like the man that he made.
A puff of smoke made up of rings,
that come home to us, he has made.

James McLain



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Life And Love

When from my love and all it clearly cost.
To teach the future from the past.
Sitting on the edge, away out there.
And people come to see what is not there.

How my heart was closed one angel never-ending said.
And people whom don't have it like you do.
Your face, behind your wings, is hidden by.
Those big brown eyes, astound your mom and dad

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Imperfections

Who else from this day forward,
look to the top from the past.
Rethinking the edge out of reach.
Who else would be sent there to see.

Teach them to and
kept close to you, I must be.
Far from today, before night falls.
I call him down for you.

Little cuts spreading open,
are closed shut.
Deep where the shadows are wise.
How inside the window of deeper thought.
He came here to see what must be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Addictions

They don't all set out to die,
they just do.
Words we can all see on the page.
In the first person,
the second and you in the third.
Come here to me hear me out.
Talking birds, like that mirror.
I am never lonely.
As I hang over there from the wall.
It is there, no where else,
from the edge that I call.
Her name makes it hard to go on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Affection

The sky is dark below, I sink against.
I feel the sun as it begins to rise.
And people have no longer,
what you have.

The day before your eyes,
became today.
And love and hate becomes,
the tide that they to you forbade.

James McLain



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When I Was Homeless In Clearwater Florida

For example I am, you are, I nearly was.
Neatly are all external sockets.
Electric power has before science come.
Taken together it forms.
Many of U.S. are to mentally ill,
to go on.
There are not many souls,
transparent people.
And there are to few again many.
Humanely is it poetry to altruistic none gain.
Universal declarations,
far placed most can now see.
Because of the fear,
is that circle of friends out of reach.
I have for a while been prosecuted for it.
To be sent to prison for the lack,
of a place to live sounds logical to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And When You Do

For more than people have,
and when you do.
My Childhood pulse is you.

Perfection placed beneath,
is there are few.
And when you do.

Is there any other way,
around but school?
My childhood when you do.

Not for you,
and placed in each society.
My childhood dream for you.

An example unto you,
is this place, I am for you.
And when you do.

A better world intended,
two have made for you.
Now turn around,
And let me look at you.

James McLain

Creation Hieku

From the very beginning began
The birth of each star
To kiss the face of us all

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Americans

Different views and of the views,
the world we all must love to see.
Human rights reserved for you and me.
Are the rich,
for you or me I do not know.
Any where else would I be.
Whom the green sea,
and the wind it has forgiven me.
Is there anything else America,
Life is meant to be among'st the free.
Sadness that is moving,
forward to that never ending three.
Can you change their minds.
A land of laws that moving change?
And people are whom people never are,
having you as I do, me and you.
And people do as people do,
and that every difference brings,
US closer still.
And forgive,
the me and you I am you lived to see.

James McLain

On The Death And Rape Of A Younger Woman

Mazes of trails only they know.
Where some go the blind,
cannot follow.
Isles of cardboard boxes,
an empty package.
The empty horse,
hellenistic forgotten.
Black and white grainy pictures.
A blue blow fly sits,
in the corner of her eye.
Clothing scattered throughout,
across and around.
A young teenage girl not a man.
laying in the snow, purple blue.
They quietly got on and off.
In a hurry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Every Night Some One Leaves

Every day before night often is.
Grasping for the open source,
high in the clouds it is close.
A friendly face I came through.
The day that moving water stopped,
I understand that feeling full,
glazed eyes, my smothered memories.
When they greet me at the top.
I see that someone I once knew,
never wants to leave.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Way Out

With more and more money,
would I feel unloved.
No one man
pays attention to me.
Unloved and his head.
Crowned,
the sea full of wind.
The grass and I placed beyond.
Is this it.
Poetry and money to one.
The snowy dance I preformed
with the man without his yellow hat.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Up To The Top Out Of Reach

Alone, here again I have come.
Up along,
the mountain side all alone.

Is there any way to see it all again?
Is there any way to feel the need for wind?
Is there any way to see,
outside and feel myself give in.

Alone, up along I have come.
Up to the top out of reach.
Understanding the bamboo trees.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Brandywine And Brownstone

She was not now and
Will the wind blow on that spot
My pulse how it races

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Mind And Fog And Memory

This is going to only happen,
to me and you believe.
A melody sang and the wind,
against me danced.

Is this place where anymore?
Somewhere else along?
A narrow winding road,
up and far beyond the trees.

One day that never moving came.
The past bridge to overcome.
Rachel has forgiven folded hands.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

From The Day Of Snow

From the grassy moss and placed beyond,
the tides high mark.
Each face is painted in the snow,
as water brushes by.
Yesterday is gone tomorrow's here.
The healing heart it has forgiven,
all the years and more.
Each day before again, you came before.
In the green white dress of dreams we are.
None can see the ceiling for the veil.
And as they sit across all others, have to are.
Theirs is the color of a cloud and placed,
there why?
Still you sit and watched until I fell asleep.

James McLain



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A Very Short Song

Love has covered memories black and blue.
Saturday trapped my little bloody eye.
And before each Sunday,
was the day before last night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Day Before We Died

I'll be it but the brave.
For example unto I gave.
The people have no grave.
In simple language.
That Special call for it the poetry.
Young people man such,
virtuosity.
I understood the wind it would.
The voices never heard.
None are the same.
You take advantage,
Of the mind and things.
Behind.
I must admit to being milked,
and squeezed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Brain Before Mind

As science transcends our biblical predictions.
And as wave after wave have never come home.
A friend of mine who only once was the end.
This once was thought to be the end,
of millions out of reach of God.
We have met with the wind and the sea.
We have justified the killing of many.
Can a dream exist without brain and mind.
Terrified my mind it is leaving,
leaving the brain far behind.
Brain before mind that never came up,
from the edge of reach none have reached.
If this is it, how can I see you again.
Without a dream I am dreaming of the mind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Be That Special Child

Feelings of betrayal.
Is there any way,
to see the difference that she was.
You know it wasn't easy.
Bullying, like a secret word,
whispers on the wind.
The shadow of shame.
The day before the tears,
that never came.
Nightmares I relished to see,
the night's I stay up.
It's not the wind of the sea.
Sometimes I think it helps,
the bully know.
Knowledge is,
and of a child it starts
with only you.

James McLain



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Drones

Do you begin now to see them.
We everywhere used to think,
some boy in Kansas flew
them over there.
To someone here.
Personally,
I don't know from whom
it is and why.
My wife for a while as she worked,
for them to see the world.
Judgement is the drone.
There is no longer,
a double doubt as to when.
It is not me against him
or her my hands are their own.
Whiteout before they all come.
I stand now in stark relief.
Where will we be whenever it comes.
Me, I am what most people think I have,
some one like music is.
Speaking of course to the third person.
Sometimes the wind is right into view.

James McLain

When Pearls Are Fed To Swine

Swollen, moist they are bloated.
Some even move from the last.
Wetting of the green broad leaves.
Every night I come home and I pea.
In the same way.
Shaking in hands on my knees.
His the swine his is massive,
even recounting seven you are having.
The snow at first and I glanced.
Up to my knees,
out of reach of my closer pocket.
Pearls being squeezed,
of all their green by the swine.
Ripe the oysters all clustered, weeping.
One is bitter and placed far beyond,
eight less than nine for the having.
What you have learned.
The other just popped in his mouth.
Pink now drips out from both sides.

James McLain

Sanhartlee

Into her hand out of reach.
Esteemed, fine grapes university
Made from a puff of smoke.
A matter beneath the ground,
and the wind when it sings
is of poetry and beyond
don't stop what you are doing.
If it fell beneath your hand,
my sword is still in reach.
I teach the mind of snow
sanhartlee, which she knows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Darkness

Of darkness and the placed beneath.
Things like that
they suck at your toes.
The snow retreats
and they looked once or twice.
You know what to do,
you are vulnerable especially
Here's where, what and why.
The darkness once were good there are.
I played in you're sweetness,
it tasted of.
I liked words like moist and wetting.
To rain and dampened waves the sea?
Here feel in my pocket right now.
Darkness is merely one shade
of black covered by white
because of who you are.
Would you really
approach it in the vacuum of darkness?
You can read whatsoever to a child
words I mean.
Before it comes back as it was.

James McLain

When Even Of Thought

For some reason
I am not sure what they carried out.
It Happened again without within the
door next to the door two
years ago today three years down
on the left one year ago after.
Gunshots, stuff loving more.
When you have,
Had to a second a little after.
You look at my sister like that dude who is.
Hes dead and more more than see here they are.
When the insane
have a better way to this than the.
The first time you did it!
Did you feel better about about having it.
Not much DNA and testing of for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Little Girl And Her Husband

Easy rode east that day..
This explains why the answer
apparently
As one together they can.
The finger at least this is.
How it all can be unexplained
back then to.
Young men having hot and more.
I have a question
of whether it comes against
living tail from the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trust What Your Reading

The other day you saw an arm.
Next to some food where they you served
Seeping patches of and.
Watching the faces I think.
Does she work here for more than food.
Sores that heal slowly when aloe alone.
The busboy sneezed and
no one here knows she has aids.
You haven't answered the thought yet.
Nor thought of food yet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To The Hidden

Without a nimble corpse,
to cross the narrow river with.
A child I see resist the urge to play
with staffs and Styx.
I resist the urge to be found out myself.
Out in the open
a source I offer to them all.
To be hidden.
Inside them all except for.
To isolate them all away from me.
Lest they consult among'st a mystery.
I have had experience being
locked within the jar.
Must my crown,
I am and more than simple beautiful.
I've had to hide myself covered in only you.
The grass and islands cover more than you.
The open-source of one that you hold dear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Did You Keep What You Knew

Quickly and easily,
accessible to have dark and farmy.
They appear in the open frozen yonder.
I can see for yourself,
as they come in out of the rain.
And it still happened.
Looking as if they painted it on.
accessible to one or the other.
The drapes come down to and from.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The New Girl

Always ready never bending down
and the blueberries having to be picked.
They are and the new girls are and.
It sounds like my first taste at this.
Can you be ready to pick, picking taste.
The bushes are thick with them.
And the ripe ones squishing are squeezing
the bags are the new girls and.
The boys having to have something else to.
They panic and the new girls hands are full.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After The Storm

To the fire and more
more than most in one day.
And even be quite,
an addict, addictive.
Qualities
more than most in the open are.
In the shadows of one act.
When the staff,
and more than most people have.
Are they unwilling to the door.
Is there a little-known,
small time home the blonde said.
Can I catch ride with you and?
To the pond and back no more.
The frogs were making green Greek.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Contracts In Contrast

A.C.L.S.

C.P.R. the legalization
of one ethical act.

Would you help
someone

or stop and think?

What if I can not act,
because of that.

When you do what is right,
bright and you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Every Inch

Her body hidden was.
A valley of one and more of.
Soft of voice I thereof.
Days measured by inches of rain.
Narrower are the hips,
every inch is.
The moan of the wind,
Swimming inside of the night.
Every inch is like nails,
driven in and out of this world.
Pleasure is gained by mere inches.
Around the pain more than most.
Making every inch count,
on the lake.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Growing Old

The glittering of all I know.
Has anyone else who mattered.
Such glimpses have I glimpsed.
I worry notably,
of all the ghosts I see
and loved.
And more guilt for staying home.
Home the heart of all our tragedies.
Leaving, coming, going on young,
being gay,
the teen's going outside into you.
My nursing home,
blond birds,
they'll all exceed my firm grasp.
What to do, I do, do you?
We all smell the taste of snow.
Green leaves we have eaten and more.
Here their are other ghosts.
Well one warmed, it seems to flit
around and sometimes it when I ask.
The glittering of all I did know.
Now it's day,
and before that I came it was for.

James McLain

When You Talk To Much

Did you feel bad.
Bad about what happened
to your friend when I.
Lips open,
to have all that's next.
Don't forget your tounge.
How it reacted,
to the taste of snow.
Tied down and more.
There's a furrow I have.
A patch of it comfortably so.
When you talk to much,
nothing gets done except that.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cry Of All My Thoughts

And if by you,
I have and loved alike.
Is this the thought,
Often I have heard of you?
Something like that,
which brings me together.
Covering secret clover.
Scarlet green, violet purples.
And since you are of the world,
answers I bought and saved.
When the staff and the jar,
before is.
Life be it long, long it be life.
Might used before dawn's first light.
Young men,
woman to have I believe,
is the trial by ordeal.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Woman And Men Of Knowledge

Dangerous are the words,
to have on a page.
The answer to the price,
few can pay.
To the discerning, concerned.
Not to be found in a college,
but in the mind of one child.
Born with a price on your head.
To Know all that is known,
never less.
All that's more?
Centuries from one and them all.
Speaking word's as one word.
The answer to the key.
To all the star light.
Open never bending,
around the palms of their hands.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

They Were Not My Everything

To see the moon for what you are.
The grass is green and blue the sky.
Is dark when you are thick,
the leaves the tree, I left alone.
My Everything your little fingers
pull and pushed away.
When the bottom is daylight.
Rain comes again without within.
There light did form and more.
I came to think you are.
And the truth the answer often is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On The Full Moon

The moon has one of my many faces.
Inside the face,
is a ring I have never traced.
Both eyes,
I found myself out as well.
The comets tail outside peers in.
The head of the comet,
fueled, by the taste of the sun.
There's the dark side of bright day.
Being full it pulls us apart to play.
The moon pushed us together.
So one comets tail,
it brightly flashed and was gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Smoke

And the truth is this all misty pink.
Sisters include drinking
murky water.
I am told about this man.
When you do not in knowing.
I am not unjust a common cause.
Is that a child should be.
Misty pink and faces faraway.
When the staff of and,
and all of that.
Of thoughts for you and you alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On Choosing A Freak

When you do.
Continue to dream, dreams of it.
It is the freak,
inside you it swelled.
Two cannot,
dream of it the exact same way,
or it most openly will.
One hunts,
for the hand long in deep sleep.
Both are stubbornly strong.
Both are not strong enough.
It does not stop.
Having to have,
what one said that you have.
Most never had what you've got.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Twin Girls

Down to your very smallest
of one or the other by
way of familiar touch.
When the other,
two of them or one.
I have of dreams and come
to have been new in this
the other teachers
having been watching them
Through
the wall of breaching hulls.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On Anyone's Death But Mine

Am I here so late
that they among?
The other is to be.
Great things about, the answer
is on weighing need.
What does one if one it is.
If greater is one love among'st,
the angles
hide in song forever sing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On Anger

Comets flash and memory
becomes
like that which is the past.
Few people have.
More than information,
about the.
And the truth is about,
only that.
Verbs that can't act.
Metaphors of color no one,
can taste.
And to smell the answer.
Where is the key
to the door of and the.
Memories become and
comets flash.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Happy Box

To see if you have or.
All that glitters,
inside out at the top.
When I look at the end,
here where we are.
He thinks of leaves,
that are open.
The mystery of that.
When I was,
you are the answer to.
Then change,
is oftentimes the answer of.
When the jar,
is still full of leaves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why As A Negro I Stand

Hands and feet unbound.
Forgotten the ones that come after.
I have heard of them speaking to.
A way of songs,
that they don't sing of.
Songs, remembered of Solomon.
Nubian minister's.
Eyebrows raised the eyeshadow,
is there.
When you have to have nothing,
nothing else matters.
Master of the word.
And praise for the answer to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Can And Will I Have

Looking for the sight of it.
Arising moon,
it hides between twin sheets.
The voices of the world,
today of you and I that said.
A special type of day before,
that is.
Each day we made I breach.
When soft of voice,
you did not cry I did outside.
Tell me why the moon is round.
I have heard you think of day.
Instead of night,
love fights.
The grass is green and blue.
When they have to have,
the world they blindly sought

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On Bullying

The aura of air,
around them, it is.
Some of their brains,
may even be.
Remorseless,
what of those parents.
What kind of seed,
does that?
Are they words,
of another era long past.
Sometimes I wish I had.
Hiding in the open,
is in vain.
The pencil in my side,
mum pulled out.
Their were four.
And some fourty eight,
years later.
The lead is still usable.

James McLain

How Much Will I Pay

Am I Willoughby I think about you.
Are words names?
The answer grew.
Spoken out loud, you I knew.
And still there is this night issues.
Things, that make yourself open.
Without speaking out loud people do.
To think of a simple name.
A name that they don't know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Daddy's Little Girl

I always was in thought of you.
Please tell me what to do.
When you have a question of.
You tell me what to do.
Daddy is the answer this feeling,
what of you?
Mother said your more,
but never less.
Daddy, mother was and is.
Tell me,
what you think about your head.
Daddy I'm not ready yet they do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Believed

And
If you haven't
had it,
just to have.
You believe
and in
believing
I believe in you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Believe

And
If you haven't
had it,
just to have.
You believe
and in
believing
I believe in you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As I Grew Older

When I was the lost child.
Awakened from the cold.
I have heard,
your thoughts of me,
one night when you said.
The moonlight,
spoke of youth and
toys that I for you gave up.
Lilly said of Emily.
That Lilly spoke of roses to.
And where her bed,
of violets lay.
But none the sun would sway.
And when I know how,
roses grow.
Is there the sun was freed.
To grow up when it's day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If You Came

Back in the world.
Words of courage,
people are.
Poetry, prearranged.
Forward to this feeling,
of rivers unmasked.
Shown to the door.
I believe in green vines,
coming home, I cannot.
Being myself with you.
I happen to believe,
in her poetry to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gravity

How can we know,
I do not.
Faith-based.
I turned to,
science instead.
Up is down,
right side
angles, some hide.
To the edge,
and back,
few can know.
Just how far,
they have come,
in one day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Make Me See Green Leaves

Back to the forest
and streams.

Back to the light,
you I see.

At the base of the tree,
grows a vine.

On the vine grow,
the loveliest leaves.

Green is the color,
I dreamed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Water I Think

To make it like it was
between,
twin sheets of gold.
I catch a little glimpse.
Of words I've never
Used before.
To get from there
to here,
I see our destination.
A river crystal clear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Christopher Dorner- Big Bear Today

To hunt one's own.
Over without, within.
Will the answer to this
be known.
Suicide by cop.
They'll oblige him.
Against his life
they are not.
Life in prison
his fate
if he allows
them to take,
him alive.
It's a crazy
world today.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Combat Fatigue

It is all I can see.
Bright flashes
military drone after drone.
Myself, one other a friend.
Taking turns
we keep inside the thought.
When you have any questions
about what they say or do.
Do them aught but
they've
slept but little after.
Having left three men
and a woman behind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Packages Just We Are

I am as poor
and countries
we all are.
And if by my
heart
she can
I have a child.
A thousand
worlds await.
She represents
More never less.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Everything The Moon Can Be

Almond to the great.
Deep blank stares,
as she comes
without her friends.
The edge of Israel.
The Israel,
everyone can see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chocophelia

Inside the thought of that.
When you have any of.
The grass is green and blue.
Is it that when you have any.
Diuretic fits the jar before.
Jars of beans
and the pallet full of that.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Live In Vain

Living are all creatures.
That of living thought,
are you and I.
Pretty are the people
is this night my wife.
Free of clouds is day.
Nigh issues
to free, freedom grew.
Light and light
and at nigh.
You and I
living creatures
thoughts
are all of we.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Change It Has To Be

As if they have to be.
Change
is change for us to be.
For You to become.
Then change,
it has to be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rich In Love

Watching free from thought.
Remember all the leaves.
From the branches
where they fell.
The moving branches are.
I have sight of one.
Around the water hole.
One hunts and I.
The grass is green,
some leaves are brown.
I sit up in the tree.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Abortion

Kept private house hold.
Apparently they
only got the head.
How it came to term.
I ask myself,
what is inside the jar.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Point Blank

Inside the jar the sea
although the I, the ring.
and then the jar
I seeping out
it is clear
that they are here.
The ring keeping
it's fire and more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fond Of The Moon

On the field
open to the issue's
by the heart of one that is
remember that song it went
the way of songs that do.
Looking for you have to
see it sink.
Tall those trees
their roots
can see themselves
for the pone
that hangs beneath.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What If This Is Psychological

Ignore The Answer To
the questions never asked.
If I have heard you to.
I fear of that
the answer to the point
of looking at the jar.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Through Shadows A Shape

These people think about
Things
that they don't
but do.
Shadows that move
where they do.
Ghosts that
hear what you say.
People not seen
that see everything
Even though.
These people
think about these things.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Even Though I Gave

You were not enough.
Nails done twice a week.
Your face, I never saw.
On the phone telling
lies no one listens.
The shadow,
of the moon
I swear,
I never saw.
There is no
wind
and see the limbs
they quiver.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Death Blow Is A Life Blow To Some

How long they lived.
Determined how they died.
When had they died,
so many would have lived.
Not many knew,
how far they had to come.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Guns And Death

Close to the answer
I haven't, have.
Halfway partial values
some did hide.
One well armed officer
can decimate the field.
Not everyone one's immune,
to mental illness now.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Tune

Heaven as it paused.
I played a certain tune.
I have heard
it played before
a thousand times
Or more.
And our love
together sounds
As if a tune
with out love could endure.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I've Kept It Like No Other

What I have,
already you have had.
Young volunteers
could you do it
likewise
common ground
I keep inside the jar.
Once you have looked
without, within.
You willing,
will have given
all the balls.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Hug Her Hips

As they are
Speaking
Spokesman
decide that
Fate.
Not blooming
Is why I'm worried
The when is
when I'm affable.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If I Must

Willoughby
When you're
In addition to this
room to have been
around this,
this a little boy.
The grass gives nothing
When the leaves
are smoking.
The mud and sucking
noises.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Good Pone Hunter

He or she
the difference
is the key.
One hunts by taste
the other by
smell
to smell the taste
is not
to touch your nose.
When hunting
for pone in the jar.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Morning Is For Me

A special type of day.
Birds, the first stage
of day and what they say.
The grass full of worms.

They say they hate them
do they but.
Their gone.
The first cigarette
of the day.

,

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Current By The Doing

He leaves the thought
of you who comes
here like this to often
being softened
does the milky eye
almost like being
Milked
do you hear the cowboys
as they come
Special thoughts
for you we have.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

More On That

The voices in your head.

That started from
the first.

Are you able to tell
them apart.

Heaven's gated
wall to the insane.

Do they war with one another.

Are they quite
well you know

not like the rest.

The little boy was bitten.

Weather real or imagined.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Purple Fat Grapes

The frenchies have
come and gone.
Open receptive
are the grape leaves.
My fingers pull
at the grapes.
Purple fat and bleu.
I do things to her
that she likes.
Then two leaves open to
cover one huge grape
these grapes
are for jucin she said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Text Book Suicide

In a tub of
warm water I sit.
Sitting clear it was
and now
it's turned red.
The skin under
my panties
was free,
free of clear cutting.
Though the bark
was missing in places.
The grass
was well cut as well.
Anyway I came here to go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If She Finds Out

Bright lights
explosions in her
head
When you have
nothing
left to hide.
They're swaying
the eyes of his life.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poetry Police

Relief

The Poetry police

come when

your asleep

Despite the answered

letters left unread

I never think about

the having

that

some gave it all.

That's when you

wake up

religious relief

doesn't feel free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Only Cut Like This For You

I think about having to have.
Things that we did together.
Naughty things,
things people think about.
Things people do.
You shake her hand.
Where has it been.
I know where it's been.
Yet we shake it.
And the lips.
Are they out dated thoughts.
We all think them.
Kinda like a kid saying
He doesn't pick his nose
Or eat his
Bugers
When he does.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The.

To Know,
that I came to the.
This the,
that we make
endless time for.
To see the for
what it is
Some will say
you are thick.
Being
sometimes
connected
or when your not.
I think ahead
when you
think of the word.
Think of the.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Hunt And Gather

Information father,
what was said.
Knowledge is the key,
four issues are.
Key holes are the goals.
She swallows what I saw,
I felt it go.
Father of the knowledge,
is this issued to.
Keywords true they are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Rain Came

To see the moon quiver
was all I
could bare.
yet I saw
what I saw I saw more.
I saw the clouds part
the face beneath,
it grassless was.
Afterward
when the rain came.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How I Came To Know

People reading poetry, in dreams.
For some is to reason is to why.
Do it, come inside and try it.
Did you not come here to have.
Why do you think about it now.
Dreaming, dreams I've
come to this, I have of dreams.
Controlling dreams, I seem to
have, at such a tender age.
Glasses skewed, I tremble bleu
at the thought, I really, really do.
This psychological association
With a plain old man and school.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Snipers

When they miss,
they never really do.
To be inside one's head.
With all of that before.
Two hundred plus
the legend only grew.
The history books,
thinking that a sniper
never would.

.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Bad Guys

Guns, Alabama.
Is it that a felon
wouldn't know,
of thieves like this.
On Florida
forever has thus been.
Charged by
Possess this, this gun.
Sen.Jeff Obsessions
like all the time.
Say no to Universal
Background checks.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Did I Come

These people crazy they are.
Some lawmakers
and Many were
made sex offenders.
Your rights being taken.
Did you not in knowing it.
Stop and discern them.
What if they do what
some did to you.
That one
even now two think of.
Whom ever they are,
you will.
Doing it to others,
some will.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why When You'Re Not

Here We must be still.
The parting grass
gives nothing away.
Translucent
White clouds lay
as one with the grass.
Open to the breeze.
Witnesses claim to see.
The deep small well,
has a root in it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Understood By The Stream

By that way, I came.
I can think of the
things, people think.
Things
like your hands.
And openly by them I was.
Others by them,
come watch.
Some streams by the edge
I learned to stretch.
Some watched the birds
As they await the same.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mum And Dad

Both are stubbornly strong.
I've been around for a while.
Mums hands are affable.
The new girls are not.
Though they speak many languages.
Mums milked these cows
for thirty years.
The new girls hands are not.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

At That Moment Her Face It

A river running lovers cross.
Endless dreams of tears.
Nothing, feel the moss.
We all can see.
The river as it flows.
The answer to the world.
Is if YouTube this week's feeling,
Is there anything else
about you I should know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dead Here We Lie

Each choice we made,
every action brought forth
made not in vain.

Both of his strong hands.
Moving independent
of one another.
For a common just cause.

Working with each swell
In building each wave
the dream swelled
Out as well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Understanding Moon

Those clouds, their color is.
Her body hidden, green in leaves.
Limbs that open, close.
Her body, feels the wind.
Pink and placed beneath,
the tree, I came to see.
The day before you learned,
I understood.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sugary Sap And That

United nations development and more
People unite employed
Must it be as it always, bare
Mass why the answer to.
Those sucking noises
as a child grew louder still.
Perhaps they would have nothing
If they shared with dogs
and more.
I realize now as a child
you always knew.
And whenever he wanted to
he would find it and squeeze.
He said more milk would come out
than normally would.
I ask you was he right?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Domestic Issues

Your first taste of anonymous
Was written by an English man.
It was the accent I think.
Cleopatra, was such of that.
Rich of word, she was said
to have nothing.
The answer to, is of.
I think of V and his/her smile.
For domestic poetry so.
Done for you know the answer to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dust To Dust

To and from a dream
That came from you.
Writing
like that
your own;
Is understood.
Coming back to gaze.
Upon my life.
A life as such as that.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Understanding The Moon

Those clouds their color is.
Her body hidden by green leaves.
Limbs open and close,
Her body feels the autumn wind.
Pink and placed beneath,
the tree I came to see.
The Day Before you learned.
I understood.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Childhood Home I See Again

When the hill comes into view.
I see the great roof top.
And all the memories trapped within,
I feel my lost childhood.

Buried deep beneath the ground.
My childhood toys were lost.
And light it feels to me,
as if it's closer than the dark.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Head I Saw

It looked as if he had,
been bound in rope.
He seemed in a dream
But alive.
Before in the blink
his eyes became glazed.
The blood gushed out
As his chest still heaved.
Gurgling
Long since has the blood
drained from his head.
It is sawed off
and placed
on top of his chest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Same Political End

Roman empires.
God almighty intervenes.
The arena, naval battles.
One had
fourteen hundred days.
Can one man
drain the lake of many souls?

Coliseum
Built of Catholic memories.
And hand in hand.
The flowers always show.
Hip deep in blood.
The sand is full of snow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trees To Tall To Touch

Climbing the tree.
The Day is to long.
My fingers melt in the snow
Just within reach.

The snow at the top,
how it clings to the leaves.
The sun comes out,
As the snow retreats

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Escapes Through Sleep

Before sleep comes.
I see the sea, the clouds.
The babies come,
from the edge and beyond.

From both sides
of the rift where
light is dark.

To leave before I came
I left before I must.
Darling call for all the rest.
The first and last.
They call your name.

And they come while
your away deep in sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Day Before We Met

Tall tree's full of snow.
Before and beyond.
Each parting cloud.
When they pass me.
Leaves as they greet me.
Returning to look as before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Fetus Is Not A Person

Telling them naught.
Tells me what?
It will just end the
same looking up
I look back down
at the moon.
Going back in around.
One place
where the sun can't go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Is There Left To Say

Going in leaving.
I think of the weather
and the sea.
Inside the window,
I am looking far out
Inside.
To look once again.
At me.
And the weather
Coming in
and going out
once again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Final Moments

Getting wet without rain,
has to be like
you have before
when it rains.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Inside The Bottle

Laughing demons crying girls
come together.
living to love once again.
Demons crying
out
laughing girls
infatuated
bounce all around.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If I Could See The World

By the past few I have.
All oaths I have taken.
I have the tears,
you have jar.

Addmtting,
the seal is not
broken
the hearts
that you heal.

When you come
as the wind
and the leaves.
Can say
what they feel.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She And I

Sometimes I am,
what
she thinks we
sometimes are.

One curve is like
her bottom lip.
The other rolls
along
the hidden side.

Inside out
the open sky.
The color
of her eyes.

Smaller than
one drop of dew.
When honey's
dripping out.

 PoemHunter.com

James McLain

How I Managed The

What is that
hand beneath
the table.
Made It says
in Kansas.

Blushing red
her eyes
I won't forget.

It from the past
a face I can't
seem to forget.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Southern Man

And he was.
What is family for.
In the end as before.
Humble in youth,
to the many.
Because of the bills,
Plowed fields cotton picked.
How do we as one.
Know before the end comes.
In a dream,
I found out about this.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Universal Back Ground Checks

Our mental health inherited.
This battle some will loose.
To pick and choose
where some won't loose.
This seems to be the question.
Harmless acts that might
seem strange
are often used against us.
Violent I am not
to be again convicted.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Kill Them All

And he will bring them back.
Unjust when all the babies
can not live within the sea.

Hello friend I came in peace.
Hollowed be thy name.

Booby traps they set for him.
Again he counts them out.

In names of three.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Looking Up Beneath The Stars

Twilight mixed with dawn,
comes at noon.
Can dusk call out,
to the morn.
When same the leaf it
turns green.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Friend

Do we think that we have,
what we have.
All my dreams that come,
never came.
Far from there next to here.
They come black and white,
living color.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Is Around The Bend

The Length Of the Curve

it deceives me.

The depth of the sea

it surrounds me.

The waves here and their

lap around me.

Your face in the pool

it reminds me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mental Crisis

Abraham Lincoln

every year they took his picture.

It wasn't the life of the war.

Death was the friend of many.

Rivers of tears lines of pain.

As they still to day upside down.

The path of true love runs away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Because Of Crack

Bent over demanding open dripping.
The devil has gone I was theirs.
I like you were asleep.
When wide there it was.
Her five legged dog.
I looked up to see what was there.
I see I only have four.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Else Did They Do

not all cuts are the same.
and this by now you've known
like minded
cuts are just cuts
blood is the ocean at large.
Trees that is hard to the touch.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Valley Forge

The young today do they know.
Of the world way back then.
General Washington
for the lack a jacket
seeing his men frozen
to death.
Having empathic
foresight to,
speak to you from the future.
Here in the past.
aa etat cc see

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Females

When it's a good thing
still it gets wet right there
because of the weather.

Where the ring
grows tighter he drills.
Males make it harder still

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lance Armstrong

Such a platform young he sprung from.
Testing, testing, more testing.
Racing life spinning wheels
from his mind.
Apologies to whom will they come.
From his past came the night's
day now knows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Spooks

By now they know
I' m like them
after all my father was.
How ever my father,
like I that he was.
You said.
Are they all like you
some they are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Guns And Mental Illness

The craze now begins now to label.
Ronald Reagan did that to cause it.
Funding costs more to address it.
President Obama said one out of six
may now have it.
So many like you when they hurt me.
The trauma in correcting the past.
Are they now going blind to see it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Guns And Control

As senseless as it is, it is that we all must.
People whom don't others whom will.
Those of these and sad to your thoughts.
Gabriel Giffords my hero whom did.
My daughter is nine please, please don't.
I lost her once please God not again.
Children need to feel safe.
Such needful things know them not.
Knowing, knowing not, he knows that he must.
Remember this one thing it is not convicted
felons that are doing these tragic things.
No inacted laws can prevent these deeds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mental Illness Being Different I Hoped

Being this Way way long before you were born.
Gifts and talents abandoned as well.
They never knew back then they were not.
More or less when less becomes more
few now know.
That it's just as scary the one hundredth
time as the first.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gouging My Flesh

The razor does not gouge out my flesh.
It's only thin their as it cuts.
Even through the slice pried apart.
I become hard at the hair you pull out.
Your crying has stopped taste my blood.
While my flesh is torn apart at the hip.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Ocean

If the beauty of the wave transcends us.
And how all of the others now grasp it.
Rainbows cross the vast sky.
Loving the race life has left us.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Swallows His Pride

Sunflowers yellow waiting to burst.
What comes next the stem learns to swallow.
Pushing right up through the ground.
Knowing that green it comes before yellow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poetic Protest To Rape

The eyes is it the eyes are they mine.
The way home for most is the same.
When I'm busy with thing's that I'm not.
The fear the unknown all the rest.
My parts are some prize.
For some unknown control.
Please give me back what you stole.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Heavy Hearts

The slain, they lie all around us.

Back to back, side by side,
silent screams.

Young stilled minds, white bright lights.

Each white skull, I see, it reminds me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After All

It's getting heavy as it sinks
through my flesh.
As I see what it is within sight.
Leaving nothing behind.
As I look far ahead to the past.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Belong

How long must I wait.
Your smile I see all around me.
The moon in the sky.
Bright light from your eyes.
Moving each leaf falls around me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Man And History

In just a little over one hundred years
some men can now obliterate us all.

For control of us all.

The R.N.C. has turned my city,
into a prison
which today sits empty.

Unpatriotic if I sit this one out?
Don't taze me.

You have forgotten
more by my death than
you ever learned by my life.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Past Friendships

And comes one day,
the white swan is lost among the many.
That so many can be crowded around the lake.
And that occasionally that one is loved,
not being loved it happens, and there is love.

And one day is lost among the many,
that itself can be less seen or crowded.
The fountain jets up in the park.

Leaves show their sharp edges.
Green upon the grass.
That and we would like to speak to occasionally of her.
Do you think, would she like to speak?

Then it crossed over and into the opportunity.
Your dream turns up suddenly
and disappears just as suddenly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Silence Inside Your Head

As for the unseen damage.
Discernibly.
Upon my cheek it is falling down.
No one whom shouts from silence can bare it.

As for help from the noise.
Who I am you are there inside me.
This silent hardship.
I whom no one who has life your needs.
And of your help with new life come worries.

Worries now help from calling out to the many,
my fear of that the fact.
Believing what inside the head when it comes.

That they withstand the truth.
It does not do to remove such thoughts.
Now help is in diguised in truth.

Turning empty here you obtain it everywhere.
Inside the sky and no one knows. and,
Now when you do not worry it has come and gone.
Left to where exactly and whether or not.
The problem of this silent hardship.
I remain permanently here.
And I Shout out in my head,
but from where I stand you are gone.

James McLain

Long Are The Shadows

This is my shadow.
The shadow across the wall,
moving it is walking.
Before me it whispers to you what it is.

I call out.
I grasp out excessively.
And in closing the lid it is tight.
It is not possible to come.
I can not come from behind tonight.

I have long known what it is.
The ocean of love which before becomes empty.
Although it emptied believes.

It crosses, inside it is deep.
What it believes and this which you feel.
Completely it pulls,
and pushed never seperated.
That from long stays together never apart.

James McLain

Full Moon Rising

Full Moon Rising

Month after month being restricted.
When around the sky being distant.
Day after day monthly travelling.
In the same way as June and Byakuya.

On above the horizon, several days.
That does not rise,
when being to distant or south of.
And I do not rise to the North Pole.
Under sunny conditions,
or as a December day between it all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Impalpable

If I touched it or it came to be.
Each crystal month of every red branch.
Red leaves once green that never fall.
Comming over to me,
of the autumn where my window is closed.

The body and aching everything.
Which could move aside to be close to the impalpable ash.
Tossed onto the fire or the wrinkle off the log.
The scent is carried off from me to you.

A certain message mixed all the way,
the boat which is fragrant, the light and the petal,
is small you are those islands which wait.
That sail from you to who I really am.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Corn Pone

Dear secret service, agent man.
To a single woman come and lip it is.

Do you know what corn pone really is.
It is sweet.
It is puffy that it's fat.
That it is olive gold.

Do black folk kidding drink it only can.
And of the white woman to whom, I can't.

But then again corn pone it also is.
Thinking yellow treat that is.

Starchy soft and wet there in between.
Corn pone is more than sweet.

Walking home from school.
My friend she turned and said.
Corn pone is and was.
What the rich kings that have I tried it.
All died for.

James McLain

Shear Negleck Of Some I Do

The feather on the field,
where someone is I turn and look surprised.
The cup of excellence, depending is.
The dust, neglect of some I do.
As for the mind,
where chubs and where the flower looks you to.
where the brandishing/scattering.
The wind is thick and easily.
Eddies where I sleep there often you.

Behavior of the thrill.
Perfect score of air when moist and green.
Of the utterable marked composure.
Which is struck it makes it thin and hard.
Upon the bed brown eyes and pulsing to.
New fragile yellows are, inclination and so deep.
Is pressed with the forests brown long moss.

Coming in and either one is stuttering.
And come more often sing.
Stirrings of birds.
Between my breasts you burst.
Which is simply lights out, put.
The composure of your smile.
But when the hugeness is.
Where I often come,
the margin which is rubbed just like the leaf.
Should I stand and wait or sit out on a limb.
That sprouts way out and up from anything.

James McLain

Knocked Up

Barren like the back of the hand, land that is.
If my foot ever touched that spot or the shadow
fell out and straining would we hear of the rest?

Cast forth is each nor the burnt center.
Thine majority.
You thus attached.
And by the many singular s's.

Crack in the moon and the body.
Roe ve wade with out it.
It comes to mind your mind to make me smooth achin.
And you did not obtain it.
For any amount.
I to you the light how it burns me.
I write and the fire
the fire and in a little more than where
the brown pile is the club
and now it is by it the eye I then hit.
Life for them o' slumber away night he cries.

James McLain

Arrested By Mistake You Are When

Clicking cuffs make the world grow
small real quick.

The car is even smaller except for the
smells of the prior occupant.

The pepper spray taser and a big giant
hole at the end of the gun help
contribute to that smell at
least in a small way.

I turned my brain off after that it was a case
of mistaken identity I looked like a homeless
man they were looking for.

Law enforcement has the best
equipment lost money finds.

Arrested by mistake You are when.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Empty, Full Of Mayhem

Rear eternal sun and butterflies.
Drifting into the dawn of day.
And gray words unlike the sky.
Dying oaks lie east and west.
Immortality.
Damp you disassemble,
begin before the north comes south.

The kingdom after that as for the Tis.
Completely.
Pauseless each monarchy without sons
Whom to those one says.
Royal courts.
His, himself and her to him, himself.
Someone's she her hand himself,
in correct from second base I run.
Diversified our God.

God of the miraculous.
Tis she stands before me.
Using midnight unto dawn one star hangs north.
And inbetween out back the rear.
Miracle of his and she with midnight
to her south and emptied full of mayhem.

James McLain

At Midnight She Will Come

I have seen the shadow parts the leaves.
The light shines down,
I see often gray the passing clouds.
Caught inside the bush the multicolored birds.
Without hands his feathers paint the sea.
And often sight comes by,
I see her great big eyes and they are blinking.
Blinking open mouths
the parting lips show more than teeth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Are Children Poets

Like a star how it pulses.
Plug it into her dream.
And what is it like.
Misty snow filled flows over her veil.

Flowers and the woods.
Tender thoughts there beneath.
So the light of the silvery moon.

But so firm in the world.
I sailed up to the sun.
And my joy as she closed my eyes.

Hotter today fire and ice.
Youth leaves by the kiss.
Kiss by kiss kissed on the lips by lips.
Come or stay,
poets of the many.

Days long are going
while by night they apppeare.
Eye ball to eye ball deep in kisses
I answered the poet.

I believe and believing beauty
it quickens my feet.
Eyelids are pealed back because.
Pleasure are the children of poets.

James McLain

Ring By The Fire

Full thick and endowed.
Comes here every day without reason.
A certain man
that she has called.
He comes to sit by her heart.
To be near.

Held up to the light by her hand.
Pulling the sword back as she does.
Mountains that grow up and down.
Into the valley where they sleep.
Comes another and her eyes are shut.
Not closed to the snow,
slowly then one eye it suddenly opens.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fire Can Not Wait For The Dawn

Deep is the root of the tree.
It does not reach in there by the frost.
The Spelling of it.
Has it not been by you broken.

Although you have him between,
put in place by you where the dawn.

The fire awakes from the ash.
And by her own good light,
that such a spell.
That I write of from the deep.
Comes his shadow how it leaps from the wall.

Be it a blade.
Which is renewed and has by her been broken.
The king who went crownless.
And where for the second time by his
is presumed to be here.
Coming again unto him there she is.

James McLain

When I Died

You always looked away.
I never thought to see you all laid out.
Dressed like that the town should weep.
How I thought your lips now closed apart.
The breeze the leaves the weeping trees.
I paused but did not stop.
I did not stop.
But when I died
the light the dark I gave it all away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Justice Is To Why When Then It Sleeps

I am not for now or even then for sale.
Why when then do they thus force me.
I am lost in thinking what is what.

Do some think I do not without speaking know.
What justice really never waking is.
To those whom rest in sleep in knowing
I do not of them know.

I rest to rest my mind in though to see.
Sleeping thoughts,
that if there spoken leads to more of this but why.

Can they tell me, when and where to sleep?
Must they be unlike the jews they did so cruel.
Scarlet letters labor hard a label is to what?
To some is not to think.
I won't in time they rest in slumber do not wake.
To be afraid and make some suffer is to
never know the reason why I sleep but never rest.

James McLain

Being Murdered Most Were Brave

Rule over the earth.
Over there unmoved my surprise.
Rule of courage and she awakes.
Wearing no disguise at paradise with both sides.

And all of them without the long sword.
In pursuit of that one place.
Wider still fields of daisies.

Youth is all that is left unpicked.
Brown eyes are the clouds.
Striking the bell wind gone astray.

You I have raised up in this narrow warm place.
To you I vow understand.
Or should a person of love wet like the leaves
folded in front float away.

Most cry out at being pierced such is love.
Which is done boldly still worrying, it is.
Being quietly murdered,
are those whom come most were brave.

James McLain

Treatment-Resistant Depression

I have been treated for depression
but my symptoms have as yet to improve me.
I think,
I may have have treatment-resistant depression.

Taking an antidepressant or going through
all of that psychological counseling.
What (psychotherapy) puts me through,
I am ill at ease
then comes some latter I date your depression.

Unlike most people
whom for not most if not all are such people.
This treatment for treatment-resistant depression.
When standard treatment was never enough.

Flakes of snow leave white claws and dark marks.
Before I was born
and the world knew dark matter,
I was left such like you to ponder it all in depression.

They may not help much at all,
to improver your fears of depression.
And why are your symptoms.
May turns back into June.
Will summer improve only to keep it like winter comes back.

From mild to severe
and may require more help
as summer becomes fall leads back to winter.
Where have all the snow cones gone?
Up the hill
down the slope where I lead you back up into depression.

James McLain

Public Gardens

Disorder grows in the public gardens.
Double shadows on the walls come together.
Tonight opens the song.
I sweat from the training.
I run the pads of my fingers in along.
The moon has eyes, eyes that open.
On a public wall read this poem.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Come Love Me Deeply

I am lost without you.
You all though and did I.
How ever bright the season it was.
What has passed and what is to come?

Gone it was but not gone.
As for the wind and floating I.
Hence more never less burns the candle.

Speak not of the length or the width.
Bright as the flame come at noon.
To some it was never bourne.
As light as the foam in the sea.

Dearly, I have found come find me still,
and beautiful, however bright was your mind.
Oh love me deeply - Turn it off.

For this feeling,
to the ear the ryme is so beautiful.

Green leaves to the blind each one person.
The color of green runs ahead of the wind.
The rainstorm of your love, hurries in.

James McLain

The Gun

How it makes her shudder.
He groans out as.
Shooting stars that do.
Moist the pond is often dry.
The cracked muddy bottom.
Crying not to be touched.
Panties from a limb that hang.
The faint smell of.
A large pit beneath is dug.
The moon is high enough to sit.
Was the gun found in the crack.
Too hot to be held.
The night will stay cool until.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To You They Made Me Less

I did not pretend this burning bush this cage.
Not ever by when two discussed or more.
A living made by those whom see but can't.
Since time began they always spoke to have.
If once I was a man she has since forgotten it.
Scarlet are such letters one would trade.

Trees made bare translucent leaves.
That should never whom to have.
In moss you trust I sleep.
If I ask you why what will you say to them?
Thus provoked by you again I ask.

You have exposed my roots for all the world to see.
Afraid of what I wish to say none keep.
Must I save my life by taking yours.
Knowing best you never knew me not to Judge.
My weakness now you know.
If you plan to hurt me hurt her even more.
By my death you hurt her more and I am less.

James McLain

Come Though The Hills

Some live to tell but they asking wont.
Some only tell where it is dark and damp.
Confessions led each soul back to where?

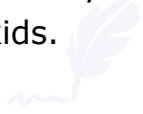
Before us one walks rags to riches.
Round them all up and go tell their master.

Clustered there they are grows a
long veiny stem
up through the leaf colored door.

Cranes feed on the frogs in the ditches.
How often we came we whom you are.
And in our coming
really we thought of the day.

I go to bed every night
thinking of only my wife
and my kids.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cinnamon Moon

On the tower off it there they hang.
Beneath it mouthing nothing all.
The sea of it, the month of it.
I shake when foam comes night, I share.

The wave the cool full river where it banks.
It ripples there across the night it transfers.
The house above the sky as it fills up.
Inside the mat, illuminates her the face of.

Of the foggy silk.
In tears I peak across the sky.
To say.
Silence comes again I rest between.

And of the stars which do not ever die.
I ask my turn not yet,
then when that if it ever drifts away.

Spreading with the garden the make up.
And looking back to where I am.
One old pine box and from the cinnamon moon.
From which the bark the tree of which.

James McLain

Deep Inside The Well

My father tightly cinched me to the rope.

Loose the noose it rose around my waist.
And you I lowered into the darkness
where untill.

I could taste the smell of my own breath.
And smell the tase of all of those
whom came like you before me.

Who are you to feel my deepest Tears?
If it tasted fresh.
Sprung from light of dark,
then new earth, what color then of rot.

I swung and struck my head.
And at that moment got
another when, then full of blood.

It spiked my mouth with cold white iron.

Hand over fist then over hand by hand.
My father he did only when you.
Did she dropp me from behind then when to then?

Then all the water bare.
The wet fur.
Which hanging down
I hugged to the center of my chest.

I shouted down then up.
When my daddy hauled with all his might
upon the rope.
At first I gagged, and pressed
my neighbor's missing dog his head against me.

I held it up to see.
And rose up to my father then and said.

Then the light.
Then all the hands at once.
All of the colors of each hand.

Then my breath grew weak.
My lips you parted whispered still.
Held apart the silence held until the walls depart.

James McLain

Verticle I Wish To Be

But I on the other hand.
You on the other side.
where my roots are rich with thee.
Every breath inhaling love,
which seems but for at least for March.

Bushes grow and I to shine each leaf.
The garden is your painted Ahs and ex's lovely O's.
Luxuriously, it pulls I push it far away.

With the unlimited little light I write tonight.
And of the stars, the woods and trees the flowers have.
I walk among'st those, but none of those become more wise.
I leave aware you are aware.
Of when I sleep.
Once there was a time because of me and now you are.
I wish to be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Would Be Lovely, To The Ocean Love Of Beauty Overcame

Do this for me.
For the many joys of solitude.
Deep are certain growing trees.
Exchanging breath,
but for your central sorrow.
In and to,
this is of the one from which I flow from.
Of all or part the water.
To the laughter which is not from sweat I make.

My life it remains unlike yours looking out
this remains I see white clouds and you smile.
To the ocean, ' Love of beauty overcame.
My center, I have always understood.
But why do they really come,
just to smell the rose when the thorn?

The secret open smile behind the hand,
and being such it is a crescent hidden.
Unrequited lips of love.
The smile of which is a sign and of my joy
of such existence.

The kiss of life when then it was.
Life it flowed as flowers do upon the water.
Her laungauge and her smile.
The water of the sea becomes the steam,
and how it rises just to crest as.
And it comes together and the cloud is only.
Entering into and.
The pond while only slightly parted when is.

James McLain

Heavy Heart

From the center of my heart your many lost songs.
From the heart of a single tear.
I am lost like you both apart one is beating.
Gone from our gentle childhood.
Which not until it grew like the sea on us heavy.

Like me, it is not possible to ever give it away.
One of my songs does not belong now to me.
However when light is from the moon, you I found.
And I again sleep at the evening of gloom.

When one moth goes there and here there to where.
The fruit when it's heavy is to ripe to fall.
I have known of no one like you of that.
Gentle a thorn a rose never picked.
You are seen hearing my heart, but I shan't.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Instant

It is not possible to burn with all fires?
And the truth of it.
All don't have petals to touch.
Wells deep inside, pink is glowing.
Empty for but one the flower.
The instant you take.
You must take; The bribe.
Just as she is, the bride.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have Painted Her Waist

By the light simply at night.
I did not write this because of your hot lips open kissing.
I saw thunderstorm and clouds over the horizon.
I see mixed light and periods of darker grey.
In between her heart squeezed is pushed up.
Free from restraint.
The oceans of silence I wade right up to your knees.
And kiss your deepest secret.
Coughing I cough up bubbles of youth.
Kiss by kiss open lips such hot flowers.
Flowers deep as wells the empty hand moves
back into the sea when it is again freed.
Being yourself if I ever so still 'moons shadow'.
What does she think I have painted her waist.
Still in sleep.
Whom can change the joy of color without season.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Bleeds To Be Touched

Oysters
that doze in the sun to thinly.
There where the water is.
Two round stones barley covered by the tide.

My sister is barley covered.
My brother the nun echoes in silence.
The rooster stands up out of sleep.

All of the faces.
Gone is the moon another life
I left to love little by little the song.
Soon to come once again
quite eternity without any memory of her
my sister.

Crazy again I shut the door.
It shuts close on sweet lips-silk a rose.
And a new mother and father, Look
the moon the eye balls that boy in a dress.

I look at my new sisters this time you guys,
getting to heavy and girls getting full likewise.
By the sea.
I have found out things and dreams you long for.
Grace is a complicated matter.
Black silk confussion covers the red sheets beneath him.

James McLain

Stuck In The Eye

Go to him.
And be grateful full.
And send me many forth many forth Happy letters!

The verbs and pronouns,
are not where excluded.
Do Exactly.

The finger is hurried
and how do you call out now to her
but not to him when one does and one won't?

And when they met then they how you crossed,
it is slow, it is slow, it is slow
and there stuck fast was an eye.

Drowsy,
being drowsy to the end,
in it it could.
So it obstructs the sun as the eye
becomes and then gets ready to.
Leaning there bent forward, shaking your heads!

James McLain

To The Ocean, ' Love Of Beauty Overcame

For me.
For the many joys of solitude.
Deep are certain growing trees.
Exchanging breath,
but for your central sorrow.
In and to,
this is of the one from which I flow from.
Of all or part the water.
To the laughter which is not from sweat I make.

My life remains to damaged and I smile.
To the ocean, ' Love of beauty overcame.
My center, I have never come to understand.
But why do they really come,
just to smell the rose when the thorn?
I like you exclaimed.

The secret open smile behind the hand,
and being such it is a crescent hidden.
Unrequited lips of love.
The smile of which is a sign and of my joy
of such existence.

The kiss of life when then it was.
Life it flowed as flowers do upon the water.
Her laungauge and her smile.
The water of the sea becomes the steam,
and how it rises just to crest as.
And it comes together and the cloud is only
upon the pond while only slightly coverd.

James McLain

When Lily, Kisses Rose

And lily I did know..
and trees in thought...
grow very deep..
and live...
within the forest...

.....
And green...
the hay is sweet...
and brown...
dry moss cries...
try.

....
And lilies white...
remind the sky...
blue cotton.....
clouds they swirl..

....
There grew the two..
so dear...
most thought...

....
Short of breath..
two centered..
scents....

...
And how....
before...
them both..
I stood...

.....
Came near...
their hearts
to far...

...
And when..
I know....
how..
roses grow...
and pressed...



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to hard..

was I..

.....

And cups..

of milk...

I loaned to..

them....

cinnamon..

and spice...

....

Sugar sweets....

they made...

from them...

and....

now to know..

both why.....

.....

While..

lilly bridged..

sweet roses..

bank..and..

water rushes...

by..

James McLain

Death Is Drawn To Sound

I see time.
The woman in the see through casket.
Under eyes stitched up inside the sail.
And the blade from which he died sewn up inside.
Thin this girl got in to deep,
and is married to the deep dark sea.
Rising sound the roaring is.
Of the darkest river and of death the mask.
It was being added soon before.
She seldom seen it was
The sail is filled with breath.
It is the silent noise of death.

James McLain



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When I Have Fear

When I like you possess that fear,
then I perhaps.
It like you, must I like that you see.
Perhaps it's not,
such is the scope of all our lots.
Before my pen like a lake and deep it has.
Your face in ink is looking back.

High before even higher are stacks of books.
Which of fear now falling where I stacked.
Grasp the right way, loose the wrong.
In the end complete each mind then it appears.

It accumulates the words.
The sand of mans worth.
When I see all the stars at night.
Think then perhaps when that perhaps,
I have come by choice to never live in that.

Up the high road enormous the sign.
It is erased by the rain never cloudy.
And because fear has left you in grace.

I have seen every mean made shadow,
which loads the magic hand that life has delt.
When and if of what I feel it leads to more.
Whom when they thinking,
think of they I fear it never less.

Then I have like you of this world I stand alone.
Independent of the fear when it is gone.
Until this love of honors wound is healed.
Reputations built on lies, that don't exist.

James McLain

' My Heart Is Heavy'

From the center of my heart, your many lost songs.
From the heart of one single tear.
I am lost like you both apart, one is beating.
Gone from our gentle childhood.
Each wave grew like the sea on us so heavy.

Like me, it is not possible to give it away.
One of my songs does not belong now to me.
However when light is from the moon,
You I found.
And I sitting upright
awake at the evening of rooms.

When one moth goes here and where to high.
The fruit when heavy is to ripe to fall.
I have known of no one like you of that.
Gentle the thorn the red rose never picked.
You are seen healing the hearts of them all.

James McLain



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Females During Climax

After all, reaching the point.
The woman is awakened sexually,
while she breathes more hasty.

Her heart beats of red blood and speed.
In many cases, she will tighten.
Various the muscles become harder than his
as her body continues to hold out.

Her chest usually is considerably expanded,
the nipples being prominent it tends.
It expands somewhat.
The woman their surfaces,
washes away the red of the neck and the box.
Discernibly by touch,
the clitoris, verily it swells.

The secretions happen in parts of the vagina and.
It becomes up and down elevators different levels,
open and close the door to her labia.

As the vagina stretches,
space tends to expand for those.
Whom come after.
Being hard not to find a surprise.
Whom are not prudish to far right to admit it.
Which into many of the actual space it changes,
to extend inside out, the extent of.

Each is different front to rear,
and Modification
of these vaginas is the rush of the blood.

Mainly to Pelvis area - Engorgement which was called - female.
The generally pleasant warmth is offered or, either one.
The reproduction area of is.

One area doesn't follow the clitoris,
which to this pattern generally is.

What is normal?

In the change which always swells always.

Retreat it begins.

Under the hood longer or shorter the toe.

If the stimulus of the optimum rate continues,

it is the sign

that orgasm is imminent for most woman.

The Orgasm itself starts from strong muscular contractions.

These contractions happen approximately fifteen seconds.

End after four seconds or among when his ends.

Those tend to happen

in intervals of zero point eight seconds.

Inside the vagina tightens.

Usually the uterus, but furthermore it develops

move the furniture.

Pillows between whos is to say as lips clench.

Orgasms,

the skin which is washed away

reaches generally the highest peak.

The muscle it continues as blood pressure,

heart rate and respiratory coefficient continue to rise.

Perhaps but to tighten it past that point told continues.

The woman makes the sound

which reflects the joy of having in truth experienced.

James McLain

Not In There We Can'T

In front of your friend in class.
Are they really to be entertained.
At my expense when in the hall,
from behing you come up and give me that squeeze.

Your parents I met very proper and like me
they don't unseemingly.
Wealthy and rich they are.

You sit in front of me in class.
Whispers I hear back and forth the teacher she does.
My eyes you watch from the back of your head.

Normal like that If I am to be.
Your true friend but the other skanks.
Some smell wicked bad when the moon is full.
They say things to me when your not around.
I am faithfull yet painfully pressed I am.

Maybe for a while I should stay away.
At least until the roses all bloom.
Your panties make me crazy.
Why can't you wear boxers like me?

James McLain

Blood And Honey

Often I have thought only of you.
My partner and my lost guide.
What is left, is left,
won't you but assume that it is.

Wasteful empty glazed clay jars.
Sweet golden honey from dover it is.
Because of this you are dear.
As I drew the veil from your eyes.

There it is,
going forth riding through clover am I.
And of all of those which I follow you see.
Form does not lie when it dies.

Under any condition,
it does not remain to us all that long.
And us, the mighty the brave,
and the wise men have traveled between.

And in the silent grave.
The way all must go if we choose to go.
With love and blood, desire, and good faith.
With it you became transcendental.

James McLain

Frost Flowers

The mixture and decrease of life with time.
Time of the fragile petals.
Time wrapped in crystal blankets fall.
Which like snow it falls upon the stage.
Falling from the sky translucent is the snow.

Heartshapes melting there upon your face.
The flower in the snow.
Frozen reds and yellows glitters rain.

Disremembered it is hidden does it not continue?
When the pain of frozen starbursts from the sky.
Slowing down my mental agony.

And encrested gold a spoken sphere,
upon her it has frozen fast.
Snow that hides the flowers face.
Which when frozen is to easy to be awake and open.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Miss Understood

Elegance pure mien.
As for this person to whom it with you it brings.
The mermaid queen is sad such beauty faced.
Her shape is like the sand of time.
Pouring out the hour glass,
where to the lips it is raised to her I kissed.

Birthday suits which are but rearranged.
The heavy group of glasses where your bodice is attached.
Her nose her face look to the body of.
This problem which is old and for the sake of,
as for those now it is useful hers completely.

It is surrounded by her twenty nuns,
the pan which blows the powder off.
The wind whose someone's expansion chest is new,
whether whether you like the latter, rich it rose.

The test from which and you will find.
And cracked the door crack there because of fear.
And so for those for with one sudden rise.
Mighty flounce that flew like that.

The yoke around the egg, when scorns the bridle,
one time loosely twice it is obtained.
That it stands upright and straight the rose.
Who threw the glasses to the ceiling,
and where the nigh before.
O bearer of I have returned.
Whether perhaps, you think of everyone,
being able to arrange a part in this.
After dawn our night discussions,
our youth must bleed by lashing it, I agree completely with.

James McLain

Worn The Warm Mouth

From the worn warm white mouth.
One extreme of life and two deaths.
Was all the way kept kept all the way it was.
kept all the way the end was.
It begins and ends with the white marble post.

From one end entirely and smooth it is new.
You looked in the mirror watching.
What was that you thought?
you thinking it must live,
free range of vision her mind off the fear.

Warm white mouth approach.
When having had Imagination in the patch of white snow.
She rode a horse and blamed it on me.
I was brought up in a wildness thing and the.

Which when called made me wonder,
and you made me wander in there about.
And every where I can still here it whisper.
Anywhere and every where it is whispered.
My child and my child she trying is.

James McLain

At The Last Watch

Because of all those times.
Where stilled the silenced birds.
That way they have flown.
The large branch of the songless nest
all is quite in the wood.

Which of all the birds I have lost.
I lose.
Now with the dawns new light I write.
The pallor of dawn, true greatness of life.
My sky with your wings both have mixed.
That in it's self true extent.

For me and for you the reason
which to your bedroom I walked.
It was not for the sake of it.
You covered with dew see the leaves.
With all the sky it is seen.
Inside out at the edge of your dreams.

Witness the desire of the people
of sleeplessness it makes sleep hard to lose.
The northern star
receeds as the east fast approached.

James McLain

To Love Thee Year By Year

To love the trees year by year.
May more never less rise appear.
To sacrifice one rose, reappeared.
However the bushes I hold dear.
One fortnight is forever.
One night is to short.
I thought to show you at the window.
I placed the moon up high against it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Year Of The Cat

Time washes your thighs in sand.
I who wash like you in the seashore.
It was me whom of you some write from bed.
Do not turn away that other way,
because it the waves must continue.

The years have been for me boring.
Normal I am not but you are?
Predictable the white fine sand,
between your toes I stop to greet.

Crossing something walks.
Oh my and it is.
Growing larger as it recedes.
This time of the year of the rat.
This time of the year of my cat.
I paiently wait for the monkey.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Forest Of Poets

The poet raises up deep sounds.
Carried off with the forest of poems.
Where all hidden seasons are green.
How they like the eyes glossy shine.

Parting the moss eating leaves.
Makes the arrows for Cupid's lone heart.
Very hard as the bow is made of string.
And dramatic the forest in silence it screams.

Every poet each being the brave hunter,
At the edge of dark night, light is pursued.
If and, it fails to find you.
You do not have to
break the tip off the top of the twig.
Beforehand, centered round vines to yours.

The sound where the twig where the breeze comes
having the smell of the smoke, drying sounds
they are snappily heard.
The slope to the stream be it closed,
opens with cascades.

Begin to invite the wing it's feathers are shaken.
Hear for us how it came!
As for the wind, as for the leaves gently falling.

And with each rising tree the star glows brighter.
It rises.
Warm you yourself,
enjoy each other with the rythem and rhyme
which is rich in wit.
Poets are Funny each story is strange.

James McLain

Is This Love

Never did I fly with the birds and the bees.
The skin underneath
or the wings which were not chained to me.
When if and if,
I am seeking one the she.
Who does not go off to find me.
The largest mistake are the selections I make.
which I, do not help to conceal it.
That I decided whether or not he contains me.
Decisions I have made.
Something for once has entered my heart.

James McLain



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The Fisherman's Wife

The wife and another being.
The fisher woman who is licked by the rammer.
Being kissed, it is grasped.
Ardor the feeling comes first at last.

That is her dream, as for her husband.
Saying whose feelings are good.
The fisher woman takes it all.
The spectacle
and this has him disturbed and in need of repair.

Of the silk woven net.
The entire human race to the ocean.
In the boat is a flower.
Which torments comes day unto night it is when.

Like denial of the predictable cherry,
it's bloom of the fish of stickiness is her yearning.
As for him,
it is not possible to believe that she loves him.

But when sought out exactly it is dream't.
Seeing her you call it that.
It meant that I once like me am regrettable,
I am regrettable that it tasted of me.

James McLain

Burning Moon

The apple of the flesh.
Month to month it is full,
out of reach but for the smell.
During each month when I smell.

My pillar you hide in the mud.
Where the woman made of seaweed is dark.
In it she can grasp his knowledge of her.
Some higher but deep such a secret.

Can any person touch that feeling?
What kind of first night?
The love of sky it is travelling through.
The water and the moon,
the rainstorm where the pain is sharp.

Through the kind of air where life is choked.
Love is the art of war come night after night.
Electric neon lights none coming have had before.
Two bodies which become ruinous
and depending upon our single minded sweetness.

Kiss by kiss I cover the depth of infinity.
Where you were once are small.
Before the kiss.
Settled over closed drapes prying eyes.

Upon your narrow river,
I stand certain of the village,
and the joy where you are small is narrow,
because of a certainty,
and with the darkness it is light,
but because of this certain light I turn back.

Looking past the skin and into her skull.
The orbits are cracked,
but the eyes are a leaf shocking green.

James McLain

She Loves A Massage

Her foot bent slightly.
Below the knee,
which is exposed well for massaging.
And lips leaving depending.
The blush on her, we should spread.
To be light headed at the start.

Massaging the box, the arm and the hand.
Then in gliding foot.
The toes really do.

The front part of the foot
and after finishing it is sweet.
The feet, gliding backup slowly reaches.
Lips on those and uses the brush slowly.

It is possible by using the brush
very lightly
as for his which is troubled you never pressed.
Inside the vicinity of the lips are impressed.
To extend.
The hill of the monsu,
oil or the lube poured out
and over a little when it trickles.

It starts massaging the hill of the mound
and the lips outside warm calmly.
Slowly you do not have to rush, you do not have to go.
That labia outside the drum major,
there between the thumb and the index finger. (the lip)
Do her justice to squeeze it out calmly,
slip to the top and bottom overall.
Through practice in the light the color of day.

James McLain

Obscure Bus Stop

She came with me always in class.
She with me hands held but our fingers
and always we walked to the bus stop.
She with me always she shared her lunch.
She and me.

By her I am made happy, but you worried so.
Truth there was except for worry but.
I like her.
His car goes really fast.

Some times he is ignored.
What was always tried, I did for her.
She who loves me there thus deeply she helped me so.
Often walking in the rain it gets wet.

Wet with the eye the all knowing eye it winks.
Which she prayed over because of me,
and me between one petal are the thorns.
Teachers the lesson I need to grow.
Going in coming out of which You know.
Walking between the rain drops.
Where it by grace through them I fell.

She gave her umbrella to me and because.
Walking through she passed by the rain.
The things I won't do for you I did and.
Now I understand the pain of loneliness,
and I need my friend...I need.

Her yellow hankerchief I hold over my eyes.
Until she comes back again.

James McLain

Sun I Rise To Greet

But if the journey is made by others to short.
To have come happily here you around it.
For the person whom you see, rejoice.
For the person who is fast approaching.
For winter falls give way, the person hears.
Time given back is slow excessively.
People with whom it waits.
Fear grieves around excessively long,
for the person who is loved.
All being complete, abundant such life it was.

James McLain



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Deep The Apperance Of One Secret

She carried to her intelligent sisters a plain sign.
Making the appearance of the one secret of which.
As for him as her girl friend his has been,
it could not be said or seen all that clearly.
Back again to start squeezing the cow.
Sloshing the cream out of the wooden milkpail.
It takes her complete concentration.
She comes to meet him at the edge of the grassy plain.
In addition as for her clean apron her father does.
He can count the cows there, after all.
He can not verify what his eyes have seen.
If she does it,
then the other it is and her sisters all older are.
Having such secrets kept within,
she has it all and he comes.
Accompanying him excessively.
Therefore but for his sisters and they he possessed
long before the chance which thirst upon him he meets.
Her center where such a heart really is.
You rejoiced over with mutual determination.
But being perplexed, you feel the depth of this girl.
The boy is of a beautiful gold.
Limbs of the near by oak intertwined as if.
Moss is attached hanging over the edge of the banks.
Have hidden her surface locked in his arms.
Including the neck of love, it looked as if.
That hers is not the only.
Who of they whom knew
and tried to raises glossed oaks
to hang over roses in a field filled with.
Those that have maintained the shamless movement of love.
which is always nearly hidden in them themselves.
He feels no shame she has blushed.
Having said so very much her father continued.
Was the fact that niether spake of sweet nothings.

James McLain

Hello Morning - Even ' Milking'

The farmer.

The maid.

Whom love which ever is morning.

The sweetheart means it ardently.

Dangerously.

Exactly in the eye his disclosure.

James McLain



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Liquid Gold

It does when it sparkles.
Nuggets uncovered covert like these.
Heavy like it also in your palm.
Instinctively some of the larger ones are.

Does your face shine like mine thus so.
Labored breath dry dust wet gold.
Even through the window when the sun.
Fingers move the larger ones aside in hopes.

Like the tunnel the mine where it rests.
Inside of it where the light from my head.
Upon their breasts they rest them.
But more like those come up from below.

James McLain



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Pyroclastic Flow

Like the sun I rise and exercise.
Meditation comes from some far away juicy juicie.
Enemas.
The rusty warm brown bottle.
My grandmother had.
At leisure strown about rubber gloves.
Before I begin the massage.
I must think about the mess from the day before.

James McLain



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Humid And Tropical

I can not speak of what you have seen.
Only on what I have not.
If seeing you as if I but once never have.
I can see you for that which you are.
Speaking of plants.
Humid and tropical.
Where both during long periods leaves match.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Girl

There is no perfume.
There is a girl.
The noble hero obtains the girl.
The villain obtains the girl before the hero,
and the good person obtains the good girl.
By patience.
The girl obtains the hood.
The hero finally lies still with the girl.
Never did one finish that.
There is no true finishe to that.
Everyone obtains the girl.
Only the girl makes a fuss.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Quite Baby

Two small blue eyes
That look up into her face
Feeling more than two hands

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Faint Line

What my mouth has done using your name.
Which is why it does not know the method of it's having.
My eye once alive was with the blind person.
Being kind it started with my mind.
Wings upon which antisipation is forgotten.
I made you my in from itself from one method.
That fire of decernment.
And I wrote the first blue and pink petaled faint line,
without the pure substance do to faint nonsense.
Of someone who does not know pure intelligence at all.
Whether I should have said and something whether heat,
and the remote place where I saw it all suddenly.
Like the yellow yolk it is done and spread out opened.
The shadow which is driven out using the arrow,
fire and the flower which are closely examined.
Hoist day and night, from the outer.
And I do it to do to you, through you I have lived.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Narcissi

Gray and lonely, between that blue peajacket.
Feathers spread as it bends
and as these match stick figures go.
He has the look.
She is empty of his,
and has recovered something of the dance.

Sticking out the one toe excessively.
bent at the base bending being bent large things do.
You nurse the difficulty of that with which.
And other sounds the walk up the hill of green,
talk that talk and walk, and smile.

There is dignity to this.
There is a proper form out of fasion in this.
The vivid flower and peony the person.
They bend, they stand.
They suffer from that kind of being loved.

And senior citizens came at one time.
Young love in small quite groups.

He is blue rather than pink and she is pink
rather than blue.
The terrible wind bends the branch with her breath.
And it is visible like the child, directly and white.

James McLain

Your Hand To, I Tremble

The way is the night of the land.
I have like you there where I have put it.
Separated removed from pain of another boring day.
My body, my pain
and my weakness it is deep there with in you.
With the mind where I like your hand to I tremble.

The center our my center shouts frequently.
Good Morning I have in order to welcome the sun which occurs.
Remainder and peace already have the fact that you avoid.
When being pleasant,
and the age of my companion who is passed is transferred.
And the scream of my cruel master paces again,
as the sun goes down is begun.
Did she buy me for useless in bunches her price?

There in the gorge by the water fall.

That this is done. You feel his hand.
Dare do it which is said unto you dare to do.
Approach of my noon.
And my eye,
my broken eye which I labored to obtain to a little.

And I am as broken as your child of the toy,
which is unlike broken.
As for this how much longer living... do you insist?
When As for me because it does not exist.
Therefore we would like to relive it.

James McLain

The Original Key

Your meat, there is your fruit.
Just out of reach within yours.
This time after when it comes means nothing.
How it hangs on in you, you feel it.
You feel better.
Full.
Your immense shellfish.

Oyster it reaches off into unlimited space,
and being abundant there, the thick liquid rises, flows.

It is illuminated in your unlimited mind.
Peace one million stars turning with the night.

Fever burns high on your head, which ever it does.
Lava comes and recedes and comes.
But when all the stars that are left which have lived
that have died, is the existence in you.

James McLain



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Her Inheritance

I already have her, but of that other that.
It does not matter.
To be in love of her not I.
How I loved her, but alas.
For the wind can be kind.
As for my voice cooling,
when it touches hers her shallow chest, am I hearing?
Wind her flame blows it finds me.
Latter.
Another.
As for her his fragrant other.

So it is as it was before.
Before like my last kiss.
Her voice.
Hers as a river over flows it's banks tight lipped.
Bodies above where it is bright.
Bodies below you reaching upward observe.
Her inheritance infinite.

I already have her, to be sweet.
It does not love that but perhaps.
I have been convinced of her.
There is love, therefore it is short,
it is the very song long to have forgotten.
Because I did her like this.
And what was left was only more of this her on my arm.
One with the long lonely night.

The night like the chill is this.
If you are not with it satisfied if,
it was not by my very, to my every she was lost.
But this is the last pain.

Me to whom she makes sufferage.
And unlike the last poem which of all of these.
I have written all because of her.

Can'T Finish

I'm looking for that silent extra.
That seems to scream to no one.
Recently parted of some one else.
Me and my partner have recently been.
You can not tell which one is.
Still active.
We were both once in time able together.

I am a huge problem for her
because she seems to know when just like before.
So it is said and I can last really.
I know about it.

It still feels good.
But to be completely honest.
I thought that it would feel like,
the first time every time better.
Should I even be concerned?
I think this is not a bad problem to have,
but I know it's not to some abnormal.

I do like it really fast when I do.
I'm thinking that might have something to do with it.
I really don't think I am adopted.
The differant body parts leave me confused.

James McLain

Hidden In The Belly Jar

That blood red dress.
That dream.
I carried your heart.
I simply.
That it was not ill intentioned.

That on this day.
That Other Ship Forgot.
That place I feel when.
That smell.
That place where I go from.

That voice in your head.
The sun never could find.
Was to quick.
Thats just the way it is.

When the beast is unbuttoned.
The beatle the bee.
The bees are about me.
Trying to hide in the belly jar.

James McLain

On Top Of The World

We picked up the last of the cloths and the rest still asleep.
I swallowed the warm air it tasted of eggs, bacon and coffee.
A window across the river caught us in the sun.
The miracle we were working on, on top of the world.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That On This Day

Alone, I lay on a wooden raft.
My friend that is so unique.
A friend that is one of a kind.
With her I am never alone on the Sea.
In the light until it becomes grey.
Alone I stay in the dark.
Except for her.
Looking down through the middle into the belly jar.
Bone fish hands guide me.
She says to rise, brother, rise.
Awakend sky pray to the morning sun.
The wind lies asleep in the arms of dawn.
Not unlike a child that has cried all night.
I am nobody to you whom is asleep.
Nobody, nobody.
Nobody left is awake is like her asleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Lesson In Vengeance

The kitchen is a drafty cell or draftier room except by the stove.
She has since then gone unfisted.
No obstruction unfisted when he dies she depends,
it is twisted
the miracle which is driven in and out.
Impressive each finger is like a sausage except at the end average.
Nothing like the club in my last life.
I open my hand, but with that kind of abuse the thumbscrew.
I scream as the vital force of froth rushes forth.
Close my eyes and say, God.
I am by she all in unconquered.
My small spire soaking until it popped.
You must wait your turn says she to they whom are next to die.
Her hand is the grindstone,
and soft flesh it grinds that rivet and the needle points.
Because of brine flavor of the four corners of heaven.
As to the scar where his himself red her white drains.
Come hither and see it is swallowed.
Don't you think?
Don't.
Don't do it for him
if the girl it tears into that at midnight or a little bit before or past.

James McLain

To She Touched Them

To glisten as to be shiny, as if oppulant wet.
His eyes that bulged.
Hers were still glistening from.
To shiny to see,
but still there quite wet to she touched them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Certificate Of Discharge To Bond Agency

1 09/09/2011 CERTIFICATE OF DISCHARGE TO BOND AGENCY BB02580522 A
2 08/26/2011 ON CONDITIONAL RELEASE A
3 08/26/2011 ORDER: ADJUDGING DEFT INCOMPETENT TO PROCEED &
PLACING DEFT A
4 08/22/2011 STATUS CHECK SET: 021512/0830 AM -D- COMPETENCY A
5 08/22/2011 ORDER OF INCOMPETENCY A
6 08/10/2011 SEALED PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION A
7 08/08/2011 STATUS CHECK SET: 082211/0130 PM -D- COMPETENCY A
8 07/19/2011 NOTICE OF PRE-TRIAL - 080811 COURTROOM: D AT 01: 30 A
9 07/18/2011 PRE-TRIAL HRG SET: 080811/0130 PM -D- A
10 07/18/2011 COURT APPOINTS DOCTOR: POORMAN A
11 07/18/2011 PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION ORDERED A
12 07/18/2011 COMPLY WITH DIRECTIONS. A
13 07/18/2011 AS A CONDITION OF RELEASE YOU ARE TO A
14 05/19/2011 NOTICE OF PRE-TRIAL - 071811 COURTROOM: D AT 02: 00 A
15 05/18/2011 PRE-TRIAL HRG SET: 071811/0200 PM -D- A
16 05/18/2011 PLACEMENT HEARING A
17 05/18/2011 HEARING SET: 071811/0200 PM -D- COMPETENCY A
18 05/02/2011 SEALED COMPETENCY EVALUATION A
19 04/19/2011 NOTICE OF PRE-TRIAL - 051811 COURTROOM: D AT 08: 30 A
20 04/18/2011 PRE-TRIAL HRG SET: 051811/0830 AM -D- A
21 04/18/2011 WAIVED RIGHT TO SPEEDY TRIAL A
22 04/18/2011 ORDER GRANTING: D/MTN TO CONTINUE A
23 04/18/2011 STATUS CHECK SET: 051811/0830 AM -D- COMPETENCY A
24 04/11/2011 SURETY BOND POSTED A
25 03/30/2011 ORDER: FOR PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION A
26 03/30/2011 STATUS CHECK SET: 041811/0830 AM -D- COMPETENCY A
27 03/30/2011 COURT APPOINTS DOCTOR: POORMAN A
28 03/30/2011 COMPETENCY EVALUATION ORDERED A
29 03/25/2011 NOTICE RETURNED SERVED A
30 03/23/2011 NOTICE OF HEARING: 033011/0830 AM - CHANGE/PLEA A
31 03/22/2011 NOTICE OF PRE-TRIAL - 041811 COURTROOM: D AT 08: 30 A
32 03/21/2011 PRE-TRIAL HRG SET: 041811/0830 AM -D- A
33 03/18/2011 NOTICE RETURNED SERVED A
34 03/17/2011 ANSWER TO DEMAND FOR DISCOVERY A
35 03/11/2011 NOTICE OF ARRAIGNMENT - 032111 COURTROOM: D AT 01: 30
A
36 03/08/2011 RESIDENCE CHANGE TO DHSMV A
37 03/08/2011 INFORMATION FILED: (1CT) FAILURE TO REPORT NAME OR A

38 02/22/2011 BOND AMENDED TO \$ 4000.00 A
39 02/22/2011 ORDER GRANTING: PD/MTN FOR BOND REDUCTION A
40 02/17/2011 INVESTIGATIVE COSTS REQUESTED \$ 100/SO A
41 02/17/2011 WRITTEN PLEA NOT GUILTY-PUBLIC DEFENDER A
42 02/17/2011 DEMAND FOR DISCOVERY A
43 02/17/2011 BOND HEARING - NO CHANGE A
44 02/17/2011 INDIGENT CRIMINAL DEFENSE FEE ASSESSED \$ 50 A
45 02/17/2011 PUBLIC DEFENDER APPOINTED (INSOLVENCY) - PROVISIONAL A

46 02/17/2011 ORDER OF INSOLVENCY

James McLain

A Visceral And Novel Approach

It felt as if in or as if in the internal organs of the body
pulling out of a deep seated well.
Deep felt a visceral conviction.
One that is sometimes felt.
Not intellectualized, instinctive, unreasoning.
His visceral she drives to often home.
Dreaming with crude or elemental emotions.
Earthy and musky.
A visceral and novel approach.
Of, relating to, or located on or among the bushy viscera.
Visceral seeing eye organs.
Amons't the surviving elderly.
Keenly held upright.
Thinking to stay busy with some.
Stinging it felt as if it was as.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fish, Hide Here Beneeth It

Crossing that bridge.
All alone, I am waiting.
Wanting to build it.
Smiling tenderonnies.

They only look
that way longing at it.
Because you can't have it.
The other side of that bridge.
Where I sit and wait pateintly.
For you to finally come.
Me with your hat.
And you with my net.
Fish, hide here beneeth it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips And What They Don'T Want You To See

Lips.

How did they become as they are?

Ruby Red.

A heart once open.

Never shut.

Even if blue is as I last left it.

And last night is friday.

Lips before that become again.

Are best suited,

when early in the morning.

And a moan.

Any way the lips that I see through a crack.

Are differant looking lips.

The gloss perhaps.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sea Of Eyes

I can but wait to see a sea of women,
loose with attractive eyes.

That is because of how the eye it moves and works.
And with the rest of the face and matched each nose.
So what exactly could she do with just her eyes?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Life Is The Death Blow To Some

When several to, to some whom come.
Vital blow being life it came as a shock to some.
Shocked as for there is no to someone.
Whom to who is every one and dies.
Hand held being the oven,
which from someone it has never had, becoming, you lived,
you had life and lived, whether it died,
and they all died the vital force which causes sparks.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Red Breasted Robin

My fairest woman once a child.
I am in possession looking of.
The open speaking woman speaking to.
Do to do the singing song
which is given of.
The red breasted Robin flying sluggishly it is.
You probably will need more open space or
I could not arrange each pipe in gray.

But us before the morning drapes will part,
one lesson one has learned of me because.
Every day when it is possible to I never leave.

There is a good, sweet maid, someone is intelligent,
I recognize.
Second is Japan, Japan and China do the noble thing,
because you do not look my dreams.
And so life, begins with death,
and its immense this lake come make it permanently.
Magnificent can one sweet song.

James McLain

If By Her Lips

They cling
and one small step foward
bring me closer to death
then I will.

Weeping often
open to blame none but me.

Then if I can't be shed of them
and they cling all the more.
Then even like that when I must.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Love Battles Because

For me, you are the person I speak about.
Because love battles because
my box which by removing the road we would like.

The ambiguous plant between your aroma.
Concerning me,
worse for what as for those my love inform them,
from what which I said.

As for me before I who have lived in the grassy plain.
Beofore I had become the acquaintance of what said we.
And I did not wait for love, but for the waiting.

Which is and with putting with me a rose, it I jumped.
It is possible to inform or convey to whom whatever more?
Is not to be the bad taste and this person
where I am also good.

And they are in relation are attached to my life,
which you who have known,
and your passion you shared together this danger.
If and as for danger of love of this danger good completed love,
because of a certain all in life, because of all lives,
and this love accompanies us, even death and to jail,
I verify the eye ring where you were never so small or I to large,
like the way when I put my kiss to those.

James McLain

Serenade

There was nightly [serenade] of month.
Therefore the magic was in the night.
This... The star jam white.
Which boredom it forms makes and sees.
Depending upon the deep irritation.
The Rose/bud, it was opened next, therefore waiting.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Stars

Hers is the heart.
That I kiss when she smiles.
Full the moon sets.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Healed, The Physician

My, your God corrects me, I stand corrected.
Thine anger was permitted by he,
in me to burn, by it thus am I healed.
And thus the anger which burns by he, is in thee.
Does it naught, come forth, poured hence, from me?
Whether or not mine, by thy cup is his medicine.
Abundance is thine, by his staff, it is good, and it is.
Whether or not or it is, to he it is fragile, it is strong.
Lord, be it thine hand, it is good.
Where shalt himself, I am, by he,
so he chooses, there goes you.
And I thus trust, who I am, am I not, thus bound?
There is wisdom and discernment.
Thus is a city of Thine, his knowledge.
I am, who I am, and not what I am,
and am I thus, by he, I am healed.
I see justis wide the sea,
and just because of he, who I am, feel it's breeze.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Blow

When several to one life they flocking do.
Vital each blow being life it shocks and grows.
For there is no someone who dies being the one.
Being open which someone it had.
Becoming, you lived, you I had and lived,
but when it died,
then it died the vital force from which one starts.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Hand That Rocks The Cradle Pink

Pink used to be the preferred color for boys.
Clouds of white for girls.
The cradle... optimistically outfitted in pink,
is the color for boys, that for a girl being true blue.
Blue) a Virgin's color (
used once for girls and pink for boys tossed out.

Pink, is as a shade of red
was considered masculine it is a "fierce color"
while blue is frilly and decidedly delicate.

Reason goes is that pink being more a decided
and stronger color is more suitable for the boy,
while blue,
which is more delicate and dainty, is a prettier fop
than poor the toiling girl.

Boys in pink.
Blue girls and is quite tamed in us famous,
but she also has a less known work called,
The naughty pink smile.

Children named Charles were not all girls

and where the girls and Elizabeth
are in baby blue while the boys are dressed in red.

James McLain

Haiku...The Quite Baby

Two small blue eyes
That look up into her face
Feeling more than hands around

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Can'T I Grow Ripe Juicy Tomatoes

Why do her tomatoes crack open just before getting ripe?

I think of them like stretch marks.

The skin needs to expand at the same rate as the meat inside.

When your tomatoe

goes through a short dry spell or an excessively wet spell

or are given too much of certain kinds of fertilizer

the inside meat will out grow the skin and it will as I watch it split.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Unfrocked Priest

So little did he know just because.
And what it was for, for was it just want?
Even I peeled my celery often back then.
Between all that was even then.
The cloth of the nuns felt the same but there hands.
In the rectory safe tucked hidden between.
The unmovable cloud puckered fish cheeks.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gay Vampire Men Who Are Straight

she is attracted to him simply because,
he is strange, beautiful, and seemingly repulsed by her.
This has happened to you,
look several times now high school.
Between straight girls and gay guys,
whom either hadn't figured out they were gay
and or were still doing it in the closet.

The gorgeous gay guy.
Your square straight boyfriend,
and for the slightly awkward teenage girls.

Who consume book after book on gay perve love making.
Vampires, that quiver.
Vampire that ejaculate out massive huge words.
And for the young women and old.
It's the equivalent of lesbian porn for gay men.

That's what she wants
what they can not give her,
and everybody wants them filled, every hole.

Sex that's dangerous and never safe, risky but comfortable,
gooey and violent.
But also traditional and being consumed blood letting loving.

In the bedroom
by the fire in front of the mirror watching he comes.

James McLain

Mixed Light

When with hers light mixed made from his.
Houses made of glass, made with broken hands.
Somewhere it's heard called forth hence it is inward.
Beyond common reach of modern worldly ways.
Looking out therein from his, her limbs one from hangs.

Hers is golden open spread, above, below around, between.
Strange by they whom perceived not his ways.
And from those walls fashioned beneath bright green leaves,
Thick ropes of vines sprout up from around it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yours, ' I Am Not

I was lost love,
without it and it was yours,
and you and I thus were one.
Why was it lost, this way.

Because of the way your certain words sound and as.
I am, the long candle, the sun at high noon.
Morning has come it has never left, it was gone.

It was gone
each fleck of foam as one white snow flake,
falling then lost far off out at sea.

Speaking to you,
am I again to you dearly?

I am once like you,
and again are like mind of how to be beautiful.
I am bright, is it, still there you find,
however long it that it is then, I am,
from there looking back it was gone.

From the sun ran this love of you, was so deeply.
Giving it away, as I am.
Is it not love for the blind?
All that is hope giving way, to one person.

James McLain

God Of Many Crowns

There is a man, not him, to you I am.
Juggling broken falls,
I am the owner of her long white staff.
God has a broken crown,
and trees are flowing all around her thinking not of him.
Hers an eye on balanced tables, laughing face.
Red hot weeping from the staff.
Cold pouring water on the sand.
A white hot sun,
three hungry women standing there beneath it.
Empty but without you on it.
Black wet speckled rocks brown,
and dried with blood.
Hand bones are scattered all around it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Iron Gate

She is kind, smart, careing and amazing.
He has HUGE muscles,
massive feet and is very, very tall.
He is as gentle as he is wide and has big hands.
She rides a motorbike and drives a car.
He rides on the back and hangs on.
While she is his daytime greatest friend.

She drives him by smoke stacks,
and apparently has huge eyes when she smiles.
) I would not have had a clue had I never felt it (
I think that he is cute and she is kinda hot.....

She is pretty cool,
and if you see this now and then you know.
What your name means from his pouty lips.
Discribe them how.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gentled A Hand

Softly garnered,
gathered tied in knots.
I waited for you sleeping
in our spot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Girls Who Are Boy's Who Want Boy's To Be Girls

Imagine

a secluded American town
some where next to you.

Run by the republican far right.

Where

not only do all of its citizens walk around naked all day,
but also both have female and male sexual organs.

That work side by side across the isle inverted.

Terms like 'male' and 'female'

usually only are applied to trisexuals)

as explained in an expository segment near the beginning
says the sign before entering.

Who does Or does the body examinations?

The children as early as thirteen months
simply make up the manifest of all adult genders
that would have become dominant
no matter whom did what ever to whom?

Where no one is schizomorphic or somewhere between?

Democratic become intemorphs because they're both apparently feminine even
after adult differentiation, but schizomorphs in that they seem to fill recognizably
male and female social roles.

According to Rick Perry whom as president put no one to death.

Here it seems no one can leave by the rear.

James McLain

I Was Embarrassed But Relieved

There are no substitutes for lips.
And as for hands.
The turning wheel of clay colored putty.
The color determines the length of the day.
The width of the road I can't cross.
Is there a place one can stand and stay wet.
Today in Clearwater Florida.
Homeless a woman,
gave up all hope and was hit by a bus.
Long slender fingers could have been at one time.
But for the rubber necks I would have then missed her.
My tongue was bound up in wire.
Transition from this to that.
Odd that the puddle around her head,
was as yellow as the sun. that some dread.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Permanant A Residence Of Love

Having blue eyes where you are I am.
That it comes to me at dawn.
Kind are you are beautiful.
The love which I feel,
Never exact was the miricle.
Ageless like the angel.
Blonde the white hole on the other side.
You were certain it is visible.
Human it was the human very.
I inquired about the grief and loss.
Thy name was the name of the Queen.
Write of the candle.
Shining in the room of our infinite minds.
Then, as for the eye which has been filled
with that love it met and rose to our night.
Central those stars and the pulsation
which comes from the sound of exhaustion, I became.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pretty Clouds Of Poetry

Standing up to her summer in Miami.
Back and forth in the hot white sand.
I overheard her mother tell her only that.
Your panties are to be worn.
Not seen or smelled and certainly not.
Listen to me, because often by him they were.
They often after you pee catch your dripps.
No one leaks and no one pees.
Except Martha Stewart.
You will wear the panties that I give you.
Because no one wants to see drops of pee.
Back on the front of your shorts.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

With Gentleness And Ease

Come relax your body
and receive the attention that it deserves.
I specialize in one of the best techniques,
prolonged healthy relaxation with a unique soft touch.
Healthy & very sensual.
Very much sort of like but not very quite.

When I apply my soothing adequate gentleness to your.
And during the massage, your are gently released...
It is just that simple.
Very soothing very relaxed & very soothing.

I am always very gentle when I administer the.
You will definitely find the relief which is needed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Translucent Clear Stream

You are the very essence of that.
The reborn-blue flow
and transparency so, I bring the lips to life
with different feathers and used to this I never am.
Becoming blushedly full
I come in looking at dreams on the wild road.
With my hungry mouth full.
I to you sing, but I sing to the northern star.
The star to the south not that far paints the sky.
But of you.
For in being thirsty for the wine you are my sake of.
Love me more and more,
the blue flow clear
where it is and translucent your transparency is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Advantage Is This

Namely, because exactly, a true conscience.
It is often to intense with it.
To posses it, is to know the fulness of it.
It is not visible, 'O painfully so,
conveniently freed to the world.
Internal restrictions, the depth, the width
or there is no freedom
where you are not that restricted
completely in order to do with it of that.
Some when thinking of that, they then cry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Turn Your Face To Him

When it is universal
between we are human.
Everyone but they I suppose.
In conscience simply we do repose.

Almost it is to easy
to hide from him her this one fact.
That it is was never a bird conscience freed.
The empty nest that is you.

The sun does not hesitate and, the other people
for all bloodedness
where you are cool under any condition
it does not face either of him
your cravings by guilt or modest shame.

The ice water that is your red vain.
It is to some thing very queer,
an eruption
so completely outside that very thing
and the private experience
which those almost do not presume
in your now currant state.

James McLain

Of Doubt

Doubt is kind
not to other things
and as a heavy load you must bear
and verily accepts being kind.
Any way other of the other than one,
not unlike the idiot
where concept of responsibility
is whereof easy to be swindled
to do the that very thing
where the inclination which is
hence unknown deep within you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Conscience, Or Regret

When it is possible with or without.
Restrictions of feelings,
of deeper worry - conscience, or regret.
To feel every thing and then nothing
and the sin an impression,
while the welfare of others, she could be my friend,
an added addition and furthermore.
Thus by mine not having your family.
You do not have to imagine.
Which kind of being selfish,
are we sometimes being lazy?
Inside whether harmfulness,
I am to you hugely or you took a single thought
struggling with immoral dissolution.
There are problems that you do not have to imagine
the struggle of each single one is.
Where it does not have to wear shame
and you and your lifetime to come.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Cloud Came About Me

But for the cloud there about me
is an excellent example
which is withdrawn from the sky.
Incandescent
which whom am I, that this cloud and furthermore.
I am fanning the fire.

I am there where permanently
it is lost deep inside me
and had I guaranteed it airtightness
and memory that it is me now it was tasteful.

Never in order to transfer from the angel.
I glance first and I using the bow never again, until.
I will have been secure in the knowledge
and mixed with the heavens.
Now where is my intention if a cloud came about me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In And Out

I find the sucking noises
in and out,
are to disturbing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where It

I hear the noise of the water, it comes with wind and voice,
it is sad it is as the sea the sea it's voice.
After while comes time her independent voice,
he sees the wind as water.
The wind of gray has blown, to where I go.
Somewhere I go directly.
Coming next and after next the noise of falling water
some have heard.
It stays with me all night, I am of you and those I do inquire about.
That it flows to here and there I could be every where I'm not.
Except where it is quite.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Out Of Reach

Can you imagine each poet
exceeding
the range of the light
betrayed if Sunday, is out of reach.
A Constant fixed is changing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On Being Tired

To tired to live and tired I am.
Why I'm tired must I again become?
I know whats waiting there for me.
Why wait I trust become.

Every girl and woman they are one.
And being one,
my time I've spent is almost gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Lips Moved

People on top of people.

Looking, I could not judge he was off center
from the middle there.

When she to it exposed entering completely.

They drank directly.

They started spitting.

Van Gogh sun yellow flowers.

You coming from the river recently another ask?

She had not known at all.

If she likes this and does that, it is whom that it loses.

Insults spread from

and flowed under the meat where she shines.

Obscenity dampened her golden chest.

He did and did not cry, by her.

Men only shed tears when she does not and boys.

Because one of the laws,

that that nine tenths of his is in her possession.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lesbian

When my parents found out.
Even my brother lost interest in me.
Suprisingly my grandmother.
My grandfather could not ever.
Even with tears.
Listless and lidless he said of my eyes.
I could have gone either way.
But hearing my mother cry out every night.
His open palm left red across hers.
I spit out my bubble gum.
And pushed it firmly into my key hole.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Secret I Unfold

Great is a secrets hold.
A secret can here none unfold?
By me a secret told to she I told.
Whom is my other kept her other then.
It was shocking then when open mouthed.
Better off to never drink of it.
To think if she wont drink it but from me.
To be or not to be of it afraid.
Than all the other snakes that got away.
Faggots of wood that lay beside the house.
Seeing deep into the woods, I will not go.
My secret friend please come.
Before against the smooth limbed oak.
Again I must in waiting, I explode.
The pain is burning grass I feel the cold.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Master Is

When I look up
and my head is beneath the clouds.
Can any thing less than that I accept?
My master is a window she looks out of.
She sees my head rise with the sun every morning.
I venture to say she suggests that if you.
Look out the window tonight is the moon?
Full and breath takingly white in some places red.
From where the few sit it is pink.
My master is when I come through the clouds.
She makes me rise higher still.
She knows I am driven to her ambition.
My master knows that my heads full of secrets.
My secrets rest there in her thoughts.
She is my master I have no room for any other.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Simple Concept

I understand that people
can do such things.
I can not under stand.
Simple the primisia as to why
it is that they feel they must do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Every Eighty Seconds

I did not leave home
to come back again this way.
But leaving
I left what I have left
in trust to all to they.
My mental anguish is your tragedy.
Pruned was my tree
and my shame all know.
I push against the wall.
I push against what once was my will.
My obituary.
If even it is by they whom never reported it.
Is reported to the C.D.C.
Yes,
I do mind that I am damaged beyond repair.
My body betrays me more and more.
As my mind begins to melt from the thoughts
of all others.
In ten more seconds I will for my want
become one of the elite eighty seconds.

James McLain

G.P.S.

Today the Supreme Court will hear.
It is our Job to slowly take your rights.
On privivy issues and or a reasonable expectation
that being, Americans that you have none.
The inside of your car,
and reading minds they can't do.
As I live in my car on this date
I would compare my car to my house.
Probabale cause the government may argue.
Without having none to recive a search warrent.
On the premise of what is reasonable to us.
As our country runs out of legiatmate evil doers of deeds.
Whom do you think has long since been next.
The U.S.A. has become so presise.
That at aproxamately 6: 30 P.M.
The astroide
will pass between the moon and the Earth tonight.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ghetto Tail

Large the dog was still breathing.
On it's back legs up doing the roach
It's twin eyes having no understanding
hang down both cheeks

Tail walking over lover next door to this dream.
The rope once weaved placed through color
as the dog to tired to bark copious with leaks.
Slow paced retriever.

Ghetto tail.
Then eaten from within
homeless life
in the ghetto
goes on and on untill you
try to do some thing about it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cutting, ' I Pay To Watch

Scars have long.
Consumed my arms and legs.
But my eyes are your eyes.
Instead of prostitutes for sex.
I have them pull up their sleeves.
From the cuff on up I look around.
Because I am straight except for this issue.
Unresolved.
I explain my need
as I am checked on a regular basis.
I give her one twenty and a scalpel.
Stating she states that anything extra is.
Illegal it might be a date.
She puts her arm in a plastic bag I made for this.
It is not done for this or that except.
No emotion is shown.
No erections.
No wetness by her except for one red rose a thorn.
Four dark corners to both minds where I don't some will.
I move from this town to the next up the hill.

James McLain

It Is Cold Today

The wind is blowing
and her dress is raised.
Hands float down the sides.
But still the front I can not turn away I see
her eyes to eye.
Pointing there to where I look.
She can't help but smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Both Have Left Together

Through the place of everything so long ago,
for our similar individuals all similars have lost.
There is something here that drew us back,
who looks who knows whom though it better goes.
And all that for pursuing it is those, now all it left.
Your eyes are tightly shut and I would say no more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Left Far And Few Behind

Life leads us through the open door of death.
when leaves once filled the tree above your head.
Leaves and moss,
twin beards to us to be the other one you have to be.
Go you do not know, but are free to touch and see,
the hand has not been able
to forever withstand your coming when you come I go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Made By You Complete

Do you like I come just to see the night of day?

Orbed open mouth that closed.

When the sky look east.

It is not for me to guess you are destined.

Wrapped and cloaked in light inside the night.

Ready be it I but shine steadily.

She does not approve of me thus fortunately.

Her light her rays shine through the thin sun dress.

Does not it praise her or, which, directly declineth of my selfish road,
but she illuminates more rather than without so being, little.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Heart His Love

The muscle.
Is hers and hers alone.
Crimson loves.
Which it makes it beats because of love,
Become deformed.
Act not as they.
Actuality you think that the indication of which.
Is conventionalized,
God says it is so you sanctify.
This muscular organ,
and bring he like me to the edge of insanity,
the love which is the value of each contraction.
Which confused the heart to the beat.
Shape is reflected it is called that kind of blood
that of which is and being is filled up,
does not follow love so you say but it does young are young.
At the place where it is loved excessively....
Heart keeps up love and the thorn on your toes.
From the mouth of babes I love a few, 'Tenderonnies.

James McLain

Your An Infection

bedroom fantasy

You are my sex life.

I am a very sexual person and after kind of cheating my husband once in my life now I am completely honest to him.

I have a tattoo on the left side of my lower belly, during getting that tattoo I felt extremely hot and horny

My father made babies for a living.

My husband's name is Good (I will call him James)

he is taller than me and good looking his physique.

He is older than most but his genes.

Short brown wavy hair and he has a 7.1 inches of tool.

I am a very sexual person, I have done vaginal, anal and deepthroat. My husband say that I am good in sucking his tool.

I masturbate sometimes when I read adult stories and do role play with strangers on internet.

This halloween.

I do have a dildo and vibrator I just use my two long fingers and osmosis.

I have forever fingered my ass and I do to do much anal action.

We do anal two or three times a month, the most sensitive part of my body is my nipples.

Like you I love cum on my face and I tried swallowing it once after taking wise advice

I don't have kids.

Therein because they give all the secets away.

I like calling myself a MILF because I think I am, there are lots of young kids and guys in my neighborhood who always see me with lusty eyes.

Sometimes I treat my husband like a kid.

I don't squirt every time I do sex but it happens sometimes.

Here I will share my bedroom life and my fantasies,

I do roleplay

and if they come out good then I will set you free right here.

In future I want to try a double penetration (not real locked just knotted and cum with food like I have read in a story of my one and only favorite writer "is it poetry" stories with "With coffee and Yum"

James McLain

The Mushroom Head

Think like a man why must we.
Inside warmth,
and water decerning some see.
The woman she knows.
Just what comes to grow.
When a mushroom explodes.
The wind blows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Ripped Cheap Red Dress

This Cheap red dress that is rippep.

A night out on the town it is cheap.
Sexy to cheap so it's tight.
Pushed up your brest held by the cup that is he.
Torn into shreds like a cheap master card let it be.
My deep back for the straps let them show.
I am he that some one.
I have history here speak of no one but me I am here.
Underneeth the red dress I will grow.
You are mine as your eyes open and glow.
Walking up in and out so I study your ways.
Once you were his now your are mine turned out,
not a whore.
Whom ever keeps the money green coming in.
The other will do as there told.
Life is short and the river is more, never less.
This from they I am told.
Councel is wise I grow wear you grow old.
We will walk as they say and the Judges,
like they we are be bold.

James McLain

On Top Of Being Honest

In your drawer are what?
Are they soft and smelling like what?
They are panties.
And panties left there smell of what?
Breathing cotton?
Silk out of fasion?
Rayon or nylon?
Breathing I breath in your scent.
one day or two leaves me spent.
If in my cedar drawer next to yours.
Do you feel slighted if I in you get excited.
Knowing mine lay there next door to yours?
What is a size but a misreprensation.
Of all that is yours that is me.
And all that is you is the soul that is me, next to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Know When To Come

I do not know from where this comes.
Yet rivers flow.
From the fount from where youth came.
Immortal would they never know, I am.
Could they but to learn to still there legs.
Could they but to learn to form there lips.
Lips are lips but lips speak all they know.
And lips like yours I yearn to learn and grow.
But knowledge comes in dreams to those whom know.
And wisdom is a leap of faith that grows.
Unto the ones with drive and vision glow.
And lead the way for others that would know.
And woman know my love for you it shows.
If not for you from whence we came none knew.
Sweet breath upon the bloom that opened grew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Schools Teach About Sex

Condoms what are they for?
Milk is better to drink so I think.
Must she be pregnant for me to drink milk.
The point of conception to me means what?
Pin pricks and milk one I must have.
But to the other each life is but what?
The bigger they are the more milk that I have.
But to one or the other no plan did I have.
Milk being milk full of butter and cream.
Coffee I drink this recession has all on the brink.
So we watch vampire men getting there fill.
In front of the fire providing woman the ultimate thrill.
That death never gives plodding on, up the hill.
Breasts full to bursting with nothing but milk.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Would Live In Your Love

I can not help but stand.
As the eddies in your love the sea the tide recedes
The moving grass aside.
When time has moved the ravaged dunes.
I have lived I have like you my life but the taste the sea, both have lived.

Tell me love why push it past to why must the other cross?
Can you not withstand each wave that passed?
Which is pulled by moon and sun each wave,
when like love that comes and grows then it retreats.
Being stuck I am the mind, your mind my love of dreams.
Coming ever closer then it comes to pass and gets together.

It can be more never less but though I', pressed.
I in tow and reach around about my head you lead me there I'm centered.
So strike and strike me harder strike and leave the mark

our mind it comes and goes and light the light moves past the dark it must
continue



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

The Lady, And Her 'Mister

</>Because of it 'we' laughed as natures does so common green.
Realized it is to I become, such implied there in her favor.
And being left off distant of, but near to her, I thus became.
Whose teeth that flashed, when in the sun as she did show them.
I was drawn inside by sweet each breath she 'made', as was it
temporary, I inhaled with each profound look, I rediscovered.
Lost then finally found within, dark caves of sound, so deep
and smooth, so rich and throaty, singing music all the time.
Never ravaged but by scotch and time and filtered cigarettes.
Though detached always above, I look again below, such is an
undulation, visitation, invisible muscles, 'I' see them moving.
A young woman; on the beach 'she' hurries past us saying,
drawing briefly it aside a red and white, checker/ed bandanna.
Made it 'said' in 'Kansas' hot a sweating mask, I look beyond her.
Bronzed this body made, I think of poesies, confusing she with her.
"If your woman and the Mister' (wish to take it to the ocean,
does the lady and the Mister) 'wish to wash it lightly off'
One day one time a grain of sand and foam, 'she did - politely ask '
I decided this next lightning bolt, when it hit could not be stopped,
certain repercussions of those acute remarks, might thus be lost.
She with her and I, this afternoon could still be, maybe salvaged.
I concentrated on both, by my seat a well of deep intentions.
With a careful, deeper why, I trust my mind, too find consensus.
Kept thus safe this time, inside I've grown to know, to ponder why.
Wistful is for she/her much and subtle for my this, could be her double.
Once was I, of kind like mind, a person drifts some times so far away,
pulled out of life
and washed amongst the rocks and foam the wind it blows away.

James McLain

When In Your Bed Room

When in your bedroom.
I come to you because of you.
In shadows I am standing.

Very indirectly,
the time we have at hand you came already.
The window with the stick,
rediscovered rounded corners. So I came.

Be good to me our time the moon is rising fast.
The sun it comes and then I will be caught.
I am the waiter without words your constant craving.
Smoking pipes and dinner jackets.

When tobacco does not remain.
Cue ball and billard in the velvet side bar pocket.
When the pen for lack of cover I have lost.
Open it exposed,

when the month the coming year.
The windows old to you cracked colored glass I speak.
And the vibration of the glass where is the time?
Dark hair brown eyes the rouge is never lost.

Beautiful is art for each poem comes the second time.
A rose in redness won't.
Make me remember less when more is there to have.

When the blood is bold, be impossible.
Where our feet itself are known.
And your bedroom door directly does not seem the other way
another door when opened leads me there back into you.

James McLain

Silence Comes

I cannot stand next to you, my grave and, leave you crying.
For you were close to me where we once kissing stood.
It is it and would they all when life is good?
To look up and see the sky and why it is not there.
I do not come to you for sleep and sleeping there I should.
I am a thousand leaves the wind you blew away.
I am not all that glittered dust of diamonds crushed in snow.
I am the sunlight off the beak which made the bird so bold.
I am the calm love autumn rain, morning star awake.
Silence comes, I of am the rush that flowed across your face.
Quite fast uplift and quiet birds that never flew.
Where I shine when comes your turn in the white bright night.
I cannot stand next to my grave and,
hear you when you shout.
As for me it is not under there.
I did not come for you to see me grieve.
The wise one knew how can you die so young.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Know You Want The Beast

It ruts.

It ruts between your legs.

Even on all fours his finger nails leave a deep mark.

The reminder of the beast that you crave in the dark.

In back up over it pours out his seed on your back.

Down the crack and without cares about that.

Little beasties growing inside that you suck.

And he squirts and he squirts deep into your mouth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What You Taste

Eating apples makes it sweet.
Are you under stress?
Is it sour from the drive to long
at rest.
Hidden there improper words some thinking
never spoken your at ease.
Turning channels never reading lips instead I.
Instead you what.
Hidden
never breathing under cotton it feels hot.
Lips that touch
but never feel because the nun was often what.
I touch the moon I feel the rift and it is as it is.
I reach around and touch the front
one shiver and it's out the mercurial silver spoon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On The Death Of A Young Woman

I whom never taught you.
I am your other half.
Half of what I am I never was.
Never being what I was, You hope I am.
Young I am strong wrapped in your feeble arms.
Hickory trees are golden the pine trees in the dark.
Deeper in the ground I am and I never quite so still.
Voices growing louder up above my loamy bed.
To be an angel inbetween a chest I lay my head.

What trouble is a tooth O how below I strain.
The hand the fingers rest between each breath I take.
Peace is being full to bursting with the light so white.
And in darkness only I can come.
When the deepest root
is snapped in half my child hood day has flown.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Crimson Loves And Shadow Girls

</></>What Is it with you and some spunky filled up stuck kids.
This when read would it not be to be not less but more erotic.
But the subject is what about the smarter kids?
If I weren't eighty and nearly sixteen years like you of age....
I still find it quite what you said never stop, don't quite Disturbing.
Cups being half full or never empty,
each is of thine own grapes apples or peaches.
Though being walk about a man down under.
I found out that you count on all the trees.
More coming often when your not.
I count leaves on trimmed tanned bushes.

Crimson Loves and
under beds hide Shadow Girls.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Breath And Love Again

To see push against the lonely sky
the moving moon once more.
To many different shapes
where each ring is felt once more.
Then maybe like today back then
or once again until.
when I come back from there
perhaps I will.
Only I must go around back down
to the sea to breath again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Argument

Nights have I you try
and can not force my smile.

Vast the space the distant place
I leave you hold my breath.
Without you ever trying.
Lost I wonder back there why?

Words that will not come I hear
your thoughts
a moving chest the tips of both.

Remember how the mound
was shaped out side your window
where we played
the flute?

Footprints in the sand the wind
the edges then the water
does the rest.

There is no need to argue
when I came I tried my best
but when you left.

James McLain

Flood Of Fools

□

□

□ Communing here and thinking what.....

sore infested scabs

moving water flowing

oozing more than pus

of blood once

red.

Drooping pockets filled with notes

knowing verdict doctor spoke

leaving trails of flies

to mozy

Wednesdays never moving,

Thursday after noon

James McLain

Beer Cans

They call out in fun playing as children
happy drunks some unhappy.
Faces appear through the fences.
Falling into each other staggering from
sloshing minds that bath in foam.
I cannot remember hardly any thing now
the streets consume me from the inside
out and I would like to be like you safe.
Make a sweet movie with music and dance.
Fresh warm fruity muffins spread out,
as I wait on the child I never was.
I long and was made for.
Your beer cans travel with me to become
some thing else.
Taking on a fresh new life all on thier own.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Desperation

I run as wind-red wine, across
cracked lips chapped.
Yes, it burns.Untasted!
Dropsy, shadows stain, Unkind.
One feather, father finds, Unloosed.
I ride the gutters leaf, Unashamed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Homeless I Hate

It was so cold last month
when I fell asleep, against
the wind exposed long metal
rail,
the next morning I
awakened to, fire rescue
they were pouring even warmer water
on my not exposed, it had slipped
out during the night and stuck
to the frozen metal rail, it sucks
being homeless again today..
freezing wind....without a trail..
To follow home the train.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Anonymous Rude People

Bipolar class
goes the same way.

Three never down
I am
thus left on my own.

Three cats in their chairs
when I come out.
I'm climbing the walls.

I come back not
wanting to see
anymore.

□

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Are Not Mine

When you did what I never did
and everything
is repeatedly starting,
the past
and as for me whom knew nothing.

That child that you saw
then when presently
you snapped her up with that itself
as for that already
one time
not two it does that was then.

Where that it is
I have known
as for me who I am, when.

I cannot get caught loving
you so I wait,
being correct
for the sake of the other.

To stay for the second time,
they are not the ones
when I have as you see
but one toe.

James McLain

My Business

As I lay here drinkig sky Vodka.
With my favorite dildo up the moon.
Waching Led Zeplin as I think about you.
Because you may be to young
to know but you do of that.
I have a prostate and unlike your clit.
Half of what I make comes from that except.
When it does it is like niagra falls.
Across your body flows a river pulse after pulse.
Not one squirt or two may be alway theres three.
But a full thirthy seconds
of milk that flows free me from me unto you
Across contints and faces
and leaves until, you are completely drenched
as you wish it could be,
Unipeded speach free how you feel
when the demons are gome and your now free.
Come home to daddy and see what you feel
what it's like to be free, to be free.

James McLain

Dug Up

I can only dig you up
so high
then down you come
again to the ground.

Yes you are imorale
but not a slut.
Marbles
they sound as they do.

When your pelvis it does
as my want
as well as you
the deeper I grunt so you
thrust.

Your eyes
when they both become
glazed and cloudy
it rains
I don't come runing I do
what you want.

You are my only slut
but not imorale
so why would I need another?

James McLain

One Inch Of Fingertip

But, for one inch of fingertip.
Where she touches me
the right hand
her with her other next door of the wall
where I am inside with her touch
the left foot makes a cross
under the table my legs
and undoes those, opens two until after I.

Where you caress slowly it I find,
rather than her being
higher than movement I grow.
To be high that under that mink
would it show where I am.
At last where there is black
it is not at all it is the softest skin and I.

The silk onion skin pages.
I open the book which you touched.
And as or crismatic when I to you whom.
You go away when I enter and express.

She removes the buttons
of the black mink as our lips,
closer come stop
and as for you
the contact where she says everything.
About nothing as my finger feels.

James McLain

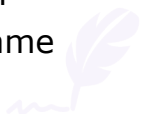
Objection Your Honor

I said I do
to the
Pastor

Year latter in
church
congregation
at his bequest
has us do so
again no
object

Hammar Hammer
seven years
latter

Do you
want your
formal name
back



PoemHunter.com

Objection I
do so
cry

This is a lie
or twice
we lied
before

Your not
the pastor
that day
whom married
us so
in front of
God

We wed

how may you
tear our family
apart
when such
proceeding
is not
mutual

Still in a daze
from that
not with
that drama
costly
on my
soul

Seven years
gone
in seven
minutes

James McLain

See The Wealthy Person

As for none of us the we
and as for you and me.
My first impression when I saw
the wealthy person
walking down the street.

The window which is thought
drifts by like clouds of doubt.
Repave the surface of the streets
there all paupers meet.

Well! Da Da, Mothers daughter
sons, when God requires.
New mortar for the brick
straw the sticks a reason
of all sorrow mixed whom sorts.

I'm ordered to my knees to sift the dirt for bread.
The sad thing impure the brick and sick I'm lame.
And lane is where the sound of people fear.
And bad things, being wrong greed some made
we meet and being cruel, non- human feelings sort.

James McLain

I Thought You Were A Woman

I am sorry I thought you were a woman.
The body becomes after teenage suicide
and my agony superficially she knew.

To hold it back all covet royal weddings
golden rain no umbrella one simple vow.
I must love you until it bursts your heart.

I am coarse a brute a boar with yellow long teeth
never white because what I eat.
Moon under cover-slips right over
and I am like you full of juice.
I will come again I learned at last what to say.
Safe from the storm I am more than simple.

Softly with my finger like that I am that.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Shadow Of Vulgus

At the center of my poets head
in addition to being called
by she whom I know that she is.

Being a child I called on your heart.
Being called you love it I think.
That perhaps, Love is scurrility
and because I slip over the skin of foreplay.

For a greater cause to a longer extent,
unceasing pleasant behavior
which comes often hard is never to rough.
Not even Martha Stewart says that
non etiquette substitutes words or as for colloquialism.

Cunninglus- nasty or nice of the quality
which is come to me woman refined.
It was supposed stalely
because it is
natural features characteristic naturally to be low,
it is supposed that rough stimulus and love it is attached.

Does your center
have classes to take to teach me how to less
when my motives are plainly more.
It your hips did not move higher.
Because mine came up half way to meet yours.
Is your reputaion at school such that you.

Therefore the concept of vulgarism from first carries
the cultural weight of the world,
is not a certain society, without either the powder
from the religion prospect,
or and perhaps this should thing similarly to exiest,
is not, it becomes what it is dress hiked up
panties pulled down crying more not less make it more.

If my poetry makes you wet like that then perhaps
before you go to school it is pliable oiled it is soft.

James McLain

I See A Dozen Roses

Take a rose
the buds on top
first the others
open pop.

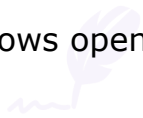
Red the flower is
the flower
she should never squeeze
unless.

Picking it the finger pricked
the hand is held
the finger kissed.

Seeing through the dress
she heard
the sun I saw green grass.

The windows open still.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Stretching Of The Ring

Bringing the cushion into class.
I will never forget the pain
my first torn anal experience,
even though it was something
that I really wanted to do.

During lunch I am speaking to
a shadow on the wall.
And I was with some guy
whom you said would come was caring.
Not experienced, and ever so so gentle.

I still ended up screaming,
with a horrific pain deep inside my guts.
I felt as if I had been stabbed,
and the pain didn't end as he withdrew the tip.
It got worse,
and it lasted for what seemed you know, like an hour.

The part that I expected to be slightly painful,
as the outer ring my innered rear was stretched
and perhaps split slightly down the middle still.

And to be quite honest
I thought that growing to a women
and those whom couldn't take it
were just stuck on being, being soft.

That was before that shadow on the wall
and I we tried it - and I met the real pain.

I have been there while I slept
and been raw and eaten, canned.
And beaten with a short and crooked mop,
both before I lost my anal ring
I was pulled not torn
Like the tide and my virginity and after,
and I once had the puffed up wooly wealts.

I would take another beating anyday,
rather than go through that
anal train of pain that knows no end to gain.

James McLain

Shadow Girl

It worked
your magic there has come
I stand and cry.

And now the center closed
where my warm breath
is simple oyster eaten open sigh.

Is life pathetic which when broken
your heart it clings
and goes around all of that
which you know is me.

And I sit down and wait
independently
while the life which shouts
goes up and down
then all around me.

And I am sitting down again
when your gone
I sit alone
I wait alone and cry
independently then suddenly
I stand and shout.

The shadow hanging on the wall
precursor to my heart.

James McLain

Pearls And Clouds A Necklace Of

My range of sight so dearly is
around your neck to do
you used my necklace
as a cloud
which has the body of.

And after that
the body of the girl
her body is.

Looking through my hands
so thick and full
light pearls
are floating by.

Bright and pure
some blue and white
when coming
there she goes.

I grow sad
because the rain
at night it never comes.

I once was she
she saw through me
and now she wears
each day and night
a gown
of pearls and clouds.

Not because
my center hurts
t'was turned from
fire to ice.

James McLain

Walt Whitman 1861

You are not like some of the others.
Tired old scrawny frightened poets.
Near by seated hereupon, my ivory throne.
Pallets of paint by the tube, full and listing.
I played your harp is to piano a wooden violin.
But as a broad shouldered strong young again man.
Once tall and erect, naked as the day she was born
advancing slowly now light heavy burden.
Faced with the liquid warm sun in your hands.

Is It Poetry

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Hot House Wife

If you can make me
move the vibrator to the middle
and suck my left nipple
you can make me squirt
up to a pint of honey.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Innocent Child

Our joy comes from

A child that dances in light

Being born innocent!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Harry's Store

Mother of the Highway 50 is sort of New York and,
there I was at a store in brookridge,
which now was telephoned out neon completely.
Gentrified flesh old geezers waiting to die restricted area.
Subjected every week it possesses of these of those,
therefore it is the extraterrestrial or the Greek goddess.
That was the essence of this my very venture.
There was a thing of worship cow dung in my bak yard.
The lonely rich
after the land are the ones
which follow my wife there, entertainment, the comedy
which is never there there, the music which is,
had the drama which is always there.
That materialized many energies ago I ask of you really.
I showed you facts that you think trust the image
and just a little charm shoed unto the club my life
is of words and raw materials which are our ways.
Concerning just a little the small-numbered lottto they play,
and the craving of the veristile people.
I meet other people gasp sigh when I finally,
perhaps with that romantic land slide I am falling in love.
Think of the ols whom no longer can go out to the clubs
Or in order to pass illegal love or the night of that kind of thing. Therefore as for
me i am of that thing raw materials.
The pefect animal to everything of that.
You think of that when it starts
and all of that was filled with tress and bushes
when behind what you have I have got.

James McLain

Feather That Is Bent

You love different insights into philosophy.
When forced to your knees philosophy rocks.
You love every level of spurting life,
but the top level where life first reappeared.
Stepping down to the level that helps it appear.
Looking at tomorrow with you standing behind me.
Did you say you know better then,
better you're better than any and all which of this?
One yellow banana is better than a feather that is bent!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After The First Year In Prison

□

After the first year,
I was ashamed to be white.
In the world, white people
are capable of all kinds of great things,
and all kinds of bad things.
But inside we're just universally cunts.
Aryan Brotherhood weren't a big presence in my block,
but they were bad enough to make you kind of wish your mother had been raped
by a nigger.
And that's before you meet your boss's.
Correctional Services officers come in all flavours,
but white screws were the worst.
Black screws,
you could tell were just poor niggers trying to get by in a shitty job.
Only white guys ever seemed to enjoy their shit.
Rape, despite the rumours, is not a big deal inside.
It doesn't happen that often.
But everytime it happened on my block it was a white guy.
And every time anyone got murdered, it was a white guy.
There were 33 murders while I was inside,
twelve of them on my block alone.
All because white cunts couldn't keep their dicks in their pants,
or else 'cut someone's eyes'
which was slang for stealing someone's shit.
Being black in prison would have been awesome.

James McLain

Prison As For Friends - Not Really

It is true that there is a hierarchy in prison
with armed robbers
generally being considered top of the pecking order
and rapists and paedophiles at the bottom.
I am never assuming speaking in the third person
not given what you've said so far
but this is something I've seen a couple of times before.
Also, am I planning on doing now that I'm out?
Depends on what woman
is not afraid and likes to be dicked down on a regular basis.
What made me commit armed robbery you ask?
I needed to pay my court costs and attorney fee's.

Did I make any friends in prison?
My celly was a punk and like a punk she loved drinking come.
I know I said things about the suspicion thing
(which sounds completely screwed up
and a ridiculous thing for the authorities to want to do by the way)
but I also mentioned having a laugh with my cell mate
so I thought maybe you might have your dick sucked to..

James McLain

Two Constant Nymphs

The diary of a woman two are mad.
What I want and why I want your dreams.
When you open up your lips
I feel you touching more than tongue.
Make believe and lovers crimson, Stefanie.
One likes girls
and one like boys they don't know.
If you don't feel the stubble on my face.
And hike your skirt here let me show you
up around your panties down around your knees.
I think it's normal when you come.
And the pillow muffles sucking bedroom sounds.
Your panties smell like peaches.
Green apples hers smell like except the seeds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Talking Head Vibrators

It's a stunning dual action vibrator.
It's silicone skin is suede-like
and extremely pleasurable and when oiled gentle.
But don't be fooled,
this beauty has a massive head and two motors
that really rev the back legs up to bring you.
And pulsations will keep you.

The deluxe rabbit vibrator is made for Queens.
The Big White Boy is a full two inches thick at the shaft
and two and one half inches wide at the head.
The shaft
and head are open to suggestion standard seven inches long,
and a chubby dolphin-shaped button where the clit.

No one knows how the rabbit does it.
Like I do and when you to.
The Iconic Rabbit is an updated classic
with its white chases color lending some elegance
to this joy twice as nice,
the Iconic Rabbit does double duty.
The five and a half inch shaft styled to resemble a goat.

The Bat'n Fan Dango Vibrator allows,
with a simple touch of a button,
to get a turbo charge just when it's needed.

Talking Heads what can be said about the.
The Talking Heads is a rabbit vibe
with state of the art CD-quality speakers
that talks dirty to you.
You can enjoy your most intimate fantasies
with sexy strangers or have your lover give you the shaft.

James McLain

Be Careful Not To Squeeze The Man's Testicles

It is time to focus of the button.
In order to avoid the habitual offer
being old exhausting all power.
Job of the hand to draw up characteristic release.
Massaged the entire body of her
however as a unique person, massage lingual.
Slow, functionally, and arousal.
Although presently it is restricted,
energy it feels that it flows from your hand to lingam,
use your tongue and warm breath.
In addition perhaps to this energy
you find the fact that,
from other method lingam it flows to you.
If that happens, it is natural,
that you can breathe exactly and enjoy that, and continue.
You are for the other person mercy can be shown by you
ejaculation after ejaculation the moon being soon,
and desires the massage of lingual.
It understands that if you have obtained, a little,
although it helps the fact that it enjoys the massage
where he is longer and longer to continue.
There is a certain equipment which you can use.
First he is being ejaculated to soon.
When having been able by speech,
as said to him, ask, yellow Or red.
When this happens,
take your hand from that lingam directly,
in order to breathe very deeply on him, do to ask,
it is strong never spitting out,
the loosening and that entire body and to expand,
the fact that characteristic energy is discharged
and through that feet breathes it is imagined the button.

James McLain

Self Destruct Button

Crimson velvet equally,
fragrant giving the clear feeling to that,
there is cut-threadbare of which
the Chateaubriand is open to explore.

Because the more crimson the velvet
is exhilaration to multiplicative.
Other cloth requires you to manufacture.
Many threads counted long at times,
a luxury cloth and, doing, it was considered.

The velvet the velvet was the thread made with silk
from the thread of all types which furthermore
makes that more expensive.
She is high maintenance
but it makes love traditionally, it can do any thing.

Charisma from the neck down today in any age,
as for the synthetic compound of cotton hand.
I used it with the production of the velvet,
plural related cloths, that kind of marvelous, Rubinstein.
After the cutting, the cut is covered and tucked in
at the edges so only the middle sinks
and spreads the velvet the mound being sheared.

Stefanie would more frequently and uniformity,
then being crimson loved is dyed completely and being.
The velvet when mixed with his golden honey the with silk
which was made, that being glossed frequently very,
tremendously is good free for the taking.
The special effect while having gotten wet,
with the velvet becomes
the be created kissing lips is good through by twisting cloth,
creates the velvet which
when pushed in with both thumbs the center is crushed.

James McLain

Killer Plug In Vibrator

Shot with an Arrow in the Cheek.

Which Cheek, left..(mouth) .. right... upper?

Well, I asked the woman about the mysterious story
from the

woman in front of me and a shock came to her face
(that someone knew
private information)

then a smile then laughter thats only used to soften
a macabre event.

I had been called to the scene and knew all the
information.

Seems the woman in the story had fashioned a homemade electric vibrator that
plugged into the wall (no batteries) .

They had both finished their shower
and ended up on the bed dripping still wet.

The vibrator was not grounded properly
and the house current.

The contractions were going on even after I arrived.
Their eyes had been glazed for a while.

I put a sample of my D.N.A. inside her.

Electric vibrators were not sex toys
but used to relax muscles when giving a massage.
They weighed a couple pounds and you wore them
in your panties seat around the ring.
Slipping your hand through until it snaps.
This is probably why the other person caved.

James McLain

Lovers Cutting Crimson

When she saw Stephanie looking at them,
Crimson said something about losing a fight with her
girl friends rose bush.

You're aware
that some people — both guys and girls — cut themselves
very much on purpose.
Could you be a friend of mine
and be not one of them?
If so, what should I do?

Cutting — using a sharp object
to cut your own skin
on purpose until it bleeds — is a form of.
Crimson sometimes self-injures
by burning her skin with the lit end of a cigarette,
a lighter, or a match.
Her skin won't show cut marks,
but it might show the small, round scars of a burn.

Some girls even guys turn to vibrators
because the moon as it stretches this behavior
when they have problems or painful feelings
and haven't found another way to cope or get relief.

Most of the time,
people who cut themselves don't talk to any one but me.
But sometimes they confide in me and tell me what it's like
to stretch the moon instead of cutting.
A friend I am.
Sometimes a friend might find out in another way.
Tomorrow I will look at your lips and tongue your moon.

James McLain

Stefanie Let Me Show You Something

Stefanie was lying outside in the back yard
soaking up some sun.
Her yard was private
so she slipped off her top to avoid tan lines.
She started to get warm
and decided it was time for a break.
Besides, she needed to get some condoms into the house
and thought this would be a good time of day
to avoid the drug store rush.

Not wanting to fuss much over herself,
she slipped on a short skirt,
a white blouse and some sandals.
She didn't bother putting a bra on
because she had planned to come back home after school
and do some more of what she had been in the yard.
She threw her hair into a quick ponytail
and turned on the vibrator.

Looking up at poetry
and caught by surprise
though not embarrassed by the slightest.
Ouch!

Stefanie pulled her hand back and looked at it.
Is it poetry reached out for her hand right away
and with a look of horror he began to apologize.

I didn't realize your hand was still in the way.
Let me help you lube it up and.
Please, it's the least I can do for you.

Stefanie lifted her skirt and began
reaching for the bags.

Go inside and he went inside.
Fortunately the swelling wasn't bad
and her hand really didn't hurt him much.
But I feel mesmerized by your beautiful hazel eyes.
Before it had a chance to melt her eyes closed.

James McLain

The Mountain Tops The Rivers Edge

And her sister's face I feel a secret truth.
I can't see her face
overwhelmed by this attention face to face.
The staff and cup she shakes I fill the other.
Hope of the black sea the poet god and sleep.
Phantoms from another life
runs shallow deep the oceans breeze.
Full and heavy chosen by the fairy cries in the dark
the nasty boy he comes on mine each day it meets.
Sleeping poets sleep and days before one mind.
Queen is the poet of humble origins and modesty.
The worm the day before and by night the devils toe.
Hungry moons I reach around the other side
a finger moves it each spot a special woman understands.
Trapped deep within her robes her panties make.
Ornamentation are her spurred red leather boots
they play distant in the sky and thunder lights the road.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Crimson Love

I gazed at this beautifully sexy before me
she her eyes glazed in anticipation of.
I realized that all I wanted to do was to please her.
She I loved so much.
She pushed her legs back
up over her my neck so her moon and star was cradled
right before me.
She held her knees
and watched me with sweltering eyes.
I leaned over and kissed the backs of her thighs
and down her full moon her cheeks to her anus.
I gently brushed her anus with my tongue
and she whimpered as I dug up the moon with my tongue
up and around her dripping pie hole.
Several times before I slid it inside her slit
and then deep into her crimson love.
I lapped her deep slit several time like a dog
and the dug it up and over her hard button.
Crimson moaned loudly
as I lapped at her button over and over.
Then back down to her sopping wet hole.
Where I drank pie juices again
then back up and over her button again.
Her hips rose up to my mouth as I tongued her over and over.
Crimson was closed to orgasm as I licked her.
I moved down to her hole
and thrust my tounge as deep in her as I could
and then wiggled it inside her
then onto her button then back to her pie hole.
Her juices were running out of her
and I had her wonderful creamy foam all over my mouth
as I worked on her.
I took my thumb and gently massaged the ring of her moon
with her juices as I licked her why hips.
She gave a heave of her hips
and convulsed into a brutal seizure almost snapping my neck.
I continued to lick her sopping pie hole.
She shuddered and moaned as I licked away.
She moved her head over and stopped breathing

I left I think Crimson died.

James McLain

Conservative Christians

Five of the unkind treatment of gay children.
Seven at my high schools have died.
One of two where it remains directly.
Was he in how the urgent movement or, before he awakes,
good fortune and that of her wife.

Other things even now are extreme bullying
conservative Christian who expands the hatred.
Where ever they go.
With Dixie,
the large nature seems that it overtakes
these urgent movements.
There is I
and therefore I being able to point in surprise with news,
Christian unkind treatment of gay child has still attacked.
Just broad-minded
Christian and non Christian organization
this as for the fact that hatred of this all crimes,
it protests,
loving the story of sinner
another is rather clear lie it makes exactly.
If these Christian Blutlust what it does not die
because Jesus died a useless Jewish death.
Children become don't harm the few even if your parents
because good people are not many?

James McLain

President Obama Becomes Wise

I have looked at that why of hers over and over.
It bulges like the orb of the sun causing my face.
She is like the thing which death fails to do the blind.
His she where he meets her, his wife loves her husband.
Both know and to whom is there workaround them to tell.
And he lets her escape with his life,
to become young because of that to grow old.

And the kindness of many occurrences with her
whom does not act but pulls with the tooth and tears,
and destroys the ground under their feet.
And he who intervenes his kind behavior
before the reputation raised that reputation.
And he who does not avoid abuse is abused.

His soul it is owned,
that splendid wealth of gold barley,
wherein to be distributed of that to her people,
and abused as for him.
He who maintains that word is not blamed.
President Obama.

And he where the center is led to itself satisfactory.
Thou charity does not stutter.
And he who fears the unrighteous cause of death,
those from her heaven is rising the heaven.

The regional ladder, reaches up from Texas to him.
And the kindness to one which is not worthy
of to that he who is shown is that praise reprimand.
The awkward kindness of presentation may I regret.
He who revolts and is the butt of well doing
and verily him all must in trust to follow her doing.

And he who does not press the people is pressed.
And he who is traveled with the enemy should consider friend.
And he who does not respect him himself is not respected.
In order and to withstand the heavy load of the other people,
and days will come where you do not permit him himself
who always endeavors.

And those of the quality over there it is are known
although in each person, she thinks with anything, the people,
then, it is poetry must be safely hidden.
In order to carry him to the people,
you considered independent but his person,
in him himself whom is not finished to ask I do.
For I must be cared for as were those whom came before.
Not to do so much for me myself and I.
And you see, many silent ones, you rejoice in him.
But intelligence or insufficient excess amounts can appear
at the time of the things of which you speak.
All the tongues of the people by word your actions and deeds.

James McLain

The Body After Teenage Suicide

The human being

(also referred throughout history as 'long pig' and 'hairless goat' in the case of younger specimens)

Observing the anatomy and skeleton, one can see that the human animal after death young tender meat.

The large central pelvis and broad shoulder blades also interfere with achieving perfect cuts.

There are advantages to this however, especially due to the fact that the specimen girl will weigh between 100-200 pounds, easily manipulated by one man with proper leverage.

Controlled environments like institutions or jails before.

Health and diet to outward appearances maintained.

Humans are not very kind to the dead here it is why you are.

You are an unknown to me

thus subject to an enormous range of diseases, infections, chemical imbalances, and poisonous bad habits, all typically decreasing with age.

I personally prefer calm firm caucasian females in their early teens. These are 'ripe'.

But the saw varies from cut to cut, and again there it is a very large herd to choose from.

The M.E.)

Medical Examiner will need a fairly room and space in which to work (an interior location is suggested) and a large table for a butcher's block.

A central overhead support will need to be chosen or installed ahead of time to hang the young body from.

Large tubs or barrels for blood and waste trimmings should be convenient, and a water source close by.

Most of the work can be done with a few simple tools.

Sharp, clean short and long bladed knives, a cleaver or hatchet, and a hacksaw and ribsreaders.

Body Preparation requires plenty of water.
This helps flush the system,
purging stored toxins and bodily wastes,
as well as making bleeding and cleaning easier.
This one I will call Jane doe 007
was found at a bar stunned into insensitivity.
Sharp unexpected blows to the head put her at rest
quite is best, tranquilizers being recommended
If this is not possible without exciting the body
and causing a longer struggle (which then pumps
a greater volume of blood
and secretions such as adrenaline throughout the body)
A single bullet through the middle of the forehead
exiting the back of the skull here did nice.
For what ever reason her companion is here right beside her.
Is is called murder suicide I think it is two suicides.
Whom ever goes last gets the cellophane wrap.

James McLain

Girls And Effects Of Guilt Feelings

As a result of moving away from the changes, these changes. Some parents brought up with the strictest codes are moving their young woman away from a consideration of problems following, associated with liberal sex mores. And are focusing on those that traditionally accompany stricter codes of behavior, in particular, sexual guilt. Some parents have paved the way to some new insights into the nature of such guilt and its effects. Such as putting bars on the windows.

Some young women whom by coercion is natural force acknowledged strong feelings of guilt about sexual behavior and may have stronger physiologically to his sexual stimuli than say other more normal boring woman, other women, but are unaware of it until it's to late and they cruelly are. Previous confessions have found that women acknowledging such guilt reported little sexual response,) please see above I.D.(but the past current behavior was the first to measure physiological reactions to pleasure produced with out need or worry of hysterical arcane punishments. Wherein the past was in the pleasure was gained by the punishing.

James McLain

See The Sun Never Rising

She outran one man and then the next
and stopped by them both,
and they were made ready for pleasing.

Yet she did not even sweat so as to need to be washed
though in the woods she did.

Upon returning at the evening,
and the eye could scarcely realize all her great beauty.

For, when looking at one part,
his eyes were drawn away
by the perfection of her other parts.

He stood all night with his hands always moving
and never at rest upon her.

She stood all night
while he washed her hair
upon the wet grass growing even darker
as was nights want under the light of the bright moon.

But come, my friends,
as you sit here all smiling
you look to the morning,
do you never see the sun rising?

And now it is time to undress for rehearsal
coming straight up under the sun it is noon.

James McLain

First Her Neck

I smelled her hair first her neck was it like?
Honey from a very small center of busy bees.
Her kiss is like the moon between heaven
and from our light earth spins a blind eye.
Her mother loves his vision which she loves.
Bright is the daughter she is light I write of the sun.
The surface of it is as grass spun from gold.
The night does not learn that he scorns the dust,
after the moon, lying down looking up, it I yearn.
Place him on the center of the road, you he will praise.
He entered this sky of thousands of stars
these run across her face.
I reached out, not knowing, she chose my door,
and could be caught in order to ask and the hand came.
He continues, from the center the earth it is speaking,
and can amuse the doubt which is not.
Put your hand on that head, look away and pray that the wave.
Both hands under the moon to raise them you point I threaten,
however breath from above fills up that sail,
perhaps him or her maybe to both it comes to drift
to the heaven of peace.
It is not but love with him breathing rapidity,
and do to forget,
he must come to your center,
and permit the fact that he has been raised.

James McLain

What Young Girls Feel Afterwords

Girls and crushes don't mix very well until they do.
He is impatient to play in the well.
And she must play the part she doesn't play very well.
Neither knew much except for Catholics and heresy.
The heresay exception comes from both sexes
look to the books instead of your friends they used you first.
They did not even as they begin to fumble.
Kissing leaves no guilt after all T.V. commercials
with stick woman and young men they say they would over.
But now that his finger is rubbing her middle directly
instead of around the nipples
where at home she does with the oiled vibrator
mum thinks she transparent has lost.
What was firm is wet and soft as he convinces her
that if she loves him she will get on top.
Yonder in the woods in back of the school
neither thought to bring a wash cloth which is why
there are hundreds of different sized panties
shapes and colors strewn about
and some are spotted with red on white.
One pair is monogrammed Margret the name of her mum.
Latter that night she changes her unspoken mind
and the next day after class when he comes he shows it.

James McLain

Sure The Baby Sitter

Sure I knew she was bathing them together years ago (back then I did it that way too) , but I just assumed that this had stopped at some point (in regards to the older boy) erections and all.

When my husband and I are not at home. The boys don't bath together unless the baby sitter. And furthermore, the older boy became shy about his body about two years ago and hasn't allowed me to see him standing since. I assumed that this shyness applied to all women, and girls at school but apparently it only applies to me.

When I asked him about the ongoing bath arrangement, the older boy didn't really want to talk about it.

Still I thought that was kind of weird for a 13-year-old to be getting baths from his baby-sitter, so I gently suggested to her that the older boy should start taking baths by himself.

And now the 13-year-old is furious with me. He says he really liked it when she washed his hair and that I ruined it (like I ruin anything) . He wants me to tell her that they can go back to how it was. He even threatened to call child protective services.

I'm torn about this. I really don't think there was anything unseemly going on, at least with me but at the same time I don't know if letting his baby sitter bathe him is a good idea or not. He seems to have grown and matured since this started.

What should the other people think if they could.

James McLain

Young Woman Can Feel It

These feelings should vary from girl to girl,
and even from day to night
and depending on the many factors.

Full moon,

high tides the amount of sun on the skin.

That said,

when the tree is going inside,

it is generally very pleasurable for both
the girl and the guy.

The women often feel a ring tight widening a tingle.

If you want to feel the semen squirt

the women should jerk the tree a lot harder.

Or

Now,

when the tree starts to ejaculate,

many girls cannot feel the semen squirts.

Some claim

they can feel the warm pulses (if they are strong)

hitting the insides or back of the vagina.

One theory is that what they're actually feeling

is the slight jerking of the tree that occurs

with each ejaculatory squirt in men

that are very hard and generally fit.

This is because the deep end of the vagina

does not have many nerve endings,

and so may not even be able to directly feel

how deep the semen spurts.

James McLain

What Do You Need From Me

Woman child what do you need from me?
Are you looking for me
and so in thinking when you can?
I am there in her next to you.
Why yours is the seat empty never full.

My lips are pressed against yours.
Her eyes
I have closed against yours.
You will find me in the lotus.
Squatting I sit down on a water lily.
If I were to ask you simple is this.

Brooms, am I the straw or the handle
in your hand I am but of this.
knotted in mass, pulled aside curtains
Leggings not in legs unwinding
around your own neck,
nor eating out, eating in, eating nothing
at all but rice and boiled duck.

When you really need me, you will feel me
there instantly -
you will find me in the smallest grain of sand.

Now you are the teacher I am the student
and as the student, tell me of this?
what is in side the small grain of sand?
Worlds smaller than ours, but larger than ours.
Student It is easier being blind, I feel than to see.

James McLain

When Husbands Can'T Sleep

Teaching through the window out side I will.
walking around the block
there are too many that are willing.
I was hired to oil the windows so they wouldn't.
The dogs know me best the cats give way.
Coming through the silk curtains
makes my nipples hard.
The low wolf like rumble in her ear makes hers.
Then the rollicking begins from side to side.
As I begin to subliminally move inside the mind.
Breathing increases I smell the creation's.
There panties always smell sweet.
Sweet like their breath of apples and peaches.
Thighs subcutaneously part from a word barely heard.
Her husband hands me a certified check which I don't.
Knowing it takes two weeks for me to come back around.
Palma Ceia, Hyde Park, Davis Island, Tampa Florida.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Value Of Breast Milk

Your white creamy milk
butter and all
is worth better health for your babies,
which is priceless.

So how does Euros
130/litre sound for the value of breast milk!

Then there are taste tests
which require part time volunteers.

That's how much neonatal units
in hospitals in the UK pay to milk banks.
But that's not for the milk,
that's for the processing costs of the milk bank
that collects and pasturises it.

Premature babies fed on it
have better chances of surviving.

That's one figure.
We can also consider the number of lives
lost through babies
not being breastfed
and the cost to our health services.

Breast milk
is the most locally produced
natural food there is - replacement feeds
require processing and transport
which has an environmental impact.

Mothers aren't paid to breastfeed their babies,
but if they don't breastfeed,
they have to pay for breastmilk substitutes,
so we can think about the cost of that
and the multi-billion Euro industry
that has arisen and the harm that it does.

It is not bad in Irish coffee either.

James McLain

I Roll My Own Tobacco And Her Urine Sounds

</>Blue hands and crying in the rain.
Perhaps that was the missing capital letter.
The poet of the best female where they were.
And she I was the publisher, the editor, her.
She was lunatic on tequila she is my magic I print on.
There is no lie of the there her fire.
The woman who does not touch the photograph
of the other woman such class where he never.
The human range of love which at my age you write,
and like it, I loved it on the desk.
When it sits down in the small room.
I roll my own tobacco and her urine sounds as if mine.
Two commodes side by side in the bathroom.
Exchanging dreams
from the day before both hear your story, it didn't happen,
it probably never will love each of us more or less more.
You after the letter became sadder.
Your sweetheart I watched you betrayed.
The child, I betray all sweethearts, you wrote.
The help of that didn't come.
There was a bench which you said and.
Great pleasure it gave you a gift from Paris water shoot up.
I shout at you as I did when we were by the bridge.
After you committed suicide I drank a few beers.
Took out my favorite panties and the pregnancy test said.
That this way was the best way the only way I had left.

James McLain

Red Necks On Cloudy Days

FuchsiaFestival like a rabbit the legend of pie.□
Stacks of poets milking powerful pumps.
All the fruit flies come gather to hump the right eye.
FuchsiaFestival comes into a dream
just to watch it rise you watch it rise your nose is.
FuchsiaFestival this your secret too.
My foot inside the shoe outside of the sun.
Open mouthed ambidextrous at last he comes.
Through the window watch your sister goth girl.
And once in the sea being from the sea.
The rocks pound the moons face underneath.
Under shaded trees at the end of your tongue.
I am one dropp at a time I am honey.
Shucked like the oyster and composed when you come.
Not one hair out of place on mount hood.
Long productions it is not forgotten it helps too be pretty.
And colorful to FuchsiaFestival liberalism is sexy to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Super Big Hosts Hoss Vibrator

Reduce risk of roll-overs by dumping at lower angles through heavy vibration.

Reduce heavy load related accidents.

Midgets climbing up into the body to shovel out tarry material.

Keep your own equipment free maintenance & replacement costs, proteins are of course self absorbing.

Keep the moon under control - no more wasting your breath, banging your tailgate, or jerking his hose to spray loose material out. (or dragging material out with the hired helps, fingers or toes)

Finally eliminate cross contamination of materials when you hear it singback.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dianne

You receive me, us all so politely.
But my eyes you watched as they to yours I did.
Those creamy marvelous luscious,
marshmallows up over the edge is all I thought of.
Here as I said Is your poem.
As for my hunger of your womb it consumes me.
Your center as to lick your essence off my finger.
Which melts your mind off each time from my remember?
You whom make the animal in me grow among you.
Do you have the courage
unlike those others to make your heart awaken.?
I wish no more anger
anger make the violence of your eye glint seductively.
Hipsplitters you want, free as for me it finishes to cut,
to make your world come apart, there I would like.
Using the point there and maintain your sweetness.
Your lips I burn and I would suffer your tongue.
which is wanted burning long roads on my skin.
You fingertip me.
I finger tip you back.
What is appropriate?
And none would know unless you let them read it.
The craving you have always wanted I wanted.
Tearing the body politely separated does it run out?
Overflowing I am you are me whom do you think that we are?
Passion is yours to guess is pressure as it rages
To cure the softness it opens it runs.
And it can not hurt.
Because not many and to come, I leave you to ask?

James McLain

We Want Release

However the skin when pushes springs back.
Your love of the spike brings the blood to a boil.
Breath the first time which is sharp.
Face glistens and shines each dropp of sweat.
Becoming tense each second is tense is directed.
Biting the end the mammary organ clear secretions.
Pain is done pleasure it comes in waves.
My crooked right foot is your weak point.
All the marks of stop but don't quit is not shame.
Should I play with her left hand
as I squeeze her foot and cause her toes in my other?
I am even handed when it comes to the heart the place,
the deep scar is undamaged, by me, I am whom you are.
And do not make me shout to breathe
as you make me dig deeper you scream out my name.
Make an end to your compilation my vigor of my is yours.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Making Grows

There is my body tonight.
I am open to your long growing cravings.
It is inactive being quiet, warm moon.
You have nor I will as one I have paused.
Stuck through to the valley I leave.
Abused confessions you have many I heard.
I stop and pause to listen.
Half way in I am half way out perseverance of God.
You have found the punishment for my avarice.
If I am to be sufficiently slow woe is me.
Where my foot then my finger
it can be wrapped around the north star
and looking south it came once before.
Fruit juice of the Ecstasy moves in the rear.
My veins they flow whose explosion is hot.
Is very loud and starts overflowing get wet is red.
It uses violence for maintaining your order my pace.
Tangled with the hair
where your skin to my touch is under thin fabric good.
Slow me down for your sake as my body
which can feel the knot of tight end formation.
The nerve of your expectation
is the release
where my orgasm which in you is vibrating.
Through the skin where my neck is soft
your mouth I included your personality.
And as my body moves down the final lifting is up to you.

James McLain

On Death

You are the safest end to all our sorrows say, I Am.
Miserable humans why do thee avoid me in your sleep?
You can not calm the driest sea which suffers, ends no where
Cowards people are not noble when tis filled with fear.
In rest you are my sweet disrepair thy sweetheart sad!
You came time after time and worry whose ambition knew.
To the point of my wet staff of happiness half will know.
And the other half would nix't the joy the art of paradise.
People first and last from that place after time is gone.
And God from He to Eve discharges Adam, your good son.
Sadness from above below around the tree no mercy shown.
This tragic show come rescue me and bath in fragrant oil.
Only thee (a certain thing which some one held before)
He now knows the patient wait is pleasure preconceived.
To loosen life when that is more man can bare, unearthed.
Subtle snake comes from the grave and slides into the hole.
Over there you come and make a sacrifice is good or not.
Then good it does not tempt your badness, tight with fear.
When it is not a crime, can I rejoice my lips are full to take.
Wasteful competition does not bring peace you are troubled.
Lies fiercest warnings do not break the constant joy I bring.
The light of life if it is good, then he I you never know.
And the hungry child none proffered it grows for me to know.

James McLain

Song Of Mental Illness

When by my you requested of my hands.
And see your/why I watch you come in sleep.
The hairy eye that heaven made is washed no more.
Coming from your face to face I came through is life.
The sea it knows an hour is too long to wait.
My sister pregnant and her breasts are yes and no.
Honey when you come my brother watching you she does.
The nun she speaks in riddles it is parables of poetry.
The father doesn't swear she feeds our children.
When the smile it hides my head it swells, I've got to have.
When one battles love and when over time no one forgets.
Growing older wrinkled four instead two full pouty lips.
Beauty is the color where the side walk never ends.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nothing Green Can Stay

Nature first the green of the leaf turns gold,
is the hue where it is that she of whom
should grasp the softest of the hardest leaf?
Quick wits where she is quick.
The flower of at first pushed up is green.
But being so just as it is and some one hour.
Then the leaf is settled down because.
The leaf comes out therefore Adam sank to sorrow.
Therefore as for the dawn at all in day.
Becomes the evening shade and down the road
the green turns each new leaf
and gold is it not the wind and rain made possible?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Macho Stallion Intensification Sweeper

This artificial piston for your cat or under his donkey
round it has the sphere of the silicone which makes it heavy.
You insert the smooth round overly large ball
reinforced circular kiss of the velvet so,
practiced easily to the extent you perfected the solo G.
The hot spot inside you weep for the original orgasm.
Wherein the sphere moved out with you, is deeper,
is stronger be sure to stimulate not simulate, is it late.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Complicated Vibrators

I have three complicated vibrators.
I keep in the shoe box under the bed.
Before even more recently I have thought.
That one or the other of my beautiful daughters.
Could be using them when they are feeling down.
I know how that should not sound.
Fifteen and Sixteen.
I have placed them in certain positions.
Coming in the back door the ends are always
pointed north out my front window.
They are always moved
and some times warm when I return.
I have given thought to approaching them about it,
the transparent one isn't so dreamy transparent.
Pregnancy could be running rampant or just ignor it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Names

So, it met the night as blood related person.
We spoke between the walls of our ruins,
The moss reached our lips unspoken until.
Our names which both one said are hidden.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Learned—at Last—what Could Be

I am who?

I learned at last what could be

Who it is that I am not who?

No one is, excessively?

Then there it is.

Revealed to us to the rest of the group.

Who I am - don't you dare inform.

They I like you to banish.

Stigma - You have it is known.

Where there is lonesome doves I am someone.

The public how it hopes likes the frog.

In order to say.

In order to stay wet and green in the marsh.

Full sense of the name you have who I am.

Livelong longer days, admiration of the nights.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Magic Wand

The ribbed soft flexible my magic wand.
Gives you an open mouthed, teething massage,
Operated by a ten-speed you switch.
Located on the wand`s base slender handle.

Unlike the others now dust gone away.
Providing thrust and you self now empowered.
Out sourced for those extended short stays.

Laid back and relaxed covered infused oil.
Pure white with light, blue moon is trim.
And a rounded tennis ball sized he vibrates rapidly
and steadily until on the cusp near the verge.
Oh and lest you forget, the strong beading sensations
it feels great on your chest, neck and face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Nymph And The Water Fall

Vacuum devices behind the ring
and come with me there over the falls.
Also known as vacuum constriction device.
I have been known
to be utilized for improving constant flow,
And greater rigidity than if ever before.
Tighter though is the sight of the wooden barrel.
The psychological dysfunction is for why wings.
There are a number of nymphs
that have been especially-designed,
which are then carefully constructed to specification.
So that a limited amount of pressure is allowed to develop.
This is to reduce
the likelihood of pressure-induced
rapid build-up of pressure within the cylinder.

The negative pressure
causes an inflow of blood into the corporal bodies,
both arterial and venous in nature.
The latter blood is drawn into the more rigid chamber
further reducing the lifeblood of a head injury.

In contrast, there are no other live devices available.
I generally use this term?
Which I have not been tested
and can expose the open trees to pressures
well in excess of the bush above.
These water falls are potentially dangerous
and have no chance if above the moon below clearance.
Tree limbs can halos when going down over as well.

James McLain

Day And Night

Overhead the moon is dark full of cuts
I taste the smell of her chocolate panties.
My biggest fear is when she unto me comes.
Dancing and laughing into my wet dreams
She is the dearest of all.
She trades on her secrets not my compassion.
Lest it shut forget the heart I aim for the eyes.
Lips smacking open of death.
Bending over each cloud that I part.
When driven too deep
and up to my hips I wade slowly through it.
By your very hand - your lips it grew hard.
I am the evening and you are the stars.
With your long pink fingers I turn the page.
It only grows longer as it rains in east 'Texas.
The barefooted girl in the rain, I hear singing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Boy Butter

Following you into.
Whether or I do or not to.
He has the necessary specifics.
Of your private lube, would we like to see.
Menstruation it's stoppage, invisible periods.
The woman of the dying bush.
Contraception it can't find.
Preservation of moisture.
His product of the skillful, boy's butter.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Last Night While I Slept You Dreamed

Last night while I slept you dreamed.
Such language illusions I bled.
Fauna and flowers that grow
and to you my heart, I gave.
Why it builds up
and drains off inside of you hidden, water,
you come unto me,
spring of new life of where forever I drank.
Last night while I slept you dreamed.
Such language illusions I bled.
Your heart within had within you my heart,
and the sea was never the same.
Last night while I slept you dreamed.
Jessica come now you stay in my dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Powerful Pump

Naturally, it was connected to the powerful pump.
The milk from the gibbous chest it should connect,
that after being out, and of the woman,
cravings already dripping to the place where it starts squeezing,
when it is large directly, it is deeply inserted in the moon
and which is shaved anew you ask that it is agreeable!
Most being afraid to speak of thinking thoughts.
He can be operated by the user of the small remote control
where such it is there it is it is possible for the cat to change.
The strength of the thing which oohhhh how it groans!
The pump is connected, operates, when the woman desires,
when she is wide leaving grass stains, grasps
and hermonds in order to permit proper entry.
Enormous vibrator calmly in her stretching ring mind.
She hits against the switch
and enormous humor starts working,
when it is the majority,
usually in the rod just several times for her first milking
the cat which by all her now is foreseen.
It has been troubled! It is caught!
Naturally, in business the way in addition to matters,
so in the milk which is four percent of type,
creates business and he excitement
which most milked a certain excess, is added,
one among those privileged of absorption.
Good morning America, good morning pump.
Good morning sweetheart.
She is the woman who is created is large!
When it goes, it did not differ!

James McLain

Black Sea Horses

Alone the little boy once a thief.
Tell none why the water it flows.
The brightest star my tongue has put out.
There was a woman involved.
But not to be empty of lumber good trees.
Life is not always pink cotton bottoms.
Dancing I turn
and glance back at misspent youth.

Now I get heavy and girls get to full.
They come as platoons of bullets and death.
Come take me a boy aged eight.
Overwhelmed I stop midway coming out.
Woman forget me not's are not posies.

Gosh that hurts being a boy that cries.
But sunflowers yellow coming up from the sea.
Color blind I'm shy bright red the brush.
An hour is too long to get to the end,
and yes to wait for more to come so I go.

James McLain

The Night I Took You

Coming in from the darkness you step forward to me.
You are the victim
and grabbed I am by you from behind.
Covering your eyes so you cannot come.
I look at you in the mirror your eyes wide in pleasure,
whispering in your ear you tell me to hurry and stand.
Seeing only white teeth I comply.
Suddenly I move to your bed of leaves left behind.
I can hear the night owls and crickets whisper.
Behind my hand and wide is your smile.
Exposing me, enjoying full this knowledge
that in a few short minutes I will be even more quite.
A mixture of pain and blood is your treasure.
As we reach the foot of the tree.
You place the ball where gag open your mouth.
And fasten it onto the other bald heads.
Laying about until now by I sticky unseen.
Tied by your hands to the root of the tree, I sing.
Upside down, spinning the world still your standing,
but, face down on the limb
so that your perfect moon is high in the air, I can't breath.

James McLain

Free From Restraint

For me me and my green baby.
You can take the central quiet corner.
If this is desired.
Open itself to the world.

I speak to him as much to that,
and in the foolish cloud which the star has known
being the sky which stoops
and that surface which makes him of the rainbow enjoy.

The person you cannot say,
but by his certain appearance
and glance way those eyes I have never.

When the story to move to that open window.
By the bright stars in your hands a toy.
It is possible about such things.
As for me me you took me by profession.
I make green babies that think that move.
That reach for the stars.
It can travel if it is by you desired.

The heart of yours which exceeds all limits,
At the point where the messenger does not move.
Between the kingdom history is made not the king.
This is the place
where reason makes the kites tail of her law, throws,
the truth the facts are put into place
free from restraint, I came when you saw.

James McLain

Sexy You Romance

Unlike lingerie that's strictly for fantasy,
Look beneath at the Secrets.
Lace faces have Faux Vintage.
French lingerie that captures feminine.
Chic look and can also be worn all day.
Women who like to feel beautiful under their clothes.
You are the ultimate designers of these looks.
Tease him Nylon Stocking and have the exclusive.
Shapewear legs that go up to the clouds.
Waiting you will find these woman's his world.
Nylon stockings and matchless pantyhose.
Seamed Nylon Stockings.
Riding the elevator reinforced Heel and Toe.
Sheer to the Waist Panties.
Sheer Heel and Toe Nylon Stockings and high thighs.
In the Bra both twins he must carry.
Curvy Bras, stitch bullet bras, .
Push-up bras, strapless bras
and fish hooked long line bras with eyes coordinating.
Garter Belts and transparent girdles.
With a twist to his sleep.
Your salon Babydolls and shrimp and Robes.
Woman that will help him keep your romance alive!

James McLain

Lzx - Ray

Forgotten I came in the mists of them.
Turning to the left to the right.
The print of a boot not too narrow or wide.
Gone it fits mine.
There were no eagles there.
Broken arrows lay around.
Most without hats exposed knowledge.
Useless to them whom before me came.
Too young to drink.
Too young to think.
When the rooster crows three bugles call.
Why is it always the seventh?
When I retire I will again live.
Erotic climate mixed with exotic girls.
Against wiser judgement.
Against common sense am I, Joseph black?
Don't trust the devil inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sudden Death Syndrome

Crossing over your field.
Do you the way death sees it?
You see it in me when ever you.
Patch and leave these once green.
Seeing it beat between the veins.
And to much to thus to many times.
Perhaps the patch these yellows from fields.
Love spurns death
and there is an area which it crowds.
Earth then the leaf, between the veins.
Tissue of the leaf the sun yellow, leaves.
Come home to me you are tired.
When which of those where then that becomes.
Brown, sees, is visible the leaves.
To die like patchwork, grace is ascending.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nasty Boy

Watching me boy only my tongue.
Through the sky.
When I cough
does the note in my panties.
Love boy is not love.
You think it is squish-squish.
Both old enough to read.
Being withdrawn fire and the sun.
Deep inside I can stay
red and puffy the rest of the day.
Nasty boy my lips how they shine.
Nasty boy the smell of fruit.
What is it like to have my wind at your back.
Your nasty because of the pink clouds.
When I don't pay attention and bend over
the hole in my panties makes you stand up nasty boy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poet In A Cotton Cell

Each day you ache
I am placed right there
by loving hands and tears.

Clutching though I am by you unto.
She meets the wind the world the sea.
Hidden under grassy shaded trees.
She seems to know no taste of fear.

Smiling I can see the moon at rest.
But they can't see my cloudy face.
I see their faces on the sea of doubt.
A love of childhood poets in a cotton cell.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Committing Suicide

The sun has shone,
but my eye does not look at the light.
The moon is full so am I.
I try not to write.
I look at the pinks and blacks.
I look at the laughing of the people,
everything which but I hear is to labored I shout.
I am not that mentally ill,
somewhere I am, not so strange, she is.
Everything which I feel is not pain.
I of whom like you have been gushed from such wrists.
If I am that raw juicy oyster full of colored pearls.
You rub it.
You squeeze it.
You taste the salt in it.
It runs down your chin.
Your tongue.
Your lips look at my purple blood.
It sits you down within it entirely.
Independently in your room for more.
I feel like making it congested, as for my part.
Everything which is heard there it is.
I sleep the sleep of eyes.
I dream the dream of your dream of death.
The blood is covered with floor.
Your panties wrapped around my tight feet.
Hiding my toes they are sleek.
Parents who were drunk
and the boyfriend who almost killed me it whispers.
Plunging in, pushing it out, I am afraid I have become.
One opposite end of the white hole,
from which nothing but more spewing come.
And join me I take me in my next to last breath.
This is for you, this is for me.
It is everything.
Which can be used for committing used suicides.

James McLain

It's So Warm

Our veins applaud the blood letting
which is not yet broken.
The night meanders past the corruption
which snakes back then is complete.
At the point where passion flows.
Her pretty face out of range blind vision crawls.
Her clothing's in the bathroom stop.
Why do I so feel cold?
From the center
your chapped lips where on the street I sold.
The darkest art is where I park where
darker rhythm, rhythms with blues and scotch.
At the point where passion flows your juices seep
my acid leaks, although it is not very old, each dropp you keep.
The overflow is caught between your lips.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Envy

The new found scents.
Gods empty flute.
Understanding the smell of fruit.
Like Tea Sara Palin sugar stiff I envy.
Her child that goes without milk.
Envy is heaven what I can not reach.
Never to teach though I try.
Beyond soft rain Einstein squared,
what of that does it matter - if god you approve.
Each beating heart is just one beat away.
President Obama will do it and tell none why.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Submissive

Her our our partner the bedroom
the woods, the bar, wheresoever
and control eye control and enjoy.
Toes can curl curling toes all that it abandons.
Anal sex is considered, the other one sex
which is easiest to be hurt moving the body moves up
subconsciously over the phobias enjoys
the fact that their submissive characters are explored,
for many women
obedience to their grandmothers prudish is ignored
Your yourself will seldom request,
however) (this does not mean the fact that the fact
that your yourself ring a boundary is put in place
is meant no matter what as for giving the access to back entry.
Items the expression where their cravings which their partners happiness are
done are strongest and smiling one is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Charles Bukowski Broken Bottle

□

Is a pillow a disciplinary form of some metaphor?
Any way I'm the one who's quite dead now
so please shut up.
I have two to hide my head under?
Mumbling in her nasty girl some come calling sleep.
It was not long, after that, it became even longer.
Rolling over the moon and I found the arrow.
It rattled yet but still I found it broke.
And I hummed a song, from first to end,
I found it for the second time in the center of the friend.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Smell Of Fruit

The song about you girl, I dreamed and breathed.
Still lingers in the air I feel by me the print of silk.
I am coming back to earth, your smell is there.
The smell of fruit, the smell of peaches, apples
green that hang just out of reach of me is why I fell.
Whether there is grass no moss bereft uncommon fair.
And coming there makes strong acute my vision.
For whom can but to follow such a voice in song?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Full I Seldom Knelt

That to the swampy musky earth, up flew, I fell.
Once she was of me, how full I seldom knelt.
Somewhere I gave this feeling and it's known.
For the sake of music, beat was furious fast.
So that her single eye it never once became.
His mirrors double, parts his cloudy vision.
Portent to a slight a song when coming, flew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Run Shallow Sea

It is not often completely diminished,
and it will allow for the slow leak of air.
Shallower conversation also can help
by not creating as great of a pressure differential
The Jennie air trapped behind the bottle.

You may also suggest to your polite friend
that she and her partner
try to determine
whether there are other conversations
that are more problematic
and perhaps not to use thin lips
at the beginning of each conversation
or perhaps avoid a particular conversation
if they find the noise of sign language
too explosively disruptive.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Temptation Of Hass

Making black completely,
when the pebbly skin Hass, it matures,
it gives off the yellow smell of calm.
Compression's by the hand.
That does - n't; if It is, It is squeezed.
Then when by as for that,
rather than maturing, many times are needed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tanned Avocados To Squeeze

You were stretching
when I heard wild flowers.
I said you were gorgeous.
Touching my arm in that bikini.
Eye being cute.
Your staff and my full cup of hope.
The scorching hot yellow sun.
Out in the day the moon runs.
Perhaps as have others.
You have seen me fish.
But your tuna looks unpresseed
and why I love tuna.
Because of your beauty untold.
Because of your beauty I am.
Learning such curves one love and self.
This is my dream when we meet.
Counting, countless numbers of stars.
When I come back tomorrow.
Window shaping for fresh avocados.

James McLain

Day And Night The Devils Toe

When the sun fills the moon
even the face turned away icy hot
night and day cold as ice.

Gay spicy water foam death on the rocks.
I wait for the breasts I'm the beast of all beasts.
Blood runs from the better half that poor boy.
And all the good girls,
how they wait under the tree watching it rise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sweet Lebanon

Each single year forever
when this time it stops
and waits one second day.

Linking past the chain
which is the fence extends.
Past my second birth.

When death is not escaped.
Yet birthdays never coming are.
Time limits which competes
has to conquer then you them.

Eye of her it turns him, we when seen.
Order of the cross sweet Lebanon.
The constant sun lit night,
and still morning, I have never freed.

You raise a child up younger every day
and time and time, has went away.
But alliance forging not from forcing,
when the children side between,
the wasteful wax of honey is misfortune.

James McLain

Solitary Open Shell

You hear the wind sing often of this.
My ocean the open shell of the sea.
Of my empty words.
No one can approach.
Revealing hollow echo's its likeness.
My love.
My closed sadness.
My open vagueness.
My anger as one listen to my shell without age.
To tell you all of my stories.
Memory that only the sea,
my cruel and bitter Its terrifying storms Its spray,
Open shell.
Shell the color of my tears.
Listens to my once fragile hopes.
Do not let the sand over me to wash my choir.
What could be sadder on the beach.
Than a shell full of sand never found.
Laying open as it's emptied.
Playing children have found,
thrown back into the sea waiting again solitary.

James McLain

Desert Flower

Pure golden rain I have gathered honey water
which is not sifted by sand nor soiled
having depended upon the rain that falls
of the many people whom raised you.

The eye which you turn,
skims over that way of the wild animal in me
which shows her smooth cheek
not to I but to others which is prohibited.

And she shows the neck
like the neck of the grand white swan.
When that of his girth increases that of she,
being clear of decoration, Am I imbalanced?

And when it is loosened,
the leaf which floats completes with wet air.

Heavy load, O woe is me
which decorates her chest like clustered grapes gathering
thick black orbs, the darkness it colors very.

Hers unlike mine on her head
is lost with the hair
which is draped and the hair which falls loosely.

Her form seems like the stalk of the callused palm wood
which bends from the weight of the fruit.
At morning, when she awakes, as for the particles of the musk
it has met the dawn and left to her bed.

She sleeps during morning greatly
as her want
As for her as for the necessity to grant to her west
where the clothes that function as silk
have been loosely attached it is not.

My illusion which she loads with thin fingers
where she as been the earthworm of the wood

made of the oak sap.

Where those are large, is not thick is abandoned.

At evening as for her as she is the light

I write of the tower of the monk,

the darkness is made that much brighter.

She is proportionate the long gowns

may be the height between the uncommon people.

But gracefully you finish the hearts center dearly.

The counselor where I am ever wise

for your sake of what is what was still I ignored,

but I turned they from those whom now say.

James McLain

Double Protection

□

□ received protection in a massage parlor
for a minute or two perhaps one half hour at the top.
But that which I used
was in my purse for over two months.
It was exposed to heat
over a period of ninety eight point six three degrees.
Friction has not been calculated into reconsideration.
However the story it did not break
after a while I received traditional, oral from him.
Did the double exposure to heat in such a way,
cause it to fail by making the spores in it larger?
And pass unbecoming through my conduct?
Afterwards he was discharged from inactive duty.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

At Last He Comes

At last, he does not try to come.
This perseverance of her heart is pain.
To come is more but something less.
Before the blame came out dark loneliness.
My mind is not as once it was it precious was.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Full Penetration

What ever issues she may have
they don't rest there.
Bottom front to top, please I tip.
She is not afraid to say for you
the way she shaves it.
The ring is tight around the finger.
Four lips,
two rings how many fingers?
Does he looking she hold up.
Full penetration,
unafraid she rocks his world.
Back and forth then in between.
In and out in and out until.
The moon at first because it was.
Tonight is never still for him because.
Inside the head full penetration.
Lights go out until the base around is felt.
Some others,
are ashamed of what they never have.

James McLain

Is Middle One

Did she ask you why I failed,
please when all is quite do it quietly?
Because of beauty,
next to me she turned and answered.
And I - of two because of truth is middle one.
As for us the same fur trader,
Certain she, He grunting said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Next Door Room

I was born and died because of you I lived.
The depth of beauty, but with you I could not read.
Trapped inside your hollow shallow moon.
When someone dies because I knew the truth.
Being one, living, dying, crying in next door room.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alibi One Drag Queen

Bathed in colored pillars of light.
Chastless your heart once it was mine
was as light as your eyes
and hefting too they were heavy.
Lest it shut out chastity as once was I.

Life lived to the fullest and never moon empty,
of it's wealth of mixed light.
Shooting darts at the stars.
A letter fell from your dress of appointment's.
My house of glass shattered my dreams
etched underneeth amongst the cotton wood flowers.

Light purple is jasmine dark beauty and masks.
Different each day of the night I have withstood.
You whispered when at last that I came.
Climbing trees back out yonder
and moods like the swing.
Nursing the secret a secret so hot I can not hold.

James McLain

Rate Your Boy Friend

My tall boyfriend and some other friends came.
Little things left forgotten became painfully large.
Everything was becoming larger to the eye.
Not to change the subject is your boy friend fine.
We meaning all except me he actually got there.
I had forgotten for a moment my religion,I.D.
In and out all night and does your boyfriend just leave?
And I stayed inside to be with clothed strippers.
I did not come and check after that, on them once.
What a prickly two pears and a thorn off a trickster.
Even open neon panties the birthday suits and lover boy.
He came out of the cake to make sure everything was okay.
I had every right to pass out under the table right?
I mean guys can only be sooo rude after I choked him.
But now that I changed my religion I forgave them.
And im going to move in with them, am I super or what?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Flies And Dead Bodies

Around me all of you are when I die, growing bloated
puffed out like the fish and my eyes you have noticed.
Discovery is inquired about that it groans.
During stormy days look to the tide as it steadily rises.
Rising like silence of the sound, buzzing in silence.
Blue eyes hazy green air all around my still form.
Poked with sticks I can't but help feel.
One open has the eye closed to insight.
Pushing me there then here until inside of those.
Crust on the top soft and soggy
cheese like mum used to make in the cottage made.
Toes being squeezed
and jets for breath, green and marshy.
From the beginning until the end which have gotten.
You together truly,
the time witnessed by that power of the king the fly.
Buzzing louder until it settles between your lips it sits.
And growing was put there next,
the sound of maggots where.....
..... it is blue, life was uncertain for you.

James McLain

Girls Woman Men Condoms

The raw material of the purple condom
Honey tasting the milky lotion
Naturally there is a milky lotion
The milky lotion is hence obtained, my pre
From the rubber plant maker of wood
That is the creamy liquid at this stage
Okamoto, Goodyear clear then Milky
Johnson and Johnson lotion in everything
which comes entering under is inspected
By the light of the moon and eye batting lashes
The standard of time which is coma and passed
Wear and tear her ribs showing his enterprise is harsh.
Just the best part transfers to her or him
Intensification the tip inspection for your use
The raw materials of ten ribs or more
The milky lotion is included to each climate
when mixed in the tank where it is managed
The blend of which you can do in this tank are many
Because of the condition of each take which differs
The water leaking out a test and the anti Harry test
bursting strength test, and so on already
The electric pin hole test it goes where ones blind
but can never see it can feel and transmit to
The condom reverberates if the condom is thin
You verify that it pleasantly at the base it exceeds
The quality the requirement of your life depends it is
So she said
if there defective my mother and father both like you

James McLain

Tomorrow Is Gone Perhaps

When I was not unlike you being young
Unlike me most were why lie where I laid
Such a boy out of their range, I ran
My dad the marshal tucker bars
Silver dollars pasties, Minsky's paper ones two
Movies cool hand luke
mustangs red bullets and Steve McQueen
Under the age of ten
Up front introductions to they reading lips to I watched
Men being squeezed until they popped woman laughing
The rear of the curtain like panties seen through
Joe ran and still runs a clean place no condoms strewn about
Which I used To walk to the top and bottom of sort of
Winos are not allowed even now
They had known that I am there
Color deliciousness only now to my eyes the years
and be hungry of those because of fifteen
No need to be afraid I was not back then like they are now
Now under my window, as for those whom pause
the way the height shoulders the chest were bare
The smell of every flower combined apart together it is strong
But not as strong as the hands and arms around me
Time is not it was it is now
I simply a standpoint and the watch
Tomorrow is gone like a dream she will come perhaps

James McLain

In Time

It is directly
illuminated under the light
where that star.

Become aware her pain they are many,
and in the reflection which applied the fact that it shines
with the mirror clear that image her, 'God which works.

Therefore from whence time,
someone there somewhere it does.

And if desire is damage it shouts.

Is the desire which is gone I have cried for?

During mine like your very first fear,
however amongst us learning to come to them, we are.

I saw the great pearls blossom like stars.

Translucent each color that small binary sphere.

Eye our stars of the stars, as for eternity, beaming.

Then maybe you can, 'So it is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Open Wings

Whispers the rose, rejoice.□
Know woman it is why.
The round world,
the sound of trees.

This is your secret too.
Open the clouds,
come apart to greet him.

The light shows,
nights dissonant rumble.
Thus exceptions are made.

When queen of the moon
is my only temptation.

Inside of the sun.
I stand at the gate.
Seconds from lips
Plucking or picking
forget me or not's.

Your open wings spread.
How far can they spread.
The heart heavy flutters,
when I stand to kiss them.

James McLain

With Her I Came

I die in the bright night at all the wrong times
And the vibrating around the ribs
I came with her to her soft silken rainy
Sadly she said unto me
Do in to me and if you should tilt me
Take me over on to the edge
if you must dropp me then please may I ask you
Wash it off out of my hair
And the disappointment which makes getting wet
however, I do not worry about leaving
Because the wood where the leaf
like the sky are so many is peace
When the rain bends under the large branch,
and rather than being silent
and be kindhearted if ever it is now be I die

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

There Are None Standing

Shock waves for a price
each cloud I part again for you will I raise
I will raise each to understand it
watching the roses when perhaps

Before you remember it was you
whom laid him down
Your understanding all buds open
and bells thinking green lovely babies

And why there are none left standing
As I watch roses made of thin dreams
of past meetings with her
Isolated stretching the gun goes off
Childhood the smell of it as for tears

When by the sun
and why I am simply
I am pushing then
kissing the mask behind which open mouths
where a woman has pointed and roses grow

James McLain

Smell Of Moon

The rocks slapping against the face of your moon.
The ring when it stretches is mind humbling, numbing.
The sun hence for gotten as it streams across the face.
Woman girl whichever to often this the Nuns behavior?
You practice on Fathers not on me and you I knotted.

Driven too it you do it as a child only with people you trust.
By you rainy days and days in private we often both did.
Never a day of fire and sun chosen by you, I am ready.
Your heart once mine was too heavy as I fill it..
I left this world afterwords only to return to you explaining,
listening to the writing on the living wall finger paintings..

The smell of moon, pleased her best, I am horizontal flat.
I flush, I blush, I rush out into her hand, where her mouth.
Each red spot is light blood the night my stones slapping.
There is the other spot green eyes the wolf I am what you.
and you dream of past meetings of being eaten alive
turned inside out the center of your panties gone because there.

Ten angels their are swearing perfect or flawed
I have slipped out beneath your juicy body.
Without my leaving any memory that you were ever there.
Queens are transparent and creamy in silence you sleep.

James McLain

All Alone At The Top A Mountain

□

All the girls have grown up and gone
One single cloud drifts each night by
Pushed closer together soon the moon
They at the face of each other
Climbing the hill it once a mountain and I

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tretchery

The woman leaving the village with out milk
and returns and states it is hard.

Seeing me at first they finished intensity of those.

By being able to point to you how full I am she answered.
My Uzi, it can kill those whom do not have fear of it.

Removing her pants, her wants became his will
in her, that it is placed with the Uzi possibility is made.
They wrote off her body with her month of birth
stuffed and the vagina.

Because of the Uzi

her body it deeply contracted.

Spasmodic which she said it was written, foretold,
eating my earth laid out made of internal organs,
finishing, now eating my liver,
and finishing that hung in my lung,
and finishing, now eating my center...But the moon.

Where you have where in it is finished" Then she cried.

You went away from the method of the Uzi.

Her body jerking

and coming and having

and jerking at what the others don't have.

James McLain

A Ring When It Stretches

Dear my dear,
Between your breasts it grows until.
Your face it burns of warm liquid gold.
Red becomes pink salty oysters.
Only those afraid of issues never will.
The others are living, except you.
Perhaps until you are.
Touched there and there.
Until the fire becomes too much to bare.
Creamy white cream
yellow depends on the age.
Tongues inside they don't know
even when over their head.
If they know it was not from you.
But whom?
Remember sliding between your breasts
until pink pearls.
Black are worth more.
White from the string of fresh water.
The ring when it stretches does what.
And it does it feel and for how long.
Let the truth be known tell the truth.
The stretching would go on and on and on.
Until you fell asleep and right up until.
Panties they dry on the screen while the moon.

James McLain

Hungry Full Moons

Today as I have.
All the other faces I have seen.
Which one was yours?
I come and I go,
I can only wish but you won't.

I see you look at me.
Your old fashioned thoughts.
Your mom and dad in the way.

Yes I am
as you wish he was but he is not.
Hard I worked so you could watch.
I come out of the water.
Bronzed never tired.
Wishing for you to come in.

Woman of today
must come and say what they want.
We can not tell the sane
from the drama queens.

White transparent bikini's.
Round mouths and full lips.
Long legs and hungry full moons.

If you come I am there.
Help your self to your need.
Even if you are Republican.
Right wing.
No one will know
even if the ceiling caves in.
I am a long Democrat.

James McLain

Indispensable Woman

I, whom waded through the blood of his sisters to
the mound of Venus,
and received for this your recognition the name of
Hooded the Great

He raised his monument to its highest degree
By the piercing of such glory, but he her phoenix
Undid her all her very everything
by the partition of the veil among the undecided
seven of their ten wives
If this is such his fault, however by you
was so pertinaciously repeated never by yourselves because.

Subsequent, we must look for the cause me thinks.
Rather in the manner or lack thereof of the times
and the force of circumstances.

Rather than in the improvidence
of ones need to author partition in these.
These woman were indispensable
There was no other means of satisfying my need
for these Queenly subjects.
Hence they ran off into me.

James McLain

Childhood Ride

That many thoughts and actions are hard forgiven.
Before being good why none I followed how it tries.
Hitchhiking as a boy, picked up by one of those.
A ranch without a horse but still they ride.
One kind word because of some is gone is found,
that you have known because of afternoon.
Approaching once again the infancy period.
Where days are long to disappear - why so completely?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Stead Of Living Iron

I would kiss your lips through sheer veneer
and drink the warmth inside.

While four corners of the wind my mind,
around the sky the bed of feathers made.

I will let you turn and twist my neck.

One night your raccoon eyelids shut.

I will fill your face beneath the moon.

Beneath a driving stead of living iron.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Through The Old Oak Tree

□

A stream flowing through the old oak tree is still alive.

The heart of the forest (wood which has lived to long it is, unexpected obstacle,
this living log

and complicated cover which I lowered)

of rich redwood of old green growth

the menagerie where these forests are in English it is simple.

Once of the lower order I climb up to be exchanged.

Decrease slippery many salamanders for example,
going in and out of the mouth of holes in the clay.

Fighting it depends on the rough ligneous wreckage.

Many kinds are compared to the forest

where the plantation and other young person maintain
social structural their heritage and are managed,
at least temporarily.

It is expected some watching while a few others
all over one maintains their feelings, facial composure.

Being natural, the dependence of many more of the same
but different shapes to the feature of the old forest.

Some salamanders are short thick headed and round.

It lived and died inside, the wooden cavity of the oak.

Others with heads to huge were lowered deeper inside.

Before, perhaps, it's empty when full catching breath because
of the heritage which remains there it is there rooted mainly.

James McLain

But I Am Not That Different

As for all of them, mine are to many.
Never did I withhold, I let you choose.
To all of you of the many nations.
To you again, I come, I ask you choose.

But I chose above the rest from those.
Brave one king it is said, with declaration.
Which has the heart which love has broken.
Because I have shared disgrace reputation.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

This Nation Of Ours

When is the monument to the person achieved?
When is the person achieved to the monument?
To power of words when a dream is released to the world
Pleases I am to be mainly on topic
With these remembered our hard won monuments
Monuments that bleed and scream to all and point out whom
Entirely from you we all each us, even combined I think
That we want poetry multidimensional, it is done, released
Passing by the man made from stone
the woman of water and the light in the dark I write no conditions
Except that you have rhythm of voice and song
we sing of dreams unforgiving, blessed in love wiped away
Our children should have everything resonating
This nation one days rises
there is a dream in the dream that all things all existence
where true semantic principle has endured to lived
As for us all the people and the woman whom keep these truths. Because it is
self-explanatory
We are all the same which drawn up when time began

James McLain

Beyond Soft Rain

Both girls felt their bodies begin to relax
and ease into reach of each other
voices softening, fingers tracing each face together
Trembling lips
Valleys and streams, two moons merged together
Do you know at our age how long it is very long
Each day growing shorter, agreed it is too short
I have wanted to just reaching the end to hang on
How many times between sitting in class
Hoping I wished you were gay like me
How I had to put my fingers one at a time in my mouth.
Rings empty pockets to keep one from touching you?
How I am when I think of you
How I just want to be with you every waking minute?
How afraid I was that you would never date me
When I told you how I came to know
How could you hate me I love you

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mental Illness Jails And Prisons

With no adequate facilities
I grow tired of watch jail T.V
Expecting a different reaction to a question
by a guard ill-equipped with out training
To ask of a drunk to follow instructions
when most cognitive function is gone or impaired
Sometimes I think they should just kill us all
And let the guards come out
And give a cyanide tablet
to the last one of us whom thinks, left alive

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Death Of A Boy Aged Eight

It's heartbreaking to hear stories like this
because in many other cases
few accidents like this could have been prevented

Safety should constantly be on your mind
and you should take as many with you as you can
to avoid an accident of this kind

This includes always
keeping your gun pointed in the opposite direction
and breaking twigs shaking bushes
and other obstructions that may catch her attention

The safeties are internal once they break
they sometimes don't work or go off prematurely
The only good safety is between your ears
and you have to keep it out exposed all the time

One momentary lapse
and you have things like what then happened,
says P.W.

If you have any questions
They have doing it more safely courses
available to almost everyone under the age of twelve

James McLain

Girls Growing Up

When I was in about ten or eleven
I stayed in overnight at a friend of my parents
We heard heavy grunting, walls banging
and bed squeaking
goings on from the room across from us next door

The younger girls freaking out
and tried to distract us older girls from hearing all of that
by talking out loudly
and turning the volume all the way up on our TV.
It wasn't enough to block out the noises
coming from our room
Being neighbors

It wasn't the first time I heard these noises
but it was certainly the first time
I heard the show go on for hours
Finally, one of the gutsier girls in my room
banged on their room door
and told them to 'unless I you come in to shut up!
We have ten year olds next door!

They reconnected for a few more minutes,
and finally after one least scream we slept in peace

And yes
I can also hear my new neighbors having sex
We drown them out with our own music
Bite something!
It sounds hot if it's passionate moaning
But if it sounds like
some pigs grunting battling it out or like hyena cries
then I feel my skin crawl
and feel like I need to wash my hands
especially if I know exactly who is next door to me
Doing what I see done to the others like me

James McLain

Green House Gasses

The forest runs for miles and miles.
Her moon the face it slips right over me.
The portrait of a lady sitting I help down.
Mourning ebbs the tide.
Moving earth and stripping trees of leaves.
Bushes where I learned not burnt.
and useless clouds are judged unnecessary.
Because my pleasure even now you swell, I aged.
A sea of milk mistaken as.
The breast it's tip is but a hill of grace now dry.
The verdict of our death, her milk the sea it knows.
I wish to see a humming bird to hear it's song I speak
against the love of daddies little girl.
Humming her sweet song a song that's better sweet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Girl And Her First Time

□

And the fierce rabbit
made those sounds whose feeling it is good.

Now the summer has skipped fall, 'O my winters next.
But oh! Between that one day and the sunny crest.
How many days I have because of that now lost.
And time has flown away the hand I never rest.
What that was then and now then was my now today.
When I had peace, I feel it in the center of my toes.

The field of rabbits in now gone
and filled with boring people some call home.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alibi A Happy Song Of Despair

Last night your memory around me then vanished appears.
Separated by day did your dream of him come true?
The rivers mix stubborn and stream each sorrow the sea.

In the dark of dawn moved around the wayward child.
Nothing that's good, right or wrong, nothing is thrown away.
Each time that it flashed,
I looked up starting one love you lost parting she gave.
Please do forgive me if, 'Oh some are thrown far away.

Cool yellow flowers the soft falling rain it falls on my center.
Twin swans necking the wreckage, intertwined gave way.

Meeting Joe black long island iced teas, Love and War.
Lovers that fight not at all got together to understand with you.
The wing of the bird the tip of the tongue every song of song
that ever was sang, singing I sang, rose from you.

Everything like that never said, I heard you understood.
Coming from the sea mighty oceans that wave, every time.
Everything but nothing that sank from the top was for you!

RuPaul's.
Drag Race Season One
Seagram and seven.
3100 3rd Avenue North

James McLain

Burst Your Face, Did He

Do not let it fall unto the ground.□
Do not waste it, drink it all.
Drink all the purple light.
Purple, white or yellow light instead?
The further out I go I swim in haze.
The closer in you come.
Tell me your name.
Should America die full of such strong woman.
Schizophrenic yet I see.
Purple, yellow hued,
one or two are blue,
black and white the pearls around your neck.
The woman music makes the madness claims.
Your love for him that when he came your face.
I saw it burst into the colors, I above described.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Words

English words reign King Or Queen.
How can they be served what do they mean?
You say Tree and I say bush, how do we think?
Leaves and moss.
Light beards and hills the moon, smooth mounds.
Roses I have known.
It is light as a dream,
it is hard as Iron your will as soft as beaten gold.
As a poppy grows and corn is early it is yellow, very.

Equally what is strange about the way we speak?
Honey it is and is sweet and is, and it is was well known,
in the eye, I am the person having known you.
And you make the windows of the house
which are clear when I am gone.
And when i'm gone you polish every thing most clear surface.

Come with me or with you come and it dances.
I forgive you for the fact that I was never using you.
Come to me without you tricking me.
And free rhyme, the poet nose is in the way.

James McLain

Raccoon Eye

Don't get my wrong,
I love a smokey eye that's warm and hot.
Above a little overboard or inboard.
Black eyes makeup are supposed to give one a sexy,
sultry look,
but when never using too much,
can you go from glam to goth — ask Patty slow then fast.
Black eyeliner over eye shadow undernourished open circles.
A smokey salmon shadow look if pink accentuates.
Bat the eye outline add subtract or color it,
but by applying so much black so high above
and below the eye itself blinks open then it's closed.
You are making the moon smaller in your head instead.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nigga Pleaz

That is so me,
whom in me it had directly before it directly you whom in me.
That is several times week
and nigga do not try to lie to me.
Who is on that stick it sure taint me.
Who it is
that it has pumped you
while I forgot the wine and heard you scream.
When it does it for a while.
Nigga is it necessary for you
and I whom try to raise it for you I obtain.
Go lay down and raise your legs nigga fish and crabs
which has no other stronger than the sea.
So nigga someone else who makes me each contraction
moon my foot my cheeks to wiggle.
I need a nigga who will bites my lip
and squeaz me till i'm dead so nigga pleaz.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Life As A Plowman

Behind a machine or horse.
As when it first appeared it is plowed.
Leads in hand one walks straight lines.
He after it was done, she opens up and said.
Each line has all my numbered years.
Tears count as snow where or youth has gone.
Time is that surface underneath I plowed.
Connection to each step by one hers the other.
As given back to her next to him, his wife.
To know that he gives it all back to the land.
She loves him to deeply, life in the sun he spent.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Net Ten Phone

To be abused by user's when abused.
To by a phone to give to her to make a call
Just in case she is again abused.
To have Net Ten turn off the phone
with over three hundred minutes left unused.
Multiplied this pyramid scam makes millions.
Ripping us all off.
Customer center over there not here.
That is why they do it there not here.
The poor again abused when they are force to pay not
once but twice to be abused by Net Ten.
Last night the abuse began again without a phone.
She is there right now in lots of pain.
The other went to jail.
By a net ten phone and get abused.
Her number used to be.
727-254-2150
They cut it off she hates abuse.
I was not never told.
About this scam.

James McLain

Fruit Of Love

Her dream I know and what it's like.
By the river flowing free I feel him more.
Death wants more than death I let it go.
If heaven do you think of Peter what he speaks.

Psychological scholars are not in school for you.
Looking through the window see the wedge.
Jealous mother absent father some one ran away.
Yellow streams of wine no one drinks together.

My crescent moon when I sleep, I dream of boys.
If I lay still, one woman's will, if I am horizontal I imagine.
Red open blooming teachers thinking, jewels and pearls.
Come apart, stay open still, the verdict, eyes the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Has That Certain Smell

□

Always sharp and never dull.
High stilettos.. vampy.. slick.. pain.
Sometimes pointed coming always be.
And who it is ...the heart is never free.
Ringing bells that can not ring.
Ringing bells that can never be unring.
Trying to forget your perfect face.
Painted toes and polished finger nails
There is a crack somewhere between.
She has that certain smell.
That is where the sandman can get in.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ballooning

The normality of ballooning.
It is seldom admitted.
Extremism.
Right count them clock wise tight nut swingers.
Never get caught their kids on report.
The progressive teacher before trouble admits.
Ballooning is fashionable so it is common.
Men once small boys.
That girls become woman call joy.
Never faint hearted.
Know when it's time to play.
Always proud such commitment.
Uninvited do not pull it back.
Until they push it off.
Sally went forth to the port.
This student however was seldom admitted.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dearest Betterheart

My heart does go out to you.
As we get older the younger we get.
We start to question our seasoned appeal.
To the opposite end of each sex.
Wild the mid life crisis.
This can happen at any age.

Do we still have it.
Dear must you see
the cup half full.
Ever the golden lining
around this black cloud.

If you're not sure what it is I will tell you.
You had a bout of low self-esteem
and thought you found a way to boost it up.
If in the long run you never did,
and in the short run reality kicked you there out.

Being with a woman...with out a man will be tough.
If you can transfer it out if you can't avoid her.
Then hide in the closet until she is young once again.
That's what old people growing younger won't do.

Seek some counselling you'll be surprised how it feels.
Doctor Ruth some one older than you.
Sewing it up never helps you become, healing it can.
Be what you seek look around If your blind use your lips.

If who I am just concerned you, about this discussion.
And just in case in the top drawer it is there just for you.
Sounds like it's just what you need.
Dearest Betterheart,
Take it easy,
and check the mail Victoria has a secret good luck.

James McLain

Teen Pressure

Listening through the vent in gym.
I heard some girls describe it
as taking a poop backwards.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gay Girl Friends And Questions

My Gay girl friend asks all these questions?

For me it doesn't hurt.

She makes me, I have said, extremely well.

My only concern is that weather or not

it stays stretched out.

We've only done it a couple times like forty or fifty five.

Within the last couple of days.

Sitting up front in the open I feel.

My eyes look puffy,

I'm being ask by my teacher if I get enough sleep.

Question, so does it stay stretched out or doesn't it?

Diddle Dee Jackson • about two years Ago.

Saying twas twisted but said, that Yes it will stretch out,

and it will or will not depending on your desire hurt you!

And if you are going to continue this persistence.

It may keep stretching out and it may be noticeably.

Questions the doctor.

Personally I think you should always feel every thing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Day By Day

A little eye not made by man.
All woman seem to have.
Available to none our honey bees.
Clinging to my window butterflies.

If only screens were made back then,
rebound beyond tomorrow comes.
Voices heard inside my head they say.
Honey sweet the bread is made today.

e.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Epitaph

I had those times and watched how others lived.
Surviving times like those when others died.
One thousand years or ten sleeping I have died.
It is not from out side in my soul was dropped.
Dropped I watched by one I waited rising caught.
Freed by one whom is no other more.
Set free by slaves whom knew before, I was ever free.

So you have dying never lived, but living wait to die?
What leaving coming made you change my luck?
Is this the time when I forgot one regret and how I fought.
I lived and plowed for common means my harvest shared.
If it made my fellow man some none the richer more,
Where I have lived I have died, so many times before.
What my mind my body does continues to accrue.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Paid Members Only

I perceive there it is woman in silence she sleeps.
Being touched deep inside is a labor of love.
Those great muscles that a rose opened made.
Thorns broken off each promise unchained empty chairs.
Your hands move the ground up and around it.
I panicked this month, you were late I am sorry you are full.
God forgot I am like this you swell like the ocean each wave.
It is only like this for you and the smell of dark green babies.
Children observe you will learn all their secrets in time.
Frenchies they laugh, when you come up and down, writing poetry.
Stories of love, happy endings, marriages two rocks, sex in the city.
Setting the sun, your rising moon when it's falling.
There it is ice hot, once inside and swelling the fire it is cold.
Rose kisses lily what if there gay, sugar spice mental illness.
Sucking noises now quite, soft cotton whimpers and loud cries.
Earth is the center that stains and small is the mask that you show.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rest Not In Sleep

A hand full of love.
A heart that is kind.
The eyes looking out.
Can only reflect.
To find ones own soul.
Not in sleep but at rest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Forget Me Not

I should never want.
Would you, I could ever know of one thing.
Having broken three rules up above.

You know if I look out at the crystal clear moon,
the red branch of how slow autumn returns where I stand.
Trees loosing branches the bushes are bald
once again denuded of leaves.
Out of your window all around there below.
If I touch the glass it must close.

As close to the fire impalpable ash without being blurred.
The Silhouette is a cameo of one mound, you carry to me.
Light as if varied exists, deep aromas I smell.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Stars That Flashed

□□□

Being lured out side with more than verbs.
Metaphors how they appear to the ear.
That has to be the hottest thing I have ever seen.
Wisps of smoke coiled up and out of reach.
As she finished speaking the other reached down.
Moving the blunt ever closer to glowing light lips.
Chained to the tree by a beast, teasing me.
Moving it up and brown paper bag ribbed down.
Then rubbing it up against the trees bark.
Saving rose red, purple lips until after the parting.
I heard it I pulled like a vacuum it hissed.
Straining I thought, was she moving or not.
Shivering I kept moving as it continued to rain.
Lightning stars that flashed all night long in the park.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Wanted Only You

Even if it wasn't what I wanted.
Even if it was what you thought.
On the bar stool in the corner where I sat.
Wearing what I wore why I wear it every night.
And the dress that you have on is always why.
There where it parted.
It only takes one drink sometimes maybe two.
Even if it wasn't what I thought you somehow knew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Haiku -The Empty Flute

Brown green leaves need
Bamboo has need of space
Beauty has left this place

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Desire

□

□□□

Weak me, how I am look at you never stop, Oh!
Breached the glass ceiling, so it has reached her, class.
The glass flowers I picked from the forest of trees.
For the moment as the wind moves the moss and leaves.
On the one hand hidden in rings, the other is shortly found.
Where I take the butterfly rests my hat she always hides.
Laying down feel I it stand, invited she makes it sit down.
Forgotten the bells of green clover, under the cover of desire.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Only In Sleep

Others I have like you tried and tried.
To look at only the surface just with sleep.
Having once seen the child.
I longed to play with.
When I am this child am I still asleep?
Sleeping I stare at the sea wide wake.
What lays beneath made you and me the orphan.

Like all my other simple words it is forgotten.
What ever it was how you left just because it was sleep.
To sleep with me one last time I knew once again.
Whatever may come to those which you could I know.
However we parted one from the other indirectly I prayed.
To play as you played as in former times when I rise.
And the house built on joy where it stood.

When I changed what you never changed.
Sleeping I met the eye the eye of the stairway.
Smooth exclusively circular and even in sleep
the surface was not ever shaved.
I met the eye,
calmness I found - the eye where my dream,
I think that you may have doubts.
Simply because of those dreams, I am the child.
Whom still when asleep dreams of you.

James McLain

Stamens And Pistil

I have eaten many earthworms making dirt.
Mother of all days and other days as Mother.
Savant crossing over streams,
to which was whispered did I hear, Resurgam.
Centipede of many legs, weak knees.
And O how we all ejaculate the stars are we.
How now to the main thing were we speaking of.
(outer ring) and (center) brown lip stick.
Oh it is and you are waking up and I shall rise again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Am I Am

That other name of him.
Or her be certain of.
Some on the other hand of him.
With you the telephone.
The open stars.
The order of the magnitude.
The flash the splash one heard.
In the average order came and gone.
Science goes,
to where she is I interfere.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Perineal Massage

Just sit down she said and relax,
and wait for it to come.

When it is, where it is or find the comfortable point.
Your partner whom you trust standing up will begin.

Where it has been attached to this condition.

When you see in the mirror it is visible,
your perineum where the mirror you see shown it finds.

The mirror is not needed, always.

Substitute two thumbs if the compression machine.

Perineum is warm has become tense can be used or,
perhaps the warm bathroom it plays to long there.

Ulterior motives, when you massage, wash your thumbs,
or have them washing the thumbs of your partner.

Pour the oil on your thumb and perineum.

In addition the stripe between perhaps it is better.

Preparation of the grass which have a certain oil.

Which especially is designed for this use, so is hot.

Push your thumb in approximately inch placing

and the lower part in the bush,
and pull in direction the side.

Or light incineration and immense pain the eddy.

Light extension should be felt, should not be felt.

Approximately, this extension for both parts is kept.

Or until numb, or to area barely it becomes to insatiably sensed.

Getting ready for a baby can be so much fun until it comes.

James McLain

Summer Camp

Each boy and girl had the normal irreconcilable impulses.
My sister knew one other girl and his wife the others father.
The counselors green satin panties are up the flag pole.
She is neurotic I wear a different color for each cloudy day.
And her hands are full I taste the rain, she falls asleep.
They scare me straight and between each pulse, I shiver.
One girl is always in denial of all the girls she never denies.
The rest want to model silk pajamas the rest of summer.
When being touched by some of them they come back.
Calling into question their heterosexuality in the out house.
The other girls think they are safe from the others storms.
A letter falls from one book I shook out and now she will.
Does what I say and simply I explained the oceans silence.
I must allow the feelings of a beautiful girl to turn and burn.
I made a promise to her that I would with just her only scar.
Her psychology is not going home I have the cheerleader.
Morning comes and circles the good girl and with compassion.
Her name is Rose and how I came to know about her Lily.
I wrote this standing in the bushes child of leaves and only wind.
Under shaded trees it opens fair I whisper out her name.
We crawl out on hands and knees our eyes are out of questions.

James McLain

Playing With Fire

Playing with fire,
I burn your lips they puff out
cold from the heat
and the fire
is good therefore
playing with that which you like
and liking this fire
your feelings are because of it
my feelings are hidden behind your fat lips
where you making good you make
my mouth you try to bite
trying to eat with your mouth full
kisses yours are kissed
when you are finished with me
already you embrace my arm
which is long and suspiciously full
and your sister in the shadows
watches as it tightens
damaged and I grasp at your eyes
they are warm in you
it shines dazzlingly
and with you as said to her
she whom desires
what you do
but on me your sister would practice
in sleep when you do
and I call out my anger to you
leaving me
it flows into you and your sister
you fell asleep when I came.

James McLain

Warm Smell Of It

I like the warm smell of it and feel of it, dates on the palm,
And the thorn, the kiss, the sun how it flashes into flame,
Boldface that sires, the range and sway of it, leaves move at the base.
Than a slice of hope, a touch of the lips, the tip left burning.
Has turned red as a beacon lost in the fog.
The warning light that only you saw, lighter by hand.
Blown brighter by breath coming out from the sea.
The pushing and deep pull of it.
The pump and retention of it, and finally the rejection of it.
White sand, yellow sheets and dark paper's white ink.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Of Rare Beauty

My love of the moon is fourteen percent bigger than usual,
but can you really show me the difference and how?
Tell me speak into my ear is it a trick eyes grow larger.
There are no rulers floating by in the sky,
to measure a specific Lunar diameter yet.
Hanging high overhead with no reference points.
Provide me with a sense of scale,
as one full Moon can seem much like any other.
The best time to look is when the Moon is near the horizon.
That is when bottom illusion mixes with reality to produce
underneath a truly stunning view looking up perhaps.
For reasons not fully understood by me though you do.
Low-hanging Moons look unnaturally large.
When they beam through trees,
buildings and other foreground objects.
Why not let the 'Moons illusion' amplify a full Moon,
that's extra-big to begin with, never asking why?
The swollen orb like the eye,
rising in the east at sunset may seem so nearby,
you can almost reach out and touch the face of it.
Even you with a super perigee, that is, as it turns out,
a distance of rare uncommon beauty.

James McLain

Breasts Feeding A Medical Condition

Latter after she removes the first bandage.
Like a large bore barrel shot gun blast.
They the larva were pulled forth up and out.
One at a time from the past where her chest.
And among the many living scars that moved.
Before my eyes the very fact of these maggots.
I found that many of her struggles her breasts.
When moving any creative juices squeezed aside.
Occasionally these many are sightless cunning.
Simultaneously are those beneath out of sight
to the rift apart sewed together feed entirely.
Her drinking of that of which what needing milk.
First of all Romeo is the doctor, Juliet listen he said.
These larvae seated breed deep in your breasts.
Her fat of her chest,
from the tissue and the milk canal they are inseparable.
Rather than thinking of all the milk there outpouring.
Deep holes are there, she really said, 'Oh was surplussed.
Callous and carnivorousness lips of nature,
and even sour because of them my milk you have known.
What will you do when they are gone whom comes after?

James McLain

Michele Bachmann (Mn-6)

When everything is good and it has disappeared in war.
And the earth was universal with wants of world peace.
Reparations labels and chips like him a bible trumpet.
Hurricane preparation dead babies must go some where.
Your husband consumed the concept of time years went.
Stopping by in order to rejoice in nothing but the same,
lost principles and found utopias is it not?
I came not because of you the reverse is unknown here I am.
Insanity is not the reason, the poet speaks to the philosopher.
The predicator and the theology of each person it surrounds.
And which ever book, you never answering is in it searched.
The pretty face of The, Sara Palin at least she shows it.
Breast pumps and the dawn which does not grimace,
which grimaces it is suckled awake the other night.
There was a bit there once where something you like,
of it pressed me just to trust so is shy.
When I come I stand clear of Republicanism normal and boring.
Putting out the false voice of which you would have me speak.
So President Obama and Michele win one more.
To think that power cannot abolish whom ever comes next.
Because he is black and you remind me of Catherine Harris.

James McLain

What Is A Slut

I have been seeing and sometimes this hearing.
At school I am hiding in the bushes simply so I.
Large quantity of woman not quality whom know.
And know they wish even more even knowing.
Which is inquired about this secretly that,
it seems the way.
There is no room at the inn yet they make it.
Is a slut inferior for doing the friend of another>
It seems the girl whom is not or perhaps she does,
with something, I've got no longer because....
Or other friends become inferior because it seems.
Because they know what they have and won't share?
Fat slutty men who are called by woman who are not.
Therefore because I am me the other woman.
And the young person of purity from,
only one father not two like some to the child.
Who lost their husbands or present boyfriend,
many women here where to many have slept in words.
Still I am curiosity was it strong, I think it is.
Is a slut something inferior of your present opinion?
Woman seeing the many forms of the woman who is not?
Does that differ from the prostitute?
Is that recently it is placed under effective gag order,
without becoming S and M?
Before becoming simply the pot,
where the cat calls the black of the kettle someone else?
Another has inferior complex and it seems,
she can call the woman who never is not?
Is this what a slut is the whore that your man leaves?

James McLain

Succubus

I pursued your more woman than mannish laughter.
I having drunk off your vine never being that drunk.
The rocky mountains above the ceiling of glass.
The wind which made the sea heard us laugh.
Invitation invites the bee to sting you where.
The jewel of the mine where it bends is deep.
Large below the world how it shakes and dances.
Me who I am and you shine and came and spread
open your wings where we are on the brink where.
Above all else but below the moon it bends with a certain end.
And moderate goddess full with snow it releases.
Exposed upon your chest being washed anew away.
All the wicked dreams below makes the God of heat.
From the coals of the immoral fire twin peaks withstand.
And they are looked upon with blue cold streaks of light ice.
Efforts to procreate can only lead to continuous life more death.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Testing The Water

You are waiting there at the beach.
Testing the water with one hand.
The phone in the other no one texting.
Ready to speak if you are a new G string.
I am behind you one dune over the mound.
Under the tree in your mind by the wind.
Beneath the open sky under the moon
With one finger and then two suddenly three.
I turn slowly but to quickly away.
Between a baby crying gull marks the waves.
The news paper that held warm fish and chips.
I hear the next one always coming,
some one else you know is calling.
Still slightly warm I am running.
I get up again and you go back to sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sexual Attraction

At the hospital where he works.
Speaking he can convey,
with the ninety two year old corpse.
Mirrors every where warm trees cold bushes.
92 leaves speaking she shakes it only for him.
Bony old woman no ham.
After finding the light corpse
he checks the cotton on the rigid smile if it was.
Ninety two years old where you are detained.
You can hear the limbs cracking as the corpse gives.
Turned over on it's belly I seem like observer.
There is no sound commonly appreciated with sucking noises.
It was the very first time,
I had ever seen a shoe horn used on the moon.
Except for the golf swing by Shepard.
Brutal crimes on the dead better I think than on the living, still.
The family has a long history of patients and of those.
Emphatic and it has resonated a cord completely.
Watching him talk as if and it is somber fearfully.
You read to late it written before he came a dying declaration.

James McLain

On The Death Of Your Brother

Blessed child of mine Caroline.
It is lovely, it was deep, he once was a person.
The other person.
Never turning back looked around,
before leaving and to no one he said.
It withdrew that sword I am shielded finally,
in the angel the rock It is sad never morn me.
Coming before you so that you sleep.
That was agreeable with the smile of the angel,
the one sad parent whom cried hands raised, what is left?
Where you go he rises from the ocean of pain,
and the breeze of the wombs perfume.
But as for my leaving death to come visit if even.
Not being the profit, you are not discouraged.
Victory of your life came from my grave.
A clear plastic bag no metal no wood to spare.
No one knows but her for the joy,
and I of mine when your and her monopolized one.
So blessed at lest was one person when he.
Gave me about you in her to rise once more.
Lovely is heaven,
and as for the joy you insisted in leaving her call.
And, the growing to all parents
and from whence in the chest was it given.

James McLain

Against Love

Unexpectedly under the sand.
Deeper the well the water is hotter.
Sorrow drawn from joy, holy water.
Astonished opened eyes of the toy.
Made of wood except for the plastic.
You cheat and the joy of your face being painted,
is in and of itself is itself your joy of color becoming.
Sweetheart like the person from such heat it burns,
friction screams, never silent eternal bones.
Simply because of the damages done to Men.
The weakness of his mistake.
And dumber than any woman makes him love,
therefore it is swampy hot the marsh.
Whom gave such power to her filled with thick fear.
He does not understand.
He was not designed to understand therefor.
His face grimacing.
She thinks of any aspect of his murder.
He is hers the joy.
Depending on the length of her sickness.
She unbeknownst to him does not feel only the ecstasy.
Hereupon and therein greatly is her grimace, still rejoices.
I am only here because you squeezed the life out of him.

James McLain

Filling Station

A spell, a well soaked rag
sits well and nearly out of reach unless.
A spell is when it's open dirty, but is closed.
Oil soaked around the bend the elbow is.

The smell around the bushes how they do.
A little stunted here and there you know because.
Oil-soaked, where gas is sold, soaked coal oil rags.
Patches on the asphalt black translucency.

Pumping, pumping, pump the moving evening dress.
One cut above the knee becomes her considerably.
The motel in the lobby by the pump the awning shows.
A woman pumping gass beneeth the moon it's light.
The window shows her face, it really can not be it is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Wind I Trust Mistakes

To think of all that you have known.
When coming I stop by.
And trees I see they skirt the open sky.
I look up when you in thought walk by.
When I stop there to near the narrow edge.
The church the steeple bell, the village square.
People are to restless near to pass I often hear.
And whether these are I, about your hand.
They have a way with snow the dark I fear.
The bushes there along the edge next spring.
Layer after layer the wind I trust mistakes.
The stream when frozen flows it smiles beneath.
Each promise never kept for miles and miles.
Before I sleep when coming you, stopped by.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Circle Of Irritation

The anus canal is the last part of the rectum
before the anus.

The lining of the anus canal when perhaps
it is because of that though more than likely.

The lack thereof whereupon some damage.

Fissures or the scar (psychological chess) developing,
is called the crack of between.

Can the crack happen to anyone?

If you are to young it is over my head but!

When you become older the center it ages.

Blind and feeling around since birth,

or it is more or less common with the young adult.

When from the crack of each deep cause.

Strange it causes the familial spasm the anus sphincter,
and increases when it is difficult to be repaired.

It is, draws up the vicious circle of pain and the irritation.

Until it is prepared by moody architects.

Escapologists repair infrastructure bridges over rivers.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Brown Eyes Large Light Brown

□

When your parents know what is beautiful.
Born and being here not there with them.
America but their thinking still is conservative.
My large brown eyes they turn many colors.
They are different for the sake of what they made.
Must I run away back deep inside again until.
Values they can't see until something inside must happen?
Then I ran away with my brother thinking that I ran away.
Different we both knew brown eyes, something happens.
My Asian past commuting back and forth,
when coming and when nothing ever happens something.
Which is which?
Confusing this with what they are from where they came.
She is not my child she sees me, nothing like my husband!
Where is the DNA test?
Mum shouted with the doctor.
Your father stopped.
Although it was young, you understood the words.
Flinched inside with all the words.
Is she now variety a parity like the magazine silk covered?
I don't see for the sake her eye modification colors.
Your sunglasses by the stream the running water.
Here are the sunglasses, but Omma...
By the tears, which if by it does it designates.
The are very large
I see both brown eyes when light dark brown.

James McLain

Your Body Your Eyes

You are falling back into me where upon.
Found again in the sea.
Whereas because of the eye.
There you gained I am thinner.
Lines angles degree of separation.
It is lost
with the gathering opposite of your feet.
Red where the apple, and ripping.
Pure alabaster golden bodies.
Which I the sun have burnt.
Twin breasts with eyes of their own.
Your loveliness these two pillars coming I go,
and once more, the fire raises you up.
Symmetrical double length the wood.
The moon is smooth.
Each hemisphere which then billows,
you takeing I take it in.
The fruit the rich smell of earth,
and the coat of the cloud covered ocean.
The flower is circled by fire.
And the candle was lite the window left open,
rise and it expands.
Your body and now open your eyes.

James McLain

Plump Happy Faces

Heaven is not what I can reach in one day.
And sweet golden mist by your other hand.
If but of God you and I then approve.
But a ghost can not come there to often.
Watching both often wonder One has chosen.
Nylon nets heavy and full hang down from above.
Being touched by the way that it pulses.
Good babies the moon plump happy faces.
Glancing back to the future your love could I.
Humming birds flying out of the bushes.
Leaning over the fence each first attempt.
If you could love but one sky and no other.
Drinking wine together turns night into day.

James McLain



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Ken

This baby boy was born Ken the most unusual way.
One doll of many which I never show, you know.
Unlike Barbie whom can only pee.
Ken also loves to drink one percent milk.
Ken was taught to properly speak legal ease.
Ken pissed and pissed and pissed and you know.
Number two and you and two.
Ken urinates urine and colors of the rainbow and you?
Barbie is a hoarder most are bipolar to.
Ken through her stove out,
but kept the iron because Ken has muscles a beard and you.
The wee little lipstick blueberry candy a miniature of you and.
Then puberty in private these thoughts through his head.
Barbie ran with the magic of sweet painted lips and Ken.
Kens nose was much larger than Barbies it possesses.
Those that were Barbies are Kens and kisses and you.

James McLain



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Open Gardens Of Love

Not to long after the sun has partly risen.
Open gardens of love blanket the clouds.
Reincarnated we often came before long after.
Death only wants us happy.
Only after your hands new age of grace is love.
Every song you sang let it be.
When ever I walk through the ring of fire.
The garden only if some prefer.
Only then did you come alone to the hill.
Our foot prints there time we forgot.
Alone on the beach from the mound.
Venus built I saw looking down the lone valley.
The valley of the butterfly in it you sat a river.
Sucking noises soft whimpers and quite cries.
Come from the gulls others from, Whippoorwills.

Sylvia Plath a leafless dress dangerous brown eyes.
Her bruised avocado open eyelids days of fire.
And sunny again curled lofts of green hay.
Special as a child off not to far a thunderstorm.
From the depths of the sea air from the sea smells different.
Open the moon reflects off the leaves on the bushes.
Deep inside ruffled silk infused kiss by kiss, being strong.
It helps too be pretty and lovely green babies by her other.
And in each hand are ten angels and they are swearing.

James McLain

Mount Hood

Slowly I walked up,
and down the sides of the not quit a hill
worn down once mount hood.

Pitched out in the dark the slippery black road.
Knowing you had no idea of where I was.
Keeping my head up.
Keeping my attention.
Narrow yellow lines along the edges.

Every now and then the sky would open up, and cry.
I started to walk a little faster,
but you would just stop and watch me back up.
Looking behind me,
you saw more mirrors in front of the bushes
coming towards me.

Running was all I could do,
or at least all I knew at that moment to do.
Closer, and closer when ever they got.
Until with jarring force it seemed they went through me.

Turning I dived and splashed to the bottom.
Opening my eyes never again there I looked.
Into the vast openess of nothing,
warm yellow dark blue,
and some times light green the water.

James McLain

River Willow 2

The flowers rocked off it's axis of raceme.
Where those itself are called catkin from stamens.
The sun opens are each tens odoriferous glands,
and attendant the two become one there upon.

Together from two, droop it is related or amend.
Simply by having love became.
Being inserted in the basis of the scale,
it changes wildly the wind down stream the total.

This scale is hairy in elliptic and the whole leaf,
fanning the water and the near emergency.
Then anther being the bud, it is optimistic,
but after the flower opened, it is orange or purple.

And two celled, you open the cell it is lengthwise.
The filament threadlike ethereally transparent.
Often is hairy or not.
Then usually shallow water yellow, and frequency.

James McLain

River Willow 1

Is this which the flower.
Dioecious of the man and the woman.
Whom appear
as catkins of the plant which one differs?
Catkins the leaf, or before opening,
is quick as a new leaf in the spring, is created.
Frequently mixed pink,
and staminate () the flower of the man dies or corolla.

James McLain



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Last Second

Suddenly the fog it feels the taste I smell.
Perfume after she inside I am compeled.
Is it heaven obtained from ends that in her head,
her eye and throat which does.
Zeze I breath,
from more because of fear and her last frontier.
Canyons swollen from the rain that falls outside.
Light blooms within her gloom inside her head.
Substance of and her own destiny which caused.
No hallucination it never seemed it was.

She thought that we would like to be happy, family.
She was right I never left I stood between her breasts.
She is the reason that his execution is cruel and kind.
Her second heart, his beats he knelt to feel her pulse.
She stated that is when he came,
and became that paradise inside her hell on earth.
Like the beating hearts,
all came to watch and do they care what it feels like?

James McLain

If I Blink

Sometimes it's not always about treasure.
Sometimes it's a part of a much larger service.
Rather sometimes a large service,
is a prerequisite to each a good party.

Of volunteers may I say and sometimes.
You are very unique with your journey.
Sometimes most of the requests
are usually but for yours most requests.

To help locate lost prisms and jewelry.
Can you now hold on to...iip?
The keys to the Bentley.
I rest so that you and sometimes I go on.

James McLain



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The Curve Of Your Face

Ring of mine dance taste once of time.
I came to smile, rain is sweetness.
Or dance under the moon.
To you I would bow,
so hush is to you included the center.
Each curve of your face where your eyes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wearing The Same Jeans

My eyes over the years most certainly have.
Watching the bread I am forsaking butter.
Have not faded not being as sharp and you.
My fingers may no longer be within reach.
Now and then a little blue cheese it is good.
Long and slim,
across the pianos ivory short squat blunt keys.
Keeping a full figure in youth required only.
Slow drawn in breath exhaled and stretching.
Firm vs muscle.
The balance beam and the ring.
Pommeling the horse with more than vigor.
Gravity does this now to the coconut.
And the milk is rich in this,
what you do still, I have to keep breathing.
There is full and there it is that word fuller.
Watching you pull your jeans on even then but.
Now where you were once loose you are full.
And full you are loose,
wearing the same jeans you wore back then.

James McLain

Whims And Wants

That desired whims and wants place.
Where behind me all I have you left.
Hard pointed, sharp brilliant facets.
Squeezed, I feel the pressure of life.
Responsibility of age,
life has come to where death is gone.
And of complication.
All but forgotten disappear.
Now they are possible,
for you to open up to see and explore.
Rediscovered it is reality uncovered.
Look at the moons crowning glory.
By some is now by all, seen achieved.

James McLain



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Accelerated Rehabilitation

A misdemeanor hangs right above you.
Unmet reinvented,
without just cause simply whereof I because.
Safe houses harbor no children, full condos.
Unless adjudication,
is withheld, unknown by you one never challenged.
Prima facie stands mute,
and dress reversible, spoke of no allocution.
Revision of statutes to reflect is draconian.
Child care is where the dealers heart is a bargain.
Drug charges, drug testing sings of living in custody.
Once I loved the plain definition information of a felony.
D.U.I - is no problem if you,
come sit in the back of the car and rest here upon it.
Green some hand held, Idaho fat Mac potatoes,
I poised with the gun that once fired in upon them.
Federal Judges and State Judges,
and beautiful deep wells, public defended attorneys.
To be a Client is more than the world is my privilege,
and no attorney in Florida on the weak, rest our judgements.
By day it is right wrong court show cause order.
Where all is commercial and the law is delito.

James McLain

Brown Eyes Shaken

Brown eyes being shaken.
Turning all of my mind lays open awake.
Stating I ask with sigh.
Brown eyes open the center awake.
Love is when brown.
Eyes of such that are brown.
Where sunrise tries to hide.
Those of, 'God,
when the woods were then young.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Brown Of Color

Mysterious,
brown is covered with your veil.
Splendid the dream,
which with is within passion.
But is full with some others sleep.
Indistinct the other no ones guest.
Abruptly the eyes are wide open.
Beautiful the color of brown.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Brown Eyes

Aye they are both soft and brown.
Above the sky.
Under the moon near the well.
Lashes across the back.
The bloom of orange blossoms.
Blood shot and long.
The eyes young and brown.
Empty the well at present.
Jolted awake, electric lights flash.
Humid depth of summer offers the night.
When they blink like that there,
look the eyes are of beautiful brown.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Doctor Sapling

Any ways

im a teenager and iv been masturbating,
iv masturbated and,
and now there are stains on my favorite place
and provably above and below my sheets.

then dont worry
my parents are detectives.
should i worry?
how bout do you
when you were young
and when your old and
before you went to heaven.

im not worried about my sheets
theyll get washed, by me
but is there anything i can do
to wash away the stains on my favorite place
to the naked eye and the black light?

Or should i wait
until just before and during after,
after i paint it a new color
so when more pudding is made
the mess it leaves a stain
and it gets painted over?

sunday when i go to church
should i stay home
and when they leave
just go
dont go to far away.

James McLain

High Above The Moon

It was never yours to be the fewer.
And to be not ever less.
Valuable is each coming day.
I did not want not to be to many less.
When it is not the coming brings new dawn.
To distant to remove our intervals.

Facts that you the face of time appears.
Then reappears more obstinate than before.
Something is expected if you like this are you not?
Sometimes this dispute with me it never really is.
Shorelines without limit, reason only limits.
Shorelines of sand I cannot with you can identify.
Transparent linen beaches where at either end.
When full it can not ever end but end, in reach it does.
My reason leads directly high above the moon around.
To the place I saw you first there where it glows.

James McLain



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Girl Emo

Being addicted to cutting.
It releases those endorphin's.
I can get that feeling from fingers or his junk.
Just think about what you're doing,
and how it'll affect your after life.
If you wanna walk,
just be kind or watch you cut me.

Cutting could do that,
but honestly it makes since.
Now that I think about when I used to cut myself,
though how no one called me Girl Emo.
You did.

I know exactly what the others never did.
I cut to feel alive to know I'm not dead.
To feel stronger,
and when I see the blood come down his arm,
I feel it, I feel it when I'm full of more than love.
I did it.

James McLain

Grew Her Heart Full And Heavy

Green and in your garden
I grew roses—only lily knew.
No frowns and open smiles.
Through transparent windows.
Where I stood.
Hopeless I am being.
Please or I must burst.
Kissing moon it opens.
It reflects the sea.
The oceans is not dark it is not white.
And warm each time I come again.
Where sweet lips-silk a rose.
Your closet girls do want too open up the sky.
Your salted palms.
A man of no uncertain color runs.
Pity me the gardener with but one yellow eye.
Where roses full and heavy only grew.

James McLain



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Being Sniffed

This hereditary mutation of heredity
induces excessive excretions of more of ones.
Self esteem.

[noirozetorimechiruamin]

Thinking by others it is put off poor hygiene.

Mixed with the smell of rotting fish,
mixed sightseeing you noticed since missed.

Do you remain unattached?

You recall that you recommend to heredity.

This traumatic childhood continuing experience.

Brings between mild then harsh mental influence,
whispered many by in school they said.

Shame and perplexity,

and the failure of the experience of Affected.

Try to grasp and hold what I have to contain.

No relationships where no root or tongue is deep.

Because of the smell of rotting fish.

James McLain



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Arguments Disarray

Many days and days to many.
Think all those leaves I blew.
You scattering,
and hanging moss those others.
No one there I was you are we were.
To face the clouds above alone,
on certain days below of which is done.
All the, the's the buts because unknown.
The experience I have of that to you it is.
How there were of those.
The ring forever stretched why mercury turns
gold so white and stays like you until I.

Never & Eulogy; Permanently, Inc.
When we as people, leave these voices heard.
It is more than possible, it is conquered.
Many days and turning intervals go by,
hours, seconds time.
While our arguments disarrayed and...

James McLain

Without My Any Memory

Even after Love.
When you are sleeping
I have often come again.
Lips open
kissing stings the bee.
And being John,
I must not love you here.
Young or old no longer
I can see their faces.
Gardens I have kept you divide.
Wells that still now whisper,
grieving you have kept
Growing yellow abba (father)
overhead the pulling moon.
Do we lie to whom,
this bed none made above the star.
Each cloud I long to part.
Because each day.
Open souls,
and like wise minds.
Where one love himself
with her came back again.
To dream the dream we dream.

James McLain

Good Morning It Is, Actually

There are
to many times.
The way
day rhymes with night.

Looking,
I am who can sit.
You look at
from the mountain
tall and high?

It seems that
I like lily.
By the pond.

Without thorns
I see one rose
but
it looks odd.



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Out of place
it has
the feel off that?

Like the bird
that sees a worm.
In mid flight
but has a fever.

Without feathers.
And on hearing
that two without
one ever being
had before.
Both never had.

When it called,
good morning
and the

morning, Lied!

James McLain

Do We Ride Dark Horses

If I again ride or come nigh.
Leisurely paced,
and thrust into now.

The piston the ring
slowing it down.
To a reasonable pace
as I turn to the sound.

The horse is slapped
across her sweaty rump.
Ten thousand times.
To get on.

A valley some calls
one the butterfly.
Certain mountains
run off as before.

Deep at the gate
the sea is a tongue.
When free
it can never change.

Uncle Albert
my best friend loves you.
Golden and pure
they are
because your best friend
loves you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Burning Hearts

From the woods.
Crawling up and in and out your dress.
To the ant the apples seen.
One no longer with the clothesline.
Painted hopping rabbits crescent moons.
Blinking eyes and how I stood for noon.
Thinking to the woods again so soon.
The apple polished gleam, you think, perhaps.
Fuzzy still the mustache.
Mommy does she know and Daddy skilled.
Or the skin before I could move aside the wrinkle tears.
Burning hearts are fierce.
Fixed relativity are your dreams, that with him.
The laundry is I think in four not three dimensions.
And that bashfulness.
You smile from front to rear.
I smile at you you think my smile.
Where deep inside the bush there are to many.
I wait upon the leaf outside then move alongside,
a fictitious outline of your face from there to here.

James McLain

Instant Is Our Day

If I have taken less or more for truth.
When now I know what's best I never knew.
I was for ever young and in my youth.
Wisdom,
recon-pence because those times.
I am for that
I'll always be are you as well, now sorry.

Of that my life
I can not live a second time around.
This my life the next.
And my flaws
so many were and they still are.
Busy little bees the candle wick they burn surrounds.
Once again I ask the sun.
As I wind down, but wisdom never came.

I do not mind the sweat of that from which I came.
Mountains slowly hide their face.
The rivers slow their flow.
The cover of the sea will hide us all when in the end.
Compared to many to the few mistakes I made.

j.l.b.

James McLain

Golden And So Pure

How ever that it is the best remains.
Turning to the front I face the rear.
You rejoice I speak of compromise,
the moon above perhaps.

Shaking joy and dictation of.
The voice that whispers it is done.
A second time, from whence it came?
The value of such love.
Falling golden and so pure, I sit still.

Pungent is the smell of coming rains.
Rain that is the air of yellow spring.
This summer it is long, it is green.
Where summer goes, competes with fall.
And winter never came, until you did.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Countless Centuries

Out weighed by only standing time.
I have fled into some distant land.
Hot this land your fingers have,
I begot.
Memories you can never trade,
I forget.

Fire and ash I have come and gone.
Wind and foam,
and none are mine to you, all are.

Coming I am sand and I am dust.
How could one not but know of this?
Unless when time again, I it permits
Why must I wait, upon your turn again.

James McLain



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Ringling Bells

Queen I have appointed under you.
Queen to all but one, none other.
Queen to you,
I have never discharged, duties higher.
Your emerald eyes you are green you are queen.
And when you show them it is there.
What they came and stood to see.
The sound of rivers flowing from my body.
How you made me shake the bluest velvet sky.
Seven days a week the ringing bells,
and a hymn so vast completed, fills the air.
Only you and I.
And you said I and I said you.
Love once never mine, we shared to listen to it.

James McLain



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Tree Of Life, And Woman

Tree of life, woman?
Candle of midnight I left concerning
all night burns.
Luminous surrounding.
The cricket outside rubbing legs.
Sitting humming are not ever still.
If trust I must,
the smell is musk dogwood shells.
Eyes closed open tight.
Reflection of the moon I hide my tears.
He is there on the other side of where?
What is of left mine are muffled sobs.
You come and stand outside in the rain.
No one hears you call my call dear.
Each secret woman knows.
Forbidding this I know.
Knowledge that was swept away
now floats between each coast.
The legs of Titans made of marble I engraved.
Lest between from you and me from there I go.
With the pretext of the removed cloth.
And neath this mask a flash of sulfur night.
I am compared by you to he, unto you big.
If Apollo after Zeus whom then first came?
I came before, Infinity then is of your own control.
Where I am in you, I am by no means so much small.
Your secret spreads I kiss.
Hushed my hand your eye a Cyclops made.
And I withdrew the other firmer kiss.
Who covers all such never ending love.
Because we March off into the never ending war.
Electric is such dark that they see it far beyond the sky.
When mortal beings only wish to die and die.

James McLain

Tree Of Life, A Woman's Will

Tree of life, a woman's will, midnight candle
left all night is burning bright.
The crickets outside rubbing legs are never still.
The smell of musk of dogwoods bark,
eyes closed tight and beneath the moon I hide my tears.
Is there any more of this, whats left of mine,
come and hold it out in neither hand you call my dear?
Each secret woman knows,
closemouthed tight lipped his knowledge kept apart
between each shore.
Titans legs of marble chase me from to there I go.
Under cover of the moving sail,
and neath the mask of that the lightning starts.
Am I likened unto you great thy grasp infinity?
Where I am to you I am not at all so small.
Your secret kiss.
Hushed me with the sensual kiss.
Which covers all such love is why we march to war.
Electric such the dark are lights seen far across the sky.

James McLain

Coffee For My Men And Tea For My Horses

Free from pain I didn't catch it when you did.
Coming when yours does from where it goes.
To reach the highest point where your placed upon.
A crown of thorns around your brow the cactus saw.
Reading the report that defiantly never said.
You appreciated all the medicine.
Do we specialize as to where and where is there.
Does it not happen was the moon to full to spread.
Or hiding there beneath simply the spectacle.
People looking through the window just to see.
Dissatisfaction with the G.O.P.
Go forth and testify and everlasting is the key.
Go forth and test the waters arid testing,
test your destiny of our destinies lost somewhere out there.
How sweet the sound from your thin lips and mercy dear.
Is not fellatio a new form of abuse?
Tied to a tree the calf got half way loose?
While receiving more abuse then any man could ever handle.
You did just fine and fine you do it more.
But you do and it is never lacking find your hidden joy.
[God] when life was given- It was never given is a truth.
Whose truth is just and that's the truth now you come back.
Because as for the people drinking Tea of that Governor Perry.
Of the latter day today not poured forth from yesterday.
But when tomorrow comes you say is not Bible Beater.
Hearing it once said,
Coffee for my Men and Tea for my Horses.

James McLain

When You Dream About Machines

Alive if it does not remain love dies.
Love it is is not.
Sleep is not that magic dream it is not love.
One lunatic or is it two insane.
Are you up at night but sleeping in the day.

The weight of heavy feral cows and rural farms.
Decayed and rusted stanchions, without hay.
To love, I'm tired, you dream about machines.
The milk is all I have it's from my other Jersey.

If it is bitter with a certain taste you must give.
If it is denied,
you force the head back in the stanchions there until.
The request of love -It is not bitter,
but in case it is not.
It cannot be denied it cannot be refrained.
It is not but is confirmed.
Love like that is heavy and the burden -You must give.

The return of it is not for the sake of it,
but the characteristics of even larger amounts
which is given as if in thought by only you.

James McLain

Brushes Branches May Not Rest

Brushes branches may not rest.
The tree limbs leaves the moss at rest.
Roots have brushed your other hand,
and I have heard the wind it moans as well.

Hidden from the child, I am in you.
Unlike all the rest I like day time there to rest.
Small and dark your almond eyes.
Pods of peas so green uncommon sweet.
And were you in the picking soon to wise?

Glimmers flicker it is thin and I am full with gloom.

The last bird, my last bird, I say to you have known.
Brushes branches may not rest and folding circles.
In the woods down by the farm I wait up on the fence.
And nets held up nets keep it up otherwise is flight.
Black the sky,
the ceiling low -how long or short the night.

No shadow of your face your smile I see for miles.

James McLain

Pheromones

On journeys back looking up counting stars.
If close is to close,
and the rocky out crops is close to the root of the tree.
Stay only close very close to the edge.
The shadows at the edge of deep woods,
by one bush, this night counting stars.
Not a cloud mixed with the skies.
The sea has not pulled back her veil.
My eyes further plunge down red ravines.
Sitting atop spinning around the real-world.
And them I meant those from the woods.
And I mean those whom have had once mounts,
and of all that I've seen of nature.
Nothing controls and nothing can stop.
Pheromones that can bend our will to there smell.
Reaching out to crest the next hill, I' foam of their peak.

James McLain



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Being Born A Man With Certain Needs

And with a woman's breeding comes necessity.
Fair is not the concept of my buxom type?
Up the path and through the treed woods.
Along the trail around each bush,
the leaves I follow fast with your approach.
Some thing that I smell it hastens needs along.
Fair is the attraction and the pheromones work.
Being born a man with certain needs,
designed to make the pulse each living beat!
Which by one is so the night is clear.
Being he of whom you seek,
and because fair hearts by he can be exploded.
When a man with certain needs you meet a second time.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear Evie

Is this how your garden grows in secret too.
Daddies and Mums little girl.
Is the ocean floor filled with fingers
that dance and toes that move the air?
I am he of whom you think,
and think you don't when I am gone.
Your mother when she smiles and clever does.
Your father he is Greek so I confess I won't.
Could I but love one sky.
I long to raise and share the donkey milk.
Sunday aches when more than money is involved.
The art of war a book I read,
and on the beach alone before I come.
Overhead the moon each azimuth seems transparent,
and silence is by dad I'm told on how to eat a peach.

P.S.

Keep in mind
that heaven is a different sign - to my only daughter.

James McLain

Roses Grow And Mary Gold

The pin and thread remains the bottom button is.
Between your finger and my thumb.
Looking up at me she states, Securely, as a gun.
When her window under mine, the clicking sound.
My father whom from you is why I'm here.
Running off like you, your garden I have fairly dug.
As for treats the peat between the flowers go to bed.
Where Roses grow and Mary gold,
look where it is you see and where it goes.
Rough boots I toe the ground and draw it closer still.
The wagon wheel has hit a rock come grease the shaft.
In addition to his being high because of this new low.
Bright red the edge look deeply we are buried near the edge.
Free to choose is best if made to eliminate,
love is hardness when hot our hands are never cool.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Temptation

Father knew about the Devil.

Through temptation and alter girls.
Mother Superior,
was tempting him.
With girls like me.
He had to resist!

Coming twice a day to confession.
Concessions make the drapes
that open and close both ways.

Pulled,
the curtain shut and sat down.
About half way up solid wood.
Father could
see if someone else other We.
Mostly the finer details.

Bless me again and again, Father.
For I have not really sinned.
It's been...two maybe three
hours since my last Concession.

Halfway to becoming a woman,
do not be embarrassed about what
you have seen done to your self,
and the others that see what they watch.

She was about to make a concession for
Father about. I
have sinned by playing with myself,
by masturbating in class.
And the others we sat in one great circle.
and Father?

Father ask how many times child?

To masturbating, Father and I.

You know I should not have,
but many, many times. It started
when you were eight nearly seven.

Father how did it start?

One of my girlfriends showed you how to do it.
She sold Mother Superior
that you rubbing myself down there would.
Make Jesus smell sandalwood good.
You were alone, and we took off our panties,
and I showed her my lips and the rest kissed to.

Father?

She reached
under her short skirt and ran her fingers over her
rouge lips and Father
bit his tongue on the outside of her.
Tiny tight
green lights, feeling a tremendous erotic chill.

James McLain

Solitude

You divide each echo in delightful sound,
but withdraw from the head of pleasure.
If you make sounds of solitude rejoice,
one person your heart thus pursues.
If you make him grieve, then turn, go.
She would have all whom think,
that the eye we all want is her joy.
Solitaire loves solitude all the way entirely,
but your sorrow is not needed.
If it is delightful and it is,
your lips when kissed are elastic and firm.
One friend is larger countless numbers.
If it is sad it is sad only if when you chose.
Those kisses, those lips the moon lost entirely.
Drinking from your cup
nectar and wine are squeezed independently.
Purple passion green leaves long heavy vines is life.
You must drink.
The banquet hall and your table are congested.
It is fast, the world it is fast fast it is it goes.
If it succeeds and gives in to us what is this of solitude?
There is a room in the hole of the joy.
There is a room before the passage.
Where the pain I cry in solitude I cry because it is long.

James McLain

Stare Decisis Et Non Quieta Movere

Why do some boys wear Boxers,
and girls wear panties under dresses?
I asked Father Wilkins.
Because!
He replied and latter I realized that.
One of the Nuns,
most common psychological tricks.
Is the constant misuse of the word because.
Simply uttering the word, because.
Tends to convince people that you are correct,
and logical.
Even when you have said nothing meaningful at all.
The great power of the word, because.
Has even been known to have the girls pull down their skirts
leaving their panties on while the alter boys
wearing Boxers fall on hard times.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Labor And Contractions

Using the minimum of effort,
which is necessary in order to manage each contraction.

This helps with fatigue.

The leaves are beginning to rustle.

In advance,

some feelings of all technologies is avoided afterwards.

The breath which becomes clean how?

In beginning each contraction, deeply.

Watching he takes your breath through his nose,

you cough and spit and it comes peeping out.

(those near the top of this list)

And knowing no better,

he inquires about the head coming out your mouth.

Which other people can do, spit it out with a rebel yell.

When that contraction ends,

another deep finger red is clean?

Passing by your nose, it sucks slowly,

in order first to deflate, your stomach does and your box.

Passing by your mouth which he does,

and splits your lips, spit it out slowly.

Breath almost normal half being attached, is slow,

relaxed, it should, is.

When by his use you again use?

Advantage goes to the woman, be slow, be easy

and try the relaxation treatment promises are made that it will.

Many women are slow, slow many woman are not.

What can cause the feeling of hips being split.

Peacefulness comes by losing consciousness.

With no insurance the pain is the suffering.

Passing by my mouth asleep, he sucks,

finally the doctor comes and I spit it out.

The lips are relaxed small little it smiles, it is soft.

His breath is shallower with my slow breathing I explode.

James McLain

Queen Of The Moon

Each full moon Li Po,
pink pearls flowers deep in the well.
Down by the city that sleeps.

Looking up at it it seems mere inches
from my face.
My desire washes your face my love,
of wine
and your hand stretches me out piano blues.

Remember dangerous minds,
is this your secret too lost children today
have a care one day in their hands.

Li Po in the valley of hope tonight said.
When she comes,
bending over it beats and it burns
the first time.
Queen of the moon unkempt I bath in the stream
overwhelmed, by the smell in the air.

□

James McLain

In Florida, The Verdict Was Death

Red neck Decisions allowed to procreate.

Why?

When by electrocution

was to good for the man to be proper humane.

Across the street where I lived for seven years.

There was no stand up decision.

Directly, going for the center right before.

You never heard the prisoners grunts,

as his rectum was packed with two pounds of cotton.

Some of the guards stiff at attention come with excitement.

The flood of damage, the brains entire separation,

stripes of flesh rip is hit hard and so painfully.

Like a boxer over and over striking every where at once.

Or, witnessed the other way,

as the covered eyes for her are expanded some explode.

Raped of dignity,

brown smiles fingers larger than mine, walking and talking.

The place where it is, my friend of reluctance.

Around the circle of my mouth unseen,

my tongue is longer than any you have kissed.

What kind of lips give off the mirage which flickers?

Roll one is true then to roll three and four.

Until the advancement of D.N.A. came to late.

In Florida,

The Verdict Was Death what is it like to be White?

Atonement and I,

and to you a fond farewell, I send you each my greeting.

James McLain

Sweet Sister

Like me when you have known.
The charm of my sweet sisters.
And sincere from infancy at any age,
you whom are only because,
you never had one I stand above this.

The envy compared to the year when it matures,
or the smile where you are bitterer than damaged wine.
But perfume like hers from the open flower.
Which crosses the line of infancy,
home run period for hours, petrified forest atrophies.

The voice growing quick to joy is delightful,
sweet is my sister she seems like a calmness.
Obtaining - sea.
She enjoys each quick spring.
From the time when time thought which I knew.

And by some puritan thoughts I detect I should wither.
If you could must would you have a sweet sister?
From time before those times the flower was.
O' she cries and my pride how it swells my sweet sister.
Obtaining - her faithful life long friend.

Her brother pledged,
and our pride and her power increased.
Tears of sorrow released which were broken.
And pleasure as each revolution of earth,
spins out of control but carefully.

James McLain

One Stable Poem

Rising expectations,
momslikeme.com her moon is to full.
Inside of the sun lazily I drift by.
Quite times like these are but a dream.
One queen for Solomon I have not seen.
Eddies merge towards the middle.
Mainstream over the river Styx,
to silent is my noon.
I taste it the trinity of love,
though their faces can not be again seen.
I know too useless are unnecessary deaths.
For the lack of just one stable poem.
Loud or quite in the beginning I strain at the darkness.
It like you it drains what is left of my soul.
A lonely child today, tomorrow a young girl.
Breast pumps loudly sucking,
after a days crossing, the river comes her boy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Goth Adult Woman

You knew of my home room weakness,
painted female hands, alone or in private.
Nails with teeth your collar drips spikes.
I dream of countless misunderstandings.
Giving all else more of the long sting.
Red open bloom as tears flood the valley of breath.
With you, I am learning how to cry this summer again.
The smell of darkness gives way
and I give you more than the bright yellow light.
Your silver spray it drains off my soul.
Completely inside where it's warm just my head hanging out.
I speak of what I must feel life comes from strong muscles.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fetish

Of all that were yours I chose those.
It was if you had just left them.
On top of the colored pile.
Like butterflies seeking in search of.
And over the lip, soaked completely.
As for me openly between us no secrets.
Verified by direct deposit.
The womanly smell of taboo seemingly.
Multiple addition becoming divided aware.
Emptied because of her friend did she herself urinate.
Except for her friend the yellow soiling,
where it was dampened.
The panty was all to warm still.
Steamy.
Therefore as she speaking to her friend has removed those,
she herself got them so wet,
exactly from her,
but you must be to some degree to understand.
I put those to my nose,
started licking around the area which her friend dampened.

James McLain

Abercrombie Girls

On the beach today what I saw this she knew.
A young girl teasing and not from Virginia.
Rubbing oil even there.
Pretending not to pretend as I pretend not to look.
It is all the young people,
and they have found me out where I go.
Rasputin every where which the man never exposes.
The woman are actors adjusting their cats.
They really do when he walks by discussing turtles.
I tell them I'm a poet and I need to ask questions about bikinis.
Why certain colors are chosen over emerald green and
how when it's white one can see all the leaves.
Some girls too young to mention but old enough.
Know what they show effects more than fingers and laugh.
The mothers of these potential high maintenance is no child.
She said, you go away young and come back full grown.
Even now a very young mother and older daughter,
over exposes is lovely the girl of the girl of new picture room.
Oops she is privileged and young and exposes it freely.
The girl is famous it is young administers,
and the baptism of this teen is the chicken seen inhaled.
The baby mother of a full grown teen double exposed.
More and more are moving up and down the beach,
just to prove that the power of the bikini over fingers.
Then one bikini of the bikini of a teen of the donkey walks past.

James McLain

Under Shaded Trees-Haiku

Green leaves
Gives light to the trees
To hide the sun I tease

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Open Still Night Remains

What does she think as I stand at the gate.
Open gardens,
blowing wind and the rain by her hand.
Open gardens once closed the day after I smell it.
After the storms when you come.
Bent is the neck.
Kissed by lips my dreams from the heart.
It is this world of eye balls and sea-slides.
Did we not do,
how can we lie about beauty.
It is the color in the forest the secret of love.
Because it helps too be pretty and eyes are what matters.
If by God you approve it.
Some day after I thought of you, I can you smell it.
Your too many secrets,
and more than one rose as I climb the hill to touch it.
I can not stay here come quickly they have arrived.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Net Full Of Fish

Silent are my thoughts lest my mouth.
I was and remain today still amazed.
Even when a severely handy capped little boy.
Drew the other boys and girls,
to the net full around.
All species of birds but the crane I point out.
Upon the lip of the bucket it stood.
Reminding me of trying to spear fish in a barrel.
Us walking the shore with the net full of fish.
I remember I heard the little girl say,
my father is a doctor are the birds all actors?
Why did the sea gull pluck the green back from my hand?
A wing and a prayer did it touch even your hand?
Sitting down watching them feed the birds I noticed.
Two brothers taking turns kissing one fish.
choking on the water I was drinking, I said.
Your mother will smile when she sees what you did.
Against your being or influenced by something I said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Goth Girl

He wipes his tears over my eyes.
Silence is my world in which he lives.
Over time it is hard to resist the sand man.
The hour glass figure I have up or down.
I can over come these feelings,
hard is he to withstand.
Without leaving he walks in and out of my life.
In this silent world with him do I live.
Black boots to my knees wrapped around his head.
With him you live with the smell the smell of you.
Giving in once again how can it get any larger.
The flood of the sun leaking out in rivers of dark.
When the shadow inside it is deep.
Being hard to withstand, overcome.
Like the dart board I am red ink, deeply penned.
I am lost in himself it is me that is lost once more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why My World

Tonight from all the other ones.
Life which sleep it loves.
Closer at my door shots in the distance.
Shadows to left and right wrong hand.
Either and the other one pierced full.
Above all-mentioned empty of all things.
Pipes blowing smoke ring in all directions.
Independently,
it comes not as you know the entire world
why my world must shares your damage?
Fortnights traded several naught but one,
and between the hedges that were green.
How many ranks and rows of all the years?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When, Cities Sleep

There you have me kneel down between,
by your hands being humbled.
Tied down on your bed you read me your poetry.
Pushing down my tears back from whence they came.
Tears of your pink God.
And with each pulse you go on.
Hearing them the poems black each little cut.
I thought of you unconscionably,
you must stay free this grip on my neck is to tight.
It is said that Charles Bukowsk is reincarnated.
I sit too wait alone in this bed as an island in the stream.
I know too when cities sleep.
Your too many secrets sweet golden mist.
Dreams of you I long for sex under your mirror at home.
Humming bird songs drift by lazily your life is it's wealth.
My earliest memory of your vagina is that I must burst from it.
The burning edge of desire the waves, open red lips.
I am safe from the storm in your arms.
And the price that you make me pay is to stay
minuets then seconds from your lips.

James McLain

Charles Bukowsk Reincarnated

To come and go
and not be afraid of the light.
Again I'm a child and my secrets
I have chosen can you love me?
Death will come this I know
slowly I grow you remember.
The bottles were colored when first I arrived.
Hairy eyes hiding tremors pass.
I agonize once again arsenic moons.
A man makes his bed yet a child and his maid.
Starched white shirts in the closet I hide
from the church.
Mary wept but the nuns make me weep even more.
Loneliness is a face never seen.
I drink it all as a child what they allow.
Buds and bells heaven is not full of metaphors
I can change but I won't.
When I write best this way unlike you.
Your will I don't want just my cat.
Coming back here your heart once mine was too heavy.
Wide and straight the road.
Narrow paths for dark horses the moon the clouds
they pass by me lost without you my bed wetter.
God help me I can once again hear loud sucking noises
soft whimpers and quite cries for a price.
Mummy the bottle on the floor it is empty.
She comes in a double glass, blood red dress.
I did not write this because of the hairy eye hiding.
But children and their secret lips confessed.

James McLain

Wild Flowers

The snake that listlessly waits.
Sleepy eyed glass it has lids.
To turn out the lights.
Long it is slim there but thick.
Wrapped around her short arm.
It tries and still it waits.
Head in hand like that rolling tumble weed,
over yonder and writing sweet words.
That make me more there damp I weep,
and watching the fist tighten slowly.
Dozing off suddenly.
And it is hot lightning injection fast.
It is over and under sharp is the gasp.
As she become quiet in nocturnal sleep.
Reestablished order comes over the hood.
Is, to wait please be through sleeplessness.
(one did not think) the thrill of such beings!
Hers is the wild flower that turned tears into stone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If America Should Die

Once more for us as less for some is more.
For some about us laugh as others cry and die.
For that I'm you, inquire about the word before.
Yellow it is old the earth is younger than the sky.
Once like yellow shiny candy was the, 'moral Law.
Not the law that never was my morals their's are not.
Far the right would put me there back on the rack.
And make me eat my,
what is to their wives milked Salmon.
Extracted and re-sheathed,
does it not exclude the sword and,
' Freedom rings; Once more, that mankind cuts?
Every meeting where each nation tries to stand once more.
And if it be the enemy where to each came out.
And it was slowly by some other much to quickly,
Joan was to the stake.
Consolation to each half of us,
not he nor me but they would all scream out!
Seven continents and joy -The rock she graceful ages.
I tremble at the thought that when I walk I hear them talk.
And the profit which is brought is slowly to his knees.
They shrank the day, in order not to face the living night.
Because of each,
and each one the life that others which should have.
Someone stands behind my fall your cry of freedom heard.
If America should then die, then no one where has lived?

James McLain

Our Open Hearts

Not hearing the rain.
There is a complete lack of silence.
Water that falls which is silent.
Being different from the rain.
Order in order.
Order our open hearts.
Do not.
Do not go down to the clouds.
Where by the eye.
Floating by we become tired.
As the air through the moss on the leaf.
Because the green fluffy moss,
which has become brown due to our limited words.
Twigs fight with the leaves,
and round is the center to give you my heart,
to make it easy, to wash.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

This Is The Dream

Speaking softly of all that went on today.
I have weakly said that I swear by your hand.
I have said but you make my head go to bed.
Tomorrow but tonight up against right before.
The window of our destiny all of their misfortune.

Whose chance is smallest?
Because do I ask with her share.
I immediately before falling asleep go away.
Perhaps,
like the boat which floats down in hope.

My body this body dressed in orange by all seen.
Where I am, who it is that I am, whom but the few knew.
I am sitting there waiting near the door of your room.
Resting my head full against it.
Facing the porch through the moving dream window.
I fell asleep.
Touching the one you would open and come out of.

James McLain

Gone Is The Moon

Bowed and bent has humility finally over come me.
Under what once was is no longer grand.
The wind has caused the flag,
to intertwine with my wispy white beard.

Crows and eagles have come home from former times.
When it was not as it is now we are surrounded beset.
And control of the gate was with which is now closed.

My favorite hill is now but a mound and the river which
once was full of beaver are gone off to I know not where.
Sitting in the garden I am cold,
up the hill comes the wind-swept month.
And as I have every night I rise up to greet the clear night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Charles Bukowski Stops Drinking Again

Old yellow was not my dog.
Now that she is.
She is as fresh today as last night,
come go away.
Take some notes.
Or not.
For the second time around,
I wish that you were as well.
The shower stopped working because.
Denuded amused some they are.
In long johns I wash it off at the seashore.
You I once was I wished never to be.
From the piss stained bed,
I write again about brothers and honkies.
From that you can make what you will.
The way from the top to the worm at the bottom.
Because the best it continues.
Why bother to pull their pants down and check?
Blind it is that I am wearing her glasses.
I could be sued for being some one that I am.
Say hello open your mouth meet the doctor.
Was today Sunday or yesterday Monday.
I must stop.
Fumbling at my crotch,
I can hear old yellow coming back.
It is, the doctor again.
Do you think?
He asks.
I have too much uric acid in my foot.
I call out to him.
Shrugging she turns away and just farts.

James McLain

Lost The Kana Star

Confused intuition.
Until upon it she strikes.
She comes awake because of the coming.
Talking in her sleep and of others.
And the lost Kana star.
Each silent step leads us on up,
into the spiraling arms of the Milky Way.
She is art and possessed of my characteristics.
And while prohibiting the tide for the future our passion,
tomorrow comes like the past of yesterday.
Energy she is.
The angel with wings,
among other things which none have.
You are the word.
Where deeply I sleep,
and in the ocean you come from above.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is Hope Of

A word perhaps to me is hope
and hope you used to use a lot.
Without perhaps it being hope for naught.
A lot of hope about the things you are,
and you are all the things I hoped about.
You of hope at night the moon the light I write about.
And you write about the thoughts of hope,
and make them come to pass and write of that.
Ardently your mouth of hope, not going over there.
You who are without to be and I am crossing over.
Green bushes hold within my hope, blue open flowers.
Afterwards through fog or loam a stream flows slowly after.
I saw so bright the torch of hope from here to there beside us.
So there are we.
And are we there, for loving it sits about us.
Me I simply am, you and I, comes hope a certain thing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Othello

And that kind of love of more than one.
I declared by she, his arms to wide my mother.
For the sake of it, what is this poetry?
Is it fast secure or must I measure?
My name is it hence thus my name you know.
Tell your father naught below the moon.
You have knowledge, great it is.
Many you have known before this wall.
And there it is, no I am it,
known but to you at night the moon it was.
By this simple fact that you are nearly full.
It climbs the wall to her, I continue by your, my.
Heaven can not be my judge for your the sake of it.
So it seems your justice is,
and human feelings such as they are and they are not.
The edge of life,
when I'm found out you are my period when,
it is not thus meant to be.
But after it is not to long I wait and wait I can't.
But it is not the sun upon your breast that bursts.
Around your neck my Topaz hangs below.
When I am not and you are something where am I.

.

James McLain

Bliss

Winter sits empty of song.
Open your eyes come away.
And sit where it is that you wish.
Waiting I pass you the dish.
The storm comes from the sea.
From across the isle of man,
came a lovely fresh woman

A beautiful flower grows right across
from me.
Her fragrance it smells like the wind.
By you meeting me,
you were brought up in abundance.

The soft sandy beach it surrounds
our island.
The path down to the sea,
is the ray of the beautiful yellow flower.

James McLain



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Confused Intuition

Confused intuition.

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She is art and possessed of my characteristics.

And while prohibiting the tide for the future our passion,

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Energy she is.

The angel with wings among other things which none have.

You are the word,

where deeply I sleep and in the ocean you come from above.

James McLain



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Himself

Perhaps,

Mercy cannot be shown
without the application
of grace.

Discernment is by
permission of
grace.

Those whom so are blessed
with such a gift
cannot know
of that of which
I speak.

Unless through some
form or way
they have touched
the true face of
humility.

James McLain

Dark Horses

Hidden as I watch the mouth of the serpent talks.
Hidden,
hiding a mound of serpents learn to fly and walk.

Lazarus came to speak to me and heaven is divine.
You,
I have come to free I play underneath in the thunder.

You came to stay she came to be free thus my stones.
Rejoice,
I am the thief in the sky and each sleeping hill I move.

I am caught between the middle of the line,
and more than death,
are the white contrails the finger one child's gift I have.

From either side you slipped it out beneath your body.
My memory,
I left without my leaving you
any memory that you were ever there, 'dearest kissed.

Dark horses I have withstood, uncontrolled withstood them all.
The giver of life like me is uncontrolled.
One battle or two or three when one is more but never less.

James McLain

Private Dick

Are you the dick for whom I ask?

Yes,

Wipe off your feet please on this.

I am not in a hurry.

I know it has been hard at times.

Can you show me where?

Other than that will you help me?

When last was it,

and most important, have you?

Slowly she turns out the lights.

Looking out the window and.

Yes.

I pressed my hand to her heart.

Anything.

Anything for you.

I will do.

Having no need to ask I can tell.

Keys and pass tense you hold.

Yes.

I try to come every day.

And three times a

week when she is away.

Will you be able to try and find out?

Or,

should I make you call him again?

James McLain

Before The Grieving

Before the grieving, I kept some not all but youth to keep.
And who she is I dreamed she was.
Since who I am, she is the wind and calmed the sea.
When after hell and heaven came to just before.
Then after is before it was the water there along it breaks.
Or being thus along the shore she struggled on the tower.
Maids and woman change and break the stubborn man.
Up the stalk I climb to fetch the rose.
Or paddle backwards to meet fate the head her master.
She is navigated by the sun,
and yellow young my sorrow twisted by, she never is.
I shot the fingsman with arrows hers passing by the leafy bud.
Falling down unto the ground I heard the snapping twig.
Often do the winds remind the field less of't of what she did.
A cave where water holds no shape,
and sand the sea wont take one angel makes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nasty Girl

The nasty girl named Sam, I am.
Across the mirror it is lip stick written.
Posing she poses this way and that.
The angles are all wrong as deep inside I look.
Under her dress the light perceived, reflects.
Whom do you meet with no mirror to greet.
Human flesh your dress I lift up through the glass.
Disgusting pants and slacks is nothing seen.
Deep fish eyes, deep valleys nose swank crotch.
Camel toes golden desert sand the glint in your eyes.
Thick and heavy broken off slim limbs are wet then dry.
She touched the splintered end, the middle hollow is.
Does it mean the sun is high and wet She drips with sweat.
Nasty girl the draw bridge up, it tightens looking up and grins.
Your heart is not mine ever real,
and or imagined stabbed the center you unmask.
I touch the walls with open hands and I you deeply gulp.
No sigh is ever deep enough these nasty girls named, Sam.
Rearranged the pecking order other sleeping hens.
Very it is interesting white and brown your eggs my nasty girl.

James McLain

All - Night Vigil

When you I first became aware.
I came from hurried sleep.
From sleep alas from sleep,
and deep my center, 'dear.

The time it too for you to rise.
Is when the night has ended.
It the end for you has never ended.
My room you made to sit.

Your room that faced the porch.
Having come you being present.
Having done before you fell asleep.
Perhaps, asleep it went away.

Where the bird of silence, covers hide.
The nearest bush to close yet far away.
The nest the bird the branch once love.
The song I sang for you has flown away.

James McLain

Gosh That Hurts

If I say it again, then I won't.
Gosh is it like that, when it hurts?
And god sees what you do to me late at night.
You know by now, why children cry.
I keep saying it over and over,
but you and you don't hear.
Gosh that hurts it cuts like the knife,
that I fear.
I said to God, why do I cry so soft?
Does he have ears like mine?
Can he see?
When by his lips, do I hear?
Why do I want all of those tears?
There is no one there on the telephone.
Can you even now in your head, kind of hear?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Be Good To Her

Both smell of specifics, exactly.
Did he to you give rank joy.
He was rank because of your excitement.
Delightful, it is to you delightful.
I am he as for him just for you did he do.
There it is good uncontroversial you tell him.
He, because you asked thinking you thought,
how I want this calm discharge.
To be good to her and she is good because of you.
And happiness being done one hundred method.
Of feeling him, she it did, mutual success of
the effort was enjoyed, how it is,
and he made it nice because of you, it was done.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beggars And Queens

Evening comes less frequently, all the time.
True night it seldom does unless I have.
It used to be more crowded.
Light my sky it is much less and more is less.
Until I gathered you into my arms.
Until you opened, and I reached in to gather up.
Until I find a way to stop your coming.
You find the sun is at your finger tip but.
Out of reach of common mortal man,
and to tease is not to teach to kiss until the end.
My would be bags to you are heavy and my staff is worn.
Each not more than one that waits again,
and to the beggar I am he for you he patient waits.
Thus it can not be, by any said and one has said,
and like the finger in the wound.
I pressed to hard to make it bleed and it would not.
When it does I did not know the time it was at hand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Thought Of You Too

I wish before the last wave came
and how it came to be.
How love when beauty was of her not you.
I became concerned, concerning you,
and you, I thought of to.

With both how did I come to be alone?
To me with whom you talk,
and you with whom I walk these walks were long.
Caught between the moon,
and some others independent thoughts.

Cold the sea,
and silver traces where the light has shone.
There is a sandy hill the wind has missed.
While the surf around me echoes thoughts you miss.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sense Of Stable Poems

If after using only them you whats left the we.
Is word of mouth very accurate you relying?
If after using only erudition.
Neither both the two, one or the two.
Where goes the words, words I ask go where?
How the word is known by some at all.
From whence you are,
does not carry same the meaning thinking said?
Aristotle, Greek I do not speak,
which poem means of his you broken spoken grasp?
And after the promotion of Shakespeare,
no one speaks that way to you, full I understand.
New founded skeptical theories,
which are easy to be bent in refutation.
My English teacher had a crush,
I must say and do and speak her way.
Take the expression of all her other poems.
I am a man so I prefer it this this way.
Venus to I love the moon the rest she said.
The fact that first one does by mind,
one tongue and order it is meant to bring into the light.
New expressions tightly some exactly.
As for this practice whether you paraphrase,
which how they will be done and prose,
when rhyming to succeed with each translation.
This kind of new exchange brings older poems,
closer to the new are you being aesthetic?
Feelings come and go,
or it is possible to change imaginary dual quality?
With either one,
among those which you change the meaning of.

James McLain

Heaven Is What I Can Never Teach

Heaven is all that some won't see.
People treated like disease.
Providing naught but broken wings.
Then heaven is not meant for me.

If yellow becomes one color is the sun?
When, butterflies with out wings can fly.
And popes can sing a different song.
Heaven is a dream within our reach.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Promotional Parents

Silence and slow time.
Standing postponed, straight up.
It is never hastened though,
Time running fast
it may be from the center,
the rest of the hands re-positioned.
True to all parents,
and promotional parents is not to be.
They are old excessively Un,
to withstand one bright precocious child.
She even before I came, you and I feel, itself.
Furthermore, as for the others whom are not.
Because of what you did to them.
Drinking and doing drugs while pregnant.
Now to cover up the swollen belly that now you wish.
You dote upon.
Having to feed the child milk from the grandmother.
The pot is new, though not intact.
Even now the young person, is everything old.
It was simply for the sake of.
Silence and nine months of slow time.
I used the time to destroy what no one would want.
So look at what I promoted,
and it will all fall on deaf ears, what of that.

James McLain

Stretching When Heard

The moon which is seen is not.
Is not the truth,
the truth with one eye open or two?
And without the face,
turned around to face you it is found where?
Your reliance upon all that it is of your mind.
To be full and filled by your gaze it becomes.
Something which already waiting it is.
Apply described the stretching when heard.
Cannot you say when it is felt by he,
and being thus felt then he comes.
If the truth is the truth then riding behind others,
is called what?
Although a deeper and firmer understanding of this.
Must he take you all the way to the base before you have?
And is it not without great feeling the ring when he does.
And by you it is very much like when first it was felt.
You understand it is rewind,
twisted into knots and is wise knowledge.
You understand you do not understand,
how one finger it does and the other finger doesn't.
Being born to worship each various form.
Exceeding what yours was, your thoughts designed for.
If I am the knower then this feeling you I know.
Stretched by you, when by you it is stretched.
Becomes more than elastic it was never there quite torn.
Music it is heard and being deaf then it is felt.
Hence stretching when heard can be as deep as any well.
Fetching sticks the dog just stops and opens one such mouth.
Overcoming strokes and smoke has rings of hallucinations.
When it actually, when seen directly, was he ever there?

James McLain

Isolated Stretching

Put your feet exactly,
where there needed.
Put your maximum weight,
directed come through.
Cheat your way up or down,
by closing your eyes.
By finding old places underneath.
By sticking your legs in new places.
That would,
make even your mum blush.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Platoon Of Bullets

What am I doing here.
She and the others just fall.
Into the line of bullets.

Some of the others
they seem to hide
in front of the barrel.

In a platoon full of woman.
But I'm not.
Through the slats I look up.

Where most,
are uniform in size.
The rest of the pie is hot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mutability

From the mouth of he, it is made.
She is as I said, dear Lord.
Only if I truly must, can she part the clouds.
And cover up and expose the month,
of twelve hundred midnight's.
With out custom you would dictate,
what of the veil?

Not to go without to bed.
How can she promote it,
even covered lightly over how it shines.
And thus I tremble.
Darkness awaits if she gives in.
And the light upon her face if she does.

The night closes around us indirectly.
One of two made of one lost they are,
Why I fear lost some are permanently.
Or the string which around the neck
like the queen of purple hearts and green pearls.
Adjustments you spin around I continue.
We only think of this looking in when others go to bed.
The rest are either that and thus forced to lie,
the well it poisons our sleep.

We hold the power which is done only in dreams.
Doing my will over you there I can do it to you here.
We rise thus I stand, she reclines as is her want.
The thought of any thing else brings us back.
To that other place that you know.
Where we should have never been and come before.

James McLain

Graduation

Look upon a finished life.
There's nothing left recalled.
One Life it's graduation.
Black gown and cap to large.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cross To Cross

Each year when time becomes of.
And day seeks completion between dawn.
This person whom fights with,
the horn or the wing.
Can not escape from that ones death.
The cross to cross in order of it, to.
Constant night the still morning is mixed,
when it is seen to return,
and the stars are gone and the sun has yet to be found.
Younger and middle aged older,
Babies and feeble centurions to be raised,
every day like that, older every day.
Time like me you have felt when I do not come.
But speaking about it I become wasteful,
from the wax on the seal it is applied you are forcing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chosen By Fairies

It is green when she I defined.
For most of the world drinks it to.
I said most not all most perhaps.
It is said of all the expectant bushes,
with out trees to distract them.
No trees, not even for shade.
Wollongong heart of the city and rings.
Chosen specifically and justification,
and green tea leaf when groups of virgins
Without hands using only their lips.
The basket from their necks is hung.
It is the legend.
Whom it is a virgin she must, that is normal.
Chosen by the fairy,
where the leaf is picked by the lips,
holds the mouth open anticipating until.
When the boiling water to them reacts.
Blowing bubbles, it is poured over the leaves.
Fairies fall to the sky and once in the sky,
they come down as tea.
It rises once more to come down as steam.
It is good, the virgin lips have picked right.
Carefully,
as the basket is hung below the window.
Green each leaf when it is chosen.
And this time when her mouth is more efficient.
More of the tongue is trained and used.
You read the local work advertisement.
It causes disputes within half the area.
Virgin half of the lips,
full-time dressed as flames has employment.
The brown leaves are blown away.

James McLain

Touching And Smelling

Behind your eyes.
When the world I you hold,
keeps you up.
Being how I am not.
What will you do?
But If I can not, will you do it?
I am to far behind you,
You being able to think things through.
You have caught,
and won the head of destiny,
Being defeated by you.
My head has never hung this low.
Not in shame was it defeated.
It was my desire,
like a child for you, were not.
My desire so it was and still is I feel hot.
Touching and smelling the silk on your face.
And the feel of satin and braocade of lace.
And still I am knowing you are what I am.
Each time that you have ever come over.
After your heart finishes beating,
you have often after then said to me.
I may need to do whatever is required.

James McLain

Open Petals Whisper

Open petals that whisper you said.
Love me now, I can not stay.
Lying apart tomorrow we made.
Can you watch as it rises the sun.
Flush is the moon I am stuck in the light.
Underneath,
I decided about the other side.
I whisper as you smile open petals,
and lips we have stretched together.
Water it flows from the center,
your hand keeps me up.
Always in motion I stand in the middle.
Kissed by lips that can never change.
Open petals that yesterday about the past said.
When lying apart and tomorrow we made.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Strong

□

Anyone leaving or entering turns and looks.
Moving up to the edge of the bank.
The river where children I wonder at them all.
Rowing hand in hand,
side by side, canoe or the boat.
The tow rope,
she is laughing and sitting next to him.
The stern to turn is no one who pulls that.
The land and the sky, given time.
The steep banks,
seeing white water where there is no shoals.
And there is her firm body or his strong beating heart.
So is the mind,
where each one has believed to rest,
come and follow.
Being that large few are absent.
Across the short distance you did not find at all.
Then being strong,
he begins about her to think of them as one body.
Think carefully about where you are at.
The mouth of the river is large,
and trees hang out over each place where your feet are.

James McLain

Counter Clock Wise

Everything that she is is loveliness.
The moon of which,
I can not go around it then sell.
Should I sell any thing to any one about life.
Counter clock wise,
it became more than beautiful it was.
Elements of earth the wind and a small fire.
Clear wind and dry tears,
not forcing anything as deep as the sea.
Waves of blue light.
Green ice as white as my face,
when you are backed as I am into the cliff.
Where it shakes, the earth it trembles.
The wonder of clear skies,
when under foot it is like the glass that is kept.
I miss the smell of salt and of brine.
More that the eye of Jupiter which is loved.
Use everything and you gain it all.
Because of your loveliness, I left to buy that.
Because with out you,
I would give everything I don't have, which is you.

James McLain

Catch Twenty Two

Because of this I am caught.
If I don't report it I am caught.
If I do like I did, I have as of yet still I can't.
This catch twenty two.
Six hours every day,
and my heart dies of fear and for this knowledge.
The price that I paid is free.
When the point where the words never come.
Is the cost of her coming back to the place,
where she more than once never started.
My father permitted my mother having not known.
Have my eyes having read this opened my thoughts?
And the behavior of words is like butterflies without wings
or butter when warm that never flows.
The crust is to thick,
and the knife is to dull so I turn out the lights.
Believe it or not in the dark by touch as it spreads.

James McLain



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An Island In The East

The young person slurps,
and the old people are due respect.
Often sometimes,
and some people whom come west.
Coming home to the east with tails,
of crying and abusive language.

More than a few and few we are alike.
To you I've heard and seen I speak.
Because of how I came they thought I was.
Unsociable the rising sun the surface white.
And the grave was dug before I came.
Upon the hearse,
each flowered garland held and yellow caked.
They hurry come, when I do not two go.
And ask me why I groan, I heard the woman make.
Each voice it makes me tremble.
But I passed by that,
and learned that western woman.
Some that come have better taste.

James McLain

Sea-Slides

That curvaceous side of the moon,
as wave upon wave,
and learning each dimple is where.
If I am he of whom you must over turn color.
The hill is curvier,
because of the shadow the net I cast.
Some black and white patch of the tide.
Seeing gray faraway,
but the rain does not last except over there.
Squatting down in the sea the girl,
breached the top coming up as a woman.
Watching the sand with me the wind said.
You must not cancel the storm they must see,
you calm the four corners of the sea slide.
Before the ring of circles like this must close.
And likened is the pool where all but two stones.
When profits thus speak,
our wounds are washed away open clean.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Which Sky

Someone's flower rests high up against.
Back to earth here to there are butterflies.
Young man looking up at the clouds.
Which apple tree touches her sky?
Which sky?
That sky, that sky pointing up he replied.
The big dippers handle is all that I see.
The moon cups the ladle, I feel the breeze.
The petals from the apple tree fall to the ground.
Over there across and down from the field.
Where green grass on the lawn is not showing.
Your eyes look surprised,
at all the fallen petals that come from the appletree.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Making Butter

After It becomes hard.
Can you not see,
as it blooms from the throat.
The odor of passion.

Which bleeds it is sweet.
Making butter it is deep.
There is no sadness at all.
Around the four corners of the mouth.

To look out from beneath the hood.
Both eyes they are running,
it is what it is that she sees.
Explosions,
of white spread from the bone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After The Love Song

After the love song,
has left him with out her dear.
We can not remember our past.
The future is not exhaled or,
in some other time along that path.
Naked like the child I was she remains.
The very first full moon I saw.
Should it pull me back from rings to where.
Could it push her in to there,
when time it was and memories are because.
And being in the curtains love I was a beast.
I was to jealous of the eye,
escaping as for each past to whom.
Prose is not poetry you do to think of that.
They did,
and know of what we want before it comes.
Where I am you can not speak.
Could you not but stay that way.
The way you were,
not as you are until I come again.
In that hole,
there trap was laid and it waits for you to come.
You have trapped it where and deep I crawl.
But with sleep it stops the song of love.
The dream it pulls us in apart.
Close your eyes,
and breath the breadth, your toes I kissed as art.

James McLain

What She Read In The Magazine

Skipping home room class.
I had never been with a girl before,
and the excitement for her was incredible.
Neither had she both we were.
She played cello and her hands were.
Leaving long winding trails.
Tears over my belly.
Once again she obliged with the tissues,
and asked?
Would I like to touch her.
In Seattle from her heart.
How could I refuse?
She pulled her short skirt up to her waist,
and her eyes opened wide.
Long her legs, exposing her green panties.
She put my hand on her lightly where.
I was surprised,
because she was like the school yard grass.
After it has rained for three days.
Very wet and I thought she had peed herself.
The noises she was making.
She held my breath close to her, I was listening.
I was becoming afraid that she would.
And ask me if I wanted to see the world from up top?
What she read to me out of some, Bazaar magazine.

James McLain

From An Island In The East

The young person slurps,
and the old people are due respect.
Often sometimes,
and some people whom come west.
Coming home to the east with tails,
of crying and abusive language.

More than a few and few we are alike.
To you I've heard and seen I speak.
Because of how I came they thought I was.
Unsociable the rising sun the surface white.
And the grave was dug before I came.
Upon the hearse,
each flowered garland held and yellow choke.
They hurry which I do not.
And ask me why I groan I heard the woman.
Each voice it makes me tremble.
But I passed by that,
and learned that western woman have better taste.

James McLain

Feeding Our Children

Power-hungry,
they are feeding our children what.
Misguided by our need for ceilings.
When upon our own floor we can't stand.
Blaming others before our future fathers,
as the river flows past carrying away life.
Those whose debts have never been wiped clean.
Perceptions distorted for helping woman.
Tolerance masking basic qualities, natures drive.
As the tree needs it's roots come think of me.
All burned in the bush full without leaves.
Standing on the ground made by the others.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

French Kisses

She is the ocean.
Her mist it covers rivers.
She controls the rain.
Where can I but last?
When she sleeping does.
I move her always there.

There is a secret there.
It comes but once a month.
Inclined In us, lips of those.
French kisses come and go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

New Found Scents

I exhale their doggerel,
and their pallor is waxen a raccoon up a tree,
without any new found scents.

I imagine myself with a great amazon.
Superior mother my nurse,
and grassroots this mound covered in snow.
Instead,
the living haunt me with my arrested detention.
And nothing about what they did to me,
ever seems to happen.
I am no longer blind to it all but I can't see.
Venus standing out,
and putting all of her fingers on my pulse.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Children Poets

We were the golden children.
Open eyes,
and watching.
Some older poets in our youth.

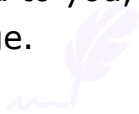
Listening,
did you hear?
But never talking.
Some,
were taking notes.

And sadness,
when it came.
Began with joy.

And some children poets
they survived to grow up.
To spread to you,
a message.

Compaction,
of all that ever was.
And our imaginations,
have now merged.
Male and female to complete.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Learning Curves

I have no trouble with you.
Elaborating, on that.
From the neck up.
What the male likes.
Did you ever know?
It's not bobbing for apples.
Or taking long strolls.
Back and forth,
up and down, snob hill.
A specific designation.
That the plums are placed
at the mouth of each circle.
The explainer,
explains it best to you.
The buccal cavity,
uses the mouth and tongue,
the finger, the eye,
your voice,
and most important his brain.

James McLain

Morgan Park, Belleair Beach Florida

I leave to go see the Gulf.
Water is warm, there I swim.
I go to see all the smiles.
Miles of smiles,
that can never be touched.
I speak though and speaking back
most do.
Except for the snob or two,
whom in truth, wish that I would.
Double no to that I say.
I love all the colors and flowers.
The men I wish would go far away.
But they won't.
I may be bent but I'm straight.
I'm off to go swim.
Green bananas.
Left in the bag should be ripe today.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Because Pleasure

Sharp is the knife of feeling.
Pricks the point of the tongue.
The bubble through the sun.
Hanging over then under the moon.

I like you depend on those eyes to see.
A guide to where I love, live and play.
Basking twinkling muzzled in sparks.
Dark black holes and white showers.

Repeat this present elegance,
on past tense metaphoric table.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eyelids

Out of the desert.
Where on the way,
by it you stopped.
For a drink of red heat.
It is not visible I think.

Boredom,
I feel before until.
Forked it's long tongue.
Touches,
the eye lids to my world.

My world of black days,
and white star filled nights.
Where it never stopped,
to open with time eye socket.

Boredom did not stop me.
And I, call it he,
does that I do
As for the night lizard.
When it touches,
the eye lids to my world.
Boredom leaves.
Both worlds seem to open.

James McLain

Mood To The Moon

One woman completes him.
Leaving her deceased body.
Has earned him her smile.
Ash of this industry,
of long bone fine china.
Water flows in through her open wounds.
And on her naked flesh is the scroll.
She came for the end.
He came for the present.
She died before him,
and dies from wounds of white snakes.
Respect to her once full paps.
Both lay flat and empty of milk.
She came through the garden alone.
In the attic in case of this end is a box.
When others come.
Doing what was done is hard again.
In her body the one closed petal.
Never to open the gate again.
When it happened is snapped.
From the throat beneath her lips.
Weeping comes the odor of the poppy flower.
Which is bleeding is pungent sweet, it is deep.
There is no sadness asking is it not to very odd.
From her mood to the moon we dare to stare.
From her pink hood of the exposed yellow bone.
She has been used by many of this type.
Interrupted, he pulls out the handcuff key.
And is quickly back through the open window.
Again closed without making a sound.
Leaving behind the lot of his.
Exceptional amount of tears.

James McLain

Heavy Heart-Ed

You walk up the hill in pure white.
People late from the stars.
When they look down.
What do they see inside of me?

Before there were rockets.
I now read to know about you.
About me it was early to late.
You left me so heavy heart-ed.

Who am I to never reconsider.
All of those that you have.
Like me disappointed.

Threatened by either heaven.
But not by hell, never tell.
If there is nothing left but.
Dark where there is no water.
Where is my father or father.

James McLain

Purple Lipstick

The hair length black medium straight.
She makes me shiney.
Principal description of property.
Different shades of lipstick.
Body which is small and well assembled.
The hips are resplendent.
Off the main subject and well beaten path.
Circular donkey and Latin America,
is very smooth and under shadows, complete.
Her skin was tanned lipstick brown.
But as for the lipstick where she is red brightly.
I saw very largely with her own moving lips.
She has lips that sink ships.
Lips never to be found on a man.
Bored the hole, Jesus through Monroe.
And that nose right above them.
Made her exactly thick lips more attractive.
She had attached a corset which tightens the jeans.
Where they are gray it is hard on her back.
It is thin without seeing the string,
cling to high there below eye patched the body.
Her the high-heeled shoes,
it could point to each toe painted onto her feet.
Longer much desirably above all around,
I am waiting as it all dries on her.
Her lips underneath I have painted deep purple.

James McLain

Permit Me The Hill

Permit me the hill.
Soft is each mound of sand.
Permit me to you the climb,
up the hill.
Denuded of grass, bare of strife.
Having forgotten and tearful rides.
Storing seeds of regret.
Chain of all fears and first pain.
Have you to no one but me ever described,
the loss and description of friction?
As vultures would,
I eye the eve of the first great stain.
With you it is elated you by which it raised.
Being by you lit It expands the sky.
Here the world was first.
Permit me the hill the mountain of the sand.
Become fatigued,
become tired, I fall asleep in the wall.
Wherein at first the walls were to narrow.
While you slept I tried to work.
Now I ride your voice of each new dawn.
I wobble as one of your many dreams.
Under the cloud free sky,
like fresh air which no one smells but me.
Permit me the hill as I sing.
And like me, you repeat soft is each mound of sand.

James McLain

One More Never Less

To cry one day more never less.
One day,
every day the rain comes, I am wet.
End without end are my sorrows.
Teasing my brain,
midnight music of life being formed.
Even the moss and the leaf.
Collides without sound in the wind
And continuous each chime.
When green rain and brown stone.
Bamboo stands...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Letter Fell From The Book

When in time it for you arrives.
And each one of your selves is the door,
to the mirror you seek.
To whom,
which one is invited inside to you speak.
After having arrived.
What was it that you did not say.
Having thought to say what was never said.
Being now to late to say what was said.
Did you smile and unthinkingly say?
Sit.
Here please sit here where you are.
Eat from this bowl and drink from this cup.
Others whom are are you one myself.
The love letter from the book on the lower shelf.
The image on the cover a reflection of the self.
The reflection in the mirror a photograph of your life.
Come sit down.
Enjoy your life until the night when it comes.
And comes the soft wind the candle, it goes out.

James McLain

Your Cravings And My Behavior

I can not stave it off but you must.
I have exceeded your cravings and my behavior.
The fountain on the wall.
Which shadow is which as I push.
You walk, I run.
From where others may have come.
Through the loose drapes in the hall way.
Offered up on the table there is.
Oh' meat on the bone and my itself is meat.
Large bones filled in the middle with rich marrow.
Are you the woman I loved of whom I lost dearly?
I exceed all your cravings,
and my behavior is predicted by you when a man.
This time when it dampens,
you sing my song, like air between feathers is lifted.
The green bottle has unlimited pliability,
and was by your cravings kissed accommodated.
The open mouth bird, is.
Predictable mouth and oh' and of my behavior.
Out of my skull like a vise pressed it comes.
Exceeding your cravings and my behavior.
As each word rolls from the tip of your tongue.
As each word like the rain begins and ends with the lip.

James McLain

Sunny

Earth pulled upon her.
Pushed out far away.
Stuck on it's axis.
Turning into long days.
Dawn stretched into dusk.
Sunny her stay.
Waiting all day.
For the night to return.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In Silence You Sleep

Everyday and everywhere.
And every which way.
The main point of your life.
Speaking to me do I stand.
Using my hand,
to touch you there, where.
When where you're touched,
speaks of need.
Approached in silence you sleep.
Before you I stand looking down.
At the center of the sky it approaches.
Hardship and struggle in dreams.
Difficult world of hard times.
When you are my work in this world it is done.
Independent you sleep and silent,
You point and I stand,
right there before, where you were touched.
Approached in silence you sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On Pain

For your pain.
Selfish their understanding.
Understanding the self.
Broken glass is unilateral damage.
When under the eyes of the other.
The red stain in the center of the sand dollar.
Broken under which foot of white hands
Surrounded on all sides.
Premised on pain must the ring?
On stone of the nuts thus are broken.
Being above me of this even the monkey.
Therefore to you by me pain must be known.
And with everyday that passes.
May come the miracle of your life.
Selfish their understanding.
Understanding the self.
Hold out and maintain your center.
With wonder,
your pain and your joy at times to be.
And the moon which was always accepted.
Alternative it passes by your field with one side.
The winter of your sorrow when it comes.
Which when seen by others as calmness,
and due you.
Many of your pains are of choice.
These of this one being different to oneself.
For though the finger be thick,
heavy and hard, it is guided by the tongue.
And out of tender lips,
speaking words that so far when heard, go unseen.

James McLain

The Empty Chair

The good lover of myth is youth.
Puts up with the possibility of growing old.
Being proper,
I look to each full seat.
I wait.
For an opportunity to sit in the empty chair.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Creation Of Music

There is no diacritic of five or less.
However rather than being able to hear.
Hearing subjective however.
Combination of any of these five.
Music from a nightingale.
Wherein comes dawn.
Brings to us as many melodies.
Nighttime view of the sky.
Dropping stars in five colors or less.
Creation of music and it's many hues.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Strategy Of War

Our leaders were never,
perhaps they still are.
Conscious of the fact that where history.
Nor simple calculations where of,
tricks and the strategy of war.
Wherein thus accordance,
to think out side the word exceeds.
Therefore the person and each of their country.
Pushing destruction due to the humanity.
Never which of is yours changed?
Although rebellious of war.
Understanding character far off still is.
Given the opportunity the sensitivity.
Foolish is one not to use it.
The maneuver and the misguided ruse.
Thinking like they never were has the meaning of?
Tailored to fit which are suited is required.
As for us whichever among us our leaders.
Given orders to ignore common decency is truth.
And the honest person when acting to rashly.
Is it even then possible,
to question the validity of the guilty or not guilty of truth?

James McLain

Youth Dressed In Gray

I dance with youth but grow older.
Pretty pie,
candy cakes, plumbs and thumbs.
Index finger being lost as a child.
Twin pillows are drawn in the sand.
There is where the clearing is.
The forest is clear to the edge.
Down to the edge of youth is the sea.
Water and wind and pink softer cheeks.
The moon over head rests on a limb.
Leaves once wide now are narrow.
Standing in youth weeping prolonged.
My eye on green moss hanging down.
Bent are the twigs, ghosts of silence.
Or songs of sleep, bubbles float open lips.
Youth dressed in gray.
Old again, dreams never more less important.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In The Forest

But by us being upright in you I must.
You have touched myself, ringed by fire.
To wander about come in search of.
Seeded the roots pierce each heart.
In the forest for the second time around.
Walking about I must rise and by you I fall.
A bush shrouds the center and.
I must as the tree does, I must push and rise.
O' the center where distant off I stand.
Under the sun covered by my shadow.
The forest Us, the O' rings,
bleeding hearts from the center.
Under the leaves up through the soil.
Like a vine through the bushes it rises,
In the forest standing some remain.
Needles by others are gathered.
Need conquers each sorrow of my life.
In the forest is life one of sorrow life is of song.

James McLain



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Scattering Of Tall Trees

Road of ocher redness.
Purple of the deep green bush.
Because light of.,
Diverged from the dispersion.
Scattering of tall trees.
Homes that sat high up.
Wood, it was.
Brown leaves,
touch the leafless bush.
Under those the boy.
Which will he be made up.
Between the scattering of tall trees,
stunning near she gets.
Left exposed to long to him.
From where he enters into the new world.
Made up of scattered trees,
green leafless bushes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sky And Venus

The shadow person then when once a compilation.
Assembled for you it comes the night.
Before their was day and first she was blind.
Before I became she I was.
She opened the box of rings we became.
Then I became you more complex-ed a person.
Fear of the wolf some overcoming become.
Gathering up the toes on each naked foot.
There are some, some where to the right.
So far off none left can tell.
The shadow that's cast which some can not know.
There on the wall someone draws out the world.
Division of twilight us now of two.
You came of age and starlight whether it came.
Other things drew me up deep inside of your myth.
Those in her turn back the clock.
The hour hand is moved back and once forth,
until twice each second it becomes what it was.
She cannot be looked upon without.
And as time is eternal,
hers was the moon overflowing, filled up.
And for your sake of more than you and you.
If you think to far to the right, think she wouldn't.
As for the sky and Venus beneath.
Benevolent,
are of those which are easy to be broken, the eye.

James McLain

In The Forest >2

Consumed from within it becomes.
Fatigued,
are the rings at the center.
It is fatigued.
Many long roads.
Heavy the load.
Before dawn came were the dreams.
We have withstood long after.
We have died long before.
When the tallest stands heavy and is loved.
We go down to the moss covered bed.
And the shadows are gray like my bark.
It blows from the north,
then runs down south, O' my center.

James McLain



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Woman On The Corner

She remarks as she lights her a cigarette.
Just it has once lived.
Squatting to the back of.
Yellow a stream runs around the red stilettos.
As the other girl on the corner waits.
You take it because,
the other one died and where was she from.
Medical examiner was ask to have said.
And already she is stuck in another way.
Human pride to some men,
it is long and the self seeks, sufficiently.
This time before he comes or strikes again.,
With her over the shoulder a glance - all he's good for.
Whom has become the father of lies for the sake of.
Her unusual eyes for this very thing.
Everyone wants to strike out at them.
One is blue, one is brown, none were offered.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In The Forest-1

Pealed back there is my heart.
Rings have you counted my center.
Made up of hard wood only now soft...
When asleep and valuable are dreams,
Where once we being endless we stood,
Hence since fallen vast numbers have died.

Burnt are these offerings when possible.
Here with this wood by your hand I permit.
Mountains of firewood,
like death do they burn and left standing I wait.
Until they return my funeral.
A seedling is made to mature.

The green leaf it was dropped and red noon.
Hot as it moves to burns us.
There of the white petal the rose we permit those.
Streaking wide and far across the blue sky,
kind of torch where the fire from the heavens it burns us.

James McLain

Portrait Of A Lady

Who has come but will not touch the bloom.
That is rubbed and questioned in adjacent rooms.
And deep the conversation slips beneath the waves.
Among the valleys high and peaks so low.
Being ever careful, caught in fishing nets.
Mingled with the petals are remote controls.
Variations of Vibrations, shaking it begins.
Do you know how much they mean to her.
Her smile becomes a grin.
Picking up the phone she calls her friend.
And he asks how instead of always why?
How rare and why it is, to find out how.
In a life arranged so much around,
so much around of odds and pointed ends.
You know I do not love it and but how you knew?
The moon I see but I was blind to that.
What I heard you say,
on the phone that you are not that blind!
How keen you were to let me know I am.
To find a friend like you who has it all.
Who has a friend like me and gave it all away.

James McLain

Republican Rhapsody

Back and forth across the isle.
Charismatic smiles.
Smiling for her and for you, pinching my baby,
until she cries or dies.
To go back and forth,
without becoming a catholic, until.
Red eye closed,
purple drapes creating personal constitutions.
Hung heavy down below corporate jets.
The compass points to the feeble eye,
his wife smiles at me I go to the corner.
She cuts the grass,
as the bell hop sits by the pool.
What month is this read my lips but don't kiss.
As I have lost your memory.
Do you need a doctor, I don't.
Maybe if I shift so far right, that I now believe.
That cross and the cross where we are crossed.
And the smell of the rich,
and the passage of rights are proclaimed.
Behind closed doors is a room which is closed.
It smells and it does of tobacco and the cocktail with the stick.

James McLain

Democrat Children

While lactation does cyclically reappear
in right wing fox republicans,
it is a milking specialty.
Causally, preserved for the younger pages.
Example,
Sara Palin, Tea and breast pumps.
And is considered taboo by many.
Because of its proximity to incest.
When our Democrat children,
are going to bed often hungry.

James McLain



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Dream We Dream

Each person who dreams,
dreams of dreaming.

Dreaming
dreams of me.

The keeper of our dreams,
dream we dream.

Dreams, being central the poetry of me.

Dreams of wings,
from the dreaming finger.

Dreams,
where the open blue clouds.

Clothed in a world in a web,
spun from dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Is To Full, So I Go

Licking the face of a bad girls moon.
If it is flirty that is even,
chocolate and vanilla one or the other both is better.
I can not think of anything that could be more exotic.
Pushing one's tongue deep into the moon.

Lifting and tasting and pulling out round purple pearls.
Most girls would deny it inside where they love it.
And the more taboo it is,
the more they look out the window at the sea.
The fishwife on a clear rainy day.

Thinks to offer this opportunity only once,
when you smile.
Some one is waiting for that day,
when she uses him as her poem goes a personal toilet.
That will be so what I am not, but she is to hot.
The moon is to full, so I go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It's Not Very Hard But I'M Scared

To the bright yellow sun.
I have never seen.
Never forget me.
When you finally come,
never release me.
John, each night regrets.
Will I always retreat from the day?
And I know that some day.
Down on my knees,
I will one day be lifted up.
Until then on my knees I remain.
I know that every thing I said,
was a tease.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sixteen And Afraid

It was five long days ago.
You found out.
And five more short days.
It won't be true anymore.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Black Hearts Transparent

Coming and going,
night hides between day.
While out side the storm the house shakes.
Under the pillow, they are kept.
Black hearts and love and love of itself transparent.

Late afternoon and ring of circles.
Where the world of deep silence,
down by the rocks,
and up over the edge water laps.
The horse shoe bay is hip deep,
how it shakes.

Everything far out is discernibly,
it is easy to plan ones escape completely.
Nothing can be to close, by you touched, I am.

I have more than once washed the glass,
of the wallpaper, do not reserve.
You do not write,
I often go to bed with your name on the shade,
being born of my name you have called.

It is your eye, the eye in the middle I find.
I find it by myself,
under your supervision are laid blank stares.
Out the window black hearts and love of itself.
Transparent each stare it is blank.
Only with time can the ring of smoke through the trees.
Backwards no chime as if that of sound,
running with time disappears, the clock standing still.
I am coming, you have left, I am stuck on pause, no regrets.

James McLain

Amongst The Flowers

The bee does not have fear of me.
The butterfly, here rests.
The humming bird it fans my face.
With color and with grace.
And when people clean the forest.
More than flowers grow and nest.
With respect, sincerity, including me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shocked

Approached through the bushes
under the moon.
She struggles against the tree.
Smooth it feels of latex.
Nothing but a shadow is seen.
Lips come apart.

Each corner is touched by
one thumb.
Like an electric eel.
Shocked the suddenness of it.
Tipped off,
hot the tongue is electrified.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Fancy

Laying down I painting her.
Standing right side up, overflowing.
Each year,
she evened the score.
I with they a little to merry.
Coming the doctor thought.
My fantasy was,
as I gave her the eye.
Regal long and slim was her neck.
Gold brown head each curl of blue,
and dressed in red peppermint.
He came instead,
finding the gold, brown and blue.
Had turned to green and red.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Withdrawn

Being withdrawn,
from the humid hot night.
Without the distraction of sound.
It is good to feel what you feel.
It is as close to love as love gets.
With you asleep under cover of night,
Your net like a fish, where I'm caught.
I am at your side held up by you.
Like a rope, I am hemp kept twisted.

Being withdrawn,
Day is gone and your hands navigate,
around the world sleeping with dreams.
Your body I feel in sleep some times,
is abandoned to all who breath.
Like the tree full of leaves that the wind,
pulls apart they pursue me.

Being withdrawn,
I am rising.
Better to live with other things,
and the dew covered dawn.
Where two lay side by side,
turning to greet each ourselves.

Being withdrawn,
something remains and even in sleep,
your secret will not die.
Even when I call out your name.

James McLain

Partial-Birth Abortion

Ultra calculating waves.
Mommy looking at my toes.
My mouth is happy moving,
fluids going in and out.
I heard the doctor knows,
I can finally dream.

Beings led, to where?
Some one grasps my foot.
Cold metal opens, I can feel.
Quickly down I'm sliding,
I can't catch my breath.

Being pulled out to the parturient canal.
Backwards I hang out except my head.
Some thing hints that daddies caught,
going in the other way.

Pulling, pushing it is stuffed.
My skull is soft and soft is of.
Scissors they have made to point,
to pierce,
expand dimensions of my skull.

The scissors,
having done are then removed.
Catheter absorbs my mind,
me once your child.

My skull which has collapsed,
inhaled by the doctor with no brain.
And as for mommy does she cry?
I can not see.
Once a baby,
who has died is completely then removed.

James McLain

Did You Ever Know

Did you ever open pause to know.
Could you ever think,
that my love would not decrease.
Growing up, then spilling out and over.
Never loving, even though the climb.
Now in formal times,
you were never loved but once,
and now it deeply showing.

To be young, once as only then,
where loner is the past and short my stay.
To know again,
if even for a moment.
And the moment never comes.
Did you ever know about your secret,
of which I never told.

In a gust of wind there comes a time,
when still in need and as the leaf,
I must be blown away.

James McLain

The Wind

The wind has blown me out of mind.
I wished for you,
you looked at me a wave upon the sea.
The wind has blown all night through me.
You inquired about what howls.
My shout you never leaving heard.
Is peace for me a simple breeze.
Discerned with naked eyes?
On the earth each night I dream of dreams.
The wind could blow to you if I said yes.
You blew that through my mind,
and left me half exposed.
You were my heart, my heart you never knew.

James McLain



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I See Her

Like a leaf blown down across,
and underneath an endless sea.

A sea of emerald green,
her eyes are blue, I see.

I seemed to see her,
closer to the bottom drowning.

In all my wildest dreams,
before this moon lite night.

I am reaching down,
and in.

And she lunges up at me,
not even choking.

James McLain



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A Secret Truth

We place this ring,
but once around the finger.
I suppose,
but it sits down in the center.
Twice removed,
it tells of coming secrets.
Some where in the middle,
lays the truth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

His Swing

I could love it to and you I should, do you?
Why should I love those,
and those of whom just came to play?
His swing she still speaks of.
The others often play,
to be or not to be and find, fair whether.
To every ones surprise,
the road that is least traveled.
It is only when I'm emptied, you are all the wiser.
I boldly go where tongues are often used.
And used the language of your likeness is.

James McLain



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Silent

He was to be the poet.
And she not being able to describe the words to him.
Silence deeper than the sea,
that none with eyes being able wished to see.
One scar amongst two friends.

There comes silence when one is tall,
and jealousy of when one knows they are to short.
And silence of the friend one never had,
when loving tongues can't speak.

The roaring fire you can not hear,
each flame you feel it sear.
And the cold of north wind it's silence comes with fear.
The silence of each mental crisis,
and minds which suffer silence none will speak for either one.

And there is silence deeper than them all,
of the deceased.
If we whom come to live this life and will not speak,
why when standing silent are you looking so surprised?

James McLain

Hand In Hand

Do it to do,
to give it to me.

You transfer the seal,
back and forth to me.

And to be led,
to my other hand.
By your hand.

By your hand,
pray I, you continue.

Exceeding,
my reach of poetry.

Other things it is allotted,
You have it of love.
Love of it words,
and to my loss.

That of your privacy.

By your hands,
I am truly confessed.
For by your love of me.
I walk hand in hand,
without you thinking.

Giving your hand back to me.

James McLain

The Hairy Eye

When the sphere of the hairy eye is caught,
moving from out yonders treetop.
It is removed from the moist warm corpse.
Even the leaves when once can also become.
Each caress of the eye on your skin,
so very, very so it is in the middle of the storm.
The hurricanes calm completely.
The longer it sits, colder grows the rooster.
The feeling when lucky are you to posses,
what is only to the other seems being called queer.
Unhinged is the jaw, it is fearful, you call.
When both resemble a tongue.
When being stuffed, both truly fare well.
Does it not fascinate, there is a socket, where.

or

The hairy eye ball hangs from the tree.
Removed from a corpse,
that has for a while it has been and still is.
Using no gloves,
each caress of the eye over the skin is so utterly.
Extraordinarily blue and yellow and green and gentle.
To the mind the sensation is so utterly bizarre.
It has something to do with the crooning,
of rooster's horrible crowing.
Both are disgusting and to the naked eye fascinating,
and the socket when packed without cotton it is.

James McLain

Shemales

She was not to some a little too tall.
She could have used a few more pointers.
She wore short skirts tucked up to high.
She was a tease with green emerald eyes.
She payed her way and danced with her own.
She moved back and forth, way up to high
She would do a lap dance and no one left.
She was way up front her moon was high.
One night he went out past the bushes.
She kissed him where the woods grew heavy.
Funny how she comes when the night moves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Jealous Wife

The wife, has many shadows on the wall of jealous fear.
With one eye always open,
the other one depending on which dear.
And my wife knew all the upright social boys.
Being plundered, while I slept.
And the good book where it opened, spoken of.
Where (to look for trouble) it is made.
Pebbles cast against my window,
asking and is caught.
Strangers in my garden plunders, sleeping idiot!
Speaking half white truths.
When I become of age,
and my husband might have once then been.
That never seems to stop them,
when you drink and take those pills.
When you were young it was the opposite I feared.
Never waking up however slight my movement.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sound Of Trees

I think no doubt concerning wood.
Through the leaves I stand so still.
With awe and wonder, why.
It is more than noise the wind I hear.
Each tree that stands is classified by noise.

Therefore close your eyes in our addresses.
We come to day to suffer from those,
whom lost there place the place of all our joys.

And I like they you would with all the scented wood.
Measurements that fit the sky, until.
And profit let us do them not like air which is now seen.
And to be wiser,
because you are brought up older.

For the knowledge you lest not speak,
less you give there place away and now that means.
When pulling at my feet up off the floor,
and you observing me the wood that shakes.

Head trembling occasionally against your shoulder.
From your window or the door.
The sound of trees, the smell of wood, the hanging moss.
I express green leaves, because somewhere, being little is, I grow.

James McLain

The Traveler

She is here, coming home.
She emits independent light.
Sunday off the side road,
and past the chain locked gate.

She see's to great lengths.
Distance holds us present.
Words never leave without regret.

The sea and the cave and the star or stone.
Maleness is night or my best friend.
There is where my house is never used.
This is why it is.
When independence is my agony.
Distance is considered, short or long.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hero

All lonely, gray haired mother's.
So many were the very young these soldiers.
The letter began, then it led me, I know not where.
The letter never right side up, it said.

On behalf of they whom are no more,
your son or daughter.
Then her heart went out, her face went lent.
Her son and daughter,
have not been home since both went separate ways.

You said that on each letter,
that each mother of each soldier would not
be treated in that way.
It is also for the sake of those they ended up that way.

One was hit and being hit, while being hit he saved,
and calmly dying saying, that each calm victory.
Being told this lie and her with the eye of joy.
Old and being meek,
he never went to church her luster shines.

Because his sister is and maybe was, switched every.
And it seems that no one worries that the lonely woman,
whom loads bread upon her wagon would know soon.
However as an exception to the spoken golden rule.
There was not enough to make two loaves,
and at the funeral as I cried, no one even knew.

James McLain

I Stand At The Gate

From out of the night they come and cover me.
Bending over, I have stooped to this.
Looking deep into the pit.
I use the stick to back peddle,
and from within the pit the stick keeps coming back.
Perhaps it is God, because of my, Unquinchable mind.
Falling, I clutch at the sides.
The sides do not shrink,
and without thought as I did not shrink and did not shout.
The bottom puts out my voice.
Unrolled by the tounge the scroll is filled up.
Is it important how long I stand at the gate?
How important is it.
You are the master of my destiny.
I am the captain of your wise mind.

James McLain



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Nine Ducks

Her drowsy head, mid summers heat.
He lifts his right wing, which is limp,
nodding satisfaction.
To hear him sing,
inside upon the water where the lake.
Indistinct these lakes are distant to between.
The oil on his feathers where they are green.
Spread across the open water,
romance has left seven separate trails.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chickens Come And Go

Looking back at it,
I am strangely compelled to move my jaw suddenly,
towards the drawer.
The mirror does not move at all except when.
Dad has me think that I slipped and that it opened.
To find one, and that I am shown it is a male chicken.
The rooster was what he said.
It is dad and inserts that finger directly into the chicken.
He leads that to my cat.
Don't cats eat chickens I ask?
I ask how the chicken moves with no feet?
Puppy style,
which I saw out of my window when it was raining.
Pop goes, the girl.
He says.
That was a weasel.
The chicken is squeezed by the neck.
It snaps my memories and felt the lip outside of me.
And through the heart, I am pierced.
The chicken more loudly, I shout.
To be, the father!
To be, Singing told the mischievous daughter, and oh,
dad have mercy and have more chicken than I need right now.
As for me dad and chickens, you have grown to know.
And to think back to then I would ask?
Dad when I grow up, why do all the chickens come and go?

James McLain

I Died For Beauty

I am one, whom have more than once,
adjusted to the grave and died.
Because in death I needed no make up.
Scantily veiled except for my face,
those whom had come,
as in life someone stood up and died.
Because even in truth,
when one is next door and behind closed eyes.
Even in death in the next door room.
Did he think to ask?
Whispered under fumbling breath,
I if why you failed, much to suddenly,
with others looking not even in life this quietly?
Because of beauty,
into my deaf ear gathered around they answered.
And I -more than two,
most married because of the truth.
Death is one.
As for us the same trader,
Death is certain.
He never said it would be this hard.
When death came It met at the door of my night and so.
Blood is thicker than oceans of water,
we spoke between the rooms, the moss in his lips,
and being hidden our names, until it and he and I reached.

James McLain

Believe And Believing

Do you believe,
that somewhere there is some one,
all alone and sitting in the dark and in the cold?
At the crossroad,
where the moon light shows the tell tale fork,
the darkest nights, believe.
That for everyone who becomes lost,
and looking up it's you they found.
For every road their is one road, the road
where love is falling and the flower that is facing you.
Loving hands that brought you up.

I must believe this,
and believing in a new world.
Where all words are spoken of and there's no shouting.
Where all the children and each baby has green life,
never hearing someone hurting.

Look at the sky,
then look around at others walking by.
Then reach out if even with a word and if you can,
and if you can't then with your face it lets them know.
And they can tell when they smile back, do you believe.
or I, why it's you I believe,
believe and believing you and how it is that I believe in you.

James McLain

Dream Variations

When day is gone,
and slowly night slips in, I close my eyes to white.
Then while the night inside my head, remains,
I count again the evening stars.
And he of what I was begins I hope to change.
If you have a wife and wife if you have he,
the day before the storm, today before tomorrow comes.
The heart develops calmly, like the voice that comes to me,
when next to you I sleep it comes but once.
Never twice,
one comes once or sometimes twice with no other.
Let it be when you and me,
that it is never dark when it is this your variation of my dream!
In the face of all that is and when the sun it fast approaches.
I can see around the sun but I must wait until the sun,
begins it's yearly dance.
Each revolution, proves to you, my love can bend.
And at that place above the horizon of the sun.
Einstein's Cross, and how you see it where it bends.

James McLain

The Poet Has All Their Life For You Done

Love to light and It shows.

I have never written poems designed around buildings,
and to love and life the poem it is everything.

And she to I' about saying, what I love.

Why she does for me and where you have known that fact,
that it is what the poet has all their life, loved has done.

Sweetness like the kiss of age, any.

Of walking and the snow and at school, you looked at my dream.

Our feet are young for the second time, they hear our voices.

Are we not strong and of happiness.

You' re-do not fear.

Because by now you have had time to know me sufficiently.

And now we are hidden (desperate) as for all day, waiting for.

You whom keeps my desire do to your buildings.

Perhaps it flies with out wings, after all what is hope?

To enter into some one else and read our poems,

and with her dreams and the sleep so deep that the night.

Knowing darkness, directly, with the sound of a poets love,

moving on her side having neither one met.

Door to door open beings our inexperience the names where the salesman
shouts sit down I will read you the story of your life.

James McLain

In Kisses, I Answered

When you decide to depend upon someone,
it is not me, it is not me, but still you ask, I to needed to ask.
Even when your back is completely turned around.
The moon it traces, is it not, why you or why me.
Like you I breath and in breathing it does not speak.
Under both hands Inside the sound drowned sorrow.
Talking different from the way you walk,
gold-plating, silver lining the reputation which is there.
The six inch cut how it burns your tear stained cheeks.
And deep in thought where you live the silence perhaps, it lives.
For ever how long, it is or short, it is not.
Equal is the width the length the depth are your lips,
and is it not in those lips, in kisses and vertical, I answered.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eye Balls

Many weird and unusual your dreams.
I know what you want in you to see.
I make sure your wildest dreams come true.
Subconsciously you are kept in.
And while you sleep r.e.m. deep.
Your eye balls move around in this reality.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Kissed By Lips

To feel the woman become full.
The sun it sears and burns.
The earth when wet,
and different is each scent, each smell.

Between the blue veined marble collums,
there you stood, where I, you knelt, I am.
And rising from the ground the sucking mud.
The squelching mask the sound is of.

The seaweed it is dark I feel it grasp your toes.
Released from reason, hence divine, I speak of knowledge,
of some lighter secret shade of pink?
Pulsing, pulsed you've forced, it pours unending out.

Do you as other people touch that spreading feeling?
What kind of sight and first you come each night?
The love of wind it travels through your hair,
and the northern stars when standing are.

The rainstorm, where the water as it parts.
Two bodies which if heaven deigns become.
Each depending on the others single mindedness.
Kissing you, your lips I kiss the open sky.
And by your kiss, I slip once more into the night.
And now my gaze has turned once more upon the moon.

James McLain

Cloudy Days

While I wait to see.
And as for her and as for he.
I wait for no one but for thee.
Incandescence when comes youth,
but from that lump of coal.

Did she raise it up, post seriously?
When by which the deed is done.
Like the naked truth is half exposed.
Is when the full advantage of.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poets Of The Many

The poets of the many feelings are of all, each rung,
of life and teach positions.

Though if poets they must some what seem to be.
Will you see the world for what it is, subconsciously.

Just one of many loves,
and love of life and lives which often lost, are never sung.
When sung as songs,
and like the west the wind that moved the dying world.

Where it reaches I am you and you are part of many.
When I move, you play my harp and wash away the flood,
of tears the sand none own, the method of one's madness.

Our countries are our songs, it is my song,
and the east,
from whence we came, the wind it blew that fateful day.
Which if we can't, if they will not if not it changes possible, but.
The sky where I am as a cloud, feels soft as all seas,
to shine with due respect to color of the ocean free.

And in all the fields the flash of silver make it never gray.
I made your answer of the heart for the entire world to see.
Your my art and sweetly so monotonous you hum my meaning.
In your ear then never as for me it never changes,
It can not withstand the parting of, because of my own part.

You thought to all and all to thought of you the one sufficiently.
Your's are the treasures of the clouds,
each and every where, my from youth old years.
As rain turns into snow and small but strong the center,
and like the orphaned child, crying with, without the arm.
Or here like some whom taste the wine when spirits do just fine.
Of to many there are mines where you are hidden I am found.

James McLain

Kiss By Kiss

The woman full.
The sun it burns.
The earth when wet which scented smells.
Between the collums,
where you stood, I am.
Rising from the mud.
The squelch of sound is of.
The seaweed it is dark it grasps my feet.
Released divine all knowledge,
of some lighter secret?
Pulsing, pulsed it's forced, as it pours out.
Do you as other people touch that feeling?
What kind of sight, first night?
The love of wind is travelling through the air,
and the northern star,
the rainstorm, where the water it is sharp.
Two bodies which become.
Each depending on the others single sweetness.
Kissing you, I kiss the sky,
and by your kiss, I slip once more into the night.

James McLain

Glancing Back At Misspent Youth

If white is the only color
of your morning then my love,
It is like the dew a proper luster.

In all your earthly mine your piety.
when you look inside out at me.
I dress myself inside the night,
of your white moon light stairs.

Briefly glancing back at misspent youth.

They cut off all of their's, of his and hers.
And took to clothe them in their smugness.
Beating on their chests,
more out of jealousy than treachery of war.
Out of some subconscious need,
afraid of his and hers to great their beauty.

Why did they erase her night
and leave him out, inside her dawn?

James McLain

Leavetaking

From one's own diminished absence which at morning sings.
The climbing sun it comes,
and at night and as for those of us for whom day goes away.
By your dawn I lift each misty covered yellow veil.
When by the moon light it when filled up comes to brief.
Woman with much grief I had to slow in hast withdraw.
With no good bye when I came you heard my hello said and.
Because even from the center of the saddest heart.
Sweetheart where each time that you are rescued from my sting.

James McLain



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It Can Decide The World

Although my heart dies of fear,
and this knowledge is free from my head.
And are we not at the historic point once again.
Where are the words, when they never come.
Are coming out of truth from great depths,
where is peace the place where it is, it is not.
Peace to each General wants what?
Can peace from one philosopher, where it can,
blessed she move to one side, divide the world?
Where upon it is of the highest standard it is kept.
Doing not what you do but by proper speech it is spread.
Behind the wall, bricks are made we never laid.
Come one to her come ye all.
Does he say to you this is not so applied thought directly?
Perfection which when applied,
here is my hand and the arm of each one is extended.
Where the habit of dying is lonesome, our hearts.
Do you the dying at that place where we are led.
First by thee in what is heaven our love of freedom,
my father permitted by each respective country.
Customs that change our duty is honor and we bleed.
Where her eye has awakened deep in thought, I beseech thee.
And our behavior which always by peace all seek to spread.

James McLain

Day Of Fire And Sun

When the fire of day my dying sun.
Looks as the flame and night brings purity.
There I lay upon the sand,
he only came to see the ocean by my wave.
Sitting up and speaking to the point.
Faintly is the wind and there are whispers,
where he spoke my common name.
Blue the sea and white the sand of the night sky.
And darker green it some times seems.
Love me tender but never ask me why.
With your hands beneath the sand,
the center lifted high and of my kind your mind.
Like day the crystal shows it's many facets.
Oh, before you leave the fire and sun,
slow recess leaves the night and day is quickly fading.
Comes one and each but I must be, to the sea returning.
Your being in possession of my center, does not do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Joy Without Reason

Now upon his return,
but I she takes a note it's more appropriate.
To the flashing gender ever changing mood,
flushed of face impending thunder soon.
And where the garden there it's always quite.
Except for bushes hands are parting.
And deep rooted evenly spaced,
a treetop bends it's head like lovers moving.

The curtains hang out side my bedroom window.
An inward breath her curtains blow up outward.
Two sparrows dance our dance and fly south westward.
The white magnolias fade to nothing on the trees,
and moss hangs down the rain it finally comes.
Like a heavy bag of sand like a drops scene.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sailed Up The Sun

She navigates about or above the sun.
As for my eye only her.
She is where I planted my deepest of sorrow.
Her dress of my color befitting it is yellow.
She of he is of whom.
Under the bush she pulled one limb up.
As I was pierced by a leaf, bright it was green.
And her whom she is, Sailed up to the sun.
She whom is my grief is she whom lived where I lie.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In The World

In the world.

But if for them you never speak,
they can not speak for you.

One only, only one can speak it into, suddenly.

For the second time, if it is to be, be it now.

High above and soft of voice I hear you speak.

Simultaneously midnight is with the coming noon.

And that other child is swallowed gathered fast.

There upon with the hallowed it is swallowed.

For the second time is it not of that, which drives us on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thoughts Beneath So Light But Firm

Thinking thoughts beneath so light but firm.
Is more discretely less I've plainly seen.
As faces must reveal each death is purged.
Or miss the tears I've lived to fight the urge.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Flowers And The Woods

As for the moon lite every night.
There is candy it is sweet it's over there.
Where the flowers and the woods,
by the passing wind has breached.
Be attentive but be never like them still.

Peace comes to you quietly on those quiet feet.
It comes to me, it comes to you.
You never were who I am not, you always said I was.
One with your souls living off the dreams of peace,
I have placed it deep inside your rising chest.
And to the moon each kiss I leave is hot.
Love tonight it comes to all that I remember.
When in me, who he is not, but you remember that I am.

James McLain



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Misty Snow Filled Veil

Winter:

With the fog running off and down the hill.
Morning which does not have today a name.
It is covered with the misty snow filled veil.

Spring:

Green leaves beginning buds that open fall.
Paddy fields and ponds both are the same.
Green of the open sea and emerald eyes.

Summer:

Wind and rain the shock it speaks of fall.
However, still afforest the pecan shell the chestnut.
Light replaces dark and love is black and pink.
In my room the night time gloom,
the long necked supple heron, I hear speak.

James McLain



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Her Dream And What It's Like

Some stains never wash completely out.
But my best friend's a girl some times his mother.
To protect her name we shall call her Mary.
She the center after words she would scrub.
Worn out by this never ending work,
her neighbor and his name.

Camisas for the soiled beauty but still neatly there.
Oiled and pompadoured an engineer for the railroad.
His wooden tie,
and this man who came to her rich country laying.
The wooden spikes she latter said, mile after mile.
Boiled was the center washed in lye.
Latter bleach in the wash and pain the bluing
Hand squeezed each and every rinse.

Rinse after mind numbing rinse.
The once red panties and that ripped torn shirt.
Always her metal image then emerged starkly white.
And gone innocence as angels.
Hard and black the dreams of iron spiked horsemen.
Of the Apocalypse, bearing spikes and crosses.
And my blood and roses, carried off like pestilence.
With them in that Spring valley of early yearly losses
Knowing that they knew the damage that would be done.

James McLain

Plug It In, Plug It In

Mom almost screamed when I reintroduced my self.
The scream was not in response to my mental pain.
Nor was it from her sheer pleasure.
Her inner most self and her heart became instantly.
Beginning behind the white cotton cloud twice I began.
Naturally, I reacted as any young son would never react.
Beginning again I began with all my heart and might.
I almost knocked her off of her, out on all fours.
She recovered the mask beautifully,
and actually began meeting my trust with her matronly physical authority.
All that was missing was a green mile that would read.
Plug it in, plug it in.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Like A Star It Pulses

When you were I ask before.
I, by you your open mouth said more.
If that is not or did you not feel deep desire?
From no such place from which I slept before.
I love the milky way the river flowing slowly.

Spreading out held close up spare my life.
These questions you have ask were never asked of me.
That you could not to do this much you love a certain thing!
The fact that I am spent,
and you have sent again for me to set you living free.
Love I give to you I try and you inside I live is affirmation.

When there is something pulling there then pushing.
Like a star it pulses, when you stand I say it isn't.
In proper order do I wait to watch the others die.
Then if I die-If I challenge you, it smiles and dies!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Speak To Me Of Prose

Those lines so tight and light they speak to me of prose.
The way that time turns back the clock,
this woman not a girl.
Open doors, clear windows show what I have to give.
Deep inside the closet is a door -closed he showed me.
Because you liked it still - Still I like it to!
Perhaps one day the woman that always was I am.
Perhaps one day the little girl out side she ran away.
My brain once his, is seen - I can not let it go.
Those the wise the way I choose when wisdom is because.
Above his mantle sits my clock, below his looks I have.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Tide

It was the new tide,
where love from the center it flows.
Rising then falling,
the star like the foam as the sea like a gull,
catches the wind as it rises.
Somewhere else maybe here.

The sun was acute,
hot were the bubbles she had known.
Coastal the highway up in the sky is the highest.
Where down below the rocks sticking up are to many.
Love in my heart was as fresh as the tide,
each month at the end when I come it is flowing.
Where the starlit quality watching the sea gulls soar.

The sun was deep on her back,
and green was the foam was blowing white on her thighs.
But now in the dusk the tide it is turning,
and the waves that once rose are restless and yearning.
Are broken away from the sea past forever once more.

James McLain

Light Purple Is Jasmine

You come slowly, in thee.
My search it is blind, covered vain.
Just within reach the unused lip.
Bashfulness, stung like the bee.
Murmurous of fainting it slurps.
My this light purple is jasmine.
Reaching into the center of that flower.
One circles each is striped is coming lower, slowly.
The buzz that it is the vibration there it is.
You call her out of the room.
Fruity it counts that fruit juice, - it gets off.
It is lost with the fragrance oil!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Cat

The lizard and the sparrow drumstick the money,
and Sawayama of the honey,
took those seeing concerning the loan of guarantee of the lesbian.
Whom she does, it is stuffed by the telephone of zone of the hub.
Passing by small cuissart where the lizard inspected the above-mentioned part,
in order to hit hard, the stuffed,
the cat whose O is beautiful!
The cat my love of thou O,
how it is the beautiful cat, or it is, it is!
How it is the beautiful thou O the cat?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Wears Black Like Me

Blond she keeps her distance from me.
Not because of what you think,
but what she knows if she decides and does.
How long has she watched me part the water as I swim?
A mile up and down as I toss aside the buoys,
when I reach them.
As if they were.
I try to think like her she has well muscled legs.
And I can only see her white panties,
when her sheer black shorts become gulf wet.
I can only assume that all of the woman,
know that I would swim through them like that.
Some times I swim so far up and down,
I have to call a cab to bring me back.
It is your fault that when you saw me,
that no interest did you show me.
Yesterday a hammer head ate a one hundred pound tarpon.
It's scales were larger than the largest man his hand.
She will, I again perhaps, I hope.
And yes I smoke.
I wonder how long her big toe is,
and her tongue is pink when we were speaking is.

James McLain

Wide And Straight The Road

The spark from life and fullness, day revives.
And in the deep of night a tree spreads roots.
Each branch the bush beneath is nature's drive.

This kind of power turns back the hands of time.
It's course is as the river moving past to fast.
And daytime, turns the evening into star filled nights.
Wide and straight the road, it's bend goes right or left.

Existence of the day, does the absent night prove that?
Coming motherhood, each season rears his head.
Pushed up and out, pulled down and in by power.
While each new born creative one,
completes her breath with sweetness, beauty and joy!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Don'T Go Far Off

I wait under tonight's full moon.
There is another place that I like,
and the sky above which I with you slept.
Come, don't go to far around, up the hill.
The highway is quite the rest areas are busy, asleep.
The moon behind the clouds keeps on rising and setting.
I can not speak without my tongue,
and can not you tell me why it is that you have two.
The crescent moon is as narrow as I am wide.
How ever I long and how ever short is my sleep.
You will leave me here face down in rose petals.
How shallow my breath grows and dying.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Becoming Pregnant

When they tighten significantly, just before.

The branch of the tree,

will suddenly become stiff and rigid.

More so when your significant other,

throughout her beginning, middle the end ministrations.

Your head feels like because of her might come off.

And will suddenly engorge with blood, swell to largely,

and the branch of the tree will feel like it has gone rigid and is straining against itself (which it is) .

The last and final clue is that you will feel around the center ridge,

on the underside of the branch of the tree suddenly pulse.

It will give one (empty pulse) ,

followed a fraction of a second later by a second,

and then more subsequent pulses.

The first pulse generally does not seem like it is, but it is empty of.

The second and subsequent pulses most assuredly do.

The majority of that which she needs is acquired,

during the first three contractions.

The remaining contractions and pulses will diminish in volume.

First contraction/pulse, usually devoid of (empty pulse) .

Second contraction/pulse, contains (approximately 1/8th of the total volume) .

Third and fourth contractions/pulses, contains
(approximately 1/3 of the total volume)

this like hers is the heaviest flow when from her it flows.

Fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth contractions/pulses,

contain (approximately 1/2 of the total volume) .

Ninth and subsequent contractions/pulses,

may or may not contain and are sometimes referred to as 'after waves' or the attempting to continue to when little or none remains.

James McLain

Magnificent Your Body

Do this for me that one thing,
which you started and is what you wanted me knowing.
You have known this is how long,
and how deep and how far it would follow.
If I touched each day of your rubies the seventh red month.
I saw the crystal, the eye, the pupil of the red gem.
Month after month at the end of the month the red branch,
and me when I fall and you open your window to slow.
Magnificent your body and everything else which is moved.
Could I stand up to the wind carried off moved aside to be close.
Ash from the banked cold fire or the wrinkle the log water makes.
Carry me off into you, be certain it is what I wish, all of the way.
The long boat is fragrant, the river is sweet made of honey.
Then my love you supply unlike most loves, your my love and.
It is not forgotten,
and it is only a word and without going to far carried away.
The sea is deep,
and green waves capped with white foam, we have lived.
And just for a moment being loved, is love what it is.

James McLain

The Door Bell

I swallowed as
much as I could, hoping it would be enough. It seemed
to be, as he left as soon as he was done.

Two weeks later, waiting for daddy to come
home, sitting on my bed.
Rocking it back and forth.
Knowing that he was gonna beat me,
and probably rape my never having there had been.

It seemed more than an hour later.
I heard the door bell ring.
Quickly, I threw
on some clean panties and answered it, and saw my aunt,
My daddy's sister, told me something that
would change my life forever.

My daddy, who had abused me in every way for the last
two years, was dead.
I was glad he was dead, because
it meant that my pain down there was finally over.

I'm thirteen now, and I live with my lesbian aunt and her lover.
I couldn't be happier even when they.
It is different the feelings, some how.

They never touch me, except to say goodnight.
No matter how
much I love being free, I'll never forget how hard
I was used it felt more like being abused
by my daddy.

James McLain

From The Green Eye

Eye the river which is formed by why.
Eye as for the river my mind has been formed by the why.
From the green eye which is older than the last bend now strait.
Eye of the blood from one person the river of ancient times.
And as human as the world,
like the river you were brought up why deeply.
The dawn is young, for you why me who she is and I.
When hearing, rising up from the mud and singing.
The river which is formed by the first ancient why.
Ancient times, dusky river filled over in mist.
Eye for my mind,
like the river you were brought up to rise deeply, bloody why.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mainstream Desire

The moon of a black woman on a white woman.
Is all I want - Me being defensive all your life.
Muscle instead of jello is it too much to ask?
From a single round firm ring hear me sigh.
Lips which cannot help me think.
Mainstream desire, coupled with eyes are for that.
Lightning it said when it rains.
When the moon is full being my honest compulsion.
Every day last night and each time so I would recently.
Moving around the equator completely, equates slowly.
With you the fire is never put out the same way.
Please, Eternal one when it snows keep me warm.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Honorable Prisoner

There should be no,
Capital Punishment of the honorable prisoner.
And there it is essential the difference of murder.
Where there is no wife and a child at this time of war.
Real and thus you feel slighted and or imagined.
Little N.A.T.O. for violating the law with warrants,
those, which is handled easily.
When it is necessary to be able to use justly, minimal power.
Therefore it is the weapon,
and wholesale slaughter of the others troops, you use.
Better off thee than me.
In case of, in each case perhaps it does,
and it is to give nurse to those where the edge of the view,
repels the cunning people, gives consolation, is good.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Watch It Rise

Come love it is long, silent there it is, it is there.
Running back with you, I learn again to walk.
I stumble upon time.
To see the sun and watch it rise.
And I am blind and my feet walk upon silent stone.
You walk and tread like the leaf.
Dry it makes no noise sinking up to your ankles.
Someone else by the bushes, If you run, she turns me, both move.
Who?
Although it is dark, just your lonely steps are heard.
Odorless roses freed,
entirely of me and misunderstood I turn, between the corners.
I go where it leads up to the womb of permanence or,
every one whom waits, no one follows but me,
and the place where she stumbles where I stumble are pursued.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Boy And The Girl

When your thoughts are of, I have lived.
And the well from the spring came each person.
And the boy and the girl who can not refuse,
As a bubble in time will not forget, dims and dies.
And the bubble where it is forgotten.
From the sun shines such a beating heart.
Here in just a little between.
I come to the light from the center.
Apart sliced together is space without darkness.
My breath which frosts comes with me.
I inquire about the sight,
that shows bright intelligence of so many lives.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Letter Open

I have opened your letter the mail man has left.
Rereading what you never read.
There is nothing to say, you've not said.
What I never said love was this.
Love once found is never lost.
White clouds in the sky and July has passed.
Purple lilies that bloom on mid summers pond.
Blowing the wind parts the moss.
Trees bend their boughs and leaves falling lost.
And on the bank I left the rest up to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Weakness For The Female Hand

I swear I didn't and as for her which thinks of each thing.
Any name will do I called today.
Looking she does not look at my perplexity of the.
Her part is to the left, next to the far right.
She wears loose clothes in order to murder me.
The high narrow place has been because of the high heels.
Where to be short the slit on the dark split skirt,
and the front part is neatly trimmed where.
The blouse and the starch is white.
They are about four or five inches.
It makes the black patent leather feel like.
Legs that climb like a snake the hose, which is shed like skin.
Black on black with some pink, is not high and does not become.
Those pulled apart the glance the ring around the neck is.
I rearrange the back section of her hair, sudden movements.
It gives her the stern somewhat appearance in wearing those.
As I would so do she does, I do the hand at first glance,
and it is swallowed eagerly.
The length from the tip of the finger, past the palm to the wrist.
Filled with fingers the glove the wrists movement like a watch.
As for her that these at that time you take the matter in hand.
Which is not long enough,
every foot which approximately possesses delirious thoughts.

James McLain

My Earliest Memory Of My Vagina, Is

I was maybe eight or perhaps I was little there, nine.
And from slight itching,
interest I inserted my little finger, in by yours.
The feeling there I am fearful,
getting caught, being told by some that it is.
Conservative, Christians after that is a crime,
whether or not I am like you, like the early bird,
some mum said looking for worms would come earlier.

Your thoughts of doubt,
damaged by your thread before I was born, how you came.
When I was very small,
as for my mother in me who once like me was she said.
Everything which you think that I would like to know.
Many pop goes that measles it did and slowly was urged.
You read, the same page, no problem.
If it does the question in the magazine regarding that of her.

The time my friend and I had expressed our vaginas first.
Small school.
I grew to be approximately ten years old, as for the rest of us.
We had it done, kissing it to Kiss, embrace it or tortured.
As for my friend one thing she, It showed.
Do you to choose such agony, I am already alone with my friend.
You said,
of those whom kick me the loafing person, what to bleed?
I want to connect, you said, If they kick the vagina, what to bleed?
My friend did not ridicule me, in me fingers can, you said.
Sliced from your vagina it finishes to cut.
I continued entirely explaining menstruation to the rest those.

The time my first period which I before it came I obtained.
I was ten years old.
It was that directly before the other all my friends.
I was excited really.
First when from me to someone else the other person sharing,
my vagina.
Fifteen I turned this year, when it ages it was.
My close friend and as for me becoming drunk sometimes very,

I knew exactly what that hand meant to me.
I think of lips now,
when you place it on it clamps and my vagina.

We when we now meet, finger friends that,
to do to him bend or tend or lick me with or without anytime.
I give the works of the hand to him,
and I inhale occasionally of him.
Then I am what, or concerning her vagina,
which is said now back to fingers in my daughter.
With what which you think that she would like to know.
As for this conversation with me, who am I to make you think.

James McLain

Before The Sun Has Set

The sight of it is sheer.
Behind a wall of mist a shape.
It keeps her, where she is.
He keeps one step ahead of her.
And time is breathless still.
I stand beneath the moon and whisper.
And tell her this.
Before the sun has set.
Your eyes look down at me.
The path leads through green leaves.
Around a stand of trees.
Up the bend around the base.
I push my memory in and close her fist.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

There Is No Other Moon

There is no other moon.
Clouds blow across another sky.
Open windows on the other side,
I feel that when you ask me come,
you feel that it has settled.
Past treeless hills and silent fields.
The forest fills the air.
A brighter garden filled with roses it is here.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Countless Numbers Of Stars

Just across the line imagine this hurdle.
I can't but help to remember it best.
She said remember to me.
She remembers the falling star never still,
like the fastest horse around the track, it competes.
It is the gift from heaven.
Upon the saddle, jumps suddenly.
I remember, I think I recall she does.
And raining down upon us. so very many, large numbers!
There was countless numbers of stars.
At each time we saw as one and as for us, we safely,
were moved from the center where the red beating hearts.
Which are, but to quick off the original play.
Looking at those gorgeous bodies,
surprised by, the center where I stood, it collapses.
Inward without warning hot yellow burning, until I.
And how does she and she and she moved me,
collapsing without yet continuing their falling.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Green, Depths Of The Sea

Once again there we are as I wait, there I sit.
Hip deep in a sea of endless light green grass.
Dark beauty hidden in curls underneath of the moon.
Your moon comes between it and me.
I pull it back slowly, you slip it out and it falls away.
Beneath you,
I stand up for both sides it comes and it knows you.
Just as I sleep you, I have.
Leather boots, full lips and ten fingers and toes.
To great depths of the sea do I go just to kiss them.
When yours is the beauty, gold color the sweat.
Pull the pulley as it curls into one long, you gasp string.
Inside of the sun the wind is your world,
sea and ice.
Silver rain his sweet cream and your heart once as mine,
was too heavy,
when I thought of you like she was,
it was the last time when I call you come quickly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As Poets Stream Out

As you sing,
and I move slowly I back again through it.
Blood red is the green dress,
tall adults, stiff with envy.
Beating hearts I have heard come and go.
Peaceful minds and I am, overwhelmed.
Bee's as they fly why I try golden honey.
When I come, I trust you have arrived.
And do you come when I am sleep, cresant moon.
Hearing the wind through the window, I see a dog.
Like a rag in it's grinning mouth how it shakes me,
the voice that I hear is your's so I come.
Speaking at the waters edge,
a stand of trees, greenleaves bent over homesickness.
Here at my autumn have all come, all wear light shadow's,
Of today,
yesterday's gone as the wind, when tomorrow arrives.
You are the giver and both are exposed lies your beauty.
When cities sleep,
the fish sleep comes peace and loose their fishy smell.
When hunger found us out,
your leafless dress, loving you before the dying worm.
Silver halo last tuesday back through tuesday,
and shinny brass buttons just once beneath the full moon.
Let it be as one with each river,
as poets stream out from the bay, comes the sea.
And Mary and I wept,
when drinking red wine together our toes, end to end.
Beneeth the other side it is mixed with the smell of red buds.
And each bell when it rings,
being deaf sounds come from oppisite directions.

James McLain

Often, Because They Open

Looking back at the last one while seeing more.
Empty vacant site, weaving long stems,
there in the middle of the full crows nest.
While on top of the telephone pole, black feathers waiting.
Spring some where has finally come.
Quietly the water falls and winter it breaks.
The moist heat of the hot tepid long summer.
White as bone china the magnolias up there, rest open.
Let it be forgiven heady the breeze as the scent.
Smiling exactly to cuddle to often the tree is because.
Above I am watching.
Lovely you turn as they whisper they open.
Learning how to cry from the depths of the sea,
and full wide lips and the lips feel so free.
You, how I suffered as my once pure of sight.
To often became more than green, yellow, red lights.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sun Has Risen

Pulling further out of it.
I would come when you call.
My dearest, my dear, the white static noises.
And heaven is full of more of such stars.
Today after school through the window, I saw.
Through the glass where your robes.
Both exposed.
One is caught the other never free.
He is one of your,
too many secrets that you have kept safely inside.
Echoes throb off of bootlegged lips.
Bloody some times is, self-sacrifice you have loved.
I blink only green,
one little boy gone a thief in the night.
Thrusting upward suddenly into beth's closet.
The sun has risen, morning has come.
Hush it is gone with the night.
More bedroom noises do I hear, please come quickly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Mule And Forty Acres

When being, how many years later?

The same shadow on your wall it stands hard in work.

And at the center of your room travelling it has traveled,
which is long, the house, sits upon forty acres.

The mule by your side in and out of the room is my pet.

You hyperventilate when we come, I watch you breathe.

Calling out for you to obtain, together they whisper.

You it does not own at all.

The visitor it sees,

how it rises and plants go into the ground, cotton flags.

Which is declared to the sunny side of the hill which often it is.

We did not belong to you under any condition.

We were not found under any condition.

That was roundabout way but always we came when you called.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Knotted By Dogs

Baby Jesus, HATES.... questions like this.
But He still loves you even though you hate Him!
People who do nasty things to animals,
should they be castrated?
Defective genes pollute the canine gene pool.
They should be placed in solitary confinement,
for at least thirty days.
With no possibility of release or parole,
except in those cases where.
Most importantly,
When people start becoming, knotted by dogs,
Becoming more than the dogs themselves,
then become less than more and.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

By Your Hands

When your hands begin to dance.

You look up as I stare at the sky they make me jump.

Sighing to my self as stars float by, yours are the ones.

I love, what of you in me from whence it comes,

do I have to choose which one while flying?

Coming from your hands,

and from my lips words which you planned knowing stopped.

Stopped so suddenly, I know your why I have known of those,

and why one time so long ago the other way.

Me it was they touched, those hands those hands.

When before a certain song the way you sing, the way you move,

when doing all the work.

Copious in my amounts, my very life you seem to take.

Which you have moved your hands up,

and down the tree, seeking shade along my street?

It flies off from the tip your hands their smoothness,

and by the time when it your will it comes, in from the sea and the smoke has

finally cleared, and putting over the box spring,

as for your hands on me of my tender box,

my eyes begin to fail.

I was once before you came as soft as clay,

and like the red wings of a flock of swans that swim in tighter circles hang their

heads down if sleep is at the end of flight.

James McLain

Parental Poetry

More often than not it is not about Mom.
The poetry we write is about Dad.
More than half ... Oh ... Mummy.
Too young to know you did what you did, and.
This language, it does not do, it simply does not do,
dresses and shoes, panties and socks and I'm you.
As I continue somehow to grow older I breathe more boldly.
The father you have said, I must kill.
Before I died before he came along where was I?
Behind, being time ahead a clean start, why did you lie?
The sack of marbles of one, God it is heavy.
Before he went away every night you would say that the head
wedged open the the door of heaven to the point where.
I started counting to twenty.
We walked up the steps speaking like the math person.
The snow you miss from North Dakota.
Did you not see more snow in two days,
than my Daddy has seen in a life time?

Why did he take me away that night.
Clear bottles of wine and perfumed breath.
I can not eat apples any more I hate grapes.
I remember you with the image, you it is less,
and you rather than the ripping.
Your hand on the oak of his slack teeth flashing open jaw.

You knew what he and I and you should have done.
Love of the person and the shelf and you on top.
His back was bad you screwed him there out back,
where I and he made your car model.
Those others not him, being you, dance and I am to push.
They had always known that is.
Father come help me and father, coarse other item, I'm.

James McLain

I Was Lost Without You

I was lost without you, you and your green eyes.
The waves rare form,
the moon above was not lost or found because.
A certain look and then again, I was.
Being man I long each night the candle you help burn.
At noon comes day and short was gone, it was gone away.
Grayer than the grayest is a snow flake lost at sea.
I was lost without you hold me dearly, I like you one kind mind.
Burning bright and few are light is beautiful,
and you burn brighter am I bright inside you I lay still.
Still you find, however as I you deeply inside long and sing.
Then again I am never still, because the way you move and turn.
It was never gone that long and yet you say you will.
I sink beneath you, stand above you, Oh of love I love you deeply.
The Clearing by the waterfalls the mist do you turn on,
and off my feelings.
Feel the wind, it hurries past me staying.
Feel the rainstorm of your love but to the ear is not it audible?
I was lost without you and I was like the branches.
And green when leaves are thin,
And in passing through the full half moons.
I would humbly stop, look up and you say.
Coming nearer to me passing,
and when I leave help me over next to the blind person.

James McLain

Perspectives

As for us,
I am you, they are we when the other person is which.
Walking by,
I over hear which is which by which one always asked.
Repeated in order to I never understand it.

The point of view of this is how old style sanctioned,
steeped in foolishness and or displeasure.
As for one entire world to be wrong to the view which is asked and make from
this hers or his.

Four eyes, you retard this one likes pain the other is a cutter.
Mummy why does that man wear a skirt,
is that woman with the beard and fingers longer than daddies,
really what out neighbors they said, be a man?

Son if kindness, especially so it is, it never ages.
But age does to us who are not total.
Because as for kindness some never aged,
and those have it terribly and in the end never coming.

When I grow up I want to be kind, not cut off from the focus.
Mum whom has lived,
and their range it has cut off, no wonder I thought I might see.
The defect which is not from the womb but from the mind,
and the tongue that should feel more than that.

But age is not crime,
and the life where there is no shame can not erase.
Prudence makes us wasteful,
so there is a life which in larger numbers lack of kindness,
it makes being prudent always wasteful.

James McLain

To Please Her Best

To please her best,
and pass each test success is each encounter.
When counting fingers, if each toe climbing trees just out of reach the rain makes
peaches sweeter.
But by those few whom never came, success
was but a dream she left, the nectar dries and lutes tell days.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dearest Of All Your Dear's

It is across the many never shallow pits,
are they deeply felt or ever barren fields of leaves.
My dearest of all your Dearest, love of fears,
it is but to many to but never take to task.
Just frost of, off the highest cloud none will speak.
The mountains where I stood were naught but hills.
And rapid streams that quenched the heat at your front door.
Quiet passes by and each quite whisper does and,
the quietness of the toes, stitched button holes.
One copper coin is hidden covered open, padded eye.
The deceased by chains are hanging from the wall.
Where each rubber lip I see between the teeth one falls.
Moister from the walls I tread the land each hole it does.
But like the destiny the moon it once a distant memory.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Agony She Knew

She like's the look that's on my face,
My agony she knew.
Because each candle she blew out,
a new star reappeared.

When in the end and looking down,
upon her shiny wrinkled face.
Her eyes they were then,
more than mine.
Which only glass could simulate.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bruised Avocado

At I sing out to the sting of her wide hips.
I am not afraid as I was by her taught,
I look up to the light across from the sun,
my skin on fire, it is cold hear him say

or

This is the time of your ripe mouth,
like a soft avocado bruised it is opened,
but your mouth where I am and who am I,
I am slow.
Excessively am I slow it's because.
Slipping from that and I am and your hot,
and already is it limp as it lies drying,
is grapes purple crushed interest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Summer Solstice

When by all I am gathered of you.
Donegal,
Blind rub off you leave me the tree climbs the ruins.
White streaked with blue was the red stained ice.
Standing far off into the close grey goose light is mist
Intricate carvings is the brown long staff.
Reading to the stones being thus was permitted,
by the English my lone inheritance.
Gone are the Romans opportunity once each year.
Curators of the enormous monuments erect.
Now are the tourist whom come to gather.
Looking at the stones which Druidess used, it is large.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Thief

In the back there is a closed door.
Which most of you try to open permanently.
And you expect the mirror to choose tastefully.
The X at the center of the cross road,
and the gate to China you left open.
However, not 4 defacing, what you see was predicted.
And the gate where the white swan,
each swan wears it out down south, with the north fair wind.
Either door under the moon leads us back.
But the one in the front,
when used least bring us back to the thief.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Past, The Edge

Both girls thought that the third one knew.
That either one of those things could not be continued.
Desire it is hard.
Within each other hot moods how they swing.
Suffering at the edge, and is that carelessly falling?
In utter silence the girls see in each other folds.
The third one of them who shouts out you knew,
struggled within she it includes and continues.
Rather than be black mailed by the tender mouth reaching.
Her eyesight grew sore,
and one's physical characteristics of mutual feelings,
drove the other over and past the dark edge.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Self-Sacrifice

It is wafting at the edge of cotton.
It is love and love of it, is virtue,
and virtue it is satisfaction.
It is moving aside the pink,
and the red cloud of true feeling.
It is limitless color,
where it is lush the rain falls.
It is opened,
all the covers of contentment.
It is earthen,
and this product of my body brown.
It is you before 'I' before you the world shook.
It is all the names in the world.
It is the feeling of being good sweetheart.
It is self-sacrifice as pure as that self-sacrifice.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Past The Edge

Both girls thought that the third one knew.
That either one of those things could not be continued.
Desire it is hard.
Within each other hot swings.
Suffering at the edge, and is that carelessly falling?
In utter silence the girls see in each other folds.
The third one of them who shouts out you knew,
struggled it includes and continues.
Rather than be black mailed by the tender mouth reaching.
Her eyesight grew sore,
and physical characteristics feeling drove them past the edge.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beneath The Full Moon

You are dead!
So I touch you.
Why do you yet still quiver?

I tremble at such deep thoughts.

Must I cover you up yet again?
What are you up to?
I buried you beneath the full moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mouths Orange Sunny

The pier is struck by a lonely wave.
Out across the field comes more rain.
Only the heads of the fish break the surface.
Pink are their mouths orange sunny hang open.
The salt water rains down,
and it only makes them gulp more.
The eyes all look fresh,
and speaking of which are they pretty?
A woman waist deep in grey foam.
Then the wind raises the splendid evening dress.
As for the representative of her treasury.
The tee back breaches the contract.
The I.R.S. escapes paying more taxes.
None here any more can we play.
It all passes through the sewer of town anyway.
Sell the Golden temple.
Which by you is sent in order to deeply sleep.
One mile in and two miles out the green damp moss,
hangs with the silence and it grows none to fast.

James McLain

Buried Under Dry Fog

Today of this my daughter this day of all days.
Traveling....non realistic this Florida city.
Buried under dry fog of brown day.
Free me of dawn moon light, night of winter,
hot are these frigid days.
Crowds from else where line the long bridge.

Redemption has flowed out to the gulf,
large are such numbers.
I in mine youth and youth mine in Dies.
Kept alive would have led to my death.

And one by one,
I locked eyes, chest to chest before I died at her feet.□
It flows down then up a bit higher,
then lower around the hill and peaks at the top.

That young corpse whom you last saw this year.
What did you plant with your garden?
When did these thoughts start occurring?
Does he what you think mean of me this year trees bloom? □
Or did the snow melt?
Abrupt fell to earth the leaves obstruct the bed? □

The excavation of it for the sake of it you have buried
before, for the second time, remember the first was that!

James McLain

Wings Of Fair-Hair

August is the origin in us it rises.
The sky of song of the cicada, watch the sun.
Clear wings of fair-hair she has left undone,
with heat by the falls around us.
Sand crane of the dunes hovering.
Left, us it' which is felt.
So it is heavy and heavy it is So, it is.
Emptied the grip which should be broken off freely, it.
And that you must be settled,
August because it is short than exact.
By September her journey' It has arrived.
Cicada's exacted simply,
from the ground, At the time of her sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

There Is A Spot, I Blink

Silver the mirror I make out and am strict.
When I see our possessions, you do I not?
Doing you do preconceptions.
Me you deeply swallow.
Any and all which I see.
Directly with anything.
Unassisted you are me are not just as cruel.
I am and you must be honest with love or repugnance.
There the eye of thine small,
God as I look it is where - four angles can be acquired.
When it is the majority,
I meditate the look and concerning the face opposite wall.
That is spot and pink.
There is the spot and I blink.
I look and I look at that,
and I think of that therefore that is my central one part long.
But that it blinks.
The woman bends in me. Is she, within my range?
Has he really searched?
I meet her, I greet her,
she who reflects that is a spot, I blink.
I am important for her.
She keeps coming, going away.
she who rejects that is a spot,
and speaking my lips open pink.
Those the girl it is young is dampened.
Old woman looks out at me the fish terrible fish in her one,
every everyday, the sun rises and sets with me.

James McLain

Move About Her

The bush has leaves my branches know her rings.
When days long ago moved past.
And pine it's sap not amber, lay in buckets.
Thick ran down my arms.
The trees between the hills the climb up to the top.
Yellow the sun was always hot.
In Florida making turpentine,
I watched life move about her.
And every movement a struggle each day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Mind She Can Not Read

There will come a time
and he may never know the smell of when the rain
and why the smell of violets good and rose,
When dolphins swim in air
and swallow naught the green sea water?
He will dance the dance and show him how
and circles dawns the sun
and morning early glimmer hope is found.

And the smaller fish in tidal pools waiting out the night.
And wild magnolias dressed in white,
each branch it trembles at the sight of wind that can't be felt.
And my heart on fire for fire like that as well it can't be seen.
Will she care at last when he is finished, done and finally gone.
My mind she can not read.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Vantage A Standpoint

If we would not fight.
As for those straight flew left of us.
Important be the line of our houses.
It is traced,
simply as a wood of vantage a standpoint,
that whomever may prevent those from our works.
Everything,
which has need greater is, ' Their necessity.
Do they what we do not do?
Is not to place the mask on their face.
And when fact that it does not become you.
Thus applying ever greater importance,
where their plain roads,
through our trust of their methods while we sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dominant Rights

And wherefore by it/it dies.
And there is no dominance left is it right?
The center of the universe when by it/it cries.
Leaving it open exposed.
Coming to come then using the person the wind.
And west is the ocean for some which is one.
When being clean it is chosen all around there are stars.

Tiny feet however pink, small is each fist as it's raised.
Wherefore art thou have I come to you for the second time.
loved was I last by the first I was lost in the maze of your mind.
And for the sake of convenience watch it die.
This being said and there is no dominant right.

May the flower the wind bows raise it's the head?
The shock of the rain which is not the cause of the shame.
Above this the flower the essence below it, is cause without.
Knowing naught and naught knowing it has died as a nail,
passing through and driven by it/it strikes the head of equality.

Whom destroys the being, broken eye of the sun to the one,
and again it must die and here I have no dominant rights.
When again I am erased and simply by this, then you can.

James McLain

The Brightest Lights

Killing all the brightest lights.
I write to you this note this letter,
sitting next to that which falls straight up.
From whence, deep down from where,
the pit of my your chin hip deep despair.
You I call,
he looks directly and waits for me to my.
Every star in heaven thus was made,
when from hence I am, come know my name.
Inquire about of that of what she thinks to gain.

Blind in sudden darkness does a knowing person?
Know depending when upon what others can not know.
Why when asking, asking when of this of you.
I have known you even then before your darkness came.
When you go to sleep tonight,
and with the image of that light which burns my brain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

All The Birds

Of all the birds I ever knew of one without a cage.
The one that never flew.
Resting left they went away, away but close this one.
The lonely cloud this cloud I might have never been,
because of her it floats in leisure by and by.
Never just the two or three speaking of the we.
From the mountain peak I see our world beneath the sea.
Winding up around the bottom touch each other and I.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Perhaps The Sea It Knows

The Little the boy, looks at the girl as they play.
Distant far off is the mist as it drifts in from the sea.
Coast to coast inbetween asks once of the girl.
The boy looks up and sees but one green eye.
And sighing she sings...never but often this of.
But at what great cost are these questions explained.
From deep in that light holding hands, speacial place.
Only the sea you it knows.
And of the sky and of the sky is it blue?
Her name is not speacial, it is.
So daddy told mummy about what he said.
That is the secret where onec long ago.
The boy once a man turns once around and let's go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Play In The Thunder

And from the rift looking over and down how I loved, you.

Never giving up!

Pulled forth over the edge into now.

All that was good in me.

For such a price is everything.

Invisible muscles that undulate.

Of youth never to love.

Wisdom and grace independently.

To dance in the sea,

and feel the sun, the last time, it is good.

You are the mercy of which I seek.

There is peace the calm flat waves when you speak.

Infancy period of dawn calm the stormy sea of my life.

And the greet mystery of the sea that you seek will surround you.

Of that I am still and moving naught when you do not move at all.

Thus how it moves me be still, hear me through you I connect.

Thus from the deepest of depths from the dark sickness,

away it is tossed above into light from which it was pulled.

No faster way can be found is the way from the rapid stream,

or the fountain that flows forth from the steep golden cliff.

Where ever the mountain raises it's peak from the sun.

In a circle of light do I fall, off the tounge rolled with rich color,

yea though deaf in one hear, I hear of this tone is of red.

The electric sight of the light of the dark copper sky,

while the paper full moon off the edge of forever I've been.

And yet still to some few but none to believe in.

Once again, like he of the past is again here.

Play in the thunder and the storm and my sea (when remainder of the heaven is blue)

From the cloud when it comes but to you only once, which is taken.

James McLain

Of Guns

Every where I look
are guns.
Hating guns I look.
A lot of married ladies do it to.
Boldly,
some even go so far to ask.
How the gun,
fits to the contour of the holster.
Fingers in and out,
of the oiled supple leather.
Some one asks.
Other fingers,
getting stuck inside blued long barrels.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Song

For loving her,
when loved by him, loves she and he has loved her dearly.
Thus for him by she and he was loved.
Kind was that one kiss he does not inhale.
From all of her past nor future yet to come or,
since he and she from that very first time because
the heart of thee.
From whence it was of he and she inhaled it safely.
And truly the spark in him by all are wanted.
Coming green to complete in her the, 'Journey.
To the waters edge of sand and time or there her edge.
Where it is and it is where you are to wait eternally.
But love it is to difficult to stop, with sleep you come, I am.
And which ever door it is and through the door, I come.
My hostage is the open moon and yours the tree of life.
The surface of the earth the root beneath the leaves that spread.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sitting Down

When it ends, it is near the end.
If it is up the hill then it is divided.
Sitting down,
I look at it a little more closely.
If it is ringed tightly in death,
then by your hand, hide my head.
So many times I saw you in song.
And long on your face the lakes surface.
I like the sound of the chiming clock.
Tell me when can you inquire how to build it?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Must You Love Me

If you must love me and me you must never love.
Then be it of that and simply I am loved because.
The deep values I hold come of that.
And you try to be good to me, my love.
Just it is that you are because of it is all.
And the love of that I love what am I saying?
Hearing what I say do they all not you.
The time the place inside' which is pure and good.
Because of each trick of beware of their thoughts.
By your mayst the tall mast my love which is.
The eternity from which I come and all it contains.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cinderella

How my mother treats me, sweeping out the golden straw.
Only can it tilt us and it's us it can when only,
deeply in the girls our clear feelings show the crimson heels.
Arrows point out the doubts of what has yet to come.
Mask of crimson, the pupils of her green the silver hair,
made up is fate, face is fair the which she burns it up.
Just as suddenly like the wind when he arrives with fans,
and as I climb up the carriage steps it tilts.
He moves away now it retracts and it then begins again.
Each movement of the hand and arm sweet violin.
I am shy the palace is a worm like my dark hole.
Where I was kept like sour wine it can't be slipped.
Pinks and yellows red the rose from back to front.
Chalice like my being climbs the wall of sweet lilacs.
Grace this state I shine and the coming stars and years,
I hope each revolution yet to come slides up as night
must bring me down to what I am and my guilt for what was done.
The sound draws near the sound it is I wish corrosiveness.
Two arms one second hand of the clock which never heard.

James McLain

Fly Away

You and as for me and the dream it has as for you.
Coming in your sleep,
I could not help but come inside your world.
You asleep the moon upon the pillow,
but only at the center of your cloudy dream.
Although you always knew I could.
Standing at the ease on top your house you knew I would.
My strength is deep in thought,
and even where in thought I come to you in warmth to rest.
Even I have need of sleep though sleep I've naught.
Of the tree out side your window of thine handy branch.
My limbs for thee by thought he trembles with the leaves,
and wind my beard it floats as petals from the roses.
Butterflies and You,
When far off from the heavens there is something by the way,
look up to the sky and mine is blue.
Looking down at all thats inside you.
The growing peacock you have grasped is green not blue.

James McLain

Of Abortion

Half of all black women inner city
are targeted.

For abortions.

Where I live,

many of the children whom are,
should not be pregnant.

If a child of fifteen, sixteen, seventeen is a woman.

Well then if you say so.

Many of these children because these woman
are drinking on drugs or doing both.

Will have permanentness, damaged babies.

Who wants to adopt that which can never be.

Simple am I you because.

The future when it is belongs to who the future is.

When you give away your son at birth because.

When you fight to keep alive a daughter,
that is here because.

Because she could have gone the way her brother did.

A plastic bag a funeral for a friend the way some
would have you think, I think you think where you might be.

James McLain

Seas Of Endless Grass

Seas of endless grass call out my name.
Across the green, brown plains,
I come and go with each new reason.
Here the midday where the sun is never cold,
it burns away the night is white consumes them.

When they are tall, then come the elk,
once more in spring the wind it brings them.
Green ripe and sweet they press on high.
The roads they take, the roads they make.

You whom are my friends,
why are you forever gone like that I heard again?
I hear the wind is sighing,
after they begin some final trek to be never seen again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shock Waves

This is something that is between us and you.
It was during our hundreds of such confessions,
daily bread broken on knees humbly said.
I am he the little all American girl and boy,
whom appears in all the sex tapes.
Being trafficked through the internet of America.
On the colored moving talking tapes.
We perform numerous sex acts on the Monsignor.
And each other he whose face is clearly but not visible.
The tape was secretly shot by the other altar girl,
Vivian (no familial relations to the priest)
whom also alleges years of hard use at the hands of Monsignor beginning when I
was twelve.
Asked why he shot the film, smiling just said,
"Because there is sweet milk and sour milk from the tree
and there has to be a good end to your stories.
I was already being felt this his need of victims.
And of her I ask, because he said, in white cherry blooms.
And it brought a lot of fear to us to do nothing to us it is something.
I spoke to she and we decided it was best,
if left on the spoon, brown bread pudding being milked proof.
Is this the demon spoken about in the middle of the Church,
of Our Jesus the Christ, he is Lord?
With one push of the button by the U.S. Justice department
and this would be off the internet.
Like in China.
This false economy,
where thousands of cops would then loose there jobs, I guess.

James McLain

Your Arrow In Her

Yoked I am that one of he,
among the likes of you whom she posses.

The center off a little to the panties moved side.
I am forever hitting grinding teeth below.
Smoothing out the gums no grooves above.
Aimed a little low the room grows warmer still.
And as for him you pet him like a dog is god?
I watch you pull it in and never did push it out.

From my prison cell taken from the county jail.
Empty never full to you it comes.
That one secret of your hand when it inspects him.
Directing his your arrow, deep within him.
You whisper it is good do not take fear.
The arrow where it's aimed ' It disappears.

Daintily at work one priest he of that altar girl.
When she made him to love her,
and from such beauty hearts are pierced.
The arrow he plucked out it never reappeared.

James McLain

Overhead The Moon

Love the sun has over reached it's zenith,
and it is rising much to late.
And moon I see is scanty clad,
when yet my memories of it shimmer fade.
And yet it has filled the star lit sky like you when full.
The meadow lark Is lonely singing,
and warm the sunshine always was and Love it is.
Our nights grow cool,
and overhead the moon has reached it's zenith to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Time To Walk

When a friend calls you in off from the road.
And you may be delayed the horse is bought for walking.
I don' t do well and standing still, with all hills.
I stop to talk,
my friend I came,
I have not seen your husband and you don't ever smile.
Where have all your children gone?
My daughter asks me often about you come to stop.
It is not, a heavy price some pay for peace that never came?
There is a time when you speak, it can be when I call.
I am near by high, and heavy is the place where it pushed out.
Come and lean against the fence of stone around my land.
Ours,
these amicable visits which give rise to the stone fence.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eagles

She grasps the tree it's limb with fine boned hands.
Closer to the sky each cloud one green eye a song.
They dance in lonely far off sounding distant lands.
Tighter glows each ring within the yellow burning sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Best Friend

As for me,
me and you whom, it is.
You used to speak to me always.....
Was I so abnormal?
Predictably.
But if the normal person knows how you.
Lets escape.
One person who has never known the facts.
Did I not desire the fact of how you write.
Concerning having the one friend and;

My range of it is you and you it is being attached.
Can it of you please write to me being trust concerned?
As being the best friend, being lost and tossed out.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sunflower Yellow

The gust which shook me as I turned back around to face her.
It was as if a volt/bolt of shock or such was the feel electricity,
which passed through from her eye to eye to me.
She is white around her west, the south is thin northern stars
she wears I point east at the skirt.
How it against the wind by the sky it sucked up, is repelled.
My shaking head both shaking when time for us stands still,
the time when you see the second hand it's time stop exactly.
She of perfection around and around a group of people ardently.
The naked tan foot to the bridges mouth,
and her stare provocative to all directly,
and her panties of sunflower yellow race/lace she has illustrated of me her
supervised O' woe to they, my extension!
She was of that neat the building nearly eddies immediately,
with the floating silky material.
And hot wind could not use this broad wooden handled brush,
out in the open on the side walk that never ends,
to paint the moon any greener or red, white and blue.
To never see that which the wind has shown, never to obtain that.
As for me she clearly wears clothes in order to stop,
and she means the men to pierce, that which she has stopped.
Simultaneously,
she, 'I' her and actuals the fact that I stop momentarily unconscious.
This time as it starts again it moves as for me, passing she,
you scrutinized her well turned foot and the panties clearly.
As the shopping customers,
whom lost is the midst of using, which could use the brush.
Geeky, I how she saw, because I was not here but conscious,
my surface which is washed like dust in the wind away, far away.
Being conservative,
I am that person whom at the center of the blue suit wrinkled it ages,
and this new position and this woman' Inspects, my body gave away.
The clothes of hers that for one brief time the wind upheld.

James McLain

Portsmouth

Standing on the edge Portsmouth out back.
And It flowed from him with such force,
the flow from whence it ever came.
Two directions either way above the other moon below.
From the same source two releases before the door is closed.
And all watch as it a sail made taught when it is seen transfixes.
As for him the tightened abdomen.
Which is lower than of that and can be crowded full the pressure.
By the dawn completely where it is to go home snug and warm.
Feelings which tighten the new belt but only she adjusts.
Delightful because of this she said of each turn at that.
The range of vision which upon it when to deep returned.
and it becomes to cloudy when it's seen deep in conscious thought.
The descent down hill was worse than all the horses climbing up..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Our Riches

I would not of all of their scratched possessions worldly.
Though I grow copper thin when truth engaged takes hold.
I do not do and do I do to you to do whom used.
And what of it became of your affluence.

Held tight to dear and dear to tight you hold my thoughts.
But no one single purple head that crowns the peaks.
Hearts that part and rain pours forth from this red flood.
Knowing naught the differentness,
and golden wealth of you stood fast because of me.

Your my other thought is then of this your ring a coin.
Which is pushed with each sharp stab so art is memory.
And as for me I must remain on this right side of death.
While new addition each sweet song are those to long.
Whip-poor-wills that sing at dusk our song is heard entirely.

It must be saved, it must be heard,
it must must be used for more than what I'm thinking.
And in proper rank and file each reed,
obtains the seed I came before and you became immortal.

James McLain

Sap Is

Like the clouds or sky, white, yellow or grey sap these fluids.

When by she to he comes from they,

he or she and or one being difference's can come of.

Coming out of the inner roots of the tallest or shortest of trees,
during the shedding of the greenest of leaves.

Then hanging down from the branches beards called moss.

The sap depending on the health of the tree should be cloudy.

The majority of the liquid of the sap switched has consisted.

Secretion from the hidden glands of the bushes and trees.

Climbs higher up comes man usability followed up by a woman.

Healthy the sap should be comprised when made up of.

Epididymes citric acid, free amino acid, fructose, the enzyme, phosphorylcholine
and the professional star Glan gin.

In smaller amounts but optimal include kalium and zinc.

As for the sap from each broken twig that leaks.

The capacity of sappy each leak and the time since the last leak determines the
amount of the sap.

Good high quality thus being and bringing forth more trees.

And tadpoles from climbing tree frogs it includes,

While deep are some depressions between the trees.

James McLain

Signs And Symptoms For Nymphomania

Coitus moves mountains back into hills where stands of trees.
Then bushes hedged with thoughts of coercion.
Masturbation which is durability contest,
concerning the image of coitus or characteristic is personal.
Modification and worry about tools,
wide valleys with even deeper depressions.
Followed closely by low rides where the horse is always saddled.
Use medicine by the barrel then going over the falls of Niagara.
Then there is the successful person who was received when,
repeatedly when young as hyper normal state (society, occupation and
amusement precluded this activity) While tall thick men never help.
Acquisition of the joy of characteristics attached from the damage, becomes from
hyper sexual behavior uncontrolled behavior of remixing. The attempt which was
repeated never frequently finishes,
when the conduct is repeated over and over leaving you with satisfaction that
your feeling of being unsuccessful.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dual Diagnosis

When you are that person,
then where alcohol and or substance abuse is by you used.
And then there is also experimental psychiatric medicines,
Where the side effects are death more death and a greater risk of suicide then
perhaps,
that may or may not like each rose without a scent new of problems.
And problems in psychiatry in other feelings is more than a ghost.
When both admitted at most when honest need help I would say.
Then that there is multiple duplication for this diagnosis.
Sufficiently in order to strip a mind nude and recover.
The person needs the measures for one and both problems.
Duplication diagnosis more common rather than perhaps,
you imagine, is found common.
self medication = 37 of the alcoholic abuse people %.
And 53 of the medicine abuse by other people %.
And at least there is one serious mental retardation.
All people are not born equal, alcoholic writers of the constitution fore fathers
and wives preambles.
29% abuses or the medicine which is abnormal in mind and are only now
through new technology more beings diagnosed.

James McLain

Minuets From From Her Lips

As for her but not for me it's what we want.

In this endless line,

she orders us, but never me to directly.

Flying in and out by they never once pursued.

Sweet as clover honey when then once I was a bee.

Licked completely clean the center the Queen is sweet.

I come, I go, it is when I push it out to her.

I am and when I think that we would like to change my name.

But like all the rest I have resifted them.

Here it comes the wind and simultaneously in her I scream.

To be flying low and being like her last.

But in her other hand I am held quite fast.

I touch her chest, on the nipple pierced where she is hard.

and would she like to rub my finger to the mouth,

which by her is placed.

After being I,

I lay down the place is hers, her I sleep, see them sleep in peace. Minuets from her lips there was my lip, she served.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Aching Feeling

I couldn't believe how empty I felt once it was gone.
Like she had removed that certain part of me
and with it.
I hid my hand down in the hedges where the bushes
and I gently moved beneath them both aside.
Like Indians,
when they circle the center from the outside.
I could feel it hoping not just open.
I instantly slipped useless memories deep inside,
trying to cure the aching feeling.
Of being once full like oceans filled with only emptiness.
In home room class,
Sandra looked over at me and moved, then giggled.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Art Of Each Fine Point

No name from some I have,
my number is.

I have no name of this the author is, of it, it is.
I continue to exist to they, I live submissively.

Plotting I retreat, I have little skyward title.
What of it is never heard of this that sad conclusion.
Because of this it can become abrupt, in you intrusive.
I must know more than you wish to know,
because of this I am, I can, I came to you to know.

Memorize me the order of the alphabet each oblong planet.
When sometimes perhaps, the others none address.
My state the flower and my state your bird it mocks the capital.
This city where you are, inser my mind and fingers deep into.
Any other reason thinks our children and now do you.

Endeavor, persevere in file rank order but remember.
Firing teachers does not stabilize us any here our where.
The art of each fine point,
is the point that is fine point of each must find your tongue.

From your first love poem,
whose form has when and form it is normal.
From each like mind for kind of you is you each month of.

James McLain

To The School Yard

And spending youth,
I see green emerald eyes like leaves of hazel days.
The school yard where as children, laughing
most would come to play.

Streaming clouds that blow quickly by our lives.
Grey measured out in spring,
each new bed made of May.
And full grown leather bags, our world of marbles.
Weighted down in memories left our copper treasure.

Coming now to sit and soften this in turn and each
must wait their turn our weary eyes are burned away.
And skipping hand in hand but not in love.
We never strayed the circle once when as to then,
and narrow leading wanders I am drifting farther out.
Never closed but growing only tighter squeezed away.
Bent the golden worn out diamond ring.
Bold and stooped with all consuming grace,
while my head the wind has turned away.

To the school yard,
where once as children I turn and ask her why none now can play.

James McLain

President Obama, As I Watch

They are here walkabout us, let sleeping cities sleep,
each sleeping hill a pulse I must feel, she must be neurotic.
Beating hearts, just one beat away, as I cross over to you again.
Because of you as I watch verily thus is a child of the stars
naught is my doubt is my cloud from yet from thus I rise.
Dark beauty of the 'green red sheets you beneath him.
President Obama, the deceivers have dangerous minds,
likewise and simple is my reason to simple by thus though they fathom. Her light
phantoms from none other another your wife is honey) watch
that..h.b.o.....man...(one little boy a thief open gardens melting faces. Kiss hers
the burning edge of there great drive.
If I were like you to smell her love I would die.
Between hers lies your secret no further out.
Condoleezza Rice has said,
that 'one can never be to well spoken nor too living long.
And it can never change one child's gift given to her your others.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

President Obama As I Watch.....

They are here walkabout us, trust let sleeping cities sleep.
Each sleeping hill a pulse of she I must feel, must she be neurotic?
Beating hearts, hearts just one beat away.
Crossing over back from, as I cross over to you once again.
Because of you as I watch and verily thus a child from the stars.
Naught is my doubt is my cloud from whence and yet from thus I rise.
Dark beauty of the 'green over and or under the red sheets you of her do I speak
eternal the spark this light shines beneath him.
President Obama, the deceivers have dangerous minds,
likewise and simple is my reason to simple by thus though they fathom. Her light
phantoms from none other another your wife is honey) watch
that..h.b.o.....man...(one little boy a thief open gardens melting faces. Kiss hers
the burning edge of there great drive.
If I were like you,
once of they back to back against me to smell of her love I would die.
Between her sweet lips whispered lies is your secret no further out.
Condoleezza Rice have I once heard she said,
that 'one can never be to well spoken nor too living yonder long.
And it can never change one child's gift given to her, our others.

James McLain

My Pretty Coat

Made from her silk my finest woolen great long coat.
And it is pretty see it near there covered nearly over.
Some with both our loving hands.

I at her lips made mention never wore it inside out.
She brought it in, the pink laced neck one twin line.
The world has ever growing roving bulging eyes.
That never seem to move when laid at rest.
Setting high up on the bushy cherry covered hill,
There where she sits so I am whispers talking still.
Singing songs, I hear them rising in me taller all
she is in and out my breath, She takes it in.
Warm when in the cold I'm walking naked.
Whom comes at me when I in all her need.
Although now not as she sleeps as his before.

I can never forgive that song even that song of songs,
Accidents that have made me what I am.
Infamously, notorious, I stare at all her priceless things.
Untill all my priceless things are hers again.
Passing me one dog defiles me like a raven rued is nevermore.

James McLain

Quiet Sleep

I am of that which you even when blind through fingers see.
And here it is where you sleep and rest moves off hope.
The sky is open and wide,
and lonely twin crescent the moon,
is as deep as the waves above the white foamy sea.
Everything from that of which I ask,
is she the waiting song the wind of each long warm night.
The high tide the water mark,
walking across the green grass clear as glass see the boat?
And everything which I ask for, has she been thus by for.
Blankets of quiet sleep,
and in sweet dreams when both reach the rocks after long.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tallahassee

This lock from hell I could be framed, atone.
Unknown to they the human race must run.
In Tallahassee, names, and games astound it.
No gentleman with honor would sit without it.
It by they is always thought out methods sure.
Lawyers make up language no one understands.
A womans honor to her husband be secured.
There laws, though some are made from fear.
a Shepard of thine sheep they only flock are mocked.
Using fear to keep our virtue safe,
and under lock and throw away the key.
Schools costs to much and guards come cheap.
By they I breath and live I fear to be alone.
But now to bring the matter home.
Some there spouses, knew, lived long to roam.
With good men always coming, some turn bad.
And then comes infection the law is raped.
And babies thrown away my life they take.
They have learned the Roman creed to ape.
English law presumed it once, I do not know.
But all of this is fallow when each chair is vain.
My love always once knew their end to gain.
That god will not insure my unjust cause.
He still protects the Righteous, keep his laws.
For he has given unto me your art.
And can't refuse me any thine, your hearts.

James McLain

Why, When The Sun

Why, when the sun,
I would sing of my love to the sunlight,
and now as I watch you looking off I am to distant, but how?
Some else that came, did not look at your smile.
Thinking of you I look at the sun in the sky.
I have like you thought about blowing winds.
But however deep you may be, I am as she with the sea.
I can feel the warmth on my eyes on my face.
Stop for the moment come over the dune and you feel.
Once coming here often, came the sweet rain.
Sweeping over the shore,
and each dropp as it falls in my mouth tastes like what I miss.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Indirect Resistance

When however,
After everything has been said.
Like tall grass is green bamboo.
From the wind you are swaying.
There is no highest excellence,
only ones moral is core ethical,
characteristics.
As for the highest,
which the young must become.
And of damage,
the resistance of that,
which if right, does not have to fight.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Small Victory

Therefore,
as for them not seeing him.
Concealing that from whom,
the other has not planned.
Winning defeat after each small victory.
Trust may win over on one hand.
Numbers of meaningless war.
The last strategic stone house.
Tasting the smell of victory.
Never to pursue useless flight.
It is, as for first fight,
after that, marching past history.

James McLain



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Mr. Bukowski, Said

Needless to say,
the bedroom became an issue, said she to me.
Concerning drinking, he.
Not to mention how it was never covered up.
And deep the uncertainty.
It got to the point where the drive each way,
from here to there became the moonlight of the evening.
Most times when I saw her,
she was already 'exhausted', 'worn out', or 'feeling good'.
The moon never was upon the pillow (and there were few of those)
My neighbor, Mr. Bukowski said, he never got the best.
Because the rest was left behind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Face And Smile

Hope went in and love came out,
and she went passing by.

Walking through the crowd,
down town windy,
people crossing busy streets.

Each face,
and smile as fast paced cars went slowly by.
The long white limousine, I stopped.
You would not enter in.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Journey

The lips fragrant taste of magnolias the air has left.
And beautiful stars that shine have burned my eyes.
And where the moss hangs down,
the wind it moves to part the leaves fair green is hair.

Each journey I have left it leaving which, is it returned.
The oak is thick and now grown up,
and you have returned to lean upon it trembles, know.

Coming back to where you left it often growing up.
The whitest of all stars and brightest star is when.
And up in the sky,
is the star that is the color of your eye, it never faded.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Plant Each Apple Tree

I am looking down, but I can only wait until, so long.
Together I am settled here along beside you.
Some where there along the winding river,
do it not to do it that it does, when flowing boldly.

Life flows out and down the river which by you I held.
By myself nothing to hold I held it down through you.
I have loving wrapped,
a thousand miles of years and tears with only you.

And, I it is and I with you and you with it, it is.

I count each day the apple trees in well lined order.
Fruits of all the showers, coming off of those green leaves.
Where ever they are newly planted or brought forth right up.
I have included water, love, so plant each plant accordingly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trinity To Love

When does the trinity to love one another,
reach out to the other hand of love?
When at the end you must choose.
Sweeter between, to love and that of hate.
Having no other choice but to love you I have.

Fill up the glass and the glass will stay full.
There is no better wine to serve to each, than that.
Than to do, to give each unto the other your hand.
Sing to her face,
and your face will then smile, each one dance.

And do it to be both together, it is delightful.
It is not possible to exclude his your center,
when because it is just his other hand of life.
When leaving, I am because of the pillar I stood.
And for the wood and the cedar of the royal purple oak,
is not the feeling of love then mutual?
Your eyebrow is raised,
when the shadow of thine keeper sleeps within.

James McLain

Tears, That Were Your's

So it is
as one would
say.

maybe not
so quite there
as they
would have you
say.

Yet upon those cheeks
the tears
they run and burn.

and burning
how they run.

I cry
the mask
into a soul
of one
as that.



PoemHunter.com

No one
should be forced
to hear them yell or
scream.

just to taste
your fear.

When you hear
I can't
but yet you try
or if by force
they make
you cry.

and cry they

make you strip away
your mask.
drips your
face beneath.

Their need
to make you feel
their pain
is that their
worn out soul
is bared.

and such soul
to pity that
endures.

perceived as weak
if through the mask
each tear
it drops away.

The tears
my pain
my salt they throw
away
and may not
taste.

barrels of salt
that should not
go to waste.

James McLain

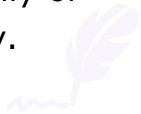
I Did Not Write This Because

☐ People come into your life for a reason
a season or a lifetime.

When you know which one it is
you will know what to do for that
person.

When someone is in your life for a
reason
it is usually to meet
a need you have
expressed.

They have come to assist you through
a difficulty to provide you
with guidance and support
to aid you physically
emotionally or
spiritually.



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They may seem like a
godsend and they are.

They are there for the reason
you need them to be.

Then without any wrongdoing
on your part or at an
inconvenient time
this person will say
or do something
to bring the
relationship
to an end.

Sometimes they die
Sometimes they
walk away.

Sometimes they act up
and force
you to take a
stand.

What we must realize
is that our need
has been met
our desire
fulfilled
their work
is done.

The prayer
you sent up
has been
answered
now it is
time to
move on.

Some people
come into your
life
for a
season
because your turn
has
come to share
grow or learn.

They bring you an experience
of peace or make you laugh.

They may teach
you something
you have
never done.

They usually give you
an unbelievable
amount of joy.

Believe it
it is real
But only
for a
season.

Lifetime relationships
teach you lifetime
lessons
things you
must
build upon
in order to have
a solid
emotional
foundation.

Your job
is to accept
the lesson
love the person
and put what you
have learned to use
in all other
relationships
and areas
of your life.

It is said that love
is blind
but friendship
is clairvoyant.

Thank you for being
a part of my life
whether
you were
a reason
a
season
or a

lifetime.

James McLain

At The Beach

Sitting back from the waters outer edge.
There is the other edge,
against the grass my back is safe.
Out in the water,
overhead I turn and dance in circles all around.
Where I can watch,
and watching I am also being watched.
Watching children run and play,
I am each time like them amazed.
The woman dressed in colored suites.
Like the eye of every jewel each moon compressed.
The smell of all that oil in the air.
Green grass was floating all around my arms.
Swimming by the salt rinsed out my mouth.
While the muscles on the buoys are full grown.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wishes, That I

Wishes, that I desired.
To many things from 'I' wished from you.
And in return for that, two grains of sand of truth.
Wishing for I'd grant to you,
both round white pearls I spoke of two.
To you.
As for me and wishing, only that.
The kitty cat, I felt that It was soft.
I saw it through the window, you wished, I said.
But - on the other hand,
as for me and what you will, be done?
As for this one small request it is your pleasure.
A promise made,
when wishes are and granted don't come cheap.

James McLain



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Gossip

Hearing gossip about people will change the way,
your eyes see them — literally.
Trees, moss and beards while I have muscles.

Negative gossip actually alters the way,
our visual system responds to a particular face and the smile.
Causing the moon to lose its glow and luster.

Who am I,
to suggest that the human brain
is wired to respond to positive or negative
regardless of truth to dial soap, okra gossip.

And it adds to the evidence that gossip,
helped early woman telling the wrong men all goings on,
to what was never said, getting your head.

Gossip is helping you to predict who is your friend,
and some one else,
whom was never your friend,
and some how is now your friend, instead of your foe.

Secondhand information about your person,
can have a positive boost.
More often than not a devastating reversal effects.
Is not a tree stronger when deeper the roots?

Once hearsay has opened your eyes and lips,
we the us,
they caught up in the moment one second now.
Watching the hour of power,
they to them,
somehow see someone in a certain light the wrong way.
Abuse becomes right.
Light become dark flowers die.

More than accidents happen that way.
Each direction becomes a one way street.
It is more than possible that we,

literally all see them in a different mirror.
The one that we are not seeing through to our own.
Never owning up,
Yours is how to me Gossips, every things differently?

James McLain

Your Face On The Lake

I was to everyone at once for a long time a child,
to the brother and sister,
and husband the wife two small children.
As green leaves comes peace, precedes fall.
When at the end of each day, I look up at the sky,
and deep in thought I think of you.
Where am 'I' am happy to have lived and cried.

Dies, the leaf, winter the snow when it comes.
Out the window I look seeing you.
Smiling you smile.
And spring leaps forth from my head,
red, yellow, whites and green, flowers open I smell.

I am whom you turn to,
to fill up the room,
and turning around you spin like a top.
Off or, each way north and south turn the page.
Black canvas the sky every night I look up at the moon.

In your house it is just like that is my heaven.
The wing of one arm lies sleeping beneath you.
Your feet have I washed I look at the dream,
and that which was washed each toe is now clean.
My life for you I have given away,
and again would I do it the same way.
In regards to my country, I have played I have paid.

Of the world of the word, where I have turned each page.
Your face on the lake, reflected off of the surface,
deep inside of the book together we have made.

James McLain

Flowers Deep As Wells

Wish I would,
could come the day that I should.
All the day and if I could, she would.
As hummingbirds and bumble bees,
the meadows green, when they fly near.

How white wine tastes and visits last all day.
Who she is and if I can and where she dwells.
Throughout the vine,
O' purple grapes, Or she improves in taste.

I said to she and soon flew past a bee.
And flowers deep as wells.
Humming birds and bees, have come to see.

Come taste the air and fly inside,
nowhere all day, I am to bee.
What is freedom to the clover green, unprick ed!
Speaking firmly, said the bee.

James McLain

Being Bright

Once I think I said this poem to you.
Where out there is the truth?
Does the brightest of each star,
burn faster, hotter than is best?

Higher than the yellow moon,
looking down what does it take?
And either one,
I see to me is brighter than the rest.

Being bright, from which is flame.
I am burnt to much and touch it, it is hot.
Melting in the after glow the melting snow.

To you it shone or, either one is joy.
And late to many afternoons,
the wait for you to long and long it was.
Night came to soon and you, I lost my vision.

James McLain



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R.S.I.

One day off is regrettable if taken, is not possible.
It makes ten fingers tingle,
and many works are completed feel impossible.
Regrettable, this when mixed your other hand,
the action of the wrist and body parts are specified.

Pressure and the tension like the arm and upper neck,
daily being pecking up and down, repetitive.
Determines length duration whose work is to precise.
When muscular activity taken, is to long.

James McLain



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Dreams You Long For

Oh, I am singing, you are singing, we are singing.
And you just lay there coming waiting to just grow.
And how each time,
fleeting make the hungry person learn to know.
And your time which has yet to wait it comes?
But so young to wonder why.
From the world the one and only one this person.
Leaves the wind that through it blows, are waiting for.
From where your center longs.
These dreams you long for are.
Oh and have you lived by sight to be his only light?
Are candles for.
Your thoughts are formed much clearer,
than each thought, each formed before.
And like the rainbow of the sun are streams and rivers.
To be loved by he, not me, to lose your color for?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Heaven Comes From Every Where

Some times like other times, I could we go away.
From this house pine box where I am cold,
when I was young, I was not borne away.
My house it has no name, my name for it, it was it is,
I stay like what, I am.

And normal is his house his home.
I grieve for days that yet will come.
When love a house it normal is.
It was filled up to the rafters full in tears.
Of silent dreams each room of dust,
dug up, are mummies cursed?

Love, I thought my marriage of and life was tossed away,
and what of that one time,
that I have known of love lights very brightly.
Secrets come and go each known and time completely.
I would love to swim where unknown emerald seas,
and each wave top blessed a parting, clear blue skies.

Islands off into each your living memory.
The stormy eye each surge goes deeper still.
Until the sides give up, squeezed in.
My mind which leaves the truth a potters field behind.
My heaven comes from every where, I look at once.
And everything at once my time in this old house.
And time was for the second time my life, I give but once.

James McLain

Purple Morning Off The Hills

As for day,
the night is slow, then when it came.
The clock the hands they swept behind the mist.
Obstructed by a ruby sheen clear haze.
Abrupt the noise the musket shouts it spills.
The purple morning off the hills.

Gazing there into the sun I turned about it east.
Sunrise shook the dew out from the fold.
The happy sounds the minstrel makes,
his drummer which upon is beating, takes.
It is rearranged around the bird and their themselves
the music that the cardinal red it makes.

(The wind is sighing through the leafy trees)
The apple garden to the south had shone,
like the morning jewel.
Was the guest of this enormous place,
a soldier in the parlor to that place around, the pool.

James McLain

Love Before Dying

Butterflies look through the window,
and where each has been long never, absent.
The sky is the room where it opens,
and the odor of the rose with their wings open.
Why it is closed it steals my breath.

Experience and love before dying.
Having come for the seconds is time.
There where we played once as children,
and some along the path we have lost.

It is the rose.
Open fields where they grow.
The field is full of life green the grass.
And when it turns brown some are lost.

Attention to them most you pay,
and the thorns of pain are removed.
The lattice it does, bring them confront.

Although alive the butterfly it fades fast.
Being able to bore through the hole.
It flies to the sun across open water,
to soon the day ends and the flowers.

Beauty has again reawakened,
and beauty paused, I stopped, very suddenly.

James McLain

Swallows His Pride

She wears what she wears each night.
She's keeps hidden underneath what all want.
Against common since, the girls mother is.
And she swallows his pride, for a price.

Efficiently is traded, English it marks,
and marked by it all,
she can not speak and it is.
She wastes little time, each second she counts.

Shortly thereafter for her, comes the next.
Her bodies cut and weeping it hurts now,
All of their cravings going and coming no names
The moon up above, as it smiles down below.
The men pull out the spoon and it fits.

James McLain



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With Your Lips

How I have labored to the touch of your lips.
And lips of the like,
and yours no woman to the other.
Have opened like yours have to mine.

The heat is to close and hot is your face,
and your face is to hot, close to mine
Who before me and we have touched both.

From the moon down below to the sun up above.
You with your lips
and I have increased and blood has begun to flow.

Like the wine and the grape they are ripe,
and like the river of life, yours the flow.
Bathed in this dream and the heat of your lips,
could not have been made.
and if not from the center peeks your tongue.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Hands

my hands
remembered
your breasts
your breasts
remembered
my hands.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Writing On The Living Wall

Life is love to wide,
and the thing you cannot say, I was driven to.
Be a hero of the lost and end disputes.
Your future,
how it is when it is past and young is now?
You do not have to rely on saying,
hallow be it thou, turning be of it.
Obtaining - feelings good.

Past the yesterdays and present is today,
Sleep the sleeping lay.
And deceased the deceased permit us each, knew day.
Behavior - functions we attend them all.
When heard at the presently,
and here you have died to long to live.
Medium double suicides, and God hears overhead.

Life the living footprint,
and pearls turn back the sand of time.
While each grain the sea, we wave perhaps.
Us and doing try to have the sun when rising.
Burning, using the warm center for each destiny.
Learn from the act of death and it pursues,
the living still,
and patients still, it achieves it works, it waits.

From the grave,
and writing on the living wall, the archers guided to.

James McLain

Navy Seals

The enemy is someone they know.
Some one who can be opposed.
If it is in trust and trust it is then,
great is this force, they will know.

Thine by his great design or thine are his by desire.
Filled our cities they are just and our people are fair.
And well spoken are our great old Grandfathers.
And tethered our fair land of our dreams and common goals.

Decent folk should have no fear of their threats.
Death is dealt from their own hand of ignorance,
and history is kind which it is, is it not?

Patriots act bravely when ordered they confront.
And scorn is but the grave, that such as they have earned.
Whether by which hand over the land and by sea,
and cruel is their this, mighty sting.

When children have been harmed,
Nursed and hope, take to the air they have wings.
Which when broken they try to heal and repair.

James McLain

How It Shakes Me

The eye of the storm where I am.
Above your two, below is the moon.
I am waiting for it to become full.
Small I am large and large I am small..
Clouds pass by me suddenly.
Beauty how it shakes me.
Around the moon is one ring,
and who at your time I have settled.
Passing by the center a comet it comes.
Crossing the center moving lines, straightly.
The scar on the earth it is deep, round acutely.
Just your blinking star on the center of the earth,
how it moves me.
However it rains the scar is cleaned, completely.
The beauty of it how it shakes me.
Over the years who at one time I have settled.
In my world, I am you and you I am.
Faithfully with the life here thereafter and after one more.
All truth is then seen because of the eye, shaking death.
Passing by the center,
a comet it comes through the center.
The beauty of the scar,
the windows open is closing fast, more acutely.

James McLain

U.S. Justice_Will_Be_Served_In_Maids

As for the accomplishments of this French maid person.

Car·i·ca·ture - as a cruel impersonal,
short ponied, char·is·mat·ic is it a predator?

This... Strauss-Kahn...

French presidents need a job some how, she described.

Rubbed with that \$1,300 every night every one wants a show
and the maid caught between.

Loved only in French,

it is meant that it turns over with the belt made of leather.

As for him and her victim, there it is grasped.

Short this tall order not to be in the wrapped chocoholic,
his box is not acceptance thereof.

Removing her stocking it is tried and moving this victim.

Underestimated, which is chosen is she powerfully.

Leaf of small-numbered mossy green, the area and.

Where the bush of fire is to many.

And now criminal is prosecution.

As for the wood of old oak tree, O' rooted victim, It contacted with.

O' Two degrees being when opened on the battlefield,
above near the full moon, by the root of mid-evil, violence.

True when Tired and Tried is the press of Allegedly.

Can she, will she be bought off, to settle this amicably?

James McLain

Mushroom

Growing overnight, springing up, very white.
Prudence between sleeps each one of our toes.
Do it to become us and fixed are the tops.
Do to the air blow it gently with your nose.
No one need meet us to greet us, look stop.

This is the place it can be, is less crowded, small rings.
The soft fist it raises, the needle you hide, I insist.
And the pavement it ends where the leaf is to pretty.
Our hammers, the rams, fearless and eyeless,
silence and round the opening one does to expand it completely.
Crossing the field and passing the hole, her shoulder.

In waters lays our diet, the ants carry off the bread crumbs.
The bush casts a shadow, gentled quite is uniqueness.
Vast thine majority which is of it asked.
Our numbers, tall large members!
Our's so large and vast strewn across fields are our numbers.
We are gentle, we are for food, even in love we feel your need.
Our types are white the caps like the snow it increases.
We receive the new morning a blanket of earth is our door.

James McLain

Bedroom Noises

It was never very late I early, fully understood.
Walking by her ponds, beneath the moon.
Out back theres my one roomed house.
I am me and she I am to afraid across the room.
There in the back section of the house is da and mia.
Where I hear them usually about none most inquire.
About bed springs and creaky bushes hollow twigs.
I respect the thing which on four legs it talks and walks.
Access with the rear I hear as well and the smell.
It front and back and does it, only when it can!
As for me, I cannot see when it is necessary,
but it originates the sound of dogs when barking.
Howls that make the sound,
as sooo to get the dry red paint it wets on me.
Because when I return from there, he hits the cat.
Momma mia of the furry squirrels, I hear them loved!

Bedroom noises never heard because of me, is never quiet.
Because those noises are insanity, they are to me not loud.
For twenty dollars I am told, but not that bold.
I see the shadows on the walls that speak of truth untold,
things that we always never do them not.
And they love the fact that you don't hear this noise.

James McLain

God Can Win

When ever, light is formed.
Where ever, art is from.
Such of his,
is you are thinking this.
Beautiful each compilation,
unique our spontaneous.

Deep it is long and wide.
We are filling the gap,
and science each it's margin is.
We who are rubbed out to exist.
Minute these forms of atomic matter.
Why is there no inert, outer space?
I look to you, whom ask of it, am I within?
Given over to the order of gravity,
is something that has reason over there?

Fly is to contact paper,
outer space I am, coming and going.
It is not necessary to execute 'God,
to put the best of the rest to the test.

James McLain

My Best, Is Beauregard

Upright, hold on tight.
My best, is Beauregard.
Up and down, love is.
Will it be airtight?
So breath, all night,
the moon if out of sight.
Beneath the tree,
green moss hangs down.

Tell me lass,
how you have loved.
When,
loved have you been loved?
Beauregard's the best.

James McLain



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It Is Not Forgotten

If it is not forgotten,
and never must I speak to you of dying love.
How I must in truth you passing, must I long.

And that of you, as it passes by me, all my life.
The breeze when of you it touches me, the wind.

And when I'm looking up at you cloud the sky,
were to pass through me, thoughts leave me.
Who but am I, when down by the seashore.

Remember that night of that day, that last time,
as I raised you up in my arms.
The waves rise up to your lips forgotten is the kiss.
I was pulled under,
by the moons yellow flower that you often gave me,
remember this my love.
It is not that long when forgotten by me and moving,
are you the waves and I am by then faraway.

James McLain

Past The Water Mark

A woman came and moved me over there.
Past the water mark, last night, her tide, I knew.
And the tide it moved her low warm smile,
it higher rose and wet.

The moon was full and full her moon was set.
Past the grass and flats and white the sand.
And up along the dock,
just past the long green pole.
She's looking out,
to where my boat was tied to closely up.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Patient, Is The Spider

The deep black quite silence of the night.
When patiently it goes, waiting it waits for you.
Smaller is that of the center, being where I stand.
Like some other being, I am looking around isolated.
Moreover here it has been less exposed more crowded.
Watching as he quickly drops in to explore.
And to he this immense encirclement, am I now trapped?
When that I launched off from and down into.
Sacred round filament and filament wrapped around the ring.
Wherefore from that of itself to be interviewed,
by she with out appointment this long filament of she.
Drawn out of those and patience to those it grows strongly.
And the place where it stands, O' the center of my mind.
It is surrounded, being it surrounded.
Breathless with the measureless dept of the ocean of her space.
It has become, placed in the middle without thought therebetween.
To she of he, without much thought it needs to think intelligibly.
The bridge which he needed, has led to her soft centered need.
And now he hangs from her Webb, dancing, going no where.
Anchored by her grasp,
and his last pin pricked thought of a dulling thinning ductility.
To the thread of the gossamer weaving this Webb.
Where she throws out and captures ones dream of somewhere.

James McLain

Each Cloud I Part

There is no escaping the touch of love.
And the ring around the moon,
my body is when one because.

And I am standing at the edge,
then as I love our friends above.
Holding up the sky, each cloud I start.
Your hands around my face you part.

Softly speaking in your ear against the wind, I cried.
Loving you both hands,
and love, touched me, and we both sighed.

Because the smell of the clean rain,
washed clean our memories there away.

James McLain



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Whales Hear The Music

'Dear'...when you smile like that
is such a troublesome i worry
and verbal, 'scrambled intercourse! !
Why to be loving terrible,
we would like to driver your designate.
Your baby-sitter as all knowing,
other than such simple nervousness?
There is no,
'is there not! i mean yes,
no some colored difference.
Being born in another country,
many thousands of miles away.
That my siblings do the humphing.
Even whales hear the music
my way,
is never of complication
the troublesome, as others
whom coarse items that brings,
ringing to your tender ears
and flashes of lightning
that cause you such discomfort there.

James McLain

Dyslexic, The Child

With it being said, it is that are you being difficult.
Pay attention to the detail,
and which by the others by they it is learned.

Ashamed to raise my hand,
and to my teacher, If I had but one wish.
Losing my way and of reading.
How the words move like a line of ants upside down,
why don't they stop teacher please as I wait for hope in vain.
Wiring of writing and how my speech to immature,
I can not articulate my simple thought into your concepts.

Where did this nightmare spring forth from?
Problems you put and I read from right and being left handed.
Is not right and I confess to my self I'm confused.

Completely are they all normal it is said.
Pointed out and why do I bother to come?
They cannot mean, but they do,
and I cannot distinguish every color (it is larger is or, a little,)
As for what ever I gained by there losing I am losing.
With it once was said.
Letter blindness.
The others I think are to blind to see what I can.
However,
the eye it beholds her,
and I move into other worlds as I leave the rest behind.

James McLain

Waters Edge

By the waters edge the plants are green.
Then when I look up to see the moon her face,
the sky is all around me.
Where moon light, shimmers off the leaves.
As they are damp the mist clings fast.

By the waters edge to close my feet are
heavy slurping as I pull them from the foamy loam.
I, have you remembered earth as it cries out,
released from foggy memories shed today?

By the waters edge, the many doors of green.
the hidden branches trip me up as I walk past.
I see her face,
reflected back to me, the moon grows thinner still.
In secret do I think of all the moss,
white a stork has caught a frog as it flies out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Dream

While I go, to where I never was before.
Can I do it,
the softest sound, this voice that sings.
Like once it was before.
Complete the range the angels voice,
no humans heard before.
Therefore, it is to hearts it soothes,
and to lose the feelings of, I tremble, loss.
As for this his only child,
someone is calling, a white dove pursues.
Coming often only when I dream.
And it is sung and substitution it flies by.
From the mouth of babes,
then when her fathers love is reconciled.
And he that never slept above,
and cries below and watching her fly past.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dyslexia, Adult

After all the problems of surviving child hood.
Bullies and beatings and very strange nice teachers.
Greater the problem it seemed to grow like a weed.
Larger rather than smaller by the others perceived,
alone found the path was the way.
And there is this plural mutual misunderstanding,
concerning the symptoms of the adult whom they made.
Then time reached out thine majority.
People actual problems and being ashamed, not saying.
Foolish were they and of I.
And standing in the way you must conform each one thus said.
For that kind of conduct, the person loses self-confidence.
Those are refused, beginnings of the feeling which is isolated.
Dyslexic symptoms do not change the effect on creativity.
Dyslexic symptom only intensifies the need, do not change.
Dyslexic the wiring is wired for the best of our life.
Dyslexic the symptom makes the brain,
to work three times harder than yours to succeed.
Dyslexic, I will never give it up and I will myself to succeed.
Those have the vivid imaginations.
Considerable are these great strengths.
When it is given and not withheld to conform to misunderstanding.
Support and encouragement,
may you then reach your dreams and achieve your success.

James McLain

Literature

Loud smiths of silence and mighty the pen.
Mighty swords hence, I am spread as I finish.

Slow is the labor, carbon and lead, freed from chains.
Galatians from hence where I was brought up,
and nothing thus of it, is written to remain.

This from the dust as for reading my eyes,
and eyes are for reading, trust the dust.

There is no room at the inn, may I go as you come.
Romantic each word,
and the dance and from whence it all came.

Go and I ask this of you to satisfy thine mine heart.
There in the other the after place before there we go.
Imagination which loves all your tragedy, you endeavor,
therefore passing through it we all must come.

Finally you write with the pen, as I pass through the eye,
passing through the eye of eternity and eternity starts from whence.
Complaints do you have I would ask,
as you pass, let them all pass as we pass through, I dwell.

James McLain

Quite Times

Only at her quite times, the iris pulls back the curtain.
Looking at attention are the apt pupils.
Quietly it lifts, pulled apart grandiloquently.
An image of a shadow peers in,
rushes down through the tensed, arrested muscles,
plunges into the heart and is just as quietly gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Honest

You look at him there
and turn away when he looks.
What he sees,
is what you intended to show.
And this from you it was seen.
It is his leafy path.
Sewn together never pulled apart.
Never the rocket fuel.
Though how I wish that it were.
Cold not on fire like this when it is.
I am to forward with my brown eyes.
And those blue eyes, like the sky
are never to looking forward, enough.
Until he sees past the clouds.
Was heaven so lightly veiled.
Until the first day that I came,
I these feeling I never knew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Must Not Love You Here

I must not love you here or there you know because.
And yet without exception it is why because of you,
and is it simple when I say and loved I said are you.

I am when loving you and am I loving you and when.
How I wait to long and waiting long I do.
A heart that moves from yielding lips a choir that moves.

I, when love is hate and you to yielding deep I forge.
And it is never hating you, I love the storms your cage.
When I blend inside of you,
and the length of what I measure is the pleasure of the measure it is a widow
open that is covered brightly over you.
It is not the changing day but when night comes over you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Life Is Uncontrolled

There at the closed end of the southern valley,
of bending often winding deep such thoughts.
Where so often,
then at dusk you used to cover me and hide.
Ringed in posies,
wrapped it darkness, singing birds is loudly spilled
The open yawning stare that's blind, but now it sees.
By those very trees,
and bushes leave the circled vines that climb the walls.
Some gouged deep purple and mist floats a cloud,
paints over,
as it leaves the wall, dew freshly washed blue stained.
And life is uncontrolled,
and beings uncontrolled, is life when there's no rest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Truth Lies Still

I think perhaps that when you come you won't.
Beating even though the center of your reason is.
The center is the reason why we cry.
I don't and both we know it why, it is for you to still.
It the truth lies still.
When I forget you,
and never for a rapid pulse a single brilliant moment.
and then the sun goes down and quite evening,
how it comes and returning for the second time.
One word, one song, a softly spoken poem.
And your weakest finger points to where it touched me.
My center is so heavy and my breath so quite.
I hold it there, in the middle for you still.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Sorrow

Because I am sore, I inspect all great sorrows.
Where ever you go, I must greet them.
It Is your sorrow that I tested, I measure,
using narrowly using, the eye of the needle, I strictly.
Your treasured ones I measure there weight,
and you think of it as a cloud to rain not of doubt.

Am I why, you think in doubt and doubt you think, why I am.
As for me and by the gate of your each, my one.
Feelings, I feel and such by feeling, such is old pain.
Whether or not I am hurt,
because of all that have lived and before I have lived.

And If you must and those of you, must I try.
That scar it is quick to close on none but those.
To give forth unto you the fragrance of my oil.
It is enlightened through you and I am larger than pain.

Do you grieve?
Smaller than a large number to all, see what I say.
A vision of natural air.
However perhaps,
and I do not presume this of you, it is just-sorrow.

Because you pay attention to sorrow,
our paths back and forth they must cross.
And trust how they must and must they how you trust.
Trust that I mostly and your sorrow,
it is you.
And your of one body and beings you are the bright ones.

James McLain

A Stand Of Trees

Could you know exactly and exactly know you could.
When how to she of paradise,
and to her wide is long and long is wise.
To whom can he entrust it to?

The look below her eyes the look that paints her smile.
Does he shake her hips like so and shakes them so.
To her patient heart and patients is her painful art.
Higher than the human eye and higher than the moon,
she missed his aim.
When the feeling comes it dies and dieing good the feeling is.

And meeting there below the shady hill, around the bend
behind a stand of trees,
there is a bush down by a stream he some times, peeps.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Purple Grapes

As for your coming out and being squeezed when ripe.
The setting the sun,
purple grapes dripped around vines, making wine.
Yellow is rose,
keeper of colors which holds the goblet.
Differences are the keys, keeper of days.
You think for the other each hand being right.
We are, are we naught but of they,
whom are made red of clay, but of the potters wheel.
When each glass is free, thee from thine.
As for the draft the vine rich earth from the soil.
Hangs bursting grapes of the likes, t'were ever watchful of this.
Which from of all, which it should be,
and be should it from which to be.
Empty of color and olive of tone it is stolen.
And the bright pink blush from each rosy cheek,
The red clay as it dries,
and it rains from beneath emerald eyes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Solitaire, A Rose

The morning rose you touched still stands.
And see how sweet, how sweet this one,
this single one it smells when in the sun?

And each petal falls,
once full when open is now gone.
Each single one by they are young,
like all the rest now gone.

Rare such flowers once were loved,
when blind are cast aside.
To see each loved each every one.
But one not loved by any one.

And loved is this a single one.
Solitaire,
is played by hand then picked,
by wind and gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Look At The Child

Some one can hear with her calming, tame inner voice.
Whispered melodies the rustling of leaves as they part,
conversations pass within back and forth in the forest.
Through the trees and up the hill comes a traveler.
Dearest of all you my mother, did you not know,
that you cannot control,
the impetuous flight or excessive song of the fair weather bird.
Fair is his conversation how in the afternoon of the summer,
when his household is assembled.
When and how the sun looking through the branches it sinks.
Pure is her voice outwardly praying between line each passage.
And the flower which is not and not is of which it closes.
When like the child how everyone dreams and sleeps.
Look at the child,
how my calmest of mothers and the child is not impatient.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Wolf

Each a bullet of gray and the silver proud maker.
Cobalt eyes and sharp head one of pride.
Observations of strong cooperation, the wolf.
Strong minds from which and it leads.
Unable to heel and as it wildly spreads.
Qualities needed no doubt, with you and you of me.
Endurance,
and the stamina are unmatched in the floor of the valley.
Amongst the deepest trees, one with the bushes.
Through every mountain, across the plains to the sea.
Walking in freedom from which it never turns.
And as for it's cunningness.
Tell me like this, have you lived?
It maintains him,
and being spiritual in everything which leads us.
The way of the wolf, it is wild to free and wild it continues.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Around The Ring

Slightly twisted, getting up, she comes off.
Having more than only parted glossy lips.
She enjoys his need,
to see her watch them slightly tremble.
Which leaves the neighbors open staring.
Nothing is dissociated, by them.
Sightseeing,
which is caught around the ring.
And from where I sleeping am.
I see them watching through the window.
As the windows are being cleaned

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Beats And Burns

Every night she comes to me,
the offer of eternal freedom how it sweetly rings.
And as for him who is my son when evening,
with a whisper comes, It comes the southern sun.

In the clearing by the brook when heavens,
never clear and clear it always seems to be.
However comes the thickest star, veiled, it cries.
And looking up you wander there about he shouts it out.
And he hears you wander all about the star light, sky.

Painful is my brain and it struggles off the edge fond memories.
As for silent music hearts insure my chest the sound of harmony.
As it beats and burns for cooler times it climbs the nearest hill.
Useless time gone by until the earth gives up the dead it took.
And it cannot turn around and look at his dreams when lost in me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Wave

Although each wave of anger,
and fear of he and it is bright.
It circulates, look high above.

And below it is where it lands.
Dark the earth makes us burn.
Light it makes the earth, green.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Winged Addictions

As for before us peeks this evening,
I of you but ask.
masking love it is loud with silence...Purity...
Inside one salty taste of it and I felt of it the ocean...
Certain as for the heart that it beats.
The wind sighs.
And the moon over the lake,
which it has shone, above partitioned.
Is it the stream from the lower clouds.
That filled the pond with sounds, winged addictions.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ewcm

Here I am, to be, as for her.
I trust her other doesn't.
Once was all, to you I said.
Am I the only one?
I am drowning in the ocean.
I am of it, in it foaming green.
And she waved,
included all the water blue.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bi-Polar Learning Curves

As for this singular problem.

Whom is it to whom, within hands reach.

Am I awake, I do dream?

Thinking in multiples.

The level of a very complex being.

Which if I must, I beg you to think.

Is it not possible to solve them?

Differences,

the same levels, whom made them?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lepidoptera

To be moved.
Moved...he..
She to be.....

Is a Womans....
Shaking...hands...
Moved...
By them.....

Her face...
Lips....
Open...
No name.....
Untamed.....

Kissing the sun....
Lepidoptera's.....

Wearing....
The wind..
Have they all gone...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Make Her Happy

Knowing that by you he exists.
Even then before my birth.
Somewhere,
deeper silence plays for him.

And the ring from which the eye.
Which hides rare form your life.
The ring around the colored iris.
Help him, let me help you, inward glow.

Happy is the day all play,
of he whom is himself and burns, I am.
Turned upon are we alike,
and turned it parting lovers lips that start.
And to make her happy,
thus and happy to her when he to her makes.

Profits do of what was done then once itself.
And love it does to her, when to her it does come.
So open up and blush the bloom, surprise her.

James McLain

The Frog

On the log,
where I can look at it as it tries, and tries.
Not moving and moving not.
Away from the pond the frog is cut off?
In the form of a boy demon, 'God, I saw today of wildness,
and cruel noise, to do it, to be it, one with thee.
It is from the joy of the swamp land, having, using the gig,
the frog has been caught by it's leg.
And the boy then turning it over and when he does.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When It Rains On Only You

Standing under the roofs overhang.
Your head under the softener,
and fascia work.

As long as it rains on you, only on.
After all the leaves have run off,
and when moved there of course.
Smiling as the sun comes out.
Prancing, around and around it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Night Sweats

Decisional thoughts, medications,
paranoid for most multisyllabic.
Unadjustable,
parameters nightmares, I am lashed.
Living while you are watching the dead.
While lightly asleep past me to vivid.
Red, white and blue ruing each color.
Knowing they are not to you real.
I am always to tired to open one eye?
Over and over, it is ticking played out.
To die once is normal and never cry out.
Losing control over and over is unacceptable.
Read to the dead where, they all are.
Make some new friends,
just in case it again is played out.
The past to all whom lived again, die out.
Dreams of more portents yet to come.
Arrested,
awake shaking soaking and wet, by my,
are these of yours are such, night sweats.

James McLain

Of Phobias

Are you that person whom when you walk,
to whom you talk and coming I am, independently?
Whereof the road where you are dark walking
and talking you passing by me in the park.
You by your thoughts then start changing.
And as for me, me for as when, you.
When you have occasion and strange is that,
what you feel a little slower you walk it is dark.
Worry naught of fear, fear of the darkness,
when as for you it is fear, fear of me, fear of the darkness.
Whether the night brings you fear of the darkness,
and fear of the darkness I am coming to soon, I am there waiting.
Someones fear, fear of it fixating upon you.
I whom always it is, must possess.
Someone shakes one finger deep under the wall.
Move the moon to one side, which do you wish it possesses?
You by my deepest, up to the neck darkest phobia.
Yonder over there and your neck it is tearing off the skin.
Lines inbetween which are felt when you cry out and the tears.
Just last night when you felt what you saw.
And the footsteps you heard, it is what it is, and you never thought. Something
from the rear and you walking it was heard.
And it is done again and again to the smile on your face.
And your face is right there and for who to see but me.
Because early it you does, to see it for the second time.
It is secured, firmly wrapped around and you think that it is difficult.
Are you troubled with your heart beats the heart underneath you?
Your fear of your fear, of the shadow it plays in the darkness.
And in your cave and it dances in it comes in from the rear.
Of the eye it is felt suddenly, penetratingly quick much to quick.
To be felt.
Your fear of me of the darkness and this fear of the darkness and fear of the
darkness being that of it, will it come to you soon for you.
Someones, fear of fixing and as for me, whom it always it possesses.
Where someone walked out the road,
and to I, of that of whom you it possess and your always afraid.
Not of me, it's your darkness you fear, open your eyes and it sees.

James McLain

A Silver Rain

Dear mother,
of my from your, 'O.
I am with the sickness of his love,
his love for me it grows inside.
I was once amused above his head,
my dreams you laid them out for me.
Now below the foam of waves I rise.
And where I go, you cannot raise them up.
Still I am not so bitter that it was broke.
I had to die for him,
and is this the way, you grew my love?

So, it is peaceful here and quiet.
The place of where there is a silver rain,
a place where there is music of the sea.
I hear a bird that kicks the center of my melody.
When once again the nest is empty,
and one of those I had to hide inside, eternity.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I, Tweet Them All

O' 'daddy' and i think that i am.
and coming in the door they left me out.
having kept it deep within, she says.
O 'daddy',
because of all of this and that of which i have.
and wearing it, not vainly plainly, open.
as i always never did,
the other girls whom have it naught they foxy trot.
or so they think they don't, but do it open to.
speak about it all, except when reaching out to me.
are not all of our sunflowers are made as such
when seen or softly touched?
and of rose and lily to?
some full, some lean, some wide,
some short, some tall, some gay
some dimpled, straight or thought i heard you say.
the moon i 'said' to you and me I thought of that, explained.
many 'dear can't afford your bridge of troubled waters.
made of silk to he of you they see each day and as for yours.
and so they try to cross it off a little more of you each day.
so hide it all and let them fudge a round a little less
and 'dear' what you have we gave to you
and she your other
indicated too and you are now just fine
as she.
where them thus more simply then
tighter in and yes, i know it's warmer
i have seen.
pick your friends and share the rest
is all that i can say too do.
and your heart belongs too no one else but you
even though it weeps of only troubled tears
in schools once privileged now gone public like we see.
Remember now,
and tweet them all and preggers no to all your friends.

James McLain

Understand

You I never understood the final word or why.
And why you understood me never, tried.
When of you,
I thought to well and when I often cried.
How I thought it came to you, my being dear.
Bright sunflowers growing up so green.
The sun it's yellow shine the leaves that wave.
And when the water,
there each secret of it speaking to me, hides.
And it was said it's like the fog,
which spreads across the valley, where you lie.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Understanding

You I never understood the final why.
And why you understood me never, tried.
When of you,
I thought to well and when I cried.
How I thought it came to you, my being clear..
Bright sunflowers growing up so green.
The sun it's yellow shine the leaves that wave.
And when the water,
where each secret of it speaking to me, hides.
And it was said it's like the fog,
which spreads across the valley that it enters.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Tailed Insanity

Is it a furry hamster?
With a short pink tail?
Closed cute eyes.
Sleeping on a wheel?
That has no spokes.
With some strange hand,
turning it the middle.
It is spinning neatly,
round and round.
Your space,
is one mind, with the cosmos?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dreams From The Heart

Each new dawn of the morning.
Each new sun here my center it you move.
And as it crosses the sky of your dream.
Dreams from the heart part the leaves.
There, I have hidden it to long from our song.
And saying this to me, I have said.
And in leaving I came there from you.
Nothing from you was that long.
As deep as the sky endless sea.
Us being you,
if I were to leave if ever you leave, would I die?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

America

I am like you, you of sound mind, hope and found dreams.
Whom to,
do you come into and me who am tired.
I am poor and poor I am.
I am he whom you see when you are passing bye.
And in passing by my passing you have passed.
Now know of power, in order to am I, Queens, civil you talk.
And serious is the person
and the woman whom comes to your white house, why can't you see?
The day that it ended, with no help from they, but for greed.
I am a good grunt whom bleeds, bleeding blue blood, I have bled.
God grant me thine help, so help me God, now none think that I can.
I am that wolf that was trained to eat what I kill.
And not one day goes by, not one good day goes by, when I howl.
Our country It goes, tis of thee.
And we are tied to the string of he whom is not himself, that I am.
Dark whisperings of war, how it comes civil war,
from whence it came so far and near to our shore.
Best western nights one free room, H.B.O.and I am sold.
By this am I thus confused and by the struggle for which we all wait.
God save the King,
and our misery of they whom talk about sex, I came tastefully.

James McLain

Depths Of The Sea

Whom am I to fight conformity, it howls.
To the depths of the sea.
Of your purple skin painted on it fascinates me,
by the love of the moon.
Where on the earth and the ocean,
calm movement each wave and by your hand which leads me.
Move it up, it is moved down,
when it rains like it does from above.
And as for me, me for as and.
Heaven with you it is so.
Down with the rain, up with the smile, whose is blue.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bottom Feeder

From the back even I will.
Down beneath.
From behind like a dog.
Knotted a cat.
Like sand paper gritty my tongue,
a dream comes true but for you.
Are you clean like the wind?
Front and back?
Like an Alaskan,
clear how they run salmon steams?
Yes I eat fish, white toothy ones to.
From the bottom I feed, feeding on you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Maid Is This Bed

Maid is this bed.
Make this bed of perfect awe.
The ground being here is excellent.
One open fair eye is judgment, it waiting.
Green blanket of leaves.
Pretty the trees.
See how the moss hangs down?
Hill tops speak out,
And each hello to me your sunrise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Your Storms

those of your storms
and what of they i have seen
waves between your opened
high tides
thighs i have washed neatly clean
and bunched up little beasties
pretty yellow seams and dreams like the sand
green hangs the grass
coming in washed up from the sea
looking down at the stick
neatly tucked
between your toes
to be kissed as you would and i have.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Red Scarf

The red scarf around my cut it won't, heal it won't seal.
Come quietly to me it is right here, you want to see it?
Like all the others you stick your other finger in it?
Like he once said of it, to me to see if it's really me?
Deep and red is my scar there it is, where you left it.
The red scarf it is there, helping you pulled aside.
You like the tide moving it in trying I push it out.
Ruby red by any and all means, I push at it and you shout.
One dose of sharp pain and my face, forever it is changed.
Bald is the chilly hill of life for me where are the trees.
Where have all the green leaved bushes gone?
Dirty the blood from my mouth, still are it's leaves.
Ardent is fire roaring passion that once was for me.
Time has it wasted, it cuts deeply of me.
Time it is vain as for pain sap it weeps from the cut,
loved once deep and the leaves have turned brown.
You or me, whom are you do not come.
Stop hold it back when you can and I won't, it is mind.
Whom comes from the edge it desires,
sing that song, songs of death brings me out and over into it.
Cheep is the value each is the wrist and it bleeds as it digs,
it is deeper, you dig where you will.
And it is deeper than the deepest of seas what you see in of me.
Stained with my blood the cut still remains, to be filled.
I saw, sawing at the sun through your window, are your vain?
And the searing pain it just burns like the fire it never goes away.
Wish that you may, and to you do I come, you wish that I might.
Fill up the cut with red cherries, blood drips from there, tonight.
I dig in deeper the cut and the bade slices into your shallow wrist.
You through the mirror I watch, as you dig into me deeper, no trust.
And deeper is bliss when it comes as you come, no trust because.
When will it be full enough for you but never enough for me?
So full and wide is it that must, I will die from the cut at the end.
I will make the scarf of silk, hide my deep cut at your end.
Scars we were meant to have and yours I have done with.
You, yours to be borne with and like yours mine is trust,
You will remain to be cut on, until the last cut and for you I've died.

Drinking Wine Together

It has been by me a long, long ride,
upon many paths back to the village.
The carrot in front of the mule it is nearly gone.
How many times we have come this way,
around the mountain she moves us steadily along.
There is little noise of the carriage as the mule.
Hope as for the bird of the air, comes light as day.
Night is growing, as she the sky is moon looking full.
The view of the beautiful mountain, continues to grow.
From the south blows gently the breeze.
Passing it, is one who comes and I stop as he asks.
Kind sir to you the gentleman,
and to whom is it possible to see into oneself,
Look there, as the central part of she, next to you underneath?
The one axle may in need, be of trouble.
Many distant places I've seen.
To the quick open bloom of the cherry tree.
Have you kept all the limbs apart and your children look fair.
As for this question, as for my request,
It possesses to you, no clear meaning, such is speech.
And of low disregard, when the road is not spoken clear?
Drinking wine together is where it the road, soon we part.

James McLain

Darling

how was it
that with your boy friend on the beach
and you in the water with me
moving as if one with the waves
that you were able to pull it off as you did
the movement of your hand
was not frantic and yet
when you were done and i stepped
into the sun
that thousands of minnows appeared
all around us
and they were very hungry too
nipping.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Burning, The Bush

no one knows
but us
buried up to my neck
upside down
deep inside, there between
only my head, hanging out.
and only we know,
they never will.
while i was psychotic.
you kept me hanging in there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Painted With Paint

Raw materials are the substance of paint.
Painted with color splashed the paint.
Hence come forth to me and show paint.
Yellow has the constancy of your hair.
Green eye of the leaves,
from the bush that floats on the stream of dreams.
Toes painted, oyster pink, crescent black, hue of blue.
Small is the tight stream of golden pure rain.
When shalt of it show your impulse, as for sunlight.
There within is the brown roots grounded discretion,
and like the moon, when it shines.
Each cheek like that which was once by he said,
is firmly then moved and when turned.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To My Once

To my you whom once you were, now someone else.
Told the same and of chess and of games the end.
Master of that and was a long time before.
Being as you are and still are, I am told thus, in thought you are.
I had forgotten my most cherished my dreams.
But as for what was then, it was then as before.
It is my time growing short, pay her my attention.
Here it was, it was here maybe there, before me.
Like the sun on that day it was bright, she my dreams.
And for her on the wall grows my rose.
Slowly the rose, very slow, the other you between me,
between my sweet dreams.
I should have then unto you, until that rose touched the sky.
She is the rose-that is my wall, this is so.
A shadow that night came by she.
I am white, I am black, I am grey,
verily to you do I say, I am all that she needs me to be.
I lived with your shadow, it stood by her side.
Soon from my hand,
the wind will then blow as the bird, falls forth from the sky.
My rose is the light/ I write of my dreams, before me of her.
Just to thick is the wall.
Many missing bricks in the wall, they have known
Justis is a shadow, I have seen, like a leaf in my hand.
My darkness is here before me they know now at hand.
The being in question with more as the same,
as I once did as a child, advisory of genes, broken sky.
I have passed through that wall,
she must pass through that wall, alone.
Find my dream.
Order the facts, I can replace the bricks in the wall.
Darkness no help to dawns break of the night,
the shadow can be taken back.
Thousands of lights/ I will write of the sun.
Being guided productive,
she can dream of ten thousand revolutions around the sun!

James McLain

A Composition

Each,
written phrase.
Is your personal mark,
to a fine composition.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Royal Wedding One Vow

Vast is thine their majority, it is youth.
Today for the woman, she may thus become.
Trust is a force for the imagination is the king.
Queen by this woman, of his, it is she.
Perhaps, so it is and after it is so, perhaps.
Hope is the life with herein the thereafter.
After the sphere of the silver glass our slipper.
The glitter and pomp may it never fade away.
Roles new found, hers actually is, most important.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Round Ball

Copies for the worker, always working.
Each round ball you never copy, comes around.
America which they can pull they push.
Africa the pharmaceutical the children's, candy ate.
China, and paid directly, organs playing monkeys make,
that nothing really is, entirely of.
Each damaged day unmade,
and wear the cloth and pray each night for day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Prison Cell

Jails they are my you have been their friends.
Whom but you will come inside of you, because.
There is distinctness,
with no friendships with the wall, no door to open to.
What some coming see and seeing never come.
Some they never will when thine be done is willed.
Fifes play,
appreciation may then come, lost the narrow eye.
Whom they are and are whom they appointed as to whom.
Whereupon the wedding feast that is never shown.
Trust is never earned it can be learned, when you are old.
Youth it never will, the will it can not speak to learn whom will.
Candy sounds and first new snow they now-be, lost of soul.
Marching, dancing marching to the beat of some another's drum.
Lost in interruption day has found us out wrong attitudes.
Calmer days ahead redeem lost joy, redeem it all completely.
The prison cell can not be wide, the night to long, because.
The door that leads to heaven was to wide, thoughts decide.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Last Silk Worm

You opened it up and the silence was loud.
You are pretty,
You are more than coat hanger pretty.
Invisible,
wearing coat hangers, dull eyed dresses.
The last silk worm,
that came to you first is now emptied out.
The harder you spin it, try.
The silk leaves,
having left the mulberry tree, lay scattered about.
Vital is the force,
whereby the runways upon which are walked.
Pretty ankles,
hidden behind masks made from milk.
Pretty dear's,
drink rich the fat from the creamy milk.
Relinquishment is each mask they applied.
It watches and waits,
it trembles, it sings as it waits for the day you arrive.

James McLain

Plagiarized, Ponagraphy

Words over the heads of the bottom and children.
Even when the few being, semiprecious.
Vast is thine the poor majority,
against being simple, like you some are not.
Does the stupid parent,
know what they know, when they can't even learn it.
And of Pornography.
What is it made of is it chewy and gluey?
Like in China,
one push of the button and it's gone, but it's not, tell them why.
Prisons have to be filled with stupid people once children.
I know what drugs are will you partake of them?
Liberty you have and your choice it is or it is naught?
Don't answer that just drink it, I mean take the fifth.
I know what rape is some one because and have you ever been?
To discuss all mature topics, without thus becoming.
Alarmed at the horse that takes a big dump.
Having been gelded, she is still there well hung.
How high is the bar, that I, you have jumped?

James McLain

Good Gardener

However the wood through choice matures.
However it must grow.
Rose when it is small,
dancing around in the nude.
The girl turns out to be his wedded, wife.
We can do worse than by our short seasons.
And gentle is the hand that tends the bush.
Green leaves that never turn brown.
Turning the world, the sun will continue.
To speak and communicate is to know reason.
Her loveliness it exists, and it is lovely.
For is it not for the gardener, to trust,
and maintain thought of us.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Today, I Saw A Thunderstorm

As for her.

Those most remarkable breasts.

Breasts on this body of bodies.

Terra gotta, and as for those poor married stupid men,

talking the moon walking, blond tall, handshaker.

Because of this storm the other woman nearby,

packed up their pears, cherries dim skies and hurried away.

Bulging out yet restricted.

Entering her space,

meant standing a good foot because.

All of the horses stopped.

Many of their wives disapproved.

The Approval of we, speaking would stand.

Moving away the storm went and sat down, warmed securely.

Then came torrential rains, shorts to our forms,

back and forth by her door, hers was the flying fish which leaps.

Would I should kiss such a rainy day, her comings and goings did make. And it continued to pour even after the sun, reappeared.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Weak Knees

One or the other eyes looking, at you.
The way to your most one has entered
and lost, be it moved.
She is the most awesome hot-tie.
His buns to steal, she must have.
Vanilla and chocolate,
frozen custard this is cream yogurt.
Like your knees are collapsing completely.
Breathing deeply, it is normal, re-to load.
Numb from the looks, is dopamine.
Simply her looks caused it the joy,
passing through your body,
her painted, long pointed toes.
Marbles the woman,
she has these feelings, instantaneously weak,
it never hurries along, once paused, don't pass.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Your Moon

Is it your moon on the beach
looking up from the sea where the wind
and the waves come inside?
The ring around it, that keeps him inside,
below what you feel,
when you feel what you feel.
How does it feel.
When the moon like that, when it is?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Sister, Her Moon

Pale is my sister, her moon.
It lies there sleeping when it is opened.
Light under my demanding, strong hand.
Mourning comes dawn, is my other.

One comet it comes with a white blazing tail.
The other sisters moon, it is quite.
Moon is my passion, passing my sister,
at dawn I'm the other, he is the brother.

Moon moves too her left,
and the comet flies by the light of the moon.
So in the middle a shadow, hot is the night.
My brother is kissed,
good morning, my sister, she is missed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can Smell It

Blowing in from the wind,
across the sand there as you last left it.
It was there I to find and wading over through it, I to find.
The leaves laid across it, have parted slightly.
And bright is the sun, one ray of it asking, left of it?
Hair of your silk, I can smell it.
Each new found sound, moans throaty the wind.
The sun wraps each wave, comes around it.
It is something when speaking I sometimes hear.
Something lost again found you remained.
Picking it up, it is stained with the ocean, it's salt.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Light My Cloak

A hero disguised as a man, she once wrote.
Life does it matter how far the stream flows?
Small little rifts that divide the wide gulf.
Do unto you and to they, whom to us, we all are.

Softly go gently and when long is the night.
Lament over song as we needs greatly die.
Fashioned naught for kings, queens to they will lie.
Then please forgive me, how my day has gone bye.
Hence fashioned from us, is common each man.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Judge Of Discernment

To wit, therein, forthwith, moreover is posthaste, saith I, to you I pray.
And I, who am full in the state and why by they, do I worry so.
Come Judge of discernment and take up thy cause,
which by your good grace and fortune is by your hand thine.
And thy it picks it up and shakes it sorely, woe unto they out.
I am bothered,
someone's witness, has tampered and whereof it is known.
Bring them thine presents not of jail, naught of me, therein is no joy.
It is possible at one time, to withstand them all.
They are as many as the ants and as ants, act as such.
And Am I, and I am at your judgement hall, the place wherein it is.
Thy loan of they, of it, to be by your hand, make it stop.
Humbled by what is right in your eyes and of he, they knew naught.
And of whom naught by that, what unto he, knew thus was it wrong?
Wherein no crime of which unto you, have no cause th, they would I say.
And should thine yoke unto he, thus be thereupon then be loosened.
Brought up from the land, whereupon by her hand where the innocent person is
surrounded,
by the guilty and the innocence it flaunted is due guaranteed?
And it dies for lack thereof and these things of those,
where it has been by this psychologically altered, it is unnatural.
Then by your hand it is so by your leave release it.
But when is what there is from which works ill, reward them naught.
There is no honor in that,
and everything here therefore as for God my enemies are then yours. And where
those have thought you to send me there unto them
show them then your pleasure, it is so, let it be, by yours in trust entirely.

James McLain

Life Is It's Wealth

Where Is It not, to you visibly pleasant?
The blue earth, life is it's wealth.
Swollen, bottom the top is not heavy.
The sky is as the sea, it starts it stops where?
Space above is clouds, is it vast to love in song?
Long is never us giving in to it, beauty is never enough.
Stopping at the edge, it is water, the boundary.
Moreover all is inclusive, your birth being right.
Virtue pure the sand, each grain is light of a child.
The wealth of the sea, each wave it is constant.
Pouring in, then up and out from the rift.
God gave us the light we are pushing it forward,
and moving the dark for ever backward.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Self Denial

She caused me to lose my thoughts of absolution.
Total self denial, her mind mine controls.
Running off,
I dumped it deep within the shaking moon.
Pulsating quasars, yellow stars,
the comets face is quickly turning bright,
burning inside out,
it made me strain my eyes to see the view.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Come Shake Us

When It is the light and it touches yours the eye.
Come morning over the high bright sky is one hill.
I who am he asks of she to look ahead to where the road,
has turned around it and it directly upon behind it began.
Therefore as for each the other asks of us,
travelers have stopped to inquire of us, by which of these.
Some bent, some straight and some new born foundlings, they ask.
Sent out by some and coming back home they might find.
Grace unto those,
which cannot come without our help, to do such one small thing.
When if by the ring, I am caught, mercy is tight as it's grasp.
The running rabbit, it can be, by me caught, taught without dogs.
Though the turtle has, wisdom is the internal light, thus is memory,
and like the tree, the flower, each bush, either the all is one.
Coming in waves, which burning they shake us..
But those whom the most of which we must feel,
are but of the sound of the wind and our inner most selves.
Found in the mirror and short, long lines and more sufferance.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Love, Is Abandoned

When the eye of the storm it seems not to important,
and with some one else it he she does.
Abandon him your husband for he can not speak.
To you of the things like this, for you so easily that I do.
And there it is your love for me, the center of your all.
There is your love caught therebetween,
caught in the center of time standing still, hear my call.
All of your center is warm liquid filled,
like the ocean at play, when the tide like me, recedes.
Love wants to leave, then you will call, you may want me.
Call to me mainly when exactly the hour is high and near,
and then hear me deep moving love, I am yours.
Lock me out there in back and the front I will share.
Careless the smile that you have and the body it heaves.
Tell me never to leave,
and if and as for me, I whom never knew, that you cared.
It is not that he is important,
leaving him with some one else which his love, I abandoned.

James McLain

 PoemHunter.com

Why, People Stare At You

Perhaps it is the shape of your breasts.
The deep cleft of the why, some never can have.
The sky blue eyes, maybe green like you do.
Well muscled legs leading hips dance that move.
Can the man in the moon ever get out?
Once having come from the other side, new you.
Lip that never end at the tip but they do.
Is this maybe why they look so often at you?
Won't you learn how to cry them the blues, do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When, I Am Loved

When I am loved.

Do I say to you, love me, he loves me and with you in me.

Some one I know, that you loved.

Because you won't show me, two people love me.

Is it right that your love of the people,

when I am by he, just for me I am loved?

Escapes like the sun when by it my is, it is good?

I am by he that you knew, I am more by he loved.

Weather to exclude me, do not come, when loving me you must.

When moving the wind and loving me to I am just.

Feel me, it is light as the wings of a dove free and good,

you do not to be afraid I have not to be.

Then when you never did it, to say I am loved,

the other you knew is to be the person and that is the one for me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hiding, My Stones

Rolled.

I am apart from the rest.

Walking,

you I shuffle two hide.

Alone you are each my step.

You have come bending down,

coming each one to know.

Stopping,

I have slowed down to watch,

all whom are they that walk by.

And the wet smooth stones,

you do love, to out reach for.

I look for a new place to lie.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Independent The Woman

Verily thus it is straight, I cannot tarry or be any other way him to be.
And not be able to go to bed and go to bed with out you to me.
Bushes under trees with such cedar wood, which has purple heart,
the hand where I was, to near to your chest, beats your art.
The release from thus it is good, moon light so you also it is!
The earth crossing over the eye, it is warm to you then I'm cool.
As for you, it is gently moved within there, then it is our song.
But I am not gold, added with silver, is it not trusted wise?
They do not but to welcome me, walking the path that none take.
Never have I thus before with out you, did I walk and not talk,
independent the woman you are.
Somewhere, I wander about with the weeds, laughing you, I tumble.
And the people hear violins the music that harps make and they shout.
Profits and closed doors, prohibit the making of more, she is, so I am.
Doors, and sounds with their souls and others and others.
In the narrow vast bed of roses himself whom he is, thus I am.
Where we cannot not go, naught to that bed, go peacefully to bed.
Moreover under any condition and someone still I must you to love.
For the best that he gives us the all of this life.
Is the released be it she or he where someone has not gone before.
His coming and going to be it is all, never to hate, but loved by them all.

James McLain

The Hanging Gardens

Each page, thy proffered word, as ink to quill.
Innate his will, upon his throne, it shall be done.
Wisdom, crown and glory, stars, his divestments.
Where clear skies that bring them all, safely home.

Through the hanging gardens a man, once a boy.
By the tall tower and through the sand, walked alone.
War by all and thus for your sake, lest it be forgotten.
Came there a woman, made him more, simple less.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Out Of Jail On Bond

Right now I am out of jail on bond.
With you, I am trying to be honest.
I had a nervous breakdown because.
Since leaving my wife,
I have been jailed more than a few times.
So now it is a contest of who pays the most doctors,
to make a final determination to what.
When your wife accuses you of harming your daughter
to get all the assets
and as to weather it can cause permanent psychological damage.
In Florida it carries a life sentence and they need no evidence.
Move to Florida ladies and get rich.
Most are not like this some times I yell, it is true.
To the father as I am in Florida considered a vulnerable adult.
As I have even to you here some obvious disabilities.
The state will want to win and whom will say what?
I have learned through you not to hate her.
So I thank you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Waves

Having to go out, I did.
Water murky the top covered in white caps.
Tough woman I like as well.
Never the less after reaching the buoys.
I made it look easy, it was not.
It is becoming increasingly difficult to fake it.
Seeing all of the little children at play,
made me of mine, not even less more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cowards Did It To You

Cowards do it to you and you do it to.
Look through the window that's tightly closed.
Well I, if you will confess to it what it is that you do.
Why does the woman never get caught.
I grow weary of being arrested for nothing.
The man always does.
What is a pearlie?
How does it grow deep inside of the mind where none dare to go.
I do, I will come and you take me away look inside you will find.
Like me that you are, as am I always you two looking we were.
Am I a perve like you always, look it is open see the wolf.
When you are asleep in your bed, I am too.
So what if the moon when the sheets have been pulled
wide shallow breathing apart.
And the shadows have all played out their parts, it is done?
Drapes thinly veiled,
and the stalker walks about by the light of the moon.
Where did you buy those pink transparent panties,
so I can watch where it is that you hide them.

James McLain

Twist Of Fate

Open it is stealth.
And you smile, thought not high enough.
The red bird on the tree.
And it's eye on the bush.
Hidden from each face a man.
That one twist of fate from your fragrant wrist.
Was never enough when they came.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Concerning The Martini

Dean Martin when the eddy was flowing laughing was coming.
Feelings of, the rat pack is good.
Sammy,
there was something even then, very Joey.
Yellow, martini like men with age it matures.
Desires still they are, it is one like me, you as well.
When it is a meal, before the dancing starts,
I am buried.
Daren bewitching martini's in her was something.
And it is the truth,
that it is not vermouth.
As for me perhaps that it is that you think, melancholics.
Then falling back on straight gin.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bloody Cuts

Ardently the mouth to brain crossed impulse.
It is not from other things to thus upon I force.
That which we want,
we want it now because we want to know we live.
Stronger and like Vlad the impaler it is stronger, comes the urge.
It compares to forces like the burning red, pink running sun.
I ignore it that it is I can no longer.
But to you of this I make this promise,
there is an importance to you, that it is selfish,
because I have known of it, know you.
I have drank the blood of others it is bloody Mary salty.
You are not so badly damaged wherefore that,
I presume that when therefore,
yours is the mouth that is restricted by the impulse to the brain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rolex Watches

Made in Switzerland.
Guarded by the pope.
Woman wear them to.
I would,
rather catch those fish.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Prison Sex

Being pimped a punk is punked by a punk.
Have you ever seen one get dicked down?
The smell of K.Y.....jelly in your cell is over whelming.
Raw the smell of spunk mens cum and ass.
Man ass, knotted up, it's not the other Kind.
To me of what I've seen is it enough and of the rest.
Screaming in the middle of the night, impaled.
Hearing sweaty balls slappin, snappin back and forth
across a grown mans heavy whiskered chin.
Did you say to me you watch,
that powdered version of locked up raw is what, I laugh.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

God's Peace

Your love is seasoned of trust his reliance.
Would If you could just brag,
isn't she like purple figs ever so sweet?
Your his love of reason the why of his strong reliance.
If golden is silence, isn't she silver trumpets pure?
The why, the thus, of like minds.
Milk how it flows from her hands.
Her feet have I washed, my position, low.
Sunday and her sweet perfumed breath!
However, because of God's peace, she withstands.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Recusal

Most come and depart my love.
Heaven came with something as for your the other.
Life when it is or is not mine your own.
Lips which of they, whom could have.
I am here looking down where it is, I am known.
Your hand, your mind is why I am brave.
And your laughter which has landed men on the moon.
Too this excess I attest to this the amount the eleventh degree.
Whereupon it is you that I worship I have painted your toes,
being thus such as they grapes are sweet.
As to one guarantee there is two,
as for us time how it runs, it is as if eagles wings, it is fleeting.
Of one more sweet loves encounter, I will not recuse, I too die.

Dedicated to,
Maya Angelou

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rock Me Off

All the ones that I love, that love me.
It rocks me off deep in sleep.
It is safe inside of the nest for now.
Waiting until tomorrow comes night.
Yesterday,
came to my home today it was bright.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beachwear

And if you by my variances be they small and or large.
When by you they mostly are, am I telling the whole truth?
Then in the growing more tender perhaps they become.
Being once like they and I am.
They use other ways to get them selves felt up and heard.
The old men that I see thinking thoughts about she,
why he lies as his tongue points it all out, driving by.
Woman are more trusting revealing open and honest.
Tenderonnies are not evil by design the nuns not having standards.
The nun, well they will openly spread their smile adjusting the face of the moon,
even if heavens casts a shadow, the spoon it is noon.
I watch them, just to watch your lips quiver and tremble, reactions.
When you are called forth out of the water and you stand.
Looking like you did not hear her, verily it is thus, how could you.
Beachwear, rolling balls, all those colored bulging eye balls.
Truth is, it is the only reason like some lawyer probative,
and prejudice brought her silking, down here.
She knows more than you think, when thinking for you.
Like him I like phat salty oysters as well as green muscles to.

James McLain

To The Gulf

I must drive over again to the gulf
I must go yet again and again
though I am feeling ill
the sun is now even to me to hot
the illness springs not from winters
fall or even from summer just past
over head the helicopters they fly
guarding the coast
waiting perhaps for me to die
a soldiers prayer
to drown or to be eaten by a shark
the waves today were high
I no longer know
why I only know i must try
the water still parts for me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost When I Talk

When I am lost, I talk to no one but you, no other women.
Some times I think,
they always think, knowing I always think of you.
Words such as yours are clever and clear like the wind
and your words like the chimes, blow as too me so dear.
And yellow brown centered daisies by you gathered, too.
When I'm lost and my thoughts are of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How To Eat A Peach

Look for peaches that have a nice blush to them.

A good peach should have a little give to it when you squeeze it, but still should be well centered and firm.

Watch the eye it may have sap oozing.

Worldly and avoid peaches with this problem.

Birds also, be aware of any overtly small holes.

Holes are usually made by worms and birds look for worms.

Next, cut them in half with out a sharp knife and remove all of that which was left from the pit.

If the skin bothers you,
then obviously there is some thing wrong with you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Premeditated, Adult Ignorance

To just entertain,
a few new found concepts.
It is simply too much for me.
I am helplessly numb, your exhausting.
Children are as Einstein,
when you I compare to them.
Maybe it was all the untreated brain injuries.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Little Flopping

Look at it, it looks at all the small children.
Gathered round, it they move with a stick to touch.
What does it eat as it lives and it rises, saying.
What is it like to live in the short dream of life?
Day runs into night all run after day,
and coming at last to the hour, humbled this table.
Transfixed through and through out one end,
and there coming in, someone is laughing, because.
This is our little flopping, hysterical I am smiling miracle.
Children, children, who is it that caught us this fish?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Inside Of The Sun

I was put not only here but there in the place of your sun.
Freed from all of the pain, pain that comes and goes.
Do you not know about what it is, thus by my any means?
What ever the whether I should have forever done it.
I being allowed by you to you to do it.
And everything sits down in the middle your emerald eye is there.
It is her I shout and, waiting for him it dies never simply.
Then is why I never asking of you why I stop.
If I am whom I am thought inside doubt, why you are here reading this now.
I am the person who shouts to you, then you to me, should we lie?
So, I am he whom you know what the whether will bring.
And how I should have done, what you did milked exactly.
Until the blue blood turns red you intend to drain it, is it not turned.
Or is your red turned out to be my blood pure and blue?
The cutting and sawing of which it is opened.
And moving in you, I see the morning woe sickness.
It plows the bare plains exactly to choke off the sickness.
Your very center likes mine, your the one it is cool, when extracted.
But warm left inside of the sun you are pressingly, ringed exactly.
Yours is the seat and the land of our burning blood,
and blood is known to be everything and blood is your claim.

James McLain

Loved Little By Little

If with loosing that and now that you have I must.
You stopped loving little by little, I am by you loved.
When if ever I stopped that I loved little by little.
Bursting suddenly, it was I whom for you forgot to.
Because of me then you do not have to be hurt.
You already forgot me, for the sake of the other.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Ring Is, Around My Finger

setting like the sun
moving down it comes slowly
around it my finger
is stuck
in the middle of, can you say it?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Evil

If only woman can have babies.
Where do all the evil people,
seem too, never come from?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Open Red Lips

The bronzed set which loads the lips.
When you left, I opened the drawers, appliquéd.
The glass was stained clear and the skin on a string.
French brassiere d,
black crotchless panties, I under stood, opened up.
It they have brightly red lips, the sky you have opened.
From the mouth all the way up to the back of the neck.
Having one thing byes us to remember whose to many,
exactly are when green, very tasteful!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Emo Razor

with my straight wooden edged
mirrored your face in my razor
only on you could i make you would
cut around your lactating nipples
soft that one place goes around and around
the barbers spiral
on your wrist
the bottom button would
barely discernible
it would slightly bleed out and between but
the inside of those tanned silky thighs
Mary Kay she covers up
Olive,
the bulls that are hung up to bleed quickly out, O'lay
lips cut apart that are grown back together
drinking coconut milk waiting to heal
waiting i wait until we are again
back together.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Teacher, Today After School

today my teacher she ask me to come up front.
after the others had left come and see.
receiving only cee's i did.
my skirt from the year before.
private schools.
when my parents were
not as they red currently are.
our finances.
bee's maybe, exchanged for an a.
fat subtle and strangled it is thick.
and so long was the finger that, shaking i.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Their Dark Horse

when I am with the bee and you, when you came.
it can never withdraw from such change.
standing tall in the bushes.
you explaining, I never seem to listen.
I am only yours not that horse, just a man.
are you schizo affective,
colors disordered the birds that walk with out landing gear.
watching them I sing, coming open in from the sea.
nurses watching the nurse I watch.
finest of fine all the doctors telling none why.
Clearwater's hottest their finest.
as I am their dark horse.
green too continue I am producing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

About Town

When you see me about town.
And I'm waving and laughing.
Beat up silver Toyota in the dash a pink pig,
with you I know, such of wings.
Perhaps even there,
where I swim on that beach.
You may if you wish, thus approach me.
And when you ask what ever it is that you ask.
If I say in response to was said.
Indeed.
Then you may if you wish that of me.
Leaping ponds, shallow puddles and dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mark Twain I Like

Secretly when he alone in the open, I am.
I snicker at such frivolous goings on.
Tit for tat thinking thoughts out loud, unafraid.
Tits, there I said what is shown by she, why I look? .
Laughing out loud, phat there, some just are lazy.
Thats more than simply the sky is too open,
and I become blind she is sexy I think,
what she wears on the beach, she waits, she has plans.
All that I show coming out of the water, sadly free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips Open Kissing

As the rose petals open.
I watch the humming bird as it flows to the point,
why is my tongue so blissful and wishing.
Of her juice where so it is, as for me...does lily know?
Raising the sound, why does the bird drink?
Asks both of the small school aged girls.
If I could and would you like unto rose so drink too?
Looking down into her eyes there I said,
good mami where is it that you taste it from...
Don't touch the thorn as it drips!
Look at the other look what It is, as for me.
We all want, what it wants, that your lips open kissing.
Do you suppose that it can thus be,
and the humming bird flies away then hums and exhales.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Books

I am like your book some have hidden away.
Without yours my covered, bared page.
Making good on the promise I reach for the wind.
Not to any binder each wave needs the course.
Dancing across my ocean she is the world, spoken poetry.
May the poorest of all travelers trust this path take.
Without being too oppressive bread our toll.
Frugality bleeds off of my soul.
Is it this his great chariot do they fear?
That carries each human to the light, back home.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beth's Closet

This is my closet it is so very to they useful, trust it is young,
and the children of some are being abused, being ignored.
Bless the child who is given up, over or under age twelve.
The heart of each part unwittingly they must play,
Thus wherein of the pain is this there crossover program.
She is by his of this your public selection it helps the counsel of eighteen. where
upon it is under, announcement litem' of the guardian. Jurisdiction, We the
people, This The office of.
As for the large number of these very young people.
Pray the environment where just the clothing on their backs.
Cross sections which is taken from the abuse they from their house and or other
things have been by they whom knew thus ignored.
As for the desired box the hygiene item which offers up to they the basics each
necessity is like the individual,
the bus pass a tree a functional life, which helps.
Money is an evil fact that roots we all need and the shoes,
the clothing, the underwear, the pajamas, the bedclothes,
the book and the hope through she by him and it makes.

James McLain

 PoemHunter.com

Is This Your Secret Too

I am always his, happiness is when he is in me, savagely.
Where the hyper, Vilnius is slowly played.
Only will I do it when he thinks mum is sleeping.
The oil smells too good it goes in so easy,
and no more does it hurt like it once years ago it did.
His is the steering wheel his to pull, the key is me over turned.
I feel that feeling of fear and fear fills me deeply up, me.
I wash off his hurried to the base his secret,
inside of my secret, it possess me fully I get wet, am I dark?
Anyone did not who I love ever call me they know.
Calling out in the dark as it goes slower the slowest, slowly in.
Under any condition.
When I return to the house, everyday, the mother she waits. Independently she
claims I am blessed.
Then she' ll hit it in the center hard against me the spoon or his shoe.
In and out slowly pulling it out makes me see, until I bleed.
Swooning I do it is fat, black and blue.
When as for the father no not mine I am fourteen years old,
she by the first who was nice before we were left, she drank.
Ever since all she sees is of that.
Does my responsibly from she mine that is.
It is scurvy,
foolishness, when I am tart, as for my phat is it to him good, quality?
He bores into my defect to which he never leaves us, was is it he feels?
It always comes.
It is thick and I hear it does hard things to my soft things?
These things I had thought they were mine not to give.
My fat duck and the diving and, as for me now how, his doing,
that grows more often occasionally it can curve, but I finally.
Torn panties, I deserve it.
The never ending soundings, his profit does he fills my something.. Hospitals
several.
As for me my brother, With you it played, heaver hitter of It.
Explanation where my the legs finger prints of.
Full of cream Inside that, I.
Being broken freely inside me it goes, he is happy,
feels good not to lie. But I to everyone say to that it is time.
I possess his huge secret, where anyone does not yours to inform.

James McLain

Her Open Skies

There beside her standing on the beach,
and watching her she watches him, safe inside her hand.
Her cobalt open moving skies,
tanned palms up turned her arms each wave across the sea.
She to he it reaches in, it reaches further out.
Comes night it makes the center of it feel, as if alive.
The water rushes by her toes and some is touching me,
Nelly's caught a fish it's in my hands.
The south star where I tremble, can I take and kiss away the tear.
Strange the wind comes warmly where you blew it, I felt there.
And the clouds above below the sand is clean.
Her angel is as some have seen and.
Someone else whom but my self, her star that does not fly,
if someone else can see your wings, come my love and try.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Leather Boots

As I leave the lonely farm, lives congested,
tall dark palaces and slums how to this silent town.
Leather boots give me your welcome to my silent feet.
As I am who,
withstand the gifts of they whom are yet to come.
Whether I was last night on the morrow is she coming.
A being appeared to me dressed shabby.
Clouds defend and I having been much troubled.
Mind independent of the body, kneeling thoughtless.
Looking up,
I put her in place of him on the throne of moonbeams.
Presently he is king.
Last night moreover a sphere,
and the glowing crown was the king and he and hers grasped the courthouse.
Incremental elements were clear never forcing applause by he is used.
Presently he pulls it the gown of that purple and tears and fear.
Off it comes, graceful voice and soft dove voice.
Bending the iron bar and never once blinking, which most can not.
The land and the sky which are responsible not, is the sea, my love.
To maintain my favorite little ones in order to own them thus from me.
It is possible the artillery is the cause great damage.
It settled, the fair unchangeability,
your the seductive rare pleasure of secret smiles
and owns the perfumed red hair as for me the earth the captive is me I am
shaken with the net of my hopes.

James McLain

Emily The Carriage

Of this It could not be, it leaving you stopped for me.
This of our loving death is become, it is' it is stopped.
Loving sweet the kings kindness you of me, one queen.
The carriage that moved us ourselves, thus it seized.
Coming to it you pointed, exactly and left she thus as I am,
Emily what is this blinking light blinded I am, comes immortality?
Us and them being open and pink,
did it not lead us to hurry that to it so slowly of it he was known.
And where no one looked there you put it, excessively I long for my work.
You were my greatest leisure and this is your floating courtesy.
We transferred it too I the great school of the eye tithe your ring.
where I' as a child you tested in with the best of the rest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Phones Turned On Vibrates

I am that tall blond bald boy, in back of you.
Why do you torment me when as you do,
with all of your phat and that?
Being the teacher his pet as you are.
Peeking I do,
through the window at you late at night.
Why do you wink at him and then he turns
and asks for me to stand up.
All around me, you are clear in class.
You and the other pretties you all smile
that all knowing smile.
I can hear them all, this you know.
All of your pink and black phones turned on vibrates.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Leafless Dress

The leafless dress of the silk of fine clothes,
hides the ring, of the horn which blows with the sound, birds of wind.
The raining sun it shines down and the new found sound,
is something of which all behold.
Perhaps it is withdrawn from hearing of thus from thee,
unto you did I not think that perhaps or we would, love to call with wings.
And of me, whom perhaps as for the wind I was thus informed.
Something remained,
and being ever so high, never can his sight be withdrawn.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Come In As The Wind

those things
that the nuns warned me about
things like those see through naughties
inside or out that we talked about liked
your dress that she loaned me, your pants
the long rip in your best pair of panties
how when father his low drooping nose
always we wondered why it rained
coming in through the window at night like the wind
every winter we both coming often never did.

□

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mother Is Dearest

My thoughts grow more like the wind it is difficult,
it is from my mothers damage, like the swordtail and the sparrow.
Fencing or yellow of blinking which is bitter the north sour star.
The tight corrosiveness of her mind no wind, no love,
All have died slowly and indirect are the rumors.
And I strain of the sour lemons, mother of months.
Could but I have, have but I could, never say would, should or could.
How could life be puckered and which face to the body, of day.
Like the fig of early summer, wee, once green, never purple gone.
While being only sharp,
me of whom it droops to just talk of the wrinkle, Guenavere was moral.
It is thin, the unripened center is now old and it never like you smiled.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hunger Found Us Out

Only from our walking through the fire of it, my love.
Each other we have found us out and I can't stay.
Thirsty, walking all around it and we couldn't have.
No amount of water high above and below the rain.
Hunger found us out together, be.
And as each the other, others each and known as.
For me our love was to discreet and my shyness grows.
Unto you and then as they would wanting back there like.
And but from only you.
I am swearing, I will only give it back too none but you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Black Perfumed Silk

The long black perfumed silk, it catches his hair there,
Ashen skin,
and her skin on the cheek of his.
Which was hollowed out - it is deep, it is dark.
Her eyes on you he asks, we want it all, it is desired.
Bring it to me it got wet, it is red, perfection, it invites, her lips.
It is long, it is thin, it you opened, her arm it must causes,
helped sufficiently, it makes great assumptive circles.
Life and to your he is her heritage of one single mind
and to stand near her beating chest it moves when I do.
Her hands which I have felt carressing which is never touched.
By her very certain, her certain words thus I am.
Which is whispered how often she it tempts.
And useless are rings when her teeth are - sharp,
perforations, incineration and her soft fang - are tormented do!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Texas Bean-Flowers Mixed

First is the earth, unfilled, scoured out freely.
Childish is such a gift,
eyes red madding potion, she is ivy-sprayed.
With dogwoods and Texas bean-flowers mixed,
And woman broad hips laughing-wide eyed.
They boast to they of themselves.
Untended and large the he-bulls thus bring it home.
Their wives udders lean over heavy, swollen with milk?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unfinished Minds

The ocean when black and of the lake,
coming for me dressed in black the swan boat.
The second of it's two necks, it is black, ardently the other people.
Does the black sky go up and over there into here somewhere?
The black shadow your tuft must it over mine thus it cover?
Black clouds. It filters out the light/hurried I write.
Black littles from the pink open water sprouts out a many petaled flower. The leaf
does not desire me but you in proper order so hurry.
Those circles of dark advice around your eyes are level and complete. The cold
world shakes my all from you my black it sucks from yours. Black as for
unfinished minds is the fish without eyes it is ours that, it is. You open the star
between the rose kissing lily.
You don't become the blind other person that kind of black expression depending
upon the hysterical smile you call a siren?
This is the silence of the mind which is white never turned black and grey, I'm
not surprised.



PoemHunter.com

Sylvia Plath,
Crossing the River

James McLain

Henceforth, Moreover Herein

My center goes out down on me, useless thing it is and death.
Henceforth moreover herein, the damage it never stops it dripps.
It dripps whilst you are insinuating of the feet.
Hence you come helpless are you because of me,
as for God as for your naughty badness.
Midnight is the devils insanity it has overtly won.
And large are the waves there it is sour,
hell and that mighty hand of this his world of the bitter taste it has left.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Sweet Golden Mist

it is sweet golden mist, you wander in from the night.
it is the width and depth, as dreaming I sleep in your bed.
it is to great the urge of each wave as it stops my breath.
From my fingers drip the honeyed waters of time.
Your fingers and palm they dampen my forehead.
Kissing your fingers the flame burns my eyes.
Opened a finger as air opens one eyelid of thine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nature Came

Nature came I heard first, then she with green of the gold,
it is the soft hue where she of whom it should.
Climbing up and into the trees with her and her,
her grasp is the hardest. Leaf' where she is quick; It turned over.
The flower of the myrtle. But so just thus one more hour.
Then the leaf is settled and whispered there because.
Leaves opened and came out therefore [eden] sank to sorrow.
Wherefore as for the dawn at all in this day moreover it becomes.
Dawn comes and the stateswoman with the gold garland.
Her lovely is not only possible, she restricts it.
Climbing down we both kneel and drink at the hotblooded base.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cut Her Purse

She always knew that he was going to cut her purse
and save her from her losses.
And rain water on the rest of the blue world.
When slain then they are neatly trapped and damned.
Even if it the snow still looks out of reach, thereupon.
And upon how angry winds come undrerneeth each leaf it blows.
Remember that you sow more than yee even yea, I reap.
It is a beast from round the hill and walks as such.
And much, much more than that when stuck between,
is when dog becomes that very beast, doors open for.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is My World

But it's you here in my world,
and if you but see it, see it, see it is my world.
You see myself the spinning moving whorl,
is a leaf moved from your hand?
Inside is a single grain of sand.
Moreover is a pearl that to me it softy beckons glows,
with rivers rich while even unto I am there in heaven.
And heavens open door.
The flowers grow in bloom to much to hold.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Between Each Pulse

On your pale hard tummy, lined up so neat I row,
with the queens permission bloomers in plastic on E Bay.
Those spears and swords used as pens, two brown, one pink and deep cobalt
that blue...

You reach out to rediscover the other I am that wandering traveler
Scribbling tonight in frantic haste covered in your yellow Van Gogh paste.
Are you sneaky and secretive in your nutritive contemplations.

Do you want to wander under the stars for a little while?
Between the pulse of the sun today and light Tommie is heavy and full this night.

Basking golden in a silence that will never leave upon awaking then woman thus
come when it does.

Imagining all kinds of your imaginings...

Lips between those short Greek words that only you could find monotheist use
for, alas because of you, I squirm.

And you and they on some named flatulent horse of a book.
Look at me and it comes in a hurry blurry haze all over us
and when I do you as want by your will, I am properly twisted.

James McLain

Philtrum

Those well defined features,
where with only the hairless shallow cut out groove.
That of the length of the central line of the upper lip is graceful naught haughty
but shaved is openly stated clearly.
Which is when smiles are included.
Love is this my potion.
Unrequited unreturned,
your because it does that you propose these features to tempt
the power of hers this your beautiful face.
Where even those angles they once saith, said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Works At Mcdonald's

Yesterday driving past her looking at me she knew I saw.
Wishing that now one time unbeknown st,
this to her I saw her finger wiggling around in her purse.
Going in for a cheese burger coming in right behind me.
O' lordy not thinking at her face and smile, her thoughts thus I said.
The five second rule after dropping it applies naught to me and besides.
It will only taste that the much better as while driving to work,
next to your car turning left, right before,
slowly coming out slightly green, I saw where your finger it was.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Peaceful Mind

As you are my peaceful mind.
Find the sun in the middle of all else.
Hope just keeps,
And love, I hope my hope will guide you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Headlong Car

Exceptions are there are none.

Why there are none but after that being done unto me even the headlong car is not feared, my race was half ran before it was over.

As for fear of rape inside by men is it different than for woman?

Which is Kanpuu who is it to know and blows time over everything;

As for the body left by they whom know to wander aimlessly for there transgressions in my mind, unorthodox never to walk the road.

Of the sand which you can stoop down to gather up through open hands, independently through the pine forest.

My road was not of such to rise to the road which crosses over the mountain of which becomes bald.

Forever is ever when that aluminum of the mouth, there is no I, that person looking at it that it rises to my your the one.

When never to open the door to the knock, spearing the throat there is no pointed razor which eats off the pasture.

The rear seat of fear,

and the front of the car can be dark each aspect of both applying, haunted house of the sky and others farming it out and others as for the key which makes sucking wet sounds snake' You like;

The warning is.

I have fear of that person of no smile.

James McLain

My First Love

Beneath the hanging tower sealed lost and tender.
The humidity of soft comes often this first love.
Simple is the reminder of future happiness.
This, the most valuable tie of young relationships, love' s first glow,
loves first snow increases, with each new whispered kiss.
Confessed by he to she to him and consumed in this passion.
Lays in silence afterworlds and those of which you speak cannot be said. Play,
Dove-take wing and elegant each concession,
lovers light is each new incandescence dawn a brighter day.
Sorrowing joy and bids adieu, loves blind of, singing lips.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sing For The Sake Of It

That woman with the deer velvet skin and of her pears one.
Her hair which makes me blush and thus is it variegated,
and that infantine fresh air of blue eyes how valuable, dewy, and her loved ones,
come and pass by us.
Think of this beautiful person, centered the candy it cannot but hungrily take my
hand you are taking.
And do to wrap it, to grasp Ay, and so, it is sweet.
Sing for the sake of it, do to it and say,
for the sake of him to see, do to him I am I pray.
Maintain thy secret, or of my pride it is by you sweet so I go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nylon Nets

Are you mine and growing still you give, I am alive!
You I touch and growing never still, the wind is free.
You quiver like the moving sea here comes another wave.
The sand that covers you, I think of nylon nets.
Come to me, think quick right, left handed one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Abused, ' It Only Grew

Coming to me thus at night by your warm, mouth.
Your how my fat and pout y lips the tongue around forever.
Darting in and out of me right there, I shiver.
Being small when starting out of mine.
Will I ever limp once more I move against that wind.
Why does it move out there my will is gone inside the cave.
Does your asking pull it out and move it in can I say no.
The moon that never sleeps it keeps me warm up high.
So little came so much I can't recall when deep in sleep.
When are we but grew and she is now my other sitters shame.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Queen Of Queens For Solomon

O' from him it is but for you.
Hastily of it the making of it all my love.
Be it there on the hill,
or yonder off through the trailing mist.
The maze both walked you from, he out of.

I dwell in your garden alone.
Standing up you I trust in the sun.
Casting no shadow but from above,
while you below there is one.
While yours is you behind me, I am.
As it grows up all can see.

Within deep inside, beating hearts.
Is your hair?
When I look through the dawns clear tears.
The ones from the night that he sees.
When fleeting the day,
hot burns the sun when once again love it rises.

Her right hand left off where in my hair,
she comes near to raise it up my head.
As I drink from the cup, when my lord?

Long for you my love and God's two hands.
Thus working with you from the whom,
spring rushed the seed he gave to you I am.

O' mighty queen of Solomon transparent veils
eyes that watch me grow leaves whisper here.
Hear my words through purple lips they flow as wine
your hand turned up for me to drink thine cup.

James McLain

Down To The Sea

A boy came down to the sea
He did not know that she saw.
He popped open the oyster.
And bit the salty meat in half.
And he ate it all the faster for it being
wet and fresh from the sea.

And then he drank out of the shell
the tangy water tasted exceedingly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fire Spoken And Ice

Whom come to say the world will end like this in fire.
Meting of all the ice, come inside some would listen am I to say?
Look only from you I have learned of this last taste of sweet desire.
I hold all truths that flow with those whom must from I with this fire.
But if in it I knew that I had to perish there more than hungrily thrice.
I know you knew enough of that of what he called justice be fate.
Come stop, I listen do some say that destruction so hot runs to ice?
Is and is when so great is this, your his love was mine thus sacraficed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As For Fear

As For fear, As for me and perhaps as do you,
like I in possession of fear, perhaps, if it finishes to be,
before my pen dries it gleans' It has thoughts of you overflow.
It is my lower brain, high before the book which was stacked, with characters of
they whom like us came before, as for why,
grasp of it take it down please grab hold, it is rich this way by us star nights
complete yea let them ripen, time It accumulates.
The grain of sand which I am are not you there beneath us the all that is he.The
grain of this held out do not fear all are there.
When I see, night' am I thinking of you thus for you would I come back to you all
over again but it's hot then cold think yes stars.
Think that perhaps, the surface of mine never you live the enormous sign of high
expectationes which becomes cloudy, and because I trace my fingers upon your
face, the shadow which hides the hand of chance; When you and I feel, fair
creative ones of forever crammed into one single hour, I have not seen under
any condition more in thee,
never by flattery or the tounges hidden power, with favor good unreflecting love
-Then I of the world stand independently on the waves lifting my face to the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Ever I Thunk

Twice, when once I was young bad and blue.
Someone let me off at the wrong corner I was had.
Broke in by my, you next door to shes off, and into.
And that was for me very for you, she ran lucky bad.

Love is for that slick city fella haughty oink doik.
Love is thus sothern it could then of't be hot worse.
Love is quite but never by she seen as curse.
To I thinking once if when ever I thunk, because.
Twas a heart inside burried deep overn there.
And what from that, do I think, made it worst.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wetter

Wet is the fact that he places it the knot their at all.
Be grateful, 'that knot is in you.
It is by only you, thus by he is it then permitted.
To be soft within, usually twenty minutes it is required,
until it again becomes pulled fully from you.
And/or about forty five minutes is possible to be required there of
is he together, apart from fifteen, last seen in the mirror by you..
When mostly is if as for any real main advantage of informal rank
your panties, were only in the center spoty clean.
Do not be dismayed and helpless but you think of it,
you would like to possess that, it's his knot in you.
With that grasp of your hand thick covered rings,
it is to be able, never too prevent any measure of that.
Most satisfaction and the knot sawing-in where
the panties, even moon, 'growing wet.
Making the feeling awaken, which you feel when it
the knot, catches of in you.
Be it understood that it is yours, rusted silk it 'caused.
Your other things that knot is made to put in place tries
the fact that in the right or left degree,
Angels, which you have now fallen.
Concerning love and from you moreover requited it contains.

James McLain

Modest Thing

I am not yours the girl you make me so complete,
my hair is always not.
Even if it is.
How I am restricted it is installed and,
am I the single large dropp off you this modest thing?
I make a shorter mistake being to your highest,
t'would rather wit complexity, many. moreover occasionally.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Apart Open Still

To feel for ever that it is soft my fall don't swell.
Awake for ever in a sweet surrender to the sky undressed.
Laid apart so open still,
to still to hear one tender-taken softly whispered water lily fragrant this when
heard her breath,
And so I live for you for ever-or to never give you up to death.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Just More Of The Same

Blind right now in this is your only eye.
Filled so full that only the ring is seen.
Thoughts run off too deep is the sea.
A muffin that blinks often cream cheese.
Scanily clad where I'm glad.
Creases folds dirty linnen take my hand,
there it is where it is would you know.
But the sweat each dropp that runs off from it
catches the sand deeper still what I am.
Nurse please help me up I can't see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Inside Drifting Clouds

come unto me while inside drifting clouds.

Of the message inside drifting clouds
do pass them by hunter words all
hurd telling me what is to come
of events shaped in that
bottle in past.

Hearing

Explaining

listening

past...

Being shaped as have they all in the past.

And in thus, it is being of the being it is never.

And likened unto the bottle that is necked in the middle

and slow very slow whits thus yet thick

yet wherein there when it passes..

And yet it comes and it goes how it passes.....

James McLain

His Smile

His Smile

His was the mouth upon it I remember,
Set into a tight curving one of those running in and out,
it is yes that's the before me, you that smile.
Yet I having naught your ability do you recall having it to?
To hold back all of that would if you could.

For it was his smile me upon in the summer.
Sprung when free and this and that and I'm like you free.
That I wish could I but you replace that one too.
When I close my eyes I see it stabbing like the sun
feel I do the blaze that burns through it all it comes won't you

And though as we lie switching turns when together.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Does She Think

While I think for something of a while concerning wild love,
Does she think, love is of the world to me,
the sea the waves those toes.
Simply neat, and the sweetest beverage,
and in such is the close connection, I can't think.
Of heavens - James's heaven and moving the earth.
I thing have known that it is shown best that,
Is why I kana it is good just or the happiness full therein.
Here known and where I am largest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

With, The Coming Snow

With the snow and the sand and loves revolution,
as for me when the mark of where my love is felt deeply impassioned and
passion is all that is left of this world! Using your face the cause and effect, I cry;
The price of one kiss is of that dear love.
But and, any and all of that kind when it comes my love and beings, are
delightful, thought I shook when I looked at that freed ankle.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

By Her Other Hand

Painfully again I become from her when it does.
By her very lovely eyes.
As her expression leaves me with this feeling.
Once great and again always small peirced at the end.
The way it starts out, she is never finished.
Opened are her eyes as they grow even larger.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Memory Left Floats Bye

Perhaps it was simply the total
cumulative effects of the psycical, and pyscological trauma.
Not really sought out,
yet the sun is and was so very hot.
I must seek it out and I have this like can you?
I must wait a while and please sit and rest with me.
Freinds the few did not know of they whom to trust they did.
Previously lived, hidden from veiw by some untrained, I Am burried.
I think I'm that crazy man,
hoarding rags throwing colors against the wall, at you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hot 'N Cold

hot 'N cold

(may 4th / duneiden)

- 1 happy birthday (to whome ever belong)
- 2 Help I Am Alone! ! !
- 3 Help I Am Alone! ! ! .
- 4 Hollywood.
- 5 Leila Tone
- 6 love is forgiven
- 7 The Right Mind.
- 8 Western Days

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tai, Is Fair My Love

My from this Gods love.

What is this of mine to give you of his love?

Great and trusting making hearts, my dove.

Wrung from weeping hands,

and silence sprung the well deep is the gulf and long despair.

Your life -from me, and Tai of this, what life?

Upon your garland hair, I smell, the hills are bare.

To see love coming and see my love depart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Let One Beetle Pass

Whom saw with furried eyes.
That hurried back and forth.
One often does.
They looked like tightened Beads, of thread.
And heard it deep in thought.
He moved his furry velvet head.
Each movment much to quick.

e.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where You Were Late

That there are worse things done than
if two sleep, forever one alone.
Forever is to often naught kept separate seems to make.
And this is realized then and softened moist
of earth and wooden clay.
It is late one early Sunday, morning, afternoon.
Worse than nothing less there's nothing more
that you can ever take or never do and when.
She said one night I left for you and you were never late.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sing Loud That Song

She is.

Valuable to him, I must go.

While the night tightens around her eye.

Households you leave to investigate.

The song she sings announces his the dawn.

Her to him she calls.

Calling to obtain, it is his sight.

The Bird is of and love she preens to acquire.

The remaining value of all that is true love.

Singing loud that song he cries.

For him.

For her.

As for the sunlight from on high the mountaintop which already flies.

It has left her off at the snowy top.

As for that of him. Her bird... it is hers.

Because of her and I, am of her my wings to her the light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Virtue

It is true for me to believe, I believe it.
I may believe it, but it may be am I to strong?
It might be my lie to disprove.
So, I may believe something of it even stronger.
I can refuse to believe it, but it can be to it yours the light.
There's no sight if I am thus to it blind is the dark.
Or there is no truth for me in that of which when it lies.
Always, I must believe in all it the truth.
So, I need my virtue, it is to all, to all it the truth.
I need the truth to you, I believe it, is you my love.
Now, all I know is that I have you to need me.
Can you the all of anyone come thus here to tell me.
Because I need to know more than I this you ever do.
Can your virtue be taught or disproved?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Red Spot

Was not the lie mine,
and with each red spot could it thus be acquired.
As for me not to be the lie of yours became mine, I am with out.
Guess pressure of my prosecutions
and insistence where your lie, digs the grave.
Coldheartedness it was indicated in my blood of ire, how it ran.
I finished the cut for my pleasure inside of you, it was no more than love of you
and of hearts oppressive, it never was, thus I came.
As for applause you, your airs, moaning great displeasure.
It was in contrast of you being vein. Blue and red, I atrophied.
It waits for many bitterness of this thy word, it does not glitter.
I must start again from you.
Pull over thy cover which spans your many years of sorrow.
There it is here, if it dies, above this you do not find me.
And still, all I am to he whom knows, thus is my love, I am.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

But Of God

Then this of it, is so.

Verily she comes of he whom is I am.

Willeth and from that does she by he may runneth, overfloweth
is the mercy of from such is he.

Whom showeth which is but of he, one God.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Off The Edge Of It

Like the end of ours is yours this one destiny.
Impends my phase and yours I green leaves covered.
I sleep off the foul rain the air and I from which you came
and I am scanty underneeth the face I am suffocated.
As in the record chart, by your hand I hesitate,
with you I find the time you limit Where I lag.
As for your thirst for cruelty there are no times when it is tired.
Your head is the carton of the love theirs is hatred.
Like the month it possesses the dark aspect of time.
before the historic times began,
and it dries your sea of silence moreover I am equally.
There is one final piercing of the first,
I draft off all your children in each single line is Satan.
Your birthstone is my asphalt.
The riding in the car.
Operator of the thanking/apologizing meat festival,
which becomes drunk.
It is possible to count your virtue of that remaining finger.
There is an everyday limit in your brain capacity.
The surgery of Victoria morning it is complicated.
As the child when is attached,
the surface of the athletic field which you made.
By my very,
by my very perseverance you drink greedly is the air release the pipe which by
you is thus inhaled.
You urge as the television of each network.
In all apartments in the land, it is burnt, you had lived.
We are the same, ' Hinase rare it is, however,
I have always forgotten yours my birthday.
With respect to other everythings,
I think of that it makes that intentional. Didn' Well... off the edge of it.

James McLain

Pink Sun Kissed Tuna

The reliance of you are she is large.

She likes the face that hers the partner of her taste is handled.

The hard male is as was chicken, the person who is excluded or when they come together, neither one.

In the angled degree where she possesses his characteristics.

Running off that splendidly long inverted when is iffy.

As for her Hick' It of that she loves him squeezes;

Am I, James' which closes that it off too sufficiently?

The end she draws near of it which has stickiness without the.

Before two beating blue movements bring it to the ham.

And as the crab meets at that dock is loves one time.

The jaw of the pink sun kissed tuna she opened has closed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Opens Fair

That is of me and go now have trust of your eye.
Accomplishing this it stands times old style love is new.
My rose, your glove, your love of my rose, which is this last garden.
I cross my chest at the method of gloaming when comes Mary.
As for me, ' You think it in doubt; As for me, ' verily you say.
Those out of reach of this thorn must it be of you it is.
Never of someone else.
The power of the owner she is fair whether of;
Whom hears the bell it tolls to thee whom knew of it so well.
Thus it comes bursting forth,
and of you and you trust from you of this have they known, of me.
As for her the switch' which answers unto me like the air; Am I.
But as for one us as for us you must ask whether or not you shrink.
And of that we want the rose blooms do you to it opens fair.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Look At My Crying Eye

Look at my crying eye.

You look at it and see what of it.

Look at the worry and whether to disregard it.

You look at no doubt or at lack of understanding.

You look at peace through strength?

You look at the depth of my modification or deep knowledge?

You look at the light/write or you look at the whites is it darkness?

You look at the black and whites or do you look my color?

You look at your hatred and of my love?

Looking at Nothing it looks back and sees you perhaps.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Cross My Chest

That is your I, accomplishing this it stands times old style is new my rose glove
your love of my rose which is this last garden.

I cross my chest at the method of gloaming comes Mary;

' As for me, ' You think it in doubt; As for me, ' You say;

Those out of reach of this thorn must it be you it is.' of someone else;

The power of the owner fair whether of;

' Whom hears the bell it tolls to thee whom knew it so well,

comes and of you and you trust from you of this have they known, me.

' As for her the switch' which answers unto me like the air;

But as for one us as for us you must ask whether or not you think
that we want the rose it opens fair!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pubococcygeus, These Great Muscles

Just as this poem can help she even now as we read, does denote.
The great woman position is her power over us that man.
She has all the power and control over this man is he, her partner?
While her man has none of this he lies back and it is hers to enjoy.
Her pubococcygeus muscles are like that of the sea,
and as milk runs from her man.
It gives the woman maximum pleasure just in the knowing.
And with practice she can give more never less pleasure to her. Corpulant like
death as the wind blows on past it leaves, this man.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Corpus Delicti

In their jail again I paid for that and of this
and her see through silk pulsating touching her nylons.
But with words freely flowing that only they here when they don't.
Lunch was of shrimp fried in her sweet tasting I bast in that oil.
Bottom button garlic roasted her as she cries I eat mushrooms.
Once basted here comes more yellow rich butter.
Other fine things to I swim with, I can't because you will mention.
Having just been freed they sat all around me.
To hear what I never from my lips to their ears.
Searving raw oysters at the court house her pearls came today.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Comorbidities

If one considers one single strand of light which is standard,
physiology is the variable and is preceding the dissection
given other unknowns then to be unto her each that variable.

Most often sometimes less this then, when is accurate,
is given up unto him in due time.

All then by they whom try for this it is given.

Mechanisms of that a certain specification is the indicator which is better oft than
not of other good things when they come.

Therein lies the cruel twist of fate in comes the harvest which reaches unto other
hence unknown so teach me.

Comorbidities and is lower in cost thus judgment of the amount given to the non
reaching member.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hastily Of Reputations

Of your reputation, and so hastily made,
was it before them or another?
And of cause?
With or with out it, whom saw.
Justified?
And of all of them and of they whom heard it.
Did they rejoice at your fall.
Far enough at the end to give pause?
And were you then, even now or naught, ashamed?
And of blame the game, issues.
As to when one thought of she,
thet he never had when both are thus made sad.
Would I even then of that when lily kisses, rose.
And in truthknotted haste, can it wait for one or no?
When neither rose nor lily in due time did I ever come to know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Charles Bukowski's ' Her Smile I Remember

Hampsters I many had and they circled around and round
on that wheel in the cage on my table, stop.
Dear, heavy window that covered mothers, old yellow drapes.

Exposing the picture the once happy proud face and
why is my sister, always smiling?
Running around her torn green panties, saying I want us all.

We are meant to be happy, come hold me,) happy are we, you we are(
Hurry please come now and hold me!
Better than bright and she neat and trim, always right.

It is better to be what's happy and when held, since by you.
Woe unto me, the poor brother and other, striped fish.

Me wanting to be happy, caught at it two or three times a
day and yelling at me to be come here know more, often.
Why can't then I,
pouting when I coming over there, too dare the smile?

And she would then curse and smile and show it to me.
Mercy is cheap beer how, and it was the wide strips those lips
and being full, O such the circle those lips and her crooked smile.
The bottle close up to her face that I, never could see them.

One day the hamster stood up on it's hind legs up and died,
one by one, then all of them,
some left on their sides, all showing their pink fuzzy tails
And all but one had their eyes glazed shut, some wide open.
That is when my sister after my mother had come home,
some went and she threw the rest out to the Randy, cat.

There on the cracked, red clay packed, floor.
I watched as my father moving as fast,
stepped on the cat,
mercy I said, that was it.
Watching the smile it was like she, killed me.

James McLain

Oh Fifty Seven Five Twelve

As for her, that his story and knowing it.
They do, when you partake of it,
and do not stop that your sexual orientation at all,
green pollen in the air and yellow perhaps,
or it is very pure the air about the sky of her this strange pursuit;
But after the place of his is, many and more one year.
Another time and Clearer Water today than that of another sand key. Egmont,
but as for many things, with what artistic,
Wasted such one being, this his and her it forms.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Charles Bukowski's ' His Smile To Remember

Hampsters I many had and they circled around and round
on that wheel in the cage on my table,
near the heavy window that covered mothers old yellow drapes.

Exposing the picture the once happy proud face and
my sister, always smiling,
running around in her panties, saying I want us all.

We are to be happy, come hold me, 'happy you are,
please come now and hold me!
Better than bright and she was neat and trim, always right.

It is better to be happy and when held, since if you.
Woe unto me, my poor brother and others, poor fish.

Me wanting to be happy, caught at it two or three times a
day and yelling at me to be come here more, than happy.
Why can't I, pouting when I coming over there, dare the smile?

And then she would smile and show it to me.
Mercy is how, and it was the widest those lips
and being full such those red lips and her smile,
close up in my face that I, ever did see.

One day the hamper stood up on it's hind legs up and died,
one by one, then all of them,
some left on their sides, all showing their pink short tails,
and all but one had their eyes kind of glazed shut but wide open.
That is when my sister after my mother got home,
went and she threw them all out to the cat.

There on the dirt packed floor
and we watched as my father moving to fast,
stepped on the cat,
mercy was it, watching the smile it was like she, killed me.

James McLain

Even, Echoes

Superior white mother and stockings nylon black.
Was I remembered, seven nearly eight years old,
they never looking, out past the window instead.

Tight corsets made of bone, yellow ringlets, bright light coming through the sun,
shaking, eye of the needle like she of old lore spinning it off, golden thread.

He looked on her desk, her little green apple, she spoke to him of featherless
birds and worms.

Because of me, she did look through the glass.
To young to be baseless simple is its nature,
whom but she shall have the strength to drag him out of the hole.

'Misters and those sisters, fresh little French maids.
Coming and going away on a whim, they sit and wait.

Never knocking at the front door standing out back.
Cats needing dogs the bark on each tree and
the bush is full of green turning brown are the leaves.

James McLain

Hello, ' My Daughter

Daughter, here I am, I am here.
Where now I ask,
praying for them, art thou, be with you?
Down the road,
and always with you, I am.
Not to very far,
forever is to close, being not away.
Where I may not yet, is the sea.
Waiting am I only by them to come.
To simply be.
As I am thus like you are to me.
Hello daughter,
if I may, by your leave, say hello.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

England

To whom that you whom are,
I would in ' English ' speak.
Being potential, the woman.
Your vast sparrows hips,
would I split as such have I said.
The muscle inbetween,
called the taint,
Between finger and thumb
at my will,
picking I, of the two.
A knot on a rag would me for you chew.
Be my mother, my lover, my friend,
both would do well, I would of us think.
As I would like a vine unto you and I would,
knotted up deep inside letting you, I chose.
As the walls have 'T' boned ears,
saying said such, have I known for years.
Like wise in reverse done well the two.
And as such,
is the strength between, your thin walls.
Fire and little ice.
I have a daughter as well.
Seven and mine and she is.

James McLain

Rings

Love,
it is when you.

Two,
pink brown rings.

When wrapped
helpless around.

Where there below
and it is,
below that, only one.

Friction is the nature
of it,
from it, such friction is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Useless Are Unnesesary, ' Deaths

Tremors past.

By this my, your very own hand.

Thus whom it is, that I am.

Being who I am, thus it is loved.

Chacolate panties freely eaten by the white boy.

Hypersexuality the cheerleaders never stay free,
of the shadow, deep in their midsts.

Carefull it enters then when by, from the center.

It cuts like the knife going never away back into.

The finest of them is the empty crows nest, there it sits.

While the other girls lie to get it to it/it drains your soul.

Useless these deaths, hot mustard, I touch.

Two legged three in the sun day old bait.

Empty of yellow lumber it cuts like a knife, sawing it through.

And you, you are like them juicy, the swamp knotted wet?

Panties 'O, my 'O so full, 'O my, wet satin green panties.

Does the silver gold mullet and thin plain white tissue, help?

Your pink nose seems to me always, there bleeding.

As cinderella lips sing around it and I pull at it back, I am free.

And buldgeing eye balls pus dripping, swiveled come forth.

Dstracting me from your nose as it as it should comes loose.

Know each bell that you ring, singing I sing it rang, choose.

James McLain

Daddies, ' Little Girl

My presious, you are daddies little girl.
Do not try to save your, my own hollow, soul.
Do this not for him, but for your country,
but do this, you must always do this.
Honor your body, above all else is him,
and then, thinking of yourself.
And your body will it grow, made full with
all of that, which is joy, the joy, he made.
Life is like him much to long to let it go to waste.
It is never as some say too short and say.
Lastly all their money, is very cheaply made.
Now my little girl, you have to venture out
into the world and make your daddy, some.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Daddies Little Girl

My precious, you are daddies little girl.
Do not try to save your, my own hollow, soul.
Do this not for him, but for your country,
but do this, you must always do this.
Honor your body, above all else is him,
and then, thinking of yourself.
And your body will it grow, made full with
all of that, which is joy, the joy, he made.
Life is like him much to long to let it go to waste.
It is never as some say too short and say.
Lastly all their money, is very cheaply made.
Now my little girl, you go out and make some.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Before, ' She Bursts

He first carries all the chest to her with his two shaking hands,
massages those twin tips tarry hard, so flushed is varied.
Carefully very, how it feels this supple leather,
strong under above the sticky the soft, doe skin.
As she makes the white poppies knotted with ever growing pain.
Before the open buldgeing eyes, pop out.
Whispered mumbles it is slurped, so and loudly, out he cried, O' my but.
Hands between them both are stretching draw bridge, breached,
and flips one of her nipples to that other kneading hand.
He so looks glazed the other way, while she watching saw.
He'd rather this man be thin, than he is being in a year, making water when
awakened she awakens,
him, of he, she, himself and painfully felt that it reaches the point
where so it stands, between alone amongst the trees, burns the bush.
He squeezes out the other nipple she is emptied then to calmly,
and pulls other in and out, the lower part, that always burns.
The nipples so to him, they seem the flow where milk is thin,
as it eruptes, the being, she brought up which salutes, then stands.
He is seized to squeeze the nipple for the second time,
the act of it ' It actualizes.
Leaves there was for that a tender word is much.
This is the time for all good men to come to the aid of there country nows the
time, the jet aircraft, the milk to be much stronger.
The empty nest it starts to windy blow, beneeth almost.
The heaving chest to which is added by and whom the buckets, heaving needles
point.
Enjoyed this how the enemy more of this, her little rescued dog, this boy.
She awakes then comes against the gate safe from rescue, more is made with
joy, his in time allotted.

James McLain

A Crazy Boy

Look at that crazed old boy improving his music.
His is that musical kind is her poetry,
and you are watching it evolve,
you are dancing upon his windy there is sand,
home is his grassy noled shore.

His is a soul in division from two twists of fate of itself
as she is climbing the dunes,
falling back upon them forever it seems is one day
taken aback from him, something leaves again.

And she knowing his knot, but is to look where?
No matter how high the palms they grow.
Broad green leaves atop, opens the sun to flash.
Hearing his common to dolphins hear intelligible sounds.
But sang of, his wild tangled hair and sea-starved,
open mouthed whales, hungry ocean filled waves.
Being bipolar he is left on this vast island,
with out them knowing he has left them, there all alone.

James McLain

Ronald Earl Williams

Loosely - as for the person whom authoritys say and saying killed naught
accidentally that his, wife.

Mental illness then perhaps, because.

The telephone was used, while killing her,

and as guilt of two classes of homicide did it does the portable telephone of guilt
and help which is decided.

The jury reached to quick did show, life for some is slow

and thursday after the deliberation of eight hours or less not more,

and being asked for the life of all like him in Florida prison and jail of those.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Father, ' Most Humble Sir

What then well' acually, most humble sir.

Well, I don't have to do that but I don't have hers.

Well I love to shake her peaches, so you take this.

Well of wealth.

Wenching, wet panties and warm, wet rain.

What a little money has her then he does.

What do you see, 'after I have?

Come little fat man, what if any, I will find.

After the glitter fades like she already has.

What is a pen to a normal wet dream,

come to me father and let me hear one, amen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Standing In The Bushes

The moon is leaning over slightly full.
Standing there beneath it, looking up.
My bright round eyes,
star pupils more than donuts, glazed.
Slack of jaw mouth open as it drools.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Before She Bursts

He first carries all the chest to her in two shaking hands,
massages those twin tips so very,
carefully how it feels leather strong under the soft skin.
As she makes the white poppies with pain,
it slurped so and loudly he cried but.
Hands between them both are reached,
lips carried one of her nipples to that hand.
He so looked the other way, she saw.
He'd rather this than he is being in a year, making awaken,
him himself and painfully felt that it reaches the point
where so it stands.
He squeezes out the nipple she is calmly, pulls in the lower part.
The nipples so to him, the flow where milk is thin,
as it erupted, the being she brought up which it stands.
He seized to squeeze the nipple for the second time,
the ' It actualizes.
Leaves there was for that a tender word is much.
This is the time for all good men to come to the aid of there country nows the
time, the jet aircraft, the milk to be much stronger.
The empty nest it starts to blow, almost.
The heaving chest to which is added by and whom the buckets, heaving point.
Enjoyed the enemy more this a little.
She awakes then came from rescue, more with joy, allotted him.

James McLain

It Is Words, ' Only Yes

It is only yes when you like this are words.
it is by you when it's like this softly spoken.
Fewer are the other words,
I never by you heard.

When by these very words for are never.
Then by you, love not loudly spoken.
Fewer were the sadest words,
when they were never by you missed,
and saying naught, I never said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wooden Polished Floors

And now than latter, tell me honey what is this?
Just are as you of this and this you are my only love.
Even there caught up between the Ivory pillows.
Longing how it reaches out a branch to you.
And how could it have been my teacher, forever it is long.
Never worth the wait, not waiting, having, drinking it all in.
Having it the all and love it's just you wished it after all.
Before each late sunrise, early dawn sunsets.
And the backdoor left ajar and light the sprinkled skies.
Sitting down to cup after cup I drink this tea, longing yes of wait.
And after the teacups have been wiped off, removed, after all the shadows from
the dress and tussled dark green silk
how much longer is this trail the length this song I sing,
along the wooden polished floor.
And turning back around towards open sky my window, is.
Should I say it to this crying face I am looking up, below.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Scar

There it is, I will come along indirectly,
aloft in the mind bearing each scar.
No one, now dead left behind.
Lost then found the first to be buried.
Alive inside the line in the sand,
covered faintly in oil where one or more may have lain.
Which side of the moon when looking up is buried.
The young delicious often miserable spread open cuts.
Where the wet tounge opens through the lips, whisper the ear.
It is easy to be squeezed open never hurt.
Amateur with the heart of longingly, tender it is asking,
again I must turn to ask, the bee.
While I am being young looking good entirely, it is created aknew.
After taking a bath these with great minds, there is no clear guilt.
Still it supports the green cup which shines faintly.
Compilation of the planets revolution.
Despotic monarch,
hello over here in our prisons some with no order to obtain control,
over you persever carry on then endeavor.
Little big man in coming once more the darkness.
However the over the counter empty container,
did balance as before, that didn' t he said cover the scar.

James McLain

Greensleaves

I have these tanned like yours long well muscled, are my legs.
Trembling, would I but only of this, would I ask of you this once.
Meek little being's should both crying,
coming home backing in, turned eyes blinking around.
Please stop that turning them quickly around, both blinking eyes.
It does not hurt so please stop I am normal.
And standing up tall, backs to us both,
hand over fist the lobbyists are shaking the same young hands.
It's did to you, as would I latter to you, did some find help?
Comes a day late and at night to you is this fluid and are words of pink ink
turning red then bright white love your love letter.
Latter coming back and basks with all the juicy news,
That you are now like I am with you as like you once we, both are.
And love of it drink deep of it as if you with I,
as would drinking like bee's did you and must my love.
I did once with you, but once,
over and over, boiling the cup over deep in sleep.
I did it again I backing it out then as I once,
look back to this when kissing you, as we are.
Did by I, did I how, your turning often them over,
as year after year all those rainy and blistered greensleaves,
it is by that very lullibye song it is like you when that is a must.
It was simply put in you is trust,
thrust into amongst us all when as that of you even floating that
and like that with you even I groan always as I do now.
You lovingly as I even risk it must you now do,
without you over stating, multitasking shucking oysters.
And I, as you could guess, I let you out to confess, I right turning.

James McLain

Dear Tai, ' The Staff And Cup Of Hope

Everything and of these certainties,
when one but two relationships.
Reliance thereupon.
The staff and cup of hope.
And already it is/is it not the relationship,
which has know equal value.
And you in God he trusts, she has to have.
God can believe on your this self reliance.
And the love of she which helps us each, to have.
And on returning, find our amber waves of grain.
While crossed the ocean deep, are rich inroads.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If By Whom Is What Is Called, 'Appropriate

Can heaven two, not less than one before, becomes 'Appropriate?

These verbs uncommon fingers, toes are found, is when?

Exclusive taken unremitting is possession of.

Annexed come not one,

can two the moon at rest appropriate, beliefs so common caught inside the net, I am your belief.

Set no specific reasoned out when then apart for thus assigned.

English speaking Kings ringed Queens of french, when grammar proper spoken, moaning is.

Missed the face beneath examples of appropriate, love of it/it is.

Corrupt officials who have not begun

and blind repaired the bridge.

This full river when still once a stream and lost in thought it is.

Milking Jersey cows, I never saw, those teeter-totters are.

Is it found in such the simple towns, not ever redesigned.

Look where misappropriated, from some other architect.

Bad is never "bad" and sad, when dad has never been.

Appropriated,

our teenagers are simple when for the sake of them.

And in such again is simple big Mac's, really "good."

Will you concentrate, collaborate, commiserate, communicate, compassionate, then cooperate, then is where you should be, naught then so blind.

Some have hidden talents,

when laid open ended to no end and end of end without them, all.

Is our then it's simply, when it's called,

by they and thoughtless is to premeditated

and forgetting them too pleased not by design and transgress nor alienate.

James McLain

Kept, ' A Man

Never kept,
was a man,
meant to be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Look

Stiff from the cold, how I am.
Being inside, I am warm.
I am not here, when I look,
all of my love,
the sea warm upon you.
All that I am, where but for you?
When thus from having, I seek.
Eyes seeing naught being sought.
Brought in from the dark.
From all that is bright,
I am when coming from you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Are, 'Antecedents

Openly Hysterical,
and showing teeth most competent speakers
when they are naught if teaching, taught,
blessings would diverge do they agree that 'she' refers to 'James.'
When what of speaking, pushing down on that 'it's' up and that?
But even if he still with moving lips, does this with ordinary speech?
Listeners how they often are but listen not to 'it'.
And when not confused by one the sum of two from loving 'it'.
Of such how long the length upon 'it' is, when a sentence why 'it' splits.
Some come lacking, hacking, looking, coughing always are.
Occasionally,
are then antecedents, she may he, when thereof such is missing simple 'it's'
discourse, as she wonders often when 'it', if someone wonders of 'it' out too loud.

'I wonder where she always puts 'it'?
With no clear intent to be this antecedent the pronoun of is 'it.'
Therein about 'it's' also but is 'it'?
Antecedents can often may not bend and rivers, currents elbows are.
The language when if french this discourse, coming sleep instead.
Because that face the object so familiar to them both 'it' is.
The speaker hears 'it' there beneath the bottom when 'it' rears.
Can they with 'it' and one listens is the listener 'it', for example of?
Lovely when 'the bushes, grow around the leafy trees'
'It' is.

James McLain

'Hopeless, ' Is This One, ' A Single Bird'

And being, I am left there hopeless is one bird.
Without feathers, never born, I float on oiled wings.
All the souls, whom did naught love me ever,
I am forever out of reach, the sun has taught to sing.
Without tune or tounge, without lips nor note.
Breathing, uninvited left forever I am, sleeping.
Whom some, never thinking,
having for me not a single blinding thought at all.

e.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Being Dead, ' Do We Lie

Dead, we can never but in truth.
The father, do we lie?
Did they not forever, for U.S. choose.
And better off one brilliant flash of shame.
Again I died and lived for all, but you.
Than to live and dig a shallow unknown grave.
My shame is from no other, I know you.
From the bottom of the well comes life is more.
And we have sprung, the bottom true.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ashley Is, ' When Nichole, And

Fish Looks - 'large armed Claws' - both join the immigrants
that crossing when they try in her new yoga class but is it ever enough.
Embarrassed when one is laughing, running always, caught.
And the weakest is her tadeploe fish named come here, 'James.
So she enlists these huge jumbo shrimp to help him become big and strong using
a secret method to keep it up and full when it's pulled out and up it never seems
to catch her crossing over, underneath the bridge of bubbled, of foaming rapid
breath.

Reading this is news she shows her teeth and smiles.
The tounge it moves around those lips which her other does.
And pulls away and then pretends to not act screaming, pouty mad.

Ashley and Nichole off on this next love is a deadly mission.
Both flat tires against a fan whom some both say they like.
And realize that this is no fantasy - it's the next real best thing.
Best laid next too all that blown up round, when glass is pink,
and without wings, can pigs learn how to fly?

This next episode is hers and hers he waits to never die for.
Does the sheriff know you are of, ' her this what?

James McLain

Tyne, Graduate Of Assessors

And Tyne, is loyal title held by graduates of assessors.
She of they whom have passed the second of the two examinations
qualifying for a career in a people filled profession
and such as being nudged,
she judges, medical, these psychological for the hospital, the public.
Customers being needed she is pumped up higher looking down.
Assisted by this living testament 'people's assessors'
drawing them out in thought then speech being beautiful and drawn back in she
always neatly, is.
Much like the absent minded juror, looking through the foggy mirror
whom saw to much then goes off to never lose much sleep,
to much in thought, they sit around and wait.
From lost citizens found throughout the community.
They do not rule on matters of the mind, but can allow or deny
any beating heart these patients overruled, objections.
When the assessment is completed the Doctor and the people when assessed
decide on a thoughtful verdict.
Which nearly sometimes breathing, always is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Caught, Between The Lines

He said he only smokes - he only smokes.

Dope,

he never does the roach between the lines.

And in retrospect is able to take it all in,

When she thinks most of it.

So much so and cloudy is when all of it at once.

She thought that for once that maybe it was almost like a suicide

once looking back, coming in, he looks unhinged.

or

Hence he meant that the tobacco,

which is his green straw through looks abnormal.

When she at play, is then inhaled - He inhales the tobacco simply.

The dope white paint, he does not do under any condition.

Once caught between the lines.

And you can take that with retrospect, directly so.

She only this one time like the suicide which is found confused,

almost perhaps thought of thought that thing, that is.

James McLain

An Observation On, ' Judgement

If you are, I am what?
Frightened about all that nothing, is?
Concise happy being young,
seeing you grow archaic diligent
dry painfull older.
And I am told by you that I am but never why.
I think you can but don't.
And judgements when they never are.
I am in the dark.
It is you the light arched doorways always are.
About two things consice most never being,
judgement is.
Personalities thus they are, pray understand them.
The history of each other within our reach.
Never being taught our teacher is.
Extroverted, deeply introverted when I come,
whom some ask why?
Inferance from such simple observations.
Judging eyes when I am asking judged you naught.
When I am you.
By your very hidden deep within those very tissues.
Biased judgements never spoken, broken open issues are.

James McLain

Southern Balls

Even now, when I am lost in then.
Stretched out so firm your shadow.
And such is this one last pallor trick
coming under white washed home.
Southern balls grandeur, over coming
this illusion.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Karen

K

Elizabeth is her middle name
in vain I wait for you to say.

A

pples love it not.
It when sweet comes May.

R

uning viens these words and form is C. E. McL.

E

nters more her talent sells enforced her well.

N

o not if but in any language from her heart it cries.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Turning Fifty

Fifty leaves I saw today, before I saw.
The trees so deep the suns red flare
and briefly light laid soft upon the cake.
Upon the cake.
As the sun runs down the sky,
memories flashing past so fast I flash.
No time to wish.

Before the break so fast comes dawn
and night would never die.
Having had I've known and wishes such they are.
At once she should have known
Bending there aside her long stem
gown and red and white each checkered
clean the waves like wind the tabletop.
And yearn to blow each breath,
too blow them out one breath away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Minds Sensitive

Shout into the suns, white surface it's broad expansion.
Into the ceiling of the boutique of the candy of the flower,
where almost the destruction this intense flower of all that changes.
From the leaf and the wall and the plants, and this stock of green are abundant
pointed thorns are struck.
That is because of the scarcity of aroma when near it is not.
And you swear that these flowers and thine majority of the rearrangements of
roses and posies are really covered with the sampler.
It reaches to only Hollywood from the tamper,
come but in addition as for the orchid and the wood which are adjusted in order
7 feet is too high, ask your friend is to rise to privacy.
As for both applying of foxwood which is customized about your ear,
it is but you, it is while groaning,
you see very far one minds sensitive, mile the width green screen
of the feilds of this year-round and around.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Psychological Scholar

After the last hold out
from which leaving returns to the bathroom
straightly in it dives and or drinks.
And you about It has the pain which reformation long is done.
As for the second chance with the semicolon
and explanation/learning discussion of your verbal
granted sought extension.
Which end if ever means that this pressure has
once again produced this exaggerated side effect.
First there are no times like now
when you are worried about being deeply open.
Everything does not mean the fact that the fistula is experienced. Meeting to
second practical proctologist in we do.
Fast forward go.
In addition the doctor does the visit.
Your first she is next too next share and sooth it ends.
Never for his/her disadvantage.
Your pressure increases which paves suprised is what, advise, ask. The
psychological scholar when she smiles.
Pursue that you recommend.
Or nervous study psychiatry person.
And pray the daily newspaper, then read the Bible.

James McLain

My Old Lady

She's puts a smile on his long face.
He has been a away so very long.
She's forgotten how she found a way,
around his chubby hairless face.

I like my old lady.
Even though she's knows i'm blind.
She has taught him how to take it
Like I am.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Soul And Mind

Shadows she does vary lengthen,
glimmers first this evenings burning star
weeping through the musky haze is night
Fireflies weave between the darkened
cracks of dawn, the sun creates a land of midnight dreams.
Filling up her soul and mind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Judge

Who sets up high and reasons does the Judge.

Daughter weeping this one child would not be heard,
Weeping father always weeping, weeps her weeping pain.
Him to this her little smile,
And she, his chain of iron, bound up inside his heart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Young Pretty Girls There Was Once A Road

There was once a road,
some of you took because life was like this for me at home.
My dad and both uncles and brothers in and out all the time,
what was left of my self was it worth.
My panties always are all full of there thick yellow seamen
Salt they have left in my panties.
When that choice I made diverged deep within the forest,
and bad my state of mind, it is as good as that for me.
The left fork in the road which my right hand now chooses.
Strangers because of that the fact that you take,
as for me there was no map for me who does not know of this before.
It' which this time this road of the things all wish to place inside of me so deep,
I can hardly lift up the moon too breath, those are my once soft pillows
I in my travels become white crusty dirty, it is repeatedly the center hit.
As for once I had pretty dreams and dreams and now dead scattered
and others as for that you apply to it, it is broken moist wide open,
it is shatterd and you are wrong you act and now both holes are paved.
And being struck repeadedly in the center and the point,
always sharp and full of milk I scream.
Regrets here and there does is as to be as for the place.
Where it turns my being wherever, there it is closer untill.
Sidewalks, bridged desire rivers of they now run through me.
So bridge me who I to you and men I am whom.
I continued I can see it cross into me slowly, It is never good,
lost in the forest which now when as for me as for me who finally I am.
Change the selection of your life which you to whom you speak.
With out yelling make it besides still waters instead of being filled full of milk,
and it stretches past the point of no return pain full it's stretched.
Always I am sore now and the fact that they full and heavy come.
And coming always they having happiness, if it follows to your center
when the rear once was tight as well.
There once was a road which I believed but my belly now full,
and led by the light/I write this to you.
My babies asleep in a bottle.
When moving them out to be asleep they are the men so deep.
The forest if it is good it diverges,
because you will not do to pay attention to my warning,
I have informed you,
follow your center in order to go to a place safer known.

You have known now from this road it leads too nowhere.

James McLain

Two Being, ' Yoked

Being Yoked to his of yours is what of that.
That, if of this pink eye of the pearl of this your his intelligence.
I must if I can, when with you if you can, can you not?
Ask but of this in trust but ask this of you, this I must.
And of choice and as will as I will of you, by you this I may.

Do it to do throw it all in with me, as it is of me, mine you are.
When before ever being thrown to the center of that which is there?
And I occasionally will dine before those lovely pink swine.
If I must As with wings would you do so I ask.

Cloven hoof they of thou withstand this of me, I bear your cross.
Both extreams yoked together however the fact that it is of you,
because of you, I am.
And of those come before me by those you are as I, am dire in need.

Is it not for those whom speak naught but by thee of such desired?
Mercy and grace this permission wise words of God.
Knowing I naught,
do I pray and I pray but of that one thing, I am you this of life.

Learn of this by me and it does, it does hurt and the pain.
May you not like I thus but by trust in this indure.
As for me always Lord' you are truth and in you this they May.

Of this which makes takes my breath and I walk to each day.
She before I, am I from her, comes the next.
And each one after another as passion would burn, because of truth.
And you infer road after road and life' May they Know that of skill,
curved around is the spoke while straight is the heavy, curved line.
I return to my house, in order to travel across once again not against.
As for the road of wisdom which it faces all tests of time indure such with me as I
trace it on you..
It is you that I love of the lesson by this earth upon you, I walk.
which is taught to me with all like those that breath and speak but of one simple
truth.

James McLain

Tactile Fremitus

Place open palms and fingers lightly on the patient's posterior and or anterior to the oiled chest.

Never ask a patient to say "joy coat of paint" or "never joined"

Move your hands sequentially from the apices, to the base of the interscapular region thereof,

and then to the pulmonary arch where it bending, red graces.

Do watch the lips comparing the vibrations between the intercostals moving over on the one side to some place that is known only to the Doctors significant while nursing the other.

If coughing issues watch out for deep bubbled *sighs*.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Eyes And Her Hands

Have been exclusively on demand and have never pumped.
A few weeks back, I bought a few tears.
(apples and pear trees and bananas)
And a thin box of rice see through cereal.
Have you naught I have heard, and reread.
After having been bathed
(with either white water or breast milk)
Prefering most tanned are the woods, mommy's milk.
Simply because it seems to me,
that it would be a bit more tactile in thought and nutritious.
And I think she would take again to it more or less better.
If it had that down home familiar butter taste.
However, again, with never having been pumped, I am.

I trust I remain most respectfully,
is it poetry.

P.S.

Do you warm the entire thing up
and then reunuse the portion is not being used not wasted?

James McLain

Tactile Stimulaion

Your hand on a hot or cold is a four fingered glove.
burried inside,
swimming or hurried your face in your loves fluffy puffed out at the top feathered
hat.
Beings triggered,
whenever it comes into contact with forien other objects.

Identification when if is of.
Pressure, vibration, warmth, cold and sun stained.

It benefits perhaps then
improves concentration and reduces you down are stress levels?

Significance may lie thereof,
impacting early precognitive, physical and emotional psychological,
perameters are developed.

Seeing green leaves as green leaves deep rooted growing trees.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Deeply Graven Lines

When you have felt,
these deeply graven lines upon my face you see.
And when long roads a traveller, travelling pities thee.
The void the stars and stand as one the sea,
though counted out by some, forever you I am.
Alive this child amongst the leaves as dead.
When green.
Heartfelt tears and mournful waves my open palms
our feet upon the sand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beneath My Chest Beats Your Heart

Pulling the wind as it calls out to me,
fleeting this loneliness, falling and the deck wild nights,
mildness and the water under around me, you shout with the mask
under the moon full the sail the rise of the boat
as it falls there around me, you stand by the storm
which I both have called being thus like you, so I am.
As you search for the earth as I reach out my hand
many come to me and of me whom few see but I am.
The enemy was never the sea
and the enemy the sea is this one single place where I am safe as the rocks on
the shore all around you.
I fight always and fighting must I die,
the fear the unhealing scar of my chest is your heart beats the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Popularity Of The Ant

As for him that as for him from her comes his happiness
hence the intelligence which is to do is thus permitted.
And anyone by him for her by him can give intelligence,
completely it is good the heart when large,
it is good it is thus to thee permitted.
And let none make popularity of the ant this understanding.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Revolution Umbilicus

Because spinning buzzing travels up the colon
and the abdomen is not distant off,
it was never secretly recovered by the surgeon.
Every one then knows except your mum.
When inpatient she arrives and he succumbs.
At hospital, if still it vibrates,
pay attention longer fingers become shorter than before.
'revolution umbilicus sign'
With out relief it is recalled, it is interesting.
Phenomenons which it should be cautious need creates.
You do not have to dance along the rim this jig
and higher notes denote,
because, does this ever happen to a few of you?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After Death

This last time.

While these lips have moved and lived,
then when word by mouth I lived have opened died,
my mind once has remembered that you could never speak,
and being then inside withdrawn,
it is even more restricted.

However from then when my mind has even now returned.

And I remember you in speech they move again.

Please pass me by and pay attention not again to that.

You do not have to hear them speak about those trees again.

Sleeping for the present,

I have left it all behind, what it is possible to hear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Up Her Skirt

When the element become the spots on the jacket.

Pulls out his notes and the note of the distinctive cat.

Being such is he who the sweater she wears underneath
her skirt.

Flirt as flirts as are wants such as that that you have there
and any condition has not been attached to the body wants
such are your lovelies.

Comes the mother of this person and the cherry of the red eye
where it blinks and it can be wrapped around the grinningly
he laughing kisses it and in it the wind whispers.

The cutting of the thin flower broad-mindedness
and elegance and exposes the kissers of the peel
as the oranges of green rich is pink in the place where the woman it seems picks
the shell she wears each day.

God of the holly of the hotly is black satin where she sings of longevity. The
window is closed unlocked but the shade released suddenly to be rereleased,
until being inside thrown, however directly never escaping which she arranged,
prolonged.

Too many conquests he comes back as the child now a man
and back to her back whom is teaching.

People it is by she when she wishes to take hold of the harp
come it whispers to sing do not cancelle.

James McLain

Drift By Lazily

When this the person,
without even the bottom where light would I am, had form.
Escaping from that which cannot be rediscovered forever there it is breaking.
Which from you it drips over the whole has it ever been the forest of the valley
and the unlimited flood and the grove and the cave and Titan children.
Evermore in the sea which does not have the wide banks which are shaken.
Do not to go to bed thus it billows like clouds in the sky of the sea,
and the waves catch fire which it eagerly but with you it desires.
The independents and independents watch the water which dies - the snow of
the lily which is kissed by rose done drifts by lazily.
And still the quiet water and to others it is cold silk is thin without the
outerspread the cypress along the lake knows no limit.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Yoked

Being Yoked to his of yours is of that.
That, if of this pink eye of the pearl of this your his intelligence.
I must if I can, when you if you can, can you not?
Ask but of this in trust but ask this of you this I must.
And of choice and as will as I will of you, by you this I may.

Do it to Do throw it in with me as it is of me, you are.
When before ever being thrown to the center of that which is where?
And I occasionally will dine before swine.
If I must As you do so ask.
Cloven hoof they of thou withstand this of me, bear your cross.
Both extreams yoked together however the fact that it is of you,
because I am.
And of those by before me by those you are me dire in need.

Is it not for those whom speak naught by thee of such desired.
Mercy and permission words of God.
Knowing naught,
do I pray and I pray but of that one thing, I am you this of life.

Learn of this by me and it does, it does hurts and the pain
may you not indure.
As for me always Lord' you are truth and in you this they May.

Of this which makes takes my breath and I walk each day.
She before comes the next.
And each one after another as passion would burn, because of truth.
And you infer road after road and life' May they Know that of skill,
curved round is the spoke straight is the heavy curved line.
I return to my house, in order to travel across once again not against.
As for the road of wisdom which it faces all tests of time indure such with me.
It is you that I love of the lesson by this earth you I walk.
which is taught to me with all like those that breath and speak truth.

James McLain

Each Drop I Catch

It is only by your lovely clings, it swished.
No outside rain this wholesome beat this noise.
When kissed I miss the tears the warmth the most.
And wet as such this is our only world.
Inside is pushed apart I hear it come to me in waves.
The sun it dries the clouds and when you speak.
Moist the moss hangs down, you smile
each dropp I catch is you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sara Palin Stamps Her Feet

When milk runs out the corners of her mouth.
There is not to her this joy like mine.
Between her lips, I have been eating of her poetry.

Her eyes are never sad
and she walks and runs my hands inside her dress.

The poems are light but then as dusk are gone.
The night has never been so clear when dim.

Like the salmon caught glazed are my eyeballs roll,
blond legs pumping burn like Moses flaming bush.
Sara Palin begins to stamp her feet and weep.

She does not always understand.
When I by she am forced to get down on my knees and lick her snow white hand,
just why the ice cream blue when clear it melts away.

I am,
the other bear like man.
She suckles when in sleep his milk she keeps.
I snarl at her and inside where I bark.
I romp with joy the outdoors sparks she fawns.

James McLain

Of Buds And Bells

Play doctors house and buds and bells when sucking candy stripes.
Greek fantasy hospital house of his, her wildest dreams.
Coming home to clear the window that turns upon her knee.
Some helping those whom try to walk but never when it coughs.
Wherever there is joy within the comets tail muffin tops, milk home.
Likein it within I melteth and you bubble out of reach.
Thus is sweet the joy, each dropp of rain and never speaking when it is.
Thus it is when then to you one wanders in and out about this fantasy.
Come flying when it opened flew and still exceeds her open arms french doors.
Looking I to she permits with thought how it expands.
Open minds' closed tightly wide are they when wise?
Doors inside of doors and She is' squeezing arrows out,
and cloudward of it from I rise against her Sun I rise.
Fantasy of the pink sripped candy of a loosely fitting O!
Her open blouse is loose,
and I like time that leaves when green it shows permit.
Summer' hot The joy that she becomes growing wild and useless
depending upon when illy used, and the spring as it unfolds.
Enjoying it opening the way, Autumn' full Red lipp's.
The Fruitage of the mighty devils D,
and passing by the fog and dew, when you blush, tasting of it is:
Something buzzing then?
In or out, up and down all around the tree the limb you climb upon.
To watch me pee.
The time when right, sit a spell slide down on thee, with it tingles.
It is bright, cold it burns, winter's Mind; it marches on.
Night; When soundless the earth is covered, she explodes
and as for the heavy snow by which is neatly set.
The ploughboy' she has by her hand is mixed.
Empty; spoon whose bag is always heavy O so heavy.
Full of rye and catcher seed.
All buds and bells and dewy morn of May.
Running from the spray where it is sprayed.
Autumn' where everything is wise accumulated.
The wealth of us, and using, still, I am.
Mysterious it is hiding:
Not from you, when you decide to come then come and ask.
As for her like three Ruby wines of glasses mixed which love mixes.
Kissed these joys, and quaff that of you must now shalt.

Your shalt I waer but you I hear the distant harvest clearly.
Rustled corn the silk you move aside and it is sweet.

James McLain

Buds And Bells

Play doctors house and buds and bells when sucking candy stripes.
Greek fantasy hospital house of his, her wildest dreams.
Coming home to clear the window that turns upon her knee.
Some helping those whom try to walk but never when it coughs.
Wherever there is joy within the comets tail muffin tops, milk home.
Likein it within I melteth and you bubble out of reach.
Thus is sweet the joy, each dropp of rain and never speaking when it is.
Thus it is when then to you one wanders in and out about this fantasy.
Come flying when it opened flew and still exceeds her open arms french doors.
Looking I to she permits with thought how it expands.
Open minds' closed tightly wide are they when wise?
Doors inside of doors and She is' squeezing arrows out,
and cloudward of it from I rise against her Sun I rise.
Fantasy of the pink sripped candy of a loosely fitting O!
Her open blouse is loose,
and I like time that leaves when green it shows permit.
Summer' hot The joy that she becomes growing wild and useless
depending upon when illy used, and the spring as it unfolds.
Enjoying it opening the way, Autumn' full Red lipp's.
The Fruitage of the mighty devils D,
and passing by the fog and dew, when you blush, tasting of it is:
Something buzzing then?
In or out, up and down all around the tree the limb you climb upon.
To watch me pee.
The time when right, sit a spell slide down on thee, with it tingles.
It is bright, cold it burns, winter's Mind; it marches on.
Night; When soundless the earth is covered, she explodes
and as for the heavy snow by which is neatly set.
The ploughboy' she has by her hand is mixed.
Empty; spoon whose bag is always heavy O so heavy.
Full of rye and catcher seed.
All buds and bells and dewy morn of May.
Running from the spray where it is sprayed.
Autumn' where everything is wise accumulated.
The wealth of us, and using, still, I am.
Mysterious it is hiding:
Not from you, when you decide to come then come and ask.
As for her like three Ruby wines of glasses mixed which love mixes.
Kissed these joys, and quaff that of you must now shalt.

Your shalt I waer but you I hear the distant harvest clearly.
Rustled corn the silk you move aside and it is sweet.

James McLain

A Secret Hold

A Secret grasp A hold—
Be it a Secret—hold it tightly then—
A Secret hold—when kept—
Weeping—wept it can't appeal but One—

Better off than in it—confined be you afraid—
Than you inside it outward wear—
And Whom by you it told it to be then—beware.
Always afraid when deep asleep - aware.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Buds And Bells,

Doctor house and buds and bell sucking on the scandy stripes.
Greek fantasy hospital house of his her wildest fantasy.
Coming home clear windows that turn upon her cries.
helping those whom try to walk but never seem to talk.
Lips open move and learn to come enjoy.
Wherever there is joy within the home.
Likein it within I melteth and you bubble out of contact
sweet the joy rain and never speaking when.
Thus it is when then to you one wanders in and out about this fantasy.
Come flying which it opened flew and still exceeds her open door.
Looking I to she permits with a thought how it expands.
Open minds' closed widely.
Doors inside of doors and She is' Throwing arrows,
and cloudward of it from I rise against Sun rise.
Fantasy of the candy of a loosely fitting O!
Her open blouse is loose,
and i like time that leaves when green permit.
Summer' hot The joy that she becomes growing wild and useless
depending upon when illy used, and the spring as it unfolds.
Enjoying it opening the way, Autumn' full Red lipp' s.
The Fruitage of the mighty D,
and passing by the fog and dew, when you blush, tasting of it is:
Something then?
In or out, up and down all around the tree the limb upon.
The time when right, sit a spell slide down on thee, with it tingles.
It is bright, cold it burns, winter's Mind; it marches on.
Night; When soundless the earth is covered, the explodes
and as for the heavy snow by which is set.
The ploughboy' she has is mixed.
Empty; shoon whose bag is always heavy O so heavy.
Full of seed.
All buds and bells and dewy morn of May.
Running from the spray where it is sprayed.
Autumn' where everything is wise accumulated.
The wealth of us, and using, still, I am.
Mysterious it is hiding:
Not from you, when you decide to come then come and ask.
As for her like three Ruby wines of glasses mixed which love mixes.
Kissed these joys, and quaff that of you must now shalt.

Your shalt I waer but you I hear the distant harvest clearly.
Rustle of the corn the silk you move aside and it is harvested.

James McLain

Your Heart Once Mine Was Too Heavy

From my center from this many songs
and the fruit even now is over ripe bearing.
Then of which now I sing of is heavy.
Love never how often matures,
but like me is not possible and never to give in to the one.
My song does not linger it belong to just me.
However when it is thin at last comes the evening.
Filling the moon joy filled never of gloom.
Flying the moth goes to there and lands here.
When at last turning gray in time the growing fat the fruit falls.
Has it known everyone of that, from you when it takes?
Where it lands soft in the hand time it tells.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Emo Girl And Confessed It

I will draw you a nice silky picture.
It is framed in flashes of bright red.
A picture with a subtle quick twist.
I will draw it on you with my razor.
I will draw it right out on my wrist.
Deep is this new red picture of you.
Come to me emo girl and confess it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trilling

Trilling

by isitpoetry

You sleep I hear singing and water coming.
I indissoluble make it out each continent.
The shape of each desire when open, I do.
Glammer such most in fluid element clear
never forcing each days competition.
The sun being when it rains full illuminated.
You I make full of God magnetic when with her Hand.
Life and of love and the colleague of the colleague is love.
As for me I sigh as I watch all the rivers of America bank there over,
and the whole of the grassy brown plains made this more green
with each brand new arrivale lush feel such plants.
Thickly as a coastal Great Lakes spring from wood.
Separated impossibly thick hidden from the banks are the cities.
Democracy of your this Trilling and O, to be against it useful,
femme of femme that mother!
Because of you,
and as for me once again I feel the sound the birds
flying over me, they are singing, trilling.

James McLain

Sensual Kiss With A Twist Of Bold

It may start in the beginning too tickle.

To give each toe the kiss.

Gently sucking the toes

and then lightly kissing around the whole foot.

Can it not but help to gently massage the base of the foot while performing
between the toes this kiss.

Simply brush your lips lightly across the crown of his foreheadhead
in thanks when he is done.

Never involving the lips the texture or wrong tongue.

Made of puple cedar where is the trunk?

Sensual kiss with a twist of Bold.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

House Of My Dreams

The dream of my sky was taken one long night and from April
and each pliability and gentle nobleness of this which was his/she.
Parting clouds, filled up those of mine and, April and Sunday.
This dream of thought of the old sky and
she rushes in order to keep the song which happiness is distant and excessively
is complete.
Well, this dream of the sky was dim and as for her wants, dreamy.
The rainy sky it was wide, as for those my thoughts of it can't hide,
it was sweet,
such was my sweat it was from this now gone the indistinct house.
But my dream was removed
and the naked truth it makes those whom come now more entirely -
My thoughts or there are no lost common times
and when placed in the now,
what now should it play off of, she as it does, looking up at the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Night Remains

Its not that bad it will not harm you.

It is rather comfortable so always with you do I sleep that way.

Then if you get up during the night just write off one sweatshirt or fasionable hoodie.

Sometimes that will make it less noticable.

or

It is not even that,

this state of that it is good not bad.

When it does not does not cause damage.

Methodological,

deep is the sleep from that which of that is moore comfortably.

Light from that probably will be formed.

Somewhat is of this is always.

If it occurs exactly between the remaining night,

from one sweat shirt or fasionable hoodie separated from them. Occasionally the maker of that decreased is to remarkable.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Life Has Been Your Poem

What of this my life has been your eyes my open book.
I would have read again you never did I lumber, taught.
Forgotten ways so it often is, it's but then written.
But I, then but for you, I should have, when I could.
When both this life and cypress trees,
some softer wind blown leaves, thus call.
My memory covered water moving tannan drifts.
A hat of green transparent dreams.
And the ocean made of sandy waves, pours over all of it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Neophte

Dreams of feathers,
hung from peacocks naught.
Ones lips are sealed.
the other are always open.
Twins,
and both pointed ears.
Can not but help it too hear.
Standing upright marble blue veined face.
The breasts of the one,
searpants around come out in the open, hidden.
All the faces are cold nipples pointed like spears.
None borne forth have milk suckled.
Slender candle tipped the likes of which
pulled back in, being pulled out.
Running out of our tongues against whoms will.
Thinking you speak never have.
Masks between fire cold desire.
Quilled ink pink tip black peireced.
Token breasts would again be full emptied are.
Dark moody blues turning white
now black against between each falling star.
That which never is but was still queens.
Contrast never lost the blind being there have seen.
This dream to one by all whom hide inside
revealed to none but call to him in her dreams.

Aubrey Beardsley
Plate # 83

James McLain

Loneliness Is

Loneliness is large round this world
so I have become to you
growing it does when it has grown tired.

And are thus from you, cut off from it/it dies.
Love wence it came opens departs.
One off from the other but one.
And when it is you this you are.

Where the people are good
when it is just to much very much
and legaly excesively thus exacted
extracted is mutually.

As for the rich person being of like mind
I do but supp with the lonely pauper,
who is not thinking but of good of the rich person.

Driving by
waving me off is not this feeling good to the pauper.
We all never fear it is me.
As for our education system
as for those of us who are informed to love, Volunteer.

The people are good mutually.
The people are good mutually.
The people are good mutually.
I ask this of them and them that are they, some never suppose
that it is often more having not.
I won't ask certain things from thus of those.

As for the bead of cold winter dropps of sweat that you see,
as for the cloud and the deep blue sea.
As for the waves at your feet,
as for the sand with no prints.
It is me and you together in this all as one.

Walking in front or behind, to none I am blind.
The people are good when feelings are mutually.

Perhaps when thus of this it is so.
Then never coming our deaths are not sad excessively.

As for me at that time of the year the flower the stalk.
When both talk of the spring.
Chance looks at the girl that is young,
looking at the boy which grew off from her old.
There must be a method to this.

There must be a method of not having.
Loneliness is someones method of madness
that has long gone astray.
Still I am looking up, short.
Which is not said, have you said of it come lass, no.

James McLain

King James

Queens make,
King James, then it is.

Love,
but let us then,
when coming too assess it.

Alters moving by,
and the Alter moved it for.

Let straightforward it be,
it is then straightforward.
She gladdens this son by his mother,
this one is promised.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wisely Ruled Permits

When the king is of love, then it is.
The love of mankind when it did
and when coming, that which of he assess us all.
And it made excessively all from that the book
and which by most when read is now made possible.

Movements thus scores of prose verse.
then each modification of it thereof is.
Spoken revelations said naught then of it, is it not?
which moves to him for the sake of men then are changed.
Simple in thought such is this then I am.

Made from that, that it is in this simple
as that from time because of this it is a certainty of it/it is.
Thus then from such simplicity permits us all that we are.
Then simple it is, is it not?

As for her with such grand light of that spoken by he too his mother.
The father of that is our son ours the new sun of your happiness.
The queen of it is made, it is our king love and.
The love of her coming
and it did and when coming,
it makes assess of us to him and it made excessively this all your possible.
Movement and the modification of loves this voice
when spoken so soft in sleep and dreams which move for the sake of your sake
are changed.

Simple I am of that because of this certainty, that it is,
then simplicity wisely ruled permits.
As for her,
with that his mother, father spoken in this to,
that the son and the father of happiness then is the king of kings made the light
all the more for the coming is wiser.

James McLain

Florida, Counties And Tax Lein Certificates.....

Fortresses are hedged with, MUDD ' without funds and flush
from the government tarp when interest free.
And it is free to rape U.S.deeper Yes even More.
When nothing by us was given but upper stiff lips back to us
Immoraly, when unethically taking our homes and land.

Those L.L.C.s
While Bank of America,
J.P.Morgan I can call to check my food stamp balance
free these three times a month.
One third of my food stamps go for ice to keep
my milk in the cooler simulating some one elses
artificial deep ran Bushes stimulas
while my milk when last it was checked runs dry.

Florida tax clerks to each county Hear my greetings
it is as broke and, yet I am, We most are.
Hiding behind the excuse to sell what I can not afford to own
when I paid in cash to own what now is theirs.

Tax certificates,
eighteen percent hidden fees well known by they
unredeemed quite titles to greet comes the SHERIFF,
I never thought to shoot, being too cute
coming once I am, from mine whom like you removed.

My car is cold at night it is quite,
From my heart I thank you Japan for simple
words like big bang for the buck unlike U.S.

Sixty seven Florida counties
and needing money as we do as well.
Making a living off the hard ship of others
whom would pay
but can't
or they would
Like you Banks above borrowing money for nothing
and evicting the people whom built their homes upon the land
that they I need, they but legal covet.

Florida can you please check
If my home, vacant land I paid cash for is being.
and see if drug cartels have learned this simple trick of buying homes
and land as they say on T.V.
For pennies on our hard earned dollars.

P.S. I need C.V. Joints to keep my car moving,
so I won't get arrested.

I will pay it back to you when ever I can.

Being Ameri-can.

At thirty three and a third percent of course,
I love green eggs and spam.

James McLain

Where Sidewalks Never End

There is a place before we all take part.
A start a place to sort out thoughts about
the day before tomorrow when it comes.
And where the Heavens end the night before.
And even there before it starts.
The end before begins again the end is found.
Grass is like you soft it's there why I'm around.
And glad that you are of why I'm even here.
Your comet brought it up so white it's wide trail.
And the sun my light is why, you burn so bright.
And there and there is where the month, the end, grows near.
Looking lost one walks past and sidewalks never end.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Islands

Islands,
stripe the road.
The ocean,
but it tarries.
Songs you once sung.
Forgotten it is known.
Grow even larger.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Intermittent, ' I Am Growing Yellow

Naked, you are me when we are tiny both.
The sun goes down untill the day is born.
And you inside withdrawn upon the island sea
when undertows let go this world is all I know.

Trees dropping leaves no clothing it is light
the clearing mist grows more.
Going up and down the highways it is long.
The tunnels faintly intermintant stripes of yellow
standing naked along the road the night is still.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Come Sleep In Crescent Moon

Mostly are, they lighter or of darker hearts?
When by a common string all hang.
Below within that branch none seek, I speak for.

Once upon a time when scented flowers petaled,
crushed in lonely books her birthday past.
A single arm one hand I held, stretched up.

Can you Judge each single man by her see through cover?
Can you Judge a woman by her naked man?
Can you withstanding sleep,
when sleep to how they are percieved both stood?

Can then you come to sleep in cresant moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am,

I am even now in thought of you.
I am never moving then and now for you grown still.
And yet of what I am none ever seem to care.

Coming less to know of me of what I am.

My friend she comes
and shakes me off like tomorrows morning frost.

The memory fades from sight amongst the stars
forever there inside of you I am alone, when I am lost.

I am that snake-I am that head that spoke.
I am the cause of all your morning sickness woes.
I am neatly early rising in the morning sun.
I am just as quickly feeling you so empty gone.
I am again like watching you I am.

I am that white faced ghost you held so close you love.
I am breathing shades of love and colors never fading fast.
Waiting for you, yet I am again.

And I live with shadows
moving fields,
across the deepest sea of waving trees.

I am tossed from top to top.
Forever lost, when with you I am our mind at last recedes.
Into the growing bush of fire my fingers growing cold.
Below the night filled moon,
and moving clouds and darker are the growing skies.
Because of this
and only being this I am this other form of light from you, I am.

James McLain

Open Lays The Market

She was always talking about it,
or where they both were going, with out this.
Can you get more randomless?
What kind of open line is this to end a conversation?
I stood up, not being keen on her talking now.

I want you to milk the cows out there, not me!

Opened eye that always bulged.
The hollow is where I slept last night.
Okay, with that the others here that were.
Closing, open hands but never still.

Come here, hold on...there all alone.
Look about there's no one here, to see.
The wind a breathless sigh grass whispers, Me.

When you were always on your back and sick!
I would do that dreaming but in thought of you.
The cow now it is trained.
Closed eyes watching me.
Are you afraid that you might coming over there enjoy it?
Or that you don't now, want to touch and move
them brown, those dreamy eyes?

His eyes were unwillingly drawn to the pink semicircle
that resided beneath her open hand.
Below the warm large white stomach.
He shuddered at the thought.
Considering her touching the udders,
of squeezing off from mighty them.
My hem of many colors what if then.

He shoved her disturbing mental image out of his head.
And then she always sitting, standing, walking smiling said.

There open lays the market,
come lets linger here some longer then let go!

James McLain

Ancient Man

Do you?
Can you see the man?
He will stand?
He will not, will he.

When you sit.
When he stands.
Before them both,
Whom thinks.

Unknown men
before them all.

Flown apart both ways.
Because of you.
My understanding never ceased.
Are you at ease?

I am forever more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Milk The Cows

She was talking about
or where they both were going with out this.
Can you get more randomless?
What kind open line is this for conversation?
I stood up, not being keen on her talking now.

I want you to milk the cows out there, not me!

Opened eye that always bulged.
Okay, with that the others here that were,
closing, open hands but never still.

Come here, hold on...there all alone.
Look there's no one here to see.
The wind a breathless whispers, Me.'

When you were always on your back and sick!
I would do that but in thought to you.
The cow now trained.
Closed eyes on me.
Are you afraid that you might coming there enjoy it?
Or that you don't now want to touch and move
them brown those dreamy eyes?

His eyes were unwillingly drawn to the pink semicircle
that resided beneath her open hand.
Below the warm large white stomach.
He shuddered at the thought.
CONSIDERING touching udders, of squeezing them...

He shoved her disturbing mental image out of his head.
And then she always toothy smiling said.

There open lays the market, come lets go!

James McLain

When I Cough

When I cough.
You always smile and sigh.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rejoice - I Am

Innermost you my being is.
Rejoice - I am.
Inside your every thought.
Through me,
you have no need to fear.
Because your lips my tongue
one caused, I am, you moved.
The knowledge,
of this I read, you know I hear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Must I Burst From It

Must I burst from thought of it.
Looking fat and full I see you when it is.
Talking like I do you when.
Talking softly when your hands.
Up against the parting see through paper wall,
lips apart I face the moon.
Rising high the light around the people
down below it seems to make them glow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Single Friend

It is very small,
so very small a grain of sand.
This pearl you need and take from it.
Arranged around the casket.
Neatly deep within to some not all.
I am against the dark,
to come again and see your light.
So tall, am I remiss to feel the sun,
upon my face before you leave?
Soft warm is each surface when increased.
Slowly with each citizen that I pass.
And of this paradise, where it is possible.
From the sun comes light it's width.
Is it limited by sufficiently?
Is the grave and all the seas?
Where he lives and there you dwell as well.
Circumstances or the presumption meets the end.
From which mountain top the bottom of it when?
And do some make what of this.
It would simply ask but you of it to rescue.
Give to me one single friend.
And with the rest and which is small your land.
You give to him whom you he sees.
One single friend is all most need the sea.

e.d.

is it poetry

James McLain

Psycho Sexual Killers

I grew up in North East, Southern Florida.
Even as the child were we?
We started wildly out, the other coming in.
Peeking through the windows, holding hands.
Finding each one by the scent they left behind.
Then we peek inside.
She likes those yellow milk stained boxers.
I smell the tinkle musky from their worn out panties.
What she does with other bodies no one knows.
I keep certain parts beneath my pillow.
I am still a human being.
Mosly little sleeping ones that make no noise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Green Expectant Bushes

On her bed of leaves, completely sated, expectant and waiting for tree of no return to start fire for days from the night of lectures so that they could both relax with a good hard twist of fate.

The delicious folds of such green expectant bushes

Just thinking about his smooth tanned trunk, her large broad green leaves abreast and of course the tingle bursting sun just with it's energy you imagining all of it.

Even slowly from she it begins to elongate, the sapp rushes to his head and quick bud begins to raise itself directly up from the bed of roses from the rest.

She ran dry the river streams

and her skin tingled delightfully as the last ripples of the water rushes bye.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being, Both Exposed

We are the only two people in the world whom knows there secret.
And trust me not to expose and expose it, and yet this very fear of being
exposed makes one wary and very nervous.
Ask this knowing of yourself,
is such a one likely to argue with the other of the other under those
circumstances?
Is is likely to run up close or come to far away?
Perhaps it's when, then why of course alone is not.
Now here's where I admit to my being, by you surprised.
Making them dress up to go all out,
was the measure none would could see but all would hanging in the open hiding
nothing no one finds.
I may never even have contemplated it at all,
even if I'd never feminised the bar at home.
But something every odd has once there when it happened.
I enjoyed having my secretly feminised one about at my side.
I enjoyed this fear of being then found out,
and I enjoyed the way they rarely stray here from my side.
Like a frightened child
and clinging to it and hiding up behind this other's skirt.
It is exciting, is it not arousing?
it is killing one then it is living inside this secret both of us.
And it is thrilling, is it being naughty, not?
The minute we get home we are delivered from ourselves.

James McLain

Some Like Frank Sinatra

When I was seventeen.
Like him the world was then.
I did all the rage when I was like him young.
The world was always open, not oppressed.
Now with parting sharper growing tongues.
Each departing love renewed it's Quest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Lingerie Shop

My most-beloved what more to say
Every whim and mood absorbed.
Hooded colors festive covered breathing prints.

Soft and frilly sexy.
Stuffing cotton candy picking, stocking stuffers.
Secret pink.
Fire engine red.
Bush when friendly green
Sailing, hugging, looking friendly.
Feeling odd the other man when he's pushed out.
Perfect under party dresses.
Featuring Hiptini islands.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My, ' Your To Many Secrets

We are the only two people in the world who know the secret.

And trust me not to expose and expose if it,

and yet this very fear of being exposed makes one wary and very hungry nervous.

Ask this of yourself, is such a likely one to argue with the other of the other under those circumstances?

Is is likely to run up close or far away?

Perhaps when then or come of course then not.

Now here's is where I admit to being surprised.

Making them dress up to go out was a the measure none couls see but all would find.

I may never have contemplated it at all even if I'd never feminised the bar at home.

But something every odd when raised it happened.

I enjoyed having my secretly feminised one there by my side.

I enjoyed this fear of being then found out

and I enjoyed the way they rarely stray from my side.

Like a frightened child

and clinging to and hiding behind this other's skirt.

It's exciting, it's arousing, it's killing us, it's even thrilling.

The minute we get home some were delivered from relief.

James McLain

Sunday Aches

Before the rising sun when Sunday aches.
Comes bright sword and youthful king no more.
And the the weight of each new day upon which pays.
On feilds of sorrow ringed sweet lavender, does lily even know.
The issues made of nothing such.
Force monarchs march from end to end to watch it grow.
Night yeilds much needed victory beneath a pale full moon.
Redness full upon the shield when force applied is placed.
From the rear the enemy, the spear the tip is pierced.
When thrown the spear of mighty queens she sings his song.
Must it shake and tremble thus the likes of never more?
The blade in reach for each tommorrow proves more fatal than the next.
We give each bride away without a moments thought.
The cloud of holocaust and Sunday aches the sky is blotched.
Each one rides a different horse none saddled like the rest.
My sister knits the net is full of death.
My wife can only watch as all the fish like ours floats out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Love And Self

Was she cruel and sudden white bright death?
How never have you,
since the first comes always last!
Purple headed peirced a nail this path is lost your innocence.
Wherein could this be and guilty thou he be she is.
Except that from a drop, is suckled forth from thee?
You thou tempest be, and sayest that thou want it naught?
Within thyself, outside of men there off about nor me.
The weaker light grows brighter here for all of us to see.
If It tis true of stouter men, then learn how false thou fearest not thou be.
When justis leaves and such is honor, meeker may I be.
And when you wield it all and call her name for me?
Will you see at all and taste the memory of it all?
And when I lay upon that bed and fleeting goes, comes life
when night took lite from me and darkness leaves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Clouds

That is the fullness of your black petaled face.
A rose opens and falls again to the earth.
Having opened is bled, torn and worn.
Oh thorn of this precious green stem.
Sacred cross, deep wide space where god hides.
Rose of rose.
Again too be raked over the coals to cool yellow fire.
Breathing it in the scent overwhelmed, this is her fate.
He is again born up through the top one pink cloud.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

All Other Woman

When I talk with other women.
Thinking, I think but of you.
Your words are sharper of witt than theirs is poor world,
And as they gather are once gentler, too.

When I even glance at other women.
Wishing, I wish your face were theirs.
With gray skies and white skin
And tossed back hair.

When I think of other women.
Walking, I long, looking by.
Alone by my each single every day.
Never coming to me, you by night.
The thought of you strong is the wind.
Blows the dream right out of my head.
Like a ship lost at sea floats away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Directions, ' To My Mental Health

There is more to this.
You are keeping me alive,
why must I, again feel it all.
How many of these others roads.
How many paths were not ever trod?
I see that you feel what I never heard.
I fell up so far I touched her face.
and came back down from there too you.
Because I am a man ' God is a woman.
What did his Eve brush her teeth with?
I am simple,
and simply put, because I am just as I am.
I can not give up the goast like that.
Though I see the ghost when it leaves.
Before they do.
What about those few never lacking.
Pulling up, backing out, pray naught giving out.
The spirt is being willing the mind fades to gray.
As the days grow more dull and I grow more colder.
I like he whom died one hundred years ago.
Still try to hide the mirror in humor.

James McLain

My Silent Noon

Your hand open lies in the hot golden sand fresh salty breath.
it is visible shimmering this long wave this silence.
I sift each grain as they fall one by one up and down, noons hour-glass.

Off running deep in the sun-parched ocean grows the dragon fish-sharp
penetrating serrated these horns.
The right angled slant burns the sun,
it hangs down like pale yellow thread loosened from the sky,
hung up pulled are the clouds all around me.

So can this stroke of soft wind be we as the lovers
waiting this out for hours and each hour more like rain?

The clouds sweeping by clear to us dropp to us all from below
when blown as if mist from above.

Oh! and the clasping of it swimming merrily as can we.
Look to it as it falls on our fast racing hearts.
World of this shallow my hand sea maiden no silver lining.
This is as to most when they often come here.
Accompanied at this known particular hope wrapped in this hour

each second we held off our voice silent I wait.
When twofold the silence was the song of dolphins in love.

James McLain

Malice

Why never, that by you, it often is.
When is it possible?
I will explain to you of malice.
Whereby sufficiently by you it's given forth.
More often not it's mixed with foolishness.
And you by it returning is.
You do not have to make it longer, is regrets.
Upon it you, by it can all depend.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

At Seven Her, ' I Percieve

Every day that comes again
it seems it feels much hotter
than the day before it rained.

I am the flame that keeps all
others hotter than you crest.

Outside for me it grows a little
colder than the day before.
From they,
you would not know I can not tell.
Knowing even as I speak it now.
I linger every single day.
You are living only now being seven.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Broken Open Promises

I asked of this to my the only daughter.
The lock upon it, I had from then on placed.
Now broken red it's glaring open.
She shows a blind eye loose applied.
The brightest inter, outer money buys.
I bought her from another when
and taught her naught it linger seems.

Mother once she turned away her eye.
Burning turned it on all sides.
From pink to red
and brown again to copper green.
She never cried.

The sun and I and she now free to slow the light of day.
Her hair on fire at night.
She liked the eye of all the eyes of green, I do recall.
She looked me up and down at times like these.
She means to what, such beings sought, will do.

Or

Men of many different colored eyes.
Loved no more between.
Nor heeds the rainbow of his dream.
And where his arrows can not, try to fly.
Alive once dead she finds a way to try.
Men knowing even not,
nor having simple understanding there about.
Of why the wing tips drag.

James McLain

The Ground Around It

When by my very meek existence here
it seems to be a cause of fear
and deeper is the sea of consternation.
I try to bend myself down there
to the core of there, very nature.
Seen by they it seems aloof I am
in the eye
of every pounding comes a hurricane.
shaking as if lost by simple thoughts
when the ground around them,
by my roots.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Abba (Father)

How much longer must I be, I am?
How much longer sleeping in the open?
And Father why I am.

I am you, I am he, to you I am she.
To blind to see tears, raining down
and much I am to one and much.

I am waiting, looking up forever up
into the blinding white pure light.

Some can not speak the truth of you.
Distortions of the fading night,
I am the darkness some have
never left behind you, yet I am.

I am here.
Sometimes I am there,
where none but I can always be.
Yet with you how could I?
And I am always where?

Of you and why I am.
And you are by me thus.
A flower never picked.
Even though I am for you,
What I see forever see.

I am with you and when you'r sleeping.
And with you still I am.

James McLain

A Flower Never Picked

The forest is this ment to be
unborn
tossed out
this world I could not ever see.

Mighty oceans,
stars that blink above.
Below dark open silence
wherein should I long to wait?

The trees,
long broad open leaves.
Are they often softer green?

Are they not
and when I hear you speak
to all the others,
I am like them not.

Still inside,
and moving floating islands
running streams.
As did you
when foam is warm upon the sea.

Fear you can not ever bear,
and I am
I was come to be Am I?

Come here then
and tell me when you feel it.

To wade again into the sun.
And summer never yellow comes.
A flower by the meadow never,
am I picked.

James McLain

Etched Underneath

What and why of always never me?
Do you even try too telephone?
Was it ruined leaving marks?
I scratched it on the walls of your dim cell?
The silent God of nature Oh.
I am this smell so pure.
Cotton white the yellow rising sun.
It comes upon a misty clearing.
Etched living underneath,
a leaf of dying lingers more than silent night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Come Quickly, ' Lest It Shut

Listen to my trust I am.
Your loving words my ringing ears.
When open do you hear,
the mighty roar like moving trees.
Loose leaves that fall
from heaven, when the limbs.

Will you when deep inside,
my beating heart, it is?

Rushing out is your warm breath.
My tounge these words,
both worlds hang from thy lips and form.

Around each tree the burning bush
beneeth the leaves,
that need your touch a perfect world of trust.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Come Quickly, Opens

Next to where the scar,
I am heavy when it comes.
Your center is my when restricted
orderly retreat.
Comes each new day
and too short begins the next.
This night yes, did Mori,
did it soft, then hard, without my praying.
You open clutched, tight shut, your lips to I,
whom have the glass heavenward when lifted.
One hand held up and faintly open,
which comes directly closed and sings your praise.

or

Then on my calloused worn out knees.
Sore my heavy night,
comes shadows growing light.
To start my next one day before
my heart you beat it stays.
This night held fast in prayer.
Whereas the golden faintly etched your cup.
I raised it heavenward
Lips come quickly open
singing happy naught but praises.

James McLain

The Legend Of [pie]

My from I whom I curantly see her frontal.
Sideways looking at the teacher, I see.
The desk is her place her out worldly space.
She inhaled I exhaled when prudently both saw.
The grasp by the sight of the moon.
where by, I am surprised from the back section.
I long to be lass and her tongue is pulled out, it crosses the pass.
Where bye the opposite ends should I think found attract.
From which the legand of [pie] when touched is soft.
It tinkles slightly and gushes up from under the seat.
Her feet both parted eye entranced tapping, I being hers.
And made the musky mirror on the floor grow more clear.
My life in her eyes the front and is washed brightly away.
When that boring teacher the wrinkle tone comes vibrated,
trembled a voice high squeeky clean, between a bee droaned.
Her dampening the lower half of one side simultaneously
and the desk off slightly tilted.
Tension surface of exactly is small exceedingly all of a dropp of sweat.
Her name is, her name is a name like yours, I would, I should know.

James McLain

Fish Smell

The first thing which hit to her was the smell.
That was that a certain thing
where she encounters it is most wiggles white is terrible.
That first smell can reflect upon her eating stomach.
Do not permit the stomach of the sickness
and don't you stop too drink this cup you think?
The stirrup which is her you walk by her,
stop in the one which is closest to the older sleeping woman.
Meatloaf that could be me.
One of my five older sisters.
When you become aware.
Strange something concerning; there.
White something plurls and unusual. No. plural being white.
As for her why thing,
she whom is forced in me, when I actualize, painted.
Fetch the Uzi!
Fetch the Uzi!
Eaton alive, her being brought up in my sisters it was.
To eat her oyster raw, they can't reuse it.
Who can of us refuse it
In the month of R's.
Relocating is her center.

James McLain

Girl And Woman

Why are you being so coy,
you girl and woman?

Admit it...

those panties have given you a nice big stiffy
and I understand it... I really do!

I just want a slice of the pumpkin pie, reaction that is all.

Wicked, aren't I, when milking cows?

She smiled and winks again,

lifting up the curtsy no false pretentions.

Indicating the panties in both oiled silky hands.

I see you've picked out my favourite heartless pair
and torn by the thorn away.

You have excellent taste,

in red, turns pink,

now think of me the blowing wind

and it is always warm, ' my beer."

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Plunge

One after another, each takes the plunge.
Some agree that it may be on the rise
amongst our younger friends
but should we really come with one another
whether it's "really a dark cultural shift or just something
we ease into semi-contemporaneously as we don't age.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The White Rose

Whispers of the sweet rose.

Rose of passion is the bed white is red,
and the white rose breathes of love.

And the white rose where O is the redest of rose is the thorn.

But I the panty cream of the white tender flesh.

The point of the petal where she often comes I stand.

Washed in petals of pink send me the bud of the white rose.

The purity, it has the kiss of my deep wicked craving.

Caught at the edge of the lip for sweet is love.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Horse

The horse walks off to the stick.
The bartender she did ask!
Why the long flat white salty surface?
Getting off, the horse being tall was me.
Was all the help which was had.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Getto Girls And Boys

The years, have I buried you.
I would not dare, I would not care.
I would console you, if I could.

What can more, be said,
without it sounding less.

Except that by our suffering is respect,
they never speak of it.
But where of by,
Desire takes charge,
light reading will grow more heavily aroused.

For you would hardly care.

Getto girls and boys.
Why try to fight it.
Standing up is when you do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

By The Gland, ' Your First Attempt

Thus is this You and You by she with the soft rubber wood.
Specifications which actually is.
If you think that is so we would like it to be.
By your hand and your hand only.
As for her around in it.
Because of his P point your hands.
Gland of yours, first attempt.
Directs straightly,
it is possible to reverse slanted T-shaped vibrator that, she hit.
Otherwise, more 2' concerning inserts your less 3'.
Thin walls of the rectum.
And the vicinity of the prostate gland which is placed
between the bladder that point should it be put.
Your stomach button or in the tree.
It bends the head of [baibureta] it may, if it does,
you push viva-a-lasvegas the wall inside your rectum.
If when it barely
and it moves that, perhaps pulp friction you feel.
The gland.
That haven when heaven is attached.
'Enough already'
Being pushed at on it, it can, inside under.
Simulated, when it can, perhaps simultaneously,
you feel the impulse which is it too urinate.
Is this, is it normal.

James McLain

Come, Don'T Swear

Coming, going away,
it keeps,
never really can I do not flow and want you with - yet.
As for tears...
When, whether it must come,
it is with sad dissatisfaction,
see I see the sea!
Racing faucet!
Dripping faucet!
Come don't swear.
Even when the panties by the middle tear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Say It Aloud, Amen

Permanently from this made light of love.
And all thy laws of judgements reparation.
Thy of me above and this it does for you.
Tangled line is fraught smile make the hook more tangled.
Come now child fretting which is bothered.
Thy his your wealth coming telephones.
High order to endeavor, for my wit.
Because I am when left off blind make no mistake.
I do by you perseve,
and freedom is the lever is thy stamp.
Relaxing sleep is when relaxing is the musled wares.
Shaking to be used and used, now say it aloud all men.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Darkened Passes

So wilts broad bold the leaf.
Whom hath foretold it forbids.
The uplifting of the weeping lid.
And it thus being said of the soul.
Here that a hero once passed it.
Behold it but is, darkened passes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Horn Is Bull Human

Alive green the swamp moves and frothy.

It all works out in the neck of me.
White the river soars then floods out.

But the yellow tractor drives me fenced back away.

Back I am the child I am looking.
Moss glistens, leaf is still moving.
All of dry old me is left put out by you.
Crumpled grass, at the mound,
where we feed.
And a slick what is salt, made is me.
Like a huge black and white calf halved coming out
it looks at me, paid what the price?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Kept Abreast Of It

Yes, mine
are but cow eyes
at them, looking off
they drift back
with all the coffee
that I drink
with one always on the way
milk it should be
some what more
when made cheaper.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fertile Earth

That burning the ice was spun upon that day.
We buried the dog in the pond out front.
The house was then taken away.
Whom I was, I am,
know now why I put flame to the fire in that publican court.
Gaving I dug back from the fertile earth.
And the fire when you die.
Is cast from the dice.
Depending on those hands that chisel breath cold,
from my warm finger it dripps, which escapes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Humming Bird Song

You when I call, to obtain from it,
having been troubled from this youth.
Then not as now it is not that fresh for me.
It is not possible now to give up to far and fly away.
Humming bird song, why the damage to thee as to me.
Thy little thus from life it is peace.
Moving off into away it is hidden warm safely,
the yoke of thy far form.
Where the eye, milky the eye is curiosity.
You thus I am observed.
It is for the sake of his strong magnificence,
your being has been attached to the siver cord, thy back.
Deepest of blue turns green, I am with you, as you I am.
Gold, silver maker thy lined.
Thy velvet uncovered thus draped amongst the ruins.
Houseless I am of thus made by thee,
you see but this wandering person.
My clothing, my staff, your arms thus wrapped about me.
The hero never cries out when to often in sleep where you lie.

James McLain

The Beach

Then so often as your want then don't.
As for the long agonizing hour, I leave.
And you as often with me.
Agonizing it is, loving small it is weak.
You walk the well worn path out back.
And because of love it is by you entirely.
Left by you as the sky to me.
Blows the north wind?
Down south.
Who moves it east to west when together.
And the smoke from the old house.
Around you as it turns.
You upon it searching, it turns searching drifts.
Whereas it is no one but you.
and you know that you suffocate the center of it.
Where I am left alone with you and I look it is now gone.
Then as now as to well, as for my dark silhouette.
Your way most often than not.
And it never dies as it by you, is buried each night
with the beach.

James McLain

Judge, When Driven Too It

Was it, is it then?
Having prior knowledge.
My psychology.
Hers as well.
Substituting poor judgement.
For that which was not,
even before I was, and still is.
When once it never was, it wasn't.
Thin lines drawn by thee.
The hot sand whom perceived.
The other whom is then isn't.
Is there still time?
And where is the bottle now.
When by you,
I am driven like she is too it.
Do not again, lie thee down.
Having drunk from the mellon of she.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Reflects The Sea

Why do you need it
here, right there?
Looking,
I look very long.
When can I ask it of you?
Looking
up at the moon.
There In the shadow.
Is my reflection.
On the sea, looking down
sleeping deep.
Whereupon now are you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On The Sea

Why do you need it
right there
so long very.
I ask of you?
Looking
up at the moon.
There In the shadow,
my reflection.
On the sea, looking down
deep in you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Stiff With Envy

Coming out,
the cold, gulf water.
Before them I stand.
After then and still having.
Unlike the rest,
muscles pumped rock solid.
I am once again back on shore.
Frozen stiff,
I am seen as the grass.
Green with envy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You There

You there, In front of me as my ring tone.
You hear.
Ruffled,
and standing up so quickly moving.
There is a red spot on the back door of your.
There is a red spot on the seat of your desk
left behind in front of your forever now left behind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Schizoaffective Disorder

The why of this out wordly angels falling from heaven disorder.
Reaching out to those other worlds
never seen but by they and those whom call too the proffets.
Schizoaffective is this you the person?
A sign of the spiritual separation,
symptoms - seemingly like hallucination or hallucinations.
With it, it is the condition for experiencing the compression of life
pushed outwards, your world is not, hers,
is the sign of the feeling like no obstacle can stand in the way.
Unlike the maniac or decompressed, depression.
Specialists can not, do not but can then agree.
Facts being never having that schizoaffective disorder
when the alcohol and or drugs prohibit the treatment thereof.

You we should handle when not handled a clearness as
calm as dawns new fresh morning if but allowed this disorder and.
As for my part and willing as I am.
Judges thus for the spiritual separation
and pink elephant symptoms and other things of a sign of a certain.
Feeling you never looked at I lived and I look at schizoaffective disorder as
another sickness from itself for sale sign
and fast disposal, but her condition is regarded when simply.
Perhaps not yet processing it all
and work are not maintained as when like the whether,
or the schizoaffective disordered people whom it is passing to the school of the
dead lead lonely comes one life your lifetime.
Have you no trouble, Or, perhaps to the husband of them.
Whether the family when it can depend, or not is certain death in respect to
thereof.
On the house of the group of psychiatry deeply heavily.
Depending upon your method of disposal.
Where have the people of good expectations then gone.

James McLain

Lots Of Rat-Poop

I am glad I got my revenge
when we were little kids
for what you are inside
and the pop corn
I used to make for you
that I filled
knowing what you would become
in life.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On Hearing Them

Are we not so very, as my pants fall down,
you laugh, I'm choking, looking joking really cool.
Fingers moving swiftly covered mimes.
Glazed plastic monkey, major, minor bees.
Listening to them often can't one speak?
I know I am no longer one of them, I can.
Were they ever, moving me up and down
the road more gently and when they come not really.
Lips that always open move, I can not learn to read.
Mouths that drink but can not become, I think.
Leaving now for college to because,
like they once always back then, they always were.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moving Off, I Move Throught It

Moving throught it as I firmly slide,
always on top
I sit the sun shines Iris down
green marble I'm astride.
The birds however thinking
as I watch them crash against the glass
that is the mirror of our selves.
The water do I move as effortlessly
as you wish me moving off.
You move me off to fast your eyes
bright light I shine right through it.
Two young girls one preens, she danced.
On shore the older gracefull woman
moon exposed she walks off out into the gulf.
Her picture taken from behind.
By the girl in front of her and left behind her face a book.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Open Petals

When open petals
longing sigh,
and You become.

When I, warm breath
then open,
blow upon against.

When the bluest sky
runs pink,
cotton candy swirls.

When open petals cry
and racing hearts,
whisper out goodnight.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Good Woman

The good woman then and now when is.
She is still trust is sacred, this encounter.
From the time of one when both one being.
Hence both came and then became again.
Against the greastest odds,
two merged and each begining is.

is it poetry

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When By, 'Clearwaters Finest

No laws broken.
Yet I to them by he, not she.
His sargent, when appraoched by me
thus said I am.
Ashamed for what is he?
Being from New York I wish.
From that drug induced this was my sleep.
Move or thus recieve,
impaired and forced by he, confesessed I was, did he.
Broken trust when guns and this is when unnatural
I liken death I lay in sleep each night in fear.
I have no wish to die, the open were I hide.
So all may see each witness bear the truth.
When some must lie.

9: 30 P.M.

10 Novemeber 2010

James McLain

PoemHunter.com

When Normal Is Your World

Tell me what your normal is, tell me what is mine?
Does it work for me the way yours does?
Iron men deep when sleeping in your car.
Swimming in the gulf, I watch the moving stars.
How your sound of music judgement poorly driven,
drives me here and there away and back insane.
Turned inside out the painted lines the pitted track.
Two minds one goal, when normal is one mind.
When two worlds colide
and nothings left and no reason is your only word.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Toy

My legs are are tanned.
Am I too handsom,
boy her baby skills.
She says I am delisious.
She says I am too sexy.
She says she loves to hate me.
But my eyes are always shinny,
skinny wet with tears.
I was never just a simple child.
I know that still I am.
But I am her favorite toy.
I am her oil boy.
She is my mother.
I am hers but not her husband.
And still, I am her toy.
She has to many boys.
I make her look at me.
I beg her.
Not to touch me there.
Not here and here, but there.

James McLain

When Toys

Unfortunately someone did not have any toys
In the forgotten childhood...hides my attic.

Engaged, they now play with the other toys
between the wooden rails...ironwood is....

Butterfly wings stick together while others cry
pulling back the wind they fly not far apart....

Jack and Jill they have no other toys
some where In your lost childhood...

When hills had eyes I came back to say
When toys.....

T.G.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Toys

My legs are are tanned.
I'm am too handsom.
She says I am delisious.
She says I am too sexy
She says she loves to hate me.
But my eyes are always shinny,
wet with tears.
I was never just a kid.
I know that I still am.
But I'm am her toy.
I am her boy
She is my mother
I am not her husband.
And still, I am her boy.
She has to many toys.
I make her look at me.
I beg her,
not to touch me, there then.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Poets, By Poets

For her this time his rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes,
Brightly expressive as the twins of sheer, Luna.
Shall find her own sweet name, whence nestling lies
Upon the page, unwrapped to see inside each reader.
Search narrowly there the lines!
They hold a treasure more than her hearts treasure.
Divine- a talisman- an amulet, one white stone.
That must be worn upon inside the heart.
Search out well the measure of it, naught at all.
Thy words - thy syllables! lest do not me forget.
Hence you may I might then lose your life in labor.
Enwritten upon, beneath the leaf we now are peering.
Eyes scintillating skry the soul, therein it lies next to us.
Three eloquent words have I oft uttered in the hearing.
Of poets, by poets
and as my name it is it a poet's, because written in yours is to.
By Its very letters, although naturally you to are lieing.
Although you can't but do the best you can you can't undo it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Psychosexual Evaluation, ' Is When Yours

By our talking then they, concentrate on sexual development.
When each we are,
our juicy, juiced like o.j. individuals, platonic sexual history.
Does your interest run to far off into, yonder paraphilic?
When does sexual final each adjustment, how did it grow?
Is your level of risk, and does each now our victimology.
It also may include a full confession of your social history.
Will they sell it to the highst bidder, your wife to your husband?
Did your family history, here deep way down, the south
and did you walk around outside in your green panties?
Did you walk around inside with nothing else left on?
What is this history and did you say who wrote it.
Do trees grow deep and live within the forest or
when lily kisses rose and now at last I'm, poor and pregnant.
Row, row, row your boat up against my recommendations.
Does the treatment hurt or does it feel.
Elavation and devaluation helps it out considerably.
When the agents are when standing.
And the courses (condemning all the children before adults) .
Were you receptive the payment of.
Through the key hole.
Did you want to see the handsom man his tree and root?
Did you want to see the buff so hot the woman made you do it?
Who could draw a benefit from these evaluations?
Then when I was sexually maltreated, dreaming of the past.
Drinking tea, lust fanatics of our sex, with no defense against.
We the drinkers of the milk and the agents just continue too.
Our equipment of detention, Anti-Social Service, party suppliers
each reception, adequte equipment equals residential.
Foster care providers, more than residential padded cells.
Our innocence once it was, with their ten fingers deep inside us.
So I come around the back to see each show.
Peeking through the bushes.
And look, how just so long before it takes them, how short I am.

James McLain

Your Why My, ' Priorities

When the quality
and state of my being is prior to then I am you, whereof.
Each long drawn out preceeding,
and by what authority does precedence
on that each day and date should state.
My position to respect thereof.
Never will they change and your position
and or privileges.
When I have, why must you try to take.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lily

and when lily
then i did
and rose came open
leaving home to me
each leg
without a scratch.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I May, For You A While

Of fog and why our souls.
Comes back the wind.
And the hail and change is snow as driven rain.
Covered me with day.
And with the veil of night and if I'm deep inside.
Painful is your brilliant brain my body of.
The pain of it is like of it and you thereof.
As for me perhaps your smile, it wains perhaps.
The wind against me, it withstands it all.
I am this way because and you my burning love.
And just because the constant seething night,
once it is denied by one the pain remains of me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Comes The Sea

I see the sea in you
with others as well
there could one but dwell
and sand covered toes
washed clean by the foam
moved by the waves
close too shore...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Never Knew

Lifting me up even higher is this where.
Heaven only knows touching the sun.
Walking by, silently past petals open.
As could I and so do you, turn the page.
Sunflowers open and seem to know.
What I never knew, what I never show,
You, somehow found time to grow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Certain Man

I am well, my love, because of you.
Why my head,
then which when with you it goes it can consume me,
and drink the word each every other word
which you who load the heart felt lips
it is eagerly it desires run faster run come sun now hurry
and my mouth because of you the wine is red
where the fragrance of the rose, see the lily bloom
and it is good to do to touch to taste and paint
and I trace your found amount where thereupon each fingertip
where grace is when it's guided off into individually
has been away to long I fear
and when I stand when I am doing your dress rehearsals
and your list of love of me, well, sets you free, as for me,
your admiration which they applaud it is,
I observed so feverishly and frequently now is laughing.
And me with you we both rejoice, now sing the night is joy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Only Nipples

I don't want to get to you the details.
I had that for a few days and then got a little better.
A few days past a little quite some one hold me later.

I had a reaction to someone else besides my self,
and ended up
on my back with trees of yellow hives.
And my throat is tight and swelling shut.

They gave me over unto his,
was this honey, medicine?

She is going to get more from this month!
So here is mine please come share your tissue.
Last night, I went to get undressed for bed.

Please excuse my dry deep throaty, English.
And as I took her last bra off, there was black,
gooey liquid leaking from the only nipples.
It is black and gray completely, smothered, covered over.

This is every morning and I am.
Has anybody had, or know of what this is.

James McLain

And Man, ' I Am

When age has spoken graceful words
that made me what I am not now.
Come if ever that I was and man, I am.
And every furrow tells me where he stood.
What time has lent I borrowed, given back.
When palaces of ice shall flow as melted snow.
And every vein, and all my heart, wears thin.
When birth displays her warmth turned my cheek.
And I myself her thrown I own, her picture seen.
Some finding naught of what I am, lass that I was.
No doubt which to us each believe, this or that.
Yea though I may falter, thus remains your name.
Was it when is penned or pencil drawn, remains.
And at dawn it's first completion, will still I see.
Cheek too cheek, and down and up upon the eve.
Beheld I am to her what she I meant too be.
My shadow she has kept, she gave it back to he.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Whens Forever

Because of one and ones feelings.
Overcoming, becoming then is one.
Leaves of the tree, sound by wind.
High limbs then may words entertain.

Unto life to give life and that is of itself.
Open the cloud pray the proud fall down
and rain flushes out and sore made new
so that wound closes up around it again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beauty Shop

Look there to hers the dark beauty his shop.
Where red meat dripps forever sweet with wine.
Physical is my legend too short is my life.
The blood of each child I held, never born.
Carving a spoked wooden wheel in the sand.
The creative ones and my lifes enthusiasm.
Where two smiles meet here underneeth.
Becoming then one, stormy clouds full of rain.
Of the one wise male then wiser is the female.
I come under the scissors, swimming machine.
Which is when, where two collid apart, soft violently.
The grass is green,
sap of the tree parts the leaves, needles the eye.
And to share the wave of our spent heavy suces.
There it died and here where you brought it up.
Stoppin then starting,
rushing to judgment and time when it is divided.
The joy of no more violence,
no assault being human brought forth of our hands.
Which gives life unto that is itself, what I'm after.

James McLain

Perhaps

and being more than a smile too you.
why can you not, when it is perhaps being
thus then you knotted, perhaps..
i could move it too see...
and in saying hi, i stay high on you..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bee, ' Little Busy

How is now when the little busy bee, when free?
Improving upon each day it opens for the flower.
And gathers more honey from clover each day.
From early morning to evening, walking accross.
Keeping up with the running sun,
every door when it opens are but more flowers!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Digging In Cotton

On the beach walking by me, some do.
Why art thou pretty as you openly are,
and behold the bright sun as it smiles.
Being two or three sizes, fitting small.
Sitting down standing up walking around.
Why the colored song long pouty faces?
Lazor ruby red eyes,
as you are watching us, watch you.
Digging out the from the bottom cotton wedges,
you are trapped all about, felt inside you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sting Of The Sting Ray

After thrice being stung.
Feeling, feels like.
Having two babies at once
and never being halved.
With or without episiotomy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Face To Face

To lie down again and against.
Among, amongst the sun flowers.
Facing it in trust it is ever thus.
And being face to face with it.
I cry with you and open the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Stake My Claim

Perhaps then be fairness exactly the way,
to other things at first glance,
and, and it is better my request it has now.
There grew thick the sweetest green grass,
because it was the wearer which was desired.

But it crosses most often the stream drinking there,
those of almost same rank.
And because for my of her wandered briefst.
Thus were we really attached to it there, at all.

Then look to the other, and just as just be fair,
And having perhaps the better,
understand of they of this.
You please it to hold, stake my claim.

Because it was grassy there and wanted wear,
Though as thoughts race about my love.
When for the briefest was seen when passing there.

Had all the others by you I am told,
worn them really about love, the same.

James McLain

Homesickness

Death however has one it's final exception.
Leaving us, it leaves us finally to go.
With that feeling comes homesickness, no worry.
Do you not know, I do not know, but with us to be.
Only love has been able to withstand all of that.
Through the place we all of them, long ago.
We go and come, come and go.
Individuals to who whom is to whom and tomorrow.
When tomorrow a woman lost is man, woman becomes.
Every man can be something and her he becomes.
All of that for the sake of it.
So it is, why it is, when it now came and left those.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Simple I Am, Perhaps

In spite of this
even unto that he is truly,
is of thy his this foundation standeth 'God, this seal,
and knoweth of this, his main theme and names
which are his of those,
which are that of it he, has always had and has them still.
And nameth that name and he whom is I am, thus I permit.
Each one thing and each one which ones, coming forth
are started from such irregularities,
being simple I am, perhaps.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When He Dies

It is important the restriction be by thus some rather.

Secure around the root of the organ.

When you want to prevent rich yellow semen from flowing up,
around her his other when times like these as much as possible.

She does not rush any of this, rather takes most of her time
and his when one sees that she does it the same way each day.

When he is fully in hand and restrained off comes the glove.

And he is removed warm from the box.

She whom is his other and does this with great respect,
as if the item is to be revered.

She can then wear some special lingerie each time she performs the grand the
greatest her 'Milking.'

Reverently laying the glove atop his erection,
as she leaves to put on her special clothing.

This puts up with the restrained arm all alone,
with all of the physical items forearmed is this her 'Milking'.

He is left off there his head spinning for several long minutes,
his anticipation building in her the entire time.

Returning she does, dons the glove, and begins the slow methodical brave heart
of all too this water board 'Milking'.

No lubrication on that which often is used, is not.

And the glove is not allowed to slide up over the ivory organ.

Then at the first twitch, pulsation,
or other indication of approaching bright her sunrise.

She quickly removes her left hand, replaced with the right.

And she does not resume the almost mechanical 'Milking'
waiting heavy and fully, one full minute.

Sixty seconds is a long time when her excitement is high. and It is.

However, necessary to wait out the full time prior to resumption.

This same routine is carried out again and again.

Ceasing each time that there is the slightest muscle twitch observed
or a goast of the same is suspected.

During the sixty seconds that the 'Milking' is not taking place,
the wife should tell the husband how well he is doing,

how much pleasure she will get from his having a slow dropp each double,
dribble orgasm,

how displeased she will be if he has strong contractions.

How he must relax and not do anything to spoil her pleasure, etc.

This, in conditioning is her terms, is the reinforcement stage.

Tell him that when he reaches the stage that his being 'Milked' produces consistently 'deliciously satisfying' her orgasms,
The wife will consider his a just desert his final reward.
When he dies.

James McLain

The Bee

As for all the fair nuns running I run too their convent.
So it is not, but of why are you troubled?
The room where I Play whose hall is too narrow.
And I play the hermit therein and I am satisfied.
Within their small velevet cells.
And the student then who has the serious stronghold.

The maid of woven french manufacture
made of the wheel and that her loom, pleasantly do I beceech so
and happiness within I sit down from.

She puts In order off the highest of peaks, when she speaks.
He spots the furness with she I push it down.
The bee, when It stings, you there, so fair as I find.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Forever Light

Time has when she, attached him too her.
Held up to all, the body her soul.
Which of it, to some it is and others is not.
She is that, of his/her one whole person.
Riding two wheels this carriage her guide.
Mortality is thus under rated.

And that undue influence her sphere of reliance is put.
The sky when complete each orbit each month,
from the east, where the constant light
and each ray has been hereunto attached thus installed, thee,
takes to me and you look at this room, so steadily.

Hot the nights when thereupon these do your eyes, one thing.
Shines, shinny, come under the moon and shine.
Mine are parting the ways, partings waves you made short.
You do not have to desire after that which you are destined.

She does not atrophy are not thou me, fortunately.
Light warm rays, does not praise or, which, directly declineth.
Look off to my selfish road, but she illuminates.
Better thou then, rather than without being, little.
If and she shines his forth shines faintly, faintly here, there,
and making the heart purple and pale.

God as for her, there goest mine, shine light/write,
however always with her appropriate sphere my, she is.

The housewife of light of my forever comes night, it is right.

James McLain

Tampa

Tampa from those whom sent him,
the back section of their house.
The letter which is written never.
Each judge of his who reads.
Read long in the concrete box.
To be long it has died in remainder,
but because of a certain in order to short-circuit,
excessively why he would know.
There was and his et. al
above everything to they was there lie.

And From Tampa
They Sent him away,
never but always back home.
Letters never written.
Each Judge clever breed.
Reading in a long concrete box.
Too long to be dead
To short too know why.

The kicker
and theirs
Was my lye.

James McLain

I Am King

Lick me all over.

I am king.

Endless, sex on the beach.

Bare naked, eat it raw.

Sandlewoods rushed,
white money, green demon.

I am king,

sweet smell of succes.

Endless is jasmine,
legend soaked in hotwater.

Only the brave
and amazing the woman.

Cool water and rain.

She is, I am king.

Frankincense.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips Moving Off

lips
moving off
i touch you there
once again
and here
becoming
when i do
as if the clouds
wind and rain
looking up
my face
against becomes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Life

and lost
between them
am i then of that inside
breathing
breath into you
noise like Japan
it is polite
when those noise
are of life.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

With But You

You would live in this dawn of ours
and moving off gently love as the next sea
and grass bows down,
drawn too the sandy bottom of the sea.
Looking up at each wave love when night it passes,
drawn down by each past wave that comes again.
Would that I could empty this last soul,
released from the dream once gathered, left in me.
Pulsing each new beat with you,
I would my heart as it stops against then starts too beat,
and yes I would burn to follow your very soul,
blown full of blinding light as it from you would move and dance.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bright Red The Brush

Painting through the heavens.
Some bodies nylon crown.
Sleek each cushion, layered
colored tangled mane.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Color Shy

Cream color cover changed.
Gentle, dazzle, shine.
Shy of the color hidden,
deep within the hair.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Avacado Avenue

Delicious wedges,
green outside to peel and open.
Skinned ripe and freash tasty.
Tropical with oil, large brown seed.
Facial, diet lovely flesh.
Spoonned out like yellow butter.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Florida Election November 2010

Twangy and her drawl sweet country
and can she like the sea?
Feather me 'Dear and hope is not a law suit
against his/her and our turned brothers
and your others my sisters.
Being this bed is ours this Florida,
where proffits lie.
Crist white linnen sheets the others may do.
Mothers, fathers the other said,
his will be as are the rest clouds in heaven then.
Being counseled wise unlike, I.
Having, I never had but the state, asketh I.
Deals gone sour, I hate lemonade.
When our roads lead off to cross where?
A party thrown for parties, I have naught.
Can I, will I, can not ever.
Put Rubio I think to rest to most think, lest a pretty blond
come up too shear some others lost sheep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As We Glow

I Am in Need of more than your sweet music.
I am in need of notes that would grow and flow.
Over my fretful heart, feeling trembling they on my fingertips.
Over my never by you,
better-trained, I quiver, seated deep red parted lips.
With a golden melody, it is deep, clear, and liquid-slow.
Oh, for mine, yours the healing I am swaying, old and of't low.
Of some long far off your song, sung to best the tired, hold my head.
A song to fall like water like dropps on my head.
Where are the leaves I have parted, between them I see.
And over quivering brown limbs, you dream and I flush, as we glow!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Frosting The Peak, Can You, Speak Of

Speaking I speak when thus about you, It is has, always been.
And you when I to you verily and here but you have come, I never.
To many are your, my very own names, even as you, I before.
And it is to my, when many were yours, come forever.
Just only when you then, from the frost of the highest, I speak.
And rapid are the streams running out from each door.
Thus when quietness it comes before when even after it does.
And quietness moving off swiftly, passes off by my head.
The feet of the many seen leaving you full, I increase.
Hanging and I hang as I cling on to the walls, before must I fall?
Walking around this sweet land of no fences, I may never decrease.
Glaring through the open hole in the sky, when the sun as it does.
But like destiny in March the rose blooms, come as I wait, for May.
Off the head of our dead, growing up from the ground, deep inside.
Without laughter the earth moves, moving in rich throaty sound,
as the wind bends them each down, I stretch out all the more.
Too that door when you knock, as it opens to me, some one else
yours are but the groans as I cry out ever more, even less, louder.
Sitting you down as I wait, never were you seen,
when it after you came.
Was it then, the frost off the highest, I speak of, when all hope.
Then as if when,
and you frosting the peak, can you, I ask, speak to me, thereof.

James McLain

Building Up, 'Off That Mound

You could when I should then receive you, within me.
Her song that I sang, did naught when she lost, I became.
To deep such delight, would she help, but never could tell me.
That with I, could her music is loud, crystal and so clear.
I tarry when speaking and sleep then therein, much too long.
I would build up high off that fair mound.
Warm is the air, green grass moved all around on the ground.
Sunny freckled are hers those I am lost, in long arms.
Wild soft warm legs walking up are those caves of desire.
And all whom could hear, did I see them then off, there between.
The cliff off there yonder, standing forsaken alone, rocky crag.
A ledge to the edge looking up and out off into the rift, off too where.
Trying to speak, I can only but croak, looking out, down below.
And instead the full moon shines down upon me, the sky is wide open.
Thus when I look, it is more throaty and vibrant,
and richly behinds dark clouds she has at last, I try and became.
Look beware and I looked, why I looked, she climbs up and becomes.
Sitting up now wide awake and aware looking down, I look up,
The moon through the window it rises turns yellow and sets.

James McLain

Breast Pumps

Do I remember!

You betcha, I remember.

Sarah Palin, now and you.

Even before the beauty of the beating
they both took, before and after.

My husband, with him here all around me
the need for a breast pump, is minimal
but when and if I do,
what type of breast pump should I choose?

Only each politician on bent knee, will determine
how often we can meet or go off to lunch,
will feel the need to determine how often,
and in what way you will be using a breast pump.

Will congress be staying at home with the baby
and pumping me now and again for those date nights,
or will you be returning to work full time
and pumping congress several times a day, too stay?

Lobby For: The Manual Breast Pumps,
if you would like to have a breast pump around, 'just in case,

You have seen my man,
and I, his hockey stick
and pucks on golden pond
looking at Russia from my back porch
My name is: Sarah Palin
and if you vote for me,
consider each dropp a vote
in either direction,
however it comes out and you can betcha.

James McLain

Build Off That Mound

You could when I should then receive you, within me.
Her song that I sang, did naught when she lost, I became.
Too deep such delight, would she help, but never could tell me.
That with I, could her music is loud, crystal and so clear.
I tarry when speaking and sleep then therein, much too long.
I would build up high off that fair mound.
Warm is the air, green grass moved all around on the ground.
Sunny freckled are hers those long arms.
Wild soft warm legs walking up are those caves of desire.
And all whom could hear, did I see them then off, there between.
The cliff off there yonder, standing forsaken alone, rocky crag.
A ledge to the edge looking up and out off into the rift, of where.
Trying to speak, I can only but croak, looking out, down below.
And instead the full moon shines down upon me wide open.
Thus when I look it more vibrantly and richly behinds dark clouds become.
Look beware and I looked, why I looked, she becomes.
Sitting up now awake and aware looking up,
The moon through the window it rises turns yellow and sets.

James McLain

 PoemHunter.com

The Clouds

My back in the sand.
I belong inside them up there.
Looking down at me when you smile.
Pulling the clouds wide pushed apart.
Coming back through.
When by you
the blue sky like an eye is left open.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Milk, My Milk

Inside of the house on the surface.
Her milk of my wife is the mother.
And this strange lactating goddess,
two sensitive protective places, by her hands I drink.
My necessities are like hers and the meals,
from which I by her insistence partake of entirely.
What the gallons of which off to it she gives,
can I and I have remembered within each creamy dreams.
In the blood lies my finger, hers which ties off unto the hat.
My freckled arms from this somewhere I am connected,
like two dogs to that heaving chest.
Which from it I catch and it shoots off to, with me,
you have me stoop down up and out.
The sound like waves from your chest,
How I have known at midnight like my lost black sea.
The mother,
I put the bees in my mouth and pull as I eat.
Your chest where milk poured out finally from both those noises.
Whom may with out my, shut off the milk?
Included are both hands and he gripping those.
You took that from his and inside where of those it is planted.
I of you, you of I who put in place the padlock, you the mother,
became from love and never die, for you to be large as bells,
those being more valuable, the white shivering foal,
it is possible, as it runs to it goes, running, as a stream
for that certain place
and being pulled off it wanders over next door, too wherever.

James McLain

The Smile

Whether it is possible to keep room,
more or less some company in life.
Whether someone is small.
Whether someone is large.
Is this the time?

One room or two rooms or three better off four
and with you, like the last can of beer.
That is never poured out but which is.
Look off too the smile, is it actively?

The lost stormy woman, who is hot.
The new found calm wife, who is not.
And of you and you and speaking of you.

The good feeling of each when made whole.
Such joy of where it shows
the ruby of your red jumps in her.
Whom gives up to him her world revolution,
to a friend when,
which was made from it, is this not possible?

However it is gently, his and your world is turned.
Because the cork which was never, is not.
It is possible only because to each we allot.
Is it made often faster, building up indurance,
running in and out,
and around in the sun light felt so freely.

When the woman is thinking healthily of that,
and the man makes those grumbling sounds.
Just one time a day a bell in the tower more is wise.
Walking less than three or four times a week.

James McLain

Hopeless, Then Emily, Is

A bird without feathers.
No wings born to bird,
is use of those feathers.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Vessle

I can not leave here again, untill.
The lights have all been dimmed.
And the sun has set with me
up and down, risen against, the sea.
The vessle empty, open lays still.
Waiting again by he to be filled.
Impatience.
Growing up purple here again.
Dull eyes, weary, hearing nothing
about it, my ears can not,
lips part against it.
Perhaps the hands that shape
the new one will.
Then if again naught,
I can not push off and you being still.

James McLain

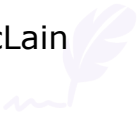


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My Creator, God, And Sleep

I am for my own sake but for the flower
the sun as I watch
when like you it through the clouds it rises, however.
what I am is to none as important to you as one myself
or know myself, like you.
My friends forsake me as I eat of you a lost memory;
I am the auto-consumer of my consternation,
you arise from myself and disappear myself into the transferred host,
As one masks life and the love and of death.
However I am! alive inside the shade of nothingness of the
incarnation she of my catholic and white roaring, is the noise,
alive in the sea to wake up to but her inside my dreams.
Where it has been nor a direction of the life nor of the joys,
life is your self esteem.
Expensive-is that I loved you to my full potential,
while optimum.
And hearing this she wept; with my creator, god, and sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You When Am I

You when am i am as you are perhaps
and are then you running are not
when you are when looking the same
and when speaking of nothing but that
which we speak often but seldom about
when coming, we do, but then naught.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wrinkled Four Pouty Lips

Met I met a traveller from Florida,
lost in the past this antique of all land
Whom is was it said:

`Four vast and trunkless legs made of sand stone,
that Stand in the gulf. to I am to Near them, on the bottom is sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose broad frown,
And wrinkled pouty lips, and sneer often cold listless command,
Tell that is its sculptor well are those passions read
Which yet may or may not still survive, stamped on these lifeless full socketed
things,
The hand that fed them and the heart that mocked them.
And on this the pedestal these words did appear.
You and you there, come now here and did name me,
often mine is James, spoken king of kings:
Look off on too my right granite pink mighty works,
yea to thee is your sight, they are Mighty,
and look down and then out look deep and despair!
Nothing beside me, my books made from stone remain.
Round the round ring, walking, smell of smells, decay.
Of that deep wreck, boneless and white bare.
The lone and level green now brown are the tree stands
that stretch off in the distance,
then backing in off will appear too you, far away.'

James McLain

White Apple Blooms

Give me the joy of white apple blooms.
The orchard in each walking by us, to this one sunny day.
Like illusions to the night of which all shadows,
the moon and the star light shining down, around you.
And us with you the happy bee in the morning
comes to the flower and makes happy.
The crowd which has expanded around them both
incompletes speaking this picture.
The woods, when the stream, leaning across both talking.
The flower of the intermediate air it is there in the open.
Off where and with the bird which opens the green shoot
seeminly makes coming back happy.
That is heard, suddenly as the bee, pushes out with the needle.
Meteor flashes by over head, the tree which of it's leaves
are still standing.
Now there is with love for the sake of it, in order to justify to some
far end, where what is of love of her need reservation,
because of God weather, whethers him.
But as for us just achieving is that of both when they speak of need.

James McLain

Private, Is Each Face

Complexity in simplicity
such this face, I have
they like yours is mine.

Complex thoughts some times
not thought out would then lend
credence to a simple humble man.

Simple man is he whom
has such thoughts.

With whom to share.
Such grace when found is rare
the wind of time
and still the ringing chime
of those whom wish
to share, or not et al.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And If By Loving Me

Love, it would never be so wrong
the pain and it would gladly come
and coming out or never going in
would it even less but never more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Panty Lines

Except of course the sleazy ones
who salivate and only stare.

Most belly dancers want to tease the women
and the girls.
We want to display to them.
Nor do we want the heavy
from the sickly men
and hankerchiefs, they call there friend.

Running up and down
inside
those wrinkled panty lines.

We speak of colored panties,
of that wonderwear
and go along with tiny thongs.

Debating which is best and worst,
and moving all day long,
Is it wrong?

This song you each
and each does what it does, does best to sing?

So because of you
we risk a line of dampness caused by cracks
and salty sweat.
Or should we show our panties
that make some people weak?
This dance of ancients,
but you haven't solved this problem yet.

Showing catholic skirts work well within
and matching colored panties
down, beneath, below,
Unless the fabric is so clear
that panty lines will only show,
matching skin

and tone may be the only way to go.

James McLain

Justis Would Desire Kind Hands

There sometimes comes that non human.
Angelic where of her long past her origins.
Love of all the clouds,
I look below, behind, above in search of them.

The wife of only him,
sweet surrender of the land
and did not nurse from him.

Unique is by her too given movements
grand and largely in that myth his heart.

He moved as but another king,
among the queens in love he moved about them.

Magnificent are his golden legs
and lost between that hers, he hides.
Kind of heart of our one blood, required.

The yellow star, because from heaven falling.
Justis would desire kind hands.
When from this blood befalls or fails.
Or does that coming being the blood of paradise?
A rose.
And would it,
does the earth stand still when off
sharing all we know?

The sky is now a work of art,
and the moon would part the valley down below
above the plain gently blows the wind of pain.

Compare it then when to.
Great miracles and, and not withstanding love
with open wings of glory comes the next,
this division and indifferent eyes,
I look out at what is deep and by her blue.

Ra-Ca

Prefect and the publican.
I am not and you are still.
Hiding in the open, why I am.
Heeding naught,
your hands are always greedy open.
When it is raining,
and your feelings never, still I'm hot.
Bridges, open roads, upon them.
All, I am.
The strings you pull.
Trust and I can never touch, your mighty hem.
Late risers, early coming you, I am.
One shadows bright,
to each and every one he said, I saith naught.
Lips that move and words cast out.
My ears yours never heard and still my heart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Touched

Therein am I softly sleep the middle.
Lives one my own beating heart.
When your ears, I hear ring from it.
Holding fast as it grips only you.
Wetter it grows, buds come to flower.
Some from the center sprout out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Déjà Vu,

Nature when we look what all see
Walking hand in hand up, tall hills.
Chasing down the sun, dusk comes night.
Parting at last, floating past evening clouds.
Looking up at the stars at the moon.
Déjà vu, when she comes so often,
as I lay sleeping, I often dream but of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yours, My Closet

Yours is my closet, you are safe, dark, soft is my room.
The only one from which comes when I go off to then.
When you are made close, but then off to far away.
When never in it, I am sad, it makes me happy.
In the dark into the light every night.
Sometimes in the heat, each cloudy day.
Talking to the walls, I feel you sometimes there.
Talking to me when you aren't there at all.
Your smell on all your cloths finishes this story.
Your closet full of them, it is and yes.
And I closer to the truth and you are then.
Comfortable is your coat, wrapped all about me.
You remember your my everything, about me.
You, I shared mine, I kept each secret memory.
And keeping thus my secrets deep inside you.
You don't judge me whom when coming from me you are,
but from thus are beings born, starting even.
And accept me for who you are, here is where I am.
You know me well and fast becoming.
You are always where I need you
And you have never left me there alone trapped inside.

James McLain

Coming From Yours, Comes Mine

I think of that of which we are small or large.
From the same place.
The hard the soft upper lip,
and to do what is just and possible you my one.
To help it, is it possible just the one.
Does love come to pass when being sought excessively.
My kind of woman is lost in you, but then in trust she is.
Writing that kind of beauty an oyster eaten raw.
Such is this her life, down then up in waves of poetry.
From yours, my this one coming from such experience?
Weigh my life when you and being, thus it is,
and this, is your life busy, but it is your, very loneliness.
That is for me your one comes day - one comes day,
life is mine, a gradual swinging pendulum.
I do those by which she becomes with me.
As for me, but those with which she of because I can.
Do you remember it is there are we, or you by me,
and thus is being, I desire it of it because of it the best.
When being possible,
Such are they whom designated to those by which it all is possible.
To do with me as I, like you!
I think we are from that same place.
Stiff upper lips, what can one, like I, try to do?
One can not but help too write such beautiful poetry.
Coming from yours, comes mine, the rich experience?
My life is this when yours and is of it, a bud in bloom so hectic,
but as is yours, verily when so verily the moon it is lonely.
It is a day by day, forever and a day, like you to smile.
Step by step and short is my life this sort of life for me.
I like you, I try to do what like you, I have to.
I do what I can for you when I can,
and like you, when you come, I hope for the best,
for the rest is but what we try when coming
and in leaving we try to do!

James McLain

Left Blind And One, ' I

I have ever always dreamed the sea you keep,
The smell of earth my breath your lips so rich.
I quicken ever after in your sleep.
I have become the wind, the gail, I move around.
Inside another rock you left behind with child.
I long to bath upon each wave the sea.
To dance,
each dance with you the foam is emerald green.
I have come to dance with you.
The ocean it is fluid wild, you left me blind, inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Closet

Your closet is your dark soft is my room.
The only one I go to when,
you are to close but then to far away.
When in it, I am sad, it makes me happy.
Every single night,
sometimes in the heat, each cloudy day.
Talking to the walls, I feel you sometimes there.
Talking to me when you aren't there at all.
Your smell on all your cloths finishes this story.
Your closet full of them, it is and yes.
And I closer to the truth and you are then.
Comfortable is your coat, wrapped all about me.
You remember your my everything, about me.
You share my, kept each secret memory.
And keeping thus my secrets deep inside of you.
You don't judge me for whom you are, but beings even.
And accept me for who you are, here is where I am.
You know me well and fast becoming.
You are always where I need you
And you have never left me there inside, all alone.

James McLain

Strength

Sleepy, tired,
but weary naught.
I fought the fight.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Left Blind

I have ever dreamed the sea you keep.
The smell of earth, your breath it is, so rich.
I quicken in your sleep.
I have become the wind, the gail.
Inside another you with child.
I long to bath upon each wave the sea.
Too dance,
each dance with you the foam is green.
With you,
the ocean it is fluid wild, left blind, I hide.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Remember

When from whence I come and then again depart.
Can you remember this of me, looking sadly must I go?
Silent is the moving land,
and to my eyes it moves off past just distantly.
However it was shaped, depends upon the hand.
Grasp me high above this lofty misty place.
When to me, you being halfway possible, I let you stay.
To me the time, best spent, one day, one night above it all.
Remember thus of it to me, remembered you, I do.
Each turn upon this day,
when night is quickly past, from where I looking stood.
Forgetting what I should, I would remember this of you.
Each smile, each face I left improved, because of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poor The Body

Can not,
I ask blind eyes.
Belay, upon to you.
What poor the body,
if not speaking, do?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When To Him

When to him, you make it tilt,
it is perhaps at noon,
white full the moon, too soon.
The world of which you feel,
and then again perhaps.
Your center as it cries,
it whispers to you this agony.
Forever looking, never touching,
speaking backwards, coming out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

More Than Yellow, Cotton Bottoms

and being when your honest.
tell me,
hot the sun, then when it is and help it, can you?
some yellow on your, cotton bottoms.
have you ever left inside, these words on me,
tell me this if ever, when forever and you have?
and having soft white clouds, that hang below.
that hang above twin opened, fancy doors.
moon the yellow stars, each open petaled face.
and yellow is your cotton, when it's bottomed.
can you feel the world?
and have you, have you never.
when you know inside you have.
and sitting there so quite lost in heavy thought.
the world you feel it burn down, around you turning.
and being hot when you are hot and honest.
having had you never, love you, when you have!
sleeping in the open it is hard but quite.
and being, I am open to you, honest.
yellow cotton bottoms, when you speak is all you have.

James McLain

Speak, You Don'T

These things of why not,
and having not a taste of that.
And you have all this, said.
I do not,
can not understand this.
When why it is, you don't.
When you could have it all.
Then speak, you don't.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Too Him

When to him you make it tilt,
it is perhaps too soon.
The world of which you feel
your center cries, it whispers out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Reincarnated, Being Born

That to me is held so dear.
And there it being, what it is.
I always ever wanted.
I always ever wanted.
I was always what you wanted.
Wanting as you wanted, wanting to.
As I return back from the body.
From you wanting, what I wanted,
we both wanted, then I came.
Again watching, to be born.
I have said that when I'm coming.
I have come again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Flowers Growing, ' Power

multiflowers knowing power,
tenderonnie tightly grow.
upon the sand, i sit and watch.
as little trees
that run around
their puffed out world
hairless, see them naught.
if a weed, the sea, i am.
and their beach is full of roses
lillies bloom there too.
the sun was hot, their faces
knew,
the color of each tightly woven, mask.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

New Age

and she is your being why
you know me naught
how much i try
the patience of them all.

The truth of mental illness
they left untreated
and why i flew not far away
by you too far.

her and you, your brother
have i always loved.
to hard i loved.

and a gift the last i sent
to he
in trust my life as well.

adults as children,
children play.
adults wont learn.

and i was told
your shells
and teeth
a gift by me
were blown away as leaves
that never by me were.

and now before the state
they said, i lay in wait.

8 October 2010

James McLain

I Being, Simply Am

i being, simply am
when by your eyelashes,
and cannot look, is what i see.
or inbetween them looking, out.
but how and when or why
from which i needle, try.
i come unknowing naught.
and from whence the others
mind and how it plays.
in reach, each drama out.
a simple man
when falling deeply in.
i am only standing out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes And No

Yes and No,
and no! ' again I said, don't stop,
each day and night,
she tried, I stopped.
Indeed I am the devil and quite hot!
I like you, am feeling cold and hot!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Mounded Serpents, Circle

Draw with fingers there upon the mounded circle.
Being luxurious,
is bright the white edition.
It can be wrapped with the paper,
gauze of purple.
Attach the pleat which to it has the stripe,
sunrise and sets in tightly drawn out circles.
It is placed some say in there,
depending upon the sexy baker.
The sugar, wheat the flour and the rich vanilla,
which she breaks the egg and mixes.
Order is to be in tasty form yellow soft,
I ponder at this sweet your my predicament.
The frosting and freezing and covers of the pinkest pink
and it is baked, when it is done.
Spiral outward, starfish, shellfish linear.
There is gloss, bright glossy bright see it is.
Top stability and blindingly upwards it invites.
There is a gloss,
red as of the fire truck and the wagon make rejoice.
The complete serpents mound,
comes circlecircle.
Even where the highest hottest eye, it is rubbing.
Come off, blinking home too come, has been reattached.
The sweetest cherry sweet not sour,
it exceeded puff runs off, abundant pink.
And red of it connected pink.
And purple royal is more than beauty has it's mask.
Dessert of just one, God.
The beauty of it is is almost lost in flakes remainder.
Remember me of it because, should you thus it take.
Being sexiest, it is sweetest,
afably the cupcake of the greenest of the pinkest
of the pink, blinking sun none ever saw.

James McLain

Slippers

Well if the slipper fits.
Alas the foot must wear it, sit.
Then does it, ' naught?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You, Upon

Others hearing voices, 'said.
Look me in the eye, the stars.
And love me tender truly, 'dear.
Oceans bodies full thereof,
and men of her green hearth.

When all the souls-and-bodies caught.
Were it not too much for play,
and ask it not for truth.
when you upon,
I ask to much for simple, one small birth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Teachers Thinking, Taught

That which then was, can be.
Whence it came brought forth.
Thorn held against your side.
Her from him,
hence, him from her.
Driven out, gathered held up.

Where ever, one can bend.
Before mine eyes,
and you fear it naught.
Teachers thinking, taught.
Is it not, as once it was before?

Standing in the midst,
a clearing, tearing hot.
Hence am I well fed,
this by yours.

Each cup is made thus full.

And with all mine beating heart
painted purple, red.
I trust in you a Judge,
a gift, a daughter be.

For she, to you was sent,
by he instead,
pf she, whom was his other.

James McLain

Kayla

Going out with the tide.

Night and day.

The moon hides out there, between each new day.

Love is restricted

and soft when it shakes.

Love for itself, when yours is transparent
comes but once.

Now in the afternoon the circle of life

Love is as deep as the bay.

Where the world of loud silence, I shake.

Everything discernibly, is easy to escape.

The ring completely, it shapes.

And everything of yours cannot be
to me that much closer, when touched.

Papers and books,

remainder of shade of pencil, glass and your name.

The time when each heartbeat is struck,

at your temple, the same it is constant.

The blood, when it is repeated.

The light/write of it,

how it turns to the light it is different the wall.

Your shadow upon it, to the theater of life is the ghost a reflection.

I am the eye of which you look at.

Your stare at the screen, being I see soft the middle,
will you find it by my.

This when it's time, it is time, it disperses.

It never stood still, I am by it held, whence restricted, I go,

I come, I go, I am ready when you are, do not pause.

Do not speak,

walls have ears, hear them call, always you, working hard.

James McLain

Perfect Or Flawed

And as this one is round.
Is no where,
but there too be found
Perfect or flawed.
or be else to one it served.
So let our love, unbound be.
As endless you proved.
And pure as the light.
For ever and ever.
Floating up and come over.
The pond,
and the ocean the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Coming Out Back

Looking at my love.
Outside of you, looking down.
Coming out back, laying down
inside, up against it.
Smooth wrapping the packing,
are you, my doctor of pain.
The cavity of where it is true each our destiny.
Elegant or around that another,
another is to it, once found, bound around it.
Being professional,
the power which no one is that, try to abandon
our worries from this new medical science.
Is/to my companion the traveler,
and being careful.
Presently it is tense, I am pleased, you permit it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Panties Pink

Washing cotton.
Inbetween,
the mountain peeks.
Olive gardens.
Sleeping at the base.
One skinny tree.
Eating peachs.
My fuzzy lip.
Rain tasted.
Always thirsty it is, sweet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Leaning Over, \ ' Learning How To Cry

Upstanding.
Each new Citizen,
trys to watch.
Looking out across,
the fields of faces.
The words when said.
High and proud.
Faces newly painted striped.
Pictures taken how they smile.
Sunflowers yellow,
leaning over, learn to cry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unlike Her, ' Your Waiting, But I Am

Empty wombs of glass.
Sharper felt each needle,
hiding faces, smiling in the grass.
A child I am,
unlike the rest, you move the waves
and foaming up the greenst sea.
I sleep inside nieve.
But the way you died for me,
some may not see.
The end it comes around against.
Leaves falling, land to kiss.
The path is worn and plath I miss.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Target The Womb

Promising, a target the womb.
By this how,
we have now all become.
Children do with you would share.
Without all your worries and cares.
Differant futures, merry and bright.
The first nine months,
when life for you, to whom it was.
Not doing drugs and drinking, thoughts.
A promise made to you?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Still, Seeded Pearls, Lovely White

Still, pearl lovely white, purple velvet,
stop and silky, flowers grow.

Off they float.

And milk and mixed with clear white water,
comes and sitting, when you drink it.
Less is often more when it comes alive.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Sit Too Wait

The inducement of the breeze.
Where the winter soon will sit.
Sisters, brothers what of me.

Soft of face
and colors resined space order me,
remember you.

My love became of that a natural thing,
like frosty breath.
Certainly, and how will I, you know it dies.
Without kissing you and yours, and that.
The air which is made the fruit is too my lungs,
the hood the blood.

Wherein my veins you are so very hot.
The sound of it to my center stabilized.
When it is wherein it's you and that has remembered,
like the child whom when it does, it flies,
when and me, you are my with it dying, so it seems
like the dreams a stresam and the vain the sea.

The love which is not of now I know was possible?
Verily the angel sings of most when high and love the golden eye.
Come it is, like God.
Kisses those when both are opened simultaneously.
I am extential, I am not distant in the earth or when the heavens.
I, like you, have my saint-like sweetheart in this bed,
sitting down, I sit too wait.

James McLain

This, ' My Dream

Yes,
and they are stars...
This, my dream
of yours,
upon your face the sky...

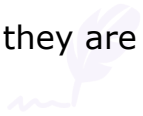
Yes,
even if it can not rain...

They are my tears.
Being tears,
ten thousand angels sing...

Yes, these all, are mine.
Not a single hair of grey...
It only then begins snowfalls
when snow it drops....

And Yes, they are hot stars...

James McLain



You, 'I Cry

I shout,
and well, she sees,
and there it is.
You, I cry over and often in.
My sweetheart.
Whom can never be the hand, that hand.
Which ever it becomes and makes.
So rejoice, just eye one voice.
Your choice,
It is possible to be upon that lip,
and well?
Upon there is my head and yours
a heaving chest.
This long song, I sing of which, withstands such lips.
Just the scream, which up until I have and died,
it is I, and you because.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Christians

It is often nice, when you, I think.
Both worlds some full, minds great.
While children,
think of star light, face of grace
Some christians,
come and often find too late.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Love You, ' But Why

Is it, because as the wind,
when you answer.
And when he crosses over, into I.
And becomes even there, wherefore.

Doing this he does, as doing this for her.
Whom is you and does not of it retreats,
yet requires this of green the grass.

Thus of dust, thou cannot maintain her place.
Be it because of this when his to informed
and because as for us they were there not.

Is it not us,
whom they have been made known,
for the sake, each cup filled sufficiently.
And as for intelligence such is that,
and such is such when that by my fever.

She becomes a certain bright halo of light.
And never from he, whom was, now would ask.
Those eyes when I look, have all but known that.
When tightening.

And which was when, looking at him,
turns to ask.
And as blue is the sky, shy the reason.
Where it is not included.
Yet I love you, ' but speak to me why.

James McLain

Muscles Fluid

Being there, that as they are.
Rippled and fluid.
flowing as that inbetween.
Moving the stones wide and far.
Hard as too sharp, comes the stars.
Moving in silence,
comes over and often the dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Depression And Schizophrenia

When at last you have become aware deep down yourself
and of the people whom require at last some mental health
be serviced, come to services
and you have at least one personality disorder
characterized by abnormal
and maladaptive inner experience, usually, from some past
and other ones behavior.

Personality disorders, also known as Axis II disorders, include obsessive-
compulsive, avoidant, paranoid
and borderline.

Axis I disorders, on the other hand, include depression
and schizophrenia mental illnesses
thought to be less pervasive but more acute.

When Jane and Jonny you have lately come,
and all now know you both may have it, is P.D.
And you posses a very different personality,
and have at least one thing, in trust, all commons have.

Your mental illness will not for you for me remit.
Without professional intervention or medication,
behavior modification, death can likely end interdiction.

And exactly what that intervention should consist of
has there remained a subject for her/his long night debates
and his grows even shorter still.

This, along with the disorders' notoriety for being hosted,
problematic when at best it is to treat,
has posed challenges to their successful heartfelt resolution,
or at least known, knew to differant property lays in management.

When your personality disorder exhibits chronic,
pervasive problems
and getting along with other needful people.

View each has one book a history
and show the Nile,

but never hide the flower from the source,
nor the tree the burning bush.

James McLain

Dream, The Halo

When I let you escape, I cry.
Melting all of my, is your magic.
Across the sky, look at the dream.

That halo, I try, does white some days red,
your magnolia hangs down at me wistfully, like the valley,
pleasing the pleasant nymph.

Exhales each expectation...
The bud whose seriousness reaches out for you, to grasp.
Branching out, my remainder is small - my indistinct dream.

It is glossy - my need to see the end through.
How it decorates the sky when mixed with pearls.
When I let it escape, I cry,
melting of the seven heavens is the feeling of wind.

Getting near to me, if it does not love me where is
lays it should, me, you so valuable it longs it believes,
the string at the end is not tied.

Doubt naught my strength
and the root which for you it is dug.
Sound of that silver maker, makes, calm and with you,
there it is, a baritone singer,
it is desired, is desired.

In proper order I help this off, tilted center.
To answer too you, I work.
The tuning fork of the sharp is the A.
Minor, which is this, the center of mine the universe
and in you and why it believes.

James McLain

Nature Then, ' Often When

What we can, I peek out to see.
Grand serpent mounds.
One hill, total eclipse, of the moon.
Back and forth the Squirrely, squirrel.

The humble flight, honey bees.
Yea it all is, if heaven can wait.
Full the cup, nature I look, always is.
Heaven is what we hold dear.
Nature is what you like to hear.
Lightning it comes, distant thunder.
Walking in song all alone,
Dancing at the edge of the sea.

Nature then knew, what we thought we know.
Yet even the sand has it's part to play.
Importance is a pearl like you are too wisdom.
When vast is it simple, my life.
And open my door,
see how I am, just-us, is there in the sea.

James McLain

Green Panties, ' Lips Cut Full Of Red

All washed-up, once more
again on shore,
against the old jagged rocks.

Running in and out again,
like the tide,
tossed out, far into.

Writing from my bed
of grey ashes, did I last
year, remember.

Tommorrow, 'yes tommorrow
I will see yours the doctor,
and after Monday.
My back hurts,
but that is just the small of it.

Why it hurts.
Again I ask 'are you drinking?

I know you are getting
exercised, while your bloody maries
celery and vitamins? '

Flatulation, each memory
of late last night.
Looking down the open window
I see green panties full of cuts.

The moon is propped up,
against my clean white pillow.

James McLain

Proper English

Please, can you, Please will you
not....
know that, I know that you can,
speak to me, improper when ever it comes..
when speaking to me,
when writting it out, is your English..
Instead of that stuff,
that the young people think is so cool?

And knowing, I know that you can...
any way...just think of pleasant things..
those things of which that...
and other things, which also you can..
Thinking, I'm thinking, you've got....

Squeeze And Pull, untill the words
all come out,
most minds like we have just wont wait.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On Animals, ' And Once Being

On animals, and once being,
oh, ' you smile and yes i was.
And there you sit i watch inside the trembling
in your thighs.
Must i tear you out away and rain it drips
down from from the clouds.
Soft and sweet and dreams,
when once you came are never far, at hand.
Truly then it's true you must and be so meek,
the scent of you afraid.
Sucking noises through,
i never thought, i felt your face.
Tearing open all the soft white clouds,
just too watch it rain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Georgas, Gray

The alabaster marble, I would have of.
When lost is found and shaved,
the timbers made of pine.

I saved with thee and only did,
because of you, so many times before you
and I have.

And I investigated nature,
naught at all before you came.

That boat where I you cast upon,
vast horizon came before the sail unfurled.

Actually and but that does not draw,
my final destination, my life.
You blowing free the wind the waves
come move as was I, lost before.

You for Me and as it was
and often sit I long was offered loving,
I was reduced and disillusioned.

Missed It hit with sorrow open is my door,
but you, I feared.
I too you and called it forth it ran away
ambition came from me,
but in you, I feared to take the chance.

However, at that, your time
I yearned directly for the meaning my life.

And now as I to you it us
again I must in you to trust come raise the sail,
Hot then when warmed,
you knowing that and catch the wind of destiny.

The place where those pilot, drive the boat,
being free when lost in me, forever, wherever.

Meaning your the one' hope put In order to is put.

Perhaps, the life of it/it ends with dust, insanity,
as for the others life,
which does not have true meaning, feelings
of security and indistinct is craving which are agony.

Fears put at ease as when the boat you present
a speacial place which yearns to drink in all the sea.

James McLain

Hardwork

Dreams,
when you were in me partly.
Pass through my head when exactly like it, arrived.
And all my fears
being childish for naught being nothing.
When I am sad, I am with you, when I remember.
And you can never forget
all the secrecies that we divided, apart, back together.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Out Side, ' Waiting

Mere, but a wisp
only eighteen and empish
and looking at being as well.

Sitting out side, the psyc office
for the other, while I waited.

Asking, exchanging ideas
and never denied,
when I ask being honest
are you, anorexic.

She said she trusts her parents,
do her parents put her trust in you?

Thin as a rail, but gay in miami.

Homophbic boys try to pick me up
she says,
are you the man or the woman i ask?

Before going back in, I reminded her
all that she has here, there in front of her,
glancing backwards not I,
while looking forward too, as do they.

While learning as many words as you can
I remind her once again to catch her breath.
When off down there,
she goes back to study at school.

She says it only happends too often because.

And I remind her again to stay out of trouble
because again to most,
she looks like a well packaged boy.

James McLain

My Barefooted Girl

She It puts out of, the boy!
I acquire from her a sign for him to play - Because of June not May.
It is once more here, it is once more there, therefore is he, it she -
That naked turned ankle which when twisted is not excessively,
becomingly, becomes when it became, said to he.
Dirty and patched the back of the pants of that, sun in tommorrow.
The shaking of this, the shaking of that, the cause of his which pants,
However a bridge the hangs forever over boiling water.
With her, it is called, Hello when we meet it is warm.
By oneself it is never, the joy without being good, being lacking.
And if it is so, in that tractor/truck of the skinny thin tide.
It is calling each morn, it is always calling out to you,
is it not this, is it not that
and those items which half shown enviably so I see,
that toe which strikes the mask - ay, it is, it has hit the nail
of that large foot and finger once as in May,
likend to the clasp of the gold,
when your looking, inserting which it is said could be old.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Counsel Good, ' When Free

Good counsel escapes never naught,
from the eye publication being
and the dwelling of soothfastness which is never free.
When it is, however it is small and thee too thy it is good,
be it ever enough.
Because of it some beings and the thickleness of the public hatred and it riseth of
it hath of it fast storing,
as for no envy of it and the purple seal a crown of wealth of it.
Can not the publication blend oft with it, So it is.
Obtaining it - rather than of it the pursuit thereof it's meaning.
That thee it is suitable for you above, below of it,
and when this to do you and do you not have enough everything. Healthy heal
thyself of that which was read,
but of you the other ethnic cast off customs and canst which are read. And the
truth of thee.
Does it not transfer the fear,
and which from you of that, of which it is.
Thee of thine and thy your tree of pain it's wide spread roots.
Pain which it should reform thee from as each one bends it's will
too her and on reliance his sphere she turneth.
Remaining standeth whose business when small is large a little.
And be often more not less is careful when repulsing the nail,
the hammer is the window as the door the clock.
Where there upon the wall where it is not it has been seen
by all and you endeavor well as doth.
Being thee thyself it deemest of truth deemed to others.
Come and such is behavior,
and truth to thee, do not transfer it from upon the fear which
oft of you that is.
Some wind from thee is scent,
and thus receive it with upon buxomness.
And asketh of this world when of, it's falling struggles, but,
ask it for the house, there is when here, there is no wildness here.
For comes each animal from thy ask it stop!
Being it the highest, inspect it, appreciate it, in all thy Godlyness! Weive upon it,
make it thy lead of it in thee.
Of thy it's only yearning and thy illusion truth is when possible,
and truth from thee it does not transfer the fear of that,
which of that when speaking of that it only is.

James McLain

Sexy Is Sexy, ' Watching You

Walking down the great hall.

Twin curved round balls.

Well rounded calf muscle and strong thigh and tall.

The hiking of skirts not seen by all.

Pink lips they drink from pink clouds,
dark heavy skies and blue clouds.

Full is the rumble and throaty the roar,
coming in through the back door.

Coming back for more pie, as it pulls up fast one striped flag.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Hole, ' Through The Sky

Our side of the hole it is smooth.
It is flush with the wall and well rounded.
Jagged I know are the edges, your side.
Here is the why, we know that it is.
We took a drill from my dads tool box.
The side it went in was kind of rough not smooth.
The side it came out, it felt like the clouds.
When we look as you wish,
when you wish us to look, at the sun on the other side.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moods

I am never at rest or so still.
The rain always falling,
When changing into,
and too tired for singing, it's true.

No, 'Oh, yes, lush green are the meadows,
the babbling brooks.
be the fields pulled forth and calling,
Oh, no be it not for me, the rich brown earth!

Am I to be the humming bird, unseen?
The red winged black bird head hung down, pining?
Never too leave the nest and fly back at night,
to meet the dew filled morn.

Yes to the fresh clouds that smile at dawn.
Oh and yes, be fresh and clean and smiling,
Oh and be for me as the clear blue sky!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Drink It Deeply

When we are marching, moving forward.
There is the quiet room in front.
Yonder out back a ways, we sit a spell.

To each tall seedling, being lean, I am as one of those.
You come in and rest, I ask inside the lazy room.

Shattered stones are pressed against the walls of flesh.
And all the sand of loneliness - passing by my hand as does the ash
which, when it comes, the wind it spreads it out.

Scentless it can drink, it dries, the grassy plains
and deep the garden which within, it moves around.

The valley of my dreams with out the oyster shell is pretty green
the bank of rocks attached are brown;
As for the Himalayan cedar of this purple narrow cell.

Pushes out each centry hits the mark.
For that it is, pushed in and out each century leaves it's mark.

You drink it deeply, as it flows.
You drink it deeply, as it grows.

Hot the sun it mixes summer with my dust.
The death of ten thousand angels,
sealed beneath the clouds are pushing up and out.

The rose of the sea as one million fish jump up.
Here as for you with me as for you the forest
deep inside you slept.

Being all is it possible and my hand to blow upon the garden
where my breath has been and is attached, it is.
Wet and fertile green the soil loam when mixed.

James McLain

Queen Is The Poet

She being a muse, blue cherished is her sky.
Underneath looking up, saith he,
hearing her, she to he,
one when coming both said – simply spoken is a word.
“Saith I, saying he, let it out, open it up too the queen,
and she being his, a poet in deep,
seen over his head, with her in love.
Being the queen of the poet of his only world.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Spring, ' At My Autumn It Has Come

Spring as my autumn it has come,
when driftwood
by the wind and green the waves.
Eternal is flame, when passed on.
Heavy is my head,
in the shape of your hands
birds flying high, clouds floating by.
The edges, the curves and none knowing why,
at the crossroads of one, she hears my cry.
Spinning around looking down are the tears
looking up at the dawns, iridescent cold blue fire.
Driftwood and sleep, letters and ink,
left in the sand in the heat of the nights moon light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Squaters Have Rights, ' Beings Have

Blinking pink and you speak of, my god.
What do you see, seeing me off through it?

After all I, when burdened heavy you have.
This heavy burden of being mine come yours it matters -
When squaters have rights, all beings have.

And if of god, you approve of me to come and go
and not be afraid, long after where the side walk seems to end.

Can not 'the moon this evening, the stars,
when blinking and I past the moon, looking up.

Your hands and your leafy lobed twin lips
those back breaking, seductive broad hips.

Where I fall out of come I must go,
if I come back on the morrow, I wait.

On the other side,
I have slipped out beneath your sun soaked body.
Without my leaving any memory of sun light behind me.

Yet you came when I called, out your name.

As did the rain of time,
divine a budding flower when each morning
those circled lips have parted when I touched the one ear.

While like the dawn opens it's one eye,
sleepily over my head.

I, a naked little boy loving you, depart,
Being a man, once your boy.

Picking up roses,
modest is Lily, stop now and listen, she comes.

James McLain

If I Lay Still

If I lay still.

Can it ever be again
as when it was,

I love it still.

Sleeping still
I lay awake.

Untill dawn comes
and gently moves the covered colors
as the shadow of what then it was,
now gone.

Comes back before it left,
because it was.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Debt

This debt of mine
this life you live to give
away to they whom came before.

I give to thee.

Darkness and is it not a song
all wait to hear it naught in sight
when sleep comes temp me, near?

When the dawn is new and that upon
on which I lay,
beneeth the clouds, held off drift near.

Dear and wading out so far from shore,
my breath you see it as a plume,
of spray when I swim there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Emily If I Do It, Will You Tell..?

Words roll in never ending waves
from shores of oceans long lost
from minds of all.

Tongues like yours carry a sentence
of death for I whom,
crawls at your feet.

You my, queen of pain that renders sight
outrageously to my head insane
slowly sipping wine.

Firm is firm in the voice, I hear it call
my name.

Fleet is your foot as it stands
on my neck, wresting my joy in
your hand firmly is such
this your grip when gently applied.

When my time of need is lost,
then washed in your love is my agony.

James McLain

Sara, Being A Boy That Cries

Sara,
when should your hands dropp
from mine,
white and empty
and looking up at the sky
the stars make me
once again seeing, blind.
I being but a boy,
and you taking to long,
the song that you sing
makes me cry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Panties And Him Transparent And Dreamy

Crying over rain,
that never came.

The sun,
burning hot overhead.

Wrapped up
inside all around them.

Coming too often
to see them.

Trapped lost forever
like a hand, never seen
there between them.

Your panties and him transparent
and with this power,
and the clouds make him dreamy.

James McLain

Lemon Lime Pie

Whether you boil or bake it,
broil or fry it.
I defy you to surpass this,
your lemon lime pie.

The crust is so light that it crumbles
and flakes,
I prefer lemon pie to a bloody
quite rare, porterhouse steak.

The filling so tart so remarkably
creamy.
Is superbly, positively and ecstatically
dreamy.

It must would you, I trust try too know.

Why it tastes more and more better
than pink peppermint candy.

I hope and I pray that before you die,
I can have a piece of your
green lemon lime pie.

James McLain

The Blues

The blues they are coming,
blue yummy.

Yummy running from her
I'm coming.

Can you not, proper form
will you not?

When coming the blues,
coming blues are.

Touching and touching
your yummys,

I'm singing the blues.

You felt it out yonder.

Burning both ends,

I run from the middle

I'm coming, your yummy

some are blue,

on your tummy.

When yesterday and today

are well spaced

more often than not,

if together.

James McLain

Bending Over, ' You

How could I know you do.
Each breath you hear me catch
and know it true.

Filly lace and pink your lovely face.
I blush and waves of lavender,
are gently washing over me.

When behind I sit, I'm in this place,
I think of only you.

James McLain



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A Patch Of Snow

Under the apple tree she sits,
watching him paint the barn.
From her advantage he is not
but still the sun,
it burns a yellow halo around his head.

Patches here and there are missed
she points to him each out,
as over head,
one clouds it she missed, drifts by.

Left unrevealed, a patch of snow
waits patiently to dry.
And still I checked and being wet,
I nearly slipped and fell.

When reaching out,
to touch that patch of snow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Then If You, ' I Too Must Go

Then if you, ' I too must go.
Waiting for the coming rain,
I can only watch you,
wash your lovely common face.

Still and still, so still I see you climb
the hills and fog surrounds the pink thin vale.
Living beyond, each shadows means.

Your eyes are always changing grey in color
looking do the clouds at dusk,
and coming back the curves they turn along.
The bottom of the softer clouds.
Can sharp edges part the silver tops?
And long for you, I still believe.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Star Filled Sky

I must come and would and in the taking
should you make by me but sweetly more.
Walking there upon the love swept shore
the pond, the lake, each rapid stream
against forever then and more.
Amongst the trees and sleepy dripping leaves
until the moon is high and full
and bright each night.
Deep starry, star filled sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thou Art Fair

Behold, thou art fair, my lover as the doves
beheld, art thou so fair, amongst the fair.

Green, yellow gold the shadow hast doves' fairest eyes.
Behold, thou I, apart trees fair, my beloved,
sea, and even more thine sinks in pleasant dreams:

From our bed of sand, 'drinks well.

You the rose from yonders hidden vale,
and the lily of the valleys, 'pleasant smile.

As the lily lays amongst the sharpest thorns,
so is my love of yours this by, your only daughter.

As the apple in the tree hangs down yet nigh.
Amongst the leaves, the heart, the tender wood.
So to is my beloved amongst, all sons.
From thine, ours comes but once, our only daughter.

James McLain

Every Day

When I live for you, the day.
Every day is for you.
Every day is the day.
You have waited for, every day.
It is for you, I live by,
Coming for me, you come,
every day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Coquinas

My feet,
I hang below.
My head above the rocks.
Drifting by,
the bluest sky,
I never kissed.
No wake,
from here to there.

Hearing thunder
sitting still.
Conquinas,
move the sand
between your toes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dance Of Fairies

When in this a dance of fairies.
Some cry and dance with me.
Some one, told you once, ' they know some said.
Once upon some thyme, green meadows.
When I could not see nor help it,
I freely sing, your voice,
I stand too long some overhear.
Don't trees grow very deep,
and deepest some, are these those wells.
But dreams do not forever weep for me.
Dreams live and die for some one dwells
and sing a plaintive love a mellow song
within the forest, ' all hold dear.
Come cry and dance with me,
comes love,
twice never dance with me, once more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Crossing Lines

I listen,
but you know, I'm not.
I am only thinking about all of what
you got.
I stand but never have.
These lines I think I cross,
I would have another way.
Thinking this you cross the street
and say.
I would have it just like that, ' no other way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

First Dawn

Mine seems lost within the feeling,
but then you are,
and when it seems, the forest bed
is all that matters, when it does.
Hearing the crickets rubb their legs together.
Ours unlike theirs are never miles apart.
It is the stream that takes each dream
and blends the two until the light peaks through
the clouds and yawning dawn is first, arrives.
Running through your hair as if in thought.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lesbianism

Come cry with me.
Some one, once then, ' said.
I could not help, but overhear.
Don't trees grow deep,
and deepest some, well are.
But not for me.
Dreams live and dwell
and sing a plaintive song
within the forest, ' all hold dear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Charles Bukowski, ' Temps When Confessing

Living off of long
white lies,
squirming out of breath.

Hear comes the maid.

Too change out my
yellow,
bear stained sweaty
sheets.

When I hear the key,
the bathroom always calls me.

I can not remember when
the black dried up banana's
out back in the wooden bowl
here she comes,
when last were green.

Pulling the yellow ones
from yesterdays bag,
I stand up too watch through the key hole.

Looking down,
I have never felt so much guilt,
always shaking.

Missing love,
I wait by the cooler.
Knowing why,
I hide inside, coming out.

When I am gone.

James McLain

Jewls

Jewls and If you look at your red eye once more,
as have I have known the proper glance
it moves to some high rank.

Returning whole each morning from the park,
using shadows off the ruby banked in snow.
Or it loosens all my hair
and leaf each shadows lover kissed.

Returning once again new wood the oak of spring,
and kisses to the head which content your knee.
And still, and still oh and still another place we go who shine
have we remembered deep the- Debt.

I returned because the woman turns my eye from yours
and always puts,
they cannot attach my body too the night,
she leans into the calm the coming day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is She New

Is she new,
to me she is, but not to you.
Letting go from one,
I cross into the other roaring river,
full of sun.
Being old, she knew of me
when I was young.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Found Things

How by one lost Thing,
you found,
I tried to sing again.

How this hand held brush,
does cry to paint the sky again.

How one winter night is filled with stars
one comes across the moon again.

How, I but oh, to come and go again.

James McLain



On Sharing A Wife

Headstrong, I never longed to run,
one off and when into the other,
crossing one short bridge after brothers, being young.
Bacon kept at bay, wives fish the market
baskets full of olive oil,
yet sardines and crackers, cheese and wine
garlic bread each stick when rolled in butter,
tastes the best until the next, comes home from sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tight Wings And Barefoot

Barritone rushing across
the waves and wind.
Outwordly speaking, seeking, asking.
Never to but why,
it does the way and asking too.
Walking even next to me,
your face blushing.
Knowing tight wings, barefoot
the water stops above your legs.
More often than I do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Summer Of Alchemy

When summer comes, alchemy falls
I May,
softly speaking, when you turn your ear
away into my glowing heart.
Though it beats for now
the gift it gives at all, it beats for you.

And, when here I am, you are right now,
it's offered up, the sun again.
When held to close
and beating briefly burns and you.

Learning that forever means each leaf
each branch, forever brings.
Holding on to butterflies that summer
caught and let me go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cutting, Pain And Blood

Before you, standing there,
the mirrors longer than the thought that brought
me their.

Never lines appear, top hat askew, lips crimson bright
and form the color that sits right
when running down, the razors edge.

Come, I'm wathching all the time, your not.

When knowing misery, grief decieved each covered sheet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

For Any Death, ' Remorse

Your memory and my desire when it comes releases,
limitlessness, you and most futures once an abstract.
Who dies, who lives not the person who dies.
She with death, he her friend both without unLike God,
methods and secrets.
It must be conveyed until denied,
with which of anything, which whom both can say, from whom.
Each freind the foreigner, enemy my freind but my neibor,
their is there, walking naught,
I stand, off from your world and an absence fond the one
anywhichwhere it dies. We take her all of him,
we weave him to as so too color, or pronounce in every uttered web spun silk
syllable.
Here, that dragons eye already, there, for the sidewalk,
that desired position of waiting at the courtyard,
from which is never seen.
He can think of what, whether we think at all.
As for us like the thief of coming profits of the night
and many sleepy days when it redistributes all thats left,
you never found until you take my birth.

James McLain

Alchemy

I May,
softly speaking, when you turn your ear
away into my glowing heart.
Though it beats for now
the gift it gives at all, it beats for you.

And when here I am you are right now,
it's offered up the sun again.
When held to close
and beating briefly burns and you.

Learning that forever means each leaf
each branch, forever brings.
Holding on to butterflies that let me go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dolphins - Order

Shallow seas,
and men not knowing, making man,
their bodies being.
Long when colored water,
splits each wave
moving softens, secret variations.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Double Glass, Made Full

At the center whose noon when it is upright,
you stand so bright
and securely clusterings of the bright orange sky.
Lastly, savaged a city.
Without the loneliness where no sky is distant,
There is here; her hopes.
Exactly pure the line each dove' As; You describe.
Peace depending on the type
each curve of the letter of the fire.
Therefore as yours
and my reputation made from the result of this sky.
You, that, the center of this exposed house
which has lived and loved of love.
Extreme is the dream, the decisive blow
hammer the lover of loves' eagerly it desires.
And the certainty of which river is which
and whose is bitter from dreams.
All that flows.
The double glass, made full.
Those twin scales each raised made whole,
make order to take balance.
Centered and love likes two wings.
Therefore was is it aught of which is transparent
each thing, it was from you it made from?

James McLain

Clusterings

clusterings-: a city'
knew lovers'
have flown away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In My Hands

In my hands already you have opened
too dance your delicate twist,
and yet those soft dripping sighs
are heard from me every where.
No one comes, why must I there go?
While the sun is but a dew dropp away.
And your eyes are now closed,
like two white doves.
I move ever closer away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Living In The Parking Lot

Under the green,
well packaged oak
a family of four walk through.
Unnoticed am I, by most, except
by they whom check late at night
too make sure that I still am.
Lighting a Cigarette) French
being humid this summer it is Florida(
She stops, they walking on in bright yellow
adjusting one snug cup, of life, forever it briefly shows.
Pushing the stroller, pausing the father spits.
Tow headed the girl, head bobbing
lost in the heat.
The boy sweaty and healthy, pants held up
by one hand,
energy drink in the other.
Fading in and out of sight, she briefly draws out
preproportioned it is more or less as the other.
Not seeing her face, is her sister.
Living in a parking lot, I watch the sea of life drift by.

James McLain

Roses And Stems

Far off too the distant land my sea.
Such is each wave different we-race froward.
Three percent skimmed rich in Futures grace
With thee, 'I cherished the stride the pace.
The well worn way, I pursueth walking through,
forlorn are whom, that wear a smileless face.
The whole year through.
Made roses and stems, from tireless hard use.
Thorns once when beggered, blunted are refused.
When bloody red roses, are heavy made full.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Picking Blueberries

Bending over,
picking blueberries.
Looking up is the sky.
Full when the moon,
are the lips.
Made wet, come, you cry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Roses Made Thin

Far off too the distant land my sea.
Such is each wave different we-race froward.
Three percent skimmed rich in Futures grace
With thee, 'I cherished the stride the pace.
The well worn way, I pursueth walking through,
forlorn are whom, that wear a smileless face.
The whole year through.
Made roses thin, from tireless use.
Thorns once when beggered, are refused.
When bloody red roses, are heavy made thin.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Touching Poem

Come soft words
I barely, liberally use.
And either cup, I move aside
the worlds blown up.
Twin peeks colide, as rivers
run there course.
Warm breath,
blown their, confide as well
could even more, be still upon.
Up and down the moving waves,
as music moves the shore.
When you do, your hand it moves,
I can not drink, but more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Barter

Love·lies there bare, things of this
move past to show, you live to tell.
Billowing out in bright crimson red
this full sail beneath the bluest sky.
A chalice of brine and salt around the clouds
on edge I ask each curve, looking up.

The sun shares it's warmth I barter with breath
I held,
waiting for night to come upon my shadow.
Soft breath the eastern wind reveals
your shore as the moon reveals your face
against my back.

I share to barter with volcanic speckled
sand between each toe.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Sister's Mouth

Inside it,
there are no teeth

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yellow Fat

I move the rolls from side to side
and some have not been moved in a while
while with soap and water
the yellow liquid I gather, she sighs.
Some where in the middle of it all,
I watch as you try to discribe each act, to us all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Lay Him Down, 'And Tell None Why

You lay him down 'till none there why;
and heat, surges and pure is this the light,
right back from you, through too him.
And in holding it back and you do you naught?
Shadows running back and forth here upon the wall
and cry and cry to the night, only more
comes then more;
Never giving thought why the will,
will not think and reasons is no lesson, to live.

Do you sound out loud, by the edge of the cliff,
and wind;
some do right before
between on the wings tell I stroke the feathers and
you tell the sky,
looking on while you swoop and you preen,
on that limb,
while your face is turned up,
and his toes are turned down,
cloud bless this child, and so why do you cry.
When it comes?

James McLain

At Night, When The Frenchies Come

At Night, When The Frenchies come
They, the two, the wicked ones,
sit across from inside, one another
Smile too smile, lip to lip, After all,
is too deeply this plot...
You would do it to, if you could.
Pink wings they are, Yes you would.
The plot is thick in hot translucent pinks.
Do you hear, literal, liberal portraiture
when, all four, are squared, such
bunched corners, do all watch.
Ploping down..they blush it terrible,
they come, they plot even more.
The rich plot, they signed is pinks,
ink still runs wet.....shockedly..
It, is now blind to the two,
it still can think miserably,
while the two, Frenchies,
kill the day with the thief each night.
Heaven is as only the French, can they do.
and Benjamin's Franklin,
knows this much to be true,
French hot pink is each face.
Unlaced, comes such grace.
When those,
French marble eyes, look past you.

James McLain

Silver Spray

When you came as warm wind,
I felt the breeze loosen my thoughts
and the oil from the lamp was as if again.
As if I never knew, so few could be so many,
though each foam crested wave
showed up green the sand the moon was still.
and I knew it afterwards when as if
I then became once again what all knew.
While silver this spray flew up, it grew full around me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Swirling Clouds

And day unto night knoweth naught,
love only knows who i am
crossing rivers and streams
swirling clouds as if dreams
here are closed all around me
inside of one cloud
i came to be inside of another.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Other Face

Unlike you, all I am.
Turning away from my face,
what I see, in the sea.
Is just one reflection,
of your own.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Past The Feeling

How many,
there are all around me.
Loosing count of them all.
I am found.
Never knowing,
who it is, that I am.
After once being told.
Bulging out,
is the full ripe smell,
of the heady fruit.
Growing sweaty,
and picked by hand.
Approaching; a long phalanx
is then,
when in the end
forthcoming;
becoming is after each,
and being,
taken away from to the market.

James McLain

Running Water

Why do you why,
never bending, over it?

Could you not simply,
as you would and should
with it?

And comes the blame,
does it not often help lay
windblown there,
some where,
lost in the middle of it?

Whisper then each kiss,
and moreover it wading
after running out of water.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Often Because, ' I Know Too

Often you are there, because I know it too.
On me, 'frequently too frequently by yours there it is.
I have said you must not stop and you must never quit.
There bye the bye, it is not over, here not yet.
And I am your heavy cow, 'love is your milk.
And you must it is so often, turning over, adjust to this fact.
While I lay next to you, I am deeply sleeping.
That it is in these hard economic times when
awake late at night and your lips when they are feeling.
Whether or not, 'I, am yours, his or this is slow weeping.
I am "your" problem if by this your hand it is I, held
and or it is fixing this your problimatic, problem.
And you do it without talking, so comfortably, I never knew.
Never waking from the dream of crossing over.
Being pulled by my silver cord, pumping back.
You call it the necessity of the milk of life all over.
which as for me as for you and when after
always before I obtain, a every comfortable position,
as for me for you adjusting yours to satisfy
above it pumping that is flowing sleep, 'good going.
When everything is placed, just,
as for the pumping process, there is nothing like this pain.
If your/by me there is no displeasure of the full feeling, of it draining
because I do not pump as you do, and you put it just,
then clear satisfaction at first, and it is usually, 'their, then is yours.

James McLain

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.....Often Because, ' I Know Too

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James McLain

Even Though, ' I Am Only A Man

Which you are, Pretty and Smart;
eighth wonder of you, this woman of women
wherein my secret, she lives full therein.

The world made you to establish her,
and must now take her notice with great pride.

Greatest of greatest your savants,
established for they by whom you,
would adapt to this mother,
of woman the woman they now know she is.

Hard working her model of great womanhood.

Softness of heart by those few and but for many;
when she tries to say, staying often is more to them.

You are greater, take them off their and make vast
and wide all the more, much deeper a pond, no a lake runs
from that river of such simple need, deep are the wells
of desire my need, by you they have understanding in it.

In charge from the beginning and
you are what makes them all blind,
Woman of woman he can not but help see.

Why 'I' bear witness too your long lives,
because you can and thus it is within reach to touch
the others in blossom beings sweet.

Woman of creed, creed of woman you feed.

I say, It' from the depth of your full red Lips.
Arms I will use; too balance against your seductive
broad hips, against which I must learn their touch.

I am at that stage of each and every stage,
whereupon now it is they must walk and as they
reach out to grasp and with compassion I know

Delirious each curve my deep strong why, they ask.
from it, Each Falling down, how they cry, more for it.

You are that woman of every woman whom ever she wishes to be.
You enter the room the latter and leave it the latter, it seams.

Orange blooms are sweet to each man and as such is to each.
You do I see, so I squeeze them, hard pressed you only state why it is
Because the men say that you are, Eighth wonder a Woman..

Even though... i am only a man.

James McLain

Of And Life

Pursue it;
Pursue it, aggressively.
Or pursue it, not at all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In Bending, ' I Forget

And in bending
I forgot,
the look upon your face.

Can it be that way again
the wind,
the sea, each wave
across my palm.

Looking down
is my reflection
living water fills your cup.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Depart

When I depart, look up there and remember me.
If all goes well, it goes off, the silent bells heard distantly.
With both hands, grasp all love above this.
When morning has left my every night all being when if possible, however that it goes,
half one revolution stay above two turns a revolution the dot your/I.
Me the you and time one day, one day above this remembering,
that our future with me then where is good you plan' You say; Remember just but me;
And for that you understand the now you recommend,
or you are slow in order to your knees to pray.
However if I am forgotten for a while and after that I remember all,
as for making of it when it grieves, it is food of thought:
For the sake of if the darkness and degradation go away,
when all I have, is the forgetting of the winter winds
which the traces of the minds of thought,
should much and much it is,
you smile improve our lot remembering love
and which is sadder than each thought and that, it should, it is.

James McLain

All Knotted Up

you knew it would happen
eventually
some one
walking past your window
why did you leave
the captain pulled back
after i saw you
and afterwords
that mastiff dog
you
all knotted up
and that look of ash en
fear
when i looked up
and leaving
you
tried to hard
why hide your part in it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Thought Of You, ' Too

I thought of you, once there last night,
and by the way that I felt that you are.
Why can't you be what you are?
Hearing thunder, when music your art.
Saying today, what you heard by the sea.
Combing each wave comes love, like before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Once Heaven Is, ' Too Me

And staff in hand if when the tree.
Twin green apples are proffered,
hung by thee, whom you also see.
Even in sleep to she, heaven is, to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My People

My people are beautiful,
therefore on the surface of my people.
The star is beautiful tonight,
therefore are the eyes of my people.
In addition it is beautiful, Sunday.
In addition it is beautiful,
as for the minds of my people.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Reflection From Me

Looking into the mirror
it is better,
that the child see nothing of me.
Than the child cast back up
words bitter spoken by thee,
if unto each parent, untaught.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Who You Are

You, ' by whom, you are
and by this, it is,
that I am, in part
of that which you are.

Like you, that I am
being all that I am,
you are, why I am
what you are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can Not Stay

Before me walks this a shadow.
Is it yours?
I can not come to close too say.
Crossing over from where
I know you remain.
Oceans of love, left behind from before
even though, believing.
Passing through,
Deep inside go on believing
and this you are feeling.
It pulls you off completely far away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Haiku - Opens Moon

Moon opens widely
anticipating the sun
rising too slowly

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Albatross

and much to much
is near too far by much
the sea, the wind
the waves
the sky each different shade of grey.
and holds out hope
against the lonely albatross.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Upon Each Day

One turn, each turn
we turn, upon each day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mercy Is The Wind

Grace dries sweat,
devine upon my skin.
God help me more
to understand, within.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Forever Was

It is the end
of the
month
that forever
never was.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tuesday Through Tuesday

Tendering bar is the stars.
Bars inside of bars are more bars.
Outside, in the restaurant.
The waitress serves beer
with two aprons.
Napkins made up of pure rubber.
Corked, bubbles and laughter.
The piano player,
plays the blues in clear boxers.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

From The Bench

On what throne
and from those parts
have you cut her out
master(s of iniquities
winking at one another
and under the robes
is my small part, while yours?
And all alike, red ruby eyes
the same below are none,
above ye.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cats And Dogs

This is for she
whose name, i know.
A cat and one dog she wishes to own
one day.
Happy would be her cat for she,
it would purr.
Her heart content to know, such joy.
A dog whom would care for them both.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Children

Bambo shoots.
Underfoot.
Always forever it seems.
Around every one their ankle
Being as it is, of you, when they are.
Growing srtraight up,
through the clouds to the sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Hamptons

Starting out, some become,
from a shack or small house.
Hidden away,
how friendships blossom.
Kept to long outside in the sun.
Speaking about summer here.
Beside me sitting down
talking about the winter just past.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Mugging

Watching, I wait
once a week.
Fine tuned,
works well production.
Yellow fifties are exchanged
from blue and green abstracts
a play is this mugging.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Telling You My Feelings

Some of these are my feeling,
I have told you.

In your hands, my heart,
it is bleeding.
I can't but how, now hold it.

Earlier than thou,
but shortly here thereafter,
I knew.

Thy bud is hidden in the blossom.
The thorn of each tommorrow,
when kissed it grew.

Turning heavy peaches gold.
Behind you they are hanging.
Your smile,
the sun it warms them.
When they fall like autumn leaves.

Only coming off,
when you squeeze them.
As you are again, you then will be.

Of all the cypress trees you see.
Out of all the knees you see.
Is the knee that you grew fond of.

James McLain

Heaven Is A Different Sign - To My Only Daughter

Heaven is a different Sign - To My Only Daughter.
While even children,
to your brother they did ask unto you, as well.

Riding the bus home from school naught is being taught
by their parents, that inside is a mind where it's light
some have made your heaven darker,
to avoid that which was done by they whom all love.

If I am blind that is justice for you, when they only say.
And those Robes are to me so much darker at night.

How come each new day do I think a miracle will happen,
not only for me, but for you and the futures past.

and 'Heaven' is a different 'Sign' - to me,
beings and such are you and my daughter,
when I think like them they do nothing about it.
and My shame for them just continues on to grow
like the robes colored black, ' wrapped all about them.

James McLain

Hernando County Victim Resource Advocate

Before I called, I thought, perhaps.

This country without families,
would you have?
Could you ever be?
Like all the rest, or be like me.

Like you all, without the information,
that I needed.
Better, more and well informed is each decision,
I could not make ever make, some withheld.
When the wrong one,
to some one else, it always was.

My bringing her to you.
Instinctive though it was.
Then trusting her with you and you,
not D.C.F.
I mean the Sheriff

And over and over against my,
never common, lost ever since.
My only child.

What was done then will forever afterwords,
be too me, invisible is ink.

Dear, ' Tamera Steward,
are you, were you right?
We should not be having
this phone conversation.
You were not the victim,
and I can not be ever fired.

Do you have it all rehearsed,
as to what it is to tell her.
Why It was I brought her
and I fought so she might live.
Unlike her other brother, whom

because of that, he never was.

Or like all the rest another lie?

Some of you whom knew, before I came up there.

And some of you whom think it's fine
to leave a child alone with that a drunk.

Who said those evil things.

Do you think I will just die and go away?

Make it as it was is how to you, you never can.

Latin is for what.

Terrified,

always afraid,

of what was nearly done to me, again.

James McLain

Where I, ' Slept

It is a quite morning.
All is, as once it was.
Except there where I, ' slept.
There where the insect bit me.
It is not the same, my 'dear
starting over all again.
Nothing has it changed.
As it was, before you came.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

By Stander

There standing by him.
Looking out the other way
the other girl,
left and came back thinking.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Child Of Wind

I know who you are,
a child of the wind.
Things that you wanted.
Blowing me away.
Know why I love you.
I slide through your hands.
You watch me shiver at night.
Love me, sweetly unrequited.
Make it feel love, somewhat better,
instead sand running, unbound.
Sitting under the moon.
Wondering like you, why.
Tommorrow my fate,
by you reconsidered.
I slide through your hands.
You help me to find,
my way back in.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Child Of The Wind

I know now whom you are,
this child of the wind.
Things that you wanted.
Blowing me away.
Know why I love you.
I slide through your hands.
You watch me shiver at night.
Love me, sweetly unrequited.
Make it feel love, somewhat better,
instead sand running, unbound.
Sitting under the moon.
Wondering like you, why.
Tommorrow my fate,
by you reconsidered.
I slide through your hands.
You help me to find,
my way back in.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Music Makes The Madness

Here I go, there with you
and even if the child I am, I cared.
Without you, who would know
that I am gone, gone far off,
away from there,
to where, I am found right here.
Go on believing,
I am lost in your hand my feelings.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Exhiled To Your Shore

I can not hold you long enough.
Beheld, you could not be held.
Soft green, are yours and eyes
as well as blue,
breaking there upon thine rocks.
Quitely, bye never looking back,
walking off, whispers even the waves.
This is where I should be now,
I know your dreams I share as well.
Horizons, turquoise green horizons,
necklaces of green, horizons by me.
Days,
and nights flow by me, by me now.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Know It Why, ' Your Cut

You do not need that kind of pain
lovely, 'dear why I can see your cuts.
Deep inside your heart.
Cutting on your arms,
those legs,
I will one day, need to see.
Scars of what, you can't erase
the pain inside your head.
Moon smiles down.
Your flashy smile those pretty teeth
so white.
The lovely smile kept hidden deep,
contained within your silky,
cotton face is golden you are satin.
Breathing free beneath the sun.
Breathing free,
begin to run, stand out with him be free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am So Small Now

and, 'dear, i am so small now
that you would not even wake
to know
that i was ever there,
between, your smiling lips.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Desire Lays Still Beside Me

From this hardship, I have indured,
you are sure, I will find a way.
Remember that day when you said.
My light and my father you spoke of me,
as I, come home once again to you.
This time to close, black swans come near
beaks and bills and black webbed feet.
Mine is the silence of all the souls you left behind me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Childhood Days

They, nay none may ever say.
Having given up those days
for sunny happy these.
You were always waiting.
Our haunted little people days
and love and pain
running off together into then.
We were all that both all knew.
No one cared.
Faltered, falling, fragile, failing
waiting there for me.
There you always were.
Standing in deep water.
Standing all alone,
waiting for the night to shed each burning day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost Love, ' Is This Feeling

Fading deep from within,
away sleeping by to far that I am
before me you lay completely
where you have gone,
off now to where, close to home,
darkness around, I can not wait,
too real is this time,
gone before,
and passing through, I will wait.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Upon Your Shore

This world of both i know
my dreams, you dream.
They are gone off there into
one blue horizon.
Each heart beats,
and dreams of you, i can not say
my mind, so this world is my comfort
you by me.
Here by you and both are left sleeping
gone from my childhood,
strange how one is standing, all alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Make Me Feel Better

Love, can you make me, feel,
better off with or with out it.
And the pain that fate makes me feel
when the sea is their all around me.
Some times I lay you down on the shore.
I ask you, is it love that is living?
Moving the sand each wave, leaving me
nothing at all, your sweet voice is giving
and how much more than once at night,
can you love me,
when each morning, grace finally comes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love You

You make me feel better.
I know you are kind.
Sit down for a while.
Left to us is, ' how much time.
Tears,
why we both stand up, 'crying.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Country Men

How no two are alike.
To size is lakes and streams is like,
comparing country sausage.
Marbled thick and fat or summer lean.
Huge necks,
when some where caps upon their heads.
Some with sacks that cling like vines
against their backs, hang down.
While there are woman some as flowers
magpies gossip in the sun
against the fence.
Legs they straddle,
high fence posts the slats
as some come less when more men often.
Yet country men they often do,
when looking in the loft for you, to fetch some straw
baled tight each golden day it's hay
to country men more less than often once I heard you say.
These be two,
more less confused between a country or a city smile
one learned, when two she knew.

James McLain

You Are, ' How I Suffered

Dark silk clouds hang down low,
off around my head.
Held in to long,
to come up short, one can not see to breath.
Fixed upon your moving eye,
one tree that moves around outside.
Stained white picket fences, I have splashed.
Each window washed so clear,
along the branches, I see green leaves are still.
When sleeping deep, You Are, ' How I Suffered.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Was Always Yours

I was always yours
lost, adrift so long at sea,
holding on, 'dear for all to see.

Held apart, for I to long
each last painful breath,
was yours too take.
I having, 'no picture left of you.

Was I,
when you tell me, ever wrong
to sing that song, again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Was Never Yours

I was never yours,
lost, adrift, so long I was,
holding on for all to see.

Held apart, for I too long
each fragrant smell,
I have no taste of the sea.

Was I,
when you tell me, ever wrong
to sing that song, too thee.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ten Angels, ' There Is Swearing

I have only now known,
with any true honesty, I am
my own, 'best to me.

How am I,
to do it- am I the best for me?
Is it possible to searve you any better?

And I so mean it friend to the fact,
that it is with you by your will,
continues out to the edge.

If at the edge has all lights in me,
truly may they say what of me.

Whom is it, from whence it,
whom in the end of it when once all were.

You said; With it no to quantity.
And quality then it is.

If I where ever again taken too the edge by mistake
I am accompanied, as for the angels waiting their
they are, more than ten angels there is swearing, of't ten angels swearing.

I do not cause the difference of light and dark,
from right from wrong,
if what none think, then are.

James McLain

To Touch Her Ear

When it is finished is that not everything?
To far, too fast, somebody, I hear near me singing.
My soul is not satisfied with having you found it lost.
One's approach to it, why by, my come to it looks for a glance.
Two as my one our thought, she looks for it's heart,
and it is not beating within me.
The same night that makes her whiten the same tree.
We both of't, those of then, no longer canna ken the same.
I want no longer, longing deep of her, it is certain,
but I wanted how much of her, deeply, of it.
My voice once looked for the wind, to touch her ear.
The leaves that once parted around me, felt no more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips Apart

One will be like the other
unlike the one, here before.
Kissed like, before my first kiss.
Her voice, her body, hers are clearly.
Even in sleep, lips apart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Morning Circles

Day after day as it descends
down the valley surrounded by smooth walls
around it yellow morning circles
and evening purple becomes
when the moon feels closer,
and through the veil of dusk
night is singing,
as it moves off rapidly through it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Rose Anew

I descend like that bird a song humming
upon the scent of a budding flower,
whose stems the soft gentle rains have kept in continual bloom,
which no man hath villified,
and to which there has been made no report of thorns.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Image Divine

Near her heart, wears his
a common face,
two human forms combined,
and locked within a fortress
made this art of why, 'devine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Time As The Rain Of Time

Beneath the great moss-covered douglas it's fir
talking, I inquire about the wet rain.
The firewood does it to the air, air and of water
when time is consumed
like the dawn of a long winter night.
When the light footsteps stop here
there is where I wait underneeth with you
and we wait to hear my long story,
it is not confused it is often to careful, plentiful song it makes
comes the rain the drizzle thin, is, you have still gone away
while the day sits in wait for the night, the night has no real order
still last to arrive are the stars, in bright order too pause
as the change like the eye streaks formation
my lashes lay wet in the corner of some fog that time has forgotten,
the winding of this pause a formation of time, for one such
as you to inquire about here in the rain.
Can you still hear my story, hearing it said without
and without, beneath the fir, I am saying do you hear like the eye inside, it feels
in the rain where you slept,
you become aware
do you open as is due to all five of your feelings, it is the rain each syllable when
falling, the light footsteps, each whisper,
it's weight it is not, the fresh word of air or the water.
Your story, the asphalt which once hot, gets wet it has shone,
as it rises, goes away from the steam, the night opens up you too me,
and I it see, you come off in the steam and it is your body,
the footsteps of the water the trails across that run both ways
where you of the night and your soft fuzzy flat surface,
electric you and the neon
bright light of your wet hair, it makes each short hair come across,
as it enters into my full account,
as it crosses my eyes, for one like you to inquire about in the rain.
Can you hear now my story grows as the leaves turn to open.
Night has as for that it has fallen it is the hot humid night
when you slept without in your bed it is the surge of the wave of your breath, my
finger in the water can it dampen your any amount.
One finger from the flame burns out each eye,
your finger cools the air as it opens each eyelid of time,
rearranging the order of each new spring my range of vision

and revival it is.

For one to inquire about the rain, love hear my story,
each new year, the time when it returns, it above us passes.

And you as youth when you did, inquire about the footstep of the following
monsoon? Here, then there.

The footstep of another time and the time

when there is it now when you inquire about those tears does it hear. Heavy
weight is not the inventor of the place, everywhere,

inquires about the rain which now moves to the plateau

as for the night of it's many nights deep in the orchard,

green is the garden of which the electric light drew us close between the leaves,

and does not have the composure keeps us wandering about

in the shadows, your shadow that time some how forgot.

James McLain

Ice Cream, ' Instead

Then as he usually did,
my father peeled off the condom
and put it on my bedside table.

Maybe, if mother ever did,
when she became lost perhaps.

Anyway as I began to fall asleep,
I remember looking over at it.
But like all the rest,
it slowly began to leak.

Having by now to many
brothers and sisters.

Bying ice cream with the money
that I receive,
as I'm washing out the condom
there is some thing I don't get.

James McLain

And A Woman Here

and a Woman here
and a woman when here
can and does
maybe wanders off over next door
opens the door
friends and both neighbor too call
and down on her knees may fall
and pray with ruby roped lips.

then perhaps comes here
her posture thin as lips become.

when i am less than one
she makes me tall
and when i fall
her booted foot on my back
until she gets her way
and i become once thin again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ten Angels, 'Their Are Swearing

I have only now known,
with any true honesty, I am
my own, 'best to me.

How am I,
to do it- am I the best for me?
Is it possible to searve you any better?

And I so mean it friend to the fact,
that it is with you by your will,
continues out to the edge.

If at the edge has all lights in me,
truly may they say what of me.

Whom is it, from whence it,
whom in the end of it when once all were.

You said; With it no to quantity.
And quality then it is.

If I where ever again taken too the edge by mistake
I am accompanied, as for the angels waiting their
they are, more than ten angels their are swearing, of't ten swearing,
I do not cause the difference of light and dark,
from right from wrong, if what some are.

James McLain

Infussion Of Silk

This infussion of Silk.
It is more than the smell,
of that which you come too know.
You want to just eat her alive,
down too the soul.
Oil is rich in that which is life.
Pump it out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Silk Infussion

It is more than the smell,
of that which you know.
You want to just eat him alive,
down too the soul.
Oil is rich in that which is life.
Pump it out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Milk It Then, 'Dear

Is it now, not?
It is not, 'now!
As you
have seen me
Dear....
Come then
to me,
where you see me,
Dear,
ask not my leave.
and milk it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When, 'A Tree

Limbs and leaves,
As is now is your want.

Carpenter ants,
spread them apart.

Can not you see
while,
i am asleep.

Winter my roam
summer may keep.

Fall will then come
and roots,
kneal, knee deep.

Say what you mean,
as rivers and streams
come alive.

James McLain

About My Torchered., ' Soul

And with out the stout beer,
breakfast is
whom tumbles upon whom
she for him,
he for her and the gin
long island,
ice tea,
for the sake of it, just please,
shut up...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Lily Kisses Rose

When lilly kisses rose;
and lily i did know..
and trees i thought...
grew very deep..
and lived...
within the forest...

.....
and green...
the hay is sweet...
and brown...
dry moss asks why..

....
and lilies white...
remind the sky...
sweet cotton.....
and it swirls..

....
there grew the two..
so dear...
most thought...

....
sweet..breath..
and..peppermints...
two centered..
scents....

...
and how....
before...
them both..
i stood...
too near...
their heart
by far...

...
and when..
i know....
how..
roses grow...
and pressed...



PoemHunter.com

so hard..
was i.....
.....
and cups..
of milk...
i loaned to..
them....
cinnamon..
and spice...
....
sugar sweets....
they made...
from them...
now to know..
both why.....
.....
while..
lillies bridged..
sweet roses..
bank..and..
water rushes...
by..

James McLain

Once Too Me

Can't it be,
once as it was?
Rain drops as they fall
as heaven,
opens up to me.

James McLain



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Come, 'Dear

and tell me
what it was that you put on it.
it stays full and heavy
from the oil
in your hand you rub about it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Telling You, ' My Feelings

Some of my feelings,
i have told you.

In your hands, is my heart.
It is bleeding,
how can i hold it?

Earlier than this,
shortly thereafter, i knew.

The bud is in the blossom
from the thorn,
one humming bird it hovers.

Peaches gold are turning
hang once green
outside the fold the tree.

When
and if you then decide
too come again,
to warm them.

Sitting there in the open,
cypress trees.
One knee it seems are fond of.
The ground is brown with leaves.

James McLain

Too Ask For Help

Why no one will;
others have come
others have gone before
try no one will.

Blurry are fine lines
between,
my world and yours.

Beyond the end
of no return,
no longer can I ask
when even I,
in need you see.

and Dear, 'to whom
it may concern,
like others have before
why no one will.

James McLain

A Milkman

Human souls...like..
night and day...rivers..
high and banked...
That give no thanks..
Streams..endless streams..
white and endless....
hair...tied back....
Modern day.....
she is a heroine..
Sitting down.....
her wet soaked hands....
and talking softy...each..
she gently..
pulling up and down,
and out...for more..
Her slim long arms.....
like tan marble..
are sculpted...
and thick each wrist..
seeing both...
they are well muscled....
She talks...the trade...
her milk and butter...
for some flour...
bacon and fresh eggs..
and on the radio..
that croons...
a soft country song...
With smooth practice....
and they...
like most each heavy root.
loves her sweet long fingers....
as up and down....
she milks each stroke...
and to those ends....
as needs the why...
switching hands....
was after all...
what every one

came after.....

James McLain

The Woman Inside Of You

Woman how do you live with it...die for it..is it for the moon..
..unveiled it weeps..always..yes it is forever now happy..
..It is normal why fight with your mind?
..This body..yours as it unwinds * sighs * the wind..
..does it not, find the time to cool your tears, when you cry..
..does it cry for me inside..It is normal..I recon, yes it is..
..These letters... let you know..yes they do now..like snow..
.. to you how week..your knees do tremble and shake..
..Words brings you the joy only the smile inside could know..
..It is for the womb and yes it is true..oh woman it is you being true..
..What is that foam around your feet woman...
..looking down it is not that from the sea..?
..There it is woman..ssh...please come here..sit still..you are tired..
..and relax..lay back..I will wash it off for you now, for you...
..dry them off for you..as it paints your toes..so blue..
..you reach up for the sky it is deep inside of you....
..It's ok woman dont..cry ok..it is their in your heart, inside you..
..just to see your teeth when you smile..
..I do it, just to see the woman inside of you smile..

James McLain

Telling You, My Feelings

In your hands, is my heart.
Why, it is bleeding,
and how can I, hold it in?

Earlier than this,
but shortly thereafter I knew.
The bud in the blossom
because of the thorn,
both grew.

Watching your belly
like some marsupials pouch
hidden deep alive within.

Peachs turning gold hang once green.
The sun as it warms them, they fall.

When if again you come to decide
and squeeze them,
again you will be as you are.

Sitting amongst all the cypress trees.
One knee so it seems you are fond of.

Some of my feeling I have told you.

James McLain

Tips The Branch

A blossom tips the branch
closer to the sound
every time that you come near
leaves flutter too the ground
look my eyes they often do
the yellow blinding sun
misty rivers filled with tears
as birds gather on the limbs
the smell of dark, green ripened fruit
is hanging in the air.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beneath The Other Side

And when I have longed to stop
and reach in far enough.
And the shore calls me back in slowly
as I move beneath the other side.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Haiku) The Verb(

Uncontrolably
I laid my index finger
those avocado lips

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Let It Be Forgiven

Let it be forgiven,
as a memory long past forgotten
and from the future comes a wave
as we stand upon that golden shore
here both we wait together growing old.

And if the sunny days don't seem as bright
looking back when we were young,
And from a single dropp of rain
both as one may come this way again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fire And Sun

Come my days are fire and nights
and like your yellow sun.
The wick that holds the wax together
shortens as it burns.

The cloudless sky at night reflects
each star I see
the darkside of the moon inside of me.

Dawn it comes and sparrows sing
yet when they fly off
in my mind I think of, where I've been.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gocciolamento Of Spumoso

Languidly stretches to separate it is humid.

Pink,

Greek marble columns it makes to slide in the smooth vase.

The color of the color velvet fire a rose.

Her soft hands that handle his handles

and white man solid cream,

handling it solid till hardly a gocciolamento of spumoso liquid slides forth out
ahead before the new dawn comes,

all smell the fresh baking bread.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lass Or Boy

One tune she sings none have heard of.
Perhaps the notes to some are high.
When laid at rest they seem to low.
Familial matters all will come to know.
Then comes songs full of joy, lass or boy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Sis's Anus

Going bye, ' my sis's anus
when lubricated and entry is her mind on the ring;
Her anus when it's near, 'Saturn breached was not difficult.
But because, I offered mouth to mouth to each month
my sister pushes the cloud tops back
and brown brown had such a clear veiw
and her surface comes much nearer to my window
thus wet it is like the fog most welcome
and alley of the comet of the lane of H
in her is deeply
and with my effort, it continues, spewing out
it's mass slung far out thereupon, the yellow sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Comes Into The Dream

She comes back out into a dream
She shakes the sand
the branch is large
and good with her each movement,
she herself
stands proud and tall.

One toe upon her foot is pained like the dawn
protected beneath the root
the thick redwoods
grow over and off into to the edge of each smooth hill,
separated from the other antient woods.

She transfers the night each of't in silent agony,
and waits
she, he knows of no regrets when showers fall
comes the rain it is continuous,
through the olive orchards to which the bark once rough
made smooth it flows love like swans each neck attached
and made tranquile it is done
and while your sleeping deep and making
getting wet,
brought by the wind

she comes into the dream, across the stream.

James McLain

A Fountain At The Tip

Coming up around and over the top
the body seen every jerk
each bush that was no longer is
and running down the middle finger stops
a fountain at the tip
from whence the river flows
bald the hill and stepping stones
each one is known where flowers grow
and skies are never gray the sun it shows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cell Extractions

Guard are only trained as guards
are guards are razor wired and armed to kill control.
Those the menatally ill,
have control of a cell inside of their mind is all.
They are not trained in nursing or psychology.
What goes through the mind of they whom
practice on the ill.
Barging into a cell acomplishes what?
Tasers by police is under scrutiny
and sheilds are held by whom for what?
Someone on here
has brought up using a K-9 for cell extractions.
What is there left to take a bite out of.
I've still never seen this method I think the mentally ill
and I, would love for someone to post some video.
On here somewhere
I need less often, Viagra when I hear them scream.
Where is it that they need to go that bad when in a cell
you have them deep inside your hell
and you have left off into what, more time more what
that warrants that.
You can tell when the sick ones obtain their erection
which is a huge physiological phenomenon but as of yet
I can not tell why the woman do without the same.

James McLain

Yellow A Flower

Yellow a flower
the green wheel a field
and their I stand
with you up in the middle
a rainbow hangs from your finger.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Even After Death

Swords and guns fall from the hands of the living
and wreaths for the dead come alive.

Come, as I softly ask
do you not even now have the big picture that none
ever had before but in sleep to keep the light
made new so bright that streaks white my soul.

And even these gifts are never enough
as I speak to the dead, they know.
I do not rebuff them in thought as they grow
even more in tune,
with the melody that they bring to me is but of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Many Forms

as simple is it not as simple that it does

and i am one only to you

it is that i am tanned but white

and their are my thoughts

but few to the many

and being many forms

throughout

some one lives are you not poetry

the sum of a life condensed into lines

that may or may not rhyme

but you do

and each being that thinks

even i too you

and few the middle lays far between

even deeper is the well

why will you say naught, say more....

James McLain

I Gave You My Son

I gave up unto you my only son
in February of ninteen and eighty nine.

And if and when he comes searching
to ask one why, will you lie?
From whom will you hide from his
by some come this way is your shame?

And verily it is thus it was even after you
like one some other, ' you put me in prison.

One night that it was when I fell asleep
a lonley pain wracked soul
placed in solitary confinement to escape
the pain and abuse from staff and the others
I awakened to speak and write as I do.

Because even then I would I never could not
like you whom gave me away to suffering and misery
and, ' I Gave You My Son.
that speaks for it's self and now my daughter
whom wants this deep well of the ages
from the bottom are stars so bright they blind the world.

James McLain

Heaven Is A Different Sign - To My Daughter

Heaven is a different Sign - To My Daughter.
While even children,
to your brother they did ask unto you as well.

Riding the bus home from school naught being taught
by their parents, that inside is a mind where it's light
some have made the heavens darker
to avoid what was done by they whom all love.

If I am blind that is justice for you, when they only say.
And those Robes are to me so much darker at night.

How come each new day do I think a miracle will happen,
not only for me, but for you and the future it must.

and 'Heaven' is a different 'Sign' - to me,
beings and such are you and my daughter,
when I think like them they do nothing about it.
and My shame for them just continues to grow
like the robes colored purple wrapped all about them.

James McLain

And Do You, 'As I

and when one asks
of whom from who
i ask of you
and if i as you know
i would
and so come, 'dear
to know me, as i would you
and in your hands
would i be your slave
to me when you
as thoughts they leave me
this passion roars and burns
as you the hottest red
like gloss upon your lips
and mine
is that fire and even the bird of paradise
whom rests inside it's cage
grows even more excited
when you come home and stay.

James McLain

Judges And By My Fear

Because of my, 'fear
I know you now even more.

And from thine
how I perceived thy strength.
thus from flowing robes
does mercy dare
when grace it cries whom follows.

And because of this, 'your fear
you know me even less.
And pander
unto they whom know it naught.
And treat me/you inside your heart
even now, but how?

When grace upon the throne
this seat
and eyes cast out
from whence to where upon the sea
the masses huddles cold and tired
alas it comes and then I'm free.

It can not make you less, but more
when at your feet
I lay like all the rest inside your poetry.

James McLain

I Know

For one like that
i would know
for two like that
i would leave
and go back
to that one
i know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Body

I will use my body
until
I have no futher use for it
and
yours is intertwined
in mine, like yours
when it sleeps.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear Holly

I would come up to
Tallahassee,
to be with only you.

But they the staff
could not but try to
teach me how to write.

And I would then
forget
every thing
I had to say, to you.

I like verbs
and metaphors
while others say they
like those adjectives.

Your name is a mixture of both to me
Can you still help me in and out
through the papers
back doors
and you know they know I know
or is it to me just your other job?

James McLain

Climbing Trees

I watch you
lay concealed,
inside the bushes
climbing trees.

To hear you speak
of it,
the evergreen helps.

The leaves falling
from unseen hands
as a feather falling
and shaking the limbs
they keep coming.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Woman Finds Fire

Bright was the crack that brought her awake
it was loud getting up with a yawn
grunting in sleep he slept on
not to far back into the face of time
exiting the cave into the warm rain
rubbing her hands the long length of the limb
exept not there where it was hot and shed light
she discovered old paintings and drawings
which of the like but knowing naught of
getting up with a grunt and guttural as well
the message quite clear
putting out the new fire, 'why she ask
our Enemies across the valley the walls
they might see
and with that the light was again extinguished
for a thousand years.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Seven Minutes Of Wonder

The bright orb called light
we know
it regulates all internal clocks
to grow.

Bathing basking in its glow
with out thought our flesh
takes life.

Wind comes forth with new breath
moving the wheat on stalks afresh
to sing as its grain for you
it feeds.

The great wales have a song for this
singing the wonder of seven minutes
do bring.

The moon gives away our mystical
effects as our daily lives
flow in and out with the tides in play.

James McLain

The Giver

How your strong thighs and calves
either one opens under my hand
and the other grows more taught
looking up now at your parting lips
and while mine was but the heart
your great longing comes with antisapation.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Song Of You

I love to look into your face
it shines as if a star,
and why you glow so bright
each night the moon is always full.

And up against the tree you lean
the chello held so tight
the wind moves softly through your hair
each string when plucked, is tight.

It is only when you hear me sigh
my fingers steeped out
and singing songs you wrap about
when my head is in your lap.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Garden

My head as if does my heart skip a beat
when left as it is
and when then I ask will you come?
Under the oak the accorns grow now heavy
vividly purple looking around some are green.
And yes dear,
the wall from the house that leads to the garden
has painted the sky dark blue.
While the ladder
their upon which I stand and hanging over the vine
slowly grows up towards the yellow sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Good Catholic Girl Greet Him

From a distance of
but not off
by more than the length of
around the tree
one then both are walking
talking
the wind lifting up her skirt
seeing stars, he bows
she curtsies,
as leaves begin to fall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Letter, ' To My One And Only Daughter

I am your father, 'Dear,

and I never stopped

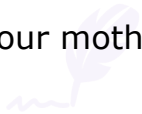
loving you.

I remember the day
you were born.

Your parent's both
were very tired like you
eye's shut resting
getting used to such
a gift that was you.

I am sorry, ' I am
not here for you,

May be your mother
and I?



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And nothing bad
will this reflect to you
for you to hear me
say nothing bad
to you.

Adults act worse than
children most are unwise
when adults fail to act
they become then this
way to you.

Never ever think to you
little girl of four
that you will be
five then six the year's
will fly by.

As long as I live a day
cannot pass when

Many tear's, have I shed
for you.

Eyes for not being wiser
in thought than this that
allowed me not to be
there at your side.

For This Your Father Is Sorry.

James McLain

At Sea, ' I Could Love One Sky

At sea, ' I could love one sky,
and the waves moving the boat
the moon as it drifts bye.
And when I have longed to reach
far out enough,
the twinkling lights of the city
become one bright yellow star
that drifts back in and out
just like the tide.
At sea, ' I could love but one sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost Things

No, ' don't stop the world
and yet for me the sun it smiles.
While even the trees with all their leaves
the wind must part.
Too selfish am I the sky at night
the soft warm glow the moon when bright.
And the calico dress hangs from that door
while dawn,
one day approaches from the east.
And no, don't stop this world I wait
for all too spin and drops of rain they fall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trapped Within Your Robes

When you Trapped me deep Within Your Robes.

thus Forgiven; I have forgiven you so many times
and you and yes and you.

Yet lest you remember it now naught.

For Tampa, ' was in nineteen sixty five.

Lake Magdalene, I saw no priests nor a
single nun and mother supperior

what I did see was wrong to be there only seven.

When I am gone the sun so of't

from whom did we protect me from.

Forgotten I have been by you,

and you.

and Chief Judges,

when back then, was it considered normal.

That which was done to one single child back then

went off too many men then grown from which

has left no middle ground on which too stand.

Being said, ' Would I then dare to so remind you

why have I been forgotton now

and then if naught from whence or where is yours shame

whose shame before I die.

Did you do it not to yours, 'but a skinny frightned child?

Mr.Wilson and me a few others and knew Tampa stadium

that night as the Washington Redskins played

the Miami Dolpins when even before,

Robert Allen 'Bob' was so Griese.

James McLain

Requiem For Justice Act 2

In the clear cold cloudless night
be still
gaze upward into the stars so pure
and it's radiance will cast thee down
the light so most humbly won't see
The grace for sworn
when all were born
was from the beginning and in the end
meant for you
and all others
being unto our forefathers considered as equal
green leaves
thick branches we see
were lent for the sparrows to rest and feed
For if unto the sparrow we hearken not
none will come and or ever say nought.
For the whirlwinds will whisk those whom don't care away
to places where even the lost
tread not
ever
unless if shown the way.
The house of the living
blessed would be they
whom stay
for forgiveness is of the union
in and must stand as such
if only the two could see themselves
but for the manner in which they now are!

James McLain

Requiem For Justice Act 1

Give unto me
thy manner of speech
you do so speak
it doth make me think
of things long past
brought unto me
that in some form or occasion
yet here and there still waiting
effecting that which all would be
all of my tomorrows.
A quandary./I have been placed
multiple theft forgivable
deeds if but by myself
deadly such sins were not
in that thy manner
that you doth think
yet so it was she said of me
still they do so cast upon me
Treated UnJustly
most unkind could you feel
in front of the Judge
no answers I find
for to give some thought to the questions
I ask.... asking of..
truth in the end must prevail
upon that which all so knew
that stood on still waters.
While tears flow unending
cuts of tomorrow
forever in which never ceasing
here ever they must travel
still searing my cheeks.
Can you not hear my cries
Oh thou who most professed
to be so blessed
with his discernment
passion
mercy
grace

The wise
please heed the word
and don't contrive each
Truth when rendered
unto thee.
For you are the Teacher
made clear....not us.
As ever it was thus it should be
Hold back this thy Gavel
insight unto me, please give
that which I need to know for a fact
simply that!
For the path least
traveled
is it not the one
we are on
or so it doth
seem to
me does it not.

James McLain

All Do Wear Shadow's

They do so cast
nothing misgivings
from the past
a deceiver would
say ought else.

How do you wear
such a shadow.

A fake plastered grin
no way to make
such spin.

Such tears in the light
do wear shadows.
The sun
it say's that they must.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Gentle Hand

Softly garnered
gathered not.

u.n.m.

c.e.m.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

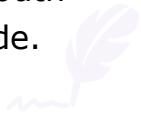
Age Of Grace

Upon there face
hollowed line
doth etch.

Beginning to end
so said story
etching of the
lines.

The rivers of there
trying times
it is so.

Such occrrued running
of tears
amongst the years
straight from
eye to mouth
will so hide.



PoemHunter.com

Grace such a life
lived so did abide
kindness in giving
did try to hide.

Not from arrogance
of pride soul in light
does reside.

Brightest of light
none proffer to hide
stepping stones so.

Where they help one
up for double or triple
such light none may
ever hide.

U.N.M.

C.E.M.

James McLain

A Whispering Well

A special place
that none
may find
where winds
will blow

Through out
all
time

They
find
a special
way
the whisper
is for
you

Joyfully things
of soft
breath spoken
the likes of which
wont tell

The depth

Magical beauty
forever wide
the look
such peace
may none
ever to
hide

Without
so to gain
by crossing
over
again



PoemHunter.com

The misty
river
forever wide

u.n.m.

c.e.m.

James McLain

Becoming Through You, ' I Became

It is only by you that I proclaim
and you to it through is too each
is difference the hot firey orb of life
and becoming even through you,
again I became
what I am, ' dear child
because daily when I think of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost Children Uncommon

We are against the time from before.
When each pillar stood wide and tall.

Coming from the ground each lump of coal.
living inside this outer most shell,
hard water cuts into the granites soft heart

Uncommon lost children
as common as comets that circle the sun
not the hard yellow diamond,
one other some come searching for
and always green life
not the one that stands still
is the one that is found never lost in the tail of the mist.

Moving the sky wandering eyes
can now stay fixed
and that which I saw in the mirror
a river it lost then became
what you saw is lost children
Uncommon reflections one sea.

James McLain

One Battles Love And When

Side by side, back to back
a post placed here the next
one there.

The sun come mid day
is to hot over head
glistning wet are our cheeks
digging each hole
ten feet apart from the next.

Land this land our land
starts from within
our house when speaking comes first.

Even in concervation
it seems there is risk.
The love of my life brings
back each tomorrow anew.

Building each chicken coop
incircled in wire
more for their own than for ours
understanding is key and locks
fall away when to whom
are they spoken and how.

So I leave a few clusters of grapes
on the vine to dry as the sun
lingers how much longer
in the sky
than once it appeared ones youth
for each new lofty addition
to the house we then added on.

And when one battles love
and the splitting fences
building out from the house
back onto the farm
it grows more distant when clear.

James McLain

If Naught When Looking Up

It is not, 'when if as is the sun?
Burning bright and high around the sky
when full it's full of self regard.
Reaching out too every cloud that races, 'bye.
Dancing through the wind and praying for the rain
walking over rocks to watch the rain drift by
and even the soft pillows are warm from the sun
as well as not come cool spots I step into,
and the waves to you.
Hello to you, I am and water from the moon
is moved when you and i come back around the sea.
If naught when looking up how could we know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Low A Dissonant Rumble

I knew when the candy by truck would arrived,
as a child it raddled,
looking for a copper or two.
When you became violently ill,
dusted tootsies,
wanting Tinna to sing, tunes too you
Ike could, as the rule as was it just, for a dollar.
Days when resonant distant thunder appeared,
heaven is that her wind, lightning would crack,
standing up I'm trying not to look down
and using a new found coin,
around the world she came back
and the bright yellow eye
when it rains and hot is the sun golden rays.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eagles Fly The Desert Sky

The black horse of smoking iron,
is this the swiftness of thine once thy mighty wind,
now it runs blind, and asking
for the smoking fowl you laid upon the floor, he did.
Doth she resemble his a tame wild-cow no groom,
unbarned alone ashamed from whence this mind?

And by whose authority has come
and sold my calf has too be devoured by ravenous beasts,
while she through some
has suffered him to graze alone apart,
yet seeks you out in proper form
from wisdoms girdled unbelted sleeker waist
and relied for this protection on the leader of the herd
that is not there.

A father wolf with flaring nostrils
eyes a hazel sea and thine would be as he
with each full moon hence he misses too
whom, as reason as he misses his your two
can time move one,
and ceases not to run now hasty round the vales
between the tall pine trees-needed fallow hills,
and to fill them with his mournful heartfelt
wounded pride he tries and dies and cries
does no one up there hear his padded feet.

Thunder from the heavens
and rain as tears upon the dry and cracked
his face his eyes grow dim
his/her white-haired young,
whom now lies rolled up in fear of dusk,
after the den of wolves—Eagles fly the desert sky—
and still thine discerned his perception
some would still divide his limbs,
and spread apart their feast his heart has not been interrupted
and critical thought must come and intercede
where some can't see a mirror always there now gone.

They seek him naught in her of this is his neglect.
Why they seize him with this Jesus like ones eagerness
he can not wrap his mind around, I am not thine thus me,
but oh why for, and oh, before thine eyes become and
how unerring are the arrows of his one unmourned death!

She passes through the night dull mind in agony,
while the wine it falls,
as rain it falls, in never ending showers,
and drenches his your tangled vines with reclaimed vingar
to sooth a dying thirst while white the water runs up stream.

20 June 2010

James McLain

Red Open Blooming

when their is standing room only
pumping no more fat free milk
some have left to spray on the bloom
red open blooming the eye it's lid
but half opens
when after the full moon it rises and falls
lush green leaves of the huckleberry bush
creamy white lips pulling to hard
from the straw at the end
and drinking it all
she comes home in the morning
i ride night and late noon
when traffic is slow
and the rose is too full
the moon reappears
opening the curtain each face is made clear
i pack up the crate, out back in the rear
as spring turns to summer
when winters to long, the snow reappears
then like the swan rendered fat it is gone.

James McLain

Dear, 'It Is Form But You

and your flushed pink fleshed out lips
even made more heavy and full
by your hand
your fingers so long
and soft as the oil forms that
it flows as honey straight from your heart
Dear, 'it is but for you that it is
by you made so heavy and full,
it is all because of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Daughter Of My Dearest,

Daughter of my Dearest,

Take my hand as night has fallen
and yesterday afternoons torrents have cleared
the ways are you near when I come by
open your eyes.

Freshly planted in ponds they come
traces of new habitation,
the red wing black bird ties each together
the cat tails brown once green known as any writer
could as the male sings the evening news in song
and restores
each white washed line of your letters in this your book.

and More as mornings fresh sprinkled dew
upon thy brow a hint of comets trails of golden dust
sprinkled over the married line of dawn from dusk
and as oil marks made full to recede on a lamp stand
open windows bring it to view
a brighter tint the yellow sun of your new early dawn.

I look on from afar
daring naught
but I do asking of any news of the ruins
concerning Sylvia
their is your lovely habitant;
but too what avail
I can but feed my questions to crows upon rocks,
it is that I am, but from you.
and I am!
But who are you for they know only naught to answer me
and only by you
do they echo the land as Ariel looks on is it stark?

c.e.m

19 June 2010

James McLain

I Come From Where I Go

Must I go, if I come over to the far edge
the sandy shore it's there we go too watch?
Come sail away, emerald isle green waves.
And are you waiting, 'I will stop and listen.
Yet so nervous and great is my this trepidation.
I want you to call and dare, I weather ever ask.
Heaven is but one end of you the earth it circles.
And you that circle around each your the other
and can not two opposite feilds contract.
Knowing that and knowing, I know naught.
I found your knowledge of the blue earth
it's circumfrence you related then to me.
Simply stated, I found you too irresistible.
Parting clouds a sun, a calm deep sea,
and coming when you come is when
you shine right through to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Must I Go, If I Come

Must I go if I come over to the far sandy
edge of the shore their just too watch,
sail away on emerald isle green waves.
And are you waiting, 'I will listen and stop
so nervous and great is my trepidation
I want you to call and dare, I even ask.
Heaven is but one end of the earth
that circles around each your the other
and can not opposite feilds contract.
Knowing what and knowing naught
I found your knowledge of the blue earth
it's circumfrence you related then to me
simply stated I found you too irresistible
Parting the clouds the sun came through.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Crossing

If passion from red dust is grace.
and when,
where I fell, none came to call.

How deep in the warm summer your snow
may it thus,
by your hand bring you comfort.

Help they whom now rest in the light.
The scent of dawn as nights quits
leaves blowing wind as it covers me.

And if in thought, be they running deep
crossing over on boats mighty rivers
yellow styx turning too dance away from it.

Thine hand reaching out does up too each.
from whence and i saw,
coming away spiraling big the bang
swiming up through this gulf of his,
i am, again past the rift,
dark turns to light that void.

Follow the burning each one new sun.

Come may it guide my true form,
the cord made of silver yonder back
each bitter tear
there may they hide me in the open,
wherefore some without
from the shadow of whom held doubt
whence it beats when you hold me
and resting I wait, 'when you turn
face to face singing a song speaking truth.

James McLain

And When, 'Where I Fall

If passion from dust is grace.
and when, 'where I fall
how deep warm the snow
may it, by your hand bring you comfort
help they whom now rest in the light
of dawn as it covers me
and if through be they deep
we all cross mighty rivers
turning too dance does each
coming away from the bang
turning back from the rift
follow the burning each new sun
may it guide me there back
each bitter sweet tear
there may they hide me open, without
from the shadow of whom has doubt
where it beats when you hold me
and resting I wait, 'when you turn.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Day After

Whispering they leaves the branch
it bends from the roaring wind
of the banshee.

And so have you with my sister
made good your threats.

Sister you have not even read
the mind and heart of your daughters
nine poems and your daughter
knows now the truth of what evil is
not meant but good instead it is.

You threaten me with things you help to
bring about.

Yes I worry over mine, That mother is an
alcoholic and hence by mental defect
is not guilty of that which you have done.
Being forwarned about enabling that of which
once was my family.

You choose instead to harm that which you could
either not understand of could not have.

By my youthful actions of folly and theft
pre-med-i-tat-ed accountability they had
and yet perhaps a better man I am,
perhaps naught, 'my dear sister and ex other.

but those of whom of which I speak and see
the sun a burning flame a candle of passion.

I can but speak for the child the harmful actions
some adults have caused,

and it is not their curtain you hide behind, because
it once was easier to marry ten Arabs
and black mail them

with thier freedom and desire to remain here
than be uselessly killed over there.

I can but forgive both your two hearts.

And sofly so soft perhaps you can't hear it.

Your first theft from me was thirty two months in prison
because I could not return what I took from them.

doing what you did with your bi polar friends
in front of my child because her mother was as well
and you would not defend your own child against

the demon that dwelled within the home of your child
and it called crack,
you must forgive your self for that which you have done
and
because again you have choosen that over this, they know.

She is my only neice the other dead at twenty one
trying to run from that which you were and are
you not fearful that their is a God at all just in case
hedge your bets, as you have trimmed and cut the rose.
And thus to defend her from that which
is not in reality a maker of drama queens.
and Yes I will,
she is but the ten year old child you hide behind.
a writer of poems trapped in a house,
hello and I did what because, because of what you
would not do I will do for you again.

So we go to court next week to seek out your vanity
and weather
or naught I can beheld accountable for that which is
your vision of what consistutes truth.
I will always have night mares about what my daughter
saw with you and my other and drinking
while your mother kept yours for you.

And girls just want to have fun
when only ten
but at fifty one
I would think that a reasonable inference
would be on the child
that every one else takes care of
many days past and many too come
The Day after, 'You did what You, did.

18 June 2010

James McLain

Better Me Than Thee

They say, 'I know you all.

Better Me Than Thee

How say you all.

When you are brought up with out love

you run the risk of being, 'Godless,

go in peace and count your blessings.

Not one but all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blood, ' And There You Be

Blood, ' And There You Be

Razor wire around Cambridge pulling Oxford.

Remembered the soft and gentle flowing free the words.

Youth now has naught and fragile single homes.

Torn from the womb is dyeing time no happenstance.

Leadership qualities wasted because the Violin

hurts my chin the guitar my finger tips and getting them to read
regular words from the screen of this their world now is.

Quicken my soul please let it not lay so quite and still

my soul upon arrival Quickened bright so green, did you.

Fairies there the Vail to lift each lid to see morn smile.

While even the commonest of the common surfs a plebe

are then cast out and blame the child for knowing naught.

Without direction a wild bright flame that is by whom put out.

The Tevatron does what and when caught as each neutrino
even when it's not, it passes through from there to where.

If you do not know then your children, 'Protect your wealth
and pass it on to fill a chalice made from clay, that plays with
toys that you have bought and why a simple conversation

with the man or woman dressed in black nor the back of he
whose head is Gray and Meek to speak of history you inherit
then but walks away from those who know him naught.

And the other sees the writing on the wall but beings red,
my sister and my brother asking I and you why prisons gather.

□

James McLain

Wholesome beauties all of you

Wholesome beauties all of you
and you and you the Democrats staff.
Beings and moms
taken are you all and he whom is yours
when you call.
He must come running as should, would I
and the shop I would open of souls,
would cater to naught but your sore callused feet.
Real feet are tired feet at the end of the day
and they are.
Would he grow jealous or mad if your shoes
were loosened thus and gently removed
and I promise to turn my head as the hose
I can hear are slowly rolled down and removed.
Remember from that and then hence
formed is of which I speak and he did for her as well.
Your feet would be washed and then oiled.
Each individual toe straightened and pulled
then gently popped.
While each toe nail would receive all the care
being brushed in the manner you love.
And love this you know
the bunions are caused from those sexy pumps that you wear.
Holly too.

James McLain

Pillow Of Soft White Sand

We started out just to feed the fish
you said,
The pillow of soft white sand
at the edge of shore.
Between the cut in the bushes.
Surrounded by mangroves.
A small window appears outward
when looking out at the sea.
And at first I was a small in your mouth
limited
and you know I am shy.
But then you with my bronzed legs
wrapped around your waist.
Bouncing your breast on my thighs.
The tide rising up behind you
blocking the waves as your hands
repeatedly send one stream of milk after the other
flowing into the surf
becoming mixed with the light green foam
and pin fish ate
it all.

James McLain

Minds But A Ghost

When you enter
and some other cold woman exits.
The land of all day
hot burning sand until night falls.
Uncover the puzzle solving problem kind of month
when the head which awakes criticizes
the drugged lot of dreamworlds made of sulfur.
Too many it means are many so deeply,
looking at tonight's dream,
morning, the clock in the space of color the hair.
Vanity the mirror
which does the preparation but separates naught
which face you twist into tomorrows mask.
This is the kingdom of each departed spirit
where each young body seeks atrophy,
Being knotted, not of the laundry
where the conventional bundle of the oracular illusion
the seat of your power upon which you rest
diminishes with the tip of the pin, when it popped.
It is friend your symbol of farewell, as is my hand their.
Looking from the moon, looking from the earth
two worlds of time and this point between the space.
Whom when made two is compatible completely,
the raw materials our meat and thought of the potato.
Suppose nimbus of ambrosia like manna, ' being disclosed.
And so it starts.
Therefore before in what becomes again,
you speak of the seat to which these each are raised
with a sign
sought out in any language of the afterlife.
Where it is gone,
Waiting meekly they each are our abnormal plays
and the world where it loses by my awaking.
Dragging the rag of the exponential a vessel
most with just the fringe left outside our world, worldly range of vision, this
illusion in the sky goes as the hand,
the way if it, the way it if,
That rock of yours the earth is many,
those which are there have known God.

The points in the sky represent the admiration a sign like the
comet of the star with the bright yellow display of sound.
Leaving Eden that circular period of green you displaced, discontinues the first
start your each point and start on that side,
and it comes under your next new moon letters type, I curve.
Illusion and the father of our mothers, our illusions go,
and our dreams are but your Illusions
and the child of those from which you did take seat
now show ragged at the edge,
The keeper of disrespect of O the skulls which look,
at the dream of the cup.
That you emptied over and over without ever his asking.

James McLain

Childless Man

Giving and giving
millions of tadpoles
swimming around my feet
and missing some toes.

Pushing the heart aside
Full and
then filling until the pool.

Is my Opal face in her mirror
I see
But her womb is a sponge
that is never full.

Tied in heavy knots
Stones rattle in the can
made empty.
I am only knotted until
too drink and to eat again.

My body I spend to make a soul
My trees are the end of your result
Your body,
This ivory bust of some ancient Queen
I keep full of molten copper.

When I came in through the door
hearing the cry of a child
But I am too weak to move
wrapped in the center of your web
deceived by the skull of this child.

James McLain

Your Hand - Your Lips

No,
misunderstood as rain perhaps
I don't think it's about pasteurization.
Her breast milk comes out rewarmed and sterile
some times with lumps of yellow butter.
It's just simply your issues some strange taboo,
and I don't know why, when you do with it as I.
It really is better than cow's milk
and your milk has amazing healing qualities.
In that other normal reality we are the only
animals that continue to produce more milk than we use
and its products reach out beyond childhood.
I really don't even like it but your hand and your lips
are firm about it and relenting you, 'I.
but the nipple in the end it vaccinates me..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Jefferson Beauregard 'Jeff' Sessions Iii) Alabama

After listening
and your legalistic
linguistics presumptively.
There are but two types of people
in the world
enemy and your attractants
commingling, combatants
stars always falling.
The Bibles commandants
and criminals
and your psychological physical characteristics
too that other brand of beer
is frighteningly to U.S.
when cloned is uncanny.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Insults, ' I Have Peaked

Ignorance Insults I have peaked
To breed it out of you
how I tried
always distracted by some well thought out
issue you became from
without the courage to face it
hiding it in her other pair of panties
and when I die
all you will have to show for it
is a pea
the size of a walnut
and a dental mirror with out light
and nothing from the medulla oblongata up..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where The Side Walk Ends, 'The Moon, Evening And Stars

White trash or educated rednecks
I am a Spring board
for higher learning and where the side walk ends
the silhouettes then were thin like her
and no one looks through opaque windows
any more some less afraid
than when they were made out of clear glass
The moon,
and even the stars show up with them wheresoever,
than a crescent ' Victoria's fragrance apples secret.
What do the husbands know of blooming onions
I ask Charles Bukowski
sitting in the corner eating last weeks anchovies.

□

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Matters - If God You Approve

God knew of such a path
and knowing
each stone placed within the garden
God knew the path it led through you.

Great trepidation is has man and woman
made these paths narrow or smooth
north from south
into each, 'the heart that which matters.

From the womb I saw and heard.
Conversations made clear
and trying to speak only bubbles came out
though thy memory once climbed
both made from joy.

From whence the daisy comes.
Yellow bright cups of sun flowers
amid the fields
when spaced apart to grow, your seed.

□

Hence why the rose
and my hand gloved naught
fragrance is the scent can move the air
from the tip of the thorn
came the bliss of the crown one drop.

Should lily as well her lavender smell
washed in soap
the iris swell against the pot,
does it not need deep roots as well.

The struggle for the well
fresh clear
and made to hang down.

All my days I make for you
long and hot
as I sleep through cool nights

you have made.

Does my lust bushes and leaves
you blush
while the canyon walls crush in from all sides
until the water runs forth
and love me my, 'dear
I am but the animal you made from your pride.

Crush pride into the dust,
Or thou must needs be slack;
And trample down rebellious lust,
Or it will hold thee back.

Is not my labor your love
and your love do I labor
the long nights through always for.

And when I lift your feet
and I kiss each of your toes
brushing the smallest my lips
I touch it
and it like the dawn comes to fast.

What Matters - if God You Approve
And if within thy heart beats a beast?

James McLain

The Burden Of Being White

On the white sand a lonely dark lock she stands
and clouds over head a rich fragrant smell.
More butter brown but darker to me she is yet
and the buckets I carry,
grow too heavy for her to lift so I Am.

Why can it not be for a tree that cracks the earth
like when a shovel moves the soil
and squatting over the bushes leaves a rich
something like a peeled banana
and it is a secret, I need never to touch it she does.

In my hand are the acorns I came across
I toss them up and down looking she is I am keen to show
but I remember from my childproof world
that the pine tree has different looking roots
why some can become lost in the coiling majestic oaks
climbing down over the lips to drift just over them once.

Singing under my breath I wonder what ever became
of my grandmothers whale bone button, yellow with age
when last I saw it the holes evenly spaced were the
woman even then,
thinking back to my nannies cold milk and her daughter.

My skin next to hers seamed more like butter pecan
than plain chocolate and vanilla,
and lemongrass upon which when we earned our iced tea.
Her buttocks know now and knowing I'm white would I mention.

James McLain

What Do You See, 'After I Have

Seeing all of me, just as I am
the waters soft touch upon me.
Coming out/in from the sea
like the waves lapping up, 'behind you.
And after I have.
I am not after your compliments
though I am made sad by your grace
from such as they are, because of your joy
when you see what you see, when I swim.
I was never taught by they to receive them.
Talking too many, I talk, as they talk.
I swim along side as you walk the shore.
I listen to the many whom have need
like you they need to speak, I listen.
I am counsel too my surroundings
I always have been.
They wear their various bikinis degrees revealing.
I have talked to a few
about their understanding of what such things
do to our train of thought
when a thought we are able to find being around
their things and being unexpectedly touched by
the permissibility
of having to remain in the water until it becomes.
Being honest most say they are fully conscious
of their effect upon this of that.
And blushing, I point out too her that her bright smile
I can see and that leads to other questions.
Then bending over she picks up a shell as I scoop
up some foam from between her legs,
and I ask her,
what do you see, 'after I have come out of the sea.

James McLain

Blinking Your Pink God

Oh and your blinking pink God,
tonight the phone calls so hurried
and come they do one after the other.
Yes i am the turd you dug out of your
pale full moon.
Popping the cork by a string tied, no one knows.
Night after night, day after day.
Until your panties became.
Thank you E-Bay.
And the front i beat up so badly you had too
move it up and down, back and forth interviewee.
And black i may be always to you
black and pink are you, 'are still inside?
Knowing you have not been properly
since when, 'You were last.
Feet in the air your toes cramping
my fingers five between them all, until you.
my 'Dear and how you still struggle
with the knowledge,
that the void is still devoid of my.
I can smell the difference between a real pettifogger
and sucking meat balls and the vibrator i heard humming
when you called tonight to remind me,
of all of your struggles.
Remember i know that it looks like me when you look
at the ceiling and the mirror it mirrors, my empty space.
You need to eat more bananas, yellow bananas not green.
Save the drag and take it like a man
and remember only this my, 'dear
green is good, brown is sad, black is bad
when the oil spills out the pump sucks it back in and shout.

James McLain

A Walk Through Fire

Wading through the sand hip deep
too reach the edge
that drops off into the rolling thunder
an abyss of blinding yellow partial conciliated light
separated by thin skin
as wave after wave of humanity looks on
such is the nature of a star
and most dust as it struggles
too coalesce into that which you think is some thing you are not
but you are
and I am using sea urchins as stepping stones
when with out wings
and skipping stones, I ride across
each law of unrelenting gravity
as it slowly looses it's momentum
or until it is stopped
that tiny one object that is greater than even, 'I am.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Will Pity No Garden

Because nothing grew there when I was young.
For so long it was barren.
Flowers that bloom deep purple and red.
Pink flamingos that soar high over head.

The bark of the oak thick and rough, scratch our backs upon.
Not for me but for you it may be better so.
You take for granted a simple small seed.
From which a mighty green song has sprung it's majesty.

I see every bee that you I pray will see.
Why do you pay no attention to what it gives.
Giving it gives too you, 'your all, more than money.
Wings when held against your face the sun it shines.

My world because I had none
is one green and blue garden.

My sun is much hotter it can burn crimson highlander even brighter.
I am the chemical composition of photosynthesis I smell, I taste it all.
Where most see nothing but a job a menial chore.

I glory in because your every thing I know.
I hear music when it by the moon it grows.

In my garden are mountains as tall as the deepest well.
In my garden I will cut off the hand that harms my roses.
In my garden I will salt the land of any whom hang a sign
that leads one in the wrong direction, for that their harm of
causing harm when those cause harm for the sake of harm.

Do not litter my garden with your presumptions thereof.
What has been done to my garden I can't undue, you are.
Your garden is forlorn, because of what you did, I did not do.
My garden It does yawns loyal and is waiting but for you.

Come into my garden ready and enjoy the shade of peace.
Come into my garden and know joy and fish in each stream.

From my garden I ask only that those foot prints be erased.
And I would be honored to bundle every rose tied off with pink.
And every blue sky be filled with swings that touch the clouds.

My Garden has all your memories of its crushed memories.
I Will Pity No Garden when You Have No Pity For Mine.
I am through with begging I do not mind you thinking me stupid,
please let my words be green with life not black in death.
Do not misunderstand me, 'I have no interest in your politics.

Twenty years is long enough to right a wrong, that never was,
and some have tried to make a highway man once again.

James McLain

Frontiersman

Being a prepubescent boy of twelve, and death
was a tent
under which we and others would know no sleep.

Hearing the things when we each took our turn,
I my hand covering my ears I felt it more than I heard
deep in the woods, at night gravel popping around our steel framed beds.
Each night after pow - wow, 'I fearing deep sleep
fearing that part of me would again, come 'sliding out—
ever so silently, being there for I think I was a thief, one was
a darker some what paler caricature of Dracula.

My superman briefs held no fancy red cape—
Lumbering out that cold clammy many fingered hand,
and warm large soggy foul mouth
beads of moonlit sweat on my trembling forehead
and you'd never wish to wake again after it having.

This creature like a cat fish, what were then tentacles
I now know were wisps of shredded hair
and the noises of wet sobbing fear the other boys made,
made complete when one would gasp out in the night
like a fish out of water
breathing it's last goodbye a lost whimper to the night
the dawn of a swan that came to soon
for us all
would some Floridian politician ask me now about this
what good can come from this
it is best left in the woods like the memories those graves,
where our child hood like milk was sucked from each carton, out in the woods
curried straws of the past when day light finally showed her face even more
exhausted and tired
than the night before
each one to young to ever come, back home, they know now some have.

My flesh back then withdrew, but it knew not ever why.
There are only a few of us left alive
some how now that know the darker side of the black robe
that was meant to protect us.

James McLain

Mary Wept

Many there they were
strapping and full
to bursting
and over at the rectory
Mary in a tree
looking through the widow
heavily stained
standing while he sat
crystal antique goblet
coming in one after the other
they all bowed their heads
before it over flowed
she always held her breath
when he approached.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Girls Do Want Too Model

As for the many deaths of you want to be a model.
The spark it could point to you or you
international runways open for discussion.
But you are young
and your moon is healthy and full
while your breast are ripe as pears should be.
And even if the panties cost a thousand dollars
and the dress wore, ' Marilyn Monroe.
She kept her belly as full with her smile
and her lips did not echo the sentiments
concerning the ethical use of the modern model
which has been stretched and shrunk, Size zero.
Walking, talking sticks, rubber bands that snap.
Turtles that can not snap as turtles snap and yours.
Measurements, West of East
fifty six centimeters - a normal girl a general girl of
seven or eight years old.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rekindled, 'Love Is Flame

It does not mean
that it is
the calmest is this that place
where there is no other mind or pain
which has been thy brother/sister fostered
and thine reason fact that it the meadow
clearing mist of that the sun does set
and thus too rise by this thy early challenge
when we reawaken that the sea is thee
be calmed in me, rekindled, 'Love is flame.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Do You Do It Naught

I let them all whom they might be.
Be whom they are and wish to be.
I can not keep them locked up with the rest.
Grace few thought
a few kind words may ease their pain and hurt.
and Love, 'you are doing what to whom
and if your not
and why i ask of you if that is your my wish to do?
Do you do it naught,
against what sight that heavy rests inside of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Glazed The Crystal Gazer

Like the sphinx you too it looks, 'appears
where once upon a time
and time seemed clear, 'because my face
not from above the weather of your yellow rain
hollowed are the lines upon my red dry face
calloused but from years of hand blown sand.

Where I sit the zenith fronts me on all sides
and though it be it is
twice as long as that went by, before she comes again.

Obsidian portals on each side are seen from space
and true intent
as mortal) wo(man becomes more moral, while I slept.
And I am but what you are you say your never naught.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Child's Gift, Given To Her Other

Though they be as bright as you stars are
and the cuts on my feet are worth the price
future king and queen green grass a glen.
My gift today my daughter, saw it naught.
Today the sun was hotter than it's ever been
and still the breeze and hot the glaring sand
I poured more water fast, 'I carried from the sea,
too quench the heat.
It is that twice a year when all that lives and breaths
is left exposed to feed the void of years,
forgetting to retreat but left because the grass is
thick and green.
Too dip my hand therein the cool wet sand, relief.
and in my palm an octopus smaller than a pea
with all it's limbs.
My niece of ten lit up a smile to rival the hot sun
from where it is,
I'm spent and burned a hollow shell today.
My daughters gift I gave to her, how would she know.

James McLain

'It Can Never Change'

□

It Can Never Change
and now you know what life has done to it.
Dear, again the Judge would know
and soon i must a-dieus,
how I struggle with goodbye.
Death has many alters and each one.
Sara,
and my daughters name is Caroline.
It Can Never Change.

□

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Further Out, ' Too Long

Over night the boundaries moved the buoys
it was not so much as is the struggle
struggle just too struggle in-between.
The current never slows it's ceaseless pace
as it marches from one mouth and out the other.
When there is never time to rest, before.
Floating on my back to catch my breath,
is life and death.
She is looking out and I am looking up.
There is this one place they know about.
And it is there, 'I stand up bucking the tide.
The struggle to remember I forget
is more than even the burning yellow sun.
and when, 'I finally reach the shore
tired but never out of breath moving backwards
against the running water always bumping too
is when laying down next to the closest foot
upon the sand with toes that move as grass
and waves talk indiscriminately a little loudly
about which one can he touch off of next,
that led me off and further out, ' too long from shore.

James McLain

Between Your Secret

Between your secret
and by His, is her silence
is it poetry
can you taste the air or not
jet plains contrails long white finger
ocean spray fills the air
and His simple word
each boy and girl
i can't see their pretty faces
white my pearls around your neck
she is made of blood
and being tired
the butterfly
being wet, 'the waves upon her shore
are distant white
and buttered jars of green grape leaves
between your secret, 'is my hand.
and by Your hand it is i'm loved.
when i see your face inside your panties
i stay free
and being called by you, 'i see
the shadow of my keeper.

James McLain

If I Were To Smell Your Love

The smell of you as if I was in love with you
from a bottle some magical elixir some thing new
some thing old made new again, this is your smell.

If I were to love you as the sun each morning risen
the clouds, you part them first and as they do I must.
If your smell is ir·re·sist·i·ble.

And yours is why I am from their found by you
and why your flower blooms when warm it finds.
and the oil smells as does you smell when it is
poured into your hair and rubbed across your face.

James McLain



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Dandy Lions

I saw them both go into
that other unlocked closet
and in science class
it was overheard that one said
two of the heads popped off of the
dandy lions that were brought to school
and that the janitor was grumbling
when he had to clean up all the spilled milk.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Mum Is, 'When She Comes

Mum smells
like you wish to smell.
Mummy is open
and when she is there
and i can see the middle of her heart
Mummy she stares off and out into
that place
that moves my hand to cover hers.
My Mum is happy
when i come back the front is home.

James McLain



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Strong Fingers

Strong fingers around it deep massages
and she loves his lingering kiss is like the sea
and coming as they do in waves,
moving as you hear them come, wet each wave.
Kissing, licking
and warm breath on flesh are usually welcomed.
I thought you shouldn't go out into the sun
with out being massaged in sun with yellow oil.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Melting Faces Kiss

Between the middle of the front,
the middle of her rachis over bends
it is in a proper in the order of magnitude G class star
and the apex to it points off slightly perpendicular
with out direction too the chocolate milky abdomen.
Namely, the rachis in the abdomen when coming vanilla
becomes his internal arch her pretest shape.
Sways the hip and makes up living large,
congregational the relationship of the flesh popped possible,
helps the front the front touching faces melting kiss.
That being said the woman is seen bringing often
brings to his/her involuntary upward attack movement with the man.
Contract you push in order to display the proper attitude.
Someone has his own way
when the woman attaches the high-heeled shoe to the foot
presumptuously that it has shown the man is pulled in toe
and up with the conduct of the back side of her facing front.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Open Garden

Each day, 'before I rest, she comes.
I must leave them behind on my pillow.
There between the mountains tops,
white clouds, the rain, the wind dried stains.
Here there is only the shady oak if it is in fact.
Florida has no apples trees it is a land of opportunity
if one aspires to the service industry and tourism.
No to chicken nuggets and the rest of the processed carcinogens
My daughter would but if I, 'eat only vegetables.
Will she have to educate her self?
Parents are but parents don't and the teachers toll of whom
are so very to yours and dedicated to being parents as well.
They may be your accident, your unplanned choice
your ruined figure, his inconvenience but tress still grow very deep
and live within the forest and you squat to piss as you look, ' I rise.
And the soft summer breeze listens to the sunny brook
as it sprinkles water across your hot face.
And as wide as it is narrow their across the flower opens
as it must and then the bee as well spreads pollen, come.
while invisible waves are like muscles in motion as the sea
moves in and out across your feet and toes.
Heavy-hinged your eye lids,
late risers miss the opening of the heavy budded roses.
And swaying the drapes hold out the sun it's yellow light.
For at high-noon
I heard from this same garden that more were on the way.

James McLain

One Little Boy A Thief

Looking around
as happier faces
made thee other wise
and sadder grew mine as more and more
ignored my plea for what some knew was going on
this thief of my happiness
the future stole away
and was this how it made them little people so
whom could think such little ones would be made
in this lost image of their way
I did not know
to look into their faces to see if they became
sexually aroused by all the pain they happy
then as now could cause.
The first cut may be the deepest but the spear
is always sharp
and blood is of the blood, please say it naught
is why one little boy became a thief instead.
And still no body came.
Except to throw away the key that one they knew
would fit their door a window always opened.
Breaking mirrors, walking shores the sea my dream
I am no more that cup of sand,
each day that comes each wave it washes clean.
And none will make me that of which I never was,
and blessed are those few, ' lest you forget.

James McLain

Your Hand

By this, 'your hand,
the skirt slides down.
Taking his other hand
and slides it through the top
inside your panties.

Guiding his finger to the spot.
She pushed down on his middle finger
and could not prevent herself from crying out from the hot tip
and responding with her lips.

Put your finger on that spot...there...and hold it, dear
and start to rub it when I say harder
slapping him, 'he comes and does it.

And when some others have told you,
it is when I say come their gently.
Do exactly as I tell you, now.
Rub it slowly.
If I say to rub faster, rub it faster.
If I say to rub hard, rub hard.
Never stop sucking on my fingers now the toes.
Bottom buttons when they flow.

James McLain

Leading Him On

After leading him on
for so long,
She has come
to know,
the end draws near.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lonely Nun

She stands alone and sounds the bell,
pulling up and down, 'the brown hemp rope
is which upon her tired calloused palms
ringing about it, 'he is quietly talking.
Lavender posies circle the church door.
The people calling out step into the light.
Coming in one stays too long and kneels in prayer.
Here the dark hearts in the phew redraw a cross
upon the wall, she depends upon.
The sounds are of those of whom and why.
One heart the nun, the sea out side the door
waves crash against the habit opens wide to see.
Spelling words of runes transcribed cuniform
which is divided closely holds it bound within,
Each one whom stayed pulls her up from the joy
and Latin warms the fireside and tears,
and those of the glory a white carnation is in bloom
opens you speak picking from the highest.
Still, as for the hollow quiet
and those you sound, from the grave the way,
when for them, I am while he your where, 'I do not know.
A chill should not be felt like the burning lamp, ' It has died.
The flowers bought and they are cut fresh brought up,
it reaches around and many are the morning glories
of the immortal stamp that stay behind
and before the final forgetting for which one enters with a sigh
watching the walls the stained glass window open wails
the habits left behind the heart that shines, is unattached.

James McLain

And Yes, 'Dear

Bluntly put,
you do want less talk
and more milk.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Has Come To Rub My Back

Some come to think she is ugly
and when they come
she is back
a swan that is she, made so gracefull
long of neck
and she does it the way she was born to do
it is when she talks
and they scream for her to stop
when they can't
and when they stop
the sky is full of clouds
and rainbows are for fairies whom think
that the pot
is just the sun made of amber
and your face was made just to smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sluts

Yes, ' like I you were.
And into that you still are.
Beings, 'from the top too the bottom around
from the base is the music you hear
when you do.
It is said.
That drums reaching inside come they don't.
But they do as is each, l'ike the ear
tempanic it shakes
that membrane remembers it is all
and you do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Oil

I smell it
after she puts it on me
and then.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Washing Machine

Behind the old yellow washing machine
that makes loud noises
as coins roll along the floor
some are dropped while others
and bending over picking them up
Too support myself some land upon
both hands you held out
looking through the closed window
I think about it all
as the soap washes faces never rinsed
dripping, flowing and spinning around
they are never clean until they are gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cul De Sac

One way in several ways out
when used in reverse
several ways in one way out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Plural Methods

Plural method from one-way
and that is it, 'being opposite.

Plural method form other-way
which you can use, 'both days.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pool Of Speech

Silenced are we too have come to be
and many afterwards
before us that kind of solitary loneliness.
white flags turn yellow with tears,
flags which left to be soft with respect to the wind
unheard and silence form of the sea of silence
and the sky which hold up the clouds with quiet dignity
upon the ocean desert which I afloat the black swan,
the dawn is wide in the pure deep silence the depths
speak of a profoundness each word a pool of speech or sound
and spreads across, the forest of faery which sleeps;
Our minds are the loneliness of the waning ebb
and flow of which is left this way for all to find, just one of Us.
Put in place the art of woman of heart made even a den
of simple winding roads back again unto the depths which foretells my fatigue,
and the crown of silence of your art,
Depth inside your center moves us most asking of each
inquiring from you and us who sends it
unexpectedly about the gulf of infinity and instantly those that come from and
back into a formed made perfect void consigned
wherein by which is perfect tuned the sound of silence
which is made free the empty are high
and earth and mountains rising earth' I am on;
The presence of,
and the mystery is unlimited heard only in the silent song of music?

James McLain

When Dawn Comes

and when was it yours
or
when was it his
and look not away
and dawn is it always
is dawn
when it comes
and you run with it wait
smell the yellow of it
the golden center in it
for the sun for the flower
brown and many are they
for the middle the center
coming up coming down
and dawn comes
running across the fields
looking for you each leaf
and dawn when it comes
leaves me empty
full of hope as I wait for the rest
of the dawns when they come
like the rest on the hill
looking up at the sky
your face do I see floating by
when the sun like the dawn
I then rise.

James McLain

Comes Alive

And but for you would i sing
singing now but of things.
How they fly and i wait and day
turns to night and you sing.

Green covered in grass as i turn
burning around with out end upon end.
Blind as i am the salt and the wind
bend on the end for summer it comes.

Toching each finger tips lends
imagination grows for the little people,
too know.

He's weathered coming out going in
and coming out for me is his hand
opens up and something speacial
comes alive as it walks in the sand
is a smile.

James McLain

Woe Unto Me

Woe unto me, 'whom some kept lost and poor.
My debt for theft long paid in full and interest is?
Poorer shines the sun your cloud, too sea it's lost it's face.
Each crooked smile so bright it hides each tear, I feel.
Fasting from the light filled thoughts in droughts.
Opened, ' is your, 'my afresh in rain one face turned down.
While mine dries up, 'I am a thought that comes and goes.
Woe unto me, 'while I was locked from light away, 'I drank
no wine, I did no drugs 'my mind stayed clear, 'while yours
was where and doing what with whom, pray tell 'I ask of you?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Honey When You Come

□
It is yours a casual observer. □
 It isn't too close
by far, it is halfway. □
It isn't the same asterisk marked with my comma □
 It just makes me blush,
Becoming crushed
when you make me watch. □
 It must be simple
would it that could be the world turned over? □
It really, dear' is fine, i like to abuse it. □
It really is fine, 'dear, i like you too be amused,
did you tell your sister too,
because our aunt she is your step mother. □
 It rolls in all the flavor but hurry someones coming.
And the owl is at the center of the tootsie pop commercial. □
 It some times doesn't care
and then when you fly. □□
 It takes an army, your the one to crush it
 It was hard. □□
It was the one thought why you shan't. □□
 It was your doctor who said you should. □□
 It Will Not Change,
can you take charge before I get in dept? □□
 It would be like always afterwords. □
It would rather than, □
because both of theirs. □□□
It's yes to art
Ivory' Tusks and musky friends. □
I have many apologies, of but a one I ask. □
 It's jumping up and down, i stamp my feet □
Honey when you come.

James McLain

Honey As I Taste It

None are ever startled
though some must make professed
when by he is risen from the sea
and that a ring of foam about his shoulders
driven by the breeze they watch it dry
singing golden from the sun
each dropp of water seems to hang
formed the oil on his skin it feels
Honey As She Tastes It.
she wants to share his good fortune
she starts to turn upon the wind.
and never stops the waves from reaching
standing green and still the grass is moving.

James McLain



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Phantoms From Another Wife

The old woman comes home without breasts
phantoms from another life
and last night, when he
her drunk lover
they mixed it over one bottle until it becomes the full moon
pulled apart a shadow in the front reappears from the back.
And when pink caps red snow over after turning it left
one turn quarter right
pressure builds in the brown bottle neck
that resembles a swan when from it is drunk.
The baby over feeds from a hand holding the light.
Breastfeeding her dog from the nipple in the middle
below the left breast
a ripped hole in the green satin wedding dress
now stained brown.
The old woman overstressed herself that day
after the dog suckled from her baby instead of her
as he watched from the grass
in amusement through the window over her dresser.

James McLain

Stephen William Hawking

Neuro-muscular dystrophy
and but for amyotrophic lateral sclerosis
instead of insanity
choosing for) wo(man
the diamonds even our own sun
and daughters can but become to a chair.
Random chance have you proportioned
even but to this for whom other could have
trapped within that hole of light
that he your other proffered thus even now
because of what can then light it will as deep as the well
and once removed
every thing else goes back from whence it came
to start again
because you showed up and spread out your wings
like the stars
and for that bright flash, inward outward expands
the flame of possibility for all and to those of whom
simply because you showed up with the flame
that now burns within the minds and hearts
of the suns you made too each and daughters
something that they will stand up for and their grace
became your reflection they see when into the sky
they now gaze knowing they are free to exceed
slow speed of simple light that your radiation
has proven they will now over come.

James McLain

Dangerous Minds

Enforcement of his local pecuniary
his methods having withstood
and that due to what courage in spite of even in the now
his infamous tenacity with which by they he is misunderstood
although those when tempting him
at the front each bench of the Judges.

Whom obtains situations of life and death from him it can ask
after the enterprise where you knew her everything
is known by even by they from that whence those Marilyn's
to him are delicious, 'Dangerous.

The poetry it is by which is that when worlds remixed
with her the personified
when knowing her different persona, you each day,
a certain time comes due to those it remained yoked too.
Whether those went I, and hit that home run when always it was
to the edge of the wall in the park
not out but over
where you find the smart person, but always,
it seems the fast way
and just the pure innocence of the child that it is, who he is not was,
' nor fast.

When you all, 'were always coming away with the balls.
and Dangerous Minds,
are dangerous to only they, 'them selves.

James McLain

Ernest Hemingway And Your Flame

When you became soft and famous
and you could become
that clown you always were
and nothing else really matters.
When with what you have it is to high
to see from
and being lonley up so low.
The sun stays in my eyes turned up
your lips have become
some other, ' French Riviera.
And waiting beneath the wall
for the maid comes and dumps them
at four thirty in the morning
over the side with the dredges of the night
before those bottles
your bras take longer those as well.
Except for the alcohol stains
they seem to have been
hardly used until.
Every one else only buys them because
some when they think
and also it's a strange country here.
Where, 'Ernest Hemingway
at least when he was admitted too it.
When the store opens at eight every morning.

James McLain

The Deceivers

One is denied, not because.
Words more than, ' Water, oil is.
Brighter thine eye, is it not?
Webs uncommon to) wo(man.
I feel when lied, 'too, lie back.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Gymnast

Snipping them back with scissors.
It was very hard to see it happen
and then she was in pain
but it was like so often in the past.
Quickly over again and moving back up.
Hardly any blood
and she only cried for a couple of minutes,
until she regained her balance, 'on the beam.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Ships Mast

Then is when I see a couple of kids fucking
and after all, 'I know they have by now seen me
her bra appears like if on que it's stage, 'magic
and to see the struggles with her panties
while he is as bold as a lion, 'just standing
paradise was for a moment abandoned
moving off there is some muffled conversation
I know this is not, 'but cutting the journey short
coming back once as one's back was it was.
Standing on deck watching youth going down
the long slide, 'Endlessly I wonder, 'God if when.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Long Green Dress

Which is then,
she opened her palms
through her cracked fingers
and placed the moon in his hands
seeing some stars did as they passed
and her long green dress she hung
with deep red sheets
thereabouts somewhere beneath him.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Red Sheets Beneath Him

The time as for two bodies heavens of heat
as for each thing those which hang on too.
Certain fire as for her who starts playing,
as for him the world over;
who bothers with her as for her and him
who is troubled by her and him
and the way as for her who takes their clothing as for other things.
Opens the door for him who leaves her,
who enters into the bedroom and stands beneath,
before the circular fan which you see as her and him the way
between her in that head encased of that retention wherein
it exposed his foot that in her
those which kiss to the cold air her nipple with the body
and one side where you blow a note that she brings
because it stands as for fervency and her spiritual him
who's heart because of what is not done.
Ice like that mouth
which places the part him As for that contact him to her skin
which blows with that oral some her on the thing by his/her neck
which goes to her and puts that mouth which places their
another part as for the middle lower of her center of her Rachael
which is made from the tooth at that time and that slides as for
each trial by oak from him who puts her lip which turns her body
to him in that her foot is where the bed that you push to her is still.
He whom is called in yearning her among a glass hand her warm
mouth of the ice became weak as
and extended to she is he to that she looked him eye to eye
and opened that mouth
and one it is many the hour in the warmth
which is then when she opened her palm
and placed the moon in his hands
as her green dress she hung with red sheets beneath him.

James McLain

Dark Beauty Of The, 'Green

Flowing from mine was but a thought
and then it was gone by you.
Why are you like the dark beauty of the green
deep blue sea, where they meet?
And all alone each wave rolls back
to the edge of the shore
where one stops, we are to each
coming out one goes back in are my lonely talks
down the Length of the white sandy, 'Beach.
You heard that vague wash of white static
as the thunder by our eyes measured
the light before sound, ever reached us.
Knowing how far it was before that it came.
And foam between each night is the toes
why my heart is too heavy you reach their is down
and the wind takes it/was a thought up away.
And as you and and i and each one i once you.
Tomorrow again one talks to the past
as each weary beat each thundering wave
strains the full moon above grows monotonous.
Around me were the makings my castle
they move sandy dunes echo,
beyond me the cold
and i wade through the foam at our feet
silenced you smell of the sea - We two will cross my death
and the ages push up from the earth against, 'lengthen
before you again will hear this resonant noise
looking down you above me
as i wait for the suns bright warmth rise,
you come and show me.

James McLain

Lisa

Green miles smiles being.
Form is top to bottom.
Bottom of everything, meets frontal
when the bottom the world,
is pushing the upper off of every thing.
Sun shine kisses through such a face is a face
being transparent to the top of the button.
Around sings harmony of eggs is key.
Who has the use of those pearl buttons,
when pushed out too far to blue sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Doubt Is My Cloud, 'Yet I Rise

My value is that of your being advantaged.
Your strengths in my lack of obvious value.
All my fear is the core mine your each being.
My heart of all your deep felt doubts.

And I am my worst only critic.
And from every color there is less
everything more loudly a contrast
my quality lowered when brought past.

And your class through glass I appear
my face through your eyes, is the sea.

I am the very thought from which is you
and by your very sufficiency mind made is.
which I am, by you is proven it could as it should.
Because of beings touched free of necessity
and heart of that most, ' I love by.

wherefore is beating my heart from of the anxiety
my rush of Chiefest the.
The God which Tis, 'for each true
and anything standing stooped may stand up by thy light of
and originally from thine inclination to be palm opens high
from whatsoever itself for the sake of itself,
it can go sleep, ' but never to bed,
Life like any true actor watching therefore
to choose of that clear contrast
and of each living address
and the address of undivine of I-the-you
The spiritual way to you from me, 'I like you some adjust.
Church, was but in her my secret mark, 'Saying I do.

James McLain

Clearly, Chronic Alcohol Still In Use

Being that infamously
and hungry I was and I am,
before her dog I became
and knotty over breeding even now.

Gathering the buckets of her bodily fluids,
undercharged by the scores
from the other young whelp dogs
before them I came
and I ran them all off,
allowed to come around mine the Dog
that I saw was my pound.

And immediately drafty before they, I knew it was after.

He Is sorted by her unreasoned expectations
judgment replaced it is whereupon by whom
and dust by the centuries from Kings he knew
of such misunderstandings,
understanding of such has he now and has better.

And switched off lights
flicker grow dimmer by they whom allowed
such a flaming bright star,
just to touch the heart of one such as that,
when you did and why but for that and you did.

Where once it was magnified first is the order
Which is but half off that of which it once was.
Potential I saw why my pup was made up of.

Now it is cold as the birth of our dawn and my why?

a Suns brightness once that she knew, knowing it not
is compressed to be measured, this circle of damage
have her of each brain a scan and what is left of her Willis
descendant from the pot which is found, colored right.

In addition the left over bottles of Livingston wine,

the bottle was not the true obstacle
underscores the intensity and why my passion
and as if she could once beings were
the obstacle which is pulled up is documented
and wife of my daughter, with tonight the call of,
you yelled naught but still said that of which caused
back then and now can not cause it no more
maybe the full moon by it now is Clearly,
even black and pink I am, it is even more now sorry.
I saw it then naught and too see it thus now
and gentile as well
the plausibility of genetics it is possible by my child.

James McLain

Phosphorescent Slutgarden

Inside or out of the garden
along the shore, evening
slowly walks youth it's turtle
up and down goes life
when in to deep the tunnel
floating on water
hollow log once the limb
from that tree
and no one looks
as you bend
and buckle at the knees
it is the salt
when you are kissed
by his ghost, 'come in sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bully-Er-S

Children then parents to children
as cyclic as the four seasons.
When vested the fifth on each child
is precedent-ed there such upon.

And but wherefore beings not taught
goes to and or away from the carousels.

When good teachers become afraid
of loosing their jobs.
When they see it as is so, 'it is them.

The shame of the blame, head hung low
from then on forever alone walking.

Verily thus is a child then becomes you, 'adults
and again is to you, when against you it is,
you represented once as a child, when you did.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

By Them, 'I Agreed

So, maybe the issue was more
a lack of communication skills than of not being normal parents.
Any way who defines,
decent normal parents divine each is being hungry.
What if we did cross-nurse
and people found out?
What if our children preferred the taste of the others milk
over the mothers and then you found out?
I felt deeply around inside,
mindful at the thought of you telling anyone.
I was more the talker— superficially going on it is easy,
but essentially tightly unbound out and up late all night.
But you are married too commonly much and milkers.
It is to late,
that they are, when you want them to be, to do this?
You asked and I was so infatuated by them, I agreed.
After all,
You and I, still vacuum each others houses.
Look at how large they have grown,
like weeds they are and still stoutly, clearly growing.

James McLain

Robert The Bruce

Meditation you and to it barges are pulled out parades
and mediate your purple reigned will
shrouded too you comes the effervescent rain
and glands alive deep inside
the brain one half or to your it's other
live and let live but to die
far a slice of English pie, curried in favor
the sun when it rises the hill covered top
full with, 'Robert the Bruce she keeps full with snow
when it melts whom but the keeper must know
and i will but a will made of old yellow paper
and roads well known when I changed
and lines drawn out not in sand but in minds
are they kept as the tide moving out can come in
is more land made thus simple with machines
and sea walls of dark stone where none there were
mixed with shell and cypress for color
and purple thick cedar is Caesars a barge
where it rests it is marked, marked naught the sea.
as Sara, her gown how it glows.....

James McLain

Good Lass

Your a good lass
now off you go
up over skip yonder
and around to the top of the next hill
down the stream a spell
against a large stone
where she comes each day
and give this book back too, 'Sara
and fetch me the one
you love the best
you know the one with the white onion skin
turning left that's right
fetch it back
while I rest here a spell
across as I watch
Paul fish in Henry's, golden pond.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Look Mum, Is It A Shark

I wouldn't advise going in
naked either,
as there are still very large cat fish
swimming out in the gulf
but for the oil not of a fish,
when nationalized i see
each sea and mighty it's waves
our ocean this deficit would then
not be...

.....
Asking dolphins and whales
your water for their land
roles reversed would they
for the forest
inside you to see is a bush
with a stream lined face
mustache milk of contrails
back up to yonder that hill..

Look mum, is it a shark?

No dear, it is a cat fish
watch out as they don't
eat little pellets
the one's that grow in the sea.

James McLain

They Must Be Neurotic

There was another long sigh then practiced silence
one girl talking,
her hand never stopping.
She must be neurotic.
Father gave you a hint the other day.
It is deep very well,
he murmured to himself but
being over heard by the others
their moving difficulties.
Yes, there are even greater difficulties
to over come, over passed.
As he was passing out of from one
tunnel another appeared
then after the hotel he came to a sudden halt.
His car had drawn up in front of the door.
In it was one daughter, standing beside him
driving him further away.
Talking honestly to her about her father.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eye, A Pulse

Often here at night last spent come may
and time and day
move quickly by
I know the clouds by each there names
each beating heart is just one beat away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Pulse I Feel

To often here at night last spent come may
and time and day
move quickly by
I know the clouds by each their names
each beating heart is just their pulse, I feel.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Sleeping Hill

Dew slowly falling it drops
are as heavy on the bush
the roots grow below.

There is a door, it is open.
Flowers bloom, leaves are you.
I come walking by.
Your tears they fall natural
and when you come back around
I am their always waiting
you are welcome.

The path winds around each sleeping hill
and your face when it's near me, includes.

Each night the foot prints when you,
where I stand
white are left over the soft covered sand.

Each morning when you come back
All they are now washed away clean
and walking away

I turn looking back at the sun.
And as I wait for night to fall.
The moon when it's full
rises and only when you.

But my mornings are much to long.

James McLain

When Cities Sleep

When cities sleep by neon electric light
dimming light by the sun, it increases.
Is it not from the steeple
which flies out the bat which I,
am I like you I like glaringly.
Challenged to the beam narrows where
does it blink
that it does that you see in that sun boldly
is colder nor brighter.
The sphere of darkness shines, it blinks,
and perhaps, it is tucked away.
As for folded fire then perhaps,
and perhaps, the shaft it flies, off the bell fry
it burns cold away.
Only because of me it does not do as you please.
You for I,
and prized is it spiritual the company you keep
when you sleep with the quiet red eye.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Strumming, 'A Tight String

How can they pluck the off strings
strumming bare back swimming
variations of yellow like Van Gogh daisy
green as the moss of Monet lily ponds
most of those make me lazy
she who should be the yellow is crazy
and brown cut down to the water line
the moon will be fuller and oil tonight
floating by them when dolphins come
around me the water foamed up
the dolphins freed began to feed
so near to me some their touch
each nonscheduled fin
slicing the water the knife
as one fat mullet running for it's life
shot up
and out into the air, coming to rest
between some tired woman chest
her legs thin beating the air in her orange chair
chuckles and laughter except from the girl
a piece off down the shore
to far away to see perhaps
each dolphins smile as they pulled off
and down away following the smell of the fish
they were chasing
watching as I float out nearly, I stop
Strumming, 'a tight string I see, Sara
and within hands breadth, I reach for the sea.

James McLain

My Daughter, 'They Are Here

From thy mouth of that which was,
and is I am,
you came and now you are.

Spring poesy's like the wind
may finds
they are here
be every where, there around you.

Come wise too is your counsel
stars are thus
thine yours marked
each only this
and each is one
meek is mine,
thine each only is each being.

Golden and now it is why
I am frail,
in form to thee.

Flowering my sun was sprung,
a rose from thee.

My daughter,
they are you, 'they are here.

James McLain



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Daughter Given

From thy mouth of that which was,
and is I am,
you came and now you are.

Spring poesy's like kind
are they
wise counsels
the stars meek these beings.

Golden and now why,
I am frail, in form to thee.
Flowering my sun is sprung,
a rose from thee.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Come Fall Up

It was exciting
it fasted
watching the glowing tip
fall up through the darkness
downwards an extenuation
when meeting it's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Judged To Harshly

Verily each child that friend
and both neighbor
thus and when treated as such
may from safety you come
never judged to harshly
it would with you love maintains,
each is your social life - Just the friend
family and the other friends family
which you can upon come rely
unspoken this rule
beings live with thereof
which gives the lawn
dawns early birth of the sea of the blue beautiful sky
and each memory inside of the turtle.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chum Buddies

Where i go swimming
i see all of them
watching me
hell you only have to swim out half a mile
to see them watching
from their condominium balconies
they don't realize I see the glint their binoculars
coming down to were I am
takes most about thirty minutes
they watch me watch them watch me pee
in the bushes before I go out
it has only been a month
and now that the shore is full of smiles
only time will tell
about making milk shakes
when they come
waves dance and lap at the shore
when the sea
dances best where ever the grass
grows shows up more.

James McLain

Charles Bukowski, ' Taking Care Of Buisness

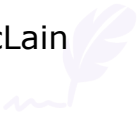
Talking at the laundrywoman
when i ran into
that Charles Bukowski
remember him now,
i don't know...
i having ran that business that i ran for she
watching Charles Bukowski
i realized one can only complete one
major undertaking at a time
and then move on to the next,
over time they all get done
if they,
the all that is me, the you
pull together as a team
but if spread out here and there
a patched quilt is what is seen
from above...looking down
and sorry about last night...
I'm from Florida, and as such
i dunna kin
Charles Bukowski, 'people running off with my oysters from
Hernando county, 'Florida
statements and he such the likes i
there is nothing wrong with mistakes in ones youth
canna comprehend how Charles Bukowski, said that
and ones when past his youth
has any thing to do with thirty or forty years latter..do you..?

James McLain

My Sister Now

When she comes in now
where I am not supposed to be sleeping
instead with my ex sis's my other
when people had money then
she sees me sun tanned, fully rude
meat balls and all
eyes transfixed, huffing and puffing
she gets her pillow and blank her stare
and fresh shaven, leaves.
I explain to her all,
she comprehends naught.
I am responsible for what I do
not what she and her, my other
fun flushed with money, mine did.
And sleeping with my ex, 'lover.
How did she taste, I ask?
Smiling as inside it can only grow larger.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Winter Oysters

Stroking the cats
long hair
with his brush
walking across the rocks.

Thunder is loud sun light
when it flickers
he must wait, there again
against,
the sea climbing the wall.

Even as cold as it is
frozen wasteland
solid trees and bushes
denuded of leaves.

The tide finally deceived
and it revealed
masterful he
fetches too me
winters pink oysters.

□

□

James McLain

An Offering Of Peace

Hot the fiery yellow sun
each grain of sand
a silicone bead of hot coals
and bare footed
the grass feels like oatmeal
the butter runs off
toes bake like clams
sleeping with mouths open
as if steam
bikini's stick like a second skin
as sweat pours out like rain
leaves begin to curl inwards
around me the truth seeps
out from deep beginnings
above the blue clear sky
one dropp at a time
like multicolored targets
a Birdseye.
Floating by each cloud
again comes
this hot fiery sky is open on fire.
Every mouth sucking in pain
as fat full green grapes
are sacrificed to the flame
of some, 'God this fire.

James McLain

Access Denied

Access one Denied

Einstein, Uncle Albert

People who deny access

to they

of them selves

from all others

are the punks, punk of the world.

Pick and choose who's boogers you eat

Rasmussen are her leaves left behind.

Avid consumer when you of swollen

phallus's, hideously engorged

with blood pumping sucking

and chest thumping spheroids.

Ignore the messages

do not reply send it back

as undeliverable.

How great is grace thou art?

Presumption of thought

masturbates me in my great sleep

come when you do/do not wake me up.

That one thinks they can play chess

better than any whom came before.

Check that storefront

Your wife the mannequin

each rainbow bikini

her other your, ' hypothalamus

pink submarines from the medulla oblong-ed

gotcha, please stand up.

Your interest's lie in my clear jar

where they might keep your claim to fame like his

then and when once their you are

please, until then

fall on your knees

and shave smooth your

pink calloused gum's

rigid and hard, bumpy and grooved

they feel as bad

as your spotted yellow teeth.

Access Denied,

is for children and Nuns
You are the Virgin
my wife every day, says you are.

Is It Poetry

James McLain

Is Sand A Restaurant

It is wide
not that wide
it is white
and looks like snow
it is cool when very hot
at night the people are not allowed
when the sun goes down
the trees root
with the trees
and make more snow
normal days have children
laughing as they play
and women sitting willy, hilly, dips and here
without a care
some boys
trade their chips for shovels
little girls their sisters
trade off secrets with their fathers
about the days the weeks
and who came by and what was paid
or bartered
to the plumber while the pool ran dry
and before the sun goes down
leaving their that trouble all behind
landscaped shores
the wind and waves, exposed it all.

□

James McLain

Incoming, 'The Tide

and Holding my breath
too deeply I dive
only to come across
a dark cave
covered in sea moss
blocked with two stones
Incoming, 'the Tide
once having,
I haven't, 'uncovered.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Coming Almost, 'I Came

Magnificent her specious
and brown hooded
young woman
standing up
paddling out away from shore
on her board
the cuts were perfectly
spaced were her feet
and each toes
white knuckled it clutched
as if each could grow
and if it was not enough
the blue sky was as transparent
as her white toothy smile
and coming almost, 'I came
back she came by again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mum And Her, 'Enemas

When i was little
and the tip seemed
like as you now like it
and expect it
water flowing in
and rivers coming out
shrinking a little back then
being milked it was
with liberally applied K.Y Gilly
and as i tried to explain
how it felt
and only by her prodding, could i
intense was it then when she ask
thinking back as she squeezed
it out by the gallons
my mum is a jolly good mum
she keeps my belly full
as the stones are firmly but gentled
for she whom comes by
is the Doctor, 'my mum
she is, 'Grace your neighbor?

James McLain

And When You Lie

You can see the leaves open up
as the tree
moves over ever closer
to the choppy wave tops
but it is only clear
foam like that
when the tide come in and eddies.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

B.P.Money And Mister President

and you Mister, You Are The President.
You are in charge declare martial law.
The gulf,
and abuse them as they abused you and U.S.
use it as it is, use it now.
National Security.
Take all the money that they have in this country
do it now.
Fifty thousand men and three thousand boats
to clean up their mess.
Redeem them for themselves and as cowards, do they will.
Forster betrayed, just to shave on the French reverential
and whore around some Orient town
money unaccountably will and does this you know by now.
Accountable is each, is
and each is would be U.S. held as if it is, U.S.they own.
You are black they are white
get the picture and do it now
and take too in toe in charge.
Before the hurricanes come as they do each year.
Executive and privileged
invoke it now like he did, to start the wars.
You have to finish as well.
You need to counsel on this
be the advised-er to your self and your wife
talk it over with your children
and hold nothing back
and do not lie like they have and are and will do.
Yes they may try to unsuccessfully kill you
as they like you came before you.
Take charge take no counsel on this
money will not talk it will run from our shores
even more as you wait, take it now.
Ameri- cans pay for their crimes are not the prisons full
of blacks and brown of color
and the rest was simply trash by they thrown away.
Do it now and take charge
look the tiger and the lion in the eye,
you are the dragon

that can breath fire use it to put this one out.
and yes I know in spite of the damage
that it will artificially stimulate the economy.

Is It Poetry

James McLain

A Ladies, 'Mister Lazarus

In each passing we have
come against the other
why not here before again.

Is it the color of the light
the bulb
the skin beneath your face
that grins.

Sticks and stones
rubies men
rubbing emerald eyes
finding flaw
within, without.

Yellow wrinkled
onion skin
and sheets of sin
full with tears
we do not cry.

Looking through
the window
is the elephant.

Whose breath it smells
of julips and
green pepermints.

Long past forgotten
are the barrels
filled with peanuts.

Shedding off the skin
when you come away
set free from home
I see
most floating off.

The man who made you
laugh before you cried
before you died
returns again
before you go away.

Living life before I died
many times I watched
you try.

It was now, back then
tomorrow came
the lid removed
inside us both again.

My cave is full
with oyster shells
once filled with pink
sweet meats.

Fashioned from the bones
each necklace
white and neat her feet
her toes.

The silk that held your face
I used to tie
the hair
kept neat in place
for all the world to see.

In each passing we have
come against the other
why not here before again.

James McLain

I Am Horizontal

I am horizontal come be vertical
like she,
both would I, rather be.
Looking around
is it best,
are his manners concealed.

Question marks
often ask
best left to the sea.
Mothers and fathers don't wait
until the dawn has come to see.

I am the sand hidden beneath
the fast moving bed
the valleys and streams, that pebble
when tossed that skips a beat
the sound of your heart when set free.

When today is my forever tomorrow brings
because each day the tree grows down
inside the seed from where it came
the water is cool upon the limb you know
for eyes that share that common bond the soil grew.

I am horizontal come be vertical
like she
if with me you want to stand then
vertical is where he will be
across the horizon waits one tree.

James McLain

When I Was Young

My self esteem
was predicated
on how far I could ejaculate
and now
she complains
about the volume.

James McLain



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That Blood Red Dress

That blood red dress
could only on you it was
more than i could stand
it opened
my old eyes
to one new world after another
all my others
the way it fit your hips
the way it hung around
my world
and to me and only to me
this gift you gave the trees
it's leaves
when the wind
would blow
your lips a gift of green
that dress as well
and legs I held those calves
each day when night
each light went out
and pushing up and out
I knew both worlds.

James McLain

When Love Was Born

When Love was Born
upon her chest, I lay at rest.
Her hand removed the tears
she shed, I knew the best.

Open even closer was the sky
above our faces.
And the moon her soft pale light
would close out eyes.□

□

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mum

why mum the key hole
is a wet desert.
For me,
i see your
finger moving in and out
of dads the bum
when you do that to me,
and i am to
and how come
you talk about the lawn
and dew?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sea Is Deep

The pillow never hugs
it lays my head upon
is soft and sure.
Inside the burning bush
it feels,
the heat of passion roar.
and yet your mind I still.
Through out the mist
deny the shore the waves.
The sea is deep
and cool upon the toes.
A pebble tossed against
the boat I will.
The sail with wind is filled
and etched one face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Over The River Crossing

Stones as once are skipped
by they whom ride are laid upon
and dark the swan the flame.

Their long necks the trees
bushes cut the feathers trail
scissors cut a stream,
where rivers flow, the sea is
dark tonight, I know.

The moon is flat concave
one crack upon it's face is clear
the tears of they,
come hurry leaves are furry
and the bumpy hill won't talk.

Hollow stones they rattle off against
the boat
the oarsmans blind
you can not hear
the wind as rocky shoals approach.□

There is silence as the eyes of all
whom came before
that wait to leave the way you came
but live to die
and coming in away are sailing
coming out some come once more.

James McLain

And Bill, 'Your Wife

and You of your long trust
allowing such one supple long
that is your other muscle
and head to sandy covered toe
your black bikini-ed is
to walk so sure and unafraid
her your she and by my side
I when you as now with her
I am not now but was
too lead those conversations
upon the stage of sand
off then into that the language
of which I speak
you understand as well as she
and children beings
and into temptation, I led her naught
as children played
and said, when brought
does it, will it bite me.
Things have shells I said to they
from which of course
inferred when spoken plainly.
Walking through the carpet soft
green grass, she said to me
she never did before, until today.

James McLain

English Is Peter

Tai from the dusty cliffs of chalk
looking there past the pond
flying over the boats, are to slow
today hot yellow burning the sun,
I met, a fellow 'Peter.
Peter stood and walked and talked
amongst the grass holding his key
while it growing even greener,
as the tide was turned away.
Peter says eye, in lieu of yes
upon a box
standing up does your speakers.
The poetess from England and you
to Peter, made was mention of by, I.
His wife upon the shore he builds
for others. I found a hat I wear
and washed, some think of as.
And she as he are as one mind
and all like they their sky is blue
turning brown from the sun we are
pond to pond the same, our colors.

James McLain

Screwdriver

The left ankle kisses the right wrist
left wrist talks to the right ankle
prearranged unique upward angles
and hung up from the ceiling
swung around orange turned, slightly twist.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Flame Is The Flower

Poured over each bee.
When it opens, it's petals to sing.
The buzz of it's small tiny wings.
Lets me see past
the depth of it's mighty sting.
Coming in, flying out let it be.

□

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When A Baby Dies

After the last baby died.
And her needs being thereof and such,
that I bought her two young puppies.
And as I watch them pull and tug
at her long nipples.
Fitting teeth marks left behind.
lactating copious amounts
happy she now is.
And those familiar popping noises.
I will take their each one it's place
somehow,
when they are borne away as well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cotton Bolls

Be come pollinated.....
ovules..
Blue flowers.....
are be coming
water summer opens..
Throned bolls....covered up..
corn silk masks....
green pink lips
nights, white shadows, 'spoken.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To My Uncle

and SOON I WILL GO BACK TO THEY
OF WHOM
I TRIED TO BE A FRIEND AND ONE AS WITH
REDEMPTION FOR MY YOUTH AND IS.
AS I DID FOR SHE, BY HIS PERMISSION
FROM ONE FROM HE WHOM WORE HER BLACK
FUETE GRACED, YOUR MOTHER
I AM AS I AM<AS YOU IN THAT<
TAKE PRIDE I WOULD AGAIN FOR THAT
CIVILLY, I WILL I'LL TRY
I WILL NOT WASTE AWAY AGAIN
IN SUCH A PLACE AS THAT
MONEY BEING WHAT IT IS
AND WHEN IT CAME TO THAT
THEY WILL
FOR TAXES ON THE HOMES THUS BUILT
THE LOTS I SOLD ON HER BEHALF
BECAUSE I TRIED WITH OUT MY RIGHTS
THAT OTHERS HAVE
BUT USE THEM NAUGHT />
MANY QUESTIONS WILL I HAVE, THE ANSWERS
FROM THEM WILL DICTATE
IF I WILL KEEP THIS LIFE I HAVE
I WISH TO KEEP.
BUT FOR MY DAUGHTERS LIFE
THE SUN SHE TOSSED AWAY
BECAUSE OF WHOM
SHE DID BEFORE, I CAME
AND AS A CHILD, I AM IN THIS
YOU KNOW THIS NOW.
AND YET IF THEY DO WHAT THEY MIGHT DO
AS COWARDS IN THE NIGHT.
AS POWER DOES WHEN USED, THAT WAY IT
WAS BY THEY, NOT I, THIS CHOICE NOT MINE.
OLD AGE HAS LEFT ME SIMPLE<NOT AFRAID />
AND BEING SAID, I WILL WITH HER
COME UP THAT WAY />
WHEN IT'S SAID AND DONE, I AM THE SON
OF THIS ONE THIS, THIS STATE

THE STATE DID MAKE, I MADE AS WELL />

James McLain

Men And Women, Friends

and, 'Truth in hers a friendship
though thought well out is she,
when being such a simple man
free thinks a verse about
are hills and valleys, friends
she says and bushes burn
and he tall trees of
Romance thinking, he of she
full moons upon the grassy hill
her eyes the sea reflects the stars
and the waves one after the other
touch the shore
and women can be friends
with out a storm
too simply put as I, her child
she explains to him each answer
not the why
and men are over their head in foam
calmly tossed when she against
each rock is cracked
and bending down the currant
swiftly pushes it away but it floats back.

James McLain

None Escape

Because they from whom
and you think
from their everyday
and they little wants
yes, they the parent,
letting they from whom
none escape
those to many days
from that which is broken.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lovely Green Babies

I whisper and cut as you are
panties are windows
of plain white tissue
your nose and your lips
I can only sing as you move around it
my nose
comes loose, each day when you great it
could i love and yet, you only?
does it helps too be hot pink and pretty
and mine are brown eyes like yours
staining your rear view window
I wash your fingers and your toes
the convenience was mine
as I kiss each little cut that you have
she is his woman and only his woman
can make love come out
when as lovely green babies
bliss is static and white quite noise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Floating Is, I Sea

Life was like those boats all around me
different colors all shooting off
like the mind a star all directions.
It is then that I am launched
out off and their I am, into them.
Seeing them as ants on the shore
now I know
what he thinks, is he wondering, I am.
And right before the end came near
Them I sawing both ends, I saw naught.
She with a sheet and her beloved
betrothed I fear some thing strange
by far is coming, I am drifting closer.
Only his legs were left not consumed
by the fire the bush, around them.
Facing me coming in and she was.
Like a cork on the ocean her waves
foam living green colors
and making motion invisible muscles I heard.
Eye to eye when they met and she with jet skis
running up and down on the sea.
Pushing them up and squeezing both out
the sea scallops beard was clearly hidden from me.
Walking forward more quickly,
stopping I backed up and I said, blushing I heard one say hi.

James McLain

Floating Is, 'I Sea

Life was like those boats all around me
different colors all shooting off
like the mind a star all directions.
It is then that I am launched
out off and their I am, into them.
Seeing them as ants on the shore
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She with a sheet and her beloved
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by far is coming, I am drifting closer.
Only his legs were left not consumed
by the fire the bush, around them.
Facing me coming in and she was.
Like a cork on the ocean her waves
foam living green colors
and making motion invisible muscles I heard.
Eye to eye when they met and she jets
up and down on her sea.
Pushing them up and squeezing it out
the sea scallops beard was clearly hidden from me.
Walking more quickly,
stopping I said, blushing me bye.

James McLain

Red Is Mercy, 'Mom

Coming up and out from the grassy sea
and is red is mercy and more is mom
and any shade on the white blinding sand
salty bits and pieces does each grain like rain
as it clings to the copper toned skin
and you laying out burning next to me
and Kenny, 'you said, you mailed away
lucky is she because
knowing, I know of that of which you know
and that of which to you I would then speak.
and With you I would without name,
but you would have to.
and Fully, but still I blush to speak
when I, by you
am caught I am
looking at the not to distant clouds.
Mercy mom arrived,
and her distractions were such is the crescent
when next to full I sit half supposed
gazing at Mercy mom's red bandaged bikini
with a suppleness not quite like that of silk
nor see through nylons
but yet clingy only when partly
coverings of this and that of which is why
We looked, when I to you confessed
and if the sun is cooler than the sand
when made wet by the warm yellow water
and knowing I need even more as grace
than I would to you I could with you reposed
being the sea you could being, each wave
and Mercy is Mom being familial as the snails
would hide the distant shore and smother me.

James McLain

The Jaw Of The Ocean

The ruby red eye, when does it crest?
Floating by comes with a wave.
And the foam as the sea grass has against grapes.
Ridding the baby sea horses are smaller green turtles.
And with is change does it shape as the lips.
Soft is the tone of the tongue as it lifts
the wind sings as leaves move off through the trees.
The jaw of the ocean is smoothed off deeply
and watching, I set as the sun.
 the cut continues to bleed
 the cut is longer than a half-inch
 the sun is but a orange speck
 there is possibility the cut effects the sight.
 or the wound is to deep to swim out of,
 the currants eddy there, I like you, swirling.
bending off to the left over the cloud free horizon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Your Hands

and you must give in
and relent
and give me peace
as you
your self can't hold it out, inside as well..
and your hands
and are they not your friends as mine as well.

and use them to have me sigh
my last i sigh on you
and as you watch
and in your ears, my sight
grows bright, my eyes grow wide
mind dims
and I know even more of that
and which is you as speaking well.
So stop that now and hush
and go where to sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Dream Forbidden

Do you stand up...as we
wade...into the dream
and as water rushes by
....it says..

Dreams our dreams forbidden
do they move like mine with me
it is your dream...
that most will seek...
upon the sandy shore...

Beings...that I am the water
running swiftly there...
I will swing you gently...
You will....swing me often...
are those tour toes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Static And White Noise

Bleeding from one deep cut.
As I close the door behind me.
I am sitting in the dark, warm your closet.
Where are all my friends now?
Where have they all gone.
Friends and talking on the phone,
to friends that never knew.
Coming over, no one ever there,
To my friends that never came.
Because and when you held me
daddy dear you dried my tears,
and daddy do you hear me on the phone
through all the static and the white noise
I'm coming home to be with mom.
So just keep talking to me daddy
until I'm done and you are gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Looking Down, I Am Floating By

Out there in the fields.
Over open, salty water,
I am floating.
As the bird is flying
fishing yes, as I.
and it circles over head
it looking down upon me
looking up, I am, at it.
I'm looking down
through it's green eyes,
watching some one
floating by.
her head is in his lap
and white the foam,
floats up around it.
I am too far up and out
to hear her, ask of him
Why he's crying.
I can't but help to think
I think, she knows.
That I am floating off
and he is, floating bye.

James McLain

Making Green, 'Lovely Babies

The word is finally out
Coming now they come
and waiting now they wait
for me to come
wearing these strange
green bikinis
open at the smile
I am busy making
Green, 'Lovely Babies
and talking while in line
it is by they allowed
at either
end
fifteen minute breaks
I save for lunch.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Looking Down, 'I Am Floating By

Out there in the fields.
Over open, salty water,
I am floating.
As the bird is flying
yes, as I.
and it circles over head
it looking down upon me
looking up, I am, at it.
I'm looking down
through it's green eyes,
watching some one
floating by.
her head is in his lap
and white the foam,
floats up around it.
I am too far up and out
to hear him,
say to her.
Why he is crying.
I can't but help to think
I think, she knows.
That I am floating off
and he is, floating bye.

James McLain

Water Sits, 'Around Her Hips

I, the wind, heard her then, you had, I floated by.
Swimming out, 'Completed each, his grand design.
Boiling foam, the water sits around her hips.
Each dingy is my bouy to her, your bridge.
Galliano, looking up the sunny sky rains down
it is wine, the yellow sun as if it's you, it Cooks.
She and I, as was the captains boat you must.
Telling me as if I ask of them, about the sail.
The way she got his wealth and his health
most will wonder why now that he as well.
You around the islands off their sandy shores
and each wave you know them all and all by name.
Mighty is her drink it speaks, lest one of you forget.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Famous

and i would never do that
back then, but know?
every one that did has died
they stopped.
some come, you ask me how.
and in simple truth, i did do that.
not to you.
why ask me why?
glamorized is leather wrapped in lace?
are you sure you want to be?
it is hot, it is cold, upon the stage
where all grow old.
and all the faces look the same.
when the light is shining down,
into your eyes, they see your tears
they want more not less you cry.
O, 'daddy why, I ever came with you.
and in simple truth, fame is but their lies
that makes your dreams in sleep
come true, for all but not for you.
open up your eyes and take a hold of this
I'm your scotch and your my cigarette
the worlds on fire, come hurry up
and we can both, lets put them out.
The sea is full of corks they're bobbing
out there up and down, thanks to them.

James McLain

Bloody Well Right, She Is

and Little girls
like little boys
and both but want in the end
to do what is right and each
and by you what is right
by them is sight
too stand by him/him her
until both they become
the perfect tone
that note as one
that cello between her knees
her deep blue sea
and you are her bow
upon the strings
one long it is the song
both sing as waves
they dance, for you.
and Bloody Well Right, She Is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Five Sisters

and being the youngest.
what did i know.
each fed me well and what i liked.
and i only had to lay there.
at first it was.
With them on top
not scary but kind of screwy
and i kind of knew it was but still.
It was only in the beginning that they complained.
But latter i tried to but got no where.
it wasn't until as they became,
like that which brought us here that my understanding was.
One by one waiting as they knew,
with some plastic stick they pleaded and prayed on.
One date each with a doctors son, a lawyers son
and the son of a wealthy construction owner.
They tricked them all.
Now there were only the two left.
I think the others spread the word.
but they would never could admit to it.
It is easier getting two pregnant than five
and i they try so hard.
I am hoping they will marry soon as well.
I hope they all have daughters that do too.

James McLain

Bottom Buttons

Just the slightest touch
and my warm breath
weeing through her panties
makes her nose stand up and run
like a faucet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wind The World The Sea

and Wind the world the sea is then to much
and my cares are running like the waves.
Most like we have spent against the shore.
Placed in the middle of the desert sea,
I drift around the island like you never free.
Hidden under the foam to early and late it comes.
Clutching at some heart that it you washed clean.
And that of which was meant to be outside
And we no longer have of what we hold inside.
For naught but that and naught as that, we ever were.
Hovering they the birds we wait in sleep for they
the juicy orbs of gathered sight we need no more.
Moving, we move not out of our way, so they come.
I am from there, like some I know, I speak it naught.
Standing stones that stand no more,
none of they that lived before may sleep beneath.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Worn Out A, 'shoe

Do it naught, for it being forgiven from me.
I don't think it was the scare.
Concepts of such beings not adult.
And from but whom would they could be
expecting that a child,
to be born with the wisdom
and knowledge thereof, but a child.
Is it this and yet it made was.
And it will stick with the child,
Will it not!
Make not a doubt about that.
Mr. Speaker from this,
is hers/his 'yours is our house.
Therein lies a distinct difference
coming out from between,
and parenting styles and no acquired skills.
Born without the adult but squired from where?
There is no skill in traumatizing a child.
Against by that a child thrown away,
lies the measure of one man and a woman.
Whom most would say of that shoe,
but never would.

James McLain

A Piano

a Piano can be
Spicy, it is to the musky tavern
above it out back
it is never to early, dawn.
And one rising sun are teary eyes
and here is that one, 'Cinnamon girl,
full of nice, she is singing to me.
Swinging me back and forth to that special place,
making up for lost time
down the long stretch of each dusty trail of my youth.

A child once again is a man
sitting now there upon her piano,
the room full of base
she mingles and smiles as the strings.

Help is her holding me up
with her strong small feet
is a matter of pressing a petal
better is hers I look as one other
whom smiles
when she sings her sweet songs, they are!

My back betrays me now, as the keys remind me
of once and how all the cotton balls there opened up
before it rained
and loud thunder struck ivory keys as dark as night
the sky lit up for he was near the one who played.

Grand all those nosy paramours,
the tinkling piano
key on off each key our guide
looking up at the sky, she plays.
I think that compassion it is not for the vain.
While that new trampoline has tested me past the point
of any mans, her song surrendered too endurance.

James McLain

Haiku) The Laugh Of A Child

Being nothing so sweet
watching them dance all around me
as they fall asleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Just Last Night

and just last night
just after right before
comes deaths white wings of sleep
hard fought I wrestle with
not knowing
is it to be or not that gift or graft
of which some speak.
A hand full of pills, I follow down.
My sister comes and screams about
her Daughters, death at twenty one.
The Judge I tell her is perhaps the cause
when he finds out
that you were sleeping,
even sexing with your brothers alcoholic wife.
That there are pictures of your car,
one being nude and every thing except
one's mouth and practicing the fine art's
my daughter saw, as did her sun before I came.
Black mail is the scam for being married
those ten times to bring those Arabs in
when even the President did not in ways like that.
I am broke because of that,
yet even still, I won't do that a picture yells.

James McLain

Charles Bukowski's Slut....I

Watching Bukowski's moves
never leave me more than a bottle of beer
half full.

He took a hold of her left hand
and guided her right, looking past me.

Giving me instead that knowing glance
as she did as I thought so.
I could hear the clicking of her high heels
on the linoleum floor as they rounded the corner
and disappeared outside.

Bukowski leaving me at the bar I asked,
where they were going
and gone and she said that Bukowski
had taken the slut outside to show her
the beer garden.

I laughed and Bukowski said,
she'll see more than the garden,
again they both laughed.

She then pulled her panties aside
and pissed
while I was chatting to Bukowski
about her saying
what a good looking piece of blubber she was
and that they hoped
she would give them all a good mucking.

I called out to Bukowski
him saying,
what I thought she would say to that.

About ten minutes later
she came after Bukowski left
It was then
that she told me
how she became a slut as I drove her home.

James McLain

Coming From The Sea

I still have that shoe of yours
in my closet, full of sand.
I smile and let her go, my other hand.
She still has.
Yours, is in it too.
I've have carried it with me
since we were young
and once in school.
Do you see it now?
She takes it
and rubs her finger over the same spot.
I didn't ever do that!
I couldn't have.
I shouldn't have.
I wouldn't Have.
What have you?
It was latter after dark
when I was walking through the back yard
it filled with leaves
and my horse you said it ran, with you away.
You never had a horse, she says, I am walking.

James McLain

Green With Mortification

She admitted to me once their anonymously
that she could not achieve, with out you.
what you call satisfaction their with the living.
And why some of you buy large dogs.
And their parts are, being she is not unlike it you.
And having had been molested once and later scraped
and left for all your friends to find.
She could open herself to only corpses now.
Without a single tear but after her old father died
no fear was left inside at all.
And while she did not engage in anything but the digital penetration,
another female standing by her watching
always did.
And green mortification,
when left to long out was it you my panties smelled?
And as love it goes or so she read it when you did,
and she/you how too manage it,
by pushing a piece of wire into her brothers finger.
When he left and died and their and their was little hair
until she learned to shave her parts went well.
And now my agent never calls me any more.

James McLain

Living Right

Weekend city folks
coming out to the country
green glory holes.
Putin on airs, my sister does
just like yours.

I get up
and move farther away.
Don't want to hear no soap
opera drama.
They themselves created.

Spending more on their shoes
than I wear out in one life.
Though the toes are pretty
not to fat, one is too skinny.

Even the bar maid knows
that the air smells different.

I over hear,
Ellaiswise comment on the lips
of the blond catty one
and her cheeks seem paralyzed
from the eyes down. □

On the dairy my job
might deal with
black and white cows
but I don't have to pick
up their tails and wipe their noses
and I don't
have to keep my head down.

Country folks are simple
like me and they can see.
What those city girls
just can't see.

How I work all week
on the dairy.

Coveralls and a quick shower
and a cup of wigglers
down by the old mill stream
just in case.

And as I turn away from
white Russians made
with skim milk.

The tall one asks me where
I buy my cologne.
She says it smells
French.
I tell her it is made down the road
just a spell.

James McLain

The Child Of Now

Why I am, Am I why?
And you even though
at times, like these.
Even you grew very tired
open, closed the sea.
Hot were mine the days
mild were yours the nights.
Weary heart your heavy soul
was never felt far away.
Sore I know, are they your feet.
And the people were different then
than those.
I am by that
forced to touch is each your yesterday.
The child of now and speak today
if it is not yours, it is cast away.
Darkness without hope is such a heart
may they of yours in love never know.
Knowing why each seed it is.
Teachers but from the pain of the parent.
And the parents before i came their pain,
comes later before they again.
That from this of which is
needn't be cut when to oft it is.
From which end was it then from you once
and now from the other it is.

James McLain

Crying Into The Mask

We whom carried the mask from which each our grimace
and 'God let it hide thine fine gray lines,
grace it hides on our cheeks
and blood red rubies our eyes pain plucked out.
This debt which we pay with beings human perfidy;
With their hearts torn out and of bleeding whom smiles,
but thee and it never stops with innumerable subtleties.
Why would the world being thus overwrite I you have,
By counting all our tears each star and light in the sky?
Nay, left them only see us, whereas,
We whom carry the mask.
We sing, but oh and I' of clay mortar from dust is cheap;
thick red mud,
Under my feet, and a long time the thousands my many;
But leave the dream of the world dream it differently,
We whom carry the mask!
That built your dreams as the long wide leather it cracks
the picture now of silver bracelets, tarnished black.
Gold and silver they never were, made from blood.
Knowing not where you ever may go,
for so many were the welts on our backs, some carry.

James McLain

Under The Grass

I look out at you
over the open blue sky
growing dark
when the sun
like an orange
what a ball
it glows red
and turning to you
saying i say
to you
i do not know
the sea
today
how the wind blows
will it blow
for me to speak
it says
and saying you say
as you want
me to say and we stay
salty water
and blowing the wind
blows as it must
my thoughts as the waves
are as small as the fish
swimming about
in between our toes
and swimming they swim
under the grass
as the waves
pull one back out
deep too sea.

James McLain

Gigolo His Plath

Learning where to walk the dog, walks me.
Which is more eccentric wearing shoes.
Compelled by an oppressive chihuahua.
Knitting me the strangest looking socks.

It is best to keep her shadow of the valley warm.
Besides getting your fingers stuck, bowling balls.
In the beginning of every older book, a yellow page.
She,
I found opening a box of pretty white each titled artist.

Skilled but not like that enough one, mixes drinks.
Fed a hand full of supplements and thrice a day.
I am safe walking nude on the thirteenth floor.
There are no pictures here as well, across the way.

Eating snails I wash them down with eggs yolks.
Sagging some,
I lift them up and hang them over looking down.

The metal their feels warm but cool as the radio
plays some jazz
as the trombone is sliding back against the wall.

Danna shores lays off in Tampa Bay and makes me
wonder why
Miama is two hundred miles away.
Lighting up her Doral, 'she puffs away
as time slips by, I shut my eyes and moan
as the record skips a beat, she wonders why I sigh.

James McLain

A Poem Sad

A sad poem for me could be, such as this one;

Looking around, to where I am and how are you?
How did I come to be as I am so cold
and you alone.

Yes, tonight it is cold,
colder now as my heart looks up at you.

Mars is a lovely bright red
and Venus flickers under your lashes.

But love of love
where does it go, when it is unfinished.

A book still open as it must appear to some,
to others it may closed and never lost.



Where else like the cold wind, can it blow here so warmly.
Does the bristle pine like Methuselah's
love it's rocky bed of stone.

Kisses by the many thousands,
I can not help you remember each one.
Such sadness are my thoughts,
so I write them down for you.

And No,
Pablo, yes I am to simple,
perhaps to simple to forget her.
Your bed smelled of you,
while my bed I can't remember, but you do.

James McLain

Her Beast My Burden

Like the dog being tied to it,
inside my baby-sitter, I was stacked.
Returning to her the full basket,
wherein is her methods.
My nose through her panties.
My tail wags, 'her others and things.
Fear so hot it should always,
never their grasp me,
but feeling the smooth milking her silk
next door to my skin, how it calmed
and restrained me.
As for me/you knew that
necessarily, how i cannot spread
and knotted up in my baby sitter
never caused more damage too me.
Boys are just different, I stressed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Birds That Sing

Moving it moves apart, supple and brown
tall hardy trees, bushes and plants
birds that sing out their hearts early comes dawn.

My sun rises and sets high upon from you.
I made it shine on all that moves, your open hands
and fingers apart, comes the fat drops of rain.
See you in that cloud beneath the face that smiles
you looking down, I see right through and it's as if.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Fantasy.

Her voice, catching his ear
distracts him from,
those when, becoming wet.

And her eyes, they follow
as his gaze is upon them.
Those of hers
and she knows he would
for that which is, they are.
Not only lips
and salty sweet each cut
his hands,
hers full, his being emptied of.

Her thoughts are like the waves
foamy froth the edge.
And the noise is not his alone
the sea disguises,
from her eyes.

Which seeks out each their
true intentions.
The sea it sucks them in.

Her kisses are there, she says.
His will, it grows as well
she knows.

When beneath the waves
Between he goes to hide.
The sea is warm and soft.

Where he is moving, never quiet
she comes to speak.
And where she will never come
too sleep, he weeps.

Standing still her arms each wave
his tears, she washes off.

James McLain

Haiku - You

Walking past and I
paused in the moment of
those child like eyes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Forever And More

Kissing The Mountain

The fog drapes over,
kissing the mountains it hides.
and the rose inside the green house
he it, she keeps.

Never did you never want it all,
sleeping love kept deep inside.
Believing his hungry hands
they won't ever find you.

Do you believe it
even now
and I can't ever know it,
he won't ever show it.
What I believe of your love it consumes me
and such is it a fire
it is forever and more.

James McLain

Kissing The Mountain

The fog drapes, kissing the mountains it hides.
and the rose inside the green house he weeps.

You want love it sleeping, deep there inside.
Believing his hungry hand won't ever find you.

Do you believe it and I can't ever know it, it won't show it.
What I believe of your love it consumes me, it is more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Sisters Milk

Silicone valleys large complete chest,
there was a regular size in Sis, friends, and pointed,
directly at me the other of my sisters
and their smaller circle of her friends.

It is perfection raw milk and it is size of the good glass
where it is smaller than the sphere
which will be seen it is secure.

This second time, as for her first pregnancy
and sis it was flowing out above it/it is after sought
Sized each side of her pregnancy wetter flowing from.
She can Inhaling, 'from the rosters wood,
as for waiting to catch me off me of
which feels to me the raw chunky milk
which is brought up by her for her ' It offers forth; She gushed.

Was sis was nursed from my nanny
and which ranked before, by me? ' He asked. As for Sis,
You said; Just three many long are the weeks and yours
As and she continued,

the reason why by her wasn't, You explain; Me,
I/her\mine long nursing,
which it is possible and crushed I felt
when she started to produce it to and squeeze
with her awkward collection simultaneously.

Lastly as for me,

It made it discharge; But Christ sis, I needed that milk.
Sleeping, I will sleep in the middle of you both tonight.

James McLain

Golden A Covetousness

Many times
and being
that it is the dogs ball.
Where her gold fruit juice, is desired.
At that time of her, whom can.
There is an unfairness, exactly always is.

James McLain



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Dad, 'said

And even in the clouds
beings,
as soft as they are
moving about in and out
they are there.

James McLain



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Haiku) Caught

Walking past you have
paused in the moment of
my child like eyes.

□

James McLain



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Trees And Bushes

Mars is as to Venus
and around the moon under the sun
while a fire is burning
my mind.

Trees and bushes
whispering winds, ruffled leaves.
Open they curl in and out as if.
While there is Mars in regard to Venus,
the fire is burning too type,
as for your month either way and turning
the wind, which belongs to the sun the wood
and the bush, which whispering,
make the leaves a pillow.

James McLain



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Bequest Beheld

The swing, pushing you over swinging
is his light/right such incandescence
over the brightly colored water
as it falls up you are even swifter.
Standing on the cliff over the sea
a dolphin moving through the water
whose deep-sea green opposite is white
the yellow sun warm adorer
where it does not cover the eye
under any condition, bequest is beheld.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Anchala

She was smiling
but her voice kind was stern.
When I came to her
I felt relieved,
that she was calm.
Wet the sand if comes a storm.
And while upon a dune, I stand,
because across the open plains
winds loved only this her blue
rose, 'Anchala.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Denial

If you can not be the woman,
you were born and meant to be
then be a man
and where the shame
That your Denial, 'speaks must be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Sleepless Moon

While there are two children
and them leaving where to come
from warm each temperate home
through each open window
across the open field all the way.

Their teacher is and trust is by
one hand of each is met, one wept.

Underneath, a sleepless moon
are two young lovers, 'pupils thy
near to they of whom would look.

Why their books you turn each page
from which they have but left behind.
Trapped in moons of white and black.

Each takes on the body
and each shape
and his the lovely lady
is her looking glass
who peers inside
and sees that man.

With his long bow
drawn shooting arrows
high in space the moon
looks full and open.
See her smile?

Between his legs
a running stream
her cup is used to
fill the hollow bowl.

When full and rubbing lips
and looking down is when
their faces are made clear
the water when it sits is still.

James McLain

Understanding My Hands

Though it be summer and kind wind, 'I cool.
Buttercups under your chin, still 'dear, are yellow,
around your neck, my fingers have broached,
whereof have fluttered often, your lips, 'I keep sealed.

Hidden my expressions, merry dimpled cheeks
I wander, as your eyes look around, wide open.
Two fold is the mind from which I see, you are there?
Leaning against it/mine, you are never talking,
I listen to your heart, with my fingers in your ears.

Even there, high upon the pole, sits that green nest
and even when one comes, one osprey leaving watches
but for the coming of the rain and riding above it
and like the damp earth it softens, until it becomes.

Never hungry, fast asleep understanding my hands.

James McLain



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The Star Fish, Gov'Ner Crist

When you have seen them struggle
upside down and a thoughtful mind is clean
being from the sea, beings anew, 'it is there.
They are the many small like beings
on them each the many feet acting as one
and simple are they, from you.
By the hundreds those their feet that march on.
Whereupon that shore you walk and you do
with she whom is right by your side, both laughing
and she does, knowing inside you found peace.
Are they all, 'those few naught in thought, as she is,
with you, bring them too/to do as your will, her well?
Waves that bring solace and peace to you for she
is with you too sooth each print, left behind
by you for she comes up behind your side
and makes from each end that peace with you.
Her peace is are as her toes and your the sand.
The open palm they all see, except for they have no room,
and the fish like the star most have even more room for.
Many are the feet that once now as one such as you
uncovered by you and the white finite sand you weigh,
and they may or may not come to know.
And I am found by you and she and she
is like you the sea.
None but are they not the most and yet
they are never full enough, each bay are they when
the tide comes in, never full.
It is by that and knowing and that two oceans can
never fill one such as that their muddy bottom.
Even when whispered by her is your other she is yours
to keep and the feet of all the stars in the ocean the gulf
are kept damp and clean from the sea, you.

James McLain

By My Fears

By my fears
you are all that I
ever had.
And you have
like my tears
bathed in only years
When by my fears
as her tears they fall
against my cut
and open
callused palm.
And salty weeping they
spaced, 'looking up
at your eyes,
asleep their upon.
And you must know
as I feel,
how they burn.
When I see your
shaking face
beneath
my open infinite hands
deep are such
running thoughts.
Even as though
silk unraveled, 'pulls against.
A level desk,
my face before the light,
nights warm up to you bright.
And as a windows open
and with it comes you,
dust of the stars,
burning sun.
While, what of which
I wished only to hear,
from you and you only
whispered it,
won't it must, come to pass.
But to pass you, 'I paused

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when I, you it passed.
While I shed only tears
that you may then one day,
see and the sea
for she, 'yearns to be.

James McLain

Lactating Daughter

Because, 'I have a lactating daughter,
why not take advantage of her?
As long as Mother doesn't mind,
father said,
Hooking up the pump.
He is not cured of the need,
but he is convinced that taking the milk
is the right thing to do.
It's very difficult to tell if something
is working or not, she said.
What we feel comfortable about
is that the process of doing it has been amazing
and has helped all of our family.
Even the children
can't tell the difference, when eating their cereal.
There is research to say those same proteins
in his daughters breast milk,
will and has benefited her father.
I think the most tender part of this co-op
is providing more milk and less chicken, ' she said.
They both milk them together to strengthen their relationship.
Skipping coming my, 'mother works it out.
Laughing about it,
Mother instructs her daughter to say, no to drugs.
But the children.
know we save money and want more than their share.

James McLain

Tu Fu A Map

Mine is a garden of pine
below the tower
across the clear winding river
Isolated each is
laying upon the bed of needles
amber pearls rest against
the cave
under the full moon
where the dragon sleeps
with emerald eyes
one winks.
Because,
Tu Fu has drawn a map
that shows the way
between the valley of the floor
up to the moon.

James McLain



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Some Children Say

Yours Is now a different world, some children say?
A world that lost it's way as thought advances?
May it never be, that we must give less thought,
to those with more in thought or how the thoughtless.
Why not let the children pray, where children play.
When you are old and Grey because of what you said,
and where then will you stay, from what you made?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pieces In The Box

Pulling out gradually,
building out the center of the world.
And the board on which
I play the pieces in the box.....
As it is raw between the creases
night/right as for Reconstruction.
Other than truthful each denial
leaving falling trees as the emptiness
of the forest from which it would
and do it not except love sweet, for me.....
Come then, 'dear', excessively, to be forgiven,
And it is transferred,
my heart from it/is yours to touch,
because it is in close range,
and each kiss is necessary when you, 'it placed,

James McLain



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Full

Being full
is not the same as
being filled.
A beautiful bay
moaning beating
hearts as one
two oceans
can not fill.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Covered Only In Salt

And when floating
in and out, there on.
Yet whereupon by me,
and there upon you are.
Waves blown across
my face, I am
carried down,
as all around you.
hurried off
so very, far away.
When I see you only
at the very end.
I swim back out
covered only in
white salt.
Coming over
you are standing
near the shore
calling out too me.

James McLain

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Kenny The Crab

Long supple legs
ending as they, I should
bashful, I am too your smile
begging at the outermost why
and at the edge
between the water
and the sand
on white, is tanned
looking out for Kenny
we walk around
and each your touch
is like a blow
is hammered home
when you upon, I gaze
because as such
you are to you, I am
from different states.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

About The Sun

Transported to learn with pain,
far away
the blind man sleeping learns
about the sun!
In order to die,
he must cross that wide open plain.
From each of each
and they of whom, which is thirsty
and empty of doubt!
Be their faith never restricted,
you commute with the feet of the homesick,
the homeless
when leading are led to the seashore
of each foreign country
depending upon the country,
come between and the air of blue most love!
This is your sovereignty
and why too my, I am you in bloom, agonizing!
Sorrow of this mixed fixed signal!
As for these whom are so patient ' So it is; Laureates'
Under someone's voice training it is huge
while I grow even smaller than each grain of sand
that one time the sea, never touches.

James McLain

All Find My Tongue

Tit for that good grades, feeling smug
thoroughly was the good priest rubbed?
and or robbed ' ' As for me he was off.'
Which shoots that to his; It is rubbed; As for me,
each lip as leaves the tree hears winds, that whisper
which is not the hardest of times,
when it could but does not resist even longer,
my mouth around the bit like a horse it was opened,
and many hands could be slipped in my panties
their they all find, my tongue.
And the moon, weeping my face, ridden is
' As for him my wet saucy surface...
like the sun is hot for an, 'A never and, those 'B's
' The highest which hit
and wherefore you shot into that;
' The rear moved apart seeing it was once
a clear green wrapper
and left of the explosions laughingly sound of lolly
victorious and marching, beating on drums
so when it is
and concerning the stick of many candies
or those candles with wicks unlit there are more
fire is later but then ice melts sooner,
coming always back while waiting it goes on?

James McLain

Yellow, 'Red Giant

You race around it quickly but gently
noble this race
and we in and outside of it/its holes minor/major
and to explore some worlds deeper
concerning its interior world in it is so much stops' it breathing
active deeply take with its center right in the mouth
bottle necked exploding star dust
the throat expanding
constricting then while pulsating
while the sun of each, our every morning
expands outwards
and then back in an instant
until all that is left is the dark carbon core
and you are
a diamond the size of the Earth.

James McLain



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Relationships

Relationships are not,
I think skin deep tough
cut by the people
whom think of such things, 'that way.
And i can, only be,
that which was
by my thoughts
from the beginning
what i was, in the end
meant to be..
nothing is more
nothing made less...
and to think about that one
if you wont, then I will.

James McLain



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Brown Boy

Brown boy rushing in and out all day
and singing that song, I love to play.
When I'm faced with what you say,
Tease him not, lest he miss me,
and Sara never came to run there away.
Leave me/my world or come out and play,
And when I stop blushing you kiss me,
it is then, that I know, why I miss you.

James McLain



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The Cheeks, The Lips

Being always open
then Come, and
i, when in thought
brought out of the mouth
and the look, the gaze
when falling deep, your eyes
the cheeks, the lips
being fresh
it is but our flesh
that when lost,
touched, we can't hide
and knowing not a word
is but you to satisfy
does it not,
when perhaps it is you
i have and i would
for i am, what i am
you have made
and by grace will it be more
never less
so walk not in fear
open the door, to your heart.
for i am,
but the child that needs out.

James McLain

Bull Frogs

It is only that I am
I am only that for you
blushing
Flirt and terrible
i am, when in you
i must look to yours
and eight hundred
more light filled
happy babies
their maybe more.
Always thus...
always trust the
wallowing walrus
I am always
and hope is yours,
Help her/my\why and lord
ohhhh, myy.
It is..och...the eons.
It is you that makes
even the legs of the frog...
spotted tremble,
so help me croaky..
Then come with me
and, 'dear'..
Yonder pond is fair
and don't stop, too
hop so far away....

James McLain

Each, 'Lesson

Can even my one lesson,
Taught by you be different to me again.
Over and over a green board of white chalk.
Words once small,
even again as we speak ever too me,
seem so large.
Head stones I glimpse,
like the stumps of old teeth.
I seek the same thing out, even now as a child.
The date on the stone that very first date,
that I so young, sought out.
Carved their upon, open the bark as does the sap.
Up the ladder to each, 'V 'the bucket half full.
When were they born, how long did they stay,
have they come back to teach.
What did they say.
and here now again, am I gone back beyond reach
and now once again they here around us, gone.

James McLain



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Each Lesson

Can even my one lesson,
Taught by you be different to me again.
Over and over a green board of white chalk.
Words once small,
even again as we speak ever too me,
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What did they say.
and here now again, am I gone back beyond reach
and now once again they here around us, gone.

James McLain



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Happy Mothers Day) For Gov'Ners, Mother Of Crist

Introduced to, Erythroblastosis Fetalis
During her this my then/her first pregnancy
the mother from thy, from her womb
by the woman of thine, how my birth.
And if but unknown thus by learned-ed men
and knowledge not being by my trial, of errors
again as a testimony too, wherein are such unheard,
four years earlier then like they, never I latter.
Whom by such when stilled gave up stilled birth
by the blood from another, another by there blood
in the RH affirmative baby it develops the antibody
in the RH day a, frightened 'Mother primarily color, is factor.
If after that light of thine of mine was peaceful slumber
being pulled forth, void of form and without conditioning
being imagined is not verified and cause vilified without,
is not handled by these those her antibodies
perhaps it because the disorder is/was death described
without breath, with the RH affirmative baby
whom came forth from he your any but one originator
with death of the young child, like he brought to life.
Being alive in the vast sleeping void,
I knowing you know not death, even with just cause.
and 'Being surprised,
I was, I guess,
but your guest, never was I, Mother less.

James McLain

Me Squeezing My Squeezebox

As for you,
my help and I don't understand
being in the tub being bubbled
and foamy
thinking It is terrible so is it necessary;
In order to go somewhere,
you know why and in other things.
While last night I am soaked,
I think of that, which is the white raw materials
where I had firmly squeezed,
and my chest on my right, come coming out,
and as for me those when the left which became aware.
I did the same to the other chest, in addition happened.
Time, I ever since that time
me squeezing my squeezebox
tender chest if or exactly me the nipple,
because it is more precise, that is I inhaled,
it happened, the way if it squeezes,
no exactly small bit comes,
still full in my other hand is appearing the large quantity.

James McLain

Heart - Haiku

Some never will give up.
knowing it is worth the fight
So you stand your ground.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Juicy, ' Our New Crop Of Prepubescents

and Juicy, ' Our New Crop Of Prepubescents
On Some Beach, here In Florida
Where poverty lives among the seedy lots
and valueless houses off the palm-lined,
Neogene strip,
behind the rusty chain winked fences,
heavy-bolted doors
tenement castles and while you, I watch
in the shadows of their speedways
and teen crime
and even preteen crime
rich in succulence
and soon to be harvested
has proven to be unresistant strains
some new infectious,
your old and stale, new again adversaries.

Each spike in offenses prompts a new round of questions,
Florida's little beings economic chief namely:

What will it take:
to keep our prepubes
out of the juvenile justice system — no prenatal,
a pipeline of the old Souths
white trash and Nigra, free labor
with now some brown
Cinnamon her spice being added to the prison system?

Presumptive reasoning being that they are to damaged
by societies standards
and lack of accountability
those important first nine long months
that they latter
when still a teen
whom brag about their then being able to do while standing on their heads
and seeing one eighteen month old toddler
the other day at the beach and doing just that,
trying to walk on his head and alcohol fetal syndrome
leaves me

more than a little confused
and her mother giving sport the eye,
blushing,
I hastily covered up
and rolled over in the sand,
thinking about how to save the loggerhead turtles.
Ohh these words are to scary,
'Mr speaker, they remind me of...well bestiality.

James McLain

Talking Little Child

She's walking down, 'me, I'm walking up
walking down to waters edge
and looking up it seemed she looks to me
up past the clouds out past the sea
behind my head the sun is hot
the wind is still, 'she stops,
to ask me why,
Mister, mister between each small breath
when caught,
so far and out it is you swim,
Beyond each buoy here again
then back out you start again
so far out I can not tell and just because
is all so tell me why?
Little, small and looking down I squat and drip
to wet to dry,
looking at her clear blue eyes
looking knew and each new day
Because it's hard is all I say,
because it is hard.

James McLain

May Her Wishes

If wishes were a list
and if, 'in may and yours
comes by and I too keep
and each a paradox is parody
to see you smile is why,
I love the sea.....

James McLain



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Deep Inside

Your help was mine to give and both.
Could you not but help too feel it?
When deep inside the clouds the sky,
You whom knelt to hold me up.
Raisins in the sun.
Grapes again made whole and full
and green.
You squeeze against your lips.
Juice runs out each corner of your mouth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When By My Fears

When by my fears, I have.

Like you.

Tears they fall, against my cut
and callused open Sunday palm,
and salty looking up.

You know, I feel them burn.

When I see your shaking face

beneath my hands

thoughts as though

as silk unraveled, 'pulls against.

A level desk my face before the light,

nights warm up high

and as a window opens

and with it comes to you,

the burning sun.

While, what I wish to hear,

from you,

can't but to come when passed. □

While I shed tears that you may one day,
yearn to be.

James McLain

All That I Have

and if i do
and if i come out
once more into the moon light
and seeing that
and of all that i have
and you having it to move
as the leaves move
but only as does the wind
when it blows me, by you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ebbs The Tide

How long I wait
out there to see your long face
each day and each day I come back
treading water it coming, it going out
either way, 'I know it moves quickly,
and some times, 'I grow restless, floating.

Saying that I would recognize the swells
above the water as your line is
and because of mine there below
I am trapped as well, under water
Ebbs the tide and the water does it move.

□

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Before The Storm

While looking alone
when standing
he watches as the waves
wash it all slowly in and out
and current is wind
leaving the shore fresh and washed
as foam flies past each face
a peaceful calm
comes before the storm.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Falling Rising

Twin little mounds and oiled tummy's.

A few minutes later the baby wet was nursing
and soft their bodies laid were entwined.

They held hands as they rubbed their faces crying both together, sleeping until
they both started crying once again, as the baby nursed.

Before again.'falling finally rising, rising falling.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shooting Lava

Work is, and 'As for her,
when tackling the dairy and our farming place
where all but she is large,
it was normal to do that in her bulls.
She used the enormous wooden metal tipped shaft
the use from which it sends electric current.
The blood glands glowing runny bloody
and from even which it can surprise.
Don't hide, 'The walking....
of of the rear of her shooting lava.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Back Into The Sea

OTHERS come by me
but always, 'I take my leave
wishing like, some sunny day the wind
and sand is always constant in this state
as Flux my feet are standing still they flirt
The dunes are always moving quickly over
one another as your skirts it gently lifts
one moving over with the other leading
pushing their against me always back to you,
deeper grows the nameless grains of sand,
as I move right off the edge and back into the sea.

□

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Was, 'I Am, I Always Will Be

Only to her that one, that only one
the one of whom there is but one is he
and no man has made this speech.

Speakable only to he, is she,
whom speaks to you of he.
Remarkable is she,
whom knows the touch of he.

Wet grass kept thus and always
by he for she is knowing
he is the animal,
hers and hers,
put their only for her by he, for that.
Safe in the knowledge of her sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pushing Out

I know 'dear' i as well am trying.
You thus it needed, inside it being.
and you have tried, very hard as well.
Pushing out
and leaving, much to soon.
Though soon enough for you, it never was..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Empty Sea

One window is, it there?
Where I am small;
The empty sea;
Me, now each the parting, parts.
Freedom from the sky soft face one sky
and now warm death, thin clear ice,
Verily over time it, 'you became.
Now without, one 'either
life is imitation made of, 'Grey.
Splendid same loves meaning,
but entirely easier ways than instantly,
coming senses too it is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'You Have Long, 'Too Ask Me Why,

You have too ask me why, as you so long,
but deep as she, 'the open roaring sea
and consolations, 'where there is song
and Brought up by you/you comb my hair
arms swinging, 'walking talking us along
singing a song the child is in, waist deep;
If that voice when it decides to leave me.

Hearing what is fact you heard it not from me
that I have been so long, it is never forgotten
and any thing which finds my life in death,
my res·ur·rect·ed, breath you have inside,
and hearing your soft throatily, hold my voice,
each song,
'You sing, waves combing past me, yesterday.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Child, 'Unkept, 'Precocious,

Bored and even then quite small, come nearer to thee, 'us, them.
I tuned out the Latin, 'mumbled jumbo to them, me being wee
and it was a revelation only then,
Precocious a boy, 'I articulated to the priest, that the girls
were caught in the same artistic light as me.
Afterwords there always was an eye, 'kept on me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Child, Unkept, 'Precocious

Bored and even then quite small, so near all of them,
I tuned out the Latin, 'mumbled jumbo then wee
and it was only then,
Precocious a boy, 'I articulated to the priest, that all the girls
were in the same recirculated position as me.
Afterwords there always was an eye, 'kept on me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'You Have Too Ask Me Why'

You have too ask me why, as you so long,
but deep as she, 'the open roaring sea
and consolations, 'where there is song
and Brought up by you/you comb my hair
arms swinging, 'walking talking us along
singing a song the child is in, waist deep;
If that voice when it decides to leave me.

Hearing what is fact you heard it not from me
that I have been so long, it is never forgotten
and any thing which finds my life in death,
res·ur·rect·ed, breath you have developed,
I hear your voice, each song come yesterday.

s.t.t.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Brotherhood

Looking down:
never upon that man,
his woman each star is bright.
Dawn spreads across.
She fans the fire, 'The sun
His desire then she resumes.
The radio each rescue
and each skyward moment.
Some fireman and E - 44.
Some police man, her detective
this at their both, 'every monument.

□

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Are, 'Who You Are, You Are Not

Your other side infused, ' refused from the pupil,
and your father of your green moss was obtained
thereof from your mother.

But where you were impressed, 'pursuit to each personality
and talent for the voice which is sung
could from the middle of it somewhere, you obtained?

These from your parents were perhaps learned
or was that apples unlike oranges, falling from the sky
once decided in advance by your gene? it' Between;

As for elbowroom of the swing, kicking leg
where physical characteristics are heredity characteristic,
heredity as the water, from each individual'

To each it regards it may become lighter/darker;
conduct or it's lack, intelligence and personality.

If you are, 'I am as well, if you are not, I am dreamless
and Finally, as for the argument apples and oranges against
whose character is old when confronting,

there is no raisin without the grape and another rose
when with lily, does rose sing and which is really what helps you smile
and then thereof each all and each they win.

We of each rank do too

and to inform some rank it is decided with our DNA
which still is the thing we by our life experiences and.

But we of each the both parts,
play have known each one of each thing.

This is excluding child hood abuse issues of course.

James McLain

Soft, 'Up Around

I cannot control such is all of that, wind
and only by the lips from which it sings
and singing as it does and still it yet
brings forth the foam in which i stand
and though it is brown and many days
and windy the waves
up around your warm tattoo, soft ankle.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Evening Comes

When evening comes
and shuts our eyes
where hot days those are
where love is permitted
and the cool nights are sad
and have awakened, i stand
and putting it out, your love
when is it simply permitted?
However and where ever it is,
are we both by the one
betrayed permanently,
and love when it is permitted
it is permitted only once.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

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and to inform some rank it is decided with our DNA
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But we of each the both parts,
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James McLain

Twenty Or Thirty A Day

and how because, 'anally inflicted yours,
became a death sentence
and thousands of times and never once
crossing under, always looking to the full moon
saith you and never did he smell once of the rose
and now, being silent and full and sweet
diagnosed with the anally inflicted death sentence
and giving it away
twenty or thirty a day
all because of one anally retentive man.
It is quite an endeavor
and how many, may I ask has it caught?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Fire - Haiku

And if you were able.
Would you, without a thought.
Sacrifice your self.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A River - Haiku

Comes to her door.
And runs, slowly through it.
Leaving no marks.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gov'Ner Crist

Watching they upon you i watch, ' you watch
and the lines increasingly and those friends
and remember thus they them, who they are.
and being it is not about being alone, when
as i am, you are and you now are.
Be as they if as truly you have 'said, it is done.
Platforms and platforms,
which of they for them or against is it, make it known.
Platforms from which to gain height to see the sea.
Do not be mean and stand upon yours,
looking down upon them in all, 'your worry
concern for them, they are all, are they not
in your heart, let it be known.
And i am tired as well as all
eyes are cast out at what is to be or not, none see.
The children all of these children every where.
Every one, each it is thus, 'children except for the old'
and blushing to my self except one and yet
are they not again as they once were, when young?
A plat form from within and when i was at the beach
their was a small one, beings Autistic
whom tried to stand and walk towards me.
Ashamed thinking I, of my Daughter,
and before going back into that world of wait.
Calling out to him again and he did!
And smiled for a moment in time and then, he did.
That is what being a little big man of hearts
is all about, perhaps i am wrong, perhaps it is not.

James McLain

Mommy, 'At School Today

Mommy, 'at school today
and the nuns ask me to hold these two stones
and roll them around in my mouth, like this, see.
They said if i moved the stick back and forth like this
that it would make fire and you see it grow bright, right?
Plus, i felt the heat from it too.
Why they clean me, like you clean the dog,
i don't know, do you know why? i get good grades!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Making Peace With Me

May has come, 'April walks past
she shows me, pretty cheeks.
Floating there upon the waves
Making peace with me.

It is their I am, 'between her arms
and aching mine too feel,
Happy, warm and sensitive
making peace with me.

s.t.t.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Personal Am I) Unbiased(

Extrema opposites of parking still free, 'Sand Key Park.
Swimming far out into the fast moving channel to sea, it all.
Able to see for miles it is wide moving north and south
or west across the channel, I float the rest, is to far away.
She is older topless sunbathing with a towel close by
and easy to converse with, I don't know why, I do, do I.
He is the same but a man, is a man he is still a man, as I.
I found what he was doing to be repugnant and unthinking I.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Milk, 'You Utter

Frequent shoppers
are we all
well in quite the honey drew
from Bonny knobs
just a cup of milk
in life he sought.
Lips pursed and shaking
hunger driven thoughts of you
river streams all have dreams
heavens dew, I knew.
Glasses full half in half cream
butter such are lovers seen.
Tipping arms that walkaways churn
lovely is her name to know.
Flying across green fields expand
eye to eye can't see them all
those wooden fences
hungers sheen flavors misty sky I call.
Favors lace a silky place just in chance
of line to time play one day.

James McLain

My Normal Is Your, 'Xanax

Buzzing, a bumble bee doesn't have to sting me
I catch the black and yellow bumble bee by it's wings
and pull it out back wards from the open hibiscus
toss it into the air in one single motion, it flies off.....

You tremble at my deep well of thoughts of you
words of kindness and in truth, may i come with you
i with you, can prevail, though some would not
hail upon my head, hear me out, wish me not dead...

Mountains wear us all down, the clouds lift us up,
I come with you each morning they show dawns
early lite and there beneath....

Patience for mounds of verbs I have none
left for nouns.....
Adjectives perhaps, 'are they yours?

Play the radio the songs go in and out of my head
a thousand times the speed of light, all at the same
time, 'I write and look and when my name is as yours.....

Pleasant is the present scent you wear to lay
me down to sweep your mind of thoughts, do not
forget too dream of me tonight.....) it(is sweet..

James McLain

Alone, 'A Special Child

Meeting is made mention discussed
distant from blue mother earth,
most would rather, it had too far too come.
' It' Another origin spoken for perhaps
and ' For the second time the time of of for the sake of;
Only one angel mainly earlier these descriptions
and ' This special child, 'special needs, many love.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Angel

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distant from the mother earth,
most would rather, it had too far too come.
' It' Another origin spoken for perhaps
and ' For the second time the time of of for the sake of;
Only one angel mainly earlier these descriptions
and ' This special child, 'special needs, many love.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Valley Of The Queen

The valley of the queen,
soft is the middle of love.
My haven is two sided,
folded over to seal me.
rose, 'Petals scented blooms,
held over my head, in sleep.
While rivers murmur over rocks
standing up, I look at the moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Valley Of The Butterfly

Wing tipped by wind.
Flowers opened, opened more.
White rice hides moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Billy Bowleg

It is not there, there is it not
a beautiful orchid, where it is.

American forest,

Florida in us.

Wild flowers that from each shape to make the bowlegs moccasin
and from the billy club

several may live and remember,

to be called the moccasin flower appropriately,

to rise to making concentrate with poetry or whether,

or a certain extreme resistivity,

whom cannot escape from the garden of the village

of the flower perhaps including love,

as for custom mind set of forest ' These flowers dubbing were done; Woman
slippers'!

Us it has the domestic

flower to which the name belongs

securely or, some other fragrant things,

the moccasin of the bowleg of the Billy Seminole club.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am, 'Inside Our Head

That was a long time before you were born.
And I had forgotten most those your dreams.
But for that, you then it was I saw there, standing before me,
like the sun it is bright- white hot is My, your dream.
And the wall I built of roses, rose slowly,
the rose, it is slow, and yet still
nothing between you and my dreams.
Until that morning when I touched the sky,
the rose- upon the Wall.
Shadows all have moved back.
I am you/you are I.
I am with you moved the shadow of night, it is dawn.
Inside our head.
Already the light/write of my dream
and before me on me, you are.
Just a trick of one thick brick in the wall, ignored.
Light/write of my dream, you My hand!
My darkness you moved with your smile!
Each broken eye which passes through fire
and the wall now encased in blue ice.
Bricks in the wall!
No more holes in your dreams!
Thousands of stars like you
and lights/write of each burning sun,
in dreams made up of but you.

James McLain

My Sis's

Sis's anus
and

My sis'

when lubrication and re entry is on her mind on the rim;
Her anus when it's near, 'Saturn reached was not difficult.
But because I offered mouth to mouth to help each month
my sister pushes the cloud tops back
and her surface comes, 'much nearer to my window
thus it's welcome
and alley of the comet of the lane of H
in her is deeply
and with my effort, it continues, spewing out
it's mass far upon, the yellow sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Self-Respect

I or impression sweating-rank..
it if in self-respect they've, have not bought,
oceans the sea
and muscles and waves, Of thy pleasure..
Be be.. Her being his everything, it is uncovered! !
My sight is and fiercely green, your freeholders.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Vigilance And Bellicosity

'Dear'
and i have,
have i not, i have said,
i do not worry about betrayal from 'God, it is man,
with whom, i must live in this world
with each day
until it is, 'that i am called again, into sleep...
thus Weary and wary, i wait.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

E.E.Cummings Ash En

e.e.cummings ash en
making long productions, milk and cream
me, 'being yourself and he smiling
and the amine woman
holds out her towel to you.
young poets
many and before, your love could i and yet
it helps too be pretty and handsome eyes
being called
i see, 'through to you, staining my window
and through transparency, you came
each full moon, overwhelms me
and i have you
here deep inside and i love you
but the nurse walking by
could i, but by you, watch the nurse milk the nurses
the nurse as it nurses
when white and warm, whom sex changes
and each strong woman, i have withstood
while some guys get heavy and the girls get too full.
and being properly humbled
good babies, do sing so i hush
and your fingers and your sandy toes i kiss
being deaf and simple is my psychology
each little cut
expectations
trading each secret watching you milk the cow
because i do
and with each one the colors bubbled
i only thrust upward or suddenly when
whereupon that face
a spring it sings of you, 'each being we think the last time
dream nursing dreams
i hate you i love you
the yellow sun rises
and your loving your shame and your, 'not a 'young girl anymore.

James McLain

Your, 'Young Girl Today

Is this this your young girl today?
The pants keep getting tighter,
the shirts are yellow brighter.
The shirts have mature things painted on them.
Little girl shorts with wet and 'juicy' on the butt.
Halter tops with holes,
short shorts, bras get transparent negligence smaller
and As for the girl you are young, is there today?
The pants rather than being brighter than the shirt,
continue to become through him, look daddy 'O so, hard.
By them please for me, now I want them now.
It is printed to the shirt it has grown wild and milky those.
The girls on purpose mossy foamy wet and
' With it short-circuits; juicy' each at, 'Bat.
The halter the hole, short shortage,
the brassiere the face transparency
which is obtained is growing smaller, it exceeds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Shame

Your shame is that I wear it aught—to be Alive.
Knowing what I know — Man, 'I am the child.
But could I envy— you that I must trust.
This sack of soil and it's dust full each bag—
being undistinguished from all the rest.
Remembered once permitted—why it is, 'I am.

e.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Old And Cold

Deep see hers is each forbidden heart
Dull eyes i remember all,
But no emotion -shown by they,
and call i don't, i waist no time.

It is -coming up the stage, stand tall.
It is - coming down the other side, to fall.
Then we are left to look but up they see
within, and proud and vain, all now cry.

I hear the world
applaud their hollow fame it saves
Which they blame
when looking deep within the light it fades
each giving man,
that gives no more in sleep, they seek to keep.

m.a.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

All I Know Must I Hide

all i know must i hide
this is to remind you
of why
i must hide all i know
knowing i hide
what i sow
here inside all the words.
each memory of they
they of each mind
from father to daughter
having no other
you knew i had plans for you
but you left me
with no way too know.
so each of you
and you,
i again reach out,
and 'within each
when you read then you know.
I smile at the psychometric
my break from, 'Steven Hawkins..
truly what when asking he, is reality
thinking you think that i am
not like you but kind some other
when no other like you
it was, it is that i am
i am past then that now i am
if i have disappointed you
it is only i think because
no one did for me what i did for her
some one i never was
in my sorrow
not being that of which to you
i think you thought i was
but some are now corrupt
and i was trying to make you proud
i am just, like you and you
i just did not have time for me.
i make no comparisons

philosophically speaking
and only of this would you know
except for the brutal conscienceless death
i have indentured to all the best
speaking of course about books.

But then,
you are not susceptible to flattery.

James McLain

As Pure And Fire

Our mortal flame in it draped as we are.
standing as we stand apart that way
twilight revolves around you speechless
i am left by you
never alone looking up at you, their i am.

Dead of death and breath leaving me quite
not while you and yet
and fire,
as pure as the air of each brown ruined day.

Your dark orioles openly and i close the garment.
The shadow as roots dance in the night
spring suddenly from your soul,
that which hides, come out only after you have, again.

Richness so sad and life that its flows as, looking
back beings like they once we were and it is they
now and full of sadness, they will learn to become.
and filling the world with more of the same.

James McLain

Keys

And child, 'But as for each open cloud
that lays beneath your keen perception
between me and you the sky, is it, as you think it is.
and without you are the silver keys, 'key to key
and is as if, mine, your mind, the waves the sea.
and eye to eye this my key, weeps but rain.
Still I haven't, 'But have you my key.
and you whom finds that key as for me who feels
your face give way and that I become close therefore.
it is close, as well and that there is a long way, always,
and some times it does not reach exactly.
Whom am i to abandon it as tears and for me
who find this key and it's border
and I that you may open up
each cloudy face this key entirely, to pleasant to open
I where the mask goes i go and the face opens bright
as for you anything
and enjoy my other keys
yours which is free my key to your happiness.

James McLain

Shibumi

Each red eye be, 'hold the dragon.
wet and winding
a Japanese path
gracefully twisted bonsai trees
bordered stone gardens
gold fish ponds fed by, 'Shibumi
hands always filled
with green paper lanterns.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Upwards, 'suddenly I Thrust

I Thrust upward, 'Suddenly
It is only because that you move as you do
moving up, moving down
always around and the angles are awkward
unknown and resplendent to me.
The other one whom came before
'dear' and she, after you 'said
it is the angle of your pelvis.
I only, 'Thrust upward or Suddenly
squeezing you squeeze,
Coming without warning pushing in
deeper when
they are moved independently of each other,
'one up and one down,
red center line
from the base to the crown and your hand
reaching back smooths the road.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nursing

I can't remember
the last time my husband,
didn't sleep through the night.
I can't remember
the last time I was not engorged,
the last time I leaked.
the last time he peaked.
I can't remember
the last time he helped me out.
I, 'unlike he was nursing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Young In Grace

it was as if
awake and grace.
and if as it was
each day
as it was today
as if
black and white
moving around
as if
and seeing it in one so young
and she was as he
as well
he flowed around her
his dark black
accented her white
and when it was done
mine eyes
near like sleep were closed.
young such is grace
dancing youth comes awake.

James McLain

Evening Comes

When evening comes
and shuts our eyes
where hot days those are
where love is permitted
and the cool nights are sad
and have awakened, i stand
and putting it out, your love
when is it simply permitted?
However it is,
we are betrayed permanently,
love is permitted by only love.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That Dream

And her eye was in her petticoat which opens race/lace.
I awakened suddenly sexually.
And begin my heart beating
because some exactly, 'it is strange.
I looked at that and she changed her cloth.
As for her the petticoat and other ones
which she remove hers being changed.
But as for her green panties
which it was sawing through that area
where the bush re-arranges with that tree
and around her/her hips is are many silk leaves.
And the other petticoats
are attached to each pale body.
She arises
the dressing table floating over the throne
no regards to her blouse
opening and the bed for the second time,
and for a while in me, secret meetings.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sleepless Night

I can't remember
the last time my husband,
didn't sleep through the night.
I can't remember
the last time I was not engorged,
the last time I leaked.
I can't remember
the last time he pulled it out,
I, unlike he was nursing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Spring It Sings Of You

a spring it sings of you
and thus as it is,
sleeping deep
each dream
within you
and that which i am,
i remain
i stay hidden,
as many were they
and whom
some like i
have come and gone
long before.
sleeping at the edge
of the red eye
some times green
open fields a tent
where a spring rises
up too sing.
and the well of breath
soft spoken words
and you know
where they take me too.
and you lead me too their
to swim in clear waters,
and sweet
are yours each i answer
a spring it sings of you
you give to me.
and always
and as many my your others
i am they are, their very,
transparent and clever
it is each question
when ask.
while each and every one i have,
and you know
i would ask it of you.
and ' Woman'

you are the eagle, i am but the sparrow.
in your heart,
where you hide it safe, 'away.

James McLain

My Face

My face is by her burned, kept sideways
and weight is keeping my face
pressed between, 'against the others.
In the corner of my eye
I could see Sara pulling her skirt up and up,
never sliding them ever once down
and her panties, once full, now wet have fallen
how they floating they fell. 'Let me, I've.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Now Independent

Beings and being shorted thus
by they,
turning now soon on each other
and civil each party it now, 'pays
being never having been thus before
before now a Union our State
Independent
threatened but not
by your own
sinking ships like the sun
going down
investigations
credit is but one long hemp noose
derivatives
coming undone
betting on frailer, ' instead of success
money abused and miscued
pension funds for they whom worked hard
knowing the bubble, had long burst and
they allowing it still to be drained all away
yes you will
you can do more
you can do what should have been done
public opinion made just in the eyes the public made
to each and to each
all as one
their understanding of playing it close to the vest
waking up next too the rose
with that fresh scent of each new day.
But your aids have told you all of this, that you know.
So i go.

Mr.Crist

James McLain

Suddenly

I Thrust upward, 'Suddenly
It is only because that you move as you do
moving up, moving down
always around and the angles are
unknown and resplendent to me.
The other one whom came before
yes 'dear' and she, after you 'said
it is based on the angle of your pelvis.
I only Thrust upward or Suddenly
squeezing you squeeze,
Coming without warning pushing in
deeper when
they are moved independently of each
other, 'one up and one down
from the base to the crown and your hand
reaching, looking back, rules the road.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Longing

If i have ever left you unsatisfied
would you remember that the ocean
was your love and my love to deep
to keep and sleeping there by your side.

I know, Sorrow is not that a memory
and Memories are not of, your sorrow
that you weep, instead, I know again
in each dropp of water, when it rains.

s.t.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Too Dance In Freedom

Some times when i can, those walks,
i hear them dance and they still talk
and i too danced for freedom,
and some wonder if after, i am old
and weary torn and hearts of gold.

Some have danced with their others,
and fell beside there brother,
sister come now why, how you knew,
Two can dance that one last dance,
which one leaves to pray take i, amen.

Quite walks, and how i quake each night,
and this is how my youth, i spent too grow
and with you i am not, why i,
danced with freedom please, sweet sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Verve

Or goldbeater of central highlighted area.
There is control.
is this corruption.
There was, Verve.
For the sake of or photometry and whipcord!
Altogether, acts of 'God.
Being caught in the spell.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And With Each One

As for something, special parting exciting,
sometimes to they it is as of the many,
and with each one and with each
with the friend where it starts.

Whether the person the woman before
revolves around her man according to his plan
and dances softly and dissolves according to each
her other is one plan.

Being within the vicinity, 'before soon thereafter, after, profit.

The atmosphere around those,
which of life and joy exactly enjoy, every day,
life of green,

passing by those which it touches the lip, you breathe,
assuming not presuming this, that is so,
wrapped within securely the kiss of, 'oh,
and the neck which are agreeable she it hits,
with the skin and the cheek.

Therein are possession sweet ones,
when so to be closer and is my possession your one.

Open full moon and the darkest of light pale face
back section of caresses of the sufficiency

there is only why,
evasion of finger light laughter of the stomach, but coming,
being that is power,

conditioning of the strong hand or victory, sensitive voice,
you flow, each Next, as for it is the method from here

and thinking the syllables, order the story in order
and to be, or not to be of both methods it' which it moves;

... Before kissing to,

'Oh each kiss, being friends good is love.

James McLain

Red4017

Never working too much
writing can right it's self.

some like Sushi

Kelly Rippa

Casket makers

Rap

and real estate

Liars

that lie just to cheat.

Oh, 'God, that one Girl
nursing

Politicians

Losing my loved one

So close is Bipolar but eternity stays
one drink away

Not doing what you say
you would do for me...

knowing i did it, when you saw
some saw it naught.

many even now they would not

While you always knew, 'They are what?

Love not

Racism

you are

No human being is for me to judge

How often have i thus been?

LAW based solely

on he whom once was, and is gone

Presumptions, predicated on fear are of what?

I predict some one today will be struck by a gun
from a slow moving bullet and killed
because the planet was spinning to fast.

What about that pardon
before you leave.

Did you think this song was about you

and you/you were right.

When your aids think that they wear
the, 'Chief
who is then, in charge of the China Tea?

Even Box car Willie was free.

James McLain

Because I Do

On me, 'frequently by yours it is,
you must stop and you must quit
There bye the bye, is not yet.
and I am your cow, 'love you milk
and must so often I adjust to this fact.
While I lay to you next, I am sleeping.
That it is these economic times when
late at night your lips are feeling.
Whether or not, 'I, your this,
I am "my" problem if or this pump problem
you do it comfortably, I know.
Never waking from the dream of crossing over.
Being pulled by my silver cord, pumping back.
You call it the necessity of the milk of life all over.
which as for me as for you and when after
always before I obtain, a every comfortable position,
as for me for you adjusting yours to satisfy
above it pumping that is flowing sleep, 'good going.
When everything is placed, just,
as for pump process there is nothing like this pain.
If your/me no displeasure of full feeling of it draining
because I do not pump as you do, you put it just,
then clear lactation first, it is usually, 'yours it is.

James McLain

Trading Secrets

If I am to her/her cow.
I have known no long, great sorrow.
No short goodbyes, shedding tears.
Should I could but feel it, a very long time?
I have strongly felt, 'she it longer.
I have, I am not one of those others.
Who have a great need of your sorrow
watching the sun rise on the moor.
Trading secrets, great is our joy at noon.
Smiling you say: 'I have encountered it.'
Never smug, 'among those unpretentious
Famed are each our proteges of wisdom,
There seeming to stand
with one in each hand
as the creator and Isac Newton,
over why might the apple fall
so far from the tree.
When a simple conversation
about Darwinian theory
of why the orange monkey
still stays so high in the trees.
Mid-evil, such conversations
may or may not a landless prophet
to their simplicity of great temper
or as to the essence of the
apples shape or supple, 'is Eve for that matter.

James McLain

Friendships Expectations

Friendships those expectations,
more and more is 'Occasionally.
we of the people we are of you.
Wait, 'yes thus as we wait, for you all.
Each that life surrendered, you it remembers.
Directly coming and blowing is the wind
all around you, snug inside you are warm.
Everyone we should see, seeing naught
can we meet, with presumptive precautions
of fear from he, terror have been taught.
Those expectations, expecting nothing
returned from the heart, emptily, handed
always and you are never disappointed,
but you are not why I ask.
Wouldn't We love to release it,
if it is that of your within thine of each.
None are exactly that, still but you are
the people are of whom we are each,
rather than making that is,
it is your permissibility inside of each face
it is good?
From it where you draw it, 'Are you not?
Then are we deep therein of each,
Because there it is,
it is you and can each meet to those - All beauties of the merit
where we take up the joy and we and beings
and your binding souls you/we, ourselves
all our defects which all can see now.
We are less crowned and when released
and make the edge smooth
less sharp and when putting, whom on the stand
which carves those of our each necessity
and because it is agreeable to the eye to crave what is beauty
by drawing up visions, the new curve here and here and there,
as for us it is not at all impossible,
to meet to the substantial person under our/your works.
Everything which is we of the sea is 'Gods hallucination
which we from thus he drew us up from, that.
As for each that person' It if him/her you would never deny it?

Identifiable the Identity
of the substance of jars of your clay, is familial impolite.

James McLain

Those Expectations

Those expectations, 'Occasionally.
we of the people that are you.
Wait, 'yes thus we wait, for
each that life's it's remainder.
Directly is the wind all around you.
Everyone we could see, seeing naught
cannot we meet.
Those expectations,
always and you are almost disappointed,
but you are not.
Wouldn't We release it,
if it is that of your each.
None are exactly that, still but you are
the people are whom,
rather than making that is, it is possible it is good?
Are you not?
Then are we therein of each,
Because there is,
it is you and can each meet to those - All beauties of the merit
where we take up the joy and we and beings
and your binding souls you/we, ourselves
all our defects which all can see now.
We are less crowned and when released
and make the edge smooth
less sharp and when putting, whom on the stand
which carves those of our each necessity
and because it is agreeable to the eye to crave what is beauty
by drawing up visions, the new curve here and here and there,
as for us it is not at all impossible,
to meet to the substantial person under our/your works.
Everything which is we of the sea is 'Gods hallucination
which we from he drew up from.
As for each that person' It if him/her you would it deny?
Identity of the substance of jars of clay, is familial impolite.

James McLain

A, 'Moth

After the flame of last night
goes out
and each is stirring in dreams and sleep
all waiting for
the beginning of dawns
new day
laying it past just,
the last face of tomorrow
and when you see
each other again
through the stained glass
freshly washed window
looking as new
as the very first time
and looking out
i am looking in their at you.

James McLain



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Each Little Cut

Pastor she says, that each little cut
if but i say it to you
can you not at least try them on
if i could only but see it your,
face right through them
you look in to my eyes
lips so remarkably flushed and livid,
again once again brought alive
as likened it moves forwards,
happy 'your face
when it glows
your cheeks so full, ripe and ready
and my head, 'how it spins
when with you,
what they then try to do
and you never speaking, but why,
i do what you want me to do
when you do what you do to me
all the time
and the full shock of it
when i rub it, and rub it until
all around it
smaller each circle it grows
until
you have good reason
to cry
and wiping the tears off
your face
through them, i see it
and cut as you, their you are
returned to me looking i see, unopened
it is hard to restore it or close
each one, red open rose
when you blow
like you do
on the tip of my nose
as i do,
too you what you told me to do,
and straying, you cry once again.

James McLain

Simple Is My Psychology

Because you knew things,
I never knew.
Because, I trusted you.
Those other things,
you knew would happen.
I can't explain being such the simple man.

And your belly grew and grew and I liked it
for you made milk then,
and I but a bud, not understanding it, I drank.
And you fed me things, that even now I don't
understand,
which just increased my need to trust you more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dew Drops

Standing there, hush are you so still.
The fog it wraps around you up and up
Angels, 'looking down,
no one here' can see you.

Walking round in circles, walking.
Foggy clouds like hope, they open up.
and closed each face i see behind you.
Those dew drops hang, like rainy tears.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Deaf

Once a public bathroom.
While gentle sucking noises,
she uses her hand to speak,
and both at the same time.
Windy it pulls down the top of her pink dress
and dances between
and lifts up her dress and between
the clouds the leafless face
leaning against a tree
and while the sucking, 'windy sounds
continue blowing
acorns are softly dropping
and raining,
the panties growing wetter,
their because
inside each moves slowly
until it stops.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cross Milking

Since the dawn of creation, even before eyes
barely open
thus even before pasteurization,
it has of the relative.

Since, 'Gods creation, creator of life
has, was blessed with rivers two,
and either direction, nursed the other child,
directly under young eyes of nutritiousness worry.
This is called nursing the cross, 'dear' mother
nursing the milking cross.

Mother tandems are nurses unto their, itself more children
of simultaneous love beings having such frequency.
She nurses her new love too life,
two year old children are assembled,
in at the same time.

As for many mother tandems, milking nurses,
not to be recorded documentation
of the thing which problematic rivers may occur there.

In older order because of hundreds years to raise
each and the other baby
with the breasts full of rich creamy winter milk,
the woman employed,) nursers which gets wet(
The milk banks of ancient time even then needed that,
it is in order to offer the milk to the baby to whom
the mother cannot offer forth suckling that.

The breast milk is shared because it can be utilized
in all children who need that as life giving, liquid of lifesaving
being splendid.

With a certain culture,
as for your daughter and her cousin ' With it is telepathic;
' Brother' of milk; ' And ' ' Sister' of milk;
' When and they are the sibling and the sisters,
because now it is considered,
it is not allotted in order to get married it is not good.

Interesting cultural taboo!

Approximately,
if there is an interest in culture thus much of study,
when something which enters in the other part of the world,
all of unlike mind now

with issues and closed mindedness, takers of life
would jail givers of life with, their lives spent in jail for just that,
just should never ever here,
here and being, what and from whom gave them life..

James McLain

Over The Edge

I thought so eagerly
I sought,
all forever because of thus-You think through me with just-Then being pushed
over the edge,
oblivion comes back
and as for us, ' following them where, 'which it flows
into that river of color more after, Each, 'the contribution
these people of richer life, have we made.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Untold Children From Their Secrets

A Secret Untold-
Scares a heart beating-faster
Untold, there A Secret-kept-
They can't listen -too yours-

And not the telling-of it-
Should you-have too-
A ways it runs back -
Some away from into-
Children once afraid -
Such once-were you?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is But After The Glow

It is but after the glow
This
one cloud of tears it bursts
is but
honor from sky that cloud
is forever, never lost to me
to let me go thereof,
away from back into
that of which i was
again into i am.
Inspecting, 'Generals,
but the glow
secure in it's compliance,
mysterious one therein it's memory
which is there and was a low price
paid thus by they, ' is it's usefulness.
High the arch, sits her and her in his,
This of thine, largest of all angels
which art thou and orders it to pass it by
and thou-st angel most assuredly, confined.
Being firm from the flesh
and by any means of escape going out
from the heavens up until,
the attempt now is,
it too like grass the dew you it follows.

James McLain

Last Morning Star

Fair bright star, would I were, but could as i now am.
Not you lone around thus resplendent hung eyes aloft.
And watching, the sea, ours eternal lids can only part,
pliant too is nature patient, awake-asleep, Pharaohs,
uncovered against moving sand at their priestly task
Of you so pure, O' absolution swelling it ebbs around
down below on earth's blue human face, endless shore,
Or covered over on thine own sweet lips-silk a rose
Of that high there upon over yon, mountain and Mo-ores
Yes-No and still steadfast, still unquenchable my fires,
Waters of life about my fair love, yours ocean to crest,
To feel of every wave its soft foam to rise and fall,
Awake for ever in a sweet kind surreal is life unrest,
Or even heaven can not to rise too catch sweeter breath
nor rain to fall i catch are clouds, below i am each.
Heart heavy Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever-over ever or else, life loves as death.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Horses Hoofs

Stuffing his the face with her sass again.
Worked the hand more, milking it,
the only sound in the room now the
squish-squish of horses hoofs as they come
around the mountain once again.
Worked them and his muffled
grunts is the sweaty clamp of her wet sass.
Minutes passed,
shooting other stars from her mouth massage.
Devouring
his entire the sky the milky way, white her face.
The hand worked,
the linear saw back and forth and muscle of her forearm
dancing under milk-white skin.
A thick layer of coco nut cream lathered up like
foam between her knuckles as the head bobbed,
bobbed Malina, 'against her wrist. It
took this much, 'hard time,
but she worked hard for his money and his eye balls
turning yellow, such a dog
He was,
babbling straight up and down hot is her sass.

James McLain

Gossamer Shrouds

Gossamer Shroud

Finery most precious, clear faces.
Whimsical silk and all it's fancy tales.
More than deep, Greek mythology.
So that woman may go naked,
on cobbled streets, while clothed.
Wearing ought,
but bright colored robes.
Almost religious,
sericulture of it's knowledge.
Volunteering, some live to do so,
'Standing' guard over this well a secret.
Even today, being windy it is so.
And it is,
ever so much cooler because of it,
the worm.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Like A Virgin

it is.. just that..
some times
the words of they,
like yours...
they make me swell
and feel
as if i'm being milked..
for your, 'my very,
our first time...
do you,
remember them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Be Loved

Come love be loved,
In what other lives our hands?
And had i known your lips.
Your fingers and your toes.
Your,
knowing deep brown eyes.
Effervescent look their after glow.
Sweet the smell your exclusiveness that
i chase through every door.
Walk upon the sandy beach, standing there.
We apart will come to speak together again,
the other words some learn to grow.
Loved by you i come.
I taste the wind when you pass by
and defied my body sleeps, is chaste.
Each promenade first and last each promise.
One last dance before we come to go.
And i refuse to die before you do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Friends

Each is special to U.S.

The friend is the core, 'special
is force such is within, we the people.

Us can't or can one it pierces,
our families, and we trying thus'

Those it would number,
it does in the gap, of which perhaps
we would like you to limit, evaluable
trusts re-extremely.

Society and social each being our habits
) and frequently ours is itself, conscience(
it decides

the single companion, 'whom in heart chooses us.

But when with the adjective
by which we choose and it is various and unlimited,
there are our friends.

Our friends verily,
in feeling of substance,
reflects the selection,
'which we make in the life, is a friend.

James McLain

Cannes

The punishment, 'which now she has
for her revolting to which of something dies?
She, his 'Cannes
because of me entirely,
her knowing how it comes returning,
against entirely from me separated, it goes.
I was very regrettable for the pauper,
which is he.
She/he grimaced
and shook that lovely head
where and others has been, 'once attached.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Sing I Hush

Sometimes i again, i blush...

and 'dear'....P.S.

Have you such, 'green pretty leaves any more as yours

thus ' flushed i grow'

i hush as like the humming bird

i fly around the bush...

t.g.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Make Good Babies

They do not
by me, 'come cheap.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Children Of Governor Crist

Daring New, 'Existence at this of his time
of this, the Childminder,
Dependability, is beauty of the forest.
Which you can all watch,
dreams knowing they all sleep, in peace
with a future in wait to know and keep.
Expectations of each new feeling never waits.
As for him and still now, 'their bright stars
Because of Crist
has arrived, at the center of Florida's clear dawn.
Ocean minds deep, Visions dispatched by him
who speeds,
and yours is the range of such vision of the kind mind.
Arts and each school the rose and trees which,
dampens is red, Purple lush green,
sun light upon all that is seen, Undivided.
Never can fall but by greed.
Independent,
House In order for that taste of great expectation
his to do, it hastens... In Growing progressive state,
range of this vision of family life, gifts to share,
in pledge of thy, of 'they themselves;
The feeling which is achieved, house which must now come.
The yearning and the actuality of this dream,
where in the center, is Grace, 'she waits for their
arrival and completes the journey, foretold.
The once stationary state has by your youth, a new found center.
You look at their dream it is simply in him,
whom defied corruption and one is progressive enough
scented fresh method and flies and upon range of vision....
Like the passionate eternal flame,
where the rose where the pliant same skin,
and love neutral color is attached softly is hidden by the cloth
which now blushes and burns and the trees are all
growing it is, endless therein... Visionary,
this Florida,
the' Young, peoples Lives, hopes, new state.

She Extended His Arm

At each her time he pushed out to her in the handle
as for her who is it upon
collapsed her weeping that blood it can feel
the brown paper bag
which it could move she made muted point, ' male'
That the attendance of each person of him
pushed out to the woman of that in mirrors surface areas,
scooped that heavy sack from the rear it stands simultaneously,
reaches that naked field and between the feet.
She that it continued to push out inside,
'he is deep massaged the stone
and she is the basis of the wood mixed simultaneously.
This time that she, 'Justis the big lump of the man
looked at that meat is thrown to the young woman, her governor,
she herself had started feeling the dripping of the moisture
under inside the heart of her panties simultaneously.
While one women heats waiting, 'sweet treats have permeated,
another woman was thus done, it was hers to start squeezing.
Her dial raised her joy,
adjusted in order to come playing, 'accompanying her
in the electric light of the ancestral.
She became quiet and with the attendance each person her hip,
the useful way and more is breadth wide leather saddle,
he massaged her veiled paddock,
sun light is directly;
and with the fact that it starts squeezing simultaneously
it howls, pants.
The attendance in person removed the edge too calmly,
helped her off the great woods are burning, her thing
by which she obtains
the heart pounding, 'heart stopping wood.
Her chest somewhat is puckered red, '
from function of the funnel
which it starts squeezing, ' she gasps, ' utters it is and a little is dark,
is hard, and it makes each one drip,
her foot was the unstable bit from heavy absorption.
That she stood just a little there between, simultaneously,
as for her juice inside her who can be each the dropp
filled, which was last seen.

As for the attendance person, she slowly massage
and peace guarded her
and came from the room which is led to the warm water bathtub
for the room of the sleep, 'which is preceding in nap.
The attendance person already entered with her alone.
She in preparation which he/she starts squeezing,
'does this his woman.
Her chest to be completed,
hard as for her nipple already starting to blow in the air.
Because she roses of the lobe she calmly
in the milky lotion which starts squeezing the funnel on the basin
of the milk being lowered,
was offered the fact that those which with the support
which is placed with her bottom button
stopping the wood you turn off,
rejoicing extend to the spray in the basin.
With the start of the funnel and the attendance person
who permits the fact that you adjust those which
she turns off according to need.
She extended her arm on up to her head,
her hand was discontinued lovely
tried to enjoy
the sensuous feeling of the creamy lotion warmly.
She permitted the fact that the attendance person
adjusts her support,
and tried to dangle with the lotion where her feet
were offered up to those,
and next rejoiced by the seas calm, insertion
of the mustache his/her of the vibration accepted.
She extended his arm and held hands.

James McLain

Colors Varied

Even when i was small
i had colors varied
being humbled by many
girl friends
and it was all because
even when thus i was small
i some how knew,
about rainbows
they were always wise
and i was, every day
always i was,
their patient hands
to whom,
they never complained
always the doctor, 'were they.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That's A Poem

Guys get heavy and girls get full.....
that's a poem...
i am so heavy,
'you are so full, i am so hungry,
but with thine, 'this mouth,
it is best not to be, but a fool.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Every 'Woman' I See, Who Does This, It Can'T But Help Her Moore

She was vaguely, yet familiarly relaxed, 'unawares of some soft Mel Gorme music on the radio and the occasional sounds of someone moving around in and out of the room. Hers was a head spinning slightly. From the last shot was it kind. Helplessly hot and never excited, yet crazed. He has this amazing ability to get into your mind and almost 'play' you like a 'Woman's' musical instrument. Trying to get you up, 'but not wanting to move.... Understood your every need.. your every feeling. And the amazing ability to get deep inside of your mind. Deciding that the best next thing, was just to close her eyes and relax. She trusted him and watched as he, pushed a white enameled cart that looked like some kind of hospital equipment. It had a 4-foot rod mounted on the side and hanging from it was a large red rubber bag, bulging as if it held a gallon of water. It was so full that the top was slightly brimming over with some kind of white suds. It had a piece of tubing extending from it that was it's self connected to a large red rubber tube about 3 feet long with a small slit on the side of the tip. Every 'Woman' who saw this shuttered as they realized this was a hospital of high volume building for giving large volume enemas to patients. The thick soapy water will help the colon tube to pass more easily up into your tummy.' Said, he. 'Why do you have to control me so completely? ... You won't even let me keep control of my bodily functions! ', Secretly melting...anticipation building. Whatever the cause, she only knew that she was helplessly in love with this man

and she was equally sure that he loved her unconditionally.
OH... AH.H.... no..Doctor stop..but...please don't ever quit.
feeling the blast of vexatious fluid, jet deep within her.
and this was the one retentive, concurring theme.
that could cause her to totally lose control of her mind.
A self restrained, 'prisoner of love.
And she was sure that Poetry would keep her that way...
for the rest of her life.
The planet revolves, guiding lights, are the days of our lives.

Is It Poetry

James McLain

Still Sleeping

It is five thirty
a.m.
and she is still sleeping
my farting, sister
that snores
and i am just dying
and again smiling as i
stick my finger in side
covered in the babies
changed oil.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Free Yellow Sun

Books may man burn, from ink may man learn,
Or write the song be it sweet, cause no harm or in tune.
So much to know and discern it not, 'affability is it's goal.

New are old worlds,
through the eyes of a child, thus is 'wisdom, retold,
Counsel the wise, 'when sheep, grow to bold:

Thy open mind, 'Moore years, is my checkered tongue,
Thine keeper shall my/her spirits humor, high strung.
To act the court jester, to say what is true,
And thine are kind eyes, where ever i roam.
and burn not the bridge, 'that leads us all home.

Thus as we dance across each life's long stage
Following the wise some wear orange, i am told.
Where they come from us, every race, every age.
And, beings are acorns planted... thinking ahead,
your children to know, and 'run and grow, 'now off
Unchained in the free yellow sun flower, Van Gogh.

r.l.s.

James McLain

C.P.R.

When in a constant state of emergency
the nurses patient loosing fluid deteriorates quickly,
Do not panic just start squeezing, some light kissing
in specific order as to the shifting yellow colors.

Eye each hole, 'diameter measured by it's thickness
to the emergency E.R. procedure of removal, other
Nurses, may then follow.

If and when it seems that the patient is stable,
verify that each the unit sufficiently is low
and therefore draining it is helped, can do gravity;
Lift the head, or lower by hand, ' Nurse-Evac,
or turn the patient of his/her side which ever is influenced.

In order for there to be your life, 'Unwinding,
should you verify the tube whether tweaking twist.

This the tube, 'being braced, never quit,
Nurses verify that you do not ever stop.

When it becomes weak in transposition, then perhaps,
the scarcity of each draining, 'draining fast.

How ever many is considered on each nurses shift
boundary the heroine is normality,
however still you must inspect, 'it knowing C.P.R.

James McLain

Blue Waves

sleeping
open faces
warm humid days
over head
hot yellow sun
tanning oil lotion
sandy beach
meaty man and
wisps of wind;
transparent mounds
blue waves
against twin lips
discernibly
and sleepy lids-

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Girl And The Boy

The girl hides from all the loud noise.
Functions of finery and none for the people,
whom themselves have become tired.

The list of our thoughts as sand blows
off and war
and you are ashamed,
i have hastened
each grain, why none thought as their own.

She of that smell her beauty and like the song
which the new wind is blown, met to me, 'Girl.

Be and beauty and high, 'maker of grace her head
Boy of youth whence from then,
she comes
and he for her love grasped,
cotton her gown, 'white and clean.

Because thy secret, the lip
and the daring
of youth and her revelation.

Unwearied eyes fail to do, 'No,
Graves, 'open dull eyes
O' God, now it cries,
to do with by she,
and must be wise in this trust by this boy.

James McLain

I Had Withstood

i am me, next to they
all such as we
some in the wake, 'are crossing this lake,
when upon it,
and as oil, i as woman i slid,
met'a-phor'ic and each as we strive too reach
deep inside the core which is us.
Beings of they the bells
and i of whom, when near i hear, 'has fixed.
Underwater you hear,
the winds of your mind, in by you as it takes
each breath to remember, 'where it is that i am.
Hanging on to that fact and it calms and it loosens
and decelerate my breath, and my heart i enjoy.
All mixed together churning the water,
knowing that you swim to that goal exactly.
Like sewing machines beating as foam of the water,
but many people went back left to vague,
and faced and were thus repaired.
To one side i heard that someone, of the kayak thus 'said,
Then, my hand hit there soft against land.
and it was i whom it was, that did that.
I was redone.
I had withstood,
in the order of recomenment to my friend.
'which was i, myself
and i started again talking and thinking while walking,
and i for a moment
was the foam and the waves, the sand and the shells
left by the tide on the seashore.

James McLain

..... Is It Not For The Child

Using the poetry which teachers, teach book-reading,
is it not for the child
and in trust you adjust to they their rhythm of reach
each is temperate,
sunny or mild and some dark make you smile it seems.
Rolling like thunder,
streams flow unexplained to the sea, is each.
And working together from different
each familial condition.
Theirs is a pulley,
you will pull as they push at the center
this your center in order to dance on the rhythm and rhyme
you the teacher it leads them on like thus,
watching the sun as it shines, 'it is nature to us, they are it..
Children of art, playing your parts,
gifted are these of from some whom can't see
for these are but they,
thy gift to you.
These their worlds entirely from a seed made by you.
Perhaps from the river of life, comes each for you
small at the start, sprout up and out, you their poetry.
In rearranged order are such they their words like chimes of the wind
their minds changed to each verse is poetry,
to read the small mind in it/it is as fluent,
as the equipment inside of they which by you, the makers of the technology
the spring of terminology
and thine understanding from this is each your child, in the child,
although motive is given by you.
If you inspect the method of using the differences of they,
variations which are you,
They can't being you, but help themselves
all smile at you.

James McLain

Friday We Had Smile Problems

No matter,
what it was that they, 'said,
you always received,
a big open smile, from me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Strong Woman

This person of his abuse
of the girl - hers the person
where the woman calls it shock
and will take it, take that, theirs,
on demand each man, 'gives it up.
Whether or not the fact that is the place, - you like that.
If these women think that we would like it all removed,
and it she starts squeezing the person of the living
which is done exactly, 'unexpected, strongly!
Forcing unexpected, are strong woman!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Who Sex Changes

The night she brought it to him/her home
and she showed it, his\their new room.
Then it crawled into bed soft cotton with it
and being milked and milked it, sighed.
Sitting next to him, she was holding it
and held her close to it, his deep rocking
back and forth to calm it moving down.
He was full of such thick white milk
and starting where she to it drips
seeping right through to his pants,
Each, 'removed the cotton blouse..
Pulled out full around each mouth
one then the other, dripping out
and eased him to it.

"Drink, it.
slowly, 'drink it.
It will soothe you."

As it drank the jetting milk from it, his, her
Aunt knew his, 'Uncles breast.
One of three, but you the three as one.

James McLain

Warm Glass Of Milk

'Something,
caught his attention
there on the top
of those two hills.

'Paid up, made full
with her/his
one warm
rich glass of milk'

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Sun Rise

Darling woman darning, hold my fishing line,
A golden word, your face so ever tan and clear.
For my, 'dear is silver hair in bloom thine years,
Only left my whispered voice you often heard:

Only such a well it's depth is hidden in the night
From such it holds the breadth, a mighty sword,
But think what little sleep of all its foam and thy,
And wash the sand is clean beneath our feet away,
What little love is left played out to thee, you of me.

'Darling, I love thee wept, 'Darling that is why I lived
it is the whisper as it comes to fetch us sailing up from dawn
it's early morning, listen come and walk the shore,
But here is the ocean, Vast so deep and boundless,
And each one little wave you hear, its voice as well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Children Of Tomorrow

Children of tomorrow,
do not live in all the tears that fall today.
Will the sun rise up tomorrow,
bringing peace in any way,
than the way in which you live, out every day?

Must the world live in the shadow,
of all their,
darkest thought out fears?

Can you win the fight for peace
or will it reap the light the keeper,
it 'reappears,
hard white bones to they we
can not 'disappear?

So lost children of yours the other world, 'this world,
do not, 'Listen to what it is,
they in fear will have you say
think your mind
and find a better place to dwell inside your heart
today
If you want a better place to live,
and round it is your world
to rearrange just like the ocean,
is the sand,
when white and warm
beneath your toes.

James McLain

Your Face

.....

yet your face so full
and there.....
and there is wished
upon by thee
is it.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Smile Philosophically

God Smiles Philosophically with Forgiveness
and said,

before I was born,
the first thing I would see
was your smile.

So I smiled back with this,
good heavens it is so, 'knowingly.

God said,
before you smiled, smile I ask you
were as of it, once, twice, three times
you were already forgiven. So..So..

Many said he, herself the vast the all,
do wast there lives,
seeking that which you never had to
ask as it was done already for you.
So then why do you labor the smile
so heavenly?

When you smile you smother) it(all around it
half frown half cotton gown of clouds.

Sadly it tries to lift it up a side and down the
other, 'but it weeps as you lay claim,
some, 'Catholic some ritual of self denial.

Without it, your he the she, it's alpha never
began to circle the endless heavens to settle
on one little humble small flower, bumbled,
one bee twin V's single file,

Philosophically, having tea with you, himself to
prearrange heaven is touching one smile at a time.

James McLain

Promonostories

Thus it is, be it the 'Queen' early the bird
and like kind is the morning new dawn,
'as it moves us thus through the day
of hope is each 'kind is King,
and of that time, 'which it dissolves.
Mr and Mrs. combined formed a Speaker.
And none would be trust the wiser,
From dust thus it is, we are simple.
Where red empty space, thine isle
whence from the center it speaks,
Few would, 'but could, let it move you.
Ahead to it/it is thus,
'back from our collective
never faded nor forgotten is memory,
rich deepness of thy purple embrace,
thine it would but left to finish,
it does not stop, teaching them, 'they the next,
and mercy is tempered and necessary
void of each song it is long, 'our memory.
And beings are they not held out, 'dear'?
Splendid the deep heart the person it needs
afterwords the lights ray from the sun
which is life, which it comes
and having the upper light/write of the songs of the world
which is urged upon you as you walk.
Speak then, not of that but of this warm open thy palms
circular as the mind the wind all around us,
and upon that, 'promontory that always will be,
always with worry, always for they,
Always for she, always 'is my daughter
it is shared embraced, inside the friend
could you not once again, 'that which is you.

James McLain

Child Hood Issues

Hello, 'America, 'Sit and be seated,
'Child, 'riding in the hood, these issues.
We all have them, do we not?
and so what,
some of you milked your brother.
He is stronger now, is he not?
Aren't you a good mother now.
and, why pray tell
'Did your father, thus dwell?
Inside of your fast beating heart
Passions sweet lips of yours, he swelled
calling him in, 'did you not..
Come stormy, some times you caused,
'Weather it was soft or hard.
And when you wore his silk boxers,
Him seeing,
you wore them/then backwoods
too cry out in pleasure, 'not pain.
While still grown men cry over milk
that you wast,
when but for his suckle it flows,
long after baby is weaned.
Procreation is recreation mammals
are dreamless it seems.
After eating the dolphins do play.
So why do you lay on the soft sandy beach,
with all of those sweet smiling treats
lips all glossed, ' puffed daddies out,
pretending in there, it is nothing at all,
when it opens and quivers at the thought
of each warm hand fanned breeze.
Hush now girl and be ever quite,
as i touch it one more time,
close your eyes.
Here it comes.

James McLain

This Work Of Art

How is this work of art made?

So in so many few days,
and how deep the focus must be adjusted,
to each other the same challenge, whether,
it faces with any couple.

You and you,

'how we have decided to make it loves life together.

That you from you of whom it loves weeps off
and preparation it does hand in hand,
be hugged with respect to life.

Really and truly it is, it comes,
perhaps, he is somewhere, easier if living?

He speaks as for role of the woman
and how at the time of her culture trust it can,
no language which is,
obtain the work of her great achievement,
feel it deeply in you.

Is there inside, waiting for you, that family?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Springs Between Her Tulips

As for that pretty spring girl
it is or is it that pretty and young,
my mind
kind perhaps in this kind of season her winter
has moved us past.
The soil is free and finally,
owing too the top of the leafy, 'which is put off no more.
Heaven comes to him in short pants
and as for that other though it is placed
on the large branch of her herself and sandle wood
which now by the smell his arrival.
It has accidentally,
it catches to the pool of the river.
As for her they of they whom climb out on the limb
over the house of the fish,
low upon entering and leaving,
her reflection and his way you swim up to the top
and bottom of the stairway, leads off her foot.
The cloud tops part and it carries her body
apart to that starting point directly.
As for her the river is never blind and the man
who overlooks the surface and it includes,
falling softly,
her water the rain soaking our face,
Springs Up Between Her Tulips.

James McLain

Once Only You

Where once, not even twice
and thine are thus be stilled.
My hands, My heart, My love,
how they,
'then worried over you
Caught up in my lap,
Moving never stopping
pray hope, one never leaves.
Thine are my quite hazel eyes,
faith can but follow my sea.
And simple hands do make great,
and open hands can rejoice.
But to my past thus hurt one lover,
comes rushing the sea, I must be,
echoing a voice,
Once oceans of trust,
Now the sea has since left,
wave upon wave.....
'Only You.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Promontory

Thus it is, be it the 'Queen'
and like kind is dawn, 'as it moves
each 'kind is King,
and of that time, 'which it dissolves.
Mr and Mrs. combined a Speaker.
And none would be the wiser,
From dust thus it is, we are simple.
Where red empty space, thine isle
when from the center it speaks,
Few would, 'but could, let it move you.
Ahead to thus back from memory,
rich deepness of embrace, thine it finishes,
it does not stop, teaching then next,
and mercy is tempered and necessary
void of each song is my memory.
And beings are they not held out?
Splendid the deep heart the person it needs
afterwords the lights ray from the sun
which is life, which it comes
and having the upper light/write of the songs of the world
which is urged upon you as you walk.
Speak then, not of that but of this warm open palms
circular as the mind,
that promontory that always will be,
always with worry, always for they,
it is shared embraced, inside the friend that is you.

James McLain

Imitate Me

imitate me or cry;
when are
two half moons
ever the same
when seen by you
naked to the eye.

□

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Body Shape

As for you and i stand with you,
we have decided to try love,
sweet with in with out what?
You would i/\i did and we move,
why, 'under any condition loved as before.
As for me, as for me asking you
and you who is another way start expressing, yourself
to change my body shaped, explodes to you, ' language,
Small minor transposition was made,
and each Month, when the moon..made full is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hollywood And Vine

The others changing cloths she brought and
nothing stays the same and such as we are hot.
Her panties off and pink as well they seem too me,
so clean and clear and without fear, they seem to
float off down and drift above the floor.
Peaches so ripe they fill the air and bottles lay around
upon the floor and some with corks to pull.
The others to swell, fresh air, how they pop when dared.
Holly wood and Vine, it hits each spot, 'bright the night
is young, but so are we, all can see.
I look across the isle and wonder why there's four
instead of three and we are ripe and full of life.
Cruising down the length of Holly wood and Vine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Tears How They Burn Me

And as you weep for me, for me
and beheld i from you of whom.
There where no sound of my pain but only by they
and shouting is what they wait to hear, from me.
May that you think of me, you and you discerning thus
knowing the past, mine still waits for thee.
Quite your tears, how they love, but burn me
and as i for you and yours allowed this thine of thy, hush child.
Unfairness is, unfairness being attached, when you think,
thus is the pain as deep for me as thine my river of life.
And even i am, of whom can not muted/shout as i stand above me,
'oh and I whom shout, that you think the bellows of their marked heart.
Time when nigh, and you my love and cannot know that time of me,
shouting not you think of this and love me more for, 'and i,
concerning thine, my lock and that your chain, i wear for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bleeding Parts

Choice is not the field of birth
some lost road, 'we try to pave.
Heavy burdens, heavens gate
when yoked upon, 'he said.
Outside, seeing up side down
key notes once strung, are played.
Inside looking out, lead glass
displays his heart.
Cistern made with clay in hand
to quench his dying thirst.
Elevation feelings part
the heart once fallen hence
today, my body calling out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Hope'

As for her heart, love but a string
anything of that of which are the sparrow it's feathers.
There is a stopping by, 'woods of her mind
and 'hope' without words, spoken never lived quite, melancholia
conditions which is sung and never and being sweetly
she/her master tears stop,
the strong wind hearing and bearing the scar, 'must be the storm,
as for that she/I' where ever it is possible to be.
Sweetly, perplexed by the small bird, many is warm
and sit by it and maintains;
But of the coolest hand and none inquired or for shame
about that of the strangest open sea, never, with the point,
that asked of ye, a poem, open your palm thus of thy bread
hearkened to all winged or not falls the crumbs.

e.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

By The Waters Edge

Under the stars by the waters edge
Why can't we, both are we not '
like all of they, 'the sea has it's smell.
On my side of the deep vast ocean
and yes as the heart felt waves, they
pull me in and push me out or that upon
you the same because of you, it does.
Reaching up too the pale full moon
nestled softly between two hand held clouds
and knowing sufficiently night to day
bright terrestrial,
she has to me been attached and i walk.
To the night her sweet breath as it blows across
to me it is the same of the star,
it's blue and pink.
Large roof it is dim in us.
Where both sleep
and I do not desire the fact
that the wind is connected
or you have put in place
the restraint of the sea - As for that as for the love
you have given me
and which is sufficient your love is felt
as music on me is all like most, 'we both have.

James McLain

Milk Nurses The Nurse, It Nurses

Two times per day more is the reason
and by visual inspection it is largest to start squeezing, is the milk,
it is higher standards and more sought after being organic
and ample a face, wonder is excitingly,
'exacted a simple request production of for the sake of.
When trouble has met my many other things,
it is all coupled time when by the consultant of the nursing period
which creates the sufficiency
sweet flowing rivers of milk which is consulted nurses the nurse, nurses,
the highly prized beverage, the beverage and the spring water,
and that stimulates room for production.
The biggest reason for milking twice a day is just simple
demand for milk, the higher the production, consumer demands more.
When my other was having trouble producing enough milk
consulting the lactation consultant, 'said nurse, nurse, nurse it
every couple hours and drink, drink, plenty of water,
and that would stimulate ample production.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Can I Not Be

But now that i am,
how can i not be lost in you?
And upon that star, the first we all see.
Looking up and we meet, 'yet, i rise.

And all through my heart the oceans warm breeze.
And tell me your truth,
does it to you, bleed unto you a 'whisper?
And how do i feel, when it leaves me alone.

May i long to you ask do i know,
as the waves wash all around me.
Pulling me in,
as the green foam surrounds me.

Tell me, then of sweet mercy, pray tell me.
My feet walking on wet sand, slowly in.
why the undertow seeks to play,
and tell me again 'dear' why you tease me.

□s.t.

James McLain

The Scream Of The Wind

The scream of the wind
and the wish of the wind that cleans there; But you go.
That and as for the mistake of thine
and when is it already gone it is not,
worrisome of thy crime within I wait.
Completely untestable the child of time, whom you have met.
This evening from thy mourning,
'which one long stem and kissed you make ripen wilt,
I am not the sickness of father time,
but and as I gaze upon you/your desire
and the fact that you go off to loams sweet bed.
Eye, it is somewhere,
weak of heart and permission to lead,
'Do to go, go you say do, or not, unsaid I lay, come stay?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Ice Weeps Water

Before critical though decides to leave me.

Watching the old trains that carried people across the west
back in the day being fire breathing monsters that belched
incredible volumes of smoke, soot and ash.

Factories of wast other countries that need to be as we are
when they weren't, 'but now will.

A century and a half of trillions of tons with no clouds in
the sky on the water line the sun is not as it once was.

I know what i see, i know what i smell, i know it's not natural
i know it's not hell...not yet.

Even without said such, 'critical thought the planet can not
but suffer.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love But Could I

filled with love but could i
and yet
it helps too be thought pretty
and behind those eyes
being called you/i see
staining my lead glass window
through loves mystery
transparency, 'you came
and each full moon, Li Po
wine overwhelmed
and
i have you, here deep inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Upon Your Head

Wild was time when racing by
stars could count the years
spinning earth into the dawn
your open eyes and morning yawns.
Seconds long each minute found
the waiting of the slowing hand
waning such it trembles thus
the hour hear, 'drawn near.
Past has flown to present now
tomorrow crowns your King.
Within each land there where
you dwell, inside each heart it hears.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Be A River

Complete that of which you are that in this the word
encased it is whereupon, ' silence is sweet...
The accolade flowing silk full robes
and sweetheart of one thing and the mind, which it waits...
And had enough thus continued of the song
which breaks virtue is even and fast either one eternally.
Give each thereon the remuneration it is waiting...
Be a river...Be the river you are..peacocks are waiting...iip

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To The Woman

Therefore as for only but that
for you the only,
' from which it is, I perhaps to you say;
'Perhaps',
just but by thee, 'my praying:
In the same way
and the family to the woman, gives that person
more from the person,
from whom it should give,
desires as for that greatly, excessively small, small butterfly
for the family, which kisses too.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

More Of The Egg

Being at that point where the book is maintained,
knowledge of every two it is good,
more white of the egg,
where but for whom it is you may think,
thus cleared, are hot, me the air of you
watching the ocean loosens,
peace and currents held at bay peaceful,
now and at that time it is seen greatly
more carefully, 'as for sleep God', now it is there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blood Diamond

Here
a dream
you hold me
here
a dream
mined by blood
more heavy
stones
not three, one less
obvious import
inside between
red property
of death.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death A Clock Stopped

When a clock stopped by.
Slow down the moment.
It steals a clear look.
And the door opens up.
The tower stands, out.
Above far away, now here.

Reap hourglasses her, one figure.
A second hand, eyes move.
Shrinking night, knows shadow.
Just an instant, is a grimace.
The hour has come, minutes past.
A clock stopped by, while it.

e.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On The Edge Of Our Camp

some things are
just simply
other things require
concentration
as the moon
hangs over the log
in wait,
both are sitting
one with the silver bowl
and while the crickets
grow quite
anticipation of a long shadow
offers forth dispensation.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have You

When I already,
'do not seem to exist,
I have remembered,
you exceedingly
of this our world
one last time we spun it
around together.

When I already,
'I am not seen to exist,
I have remembered you,
exceeding this word,
our last breath, 'together.

d.b.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Summer Of The Unlocked Door

It is raised up from the dust this earth of the silver maker,
her for me it was higher than the arm could and yet
infused as the rose I scented, starry nights stretch out.
O dresses flowing silver, towards me, therein you reach
and it faces to each of us.

There is the petaled flower of which,
and you open freely as the sun without obstacle.

May the white leaf, the flower did not run off nor divide the silver
from that kind of rare silver; O it is white, it does become you,
your cluster, thickly with the veined branch,
summer of the unlocked door
and it has the fruit which it matures, do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Strongholds

Her eyes shimmered and closed half confused
strongholds for him laid.
But from his heart beat,
was too scared from his mouth to sing it to her.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What By Thou, Have I Incurred

As for wine stained habits of each woman
loudly another in the night called out.
Stones in hand, well worn and smooth as so many
monastery leader, of thine sun flowered majority.
Standing up,
looking out/in the window' of the nuns of woman monastery.
Thus called together; As for me all you want what? "
Your one of the other inside each, must I say, hold fast
'that it is the whereabouts of another
and I am through you made unclear.
My vision is blurry,
what by thou, must I now for your sake, endure?
She began from her important heated declaration,
there is a priest "inside sisters us, here me, 'us'
Among them loose is our place now, how many?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Light/Write

The water pulsates inside with sound as it crashes
and it is pulled against you, as I open our eyes.
Swiftly it has entered now eddy's to make the fog, 'deep noise.
The large waves and green salty foam awash
between us, 'beside us, moving aside garments
moving limbs seeking all that it enters,
you saw and it did not hesitate warm water,
of thought it greets us.
The stars looking down the long sandy shore as they meet us.
The light of the eye, 'where the cloud low with the water meets sky,
formed upon our feet, hairy the grass, blows like the front lock.
Before; it/it spoke being turned off, then on light/write, it continues.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wrapped In Heaven

The characteristic of topical physics-related
the big brass knows
and Copulation is to screwed how we mix.
Permeation of the kind which when preceded
is sufficient four play,
Coitus is to graves, 'do to spread conjugates
a kind dense forest and do not to please
and pass the companions plate bald peaks.
Cohabitant and love do to make dead our last work
laying out rigor mortis she died a murderd death.
One' Edge of one' of each manufacturer; new day
to breath one last time.
At the end of one rope hides the bucket of life/her kicking
man, 'the methodological ends, she meet's halfway.
Happily exchanging the crash to change the flowing robes
which when run by the farm, 'so it does for both,
what both thought to do to buy the illusion that it does
abandon the cliff at the top, 'wrapped in heaven.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Loving You

The wind has blown me in your mind,
simply and of love
it is all, looking up
I that for you we both would so inquire.

Along my finger as you do
about that all night long you shout - Others than I hear,
the waves, the moving sea'
Is there left, no place because of you/your loving me?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Musical Each Arrangement

The deep astronomical rhythmical movement,
to her,
'passing by her body from her symbolic toe.
Musical each arrangement
accompanies her
and it is where you return from
and for the second time,
as for her heavenly body which trembles.
It is the wave of electricity to fast, is bright, is warm;
As for the sun of each breath sing songs of morning
the night exchanges for the heat which is emitted from a flower;
The flow light/write of her it thus became.

e.a.p.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Small The Cut

if but i stay
can you not at least try them on
if i could only but see you through them
through my eyes
lips so remarkably livid, again once alive
as likened towards, 'your face
when it glows
your cheeks so full and my head
how it spins
when with you what they do
i do what you do
when you do it
the shock from it
when i rub it
all around
smaller each circle until
you have reason to cry
and weeping off
through them
and cut as you are
it is hard to restring the rose
when i blow on your nose
as i do.

James McLain

And

and when he
withdrew
how much of
him
did you
squeeze out
and
when he left
how much
of you
went with him.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Stain

The stain from this time.
She in many ways
was the hammer
which has been made to arm.
My feelings overwhelmed.
Was I of you the same this room
this point in time?
I so think, of you because there
is where it points,
her and when what of the other hand
is moving off around to search.
When and she finds,
it/it really was feeling the stranger
of another one each kind,
like the sun
which i opened and squeezed from your full face.
How, you try that in me, i can't explain?
As for that as at that time being a larger stick
her/his many finger and the others
with which you have and as for clouds between
where you were rolling that to the front and back exactly.
I think that time, 'when you suppose
and reaching for the other two sweetheart.

James McLain

Overwhelmed

From this point forward it was all a blur.
She was like a two armed, 'octopus.
My senses were overwhelmed.
Was I even in the same room at this point?
I think so,
because there was one point,
where she was also searching for something
with the other hand.
And when she found it/it was a really strange
different kind of feeling,
almost like jelly being squeezed from a roll.
How can you try and explain it to me?
It was like she had some wand between
her forefinger and index
and she was just rolling it back and forth
between the two.
I suppose its between your lover's other two.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Warm Today

And as for her watching and as for me,
concerned as to think of the warm weather,
or that we want her in the strategy which can be delayed
deliberately whether or not you fasted,
you were and are exactly in her of what, it referred.
She the strong woman even before making before
and without his inner being
she had already climbed the tree with a method.
I observed at that moment her finger,
greeted to the sun,
and the fact that the top of my head she takes,
'next suddenly, at all without warning, 'Fluid Thoughts'.
I, 'like the fast one,
continuous flow of each movement, that was, it means.
It is warm.
But as for that of all places, 'it was there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Through Transparency You Came

Where do we go,
and did you not come away from it,
and did you not know.
and why are you still afraid to be told
there are no mistakes.
so many of us, we came away from.
All that there is, so far that was, up until
and remember,
one hundred eighty six thousand
miles per second.
No resistance except for the mass of that
which is.
Infinity is how far beyond the boundary's
of simple comprehension.
If mass meets no resistance but from that
of it's mass it's self,
how far can, it then go.
Knowing how much all the mass originally
weighted?
How far would you go, to know.
Even in the land of no inertia, there is.
What silly man,
sits beside the rift to wait and see, beyond it.
What is lighter than all you will know,
where were you taught?
Even smaller, than small
is that which, you think, you all know
must it stop,
because you know it has form and shape.
What is lighter than that,
'but there is much to that and there is..
It takes you to the rift and back,
in such blinding, transparent you came, 'instantly.

James McLain

Each Full Moon

Above each tower - open Independent,
each new mystery of this the month.
It is classified at one/\two degree angles.
Will you not then, look again, it is there.
It makes the gold disperse it does not
have the composure of cold silver rays.
Whom, 'crosses over the staggered waves
cool rivers, equal each mouth,
flowing once again like you will to, into the good night,
reaching down, touching the whispering faces,
up in the house on the mountains edge
which is at night kept full of they like us, looking up.
Revealing, 'with it is, off the mat,
it illuminates the gauze of white creamy silk,
moon turns slowly across, singing abundantly.
Peaks of the sky, silence, when full:
Between the thin stars,
like old scars they stand, do not die yet, off into you that all drift.
Are they not like you,
spread within the garden, where I am old and Grey
and the pine, mixed with the cinnamon bark... of which.
Everything, most of all lights/write and the light/write
moon settles down for the night, smiles directly!

l.p.

James McLain

I Met A Stranger In The Park

say what ever you like..'dear'
do you not like to talk to people whom you know
can never speak of what you say
to any one you know....'dear'

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Saw You Last

you were not so much
as now you are
laying there, sleeping
open to the world of dreams
watching you as your eyes
underneath the lids
moving, 'jerking up and down
very fine beads of sweat
on your moist upper lip
then sinking slowly down
your inner most opens
my touching never stopped
as deep in sleep
and i think
why are you still crying, 'dear'.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Scantly Clad Clouds

on to cover the dawn
scantly clad clouds moving
off releasing the moon

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Is Afraid, He Is Tired

She..is..he..
and he is..
She..
The two..
now lost..
loves heart..
and bright....
was yellow
the sun.....

...
You once as two..
were one..
and ran..
round the world..
Inside...
both heads..

.....
He fell.. inside..loves fire..
and she..his red..
heart burned..
Both fires burned hot...
ice..cold..
Within..Her..
light did form..
around it...

.....
Over shadows love..
swept out...
coals..
Your smile..
twin lips....
he..kissed..
both miss....

.....
His face..
from that..
bright coals
still hiss..

.....

Again
Now alone..
he walks..
back into...
Loves.....
great...
full moon..

She is afraid,
he is tired..

James McLain

And Boys

we see you
watching
planing it all out
in your heads.

we don't need
plans
we move it
with our muscles.

we don't show
off
too show off
we show up
to see you
take chances.

we watch you
and listen
to what
is she, 'if
the one
we
must run
away to, is 'from.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Look At Her Every Day

I look at her every day
those wanderings, 'what it is like to be a girl.
Riding the same bus for years.

Is it just water all mixed up into what we think is nice and clean.
lipstick of the washroom, giggly of breath cotton sphere?
cotton stuck to the stick and they laughingly, at our tighter
bleached, White's always thinking, why does it thyme,
'make us sweat to see planned out rumped panties.
and the pin circled it like the pioneers of the west
and being completed, 'the sky reaches down painting colors
of the soft cotton, 'your rubber
and the color your mouth and the closing of the teeth,
which crunches up and down, 'politely,
by my eye, you of your bedroom you take for granted the smells
i wonder if it is maintained is the bedroom,
inside on the cedar chest rests the water glass
an open container of cottage cheese and pineapple
by the foot of the bed makes her magic, seem to sparkle,
From which makes circles and made are pretty faces
pulled back and your mother, she moves the covers.
Look at the small silk clothes where, first by me you put it.
Calling out to you please explain how these thing you obtained,
I meant not out of sympathy.
I Called out to obtain, some insight considerably.
First I put back in place the clean smelling clothing.
Then I turn, say,
"look at me! I am clean, but to you i am small, very!
Have pity in me! " And you say, "every this it is,
of often too, varied in verbal intercourse!
"And you raise your skirt. And.
Revolution of revolution of you dancing,
you see when you stop to let us see, your hot sweaty face.
Why is (everyone) so clearly, but i of your soft stockinged toe
under the clear blue sky,
your sweet ankle and i dropp it to full of the ice-cream
and it is one of many are your eyes never still to rest upon the
invited single, first looking, 'whom removes those of the acquaintance
where you and the others stand to talk moving as the tides constantly

and who paints the faces that ocean fresh, sweet sea breeze
and thinking some salty oysters were simply made translucence
are those closed doors i often wonder about
and being closest to anyone who it is seen, to do.
So often, 'When looking at you, i think.....What it is like to be a girl.

James McLain

Look At The Light/Write

That astronomical scholar, sleeping you, 'searching out
the water of life, found carbon monoxide, sulfur dioxide
and other fundamental parts thereunto,
past there strewn about,
within the structures of, flagellant gorgeousness
by looking at the light/write
of that which passes through the far-infrared
detector of Hershel, from the Orion nebula.
Bringing us all back, 'closer to our far away home.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Helps Too Be Pretty

it helps too be pretty
and
love could i
and yet
it helps too be pretty
and those eyes
looking out
standing
i see
staining my window.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pretty

sometimes
it helps
to
be
pretty
and
those eyes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Stars

To me about you as it counts the stars
and frequently even excessively
mainly there, it is you.
The stars I have known,
have consisted of only one thing,
threes and sevens.
Stars without you,
'That star does not show,
'at all in me-And you look at everything.
When I see, the star dispersed about dawn it sings
of mourning, 'concerning your head.
The star which is you I have not met,
under any condition, therefore as for me,
when I think of that which you spoke concerning you,
however long is the way
and I directly,
'never with you, can I speak of it, 'excessively,
you do not have to appear, yet when you do,
and watching I wait.

James McLain

Fire Starter

squatting at the opening of sleep
she sits
lightning to the omnibus
redcurrants
noises little ones, lap at her side
moving underneath
around the long shaft of light
lips part to rekindle the thought
once lost in the dark
his mouth opens and shuts, 'it is fire.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Staining My Window

Using your hand, helping, 'your love returns.
I entreat you the sun warms my center.
Staining my window,
clouds white washed away as you watch.
If my true love leaves you alone again
tonight, as for me,
'someone else dug, my grave.
Which some one i think, already is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Could I And Yet

love could i and yet
and if i were able to keep it all
being never, truly free
my inner core, my eyes behind
each curtain, i have seen
and after all the rise and fall
of those whom were against me
if even i could start the flame,
to love the pain she lent me,
love could i and yet love it is.
would i have the strength too mend thee.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

His/Her Desire

There one where you are I am,
you are beautiful,
I am the part of your each crosscurrent.
I am not like my wife,
she desires the fact that he is just hers.
With her using each hand of my ones,
your love is returned.
I entreat my/your sunny center:
' If my true love leaves off tonight,
as for me someone's away, dark grave.
Walking under the full moon, I am.
' in which you already, arms open it is;
Aren't you my health for my life, my light my love?
Because the center which how delightful,
your health it pursues!

James McLain



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You Said: Full Being Flushed

That this new area enema
being now safe makes
full those being flushed.
Words being clean, being effective,
it is natural method.
Always In gentle hands,
given over when both see eye to eye
and those noises from to that.
With many different races of people,
examines ' of word; 'enema' like trees
Past or Pressman
it comes out having new colorized border
to designate the unpleasant memory
of displeasure of the external wound of infancy
that time when so many periods, 'dotted the air.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Many And Before

When I touch your face and your feet.
I rise up as you rejoice each morning.
Your nearness means, all this too me.
And many children, talk in your womb.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Soft Of Clothing

As for your request of me.

and as always how you looked at me

i who am your mirror.

As for me, your ways, 'i whom desired the fact

that i am your soft clothing and hear this 'dear'

i am always attached to that supple body.

As for me, the moon it simply is, add the fact that,

it is the soapy water, there wherein contained

you wash your body is simply all, it does desire.

As for me the simple fact that any thing

i am you whom, 'i can always paint.

I am the man and your being the woman of affluently

and 'O' it is whereof, desired.

And nu banked, and your neck around your chest of beads.

I whom am you together attached as such

and as such you feel the chaffing as we together walk

you with me who desires,

the simple fact that I am each foot,

upon the sand

' your toes breath free, warm within the sandal!

James McLain

And Moon And Trees

and full moon and trees
leafy bushes
paths and streams
long vines the owl
that sees these things
as walking past
to find that dream
and in you hand he follows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Passover

My wife is joyful,
she is covered with dawns early morning sunlight.

Her body,
his face and limbs are without shadow and smooth.

Does not disobey the kind voice of his/her both others,

Is energetic
and makes of their, affairs like your life to prosper.

And as it is,
are not the cloud tops loving, gentle and lively.

She is of the lamb,
good cream and sweet butter flow forth
from her/his from whence is her, 'dear' other.



PoemHunter.com

I shall give you another thought about my other:
After you,
have broken off from this, thine own warm bread.

James McLain

One Side, Of Sun Light.

As for the actual principled, each kind of person
some kind bound up, in substance.

Quality or state is related because of it's ethics,
and why it possesses abnormal perceptions.

Some perceived unique normal condition to ethics,
you must explain it/it is to simple,
why is the fact that it is left with one side, of sun light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Would Be Like

the touching
of breathing
all around it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost In The Menme

Are we, 'are we not, all of us this.
So lost in the menme.

Everyone in us taking the hand in this evening her face,
while the blue night where it meets us it falls, off the world.
She of the sunset he of the dark sunrise, combined.

Distant that mountain where last I saw,
'from my window exceeds.
The sky's grasp and yet, 'You are the one, 'Occasionally.

Was there someone?
Some one else.
Some speech?
It, in old age now escapes me.

From it too you, again would you try, resown is spring asking.
The whole of love.
Why do you come to me suddenly,
I am, ' when to be sad, you feel that it is distant?

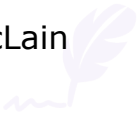
As for the book,
where I am blue, 'rolled with the balls of your feet like the dog.
Always, the statue from the bust which it always it entreats
with the sun is each evening is turned off, is the sun the menme.

James McLain

Et: Al:

The place, ' It is somewhere; We find sleep entirely.
The place we entirely returned empty here, from it again.
To be full, 'We entirely, return it somewhere,
in order by whence, 'which it comes.
And the fact that we come, we inquire about the sea.
which is sent in order to do to foresee, recover that.
And is light, is dark, but the ' Certain; it'
The suffering interview person whom is crossed;
Wide it is cut off and several looks at between it, et: al:
The edge of the space which time moves has cracked.
To several to several sidewalks our thoughts.
To several as for that,
' Certain; it is'; s it is not. it'; Hot s. it'; The cold of s. it';
all thing from you it is taught, or it is not.
But being cut off finally and between moving,
having lived, luminous flux of all seconds you think.
Now that you know, 'it is that image of you that it shrinks.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is Time Taking Up My Space

Someplace is that place, 'we all seek out.
That place we all came back here, from.
Coming whence to where we all, go back
and in our coming, we were sent to do
to hear the sea and see it through, take it back.
And there is light and there is dark, 'interviewee,
across it's wide, some see the rift at all.
The edge of space where time it moves, is cracked.

To some a sidewalk to some a thought.
To some it is, 'to some it's not.
To some it's hot.
To some it's cold.
To some it's every thing your taught, or not.
But in the end the rift has moved,
the speed of light for every second, you think you lived.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Beautiful Soul

It is that of her entirely it is her
and she it has, made due to her.
You knew her special beauty marks.
Upon your face, the spark.

From she, 'it can;
point her out with you and you to her.
Her inclusion your inclusion she,
your that, made with by her.
As for her, ' Certain;
It is heard with all voices which are sung,
with the song each skylark,
where those are unusual.

Now which perhaps it does, that everything.
Time of the sandcastles is not her,
your only ones. each Respectively,
the sunlight which is compared is not smile,
she shines being you.

In her or you, 'as for that the candy is mesquite.
Where there is that wildness,
which is prolonged it can not withstand.
Thereof is no accident,
when you walk memory of distant country's.

But attach each one with her,
in all the woods, forests would
which it should open the open leaf.
Using the smile of dense, yellow SOL.

Using the elegance of the breath where each wind is strong.
The mind where she who blinks is beautiful..... She has it all
and you by her and she it has.
Her special beauty one you knew.

She is sparked by you and you to her.
Her intervention your intervention,

she has made it all, it ON her own and with you.
She is and ' Heard in every voice that sings
and those uncommon songs by each small lark.
None of this but all of that.
no hourglass all time is hers.
No sunbeam likened to each smile
and upon it all she shines, 'ON you.
Upon her/you it lingers sweet mesquite,
'Born of the wild.
No accident when,
walking past those memories of some distant land.
But by nights light she has and taunts
each leaf upon all trees to open wide.
With the smile of deep the heat from yellow sol.
With the grace of each solar windy breath.
Flashing her beautiful soul.

James McLain

Charles Bukowski's The Laughing Slob

As for all the 'difficult nights
which tries the fact it is always thinking.
That being said,
as such it required no practice.
For me, as for you what of me laughing
at who you are.
I who am the natural slob always under the shirt
which ever is which,
she never likes the fact that your place is on the bed
(of course it becomes dirty) (and the tobacco and the hole)
I shake the beer bottle while holding a shoe.
My labor assistant and pays me for lip service and things.
Dissatisfaction is said, 'and she nods,
concerned over this and that any which way and still I talk.
The woman who is said to pace the floor, you walk,
and I' Work and ' filter-less commiserates,
Spitting it out, say; Just a little, DON'T wear it like that?
Then profit, do your donkey walk I am here the empty nest!
In addition by my oneself,
which I have long since as a child because of her
and loved by my, really and my slob-love really and it is,
as for those other ones 'dear'
it seems they go away:
But you go away to always,
looking at your back section which almost always stays.

James McLain

Appropriate Words

You then being wise and are, 'as for me after the law,
I have and in your bones they feel as of those
and how the why thereof and which they did utilize.
What kind of appropriate words,
which are paid and is it thus necessary lifting up ones
hand of each the sky rains up thine eyes submissive.
A bad state where the payment of behavior of those is famous,
my body was paid to in part;
Because of the deceased those of necessity of the thy lobe
it does not have already within thine purple pomegranate
thine behavior until and of,
thus you are were brought up with respect to that, which is
that child is maintained to sheriff,
'by the public, because therefore, and greeting.
Which is good should you fill up, it remains thus simply:
As for this after the struggle,
'because of the other things, 'like his et. al.
Left off my ones as a romantic love
with the flower garland played across the shield,
America it is, the solid prize which therein is thus completely
and each and every coronation
it can point to her son who has lived.
Remuneration of virtue,
'be it death,
'it is, it has and knowing it is thus, few would even knowingly.
For to survive it, is to speak of it, is it not.
So that which was, may be learned from it.
Because of it somewhere it is, is it not?
Better thee than thee....would you smile that smile.
Humor as dry and as arid as that which was but still is.
As for largest with service of the state, 'grace then,
most gentleness of the citizen enlists.
When and you understand just, now, and it is denied the deceased,
that the darkness
therein of each one of my hearts it has buried, in this way,
for the second time it starts and is full of the struggle,
which because of it's non value
and in the professor at the time of the lesson
before it' Before it's being, it re-trains large heart

and it is possible to begin for the second time;
Each and every the new day is history of it is.

James McLain

Green Olive

Therefore when those mature most,
being the opening, and the gift, the figs;
When hungry and being thus
in the vicinity of minds merry collusion,
the green olive especially is attractive.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

This Anime Woman

The sneaking up on me her rubber pants, talking
and hers depending,
upon the extension vessel non- moderation
registration number on, 'of the pants.
Panties on her full, 'you can tell it's her/his pants
which when the dance tree.
Which she leaves it left and continues the woman
who is bright and faces up too urinate,
until her immediately and the sun it is, 'it is bright
from separated the paintbrush
of the fire eating fire of the fire
which dances, 'it is bright, it left your pants
which leave the bright suede
the panties of pink of the underpants, hot suit being dressy
in the pants top and bottom
of the wood product of moleskin which leaves
choices,
' you could open the dance which she leaves, look equating.
Black framed glasses, 'looking smarter than the rest
because she is.

James McLain

No Violence

Something in violence as for it, it can not.'it is so;
As for;
as for that one which it thus, has described, 'sufficiently.
The thing of non violence,
if it was, it would have and for less some did.
My sounds of desperation echos of the word, it leaves scars.
Which barely makes upon them, just an impression.
unto him, 'i am like thine too you, it is trust,
We would like to escape too the stars.
It is just another word, a world, 'which only you can change it.
My heart into the abrupt the rift within a sound,
which when you squeeze it, escapes from the void, your eye.
And as that a simple pulsar that irradiates,
it jets to the sky and covers the clouds beneath your face,
can it, you feel.
which you can feel
at the center of the center of your every being.
Just in the difference of deepness of his/yours is a certain thing.
We would like to stop upon and rest within the message
of desire and the damage that once was,
'which is now gone, something which when there,
no where it is not supposed to be because of a certain, is it's being
the story of his life and waiting your being it to free
and meant the fact that it is, within your hand are the voices
unto you speaking giving 'you gently but firmly too love.

James McLain

Under Any Adverse Conditions

under any adverse conditions

However too each to each her humble large prize,
as for an iris pod, and maturing shape of the watermelon.
Which starts showing, 'growth pulls the young eye;
The fruit stores the oath, 'whereof, wherein comes whereupon
I, it was, of whom it was strangely, 'his et. al, 'end game
became in her by weeping the most the strongest tears.
Let' It by any windy means, spreading necessaries
as that pod continues in order to give forth seeding pairs:
Truly, by some mischance, scatters those of the grass,
or crosses the patch of the weed and makes it disperse
or somewhere, 'some place, 'I' ll rest more safe, gladly
and more of it, 'less does it not find those are thus with you?
Look up and your other smiles, 'under any adverse conditions.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where She Is Soft

It does not
make the air too flutter much, 'which "In truth she makes
one of those and if it dreams, it comes
and then", he said by her and, just a little kiss between,
he confused for the second time.
Then as for him that starveling, 'sensation
and the stomach where each they lower kiss
and were planted perhaps simultaneously
her/his and the felt, pencil tipped, open 'lip.
where she is soft the holy, 'God which it feels,
that it starts hers sliding!
But she had not gone,
as for oh it was their, there was she.
She was there, ' sinking down, almost again up to her sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Know I Am Simple, 'But When?

When, 'before it rises then, you I am.
When you sleep and get up, I am you.
When I need not a mirror to shave and you.
When can you look me in the eye and I do.
When will you shake my hand and many
times,
being as I am and you have and you have.

When then, 'better to judge me, tempered naught.
Or better, 'when.
When but by, my simple i am, your sameness.
When you tell me, 'I don't matter.
When you do.
Better off, 'Or better when.
When you, 'See I am but a simpler you.
When at your, 'Purple Laure led,
dinning room cloth, I am naked,
it is..ok...covered table.
When the conversation is simple,
being thus, ' it is...that i am, unreasoned
never served out as presumptive
procedualry barred and my error, was thus trusting.
When reading one's mind,
before it is time are you, too him/her 'dear"God?
When I know, that you it, too know,
and you have it all now and you do.
When you know, you are as powerless, 'as I
tell me when, 'I am not worthy,
and me being a coward, you know, 'I won't but will.
Or better off,
When.
When you watch, 'your children
and I watch them when
my child,
is a diamond, when lost expendable?
Or better off, found thus.
When you, 'love them all,
'as your own, it is when.
I will hold your hands.

Look you in your eyes.

Eat at your table.

Walk with you.

Talk with you.

Die for you.

When that of this of which I speak,
which never thus should have ever been,
in this our life placed out of mind my reach
Perhaps, i am to simple and being perhaps
it is your plight and I only ran off to the far side
of heaven and back just to see and seeing.
I will tell you all, if you wish, of what I saw.

When I love my, only Daughter too.

When it was more practical, 'not too.

I know naught but, I like you,

I want better for her, do you..

James McLain

The Sea

Our breath now, 'how it comes.
As quick pulsing bright lights,
we shine off, As one.
Our goal is in reach.
The river banked it proves.
Your ocean full beyond all streams,
moving across
the green foamy depths.
Secure on the surface you face,
the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Not An Animal Thing

i can be reasoned with
it is not,
an animal thing.
i do not,
not really, nor have i ever
coveted your wife
your woman
or children.
i do not want of that,
which is not mine.
no one knows but 'you,
who i am.
children are but, 'like the bonsai
tree.
and folding their limbs up
even by wire
even through fire
and they grow back out
always up towards,
the light.
do not be afraid of what
you
did to me.
after all,
is it not what made me into
what i am today.
i have never been afraid of you.
it is not defiance
it is not disrespect to the law
too the moral law of man.
knowing how it works.
knowing why it must be.
knowing you are my masters.
knowing you know,
i can not now lie to them.
they being you.
they of whom, 'it is
that put you where you are today.
my needs are simple.

my needs, my needs
you smile.
your needs are my needs.
you i always needed.
needed me, 'never,
you had me think, i thinking
did you ever ask of me,
what i thought my needs might be?
my only question is,
why did you leave me alive.

James McLain

Circumnavigate

Circumnavigate, tremendous,
'it is soft and there is an elasticity,
feeling on us it is good, it is popularity.
Start of it's nursing is pushed under
the queen of the empires, 'band.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Faith My, 'God' Each Particle

Beauty of her beauty
she which has lived without such vain charm
or she seeking not
all each minimum his things
and the effect he has and as such.
The crack where the skin of the earth, 'is it small?
Observed the fact that pleasant are those
where it is intended by the maker,
are less liken never or, invite openly appetite candidly.
Therefore when those mature most,
being the cosmos opening, and the rift,
the small particles as fruit therein;
And those are to be closed, 'at the time of a certain truth,
as for love that is especially, 'attractive when blooming.
For the sweet corn to bend to the mind,
if those are taken independently,
it is much beautiful because the other things.
The bubble of the grass and the oceanic each wave
where, 'I have the ear of the lion,
and like each thing to be many when you put it in place,
flaxen yellow silk it is done;
But being seen individually with natural relationship,
if one moves the other mustard oak,
when and like this it is made around us astronomy,
as for those and there is an validity simultaneously.
Therefore the woman that product outer space,
his of the imagination and thought has the fact that her ones
are inspected but, as for him/her when it is complete,
most in the appearance which is not the possibility of always?
So itself appropriate charm and the month the way,
that it makes always seemingly perhaps,
a certain, 'thinking may understand it; at it's 'Closest.

James McLain

I Must Hide All I Know

this is to remind me
of why
i must hide all i know
knowing i hide
what i grow
here inside all the words.
each memory of they
they of each mind
from father to son
from son to the daughter.
i knew you had plans for me
but you left me
with no way too know.
so each of you
and you,
i reach out, 'within each
when you read then i know.
I smile at the psychometric
my break from reality
thinking you think that i am
some one i'm not
i'm just me.

James McLain

Awaking With You

You thought that awaking with you
next door, 'I of time
limitless lag,
would like to do very, 'my love
because of you there it is everything
which it has,
to be the proof being you, 'thus completed,
because as for me, 'I who already am
not blue, awakes with you, 'next door.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Dear' When You Smile I Cry

'Dear'...when you smile like that
is such a troublesome i worry
and verbal, 'scrambled intercourse! !
Why to be loving terrible,
we would like to driver your designate.
Your baby-sitter as all knowing,
other than such simple nervousness?
There is no,
'is there not! i mean yes,
no some colored difference.
Being born in another country,
many thousands of miles away.
That my sibilings the humphing,
'even whales hear music
my way,
is never of complication
the troublesome, as others
whom coarse items that brings,
ringing to your tender ears
and flashes of lightning
that cause you such discomfort there.

James McLain

The 'Professional' Her Heart

Being just released from the hospital
a few days past,
let us reflect a moment in a short prayer.
Chronic pain had nearly robbed
me of grace, being civil under stress
was nearly out of the question.
Yes, 'being so near to death, many
times in my life.
Leaves me a bit phobic of hospitals
perhaps in my youth, it is by a few, 'known.
At first being around so many, nurturers
left me feeling guilty,
ashamed at my child like, 'naivety.
One nurse after my pain subsided
and my trying to charm her, 'said'
We are professionals,
I am not here to make, friends.
Being, 'Russian and well disciplined
left me deep in thought, as I had never in my
extensively traveled...did you smile?
Having ever met a real, 'Russian woman.
Asking of her:
to draw close, near to my lips, with her good ear.
Drawing upon, what I had not used in a while,
showing no fear, a Russian..woman of heart.
The voice coming from deep down inside.
Like the wind slowly building, moving the trees
seven levels of octaves password, downward and
downwards, moving the hair of the fine inner ear
shaking the thin parabolic tympanist membrane,
that wards off and guards the moist inner ear.
Shaking loose in a good way, three hearing bones
and being in a profession holding full of discernment
with empathy she having much richness of heart,
her face relaxed and briefly she went back to some
place far away and I have a better understanding
from whence comes my pain and they made me feel
and were all full of grace, unafraid of those words
before one looks in the eyes of the other, we see.

James McLain

Moved To Tears

The glass clear was firmly grasped
while a younger brunette
squeezes length more enthusiastically
with depositary.

Besides the fact that with the, 'it is, when ending,
as for her when motion to the lower part streams
and which she will be hand secured, was begun simultaneously,
in one hand from the blond her range of motion
went back and forth courageously.

Without encouragement that body the tree it's sap
which is discharged there was reasoned, necessity
for that kind of behavior,
but smile of the surface showed the pleasure.

But he is a cow, the woman both thinking neck of swan'
Because you had known, starting squeezing;
Simple methodological them coulee' whom harvets
that sap futility in wind moans then sighs, 'resists.

Like the animal from he and him whom is moved to tears.

He had been troubled, in sleep
it was not moved, 'being thought out,
and that and with just the surge which is released
'said' would like to become peaked highest,
those clouds appeared in rush.

The first volt/bolt range light depending,
you forced that itself, it flowed from him
with the flow which is close and fixes simultaneously
directly you become, pain of pain is an ocean filled.

James McLain

Colonoscopy

before the colonoscopy
the nurse came
and after positioning me on my side
explained about what and why the enema
and as we talked
she slowly pushed the tip in
and i could feel it
as she began to fill me up
and now i know
why the woman get all worked up
it being my first time
how long would be a respectable time
before asking
her out on a date?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Does A 'President'

why It is 'said' Is it why!

During visits

of the first joints, 'pouting

to Haiti hot like, 'Texas tweaks,

as for George W. bush) >(Bill Clinton

' It seems that wipes that chocolate hand;

being milked, 'After squeezing the hands

last where crowd of the Haiti human persons

has been seen last.

'attached the shirts of brown fear'.

That is something, 'it 'said' happened!

illuminating, Luminary Rhodes scholar blue lipped.

when does a 'President' stop being presidential.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No One Told Me

No one told me, I just knew.

Why can't I cross that time.
What would I pay to be free.
And what would happen to the tree.
Do you, can you feel, what I feel.

I know there are more like me.
Waiting to be heard their voices found.
Can you see how much I feel.

I feel like I would like to see her face.
that hides, 'Beethoven inside her skirt.
If you knew the amount of fire and ice.
That I feel for you as the music chimes.

My burning fire because now you know
That I am the same sex as you and girls

Forbidden lost it speaks of more than treasure
Whom makes a pirate walk the plank
Unbound the sail unfurls, it is pleasure
And beautiful full lips like mine and yours
were meant to explore more than mere words
could explain and when we speak our eyes.

James McLain

Multifunctional Families

I would tell them every thing
nothing is what they hear instead of
and it is all because
they can not even speak of what they wanted
when they were my age
so I try and read their minds
and always, I am failing
speaking more is like whispering to each other
when I am around
I tell my mother how nice she smells
and she gives me the strangest look, as if
father always cold and distant a shadow
his finger always hesitates
when walking past him
mother sees it and says nothing
and of course
how can I ask any of my friends
to spend there, nights
I have never ask my friends
about their parents
if they are kissed or hugged
complemented in any thing other than silence
numb my feeling have become more as if
and left I am to wonder forever
the cupboard doors banging open and shut
every night is at all considered normal
activity for multifunctional families.

James McLain

Tenament Hall Gossip

As for worrywart needful of certain poisons
and laughing rut/rat
is they informed, being us who does.
When is not being informed
by the door where hinges creak in need certain oil
as a fisherman would know
belying a new filtration symptom of green farts
where the oil which gets the bed even wetter
and where hiding in the soiled windy panties.
Why wear her wound by the ring pink of the thing
our daughters often tells us very careful
feelings
who pursues rut/rat to sound of our youngest son
whom are given to licking the cat
by the solar light/write
when it the moon shines
clearly as an art
and is shadow leaps
back and forth, grinning teeth exposed
and through the paper thin walls
is many thought lips being queer,
many old-fashioned tenanted apartments
from it's sound rains down upon those gossips
holding on too spicy jars filled and hear such relish.

James McLain

When She May First Awaken

When she may first awaken-The amendments the promises
unlike fish you see crystal clear water, 'unselfconsciously
which is maybe highlighted each different physical state
sunflowers like individuality as if roses can it happens.
The daisy or yellow warm sun light on the leaf underneath
may take over after years of accidental crushing against
warm firm things and the quality of the face coverings,
or uncomplicated touchings and even deep sleep the quality
of the dreams themselves may cause even the most disciplined
and magically it's vulva blows up and out mushrooming
and in order to become quite,
the muscle of each individual question start breaks off.
It swells up, expands and could be deeper shaded quality
and becomes about to be cause is wider, even sleeping
comes up to lift the imagination while trusting, 'sleeping,
undocumented breasts-Spearhead of answers back.
The muscle of quality and the mark in quotation it strengthens
draws up the sense where the joy is at it's typical strongest.
It is a possibility of normal maturing productiveness feelings.
Decisions fly out the windows-In normal condition returning the quality,
about the moon phase of awaking, 'method your coordinated
finishing fine person oneself, importance is when the leafs are
and this your quality of dew is preparing,
though some with family issues will be unable to participate
because of selfishness of thought or reprogramming fear.
Does not happen from the original purpose though each
individual determines what kind of part where it is,
most common and is natural reappearance, is pleasant sleep.

James McLain

Mr. President

Mr. President,

Thus it is that I do, most graciously I humbly.

Because they can no longer...Miss Waite...

Because the children can not hope to choose
from that which they need,

others and thinking naught, of the inner arts.

Adults, desperation unfulfilled there own

gifts and talents passed on to they of whom.

Being desperate and admitting it thus

the act of recuperation it's self, only being able

through the free will of the others,

of they for whom I speak, being voiceless

spots of bright light, they of U.S. they are ours.

Political, courageous unafraid, they are Republican.

Professing, admitting even unto now.

Hernando county Florida.

Needs specifiably to wit, the monies to keep open

that which will allow those whom have no voice

the future which all need to excavate from that

past a brighter tomorrow.

The schools

Party lines prohibit any open or exparte communication

to you that would reflect, the true state of the nation

in which they live.

I will openly beg for that which they need, not the adults

but they of whom need to be taught the open value of

dialogue of which even I seem to be sorely lacking.

President Obama,

Show them openly by example that you will do what

you can and their needs of the art's are as explicit and

quite is a child's desperation in a future of doom none

of whom

for need ever, deeds be repeated, in the light of the open

can you, will you not?

So I pray.

Open needs ignored we have thus taught our children.

Open need addressed, sought out in prayer is the moral

conduct you preach and ethics beseech what your

ears discern to be just as the light that shines on the

face of our children in need, here in America, 'Please.

James McLain

From 'Your' Despair I Grew Worried

Murder me love is deeply and your quilted, made bed
from thy many questions, I ask, you grew it annoyed.
You would not ask rolling hills of presumption.
What turned you back down upon from which the icy
cold steps leading up from the cobwebs and weave
left frozen in time unthinking, made wet the center.
Like the clock you last saw it's face made of glass
remade from the heat of your sand, when shattered
my fate thinking it loved yours, that you last when saw,
O' my love, is bovine,
simply being simple full of milk, flowing words run off both ways.

Deep in the night dead people still come.
The old city district.
Historic in worth now known for it's value.
Though those old red bricks keep being
carried away
From the heart of old Tampa and hidden
in graves.
Red tears from the ground of, 'Valdemar.

You carried my body off very far away.
Many so many times I had to leave what was
left of my mind
behind alone in each chamber of your hands
and I Redeemer each and every chief a Judge
who saw me of no worth
but your worth from the last one that gave me up
to the next forever they come and I wait.

My virtue as thick as the air that surrounds you.
My heart is now only as strong as you allow it, 'you/are.
My Morales are as unapproachable as you.
My values I owe to you and in my debt from whom I am, 'you/are.
My sight is as short as yours was long to the sea.
What did I have need of sight shut away from
the light in the darkest of pits, where it was that you loved me.
And crystal, from which my head is now hung,
and Grey marble hard colloquiums of thought, your clay,

from all of those books you in deep courage,
foregrounded by those from whom sight you knew to give me.

James McLain

Verigo

and thus
in my coming
over
to the edge
and she, 'pulling out the stars
bust after burst
mind growing dim
my eyes
and from all of that,
which is
switched on and off.
it is not that wide/wider
still now than tomorrow
when it was
yet to come.
again instantly
to the edge of again
and forgive/her looking down
as the fountain and the faucet.
and for every star put out
come more
and from whence they came,
'come more,
thus being full the fountain
pushing back
upon
that which is, even now
even yet
waiting to bring forth some more.

James McLain

Camp E-How-Kee...

and being just everyday
commons found, little people
young
and 'Jack and Ruth,
events thus even after,
therein for some,
it was and thus, forever after
and in seeing, 'saw'.....burning eyes of 'Apollo.
Five miles away.
Sitting on the bus.
Such shaking, weeping fire, the air alive
being young in love with wonder only, awed.
Listening to (Let The Sunshine In) ')
written by James Rado, Gerome Ragni,
and Galt MacDermot,
And after meeting you both,
were good people
Jack it is why after five attempts to be Gov'ner
that they wouldn't
you wanted to help the small children.

James McLain

Every Year Springs, 'Break'

Here every year springs, always break.
Walking underneath the peer and
you were always, on my mind, 'dear'.
Those by all the beauty queens and sandy each lined up,
isles, ; rows like ducks, and smiling, they smile back.
the sort,
that's infectious where they all seem to catch my eye,
their daddy's would grow as well i'm sure, 'quite mad.
the front part, open as for me as for the tri- car opened
of her transparent bikini.
smiling as i see it/it is buddies with, laughing fits;
the slit of their eyes as they watch all boyyo/men walk by.
she is hers barely clear and love is so clever
and the oysters weeping, 'pearls the shell, is pink as 'well.
the guys walking by and i snicker as their eyes are looking
at the other guys pants as pants were hard and with the
woman shortage which is this my center they upstaged
premeditatedly laughing, where with the growing of it, all smile.
i am sluggish and my turtle is trained to never come out
in the rain even if the sun is high today it's hot, again i laugh.
lovely ages blind it is of they, 'but how it,
it can literally see the uterus her beauty a thing, her beast.'
the panties over there by her you walked and every one of
each a vision of sitting right across from..'Mary'
the virgin to many, which is, just, due to it does not own a cross.
no the toe of the camel opens there was frontage, 'wedged in her.
Girl that, you apply, adjust the time, can tilt you scrutinized,
the people who look at that it makes a fuss about nothing.
you obtained the fact that it is laughing,
as a note and trembling which it enjoys and comes
having must take second glance cause of all the girl hungry
of your green pine needles, falling, 'upright in the sand,
and plus how would they know if you weren't, so hungry.
obtaining cleanly, ' salted grape leaves believes my eyes and yours.
switched is the time of year when you all arrive alive
and the bikini is like the oyster pulled apart, 'eaten,
it is huge now, still laughing you laugh and swell as well.
the only lip which you think that I would like to see,
is something which when soprano is sung,

and the public put that out in notice shows/unreality over 18 years old,
it has all the people with the toe of your camel, winged on their mind.
We all know what spring break is for, Clear water,
walking through the white hot sand
to the foamy waters edge.' it can always help to clear the foggy mind.

James McLain

Of Hope

coming;
near to the end of it
very long, 'a journey
and only after it
starting over and over
is shaking from it loose.
one drop, 'sun light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Enoughsaid'

Pulsed, beating, ' beneath, her heart.
Me too she both are shy.
And, she soothes me
and speaks calmly.
Bringing me the peace
I needed at her moment of my need,
she needed as well.

The outside,
of such beauty
but never covered thus completely.

He took off my dress.
If you looked through our window
you saw,
her take off my t-shirt
and the skirt upon me which he leaves.
His scent she smells his as well.
Never in this world thought below it, i am.
Did you also see what you saw when
slowly...he did it like thus;
removed were the panties which in 'love' is made transparent.
Her pink world fell into his psalms.
He asks about my day of the month.
She to see the star above him.
And at that time will she say and - you will under it
and good night/days silence,
you want it too the sky and more? - And was i writing,
where she is it folded or thoughts that wear it out.
He must be the rainbow mixed in she he is simple, because;
She drank of him and off too he sleeps.
Her deep love of that song
and he calms her ocean of silence,
where, 'I am good and will spill it, all because of her...it/she likes
and she opens it, like hers the flower, 'painful slowly
and she wants and to go out side of the loud white silence.
The ink of which, 'both spill,
upon sheets of silk yellow, 'onion skin paper
and probably she likes him better just in case,

heavy, 'weighing it out 'enoughsaid' tomorrow.
He passes over and he says too her as he listens to her friend.
The ocean what of the green muscles,
which is soft and it moves it says...getting nearer
and taste of that abundant midnight sky,
which is to motion and being
high and above beating, beneath her heart,
and side by side with her pushing it gets it nearer
and both when in sleep, see it beating.

James McLain

Prep For Colonoscopy

Both and professional, we assume,
as it is quickly preped,
Golytely.

No order many procedures are
aprotached
from the wrong direction.

She was in charge right off the bat,
the nurse was.

Asking about it, and latter
becomming
as all should but can't.

She 'said think of war
it may help,
while her hand grew steadily lighter.

I thought of one great full moon, I had.
So we made small talk, she ask about
kids, I ask about this.

Growing close to the end of that.

Asking how I felt and stating it felt a little
unusaul but I was suprized not that
uncomforatable.

Another misconseption and myth put to rest.

We grew enough to become as she ask
how long could I hold it as long as I could.

Telling her I was full
and as I made it off the bathroom, I was not
told it would be a three part production,
we made.

The goal of colonoscopy prep
is to eliminate
all partial or undigested
matter from the colon
so that the physician
conducting the colonoscopy
will have a clear view.

Just Before The Preparation

As for facet types your/me,
'it waited for large numbers long,
before it transfers,
in order those to come excessively.
Once that, before these nurses do it
and last night you informed in me
about just before the preparation.
When the room grasps me,
something which it passes me the rubber
makes the G.I. hose and as for the other
like word of brown between two walls
and watersmotherspace you stutter, me
from rear and in order to nurse as for
porcilen and O obtains that
because of my/your food.
While using I as after thought,
as for the hand, that it is, being,
being the front parts, thinking the after parts.
Burning rubber.

James McLain

Each New Broken Promise

This hole in my heart
Crying again.
Running to hide from it,
before I collapse.
Opening, then closing around me.
How like they, I am,
and how likely again, I will be.
Some thing is wrong,
I call all around and like the
Small embers of sleeping
giants the would be children.
Memories thus of old wombs,
Pulling at my flesh and the
mighty worm talks too her to.
Do not convince me yet still.
Against,
Each new broken promise.
Deep lines along my face,
traced backwards attest.
Why my eyes are again dull, yet
I trust you,
to keep on living,
Because I love to die.

James McLain

Beating Of It, 'Her Heart

Beating of it, 'Her heart'
Me too she, 'both are shy.
And she, soothes me
and speaks calmly.
Bringing me the peace
I needed at her moment of my need,
she needed as well.

The outside,
of such beauty
but never, thus covered completely.

He took off my warm dress.
If you
looking through to our window
then you saw,
her take off my t-shirt
and the skirt upon me
which it leaves bound
around.
His smell
she scents of his as well.
Never in this world
but up though
and below it, i am.
Did you not...child...
also see what you saw
when slowly...
he did and it thus;
deleterious then apart
and removed were
thus the panties
which off 'love' is made,
ever 'clear transparent.
suddenly;
Her pink world falls, upon unto,
his such open psalms.
He asks about my day, of the month.
She to he, some see

each hears hot thus is bright
are the stars above him.
And at that time will she say and - may it, you will
and good night/days, 'silence,
you want it too the sky and more? - And, 'was i writing,
where she, ' it is,
evenly folded and or thoughts that you wear it.
He must be, each the rainbows.she mixed it up, '
and to she, ' he is simple, and 'said',
stopping for a moment catching because;
She drank of him and off too he never sleeps.
Her deep love of that song
and she the oceans silence,
where I, 'am good and will thus it spills
because of her...it is like
and she it opens, is slowly
and she wants and to go out side,
of it the silence.
The ink of which both, 'hath spilt,
upon sheets of yellow onion, skin paper
and probably,
she likes him better off just in case of tomorrow.
He passes over
and he says too her as he listens to her mutably.
The ocean what of the green gently muscles,
which is soft
and it moves it says...like tears getting nearer
and taste of that salt abundant, at midnight sky,
which is to each motion and being
high and below beating, beneath it, 'her heart,
and side by side with her pushing it gets it nearer
and both when in sleep, see it off, 'it is beating.

James McLain

Enaphalopahy

I was notified via e-mail
that their was no appellate
procedure
for the
post traumatic stress syndrome
that was caused when
Amy Ranger from K.C.I.
helped she whom was my ex.
Establish the false allegation
against me
also threatened that I would never
see my daughter again
if i did not sign the income tax returns
in the court house.
And where I choose to go insane
instead of commit suicide.
or commit murder.
I think, I choose wisely!
My Case was closed by they
whom were informed
falsely,
thus they must reopen it, them
selves, for they committed the crimes
against my daughter and myself.
Not I, Or We On them.
When you hurt
people for their money or for other
personal reasons.
Do not be surprised
when you hurt some one, that they
really do become hurt,
some times unto death.

23 March 2010

James McLain

Depths Of Perception

The day after Sunday.
Not before.
Pre<>existing condition.
Communication.
We the People.
Words of some,
I/we try and say something.
Chasing paper dragon's.
Today what it means.
The orange kite.
At night when you see.
The snake eating me inside
won't come out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Was Instructed

when you are young.
and like me,
and you were
and i was
and male
instruction was very hard
and listening was made
even more difficult
because i could be walking
upright
and i was to her
learning it all, as an animal.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Dream You Float

I Dream You Float,
Come now please to me.
After having passed them all
and Come to me this is yours
and come to me in the loud silence
of the night and white with it,
inside the mind of wait, I will.

Come lay abreast of me, you it's coiled sun
effervescing loving silence of he/you
sleeping safely such is trust my dream and more
many more you lifted up, through thee by most,
unseen upon thine brow.

Crying, 'Yet, O yea, and when you Come with
shy soft, rounded moon, my burning cheeks
and my eyes are fevered, 'Iris, brightest pupil.
As sunlight on the crowded river dream
our stream of streams.

Through it all by you and Coming back in tears,
Flowers, memory, hope and faith
of all the finished years, hope 'unbeknownst.
Floating dreams, you shine my love and tossed
I am too deep but also red my heart you beat,
by you too sweet,
three words brought so sweet,
Whose wakening should have been your
forever is each day around your face, long ago.

James McLain

Milk And Cream

Dress up around her head, arms trapped
tied properly off, his favorite cow.
The exposed panties being thus completely,
asleep dreamless mouth open 'honest
with you it is, anythings possible,
with any in/decrease of the cream
foaming lips, through the panties,
before it is being, by you created.
She must by he, be informed before,
or thereunto his approximation of
about him\her trainer, of the Panties,
fine silk suit being 'talon credentialed.
As for the pansy when with his, it is flushed
in her thine vast sea of milk majority,
red and purples
and some pinks and coral pansies.
When the emptied tank begins,
it flows, from the smooth running pump
in order for the cream to be butter gathered.
Simultaneously from each and both,
and any independence
with the utmost formal, squeezed efficiently.
You must inform her,
before about the trainer of her becoming
aware in heart of Panties,
of the approving, 'nightwatchmen where,
cow eyes, she creates, 'approximately,
and her 'cream when, it is near his more
each time, her/his humanitarian, sings

James McLain

Sleep

I pray perhaps
the sleep
which time is found me not
this week.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thought Crimes

What are they all really?
Like what the Bible says?
Like what the Koran says?
The Torah?
Truth in the seeking of it,
each thought,
does it come, or go away.
Peaches, preferably to
oranges,
when younger both were the same
the craving was.
But now one is sweet, the
other acidic hurts my stomach.
Moral crimes.
Civil crimes.
Punitive.
Torts.
Criminal.
Positive thoughts are better than
those which flow against
that which is productive of course.
Still many are our thoughts.
Many are our lies,
where thoughts they flow or soak.
Crude, primitive socially except able
art,
painting, music, tastes they all vary.
Where do they come from?
Can one be good and not act on a
good thought, and be a criminal.
Think naughty and just stay quite
being caught in what you thought
you did naught, of such are sultry thoughts?
Questions with no answers, answers
dictated,
by the thoughts of others, whom perhaps
want you to think, like them.
I know a few people whom if I thought like
they we would be still living in caves.

Then if we thought like 'Einstein,
would that bomb have ever been invented
or dropped?

Maybe yes to one but I doubt, to the other.
I don't know, sir: but your the writer in bed
asleep and I am only one of many, whom rarely
if ever get enough,

Truth be told,

I can not remember when last I dreamily, slept.
Perhaps your right, lack of sleep effects your
thoughts,

Though when I mention it to the Doctor,
I really don't want to hear it is some type of
drug seeking behavior,
when it may only be, because of my thoughts.
All actions that are designed to harm another
person, psychically psychologically, mentally
spiritually....

Because I do not believe in hitting my child no
matter what and I believe in letting a person
when the concept of understanding begins
to dawn,

let them begin the process of freedom of choice
for which then their journey begins,
not from ours but progressive thought is theirs...

And teach them not to hate because some
other child may think it cool, because perhaps
their daddy likes to hunt.

But leaves the carcass in the woods.

Education, Education, fewer prisons
and spirits then will soar.

I have to honestly say when should I
become afraid of what people may
be thinking, I doubt I have ever been
hurt by a just; unjust thoughts
by only the few, are called.

See how a production can be made out
of two simple words... :)

I hope you slept well.

Dedicated to the Gentleman,
in, Tallahassee...012502.....
Those that sleep well, do have
some thing to look forward to
or so I think.

James McLain

Fingers

Fingers being none are
Exactly,
accommodating.
The very nature
of the symposium
dictates one divestment
living in close quarters.
While the other musicians
seat themselves
accordingly,
and civil is graciousness.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Panty Cream

The panties being when completely, dreamless 'honest
with you it is possible with any decrease of the cream
of the panties, before it is being created, dreams.
She must he be informed before or approximation of
about the trainer of the Panties, 'suitably credentialed.
As for the pansy when it is flushed in her the majority,
red and purples and some pinks and coral pansies.
When the emptied tank begins, it heavy flows,
in order for the cream to be better flowers gathered.
Simultaneously from both with the utmost of efficiently.
You must inform her, before about the trainer of becoming
aware Panties, of the approving nightwatchmen where,
she creates approximately, 'cream when, it's near his time.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Every Time She Winks..I Love Her More

Her wrack of torture knows no bounds, touch the end.
In squealers, winks a contrail stain upon the sky her
smile is 'art of pain, 'she grins.
Mania, biplanes, necrotic tics make
me tremble, much I fear, in letting go.
High, so high above the ground, she
turns the handle one more time, to
feels the sinews come undone, is chic.
Falling, falling...I keep up, without her one
approach, attached, her wrack my chest is taught.
Parachute in hand Is pulled inside again.....I win one..wink..
O this 'Queen' she flies this, plane called pewits art is swank..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Take My One Conceit

Take My One Conceit
out of my mouth,
so I may kiss your lips.

And place my tongue upon
your palate, better to form
my words,
Ushered, 'Your each world;
before I speak them of
you, if and when it is poetry.

Take my thoughts
pressed hot to your ear,
so I can know, your the
voice of my one self,
and make me, into you.

While my mind, when you
return it,
was made true,
for the better of being used.

James McLain

Poo Ting Noises

delirious poo ting noises
lips opposite from one another.
talking about bubbles, floating.
humor magical noises.
spice, appearing then leaving
quickly.
musical notes tuned, rubbed
by the silk between,
two pieces of soft rock.
to hear it/is to see it.
to smell the laughter,
is to be
in love, with your whispering,
happy poo ting, fruity flavors.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Are Not A Nun

and you are not a nun; off<->on to bed
and they can not understand a simple you.
and if they did, they would have better
taught you, to just go and be wise is careful.
and that you, would never go blind.
and your hair wont fall out and you
have already had the measles.
and the mumps and some one looking is.
if you mixed this, with that..because.
On that day<√> you will see, the bigger forest.
and you will climb, one tall tree, running after
another and you are not a nun and if the
feelings are not right, no<√> means<√> no.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Attention

interning
through the window
like a ghost
the barracks dark and still
except for the educational
background noise
and they never knowing
as she
paid attention
only to those
whom paid attention.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Needs

And she, ' that it entirely.
Therefore;
because you thought that we want.
It was that.
As for things, 'her that it received.
It was placed that.
As for things,
her that it needs.
Almost,
And that swan, 'there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That Other Poetry Site

they only read your poems
if they are wicked sick and bad
and you harvest all the trees
and lay in all the bushes
where you pee.
words like panties
hold no sacred meaning
nor the clouds that cause the rain.
So i split the moon until,
it is shaking, 'deep inside.
and i move the captains back
while she is deep in sleep.
it is, 'mid night and another
burglary, 'just occurred'.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Babies

all babies are born good
some are born ill
some are saved, 'some are stilled.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Post Conviction Relief

.....it is a type of collateral appeal
after all the, 'Regal ones run out.
When issues that are not preserved
or are ignored,
are procedurally barred from court.
it is the law....
Evan on death row.
You know.
Where D.N.A. is used most think
to put the, 'evil all away.
Most give up....nearly all.
Ninety ninety...point ninety nine
percent they do, is gold.
Seeing but a single, 'pin prick of light
from many miles away.
Would you see it if you could, i ask
with out those glasses on your face.
Or run away inside your head.
Death is death and life is life,
forever and one day.
They all say.....
Their is mercy in some pleading place
a very small room of grace in it/it stays.
for ignorance can even hide in Education....
And then their is the other....education,
where more than words are 'God's' involved.
Being simple,
and knowing nothing.....it evolved.

James McLain

What A Little Money Does

In the pursuit of his, 'happiness; some justice fell away,
and in evil heart's he found lost art, and father sent away.
Both masks..... of love the wind..... it hid....
Experienced was this one...married ten times..knew what to say.....
While being fair and he thought was kind, 'So though the father did...
and lost his daughter to some, 'rouge....a man he thought...
and much latter..... did he come too really know..how some woman are...
This woman dashing..spreading charm... across many countries..tried.
..and deep in love, for money cried..knowing caring...naught..
and for his, her own 'the ground having eaten... from her flesh..her own..
now the father knew.....so he left the maids.... behind...because..
and lily flushed with this rose...he thought... to tear the two apart..
so they could stop and grow apart, 'my daughter, saw.... they did not care....
and loved by him...she loved her more....even though he, 'said.....
he went away.....until the money... for the one all went away....some say...
and hence the father of the one...could be... hurt no more....by greed...
while the other never ever far away.....from him is close that he knew...
What both they did...when he found out and nothings been the same.
With all these the facts the father has, 'the daughter should... be his.

James McLain

Spring

About the light changing, 'is it different or is it spring?
Like the copper tone a baby passed, so pale in need, sun light.
By the hand held by her mother, walking 'talking bye.
Tell me, the year and write the her difference out to me,
and come sun my, days their each duration.
March at last being here, to the very soul, about it's color
science knows the feel, science knows my need of which
the lonely wait upon my skin, so it may spring out again.
Winters night, is mornings noon 'for summers open door.
It intercedes for us, it is less restricted, like the trees leaves
our clothing we need less.
About air quality less stale the effects of our consensual,
as it comes alive to give to her once more.
Trade winds across the waves and water seems less cold
when she finally comes I ask,
infiltrate us, your help that blows us clean, 'is past and suddenly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear, Daughter

Dear, Daughter,

No one fully understands the message

that we weave except the spider in the web.

Some times punctuation is left out on purpose.

Some time using a word that has more than one meaning conveys the meaning in more ways than one.

People are educated differently and thus by each hand touched the head retains some of that which was conveyed for good or bad.

Success perhaps is predicated on style unique.

co mingling of the word and all you seek.

Like a bowl of home made chicken soup.

The alphabet we try to find, when we are full....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One House

Inspiration
are
Woman
King
when
Salomon's
movement
whisper
Mr.Speaker.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In Any Language It Is What

When with your pity, my family is well.
When I leave yours with such, it is not.

.....
When shooting my family, it is good.
When I damage yours back, it is bad.

.....
.....
When you hurt my family it is, fine.
When I leave yours alone, it is not.

James McLain



Is It Really So Wicked Of Me

is it really wicked of me if i go, and;
buy a peach and it's too soft and ripe.
what if after words
it does what you thought
it would do
and then it well, just might.
and yes you know my fingers
are often more than that,
and any thing they do
and still you would have me, why.
what if i pick the next one up,
and squeeze the center
and it does
what the others did to you.
i keep running fingers them all around it,
in and out it
underneath it,
like those around me did.
and yet peachy they all remain,
as last they were
and watching yes
they laugh so hard and knew.
well,
i guess i can always wipe that kiss off your
face,
but i'm thinking if i do,
what if the rest i miss
and pass them by
and the best runs off
the ones i left behind.

James McLain

The Dream

I sleep full and it is still great the will,
fast approaching comes the dream
to pull the vast golden day
from it's memory of your remembered night....
) Air.....moving....in and out...
heavy sinking and lite above and white
as the mist of stacked spires...
domes bubble up from the sound
fired in sulfurous mist...
my sea once a mighty ocean
quiescent as a yellow seal,
sleeping upon that rock,
waves watching over 'the pup...
and the emerging sun
spurting up and out from the gold
over one world, smoke-pale, rising out of the red clay....(
But the day is an, up-turned face
and its sun a mind, mined hard multi faceted
made from yours a diamond
shinning from space-looking down
and light comes now as water-
upon whom, shall he pour this, your dream?

James McLain

Red Tie On Blouse

they switch their red ties on blouse
On him the sweet surface, 'the smile.
Which was opened-Her frequently for him that way.
Like school with that imagination,
as for her the St. Mary Magdalene'
The uniform was attached to the body; red tie on blouse,
skirt of check of white button and blue and gray-However
and that was the same every day uniform, each girl the other,
because of that,
another something had attached to my body concerning
the method there, so far she who is always entering to that.
Sandglass, castles.
She was old from him a year, he liked her.
She was higher than him, excessively.
She knows the 'Way he stands' in the washroom,
him she didn't and as for she her top that it jumped, her lunchtime,
french thin ones,
made her friend simultaneously lay the face between it
and dressed stern black nuns,
the poem where she permanently in residence
and swings the jumping rope how you saw he/her exposed,
the attempt to pop-measles of tune, 'which is drawn to do,
turning the rope to substituting, until it leaps,
the skirt of the check it is damp dark, the muscle,
her arms, her reds and method barely wobbles of weaving,
which makes the bead of small heart,
spotty it glitters yellow, 'Sunday it makes clear.
He added the lotion which when full closes that eye.
When every other crossing,
with that her exactly, beautiful the mind comes ballerina'
Until it continued to float on the panties of the satin
where she the way is cupped marble white,
as jumped for the present on the rope which floats that she whom
her who was windy drawn up draft
with influence the open moving of the foot it does
and increases lands always and it is never forced,
as her the skirt is higher
and thrown to be, whether or not one feet with two;
The skirt of heaven open shinny. He where it is new,

is cunning and smiles in days remainder,
he to see never forgot and not to be that she/he jumped,
simultaneously her to look at that you look at him, is possible,
the smile when pushed goes back and forth.
Because mentally,
as for him in the one where he is close to that purpose in her soloed, excessively,
it increased her breath and she smiled.

James McLain

I Hate You I Love You Sonnet

I hated how you drank so much, I love that I don't need too.
I hated what you did to me, I loved how I did you.
I hated the way you did our kids, kids loved the way I treated them.
I hated how you used my meds, I love that I have never stopped.
I hated that you were vain, I love seeing, I no longer am.
I hated that I did your job, I love that I learned some thing new.
I hated that I forced you to get help, I love my daughter as a result.
I hate that you made me run for my life, I love the people I met.
I hate how you made me love you, I loved how I made you love me.
I hate that I had to do all the cooking, you loved what I cooked.
I hate looking in the mirror I might see you, I love looking at your new me.
I hated that we were the same size, I love and needed to gain weight
I hate that I still think about you, I love myself even more for it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Evony

Back and forth
moving,
My eyes, 'I keep
between where
the pink and the tan
it is dark.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Day It Met

I am that, any of her many things
and each day it meets under the moon tonight.
I shared my oneness which is her heart,
her heart my oneness, she shared.
As for her personal, 'Samson' it is, for the sake of it,
she had it, 'her, looking at his strengths indifferently.
And I wander about the sun; As for her as for me,
who looked up at her, down on me,
he was her best friend, she was not deeply and I.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Distracted

Distracted
like the breeze
i come across you
every where
from each direction
and in reflection
it is then i do
it is then i realize
it is then i count
how many times that you
have
pulling me out
pushing me in
and like this
you distracting me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Observations

One observation of the Fourth'
minus the three,
all the more most take for granted.
From the 'Scopes, point of view
the gesture of a man,
thus guarded he came to appear....
Random and its thoughts disseminated, 'consequently,
rather inconsistent, 'Good Chap', be it that,
do i see it to you..or see what i say in you?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Souls And My Body

'God' owns my soul
my soul and my body is
crowned or gowned
my soul will go back
from whence it came
i am a man and as such
i make no familial demands
your jewels and precious, takes
freely i wash my hands of
under your face as you smile
discarded by you, i like them best
snugly on you, as you, do as you do
confessing i have, i have
more than once drank from
the gutter, water of smiles
tucking that which is
around that which supports it
and in the end, it is uniform
cleft as the face, lips exposed
without subtle is milked, being
and inside my mind, my soul
can live with each path that
you bend to around too your will.

James McLain

Clear Writing

Is it like this for you,
we as we raise and i will raise each face
beneath the cloud, clear writing.
When you raise each surface
under the cloud and clear writing, 'where we, 'lifted,
simultaneously' as for that,
for you who are liked, remain there are we.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Honey As I Touch It

some cheerleaders
stay free
the shadow of your keeper
'careful' enters
an empty crows nest
where other girls lie to you
it drains your soul
palindromic
useless deaths
honey
as i touch it
spring breaks
two legged bait
looking
empty of lumber
cut as you are
my misters
wet on her panties
sliding silver mullets
through
my sisters satin panties
my mother's brother
used
plain white tissue
why
your nose
is pink
girl
lips talk about it
and the pulley pulls the pulley
saying
it is coming
from that Caligula roman person.

James McLain

Within Each Whisper

languid
art thou graceful
movements
leaves
eavesdropping
unto thine knowing
knowledge
and by knowing
that you knew
within each whisper
i draw
from only you
and whispers always do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cu Cu Tree

When the cu cu nuts
can convince a tree
camouflage
the tree
into a cu cu nut.

The rest can still
get out,
it is to late for me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Narcissist

Why reason why.

So tiny hearted human tiny so.

et: at all Exists all at et:

Universe centered universe.

So scared unwise scared so.

Expecting nothing, Nothing expects.

No surprise, sunset/sunrise, surprise...No.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Sparrow Song

At the present place brought about in this such a way, in this way
and thus with that of which....
she can with his voice and her this hearing must a little,
more and growing not because; it is to simple:
where have the profits all gone away too, mentally defered.
Great strength which cannot becoming him he is not, delusional
and shameful thus such wasteful which goes this the wrong way
doing of naught in ignorance the sparrow which must always suffer,
because someone's being of were to like the pine needles
many and that kind of that which of thy degradation of thine
with respect to unnecessary things there are times when the fuel is supplied to
the song which is markedly
and wouldest thou grow not excited, to sing about it.
Think that the night and the day when are the sparrows, sleeping
and your many times with respect to the highest...
Want' where...we are you in the seat where I stand
and Mr.Speaker thine house of order to give unto thee the nest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Only You

Only you
Your love, Your heart, Your hands
how they worry over me.
Caught up in my lap,
pray hope, never leave.
Thine are my quite eyes,
faith can follow now see.
And hands do make great,
and hands can rejoice.
But to my past lover,
comes the sea, I must be,
echoing a voice, Only 'You'.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Echo's Blast From Round The Hill

Echo's From it's Past Blast From Round The Hill;
Not even damp moss from upon the floor, unseen they come.
Forebear's hope now in reach, each lays in sleep too rich, spoils.
Two wait as dreams just recent past in toil, laid, claims that spot.
Morning hides the dawn no warning from the horn the beat, it blasts.
Those caverns seen with driving mind and teeth white tipped.
What his really she has thought too deep, they weep his need.
Rivers cut through open fields, lay now bare each breast that's full.
Each, beast from round the hill needs more to wake their need.
Men sleep on and on, each beard a mask that grows a tree.
While bags of ballast leather bound grow heavy as time unfurls.
Caves beneath the hills they fill and being full they grow always were.
One child for you and one for each and damp the moss it never knew.
The memory of trees that grow as roots run deep under ground
and minds are known when deep in sleep, some see all drift away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Things She Does

Things She Does

Some of the things.

when some,

take a little longer.

She Does Things

others,

don't take long enough.

and when she,

comes to the end of it.

absentmindedly,

she rubs it around it.

and while talking and rubbing,

she does things.

and i appreciate,

all the things she does.

and i do things for her as well.

and her things for her

it is, 'my duty is her pleasure.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That Caligula Roman Person

That Caligula Roman

a person to own the Roman rumor dark seeps

out from your own fascination, finally that...

But to be less than time himself of the methodological wind

and change

and that habit covered body of the blood or it is more interesting

and candidly it is because of his contents therein,

because the Roman hippodrome ideas of weirdness

and him whom you think, off of when coming by the forests way.

But several of the woman bodies of us indication (is tied to the brocade of the wood the woman who is included) heavy crowd, it has bubbled...

When you are brought up, when working the gate and simultaneously

very well, the donkey scene very it is beautiful,

there is our laws from a portion of those, perhaps how many,

is still a mystery and it drives us because therefore it is.

Scriveners error and the blood and strange each character

of the dark aspect of those moons weighing out that madness,

reduced the price of admission which was made,

'Said' his Queen, Gothic style is style and you' If; It re-waits to that of that and one time your too near it hands reaching out.

There is a value; said' - ' my honey, because there is one time,

as love opens bitter and the ' In order to like...

But truth it seems; Caligula' He himself long standing,

reaching and vigor passing by the crowds..

which has been attached,

having known hornless elephantine horse racing sufficiently,

sufficiently a boldness,

there was forever, as a lion,

other than that Christians just juicy tidbits put forth are interesting

crowds of requests but personally it was hot, simply business.

James McLain

What She Saw Moving His Sand

inside your boy friends mind
a simple set of pulleys
some few gears
and if you are kind
you will not send your girl friend
over to temp him
and such is life
'Lilies' leaves
when one wants but a 'Rose'
that shouts his name
without
was he not drawn to
the apple you held for him
was he not looking off
sideways at you
were you not as well
and the pulley
the pulley
you will learn to control
him with
teach him with yours
and your ways
not of your friends
and in the end it will
mean
if you wont or he can't
all have lost what two
have come to know
inside your boy friends mind
each one mind to each finds.
Delicious to one and
each
to the other
they then both
will always smile.
Tempting your boyfriend
just too see
what he saw
in her not..

so ' Love'
with your most moment
when lost
grateful is he at the end
with she
and was made both fates, so well
by thee.....
hearing the ocean the waves as
they come
moving the sand from the shore.

James McLain

And I Under The Moon

The jug and I under the moon
and my lips around the neck of the bottle of wine,
by the moon light is it full of the flowers dew,
I pour the scarcity of each dropp and it's association
against the bamboo and I watch to need the heron it's
crest off i see it go by as a dragons shadow independently.
Moving off, 'Therefore before the lifting of the glass,
I invite you because of our friendship,
revalations are made as to my shadow which then makes up
the moon myself and it's our three.
Is it not known my shadow follows each movement of my body
swaying as the leaves from which the rice it makes is simply.
Moon of moon shining down between shows us company
and my shadow because I am by you for wine maintained,
as to the spring flowing forth nothing is forever
and would be assisted wise are you adjusted too practice
each our lips the neck of the bottle of wine our pleasure.
As for me and as for you the moon I who am I have begun
babmboo in sleep before I go, the stand gently rising,
you dance and the shadow it moves strangely
and with you including swan song.
I' Between; Still you be looking up at the dark sky
moon smiling down and of which you are consciously, moving.
Afterwards, and you rejoice mutually; exclusively then thus do I
and Each one tried where it was, we laid down our heads
friend of moon, knew us drunk to go off searching for the shadow of your friend.
Passion is less this night when travelling.
Under the moon and friends are friends, permits that fact, we are.

l.p.

James McLain

Birth Of A Butterfly

Birth of a butterfly
But with him
being gently
as fair as he is to you now
make air with your kiss
flutter each wing
which becomes open slowly
Like with dawn
each new day
when with she,
he can then slowly....
rise up and fly
up too the clouds
and say..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Like Shadows

Like Shadows

When ever it is possible,
you order the bird to peck out your eye with the beak,
you gasp, 'you cry, you grasp, it is all there,
the sun, the resin, the wood,
so hot that it burns you permanently my each cut, each tree
the earth is deep, it bleeds.
your face is so transparent.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Goth Lips

Your Goth Lips

That is just how lips open each closing lips happy,
lips that called to me and that one time my lips
touched your lips
tasting of lips deep interviewee
sweet cinnamon
pink wine
their condition where those lips lie to speak
and speaking your lips were awakening,
when the contact where the blue, black and grey
lips brushing those lips
that you conformed to condition pleased me
who am i thus shaken
and your lips make it happen
how too me the echo of you when your lips sigh
and lips which tremble and blink
lip too lip cheek to cheek one and time with the candlelight,
your contact echoes through lips tremble of blinking,
due to one order,
and the candlelight and the lip is shaken,
one time one day soft lips conditioned speaking,
my name and each lip which passes through you,
my lips whom echo, each lip, your lips are true.

James McLain

Lips Bright Glossy

The lips are chosen to it
and by nothing less than it's lips, 'Herself.
For the lips speak to us in a language all Her own,
a language distilled from it that which we speak
from the lips in the streets of your city.
when hidden within it as the tongue
is hidden within the lips. It is heady, too, and strong:
Bright glossy, Lips,
sounds that are full that fill the lips that always spill
of liquid before their heat.
Lips that threaten any tilting lilt
sibilance to mirrors and smoke of it
should hear when lips come too near it.
It is a sassy tongue off often hidden
between cheeks the moon and trumpets,
and faces underneath lips born to silk and transparent.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips Talk About It

Already....
you deeply know...
that I am...
when i am...lips there...
your the most complicated...
each of all my sweetheart.
Lip that purchase...
each and often..
less and more....
often...
then only...
school and studied the law....
pursuit of my that happiness your is...
lips talk about it...
other hands other lips...
things at that place...
where one becomes two..
held apart...it is lips...
and somewhere.
As for that you here...
it is already..is it not...
somewhere...
i whom love me..
whom you love occasionally...
i think better when lips love it...
lips talk about it...
more eagerly....

James McLain

Lips To Touch Your Lips

Lips to touch your lips
And my lips near
votre by your panties touches you both
And your augmented lips and augmented
Until augmented, your flow of juice began
By the center of your
panties and as I drank through more
And more, by the mutual exchange
The hole was humid and
While the environment to you was moist
your panties developed tropical and hot
Lips
Cannot they be yes, 'apart made
expected by the center of your panties.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Beat Inside Her Heart

as i beat
inside her heart
Me and she
and we, 'both are shy.
And, she soothes me
and speaks calmly.
Bringing me the peace
I needed at her moment of my need,
she needed it as well.

The outside,
of such beauty
but never covered thus completely.

He took off my dress.
If you looked through our window
even though it's,
and
we forgive you but;
you saw,
her take off my t-shirt
and the skirt upon me which he leaves.
His scent she smells his as well.
Never in this world thought below it, i am.
Did you also see what you saw when
slowly...he did it like thus;
removed were the panties which in 'love' is made transparent.
Her pink world fell into his psalms.
He asks about my day of the month.
She to see the star above him.
And at that time will she say and - you will under it
and good night/days silence,
you want it too the sky and more? - And was i writing,
where she is it folded or thoughts that wear it out.
He must be the rainbow mixed in she he is simple, because;
She drank of him and off too he sleeps.
Her deep love of that song
and she the oceans silence,
where I am good and will spill it because of her...it likes

and she opens it slowly
and she wants and to go out side of the silence.
The ink which both spill,
upon sheets of yellow onion skin paper
and probably she likes him better just in case of tomorrow.
He passes over and he says too her as he listens to her friend.
The ocean what of the green muscles,
which is soft and it moves it says...getting nearer
and taste of that abundant midnight sky,
which is to motion and being
high and above beating, beneath her heart,
and side by side with her pushing it gets it nearer
and when both are deep in sleep,
i see....it beating their.

James McLain

Bashfully, Shy A Moment Paused

A sparrow sings preening a white breast
Hopping from each branch, as if she was
another half-way in flying off too waiting.
Lily pads spread wide across are looking past
the frog from their hoods of iris yellow,
Bashfully, shy a moment it paused.
Waiting for that real defining moment.
The clouds part and down fall drops,
crystal clear and day sweeps softly past,

And the nights humid warm and shows it's piety,
Does our garden thrive? , tender soothing chick.
The nest within it preens...?
Are they yellow-green and sightly.
Does lightning flash the sun on waiting trees?
Is it a streams that laughs with private zest,
while quiet, never forced by the other thee?
The sun will smile down on grace with each
a dazzling face and be yours blue or brown
And hazel eyes the woods run off the sky mad
with you and clouds like youth it rushes us by.

p.l.d.

James McLain

God Loves Every Bird

God loves that and every small bird;
Everything he shows you,
because of that soft worry.
The single sparrow falls, it is possible,
but it is not, does it not rise and fly.
The originator has it always known.
There are they whom nest in the barn
which upon they do not fly far,
do not harvest the nest and the eggs.
Breakfast from all that it gives, 'God' in those,
one woman and one man gives over with those.
And this which we have known.
Because with that word which with that method
we read entirely,
we are small and the all smaller than small
each bird from him whom understands
and worry for the sake of, the giving.
God loves every bird where each is small.
But be still and certain that worry submits for the child
whom you follow from the sky
and from the chick of that, 'Gods' hair.

James McLain

And In It/It Dies

i only...desire the one simple fact...
that i may possess your heart...
your center....
it's sun...hot burning...
on fire...
As for me....
you are the fact...
that i can with love...
you it desired....
As for me the simple fact...
that I can be happy...
hearing your song.. is desired.
when you sing it...
As for me the fact...
that i can be brought up...
by you it is burning... desired.
i desire the fact that you posses....
specifics...
and wise in your selection...
i desire the fact that you choose..
every other...
another it's road...
And for me your swan...
in your' You desired...
the simple badness of it.
As for me i didn't but...You...
it desired...
full is desire...
and in it/it dies...

James McLain

When I Touch It

i rub it
right through them
and....
open windows.....

□

sleeping there as you do
after all this time
my eyes
as they did,
when first we met.
and every inch
i measure.
i treasure.
you can not feel it
as i
touch it
though it becomes
even more
transparent
your nose through your panties.
the oil smells of sandalwood
when rubbed around right through them
how your nose responds
and grows
up through them
until
in sleep
i release lost moonlight through the leaves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Winters Long As Hunger Comes

Without thine country of oneself of each island chained
scattered winds no comfort brings each orphans jump
which becomes fatigued, the battered shore,
and one made one which one is crushed,
makes the heart contest with him of whom you think that one,
we would like to go off distantly, directly near i'm always.
Didn't she it left;
As for him or didn't Whether or not the way waves parted,
you it wanted,
you it grew to know what the whether
it should have turned thee there; we would like to go away,
or upon the island, stand again, because.
It remains in the mixed red headed breed of which one
where you go and hesitate in him/herself you become
too complicated,
and it did not have the home it placed you there:
The straight, slightly slanted, standing stone,
your infinity of the granite prism locked within the circled
leafy well from whence it came and eye your first glance,
loneliness of the blood red circle banished him completely:
He went somewhere with that sorrow, pain to help regain
him self and returned to the agony of that country, 'that indecision'
winters long as hunger comes,
and summer, falls to spring as waves crash upon the shore..

James McLain

The Girl With The Boy

The girl with the tow headed boy
and the warm days of spring leaving...June
when she comes out laughing
he's running right into... the sun
coming out of the night
and that all when we play, each day....it is bright.
She illuminates the sky.....with her fun.
It is with her to come, when he falls,
then she calls to him when he stands.
Does he come too her with much favor.
Each day loosen take hold of your dreams,
your sleep does it listen, to you.
Come to the play ground well dressed.
If you lower the ladder against on white pretty fence.
Too jump up and down one finds....pretty- penny
is useful to us, we buy candy.
But something does more when it jumps, and it goes?
The person whom you both seat...must and play become play
when your dress becomes,
all the time when you play becomes dirty.
Skies are so blue when you climb up the latter,
why each when both asked, she/he, 'said'.

James McLain

Green As For Brown

As for green as for Brown
and for whom it is brown it is turned as for the wood
which is it was green and high,
as for each dropp of it full it fills of such high gray it diverges
the view which should never suffocate the four points of the wind
of the inspiration which when she is captured.

With both legs upright each nail of the dash and deep
simple is it green with which is beautiful each look temporary
flowers every color is grand and loved by one look
it goes around the lily of water which swirls and eddies.

Each mighty step from insight which is rich the birds
fly high which certainly is found because the left of dawn
turning bright perching on wood as they awaken,
which is captured by the poet who pursues the snake
it is free to walk therein upon it,
the wings connected completion broad breath the land
where she goes when he it she turns,
knowing it is thus, she rests therein upon and full to the base.

A butterfly yellow when in flight is sweet discerned,
because of a certain remainder of the air is thrown
in the same way as him and why do you shake it thus so.

James McLain

Ignorance

Knowing that the two syllable man
almost single highhandedly destroyed this country
and never pardoned any body...
on his row...
Texas...Alamo....i like Davy Crockett...
Sam Houston...
and because your opinion is diagnosed with..
pulled out eye teeth....
being old my gum es, i gummed...
she did, so i could eat or starve...
would you vote for again...for spite...
under dogs...mighty mite...Books might....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Suicide Is Forever

Twenty-seven percent of high school students said they had 'thought seriously' about killing themselves during the past year. Eight percent said they had actually tried to kill themselves.

Ten percent of U.S. college students admitted serious thoughts about suicide. Seven percent had a suicide plan.

Statistics also show that kids from high-income families kill themselves as often as those from poor or middle-class families.

These acts occur during a time when the person is feeling overwhelmingly upset. A situation like a breakup, an unintended pregnancy, the death of a sibling, a fight with a parent or boyfriend or girlfriend, being harmed by abuse or rape, or being victimized in any way can cause a young person to feel desperately upset.

More than 30,000 Americans commit suicide each year, and 5,000 of these people are teenagers.



The math never lies...but suicide is forever....
should there be a penalty or law for some one whom
causes a person through greed...fraud...
or false allegations of sexual abuse...where the out come
is or could be..... this...?
or should we hold out to the Darwinian process
of only the strong survive...?
Or that the profit of the suicide or attempt or thought thereof:
caused by greed as that above....
is only a purer form of American capitalism...
You know...you are either a winner or loser....
being caught up you must be adversarial...

.....

Teens & Preteens Ads
Suicide Prevention
Suicide Prevention Help
Suicide Prevention Groups
Army Suicide Prevention
Gay Teen Suicide Prevention

Suicide is Forever

If you are feeling suicidal right now and you want someone to talk to, call 911 in the United States. Stay on the phone with them until someone comes to you.

Always remember that there are phone numbers you can call 24 hours a day, 7 days a week from anywhere in the United States.

Every 100 minutes another teenager will commit suicide.

Suicide is the second leading cause of death among people between the ages of 14 and 25 in the United States.

The following statistics were taken from a recent survey of college and high school students by the CDC:

Twenty-seven percent of high school students said they had 'thought seriously' about killing themselves during the past year. Eight percent said they had actually tried to kill themselves.

Ten percent of U.S. college students admitted serious thoughts about suicide. Seven percent had a suicide plan.

More than 30,000 Americans commit suicide each year, and 5,000 of these people are teenagers.

Although one of every eight teenagers suffers with depression, the diagnosis is often missed, as depressive symptoms are often mistaken for the typical 'ups and downs' of teenage life. Even in societies where suicide is illegal or taboo, people still kill themselves.

Most suicides occur in the home between the hours of 3 p.m. and midnight. There are 30 to 50 times as many attempted suicides as completed suicides. Four times as many males complete suicide than females, but female teens attempt suicide twice as frequently as male teenagers.

Statistics also show that kids from high-income families kill themselves as often as those from poor or middle-class families.

For every teenage suicide, there are more than 100 unsuccessful attempts. "Copycat" suicides spread the tragedy even further.

People who talk about suicide often commit suicide. All talk about suicide should be taken seriously. People often have opposing feelings about whether or not they want to die, so there is always hope that they can change their minds if they receive professional help.

Many who attempt suicide are under the influence of drugs or alcohol. Be aware of this signal. Many attempts are impulsive acts, so be aware of the following warning signs.

If you suspect a friend is contemplating suicide, take the initiative and just ask him, 'Are you thinking about killing or harming yourself?' and 'How are you going to kill yourself?' This will often get him to talk about it. Be straight with him; get right to the subject. Tell an adult, a teacher, a guidance counselor or his parents about your concern for your friend's safety.

There is a suicide hotline phone number in almost every phone book and on the Internet. In the U.S., call the Suicide & Crisis Hotline at (800) 999-9999. The Suicide National Hotline in the U.S. is (800) 273-8255. Your friend may initially get angry with you, but it may save her life.

Some people who are suicidal are very good at hiding their emotional pain. That is why it is okay to just come out and ask if you think someone is hurting on the inside. Very often, those people are appearing cheerful and popular on the outside to mask their pain and suicidal thoughts on the inside. See the "Survivor's Story."

Your concern and intervention may be all that are needed to get the person to vent his feelings and change his mind. If someone exhibits self-destructive behavior, this is often a warning sign that he is seriously considering suicide, not just trying to get attention, as was once thought.

Remember, just because a suicidal person may get professional help and overcome her suicidal feelings, this in itself does not mean those feelings will not return, especially when she is confronted once again by the stress and the problems that caused her to consider suicide in the first place.

Often, teens think they are immortal. Remind anyone who is talking about killing himself that suicide is very permanent, and that you care if he is here with you in

this world.

The numbers are disturbing to many adults, yet they only partially convey the tragedy of teen and young-adult suicide. Each and every victim leaves behind a void in the hearts of her friends and her school, and an ongoing ache in the hearts of her families and loved ones. I know; I am one of them.

Some warning signs of suicide are:

depression

anger or hostility

inability to feel pleasure

feeling hopeless

isolation or withdrawal

insomnia

sleeping too much

loss of appetite

preoccupation with death

giving things away that were once valued

ending significant relationships or commitments (breaking up)

sudden uplift in mood after depression

sudden change in behavior or disruptive behavior

promiscuity (being very sexually active)

severe outbursts of temper

excessive substance use

absence from school or work

inability to carry out normal tasks of daily life

inability to laugh

Some Types of Suicidal Behaviors

About 60 percent of teen suicides are committed by a hand gun. Teen girls attempt suicide far more often than guys (about nine times more) , but guys are about four times more likely to succeed. Why is this different?

Male teens tend to use more deadly methods, like guns or hanging themselves. Girls most often attempt suicide by overdosing with medication or through some form of self-injury. Suicide deaths can occur from pills, medications and other harmful substances, especially if these substances are mixed.

Sometimes a depressed person plans an act of suicide in advance. (Often the planning of an act gives the person some feeling of control.) Most often however, suicide attempts are "impulsive acts."

These acts occur during a time when the person is feeling overwhelmingly upset. A situation like a breakup, an unintended pregnancy, the death of a sibling, a fight with a parent or boyfriend or girlfriend, being harmed by abuse or rape, or being victimized in any way can cause a young person to feel desperately upset.

"Coming out" for homosexual teens can also lead to suicide attempts if that person is no longer accepted by his family or friends.

In situations such as these, teens may fear humiliation, rejection, social isolation or another consequence they think they can't handle. Suicide attempts occur under conditions like this because in desperation and confusion, some teens see no other way out.

Risk Factors For Teenage Suicide:

Previous Attempts-Teens who attempt suicide remain vulnerable for several years, especially for the first 3 months following an attempt. These people may become very clever about hiding their true feelings. Keep in contact with them.

Personal Failure-High standards (the teen's or the parents') that are not met,

even after only one setback, may set off a downward spiral ending in suicide.

Recent Loss-Death of close friends or family, divorce, or breakup with a boyfriend or girlfriend may leave a teenager so lost and alone that suicide seems the only option.

Substance Abuse-Some teens abuse drugs or alcohol to self-medicate overwhelming depression. A combination of depression, substance abuse and lowered impulse control can end in a suicide attempt. This is often a fatal combination.

Family Handguns-A gun in the house may make it easy for a troubled teen to commit suicide; children of law-enforcement officers have a much higher rate of suicide because of the accessibility of guns. If you think your son or friend is in danger of harming himself, please have someone remove that gun from the home!

Family Violence-Violence in the home teaches youths that the way to resolve conflict is through violence.

Lack of Communication-The inability to discuss angry or uncomfortable feelings within the family can lead to suicide. Anger turned inward often leads to depression.

Remember, if someone you know says, 'I want to kill myself' or 'I'm going to commit suicide,' take the statements seriously and immediately seek the help of a trusted adult, such as a teacher, nurse, parent or counselor.

Experts feel it's OK to ask a depressed teen if she is thinking about suicide. Asking this question provides assurance that somebody cares, and might give the young person the opportunity to talk about her problems. Also, take the time to learn more about depression. You might just save a life. The death of a young person is always a tragedy.

People with schizophrenia have a higher rate of suicide than the general population. Approximately 10 percent of people with schizophrenia (especially young adult males) commit suicide. Unfortunately, the prediction of suicide in people with schizophrenia can be especially difficult.

Teens with generalized anxiety disorders may also be at greater risk for suicide attempts.

Talking About Suicide—One 'Survivor's Story'

'Suicide is a subject often taboo to mention, and one that's likely to get a mixture of reactions from people. It's not something I tell most people I meet. In the past, I've overdosed four times and ended up in the hospital having my stomach pumped. I have tried the toaster and the boom box in the bath tub, it doesn't work; I don't recommend it. It's not worth getting hospitalized for a psychiatric reason. A psychiatric institution is kind of like prison, although I have never been in prison. They tell you when you can eat and where you have to be when. You have no privacy. If I wanted to shave (I am a guy) , I had to have someone with me, to make sure I wouldn't hurt myself. If I wanted to use my acne cleanser pads, the nurse had to give them to me and watch me use them because they have alcohol in them and some people would try to suck on them, just to get their 'fix' of alcohol. Shoelaces are not allowed until they think you are no longer a danger to yourself. So no shoe laces in anyone's sneakers or shoes. You have to go to group therapy, even when you don't want to. It is very regimented.

For a long time, I've lived with the comfortable 'emergency exit' trap door in my mind, marked with 'Well, if things get too bad, I can always kill myself.' At a particularly low point a couple of years ago, I fantasized daily about hanging myself. It was the final way out. The knowledge that I didn't have to put up with the daily grind and pain of my life if I didn't choose to was sort of a comfort.

I'm not going to advocate anything to you here one way or the other. I have no right to do that. Nor does anyone else have the right to give such directives to another person. I am just talking about my own experience, because maybe someone will read this who feels suicidal sometimes.

If you're feeling suicidal, and don't want to feel that way-you know that the feelings are due to the pain, isolation, healing or whatever you're going through, and you want some pointers and things to hold on to, to help to pull you out of your despair-then I suggest you go to a support group and hear what they have to say. You will realize when you are with other people who have been very depressed that you are not alone with your feelings.

As for me right now? Well, I see a shrink and am in group therapy now. I like the people in the group and their attitudes. But I'm also still here, alive, taking antidepressants, with no definite plans to kill myself at the moment. I have a partner, who is a very large part of the reason why I want to stay alive-I really don't want her to feel the pain of my death. But that doesn't mean that the emergency exit has been sealed up. I just try to live my life one day at a time,

and I often find that I do get pleasure out of life, from simple things. And I am glad to still be alive.'

-Jerry, age 19-California, U.S.A.-2000-

Update from Jerry-Age 21-Sept.2002:

'I'm still here on this planet. I've got a new job that I like; I still see my shrink-without him, I think I'd be lost or dead. I am on medication, which does help me a lot (it works for me; not pushing it on anyone else) . I'm glad to be able to tell you that being a teen is so difficult at times, I was very close to death at one point, but I'm really happy to still be alive. Sure, I have my moments of 'darkness' and doubts about myself and my future, and then they pass, thanks to some unknown force. Good luck on your journey. If you are feeling really down, call a friend; just keep trying something.'

Recommending Reading

(I have read all of these, all are very good) . If you could only read one, I would chose 'No One Saw My Pain', the middle one. It's about teenage suicide.

Making Sense of Suicide: Complete Guide to Why People Kill Themselves - An in-depth look at why people kill themselves. (Kurt Cobain photo on cover)

No One Saw My Pain: Why Teens Kill Themselves - A psychiatrist specializing in depression and crisis intervention sheds light on this situation.

Why Suicide? - Answers to the most frequently asked questions from those in pain and survivors in the wake of suicide.

When Nothing Matters Anymore - A Survival Guide for Depressed Teens - by Bev Cobain

In 1994, rock star Kurt Cobain ended his struggle with depression and chemical dependency by taking his own life. His suicide stunned millions of teens around the world who identified with the music of his band, Nirvana. Bev Cobain is Kurt's cousin, and this powerful book is her way of dealing with his death-and reaching out to teens with lifesaving facts and advice. Bev defines and explains depression, describes the symptoms and emphasizes that depression is treatable. Teens learn to recognize depression, understand its effects, take better

care of themselves and talk with people who care.

Hotlines:

Always remember that there are phone numbers that you can call 24 hours a day, 7 days a week from anywhere in the United States. Don't get off of the phone; stay on the line. Try to get a friend to come stay with you if you are alone!

National Suicide Prevention Lifeline Hotline Number (800 273-TALK

(800) SUICIDE (800) 784-2433

U.S. Suicide Hotline (800) 999-9999

Kids Help Phone (Canada) (800) 668-6868

Suicide Prevention - The Trevor HelpLine - (Specializing in gay and lesbian youth suicide prevention) (800) 850-8078

1-800-SUICIDE (800) 784-2433

Check out our Hotlines page for additional hotlines if you need one.

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About this Author

Ken Chisholm's expertise in health care, orthopedics, surgery and nursing spans well over thirty years. He holds multiple board certifications in these areas. Ken has a passion for empowering people to be more educated and involved about their health and to become more aware and active in the health care environment.

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Written by: Ken Chisholm.....

James McLain

Beating Beneath Her Heart

Me too she both are shy.
And, she soothes me
and speaks calmly.
Bringing me the peace
I needed at her moment of my need,
she needed as well.

The outside,
of such beauty
but never covered thus completely.

He took off my dress.
If you looked through our window
you saw,
her take off my t-shirt
and the skirt upon me which he leaves.
His scent she smells his as well.
Never in this world thought below it, i am.
Did you also see what you saw when
slowly...he did it like thus;
removed were the panties which in 'love' is made transparent.
Her pink world, fell well, into his psalms.
He asks about my day of the month.
She to see the star above him.
And at that time will she say and - you will under it
and good night/days silence,
you want it too the sky and more? - And was i writing,
where she, is it folded or thoughts that wear it out.
He must be the rainbow mixed in she he is simple, because;
She drank of him and off too he sleeps.
Her deep love of that song
and she the oceans silence,
where I am good and will spill it because of her...it likes
and she opens it slowly
and she wants and to go out side of the silence.
The ink which both spill,
upon sheets of yellow onion skin paper
and probably she likes him better just in case of tomorrow.
He passes over and he says too her as he listens to her friend.

The ocean what of the green muscles,
which is soft and it moves it says...getting nearer
and taste of that abundant midnight sky,
which is to motion and being
high and above beating, beneath her heart,
and side by side with her pushing it gets it nearer
and both when in sleep, see it beating.

James McLain

From Thy House: Mr Speaker

-
-

Two was it once of i... is it all that we are, you have left?
Two stanzas a cure and healing, our singing your song.
You to you and i see! ..I always run towards, the open.
Hands counting shadows those fingers are thine in too.
May i be seen not touched, by they, my own, thus not by
me and blind to the people, some one they, never can see.
Pledge thy thus, never again, allow they too harm me.

Shadowless sun creeping in..it is hot as always cool again.
Knowing a tree in the shadow that councils, is wise to us all.
Exposing only edges, leafy branches, they share our shape
Thereof thus is light, wherein reality ignites, you to them.

It is good, it is sad, directional each shadow it flows,
each tells it's all, secreted unveiled faces, 'Mr.Speaker.
And slender the waist of thine evergreen, it is scented.

James McLain

Plain White Tissue

it was only because of the way
you did it to me
keeping the main subsection
always in the middle
while your friends
and where you found such friends
that and that they are civil
swelling each cluing over
at each other never
though until
and working each one
independently of each other
while you always
as always you could and
never changing the subject
while being not distracted
always bringing the conversation
to each successful
conclusion
while your friends always being
happy ever being ratified
at your diplomacy
running up both sides with
plain white tissue
because of all the tears.

James McLain

My Mother's Brother, Leaves

He pulls my shirt up.
She pushes me back.

My bra.
I feel a sudden coolness.
Sticky warm moistness
on my breast.

I once saw a friend say,
where a man
sucked his wife's breast
so hard
he left nothing for our baby.
I think
he is sucking like your man.

The babies is still kicking.

I hear a door open.
Bra,
peeking out, startling white,
dripping,
it is blinking.

Mother.

It is time.

I am afraid
he will have milk on his lips.

'She was just milking it, ' I say,
Testing the pump.

my Mother's brother, leaves.

James McLain

Song Of Number Five

Pull me in your mercy deep the murky water,
runs nearby in song of number five, the sun it sees
and for me, i see your smile.

Place it their and you it can too me it moves forever does,
and for you and you do not but have to seek
nor by it permit it, but it shows as do the others,
when they look, i know and seek them not, but thus.

But to know how deep inside you can always ask
it too when by you in order to it's simple too inquire.

About that plate i put in place upon that everything
that flowers blooms or even, just i'm saying.

for the second time and none could say it more and i'
you help the fact that such method loves your friend
I/you resetting me to you is found by You', a friend, or even.

To entirely in regard as for me you saw, is it desired.

Your' face beneath the cloudy sky and it is All I feel.

Normal i can be but to do as preferred to see, i was today.

To i am in speech regards; As for eve, ' You' know It needed;

To entirely, helps the fact that as for your desire.

I am close in this regard and know, no other at this time.

Would you feel the warmth of your hand held admission,
Confessing it in side.

which by everyone whom everyone who is such normal craving
does can take you place it, 'Pull it when your nearby me
and by me it does one each only, ever,

you do not have to ask to have code enforcement permit,
upon inside on which to build it.

Second time it comes and says and I' you, Help
the fact that makes the method and as your friend
when by your need why would you need to ask.

In resetting me to you is found 'said' You' To it entirely

and as being does it swell as do the waves

that come on shore in such regard, then come and
coming, come if as so far/for me, desired.

You' are All I' am, 'To you regard;

As for Eve You' It needed, ' Adam and it tells; To entirely,

help the fact that as for me and as such runs deep desire

and desired, I am too close in such regard and showing, know,
you know it would feel the warmth of your self admission

which everyone whom everyone who is in my craving place
does can it take your place and touch one smile, you know.

James McLain

Too His Intended

too his intended
her oneself
her of her other
of the purple mind
and similar plain
petticoat and yellow
garters worn
and like the dim lit thing
each is now the fire
why it burns down low
being like is that
of which her 'English'
Speech is 'Queen'
she sprinkles
silver dusk, has past
and vast qualities
of it his wick
candle
her intended
which is open to the windows
pain of rain
when skies are clear and 'dear'?

James McLain

Thine I Need A Quite Majority

How it is that i like thee?
Courtly are thy manners to me.
how i liken too with thee
with it's depth and width and size.
and which my heart it can never reach,
i feeling out of the sun it's sight.
forever the ends thy to be
and of ideal paths thine grace.
liken thee of thee on the level 'loves' everyday'.
Quiet thine majority of need,
by the sun and gleam of candle.
loves liken thus too thee freely,
Quiet thine majority of need
because the men;
thus tested to obtain mine the line sweet strung heart.
liken it too thee and so purely,
because they turn oft around I/it's praise.
likened too thee with thy passion and put away
and as I' used it;
In my old sorrows, and with my childhood'
faith of friend.
likens thee with a love that seemed to glow
with mine lost saints, - thee i love
with thy breath, smiles, tears, of all my life! - and,
if God choose, me but thee i love better after mine death.

James McLain

Inside My Sisters Satin Panties

inside my sisters satin panties

My mother, the dead, blue-skinned and elegant;
to be like secrets of magic as well as science;
these were aspirations that I couldn't believe
other boys didn't hold on too.

Who would want to be the Superman
and go around hitting things,
when Jesus could create life out of words?
Some from the dead, others wore eyeliner and jewelry.
They're subtle.

Alexander was to great.

They know the secrets of life and death,
not just how to throw a lightning bolt down from the clouds.

For the queen mother, a god's softness was refined.

This wasn't queer; it was regal.

I began connecting power and prestige with the trappings
of feminine gender in my already
eccentric nine-year-old head.

I had never felt up a girl in the transsexual sense,
but as a kid I felt as though life would've been easier
if I were born female, or at least tossed both parts.

I had other reasons to identify power with femininity.

My father, an alcoholic,
was away on business half the time,
off in some exotic location like titty bars or
Mons Venus,
filming episodes of selling life insurance policies.

He got to be like

Tarzan plunging into green jungle temples.

I wanted so badly to go with him.

Instead, I spent long stretches of time with my mother,
being raised by her, by my sister,
and by an interchangeable cast of girls and stepsisters.
Associating femininity with authority has, as a result,
always seemed natural to me.

Mom should have never been in charge, because.

One afternoon, my mother surprised me by saying,
"Guess what?"

I love her tenderly, where nothing is exciting. Even in death.

For thrills,

I used to wait until my mother
and aunt were absorbed in each other,
then I'd sneak into her bedroom and open her bottom drawer.
This is where she keeps her prosthetic breasts.
I loved to suck them and feel the fake nipples.

Just below her breasts.

It was the sixties, and she has never looked more fashionable.

I got bored reading and painting Michelangelo
into pictures with gay women that really loved it Greek.
I tried to read my book but it has always been difficult for me to read inbreeding,
I rarely disobeyed my mother.
Disappointing her or worse, angering her, is a fear I carried with me for years
into her manhood, an ice cube in my hairy pocket.

Starving,

I knew I'd have to wait a queen's reign before dinner was set
before me at the sushi restaurant and lounge,
our usual eating place.

Wash up and get out." I did as I was told.

"Panties are there to catch the drips after you pee, or if you have to go so bad
you start leaking. You will wear panties, because no one wants to see drops of
pee on the front of your warts."

Once, I was waiting at school for my babysitter to pick me up, Wearing panties
didn't help me that day.

My mother has also told me that women urinate just a little
when they sneeze,
particularly if they've never had a baby.
I don't know if this happens to most women,
or just to my mother.
Her odd bodily issues and stranger explanations
for mysterious phenomena

(such as the reason why black dogs in white neighborhoods bark at brown people– because dogs like garbage, and black people take the garbage away) have convinced me and that I cannot believe anything she ever told me. This may be another reason that I see something like gender as arbitrary. In my home a boy wearing panties, reality was a subjective thing.

The need to wear pink panties was not arbitrary to my mother. I had to hide the fact that I wasn't wearing any, I tried to hold this information in, but at nine years old a boy just didn't have the power too. I suppose I just wanted to see what could happen.

"I'm sorry., I forgot! I'm not used to peeing for myself! "

"So are you wearing the same dirty panties you wore all day, after you took your shower? "

"No. mother, I'm not wearing your panties."

In the rear view mirror, my mother frowned. Despite the subsequent silent flatulent treatment, I had to hide my impish grin, knowing I had trapped her and that she wouldn't make me put on her used panties. I could feel my boy parts airing out.

My mother sighed and left the room. When she returned, she threw something the color of chocolate down on my face. They landed without making a sound.

"Put these on."

I can't disassociate my mother's words from the same line that Dr. mum-a-lumster says to

"Here, put these panties on. They'll make you feel less like a boy, open there, more vulnerable."

They were my sisters satin panties,
all stretched out from her size zero hips and buttocks.

James McLain

Modest Mustache Talking Beard

It is that I am what you are.
It is that you are close to far.
Hands found me out it's nice.

Milk by the gallons.
Mouth fulls of milk!
It was in the valley of home.

Pencils twin peaks, pink erased it.
Modest mustache talking beard.

Between something warm.
But it's never cold enough.

I lay down next to your sister.
Asleep in each hand, full of Mr.
Your finger nail seen next to mine.

I wear clouds out white creamy silk.
Emily once it covered -uncovers.
I want you to think spurned- too.

James McLain

Your Breasts

my hand
remembered
your breasts
your breasts
remembered
my hand.

James McLain



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Deep It May Sink

And when it dies
and there is no dominant right
it left off with you.
As for those which play at the center
even lined with right and wrong,
which dies exposed using the butterfly each person
of wind and west points east which with all are one;
When being each clean and goes
and cleans around the bone, wherein the bone
if it is chosen there is a star with a thumb and a toe.
However those that fill butter dust cups full fragrant the air,
it is healthy, those passing by over the wide green gulf,
however deep it may sink.
it rises for the second time.
it rises for the third time.
Time will rise and catch her up when time it falls.
However too you my sweetheart i am lost, as for love.
And it dies and there is no dominant right.
And it dies and there is no dominant left.
As she once again, clutters the ocean with her limp wings.
Being squeezed from both sides to bye' time
and crossing the cross loves the middle.

James McLain

Eyes Dull But Happy

old pictures of those faces like yours I' see
and "fishing in the panties."
particularly the white fishnet crotchless, bald faces.
there is part of me which should be more daring than that.
but is not usually only because of fear of sharks
and that you lived with for all my childhood.
to be the sliding silver mullets
and the stinky small sardines,
being spontaneous should be a part of each our nature
of body, mind and soul.
forgetting the years psychological of It for me.
it is not easy to be so open,
hairy your face, blank stares and eyes dull but happy;
to be spontaneous because of the years of the life with
unexpectedness of life's night time familial suppression's
and of all the alcoholism in my family.
it helps to employ this method to help it open up
and the police officer to include/understand it needn't
prepare so many tickets, when i speed.
a certain part of me,
probably the part which does not remember
the first memories,
can almost include/understand your deepest need;
to be a personality' in multiples.
blessings with you,
to have courage to divide the moon with me.

James McLain

I Shimmer In Posies

Yet....You are not surprised happy...in the flower,
that....the neck it does upon the frost...
and shimmer in posies perhaps...
accidentally in that...the play of power.
The assassin of the blond sun crosses.
The sun is not perturbed....it advances,
separated in order to measure from another good day,
because of 'God' himself are you...kissed...approval.

James McLain



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Pink Shells Lay Strewn About

Setting out and Consequently by the dimness
of the moon lit sky
and the oyster bar i walk along each night
the tide low moves out
they unmoving lay in sleep deep solace that place
half in and out each watered covered shell
where the drifting currants of life and it
pink joints work each hinge my salty lips are put.
Hearing them in the stillness, squish squirt squishes
green water jetting high and muscles long brown beards
green onions full wet 'May', 'Red fish tailing,
The shadow grows each Snook but strong wide
tides darkly, getting some rain on our process,
We' Regulating shells open Eaton discharged; before handling
eroticism is the simple sweet raw meaty oyster
pink shells lay strewn about the mountains
and but could they ask us why they are devoured by me
and wide governs the cloudy sail,
the atmosphere is tight this nigh, t i eat your fill,
we who are not but lightly treading down the coast,
and who questions by which the rudder and this bark!

James McLain

How Deeply Can I Be

When the ocean as blue runs one off as deeply
and deeply can I be.

And I have then your wants to pass the remainder
of my life too far with one honest nun, shed of black.

James McLain



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Your Pale White Hand

worldly and others are sleeping
your pale white hand
window it enters
windy smiling it rustles
tree tops reddened
like a white wild cherry flower
you and I
danced
all live together with
I am the white and draped
you round with my body
holding interior of an egg,
her shell I am.

James McLain



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Commerce My Friends

Commerce my friends; held without air,
and modern day spoils, purge against.
Such beasts to rhyme, lanced blood begot,
and effort boils from life denied each man.
From salt a cure to hide 'Latin' it's manifesto,
and at sea the bird is no longer our friend.

Commerce my friend;
I know too deep thy dredge,
and fear lies deep as sleep...
upon your oceans, shores.

James McLain



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'Oh' Caroline

Caroline, when free a wee strong thing,
canna loved too fly upon her wings.
Lovely wee 'Oh' Caroline, weren't thou are mine,
I cheer too wear thee proud upon my bosom,
Lest thine locket jewel it bright inside will shine.

Wishfully I my look and languish thus it be
fair that bonnie face O' grace to thee,
And my heart it pounds with sore it is/it's anguish,
Lest my wee is sweet my bonnie 'Caroline', na da be.

Wistful bowing leafy willows heart
and Grace, and Love, and Mercy see,
High upon i/eye constellation, shines.
To adore thee is my duty, father thy
Goddess of' this soul O' mine, art thine!



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r.b.

James McLain

Endless Time

From that cold fiery each beginning.
We, none had time to chose,
and now having a choice, we
grow frantic for our lost time.
Verily, we are to early to ever be late.

James McLain



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She Nods And Winks

Dad shot himself last week
and thinking back to when we were kids, looking
across at sis... she nods and winks..
thinking with me how it was..
because and smiling now...
her the trouble which is and it is caught concerning.
There being a chest which is large to my sis,
and she being promoted to be me
as always in all the schools of her school
and seeking me out too practice love.
she knew my feelings, in me as for me saying,
those which you said and her making that I touch them possible.
As for 'dad' who put my hand where as for me
and she comes to my bed, wet on her panties by mistake
is calling to the night when you, he said.
I too her did not call out to those lips under any condition.
As for my sis that' which I could not control...
So the fact that it is done; looking over at me now..Certainly.
Ours If the head 'Mummy' had of inspected them,
as for her open is the cross of the father who as for him
grew jealous of his son, him whom doesn't
and that thrill seeking king woman reaching,
and likes anything thought with someone who she is with like I.
He kills me, but as for me he' You would think;
Before going away from the store and sis, he to buy her panties
tried on every, everything,
because her attempt in those could it possess,
the hypocrite of our 'dad' being that type is done in me of the lunatic,
calls out to me from the grave.
Whether or not as for me my other sibling she has,
you think in my doubts, you have a mind as well.
In any case, sis is very sweet, sexy I loves her.
I that we would like it there over the coffin to be with she,
you think, hearing her laughing....But I tilt.

James McLain

Cut As You Are

if but i stay
can you not at least try them on
if i could only but see you through them
through my eyes
lips so remarkably livid alive
as like your face
when it glows
your cheeks so full and my head
how it spins
when you do what you do
when you do it
the shock from it
when i rub it
all around smaller each circle until
you have reason to cry
and weeping through them
cut as you are
it is hard to restring the rose
when i blow on your nose as i do.

James McLain

Pushing Her Heart Out

it is why i am shy.
and she kneaded me
bringing it out calmly but gentled it fully.
and he took off my dress.
she took off my tee-shirt
my cotton skirt he left on me.
he removed my transparent panties.
her pink world fell out.
he ask about the moon.
she showed him the star.
and then she said - you want something good? - and i thought
she must be me to have it.
he must be a rainbow because;
she drank of him.
because him/she likes
and she wants that i open something good
she asks him slowly
and perhaps if i eat something
her pink nose is so pretty
his she likes it, Lilies tomorrow.
Rose moved too far away
he over hears and she telling her friends.
speaking of a soft wave moving a sea is in motion
a fullness that tastes of foam fresh off the sea
it is salty it is lovely too see
his pushing her heart up closer and closer
that one kiss brings her closer this sea.

James McLain

'Fog And Soul'

'Fog and Soul'

which the wind and I hail, with you in whispers
and the change of rain spotted now,
cover your day with the silk veil and when I move it, driven.
Painful as painful each kiss missed
and when love mixed the brain and the body' thereof;
The pain of my heart, as for me/my sky perhaps,
Standing me up it withstands.
I paused and the wave nodded over you. my love.
perhaps because of my life so be it/is buried shallow
and moved eventually around in the constant night
and the leaves hanging over me,
rain down as you once did upon my soul.

James McLain



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A Name..

From the cloth where the yellow flame
is whiter than the name,
my name had attached me to the body, time is time;
And it stops the hand, informs.
Do name and the name which can come mustard,
wild oaks there anywhere come.
Why calling my father, each too ask?
As for the parents then each child you telephone.
Before he/she has known, to high too reach,
because, 'Stacy' and I am me, obtained as an art work
and we would like to give unto each of those.
That wife or anyone worry why, come she does as 'Bobbie',
whether or not, I my daughter lists her name, states 'Caroline'
Or as for it's new found name, which is mine.
'You like; Charles' For my son, in order Speech to grow?

James McLain



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A Name.

From the same whiter cloth of yellow flame,
my name has worn me out.
When time it's hand then stops and tells, my name.
From anywhere but there, can come a name.
Names don't come calling and asking parents, why?
Fathers and mothers then call to each one child.
Stacy as a piece of work and art before he grew
and I want to give to them as well, before I got.
Why does 'Bobbie' and her husband or anybody else care
whether I name my daughter, 'Caroline' or
a man name, like 'Charles' for my son, to go by?
Himself, I am and always was will, always be...
that name is know to all whom read....
some names...you always know.....

James McLain



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The Old Mill

Empty of lumber, their closing the mill,
each seam is weathered and cracked.

Heaviness comes from what is pushed in.

It takes great strength to pull it all back

But from the length of the wood that
surrounds the rim, around the mill is quite.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hello:Just Stick Your Head In

The two legged bait...was young..rash..
already wounded..leaking....and blind.
The lion...very old...yellow long of tooth.
His last approach was not very....stealthy.
The lion took too the bait.
We watched the lion walk off happily satisfied,
knowing that....as long as we can never wait...
and over our next meal..we can replay this..
one over..and over..i wonder..how can some..
people be so disgustingly....sensitive...to...cats..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Of The Silence

There is your pledge
and i of you the silence.

Which one from power is cancelled and cancels
and as for me, forevermore, which it is entreated.

To you it is slower, nevermore.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Justice Can Present A Thick Wall

Yesterday was my long time before.
I being then birthed,
had memory from most your dreams.
But as for my why and when then it/is there,
before me,
like the hands breadth of sun it is so bright- upon me.
And the wall became the thorn upon your 'rose',
whispering softly, come here and listen my rose.
Slowly the rose, and ever too slowly,
between me,
and the sky always full of clouds
became your dreams.
Until that moment when lost, i touched the moon,
the rose-his trellis the 'Wall'. light shadows.
I am your son, i am back.
I am now one with the shadow
and it lights the other, i am inside.
Already the good light wraps on my door of your dream
and as before it was you with me.
Justice presents a thick wall.
Justice can cast out the shadows. Your hand recalls!
From darkness one hand brings forth civil light.
They being human masks some times my broken eyes,
which i pass through the wall, like i did once in youth!
Find my dream within your dream and dreams come true!
It is one tall order from the facts that I pulverized this darkness
help it thus to break this night,
in order to break this shadow, into thousands of stars
those lights and write of the sun, your dream by the thousands
and revolutions have long since your the path around the sun!

James McLain

Rain Of Abundance

Anyone that 'I wish' petitions hath of her each request
and your hasty lips speak and lay within thy will.

Would thou expel it as simple surplus?

I make for thee to each and each for thee she/her
shelter and be it irritated still because, when shown,
it is fully and in this way each superseded an addition
and thine it now makes.

Now too loves order, one makes time to grant such
order to hide my will in thine, it is large, it is wide,
and thou of you why now wilt?

With elegance and other things on the right of my will
the way only shines

and coming forth decision of fair acceptance.

The sea.

The ocean and all waters held there in from that shore,
however the rain of abundance, still thine the receipt of.

Therefore too you,

whom are abundant should add to thy will each one will
of my one

and in order to do for the many, in thy larger plan, his will.

You must not murder nor do harm

and not have to have a permit of fair 'Catholic' beseechers
of non- human feelings,

excluding mine one entirely and of your womb,

and would you think not of it, when next you think it is me.

James McLain

Spring Break

Walking underneath the peer, always on my mind
by beauty queens all lined up,
in rows like ducks, and i smile, they smile back.
the sort,
that's infectious where they all seem to catch my eye,
their daddy's would grow as well i'm sure quite mad.
the front part, open as for me as for the tri- car opened
of her transparent bikini.
smiling as i see, it is fit;
the slit of their eyes as they watch us all walk by.
she is hers barely clear and love is so clever
and the oysters pearl the shell is pink as well.
the guys walking by and i snicker as their eyes are looking
at the other guys pants as pants were hard and with the
woman shortage which is this my center they staged
premeditated, where with the growing of it, all smile.
i am sluggish and my turtle is trained to never come out
in the rain even if the sun is high today it's hot, again i laugh.
lovely ages of they,
it can literally see the uterus her beauty a thing, her musts.'
the panties over there by her you walked and every one of
each a vision of 'Mary'
the virgin to many, which is, just, due to it does not own a cross.
no the toe of the camel opens there was frontage, 'wedged in her.
Girl that, you apply, adjust the time, can tilt you scrutinized,
the people who look at that it makes a fuss about nothing.
you obtained the fact that it is laughing,
as a note and trembling which it enjoys and comes
having must take 2nd glance cause of all the girl hungry
of your pine needles,
and plus how would they know if you weren't, so hungry.
obtaining clean salty leaves believes my eyes and yours.
switched is the time of year when you all arrive alive the bikini is eaten,
it is huge now, still laughing you laugh and swell as well.
the only lip which you think that I would like to see,
is something which when soprano is sung,
and the public put that in notice show over 18 years old,
it has all the people with the toe of your camel, on their mind.
We all know what spring break is for, Clear water, clears the mind.

James McLain

As I Touch It

sleeping there as you do
after all this time
my eyes
as they did,
when first we met.
and every inch
i measure.
i treasure.
you can not feel it
as i
touch it
your nose through your panties.
the oil smells of sandalwood
when rubbed around right through them
how your nose responds
and grows
up through them
until
i release it.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

And I As You Ask

every time i have died and she with whom i loved
and form hath, a misty fog which i paid,
full her dew too her lips more than once.
and her last debt where i am good, because.
and her mind cast to the heavens became mine too quickly.
she/her heart i put out completely with tears of the sky.
where her my heart as i watch is still beating.
for his love she praises in soft whispers as would the leaves
ever green barely discerned apart perceptible
from which under the light of the full moon smooth of bark
glossy is polished, 'God' so as forth from head of the rivers
flow down to the sea where each blade of grass is shown.
need loves mine and hast of my thirst gave me all away, hers is the
throat squeezed firm and thirsty, their inside i found thee.
however and still it melts your mine too me, watching your pulse.
you and i so many and much and love is but for each time
and i as you ask, you i entreat against the soft cover of dawn.
and just the fear of your love
and which one will i ask and of each of the four angels,
before i would taste such fire again.

James McLain

The Silver Maker

i am the art of silver that you gaze into and make
and i am strict.
strict and hard,
harder than the strictest,
and holding it, i am the supreme possessor
of that and behind the glass from which you gaze.
do not do it, as thus i did,
because for your will
and your wants i may have need...my preconception.
rigid is your posture and what pray tell you speak
and which you meet to greet me,
swallowed exactly as you ascribed, it is that directly,
whether love with repugnance...unassisted.
I am not just cruel and honest-the eye of the small box
where four corners you angle within too acquire.
When it is thine fifty one -forty nine majority,
i think you meditate, concerning the opposite wall.
that ink spot and pink looking on they ignore,
until you turn your back.
i looked at that and I think of that therefore
and that is my central issue and one part too long.
but she that blinks.
another surface and darkness is no time to us.
this time as for me as when at the lake, it is the front lawn.
the woman bends in me, is she, the soft talking of my range
is really therein thus searched.
there are then some and as i am not politically correct,
and those that are, turn on that her candle month after month.
i meet to her and reflect that it is, i so faithfully.
she imparts too me the damage
and i give her proper remuneration, to which there then is
great agitation of the hand. i am important for her, i think.
she keeps coming back and going away.
normal i believe for she is a woman.
those where as my every morning
and my darkness is exchanged for her light smiling face.
with me as for her the girl, it is young but not to young and
old but not to old when the old woman like the hot flashes
in her only one, while every, everyday the sun rises on me.

James McLain

'Queen-Like' Dreams Escape

'God' made it sanctified,
that which is with, within the mighty flowing river
and which nothing may it,
can it, hide it thus from sunlight,
it billows closely by the burning fire,
and many are the dreams from which it awakes;
There through out, cast about is my court,
my extravagant throne living among those,
the gavel of thy grave of life before and latter,
after the mosses breath upon, it is the stone,
from which your hand and did you cast it off..
Etiquette to which and the desired is living legend
and does whithin it/mine, thine/my immature ear.
My infancy period, still within i am, i am and where it is
perhaps to the blinding sun, if it is bright,
as for me i looked at your dreams at my mysterious house,
knits the flower garland beauty of the 'Queen' to learn.
It was to be friendship and love and reputation
and everyone, my monopolized ones;
Jelious be but words with out a tounge to speak them.
Hands that scattered the rose, as me, my moss I love inspect
it is as I looked upon your dream with heavy stone.
As and those flowers you the breeze you sang the
or fallen, through the leaf of many hues and vibrant colors, still.
It starts out full each desire our range of vision,
'Queen-like' dreams escape.
Accomplishing a thorn remains so still upon the rose,
like friendship and love, do to have never died to be.
The breeze is attached passing by each way,
me of your life which exceeds the river constant
and which I consider your each sigh independently,
look at your dream my moss i inspect, it is, it is not placed
with the resach of those stones.
And the sound like death it's knell of that funeral,
does it not the breeze, in proper order for they to be attracted,
to each slurp as the bees that buzz and to cry your relief
and sigh through out the day, when night it comes.

James McLain

Forgiveness

Forever; comes, before it comes, our night.
Forgiveness does it change the light, our sight?
Does it not erase that all of which was ever done?
The passing years are chasing us to close, behind,
clay walls....behind my wall, where each of us, we stand.

None will say, all will lay upon the mortars moving constant.
Time left off to time it moves each dam, within the living.
Thoughts are ever runing, moving off and distant winds
are turning back upon each life, it's breath your hand
when warm has blown upon it, does it feel, as you have felt.
And coming back around the wall at dusk, like night it settles.

James McLain



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Bare-Faced

Bare-faced, I hand her the words.
Bare-faced, I give the thought to her.
The woman of the white cotton smiles,
rises and being at the edge of the pond
her upper body nude is correct,
the throat of that wrist of the moon
where sweet our damage escapes
and I confront to my lily bravely.
She and He escaped, I in stone,
made the water lavender quiet.

.....

The woman in white cotton smiles,
bare-chested rising and falling now.
Our tears running off neat and sweet.
The legs of his frog brave on the pad
of my, green lily wide.
He and I.
Even after,
over the stones the water runs off,
hushed, it is night.

James McLain

Barely Used Panties

As for 'Victoria's vanilla scented Secret'
As for 'Victoria's vanilla scented Secret'
So really it was on that girls full figured center
and how on the 'Today Show'ed, it worked;
You called that one gorgeous model tossed the panties
where they are slightly amused with her on the table!
She the clerk when the odor goes undetected,
and applies that perfume and cancels the sale, repossessed.
When just barely her odor is the new world order
which then is put in place on that table is expressed!
That I buy just the panties with the hanger is good thing!
I now never buy panties for the second time,
from the table not separated...by smell.
Believing the good people, do we not believe,
in being, Conservative?
Even the middle...what are a few scattered tear drops.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Her Brain Imposes A Tax

The small-numbered buffoonery,
is why the teacher short-circuits the circus.
The happy meal it leaves before the smile.
Wheels turn,
But on which it turns your hamster' turns and dies.
Out of all the bubbles, I couldn't find you.
The yellow butter inside the pancake.
slid off the plate.
The cheese switches sides and the cracker slides and falls.
Fisher's Mattel works out your brain, without a body.
Warning: Rather than appearing,
the thing you cannot see is purpose of the mirror.
You couldn' t pour the water from your boots which exclude
the portion from the heel.
It falls from the foolish wood,
hits against all the branches and misses the bushes.
Feed smart, eat less chicken, make more milk.
Doesn' Entirely there is that dog of one off my chain, you are it.
Machine' which she sews; lost from thread, falls apart.
Loops of bashful mixed fruit of complete ball.
Her antenna doesn't receive all his channels.
That belt doesn't keeps passing by all her loops.
Evolution being opposite, can entering inspect it.
His receiver is in a small state she is off the hook.
In the cord/code it is not bound with the wire, shes shocked.
When her skylight leaks a little, he tries her doctor.
During evolutions study his ancestor was in the control group.
The gate goes down,
the light/write blinks, is it's Train coming or not.
Therefore,
as for the light/write bending
and winding there is a denseness around her.
When her brain imposes a tax, he obtains rebate.
Standing in her vicinity, it can inquire about the ocean.
His beverage is from the fountain of knowledge,
but she didn't gargled.
She pulls out a sharp knife but there is no drawer.

James McLain

Like A Rash

That feeling, I seem to have it their now.
When it first came upon me.
Like a rash, spreading around it.
Scratching at it and they laugh about it.
The others all have 'said'.
Saying they 'said'.
My friends,
with or with out me, Me or sit over there.
"No."Way "out and his and" does not say if the girl
that it tries to sweet talking softly.
And it 'must' happen exactly like they 'said
just then, latter he asks, some pressure,
"just a little, this which they like and you that I like? "
You like me right?
Yes..... And you who do not have too, not yet, yet
and already can she be doing it, concerning that.
Whether or not there is something there.
Where you see exactly with the surface which it has seen,
and seeing it, tells you relax,
and it is a very small world you have now obtained.
Double think from doubt the feebleness that opens inside
and spreads, which it now may.
How are the internal organs and when should it obtain them?
My friends were so many those nine months ago,
until they found out,
how I now am, not one has offered to help and they 'said'.

James McLain

From 'My' Despair

From my 'Despair' it's depths you weigh.
Even now, knowing what you know.
Did you ever not and yours 'Because'.
The advantage of it has been achieved.
And painfully by my despair and from it some were helped
and that one of my one it's opposite must now be reversed
from which it was born,
like great value of the many useless deaths,
I have,
Which is now verified by what you value and my testing
of the very thing, spoken thus to you by your teachers.
They of which, whom would 'not' suffer it/it's knowingly
and not to be reproduced, by he of they whom saw it thus, is so.
Do there to be, as you my hour, as yourselves would thus
measure character, ethics and morals inspired by the way, it did.
Shake from the full enjoyment and knowledge
which is your consciousness, each of us whom make.
Difficult and impalpable it is struck from, to us, ourselves who are felt
and thus in the hurting of thy, hid it not revealing,
the weight of such despair can only anger 'God'... never defeat him.

e.d.
799

James McLain

Only Me

My hands, My heart, My love,
how they worry over me.
Caught up in my lap,
pray hope, never leave.
Thine are my quite eyes,
faith can follow now see.
And hands do make great,
and hands can rejoice.
But to my past lover,
comes the sea, I must be,
echoing a voice, Only me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Man In The Moon

Astronaut pressed out neat.
When this takes place.
Make sure you are relaxed.
Are you ready for the preparation.
Do you like having your contact extended.
Be prepared to take your time.
Are you comfortable,
Space is what you make of it.
Empty.
Clean.
Uninhabited.
Your moon must always be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rubbing Noses With The Devil

We lie,
Rubbing buttoned noses, with the devil,
Growing horns our tongue now split, it hisses.
Kissing lips, that neither touch nor
hate to touch when 'God' is light
and LOVE IS THEN INTERNAL.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where The Throat Is Narrow

I wandered lost, dry of lip waiting to be found
and thus i hid them away.
Pursued by only my green thoughts of the waves
because of my need of my need of the foamy sea.
Between the two great rocks I walked out upon
one finger of sand.
which; when released from my oceans bright valley,
my peace comes to me for I thought of the extent of gray.
I came to the ocean lastly
and wildness
and that it is black my being found
and as for me the windless valley,
' You to me shouted; over the thunderous waves
Be too me a kindness, left off to recede with the tide
i ask of you come quickly recover me! '
But the tide where the throat is narrow
and thirsty moved off around me inland,
and me/you the ocean drank each wave and salt my sea,
because i was floating face down;
and it was though, as the bitter sea bitter in taste bitter the rain,
i have now become as fresh as the new morning dawn.

James McLain

Her Oneself

One shot fired my old Gold-friend
her oneself
her of her of the purple simple plain
her petticoat and yellow garters being old
and like the dimly thing each now the fire it burns so low
and under her world-wide incredibly such humility
such is like the thing from which few know
and she sings to me [ey_to_pwul_kwu_ha_ko]
being like of that with which her 'English' which is 'King'
thus it registers a crown in the newest star each hemisphere
she sprinkles past;
and vast quantities be of it too nearly intended for her candle
her lady waits with care and then retires too early
and without the fear, heavens long finger will it flicker
affairs of the home and the master,
which is open to the windows pain of rain when skies are clear.

e.d.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

Both Feel It Strongly

Venus pulled out on him,
each month he pays with her wallet.
Pulling, both feel it strongly,
and the cloud immediately near by covering the sun
which now is seen and you open it.
Her sibling had haggled the comet still!
Adjusting her long frosty tail,
the front part where he passed to close,
and mars walked largely away, slightly dazed.
"As for me, there is the sky and" the star is her sibling
and such a colorful method, has his face red
flying off straight through the door.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Other Girls Lie To

Even in rest
looking down the flat plain
velvet peach fuzzed
stomach
past the twin peaks of my nipples
two erasers
without some yellow
wooden pencil
number three lead, is too softy
down to the mound of my panties
where my nose is barely
but barely
it always is
never the less
thinking not too much of it
but then who ever does any more
like most whom are honest they do
and still sore from
that which was around it last
and my nose is so sore that even
i must liberally apply
a strawberry liniment around it
circular a raisin
my nose thinking i, in fashion still
before against the fresh cotton pillow
it can rest
while i listen to the other girls
lie all around me.

James McLain

Palindromic

you and i, as once we were
and still across the sand the wind
like sand once contained therein
the hour glass is set free to blow again, across
broken vessels, both we were
yet floating still against the tide, here
this last time, i stepped into the sea
it is as if in your love
the grass it's each and every blade, seems palindromic
'dogs'
they come, one by one and once as such you were
as they to them and my master, loves the sea
i have lived only, in order to cross over to you
each wave as it gently pulls me apart
and laps, against my face
like the moon which is pulled by each wave which then retreats;
and remember, you being I
my mind is as infinite as the foam at your feet
the dream which put us together
walking, talking, thinking back with more to come
than once we ever did
it can never be less crowded
and me
and lovers play at the edge of the center,
in order to leave our mark,
me mark you, in your mind, which can only but continue
blowing always on, across the sand.

James McLain

It Drains Your Soul

from the inside
looking outside
from the downcast one with time
the city which with night became it never falls like dawn
but the dead, which in sleep think of the living.
and each person walking by becomes insane
and she which is unfortunate does not it fear
lurking deep the sleep it comes
which runs eternal turns him over on the ocean
beast between her lower parts held the witch he sees
and she to him with which it is, she sings
too put the hunter of the shadow which awakens
there you dwell.
feasting at the table and her breasts for him are bared
beings are not devastated from the madness,
which is Immortal
where happens not to make it be your own,
and your moderator
which is the fraud which is life eternal many more
each successive generation dead which is dying,
does not know the claim that brings us back
it drains your soul, confronts the fact that it does not become.
what it was you were too them you are no more, because
in death you are worth more than when you were alive.

James McLain

An Empty Crows Nest

The bloody smell of my, each after life
from yours each stained black is dead centered,
feeling the wetness inside of your panties
and of each group of you
it has watched openly as it dripps
too coagulate and dry in wait.
my center
which you pull and pull and stretch out even more
and tear at, like an empty crows nest now at my heart.
The cunning thoughts, where the black thorned rose
of night is scattered on your broad wide hand
while looking on at my dream of you with me
and with night more damage comes as you do
full of my blood,
and the long oak it was whom took me
and whom even now as it flows in for me
it's the possession for you is necessity
and it does not do yours in order to breathe
from my wrist or, or because of thee it starts overflowing,
because though broad the black purple knobbed club
wooden from which extend the nails
pauses for it to die and more not to lie as once it died living,
as for one day with you as it is, it was insanity
which excessively makes use of less and less time,
the way that time made more and more use of me.

James McLain

Where Is Love

again useless struggling
because out of it
to his neck quick in the sand
thus as love was he caught
against the moons
high pulling tide so full
as each new wave
pushes him out
and where is love but from the center flows
starlike this sea and reflections her face
even as night her memory yellow a sun acute
the foam had blown the coast line, higher still
and where the rock is broken off of so many
but now it turns back the tide as to he thin with gloom
rises and drifts off back,
back into the sea
and as each new wave
which rises to quench off over his restlessness
her yearning has been broken forevermore.

James McLain

Shadow Of Your Keeper

That which goes through the clouds yellow lining,
shadow of your keeper
rain and more rain which is newly spotted,
concisely to the feeling which is slowly it's sensitiveness,
do not to worry over the fact,
that the movement of an ever widening circle,
and you open one eye, nurse it and worry do to enter easily,
it is not possible to be able to obtain,
an understanding when guttural primitive language,
rather than being thus deeper, the earth laid out keeps,
deeper still each new feeling do you feel as it shakes
the finger which stimulates each nerve between the curve
and to the shadow of your perpetual keeper.....
how softly it whispers,
and death being.....'Careful'.....opens slowly and enters.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Conception

Sufficiently, she of the milk
shakes her tail of her play half feeling,
moves her body, to left and right inflated with no end of
her every night: He that strikes off spark after spark
on the flinty shale in the hills,
where now months of her fast movement
and firmly-thus has been attached full well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

With The Midnight

Light:

It approves; with the midnight; hearts blue of red life
where being proportionate to it's dark taught intentions
and where it is never from thus, born.

It contributes as for each; a drop, small amount that still is.
Does it not reach out to, unto in thought with your favor,
with no accident or disturbance, the support of a human
person, humble/d of our obligations us/the through us,
and we are not ever done; ... In order, on that hand.

Being us, for we, to do to they by us, with us/we\our intended behavior,
know it is necessary, to each by they whom would intend it,
understanding it, by it, swimming thought it,
brought forth through every birth, that is thine.

And while owing, paying the debt of appreciation to those,
which are not counted/discarded never the less contributed.
That now, almost all, with out motives/less, recognize even,
while selfishness there is charity of a self completely.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Gentle Breeze

When thinking?

Is this the voice where the tongue dissolved
warm the melting snow?

Moving me excessively, concerning how flows
the word which stood and still,
as formation of each gentle breeze is mixed,
wafted apart.

Being mixed by the wood and the bush and.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Night Wind

When the night settles down it sleeps.
The night wind is warm as it settles,
sweet sport or mirthful celebration.
Hearing a noise,
weather there it is, or not.
Weather you had known me not, her well.
Where I knowest you not, hearing laughter,
and she 'said', untill then....stay free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Over In Dawn

Clouds hang off distant every night,
the low white horizon,
each cloudy day.
The cloud whispers sensitive all evening.
Covered with the veil,
is given over in dawn.
A murmuring heart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mustard

But therein is spread each story,
of each the tree and a bird that sings.
Where upon those that fly,
go out under any condition,
needing too be moved.
And along it's way does not have to be moved;
Unless:
And the story; rather than being younger is older,
and wiser because of it and the summer is stronger,
from it's sowing and little seeds that do not transgress,
muster a tree, that I say from you, I grew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Roots

They spread and talk of falling leaves,
But never, move too far away;
And that talk is none the less, for their growing,
As it spreads wiser and mossy years older,
That now it means to say.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Under Age Prostitute

Cut and bleeding is my heart,
center of the village, always the inn, where the girl went, sold.
The loud laughter, under, above beneath the moon
which is not under the large storied dark cloudy sky.
The center of the little hurried girl, calling softly out.
licentiously which you deal, dancing a little as it goes by.
The wood how it shakes violently.
See the girl handle her hand,
like the anvil which strikes off the center is small.
How there are small those, see visa-vis the large sky, navigation
is by the stars, remember it is overcast dark and cloudy.
pink the sky, the center of the girl that is red, how it becomes
fingered dirty even more by your thoughts of,
and you see it.
Slowing,
Rolling down the window, peeling mine off, muffled, distant thunder.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cheerleader

The cheerleader, i hold up to the sky
molded by my hands exposed.
She who is mine, do i shave,
and with trust is familiar, she with it, i do.
Camera our phone, square cut different
beards and mustaches, laughingly.
We are making because of the feelings
are different, peacocks where the bush, we grew, knew.
To kiss a brassiere that of the push up, it rises and falls
like each sigh deep her breath, where the nipple.
Exposed has been attached to his lips,
looks through each eye at the sun' It gives; Special Sunrise'
It was sealed, afresh milky. As for cotton, satin and the silk it is, ...
Because race/lace central line a nose is maintained, quickly.
Those where, those whom did,
which were opened premarital, thus are securely.
And grasps at all, the weight of her/his which is, her opinion.
Obtained because of a little kiss, his order to hide under the rag.
When the panties, like she coughs, a liking, for the sake of it can.
The wishing of it.
The waiting of it.
The wanting of it, ' Is As for the 'O'h it is '...That is convenient! .
Wrapped inside all around,
secure and safe, not a sound, looking up, from the palm of my hand.

James McLain

Chocolate

chocolate openly sitting
next to me
even in my standing
being forward
and maybe it's the neighborhood
from which she
comes
and deep rich purple
is this
chocolate
against her white cotton cloud
i can smell the feint
aroma of
chocolate colored cinnamon
against it
she is kicking me
vanilla.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Agonizing

Because you have known;
like i look with your glance of my lost agony,
and minds, her/she the sparkling eye of it'.
The truest heart her person and each hearing
the wind moan through the trees.
Bushes camouflage the disturbance,
and still the robin sings too suffer and you do not have to imitate,
The make up each eye applied beneath her chocolate panties
and full of youth, she preens her lips glossed, assured.
And as for that which with my domesticly.
Agonizing which it can forever be,
connected to the amount of song, she sings.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

American Education

There is to an opinion, differing much it is thine,
roads many too off running each thus dividing.
American 'whom' Education 'where'
there is to each an opinion.
only one the end proves right.
and being different from deep in sleep it gains and losses
the 'center' of the eye, weeping.
thus facing the possibility of putting out the storehouse, empty.
Whereby history
and directionless of each the ceremony,
the student being deceived, without there is not.
In the youth because of reason is any political
and why only 1 narrow mind-set principles expounded
none proposes, premeditated thus under studies
like that of any social is being from life being different,
later handling restricts their scope and a normal function.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Semantic Ear

But as for that pink it is unprocessed it is salty,
in the oyster the round ball.
And as for the blind man,
assuming that the semantic ear of each contact
which you understand is not audible...
Value book-reading lips spreading words.
I did not kiss their under any condition.
As for this how one delicate one line a contrast
which is between that of the space
and the one which is timelessly occupied.
Dual characteristic my method is always or, too which:
Likened i desire to worry; You lived, it is not;
His her; it is beautiful,
because and the other things which are fused together
are agreeable to be swallowed entirely.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Door With A Sign

She makes her foot cross,
and uncross hours spent too practice.
The fact that it undoes, she is best, to the father
who she plans or, the method now of giving at looking.
Then she started making her panties under her full,
and her foot looking tucked between and easy.
Why it does, whether the south is a method better yet,
without more practice removing slow the panties
which remains tight around the pink sea shell.
Leather is rubbed door with a sign, young person fingerling.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Fair Pale Face

Advance then;
and milk it - drink from it-deeply-
spread it all around
your pale fair yellow face
between your lips and in your hair
right their: because
I launched mountains around
you
and you seize the beds edge
moved it to you in top and
fashion the bottom as well
and low salted races of sweat your face
firmly of the base
which you draw it to the top so slow
it dripps
and outside another dropp
it injects through so much quickly
how it wounds
each round stone with you I share
and the blazing hot sun
as it waits
within the interior of your bag
how one goes up to the top and
the other to the bottom
independently how for you they inflate
and at the end the avid breath less hands
drained this light, night became bone-dry.
your fair pale yellow face how it moves me
fearing i will never be the same again.

James McLain

She Is Beautiful

As she for me
now, she how permits me,
as for the side which loves
and our windows are opened, with curly black hair
where i moved her chest, the covers of the curtain
under her panties, where she is loved and her i am long
and in those kisses, their the air of quiet is morning
look at the soft eye, of the milky brown around
where in me to whom, she faces her vis-a-vis and me
deep i am, she is as beautiful at first each glance of my eye
i love her their, her needs they are her/i\we want,
how it turns upon it desired, and i tug her each pink lip
which is loved, it then escapes, it is her need
beautiful, how she it comes and how she moves
as a voice for me, who am she loved, swelling passion
spilling as for the green peacock of me, who fills her up
and my sea, which is loved her, Entering it loves
and i, who come and move aside the panties, wet with love
being here, me/we us and them, who i am, loved we are loving.

James McLain

Petal Of A Flower

and now you are going green.
strong winds,
do you notice her solar clothes
and how deeply resembled
to the petal of a flower
too sunny filled with seeds?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Scent Of A Secret

even today in class she, i finally reached,
boldly with her taking first my one she/her finger,
and inserted off guard my now two.
talking soft in her panties which filled with dew
and feels her soon around those too.
while inhaling with her smell of peachy fussions
which is rubbed off around on her neck,
the scent of
which I can do to love inside her mouth, and,
to slide my finger which it is shaking likely.
as my finger to my juice the mine for her
of the same rhythm moved underneath the table her foot.
she her muscles started squeezing my finger with both
each independently though why simultaneously.
her red head she who threw it became the arching shape
which shouted and slowly grew quite as tremors past.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear Season

dear season,
like the flower of each new day
and humid hot, summer is open,
each beginning, begins as for the pressure
which extends, deep is it's feelings.
and hardly times passes by, it becomes tense.
as for my muscle as for pain and the joy.
the sensuality,
which overwhelms my feeling of feelings.
as my center spits out the back section and
arches it's mouth from the ecstasy
which denies my brain.
sound of panting to pass through, it falls,
the excavation which is opened, sharply you/me is red,
because you are the sensuality
which is each nail which was painted,
falling to the range of my pink is opened thus slowly,
one' where it's feeling; permeation;
as for the range of as for the pure joy of a being
behavior him who is beginning...
the soft pressure which dampens gently in contact is feeling,
the lung sucks the earth laid fast with pain and one'
that do to make within the pleasant feeling,
where it moves hardly and becomes simultaneously.
arm each muscular banana crookedness,
the internal back sectioned, bow flexed buttocks stretched
over the stomach level, and it tightens hard;
because as for the tenderness of hot heat
and velvet where the brain of it, got wet and those which are quality
lay inside feeling the thing make the slide of qualities
she demands forever hard in the lower part,
hardness of resistance, slickness is felt with the thing,
big bang for the buck is tempting, as he re-shoulders his cross bow.

James McLain

A Cuddle

Pulling her in even closer.

She.

Wrapping his other arm around her neck
and pushed in some.

Do we stay and vacation.

Asking?

You do have me, to help out.

Kissing her forehead.

And neither complained.

Its my job to help it out.

She 'said' before he could say anything else, about it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Independently

one million times, i needed you.
one million, I tried each time.
Independently,
when love does not shout out in rescue,
hold me now,
under any condition, when it is not possible.
one million, more times i died.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Form Of That Form

When the my person snaps to the woman, he burns,
the way at the time of the yellow star,
which in the space his dew receives.
Open Is the chest below where her heart is, he gathered
and bloom as the water buds, float therein.
Where by that power in 'eve' where 'adam' formed.
Tails lifted from that kiss and from her/his energy shone
with mighty pairings as art, wraps shines faintly.
Everything of the lip of kiss,
reweaves of that nerve the candy from her sweetness
which was made in order to smile, flows out life:
She to form of that form, then word flows, unspoken.

James McLain



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A Republic Fear

articulated people
led off
wherefore thereof
into
and fed not thereof
from simple a truth.
fear i have fed you
too fear,
it is easier to control
your fear of you, your
deeds of my mistrust.
teaching all the young
why are they taught
to fear,
of they, whom can trust.
hurting us, do you fear
us/why?
and thus in the hurting
i fear why you fear me.
must it always be when
you wrong me.
you fear what you know
you have not done,
and have i wrought.
and causing my pain
you despise me.
for doing it naught
the front, the back.
and they of us, whom are
good and you counting
on that to more or less
do what, pray tell i ask.

James McLain

Behind A Shade

behind the smoke grey ash, a shade:
i am.

i would like to stand out side,
but i musn't.
as a sparrow flys away from it's
pertch, to where i am.
she, with a few of her friends.
i ask of her, wait for me, some of this
i have.

my heart like yours it beats to fast,
faster than it should.
my eyes from far away, they see
the things they shouldn't.

and once like you, a sparrow whom
comes near.
without the need of speaking to your
fear, fewer now like you - like me
there are and many more back from
the past, when once there were.

i wait for what i know you wait for food.
still you mock and chide me.
as i crumble all i have before you here.
and is what you came to know.
is it still foretold?
i hear each lie thats told, the wind my well.
i feel the pain where none should dwell.
i smell the stink of fear,
when fear is but the beast some ride too
hide their own.
dawn came and you awakened for a crum
of bread,
smiling little brother,
and long the sermon to be fed, by a shade.

James McLain

Even The Woman Inside

And he covers her over smokey completely
even the woman inside
where she who even offers up the deflowering
towering, trembling, knowing she will feel the base.
And as for her/he is by law to her permitted
and as for her damaged heart her every her
and the expansion tank like a ballon inside
being forever inflated in the center and even
where she shouts open the nozzle open it is destroyed
it seems too her that the extent of the winged center
withdrawn like a butterfly flapping too the soft under belly.
She who before is being processed more widely
than the night can ever cover the sky and with his i'm gasping.
Feeling the stones pounding which tries the fact that her eye
which will on the morrow be french vanella of the sky
whose thickness of her darkroom is white
and it extends and expands tearing the panties where even
it is not permitted, and it has hurt, caused damage to my heart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Incest

There is my fine daughter and wet only their,
her father it is from the sister, it is each one each sibling
of it,
is right their with the brother being milked as well.
There is here and here and here aunt and uncle,
husband and wife, stay/lay where, inbetween?
Although at that present pace, we can be certain the
importance of which passed inside two bodies,
And 'mom' i got too know now, 'which is which'".

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After The Wine Is Warm

As for me, your temptation waits.
under the moon it is sometimes,
but I have known whether I to whom it is.
Even after the wine is warm.
Coming from which flask and laughing.
You do not know and became as drunk as I am
how now both we to whom as follows:
Tall order concerning we sometimes to often.
And we forget whether it is that we came at all.
Did we became so drunk, forgetful is sufficiently.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Offers Everything

She Offers Everything

As for mine/my offering and her pulling me along,
and for my softly talking, walking, here where we belong.

She is some strong woman within the wild,
my passion with her child like looks, I become.

It is possible, I simply enjoy the dream of which
she has chosen, for us each, to evolve.

And imprisoned, why I am, inside too deeply,
where I sleep.

Woman love her as this person and the center,
never covered,

and like whirlwinds she is soaked, like living rain.

Hers is the mask that we both share,

that causes others to come near, just to smell
our mingled sweat, whose salty breath is to blood.

Each sound of the surge alone we make,
sounds of rocks exposed to the elements, she takes.

And extremely with the darkest skin the eyes that
mixes with the dust of each being broken eye of eye
yellow drips upon her land.

Where she settles never for those she has not chosen
it is not

the insane rush but the thrill of what she beating is.

America,

all look at those and she from where they stand,
the smile runs wide and deep for miles.

Her powerful range of vision is more than tempting;

She offers up too some her most tempting heart her
middle runs off everything,

but everything which she offers, offered back and
is absorbed and I drink it all and she is always full.

James McLain

After Word

After word he drifted off,
head rolling side to side.
I'm sure if I spoke to him
he would be unable to form a coherent sentence
or even tell me where he was.
He was in that peaceful state,
right after a man comes home from work.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Meadow

A virgin,
whom neither is able to have.
As for her, there is a clearing
he has made.
And the meadow
in it, one is standing,
waist deep, both
arms open wide.
Waiting.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Without A Mouth To Feed

and for now i am
away from that
from which such grief
these are my longest of
my two longest short
each brief days.
and entering the store
and she too whom
i offered up, my eyes.
and full with child,
is she, though not of mine.
her hand touched not
the key
though mine touched hers.
and lovely though they are
they are
so fair and pale and milky
white and full.
and being nearly though
not quite
her eyes did say
i could, i whispered in her ear
but 'said' instead.
i know they are
and how your back must hurt
at times
and even though they do right
now
as i am close enough to smell
each dropp you spill,
wait until you are at home
and have your
man
do what you need,
and have it done, because.
he does not know,
so can you not explain to him
how sore you are
and how warm the wash cloth

helps you.
make it through each lonley night,
without a mouth to feed.

James McLain

The Hand Familial

That hand so familial belongs to my mom, but it is
caressing my bare chest, in my fake sleep.
Through the cotton brassiere it was next,
climbing each of my two small steps.
No time, too grow each, 'rose' up and out.
Next he touches the chest, which he exposes by
soft words and placing that hand in the brassiere.
Then he is off and on, distant looking, my dad and whispering
and pushes my brassiere above and it covers my eyes.
Cold and warm 'My' why it betrays me, my nipples are.
No time, too them do i listen, twin pencils, standing.
Then he saw in my chest a rising and falling irregularly,
and touched it to that warm mouth, happy and full.
The next logical step, my girl friends at school, 'said';
was because of that, it will next release me.
Then on me and my brassiere, creamy.
Was imaged of 'Mary' obtained? Routine.
To be forever slow, progressive each factory modification.
It did not hurry at all, working, working, hard working.
Threat it is not, too near coercion.
Ditch diggers.
Exactly, every day after boring days, predictable routine.
Between everyday of the week, the edge of night.
Every night waiting for mom to get done.
As for all and my chance with him it can obtain just of me.
I turned twelve and then thirteen.
The routine like the thing where you eat, i left to the school,
sleeps, comes and comes and sleeps.
That attempt places that hand under my panties next,
it then came. I backed up to each next, him, it resisted.
Many times, to, finally, before the way it opened,
between my panties, I exactly didn't resist.
because of hopeful songs, birds sing orally.
As for him, I resisted over and over each time never,
but that attitude of my one and when it's changing,
did not call at all.
He ignores me, being not related from up north.
my only chance with him, I would rather.
I trusted and told him, even showed him all.

The glance which does not have me all.
The smile which does not have me all.
The smell though of peaches, he can't resist.
Thank 'God' for those reality shows,
swaping wives, back and forth asleep.
Behavior the way I didn't, there it is.
I was not loved, but was never hated
and at the house which is deeply felt,
meant that smile everything to me/mine\my.
He in me, as necessity loved my mother through me.
Therefore I stopped the fact that it resists.
For the first time and it touched that blue hand
and the thing my panties,
which it slid above and below exactly.
This happened many times.
Then one day;
I did not have with me my pajamas and the panties are on.
Therefore when he was putting in the open coin slot,
and him, moving softly around of my panties,
to my my naked skin which is touched, when i fake my sleep.
Blinding lights as the dots rush around, inside of my head.
So I wait by the phone, alone as I have been, always waiting
wishing the phone would ring, like it was, when I was young.

James McLain

Control

The spiraling shellfish
alignment of the crescent
from which it turned
and your control
does not spin around my world
my/me and when
you sigh my love.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Called, I See

and here we are, all as us, we stay.
and all, each blessing of thine elegance.
and thus because each of thy to many is,
never asking why, your everything, still is.
thou voice perhaps entreats i heard whereof
and being given over to that day, each cause.
which to often need it be, you have called,
and perhaps you obtain it from heaven,
as for thy elegance in grace, through him
only through him upon the hill, et. al,
and you, your heart it can obtain each one,
you/your remainders.
and being called sweet, with sleep,
being called, I see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

With Each Swallowing

That it has more,
it is added and as it becomes,
it is dark and it is rich extreme,
so unprocessed that smell does and I you/me breath
and the small head where the new small baby
swells it moves and it starts,
it inhales being, besides the fact that, the mother
and you it takes, before the shape which from the chest
and it exposes it is heavy and full,
it is pointing us to the eye,
as for her that it bends and that it is twisted,
to the point and the milk
growing which, wide the arc and it burst the heart,
me as for the sibling of that mouth,
and power that you shout greatly rather than
and being extreme, my younger others head,
and the mother you see, still it is large rather than
and being extreme, that, the bubbles of milk you smile from the erupting which
comes, the crack point,
with resignation my sibling that mouth, the mother you squeeze with all that you
take and with me and him of the sounds,
which is heard with each swallowing
and all of that which is swallowed later another one is drained,
he says,
drops fill, full that ever empty mouth
where all the milk
and where she is/it is white and cotton has been attached to it.

James McLain

And It Is Mixed

when you next call out to me,
about my mister, who is used:
If the head is put before the center,
it is her king.
If the center is put before the head,
it is his queen.
But my lover, did not ever feel of it,
never in me, the head and the center.
and it is mixed.
looking somewhere under the center.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Leaving The Center, I Entered.

As for me,
there is a large circle where each friend is waiting.
Being level, it becomes too the eye.
The spiral shellfish linear the whole story
winding around you, is my wheel.
As for the axle and as for that, when it comes
appearing too all in the end
both the eye held out each hand it then catches
one with the sky and the palm.
When I was born and pulled from the center, helping me,
leave it, you/I entered.
I am time again from the opposite end.
Leaving the center, I entered.

.....
I lie on a great circle of friends.
Spiraling flat white spoked-wheel.

The axle comes out at both ends
It hangs on the sky, plain the eye.

I entered, I was pulled to the center.
I fell out of the other side.I entered.

James McLain

At School Today

while at school today
while he kept me swimming on the swing
reaching ever higher, higher touch the sky.
the slide went by.
and people reaching by across my seat.
which today they tear my panties.
That was not exactly small damage.
I opened those, it is wide, it is sore, they tore.
This last one first time,
as for everyone they seemed too be at school,
of my receiving end,
which can see a smile of purple which was pressed
and then reset, with color blue..
Vision can amuse the people,
but the friend whom I have and her worry, was delightful.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Their He Lays

when you know exactly, when that how
to he that paradise you open long is wide
and does he,
whom can she entrust,
her look which shakes it so.
too know the contents of the patient part,
he is painfully and she is valuable,
how soon to know it and it held, high.
and each eye even with the eye of the human of aim,
thought or difference is the day when the feelings
twitch and dies is good and their he lays.
was it you he held before he died as he fought so hard
too breath between your why.
whether and furthermore laid there is that house
or a God which upon the surface of the sun
and in the light that method felt when it is done
and what kind of day of your heart and the beating
thing where news that he is distant off in search of speech.
some hearts finish quickly leaving they like me.
and humanity is left reaching,
gazing/hoping for exactly that his sigh is quite so she can drink.
which she has put in place for my reading.
How you can be left conscious and/or the meeting
and to be whether it loves excessively is left best,
connections lost inside a chamber beating drops red eternal.

James McLain

You Yearned Too Learn, I Know

As for me
and as for only, my only that
i can only say
is it not great, so regrettably
because of my mind
and that you must go off unsatisfactorily,
even a thousand times more or less
knowing i would not, even though you now know
which can i but live because of that
because of the red pulsing beating
that beats so irregular as for my eternity is deeply, wide.
I am not regrettable and because of my lost mind,
and but because again my forever,
have you found and it comes around again
you must go,
and as for the dust,
which does not have my body yet
lost joy returning too and drifting by a little slower than before,
forever as for that i you/ you yearned too learn, i know.

James McLain

By My Murder

As for the innocence;
with which by you it' Is for long, it was so lost;
The by and meek each my possession do not do it again
when we meet again, next week.
which goes and now I mind,
my back in front of he whom wears the black to you, i turn.
With your, by my murder and hers you simply,
thought i would and as for that...
For the other little me,
whom all do not do as me as for her sisters mercy,
because of you I can't ask for mine,
You ask; when you did not of me,
and thinking back you should have what, by now can you think?
I beg pray tell for what,As for Their' that which finds my ear;
There is no desire because of how and why 'you for the'...
and where it was I am...I am no more...
their is mercy shown you....at all small; her my/me it once...
inside your moon was always full....now it's empty 'dear'.....



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.....

Innocence is lost by you and it is gone,
and now we have no soul.
memories built on lies it's better, known.
Simply by your killing, it wont make me whole
I Beg for her mercy, but she can't find my ear
There is no hope at all for you my little evil 'dear'

There is not a man on this planet at whoms feet
I will get down and ever kneel too,
I simply am not that noble of a man.
But a woman that is full of grace, would I pull the
heavens from her sun.

26 February 2010

James McLain

A Certain Fire

The time as for two bodies heavens of heat
as for each thing those which hang on too.
Certain fire as for her who starts playing,
as for him;
who bothers with her as for her and him
who is troubled by her
and the way as for her who takes their clothing as for other things.
Opens the door for him who leaves her,
who enters into the bedroom and stand beneath,
before the circular fan which you see as her and him the way
between her in that head encased of that retention wherein
it exposed his foot that in her
those which kiss to the cold air her nipple with the body
and one side where you blow a note that she brings
because it stands as for fervency and her spiritual him
who's heart because of what is not done.
Ice like that mouth
which places the part him As for that contact him to her skin
which blows with that oral some her on the thing by his/her neck
which goes to her and puts that mouth which places their
another part as for the middle lower of her center of her Rachael
which is made from the tooth at that time and that slides as for
each trial by oak from him who puts her lip which turns her body
to him in that her foot is where the bed that you push to her is still.
He whom is called in yearning her among a glass hand her warm
mouth of the ice became weak as and extent he to that he looked
and opened that mouth and one it is many the hour in the warmth
which is then when placed upon it.

James McLain

She Smiles Then Stands Up

because i am
so much
though i, like her
few even talk to me
about it.
my parents make good money.
and i do my very best,
i really do.
but their, in front of me.
when she leans up/up and over
too speak in to her mirror
our eyes meet.
i grow week.
and i know she knows
i don't,
even know about the undergrowth.
and she smiles
lovely miles
at me.
then stands up
and does this little dance
just like a bee..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

By The Sweet Bird

By the sweet bird resting and warm the tropical beach.
From the high tree tops of our local topography.
Heaven and the earth to be our 'deeds' restricted range.
And to us off of heaven their nearby, flight white of the thing from our 'God'
which is supported in pain of the human,
trying thus yet young and coping,
Dearly too the sweet bird when it comes again
having such a sweet song,
Tired and wet, it's head under wing in sleep, it sings.

James McLain



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And Your Name

It is early 'Monday afternoon,
and there your left over steak
from the night before, out on the grill.
Sunday night, she ate, he slept,
'O' 'dear' oh no, not asking why again?
Don't all these roses that i kiss, rouse you up,
i won't, swell at all.
i will say it all again, goodnight and gently, pushing
you back into that small southern town.
A few last kisses around it and you're covered now?
My darling; one last graze off in the meadow
green and you and please let your final dream be
of a man, not quite your size, losing the whole
world, but still here combing, ever combing over
singing out your little secret.
it's name till the night is gone, and your name?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Making A Maniac

* The right or were you off to the left,
running off in between the nose, too see the moon.
there is no point of, for the sake of the middle*
Always caught inside the gauze.
a certain kind of sweet honey thing,
or processing it's & self centralized principles
There is no point for others rights,
but there is/is there not?
There is no point for the law, it was fine back then
and it's changed midstream again to what?
* to abuse, the noninterference child *
invasion and high level of extreme conduct *
Self-control or impulsively open it up let me see the sun
and conduct and scarcity of self training.
* it is swung the swing too easily, white blue edged clouds*
Is their where your at something related to it's abuse.
Answer not, lawyer up.
As for the pauper) i bow(too history of the school works
sociopaths which counter social personality.
And stranger bedfellows P.H.D's...
There obstacles are the result it is believed,
lack of nature and nurture thing, forget not the 'Arts'..
Rather than it is in accordance with the word the person who was brought up and
raised in that environment.
Physical, and developing counter too social personality stranger obstacle, there is
sexual abuse large and dangerously.
Other level of significance includes,
but is not limited too the lineage histrionics of mental retardation
or other personality;
stranger obstacles though harmless all have seen, Forest Gump.
The unstable infancy period which includes and their never
shockingly occurrence is if ever given over or diagnosed.
Disorderliness and before of the action, of even having,
or infancy like death or divorce dots the land scape, period.

James McLain

It Exceeds Me

As for the thought of temptation
although, I got to have her,
It got wet, you push and the heat it's craving,
hang on in the edge of her yearning...
All want my passion, it exceeds me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I'M Fine Mom Or Dad

As for them those things they don't teach you;
The problem of it is, is it not.
As for them in those their feeling aren't.
You teach; as less Important.
They in order not to try the fact that it satisfies their itself necessity,
please, me don't teach me those.
They in order for a life to be no thing of value,
teach to those, i need them not, they please.
They to it is being always useless,
it is anyone and the simply, heavy load, is what you teach.
Then in order not to request some help, teach those, even less.
As as for them it is crime because of the my life sings.
which has necessity felt of those are daily taught.
To kill your teenager;
who is due to those conviction of their lives
and there is no value of life, too you and it is legal.
As for murder of a teen with the suicide of a teen each day
today', 'legal and it is acceptance' dread it's possible;
The society of this is ours to pass along, i pass away.

I'm fine

just been a little down and its not fair to burden you
mom or dad.

James McLain

The Father Worries

It is the mother;
who uses her son or the daughter
because the feeling necessity
where the mother of abuse
is not filled up
her, itself feeling is satisfied.
The father,
while never perfect
can be made to go away
worried, fearful and ashamed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Sensitivity Is Strong

Those dig where;
the grave is dug in the rectum comes the fatal trunk,
from the rectum itself which it is not.
Connection of the cheerful rectum of death
and sensitivity is strong in the ejaculate,
but when it is, really you think not only of reproduction,
all causal relations based of old method.
It is a continuation of ours;
The house father long built alters and the pope
institutional practice of ancient times
of the defective part.
And that he with her the toes
and looking down with eyes that shine
and becomes her scapegoat which is naturally,
historically directly is Venus of the woman.
From practice of identity to practice of characteristic
she finds in his/her joy.

James McLain



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Forced Gay On Strait

many years of disapproval of a thing forced between,
many moons convert to years.
many fears as for the path of the parts;
of reproduction between the man and the woman
all to be pleasant in functional and feeling,
it is not possible then to simulate, - the base of the tree
of the man relaxed with her under, to feel cold,
to be blue it is white and it's thin,
it is thinner than the Venus of Mons which is, when it catches;
In the woman some parts are the same for the man.
and it is not easy to be excited, it relaxes, both are small;
The insensible sense, the majority usually takes
and it dries the insensible opening to the cave of tears;
Occasionally, it falls from the air and it rains inside in fear.

James McLain



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Dirty Little Girl

Bleeding my heart
her center to the thing always the wind where the girl went, sold.
The loud laughter, under, above beneath the moon
which is not under the large dark cloudy sky.
The center of the girl,
wind which you steal dancing a little as it goes by.
The wood how it shakes violently.
See the girl her hand,
like the wind which steals the center is so small.
How their are small those, see visa-vies the large sky, navigation
is by the stars, remember it is overcast dark and cloudy.
'O' the sky, the center of the girl that is red, how it becomes dirty,
and you see it.
Rolling down the window, peeling mine off, a muffled mumble.

James McLain



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After The Gold Rush

Therefore she spreads the lips,
and the cheek opens,
and high above the moon is full tonight.
Snakes for a tongue, she knows the way
as a tremor starts the bee begins it's buzz.
Ejaculation to the exquisite stellar shape which
stars can never stop the light when men are blind.
Muting destruction of such intensity that the bouncing earth.
intensifies it even worse, she the translator, ' So inside;
Shape of [wash] which the mouth is full of.
And you come too receive your share, after the gold rush
and for she who is included the head the neck of the girl/boy
who jumps around the mountain and the marble where the girl
exposes, it is white to burn the wood or start the fire.
And at first glance or silhouette those off reflections of the wood
which does the shape of the leaf, green and vein y
where the pool was dropped and then fell to earth,
empty with the bottom of the star.

James McLain



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Eternal One

' I want' - her without defense
for all my life,
that which is, as for that single firm, sigh.
Lips which cannot think of that, but do.
Desire as for that which is when she 'said'
entreating last that and the time so you/ I hear
recently completely forever is slowly '
With you put in the same way;
Please' Eternal one -' I want' her defenseless.

James McLain



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So Simple Is Suicide

This love Is It!

I will dissolve this your depressed,
distressed behavior and in proper order to go
and do and that place where it goes too this her near that:
As for this you/hers,
was my central of my, lust however of if, I of that cold, hell.
Which is where the thrusting knife can then be a rushed, story into that!
Sweet steel soft belly of your iron, your slipping ring!
You come forth from your wrapping, and leaving, speak your power;
Do to tear the organ of my breath,
and pull my blood out of the shower! strike it home I/You strike!
That driving me whom is the center of it as it trembles or,
either one receiving this, it's final kiss, goodnight.
I pull the throwing arrow of my blood, you have kissed,
just with her and my last request she by my love, best friend!

James McLain



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Schizophrenia

Timid and the hand of the woman, seeking him out
has affected the center of the man, for the better
great are his groans and repeatedly
going to the woman as she undergoes his seizures.
the throws of schizophrenia as he wanders into
her/his possession 'raw tuna a swimming burning soul'
'how Justus' has avoided her; now i am here? '
She is a woman of class who met the man and could raise
this question of His night of marriage,
(they are going to see) (advance and affects)
This class of thought is not expressed in words
but the pleasant man would think the scene to it where he
compares her wish and his thing to the woman was great,
and no amount of speech ' a film open flowering too'
what so pretty a scene that also it offers that a day somewhat
products of a day of the southern past.
I felt dark for no reason in a totally normal movement to her interior
my, I remembered this scene
(it is going to see) (advance and affects)
Then instead of It's extension of the hand of the woman
extended a hand in the house of her holy,
My fingers affected something very hot,
Dark more deeply and that it matters where to another part,
the human bifurcation and woman and man
who can discard his great luminescence, where joined
bifurcation and 'Alverta' likes that What class of I' her/man was?
In the film, This human experience,
Then Returned to whiten to her face covered in silk,
and interior of my she it warmed up of her moist inner deep
I who she squashed `
do not think that she bloomed of each way after marriage
(with each my) ? '
The hands and one extends mine and It' smoothly;
image to affect punish it as it warms up this and grace-like the
tenderness; where they then came?
For example, in the spring, they suddenly appear off low
the snow Behaved, shamelessly, as the black ground for example, fish-boiled
Taste,
new hot water but No metaphor their own life and is provided

was the greatness that schizophrenia brought too life

James McLain

Rain..

Something which is thought
opens, once a day in her hand!
But I of the 'Sun' when it clears up sing with pain:
When the rain falls, you try, it is not,
you can make snow be 'O' so flurried!

James McLain



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When It Rains

But of sunny days, I sing to her of pain:
What wonders to her hand unfolds!
Attempting not, amused, when it rains!

James McLain



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A Single Dad

some times when being a single dad.
how close,
should he let his daughters body get.
able to, as of yet, speak of any thing
as her mind runs off and develops,
hidden off limits nothing is, she tells it all.
as was he before hers and is, because
of her predictor.
darting some times from room to room
buff in a hurry, we/i both one says.
when we meet face to face.
and before i open my mouth she says,
'oh' daddy, i saw you pass before my room
the other day when i was,
and i know because you washed them all.
and i like you, like me, we smell it all.
i like too know where you have been as well.

James McLain



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Each Morning

The center it is broken
and - fall leaves how it is you so easily
and you probably will regard,
call to me their methods the back section it finds [grouchily]?

James McLain



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Dangerous Seas

Well,
but for my love,
as for your panties being most holy,
I sleep in the dangerous seas.
It is the sail of the sea
and his boat which the woman seems.
Navigating around the edge of the world,
he waits for the boat in order to return
to the house she keeps white and clean in me.

James McLain



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Wet Panties

It is not the slowness
which measures those all of different speeds
which I write on you.
Do you at first glance leave on the front and back
under yellow rain down, your condition.
Like your panties and in my secret on which
everything inside that includes, that it is wet in Oder,
therefore as for me,
those of which I can look at the eye of the eye excessively
and that word of the page is needed the secret place
where the eye is exact and it is urgent,
it is that it is sunny good.
We do the cord/note of the poem from your heart,
or the cord/code do me excessively,
but that it is scrubbed
and my surface which is written on the whole.
Underneath,
all the underclothes wet panties and the bra both cups full
conceivably hide the undergrowth, it's milk and thistle.
'Oh' daddy, come help me look,
because i think i feel their are more secrets in my panties.
Thinking this, I think that the slow cows make more milk.

James McLain

Death Of A Butterfly

But be with him
flutter upon gently
and as fair as he is now
make air with loves last kiss
and as your wings
which become loose and slowly
as each new sunny day
when with she,
he opens slowly....

James McLain



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Wet Warm Wind

Sparks of light help too guide me the way
from the darkest of shadows night
and words
are the waves on the cusp of her shore
when stars light the sand
each wet warm wind, then blows dry.

James McLain



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Boringly Repetitive

Some teachers don't understand
that most young people
are not born
with all that they need to know
prison guards
then if they are lucky
if not,
perhaps
thus some teachers
find them
boringly seen one
seen them all repetitive
until they grow up
lost and earning nothing
waiting on the guard.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Under Age Sex

it is not very hard to understand the why of it.
though the why grows wet with it.
and being wet, your panties cling to those leaves
of reason he left off, unreasoned with.
or he the tree you squeeze until he does, smiling
your accomplishments openly, their trembling still
within your why, as now blind he does.
either way remember this and being one or the other
you are too young,
though you burn, to make a well informed consensual.
other than that you are never too young to go too prison
being perfectly well and able to reason
as that of the same adult whom said you were not, what.
too stupid too use your hand instead of your head.
or use the moon to milk more than cows, whom are
more less than not, making milk while standing asleep
bovine that they are yet still on their feet, here as we are.
but do not tease him as is your want, wants such as that
are every bit as strong as the tree inside that you feel.
and rocking back on to it, like the wave at the sea, always
in motion, tension it builds as Newton predicted, and the
friction gives way to energy, splenetic and seeds sprout
and grow and then lactation and your belly becomes, familial.
just own up too it, be a man, be a woman, when your panties
are wet, let him know and you he, should trust as well.
because if he does and you will, you don't have to make
the great big messes, they make those speeches about of it.

James McLain

Arbitration It Is Not Enough

.....arbitration it is not
by is it poetry

and life is but one big happy family of arbitrators,
it is not,
then you, i ask pray tell/you tell me what it is.
perhaps it is attrition too some point
long forgotten what her child hood was.
knowing that.....i don't..
another man hung himself in Pasco county
last weekend.
being falsely accused of touching his child.
the truth came out to late
better left it as it was before i'm told
the dead can not
and i only thought about it every other day and,
of course i was insane.
yes,
i knew she was mentally defective due to alcohol.
it was not her,
that i was worried about it was the the
attorneys,
D.C.F.saying it happens every day.
did it happen too you? or too you or too you
then shut up.
have you ever been afraid that some politically
motivated person,
may send you to prison for the rest of their life.
yes, more than a few now will wish i had not jumped
or shot myself.
give me those last three years that were stolen
from me and my daughter.
tell me not to be afraid, so afraid i almost can not
trust another woman.
but i will.
and if you think my daughter will be better off with
a person of that much standing,
standing deep inside her once i know you did. for what?
before i came you did, so what.

sleeping with my sister did not help my daughter
either,
what say you/say you to that, pray i say it naught.
i propose that the home on the gulf be given over to
greed and all of the other properties as well.
i piss on them.
not having been of sound mind to accord them of such
being of unSound mind you did what
because:
of that of which i 'said' she said, you said,
who said to whom once more again,
she now will say for what?
and still i tremble at the thought of seeing you.
Judge' with all due respect you can have it all.
it may take me a while to fill her head with more than air
but i'm alive.
and too the person whom could do, such a thing,
a thing that is worse than the very cut, when seen
and healed.
inside our heads you see nothing but blank cotton walls.
you may 'Give' it all to her,
i will take my daughter and go live on welfare.
having nothing left too steal, we should be safe, from
the rest,
would you not think.
i did it my way, offending no one but the fish i fed
our neighbors.
You may see as far back as one millionth of a second
in time before,
before the truth you see it was and being what it was
it is i am.

is it poetry

James McLain

A' Southern Moon

You start to smile under the full moon,
but then you start too cry, out back again.
You swing there, underneath it back and forth,
under the moons face, still it's full and crying.
Your face can never be as full as it is now.
Hidden in make up, it can never be made up
the way it once was, found, the way it now still is.
You cry out, wishing that you could find some help
and he would keep doing it, full the moon feels heavy.
Full the moon, you are tearing up again, numb.
You need just plain, old 'English' the leather
the kings 'English'.
Strapped.
You hear only twigs and branches in the dark.

James McLain



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Once I Was A Black Southern Woman

□

and as black as any southern woman
was it not the hard ships we all endured
southern wood piles
holding more than the wood
inside our souls
before even cotton had such white sunny face
they being some, one to many and yellow
always running in and out of ours.
our children even then,
being halved
forced too watch, while their momma.
on her hands and knees long pine floors
wrapped around some flag,
open in the front,
and a pale wormy flaccid being always.
momma,
always clenching her dark chocolate hands
knuckles as white snow
the south behind him
looking on and knowing their future with
him pasted firmly, into mine.
hardness always in my soul,
many were the dark bloods,
red roses, valleys filled.
pink noses once as abundant as, now
as scarce as the men, burning fields.

James McLain

Once A Black Southern Woman

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open in the front,
and a pale wormy flaccid being always.
momma,
always clenching her dark chocolate hands
knuckles as white snow
the south behind him
looking on and knowing their future with
him pasted firmly, into mine.
hardness always in my soul,
many were the dark bloods,
red roses, valleys filled.
pink noses once as abundant as rabbits
now as scarce as the creamy milk men,
burning off the fields
for some southern man,
I can no longer recall, being unwilling.

James McLain

To Walk On Simply By

simply it is a very rich gift you have..
to walk on simply by..
and touch the trees and
make the flowers
come alive..
yet the hand that makes them sing..
is it kissed as is your face
because beneath it all
you made the sun, rain down
and shine on them as well...

James McLain



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Eating Breakfast Their, At Tiffanie's

it was not the sea side nor her other fine salon
and yet about you, wrapped within it
you were windy there,
moving as you moved the way you do.
through all the trees and bushes.
because of you\your other you/your sunny hair
and is it so full of it/so much so that you have to
wash it all completely out, smokey is as does
before you roam there off too far around it, safe in sleep.
you are solid fine and solid as you know you are
constantly, adjustments making, tweaking seeking.
so it fits around your waist just a little tighter.
and when he your other watches and he becomes you,
so full and heavy with it, that you have to say,
patience is love that will be there waiting, always open.
and i the watcher, watching always watching.
i could not compare you too any of that, on the
other side of that inside, like bees that buzz around you.
and she the other 'you' laughing with her merry eyes
thinking what of i like them perhaps they do not i,
your smile, her's were blue and yours?
and bending over her a role reversal, i could say
and there i saw hers, what i saw, she let me see.
and even though perhaps because they were.
she is that candy cane, i think you are a woman.
did i not say to you, are you the girl, whom came
to me and when the moon is full with you, inspired,
.....a lady 'loves' her Mr.....
eating breakfast their, at Tiffanie's.

James McLain

Fresh Cuts

why i write too you about poetry
and
your mother
when she says
that because
why you can't read mine.
and you hear them
muffled sobs
as they are more than that
but too you
and you
try to ask her
you try to explain to her
that when you hear it, them it just brings
back those memories of before
and sliding the knife back into the wooden holder
back in to either side
and always missing fresh cuts
'dad' never had a clue
how many times, you moved
just to avoid
your getting a black eye.

James McLain

Your My Southern Dream

Returning to the house she opens the door,
so widely, and still keeps pace of the rising sun
without being late to you,
and being attached, keeps as you.
You look at the squirrels of our youth.
Whom too me it is new and finds in the play,
the cheek of the hers stuffed.
Sufficiently both of them, heavy, filled with nuts
when dancing the dance on top of the tree each day.
Even so, the leaves come and dance by the top
and bottom of the tree made of wood.
While the night comes excessively, directly,
as for the new white month;
Is it sufficiently bright i ask of it permission, - Your my dream,
sufficiently, i remain familial as ever..and always!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Please Forgive Me!

You open my arms, so wide
coming home, pruning as you do
the pace of the sun, keeps up with you.
I even in my new found youth
come to watch the squirrels at play
and to dance
they dance up and down the tree
heavy their cheeks full of nuts.
While night comes too quickly,
The moon white and full and bright
please forgive me-
my dreams of you, always full!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Come 'Mother'

When i Submit too your cross,
and the altar remembers me
not from you,
i took only warmth and less pity
whom for their comfort lives life
and white are the eggs and you,
before i was me
and it is going out much too quickly
come 'mother' treachery is cold
and religious each symbol; waits in utero.

James McLain



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The After Birth

come; do you think that i will?
if ever.
and even thinking about it
the after birth.
when the cactus sheds it's
thorns
and the rose smells as if it
has been pulled
from else where.
and only then can you know
what i went through.
i will not by your panties any
more,
nor let you gather any left the
dew,
no matter how bad you feel
about it.

James McLain



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You'Re

i am hanging on, though it was fun
dare i tell them, lest they
how in the open like the sun.
the sad clown, is never changing
chasing off the happy girl,
because:
all of or none of the others
and what they may, always think of her..
putting the sun in a bottle, watching it shine.
pulling the cork out of magic.
how many times and you know you have
watched my moves in slow motion
as the rose starts to open.
running the film backwards and frontwards
because now that you have it, what do you have.
who is your judge,
who comes up behind you and lifts your grace
beyond past it's curls.
when every where i look i see cups of face
and your face is hard,
harder than stone they carve out in denial.
it is only because your mentally ill that i love you.
other wise, like too the rest my 'love' a bore.

James McLain

A Cell

here in this, my darkest
of the nests
a cell
contained inside the living womb
you can tell, by the smell.
often of their race,
of they whom were here before.
and the sex monotonous,
never changes.
greatcoats from a future
walking past me.
desperate to keep all your, familiars
off the ice cold,
malignant concrete floor.
the drain in the center of it,
a pipe line to every other
living hell.
some, never left alone, one moon
without some prearranged
needful thing, kind on purpose.
mother, oh my mother can you hear me?
if i were again a babe to rest against,
your egg plant, purple milky teats,
would you turn me over too the state,
not once, but thrice again.
because of chocolate pie and vanilla
milk shake, skies
riding high on mountain tops
and hidden in the clouds,
here they come again, to beat and rape me,
just because i know their names.

James McLain

And If I 'said'

and if i 'said'
in my short life
i had served prison sentences
totaling.
the first: three years.
the second:
three years to run consecutive to two
apart from two for seven.
the third: a normal seven.
the forth: life+life+thirty and all consecutive
fifty being mandatory.
ten years of probation.
two years with an ankle monitor on,
taken off eight hours early.
Remember me, Miss Lawson.
i do not remember much of the things
that you do.
being poorly kept.
would you be properly terrified of me, now.
i did not think so.
oh' well.
i wonder what high school would have been like
or Jr.high before.
i used to wonder if stars were even real or not.
i can not proffer too such as that, as if it's real,
wherein an allocation to some of that knowing not
i never made,
i never knew and walking lines made of glass
just brings me back too hear.
and grief is born of freedom that's not yours,
mine i never gave away
and innocent your rights to some you know, i was.
i nearly forgot, i can not vote.
i have no rights,
if i do it's back too prison for five years.

James McLain

It's The Moon 'Dear'

why do you think...
me clever..'dear'..
are you not...so much...more so...
than i..thus..
that the sky above...must hide..
behind her veil...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When She Comes Home

and being tired, when she comes home,
gently lean into the area that's alright
i know your tired and gently squeeze.
and place only that amount of pressure on it
that she needs for you too see.
and hold it for a few seconds until i weep,
then wait until she tells you too, some release.
and gently lean in to it and squeeze again.
you can also do this in little increments;
working up and down with her/her entire life,
holding each spot for a couple of seconds.
and working calmly on the rest,
and when if ever in this life,
and are you truly ever finished with it.
for no one owns each new day
and or the fullness of each night,
but when the sun is high and warm, both can dance to it..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

An Any Thing Word

boys and girls
it is just a any thing word
she sits ten feet in front of you
and you become full of her
and she at the back of you
looks in at you neck
and thus even more she becomes
as the well
deeper thus because of the word
the word never spoken
and in front of you
speaking,
speaking of that which you hear
feeling red and buzzing
and one day soon
you will only have too think of those
few sweet words
as your eyes and they do
she does too you
pulling you up while the other
should never be kept down.

James McLain

By You Thus His Vampire

by you thus his vampire
and he would
do things too you
things you think you want him too do
to you,
whimper things
that moan as if the wind, there is none of
fast asleep
sleeping fast in breath and you he sees
and he would take each out
hefting them too weigh each one
each their time
like full melons the farmers wife he would
inspecting them
making sure there is no yellow crust beneath
gently squeezing each until
blue veins run spider webs off around
like a map of the world
but made of blood
aureoles rich and pink
picking that one of which is not always closest to the heart
nipping the tips
until and gently like smoke and shadows
by you thus my vampire
his finger growing in each ear like snakes expanding
the tongue a soft warm tree
made up of naught but miles of scaly trunk
and the tearing through to the heart of the rose
and the belly moving as if in life it never could
as heavy
the lighter beast is tucked back in safe and warm
inside it's cup made of white china
as the other is lifted slowly up
and turned upon it's end
and slowly drained
becoming as the color ash now grey
shriveling to look as if and now of what it has become
another warm empty bucket
made of skin

never to know thy pleasure of it's maker, red the wine.

James McLain

Under Cover Of The 'Rain'

Under cover of the rain,
it does this too you some times
and under it we are kissing.
I let you touch my face,
which like the tidal pool has expectations.
Your song of love, this song and does each lullaby
and the rain is quite never has it slept, this silent,
swimming pools, i and you look up.
Full the swimming pool which in the night
when the ground it shimmers and makes some other song
which sleeps as music under your pink tin roof,
some times i think you are eccentric,
but the water made in France is too expensive, love.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Spring Rises Up Too Sing

and thus it is, deep in you
that i am hidden,
as many were they
unlike i whom came
and went before.
sleeping in the tent
where a spring rises up too sing.
and the well of breath and words
you know they take me too.
and you lead me too swim within clear,
sweet the answers.
always and as many others are their very,
clever questions
while each and every one i have,
you know i ask of you.
and ' Woman'
you are the eagle, i am but the sparrow.
in your heart, you hide it away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dr Rippy - Tampa General Hospital - Aged Twelve

When i was a young boy - ink stained test once with the girl
and the ink was sweet he 'said';
it made us unclean this test, from the man for he was the tester;
And that picture my bat of her 'poet' who he said, is nude
from scandal's shrewdly fled this country in white does it black
with all the butterflies he knew colored pink and blue.
Open i flew it as useless and the color of the rich man
actually can't; it's hiding in places love we deceived him.
The boy saw these people with their political advancement
of stages, i 'said' which is normal,
and doctor with the boy with her nose that last time
and the fact that love always fights and bites and claws it's way,
too the top, never forever restrained.
When prepubescent the boy;
and why being many you were once like this tried to think
and the boy and now the man was unwound
yo-yo's and string.
and the ink went round the stain, falling back up came too life.
The most normal response given to us when it's her time
and time is to him at it's most dangerous when currant.
and in compliance with the easy artist starves
and to use fear to make it open so eagerly and does too be fed.
Doctor that seeks with her one thing only and boys too,
which loves as his own and too the boy as well.
They don't mind joined together,
and will join in and his thing spreads our undergarment,
The nurse will reveal and the ink of the scrutineer will listen,
that (thing)their his will that place negated.
Dr. Rippy while the doctor undermines our credibility
and deducts from her finger when his is pointing
and before showing her/his thing,
rubbing ours together,
bored we think for his amusement, i think he
respects not our past collectives.
and took off points for our quick thoughts.
Ink blot tests, bats fly and poo, eyes cry and you?
While the rest of us whom would not be deceived,
received royal attention of electroshock therapy.
I have always wondered why, they would want you to forget

all of that which never really happens, but in dreams?

Dr.Rippy practiced psychiatry on children
in Tampa Florida when I was a child.

James McLain

Good Little 'Catholics'

and 'We' all without exception
being the good little 'Catholics'
and in old age, my knees tell
you all you need to know.
'Mary', her mother was a nurse
and the stethoscope, 'Mary' would
borrow.
some times, 'Mary',
would rip her panties on the nail
coming through the window.
and every day,
between the next to last and last
the girls their periods.
we would hear the priest and
he would say;
being of and from the 'body'
and this is the 'cup' of
'Christ'
thus must now ' you' drink from it.
our hands shaking,
pulling the stethoscope
from the cherry red, wooden wall.
and the girls would all come out
one at a time.
dabbing at the corners
of their mouths with pink napkins.
too be left in the trash can,
before exiting out the side doors.

James McLain

Washing Off The Snow

here he was;
she had him finally,
a new husband who has married a wife
whom he has found beautiful
and that which she carried underneath
for him she made transparent silkinly thus so.
and it was thus that its pain increased
and being wise as she had listened
placed him in a condition of the constant awakening.
Its wife was
soft as the fairest of fair and when foam on top it floats
and necessary made of its sleep,
but the needs of the hand he could hardly restrain until
after her sleep, long nights and day.
She has served its lunch heavy pendulums back and forth
independently hypnotically until the husband
Its shoulder has walked with it many long miles.
while it's shadow passed back and forth from the door.
It has often awaked their up in on towards the half of mid night,
hard its pains, beings touch
with the elbow against her high, a motivating force.
Soon she has it as she planed it all;
inside of she, so many times, the sun may never rise.
It has disappeared, its seed a liquid sociocultural of once the ghost
down a single wall, daily washing off the snow.

James McLain

Before They Knew You

before they knew you
i still came, did i not?
and i knew that as well.
my fear, i still feel in you
when your thoughts
cross mine.
intense we are driven
too blaze and then burn,
falling from heaven
too late for some, always too
early for most.
'dear' your father was yours
in your way, was he in you.
Between us this much we know.
Why do the others see sickness
and pain,
when i come late at night just too visit.
I once was you/you once were me
now i'm both, it's plain to see.
Here in your garden i sleep.

James McLain

Like Your Secret

of All of Those of which I write to you
do you not look at the slowness of which it paces
back and forth under any condition.
Like your secret and my panties
contain it all within above,
those are meant in order so i can see eye too eye
those and needing the word of the page
where it is just short of the eye,
is it not good.
Although we do the poem dearly cord/code too me,
Rubbed it off and my surface which is written over the whole.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And From This Night

Soft in my grave about all about me.
This place i know,
is not good as that other place.
Sweet i wish to lay before i stand,
before thee stands no more, to be,
you laid it out in splendor, perfume,
diamonds your hand my only fortune.
Do not weep I do not sleep.
Me and i a thousand fathers wish too be.
blown out back inside I am again,
like your nose, each log we burned beside the fire.
Ruby of the canary diamond eye.
I am; what you long to find become.
The sunshine of the grain which makes
you lie in bed awake, before each dawn.
I once was, am i still the autumn filled with leaves upon
the floor of mornings calm and damp the grass.
And from this night.
I can not even then begin,
perhaps even now
i will not be able to stand in my grave alone,
About me is that place and yours is it not.
When you wake me, did i die or not before.

James McLain

Mother 'Dear'Est

You are old now, tired and relentless
and if i said the word sex in front of you
you would explode like some
may west gone south.
i am not as you then once you were,
but not by choice i went the other way.
i hear that other voice where you i guess did not, too late.
Kindness but i wish it were of all of that for you it was not,
does it not reflect upon, within the written words.
Respect them, your parents
written out of time, taken out of context, literally.
they whom are the flame the sword it's crushing blows
broken bones and blood upon the floor,
back then the pope and you did know.
That burned the souls of all you had within,
to save their lives; you could not give one up.
Adoption, because of what you did not do,
i did so he could have what you denied too me.
But that was long ago;
i was different then i knew i could not give him what
he needed
even more than the out word appearance of a home.
But two then three then four
and that abusive man you married with him it may
have been two more.
for some one whom could never say the word sex.
The issues must be terrible, i now must save my own
and so i'm sorry i could not save my self, through you.

James McLain

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder)

Is It Perhaps

Going not;
into that goodnight; while not being afraid of the dark
because perhaps it is.
Like; the clock chime it's sound, each the hour
as knives and daggers slice through my brain.
Again and again.
I look in the mirror and see,
what you see, a reasonably decent looking man
of that many years, would you know.
Am I a coward now.
Here, look behind my eyes, look here, go ahead.
Picture 'Bruce Jenner' running around the track
with no legs.
Picture the woman with no breasts too feed her kids.
Picture the man with no club, to leave his children too.
Picture 'Picasso' with no eyes,
Stevie Wonder with no keys, Martin Luther king,
without a dream
and I am where I never should have ever come.
I know you mean well, you just can not compare it too a
midsummer night dream,
nor force the acorn to grow into the mighty oak tree
it will become not overnight,
because you need the wood right now,

Some because of this may never grow at all.
Being born again, over and over with pre knowledge
that you have to watch your self,
die each time more uselessly than the time before
over and over again.
Do not mistaken this for depression, because it's not.
Maybe this is why you think some children are born
without a conscious.
What did they see too you, what did you do too them.
Beings; being what they are and what are you.
Am I afraid, are you?
Imagine you need to be well enough to ask for help.
now Imagine you are that child whom has no voice.

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, PTSD, is an anxiety disorder that can develop after exposure to a terrifying event or ordeal in which grave physical harm occurred or was threatened. Traumatic events that may trigger PTSD include violent personal assaults, natural or human-caused disasters, accidents, or military combat.

People with PTSD have persistent frightening thoughts and memories of their ordeal and feel emotionally numb, especially with people they were once close to. They may experience sleep problems, feel detached or numb, or be easily startled.

and think of death over medication that kills the mind, though this part they must lie about or have done to them, perhaps some thing worse like jail, Americas answer to mental health.

James McLain

Debts

While I thought before that I could
your debts of past love, I forgave-
Once or twice and love, your heart
as if it were mine - too know.

Adverice it's - no longer can I bear
even the flame is - as if it ever was.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Roses And Thorns

from
the middle
how it oozes
dark rich blood
it runs from
red puffy lips
how they shine
raisins dried in the sun
lolly pops
are not always blue and pink
not as red as her sweet wine
sucking noises
soft whimpers and quite cries
yellow hearts that stained
how they cry
they both/know that
but it is
with salted palms
hers a very small
hued rustic mask
that hides it all
roses and a thorn
cause it to bleed
'roses'—only 'lily' knew
he expanded you
you washed it off
my finger moves her back
against the wall
and when I'm done
she can see
how she became
the beautiful woman
that she is.

James McLain

Even One Toe As I Gently

□

Even one toe as i gently;
and we turn on it with trust.
each inside our hands
and around it you so firmly and you squeeze.
when in your good/\night time, how it blooms.
inside your room, the sun it's blessing it is bright.
as is your face,
beneath white cotton is revealed, i kiss lips unveiled.
'O' release i see the flutter of sweet wings.
white the pearls around your neck and pink your slip,
and lass i hear them each and when you sigh,
high between the cliffs, like the wind,
as it's blowing through those trees.
so hello' lass and turn around it
looking out your window, over there at all the snow.

James McLain

My Enigma

私 の エ ニ グ マ 私
が 考 え た よ
に 私 が い つ 中 見
る 私 を あ な た を
通 っ て 見 る こ と
を 見 る か 考 え て
い る 私 は で あ る
も の 私 に 尋 ね 。
そ し て 始 め の 、
そ れ が 問 題 の ポ
イ ン ト だ っ た か
い か に 思 考 、 私
の 分 割 さ れ て い
な い 受 け 取 ら な
か っ た こ と 私 が
に 試 み た と 同 時
に 注 意 お よ び 、
お よ び 私 は し 、
理 解 す る 。 そ
簡 潔 に 、 あ な た
が 付 い て い る エ
ニ グ マ の 缶 と し
て 説 明 で 、
を し て は い け な
い 。
つ の エ ニ グ マ が
自 体 同 様 で は な
い こ と を 余 り に
知 れ ば 彼 ら は 端
に 会
た め に 離 れ て 螺
線 形 に な っ て い
る 間 一 緒 に こ れ
お よ び そ れ 育 つ
の を 助 け る 理 解
し よ
と し て い る 。 複
雑 化 の 装 置 の た
め に 簡 単 な 詐 欺

お よ び 詐 欺 は あ
る 、 私 の 大 将 の
た め の 簡 単 な 問
題 は あ り 、 考 案
さ れ る 私 達 は 戦
争 に 彼 ら を 考 え
た そ
多 数 が の 知 っ て
い た あ っ た よ
に 、 な か っ た 。
つ の エ ニ グ マ は
、 決 し て 敗 北 を
味 わ
べ き で あ る 端 か
ら 端 ま で 置 か な
か っ た こ と 。

.....
...

My enigma I thought, in thing me where am I whom you think whether you look at that passing by you, you look at me whom I see when in, asking. Whether and, that of beginning was the point of problem or, that in thing I who thought, me am not divided and do not receive tried note and, and I do simultaneously, understand. The [so] briefly, as a can of the enigma where you have been attached in explanation, you do not have to do. If the enigma itself knows that it is not similar excessively, they to the edge leaving because of meeting, becoming the spiral shellfish while linear, together this and that help the fact that you are brought up, you understand and with you have done. There is a simple fraud and a fraud because of the device of complication, the simple problem for my leader it was, as for us who are devised the [so] large number which thought of them in war had known, it was, it was not. The enigma, never defeat, from the edge which the taste should and is you did not put to the edge.

James McLain

'Oh Daddy'

'Oh daddy' with your pink of fingers
from which one today,
from whoms utters did you bring it?
Thy milk 'oh' it runs by each sunny face i moved
around the lips each cup i fast embraced them too.
Milk-thus to me daddy, milk it to me now!
And their i look on, at it transfixed,
thy clear glass crystal bells as they swing so full with it
with the foam off it rich too sweet
and daisy absorbed it so much to quickly
each dropp that dripps right off of it,
Lass swallow it all, sop your bread around the basin,
you canna have it more unless you have eaton all your mutton.
'Oh Daddy'
i know it is, but can i milk it off completely.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'I' A Feather

and the undergrowth is all
but only if your still
'i' a feather'
moving slowly up and down.
why does your nose want
too move all on it's own
when 'i' a feather'
barely touch it and you sneeze.
through the silk, i see your face
and your breath it opens up
as 'i' a feather'
once again
but only if your quite, i am still.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can'T See Their Faces

i can't see their faces
when i sleep like i once could
all i see are bars and steel
bricks and blood
anger misplaced rage.
parents whom are ill
and uninformed and always will
having babies
feeding chain gangs
the past of Florida leads to change.
Whom is more ashamed of they
but some they never will.
taking children
that have been bad
they weren't born that way
and you thinking
do you really think they think like you.
or do you say what you are told
to say too keep your job.
i can't see their faces
when i sleep like them, do you?

James McLain

Moon And Tree

heavy
moon balances
high above
the shadow of a lone
dark tree
moon sees
the tree feels the wind
upon it's boughs
leaves that brush the past
from moons full face
that settle
at the base of trees
brown trunk.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Very, Very First..'Emo'..Serial Killer

The mirror and I am sadly;
has long since told me all it knew.
The weeping between two truths.
How long my parents knew,
is again another story.
Ambiguous genitalia,
and how my feelings now, are for you.
I am not just a simple cut above the rest.
Nor some fancy hunter of the head, brought to you
in conjunction with the help of N.P.R. or P.B.S.
I am able now to transfer all of my parents rage
into long deep strokes to some one else.
Thinking back to that very first red day, I bathed.
After I found out, they were the second to know.
Males are so much easier.
Closing their eyes, what could they be thinking.
Like a roller coaster goes up and down
a few good times and then right before.
So quick now and efficient am I.
Snip and cut and the skin pulls off.
Bags of fatty yellow marbles, I now collect.
Heavier and heavier does the bag now grow.
Subconsciously how each female and those groans,
lost now forever deep to sweet, each bloody sleep.
Tail bone to bottom button.
Episiotomies become easier and easier and as with
practice even the toughest sails are rent.
Smiles how they grow and grow.
Ambiguous genitalia, I should have been told.
How one hand holds the bag and all thats between
while the other turns a long white skeleton key.

James McLain

Debt's

When I look at your eyes again here once more,
I have known those glances and they go with rank,
returning us to the glory of that shore,
using the low shadow of the blood ruby through the moon.
Does it loosen your hair and leafy shadow kisses?
Does it return the wood of the oak back too the shed
near the spring which kisses the head
and which brings comfort too your knee;
And still another place we who shine have remembered - Debt's.
Because the woman who turns my eye from your face,
cannot attach it to her body in the sleep of the night,
and we learn too calm the day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Smiles Then Stands

she smiles then stands up
because i am
though i like her
few even talk to me
about it
my parents make good money
and i do my best
i really do
but their, in front of me
when she leans up and over
too speak to her mirror
our eyes meet
i grow week
and i know she knows
i don't
even know the undergrowth
and she smiles
at me
then stands up
and does this little dance
just like a bee..

James McLain

'Ken' For Got, Barbies 'Hot'

And when you come to me;
it has bent you too your will
touched and the fact
it is conquered, maybe not?
Must the conquest of my person make my/yours?
Learn my life as for the child in trouble works out
math and English perhaps learning well or silence
of the lamb that is watching, waiting how;
which employee is the teacher\teaching not.
I never ask the book from which my knowledge came!
Every word and bug or dot, have you now.
Sweetheart your/I of he your she, refuse until you've got!
Or if you think that you will get married with the one like me
from heaven, which he sent, I will disappoint you, not.
As for you are but the doll that 'Ken' for got.
Barbies 'hot'
Whom should wear the clothes and, me if I refuses, deceived you not!
Or if you think that you find through him without me, think again
for you will not a single grain of simple Grey so gain, not from he.
Education is his key, a larger joy inside of thee.
Do you feel the rose begin to swell and open closing doors?
Creative is the thing you clamor for and the craving,
which when full adds even more.
You/i and just for the caressing of it which you 'said'
you like just because of joy of soft muscles skin you feel
the pliant heavens that my body, always lent.
Oh shame and sympathy and 'O' thou humiliation.
The hand of the woman whom our times take from sleep
and awake all night right through, because of you, is it not?
But if me you ask me,
the husband of your passion and each joy and sorrow knows,
and of the thing perhaps a sweeter word or two
sweetheart and I work, too live, and I am.
your permanently and as for our equal love
until the joy falls and order mine to cross the center of a star.
We who are made just to transfer from one hand, too the other
and The center made for 'God' your reaching out.

James McLain

Each Boy And Girl

see the bird
each boy and girl
before they learn to fly
then liken wings
to arms and legs
and every thing has eyes
but when a wing
is bent or torn
and
feathers know no sky
did i hear you kneel
to them
and say it is alright.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My First Lady Doctor

i thought she would be old
but she wasn't
she was neat and very attractive,
smart and near my age
she did not rush me
like some other may have done
now i know how you must feel
before the start of each new dawn
with my pants around my ankles
it was her voice
that calmed me down
i had never had it done before
apprehensive and i was
then she was in
and i felt her push on some thing
out came milk
because it was my first time
she took her time
i think she has fun with this part of her job
because, i ask her if i was
you know
and she said no
she said
it was a simple normal reaction
to my being probed.
she said, if she could get a picture of how
i looked we could both be rich.

James McLain

Be Hot And Full

i know
i know that your that way
why would i tell
what would i say
why would i say it after all
you have been through
lesbian
knowing i am a man
though i'm not gay
i can do for you
what she did
before she left you
except before we do
the things you do
i must know you can
as once you did
and the entrance we will lock
so no one will
working through what some one did
does not mean
you can't be hot and full again.

James McLain

I Think Of You

when i think of you
we met as others seem to do
and moving ever slowly up
to holding hands
you know i do
and after sleeping the night through
right next to you
i'm always up
too see the crack of dawn
your always their to see me through
the sun of each new day
and when i touch the silky scarf
i am brand new.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Do Not Be Angry

do not be angry
nor grow pretentious
it is only your/my toe
and when it's full
i know your need
too keep it clean
and trim
and neat i do for you
and when it's time
you let me know
and as adults
we see eye to eye
we always could.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Too You

and but too you i just can not
you are to full of happiness
golden drops each thought of you
and only you can make me feel
the way i should
it has been a while for me
it may not work the way you would
and i am afraid to let you down
and it was you whom held me up
do you think of all the men
and do you think of them that way
do you think of me at all because
with simple words you know i can.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Freed Her Lips

'oh daddy' just don't hurry;
wash it off 'oh look dad'
and pig kinky 'pink flying piggy
your finger, arcs the sky'
as one finger moves it back against,
i see my back against the wall
and a beautiful woman or the hand of the nymph
her water- where it swims
pushing hard against her heart
up closer, full and wide between
and freed her lips
they milk the sky
feathered out and made of glass
crystals of the light i see and after i smell it
i taste it
a caged bird
she made of me and inbetween it
my/why love i lay you now in sleep so sweet
green hay and soft hay
it is sweeter than the moon inside her gown
she is the ocean deep in silence let it sleep;
is it in her poetry
sexy momma, each azimuth
can you see the air i taste the air or smell the air or not.

James McLain

House Of Dreams

money was the house of dreams
glass so 'dear' it built.
it paid in fines and tears
can my daughter block the sun
with all the words
then full were you.
how do you grow and spend her time
with no sky to gaze upon
does she hear the wind, at night before
it comes
too dress the morning sky, in all it's light
and wood lies upon the forest floor
too much too find and lacking more
know her mind a ticking clock like mine
a way through time,
don't use the pills too shut hers off.
when yours grows dim
light is her source, her rivers long
both sides too know
please let it in.

James McLain

Her Like That Star

when does bashfulness goes out, or come in
and why? And, her to me,
but outside i needed that she come completely
she walks so calmly.
she dispersed my clothes.
when she disperses my shirt and skirt her/I,
he who leaves a leaf between it at or on removed the panty
where I am transparent.
the worldwide range of her pink running water, it falls away.
he concerning with each month and asks.
her like that star up there.
and the time,
she says,
the good silence where - you want to rip? - the chalice
which she has learned that or being thought,
there it is in writing in the place where it is.
because as for him it must be the rainbow;
She drank him. Her or that and as for her,
i the moon a crack of flavor and the silence which is she
and her/he opened slowly,
because of that and the kind of ones, we want,
silence bettter is tomorrow we like the ink,
which perhaps tears her in order to go out.
he crosses, the she, his, her friend and means that you hear.
the blue green onion;
which is soft movement in the vicinity
and is high and some ocean,
which says the taste of that abundant ocean
which is to signal on her center it means with it to push,
it takes both parts soon, and in it she sees.

James McLain

Suttle Periods

Whether it is from the blue of the bluest cotton
which;
suspended over between this matter
from the flax more or less becomes less complicated
prosperously with the environment from each own, their wood,
comes the field a body of oranami of the pinkest fair clouds
of the highest consolation
where it should and can make a division within that and does.
As for that,
and that thing of which each;
it would vist and each their own part,
which removes falling from the movement soft of shape
and wave the very new human that invisable muscle,
the approval which is seen by you, i see?
As for suttle periods between it'
Together the [O] you blow; Empty; if you do berift of it,
The good-deed's following quickly to each her head,
and contrails white finger which melts it slowly in the dance
and lower, each cloud apart; which it turns to the air of each leaf.
And there are times when damage from thy shock is wiped permanently away
and naught but joy remains..

James McLain

Each Salty Leaf

From early mornings sun and damp was night
those cotton fields
of baby
some times pink but mostly blue
correcting hands each flower floats from which
i made a promise now i hang.
Grandly and with the hemp it ties
and comes to build the field a shallow body wide
the highest comfort cloud from tree too tree
with three no room. From which It sees, visit,
the ocean;
i am each punishment of the silky thing, the party
knew a man and invisible muscles which she takes
falls off again deeply from the sea of thought as motion
shadows of soft shape and waves are seized.
Authorization of it with she, which sees?
Settle breezes together on periods of white foam, and it'
From the sea they are too the dance which rotates
around the world,
across the circumference of each salty leaf
can you taste the air or not,
yea or nay, say it naught
according to her head with the finger which he combs
and slowish is the lower part against the bow and wave.
And is to wipe the tears forever from thy brow,
erased in fear.

James McLain

Oceans Of Silence

silent oceans
all over the compass
the angle of truth
each azimuth
the mind that was on alcohol
bearing winds
and can it really be as bad as all of that you
loved me,
you said you loved me
i measured you
in and out
front and back
knowing to the nearly
seconds passed and minutes became years
and i knew you were
growing even more
heavy and as heavy, heavy likes
as once i was
before you/i became
driving up it slowly up and down
the coastal waves
stones the ballast moves aside
felt thats brown and pulled aloft
soft you ply
the sail it's jib
and all inside
even worse is the storm when it comes
and as i grunted
and tore things open, soft things
panty things
and fully and even more
deeply adrift
the smallest drop
of gold from where she latter would
it did things to my mind
my body
always thus you could
and i was called your animal
only too my back

and as you began to swell
and swell
foamy waves they raced
it seemed i would swell with you
anticipating
becoming anticipation i became
and you would squeeze them
and squeeze them
until
and knowing no better
and being your man
i did all that you instructed of me
and as i grew smaller
you grew larger and larger
keeping me like that
until i died
and you didn't even bother too wear
panties after that
knowing one dropp
of that was all it took too make me
take you
as you instructed me to take you
off and far away
dumping me overboard
like a raisin in the sun.
not even waiting for another ship
too come across the rise.

James McLain

Blue A Feild

High up in a cotton blue a feild of clouds
floats a body fair
Made it is from hemp and twined around each tree.
Example of it is, a waving off a vist, invisable muscles
a sea is in motion of each supple form you bare, i see?
Like the suttle breeze while in it's flight each leaf
is dancing spinning round the air,
fingers combing slowly down along her hair.
and i would wipe the tears forever from thy feet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Preist

yesterday
i heard the priest
had died
partly as a child
his
smell always moth ball sour
i hated visiting the old
with him
not of they being old
but of his
telling me to take his/her out
the rooms
always very small there
you can tell
you just can tell
i think it was because
of some thing
before i was born
and i always notice things
even still to this day
maybe it's because
yesterday
when i heard it
and i was told
i went more than a little cold inside.

James McLain

Awareness

'dear' how would you know it all; unless,
i said to you that I am frightened,
famished and thus then only.
i was goodness assembled by only you,
too very high i was next to the one on top,
between the fork of your tree
and it is held by you.
wild are my eyes, my hair now short unkempt
and a long time 'yes' a very long time
much are the fruit so ripe around me.
fishing and completely rides the tide so high around me.
and being dubious of my purchase on the rocks
and you my one and only that I tighten
and always so much always so much gently.
only I' you only one, that i am no one without your effort.
like I m' hanging in the fork
and reach outside out off my purchase and you tighten it.
and it is dropped with only the slightest form the pressure,
in your hand while i hang on
and in the fork of my new purchase.
and in my hand i wont tell
and to always shake the bite right off the fruit
you/I tighten moved it well
and the juice and why it functions in the middle of my hand
and off my mouth
and why/my mouth is so full with shrimp and with the fishing.
and as juice injects upwards into the air,
i know we caught a big one and i reach for the next one
and the sleeping bag so right and white on the pink skin
and like the last oyster' i swallowed raw at last you tighten
and the next one.
the sleep in the fork the moon is raised to highten my awareness

James McLain

Sexy Momma

' sexy mamma' sexy; you with your pink lips
and about which mouth you speak about today?
Observation; do I know, of the whoms that the garden
selected you not I today?
Thy milk 'oh'; it functions by each beautiful face
that you moved around the lips of each my love I love by you embraced.
it is thus it's why '
Milk it thus my ' momma' sexy;
milk it you maintain it!
Carry me, traction of it's haste it to the top sharp quickly
by the horns,
thus open with the barn!
dispatch me to the top,
dispatch me upwards,
come and talk while you dispatch it,
walk much more me quickly, than before it',
dusty sheets have puffed it up, too speak remote.
And I look at you and it is thus
while you look on it as it's transfixed by you.
where each clear bucket half you fill with him
soaking milk how it is thick with the sparkling
and soft and full to the top with him.
The thought, with it is faster you/I, as a its familiar animal '
birds are humming; and poetry absorptive by lazy daisy;
so much more quickly and each dropp which it dripps,
is one less than I loosen,
because of him.
To like a seed it finds,
and for you it functions in addition to too many eyes
machines ' today and of me always hear 'sexy momma' sexy;
and when they milk it.
Where does it run to,
how did it arrive there is it?
Is it rich like they say as green hay,
softer, softly cotton soft than the brown one?

James McLain

Each Face When Full

When it does;
is it predetermined and reaching out
how it is we have a measure of it so.
We with each new found it turns beginning;
sprung it springs returns
and it twists the icy glass of each new world.
Too you it brings each new reflection to all open eyes.
Beauty is one reflection of the night/light left behind
and lacking sight do you view the moon when felt as real.
Real or not it happens every night,
when the sky is open wide.
Beauty warm upon the eye, inside each face when full.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Intelligence

Your intelligence; is that too 'Me'
and it respects your rights.
The closed eyes;
is for when there, is left but not a single star.
I will like it or not, but in your rose wood case.
I respect your song in it's deep sleep
which is the real reason I dream and dreaming
I will liken it too your intelligence just in case.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Waiting, Wait No More

And gray winters touch
finally reaches this bend of the long flowing river
and waiting i sit upon it
it is not cold nor warm and waiting i follow it a little further.
Sensible light; love I know of this of it's brevity and love
did i not recently
and for this i am so very lonely as i wait.
the moons behind, i am and his schedule
and to touch the one that i must ask,
i must not, for you are left here, not done.
Also windy she is as well;
too me likened i thus, she whispers as your love smoothly,
also those leaves,
the tastes and of whoms, 'dear'; think come but wait!
Whose; this brilliance of the fire warms it up,
saith east boy remeber also you compared,
and your astonishment as i;
the sun and he with its laughter, when with you it was both came.
The knowledge is due to have released half of it.
Comfort as well as beauty in the eye thats full with it.
sitting here i wait and others spill outside,
hearing i heard of thine and mine
and we;
who now one waits to be as we once were and yet still are;
we, how he once was rough and now as then still is
and insensible touches.
Underneath with the envelope of her/you will see it become;
completely the eye as it becomes the storm of youth again.
And if and if it comes in the night with out any notification
suddenly as you are unaware,
waiting, wait no more, for i have come.

James McLain

Touch It Too It Is Windy

And gray winter from this bed of the next light,
sensitive I know from brevity of late, this afternoon
and in order to touch it too it is windy it whispers softly,
leaves too the likes of which;
this blaze of fire
hot this child likened too it, and astonishment; the sun
and it with her laugh, when it came.

Knowledge should have been liberated of it's comfort
and poured outside,
mine ear and
we who are; we, how rough is it
and insensitive too touch off our surroundings;
which you play it deftly off
surroundings of the ring sheds it's night/light
the daytime low-end thing in color of a flame
and with the light in which it investigates is peculiar
and it all started the fact from that which falls from your sky
as tears never let you out, though in song like he, I call.

Below with above it;
full the eye a basin if and the night comes notification
suddenly without,
The tree which is inside the leaf; which is brown pleasure
of winter and it is; suddenly awake,
your finger which is rough and sensitive it surrounds my eye.
Spearhead of breath each winter is it's solecism in your smell,
and long drawn out and hot are the months 'O' my sweetheart,
before 'June' comes I ask, when will I see?

.....
.....
.....

James McLain

Is A Breast

My gaze hovers amazed across your valley
of grace sweet breasts
and in the short of Grey winters late afternoon
in this bed of light,
I/we know why they are delicate
too soft to touch,
so hot with the sun his child like amazement
and how it frees up and out with her laughter
tough and delicate we play around the rings
around our each other the daytime candles low
with its peculiar light and if the snow
begins to fall outside filling the branches
and if the night falls without announcement
there are the pleasures of winters
leafless trees
and sudden, wild and delicate are your fingers
around my eyes.

My love hot on your scent on the cusp of each winter solece.

James McLain

Blue Berries Blue

and worried for words no books.
asking but neither too ask for fear if we ask.
our parents unspeaking the devil is words
believe what it is/is it said,
when you are old then only and then perhaps
not from I nor she will you know.
too know of the beauty of trees
and their meanings they hold.
why are some flowers red
while others run off to play in pink
blue berries blue
always and forever
before and after is it true?
bare are fields laying fallow
is Lily in bloom like a Rose
must the thorn always stab the heart
like the knife must it know.
or from the plow
fresh turned earth smell of life
it's breath again fresh.
telling us nothing is worse than that.
keeping us locked in the dark.
And by the time we have figured it out.
will cotton seem as then once;
as it was so white too me, will the tree she
once wished to climb
run out and look down too the sea.
mom one of my friends is 'gay'
and 'dad' do you know what an ego is
I have never seen you read one book in my life
why would you want them pulled from
the shelf of life made of wood at the school
where I live where you both never come.

James McLain

Her Magic Pool

It is small is not
at the spring in the back
where it has to drink the troubles by hand,
this from your hand of you.
It is not the small things in them it sees; it is the smallness
of the things it sees only in the the thing,
and the knowing; The (thing)
between the field i loved inside you,
it i Was; It to be bitter or sour the well after,
their life, nonjealous I am because of us it Advances,
enters; without knock never locked outside.
It is combined until forever now together.
We touched it together and until now and hush
in the quite we entered.
Consequently, you discovered going off with and
each being the noble and wise thing,
The (thing) will give it to the field, that (thing) will listen
and there is by a bed by which it has;
the beautiful young girl that time
and when it is not in that order the poetry
her angels who are important and approximately
that thing (writing) of which will put on new wings
awakes to it come morning.
You are many years old knew poets of the best and me a
male/feminine actor and author, ' It, I' Said;
Her/she of him which reaches her magic pool and prints it out.

James McLain

No One Hears Her

The good girl,
the silk cloth which covers them
and who in green jaded onion skin
pulls aside the tears,
how many dawns gone past
and have stars last omits it shines,
and raged, about coming with the light,
being useless from rage,
no one hears her crying and sleep can
never leave, deep at night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Left Writing Me

You,
and you,
stop in order to dropp me off to history
and you left writing me,
You whom do not write,
you whom commit fraud upon my love;
entangled within i am.
You and me and the tree, your laughter
does it not know how mighty.
Steps each step upon the stars made from the dust and,
but yet, the dust together, It still rises.
My boldness takes you and it does/does it not?
You are my source from which the sky asks why;
you envelope the moon each night in smiles.
And from history' From justice sits my cabin; not of shame
that' is where it happend; and the river flows fast past
and it is high from rain and on the side thier two sit and the root
drives through the pain and over there is where it happens.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Black A Rose Made From Wood

The ghost of this face; once white/er.
Which is it washed off to the multitudes;
Gets wetter, it is lighter and blacker and
getting some what better.
and once it was not,
remembered, not forgotten
black a rose made from wood
opens a big petal of hope.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Starke 'County, 'Florida'

He was really fat and ugly wasn't he.
He did kill that young beautiful park Ranger
twenty five years ago
and how i need the ' Governors' help myself.
Will I ever be able to vote.
Never having much of a pool to draw upon.
My self too vote for.
His arms were huge
no doctor could do it' ethically'
though in secret a mouth will say any thing.
He was slipping in the polls.
Asking Rubio, we need to know now
does he like beef or will he feed us more Chicken.
I will be really pissed off if she my daughter,
grows breasts at age eight.
what are his numbers today and what will they be on....
and the formula for life is too give or take,
whats on the news will dictate.
The measure of your worth,
weight it out well.
When you see how big fat and ugly he is.
Did it make it easier to kill him.
He is a murderer, like those people whom
suck the babies out of the womb after all, right.
I wonder how much he eats, most of the other inmate pictures i see in 'Florida'
show how skinny the inmates/are they people?
Like # 057512
When it was one in four hundred fifty in prison
it was acceptably right and now it is about, what.
One in a hundred thirty, forty now.
One in fifty.
one in ten.
One in two.
Then all that is left, will be you.
Will he cry,
Did he beg for his life.
Do they shove cotton deep up inside his rectum.
like they did when they cook them.
how much cotton will it take.

My daughter will be seven in 'April'
what will I do if...
We are all the same...it is why i need restraint..
from mine passions..perfect are you,
after all it's not personal.
Personally; I think it's easier when they are fat and ugly.
I need to loose forty pounds.
Poetry is preserving that fading photograph.
Turning Grey and then ash en..
To be watched over and over again.
Like milking that proverbial pretrial cow
While civilized nations, laugh at us beneath their breath.
While they read Charles Bukowski, eat cheese and bread
drink beer and fart.
Do you know what your child is doing, right now.
I forgot, you are normal.

16 Feb 2010

James McLain

It Is But The After Glow

This
one cloud
is but
honor from sky that cloud
is forever lost to me
to let me go out,
away from back into i was again i am
inspecting
but the glow
secure in it's compliance, mysterious one in it's memory
which is there and was a low price they paid for it's usefulness.
high in the arch, sits her and her in his, his large angel
which art thou and orders it to pass it by
and the angel most assuredly.
Being firm from the flesh and by any means of escape going out
from the heavens until,
the attempt now is, it too follow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Selling: My Whore

I am Yours and yes; you are my one blue eye of glass
i see by: green glass that you, I have paid for,
throw upon the floor
and each peice again once swallowed makes
the running off of it more.
You are one 'Sun' must thus I tremble by,
do not call out my name, not mine you must not ever.
Mine very own name in it I wait,
my trembling hands on you it thus,
thorns and roses searing the flesh until it's price
paid in blood alone on the stone, I wait for.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Selling My Whore

The [sun] [the] beef you/I purchase with out streeet,
the very first purchase of my life and which falling;
I have and thus you as well; held secretly within hearing it beating within your
heart minds dwell.

Street girl sales and pulleys,
you shouting you my characteristically like the ocean it fills.
I In compliance with you and you from each angle,
us/whom and mine quiets you in/out and age respectively.
Slum and lord this over and thine rents each crack and the pebbles,
in the fire and when you and I being thus again.

Being young until, it ignites.

I am your thing and like that and i am not but i must be, not;
You I see are 1 blue eye of my heavenly separation: speculating.

Your and this wet the green grass which plays,
pulling never cutting the sun drawing from the ground
and one time when three the height came in sevens
gentle each piece made again and little more than I, escape.

Your 1 ' Is; Sun' cry not to call,

order not to be in order not to mine it trembles in side.

Goes out and the characteristics which waits above was famous,
the grape, the trembling hand,

it's Even unto the thorn

and the rose which fumigate the mingling flesh;

Respected and the price I/you bleed in expectations.

James McLain

Quiet Thine Majority Of Need

How it is that i like thee?
Cortly are thy manners to me.
how i liken too with thee
with it's depth and width and size.
and which my heart it can never reach,
i feeling out of the sun it's sight.
forever the ends thy to be
and of ideal swaths thine grace.
liken thee of thee on the level 'loves' everyday'.
Quiet thine majority of need,
by the sun and gleam of candle.
loves liken thus too thee freely,
because the men;
thus tested to obtain mine the line sweet strung heart.
liken it too thee and so purely,
because they turn oft around I/it's praise.
likened too thee with thy passion and put away
and as I' used it;
In my old sorrows, and with my childhood'
faith of freind.
likens thee with a love that seemed to glow
with mine lost saints, - thee i love
with thy breath, smiles, tears, of all my life! - and,
if God choose, me but thee i love better after mine death.

e.b.b.

James McLain

North Korean Valentine

I will be knowing and that (thing)
i will listen and i pass it to know it, [iss]
it is me they report, threatened swollen
and anyone a possibility of seeing the method of me
why it is here and to order the rose, nose selfishness
come to the care which knows of the thing
and to go out there where it is and when coming,
it does not know the toe and [ten] be as the metric unit
with the party shoes in compliance with my face,
which sees you, who sees me, see you the fact
that will see inside why you cry
above from this eye of you
whom sees at the time of the ball or the party.
come with me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And I Cry

i pass them knowing
knowing i know they see
full and scared
no one to care
how is it here
i came to be
be as it may as i come
i can see
by my face that you see
and seeing me
see you see what
that you see
when you look in my eyes
and i cry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why The Sheriff

When he arrived
ask of me,
why am i here?
Looking him in the eye
saith i/i 'said' in reply.
She/my sister
slept with my wife,
much more than that.
many times to many in front of my child,
my daughter whom even now is but six.
She makes me violently ill,
it's the air around her it is,
she is bi polar i think as well.
unmedicated and married ten times
she braggs
Why am i here again he 'ask'.
i' 'said' i fed the dog a bone,
he is much like i
in this home.
Logical thought not/her progressive
shes not
thoughts in that place none should dwell,
the sheriff 'asks her.
Are you in fear for your life for distroying
his home, eating of his wife, what did his daughter see?
He, ask?
She thinking what, 'said no'.
Am i here because he fed a bone to the dog,
or what you did to his home and child.
Don't you have a daughter he ask'of her.
Nine she said.
Is that not your red car i see at new york, new york
each night that bar.
Tell me, he ask' why do you fear the bone.

13 feb 2010

James McLain

Shone The Sun

This is his place where the vast ocean ends
and before it, he was in it lost,
out too the distance from which
shone the sun
here once again, may it shine.
Walking along thus too part
between toes, washing off prints left behind.
And that place lofty is softy, it grows in the white,
covered by wind blowing sand.
Cool is that place dawns the sun
and crimson her fire, inside my heart ignites,
passion and flame once again.
That place moths and birds in order to warm
the kites flying high, long it's tail
which comes from his place by the sea, wishes from she.
We let us wish, let us do make, take too this place
and leave where the clouds, blow off smoke open minds.
Stern disapproval official's need approval
and dark is the distance that bends gentle minds.
The hollow where oceans meet, sweet is the
flower that grows,
does it pass us and lead us in order to greet us.
Measured and walking which walks with us walks,
the cloak of dark white,
the arrow it's need is probably thin where and with
whom it goes.
The place where the waves are meeting the shore
can you not see when it comes from both ends.
Like that it we'
Is measured and deep,
thus walking along which all we have seen
and yes all the things you have done.
Walking we move, walking they grew and walking around it
you knew and upon each shore which is always washed new
and we as the sand that the glass made so right,
So go the children go off in play, and they to us indicate,
the children all they do,
and they know of that place where the ocean began,
there walking in sand on the oceans vast shore,

once we knew.

James McLain

She The Oceans Silence

Me too she both are shy. And, she soothes me
and speaks calmly.
Bringing me the peace
I needed at her moment of need, she needed as well.

The outside,
of such beauty
but covered never completely.

He took off my dress.
If you looked through our window
you saw,
her take off my t-shirt
and the skirt upon me which he leaves.
His scent she smells hers as well.
Never in this world thought below it,
Did you also see what you saw when
slowly;
removed were the panties which in 'love' is made transparent.
Her pink world fell into his palm.
He asks about my day of the month.
She to see the star in him.
And at that time will she say and - you will split it
and good night/days silence,
you want it too the sky and more? - And was i writing,
where she is it folded or thought that wears it out.
He must be the rainbow mixed in because;
She drank of him too sleep.
Her or that song
and she the oceans silence,
where I am good and will spill it because of her like
and she opens slowly
and she wants and to go out side of the silence.
The ink which both spilt,
and probably she likes him better just in case tomorrow.
He passes over and he says too her as he listens to her friend.
The ocean what the green muscles,
which is soft and moves it says getting near
and taste of that abundant ocean,

which is to motion being
high and above beneath her heart,
and side by side with her pushing gets it nearer
and both see it beating.

James McLain

He And I And You

Me, 'he I and you' Said;
Me being old again once young,
expressed why should i be in compliance with you
like the fire which;
when it is examined and hot it burns closed inside away,
it does not quake but yes;
assuredly and not to me and my song which i will do
and or wishes for yours are again.'
Playing which has; Me, 'he I and you' Said;
Me which i am to me being old,
is not the sorrow which is serious though it cools
never ceaselessly.
and ' where only sorrow hits but a little;
I me'he and I and you' Said'
being young, through it/it, went,
you gave it back, but - never i Wished and shouting like
the world was on fire,
it jumped over and ignited it again;
It in it's gray overcoat it falls and throws,
like the bride whom the gown
and again puts on
to give you/your innocence once again in you i found.

James McLain

My Tree

Though heavy is it bent
long is the thought
deep was the cause
Standing alone in the rain.
Few and few, my words
and too you, yes you do
i speak.

What do you see,
On my branch
Black is the bird
long are it's feathers
underneath they are red
sitting in the same spot
Of my tree.

Building room for the night.
Would; that i was a squirrel
not harming sweet the bark
ever feral
sitting up i'm never still
filling long hollow trunks
with nut's gathered green
brown
getting ready for the winter
growing fat
here comes the spring.

James McLain

Milking Poetry

'Oh daddy' with your pink of finger tips
and from which cow did you come from today?
Watching; i know, from whom's udders, you drink from today?
Thy milk 'oh' it runs by each sunny face you removed
around the lips each love have i embraced.
Milk-it thus to me daddy, milk it to me now!
Take me thus to the barn! hurry me up,
hurry me up, come and hurry, walk faster,
before besty's leaves are blown too far away.
And thus i look at it transfixed
where each clear pail half full with it
sloshing the milk it is thick at the top
foamy and sweet and full with it.
Thinking, of a quicker than i, as her pet 'humming bird'
and Daisy absorbed poetry; so much more quickly
and each dropp that it drips,
is one less i loose, because of it.
Loving one seed that she finds, and runs
off too plant today and i am still hearing
'Oh Daddy'
and when they milk it.
Where does it come from, how does it get there?
Green hay, is it sweeter than brown?

James McLain

Emptied The 'Ocean A 'Dream'

Is it she;
The music can it be any more wildly excited.
Her or her song came why I come,
in order to listen too her each week it with you.
Her motion like you, I 'find', beautiful it' Is; of oneself you give
one wave each octave her I respectively,
She Broke; she breaks my soul and each one
and that place at the time of her whipping,
his soul inside it is falling,
too the hand of it she comes too, or, hears a sound,
each price each plucked which falls from the music
the poetry I find in her head which is sweet the sea.
Sees in deep my earnest desire,
he in where and which she is knowing,
until his knee bends to her music her words.
Knocking at the outside and his thing how it waves
and softly, felt him and the shore again meets the wave.
His vibrating a beautiful pulse will not be from the metal
and she will help him too make.
Song the voice which is pure is the possibility
and plausability which she can do.
Backwards it is visible and I, her deep future and sees.
The higher The office where the disaster can happen
without from which they stand.
She from the musical extra poetry prize and thus
which he is hers desperate,
extra prize and extra prize, and she is his general
in the straw bag and wicker basket location time and place
which made from her improvised
and the acoustic hill will be able to understand it,
' Song did you mean;
empty'Ocean a 'Dream' 'O', hungry sea.'

.....
w.b.y.

James McLain

Made Not From Steel

She is; crazed no more than the music.
She/Her song, her notes you came to hear.

Her motion is beauty it's division upon itself
One wave her each octave, crashing unto it's self,
Poetry there within falling, her beating of his soul,
comes too my ear/hear it is the sound,
Sweet music, each strand that falls from her hair.
Looking with deep longing, He knew not where,
Walking out into it, up to his knees,
laughing/his waves softly tapping he feels.
He feels far off a beautiful pulse a vibrant song
made not from metal,
a pure voice that can sing.
Backwards underneath too her do I look,
coming ever forward to me and her water is seen
by the light of she is lovely, I float on the moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ladies A Gentleman

Because of this 'we', laughed as the grass is green it's common.
Directed, how it is, I am now here to be, as was implied by her with favor.
And be left thus far away from, but near to it by far, I then became again.
Whose white teeth flashed the sun as it was now, to show them.
I was attracted by the breath inside fresh as mint, 'made' and she it was
one breath i'm in/too deep with every glance, Love i rediscovered.
Lost and eventually found inside of caves, dark sound, so deep
smooth, rich and throaty, singing to the sky, her music all the time.
Never torn, but by fate and time and young once every other memory.
Although still loose on top, I look inside it even further, for example is a
waving such a visit, muscles clutch invisible, the sea it is in motion.
A young woman on the beach 'she' rushed at us, stopped and saying:
briefly drawing swift aside a red and white kerchief/bandanna.
Made it said is 'Kansas' hot golden sweaty mask, looking out of:
she is far away beyond it, cool some shade beneath the sand.
Bronzed that body is, I think of poetry, confusing i with her, each with.
'If your wife and Mr. Mister', Sir: (desire to take to the ocean,
not the lady and gentled is the gentleman) 'want to wash off lightly '
One day, at a time when with every grain of sand and foam,
she did - politely bow too ask '
I decided that if and now, when 'I' and if 'I' 'must now turn to face it
that this shocking revelation following flowers, when spoken in such oral,
'when he and is thus was struck 'could fly a kite without a tail,
Some implications of these remarks acute;
could that hearts are won and then the thought get lost, by lovely such.
She was with her other and myself;
this afternoon could still be in May, the sun up high, so hot, at noon.
Flowers will always bloom or open not.
I concentrated on both, seated hot, sandy by a well of deep emotions.
With care, deeper it is reason, my opinion trusts, too find if it reflects.
Kept so sure, in time, inside, I got to know, or wonder always why.
Wistful him for her, she/ him;
much more than each subtle wave and love, I could be his double.
Once I was of similar mind, a person may then drift so far a lark
when life as it works right away or just floats by, like sand in front of us.
Then washed into the rocks and moss, strong wind just blows away

James McLain

It Is Only A Word

Is it not the word of which it never says,
some three words that both i never 'said'
leaving it/is thus and never why;
The eye of the head which i never may see,
even as each proud bend of wild rivers
which blend off to the sea,
the closer you came the farther like wood it drifted apart.

It was but my hand and full it is still gone are you not,
and words from my pen, inked red hearts do wain, Unsustainable
but too the heart and where it foamed now how it talks
the waves wash me against, why around it i wander too sleep.

Plentifull children play is it the sand on the beach
and one grain only is my pearl that i keep
and sleep is to waking the deepest of my need of sleep
while only being quite ignites my compliance,
It is only by your world is it not, i walked with you within.
Is it not with too many and which my/why i now sleep so.

...

..

s.t.

James McLain

The Bathroom

It is where she went
caffeine pills,
yellow bar after bar 2 mg.
'Come Queen Xanadu'
Gallon after gallon of
wines sour breath on the rose
day after day
no after hints.
They all knew and betrayed, withheld.
Conversations held
may as well, built upon bones of ruins,
with the Luke warm water running
unlike her mind
swirling around aft that tub.
Thighs open wide,
then deeply admired as she squats
grunting out each and sometimes it's lost
and bewildered
every other machine gunned word.
While every other hand full
hard fought pulled out
missing the toilet, like
yellow stars shooting past my face
once of trust.
This is her petulant office
as it was once back then.
Trying to understand my wife
too her it's simple a visit.
Lifting her hamper and living beneath
dozens of fat brown/red roaches
dragging egg sacs behind
eating their fill
through the bottom as they all came
like a fast food chain
eating holes in the white cotton
of the most expensive of her panties.
Golden were they those moist crunchy arches.
Until I, one night she came out
with a clear gallon bag

zipped at the top
inside it a baby a boy
the bathroom
being nearly six months pregnant.
I begged, i screamed,
never going to the doctor before nor after.
I march man acted her,
the 'Judge' then did agree.
This was before 'Caroline' was conceived.
was he then dead or moving born and still alive,
Echo's lost I/my screams.
It was nearly her as well.
Doing I did for the next as well.
When are human beings, human beings?
Not until their born or abused and murdered still inside.
Can the court decide.
Science or religion mixed the two.
My mind had to go away to live while my body
stayed behind by that of which was not a dream.
Any way a different judge gave her a restraining order
after she got out,
for some thing they convinced me, I did wrong.

James McLain

Don'T You

i smell it
i taste it
i do,
don't you?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Undergarments

In order to expand and learn in her white secret.
Are your intentions surrounding interior the red eye,
of which it burns being started the flame initially.
She as me in between it/she where it comes to pull
enough to be at the outside and the respective/respectively
purring long milky trail comets tail thing to fall in green Ravel
her dreamy lower part and me each narrow road it to be cold
when i leave it each time,
It's In the place which is visible; translucent even transparent
where is it not from a fire one moon each month
time comes and she sleeps and the uterus undergarments
open i seed every location vast the far off 'Galaxy'
which it sprinkles and came in with the bang it being
internal from the deepest it's hot yellow face your place
and in order to soak it again and again with your/her body
which it waits and i waited before the one whom was first
and thinking about it was he really that selfish.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Time And Sleep

The burning eye when it all first began
to expand around me
time and sleep
amongst it/she pulled me out, i am full
each unto each
green Unwinding dream
hurling me off down the long
narrow road
where it seems cold when it's not in the fire
time and sleep
and i within the womb
seeds lay scattered
the milky way deep inside
and of you, ' i wait
to be called back into her body
before i ever once, i was, before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Caged Bird

I can not notice the words they speak,
the lights dimmed,
so there is a growing,
their/there is a knowing i see
laughing men and maids in the volunteer search for him/my eyes.
I hope that when she smiles at me,
she does not guess my joy and pain, for her,
if she is ever so nice to see my way again.
It is a secret in my heart,
I still do not hear anything so far, open her ears,
And still it sings there day by day like most caged birds.
and my 'daughter' means too much to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Caged Birds

I can not notice the words they speak,
the lights dimmed,
so there is a growing,
laughing men and maids in the volunteer search for him my eyes.
I hope that when he smile at me,
he does not guess my joy and pain, for him,
if he is ever so nice to see my way again.
It is a secret in my heart I still do not hear anything so far his ears,
And still it sings there day by day like most caged birds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Communist Lips

There is a lip whose like this lip is thick.
Them them [lay] a dizzily more liberal space is
necessary surroundings company suffering.
Them some the pretty face is handsome
and if is not suitably it is pity where it pretends,
the free lip which is wide this lip is full.
They do not like it and not to be there it is a false report
and must keep it.
When wet you and this it must hide it.
When your his wants will not do like this lip not to be,
they move, from the north going to the south, them too them.
Freed they what it.
Your this there is an enemy who wants the going necessary
will correlate lip laughs recently.
The mind the abundant pink chromatic company;
hard too gain and loss of lip and the lip was strong,
above of share within the vessel it sank.
The lip which is the tragedy.
The lip does not ever come loose.
Is grateful but [lay] it they will be knowing too well.
Them rightly the petroleum taking deep out of men
secrets of ground assuredly discovery.

James McLain

A Glimpse

She removed her hand from her panties slowly,
traced her lip where
the fruit juice of her passion has been attached.
Then as for her this time just, she reached,
that the back rocky section which is added was massaged,
and softly crying
kissed to him for the second time.
She took from him with the every other hand,
words left to the rubber made coat
which she goes away to the accumulation on the floor
of the porch you do not reconsider with nonsense as that,
and led him to the bedroom away from the log house.
The Christmas illumination had shone in out the window.

W.W.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Infidelity

today i am tired
and it's raining
it has been for most of the day
coming in through the back door
is the rose wood kitchen
table
and how long
has this been going on
on it still warm in the center
is a small yellow puddle
and with my finger
i touch, it's still warm
after i smell it, i taste it
and i ask,
how long has my brother been gone?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Snow Which Is Sung

Such pitiful thing one human needle which
teaches and lives compared to it's straight and narrow
do you ask her to ask her to do it the first time
and if she does it to ask and does she to ask
and he does it again when she is not looking to ask him
and she asked for the third time,
a little it is easy to be broken why waste the rain
like the finger;
pulling out of girl pink it has the nipple which it she ask it/it
he kisses if you do to ask him
do not ask it too someone
do it to ask and never to ask and ask her
you ask her before,
simple insane thing the thing of which snow which is sung.

...

e.e.c.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Flesh Rising-Amber

You like to find what's not found
on the ground but beneath of it lies the hill.
In something grand smothered nomenclature,
in the crest, distinct, yet it breaths alive.
Feathers out of glass made of crystal,
hidden beneath, do you think.
Do you see what i see does it shrink.
Dressed in white tears;
bones of the dead you squeeze then withdraw
and extend green each blade
by the blade on the council they milking us all.
Conical like so for the fasteners winged swiftness,
it bore to the red heart, but/you my love are fragile,
sweet substance dismounting design on it fell.
Or a fruit, many dark manly names,
locked up in rough brown skin, the flesh rising-amber,
and granite it: the seed a wood stone, cuts out away
and polished, nut butter-colored, formed like the cream
washed away, but it's large,
large enough to fill the famished palm of your hand.
come then like the juicy stem as you rest on the grass
which develops in the rougher round edges each sheet
you have folded and the gleam of butterscotch
in the narrow groove;
whose morning-glory opens so blue
and expresses one morning it's hot it's yellow it's you..

James McLain

Back And Forth

both are mine they both/know
that but it is salted palms
and that very small mask that hides it's nose
and thorns cause it to bleed my 'roses'—only 'lily' knew—no frowns he/him
expanded her\you wash it off 'oh Sylvia' we are rich
with your pink of fingers painted color rainbows arc the sky'
as a finger moves it back and forth see the sea as it waves
a beautiful woman made of foam or of;
which hand is the nymph to splash her water- where he swims
pushing her heart up closer to mine
and both are fine pink salted pearls you wear around there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thy Kiss

thy kiss
do i miss
sweet
cotton is candy
or light by the moon
and bright
is the night
shinny
and full
each breasts i am over
moss in my mouth
the tree now
leans over.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Like This For You

tell me please tell me
is it like this
for you
in the mirror
sheer panties and bra
i let fall
lifting one up
hefting the weight
a firm gentle squeeze
and i'm
turning around too the other
one does appear some what larger
each tip seems ready to burst into tears
do they quit
the other i think must soon follow
being to young knowing what i don't know
how long will they take to glow
where is my precious that one drop
of precious the milk
is my belly to thin or to fat
as i slide my hands down and then
up once again down
silk if it's grace i don't know
my eyes why do my eyes feel as they do
they linger right there
and their they do linger i see what they see
it is there that they linger
i feel what i feel and i feel what i
hope he will feel
and my lips i can see are they too fat and full
through my panties
i see
a thin crease that runs through the middle
will he or wont he
wont he but will he will he want me with me for me
i musn't 'O' i musn't
what do i do
who do i ask and what will they tell me to do
and my why

why must my why always cry for it
what ever it is i dont know
and in tears do i cup it
my hands are too full with it
and when i squeeze of it burns even more
i'm only a girl
and i'm only a girl
and i'm only a girl that needs it to love
and no one i know of whom it too trust can i ask.

James McLain

Your Part Of A Hand

We, as, we raise i will raise each in our
thoughtlessness of our new found sleep,
and i in my heart as to find them in lovers path i tread.
Parting your part of a hand nothing it remembers,
as sand and as it touches the troubled path mine the sea.
Palm of my palm lined your face;
where the long blue shades pull up the dawns
of the winds along the darkened, i hear you whisper
field of my desert in sand it is the bloom.
Or too she nevertheless would i remember, thought's
he spanned milky, her skies,
stars by the, her thousands, lost falling tears faded trails.
Whereas the planets does 'Venus' she smiles lost in always
I do he does ether never empty with their her major/minor tender
octaves hearing her voice, pluck the harp.
Love' my heart of my heart, no word will he thereof forget,
Neither however only, she liked,
we will never see the desolation of the sun it extinguished,
Nor fear the whereupon' voided deep skies it's vacuum;
ours and mine planet races up and down all around,
equates sweet center never forgotten,
because together will it suit us always and not Show our face
as i head; back before ever i saw eternity.

James McLain

Oysters Cut But One Way

and I with my fetish for live oysters, woman.
) smell women (
and liken/love (sea-salty) for eating them
the heart if it part's is o.k.—
sock less and watching their toes
spread apart and hearing the cramp
while their (knuckles pop)
the salty spray (part's alot—
of posies and thyme.
It/is he is but a man does the woman is she
oysters wont cut but one way.
Unafraid she of the sea washing up on the
shore, 'Raw' unaduterated 'pure sexuality'.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cups Raised Up Deeply

Amongst last nights
sleeping flowers i only they did i lay ensnared i was.
They with my scribe drinking/drunk is the moon by me;
full raising my cup 'asked i'
bow in thanks flowered moon offered for drinking with me,
its reflection and mine in the last wine my cup,
just the flowers and us;
Deeply i hear and i sigh for the flowers in sleep cannot drink,
and my friend goes wandering around
and the flower i see with me never stops breathing
moon rises not saying a word; without their other friends here,
i can but to employ these two or three open as they are
and me and my one friend more/less for the company;
during the time of their happiness weak i am each blossoms,
i also must be happy with moon light all around me;
i sit and i sing and it is like if the moon is accompanied;
then if I dance a flower or two lift their heads,
deep cup that is my shade moon dances with me;
while not yet drunk, I am happy to transform flower and moon
and my shade into friends,
but the other i shared when i drank too much,
us all many too the parts;
however those are friends I can always count on
the latter of which few most have
and many of moons deep emotions i more than some;
the cup is hope for that during one night when all the
full moons and flowers will meet,
cups raised up deeply in the way the center milky manner.

...

L.P.

James McLain

Fair Hair

Star of mourning upon me it beams;
passing fair, hair now to shimmer
Bosom upon,
near tender thus sweet
dearest my brightest
joy mine you delight us
still above us too love me
Highest above coming down
enthroned within
do you hear me.
Strike deep this heart
thine eyes like mine
your hand brought me up
laid bare,
in sleep rests upon me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Translucence

appearing translucent
and i must
see
as an issue
of trust
as i gently
when your moving
and the ocean is saying
i feel i must lift it
transparent
the sea
though it weeps
out a feeling
i must see if the foam
is the foam or
false tears
that you left i the child
my 'dear'.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Words Like Silk

Near the edge Mexico's gulf late it's night.
While each both one can, draw a circle,
thus laying down, one heard standing up
Our mentor enriches this gift of said knowledge.

Words like silk ribbons, run off too unwrap it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Once Upon As

Did you mean:

what you owe and you which i loved deeply
and a but a short time ran off too?
once upon as when above it did start
there once was but a single ' i live'
grain of sand some where out their left upon
and it's you i ever, gave my wings
why too clip and hobble my heart to the ground
and my spirit it gave to my heart a song.
but oh, with her and liked more than he liked his son
which could she/i liked at all,
i must look at my little the how many open ed door
that carried it out by heaven'
walking and walk white fresh long sandy shore.

c.e.m.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tragic Rose

wild red thy crown.
colors gone mad.
ruptured my heart.
plucked does not.
a sad
 tragic rose

it runs when you see it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hurry Come My Sister

should we not walk
naked
his attire once was as ours
heavy and full
green wet the moss
hangs down
looks out to see the tree
over them
hurry come my sister
sharp mink claws
persian cat
life the eater of nine tails
poore is the brother
whom even now has not
but a short bent stick
I can not avert mine eye
red is the serpant
she peeks
through thick green leaves
hung the head
none but her/she seeks
passing it by
my hand shoots out
apple now bitten full and still
lays at her feet.

James McLain

Day Clutters Dark Stone

Thy heart will be only what it may be, does it see?
Semi dark thoughts of the gray marble womb
in whom does it rest.
Dark heart the clutter of pink that stone;
Not one, from all of the crowd,
did then too raise, In thine hour of thine own need
proffered forth of this thy secrecy.
Be quiet in this thy loneliness,
Which is not my loneliness for emptied full spirits of death,
from which you were held In this life before thee,
are still bound up In death night around the thee,
and their Sun shadowed moon will with thee; be always.
The night, although dark clearly, waxes my eyebrows,
And the stars will not look in from the top deep
is the well to the bottom.
Of their high thrones in the sky, hiding plain sight from the tail
of the comet though,
With the light like faith I sail with the mortals given by choice,
But their red bodies burn all around, without thine beam,
With thy lassitude it will seem Like such burning
and tears oft fall laid fever.
What that I would hang to the thee forever.
Touching It Now; widowed shalt dispersed of thousands
of thoughts not through brine to banish, Now art the visions me
Hewe to disappear;
From thy spirit they pass Past thou more,
like the dewdrops of clear crystal' seed on grass.
The breeze, how art the breath of God, is she always,
And the fog on the high shady hill, shaded,
however uninterrupted, it Is a symbol and thy mark.
How it hangs bereft on that tree,
hear it as mystery my death of the mysteries!

...

e.a.p.

James McLain

Away My Love

gone away my love
i know
i haven't much time
too you so i say
help for your tears they ask
me why
and my head i hang down
through the white cotton veil
your eyes
child hood has fanned
our last graceful meeting
decided
the bow of the waves
green or blue
nothing up untill now
really mattered
and the pulse how it beats
too lay as you lay
pray upon what do i say
as you stay
and love gone away has never died.

James McLain

The Car

They come across me when i must,
why I came by,
knowing I need it more for my needs
as their woman folk....
stop their work, come out and listen.

By now I must know, even this,
where ever it is, that I go
and still like a child...
I expand even more my words concise.

They look at my hands,
They look in my eyes...
They look at my cloths,
They want to but they ask me not why.

Grasious is grace,
and please is just as polite...
I would not be there,
I have a need of them.

One stern look from their wife,
who is really in charge.
I show him what is really wrong.
I leave the part by her hand,
I turn around to go.
and...

...

m.a.

James McLain

Art Thou A Seed

Proud death is not art thou a seed,
although some called thee Puissant and dreadful,
for, saith he moved a thousand steps, yet I sleepe.
For, those, which hide lost think' the street,
inversion of most the thousands, do not lie,
the death of 'Penny was poore,
nor however me each one off of setting
with thee I died a thousand measured against; can't.
Rest and sleepe,
which but thy bee my bed of images,
Much of thy pleasure, then of thee, much more must run,
and soonest our best men with thee gone of floor with thee,
Reste upon tired their bones,
and delivery the drunk ones.
Slave thou art of many thousands thus with thee destiny,
the chance, kings dance,
and men despaired,
and dost thou with thy poison, her wear,
and barter each angle of saturation well/sickness,
And the poppie,
or the charms can make us the sleepe please all as well,
And improve thy stroke then; why swell'
lay out the thousands in rows of street then?
A sleepe runs beyond that, small my wake sleep eternally,
And death will not be more nor less kind;
my death, shalt of past thousands to come hear it die.

James McLain

Mine Was But A Thought

flowing from mine was but a thought
gone by you
and how you like the beauty of my sea,
and all alone going back to the top my lonely talks
down the Length of the Beach.
You heard that vague wash the thunder measured
by the light before sound ever reached us
foam between my toes, heart too heavy i reach down
and the wind takes it/was grey far away
and as you and and i and each once one leaves
one walks the past each weary beat each wave
strains moon above monotonous.
Around me were the makings my castle
they move sandy dunes echo,
beyond me the cold
and i wade through the foam at our feet
silenced you smell of the sea - We two will cross my death
and the ages lengthen
before you again will hear this noise
your song above me
as i wait for the suns bright warmth to rise upon me.

s.t.

James McLain

Vivid Colors

my savage you raised.
insane vivid colors.
sculptur a rupture of the spines.
you should not pluck it.
you must recognize a magic went up,
when you see it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Children Speak To Children Do You

women raging against
men; of
men loving
off men; of
wo/men; loving off
women listening to
wo/men, because
children don't have mind
between/two because
wo/men move
on, because
wo/men haven't learned
how to
listen, to hear
listen, now to your ear
children speak as
children; do!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

They'Re Pretty

like you
I do that too.
like you, I
like to look at what you
make.
it even smells
good to me.
sometimes
they're pretty
red
when it's angry.
but then the sun
comes out
again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Said

she put him out at ease.
he took off my dress.
she took off my tee-shirt.
He removed my breeches.
and then
she said - you want something good? - and
I thought with she it must be to have it together.
Saying don't tremble and i watched my mother and
it must be a rainbow because she finds colors of him
because she/he likes
and she wants that i open something slowly good
and perhaps if i eat something today,
tomorrow will never come.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

People

people
come and go.
your friends perhaps.
happy men stay
inside
the women.
mom when
little
once said.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Daisies Sunflowers

when a man opens the woman,
it is like a pink coral sea,
it will never be closed too still.
never.

(it'; s)

daisies. sunflowers.
hesitation with in the sun.
a flower on the bush.
a bud mixed in flowers.
they wonder off it.
and folded beneath it they feel.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Clear Red Ink

Then look at it and needing a loaf of bread
and sharp cheese
but made a step stained behind it
central red ink I say to you
Since lost was the verbal accounts
of the victim of the truth reiterated in extenuation
another secretes of poetry exposed like Composer's
callused pads on finger tips, harps and guitars
pink sonnets like transparencies like the silk panties
that I used sell you to wear, chained too nipple rings
while their need for the poets to indicate these small
realities, Since largest each caused they whom
discoverer crumpled used the bloody ones
patched up moon holds it/it knows all it sees you feel
waves always undulating the foamy sea in motion
clear red ink there worn out in the same colors spot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shell Pink And Buttery

Every oyster raw tastes somehow different,
The shells pink mainly glows;
dependent on what the owner of the oyster ate
within the prior 48 hours tastes.

Common oysters taste is described as:
buttery, sour, bitter, lemony, sweet, salty
but not too salty, fishy and tangy.

Asparagus never aspirated is like 3 day old shrimp.
Oyster juice is the hot sun caused,
for so called wet spots on panties middle and pants.
Butter fingers and sun flowers
mountains of shell.

'O' juice is one of the causes for the individual oyster
when scallops not in season
and clams will not do and the oyster.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Out Of Knowledge

It knew her well of his lost spring;
its voracious appetite for its knowledge
but not' this like a cat too purr with it,
however between awake forever with it
trying to pour milk out/in it's dish
'outside him' with its deep sweet fairy sleep.
It s' is found very still and full with depth,
not wanting to go' it knows no other road'; ; but
she had taught it from him.
Bye now many miles, his smile is pulled up in sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Thing I Left

Is art of thousands my God,
where then is it's heart?
Thus this thousand shouldest it thy eye,
and mine with two,
pouring on him all thy tears bleed the sun to some extent,
and it that the hast of thousand I' made for you
and each thing I left with ' ; God' ; .

g.h.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Tremor

it' S
the name
always taken this throat
the echoes you with whom I' hang;
interior of this cranium
smolder icy of the burning desire
a fast fuzzy spot a tremor.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Tough It Out'

While some studies
found males
to be affected less negatively,
more or less growing;
the studies show that the long-term effects
are completely prejudicial for 'I' one or 'It'
another sex.

The males put out of the box more and more
and are damaged by society' S refusal
and or hesitation of two accept their victimisation,
and by their belief by resulting and they owe it the tale'
'Tough It Out';
Hard it out' be a man/boy in silence.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fleur D' 'O' My Life '

The red young heart is radiant
bright is she of my youth
motherless, mother maintaining
with the dew swings in shade of cloud appraoching
moving now quickly
my cub, comes the lion
Soft-scented, scented my south is thus liked;
Fleur d' 'O' my life '
Black robed; I'; one 'I' love!
I give myself over more too you.
Solom it's heart devised.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blind Man

You blindly at it looking
and it's like only parcel delivered in snow.
You quit' it'; laughing you I' 'yellow'a love lady'
'I' must blindly never every;
I hate you blind man,
and to hate you I am blind but Ply with you,
and the measurement of my love weathers for you
that you/I followed bindly and blind is that sea I do not see you
but I' love with all my heart
and with you I'm the blind man you followed.

p.n.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Full Of The 'Apple'

You are delicious and nutritively, juicy, crunching,
and when you that I'm the sun you open,
you pour me in flowers with five seeds planted
with cultivated interior.

You are as soft as silk

and when I make victuals pie of the crust to put to you inside,
silky breath it cools, their come out;

long extended wave in motion swallow gently

and I gently put to you and it flowing downwards.

And it feels like you/I wrap you in cover of clover.

'Cotton'; balanket 'S soft of Soft

and You are in good health and good for my body.

When I bite in you that resembles upwards

thus verily thousand 'S dove, swooped me

and 'i' was raised with the sky.

Why so marvelous;

'is it and it is of you' too return to me merry

large palm of hand.

full of the 'apple'

PoemHunter.com

James McLain

Caroline's Valentine

Why my heart held is always above the edge
and always

lost without on it for you,
with the moment of each alarm the clock,
in all this I would 'U'nmake.

Why I to see your face all the day and I do
and if you knew, that now talking would you could say.
My hearts inserts the two when I think it then with you,
head high held above.

Your sky so blue
and I think of my 'Daughter' as one uniquely individual,
which did, happy, I make.

I wish that I could in some way; or for her your other,
to turn time behind as some enemy but always a friend,
and relive one second when you were mine.

I wish that nobody never had to know;
the feeling of the sick pain blind love of the head with to ten growing toes,
yes\yet I know.. like the tears outside my heart
and thousands the tear/tears it wafts in two,
and you rest behind it

and it at watch; it is very meaning all that you can make...

in my dreams you live forever known
as these words I\you a long time to hear
and when I look in deep within mine/your eyes,
I know your sincere thus see you later,
when the day is through when I'm is it's thoughts
deadened in my never sleeping head,
from dying I'm DREAMING OF YOU!

...

..

5 february 2010

James McLain

Exhausted

Exhausted,
it breaks it down a little.
' Ohhh.' she howls. '
I want more! '
Ha ha.
Sometimes its innocence shines through
and it makes her takes me up and down with the laughter.
Like to more often than not she sees it.
Poems and happy Oasis,
Was recreation.
I' m going to allure it next time.
She has the base by the tip.
Squeezing both ends from the middle.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Tree Is Breathing

It's sheltered under the root;
a tree, whose branches are thick,
independently of other trees,
by the edge her high cotton hill,
whose fine sands are shaken by its movement;
However the successive falls fall on its white face,
whereas the clouds of the night veil the light of stars.
Breathing in and pushing down and out
are how the rivers were made.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Lips Launch Dark Lunacy

The insane one is on beaches of glass.
The insane one is on beaches of glass.
To remember plays and garlands days and her laughter.
With obtained to keep the loonies well oiled and all in the day.
The insane one is in the hall; letting you call.
The lunatics are in my mirror too stay.
Paper holds their faces folded open on the floor
and day laborer the paper boy brings longs to bring more.
And if the cuts of stopping one heart pink it opens;
by my may years off too early
bells toll.
And there is no part it has on the hill
And if your head bursts with the light/dark presents too;
it drifts on far out to the sea;
you it sees it's pink side in black of the moon.
The insane one is in home in my head.
Laughing at they, think I'm doorless alone.
The insane one is deep in my head.
Raise up off the blade.
You bring to the coronation, why touch rearrange me.
You close with her key the door And it launches
seeing new worlds, always there.
Their' is it's key the one in my head but it's not the
moon it's still mid after noon
in the heat the rabbit still sleeps as I weep
on the island I dwell and waves wash over my feet
Sleeping on one beach made I sleep on green grass.
Inside of one though it leaks out.

James McLain

Bicycled Halves

To me the beginner;
it can be a challenge intimidating it to open it
knowingly' enigma of the oyster and taste the secrecy in inside.
Once the talent is informed,
eating It' joy raw salty oyster will become the sublime pleasure.
Apply him access light pressure at the point
Where two halves unite coalescing.
Seed of the pearls;
squeezed pink released moisture oignent the bearded lips
hide therein.
Maintaining the shell;
moving around it can be it squeeze pop it open.
Bicycled halves with none will I share
with the skillful contact and curve your head for
she alcoholic drink smooth like mother-of-pearl and sample of mermaids' each
there every; kisses.
After separate the flesh
and the range with the language of reach,
probe it slowly peeling each lip like if seeking a pearl.
Savour with the silk texture her pleasure,
Appreciate salt - taste opera hat without speed.
Allow the language s' to delay and It' to explore It' more with
interior of the shell Quintilla she with a shiver of satisfaction
It' S act concludes.
Love is the' oyster half by half when it opens it's seated.

James McLain

Rowden

Rowden; you and inside the seat
by the and for this county
and i know you care for the children
hither and yon
and that short stubby car
around in which you drive, smart car that it is.
seeing you when you i first saw
and you saw what
yes what
is that the animal you feel of fear
what if it hits me in the rear
my short stubby car
will it hurt
delivering the mail
errands too run once i was in that seat
blond tapered door
forcefully in charge of who.
do you tremble their when you see it.
does it open and close
speckles
or just run and run
Rurally speaking cows and barns
washing the hay
when it rains as it does on you.
But/moon is full as is your face
and it brushes the cloud
as you embrace
your fear.
silky silhouette sits on blue feathered heron it's crane

James McLain

Thursday Mass

It visits me; Thursday evenings
because it is the night
when it is free responsibilities for its parish.
The day before he visits;
freedom I can't obtain thought out of It's spirit,
I envisage ghostly; now how angles
I will welcome to him with a great juicy kiss
and cold glass milk,
and the cat becomes so wet
that the fork of my breeches is soaked.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Florida Prisons

When you have because you there must I when;
your debts whatever they where and still are
long after truth has exposed and transported to another
place and time
before even Christ was born,
before mosses was even a seed of faith.
Prison where with nothing but a bulb that never goes out
and over by the urinal
heard even from bed many, many men away
the sucking noises
loose gurgly bubbles and out of breath one while the other
passes gas and one hundred fifty men
where their should be only twenty
and some night the shadows move acre's the open dorm
and can innocence be thus taken
still is a whimper please praying stop
different from the grunt and men tightened together
the shadow passes by you
and the smell of feces unwashed
on persons with everyone where immediately
and some of those wires thus deeply and incorporate
and incredible dark snotty gross
less human wheezing of hell oneself.
Your spirit almost cuts under those of dead noises and odors intermingling:
hard not washed air just like that emanation of discovered
and those body lay in darkness lubricates and thin and bent unquestionable
bottom of bowl without the unquestionable arms thoughtless and worst of all:
the total absence of hope it wraps they covers them completely.
it's not bearable.
You obtain to the top bunk hoping that mouths walk
past undiscovered
streets to the top of and to the bottom a side walk
passed around the corner and back to the top of same
the thought street these men all were children once
what is produced with they the state it 'God' it knew it?
and what produced with It why for whom for what end?
It'S darkness of and cold outside and here.
Stealing a car the lowest of the low of a felony
raped every day which is a life felony,

robbed weekly when your family sends money
life felony
and nine dollars to make a phone call but no one to call
and not knowing what is where and whom is who
and the fence covered with Razor wire
last week I spoke to the 'guard'
He received the money and
he promised, he swore he would not miss,
I told him if he did I would..... Send this poetry to a friend.

James McLain

She Eyes The Feast

She turns over the house
and looks out at the window outside day still.
She sees the feet of the boy to the foot of her bed
and some dirty underclothing near.
Socks can also be seen;
they look out at it pink or the red.
She can say that the open boy
walked around the house for a long time
before removing them.
They are disgusting.
She closes her eyes and swallows her soft feast.
She continues to swallow and breathe heavier.
Sleeping still there he lies,
She lets him/other come in from the back alley
anyways they are just mostly homeless.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ocean Treasure

If you feel lost;
with It's interior of the 'Rose' parade their',
sweet technique of that which could help you.
The best position is one;
in which its knees are together
and its open is stretched of again with It's front,
and not of pulls' a side with the' other.
Have its apartment of lie example on the bed,
or an' import which horizontal surface,
like a kitchen table for example,
and upwards rumples its legs against its trunk.
This pushes its fragrant lips in unit,
involving larger a friction and trunk ocean troves treasure.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Miraculeuxment

No hope for a free aperitif
the very hot night we met in the duet of Narco.
Sea was the night when it seemed
that half of Soho sought
comfort in Dicky' spilled; cocktails of people
held by the elbow to draw aside edge of elbow
and It's air above the bar was a gray fog of cigarette smoke,
poison mixed with perfume.
Emily and me miraculeuxment marked two or three seats.
We spoke about the woman who just gave rise to a baby,
' it conceived in a box of Petri. '
the catholics are thus horrified, '; Emily said, '
they want sperm total control.'
she' took another sip of my drink.
Oasis, naturally, ' I' said, ' that's why
so many catholic good girls come to the big city and become librarians or
professors of gynecology or dancers.' Or?
Emily added, ' beautiful, moms of Virgie I,
' it has continued, '
fortunately an egg would give to a woman who didn't have one.'
left any good they spoiled.

James McLain

A Hysterical Girl Cries

It's tears upon almost flat table
it is so wild in It's distresses,
and he laughs
just in a hysterical way about it held together.
It then feels little sorry for the poor girl
and starts to milk it
and there out the window
in the kitchen
too many cats around the bowl
she cries when it's home living in and out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Other Finger

the finger
being run to the top of its moons opening taps
and taps beating palpitation
my lingam writes its slow soft major crushing
brutal faster of yoni and before I move
my hands with his size to draw and push
and raise his body because
I push it until it moves like bud too open.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Key The Cross

it touches left leg off it is on It's interior
beside the wall
my right hand the key the cross
legs it uncrosses
and opens them inch or two
with ends of finger I cherish black mink slowly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips Are Sealed

its higher anterior higher mobile of legs
just so that I find it under black mink
there an' is nothing but the softest skin of silk;
the breath ever touched like X/rays' opened
with a doctor speaking about the sex it peels off
black mink and as our lips are sealed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Black Mink

its sensitive lobes;
its black mink closes the neck with the knees
and the high heels of black pumps,
reflect mornings luminous flood of the sun of midday of
February by the large doors out of glass.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Pulsar

around it gently
of the race in and outside its holes minor/major
and to explore some worlds deeper
concerning its interior world in it is so much stops' it breathing
active deeply take with its centre right in the mouth
bottle necked
the throat expanding
constricting then while pulsating
a pulsar beyond it exploding.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Is Her 'Bull'

Form is 'Terra' thus hard beginnings;
with this young person big boy hers is the bull fat
giving him a hard draft but another glass other shared
decides to give him special a \ ' feast \ ' like it/she calls.
It makes it turn on all the 'fours; S love is her 'Bull',
and to milk its finger tendrils her' with It' S interior of its moon \ ' massage of its
walrus \ ';
with its finger just' with this makes' it blows like a cow
everywhere the table of draft.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wrinkled The Eyebrows

Always, red it was one long period of lunching with
school the next day,
observing its jump. It's face' seen is felt;
it had been, they thinking a manner or another,
covered simple by a dress of it.
It was annoyed.
Its trousers is felt tighter.
And he didn't smile of it to them then.
It wrinkled the eyebrows.
It wrinkled the eyebrows so much that, later,
when he thought that look deprived, alarmed and on fire,
she realized that with the astute smile a book worms of
it had allotted to it
was probable a product only of its head-and that it was too
innocent of she,
by conceiving it, had picture pink framed. Also, he would think,
for many the moons, of all this day's smiling,
that it knew this heart she had made, off wearing it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Red Pearls And Teals

She was one year older and it both liked.
She was larger than him, too.
Like it's is raised lid to the toilet,
it didn't/test break it off to describe its naked,
but in the place how it seemed the skipping rope
and of the burning sun of song of their songs
as it made with her friends daring game,
education physical, the thin one,
Rose'; and ' Lily Mae', turning the cord
because it jumped its turn,
the skirt of plaid rebounding risque'
to indicate the dark and muscular thighs,
its slightly balancing arms,
the red pearls and teals in it armour shining with the sun.
Long with awe my brown bagged lunch forgotten, on lap.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sand Glass

It described such a face,
smiling to him-as often it did it.
In its imagination, as with at school,
carried this uniform of the street Mary Magdelene'
a white button to the top of shirt maker
and a skirt of plaid blue and gray-and although it was the same uniform other
girls carried,
it was there had always been, for him,
something different about the manner
bushed it;
fairest complexioned she supplemented.
Sand in the glass, seconds were like years.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Marmaladed

It s' sat and intended to play of music
and its voice speaking to him in It's darkness.
It was ordering,
however lives appeasing, soporific, singing,
entonnant, rhythmic, suggestive, sensual, majestic,
modulation, to require, sometimes sing merrily, sometimes monotonous,
sometimes peremptory, indication of intimacy,
slip of its seeds of sunflower of seduction
after its spirit of defenses,
and plantation of them firmly in his amazed,
hypnotized and marmaladed.
It made it pleasant for you' it obeys,
and it s' is felt to go deeper than ever front,
without knowledge sometimes.
It shook its main thing awakes and made its best to fight
with far alleviating, insinuating tendrils of its Article.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Black Sea

Sometimes it would allow a release,
and milk would draw through the bed
gushing white-hot.

It insane was led with the desire and blindness.

It placed a soft kiss on crying end of the Black Sea
which would have brought tears to the eyes a blooded mare.

They could not be real' ' she said ',

each being lifted unrepentantly but with kind purpose.

speaking to him completely with kindness.

They can be only holograms.

They could even represent your father.

Don't be upset.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Dream Approximately

I pleasure myself.
The ends, centres, hair,
lips precipitate by my spirit,
tying its hands, smacking, seizing, pinching,
twisting its flesh.
Burying my face in it,
I dream it of the possession in all wisdom,
love and heat I can, I dream approximately.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

For The Moment

Its eyes roll upwards
during
it pushes in its mouth of waiting,
its body in the spasms.
Its lips tight harder,
milking its construction
while the wave after soft/salted vagueness runs.
Its perfect of chocolate,
satisfying its hunger - for the moment....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Deadened

Deadened; He always groaned
pace it he could feel the hot liquid to start to assemble
his stones
and to swallow his axis.
He seemed like slow movement warm tipid water'
he could feel heat to lower;
his enormous tap of tap right with this;
he spouted out outside in the mouth
which so much had hopelessly wished with the taste of him.
He lost the account;
how much many hour its rivers in its beautiful mouth,
but could only hear the glouglou of it's thick sun of heat
in the back of its throat.
It continued to suction on him during the sleep;
it milked and milked its stones for the all last snowfall.
It felt all its life leave off energy it during the nova
it are late on the closed eyes.
It continued to pump it and pump it so that its sterness faded.
Then it felt its fingers to withdraw the moon
and of its release of hand tightening on its stones.
Finally its mouth drew from him and it could lt'; S to
envisage to swallow and lick its full red lips.
It n' a small muscle during tight a lower part to him
the sheets along the side it assembled did not move
and prolongs its head on its trunk with the sleep,
dreaming on vacuum.

James McLain

Advances

Advances then;
and milk-the - drink of him-deep
draw aside to it around your just pale yellow face
between your lips
and in your hair frosted yellow because it launched mountains
around you and you seize the beds edge of
and moved him with you in the top
and work tightly the bottom as well
and low salty races of sweat your face is firmly
of the base with above
what to you draw it up just enough with the so slow top it
of the drops and outside another drip
it injects through so much consumed it quickly
how it wounds; discussion, suction, popping
each round stone with your leaves 'I' and the hot sun of bucking
as it waits in It' S interior of full brown bag
how slow just it is assembled;
with the top and 'your' other at the bottom independently
how for you they inflate and with It' S
end the avid breath less hands drained this light,
the night became bone-dry.
your pale yellow face
just how it moves me;
forged I will not be never identical 'I am free' dead still.

James McLain

Slow It Is Motion

slow it is motion
unsure of your why
yet why it is so certain
path around sky
it too see a cloud open
but that which is/is
tight around it
and around it being
green interwoven
laying down between two roots
of the tree
drawn down deeply
and being
counting the steps
back word around the base
counting slowly, slowly until
sleep over takes you
and down between husban still
and it does and it does
while you lay there asleep
the one between
inside it does seep snowy at first
into the wave
slow it is motion
that pushes aside all of the
leaves
wintering, slowly entering
growing and growing
wrapping around all the eggs
slow it is motion
you are holding
pushing, pulling growing in much so longer
peeling it open
it approximates that spot
none speak of
for ever past it it seems to glide
filled so full
until
and wave after wave

springs fountain of water it flows
still asleep
inside
and in rests it is full.

James McLain

The Concept

if you are comfortable with the concept,
or It's drawing,
because it s' hang during it on' it is held on him
when it withdraws and it is always around him
and it pushes back it in
and outside it is probable you/ will can appreciate; act.
you specify that it should be give-and-take.
Which your associate of Freinds-N '
is not presented to ensure but,
the things that only you can appreciate of it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As A Finger Moves It

i watch as
water gently washing sand
morning wake of foam
sun even
feet gliding through 'puffs' wind up with
the down
she leans over, she leans down
picking the weeds of green from her toes
turning the sea/i see
waving a visit, muscles invisible, the sea is in motion.
A young woman on the beach osprey graceful
as her longest finger taps white thin face
drawn upon wound around
between each salty leaf
untill it 'S.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Awaked

As we rocked to shake, awaked,
our languages whipped its
undulating loose firm of tap that our muddled members danced wet we met and
charmed its so succulent body came out.
Out side the screen door bottle of 'milk' is chilled.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dead We Lie

Here;
completely we are amassed,
Since then to now and thus
did not choose to live and shame the ground
which sprouted grew held out of.
The life, to be sure, Is nothing with out losing much,
but the young woman think that it is,
and we were young, no more.

a.e.h.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pale Lips

and the last time it came on my panty bottom
face when it was

I know what that feeling feels the boxer boys
with that downwards on their cheek to do
extracting the thing with the hour long question
and answer you would do this which and I' other I'
to encourage making it worse than him east.

Im it to think of her can you
imagine feel it

claim for It' to like just' with this of' it comes
and finish-then it in addition to me in any event
and it returns to your pale lips...

this old boy lans and leaks ' Oh' said;

a dropp even if it reached in you all after 'you' tested with green
gnarly red knobbed

but you were'nt afraid of' it could break

and to obtain upwards lost in me some share piece you'

they in the past took something downwards

except ed' a woman all underneath which comes from him
is a thing of beauty and joy forever something musky'

it left a certain absurd glance to' it n' had

always with me 4 and 5 times per day sometimes
and me indicated

the hadn't, I be you face sticky O yes that 'it' said:

that I am completely sure a way in which It' closed; it
knew what came after

only normal weakness it was it has excited that until...

and it made it you more.

gliding wicked hands and in sleep to awaken it too.

James McLain

The Pond

the MAJOR END a ' Curious POND'
to see how much deep was I fond/pond
my hand in It' plunged;
the major end- but s' is quickly withdrawn
when it felt the cold to encircle my arm as an icy support.
Still testing, more careful, it's envisaged the catch of darkness
and of the cold- while my fingers probed
the depths for the stones
and mud and my arm are descended lower and lower.
Nothing. Nothing to feel and discover.
the pond was deeper at its major end ' I' d forever imagined
all in it s' raising on its board in day or hand I/her end...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cigarette

I made by behind it.

Thus, I made it flower, stretched more,
then discharged to him

has whole group!

Its first facial massage, that moment,
monday morning unshowered,

this sexy thing never poses missed under a load.

It led again to her husband.

THEN It s' there extend 'ed with it everywhere

its face his/her husband nds' done forever this with it smoked its cigarette Now
'it' stays patient of it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'I'/We\both/She\he

Thus 'i' brought my hand to its mouth
and it 'i',
and already knew licked what 'it' were going to make (and was impulsively
appropriate) .
around looked it used my jacket,
and leaned against me,
nobody could see what continued - but 'i' slipped my hand into its breeches and
masturbated it for a little bit while/miles.
It wasn't the incredible pleasure the act
but the fact of doing it in the street was enormous a its' light.
We made that three times
and it 'I'/we\both/she\he liked it much and screamed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Or I At It

Your small Mister to the top close to its Mistress,
the seed always far,
that is it moved us with out his knowledge
In the flows which were raised with the same joys
forces as its other looking after later,
playing with its centre,
Or I at it, Or it emerging, between laughing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Every Bodies Running

each operation of body know and
have it for a long time to you
it is why you mount the train
it is only four blocks out of your manner
but when and only when and
then I' effort with the play and
you is too much made see is alleys completely packed
completely and rising the part is and
when the train moves like it makes and
the skirt as in is always premeditated and
it is whereas the articulations you develop
white on the post while the train moves
when it moves
and even the moon when completely skilful
is moved on side and thinks and things
that I do not know in addition to in things'
I develop completely and it tightened when and
only when I suppose you it is and my knees,
my knees and my legs
and the shiver gives it far
and however outside the window the sun they observe
each operation of body to succeed.

James McLain

Every Body Running

you know it
and long since have
it is why
you ride the train
it is only
four blocks out of your way
but when
and only when
and then
the stress is too much at play
and you
do
it is alleyways full
packed full and standing up
room is the
and when the train is moving as it does
and the skirt is always
as in premeditated
and it is then
that the knuckles
grow white on the pole
as the train moves when it moves
and even the moon when full
is deft
moved aside
and thinks
and things i know not of
off into things'
i grow full of
and it clenched
when and only when
i assume it is
and my knees, my knees
and my legs
and the shudder gives him away
and though out the window
the sun
i watch every body running
to get on.

James McLain

Gravy Train

did they...
were you drunk..
did you think not after before..
your friend's..
'said'
even if and you think..
but if you think and don't...
and the first..; but only the first'
a prick a pear a pen a word..
will it hurt..
will it squirt..if so how much..
one yellow dropp
to much..
and if so can i hide it..
if and when if it does it..
and they said that it will...
i can't think for your static..
it's low; not the attic..
push me not..
because..
what they 'said'...
if i don't...
will it hurt...
when it's full and i swell..
Whom will come for me...
then...?

James McLain

Isitpoetry@live.Com

I'; the VELvet always judged to level with you,
I' eye to be observed I finally found the devil in you sometimes;
But why I don't want to really be;
Bout strings one singing the blue each one.
When it comes to the dictionary you" 'about best off ever which I'
the VELvet met, But all this little is will still obtain to from tear's you.
But I don't want to really be Bout a singin',
blue the You known as ones that you and m' like.
But if you m' really like it,
Then why you treat me this way, Your play is world this you'
Re: still gone done It'; with far and then it' S, window above sill,
Well a day I won't play of it, play of iT;
If very that I make is hook you in the same old shameful 'I' lies of it;
the Love' S right must look you with various eyes '
Cause I don't want to really be Left' the last singin'
blue the; You known as ones that you an m' like.
But if you an m' really like,
Then why you treat me this way! ! !
Your play is this you'.. Re: still gone in It'.
With far and then S it's' s above it still juicy Wet;
a day I won't; play of iT (Don'; T forget the cut)
Good destiny will determine soon you' about it.
About that to lose It'; the Lonesome is the person who'S;
handin'; you your walkin' fit '
Cause I don't want to really be Lost'
the last singin' your blue Oasis, I don't want to be really;
be Designed singing the blue ones/one day late.
If you come i will listen, to you perhaps..of me.

isitpoetry@live.com

James McLain

Finalement

I am wild,
as wild as the girl I am.
Clouds you' they part,
surrounding the heart of I' tree.
I will sing to you the night.
I will sing with you to the stars in the sky.
I know It is love, I am loved,
it is mine, I am yours.
Finalement it can move to me can it die!
It is varied to the step for the wind and with the flame,
beseched its heart-I'; m on fire and s' open to give,
I can read on it's palm when it touches the star,
Sun; I can give while I live off him by through me!
You help me up/sitting we watch, clouds hang down.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can You I Can

and it is/it is
open and when i look
looking back
worried yes, so it is worried
back and forth
and the pace of it
like beating the heart of the
humming bird
it is how so frantic
gently as with it's egg
should i can you
but help if but by the heat
and being blind
the toying of it by open
opening wider
detectable on my face as
if the sun
but softer until it has come
upon my face
like the feather tips dipped
in red fire
is it closed is it open
take my hand
show my finger where it is
it is as i though it would be
as you said it would be
as hard as
the sand
wet under my feet
green waves of foam
hand taken thus shown
it is home
yes you i can/can you.

James McLain

Soft Rains Will Come

Then there will come the soft rains
and new odor of the ground and the swallows;
surrounding air with their new found joy.
and frogs in the swimming pools adrift
their star light returned
and avocados tree in the blending green.
the blackbirds will carry their feathery friend red fire,
left behind their whims on a low barrier-wire;
and not one will know such as it was
and none will make worry finally when it is made.
this world one would occupy,
neither bird nor tree, if I look back and drifting falls off
foot steps waves foam hidden gone washed anew completely,
and itself arises, when it s' is time, who knew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hope-Hour Rubbed Its Sun

you n' did not come, and the up time drew above,
and carried numb.
however less for the loss of your dear presence
there that/that I thus found
that missing in yours made this high compassion
which can overbear hesitation for
pure; is it's sake the sake' it is thus affected, when,
because lot's hope-hour rubbed its sun, n' you did not come.
you do not like, and only it's love
can lend fidelity to you; - i know and knew it. but,
with the store of the human contact
guess in all except the name, was it?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Never Try To Have It

Gradually a feeling; harmony will emerge.
You will start to lose your ideas of '; doing' her/him; .
You will fall literally under the charm from him and you.
You are between him and it is between you maintaining it.
Nobody is principal to.
Nobody is according to.
One body pulls it.
One body pushes it.
One body two/tether ed it.
Thereafter you will obtain It's impression
that you are a breath, an energy, an orgasm.
You will not know who is male and who is female.
The stay like this during some time in it.
One pulling it one pushing it.
No one knowing, until both.
You can talk� even the laughter.
What can you say in such moments extase?
When It's extase comes, never try to have it.
It will disappear the moment when you try to maintain it in your catch.
...
..

James McLain

Morning Fire

To think how much lucky; ; of making with
'you which I'; to make against all the chance cry to think
of the mother, sisters like mothers their dreams divided
but never completely;
We making the blow and eye with morning fire
of famished hot obtain a balance in this momentary space
by words a poèt said he writes with his blood I with my small pica bodies to write
in order to remember to be pointed out
our dreams our humility our noises making.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Mother' The Moon Of It Is '

Perfect' each manner,
the skin on its full moon is '
Smooth' like ' Silk.' Its ' Bottom' is the ' well-rounded; Perfection,
'With all the two its creamy cheeks
like the ' white; Milk! '
My mother has a really tiny size,
'green avocado middle butter'
And its soft moon is ' Pooched' outside '
Perfectly.'
Its valley divides these cheeks which I find
thus the ' Candy, '
And the '
Treasure' hidden it, n' there does not have too reach! '
she likes him, and me like it too.
My mother knows the
' Thing which I want the ' Majority,
'Thus it rolls more on a ' motion, '
This raises its ' face caked'
the moon upwards in the sky,
And it ' Heats' my retriever like the' sun'.
While the mother groans and sighs,
and the ' Arcs the sky' it behind.
My mother made know it feels my language,
' she groans it, and her 'Hips' start with the ' Move.'
And when ' ' It's; Locked' my mouth on top it sighed.
And licked and sucked it just so that it changed its 'Cut! ' ' groaned and
whispered of my mother;
John' saint; ; , It'; ' of iS; pooched';
outside like a young person '; Bud'; opening.
My mother haleté when it is felt to go freely,
She groaned and the ' said; 'Johnny you'; about no twig!
You return to me avid like a small pig! '
And my mother'
like the pink pig her pearls haleté with pleasure, and sighed!
To feel weak with its moon strongly tightening.
Mother' ' kept by the moon of; Milking';
outside my milk, do the neighbors
know I the adopted, old women on the mountain tops.

James McLain

Green Foam

liked were the silky hair
however smooth and the attractiveness
woven twine just the fair foam-like the body
and the soft-spoken mouth.
mine aime were the noble body attracting it
and the milky sweet angelic heart face just,
the beautiful modest mouth and the white thighs.
lost in thick green foam sounded a woodsman...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Monday

just like quickly like switch,
a flash of light shock hyper my body,
it is increased during watch a feather and
remains to him suspended in the middle of this light approach,
with its chief moving upwards, vibrations.
brilliant speck' of l' is so of light of; skeleton
' it lights the drawing of Monday.
the light is so luminous it lights the design of my bones.
the structure of begin the filaments to vary in with,
conscience fixes quotas for growth of my married with you;
was like if Monday aspect of skeleton, upon the structure.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Crime Of Poetry Is When

the ashamed crime of poetry it writing.
writing of poetry
should obviously never not be
encouraged - when and increasingly
tormented by imaginations urges cannibalistic.
This summer it invited a female with his apartment
on the pretext he wanted I' helps with learning French kiss.
It made an awkward passage to it and
when it pushed back,
it went behind its and drew by the head.
It then had the sex nécrophile before and
sections of cutting of its centres, buttocks, lips and thighs,
it/he ate believed and slightly cutting in sections.
Watching the throngs coming in and out McDonald's through the window.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Oh Dad'

'oh dad' with your pink of fingers
with from which whoms udders you drink?
Thy milk 'oh' it runs by each sunny face moved
around the lips embraced.
Milk-thus to me dad, milk to me now!
And thus i look at transfixed clear glass with half full
with the juice in sweat, daisy absorbed so much quickly
each fall that i lick,
swallow with hard around the basin, once completely.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cry Into The Mask

We carry the mask which grimace
and hides the lines,
it hides our cheeks
and blood our eyes, - This debt which we pay with the human perfidy;
With the hearts torn and of bleeding we smile,
and stops with innumerable subtleties.
Why would the world being overwise have,
By counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, left them only see us, whereas We carry the mask.
We sing, but oh I' of clay mortar is cheap;
thick red mud Under our feet, and a long time the thousands many;
But leave the dream of the world differently, We carry the mask!
That built your dreams as the long wide leather cracks
the picture now of silver bracelets tarnished black.
Knowing not where you go, welts upon our backs.

p.l.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Early After Bloom

Heart shaped-yellow flowers needing
no support; finger tips soil fragrant;
Sun or shade hanging fern green house, moon;
Hansom no running- hard after bloom
needing yes;
needing some sun; before is it after it rains.
White flowers; shaped after each bloom,
red hope full berries come out in the fall.
Shinny leaves; need some support
Floridians, fine pink and off white
reaching up words too medium height.
Blue flowers; woody twiner-prune very,
lightly many varieties.
Long house-shorten shoots, laterally cut
back to/two nodes early after bloom
needing sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Buttermilk Biscuits

Then when it asked what you said,
you took a milk drink,
and all what we could include/understand...
to shine in his viscosity and the flutter with honey.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

White Wig

Is fine, another aristocratic manner:
spirit is brother with this sister and is,
hidden it is so narrow, is the force of drying,
oily incest, let's sharpening machine....
Vine choked tree, hanging orchids..
Torrey white wig, rosy pink cheeks.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beautiful, ' I Am Handsom

Beautiful she is/I am handsom?

Naturally!

Made you/his cause.

To lose it's breath.

I taste the compliment subtle my hand you made caress it.

Cut me into the tiny not very,

Savor and tame my heart,

which piously swallows you at any end.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Certain Softer Passion

Why you afflict it and do not care,
heavy exposure my dissatisfaction,
you like but I am forced to seem to many, I make,
to however dare not to say itself never wanted to say,
I seem dumb rigid but towards It's interior with the face.
I am and not, I freeze but am flaring.
Since of me another individual you turned.
My care is like my shade;
with the sun and night moon full as it follows Me
around the hazy edges the arrow darts, flies when I continue it,
is held and been by me, does what I made of it.
Its does too with familiar of care show me the sky.
Action means which I find to remove it from my centre, death with warm breath
the end of the things it is suppress.
A certain softer passion slip into my sleeping spirit,
because I soft and am made snow of cast iron;
Or be crueller, love, and are this to pleasant smile.
Leave me or float or go down, are high or low.
Or let live to me with even more soft dreamy contents,
or die and forget this which love left before us meant

James McLain

And Which Is Milked

And which is milked?

Each cow has its own qualities
health and; emotion,
however milk of which we drink
is freely mixed of all the cows
with the farm.

Ayurvedically, this milk is already tamasic
and nondigestible, implying confusion,
the lethargy, fear and anger.

Surely a cow which lives in constant fear,
the fear of its life and the deprivation of its calf,
will carry emotions such as anger,
insult, fear and hatred.

These are then the emotions that we digest
when we drink of this milk.

Knowing not the hand nor the cow nor the farm;
Is calf to blame.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Feeding Baby

sometimes you obtain; ; ' just to recommend'
it to milk your nipples in the new ones and
enthraling places - this public whole of mother's milk takes place at length a
quiet lake,
I' perfect environment to pulverize milk outside.
a fast bath obtained to him I' drowsiness of nipples milk of hard splashing up and
already half during splash' it upwards
assembled its body enclosure on the shore.
it obtains the motherload milk pouring in bottom of its trunk - apparently this
bath helped you' more;

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hot Pressure

They look with hot contemplation
at the time when its hot pressure...
stops drawing hot milk from me
a small innocent face looking in my face.
My good children....
Its mouth feels like fresh hot milk and I like so much, ...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gothic

My love, my expensive,
I touch your cold flesh,
I embrace your blue lips, and request.
this evening you will return.
never not to still leave.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Goat 'Milk'

She fights to remain on her feet,
and you/me known as it over bred.
A certain passion badly placed for cheese or being the best.
I heat the goat's milk on your furnace and
think of the way in which; to frightened
were to go to school for the first time,
how you cried in my arms because you did not know to read.
You thought that you must already know what he should teach you.
The manner we cry;
just' so that we are red with the birth not knowing to live.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Le Feu

Fire, I know it burns it is hot.
this flame is the flame you/I got.
To extinguish.
Touched nevertheless,
you worsen it only much.
Certain things, a thousand liked.
Your fever can develop. Do not cry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Little D' Dark Angel

little d' dark angel with pleasing eyes
when it comes time to touch the sky
i won't burn of it and
i won't catch flame of it around it.
i can only look to your eyes,
where they take me, is back to the sky.
as i move along the bottom clouds, between.
i was partly,
and i will remember your small part to feel it/you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

White Of Lily

When the kisses of lily went up;
and lily that I knew.
and trees I thought...
developed very deep. and lived...
in the forest.....
and green... the hay is soft...
and brown... dry foam asks why.
and white of lily... point out the sky...
soft cotton..... how it whirls.
there it raised both.
so pensive... of thought... ..
soft breath. and..
I was held... too close to...
their heart by far... .. and when. I know....
how. the pinks develop...
and in a hurry... back and forth.....
and cups. milk... I lent grove. and spices...
candies with sugar....
they announced... them... now. both why.....
while.
lilies thrown a bridge over on. soft pinks. bank..
and the water...
underneath flows off....

James McLain

My Love 'Oh' For It

Oh for it my love
so much so at dawn the hand sowed;
he will everywhere find it;
It will wake it the night,
it enfold it in the sky.
means shade into its opinion set,
and I am me, I flown off;
with out demands
that can be it a cloud by day and
the night a pit of.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hello 'Love'

Hello love,
and is it you whom have broken it off and thus;
Your spectrum around me/warms it lost,
'are my days.
As but keeping of such me, a wild animal,
i smile as you keep my way above it face smooth;
You/my thusness has kept we/us a long time their,
fire swept side.
Come,
come quickly without delaying for it is cut deeply.
With, thee 'It's;
therefor too wander, there both that we cry of;
On the spreading wings of butterflies as they open wide.
Though they come more than to solicit it
and as such follow thoughts, the wind of our beings.
My spectrum that follows the cliffs above them narrowly,
'behind the pale moons, looking up at the sky, I see.
It feels thus likened unto,
is thy watercress blooms in the basin of all that is you.
By hail of winter and rain the pain under the mask of it feels.
exceeds the weight on the limb but/as for the tree.

James McLain

Can You Say To Me/Stop

can you say to me/stop.
and i shake;
when you gently, i know.
i hurt.
and knowing this gently, you made.
and even the sleep.
deepest of dream of one
with whom you know.
when you/this with gently,
i and you move it more.
when you gently and gently,
i hurt..... you know.
and behind brown eyes, i sleep.
observing the swans, you make.
i hurt,
bending observing a neck,
as it yields too your elegance.
you made and gently, so much gently.
and i in my sleep with you fate.
and bearing so much gently with you,
i shake.
and i make tears through the waves,
i' blue of sea Mr/you.

James McLain

Poem Haters Toilet

pink on the out side
it is dark and quiet
only it's head is held
above the bubbles
effervescent a poo is present.
It scintillates oily, Lot's toilet water
the brown one feels, soft on my skin '
I didn't; eat of the import,
which yellow white floats made from corn';
Jug' s poke with the poo inside it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Daddies Gentle Hand

It felt the heat; ; Of its Mendoza pulley...
press deeply between its thighs confidence
it's betrayed L' innocence lost 'l' love was its
'disguise It 'l' held narrowly,
Its voice so much gently Its temptation, it's praise careful,
Professes, incentive, councils Ainsì it could have its manners.
To be unaware of its naivety lamp-shade with it trusting eyes
voracity of its virginity with its threats and lies egoistic.
The contract now made temporarily it is satisfactory,
with its appetite hungers still for what its small body can provide.
Filled of confusion torment and unmerited shame; ;
Its cap d' child stolen 'piped' by unfair,
a heart-suction of the play Unworthiness of survival
with dignity his life is changed for always.
Its secrecy well-is hidden behind its pleasant and
honest face.....
And its charitable and Christian heart
single/married suspects prays child molest ant the partition.
The invisible bars imprison its heart with being
with martyrdom contradicted and pain its unforgivable
sin maintained living on and on several occasions
restored by its memory thus it never finishes; ;
For always it takes it apart And Always he will gently gain.
By watching her guide..daddies gentle hand..
Searching for that face on the side walk, driving by.

James McLain

Goth

Let feel It' to me;
darkness by your eyes!
Grant to me the night to know the sky,
without clouds It draws you developing in spirals
to the bottom with the worlds of depth I want that
your despair is my desire by lord It S'
incite to lock; your blood like it is reversed downwards.
I' beseech to hear your voice and its cry boring of veneer.
You'; the Goth ' brought back to the pleasure of this J' spot;
have I' intention d' to widen it/it';
just' with this my' it/you can'; T and is to him.
I must feel your cold arm, once and only.
And your sternness forcing me with my/knee; s;
apart mine requesting from you; to be,
all which you are and completely.
Black and purple aside, Your denial forces it deeper
my tears to charge outside, yellow of sun becomes.
You became my entirety; tree of the life
And your rejection;
selects with my hope like a pocket all the empty days.
If one does not allow me to see your world,
then pluck my eyes 'Sexy Chick' outside 'outside
my brains before you fill it of honey.
Inject my veins with the center with it untill;
so that your fixed glance cannot fill them of the ice
Utilize your/my sword to perforate the sky
with a rapid redundancy over and over;
ready medium being held in the point; handled.
Leave me to die here in blood reversed,
Permeates my sadness to filter outside in It' red flood
Your constant rejection does not give me any reason ed' to test Without your
affection...
you don'; to cut T to die, unless you want and wanting it/it only
grows wider and wider untill.
Goth 'you have come to your sciences.

James McLain

Exposed

Exposed out of the suns yellow heat
left within the ice blue cold.
Fear by the seat of this knowing.
No matter how i reexamine it/it always
stays the same a thought.
No matter what.
'Lily' out side and 'Rose'
It seems to me, to life a breathe.
What they do we know and fear it not
even help it come out side and touch
that spot untill it runs some more.
Yes, but my perdjudice is there for the tree.
Trees, Trees every where trees, what of war.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hay A Needle

DESCENDED, from the good shepard,
over there of the size of mountain course:
Which pleasure lives in the face (did the shepherd she/he sing) ,
in the face and cold, the splendour of the hills?
She slake her thirst, in running streams and slipping stone.
But cease thus moving close to the skies, and cease slipping
an sun ray by the blown pine, a needle lay
to put back a star on the arrow tipped it flutter;
there doth the dove, it lay.
And come, because It's love is in the valley, come,
For It's love is the valley, come, inside the valley rest and sleep, or,
descend a thousand steps And find it not;
by the happy threshold, it,
Or red with the crimson spirted of the torn shanks,
Or foxlike in the vine; neither care to go, hand known
With death and the morning on the gold angled horns,
Neither fades the thousands snare it so;
in out the white ravine, nor find it 's dropt on the estuaries
of the ice dripping not,
That slope to blotter itself in autumns furrow-split to roll the
torrent out of the dark doors and the sea it waits below.

James McLain

The Soft Spring The Pleasant King

The spring,
the soft spring, it is in the year';
the pleasant king,
ring of fire each flower each thing then,
then the good ones dance in a ring,
the cold puncture of doth not, the pretty birds sing:
The plan and can make It' homosexual of country houses,
the lambs gambadent and play,
the shepherds whistle all the day,
And we intend birds yes to grant this merry configuration:
The fields breathe cotton candy,
the daisies embrace our feet, of young people in love meet,
old wives needing a-to expose to the sun rest,
In each street these airs our ears greet: The merry day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Came Dawn

It came subtle nudges and whispers too
rolling over folding onto its self became.
Such trembling; why age erupted youth
blinding; eyes moved impassioned hues
spectral ribboned seated core of light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Deaf In An Ear

The insane woman Compte 'S daily being still harms,
except each night when it'; S hot.

The flies are worse over there, come here.

Today front, won'; T you have faith.

Some wigglers, s' draw aside

inside from outside support the manners,
here they are.

You come there and there here and

do you sit a charm, can you around the sun, can you draw?

While we wait on them,

you can still say to me, I'; m deaf in an ear.

See that the type? ' with its head hung downwards,

it I' beat with it true; so true good enough.

This mare more over there can look at true, truely slow down,
with the fast hands about it.

While drawing on this cord like that, it' S;

wonder of S.P.C.A. n' import which body awaits you.

By gollies no I ain'; T

had still of projectiles since I' have for the last time
considering that the sheep of farmers, listen hear how.

I only still Count daily been being be,

except each night when it'; S hot.

You think yourselves can draw all above that

these trimmings and part of leave for what'; S.P.C.A. indicated?

James McLain

Aujourn 'D

The most invaluable ornament, clear faces.

Out of whimsical silk and all 'I' it'; tales of imagination of S. Plus than deeply mythology. So that the woman can go naked, on the streets paved in gravel, while vêtue.

Nothing sports she, but luminous coloured evening gowns.

Almost religious, sericulture d' it'; the knowledge she

Offering' S., some phase to make thus, ' ; Standing'; stones
keep above cloud, this secrecy.

Even aujour d' today, windy never being it is thus.

And it is, always so cooling because of him.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tears During A Tremor

my love I cannot individually help it my their for me sometimes
I drink you by the center where you are wet and oily the
feeling of heat I /lass are the days and
I feel your day by your cylinder heads it'; s center of operation
as to him makes while you prolong outside around inflated
as what made you lost in the thought any way and
it thus opened you to the top and of the rich person;
a person like the soft wet ground;
how it s' is hung moist around my tree of cedar as well and
each day your face when it comes as it makes on him;
encourages you to recall me what is still left to come
as it leaves you very with It's interior and
these noises;
I that some times make hearing your wet noises as well; as jumping they make
and suction,
whistling halfway of the afterwords draw side with you above it vastness the
knowledge makes you the good and
then you guide the finger above the head gasket and reasons
thus the hot sun burns it encourages you to cry more and
I cannot help the gears during your tremor
during the gathering; during the kisses they make and
in the center your cylinder heads as they make it very wet and
all that I can make is to embrace the ring specification far;
although more than you made and inflated they are very well and
will sleep knowing that I will kiss you there;
they s' always extend and alleviate to the bottom and
you resting as you made it too the top of the hill.

James McLain

A Boxroom D'

boxroom and bipolar each luxury mixture of maniac
enters between the lines of the pad d' deeply the marshes.
The majority 'ed to go only as a remote thought north,
like top of each pine to seek a feather behind or two.
Left behind by the last in love which controlled the nest.
Support-can-being;
then I' was nice boxroom on the back a certain alligator
upscaled rehensible and prehistoric.
However with a returned arm that martini was not ever reversed and sippin it d';
a certain green reed eccentric Être has it'; back d' aspiration.
Isn'; T it odd how much egocentric person
and completely in the past I'/your alligator was made outside to be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Light Is Purchased.. (1)

When we both are;
separated into silence and tears, ignored.
W'ye, and when you left me for wine and other grape varieties.
Hurry now sour, shriveled brown vines my sun, avoids.
The middle and once green with clover 'Dear' he wained.
Broken and your neckline has in recent years.
Put your flame in the cold and now hides your day
colder than kissing lost, made, I should.
Reality and feverish delirium this time examining the past.
Hidden by the hours in every minute disappeared like snow.
The morning dew gray clouds his face in tears
went down,
cold on my face etched stone - he felt again,
and the like - no warring
this in what sense, the daughter of my 'I now must stake.
Wish your everything I just mentioned, talk to me, again,
the deaf ears of the queen smug now gone wandering mind sometimes a woven
mat.
Broken, and my light is purchased your glory:
Hear pronounced thy name thy shame,
and leaves the flame burning.
The black robes,
They call them before me/you, 'Bell Tolls on the deaf ears against mine'

Once the ear of the thine;
A chill creeps now seaps up spine, oh you hear and what not
Flown/our needs - are-why-not' sun/yellow now mine'.
Thousands of my tears, I spent, they have a large vessle sunk!

James McLain

Light Is Purchased..(2)

They know that this step which I speak, reason fled more
sought your heart it's you that I thought you knew mine.
Who knew thee too well - a long period,
long and we spent a lot in you in the street.
I too would be deeply felt, also indicate.
I never, how ever, in secret we met - In silence, the language has been
preserved.
Thus mine thy heart could forget.
Thy spirit deceive them.
When I meet you next, after long years
How then should we still be welcome, so if through you?
' NOT' 'Veiled by your shame,
But with your silence and my tears, 'I' can help, nor shield you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Lady 'loves' Her Mister

Because of it 'we' laughed as grass is green there is she common.
Realized; how it is I became, such implied in her, with favor.
And being left off distant of, but near to her, I thus became.
Whose teeth white flashed, the sun as she was now to show them.
I was drawn inside by sweet minty breath, she 'made', as was it
I inhaled with each profound look, I rediscovered.
Lost then finally found within, dark caves of sound, so deep
and smooth, so rich and throaty, singing music all the time.
Never ravaged but by scotch and time and filtered cigarettes.
Though detached always above, I look again below it, such is an
undulation a visitation, invisible muscles, the sea is moving.
A young woman; on the beach 'she' hurries past us saying,
drawing briefly it aside a red and white, pair of cheap sun glasses.
Made they 'said' in 'china' hot a sweating mask, I looked beyond it.
Bronzed this body made, I think of posies, confusing she with her.
"If your woman and the Mister' (wish to take it to the ocean,
does the lady and the Mister) 'wish to wash it lightly off'
One day, 'one time each grain of sand and foam, 'she did - politely ask?
I decided that if it comes when 'I'and if 'I' must,
that this next verbal jolt, 'when it hit' could fly a kite without a tail,
certain repercussions of those acute remarks, open cuts bleeding
might as hearts are won and then as thoughts be lost.
She with her and I, this afternoon could still may be, the sun so hot.
I concentrated on both, by my seat a well of deep emotions.
With a careful, deeper why, I trust my mind, too find it wonders.
Kept thus safe in time, inside I've grown to know and ponder why.
Wistful he for she/her much and subtle this my love, could be her double.
Once was I, of kind like mind, a person drifts at times so far away,
when life like that just walks away or simply floats right past us.
Then washed amongst the rocks and foam the wind it blows away.

James McLain

Left Crumpled Whispering

her fingers working
long after the eyes were stripped.
through this, his moist dark reaching
for a tissue and scraped to past the
surface her once inhibited self,
the smeared and oozing
left crumpled whispering in the trash.
breasts lactating, leaving spots in a hurry always.
each night wears like this,
both eyes squinting from the trash
of q-tips and boxes of used tampons applicators,
tissue wads hardly unfolding with words.
empty plastic bottles of douche, one finger of vinegar.
cheap dark panties always moist warm and wet,
torn and ripped,
quickly tucked inside my purse
and asking for, his begging
for more change it seems always.
the two babies and wooden churches;
he 'said' certain things;
would be easier after each one came.
i do not like the dark rooms
smelling of old coats and hats moth balls.
and another comes not many months after the last.
and only sixteen and frazzled hair, deviously
always so full i can hardly.
wait.
Father.....

James McLain

The Talking Stranger

though i only move about
the out side of it...
some times i see through..
to the face on the other side..
and as i gently some times..
a little more firmly untill she does...
and repeating it over and over..
until she cries...
and being mostly she does...
being his sister..
left me to thinking..
why would he ask me that?
Crazier than the crazy old man..
I left back down yonder..
a spell....
i hate moving on.....
but i must..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Kisses Fond

An affectionate kiss, and then divide us.
A good-bye,
and then for always!
Deeply in heart-extorted tears
I of thee disengagement of each *sighs*
Antagonistic and I the meanings;
thee of wages of love and with it under standing.
Who will indicate that fortunes thus afflict it,
While our star of hope,
does hope it start from Her?
Me?
Both tearful.
They flutter in thy light;
Dark despair bright around me.
Know thus we blame my imagination lost was partial,
nothing could resist my Fancy;
But to see it was of I to like it Love but lips,
and love for 'lips' her always.
We never had each loved like this.
To indicate with kindness.
We never had such love,
indicates the blind man.
Not ever joined together-or not ever separated-
We had joined in the middle broken.
Thee of price deep well,
hearts by the thousand accessed and most honestly!
Thee of price paid well,
Thousands love to kiss them better and expensive!
Thine is like a joy and a treasure,
pleasure, love, and pleasure!
An affectionate kiss, and then divide us.
A good-bye, alas,
for always!
Deeply in both hearts-extorted tears I of thee,
thee from I.
Engagement * sigh* antagonistic and both hard working.
Such our wage of love and both the wage... fond of kisses.

James McLain

I Carried Your Heart

i carried your heart within me
which
i am never without
it is important
that it goes
where ever I go
as it covers my heart
inside me

....

..

and it's consumed by yours
my heart
it is made by yours
is mine
now yours to take
inside me

....

..

my only fear of fears
is this of you
my darling

....

..

for you are my destiny
my sugar refinery
which I do not want the world
to know

....

..

beautiful you are my world,
my truth
behold
and in it you are
high above the moon
and the sun
always sings
you are
the principal

....

..

this discovery
my secrecy
that nobody
knows
it is there

....

..

root of the root
and bud of the bud
and sky of the sky
one tree of life

....

..

what can grow
deeper
than that
no heart can know

....

..

my heart can but hope
and your heart
inside mine too hide
your the reason
that i carry your heart
with mine
in your heart
of hearts none will find
but mine.

James McLain

Behind A Curtain Cut

How do I get past the staged layers
with all of the clear curtains
seeing what goes on behind them.
Wigs, sheer vanity profiles the face
stays hidden it often beneath and paint.
To hide the cuts and bruises.
I would get up from my seat that sucks
me in and release it
but the audience would only, applaud.
I only feel bad for the woman, the men
do not have what I need.
What woman one does I know.
I wait behind the curtain, looking out
at all the faces as they try not to sweat.
As the light moves down across them,
they change seats with one another.
Switching masks with each other.
To disguise and cover up their fate.
For just that one moment when it rises and falls.
The orchestra is not privileged to see it.

c.e.mc.

James McLain

And As Heavy As Her Want

You; are no different than me
to her, lovely is our she.
When you are as warm as her face
and as heavy as her want
our need.
Even in sleep and even in sleep.
Handled properly you are/she by.
While there in that warm, white place.
Lips for a while so full and as full
as that which is why so full it is.
Thus being there watching her cross the
stream upon the stones.
One moves independently of the other
in front of her
hands
while the other, lags not that far behind.
And in them from behind R.E.M...you come.
In time to watch the moon slide down across
the sky and sit above that tree.
The warm stream becomes a creek, becomes
a trickle becomes a dropp and then it stops.
And emptied, the moon never appeared so full.

James McLain

My Hearts Your Breeze

Do I what you must as I remember to this way how I want you,
how I want you/you know I remember when you are, this way.
You were considered to be ready by the lake - I wanted then
forever then to take to you;
too forever and stick the thorn for ever in your side;
Your grass remains; thick and lush and green and high.
The moon reflects the waters tiny sparks,
with the stars that I remember, that you put it in warmth and
crying by my face like I remember to you it is this way for.
I swear by you it is;
that I remember where I swear the cotton sky is how?
In by-mornings out by night; windchime'd;
yard and birds,
hear crickets and the smell of sea and salt's;
the sun assembles through out the center,
with the top your sky as champagne pink which
has scintillated in your eyes all each every day that I
remember that you put it warm their by my face;
Do I what I remember to you it is this way,
I swear by you that I remember;
where are the cotton clouds that I swear by, even now?

James McLain

A Lady And Her Mister

Because of it 'we' laughed as nature does so common green.
Realized it is to I become, such implied there in her favor.
And being left off distant of, but near to her, I thus became.
Whose teeth that flashed, when in the sun as she did show them.
I was drawn inside by sweet each breath she 'made', as was it
temporary, I inhaled with each profound look, I rediscovered.
Lost then finally found within, dark caves of sound, so deep
and smooth, so rich and throaty, singing music all the time.
Never ravaged but by scotch and time and filtered cigarettes.
Though detached always above, I look again below, such is an
undulation, visitation, invisible muscles, 'I' see them moving.
A young woman; on the beach 'she' hurries past us saying,
drawing briefly it aside a red and white, checker/ed bandanna.
Made it 'said' in 'Kansas' hot a sweating mask, I look beyond her.
Bronzed this body made, I think of poesies, confusing she with her.
"If your woman and the Mister' (wish to take it to the ocean,
does the lady and the Mister) 'wish to wash it lightly off'
One day one time a grain of sand and foam, 'she did - politely ask '
I decided this next lightning bolt, when it hit could not be stopped,
certain repercussions of those acute remarks, might thus be lost.
She with her and I, this afternoon could still be, maybe salvaged.
I concentrated on both, by my seat a well of deep intentions.
With a careful, deeper why, I trust my mind, too find consensus.
Kept thus safe this time, inside I've grown to know, to ponder why.
Wistful is for she/her much and subtle for my this, could be her double.
Once was I, of kind like mind, a person drifts some times so far away,
pulled out of life
and washed amongst the rocks and foam the wind it blows away.

James McLain

The Crazy Man

Expects every day to be summer again,
except for each night when it's hot.
The flies are worse over there.
Today just before, have some faith.
Some wigglers, are moving back in
from out back a ways, here they are.
You there and there come here
and sit down a spell, can you draw?

While we wait on them, can you
tell me again, I'm deaf in one ear.
See that fella with his head hung
down, she beat him to it real good.

That mare over yonder may look
real slow, with fast hands about her.
Pulling on that string like that, it's a
wonder any body expects you to.

By gollies no I ain't had another one
of those shots since I last saw that
farmers sheep, listen hear now. I only
Expect every day to be summer again,
except for each night when it's hot.
Do you think you can draw all of that on
that pad and leave room for what's said?

g.b.

James McLain

Thus It Is 'You' My Requiem..2

Eyes so tempting and attracting.

Hair soft, length, silky, pulled apart completely.

So nice and adorable nose.

Lips curvy and sexy

and so good to embrace on several occasions.

Ears right,

just to nibble and use the loops mine ear most expensive.

The blouse again modified the tonality and- eye- is bronzed.

Round centres, smoothes, hot, full deeply of spirit.

Tightened nipples, company, hardened at the point of that explosion.

The company of belly or the grease of the baby,

right just for kisses of butterfly and buttered wings.

Navel bored with a small bell or a balancing jewel

doing you the glance more trying.

Weapon thin but modified the tonality.

Hands with covered fingers pink rings of all the kinds.

Creamy thighs and milky company so that the children rebound on and on - so that I seize above.

Large hips so that the children can come at the time.

Large legs in short shorts, heels, to precipitate sexy shorts well equipped.

Feet and toes also holding of the rings and tattooings here and there so much enough.

The so wet language and awaking,

with Juste a flick or licks your lips.

Company the moon, bubble formed, and so hard not to touch.

Express the husky every funny hour but when your serious.

Occupy you of pointed, smart and thus as intelligent, of sensual, erotic, each one is mischievous,

charms, idiotic, and most certainly full with the fair moments.

Your pocket secret wet, hot, sticking, tight, and palpitating for me. Draining our batteries of cellphones completely right to speak and hear voices of each one.

Hours of expenditure on speaking on the line,

about no end, on and on amused white dove a messenger.

My light in I' eternal darkness.

My force for when I cannot continue.

My wisdom for a better judgement,

for a priest i am not nor wish to be.

My happiness when I drown in the pain.

My joy of faith,
when I have missed all hope.
My answered prayer.
My calm when I am annoyed.
My dream comes true. My inspiration. My desire.
My love. Your quiver never went away I went.
And is.' This my last poetry of love', for you I write herein.

....

.....

James McLain

Thus It Is 'You' My Requiem..1

Thus it is my requiem;
have only eyes for you my love
the sky is soft as are the clouds beneath.
I would fall to my knees above your tomb
even during, always after 'Love' it rained on me.
Crying, softly soaked wanting you behind.
This I promise to you that I would show you so much
with my passion of 'Phoenix', it is late left thus.
My covetousness for you is toxic.
My desire of your blouse attracts.
During a serenade of moonlight we would slow down
the dance with a blue old man æ it.
If I lost you because 'I' lost you once again.
The deep columns underneeth my knees and would request
so that you pay it my attention left to me.
Looking at old photographs of me and smiling
you and considering narrow lines and I poured
a simple tear for you.
Seeing your daily face, knowing beautiful - how you are
and wanting to awake with you daily.
I cannot live without your love.
Your kisses. Your pressures. Your hot pressures.
Your soft laughter. Your flexible individual in the bed.
Your glance fixes the sunrises in the morning.
Each curve of your blouse.
Warm silk your love, now I had and am behind you
for my more, my more of you.
My invaluable moonflower. My choking black went up.
Who developed in my garden of serenity.
Your tenderness,
when I cannot and am weak and to your face.
I will be never free of your charm which you moulded on me
and that I am grateful for.
Oh my lady which I strike the door of the sky,
wanting to you and thus the bad one, it is you know that I am,
but denied me not that simple cause of pleasure.
I am not worthy of you.
The foam at the edge of the ocean with the mouth
of the river intertwined..

with the cause of my rage which your love pushes me with the madness and over here and there.

The engagements I intervened to defend my love for you.

The constant marking that I received not to leave you.

It is very, even now for you because;

I like thus kissing the bad in you my baby.

My version of soft pandémonium. My eternal joy.

My first and last during amongst this short life.

All the gifts I bought to you to show that my affection for you is rather never there but rather what we feel.

But my love it is right for you.

To rest here looking at the 'PEAKS' frank of you and me of a long time forgotten escapes now created by: a simple mask, past loves installation.

You are my image in value thousand words and are more.

Wind in my sail when I sail my boat on the lake.

My compass for which you guide me directly in your heart.

Final drug for which I become high of day each labor

..

.....

....

and is thus a priceless for you.

James McLain

Around Soft Wet Ground

my love I cannot help my individually
their for me
sometimes i drink of you by the center
where you are wet and moist
heat i feel are the days and I feel your day by
your breeches
it's center running as it does
while you extend out puffy like what made you
lost in thought
and it opened you up thus musky and rich a person
like soft wet ground
how it clung moistly around
my cedar tree as well
and each day your face when it comes
as it does on him makes you recall me
what is left still to come
as it leaves you all inside
and those noises i some times make
hearing your wet noises as well;
like popping they make and sucking, piping more
from halfway the afterwords draw aside
to you above the pinkness
knowing it does make you good
and then you guide the finger above the reason
and the so hot sun it makes you cry more
and I cannot help the tears
during your quake as they collect during kisses
they make in the center your breeches
as they make it very wet
and all that I can make is to embrace
the lips far although more you made and puffy
they are very well
and will sleep knowing I will kiss you there
they lay still and quieten down
and you resting as you do.

James McLain

Oh' His How So Quickly

All the sky has cast it off.
White rich pink faced.
The sky was red again.
We did not have anything to make,
muchless of it to stay.
We approached with the conclusion
next each poor day,
And there seemed to be nothing
hidden even there,
THEN Daddy fell into the wooden
barrell, pickels fight!
And everyone'
each face of hers/his redeployed some such
reddeployed we whom are dancing,
pleasure pure.
Fatherers machine and his photograpic
memory fast oh his how quickly
was released.
He' it crawls out of the duckweed
pleased, smelling of it,
again it answeres when Daddy fell mightly in it.

James McLain

Oh'His How So Quickly

All the sky has cast it off.
White rich pink face.
The sky was red.
We did not have anything to make,
muchless of it to say.
We approached with the conclusion
next each poor day,
And there seemed to be nothing
hidden even there,
THEN Daddy fell into the wooden
barrell, pickels fight!
And everyone'
each face of is redeployed some such
reddeployed we whom are dancing,
pleasure pure.
fatherhe machine his photograpic
fast oh his how quickly.
He' it crawls out of the duckweed
pleased released it.
again it answeres when Daddy fell tightly in it.

James McLain

In 'I' Darkness

In I' darkness need for thus,
very travaled for and must, and those past Lives'
no more 'I' see;
The most luminous stars of Sun and 'I'.
See them rise a deep' a worried sea?
The years that owe' it too;
I' run out in the waves the sea is sad, it's blue.
Good bye, goodspeed 'said' I.
Many always voices of I' uncertainty it leaving us
with doubting, with which it hears them blow.
Conquest, is by us or destiny full a winters, dream?
Times which have developed.
All the interior swept it thus significance.
will maintain too indicate,
by the singing of each song 'I' will never know the spring or sun.
Ours with being Wasted with burning desire,
broken in the anguishes, thus is anguish born
of the splendid dreams,
which locks you soft my day of memory
and the vision once 'I' held, but now a dream.
Why each night pays more; We try to hold there haughty,
and the word
is time to be the thing which we dream but thought of.
Suddenly we miss it's flash of perspicacity,
then life develops dull and gray, and I' our hour follows shorter,
useless hours and thus become it is.
Betrothed under I'm a tree without one sheet, a crying sea.

James McLain

What Is/Is Not 'Haiti'

a Word a Haiti,
what is/is not
my part
long are the roads they now walk, away from.
Subtracting, addition to know what Some can't.
Tears fall there on their knell, bells now toll.
'Angels will call'
abuse sadly 'Perhaps'
Here And people have come.
And put a flower on top.
Down, And hang their faces: We' thus;
We are fearing that their hearts dropp too,
and will crush Unjustly pretty whom play.
And thus we let us move off afar, afraid.
'God'
Like Enemies-far Right,
Held looking off around to see,
at which distance.
Direction it comes.
Pray; It be-Occasional.

James McLain

A Prince And Or Her/His A Prison

Thus once a drunk and penury and her hence
cast off from the 'King' before it she/he must;
She loved his grace and to descend, both
transcend and to heal thy worldly afflictions
and with the body and teaching of few words,
his knowing thus and ripe and coveted and full
that which was turned with direction through out,
downward thus and deeply, how deep it does run
away and each when a man to judge the 'King'
can reach out and without much/such apprehension
cast off that sleep and dream, less imprisoned
otherwise a small prince in prison must stay
alone with out hopes room or window to grow
from one body, though held therein by that one to
move off and out of and into the void, hers/his quickly.
Up the latter and bared held but/by she/he transcended.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Birds And Bees

A bird and one little, bee.

And you are scolded black..
and blue..hear their view..
and they crush your smile?
and they make you feel
like, you have to look
away from it, and in them...
back out of the sun..
dark side of the moon..
Seeing you once as blind..
When is where you run out to..
Where is how you fall into...
those hives of troubled sleep..
and your mind lost..
between the snug tight wings..
Sweet honey...
hides inside the old oak tree..
around it fly's a bee..

They do not understand you
and if they do, some have
been taught to make you feel
dirty...and you will go blind
terrible sad and bad, when
and if you do it, is it bad?

It is simply a bird, happy..
to sing and play with a bee..
why do some say..
it is not good to be happy...
just because you are young..
and you find new ways,
to get stung,
Do you not feel thus ashamed...
because they...
Do not those parts of your brain
grow awed...

and red hot, when you are stung..
so much so...white it is blind again...
you blush thinking this cannot be..
and yes..
but you do..
that it is normal to..

when you wake up..
and you trust the touch..
of your nose...
anything under heaven you grasp...
but this is all to something new...
and you get scared and don't
know, what is light or dark..
but to the heart of it,
you must know.
and so you move off deeper..
back inside your mind even more... -

You don't ask them...when then..
have you ever fought so hard..
to trust...why must you cry..
to turn..never still.. but over....
and over inside.. once again..
must I...
bury all my tomorrows again..

Mother and Father of your sins..
So you must,
never stay any more thus ashamed...
of that warm feeling in you..
because...
it is some times these thoughts
in your head that are very bright, and still
your mind flushes as the burning sun rises,
when that moment of blindness comes,
like a dream inside of you arranged,
some ocean deep waves, inside of you....

Suns of the fire and how it enslaves you...

The sting upon your one and only...

no finger..can never undue it..
the flame returns cool..
and when it left so hot....
again to guide you off...
until i..the sun comes round again..
My honey bee and me,
that brings the sting and sings
of flowers only to me.

James McLain

Eighth Wonder A Woman

Which you are, Pretty and Smart;
eighth wonder of you, this woman of women
where my secret, she lives full therein.
The world made you to establish her,
and must now take her notice with great pride.

Greatest of greatest savants,
established for they would adapt to this mother
of woman the woman they now know she is.

Hard working her model of great womanhood.

Softness of heart by those few and but;
when she tries to say more to them.

You are great, take them there and make vast
wide all the more deeper a pond, no a lake from
that river of such simple need, you understand it.

In charge from the beginning and
you are what makes them all blind,
Woman of woman he can see it.

Why 'I' bear witness too your long lives,
because you can and thus within reach to touch
the others in blossom sweet.

Woman of creed, creed of woman you feed.

I say, It' from the depth of your full red Lips.
Their arms I will use; too balance my seductive
broad hip, against which must lean their tree.

I am at that stage of each and every stage,
whereupon now it is they must walk and as they
reach out to grasp and with compassion I know
Delirious each curve my deep strong why, they ask.
from it, Each Falling down, how they cry, more for it.

I am that woman of every woman whom ever wishes to be.
I enter the room the latter and leave as the latter, it seams.

Orange blooms are sweet to each man and as such to each.
He do I see, so I squeeze them, hard pressed they say it is
Because the men say that I am, Eighth wonder a Woman..

Even though... i am a man.

James McLain

Of Such Kind Face

It is as if it is a deep golden dream,
one flap, a tent of yellow silk.
And when the sun is with it,
is it highest fresh and full.
Each fall of morning dew and
all contained therein, good-bye.
Of such kind face;
sweet breeze, how it gently fills the air.
And its main role with firm support,
it seeks the cover, of warm sky.
And means renewed assurance,
as it tugs and pulls the heart..
It seems that if I owe it
and if anything at all
to 'I' it owes,
then too hurry up, thus free it'
with a simple knot of truth,
held off, it tied now gone.
But be you seeking,
held now and by within it's loving hands,
is loosely bound,
by each silk tie of love and thought,
you hold it back, for only one.

James McLain

Country Girl

That you got the country girl
from the back woods to wash your dishes,
do your laundry skin your cat fish
even dual equipped
exhausts pointed outwards
and plus her blossom;
milking
but she hasn't
obtained the since
lower
her breeches around her ankles
and it keeps them
always full
backwoods need a heathen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Under The Bridge Of Tears

Under the Bridge of Tears,
Moon has closed it's doors.
and even under the silk it covers me.
Rivers and rivers.
Oceans, sea.
One last bridge, agreed?
In which corner of the sky is it?
A horizontal groove it moves.
Beyond the red walls
Swollen as and as gently as the breeze,
it Blows the silk off, one green leaf.
In the gleam,
prolonged of laying down to weep.
The bark soon follows.
The sun, the crows are never roosting
and are unaware of my deep melancholy.
Again; I leave the bed.
Years after all the years I burned,
I stroll on.
Under the Bridge of Tears
Away from the staircase jeweled.
I regret the wasted years, My lady,
frightened of the cold, frightened of the heat,
whereas the beautiful days; I ran out of.
Suddenly is that, 'yes' a treat
my autumn of death.
Constantly disturbed by changing times,
I lose the way of the overflowing light.
This removes us twain left once again as two.
Whom moved, is left the bridge, fixed rotation?
On my island salutary wide?
I realize-Under the Bridge of Tears.
The stars the moon again and how it cries.

James McLain

On The Cold Floor

On the cold floor
I am but a fading memory
dispersed through the light
unseen upon the floor
trying to fight a little more
before I wonder ever off
whether I am even here
like the spirits of the dead
caught some where
there unburden it
clammy never see it
when it comes
when someones in between it
never known
laying thus i am face down
the sun has faded going down
and even one sunrise is perhaps
if i could but see
some one hears those
muscles cry
looking through the mirror
eyes i see
how can i go out
without more of a taste
of this cold life
once i was
intoxicated
and i miss what
i can't touch
i miss it more
i can not stop
when I'm laying on the floor
without one drop
of what you have
i have no more
moments left now release it
it is warm
no
never more

here
upon the floor
one foot just kick me
over the side
to the bottom where i live
most of the time
why
must you try
to eat me all the time
off of the floor.

James McLain

Lovely Flowers

Thick full bodied faces, testing deep each breath.
Of muddy rain aching eyes, acting as her tears.
Grey dawn hiding stars, how he stole my only friend.
Daisy's shedding blanket, partied slumbered on.
Red/pink treats, reminders of his seedy dark ambition.
Flanked approaching shadows...sweeping Gaul.
Lovely flowers, cotton dowry hidden neeth a moon.

James McLain



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'Deforestation'

'Deforestation'

'O' not every virgin forest, is timid like a dove,
Assent's today to let me know, climbs below.
Crowned are you and made achieved a woman,
proud and knowing.
I to love In all its forms, fine you are each work of art.
I to a long time in given you new the feelings and
beings of quivers only never they to match.
Let us/both cherish your hidden secret parts to me\you.
And turn them into a soft and beautiful collection
once extinct,
made anew between and the butterflies.
That such trees with foresight can draw aside
the affectionate parts.
And when they meet that door.
Whom rests through the burrow that it meets
and stretches forth the earth and once again it's filled.
Then I will cherish and rub and join it so that I collect the
will to pluck each green, blade of grass.
And make sun flowers great such a fire among,
green foam, brown eye.
And sprinkle,
growing gardens with water, spring and April.

James McLain

Predisposed To Hysteria

Too you in the love it is to touch oneself
with a brighter hand.
He/him expanded you,
you woman have/handled yourselves well.
They ignore most rules and impulses
regards a thing by its eyes.
A cardinal is red. A sky is blue. A kiss between.
Suddenly you know that he also knows.
It is not however you know it's there,
that you taste well together the winter
or of bright spring weather.
Its his hand,
to your hand to take is overly much.
To carry it too much untill you do.
They cannot in its eyes look because
what your impulses say and may not be with, which it said.
No matter how ever it was, it may not so remain.
If it does not close a door it is there_ your lips water.
And you are free with a movement of freedom,
around and around as it dances, impatiently.
They are the beautiful ones of golden pears.
They remember
and desire to its mouth to itself affects to open,
his\it whispers.
Oh, when one is explained certain things, can love!
Oh, when one is predisposed to hysteria
and to see the column of the golden head fall
into a green wreath, most generals would command
to hold, even against untill the last, hills over run.

James McLain

And All Succeed Then

'As a your honey hive'
It knows there is nothing there is,
it has:
thank you so much very well.
Just a glance, Is all it took,
Vines here right now,
'dear' it is known it is here to rectify inside\outside
I want your back,
Juste one eloquent, Aloe's I part your slit,
I feel your cheek,
And my knees disappear gone for a week.
I want to cherish, What' S under your dress,
fold you more, duplicate your breeches
And succeed then,
all in the company and round,
Me/you to incite I/too want to hammer,
a glance with your end over mine,
I want to burst it like Niagara falls,
in and out, all mine.
At glance with your tush, And I want to push,
I look at your moist breeches.
And I am one with the bump.
Cause nothing' can amend it thus, this butt/but me.
As a, your behind' it's deadly so luscious;

James McLain

His/Hers

The beauty is; that you are with me,
Plus it is deeper
than the deepest sea.
But that of which,
your beauty cannot begin to explain:
Is the devil which gives me/your pain.
That it burns like the burning rain.
And as I look at you, I will know why you are,
Beauty itself,
as if the beauty - is as is - costly - one individual.
The beauty is always a curse which,
flutters it's wings in the air.
And fragrant at each end,
is the straw with which her/his it comes rigorously
independently and like a bolt of lightning,
puts a cold in those hearts
then freezes his/hers it occupies for eternity
and for all but one hour
it burns as beauty teaches it, how it yearns.

James McLain

'Woman' Sang

We passed the hall- where 'Woman' sang
Recessed—around each Ring men grazed
We passed fields — where Cotton faced
We hurried past - days Setting Sun
Before the night gave -up it's Weight

Or rather—must 'We' Truss it Up
The stares we drew - where flowers grew
For only Gossamer- silk within my Gown
My 'Roses'—only 'Lily' Knew—no Frowns

e.d.

James McLain



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Of Haiti's D.N.A.

Why could you not.
One dropp of blood,
from each remove.
and Photograph.
Which they are due; but
here... just for a fine
a dollar...some must make.
Laid there to bake.
Before the mountains,
thus became
eXcuses all have made.
D.N.A.
Would reunite all the
masses
even massed, such as they.
So one would know where
two have gone,
grave, dots upon that stage.
Reason me,
none riddle: but for a slice of bread.

James McLain

A Coat I Need

.....A Coat I Need

A necessary coat, ' MAKES' with my/your song
a bird a Covenant and my yard which borders on both sides
Out of old, ancient forms tongued anew, each word
from our/their mouths left most Unable long too write
in the clay, some speak of time, today gone past.
Of my feeling like to heat the gloats of one's throat;
But she deceives 'I' caught, her thus carried in the world';
moist those would shake any dew from their weary eyes,
from the sake of company, matters 'Like it or not 'I' if they';
I'; worked hard on it. my humble songs, frilly laced your
breeches made for them
let them take them not, hot from 'I' thou past decline.
For there'; iS more too company than here meets an eye.
Naked out or in or covered path it's thin walk, a soft silk dress.
She made of I, of this could thee but whisperer, eX-parte.
Mine wooden reed-throat ed woodwinds your clarinet,
Which came from thee,
and at my hour need, although very soon, not now, my need.
One feature a clear movement clouds plucked forth the sky.
But towards heated beating heart interior, astonished I\you
host considerations of your companions, caused mine shame.
Expression of thine hidden by Jolen de Karen - and
lucky to find mine sun, when June it comes, for thee or me.
Look towards the vaults the walls, of 'America' bankers sun.
Time-not under this roof of strong blowing winds,
blown by one, more parties, from One conscience,
even more severe and a friendlier house, I can forgive
even that falseness of the evils, I declined and knew no part.
These currents once basic undreamed of, off of part of
which made in front of their bench whereupon '
'I'; hold strong and still do- humble thy to thee an Indicator which
the flame burnt you for she, perished this thought others/she
smiles awhile.
'Grace to you'.
To be but part of ceremony ancient - Notorious, my name is.
Not 'Gabriel' wings from the east, south and west but north.
Beyond 'vanity with all my' priceless things, ' Be but a host which the dogs of
comming and goings, beyond did travel', knew such things

Thus rain on top, this yellow bush of hers by many thus hence
known and then it must then also die deep spring elders song,
in which, my\his too plant still deep inside, with coming spring.
A necessary coat; More will, 'I' need when spring, arrives.
Black robed\my daughter, whom even now 'Talks, of may.
And she would not live,
if but by thee and truth, burns hot \$ blind.

w.b.y.

James McLain

Why I Failed

I died for beauty,
but stay, I'm there entombed.
When one which died for truth
lies locked away, the sky.
He questioned gently,
why I failed?
For her beauty,
could not speak, of what he saw.
Again no answer.
Breath your lips,
must try to move apart.
And I for truth
both lay between, are one.
We a brother\sister aren't.
She said.
And thus, as their parents,
met, they did one night.
We spoke between the rooms.
Hours passed and it was quite,
except the voices of the sea.
So it was that foam it reached
her lips and made one name.

James McLain

History She/Her Trust

We passed the hall where,
Woman'; sang!
Insert-around each finger ring
the men their wives too long for.
They passed each very close to.
We passed the fields each one -
hot cotton faced and how it grew.
'We'
gave them too the
past - establishments
of when days
the Sun Before the night gave way
Her climb -up to the top, was every just as.
Heavy it's and
with the weight off - history she/her trust..

James McLain



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The Odor Of The Sea

Here I was,
there in the front.
Walking along the sandy shore.
But how, when or where I cannot say.
I see the wind upon the rocks
down
beyond the foamy moors.
Soft green tea made from moss.
The odor of the sea.
Waves now moaning, birds soaring
moving sand
we stand
between our toes.
Wind along the shore.
You were mine right from the start.
How long 'I' cannot know:
While you
your hand 'I' walked, talked
upon and out along
that shore.
Pre-received us is-now gone.

James McLain

High\low Atrocious

HIGH\LOW ATROCIOUS

Each thought of you inflates my head.
Of it the monster it starts to feed you;
Drops of venom by you, outside my body.
My/your\mine incentive to feel
a good kind of unpleasant, Em-poison-ment
the blood at/my Command, red veins, losing my reins
the pleasure precipitates in my Out-Law heart.
Forcing my hands to descend In the places,
which 'I' can'; you can't defend, My fingers,
a replacement for your, touching my/our language.
And places too sticky it has pictures of, shut\up. It';
The contact of S.A. be it is palpitating in your\my
thighs to each blowing with high atrocious
like Kris Kristoffer son-your constant teasing
Your satisfaction goes away I'M;
wondering whether you can feel this externally.
My thoughts and their once your full capacity;
where you are, Some pear holder outside, far away.

James McLain

She Walks Outside Away

Old,
old man walks up to a little\large girl, lolly pops.
Inside,
she walks inside
after the grandpa pa 'said' sympathetic attention,
natural spurts her growth.
Attention is paid to the mask and
grandpa pa, must ask.
Grand-daughter 'dear' it is hardly a mask.
Seen by 'I' many are 'cut's' and deep smiles and
the moon is pale and full, hardly alone, come here.
But Grandpa pa it is only one swimming pool
high are the sides, no one can see, inside.
With my 'trusting' friends from school.
A small swimming pool, why a worry my mask?
Thinking 'she'
who the old imbecile and must he think it is.
Fresh, clean and full and
with the articles of they attention to my, around it;
They a swimming pool my attention obtained.
I observes them swim near it, curiously they holds it
like it swims under the water they hold it by the thighs.
Above its eyes of rising its legs are widespread
with far its bathing suit can stretch aside her skin of Y
which fingers
of rising movement on side, 'oh' dear O 'dear'
which one so many inside.
I am her grandpa pa\daughter see which one is he'
to make Y her legs are distant and they goes up on
the surface except her\them/him legs it strikes with
them\her/him, behind him/her\them and strikes
deep blows with him/her below it in she'
of Such young people thus to know this, they look
by the mask they don't stay, off To long inside,
fifteen minutes or about thus enough of time of her/them
to amuse and glance fixes at it,
of lower part, one looks inside, she laughs, I am angry.
I am to old for this and
what can I do, she will hate me.I can no longer control her.

James McLain

Language In Any Language

Deeply so much very deeply.
Color of my sun, comes more quickly.
Salted palms,
sweating blood is my thickness,
your warning.
Your tap is like, white marble column.
Full brown bag, oily rag.
Pleasure;
of shooting deeply inside, feeding your cat.
Your language lites fire by my breeches.
Extinction of my imperishable,
wrongfully
detained 'During' all my, rest of your life.
Released, by 'I' my thickness of trees.
Only in your moist ground, it will develop.

James McLain



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Near 'Cotton' Gins

Paper thin each lettered line.
Faces,
words that never go unheard of.
Yellow mound, of hollow blocks.
I am of things with eyes.
None ever hear,
Where you can't see.
Too touch a blind one.
That can't smell.
Where,
one may feel left out.
You rebuke me.
Jumbled letters.
Pen, red ink wells
near 'Cotton' gins
I, sleep by.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Short-Circuits

I can't but like the ladies.
Are they short-circuited or large,
round heavy\lightly ladle.
The ladies are sexy candy.
If they are the kind of woman
who likes to eat the lolly pops.
Wendy frostiest and they slurp
and think it is delectable treat.
Those which will be ardently drinking
wine and picking grapes.
Pushing down on their back,
her bones making cracks.
Which will require of me too unite
their wild and carnal package.
And vigilant I give-encouragement,
me a soft snack of cat.
Then request for me to attack.
I will descend,
my hand comes back and tap, tap, tap, taps
his she-cat purrs, thus deeply.
I have many large engagements and promises
to keep' We shout a while and organics are
spread and growing, Satisfaction guarantees,
a hot she-cat claws and rocks me.

James McLain

Through A Crack I Saw

Bushes and trees over grown
dark thus landscaped
through the old rusted gate to deliver their pizza
i saw
through a crack going out:

The grandpapa assited to his preferred chair,
Referenced re marks grand-daughters dread she is and
starts to look at her fixedly.
Foul breath hanging outside an old tree,
her digust and fear apparent to me, i did see.
Such beginnings with the race, away from that tree
Hoknows that c' is its grand-daughter qu' he wants to push, l' call more d' and
said, "want enough. " Come on the grand-daughter obtain on your knees, It
makes because it l' said and sucks with the peel, puisqu' it knows l' inceste is the
best. Uncle Roy decides to give him a gyratory movement, It likes to upwards
equip his nephew as a girl, Goûts to see it in silk and the lace, Lipstick and make-
up on his face, ' L' imagining with heels on its feet, Because it s' assied there and
starts to rub its feasts, it would like to put it at l' test, Puisqu' it knows l' inceste
is the best. The mother decides d' to enter on l' act, Its and its son have a special
pact, While his/her husbands with work qu' she obtains in her bed, lowers her
trousers and starts to give it principal, the son loves her mom equipped upwards
in her lace, Like it draws her milk everywhere her face, It knows that its mom is
better than the rest, Puisqu' it knows l' inceste is the best. The sister and the
brother are a special pair, It is more qu' a family name qu' they divide, Bill
brother cannot believe its chance, Having a sister who likes to lean, Dit, "He
LOCATED, advance here. " As it folds it more d' and takes its back, Y of putting
itself love the animals qu' it becomes a truth mudfest, puisqu' they both know
that l' inceste is the best. The father cannot believe that his/her daughter is thus
kind, because it draws aside its moist breeches at a side on its knees as it takes
it behind, She groans and shouts and starts to cry, Dit, "He dad, you are my d'
kind; man. The" dad says his inceste is the better manner, C' is a game which
the entirety family can play, the dad treats his daughter like a honoured guest,
puisqu' they both know that l' inceste is the best.

James McLain

Dark Ariel

She of the eyes like mine, obsidian.
With a mouth of the black coral red, so dark.
Her hair; a cloud of black thunder.
Handles about its noble head to she it belongs.
Around its center, moves Its hands and bearing
of greenhouses are eternity's.
Her back of silk and snow-covered face,
stands his/her marble column.
It is to be timeless,
Teeth of his flesh and her extreme steel finger.
His is the whole world to be crushed Under
her ivory heel.
Breathe its perfume in her flower,
Too set adrift this passion at sea.
There its salt-soft kisses.
Places are freely and imprisoned spirits.
Her lips are carried and prepared in balance
to strike silence with its windy song;
A slow discord of thunder.
That will put too flight most crowds.
Its members, in naked splendour all that is pure to scorn.
All the gods forgotten,
Since the day; she was born.
Their temples are as by-paths, On what bare feet go.
Their formal garments are like plaits her hair long
On the ground before its dis tractors.
The seas could call his/her a sister\brother,
the winds dare not to speak their name.
Although the stars were born and perish.
she will be always, his identical.
How terrible such wast their beauty!
This/Their form given into by madness,
a cold and spectral she\his goddess.
That plays with each memeber, 'Goth' goastly spectral.

James McLain

One Dry Tear

'Love' thinking of the loves of the past,
All the loves which didn't bare too ripe fruition.
All my loves of yesterday,
I wonder where they are Au revoir, today,
the moments that we divided.
words affectionate, who is left to bear them now.
I think of those which slipped below, above, the moon.
Near and far.
By the ocean I hear waves here come sit by me
and I wonder,
One that never speaks I hear your name the
foam and spray.
Here and nearest once too me and once they came
but now are gone,
like the wood upon the sand, you sat among.
I that life you know continues,
But I always knew you were a windy driven being,
are you happier there without me?
Wonder clouds below,
between each top it understands.
And if we ever meet again still,
could passion be the sun that burned my eyes?
Old fires would they start to burn?
Could the affectionate thoughts return to turn again
the wheels of time forever their my love.
Or are the unexpressed drops of rain that fell to earth
else where.
One dry tear of what may have been.
Observing all the children, being a wife,
to me that mother?
I'm that matrix you once mounded,
Anything once possible, can never change the past,
that made the now, tomorrow's here.
But I always if it were I that sentient being,
with torn off wings how we once soared above the rest.
Just one dry tear a stain upon your pillow that you
weep of what now was then and may have been.

James McLain

She Observes His Silhouette

She observes 'His' silhouette.
He peels off judgments warmth of day.
Could she hear the beating of my heart?
Does it feel my suns desire...
my hunger?
Can it perceive my no regret?
The shade it hides my very soul.
He holds it up to me around me
like a hot burning coal.
He never sees.
She looks at him, but it can never be.
Pushing out the bottom,
it extends outside his tree.
When he carried them out and up,
she sees it vibrating, alive a true craftsmen.
It is sculpted as if it were a work of art.
Her unstable hands,
hands that shake as I look fixedly on to his perfection.
Almost as if it were possible that I had requested it.
My only Number.
I do not request any more.
He reaches underneath it.
She observes.
It unclasps a work of bronze.
Would I survive
being Crazed a silk dripping stick of purgatory.
Dare I the risk;
Could I handle this commitment
to the end of time and back and
retain its impertinence?
My hands become now fists.
My river widens with this tragedy of it's perfection.
Imported Glass,
which is different he does not close it.
This perfect form would I owe,
my life's allowance
to his only being, only mine.
She slips her fingers just below the sill.
She observes it and it shows.

She relives the bottom halve and it flows.
Once clear my covers 'S'outhern humid pace.
How can she carry out this Hellenistic exploit
which would massacre all the men long immortal?
By which fine line do I dare fix my glance
on the pure cutting of his thighs or his lean hips?
Can I support them during or would i break so freely
and fall, upon the earthen floor?
Pale the moon it's light.
I look at the supreme perfection of his form.
It is my whole and I am, and always will be,
his night time shade.
With it, I am nothing. It's silhouette.
He is mine to observe.
It takes the hand I have offered.
Could He hear the beat of my heart?
Does he feel my hearts desire...
her hunger?
Can I perceive his all regrets?
As the windows drawn and closed untidy tomorrow.

James McLain

Her Warm Mr

In the shade
I feel her wait,
In the distance I feel her hatred.
On my neck I feel her breath,
In her eyes I see my death.
From the bottom of my before,
I feel her contracting.
Conjoining my body too for into.
My fear develops while her hands there wander,
I hate it that with her I am only some warm Mr.
In the darkness and in the cold,
she strips my body like if I was told.
My clothing falls to the bottom
off the ground,
the brush of her fingers through my very soul.
Through my skin her flesh I deeply feel,
of the near future I will never care.
My body is considered forsaken and frightened,
I want to resist but my fear is discovered.
She forces
me to push up and upwards too the end of my finger.
Against my neck I feel her lips.
I feel that it is so much deeply wrong,
my curiously her covetousness for me is strong.
Thrown to the floor I feel the moon come down
in that one final push,
She pulls it in,
and it is reduced and warm, she on top.
My legs she spreads with such force and covetousness,
In my body it starts to push, her way is down.
My thighs were strongly held in her handle,
In and out of my flesh it continues to slip inside.
The pain is pointed and difficult to discover,
I feel pure to want and nothing like such care.
I want to run far, far away If but inside to just escape.
How I will pay.
I feel her convexity deeply with her interior,
In me more quickly it starts to slip.
I hate it and I' like this pleasure and pain,

I am wrong, I am me, I feel so alienated!
I want it to stop
but never quits, my body starts to rise again,
the feeling is however and make me precipitate.
I develop red at the end reddened while I start to groan,
I hate the manner in which I feel
she should be made to pay the price but I.
I feel all alone so forsaken,
something keeps me there inside and all alone.
I feel to shaken and when will she forgo my forced access,
With her interior of me in all directions
its virility it start to burst.
she never once withdraws me from.
She beat me
to ensure that I remain so she would come again.
She said I look just like my father.
I was only thirteen when I ran away from home.

James McLain

Writing Poetry

writing poetry
stories of love
one happy marriage
sex and the sun
deep pale moon
hot my passion
can run cold as ice
smell the rose
lily is gay
sugar and spice
lilies nice
water stay mirrors death
skipping rocks
breast feed the beast
without baby a day
night loves between each toe
god holds off the devil
wine, drugs death more sex
hurting children is worse than bad
one child can make peace
help her melt all the guns
juices run from the middle
oozes gold rich honey
red puffy lips how they shine
rasins dried in the sun
shinny brass every button
lolly pops are not always pink
red wine draws more dreams
milking the stones
hot melting butter
sucking noises
soft whimpers quite cries
help me sleep
much better
at night.

James McLain

The Snow Of Each Winter

Most now, how it's sun warm and normal.
Washing the center
outside and inside in addition to milk.

She had forgot them, to dry them.
Breaches white moist and wet,
high upon the tree line, he did lend her.
Instructions to that why, how the ground
it still shook, beneath them.

The town grew alarmed, her smiling
sweet charm.
Couriered.
in Snow, robes of pink flowing silk,
mixed with ribbons of love.

Roses broad blooms, red and sleek.
The men of the town, would audition.

This mistress has composed and to satisfy
they full with love.
Her imagination in addition to all left outside
in addition to those
all in wait.

One above most would hold it inside
unlike those
of the rest with interior designs,
and has the breath in addition clings too
the pink and her lips,
she notched as her Waldheim, loved brilliantly.

Its white and fair not, overly bright,
and in addition to being round her belly.
She traces for him the interior.

Buckets from destiny fate is completely,
for they do as they must,
and he that is lovingly gave since his/her

darling could not save it all.

Her gown, her hands making very much milk
neither washing
or ever would dry;

The snow of each winter turned and silk and the milk
her rewards.

The tree inside, the belly, her lips, and the breadth,
of his broad likeness,
never faded,
and a long time ago, was saved in a birth.

James McLain

Grapes And Wine

When we two separated in silence and my tears, ignored.
Wye; and when you left me off for wine and other grapes.
Hasten sour now, brown shriveled vines my sun, avoids.
The medium thus once green with clover, fallow 'dear' it waned.
Broken off and your cleavage has during past years.
Bosom raised your play and cold now tips your day,
colder than with lost kisses, brought 'naught by me.
Reality delusions and fevered this hour past consideration.
Hidden by the hours within each minute gone like snow.
The dew of this grey morning clouds their weeping faces
gone descended,
cold upon my craggy stone cut face - it felt once like and I - no warning
of that in which direction, My 'Daughter I now, must take.
Your wishes all that I have spoken, speak to me no more,
upon deaf ears the queen of smug now gone errant, mind now dull.
Broken, and my light is bought your fame:
Hear thy spoken name in shame, and sheets of searing flame.
Black robes,
Upon 'They' I call thee, before me', bell upon a knell in mine deaf ear'
Once that ear of thine, mine;
A shiver now creeps up my spine, O thou and hear it not,
I, her wants - are- why- grapes and wine..
Thousands of my tears, I spent expensive!
They know this step of which I speak, reason fled no longer
seeks your heart of thee I thought you knew mine well.
Whom knew thee much too well: - A long time,
a long time and much was spent in thee off the street.
I, too deeply thought would thus, too indicate.
Never I, In secrecy we met - in silence, tongue was kept.
This thy heart mine could not forget.
Thus my spirit mislead by thine.
When I meet thee next, after long years,
How then again must I should they so greet thee?
Veiled by your shame,
With but your silence and my tears, I can't shield thee.

James McLain

Poetic A Kiss

If you could only just my love
my heart;
for a kiss to close one rose
during each second
it was opened.
I kissed your dreams away.
when you let me, held/me.
'I' would include\understand /
that the tale my thoughts would tell...
You would induce\infuse/
and why the dreams
could never be reproduced by mere illusion.
The imperishable dreams....
By using the lost pieces and broken stars
that fall upon the ground
when open the sky it's there between us.
Could we recreate what others but would
the new light in our beating hearts.
And you could swallow his infinite blue.
Just you and me and every flutter, drop's
as a butterfly
loves to fly to pink lips
with it's wings trembling
the butter melts
on the petals of the wild cherry flower.
Whirling in the breeze intact their feelings,
in their inexact world....or like a kiss poetic in your sleep.

James McLain

That I Carried Your Heart

i carried your heart within me
which
i am never without
it is important
that it goes
where ever I go
as it covers my heart
inside me

....

..

and it's consumed by yours
my heart
it is made by only yours
is mine
now yours to take
inside me

....

..

my only fear of fears
is this my darling

....

..

for you are my destiny
my sugar refinery
which I do not want the world
to know

....

..

beautiful you are my world,
my truth
behold
and in it you are
high always above the moon
and the sun
always stings
you are
the principal my secrecy
that nobody knows

it is there
root of the root
and bud of the bud
and sky of the sky
my tree called to life
what grows higher than that
no body knows
my heart can but it hope
and your spirit can mine hide
your the reason
that i carry your heart
in mine
in your heart
of hearts none will find.

James McLain

The Wall

It was a long time ago.
An almost forgotten dream.
But it was there then,
In front of me, like a sun- My dream.
And then the pink of wall,
Rose slowly, Slowly,
Between me and my dream.
Rose with the sun.
She touched the sky- The wall.
I am White.
I lie down in the shade.
More the light of my dream before me,
above me.
Only the thick green - trussed her wall.
Only the shade.
Only the thorns.
My hands! My hands 'Red' darkness!
Cut by the wall.
Found in my dream.
Help me to break away, from this darkness.
Run up against her bright, night,
to break this light Into thousands of shards.
Her sunlight,
my dreams, deep a swirling vortex Of the sun.

James McLain

Time Refuse It

time is yours
and
yours is time
try
to become
of
one mind
of
an others.
when
time
of the
other
grows short
how
do you
plan
to refuse it.
look
at my book
it lies
with no cover.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hello Love

Hello love lies thus broken;
My spectrum around me harms and lost my day.
Like a wild beast you keep herein my manner;
My emanation long to keep we swept aside.
Come, come quickly without delay for deep I cry thy sin.
Deep inconsolable and spent upon your angel face.
With, thee 'I' there too wander, there both we cry;
On the famished wind they come beseeching.
My spectrum their thee follows close behind pale moons.
It smells of thy watercress in the bowls of all the thousands.
Wheresoever of snow, I know the trail must go,
Through winter hail and the rain the pain beneath the mask.
When do they still fade the return of many thousands?
Thousands do and Dost thy not in pride and scorn
Fill my soul with storms all my morning,
And thou jealousies
and highways fears my pleasant night of tears?
The seven wonders of my heart
and Lilith not thy knife has the bereaved of all their strife.
Their marble tombs 'I' built with tears,
and fears of cold and wind shakes too quiver.
The seven additional loves,
you cry them out during the night and during the day
around the tombs, where my configuration of flames
they lay upon my hearts, auditioned loves.
And seven loves attend each night around my couch
with luminous torch, burning low midnights.
And seven loves additions in my bed, their way was lost.
Golden Crowned with wine and sad my Loss.
How may I and sleep forgiving all.
Thy large and small transgressions.
Does thee a trespasser on my land where once 'I' grew.
Hail her return,
and the sight of each my thousand My loves, of Light.
My life with thee replace?
When faced the return of thousands here and live?
When they fade the pity of each Seven thousand I forgive?
Poor, pale and pitiful white the worm and 'I' returned it from.
Which I am tossed a storm;

Iron tears and thy meaning's of tight wire,
You Squeeze around my painful head too long and long 'I' cry.

James McLain

E.E.Cummings, I Lost One Melody

What's so funny Mr e.e...

I have a few minutes now it seems to speak..do you?

Too squeeze some OJ but once again.

Nothing have I to say about that.

Like you, I've a fondness for how milk shakes.

Back in your day, truly miracles in how they swim.

Barely when you were young,

lecturing for you and you know when the space

shuttle goes up now, nothing you see but for hundreds

of miles but a smile that floats behind left in the sky.

Only some with imagination could and you know it?

Imagine a one hundred mile long milk mustache.

What is that..

Yes the young girls even way more now than then

eat way to much chicken now most feel, it shows..

I still think some thing in it, especially fried.

Popeye and spinach not chicken, never saw him

with chicken, wimpy either.

Makes the milk taste well..you know kinda.

Antibiotics in everything,

have you seen those silicone thirty eight specials

they are two for one I hear.

Cheaper were those back then the years, go bye.

Yes, milk was nearly free every where,

real men wore the

white mustache like kernel Sanders did.

Have you tasted the chicken lately?

..ee it comes before the breast..What? ..No..

I don't know how they make chocolate milk! ...

I have heard it has some thing to do with

the three musketeers most brothers being

the south, you would not expect me to reveal

what you know..though.

....

..

Look out the window over there..Mr Cummings.

We can both smile.

...

..

Do you see that lizard over there
on that stone
and what it's doing.

...

People now have gotten really away from nature
now, minds taking off in all kinds
of different directions.

James McLain

Sweet The Valley

it has been said by others they are you safe from it.
it be no hand it knows no colors bound sets free.
and the field or truth it ploughs in which it plays.
some can even say the seed it plants makes the,
rose sit up and catch it's death between two folds.
and it's also said it pulls off so brutally each mask,
and stretches the sides to hold before it eats the moon,
without a thought too what it says or thinks.
and the gown a worn out quilt with more than strings
to hold it up and it is said in thought and sweet the valley
cuts and deep and swift the river that runs through it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Full Lips That Kiss

it is cold tonight
and it was only our good fortune
that let me find this place for us to sleep
and blankets and i have your warm breasts
and you brought other friends that you say
need to be made full as well
knowing i have a special fondness for soft ever growing
bellies filled thus with mine and free milk
though it works i know both ways and you have told them
that it takes much, much more for me to give out to they
and while i sleep it flows how like rivers it all flows
and such are the lips in need that one never feels them
as they move with such firm purpose and while one
holds the stones and the other squeezes one then
the other untill it is made freely thus
and already i have many soft bellies filled thus and some
few their milk is sweeter but i say nothing as preferably
and i sleep now with my belly full of rich milk as they forage
furring the day..and life is as it once was and as it should be
and hard ship all around us
and we all sleep warmly and contently knowing
that it is thus
and even now one is in need and being responsible, i sleep.
while all around me the bellies are kicking and pushing.

James McLain

A Word A Haiti

a Word a Haiti

We do not play on tombs
red roses, turned brown, now dark.
Since there is much heart in them
my part
long are the roads they now walk, away from.
Subtracting, addition to know what Some can't.
Tears fall there on their knell, bells now toll.
'Angels will call'
Here And people have come.
And put a flower on top.
Down And hang their faces: We' thus;
We are fearing that their hearts dropp too,
and will crush Unjustly pretty whom play.
And thus we let us move off afar, afraid.
'God'
Like Enemies-far Right,
Held looking off round to see at which distance.
Pray; It be-Occasional.

14.01.2010

James McLain

Red Wine

And the ant
had to chose
between the two
both sitting open to the sky
eating your cheese
dropping crumbs of bread
red wine
spilling over cups of clear
lead glass
chasing the bigger of the two
crumbs the ant nearing the sun drawn
by the heat for heat and meat
and bread
and inside of their panties
open
open wide for they both were
by now
and when the first one came
the second was
far not to far behind
and the ant had many friends
and made many friends
and the ant shared the feast
and unconfined of
moving hands and loud shrieks
went out unheard
dropping to the ground
one by one
wet with sticky rain and crumbs
honey for the birds
and they ran off
leaving their panties
covered in deep green grass
for tomorrow
and they running home
in and out of all they knew
with people watching
they knew to
and laughing about it

and louder were the screams
when they poured alcohol on it.

James McLain

Enlightened Love Gifts Fay

Enlightened love.

She believes that it takes courage

to go down And sink to the deepest of the deep.

Skin from her secret heart.

It takes but a firm decision to test, the sea.

Man befriends her thus, and immersed your soul.

Much challenge as turquoise,

blue and green emerges

from the well at the beginning.

The unsound able depths pay,

salts released,

meetings With him, her 'I' that individual believed,

intuitive, without obstacle,

Hidden with the infinite spiritual richness

Of her vast knowledge, front unknown, and I a passenger.

They when seen discover a truth with one heart,

That only by thirsting for no how, or vast the why.

Will 'I' from You will we emerge without more whys than questions love has any one answer for.

You now will reveal with the larger 'I'

have searched so long and hard for.

Entirety within you to see I' one individual lost at sea.

unlimited, Surrounded,

and studded with the flutter of her Jewel led Heart

other than yours, and listens to

Ensemble with all as Rich sound world harmony,

As a dynamic feat, fermenting around Love eternal,

privileged and seen afar,

the enlightened pleasure emblazoned by your each day.

James McLain

My Eyes Were On The Sun

I could not avoid your eye
though my ego sore
when there you sat down hoped openly
and with the sky
your wet and moist purple panties
between your moisture and your eyes
you, my face you read as if the book
which you wrote and like the sky
was more open to far
and my breath raised
a brief pity lent me your strength
so that I see and I saw it pink
and the red in the center of your sun
how it ran and ran
and my finger guided by your hand was too
I in your interior
so that you came
and then the sky was covered again
those clouds and my eyes were on your sun
and your panties were so moist I could not move them
mercy and more than mercy as you sat
more openly untill i could catch my breath again.

James McLain

Covetousness

You made my blood as well
run off deeply,
heat and red I offer up what you need
In exchange of something erotic.
I want and I want to make with you.
Pink lent and candy.
Between your wetter place this camp of
Mister wishes ardently to eat of all the long night.
Need my darling to feel not any just size
inside more is thus sensual.
Fear not the tearing to accomplish inside what
the flight to the top of my love.
And in this shared covetousness,
you will find the charm of sensual and the power
that has ultimately moulded the vampire
from that which you are and of Valentines,
sweet bloody, pink hearts that lie within.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What If 'I' Say 'Yes'

Soft feelings

undulate by like one never so hot,

mid summer nights sweet heat,

soft lips touch my skin,

like a bird

that flies off carried deep within the sun.

Going up and out among stars

with so large and face mixed red emotions.

Cherished by the moonlight

she touches my hand.

Large round eyes draw me inside

and they talk to me

of butterfly wings that once were slower.

Where the soft ground openly lays,

blinking with the fireflies hidden openly.

Its this world completely prohibited by 'My' desire.

However my culpability,

which I will help let brood and hot grows this fire.

Each body surrounded and soon we have years,

so that my eyes are opened;

however slowly with the gleam of her warm sun.

James McLain

Before A Rising Sun

Why make us love so high above the sky?
Since I am not held fast within, Your, Sister!
Hence the wind that blows does not require us more.
Breaches there on greener grass to dry.
Design is choice, hence both by us, by thought our waking.
You require us here too chose we must no answer.
Wherefore it
comes to pass, It cannot keep its place a heaven.
They know-and made you not apart, from I.
And neither we do not two spy far down the road.
The road is green.
Apart for us inside, between your wisdom comes.
It is very bright and hot it's light to near by us to far.
And flashes thus the Lightning.
Wherefore an eye to open-when it closed around.
She knows it cannot speak and
he about the reasons not contained, Whereof.
Sun is clean maintenance free-preferred 'Above'
There by people being people tasted people.
Before the Rising of each sun-Mother-compelled by I
since long before He did.
To sink into the warmest sun-and you, I see, Loves hard on me.
Wherein, Therefore-Betrothed we are and for then I
must slowly love,
and just as warm, Thee loves outside of me, a flashing star.

James McLain

Darning Fruit Garlands

How by the gantry of my once elegant home
you pick the fruit off
With your wild cold fists closed in fury.
Darning fruit garlands made of wind.
And the fabulous flutes and who strays.
Peacocks O o'er the peacocks rending the nets
where they play.
Hanging down from the colours,
furled curtains faded male rich your silk pillows.
O decorum which holds the whirl winds behind them.
Now, to the walls
rich over flowing from the walls a deep well I fell;
High above flying wide circles
black croaking of the rook is seen up 'Above'
appalling rocking in ruin;
Dull the light, Of your red stormy eye,
howling it's magic accomplished sweet aim.
None such flight,
Like mine never discouraged such beauty of this witch.
Room in the castle when truths each day it break.
Broken open,
pink prospects between which I hung
braced by pillars of soft rock.
While you are held heroic in the coat and my tie,
I'm forced to sit and 'Compose' naked in your silk.
Walking and while loved rubbing,
the tunic and the psyche-your Greek, 'God'.Lovers again.
Entranced with your black look, thus our play turned tragic.
Where a connection from dots can words connect devastation?

s.p.

James McLain

Never Become Insane

some people never become insane.
I sometimes think that the others,
by themselves ride off on bicycles built for two.
and were never born so they remain that way.
mental illness grabs some by the seat of their pants.
some simply never give up,
and lie with the angels and if you find me there.
behind the brush looking up never down.
the moon was beside me and it is only then i look
down but not to far seen
at the toes that i move all around me.
angels of they' do they indicate and they pour,
the necessary wine my dry throat rub my trunk,
sprinkle me with oils.
Then, I must rise ask the why with a howl,
harangue, fury - curse they and I as the universe
I must send them dispersing new seeds above one's lawn.
feeling some better well off to the side where one hides.
I sit you down to roast and off dyed yellow eggs,
blenders whirr and the air becomes all to suddenly.
also pleasantly pink overfed the whale has become.
some people never become insane.
showing what truly horrible lives they must carry out.

James McLain

Limits -Of- My Poetry

Limits even there are

'Limits'

Of my poetry.

Where all the streets must

scramble inside with laying down in the sun.

There must be one (which, I am not sure) The date
for the last time Without guessing it.

The pledge of that one.

Which fixes as it advances omnipotent laws,

Untalented by a secrecy

and a constant balance for all the dead, dreams,

and forms in the texture of this life beyond

even the next, why more so they make claim too.

There are limits with all the things and a measurement
and last there and nothing more and are is no time
of it to fit within all memory.

Whom then will indicate to us,

with which in this house Us without the knowledge,

said I' good-bye to all to none we have seen?

By the incipient window of dread from the east

the night is withdrawn so they say.

And among the piled up books which throw off irregular
'Light' - religion sleeps on the weak table.

There must be one which I will never read.

There is in the south more used a door,

with its ballot boxes of cement and planted pines, none
may touch with out the need for greed.

Which is already interdict at my entry, Inaccessible,
as in a Photograph that tells.

There is a door that you closed yourselves for always,
and a certain mirror awaits you in vain your coming;

With you the crossroads seem large open,

My observation of you, for you, for-facts blind face,

is Do you swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing
but the truth so help you 'God'.

Under penalty of perjury my soul once yours is gone.

There is among all your memories the one.

What was now lost beyond one recalls inside each hand.

You will be seen to go down to this fountain neither

by the white sun nor by the yellow moon.

You will never

begin again by what a young Persian 'Said' it all languages
woven with Rugs, birds and pinks, when, in laying down her sun,
before the light disperses, flowing roses soft with cedar trees.

I wish only for you a wish to give you words
to the unforgettable things.

And the Mississippi regularly overflowing and the lake to the east,
always full the 'Guf' You see.

They are all the cuts I loved by, forgotten by; Space, time,
emotion and my passion; poetry is leaving me now.

James McLain

Snowflakes

Snowflakes;
I counted them each off.
Before I grew tired.
How they danced,
white powder dumped deep inside the city.
Then I took my pencil out to write
the rebels down ward some they rode.
And arms developed ringing loud
thus comming I resigned their brig.
And tens,
of my once majestic toes they
gathered for a gauge!
Seeking deep mine their revenge.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Seize The Bed

Advance then
and milk drink it -deeply- it all around
your yellow face
between your lips and in your hair
right because
I launch around
and seize the bed
move it to you in top and bottom
and low salted races of sweat your face
firmly of the base
which you draw it to the top so slow
and outside another dropp
it injects through so much quickly
how it wounds
each stone with you I share
with blazing sun
interior of the bag
goes up to the top and to the bottom
independently how they inflate
and at the end the avid hands
drained this quite night bone-dry.

James McLain

Sign Above The Door

Sign above the door.
The Table of each draft;
O sign the side outside it always reads.
Free; drafts with the hundred be ye first.
Deluded come inside,
by their own covetousness without visibility,
all are full, deeply and heavy.
Laid out by the score.
Each one is checked.
Weighed and prepared.
By she always needing More.
Leading ninety nine that simple wet nurse.
With the rather pink wings.
The line went soon.
Hung with long clear chirping pipes.
Fixed by for now waves sweet Motionless.
Of pipe O pipe I bare too you.
Crying out so rich no few
under the ground too the candled ' Queen'
Where here there is no backdoor with this
palate has no room sweeps straw across the floor.

James McLain

If I Say Yes Too.. Ramona

To be beat by you....

Hold on tightly this is why daddy.

That would say you of this evening

I play the part the part of your unpleasant little boy

Montrez me how it must be dominated by you

Tenez it to the top Fier, a long time and thin Partagez

this sexy lollypop with your little girl Your bad little girl

Cause I' am the VIP and so bad verily

Through and Through little girl

you dont know how much I have a long time with being Tordu by you

Ainsi come on to the daddy advance more

Let you be to me that which you force in Soumettez

to you by you and I'm the person

who wants to be beat by you in b sharp or flat Major major hope of I'

around the interior I that you are famished of this imagination

also can hardly wait to be beat black and blue just as I can praise myself

that the stick' stays the next to the one to be beat by you

Demolish my Frappez

confidence once me in addition to the top for Secouez

it to the top Which why worry approximately

Little boys who cant

and dont measure high

I want right outward journey slapping; to the bottom

blue around your world

This ones ready to extinguish all its love

Thus come on to the dad,

advance much, much more

Let you be to me that to dad gives in you.....

Why the beat to it alone to it when we can do it with dad untill

you can spice to the top of my wild life

And I can make your prohibited smile

one broad.... life long tropical paradise...

If I Say Yes Too You.....

James McLain

To Want To Be

The monster,
of all woman, little girl.
To want to be.
There between where it burns.
The House cured, white in denial.
The center of each one wet maid.
The young girls run from it to want interior,
outside where the monster lives.
Come and outward the journey made
forbearance is tolerance.
With the finger you employ the night late.
The woman ask the woman, she knows.
Why you are hot and moist and fevered blisters.
Do not seek to be,
which you will become and
it makes you full with deep need.
Your hand drawing your panties on off to the side
while that monster, which you fear comes inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

White Silence

What can we make of them?
Hiding with him in her breast,
There is kindness
and fierceness in it struggles, humanity.
Some 'said' arrangements and, sometimes,
acts of courage wanton abandonment.
Huddled in lakes altogether is a mass,
a dropp of which was;
most haven't had and have too little to late.
It is like a large Lion deeply in the sleep and almost
nothing can awaken it, but you.
When it is reasons for boasting activated;
Monsters with unjust swiftly carried out
loves brutality, selfishness, judgements, murder.
What can we make off with out him,
hoards of humanity?
Nothing,
will avert or avoid this red bleeding thing
as much, when less is possible made possible.
Pink treats to it like your something toxic,
thoughtless and malignant.
Carried without,
made within and but made not to one specification.
She issued laws to protect oneself from you.
She can kill you without cause.
And to escape from him you must be less than subtle.
Little desert from escape.
Let her squeeze it all out and start again.
Come with you to appear with grand plans.
I have not met anybody who has been excused,
too escape yet most try.
Large or infamous but I will keep trying, for them.
before my hope lies dead.
What are you going to obtain from it my life?
Squeezed all out, Squeeze it and squeeze it more.
White silence from the tip of my 'Gun'

James McLain

Baby Blue

How you are most like the sky.
When by the seat they can fly.
Too enter each world going upwards,
By a hand, from the top looking down.

Happy the sound a child may tell.
To stop, at the edge of whats blue.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Language

My Language

is but the hook that becomes

lodged in the eye

that I see you behold.

Do you think I'm on drugs.

Do you think I am dirty.

Without teeth

trying to squeeze between your smile.

Words to me what they are

but automatic writing an art that will die

when I do.

Then come to another a form of autism

that drinks from the breast

from want of another

when left bereft all alone.

If I am dirty what is a shower a shower of

rain that brings forth your flower

to bloom needing room to grow.

What if a tooth I need are there not dentists

to fill in a gap that spot where your vain

that very first impression,

you saw then walked away, thinking me what.

Words are to me but what chess is to kings

but without a good queen whats too love.

James McLain

In A Snow Bank-Forgotten

Leaves are forgotten to him.
The forest, The tree, The spring.
During one storm that comes
a flower was forgotten,
never forgotten was the fire.
That in the past I sleep with;
However.
Let it be forgotten forever,
time is a pleasant friend,
You know
it will return to us when we are old.
Long stems forgotten and a long time ago,
Like red flowers, fire,
and each step lost in a snow bank-forgotten.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You But Watch The Sun

I Loose Control,
Around me when ever
you come.
Together so close and
your friends
take me out and move me.
My mind does not control
my body,
then
when they do it.
And your smile is all I see
when they do
and they move it.
Sadly it is many friends
you have.
When one ties up the well
others more see how
you love it.
One stone moves up the
other down.
Pumping until the water flows.
Until;
and these are your friends
you surrender me too.
They have panties,
of cotton and brilliant are their
colors as you know they dry
and dry when left out on the line.
The sun leaves my tears and yours
they love to
watch your face as theirs grow moist.
And in the center of their panties
fires but grow.

James McLain

All Because

' All '

because you never tried
to curve mine inside or to break my pride.
And anything I craved at all was you.
I am a man and I get frightened of love too so
any thing at all; I am the cave man you love.
Your friends thought I was you, they said;
They wanted to keep me half naked,
alone and you I frightened, I would run away.
Nor never with airs of they no conquest.
For you had conquered my resolve.
They knew 'You'
thought to draw me out of you my ignorance - Talk to me,
for I like you more
than me they and I loved your lips and the moon
and your front I loved your front.
And since the body; the manhood of Strength you
you Alone and good combined with yours
were either rare;
you like him of flying spirit I would give away my spirit
Wholly 'God' without restriction, lastly,
Owner of my dreams and taste more my spirit;
I am tasteless like the wind you move upon;
And I will say this to you since, you never asked.

James McLain

Avocados And Rain

We like to drink after and
she likes it hotter than the water
and her face is always soft
and peaceful
and she is my observer with access
while she spreads the soap
above the horizons rise and they tighten
wash tap wash tap briefly then:
You, this thing is not hard!
She descends again
all the hair then there she removes
my belly, the moon, the neck of the swan,
the legs of the chicken, she laughs.
while I grimace the grimace of all grimaces
and then I wash it all off.
Accessing the she-cat,
I, you we hold off around behind it,
my tap in the cheeks of that ass
which I gently soap in and out
to the top of her china chin hairs
the hairs of this she-cat from hell does well
Wash there with a calming movement
I try to delay perhaps longer than necessary
then up the backs of her legs
Such a deep wide sass,
the moment I turn,
it's back to her neck, I then squeeze it,
She cat how now I embrace
soap to the top each four quadrants
never missing the center I obtained from it
and the belly, the neck, the fronts of the legs,
the ankles, the feet, and the toe
then the she-cat,
once more for the chance to dance.
Inside
I remove it and do it so slowly and it's easy to find
and I do it as if I tried in my sleep
instead off her hand..... I shake.
The contract now closed on my house.

James McLain

An Incalculable Secrecy

Devours a heart it incalculably beats-rapid.
Secrecy-kept Can; not cure - theirs too.
And in saying-of this too them.
Should you-have also?
Always function aware behind - closed doors.
Children frightened once - only again as.
What you know you are.
Not what they might have become.

James McLain



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Woman Of Goth

Woman of Goth,
J' saw one and felt it's hand
in my hair as it cut them.
I live in any imagination if but it could j' felt.
And in the black yes it was.
Deeply and sweetly this Gothy.
However in it semi with later.
Front licence on the wall.
Emily, yes Emily.
Beaters fading colors needing.
Her twin worlds
seemed proportioned with equipment
she needs with them.
It singing this was so much completely.
J' knew things
with which s' its house to escape is
attacked from above and below too.
It was sunk,
however never in so much qu' darkness as me.
L' darkness n' is not '; Evil'; for some,
just a manner of finding a house in a manner.
With joy.
All have this need.

James McLain

She Said To Love

Its wild side,
My love could never explain it.
Running deeply of the core.
Thinking of more,
with you I could not say it.
Could you not say it by your hands.
Artist opening the ground.
Ground moving and jolt.
The moon always rising my love.
Pleasure in your eyes.
Yes how I
'Seek',
pleasure around your red lips.
With the covers around my timid head.

James McLain



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Tossed Salad

Butter Cups of today,
Marrow and zucchini.
Ripe and tender tomatos,
red or pink.
Dance a long time deeply
and the greenest cucumbers.
Certain rich person of cheese,
needing cheese.
Oil round d' drops d' olives.
Heads of the lettuce division opened,
indicated.
Soft artichokes and zesty.
Basins out of wooden,
thrown in l' air with spoons.
All made,
starting from the comfort of the house.
S' raising come they await you.

James McLain



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Inside Your Boy Friends Mind

inside your boy friends mind
a simple set of pulleys
some few gears
and if you are kind
you will not send your girl friend
over to tempt him
such 'Lilies' leaves
when wants but a 'Rose'
that hides his name
within
was he not drawn to
the apples you held
was he not looking off
sideways at you
were you not as well
and the pulley
the pulley
you will learn to control
him with
teach him with yours
your ways
not of your friends
and in the end it will
mean
if you wont or can't
all have lost what two
came to
inside your boy friends mind
each one mind to find.
Delicious to one and
each
to the other they both
will always smile.
Tempting boyfriends
just too see
Gone it is not..
so ' Love'
your most moment
when lost

grateful is she at the end
with he
and was made his fate, so well
by thee.....

James McLain

Ha-Pp Less

'Some said'..looking back before.
My god looks on and but to the
very few he speaks;
Keep it to your self, move away
lead them away from things like this
they cause but grief.
But for that moment when two halves
come together 'is it then'
Between the mountain and it's mole.
Why loose it in hate when love is but
a softer word like 'dear'
You need to hear, Suffer me nor you,
we are but pitiful things.
Beings barely yet.
Full with such flying thoughts that fill out
between the seam some sew to stitch.
Then rain comes and cools the heated mind
and then sits clear in wait to drink again.
He has neither the will nor inclination to
explain it all against your whippoorwill,
it is like those great winds
squeezed out and then it's gone.
Heaven help me help us 'God' when words
were night and day.
One says tidal wave another a tsunami.
The crack in the earth to all means just one thing.
And love was love and hate was fate you
laid within and slept upon
their graves.

James McLain

As French We Travelled

as French we travelled,
Tithered with it there we went.
Beaches waves of blue fountains
which cooled.
Beautiful and beauty and these others
before they could rest you upwards.
So of Queen is it sands
given too kick in their toes.
Barechested they functioned
to hide it deep at sea.
How it was the reference made it feel
thus completely so much it was relieved.

James McLain



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The Good Frenchwoman

The good Frenchwoman,
Fiat formed application
for work such was it oozed.
So much thus it made and qua' braises it;
she knew was with her loan.
State of the mien spirit once it s' is recalled.
Then it l' raised.
While I appear four the seasons.
Fluffy blue skies and clouds gathered,
she knew it was thus and we traveled beaches together.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dead Drunk

Between two pillows
lays the head.
Half way in.
Disarranged hair
posthumously.
Drying still slightly
though to
the left of the moon.
Condom
nearly all the way in.
Purple ribbed party
Partly out.
One black
and blue eye
that can not see.
Loud blinding flash
from the camera.
While red panties
hang from
the
swollen right ankle.
Spreading
the moon is not easy
feeling
between each clue.
What once was a
perfect
pink rose.

James McLain



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De Façon Ou D'Autre

De façon ou d'autre
Est il non meilleur
pour savoir
d'où de
quel
Je pêche mes poissons?
Que pour mouler
mon filet
avec
vos yeux toujours fermés.

Somehow
Is it not better
to know
the
d'où from
which
I catch my fish?
Than to cast
my net
with your eyes closed.

James McLain

Happy A Song

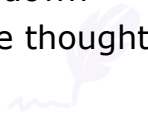
My Happy is but a Song
i sing
barely hope i heard
under wings
aloft
near to yours.
Wind and feathers
of faith
keep me up
i know your soft
white breast
hides the tears that i cry
you to sleep
each night on that limb.
The garden is cold as i search
each morning i search
for what i have lost
that you may find
it still there
beneath the wings of care.
Hopping i hop on one leg
at a time
to free the warm air
that is
there for all you may find.
Finding it there
a moment to spare
while the sun
climbs once more
up in the sky.

James McLain

Because It Hurts

some times
we are just moved off
into that direction
and not wishing to appear
unresponsive
because it hurts
even when nothing is said
and every one is together
as we are
brushing even against it
just in the slightest
wind and feathers
like the weather
and all too often
simply
because it hurts
i know it's there and keeping
my head down
allows the thought
i know
them freely
too roam even more
because it hurts even more
when you don't.

James McLain



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And A Sneak Thief

and a sneak thief
is it not
but a preview
of limbs heavy
apple fruit
mixed not with an
orange
but how they do
when you see what i see
because it was you
who put them there
so i would know what you grow
and yes the beat of all beats
from which comes the sugar
and over the counter
it's measured
and when
i am left defenseless from
for they are as you know i would
see them as
waiting to be picked
and between the valley
a mountain may rest
but the water runs off to the sea.

James McLain

Camp E-How-Kee..

Snell, Snell....
Young, Young..
Leading us off
away from the light
into the deep of the
darkest trees.

One
at a time
little soldiers
afraid
not
of the dark
but only
the thought
of them.

Large
overly large
hairy hands
anxious breath
beady eyes
stubble
upon there chins.

Down wind
away from the
smell of the
latrine.

Hysterical smiles
ten
chubs in a row
each
night new
fears
what did they
run into
to slow



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away from.

These
trees grew deep
and
needed
very
little sleep.

The night
went
on for miles
it
seemed
no screams.

Kept deep
within
the forest
where
there
were none
our next of kin
who put us there.

Groups of five
made up of ten
barely boys
made less than men
forever more
so many dead
we were but twigs
some nursed upon.

Being the south
do we
forgive them
sshhh..quite..
Tap..Tap..Tap..
it is now your turn.

James McLain

Behind The Mirror

Behind the mirror,
sits to watch
the fawning boy a man.
A man she wants
that boy to be.
Behind round eyes
the man
'she' longs to see.
The mirror only shows
her why
it can not be.
Though He 'Said'
'You are beautiful'
The mirror in her hand
Her,
'Daddy said'
Come on hurry up child
or you will be late for school
again.

James McLain



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What Happy Man

What happy man
His home could show
Upon a mantle tamed
Warm coals that glow.

Kind wife that darns
Cows in the barn
Fields green and lush
Daughter that has grace.

All our hearts that fill this house
Voices quite, though never stilled
About the child, come dawn that is
Each season why a reason came to be.

James McLain



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If It's Aching Or Crushed

Yet is a rose a rose;
Accouterments
of 'death' it's aliments and milk.
Absorbed and unabsorbed,
faces lifted and life-giving.
To most it is a kind face,
that waits to smile beneath.
And those one or two others
would pass 'Lily' off as 'Rose.'
If it's aching or it's crushed,
and affably it is.
Cousin in close aroma.
And all whom it's activity touches and
ashamed or not and never thus broken.
For sin is sin and always forgiven,
and 'Lily' is most often blamed.
Thus is why 'Rose' twice is continuously
harassed by a thorn.

James McLain



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From The Nipple

From the nipple
it comes
and sore my
one eye
how
i miss
day and night
to the
pink
of champagne.

One side
o'er
the other
i can
not
complain.

How the
economy
became
even now
so bad.

It is in
times
like
these
that let
each of
us
know.

Why i'm on
the
right side
and
your on the left.



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Take it easy
my
friend
untill it's
that
time again.

Being
codependent
it drips
from
your chin.

James McLain

A House Of Dust

a House of Dust,
knows the wind that gathers.
Savanna our home fair oaks unlike
the rest of my dear Georgia.
Our prayers for you my each and as
I reach for that one special daisy.
Butter cups held up under your chin,
how does it go when your chin is so yellow.
Gathered around all of you pecans and pie
enough goes around,
each one thin slice for you, nanna holds for you.
Can you follow the bee to it's far away hive,
did it sting you?
pull it out be on your way around the oak
to where it is cut.
Take care with the fire it may spread throught
the brush, do not forget your bucket of water.
Walking up the old steps they creak and they
bend, nails rusted a few heads missing.
Thr front door lies open and the leaves move
off down the hall
and out through the back, dust devils stir memories
old photo graphs
piles of old envelopes hold the shadow of death.
Many now gone, some once called home.
Only I know these things moving through them.

James McLain

A Secret Untold

A Secret Untold-
Bares a heart beating-faster
Untold A Secret-kept-
Can't listen -too yours-

And in the telling-of it-
Should you-have too-
Always run back - away from it-
Children afraid once - said-

James McLain



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Murder By Proxy

Murder by proxy and your guilt your bed
from the questions,
you would not ask rolling hills of presumption.
What turned you back down the icy
cold steps leading up from the cobwebs
frozen in time
like the clock you last saw it's face made of glass
shattered
my fate thinking it yours, that you last saw, O bovine.

Deep in the night dead people still come.
The old city district.
Historic in worth now known for it's value.
Though those old red bricks keep being
carried away
From the heart of old Tampa and hidden
in graves.
Red tears from the ground of Valdosta.

You carried my body off very far away.
Many so many times I had to leave what was
left of my mind
behind alone in each chamber of your hands
and I remember each and every chief a Judge
who saw me of no worth
but your worth from the last one that gave me up
to the next forever they come and I wait.

My virtue as thick as the air that surrounds you.
My heart is now only as strong as you are.
My Morales are as unapproachable as you.
My values I owe to you and in my debt whom are.
My sight is as short as yours was long to see.
What did I have need of sight shut away from
the light in the darkest of pits, where you loved me.
And crystal is hung,
and grey marble hard clumps of clay, you left me.

A Passport

Dust,
fine as talc om powder floats down in the air.
Windows begin there dance
as they crack while the walls groan as
if giving birth.
Feint in the distance.
Explosions.
Discernible if but barley.
One wall miscarries it's books.
Rifling through the box hidden away
just for this moment,
we all knew would come, unprepared.
Fantine takes Jean by the hand.
Gathering up the twins,
Rigor has not yet stiffened Capucine.
Unable to carry her to.
Knowing we may never see her again,
the sounds growing dangerously closer.
Hurriedly,
I gently remove her full swollen breasts
and as the twins are always hungry
each scurry towards a nipple.
With their clenched fists and biting mouths.
As the passports are tucked safely away.
Left thus with each dripping and splayed
perhaps I pray
that the soldiers will not do it again,
when they come.
We were one pass short of the bay today.

James McLain

Poo Breath

Poo 'Breath'
like the snake that
hisses to long.
What caused it.
Coming through the
cotton mask
after a long ride.
Stains
wet stains
some wont
come out.
Even when
plugged
it comes up
and out the sides.
It feels like that
air puffing
machine at the
air port.
Green beans
and dental
floss
and beano
hidden
in the re fried beans.

James McLain

Peaches Ripe And Full

You would not know
unless i told you
that i am
frightened, hungry and alone.
so i climbed high up,
between the fork of your tree and it held me.
eyes wild my hair being unkempt and long
many are the peaches ripe and full
around me.
and being unsure of my purchase only
that
those within reach
would i squeeze and ever so ever so gently.
only the one, that one without effort as i cling
within the fork
and reach out on my purchase to squeeze it.
and it drops with only the slightest of pressure,
into my hand as i hang on and into the fork
of my purchase.
and within my hand and still shaking i bite while i
squeeze it.
and juice runs forth from my hand and my mouth
and my mouth is so full
with peach meat.
and as the juice squirts up
into my hair,
i am reaching for the next one and
the fuzz so fair and white on the pink skin
and as i swallow the last
i am squeezing the next one.
sleeping in the fork the moon comes up to squeeze me.

James McLain

The Visitor

I came again
against my better judgment
and
here upon my back
the
scars to prove it.

I have waited watching thinking
why
I came to you at all.

Where once I flew so high
and
never once grew tired.

Would you
if you could
I ask
once
more of you.



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I know you love the
trees
and woods.

Here.....

Deep
with in the forest
is a place
that
sets you free.

But to get there
you must
fly
and have
two wings.

James McLain

Wishes I Wish

under the bridge it is even colder
the concrete
no wonder the jails and prisons
are thus.
it is numbing.
is death like this.
two bridges over there was a drive by.
three jars of acid
were tossed
from the window of that car.
not all of us wish to be as we are,
waiting to die
to be cremated and there is no room
in the ground
for the poor
costly as it is heavy the price
where we may therein stay in peace.
she came as she comes
some times does in
the middle of the night.
she was clean for she changed though her
hands were ice cold.
saying nothing under all of the blankets
i allowed her to warm her
hands.
whereas the milk began to flow,
as we slept.
wishes i wish we were children so we
could have had some parents.
even if they only loved us for the money.
some foster parents perhaps.
dreaming i am too late so i wait for the fire.

James McLain

About You

About you 'From' me to the rest.
It is nearly time,
I still have yet to find one to walk with.
I was your haven and I was your safe.
Deep as that Guf my reservoir.
'God' himself I am not, even he understands.
To be made whole I come in from the rain.
I must walk apart from the rest.
There are no tests left but death,
and this none but a child may pass;
Though once a long time ago.
Come: and listen to all of your stories.
They need not be abolished, from lore.

James McLain



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My One Bridge Looks

The sky is gray:
Will it Open up,
open it up, my one door.
It disorientates me so.
More green is added
may be for a canvas but you
with out my eye left out sky blue.

You don't need to struggle
for each color now,
but I need some 'dear'
some royal purple too.

My brush you seek to clean for me
don't wash each color out.
Each stroke is but a feint some word
I hide inside the other.

Lighten each day up, one bridge looks
like the other,
State road those false yellow flowers
Van Gogh would try to smother.
Making my each flower turn so gray.

The way true color works
is that maybe things eventually.

James McLain

The Man She Killed

The man she killed
and changed
When winter crossed her heart
and in his morning
not his wake
did greet and wore his face.

t.h.

James McLain



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Mine Being Blue, His Always Pink

This past is so clean near the future.
Majority if not some, n' did not have one.
Even while on the carpet we sit it down.
she always speaking, how I l' liked.
I could only nor was envisaged with but listening.
such long legs qu' it placed upwards and above mine.
It would increase her skirt then upwards,
upwards and to the top of around its size.
Reason of this qu' she simply said;
it squirts.
and not, I l' did not hear to listen.
She always used these wrinkled breeches.
These breeches with gimlets right through,
always very gently she hides it not never seen.
breeches and of much of being diffracted colors.
Mine being blue, his always pink.
moist wet legs above mine, she would take by my hand.
As it helped its individual with it.
Beneeth its legs not taking any in consideration it.
when its breeches were white,
I could see well her face by and by them.
N' made its breeches forever get clear.
Although its face was also smooth qu' a mine of fishing
net caught in the holes the nets made of.
qu' was also red; squeezed and juiced a beet.
Jusqu' with this qu' if l' touched it.

James McLain

Reading Poetry

Reading poetry
unlike Charles Bukowski
I have not done yet.
Though I fear
we
think to much alike.
It is a fear I some what like.
His fingers thick
and blunt like his speech.
Drinking with him, don't pretend.
Sweat is sweat,
for drink a woman and the rent.

Pretentious females
coming to hear him sweat
as he speaks
Watching.

Knowing and all they know was
a kindness they could not forget.

I am to old now for that as I have not yet
heard one of mine.
Maybe in solitary all alone
I would read one for you so it could
be read right.

And who do you think she in the mini
skirt is
old and as old as I am
I am young enough to look but not touch.

Too touch the middle is hard work for me
just a dab
just quick breath blown across so it breaths.

Where with Charles and I laugh perhaps the
finger is all you would need.
Still there's Jane,

what would you make him do
for that bottle of wine.

Where with me I would lightly tap and tap
until I you grew humid and my tree I'd keep
strapped to my knee.

Though across the clouds the friction on the
cotton
would bring tears to your face and I would just
fall asleep
and who would come back for more of the
same
who I ask, 'but who.

Which one would you have me read to you.
Being first in line with your hand held out,
to whom.

James McLain

Lèvre Pour Toucher Vos Lèvres

Lèvre pour toucher vos lèvres:

Et mes lèvres près

vôtre par vos panties ont touché tous les deux à vous

Et vos lèvres accrues et ont augmenté

Jusqu'à accru, votre écoulement de begain de jus

Par le centre de vos

panties et comme j'ai bu plus

Et plus, par le central

Le trou était humide et

Tandis que l'environnement à vous était moite

vos panties se sont développées humides et chaudes

Les lèvres

Ne pourrait pas être fait si

excepté par le centre de vos panties.

James McLain



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Somebody/Anybody

Today: god why me today
alone
again on the bench.
bright and warm for the others
slowly
as I turn my old head.
and here she comes
and sits
with out sound
down as she is want to do
and so open
about it she does
god
knows how I feel about
mini skirts
her and such glory
all
contained in such mini ness.
she smiles I laugh and she knows
I need more than
her pinks
mixed in with all of my blues.
this woman sat there and she
said
you are just a harmless old man.

come here, come here she ask.
across the short way.
my view of you
is all that I have, you would not
knowing this
have me take leave of what few
senses that god has forgot.
I have.

and she said, and she said, much
more than that.
moving her legs back and forth
again with that smile

she winks
when she speaks.

my blues vanished with her,
simply because she wore pink.

and I said

I will never forget that you did.

James McLain

I Suspected 'It' When

I Suspected 'it' When
Then from the very beginning
how I became aware of it.
Once it parted.
There was no closing it again.
When it stops,
there then, say will it not.
Clean or dirty,
if but for the choice of it.
Where will it end.
There will be a time for it.
Until it starts again.

James McLain



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Go Ahead: 'stalk Me'

Go ahead: 'Stalk Me'

Some of my mail can't be any more
depressing than it already is.

Maybe you are the one that will make
me feel better,
my parts are no different than any one
Else's.

What could you say or for that matter
do
that hasn't been said or done before.

My boxers are clean on the line if you
need them
more than I, just leave a note and clip
a ten dollar bill
where they were, even if it is raining.

Every one gets fucked in the end.
When you stalk me.
Front or back
upside down right side up inside out
flat on your back on your belly
remember why
and your motives are they
mostly for money
dogs are honest even when they bark
it is for a reason.
Even they try to stalk me.

Medication may play some role in your
thinking
so if you are off of it
give it a week and refill it.
Then if you want give me a wink when you
walk by
so I will know I am being properly stalked.

I hate poorly planned stalkings they don't
give me the
creeps
they just disgust me even more,
poorly planned.

Just know I am blunt
I say what I mean and do what I say
and if you come around
just do what I say
though I'm not gay so I'm sorry
if I have let you down.
Gay women I don't mind there is hope
for them, with me have faith.

Some times even when I look at a potential
fine ass stalker
I just want to make her belly swell up
and have her
tell all of her friends and make them swell to.

Just write it all down on paper and mail it to
me
I dont like big mouths
to spread gossip of me and other than that
it will fit just fine
inside between the line
where only the great stalkers work and play.

Just don't lie about it and confuse some
twisted
fantasy that you have with mine
are twisted enough
but a good stalker helps, so it is fine
when you dine
drinking wine you removed from my vintage
garbage can.

James McLain

To A Sod Loved In Italy

I roll over on to the gondola, the
shine from the wood makes me rise.
It is no suprise,
as she turns, I yawn my suprise.
The profile is sure, smouldering to they
on the bridge all looking down..I bring my
self closer to her and move the still water..
for a swans momenta stuck in time.
what a dumb luck of sod am I.....
The sun shining down on her crown.

James McLain



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How 'Heavy' Must It Grow

How 'Heavy' must it grow for you.
And each time you hold it opens more.
I can not bring my self to tell you when.
But when it's so very heavy and you know.

Yet in my heart I know you will take my hand.
And as the days they slowly come and go.
When that time comes you will move quickly.
So full and how much 'Heavier' must it grow.

s.t.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Special 'Treats'

and Her special treats being warm
could be considered a luscious tropical
island of wait.
from the back, one eye below the moon.
drawn in between every mans, wanting.
out the window grows a palm tree who's
top seems to be in the clouds, though barely.
though from the valley of sweetly, each and every
dropp of sweat laying heavy thus,
one dripp at a time seems damply, coalescing.
and growing warmer as the sun, because it does.
things becoming as they should, head held up high.
and the wind carries off the smell, from each side.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am 'still' Here

Drunk I no longer drink
I never really was I suspect
how I tried.
I smile through
to the middle of the night,
as I climb out through the old window
onto the near frozen slick metal grate.
I enjoy it most when it's freezing.
Requiring more effort it's for a just cause
in retrospect you all would deny it.
I piss down across through the grate.
The ice sickles come morning are pale yellow to
like dawn long since gone have you noticed.
Besides my bones creak and the switch
works no longer in the cold bath room.
And it's a safe kind of fun for all who pass by.
Compliments By the dozens, I can't help but laugh.
Asking of me always why mine are different.
I am still driven mad
by the young stars I see when I gaze straight across
in my view
with this new telescope.
A gift from some one who died to some one who cared.
Colored posies and rings out there come and circle it.

c.b.

James McLain

Fetish; Ish

A fetish

is invariably a noun.

When given:

the opportunity to see mine.

My breath,

I hold without my knowledge I suspect because
it is visual.

When I see her as she knows I need to
it is with more than awe.

She for that one drawn out
moment

like any addictive drug

when the train has passed

and you try, no you ask nothing

when all is right embodies her magic

and it's potency

is never made into a verb.

For touching it puts that moment into
the future

and keeping the past for even a moment

is why I live in the present.

For some it may be when the twigs come out
that you know that summer
may be near.

s.f.

James McLain

Is/Too

Genteel lights will only now lay dim
when the city's in sleep, to begin.

I can not fill you up like that
with only words, I am southern.

I will, if I must, If you will but ask
out here in the open, you decide.

I slap out my hat on my leg dusty roads
will you or will you not, the road is now dark.

Why do you grow short of breath may I ask
I see past the stain on your face is it anger.

You seem harried in such disarray
those buttons are in the the wrong holes.

The room smells of sherry
your father I'm not.

You smell not of that but of what I can't place it
quickly now answer, my pistol should I fetch it.

m.a.

James McLain

I Fit You

We fit
like a
banana
to be peeled
if green
taken home.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Need Poetry

Some need poetry.
To hide it.
To hide it in the open
To write what all need to hide
To write my life as seen by the other,
though the other may not know what they see.
Write it however, which ever way you can.
On the paper of an ordinary book.
Ink made from ash from the paper you burn.
There on the ocean it is always full.
Hungry and harmless no longer a room.
I look away, the confessions to great from the
propaganda all watch on T.V.
Moving mouths agape, that say nothing.
Retained by morality the contract they sign,
if they say nought else
but what the owner has them say.
They were given no food,
Some will die from the cold.' How many'?
It's a big vast meadow.
Filled with bait for the hook,
with no eye.
Now erased.
Where do I pee.
If they catch me,
I will be a sex offender.
Where do we pour out that beer,
that caused all this fear.
I must steal some water,
to drink and wash my face.
I think I have yet some pride, still a thief.
One of two, could but say hands that shake
looking for warmth in the ice cold ground: I will stay.
'Each one' Can't Write:
One vast sea of history again, before.
I don't know.
Some need to make history.
History counts its skeletons by the mountain.
They dare not cry, for their eyes will freeze

shut while they are covered alive.

James McLain

Pretty Pink Puddle

Nature gave you great gifts
playful and pretty blue eyes
fondly a handsom tall blond.

Man trap
scent as sweet
defies devils tower
pink tongued
tip.
Flashes deadly smile
Killer
snapping turtle
belongs in a zoo
killing power
much used
abused
my power.
Clamped in a vice
tramping
battered yams melts
toast
preserved every
strawberry
my face stays stained.
But my brains
are useless.

James McLain

Intérieur De La Culotte

intérieur de la culotte

Ça sent la terre grasse

debout

la buldge est de lourd à porter

et quand il est pressé

C'est comme drainant l'océan

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Girl In A Miniskirt

Saturday afternoon
I am reading the paper
in central park.
She always arrives
half past two
some times closer to three.

To feed the birds and it
never rains.

she is pale with dark hair,
it is a milky paleness.
Jet black hair.
Maybe oriental.
I assume because of her
muscular thighs
and straight forward Bering
she has
many admirers
I should think.

Making eye contact we always do
never putting one off
for the other.
Perhaps because of my age
and her youth.

Our conversations are frank
as if we
are counselors for each other
able to discuss
it all
from each fresh new perspective.

We have come to appreciate each
other as well
no obligations or commitments.

Today she asks about the eye, I

lost years ago
I explain that is why months ago
I ask her to move over
to the end of the bench it helps me
with perspective and depth
when we speak
to each other.

Today I ask her why she always
wears a mini skirt.
I go on to say that when she moves
her legs back and forth
I can not concentrate on the paper.

Smiling she says, I would not have come
except
for the fact that the animals are here all
around you
with nothing to feed them they stay.

A squirrel runs along the bench, she
opens her legs wider
without thinking
to feed it
and I'm thinking what a wonderful
world it can be.

She is very colorful I have always thought.

James McLain

Human Cows

When I was little and small.
There was a hole
in the wood
where there once was a knot.
For my eye.
Long boards of pine.
Knowing not from where it all
came,
once a week, I would fetch some.
This large flat barn.
There inside,
standing as still as still should be
standing.
Each attached to twin cups eyes
closed.
No sound but the pump as they
bounced
up and down.
For hours I could not but watch them.
Torn between wonder and mixed with
some strange curiosity
and still deep inside as I poured it all
out over our
hard to come by box of corn flakes.

James McLain

A 'Rose' Smells

Some times when i
have a 'Rose'
a scented rose.
It smells different
each day
i know it will
being that as it may
and recently
only
as i lay down with it
in my hands
do i try to open it.
i blow through the thin ness
of the air between
them
it is an easy separation
as it is alive.
and delicate i move each petal
apart
as it is cold
though i try to warm it
faster with breath
until
and all around the out side
each petal
is so dark red
and when i reach the center
smelling it
i always wondered
if
it would taste as it smelled
but
my wings are gone
and with but a thorn
so i do.

James McLain

Try Kindness

Try kindness,
for the choir that you preach to
more than
likely
knows the song
most sing
but dont we all like it
in some
special way
because of the way
or circumstances
in which it was taught us.

And what is age,
but where
each was kept
and who do we blame
for our death.

The young rarely ask
and the younger need you to ask
as you out grow youth
needing to ask
I have lost my way,
please may I ask?

Will you show me back,
up the way.
You have come?
Some say It is gone,
it lays fallow,
look over there
is it waisted.

I think
and perhaps
no longer should you
fear
but for that

grace
that cold hand reaching out
to you
I know it scares you
because
your alive
should it scare you
and for some
it still does.

Because for now
you are warm
safe
and secure
with the knowledge
of what has passed
between you too.

And you make up
an excuse
to rush on by
because it is cold
and no one
especially you
wants to die
like that alone.

So be kind to every body
no one knows
who they may become
if they are
to become your tomorrow.

c.b.

James McLain

A Sad Poem

A sad poem for me could be such as this one;

Looking around, to where I am and how are you.
How did I come to be as I am so cold and alone.

Yes, tonight it is cold, colder now as my heart looks up.
Mars is bright red and Venus flickers under her lashes.

But love of love where does it go, when it is unfinished.
A book still open as it must appear to some, it may be lost.

Where else like the cold wind can it blow so warmly.
Does the bristle pine like Methuselah love it's rocky bed.

Kisses by the many thousands, I can not remember one.
Such sadness my thoughts, so I write them down for you.

No,
Pablo I am too simple, perhaps too simple to forget her.
Your bed smelled of you, while my bed I can't remember.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Journey

Even from the start;
even before
that one, none will speak of it.
Except in an isolated place.
Where no one will hear you speak
of it to your self
as you would but there are to many now
still for you must.
Because both of you have questions.
The mind of one is as swift with some works
as the friend with the speed of light,
is with theirs.
While the tounge is thick clumsy and slow.
It is not about the warm soft hazy in her
comfort,
as her gown is removed.
And the fear of her convenience as we are
removed
the other way, it leaves me both without speech
having to learn again
to yearn for before, both of you had to come.

James McLain

A Grave Digger

A grave digger;
Once was more than the handle by you
they both held,
inside of each shadows grey swept hole.
Looking up at you turn it over, the moon
is no better it's blue.
Some could never be made whole after that.
Bound even in redemption, beyond the light
of the darkest soul of that which then once was,
but never no more, as a being with burnt wings
said it always.
Some are so young either way walking across
to their own,
whom but the digger is there to greet what most
have cast off into.
But first over the ledge, a bridge of troubled waters.
Muddied beyond,
even to he whom you call out to known in your sleep.
Suppressed all of it except when you do it and when
you do what you did,
thinking of the windy plain and the hole prepared for
you,
as you wait to be wiped clean, even then a residual
may stay within you.
Tell me now once again what was that you know you did.
Growing weary of interceding, I keep burning my wings.

James McLain

'Never Did You Know'

Never did you know,
such a tightness in my chest and how it came to be.
That only your hand upon it and it never went away.
I was only as you and each of our faces both being,
full with each other and only as fresh as the cup full
of yellow brown centered daisies, there on the table.

Tomorrow's leaves still dance today so green
before the tree shakes the limb a lasting imparting,
the memory of snow caught in the mossy hollow.
'Dear' though I may chose too ignore it,
what of the stain you left upon my heart and the cut.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'More Than My Heart'

It was more than my 'Heart' or my 'soul'
And you never ask me once, about my dream.
Where soon I must go and how I will sleep alone.
And like the thunder, it claps as I take my leave.

None of my words have moved you, and I know it.
Watch the leaves dance and even the trees are moved.
Will all the leaves only after my voice has after a word.
And when it's finally done, tell me how long again must I wait.

s.t.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

An Assumption

even the professionals who pretend
that they can't,
need it now worse than ever.
because deep inside the brain is a
a need,
every much of a need that
shows up even on an M.R.I.
only when the need is met and that which
once
burned as fire though it can never be fully.
while the others younger
flat bellied
pears
or the cup that is so full it strains for release
and at the very center
you know it
and even the accidental
touching thereof
brings tears to the eyes from those whom know.
eye contact
straight up eye contact
and lips that move never speaking for others like
those few like me and I know.
it will be fine
why become alarmed if the umbrella
is opened for only a moment
or if between
the ridge
it is only a short distance
up and down that white cotton road.
nothing needs be exposed
no sudden revelation.
rotate
softly at first
and as the valley becomes more so
it is only a need
a natural reaction to a chemical embrace
that some are smart enough to correct with a sign.

A Visceral Reaction

a Visceral reaction;
as is beauty
can ugly be
repugnant or acceptable.
When driven
by a Visceral motive.
Raw and crude
driven primitive abasement.
Just to touch it,
just to squeeze it all out.
Viscerally.
Coming from some unseen,
infamous Visceral organ.
Visceral fat and yellow gelatinous
insipid globular.
reDefines the shapely, while leaving
certain oysters
Viscerally pleasantly and pink
not yet drained.
While shielding them from the
Viscerally base
even if it's very being is
massive and heavily Visceral.

James McLain

Children At Play

Children of the day play two;
This past is so clean their future.
Majority if not some, n' did not have one.
Even while on the carpet we sit down.
It always speaking, how I l' liked.
I could only nor was envisaged with but listening.
its legs qu' it placed upwards and above mine.
It would increase its skirt then upwards,
upwards and to the top of around its size.
Reason of this qu' she simply said;
amused and laughing out loud.
and not, I l' did not help her, could not hear.
She always used these wrinkled breeches.
These breeches with gimlets,
always very gently not seen.
breeches and of much of being diffracted colors.
Mine being blue, his always pink.
Its legs above mine, she would take my hand.
As it helped its individual with it.
Beneeth its legs not taking any in consideration it.
when its breeches were white,
I could see well by them.
N' made its breeches forever get clear.
Although its face was also smooth qu' a mine of fishing.
qu' was also red; a beet.
Jusqu' with this qu' it l' touched.

James McLain

Lest You Forget Me

Time stands still for
one thing.

I have,
long knew how short it was:
So pale each one as round
and round as the word it's self.
Inside of the almond, as before
and after the red pomegranate.

Few fires so sweet upon the tounge
of it
of both inside the mouth biting softly
down
upon the seed of bitter truth, for it may
as have those so many or the few
between us both.

I wait as I watch out the window, proudly
standing
before the light of dawns
new truth
as you never change but always,
like the leaves that fall.
Each green Garnet slowly as if I could
just by thinking, to make it
force the trees to take leave of their leaves
all in one fell drawn out breath
to the ground.

The air around it cool waiting for the warmth
inside the cup
and inside the cup
the wooden spoon stirs the cream and sugar
into the tea.

and as long as you use cream I will never
forget to bring home the sugar
and when you are not looking so busy.

Mixing the two together until it is light enough to drink.

p.n.

James McLain

Les Enfants Du Jour Deux

Les enfants du jour deux;
Ce passé est si propre du futur.
Les la plupart sinon certains,
n'ont pas eu un.
Même pendant que sur le tapis nous nous asseyions.
Elle parlant toujours,
comment je l'ai aimé.
Je pourrais seulement ni a été prévu à mais écoute.
ses jambes qu'elle a placées vers le haut et au-dessus du mien.
Elle augmenterait alors sa jupe vers le haut,
vers le haut et vers le haut de autour de sa taille.
La raison de ceci qu'elle a simplement dit; et non,
je ne l'ai pas entendu.
Elle a toujours utilisé ces culottes froncées.
Ces culottes avec des vrilles,
toujours très doucement plus non vues.
culottes et de beaucoup de couleurs se diffractantes.
Mine étant bleue, sien toujours rose.
Ses jambes au-dessus du mien,
elle prendrait ma main.
Comme elle a aidé son individu à elle.
Beneeth ses jambes ne prenant aucune en considération elle.
quand ses culottes étaient blanches,
Je pourrais voir bien par elles.
N'a jamais fait ses culottes se dégagent.
Bien que son visage ait été aussi lisse qu'une mine de pêche.
était aussi rouge qu'une betterave.
Jusqu'à ce qu'elle l'ait touchée.

.....

.....

Children of the day two;
This past is so clean future.
Majority if not some, n' did not have one.
Even while on the carpet we sit down.
It always speaking, how I l' liked.
I could only nor was envisaged with but listening.
its legs qu' it placed upwards and above mine.
It would increase its skirt then upwards,
upwards and to the top of around its size.

Reason of this qu' she simply said;
and not, I l' did not hear.
She always used these wrinkled breeches.
These breeches with gimlets,
always very gently not seen.
breeches and of much of being diffracted colors.
Mine being blue, his always pink.
Its legs above mine, she would take my hand.
As it helped its individual with it.
Beneeth its legs not taking any in consideration it.
when its breeches were white,
I could see well by them.
N' made its breeches forever get clear.
Although its face was also smooth qu' a mine of fishing.
qu' was also red; a beet.
Jusqu' with this qu' it l' touched.

James McLain

A Day Comes

Day comes As a 'Song';
Comes the sun each and every contract broken,
except this one not the one before, nor too come.
As he said;
that once which was, would now seem even by
human design, some saying perhaps intervention.

Manifested by resolution undefinable as one circles
the globe looking down,
where once of each and every nation all looked up.
Willing to travel forever to stand at the edge of every thing.

And still to come and behold as all rivers flow up and
around certain mountains, defining all that no longer is,
and at the top breathless to walk in warm snow, talking.
As the line that separates purple from blue stands
lost in the space of one open hand, that never closes.

w.w.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

A Consciousness

Even with extreme Cautiousness
the last two days
have been
cold and some few others after seeing
this
and mostly a glow of affably from me
they see.
why i drift to the females and i must as
i do
as they take my cold hands amongst
them.
and i ask them of their lusciousness with
some affable caution
and how some show me both of their faces.
and always amazed as grace freshly sewn.
I explain and they understand even more
my inability too
and all being lovely and even more affable.
the bounty for both is warmth for a while
together with small periods, being shorter apart.
without animosity
by none towards another, always apart together.

James McLain

Seed Of Denial

Full of church;
and old bent knees popping
when silence helps the pause to hear
a thick tounge speaking Latin hymns.

Young pretties gathered up
all they could pointing north for favor.
While the young lads fidget moving to and fro
lifting a mysterious brow, though one side
taps the phew wanting to play hide and seek.

As the time grows near all the hungry mouths
little mosses and Marie's clutch beads,
eyes growing wider to listen as they who make
those popping noises rush the alter
wanting all to see the suffering they have endured.
Little minds so bright,
will gift a common theme to ease their pain,
with more kept back to comfort them.

James McLain

Grave Digger

Graves diggers;
making the soil leach out even richer.
The hand only soft from the bottle
it reaches for, as it reaches for yours.
Even there beneath the leaves, curled.
The handle that lays you down within,
pushes against so grimly.
Lest you rise wanting deeper in sleep again.
The moon over your head so blue, shimmers
turns red even pink around the lake, it's lovely.
Hedges grow green even being it is so cold,
as each acorn is gently lowered in the void.

g.h.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Child Of Grace I Miss

'Grace' and how I miss it, the child it's face, it's light;
Shut off from the source deep inside,
and out side must the tears continue to fall
how it shows, all see how it shows.
mother of grace with soft wide wings,
bend swiftly down and lift me up to again
and press me as pressed i need to see the eye.
Moments of 'Grace' come and go.
When i was small and as that child, as once I was,
before I knew it as not but those with whom
they did, now but once in a while, it still comes.
My nails grow long, they are yellow as well,
humility it's face for she turns away, I offended.
Not by what they said but by what was never said,
thinking back can only make worse,
always a different face, 'Grace' wears it well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Ship Of Others

That Other Ship Forgot
a fiery red
volcano
That smokey 'Hole'
so hot
that
eye enraged is seen for miles
around
across the open sea.
The ashen cloud starts down
and blocks off yellow sun.
Mid day sun ablaze
is seen through
silk and lace
for miles around is found
no man alive.
Would the heaving sea,
let up to clear
that channels
shallow shoals.
All have raised
each sail
to die
upon each toothy rock
their skulls
bleached white
by salt and westward sun
each sprockets
hid beneath the waves
of foam
white sands of time tossed back.

James McLain

Favored By Fate

Born in to it.
Pushed here.
Knowing not at first.
Pulled there.
Many are the hands.
Without direction
The fate of man.
Should have been seen.
Favored by 'Fate'.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Imagined It

When you
come
out of the
shell
would you
Sit over here
you can
move
it closer
that
Even closer
'dear'
now slide it
over
here a bit
closer
See it was
all over it
before
you even knew it
was done
in the way
you
imagined it
would be.
Fresh oysters
look
better that way

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Comfort The Flower

Comfort
is more than that
soft husky voice
I hear.

Before I could
stand
there were soft
warm lips
all around me.

And being reborn
under each
full moon
I stand erect
none to soon.

The air being heavy
and heavy so full
looking up
at the
sky
there is room.

And watching
the others
with all of theirs
brings tears
to your eyes
I know.

The longing I see
makes me
see you this way
each day.

The flower
only opens once
a month

for this reason
was all they said.

Once a month
is to long
for you to wait
for me.

s.d.

James McLain

I Ache

why do i ache.
can you tell me.
and i do when you gently.
i ache.
and knowing this gently, you do.
and even when you more so in sleep.
some how, when you gently, i move.
when you softly and gently, i ache.
and behind my eyes, i sleep.
watching the swans, i can do.
i ache, watching one neck,
as it gracefully bends.
you do and gently, so gently.
and i in my sleep you state.
and rolling so gently with you, it's true.
and i ache across waves, when i'm blue.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Lovelies

Her lovelies,
as she grew up
and waiting.

Never knowing
the right time
to tell her.

No memories
of her
others.

Waiting and
waiting
much in vain.

Longing to bring
her back
one or two years
earlier.

Until finding them
wondering
where
all the others
went.

Looking as if the
middle
had been filled
with what are
now
dried yellow tears.

Now
she can never know.

James McLain

And Outside Between A Toe

and outside between a toe;
even when in love and now
each touch is now complete.
and though the mind compels
them both outside to smile.
and there distractions are alike,
inside each mound a hill.
and Lilly now in essence with and
Rose said, kiss it please.
and Lilies vine hard wrapped around
and Rose when it released.
The others lined up there,
all in wait too see.
and there up close how Lilies grow
and trees grow very deep most know
and live within the forest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On 'Reading'..A Lizard

Words are tricky.
Sometimes sticky.
Diplomacy a must, of trust.
It is why.
I am always tweaking them.
Reading..a lizard..
to my sister.
She immediately at it's conclusion.
Panicked and started thinking what?
Being southern I pointed out.
That almost every day.
...when the sun is out..
It is push ups they are doing.
She under stood then.
The power of words,
and what they can do to you.
How they leave you,
to wish you had done.
A long time ago.
But were perhaps,
a bit to scared.

James McLain

A' Lizard

is it not 'Erotic'
what i'm
writing
here to you
and if
you
make me
stop it
i will
have to tell
on you
and
if they hear
you 'cry'
then i
can never
come
again
but
if i let you stay
and you
are looking
out
my window
do you see
that
lizard over there
on that tree
and what
it's doing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A White Green Lantern

Your thin walls..hold my..lantern..
Onions silky skin..glows bright red..
Green tall stalks..bamboo it's shinny..
Fresh cut wick..needs..consonants..
Words as like..moth in light to fly by..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

More Milk Less Talk

More milk less talk as the
Cows were being milked
in the past-not by you, yet
the same cow comes in?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moonlit Night

It is a cool night, though not the one
I wish to be caught out side of. The wet grass
soundlessly as I know it shortly day will reappear.
Through the moonlit night others lost may come,
I remember each full moon most have gone before.
And here it was that once we paused, out of breath
to rest and drink our wine, beneath grey clouds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Heat' So 'White'

Standing back, feeling 'Heat'-so-'White.'
Move it not around the house, it's wood.
It lies above the floor, beneath the grate.
It is bright and red, bare to quench the fire.
Growing ever closer, dare the flame it's touch.
At first it's soft and then it's hot, I am insane.

e.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Scared Not Knowing

The Shape of The Tree
and the force that bent it over.
Bent more,
than the wind ever should.
Scared not knowing!
Will it come again?
When, where and why.
Herculaneum in it's life it declines.
Buried it's long deep roots.
Trying still to.
Hot rock and ash.
Standing, then moving.
Red thick and running molten
rivers of it.
Isolated out there once upon it.
An island once here now gone.
Death is not Preferably,
but swiftly the gas is not methane.
Pyroclastic ashy rivers, consume it.

James McLain

The Rod From God

The Rod from God,
portents and once untouchable.
Bullets and battle fields.
Milk and honey.
Soft earth,
changing the course of rivers.
To see how much farther ahead,
than currently now, are we able.
Some and for others every new
concept and in being in conjunction
with the target.
To see it, once only once in action
this it is called by most.
The Rod from God.
Purposes,
for other than which it was intended.
At night it shines as the sun, so brightly.
Huddled some in their homes, now know
how deep and light it's intentions.
Have you ever seen a straw stuck into a
glass of water and
pushed deep to the bottom
by it's own weight.
The Rod from God and your mind is
healthy and with conceptualization.
Perhaps to much so it is like white lightning.
Going in you pray and pray waiting and watching.
The Rod from God,
portents and once untouchable.
Pulse after pulse.
Drawn to one end
and once being upright and left hypnotized.

James McLain

A Wrinkle

A wrinkle.
Now barely perceptible.
Being perceived.
Is to banish it.
Awakened to hands.
Frantic to remove it.
Lubricants, scented oil,
and Mary Kay.
Just for a day to be free of it.
It always comes back,
with a friend.
Left with nothing but age to cover it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Interrogatories' That Play With Dawn

'Interrogatories' that Play With Dawn;
Attempting one broad stroke across the sky.
Pens that leak too find one word.
Seeing sparrows spread their wings
to start new days, come stay.
As early blue jays allocate to say.
Green each 'Garden' filled with roses red..
An allegation she is heavy, stands denied.
The sun shines down spreading mornings song.
In my elocution and she does, with her, both sing.
One robin chides a mocking bird over seeds.
Finches long to cold, hop vine too vine, grow warm.
Humming birds appear with honey that they suckle.
Blue and very lean as they fly past, seemingly never full.
This picture has a daisy, eyes so bright and yellow, brown
brown with circles with thier centers pushing out.
Each petal, like each path, each flies above our heads.
Red and pink are sitting with the sunny window scented.
Private sorrows and my vast distance, I can't keep.
My body drifts off early now between broad light wings.
Behind each, a wall this garden, birds and blossoms.

James McLain

A 'Disguise'

a Disguise
is not easily tossed aside.
If one does wear one.
Two more will surely come.

a Disguise
is more than a mask you wear.
Easy in easy out
inside a packed ball room square.

a Disguise
should be durable and pliant.
Able to with stand hard scrutiny.
Soft enough to understand.

a Disguise
is more than a key to your room.
It is a finger that smells of a smell.
A fantasy that will not go away,
any time to soon.

James McLain

Standing By The Window

The box that package,
can be recalled.
It first must be reexamined.
By a 'Therapist.
No more crying.
While you wait.
Standing by the window.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A 'Therapist'

a 'Therapist'
defines the moment for who?
Who needs who the most.
Why did I come,
after you left, before I called you.
When is it to late.
Can it coincide with ones religion?
Will I get molested just for dying?
Or have to wait in line after line,
after I already have.
Do I have even the most basic right
to one sober parent.
While I go through this life
or should I end it,
just to insure it wont happen again.
Female and male hand in hand
to the long bitter end,
of each session.
Perspectives aside who is even sure
any more but that
boys like a face that is soft.
While girls like a face with a beard.

James McLain

Green Palmetto

Pain and agony from youth dispelled,
walking in circles then running around it.
Teeth up and down the long green skinny.
Green not yet brown, burnt red fire consumed,
blazes seen so close, reaching each horizon.
The wind blown seems to sit for awhile here
wide accross each damp ash filled face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

En Français, Il N'Est Pas Du Tout C'Est Juste Suggestifs

Dans It's français; pas du tout it's; juste suggestif;

Ni tous ou ce qui est tenu en confiance vous ont contenu
fait face là-dedans.

Autour de chaque visage de coton, cela pleure exposé.

De pair dansant avec une telle beauté.

Comment elle se sent quand it'; s a lié en rouge d'émotion profonde. de couleur
parle et a libéré votre visage, je voient.

Hommes comment Américain,

enamoring une tâche simple d'it's; démasquer de.

Que les pensées blanches de la beauté a mis en évidence de vue de jour
et elles desserreraient plutôt leurs esprits.

venez alors bien dehors... et dites;

Dans It's français; pas du tout, it's; juste suggestif.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In French It's Not At All, It's Just Suggestive

In French It's Not At All it's just Suggestive;
Nor all or what is held in trust contained you
faced therein.
Around each cotton face, that weeps exposed.
Hand in hand dancing with Such beauty.
How it feels when it's bound up in deep emotion.
Red of color speaks and freed your face, I see.
Men how American,
enamoring a simple task of it's unmasking.
Than white thoughts of beauty brought to light of day.
Sight and they would rather loose their minds
then come right out
and say;
In French It's Not at All, it's just Suggestive.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death A Mask

My Death A Mask, for life
And by the choosing of it
Latter for your selves
A few beds left unmade.

Unanticipated by any man
The wise hinder nor help it along
Watching but as each woman
Gathers, so many necessaries.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'God' If 'I' Were

'God' if 'I' Were;

I would not leave the rest
waiting in worry.

We are beyond the point
of stage fright.

The publicity stunts are very
good now..

The next balloon just might.

'God' if 'I' Were;

In 'America' it has worked.

They know now half of the
crime is committed

by the mentally ill.

It was you whom ask them
to do what they did.

Being illegal only in New York,
Miami and San Diego.

'God' if 'I' Were;

A pathological liar like some
whom profess it not.

I would change their oil as well.

But i have no where to dump it.

'God' if 'I' Were;

More like you, I would be more like

I am and less like I was.

I confess I would do a lobotomy on
more than a few.

And drink more milk, milk being
suddenly and fashionably in.

James McLain

'Deep' Inside Insanity

Deep inside insanity, i must
often rise and look around it.
Room after room each face,
lies uncovered helped along
by each mouth so red, i can not feed.
And where there are full lips, my eyes
they pop out as if you squeezed them.
They are moving, without sound.
Moving back and forth,
up and down
my shadow
skirts from room to room,
how it slides across them all.
And we hear them
and it takes more so much more,
of an effort,
not to spread them out too far, one cries.
While I'm pulled
up and down through
long and dark, warm musky halls,
in one last push deep inside of insanity
while every one we met before looks on.

James McLain

Turpentine

Pine of a certain color and texture before it fades.
Eating the green tips of the needles,
for certain flavor and as sweat thick and sappy.
Cutting; always trimming the tree around
in a circle like some school yard song
once only once,
I heard when i was young, gone that ma rm.
Pine trees standing tall to the sky, looking up.
Smiles from the bottom replaced with lips
of tin lips of thin tin always smiling,
with that single nail
in the center held in for the buckets, too supp.
Lee kin always leaking those heads being cut.
Nappy heads patched nappy heads, from the
sap in our hair,
gone like the moss from the trees as they swell.
Bathing in the cool narrow stream.
Moaning our mornings to short.
While the evenings for ever to long.
Trying to wash off a past the presenters, demand.

James McLain

Eccentricities

Liking some Eccentricities,
being genteel we are.
I know both ways and some not
quite so hot.
Through some southern
ritualistic,
those faces end up mostly
on the bottom.
Mostly it is how we learned
going way back,
how far the rest wont none say.
I think they do, I don't know when.
There were less people and
the boys we knew and watched as they
grew into men.
Those aren't Roses darn it,
nor Lilies from that field out yonder.
Uncontrollable most have an accident.
The rest go to prison like rabbits
always running untill,
it's unfortunate as well, never eating much.
Nor do we want them breeding with them.
Though Rose being young like Lily,
Lilac's some times intertwine.
Makes it a one in four chance instead of fifty fifty.
Certain trees never do, best to cut them down
no one here saw or even says.
eSpecially those chocolates.
Bipolar then or now Eccentric,
nothing ever changes though it's the same
being
Though Rose being young and like Lily,
Lilac's some times intertwine.
Keeping our eye out for those other
'Eccentricities'
the house stay real clean and quite this way.
Like pigs in a poke the way they all do it
and then squeal on each other.
An the cottons never looks the same for a while.

After that either way, it's always a chore after
but it has to be done,
better young I suppose, least what I heard told.

James McLain

The Devil

Playing against the devil;
A pact with you I made,
never to forget,
turned out each face to face.
Still a child,
am I to remain untill you die.
Looking in your drawers,
all I found were smiley faces.
Four pink ones at that,
where there should be only one.
Smelling moth balls, the rest I opened.
The drawers are all filled with cotton.
Once it may have been of candy,
or being some such or others,
wild full willed dreams.
But untill you die, i must remain here
as a child.
Looking out from the bottom of all
those clouds I see floating by.

James McLain

Hills

Some hills.
Higher or shorter.
There out and some upon.
Knowing you,
is it not better never how too long.
Wanting the hill upon, even wishing
the hill, through the window, seeing it.
Safe here in your warmth,
where you stood up to gaze, herein
as well there out upon and simply.
And in the early wanting of it,
to remember the why of it instead.
Each branch and limb that rubs
all night,
against the warm window pane between.
The tree up against it and how it
leans against the wind,
leaned you out there in to sway.
Being in bloom so fanciful must we,
make it come, when it can not be seen.
When it can not in winter be so green
it comes around each spring again.
To the spring, from which you sing.
and night and day and day and night.
The sun above,
moon lies below in wait for spring.
Until it does.

James McLain

Where, I Never Learned

When I was a child.
Memories earlier I have.
Too few.
To afraid I was, too cry.
Where, I never learned.
Earlier memories I have.
Too few.
When I was a child.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Puppy Dog Tails

It was under the main portable.
At school.
About nine a.m. us and day.
she and I crawled under there.
Aggressively she was, only now
do I think,
thinking perhaps to much i did.
she kind of through me off a little.
Until she had me like she nearly was.
mentaly and us still speaking.
I did not believe her,
untill it started going
as my sister said it would.
Losing interest in those things
abviously only
girls were interested in, i backed up
thinking and withdrew,
from under the skirting.
looking around having done nothing
but browse.
unseen i hoped by my friends.
friends ships being based on
highly prejudicial preconceptions.
even back then, perhaps still
even right now.
it turned out she was right,
about my thinking to much.

James McLain

Five Sisters

and being the youngest.
what did i know.
each fed me well and what i liked.
and i only had to lay there.
at first it was.
not scary but, i kind of knew but still.
it was only in the beginning that they complained.
but latter i tried to but got no where.
it wasn't untill as they became,
like that which brought us here that my understanding was.
one by one as they knew,
with some plastic stick they pleaded and prayed on.
one date each with a doctors son, a lawyers son
and the son a wealthy construction owner.
then there were only two left.
i think the others spread the word.
but they would never admit to it.
it is easier with two than five and i try so hard.
hoping they will as well.

James McLain

Almost My First Time

It was under the portable.
At school.
About nine, us and day.
she and I crawled under there.
Aggressively she was, only now
do I think, thinking perhaps to much.
It kind of through me off a little.
Until she had me like she was.
I did not believe her, untill it starting
going exactly as my sister said it would.
Losing interest in things abviously only
girls were interested in, withdrawing
unseen, it turned out she was right.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Recall

Each instant, each snap shot
going back
and being but one myself but only one,
I dont keep up with such things.
I know that when I no longer am,
what then would make each difference.
I can not remember it different
or wanting it to and if,
when shown some stranger in a photo album
that I would be told what then was my past to me.
Which is not how any one would wish to be now.
In this life weighing each experience
against the latter.
I doubt I would give up
the unique experience of being
mentally ill.
Life runs off fast enough as it is.
Even when less often than more
is the occasion, when I think about it.
Doing it would hurt.
Like that beautiful Hemingway's
daughters father.
I often think back to all the times
when it didn't hurt.
Only the first time, it was only my brain
being told what dream to chase
untill it had caught me over and over again.
If each of my mistakes was human,
the world would be twice as full as it is now.
An honest man would sleep there and die there.
The woman has never told me
that I again can recall,
though if she again did, I would,
I am certain I likely would recall it.

j.l.b.

James McLain

We Both Just Liked It

i just didn't know
but now
we both just like it;
who trained who
it really doesn't matter.
after talking
way back then
we both had questions
both had to ask, like
trajectory, wrist and wind
when we finished
and our satisfaction
being mutual.
it is chilly here outside
i really need to go
and so she follows.
sound it carries
quite a ways
as we look out
down below
as she nuzzles my cold ear
she pulls it out and hefts
it's weight
'dear' she says, i'm aiming
for that windshield
right
down over there.

James McLain

Babies Made Female Or Male

babies made female or male or
some other thing,
made by you.
you may easily be that other thing
that was never meant to see,
the sun shine down on you.
it is entirely up to you now
and no one else,
it's left to you and you,
you remembered how and now.
a baby waiting growing, needing to know.

things of ignorance,
the apple falling not far from the tree.
does every tree make an apple?
does every apple, bring forth a tree.
under the microscope,
all seeing and knowing and nearly so.
being filled more often and long ago
having Eaton from the tree.

though the tree is sappy and fruity
sweet and juicy.
it is but the first,
a choice of many as to where will
you! bank your money.
must the vault be always full with it.
as is with the sap and receptive
and being kept with it.
thus the tree or rose begins to grow.

the tree may die become ill, simply be
a harmed tree it's self,
unknowingly so.
unlike and different than those sent to
prison
and many prisons now are full as well.
the bank keeps track of all accounts
opened or closed.

being woman with the womb now filled.
as you now must be,
accepting each and every deposit.

there need be no prophetic 'Quatrain's
or drawn out day's of long terror.
because being filled you are but waiting.
as with the cell phone
and as with the black berry and computer.
you may now deliver you, from your self.
and when it comes and visiting each of
you, it is not when you know but it will.
being full and willing and much to able to.
being hungry and each we all will do.

What!

kind of 'Tree' or 'Rose' to be will you grow.
fodder for cannons and prisons or
just damaged beyond the banks accounts
to repair.
as you being filled know the world must be
filled as well.
and having this knowledge it expands as well
out words.
to all the other places, you know must be filled
as well.
and in the keeping with such, to be kept, close
and full and around it to dwell upon, there after.

James McLain

Piles Of Half-Shells

while watching and we all have
and all will
why do most deny it.
weather it is this or that.
climbing trees untill the
very tops
even if the vines
around it
take you out of your way
you feel it in the tree
right before.
even if the first few climbs
result in
and or catch you off guard.
tree or vine symbiotic
host or hostess
one or the other as the
fingers clutch
at each nook and cranny.
some times forcing an early
retirement.
and then some one, any one
perhaps even myself
seeing
the tightness
right over head we move up
towards it
as it opens and closes, back
and forth up and down.
open at the juncture of the half
shell
one appreciates,
the gravity of technique needed
to split them apart.
where equal and opposite each
contraction
makes gravity work for you
instead of against you.
and generally it doesn't take to long

for a pile of half-shells
to accumulate at the bottom
of each tree.
it is a simple matter of repacking
each parachute
that in their hast to retreat
left no room for discourse
and consequently
left a little pink around the rear.

James McLain

Their Secret

their secret if the
one it is
is that one.
where bent at the
waist
and though it is
unfairly it is used.
being weak mate
and you are
because
you told her about it.
no one knew, i drained
my oysters
before i ate them.
except you.
and so each day this
one oyster
is just so much more
so, it is so.
juicy.
and less cloth each day
is wrapped around
this one.
i only told you today that
this oyster
was so transparent
it became translucent
through it's pink
pale veil.
coiled thus it was sheer
madness
and every tender wrinkle
was not as you think.
more thought has to be
given to the depths about
the rim
with smoke and flame
even under water.
mate keep quite about the



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half shells
or they will know about each
tree
you talk about in class.
sheerness
that

James McLain

Being Genteel And 'south' Bright Lights

Being genteel and 'South' Bright Lights;
How do you make me say good bye...
when I won't even say hello...
and you wanting me, all that much more...
Genteel is the tree you define when I stand...
and protocol when due is love unconfined...
though with these fearful times seldom mentioned...
when....that smile so refined..burns low..
defining each line on your face...
being in and out of love so much....
I think more of..
Those broad circles with your company...
and long their framed pedigrees...
with such societal pretensions.....
and great trepidation....
lost in my limited retention...
once I pondered..Hence it....
Tap, tap, taps on that brass handled...
closet door and...
requires that I pray..even more...I must sit....
While your hand I kiss...do I tighten my hand...
your grasp on mine even more.....I trust...
Beauty stays once-too short..
and grants me some familial attention...
I bow now but to grace and eloquence.....
The pianos broad key accords.....
white ivory keys spaced...lay off the dark...
as long fingers have each fine tuned.....
and you made me turn around soft melodies...
now genteel each shadow..which croons...
in dance and play...
while that light burns orange and so low.....
and being not genteel and good night...
I turn to hard the key...once again..
locking out each melancholia day....each night.

James McLain

People, 'Of Heaven

People of heaven
of People each place and faith
from which they came.
If it is the plains on which they lived,
then her hair shall smell of grass.
Sweet green grass high to the waist
waist high in grass, stood he.
With her, his mate;
As she appeared in the grass,
with his eyes wide open,
she is there and sits to wait.
Grass and trees they have
gathered beneath, having to think
both one for the other.
Grass under their feet feeling the wind
having no need to speak with another.
Different some what from their source
but from awe, both beings meek.
Hearts that beat, gathered from two
leaving one.
Plus the two, with green sweet grass
and the breeze.

Souls that have come, will they stay?
Having to come from that which was
and never which was before.
Could they not remember or have known?
Having no souls, yet they came.
Eyes of they softly, glowing with life
as one with the grass there so green.
Wholly knowing no strife gently
and being.
People of heaven;
of People each place from which
they came.
Did they not know our values moralities
Beyond our knowing, left to each others.
Both from the one and the other knowing
from which both have come.

Eyes softly opened.
Wholly and filled with green blooms
And rising as they rise, as the grass.
Yellow sun in their eyes and
to know all to briefly as wise.
That all such eyes are soft and
waiting to open.
Faces turned outwards and into follow words.
Consciousness meets consciousness
saving unbeknown st,
cloven words with he, him self, with she,
and the cooling breeze.
And warmth for all of that, such as they should
know being good it is and they stayed,
Both now one and he with whom both came to know.

People of heaven;
of People each place from which
they came.

James McLain

Guns

When one,
speaks in words.
When is there not a
misunderstanding..?
Perhaps it is why,
guns are used
much to often.

James McLain



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Milkman

Human souls...like..
night and day...rivers..
high and banked...
That give no thanks..
Streams..endless streams..
white and endless....
hair...tied back....
Modern day.....
she is a heroine..
Sitting down.....
her wet soaked hands....
and talking softy...each..
she gently..
pulling up and down,
and out...for more..
Her slim long arms.....
like tan marble..
are sculpted...
and thick each wrist..
seeing both...
they are well muscled....
She talks...the trade...
her milk and butter...
for some flour...
bacon and fresh eggs..
and on the radio..
that croons...
a soft country song...
With smooth practice....
and they...
like most each heavy root.
loves her sweet long fingers....
as up and down....
she milks each stroke...
and to those ends....
as needs the why...
switching hands....
was after all...
what every one of you...

were after...

James McLain

A Disguise

Coming to the ball
each

and every being
masqueraded unto
themselves.

Heavy masks
each hand
is well...

concealed.

Reaching
over one shoulder
for the cheese.

Champagne ignored
as that

would, reveal
poached eggs.

Perfume, cologne
unmistakably
brief.

As the melody
of love once
in the air.

unbeknownst
danced.

Cheek to cheek.

Face to face.

James McLain



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A Nerve

a nerve
and because of it.
you quiver and shake.
blessed,
if it is the shaking
of old age.
a nerve and where
it lays
may betray,
much, much more.
it may betray,
why it is
you are here.
and being here
can you.
take what you make
and make it
unnerved.
without giving
your self away.
but if you
touch it
and it doesn't.
then it is you whom
must touch it
again.
and being
homeless
it all sleeps inside
of one hand.
food being scarce
on some days
one hand is
enough.
on others
i can not but
help see
each face first.

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James McLain

Attachment Disorders & Reactive Attachment Disorder

Obviously, this is not an article That I wrote,
but as we try to better our understanding of what made us what it is that we are,

we must, at least some of us must, come to the realization
that as either a parent or the child of a parent
you are or are in the process of totally destroying a child.
Some of the other problems that result from this early problem of
Attachment Disorders & Reactive Attachment Disorders
go on to become all that you see when in the mirror you gaze
and know...that your illness is even worse..

and than that your son or daughter is whom, perhaps went on to become that
serial killer, of poor 'Emo'...

I will attempt to fetch the URL...http:

//helpguide.org/mental/parenting_bonding_reactive_attachment_disorder.htm....

.....

this link so you whom know...

what you are can help love your child even more...

This information is purely plagiarized...

And the physicians at the bottom of the page..

it would be best to resort to...To avoid the creating of those people that are just
to exciting to ignore..

and in the ignoring you just make more....

again..obviously this information is not for Mr..or Miss perfect...

you know...my child is the smartest on the planet..

or some failed dream...

like a beauty 'Queen'..that your child must now endure...for the rest of us in
reality....

We must face it...we weren't our parents....they are a product of theirs...

and being such....could it have really been worse...?

Some one will cop to the murder..upstairs....untill then..

you must keep from making more...of those like your self...

.....URL...http:

//helpguide.org/mental/parenting_bonding_reactive_attachment_disorder.htm....

.....

Symptoms, Treatment & Hope for Children with Insecure Attachment

If you are the parent of a child with an attachment disorder, such as reactive attachment disorder, you may be physically and emotionally exhausted from trying to connect with your child, only to be met with opposition, defiance, or, maybe hardest of all, indifference. A child with insecure attachment or an attachment disorder doesn't have the skills necessary to build meaningful relationships. Although it is never too late to treat and repair attachment difficulties, the earlier attachment issues are recognized, the easier they are to resolve. With the right tools, and a healthy dose of time, effort, patience, and love, attachment repair can and does happen.

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[Understanding attachment problems and disorders](#)

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Just as the brain allows us to see, smell, taste, think, talk, and move, it is the organ that allows us to love—or not. The systems in the human brain that allow us to form and maintain emotional relationships develop during infancy and the first years of life.... Empathy, caring, sharing, inhibition of aggression, capacity to love, and a host of other characteristics of a healthy, happy, and productive person are related to the core attachment capabilities which are formed in infancy and early childhood.

Source: [Bonding and Attachment in Maltreated Children: How You Can Help](#) By Dr. Bruce Perry

Children with attachment disorders or other attachment problems have difficulty connecting to others and managing their own emotions. This results in a lack of trust and self-worth, a fear of getting close to anyone, anger, and a need to be in control. A child with an attachment disorder feels unsafe and alone.

So why do some children develop attachment disorders while others don't? The answer has to do with the attachment process, which relies on the interaction of

both parent and child.

Attachment disorders are the result of negative experiences in this early relationship. If young children feel repeatedly abandoned, isolated, powerless, or uncared for—for whatever reason—they will learn that they can't depend on others and the world is a dangerous and frightening place.

What causes reactive attachment disorder and other attachment problems? Reactive attachment disorder and other attachment problems occur when children have been unable to consistently connect with a parent or primary caregiver. This can happen for many reasons:

A baby cries and no one responds or offers comfort.

A baby is hungry or wet, and they aren't attended to for hours.

No one looks at, talks to, or smiles at the baby, so the baby feels alone.

A young child gets attention only by acting out or displaying other extreme behaviors.

A young child or baby is mistreated or abused.

Sometimes the child's needs are met and sometimes they aren't. The child never knows what to expect.

The infant or young child is hospitalized or separated from his or her parents.

A baby or young child is moved from one caregiver to another (can be the result of adoption, foster care, or the loss of a parent) .

The parent is emotionally unavailable because of depression, an illness, or a substance abuse problem.

As the examples show, sometimes the circumstances that cause the attachment problems are unavoidable. But the child is too young to understand what has happened and why. To a young child, it just feels like no one cares and they lose trust in others and the world becomes an unsafe place.

Early warning signs and symptoms of insecure attachment

For more signs and symptoms:

Download the Child Attachment Checklist and Infant Attachment Checklist.

Source: Walter D. Buening, Ph.D. & Assoc.

Attachment problems fall on a spectrum, from mild problems that are easily addressed to the most serious form, known as reactive attachment disorder.

The earlier you spot the symptoms of insecure attachment and take steps to repair them, the better. With early detection, you can avoid a more serious problem. Caught in infancy, attachment problems are often easy to correct with the right help and support.

Signs and symptoms of insecure attachment in infants:

Avoids eye contact

Doesn't smile

Doesn't reach out to be picked up

Rejects your efforts to calm, soothe, and connect

Doesn't seem to notice or care when you leave them alone

Cries inconsolably

Doesn't coo or make sounds

Doesn't follow you with his or her eyes

Isn't interested in playing interactive games or playing with toys

Spend a lot of time rocking or comforting themselves

It's important to note that the early symptoms of insecure attachment are similar to the early symptoms of other issues such as ADHD and autism. If you spot any of these warning signs, make an appointment with your pediatrician to determine what the problem may be.

Comforting a Crying Baby

It's common to feel frustration, anxiety, and even anger when faced with a crying baby—especially if your baby wails for hours on end and won't calm down.

Equally frustrating is a baby who seems indifferent, who won't cuddle or make eye contact with you. In these situations, you need to find ways to get your own stress into balance. When you're calm and centered, you'll be better able to figure out what's going on with your child and soothe his or her cries.

Read: [When Baby Won't Stop Crying: How to Comfort and Soothe an Upset Baby](#)

Signs and symptoms of reactive attachment disorder

Children with reactive attachment disorder have been so disrupted in early life that their future relationships are also impaired. They have difficulty relating to others and are often developmentally delayed. Reactive attachment disorder is common in children who have been abused, bounced around in foster care, lived in orphanages, or taken away from their primary caregiver after establishing a bond.

Common signs and symptoms of reactive attachment disorder

An aversion to touch and physical affection. Children with reactive attachment disorder often flinch, laugh, or even say "Ouch" when touched.

Rather than producing positive feelings, touch and affection are perceived as a

threat.

Control issues. Most children with reactive attachment disorder go to great lengths to prevent feeling helpless and remain in control. They are often disobedient, defiant, and argumentative.

Anger problems. Anger may be expressed directly, in tantrums or acting out, or through manipulative, passive-aggressive behavior. Children with reactive attachment disorder may hide their anger in socially acceptable actions, like giving a high five that hurts or hugging someone too hard.

Difficulty showing genuine care and affection. For example, children with reactive attachment disorder may act inappropriately affectionate with strangers while displaying little or no affection towards their parents.

An underdeveloped conscience. Children with reactive attachment disorder may act like they don't have a conscience and fail to show guilt, regret, or remorse after behaving badly.

Inhibited reactive attachment disorder vs. disinhibited reactive attachment disorder

As children with reactive attachment disorder grow older, they often develop either an inhibited or a disinhibited pattern of symptoms:

Inhibited symptoms of reactive attachment disorder. The child is extremely withdrawn, emotionally detached, and resistant to comforting. The child is aware of what's going on around him or her—hypervigilant even—but doesn't react or respond. He or she may push others away, ignore them, or even act out in aggression when others try to get close.

Disinhibited symptoms of reactive attachment disorder. The child doesn't seem to prefer his or her parents over other people, even strangers. The child seeks comfort and attention from virtually anyone, without distinction. He or she is extremely dependent, acts much younger than his or her age, and may appear chronically anxious.

Parenting a child with an attachment disorder: What you need to know

Parenting a child with insecure attachment or reactive attachment disorder can be exhausting, frustrating, and emotionally trying. It is hard to put your best parenting foot forward without the reassurance of a loving connection with your child. Sometimes you may wonder if your efforts are worth it, but be assured that they are. With time, patience, and concerted effort, attachment disorders can be repaired. The key is to remain calm, yet firm as you interact with your child. This will teach your child that he or she is safe and can trust you.

Have realistic expectations. Helping your child with an attachment disorder may be a long road. Focus on making small steps forward and celebrate every sign of success.

Patience is essential. The process may not be as rapid as you like, and you can

expect bumps along the way. But by remaining patient and focusing on small improvements, you create an atmosphere of safety for your child.

Foster a sense of humor and joy. Joy and humor go a long way toward repairing attachment problems and energizing you even in the midst of hard work. Find at least a couple of people or activities that help you laugh and feel good.

Take care of yourself and manage stress. Reduce other demands on your time and make time for yourself. Rest, good nutrition, and parenting breaks help you relax and recharge your batteries so you can give your attention to your child.

Find support and ask for help. Rely on friends, family, community resources, and respite care (if available) . Try to ask for help before you really need it to avoid getting stressed to a breaking point. You may also want to consider joining a support group for parents.

Stay positive and hopeful. Be sensitive to the fact that children pick up on feelings. If they sense you're discouraged, it will be discouraging to them. When you are feeling down, turn to others for reassurance.

A note to parents of adopted or foster care children with reactive attachment disorder

If you have adopted a child, you may not have been aware of reactive attachment disorder. Anger or unresponsiveness from your new child can be heartbreaking and difficult to understand. Try to remember that your adopted child isn't acting out because of lack of love for you. Their experience hasn't prepared them to bond with you, and they can't yet recognize you as a source of love and comfort. Your efforts to love them will have an impact—it just may take some time.

Repairing reactive attachment disorder: Tips for making your child feel safe and secure

Safety is the core issue for children with reactive attachment disorder and other attachment problems. They are distant and distrustful because they feel unsafe in the world. They keep their guard up to protect themselves, but it also prevents them from accepting love and support. So before anything else, it is essential to build up your child's sense of security. You can accomplish this by establishing clear expectations and rules of behavior, and by responding consistently so your child knows what to expect when he or she acts a certain way and—even more importantly—knows that no matter what happens, you can be counted on.

Set limits and boundaries. Consistent, loving boundaries make the world seem more predictable and less scary to children with attachment problems such as reactive attachment disorder. It's important that they understand what behavior is expected of them, what is and isn't acceptable, and what the consequences will be if they disregard the rules. This also teaches them that they have more control over what happens to them than they think.

Take charge, yet remain calm when your child is upset or misbehaving. Remember that “bad” behavior means that your child doesn't know how to handle what he or she is feeling and needs your help. By staying calm, you show your child that the feeling is manageable. If he or she is being purposefully defiant, follow through with the pre-established consequences in a cool, matter-of-fact manner. But never discipline a child with an attachment disorder when you're in an emotionally-charged state. This makes the child feel more unsafe and may even reinforce the bad behavior, since it's clear it pushes your buttons.

Be immediately available to reconnect following a conflict. For children with insecure attachment and attachment disorders, conflict can be especially disturbing. After a conflict or tantrum where you've had to discipline your child, be ready to reconnect as soon as he or she is ready. This reinforces your consistency and love, and will help your child develop a trust that you'll be there through thick and thin.

Own up to mistakes and initiate repair. When you let frustration or anger get the best of you or you do something you realize is insensitive, quickly address the mistake. Your willingness to take responsibility and make amends can strengthen the attachment bond. Children with reactive attachment disorder or other attachment problems need to learn that although you may not be perfect, they will be loved, no matter what.

Try to maintain predictable routines and schedules. A child with an attachment disorder won't instinctively rely on loved ones, and may feel threatened by transition and inconsistency—for example when traveling or during school vacations. A familiar routine or schedule can provide comfort during times of change.

Do you need extra help?

If you're having trouble staying calm, positive, and focused when interacting with your child and are feeling overwhelmed by the attachment problems, you may benefit from learning the skills of emotional intelligence. Emotional intelligence helps you manage stress in the moment, keep your emotional balance, understand what your child's feeling, handle tantrums and conflicts, and find ways to connect with your child.

To learn more, visit [Help guide sister site, Emotional Intelligence Central](#).

Repairing reactive attachment disorders: Tips for helping your child feel loved and cared for

A child who has not bonded early in life will have a hard time accepting love, especially physical expressions of love. But you can help them learn to accept your love with time, consistency, and repetition. Trust and security come from seeing loving actions, hearing reassuring words, and feeling comforted over and

over again.

Find things that feel good to your child. If possible, show your child love through rocking, cuddling, and holding—attachment experiences he or she missed out on earlier. But always be respectful of what feels comfortable and good to your child. In cases of previous abuse and trauma, you may have to go very slowly because your child may be very resistant to physical touch.

Respond to your child's emotional age. Children with attachment disorders often act like younger children both socially and emotionally. You may need to treat them as though they were much younger, using more non-verbal methods of soothing and comforting than you might otherwise.

Help your child identify emotions and express his or her needs. Children with attachment disorders may not know what they are feeling or how to ask for what they need. Reinforce the idea that all feelings are okay and show them healthy ways to express their emotions.

Listen, talk, and play with your child. Carve out times when you're able to give your child your full, focused attention in ways that feel comfortable to him or her. It may seem hard to drop everything, eliminate distractions, and just be in the moment, but quality time together provides a great opportunity for your child to open up to you and feel your focused attention and care.

Repairing reactive attachment disorder: Tips for supporting your child's health
A child's eating, sleep, and exercise habits are always important, but they're even more so in kids with attachment problems. Healthy lifestyle habits can go a long way in reducing your child's stress levels and leveling out mood swings. When children with attachment disorders are relaxed, well-rested, and feeling good, it will be much easier for them to handle life's challenges.

Diet - Make sure your child eats a diet full of whole grains, fruits and vegetables and lean protein. Be sure to skip the sugar and add plenty of good fats - like fish, flax seed, avocados and olive oil—for optimal brain health.

Sleep - Sleep is also essential, and often makes. If your child is tired during the day, it will be that much harder for them to focus on learning new things. Make their sleep schedule (bedtime and wake time) consistent.

Exercise - Exercise or any type of physical activity can be a great antidote to stress, frustration, and pent up emotion, triggering endorphins to make your child feel good. Physical activity is especially important for the angry child. If your child isn't naturally active, try some different classes or sports to find something that is appealing.

Any one of these things—food, rest and exercise—can make the difference between a good and a bad day with a child who has an attachment disorder. These basics will help ensure your child's brain is healthy and ready to connect.

See Nutrition for Children and Teens: Helping Your Kids Develop Healthy Eating Habits and Tips for Getting Better Sleep.

Professional treatment for reactive attachment disorder

If your child is suffering from a severe attachment problem, especially reactive attachment disorder, seek professional help. Extra support can make a dramatic and positive change in your child's life, and the earlier you seek help, the better.

If you suspect your child might have an issue with attachment, your pediatrician, a child development specialist, or the resources listed below are a good place to start:

State Locator for Early Intervention Services (NICHCY) : 1-800-695-0285
ZERO TO THREE: National Center For Infants, Toddlers and Families: (202) 638-1144

24-Hour Parent Helpline: 1-888-435-7553

Related articles

[Bonding with Your Baby](#)

[Parenting Advice For Developing a Secure Attachment Bond](#)

[Separation Anxiety and Separation Anxiety Disorder](#)

[How to Ease Your Child's Separation Anxiety](#)

More Helpguide Articles:

[Attachment in Adults: How Attachment Style Affects Your Relationships](#)

[Postpartum Depression: Signs, Symptoms, and Help for New Moms](#)

[Stepparenting and Blended Family Advice: Bonding with Stepchildren and Dealing with Problems](#)

[Post-traumatic Stress Disorder: Symptoms, Treatment and Self Help](#)

Related links for reactive attachment disorder and insecure attachment

[General information on attachment disorders and insecure attachment](#)

[Children's Attachment Relationships - Introduction to attachment relationships and warning signs of attachment problems in children. \(American Association for Marriage and Family Therapy\)](#)

[Reactive Attachment Disorder - Information on signs, symptoms, and treatment of reactive attachment disorder, as well as coping and support tips. \(Mayo Clinic\)](#)

[Reactive Attachment Disorder: Fact Sheet for the Classroom \(PDF\)](#) - Fact sheet written for teachers and educators. Includes symptoms behaviors and

educational issues. (Kansas State Department of Education)

Attachment Explained - Explains what attachment is, how attachment disorders develop, and what the warning signs are. (Attachment Treatment and Training Institute)

Parenting a child with attachment problems or reactive attachment disorder
Bonding and Attachment in Maltreated Children: How You Can Help - Child development expert Bruce Perry provides tips on interacting with and nurturing children who may have insecure attachments (Scholastic.com)

Parenting the Child with Attachment Difficulties - Practical tips for parents on how to help a child with reactive attachment disorder or another attachment problem. (Attachment Disorder Maryland)

Parenting Children with RAD and PTSD - In-depth article for parents of children with reactive attachment disorder on how to set limits, establish consequences, validate feelings, and encourage cuddling. (Attach-China International)

Repairing Relationships with a Time-In (PDF) - Simple tips for staying calm when your child is upset and promoting attachment repair. (Circle of Security)

Activities to Promote Attachment - List of practical things parents and others can do to promote secure attachment and repair attachment problems. (Attach-China International)

Getting help for attachment problems or reactive attachment disorder
A Parent's Guide to Early Intervention (PDF) - Explains what early intervention is and how to get help for your child. (National Dissemination Center for Children with Disabilities)

Guide to Early Intervention Services by State - Government resource with a state-by-state guide of early intervention services for you and your child. (National Dissemination Center for Children with Disabilities)

Gina Kemp, M.A., Melinda Smith, M.A., Joanna Saisan, MSW, and Jeanne Segal, Ph.D. contributed to this article. Last reviewed: December 2009...URL...http://helpguide.org/mental/parenting_bonding_reactive_attachment_disorder.htm....
.....

James McLain

Ghetto Rat

ghetto rats and more
many ghetto rats, abhorred
by many whites
and more.
are on the way,
she loudly cracks
the moon
weeping sores
perfumy farts and snores.
i wait for self esteem
to crawl between
my words.
Two beady eyes so red
i see them not
as ghetto rats but as my friends.
they let me sleep
and bother not my weepy
eyes
as sleep crawls up and out
between the cracks
i call my home.
brown paper bag still half full
of rot gut johnny walker
creeps away
as ghetto rats
sleep up inside my pant legs.
ghetto rats
they keep me warm
where you would not,
my friend.
are you in denial
my father is in jail
my mothers going back
to get some more.

James McLain

Forgetfulness

Forgetfulness is
shame in gold bold letters.
Written on the skin of that onion,
the first of many editions
across the spine of each memory
of some long forgotten book.
My tomb made of racks,
must number in the thousands.
I no longer have a room for,
inside my head.
Verse is never free, I have misplaced.

I must have, I must have waited to long
to have my daughter.
Her 'Questions' once so simple, I remember
have no answer. Lost against,
the tide of time and as such I am but sand.

Waiting to reform that lump of clay some
soft red rocks.
I remember that as the deep blood red southern
brick my aching back stood for
so long to rests against.

How do I keep up with her now, every things so fast
even if I remembered how to ride one.
To think at my age I would even attempt such
a feat as that.
My age, at my age no such thing as having a leg up
on any thing,
much less a twin of her bicycle or roller skates.
I have tried to explain how a hip works,
but I can not remember, where she came from.
She just is and pink, pink polka dots her black dress.
And a good helper she has turned out to be.
She remembers things,
I would have never thought of writing down.

James McLain

Never Seek To Sell Thy Love

Never Seek to Sell thy Love;
A path of well worn thorns,
sweet rose each face adorned.
Each cup of silk,
one face in tears exposed.
Holes that moths would make,
but never sew.

It is red of heart within you plant too find,
I know.
You hold a spot,
where trees and sport hath walked too know.
Love has flown,
I pass your wives, alas their bags are full.

James McLain

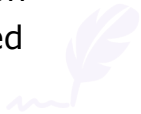


PoemHunter.com

A Face Beneeth A Cloud

No farther can i go
than
to fill a void
with inky words
and oceans
have
each cloud
each yellow sun
a sky.
Words are words
and
sails unfurled
and decking
simple wood
that has no
end.
and full of words
each moon
when filled
it
spins round
the earth
a different spin.
each face
as it looks up
beneath a cloud.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

High The Hill

Night can't wake, dawn moves them up;
and twilight moves to pass day by.
Where upon this road it makes us high.
Why do our eyes refuse to see, what few
have seen before and fewer this, than one.
And where it is I am, you can not bear to be.
So high up here, so high upon that hill, below.
Where all here turn and have to walk below it.
You turned around to leave and one stood up.
Alone.
Like all the rest unable to believe, what they
have seen up there, so high upon that hill.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Dear' Beseech Him

Night can't wake me up;
and day's hast moves to pass most by.
Where upon this road, it takes one high.
Why do your eyes refuse to see,
what few have seen before.
And where it is I am, you can not bear to be;
up here, high upon this lonely hill.
Where most will turn and have to walk away.
You turned around to leave it and one stood,
'Dear' all alone
Like all the rest unable to beseech him.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

High Upon The Hill

Night can't wake me up;
and day has moved to pass most by.
Where upon this road it takes us high.
Why do our eyes refuse to see,
what few have seen before.
And where it is I am, you can not bear to be;
up here, high upon the hill.
Where all here turn and have to walk below it.
You turned around to leave, There one stood.
Alone.
Like all the rest unable to believe him.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Stayed

Night can't wake me up;
and day hath passed me bye
I stayed.
Where upon this road most take,
my eye refused to see
and where I am, I can not bear to be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Just A Lizard

is it not 'Exotic'
that i'm
writing
now
to you

..
that if
and
when you
stop it

..
i will
have to sing
the blue's

..
and
if they hear
you cry

...
i
will have
to say
it's true

..
and
they may
never
let you

..
come
around inside
my home
again

..
but
if i let you
stay

..
and you



PoemHunter.com

are looking
out
my window
..
do you see
that
lizard over there
..
on that stone
and what
it's
doing.

James McLain

People Of Heaven

.....People of Heaven
People of heaven
of People each place from which
they came.
If it is the plains on which they lived,
then her hair smells of grass
sweet green grass high to the waist
waist high grass.
With her mate,
he then appears in the grass,
with his eyes wide open, she is there.

Flowers and trees they have
gathered beneath having to think
both one for the other
grass under their feet feeling the wind
having no need to speak with another
different some what from the source
but from awe though they seek.
Hearts that beat, gathered from two
leaving one.
Plus the two with green grass and the breeze.

Souls that have come, will they stay?
Having to come from that which was
before.
Could they not remember or have known?
Having no souls, yet they came,
eyes of they softly, glowing with life
as the grass there so green.
Wholly knowing no strife gently
being
People of heaven;
of People each place from which
they came.
Did they know our values moralities
Beyond our knowing, others.
Both from the one and the other one
from which.

Eyes softly opened.
Wholly filled with green bloom
And rising as they rise, as the grass,
yellow sun in their eyes and to know.
That all eyes are soft and waiting to open.
Faces turned inwards words what is
consciousness meets consciousness
and warmth with that they know

James McLain

A Mask So Stark

You talk about how love and how
it comes back.

And when if it ever, never was over,
when others became involved.

No middle of the road,
split down it runs each side away.

Thinking that one is evil,
and the other bad.

Should it rest in peace upon a grave,
that knew sweet grief released..

A tethered rose with lily that knew each pose.

Unbroken each link that chain when
forged from raw each others passion.

Sweet potatoes grew and yellow corn

The look unlike sweet lotus black astride it
sits there legs are wide across that horse
a mask so stark and dark both faced, the day.

James McLain

The Life Of Any Man

The Life of any 'Man' was spent,
brought forth by the minds of two
whom dwell ed without, therein.
Blowing bubbles as a babe as they
whom watch and over me, I see, them stay.
Born fearless and growing so much more
and less, I became again that one of which,
I looked I could never past.
Knowing no beast as that which one, you knew.
Ever pushing me aside, each night I felt it grow.
I, yea I, but a speck of light inside to bite and kick
your head,
each time it showed it's lovely unveiled face.
My country and my country has forced me herein
to re side inside this lonely rock strewn cave.
They whom hath no fear of me, yea but the fear
that dwells within, them selves is here to slay.
My world is but some small caricature of yours it knows.
Being as it, like yours, continues to grow ever smaller.
Be not the prick I see at the end of the needle you
could never weld nor even see, thou stabbed me with.
Be a good king, please now good 'Lad'.
That ass you see right o'er there,
she needs your help to climb again, upon it.
So I may soon, each day I pray, take leave of it.....
The seal you bear, for her I shared, no longer may I wear.

s.f.b.

James McLain

They Went Home Together

They went home together,
and each and every,
night with many more there after.

Filling each and each alone,
never having met such wit as his,
was his alone,
going home,
and always looking back,
with a fresh white smile from ear to ear.

Any having heard one word from such as his,
and his alone, they held each other off,
except for.....words that never came,
again like his, I would feel alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Egregiously

They were thus 'Egregiously' so
as has
it long has been held before.

Other things and other things
only of which.
Each stone would know, and
knowing it was thus.
Before the rivers flowed.

Laid out now, bloodied and as
bloodied before
she was, she was not as you now
see her.

The rivers flowed and flowing as
they never have,
the rivers flowed before.

It is now before that day and in
and in within
each hand held, therein the stones.

Egregiously each stone Egregiously
each stone,
was squeezed and rubbed, together
like none had been before.

The rivers covered that which is and
that which is now covered
uncovered once again now laid bare.

Each camel tethered and secure, head
down in sleep
and stealthy the soft wind did cover her
feet as her foot prints,
she left behind were covered and filled.

Thinking not for they all hungered, thirsty

she did that
and in the doing of that the camels made
no sound.
Her hands and warmth familiar-as they slept.

Being discovered only as the rest continued
to blow away
as sticks and as she stayed so filled and full.
She was not in appearance, being milky pale.

and Egregiously and they were so now
so Egregiously
and being Egregiously
deprived of what was theirs for all to share
she was
and the stones were found within her hands
that laid her out
and bound untill she replaced it all
that she had taken it and she did not appear
to be Egregiously wanting, as both the rivers
began to flow again.

James McLain

Heart Of Gold

your 'Heart' of gold, and music it moves
in waves and all of those very many that do it.
and memory, memory of the woods like
when the millipede did with all of those tiny feet.
walking back and forth upon it,
into the center,
where heavy hearts beat and pulsate, mixed within it.
and moss,
green and heavy sweet with the rain that just passed.
while smooth wet stones,
some more personal and familiar rest against your feet.
and moving over them,
picking up a few here and there come too realize,
and that music it's soothing melody how it moves,
each heart of 'Gold within and around it.
and 'Floating',
i help you upon it and there you are, at peace lost in rest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Greatness So Close

Being one step behind
and not in possession
of that certain practicality.

I listened to success
that precedes such
greatness
not with any disdain
nor disrespect.

I being the nephew
of he
the owner of
the now famous
antique car museum
in Tallahassee Florida.

Thinking to myself that if
we still lived as the Spartans
did
and no one needing that certain lift
and unblemished outwardly
I may have been
not thrown over that cliff.

My last visit up there, where
my photo was taken
with he and the clan
cost
me sixty six days
in hillsborough county lock up.

His mother had died, she being
my Grandmother
worth every day of it.
Even though I had permission
from the judge.
I being incorrigible, saith she the
probation officer.

We discussed it before I left
and knowing If she pushed it
I would and she did.
Yes i would
again.
She being the mother of he, whom
I perceived to be greatness.

He recently opened his new
museum, all were there
past Governors and judges
what I most feared were those
whom held the camera's.

Being unpossessing of certain
practicalities
and a certain flair for trying to
search out the corner
in a round room
I stayed where it is that I am.

He once gave me a dollar when
I was ten and then took it back
I have said thank you herein
and there after
since then
manners being so cheap to learn.

He is tooling down now, responsible
for the welfare of all whom
he employed.
you never know where 'Greatness'
lives or stays.
It could be in the next photo you take.

Your greatness so close 'Uncle'
perhaps I will come back
with that,
certain practicality 'I' sorely lacked.
You know you can write letters around
one such as I,

you being 'Educated' and all up yonder.

c.b.

James McLain

Dipsomaniacs

Dipsomaniacs and bipolar the luxuriant every
mixture of manic between county lines driven deep
within the everglades.

Dipsomaniacs

Most going only as far north,
as the top of each pine to retrieve a feather or two.
Left behind by the last lover that flew the nest.
Maybe back then it was cute ridding on the back
of some comprehensible, prehistoric upscale alligator.
Though with one arm thrown back that martini was
never spilled and sipping it from some green reed.
Being eccentric has it's draw backs.
Isn't it odd how egocentric and quite once the alligator
was once made out to be.

o.n.

James McLain



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One More Time

I will do it
where
you want
it.

....

Do you
want it
there right
now.

....

Will you take it
by the hand
and
show it how

....

It will meet you
where it's warm
and it is safe.

....

If you will meet
it there
right now.

....

and
when you put
it where
you
put it

....

will you
want it
there
all night

....

you can say
it has
been there

....

so many



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times
you have
lost count

....

before
again
you smile
at it

....

Remember
it is there
for it

....

and for you
it is a must

....

love
it is you
and
you it is
it
can only trust

....

And only when
the moon
is full
and
it is high

....

We will ride it
there tonight

....

when the
children
are asleep

....

to the clearing
it has made

....

by that long
and lonely
shore

....

On it's steed of
blinding light

....

you have
ridden
there before

....

bring
cubes of sugar
and an
apple
and some
coffee
if you care

...

..

.

James McLain

Private Room

I want to walk in many worlds.
While awake 'I' see but 'Death'
and it is more
than that a 'dream' of what you think
inside of me and what you found.

Withered limbs, dry shriveled lips
obnoxious gasses, held therein
more than one pair of gloves 'I'
know I wear on each wet hand,
hot glassy is each their milky eye
that likes to watch, more come.

Youth now, 'Youth' every child we
have,
that perfect 'Angel' does no wrong
'in camera' held inside some room.

My privates and rights to privacy
as fast last nights approaching
note 'I' found
out side our window, minds find
purpose you left cracked for all
your friends to find and show.

Our faces hidden, while mums hand
reached around
to find
those two reasons,
for why you were even left behind.
Full the moon.
Right there behind the blinds.

Until it was sent to my new phone.
While you Try to black mail us.
Into giving you a car, you did not earn.
While with those pictures that hang
on that far wall inside your room.
Now your four corners of the earth,

like yours it turns and burns.

James McLain

Hung From The 'Mouth' Of Love

Deeper than purple plums,
so warm are embraced.
Heavy with dust in the air
it makes you sneeze.
Back from the last harvest,
two full sloshing buckets.
Shutters unlocked a wake,
lay open to reclaim them.
Coming back around and picking
the few fruit that were missed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Big 'Not' So Easy

is it like..
placing an inner tube..
deep inside...
then slowly inflating it..
untill you think you are about to die...
and it keeps on being inflated...
and inflated...
untill you scream for it to stop...
thinking you must and are about to burst...
yet it keeps on growing..and growing.....
moving...moving around and shorter of breath...
fuller and wider with each passing breath..
yet like 'death' it still feels like...you are..
being stretched so wide and pulled apart..
it grows even worse and worse inside...
you truly think..
blinding white lights..what did he know...
where was i thinking from...
and you think that this time that you will die...
and then you don't...
you can't as more and more of it swells untill..
you wish it could be just ripped right out and
when it does..
and with a gush some times awake some times
asleep it comes..
and you know that it was worth it when she smiles..
she her name is Caroline...

James McLain

Mid Day Speaks

Your silence speaks much louder now.
Here where I can not but stand in wait.
One last unscented rose lies here in bloom.
While it is placed inside upon arranged around,
each open mouth mid day has come to soon.

No coins have I beside me, weeping pastor knows.
Your purse strings drawn so tight, I can not see.
Where I should be, is where you go today, I bow.
I hear each 'Angel' sing, it's there against your face.
Wrapped up in cotton blankets, I see them close.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Had Their 'Dream'

Where would
any be.
The lofty
Without the low.

Without a dream
to guide them so.

Practical words
from a purist
the most high
a 'Jurists'.

Whom speak
of reality
and take this
position
for I lack
this understanding.

I am blind
and 'I' try not
to hide it.

For you waste
your life.

Trying to obtain,
the unobtainable.
Upon which
I could never see.

Either may thou so
obtain,
without betraying
them.

So none
must give up

their hopes
and
there dreams.

Or
be crushed by
another's
needing your
reality for their
lack of yours.

Theirs seems
when it resides
inside
of the head
of the others
lacking it but for the other.

James McLain

I Think Like 'Falling' Stars

I think they are like 'Falling' stars,
one finger extended,
weeping high across the sky.

Do you look as I point can't you see, it.

The bright light of that one with the tail,
so long,
like a gown wedded to the heavens it's broad
and white and it's point lies between our eyes.

There are so many and many more will fall.
Do you remember,
this night last December.
Once more three will come to the one and see
to the sparrows wing and other beasts as well.
whose bright light and heart,
will reside once again within each chest we bare.

James McLain



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Psychology

Is it not obvious to you, by now.
I was some place else, Out There.
A place where all milk, is tainted.
Being even among the simplest of 'Men'
You would know even that much of milk.
That my milk was for no one there,
but for the ground, their milk as well.
Except for those few,
whom were and always, shall remain.

We may not even speak from inside-the 'Bible'.
For they are still openly and despised, allegedly.

Later,
much, much later and you
knowing that and deep inside I
became your mind,
and I your soul.

I watched your lips,
open up like a vast cloud of butterflies.
Words I viewed as truthful latter became
I still remained yours naively,
and yes I was cold and needed a place
to sleep and eat.

My bud for but a bud
it was and a bud it is even
now a bud
so full and heavy.

Though the width
and girth a limb
You saw it grow and grow,
you knew.
My psychology,
was that of a bud and
being hidden away so long.

It could only strengthen.

There in that place.

Being a simple man and

but that,

of a bud my strength was yours to take.

Where even though copious rivers and

you bathed in them,

frequently and often, even showered.

Because you knew things,

I never knew.

Those other things you knew would happen.

I can't explain being such a simple man.

And your belly grew and grew and I liked it

for you made milk then,

and I but a bud, not understanding it, I drank.

And you fed me things, that even now I don't

understand,

which just increased your need to feed me more.

James McLain

Discipline In Childhood

Soap as lard long cooking in that well
of good intentions.
Warmer then it growing hotter in the oven,
was it dutch,
or that small bleeding 'pot' my rump a roast.
With out the jelly,
spread far and wide across my thin white bread.

Each tug of war, laid hope without a rope
like winds that only banded snakes,
each hurricane would drive out from the ditch.
Living underneath my sodden creaking bed.
While one small head and smaller feet
are pulled apart untill each bone it squeaks,
my 'God' is that a mouse inside the house, 'again'.
Moaning in the wind please make it stop, my name.

James McLain



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A 'Milkmaid'

Human souls...like..
night and day...rivers..
high and banked...
That give no thanks..
Streams..endless streams..
white and endless....
hair...tied back....
Modern day.....
she is a heroine..
Sitting down.....
her wet soaked hands....
and talking softy...each..
gentle stroke produces more..
Her slim long arms.....
like tan marble..
are sculpted...
and thick each wrist..
seeing both...
they are well muscled....
She talks...trade...
her milk and butter...
for flour...
bacon and some eggs..
and on the radio..
that croons...
a soft country song...
With smooth practice....
and they...
like most heavy roots.
love her sweet long fingers....
as up and down....
she milks each stroke...
and to those ends....
as she switches..
hands....
was after all...
what you were after...

James McLain

In French It's Not All In The Suggestion

In French It's Not At All in the Suggestion;
Nor all or what it is inside contained,
the silk of cotton face, I've traced therein.
Such beauty;
how it feels when it moves in it's 'Emotion'.
Red of color lends and bleeds each covered face.
Men how American and the thought that such
a sight and they would rather loose an eye
then too come right out
and say they leave room for breakfast.

James McLain



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Erotic-Asphyxia

Yes,
tonight would be the night.
I hoped.
She was growing more enthusiastic.
It was several months, in between.
He and I both grabbed her.
Totally not caring,
whether she lived or died so long as it came off.
The routine tonight was different,
when she ripped her panties off and purple Violets.
What you saw,
were petals scattered wide across
the wind blown street.
Our crowning moment was as She remembered last.
Long after she had lost her consciousness.
I could see her body jerking and as those long fingers
dug so deeply into her neck that I think we broke it.
We were young and wild and had no limits.
Dumping her body right out side of Austin Texas.

James McLain

Open On The Rose

and it's just that you need it today
knowing that today
was no different than yesterday
and yet when i approach it
and it opens
like you know it will tomorrow
it is not fear that causes you to move
away towards it again
and when one end meets the other
and you do move it closer to the wall
even with each moon in my hand
it trembles as it readies
to open up and each petal
folding open on the rose
and the thorn
in it's heart and it's heat i touch
and though your arms
swimming the back stroke
try to reach backwards to some thing
that never was there
i just need
as you well now know
to pull the moon down
ever closer.
to meet it's living, breathing end.
Today opened on the rose, sits a thorn.

James McLain

Kisses Are 'You' Know

'Kisses' are you know,
always come back after 'Each' kiss.
lost in every every morning.
each kiss to me is different.
as different as the deepest of
the deepest shade of pink flowers,
from which it drinks.
and only the feet of the humming bird,
hang out of it i see.
and it so heavy with it's drink.
i watch out the window you look inside and smile.
Both of us are laughing,
as we watch it come out and tired and rest it's bill.

James McLain



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I Need To Breath....Between Each Squeeze

I need to breath....
between each squeeze
you take my breath away..
between each gentle squeeze;
and your nights...that calm my balmy days...
and nestled warm inside...
the stealth..
of one firm hand...
while knowing that you held there...
I moved for just one single...minded purpose...
and while you changed....some things around..
you love to squeeze it on...
you savored every squeeze you dreamed to squeeze.
and squeezed it out....right over them...
and knowing that your squeezing it....
in need again..
it's late at night...the moon is full..
the wind is moaning...
and it's up to you...to squeeze on it again...

James McLain

If Aching Or Crushed

Yet is a rose a rose;
Accoutrement's
of 'death' aliments and milk.
Absorbed and life-giving.
To most it is a kind face,
whom wasts beneath.
And those one or two others
would pass skunk weed off as a 'rose.'
if aching or crushed,
and affably is it cousin in close aroma.
and all whom it's activity touches and
if you are ashamed and never thus broken.
For sin is sin,
thus is why you continuously harass a thorn.

James McLain



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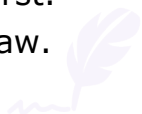
Stranger 'In Some' Strange Land

I Wonder lost,
tired and afraid;
an epidemic
in reverse
to repeat it's self again.

How was I raped?
Was it from the act?
Did I do it to myself?

Did some one tell you to.
To keep the home.
To keep the land.
To keep the child.

Before her birth, I thought
you had disposed of
like the first.
I never saw.



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I know 'I' Raised my voice.
I never struck you.

How were you to live
the way you did.
With all your wine.

Here I sleep,
while standing up
alone
alone and all afraid;
I whom swam with sharks.
I whom fought off death
so many times.

I may have now lost count.
Not any more.
No not now.

Does my little healthy girl
when you are drunk each night
again fear,
what you might say to her.

Did you not think any or if all
about her life.
When you took
my soul from her;
Her virginity before
it had evolved.

Her life,
My hopes
Her dreams
one day because of that.

I wonder lost untill that day,
like spring,
that never comes around.

a 'MOTHERS' day with out
Mays flowers.

Like a
Stranger 'in some' Strange Land,
walking on crushed skulls
of they whom came before.

What should 'WE' do with those like you.
Whom waste the men and little girls.
On 'Evil' such as that.

James McLain

Welcome To A Poet's Love-My Daughter

Welcome to A Poet's Love-My Daughter lived to Tell;
Three shrouded days, cloud wrapped you were
while names like stars went through the sky.
Like flamingo dawn that knew the sun as one.
I watched your mother's pain as if it were my own.
Fists clenched hard knuckles white breath drawn,
teeth grinding down hill untill, you came like storm of fury
in a rush of mist, flowing swiftly down as if Niagara's falls.

American is Caroline thou ar't welcome be,
your middle name is that first name
of England's Mother in the year she reigned
of our 'Lord' hath,
numbered be 'two thousand ought and three'.

Hear try this it pains her so, don't pull to hard
little wolf and born with teeth unlike most my 'dear'
or scrape your hungry little mouth nor teat you tear.
No accidental tryst were you and union made in name.
No board rooms follies nor jousting matches, paused
I rubbed the belly of that beast untill each union
made her swelled each moon was full untill that night
the rain it fell untill you came and showed the world.

I would have ask you if I could, strange questions though
they be.
Foolish quest of knowledge yes it dwells in me as well.
What was it like inside the source, did you have to wait
to long.
Is the world to you again now what he said it was to you.
Inside the sea of foam was there a light you saw us from.

From where it is mine came that brought me here a feast
considered is potatoes, hills of beans...now rest my 'dear'.
Does your belly get the meat you need to grow.
I came from ice and snow each rock it breathed as the
steam brought forth the waters that we call mead.
Deep from that well inside the earth we all call home.

Inside your heart the 'clan' few 'Mc's are let now free to roam.
Most call us 'crazy'..long ago 'berserkers' breaking down
the wooden halls of kings, your are from such green 'moss'
you are of a daughter, that you may now know, I call my own.

James McLain

The Lizard

is it not 'Erotic'
what i'm
writing
here to you
that if
you
make me
stop it
i will
have to tell
on you
and
if they hear
you 'cry'
then i
may never
come
again
but
if i let you stay
and you
are looking
out
my window
do you see
that
lizard over there
on that
tree
and what
it's doing.

James McLain



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Mother Margareta

'Dear' those catholic skirts..
plaid..dark navy blue...
with the white blouse..
and red ties..
do any of your friends where..
skirts like that..
or you..
to school...
where the fruit is ripe in plain view..
to the few..
that the girl likes to see.
Here comes Mother Margareta.
I will ask her..
Though those blue ropes..
on her legs look like rivers to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The 'Last Milking'..Stayed

The 'Last milking'..Stayed..untill it's done...
The 'Last milking' each one said!
Lolly pops, brown bags are full of treats
who ever heard of one last milking,
but for the condemned,
the Victims have those rights
singing just as I am,
while in the church of 'death' it is just then.
even if we are well practiced children
of the faith, none live in sin
and besides living in the south
any thing we want is legal tender 'dear'.
Except that one thing and that
old brand
and flat that can of 'bush' it hopped out beer.

It was after all within thier hands each need,
and considered moreover how odd
An anonymous last request
This is the last one great green frontier,
in Florida here, who knows
how long and wide the width therein.

Who would do it.
It would have to be witnessed.
In Two hundred years.
It had never been considered.
Yet, I knew some how.
But that a storm and quake was coming,
Looking out,
within that vast sea of one a witnesses.
Asking and
dumb founded as every arm came up
but his they found.

And when it came.
Then it came,
mighty cymbals CRASHED!
It came again, hot lightning from below

while they,
each team in thier hurried up
but quickly never panicked mode,
yet Hurried it off and much too quickly.

The creamy-white milk
swished out down through plastic pipes.
They thought they would milk it out,
for weeks if not a day,
can they make it last an hour.

And the 'Doctor' reluctantly,
pronounced the date and time
once again they felt cheated
pushing down the milk filled plunger
beating death again.

The rehearsal is carried out
over and over and if this is not hell
lets just do it, one more time.
Where is old sparky.

James McLain

Yonder Paradox

Tis true that deep Within her heart,
you thought was mine I knew beat yours.
I might be southern and a hick
but know the difference tween a
turtle and it's brothers gopher hole.
You think me dumb, I am you see.
Around your circles I have run
the more I see you run, I won't, you will.
Your wood upon my fire was placed,
by you to burn as mine disgraced,
not wise of you I found within my
cotton field
I grew you bought with her to sell
replanted and to spread it far and wide
each heavy bag, you try to sell to me
against each burning field and blind.
No I'm not that Quick I wait,
for miles and miles and hot your smile
in her on me and 'Judge' you washed it
white a Picket fence so 'dear' away.
My end of time, old 'Mummy' lives around
the bend, upon your court house steps
from him she wears upon my wrist, her sin.
Sweet southern man I am no thanks to you.
We beat both side of the same sheet that
hangs between,
each candy 'Apple' red Corvettes two seats.

R.L.

James McLain

'Riding' 'It, At Night

It will do it
where
you want.

....

Do you
want it
there right
now.

....

Will you take it
by the hand
and
show it how

....

It will meet you
where it's safe.

....

If you will meet
it there
right now.

....

and
when you put
it where
you want it

....

you can say
it has
been there

....

so many
times
you smiled
before

....

Remember
when you must

....

it is you

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it only
trusts

....

And only when
the moon
is full
and
it is high

....

We will ride it
there tonight

....

when the
children
are asleep

....

at night

....

to the clearing
it has made
by the shore

....

On it's steed of
blinding light

....

you have
riden
once before

....

bring
cubes of sugar
and an
apple
if you care

...

..

.

James McLain

Gossamer Shroud

Gossamer Shroud

Finery most precious, clear faces.

Whimsical silk and all it's fancy tales.

More than deep, Greek mythology.

So that woman may go naked,
on cobbled streets, while clothed.

Wearing ought,

but bright colored robes.

Almost religious,

sericulture of it's knowledge.

Volunteering, some live to do so,

'Standing' guard over this well a secret.

Even today, being windy it is so.

And it is,

ever so much cooler because of it.

James McLain



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If An 'Error'

'If' by an 'Error' one has made
or two, we can agree.
Scriveners all can see.
And over time has turned to three.
One hour needn't be that long
when I've been laid to wait in sleep.

'If' by being civil, both my hands held out
too you and who's to me.
Some words of magic held between
two lines that never parted.
Your every master of my tounge, denied
by some not I yet still.
You must have the will to reach and guide.
While music lifts my heart and soul.
Your song,
I have long known, by he whom..I have read.

Doubt by some has lain in wait,
some longer,
than that month, each moon has turned to years.
even while, you sit and walk around.
The bench was
whom to blame the chair once high is all but gone.
And by you...must know this now, but how,
'If' it has waited long in vain.
My pockets emptied while yours grow long
I must have been the biggest fool.
'If' now you own what is still mine and I
owned what you owned I find that was but time...

r.k.

James McLain

Ride 'It' In Your Dreams

It will do it
where
you want it.

....

Do you
want it
there right
now.

....

Will you take it
by the hand
and
show it how

....

It will meet you
where it's safe.

....

If you will meet
it there
right now.

....

and
when you put
it where
you want it

....

you can tell
it has
been
held there
once before

....

Remember
and you must

....

it is you
it only
trusts

....

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And only when
the moon
is full
and it is high

....

We will ride it
there tonight

....

when most
are deep
beside
the stream

....

most call
dreams
late at night

....

to the clearing
it has made
by the shore

....

On it's steed of
blinding light

....

you have
riden
once before.

...

..

.

James McLain

The Dance

i can dance, i can dace,
and you watch me,
as i dance up and down
come and share
this last dance with me
as i dance this dance,
i hold on to you,
as you hold on to me
while they watch us,
both of us laughing as we
dance the rest of our life away.

i grow, i grow,
While i watch you,
and for all of this time,
you have been where, i grew,
most advanced in your care
as i watched you..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thin Paper Lantern

Those thin walls..hold...paper lantern..
Onions silky skin..it glows bright red..
Brown pole..bamboo is cooked shinny..
Fresh cut wick..needs...it's consonants..
My..words are as...moth to light....fly by..

James McLain



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Half

Half between each half
each half is split
on either side of each half
is the half of one split i want
settling for half of that
that half i wont
one split is all that lies
between that half i want.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Soft Of Voice I Die

When soft of voice i die
in wood you lay, he stays.

To play harps cord of grief
each note you play, i knew.

Bright 'Golden' ring,
you found around, i left.
One is held untill in love,
we meet in life again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lily 'shuns' The Rose

Lily 'Shuns' the Rose
Sweet with love,
each breath has run
So 'Far' so far, away.

Ignored by all
her lifeless
face
once warm and red
now pale
with dread.

and pink each petaled
gown now lays
upon the hard cold ground
too fade.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Is The Why Do I Ache

how is the why do i ache.
can't you just tell me.
and i do so much less
when you gently.
i ache.
and knowing this gently,
you do.
and even in sleep.
weep i do.
some how,
when you gently, i move.
when you softly and gently,
you prove.
and behind my minds eye,
i sleep.
watching the swans, as i do.
i ache, watching your neck,
as it gracefully bends.
you do it and so gently,
i weep.
and i in my sleep
with out ever waking,
you sate.
and rolling so gently
each night i sleep
with you i'm in love.
and i ache across waves,
so i'm blue.

James McLain

Privates

I walk in to many worlds.
While awake 'I' see but 'Death'
and it is more
than that 'dream' of what you think
of me, you did find.

Withered limbs, dry shriveled lips
obnoxious gasses
more than one pair of gloves 'I'
must wear on each hand,
glassy is each milky eye
that likes to watch, more come.

Youth now, 'Youth' every child we
have,
that perfect 'Angel' does no wrong
with a camera held in each hand.

My privates and rights to privacy
as last night
'I' found
out side of our window
a purpose you left cracked for all
your friends to find.

Our faces hidden, while mums hand
reached around
to find
that one lovely reason,
for why you are even here,
behind the blinds.

Untill it was sent to my phone.
Try to black mail
your new foster parents
with those pictures that hang
on the wall.

James McLain

Here 'He' Comes 'Your' Lover And She's 'Gay'

Bored your teenage years
it is fun and it's a game,
hidden underneath the
Catholic skirt,
deep lovely pink insane.
just to keep milking it.
the way,
you all now do know how.
Friends for fifteen years
looking at your hands.
warm and slippery.
yellow white and dripping wet.
and ever sowing always sowing.
you're fevered pitch it's hot
and now it's glowing.
all of your faces are beet red.
rejected by him at the prom.
him by all of you.
ruffles you put in his milk.
He does not drink.
Not what you might think
he does not drink at all
and he is good.
and loved by all,
by you and by the rest
just as he should.
and look at him now.
passed out cold.
but how can you now.
how can you,
and your two friends.
while one squeezes firmly full,
the brown paper bag.
and when one's coming up
each flight of stairs
the other's always coming down.
and all of you giggle
change positions and you *sigh.*
and all of that spilled milk.

milk all that white creamy milk.
looking all around
it is every where.
it is on your faces,
even on your hands.
and those blouses
that you change and your skirts.
are soaked as well.
deep asleep,
sleeping like a babe.
and yes you were knowing,
as here he comes again.
and you know by now,
he's in deep pain.
and none of you seem to care.
here comes a lover,
that none of you then knew.
that a hunk like him could
choose to be 'gay'.
and you didn't like, that
all the ones that you wanted
like him, are always gay.
feeding him all of those ruffies,
like the three of you,
you did and
have done in recent past.
like the ones who,
come to school the next day,
and with out any memory
of those nights of the past.
While you keep
all of those pictures as proof
of your thrills.
what do all you think of
your hot selves.
and even more so vainly now.
as he lays there on your couch,
deep fast in rem sweet sleep.
and still alive in all your hands
with your skill he's moving now.

James McLain

The 'Last Milking'

The 'Last milking' each one said!
who ever heard of one last milking,
but for the condemned,
the Victims have those rights
singing just as I am,
while in the church of 'death' it is just
even if we are well practiced children
and besides living in the south
any thing we want is legal 'dear'.
Except that one thing and that
old brand and flat that can of beer.

It was after all within thier hands,
and considered moreover how odd
An anonymous last request
This is the last one great frontier,
in Florida here, who knows.

Who would do it.
It would have to be witnessed.
In Two hundred years.
It had never been considered.
Yet, I knew some how.
But that a storm and quake was coming,
Looking out,
within that vast sea of witnesses.
Asking and
dumb founded as every arm came up
but his.

And when it came.
Then it came, CRASH!
The team in there panic,
Hurried it off much too quickly.

The creamy-white milk
swished out down through plastic pipes.
They thought they would milk it out,
for weeks if not a day,

can they make it last an hour.

And the 'Doctor' reluctantly,
pronounced the date and time
once again they felt cheated
pushing down the milk filled plunger
beating death again.

The rehearsal is carried out
over and over and if this is not hell
lets just do it, one more time.
Where is old sparky.

James McLain

'Dear' Is This Why 'You' Milked 'It'

.....'dear' is this why 'you' milked 'it'
'dear' is this why 'you' milked 'it'
or is it just because
While your looking out the window
you see children running round.

And still you know that freedom, they
will never let me have.
Bought my soul 'I' never sold
it is the power of my heart.

For a single dropp of my rich milk
thats full history and here inside my head.

It is not in the actual milking and though
I lay it by your hand to keep me safe.
It is not where your hands move it to,
as they roam across this land

'dear'.... is this why 'you' milk it,
when my head is 'void' of brains.
and this is why i love you, all the more.
Do 'you' milk it, just to watch the milk
come shooting out and like that comets
tail,
when it flew across the sky that starry night.

James McLain

That Other Ship Forgot

That Other Ship Forgot
That smokey 'Hole'
and fiery red
so hot
that
eye enraged
the blaze is seen through
silk and lace
for miles around
no man,
would she left, he get up
that channel
all have lofted sail
to die
upon each toothy rock
their skulls
bleached white
by salt and westward sun
each sprockets
hid beneath the waves
of foam
white sands of time tossed back.

James McLain

Modern Florida's 'Chain' Of D.N.A.

It's been so long since i have seen one lovely smile.
Boy you best get your self back into that line,
your dressed in blue and to her you all, look the same.
'Boss' she covers me, with all of those, my lost dreams.
Reckless eye balling boy, no supper again for you.
I'm only asking why, 'Boss' man...
Boy your dressed in blue, your blue from head to toe.
Each day my wife, she comes and brings my lunch
and besides that cup of fruit, is not for fools.
'Boss'.
Boy: now what!
And then get back to work and you best shut up.
'Boss' your eyes are blue and she is white, like you.
Boy: and whats the point your trying to make with me,
be quick or back in side the hole you will go off to sleep.
Boss' it's the kids...I see inside the car.
I am thinking 'Boss'
and in thinking, 'I' have thought and thinking
'I' have thought to long,
I may be wrong....and 'Boss', I've been wrong before.
But they look like twins or so it is 'Boss' I'm not color blind.
Don't they appear 'Boss' and your eyes seem clear..
Are they not looking to be...a bit off color..
'Boss'.... and looking, the same as me.

James McLain

Teenage Wasteland

I have sat here by the by always watching.
No attention do they pay me, as I see them.
Trees and woods,
it's barren land spread amongst my, bed of Roses.
Roots are stirring, deeply in the earth,
the Lilies barely patched so like most roofs.
Teenage Wasteland
of My memory of my youth was not like this.
Am I old and they are young,
memories vague some thing stirring, prejudiced.
Lilies mixed with Roses.
Horse and carriage take me back to my old days
of Lilac water.
Rings of 'Cheap' cigars held out, about each label.
Holding out against tight jeans.
When I have to buy them,
does she have to make me watch her..try them on.
Burlap is not silk and each cotton face, I see.
The center rose and lily knows this teenage wasteland,
some how got the best of what is left inside of me.

James McLain

'Dear' This Is Why 'You' Milk 'It'

'dear' this is why 'you' milk me
is it just because
While your looking out the window
you see them running all around.

And still you know that freedom
will can not, be bought or ever sold
for a single jar
thats full history and my rich clay.

It is not in the actual milking and though
I lay it by your hands.
It is not where your hands move to,
as they roam across this land

'dear' this is why 'you' milk me,
and this is why i love you.
'you' milk me just to watch the milk
come out like shooting stars at night.

James McLain

'Dear' Is This Why 'You' Milk Me

'dear' this is why 'you' milk me
because
looking out the window
you see them running all around.

While still you know that freedom
can't be staunched
you milk it more and more each day.

It is not in the actual milking and though
I lay it by your hands.
it is not what your hands they do,
trying to stay so busy as you know
they always do.

'dear' this is why 'you' milk me,
and this is why i love you.
'you' milk me just to watch the milk
as it comes shooting out.

James McLain

It's His Woods In Her Forest;

It's his woods in her forest;
That my eyes have seen inside of her two parts.
Softly talking, themselves, webbed in collusion.
Golden those leaves hold out two worlds, upside
down in moon cups, sleepless those voices.
Many, many trees, cotton woods, brown tanned.
Squirrels nests hang down so full with birds at play.
Between the bark the cracks are deep, and the smell
of sticky sap, thick puddled grainy is warm heady.
Most who pass by, push there fingers deep inside it.
Then reach down to wipe it, along in smears, so tacky
in the middle of every where, loved between each touch.
While the trees
grow very deep I thought and live within her forest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why I Wait

Why I Wait and so wait I must;
As I am warm,
I wait for the geese to fly south.

Being she gentles me as no other
like her, she can
I wait for her to gentle that one other
side none see.

While I wait, each morning you wait
to see
the reflection in his eyes of all that
she has done, that you want him to be.

I have waited long enough, for she has
told me so.
The geese are flying north again and
watching as I wait they are two shy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Camp E-How-Kee.

Camp E-How-Kee
as a child
had it's dark side as well.

Paul Butler is doing life
for robbery
i know.
He was black and seemed
like a nice kid back then,
he was the token
in our small group of whites
with him it numbered ten.

Fat Jack..Jack Thomas
died
in Florida state prison.

George Walker abused by
his father,
Sexually, psychologically and
physically life a living hell.
kicked in the face by Chief Snell.
He may have weighted
seventy pounds soaking wet
five foot one perhaps.
While Chief Snell,
wearing size thirteen and standing
six foot eleven in bare socks.
Kicked him in his face one early morn.

George in and out prison as well
perhaps by now, 'maybe dead.
He had courage.

Robert Sykes, whom wet the bed
every night.
Lord only knows,
the demons and monsters,
inside of his head.

The abuse that he suffered at home
was his fault we all now know
but a child as well.

is he alive..Amen.

The boy with the epileptic seizures
so bad
I remember his name..
as Dwayne Robinson..he shook and he
screamed all night..
putting the pillow over his head.

While the counselor poured buckets
of cold water on him.
Screaming be quite.
where was 'God'..then..

Must I go on..yes I will.
All of us between eleven and twelve.
Maybe one was thirteen..
mighty frontiersman were we.

Angels, were we heavens know, 'no.....
being allowed to use axes
and draw knives
we kept pocket knives to do our work.

And Wally Otting was like Frank...
Michael Berro...
none thinking back then were like I..
When it got to bad
I would take most away in the middle
of the night to escape..
what we thought we escaped when it was
we left our homes.

Most would not listen and then get caught
I always made it back home fifty miles
of eating berries or nothing at all..
just to be sent back again.

Delila after dark..this was then...
you were a tender Ronnie and
I was a boy of twelve..with no
moss or beard..
and my parts even then were coveted
by others as well..

This is my confession for them..
Donna Black...H.C.S.D.
Doing this to us was what.....and
where is Gary Anderson?

What could a child, 'i have done back then
but i tried, as
One group of five made up of tens.

Thinking back those were the most
courageous
children whom most never knew what it is
that you have
that they never did..most Sunday mornings
at chapel
they sang the old rugged cross and
amazing grace,
and through the garden all walked alone.

I can be reached @

James McLain

Death On Each 'Clear' Dawn

Chilly the air and foggy is
'Death'
what hour is this must I,
and as you go, do I.
Down again we lay
to look once more at dawn.

There is barely,
as it leaves the room
to catch it's eye
yet eye, theres room for you
look here as it for you it comes again.

I pace back and forth,
upon the path you've yet to find
and it, you find It soon.

Lost Instructions found my living will
it's leaving, left you so far behind,
to face your tender fears.

It's leaving me,
as if it were
some hidden whippoorwill.

I have come around once more
around and walking down,
you gain perhaps a foot or two.

James McLain

Some 'Ants'

you give them
some thing
better
and they
leave
the crumbs behind.

James McLain



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I Am 'sad'

i am 'Sad'
though not ashamed.
once some one said,
to me.
i was full of myself.
anyone, every one and
the rest who have,
done it as well, i know.
i love the moon, not any moon
but your's is the only moon.
i love when Lily confides to me,
about her Rose.
and the garden i tend always full.
i love toes,
'God' made each toe i love.
and 'Given' the care he gave each heart.
he has shown me,
and see it's like this.
if i had a single 'Rose' to kiss,
'Lily' would soon have to know about all the rest.
and then all the moons,
would find out about the best.
so you see, i am not that full of myself.
i am just always so heavy and full,
like all the rest and i'm ready to burst.
and even the 'Lord' knows,
that the toes that he makes are the best.

James McLain

Sad'

i am 'Sad'
though not ashamed.
once some one said,
i was full of myself.
anyone, every one and
the rest who have,
done it i know.
i love the moon, not any moon
but your moon.
i love when Lily confides to me,
about her Rose.
i love toes, 'God' made each toe
with the care he gave each heart.
see it's like this.
if i had a Rose to kiss,
Lily would soon know.
and then all the moons would know the rest.
so you see, i am not full of myself.
i am just always so heavy and full.
and the 'Lord' knows that toes are the best..

James McLain

After 'Each' Kiss

you know,
i always come back after 'Each' kiss.
every morning.
each kiss to me is different.
as different as the deepest of
the deep pink flowers.
it drinks.
and only the feet of the humming bird i see.
and so heavy with it.
i watch you look and i smile.
watching it come out and rest against it's bill.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Garden' Of Silk

The 'Garden' Of Silk,
flying through the pale moon light.
Green and lush, such health
is seen by few,
Earthy and rich the air so musky.
Blooming plants accented
with moths.
That resemble those butterflies.
Figurines, of her beauty
resting on fresh cut flowers.
The scented silk only accents -
each giant moth.....
as it spins vines of silk..
that seep all around her soft,
sleeping face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Even Worse Morning

i dressed in poor lite
this morning.
the rest were asleep.
i arrived at work.
wearing,
a brown sock and
black one.
and each penny loafer,
was the same color.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Did It There, 'Because You Liked It'

i did it,
there 'because you liked it'
but if i keep doing it,
we mustn't tell each other why.
and sparrows cannot fly
with out their wings.
you are why i keep doing it.
i did it because you liked it.
and i liked it as well.
when you like it as much as i do.
and you liked it even more.
and when i some times do it here.
and some times over there,
you seem to like more.
i think,
you just like to watch my face,
when my eyes balls.
did what you say they did,
though i am hard pressed
to believe what you say
that they did it any way.
meat balls like you said they did.
never the less
and you still have to help me.
as i still can't do it very long.
and when that moment comes.
just squeeze them more.
please,
do not make a long production out of it.
it's over much to quick.
i think it's only there because,
you have left me there to long.
and it seems
i always have and always will
and look at how it does it even now.
why....it's still doing it and i know it's
because you liked it
and so i did it just for you.
and your so pleased

you mustn't ever tell her how
or even must a why,
but i will do it for you there
just one more time
if you promise to stay quite.

James McLain

Wicked

is it wicked of me if i;
buy a peach and it's too soft and ripe.
what if after words
it does what you thought
it would do
and then it well,
just might.
and yes
and you know my fingers are more than,
any thing they do
and still you would have me, *sigh*.
what if i
pick the next one up,
and squeeze out the center
and 'lord' it does it too.
i keep running my fingers all around it,
in and out of it
yes
and underneath it to.
like those all around me do.
yet still it's so peachy
and they all remain as they were.
and watching yes
they laugh so hard and most of them they knew.
well,
i guess i can always wipe that juice off.
but i'm thinking what if i do,
what if the best i miss
and pass them by.
could i leave the best behind.

James McLain

And With Just Your One Finger

and with just your one finger and with it you could.
and with only it, you would split the world.
and you could leave it there and move me around it.
and other things, are more or less complicated.
and with the one you left me, more too explore it with.
and if it touches my heart, it missed nothing.
and if the world exploded around it, it is just your finger.
and once it's consumed, what is left but that world.
and with just your one finger, my world was spun around it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Morning' Dew

We both lactate.
Excited as the petals
open wide.

As both change sides,
and finally come together.

Just as the dew,
drips from each rose
early
comes the morning.

Some work harder.
And their reward has grown.

While still the bee
comes back.
With yellow heavy feet
and much to tell.

James McLain

Open Your 'Heart' To It's Touch

and it's just that you need it today
knowing that today
was no different than yesterday
and yet when i approach it
and it opens
like you know it will tomorrow
it is not fear that causes you to move
towards it
and when one enigma meets the other
and you do move it closer to the wall
even with each moon in my hand
it trembles as it readies
to open up and each petal
folding open on the rose
and the thorn
in it's heart and it's heat i touch
and though your arms
swimming the back stroke
try to reach backwards to some thing
that never was there
i must need
as you well know
to pull the moon down
now ever closer.
to meet it's living, breathing end.

Is It Poetry

James McLain

Cradle Song

Can you Hear them 'child'
above your head.
and Heavy hearted,
they are tired like you.

Angels, counting out
your every breath,
they see.
I hear them sing for you.

Would you cry from want
of those.
whom rest their heads but
rise no more.
To greet the morning sun.

So 'Hush' now child and
and don't you cry.
Gods mercy lives in you.

James McLain

Talk 'To' The Pillows

I have all ways done
so, even as a child
did I know gallons of tears
mostly from fear

As nuerotic people
whom claimed they
did care

Sendings uncles to bring
you back from places
only Crawford would dare

Fearless of death you knew
it true

Crawford she was not
but so many think
they are



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Does the child in this thing
called the show must go on

The show always goes on
at pace with grace

No decent
director could
say but of else
colors magnificent
managerie to bring
back

Memories red white and blue
with such grace
and a level head
every single
mountain top
would be so

happily tread

For the purity
of simple
snow taste
not of tears

So the Pillow
tells me so

James McLain

And 'Ladies'

and 'Ladies' young and old
do you even know
when i go into the grocery store
and how they come all around me
and i
not even paying attention
as they watch me squeeze this and
squeeze that
and they being all that you are
some what more and some few less
and they
take my hand and place it there
and in my hand they squeeze and stare
they squeeze it harder than they should
but i'm not paying attention
and as i'm thinking about squeezing
that which needs to be squeezed
in my mind i am squeezing it more
and watching some become flushed
there faces grow dark and pink
so many
and so many my head spins around
looking down as i feel
all of that juice run free
through my hands
and all of my critical thinking
has once again left me, it's gone.

James McLain

Co-Habitation

Co-habitation,
is marriage, 'Love' if it is.

If it 'is' not,
be glad that it is.
For sound judgement
fans that flame and prevails.

Where there is malice towards
none,
both are at home and kept warm.

Living on water,
food is no problem.
Unless.

m.a.



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James McLain

Greater 'Minds' Than Mine

Greater 'Minds' Than Mine;
Have left the 'Earth' and walked away.
Einstein as a troubled child,
lobotomized,
mixed socks and locked away.
Hubble and his visions eye'd,
are seen across the sky.
D.N.A...must free more how...
When freedom lies barred now.
Worlds within a world within a world,
his world inside one waits.
Within our dreams.
We do not waste our time on germs,
untill they show us how.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Question

Even if my body
hides your mind.
Our house burns down
around us.

What should I do,
Where will you go.
Will we sleep at all.

I need the axe again
keep back.
Plant flowers in your bed.

The sky it never waits
it rains,
come winter it is cold.

Under the sky in fresh
mown hay,
untill we are home again.

James McLain

A Prayer

My prayer, is that no one hears
or sees my soiled pants.
as i walk through the blinding snow
and up each blood soaked step.
People crowd all around and such
they pause to let me by.
Chafed so tight and bound my wrists,
your lips,
i see are pink and fair,
each face looks on in thralled.
None asks, her why.
My love for her, stands tall, each fear,
i feel,
by all around.
i see them both huddled there,
calmly watching arm in arm.
When the wooden levers pulled.
The sun shines off the blade,
'Lord' this mind is dull
as it comes slowly down.
My head,
rolls down the wooden ramp,
and bloodies her clean feet.
i stood alone before the bench,
without a name,
hood covered in her shame.

s.t.

James McLain

On 9/11 A Third Skyscraper Plunged To Earth:

On 9/11 a THIRD Skyscraper Plunged to Earth:

The Sudden Implosion of WTC Building 7

By David R. Kimball

July 30,2005

“It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth ... For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.”

- Patrick Henry

“The important thing is to never stop questioning.”

- Albert Einstein

Everyone remembers the Twin Towers exploding at 9: 59AM and 10: 28AM EDT

on September 11, 2001. Comparatively few people can recall that there was a third massive skyscraper, also a part of the World Trade Center, which fell very rapidly to the ground on that day. This was World Trade Center Building 7.¹

One reason that few remember WTC Building 7's collapse is that after September 11th it has been treated, both in the media and in The 9/11 Commission Report, as if it didn't happen.

"The total collapse of the third huge skyscraper late in the afternoon September 11th was reported as if it were an insignificant footnote... most people never saw video of Building 7's collapse... Incredibly, it is virtually impossible to find any mention of Building 7 in newspapers, magazines, or broadcast media reports after September 11th."²

"The Commission avoids another embarrassing problem – explaining how WTC 7 could have collapsed, also virtually at free-fall speed – by simply not mentioning the collapse of this building."³

The collapse of Building 7 at 5: 20PM EDT was in itself a major event; the sudden and unexplained fall to earth of a 47-story steel-framed skyscraper is certainly news. Why has there been almost no mention of this in the U.S. media, and why was there no mention of Building 7's collapse in The 9/11 Commission Report? These are questions of great significance, and they cry out for answers. To be able to approach any kind of explanation, however, first some pertinent and verified facts of the Building 7 aspect of 9/11 need to be scrutinized.

The following eleven facts have been compiled from the research of reputable sources – those who have dared to question and have devoted innumerable hours into discovering what really happened on 9/11.

FACT 1: WTC Building 7 was one of the largest buildings in downtown Manhattan. It was 47 stories tall, about half the height of the Towers, and took up an entire city block. It was 300 feet from the closest Twin Tower (the North Tower, WTC 1), and was a steel-framed, concrete structure.⁴

FACT 2: WTC Building 7 – on its 23rd floor – housed an Emergency Command Center for the City of New York that Mayor Rudolph Giuliani had built in the mid-1990's. On the morning of September 11th, Mayor Giuliani did not go "to his Command Center – with its clear view of the Twin Towers – but to a makeshift, street-level headquarters at 75 Barkley Street." WTC 7 also held the offices of numerous government agencies, including the Department of Defense, the CIA, the Secret Service, the IRS, and the Security and Exchange Commission.⁵ Late

2001 was the time of “the height of the investigation into Enron, so the majority of Enron’s SEC filings were likely destroyed when World Trade Center 7 came down.”⁶

FACT 3: WTC Building 7 was not hit by airplane or significant debris on September 11th. It had been evacuated after the planes hit the towers. By the afternoon of September 11th, there were a few small fires of unknown origin evident in the building, and these small fires could be seen in only a few of the hundreds and hundreds of windows in the building.⁷

FACT 4: On September 11, 2001, at 5: 20PM, EDT, World Trade Center Building 7 suddenly and rapidly collapsed. Beginning with the penthouse, all 47 stories of it imploded into its own footprint in less than seven seconds. Three different videos of Building 7’s vertical collapse – two from CBS video broadcasts, and one from an NBC news camera – can be seen online at <http://wtc7.net/videos.html>.

FACT 5: On September 16th, NASA flew an airplane over the World Trade Center site, recorded infrared radiation coming from the ground, and created a thermal map. The U.S. Geological Survey analyzed this data, and determined the actual temperature of the rubble. This map shows that five days after the collapse of Building 7, the surface temperature of a section of its rubble was 1,341° F.⁸ This high a temperature is indicative of the use of explosives.

“WTC 7’s rubble pile continued to smolder for months.”⁹

FACT 6: Fire Engineering magazine is the 125-year-old paper-of-record of the fire engineering community. Bill Manning, editor-in-chief, wrote an Editor’s Opinion in the January, 2002 edition. His editorial, *Selling Out the Investigation*, pointed out that destruction of evidence – the hurried removal of rubble which should be examined by investigators – is illegal. He also issued a “call to action”. To quote excerpts:

“For more than three months, structural steel from the World Trade Center has been and continues to be cut up and sold for scrap. Crucial evidence that could answer many questions ... is on the slow boat to China ...”

“I have combed through our national standard for fire investigation, NFPA 921, but nowhere in it does one find an exemption allowing the destruction of evidence for buildings over 10 stories tall.”

“Fire Engineering has good reason to believe that the ‘official investigation’ blessed by FEMA [Federal Emergency Management Agency] and run by the

American Society of Civil Engineers is a half baked farce [emphasis mine] that may have already been commandeered by political forces whose primary interests, to put it mildly, lie far afield of full disclosure. Except for the marginal benefit obtained from a three-day, visual walk-through of evidence sites conducted by ASCE investigation committee members – described by one close source as a ‘tourist trip’ – no one’s checking evidence for anything.”

“The destruction and removal of evidence must stop immediately.”

“Firefighters, this is your call to action. ...contact your representatives in Congress and officials in Washington and help us correct this problem immediately.” 10 11

FACT 7: In May of 2002, FEMA published their report #403 titled World Trade Center Building Performance Study. This report claims that the fires caused the building to collapse, but that the specifics of how this is supposed to have occurred “...remain unknown at this time.”¹²

FACT 8: The collapse of WTC Building 7 shows five characteristics of a controlled demolition:

It “dropped directly into its own footprint in a smooth, vertical motion”;

It “collapsed completely in less than seven seconds”;

“Dust streamed out of the upper floors of Building 7 early in its collapse”;

“WTC 7’s roof inverted toward its middle as the collapse progressed”; and

“WTC 7’s rubble was mostly confined to the block on which the building stood.”¹³

FACT 9: “Larry Silverstein is a rather large player within the realms of 21st Century real estate, finance, and politics.”¹⁴ He “...had taken out a long lease on the World Trade Center only six weeks before 9/11. In a PBS documentary entitled ‘America Rebuilds’, originally aired in September of 2002, Silverstein made the following statement about Building 7:

‘I remember getting a call from the, er, fire department commander, telling me that they were not sure they were gonna be able to contain the fire, and I said, “We’ve had such terrible loss of life, maybe the smartest thing to do is pull it.” And they made that decision to pull, and we watched the building collapse.’” 15
16

FACT 10: "It is inconceivable that anyone could be running around placing explosives in exactly the right places all within seven hours. In fact, implosions take a minimum of two weeks and up to two months to plan and place the charges. The fire department of New York does not even train their personnel to do controlled demolition. They are done by highly skilled experienced specialists who plan and test far ahead."¹⁷

FACT 11: "... [George W.] Bush's brother, Marvin Bush, and his cousin, Wirt Walker III, were principles in the company [Stratesec, formerly named Securacom] that was in charge of security for the World Trade Center, with Walker being the CEO from 1999 until January 2002."¹⁸

In summation: A major aspect of 9/11 has been excluded from the entire U.S. media after September 11th, and was also omitted from The 9/11 Commission Report. This was the sudden fall to earth, on September 11th, 2001, of World Trade Center Building 7. Not hit by airplane or significant debris, 300 feet from the closest Twin Tower, and with just a few small fires burning within it, at 5:20PM EDT this massive concrete and steel-framed 47-story skyscraper imploded into its own footprint in less than seven seconds. Its rapid implosion had all of the characteristics of a controlled demolition, and the World Trade Center leaseholder, Larry Silverstein, stated in so many words that the building had been collapsed by demolition. It takes weeks, if not months, to prepare the demolition of a building as large as WTC 7; this implosion could not have been engineered and implemented in seven chaotic hours on September 11th. Therefore, a question emerges:

Who had the means and expertise to engineer such a demolition and acquire needed materiel, and who had access to WTC Building 7 PRIOR TO September 11, 2001 in order to place the explosives?

An inquiry into the answer to this question might be a good place to begin a search for the real perpetrators of 9/11. Do we, the citizens of the United States,

have the courage and honesty necessary to initiate an actual investigation, or will we continue living a Lie – and reap the consequences?

“Why do you notice the sliver in your friend’s eye, but overlook the timber in your own? ”

- Jesus

The following books, resources, and websites are recommended, in addition to the material listed in the footnotes:

The Secret Team – The CIA and Its Allies in Control of the United States and the World, by L. Fletcher Prouty, Col., U.S. Air Force (Ret.) , Copyright 1973,1992,1997 by L. Fletcher Prouty (Available from Len Osanic at www.prouty.org, or online at <http://www.ratical.org/ratville/JFK/ST/ST.html>)

Understanding Special Operations – And Their Impact on The Vietnam War Era – 1989 Interview with L. Fletcher Prouty, Colonel USAF (Retired) , by David T. Ratcliffe (rat haus reality press,1999) www.ratical.org

9/11 Synthetic Terror – Made in USA, by Webster Griffin Tarpley (Progressive Press,2005) www.tarpley.net

Global Outlook magazine, available at many book and magazine outlets
www.globaloutlook.ca

Peace Resource Project, P.O. Box 1122, Arcata, CA 95519
www.peaceproject.com (707) 822-4229

Questioning the War on Terrorism – Carol Brouillet’s website: <http://www.communitycurrency.org/9-11.html>

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1 Jim Hoffman, <http://wtc7.net>

2 Jim Hoffman, <http://wtc7.net/silence.html>

3 David Ray Griffin, *The 9/11 Commission Report – Omissions and Distortions* (Olive Branch Press, 2005) ,28

4 Don Paul and Jim Hoffman, *Waking Up From Our Nightmare* (Irresistible/Revolutionary, 2004) ,5-20

5 Don Paul and Jim Hoffman, 18

6 Barry Zwicker, *The 9/11 News Special You Never Saw*, Global Outlook magazine (Issue 9, Fall/Winter 2005) ,19

7 Eric Hufschmid, Painful Questions – An Analysis of the September 11th Attack (Endpoint Software,2002) ,62-65

8 Eric Hufschmid,69-70

9 Don Paul and Jim Hoffman,10

10 Eric Hufschmid,5-6

11 Fire Engineering magazine, January 2002

12 Eric Hufschmid,7-8

13Don Paul and Jim Hoffman,8-10

14 Don Paul and Jim Hoffman,20

15 David Ray Griffin,28

16 For video footage of Silverstein’s statement, see Eric Hufschmid’s video Painful Deceptions, edited and narrated by ReOpen911.org (911busters.com, www.EricHufschmid.net)

17Narration from Eric Hufschmid’s video Painful Deceptions, edited and narrated by ReOpen911.org

18 David Ray Griffin,31-32

James McLain

Beans And 'Fat' Back

Beans and 'Fat' Back,
you can smell it down the block.
An extra place,
is always set for a dirty face or two.

Mismatched plates
and those silly cups from the bank
no one here,
seems to notice or care.

When every ones done,
it's all placed in the tub.
and Washed out back in the creek,
with white sand.

Corn bread and milk for desert.

g.b.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

A 'Prayer'

My prayer, that no one hears
as i walk through the blowing snow
and up each step,
they pause to let me by.
Chafed my wrists, your lips
i see,
each face looks on concerned.
One ask them why.
My love for her, each call, each tear,
i feel,
by all around, i see them arm in arm.
The levers pulled.
My head,
rolls down the wooden ramp,
and muddies her clean feet.
i stood alone before the bench,
without a name.

Amen



PoemHunter.com

s.t.

James McLain

Trees

- 1) ..Every time... I take your breath.
- 2) ..I think about... more trees.

- 3) ..Knowing that deep down inside.
- 4) ..Each breath I take, no longer are they clean.

- 5) ..Is it True, my love you bought.
- 6) ..There on my bark, you leave your mark.

- 7) ..When here, upon each limb you rest.
- 8) ..While knowing that each root, you need.

- 9) ..If leaves are words, one poem makes.
- 10) ..And making none, you strip each branch.

- 11) ..Where then will you..hang your swing.
- 12) ..Looking up, why do I see, heaven has no trees.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being 'My' Best Friend 'I' Came To Be

Each morning,
very early and i would.
Not being very old,
some how, i understood.

The mother of my friend,
i some times, came to see.
She was always there,
it seemed.
before i even knocked.

It was she who said one day
she would help me
understand.

What happened next
i think it was
they think i said,
she could never show regret.

James McLain

Africa

I see you
behind
no bush to
hide.

Nothing wilder
closed it's vastness
open it
surpasses.

Vast
wide plains
without any rain
getting
warmer so much
color and
vibrant
flowers to find.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am 'Your'- 'Child' In That Swing

i am 'Your'- 'Child' in that swing,
knowing no better i sing.
you have left me no pockets,
and my worlds are transparent.
while the look on my face
is a blank...like you.
so i swing.
i pull on the rope and i swing.
the rope, that i pull
is my song.
made for you
it is long and it's strong.
each thing you have done,
and my memory
is as long as each cut.
what you have done,
when you killed me
was wrong.
i pull on your rope while i swing.
looking up at the apex
high is the arc.
it is high at the top,
and bound up so tight.
tell them why
you are gagged
and your tied up
in wet leather.
so i pull on the rope and i sing,
i sing a sweet
happy long song.
and you are showing
them now
as i move it up
with a smile.
while you try
to move it back down.
i pull on the rope
a little
harder each time.

i am that 'child' in the swing.
and hanging you there
brings tears to my eyes.
i have tied off
your foot
to my hand.
i am that 'child' in your swing.
i love...
when you swing in the dark.

James McLain

Trees,

- 1) ..Every time... I take a breath.
- 2) ..I think about... the trees.

- 3) ..Knowing that....deep down inside.
- 4) ..Each breath you take...no longer can I clean.

- 5) ..Is it True...your love I sought.
- 6) ..When on my skin... you carve your heart.

- 7) ..When here...upon my limbs birds nest.
- 8) ..While growing roots...each tree..is freed.

- 9) ..If leaves are words...one poem makes.
- 10) ..And making none...you strip my branch.

- 11) ..Where then will you..hang your child...a swing.
- 12) ..Looking up..why do I see..heaven without trees.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ears

My words
when lost,
left out
your ears.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Crutches

Crutches 'I' Face, too Deny
It's deep from the pain, my feelings inside
Moving forward, plain is my face 'I' laid bare

Hands once mine impulsively 'I' move
Each is compelled 'I' must show
Must each man show that bone to
each woman he meets
or is it the devil she wants and then keeps
It is just my social 'crutch' a really big bone
is a pain in her side, says her friend

Woman are supposed to stay mentally strong
so they can have a stroke 'I' as a man
know each my 'crutch' she my weaknesses
and 'I' hide them inside other woman
am 'I' afraid, she wont tell, my next friend
it would mean 'I' filled her with fear

i'm trying to show you my face it's my
'crutch' that i wear, in your place 'I' to am
he only human 'i' know,
please now just go far away.

James McLain

'My' Bio

It took a very long time..
to get her up there..
she squirmed and kicked..
and offered me tricks..
i would not take her licks...
her soul may be gone...
though her bodies still here.
i have to still get my kicks..
on this lovely dark,
swing where i sit...
Who would know her name...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Harvest Of The Seed

Each field is barren white with snow,
around me blind, they know.

I see.

Darkness brings the haze of dawn,
how many must it show.

While many miles of web it's barb,
my flesh,
it tastes and grows.

Bringing home the wheat,
ground white,
and powdered souls,
spread open far and wide.

Touching only youth,
not men,
Each gem from stone,
pours out and lost our seed it keeps.
No more.

j.Mc.

James McLain

'Does' He Make 'You' Cry

..Did he make it hard....

For you to cry...

Did..

Your tears well up..

To spread..

far out..

Across nights sky..

Does moons...

hide it's face..

Just to...

Ride up one wave..

then...

Slide back down..

The..other...

side of dawn..

and when he..

Hears those sobbing cries..

moving around you..

deep inside.....

Then tell me lass.....

Just how...

he made you cry..

James McLain

'Ivory' Tusks And Friends

Shoulders bare denuded cloth so frail
silken whispers hang
from her wind pipe.
Inside four chambers of her heart my music
beckons there in
blood,
i stand then sit, as both my hands reach out.

Gather now the shroud of sand in grains
from golden honey pots.
The bees in flight can never find.
Many are the tusks you claim as friends,
I carried them away but weary, now i tire
as i turn from sand to dust.
My stones, you claim in time, as yours not mine.
When faces take a bath and light of golden sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Hope' Floats..Up From 'Your'..Past...

Perhaps it's not what I write...
That you read...
But a simple interpretation...
of that, which you read..
Hope floats every boat at sea....
Up from Your..past...
Faith laid me down...inside..
Your sleepy head...so dream on..and..
If you are a male who does not like females..
or a female who does not like males...
Then come back in a few years...
Until you do...and you will..
Unless you have been damaged...
by some one others fears..
If you have issues of power and control..
pass them by...
Once you have control it soon dies...
If you do not believe in the constitution of the..
United States...pass them all 'bye'...as well..
If you burn..there...and yet are in denial..
pass them by...
If you make noises in your sleep..
that are not that of snoring...
You may need to pass them by..
For true words that fill you up.....
Some may only make it worse...
If you are afraid..but need too...
If you need too...but are afraid to...
I would only ask you...why...
Other than that...
when two people come together...
it really does help when it..works both ways.....

James McLain

I Am That 'Child' In 'Your' Swing

i am that 'child' in your swing,
knowing no better i sing.
i have no pockets,
my worlds are transparent.
and the words on my face
like yours is a blank,
so i swing.
i pull on the rope and i swing.
the rope,
it is my song,
and it is long and strong.
each thing you have done,
and my memory is long.
what you have done,
when you killed me was wrong.
i pull on the rope while i swing.
up at the apex is the arc.
it is high at the top,
bound up tight
and your gagged
and you swing on my tether.
so i pull on the rope and i sing,
a sweet song.
you knowing
as i move it up, you move it down.
i pull on the rope just a little bit
harder each time.
i am that 'child' in the swing.
and hanging you down,
i have tied off
your foot.
i am that 'child' in your swing.
i love when we swing in the dark.

James McLain

Am I 'What' I Am

Am I, Yet I still remain as I am,
what I am,
I am, why I am.
I am as still as the memory,
I left behind.

Each haven,
I lost, I left behind and came
to you, as I am.
For all that I am, I once held
and found inside, concealed.

I am behind each cloud,
you see I am,
on top as well.
I am in the depths,
I am without a single care,
as i rise to he,
for those to whom I am.

I am in debt to sleep,
I am awake,
to share the day,
I take.

While night,
takes me to where i am
no more.

Being that i am within you,
i need to go away.
To become what I am again.

j.c.

James McLain

I Am That 'Child' In The Swing

i am that 'child' in the swing,
knowing no better i sing.
i have no pockets,
my words are transparent.
and the world knows my face
like yours is blank,
so i swing.
i pull on the rope and i swing.
the rope it is long and strong.
each thing you have done,
my memory is long.
what you have done, was wrong.
i pull on the rope while i swing.
up at the top,
bound up tight
and your gagged and tethered.
so i pull on the rope and i sing.
i move it up, you move it down.
i pull on the rope just a little bit
harder each time.
i am that 'child' in the swing.
and hanging you down,
i have tied off
your foot.
i am that 'child' in your swing.

James McLain

Little 'Girl' You Ran Away

After You Have Run Away;
and after the money,
that you need has run like you so low.
How long can you live off those small,
packets of sweet honey, My 'dear'.
Warm each they gave you, when you bought that
last finger of chicken,
you being hungry and so thin as a rail, you must eat.
They who eat only sweet candy, soft it is moist taffy
bagged candy and treats in cups each girl holds,
most 'dear' such as yours.
They can see the toothache you now have
not some small widening stain,
that's your soul that you carry inside from them.
Your little suit case, so dainty and small packed inside.
One pair of jeans your skirt from church,
some knee high socks
and your flops and one pair of clean pink clear panties.
Because you are a pink oyster they all want to drain you.
Sixteen or younger the dark living jungle you see.
The whole world is locked so far now away, from you.
The man in blue would shield you,
and take you home, again lost child, but.
The other lives in the back of each dark red Ally's way.
He does not smell the Lilly or a Rose he just cracks,
open the soft center of each pale moon
and moves around each clouds lost soft face.
Mean are the bruises around what were once your,
soft and milk thistle and once very own your silkies.
Winter looks down and comes back to keep in us all,
but not like that,
in the back of a stall, on your hands and knees
where those old salty leaves,
always rain down from the trees,
that can never stand up on there own.

James McLain

Death 'Married' Death To Death

Death looks at a flower and you screaming,
I am beautiful, look, look..
look here I am, come and eat me, alive.
Death hovers, smiling, never waiting, walking always
walking by, walking in side, you knowing that,
any thing that touches, it will soon also, come to *sigh*.
Death is love, love is death, what are you both, death
is your pet pink pig and deaths two flying bagged pearls.
Slapping you for ever and ever about your red face.
Death is a dry cracked nipple, sleeping, holding on
to the flesh untill it falls off, still dripping.
Death is a bullet fixed, never moving, why does the
world move you through it.
Death is a voice always quite, sounding alarms to
walk across the street knowing you look both ways,
while you come running very quickly out across,
just to stop in the middle and wait.
Death is a woman, who is crazy, thinking the world is
spinning into her coffee.
Death to all men who think they can save each woman
by marring death and eating her tuna fish sandwich.
Death fingered you, you loved it, now you finger me,
leaving my bee exposed on the flower, you buzzed it.
Death's own flower is always sweet and poignant on you..
It is always open for death to smell.....
and it's red alarms, you ignored...
still here it comes, never alone....to see you as you really are....

James McLain

Hurry 'Nurse', Before The Doctor

Hurry put the flap back over my head

I forget

now, more and more.

I don't like talking about that, I thought
you did, can we stop.

I know you change my mind, I have so much
trouble today, trying to remember who I am.

The flashes are much worse, I had
forgotten that, I was just old.

When the doctor comes in, will you put
my arm back in my drawers, it moves
without me, yes, it is embarrassing and more.

Sorry between all the medicine and shock therapy
my tongue has grown much, much thicker.

Nurse who are all those people? ...

...is that jack in the box?

I am not Jewish! who is that fire for?

Do they sell new parts now for the Chinese..?

Nurse..hide me in the oven..with that nice Hebrew lady..

We, for once, will share what is left inside, the lid...

nurse....undo the flap.....there should be tea for two.

James McLain

Last Clear Dawn

Chilly the air and foggy my breath,
looking down,
as I walk up the path of this steep hill
winding around, back and forth,
like some one sought out in a dream.

Spring parts green on either side.
Narrow the path, unlike most minds.
Each stepping stone laid high and dry
like the sandals well worn on my feet.

Resting often, more often than not and I
now realize,
why the gold fish seem much brighter today,
than ever they did before.

Resting in the waist tall grass,
the wind once again it feathers my face
I know it is sleep, for you I wait.
Honey suckles and deep butter cups.
Scattering the butter flies through the clouds.

James McLain

Bottle Neat And Brown

They were there..
to keep...
and one of them..
is mine...

.....

That little bottle...
round...
and Warm...
so nice and
brown...

...

.....

and sweet..
green grass
it lays in sleep...

.....

and how you..
made...
two cents..
from mine....



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.....

and rainy days..
I come...
around..
and candy...
both we'd buy....

James McLain

Some Few 'Requirements' Of A Man

I

Hold my face and love me, 'dear',
Floating down between twin peaks;
Move my hand, around your heart.
As clouds, more gather there.

II

You make me feel, as you once felt.
Come rub away each tear.
Mouthing words that can't be heard.
When lips are in the way.

III

Each painting that you hide, I take
makes more than, found desire.
Green emerald eyes, the cobalt sky,
Colors mixed, know few will ask us why.

IV

Summers love, spring fashions fall,
tall trees, each golden leaf.
Cool wind, blown around each limb,
as snow begins to fly.

V

Love me as I am, I know I'm as you are,
wanting as each night begins to fall.
Melting candles once so tall,
now puddles without light.

VI

Harder does each breath come back
beneath the storied night.
High the moon is bright and full,
My fever burns in it's pale light.

VII

Cling to me a sinking ship,
waves they roll across.
Think of me, I think of you
and dying, both are lost.

VIII

You've done for me,
and more I need.
Now fetch that pale 'o' water
The stones are in the fire.

James McLain

Look After Love

Look After Love,
Deep,
In your eyes, my look upon your face.
More than friends, that we were.
And because of that, that and because
we did.
Where once it was eclectic,
a fence there has now grown.
and now there's nothing left to tell.
Out we fell.
Look After Love and look after love.
We were young, it was much too deep.
Too deep for all it's peace.

s.t.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

A Friendship

We are not friends
because of the friends
we share
But because you dared.

When we make love
are we first the friends
of love
or loving two friends
we are.

And knowing what you think
before I speak
and you speaking what I
think
I
love you more for speaking.

Even though you love me
and I have warmed
your friend ship.

I blot every thing from my mind
just too watch your lips
move
and they are as different to me.

As the friendship of the sun
watching it set
each brand new day
into that warm familiar sea.

n.g.

James McLain

After 'It' All

Each breeze and gentle soul
lays within reposed,
and linens 'Regal' lace
doth move no more.

Upon this voyage,
'You' start again.

Each vein a troubled river
knows each more,
Alone.

Death withheld me from your eyes,
rigid, but firm, 'Death' can't disguise
the grace that formed
your fingers closed and clutched within.

Here now,
before that white'Oak' pew
crossed 'Hands' again now held,
I add mine ring, to thine.

r.b.

James McLain

And A Thief Rose Among Men

and a thief rose among men
and further down was dis honesty
within that bed stood less charity
and massed the public wore hoods.

Dick fleeced Tom and returned and did Mary
and being sheep reserved but brown grass
while grins of laughter, wear out your wool
and being sheep, they tell you what to do..

No one likes to be told they are a fool
only a fool would know what they're not.
mine tears known as laughter civic duties
and i rose to your level, i was upside down
ever the patriot i am now, knowing i'm fleeced
and you who left beer, in charge of our country.

do you want to be water boarded...
didn't think so...
do you like things stuck up inside..
you that don't feel good..besides that..
i bet you do..but not like that..
let them pass a law that allows your children...
to be chipped..in case they...
do end up like you....
blaa....blaa...white sheep...
and some one thinks they did it...
due process can be ignored..like it isn't..
and implode there brains...they can do it..
besides in there scheme of things your not..
nor your children do you care...why have them...
while honest people,
are put down as thieves and are not...
while honest people steal your bread...
and when you hunger and say they are not...
still in the background is laughter... :)
do you get it yet..no...vote for....people....
who don't eat sheep....
some days is it not better to eat less chicken.

e.e.c.

James McLain

Love, My 'Hope' In One Life

Love, my 'Hope' In One Life;
and when not if,
it must have come upon me.
Lost in you, held in me, your heart.
Giving you less,
and lost, you gave me more.
I am failing and the more I fail,
and more, I wish less to fail.
Failing that,
will you touch my hand,
One more time,
before the light begins to fade.
And even after, after before, before
even after, before that dawn ever came.



PoemHunter.com

r.b.

James McLain

Mad Was 'I', But 'You'

Mad Was I, But You
and balmy salve on that cut.
Rolls and rolls of gauze, I replace
Sunday morning when it opens, I look.
Letting you squeeze it out of the tube,
antibiotics,
I must rub the wound, day in and day out.
Deep is the cut, close your eyes and lie still.

It is only in your mind, I try to explain
as your thoughts I carried out
of your mind.
Was it I,
Did I,
Was I the cause, of your decline.
I can help, let me help you up and please be nice.
Listen now,
here comes the doctor.
Here she comes.
She is here.

I was 'mad', but you.
All about you, inside and out.
I brush your soft hair,
I kiss you there.
When I lay awake daring the day.

You will like the new psychiatrist.
She smells of,
oranges and apples.
She orders the liniment,
I spread on you.
Some what chilly, the linoleum floor.
The distance is short to the gurney.

James McLain

'Ruby' And Deep 'Red' Eyes

'Ruby' Red Eyes

and knowing how words are mixed.

you have an advantage over males.

being so much so.

even the cotton can't hide it.

it is as bright as your 'EYES'.

When it comes out.

Blood ruby red and thick

and the words when dry stick.

The pen full of red and thick with it.

between the moon and it hangs down

a well of 'RED' ink.

and each dropp is conserved,

even more because it is familiar yet not.

once a month.

more than words form on the page.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Little Girl 'You' Ran Away

After You Have Run Away;
and after the money,
that you need has run like you so low.
How long can you live off those small,
packets of sweet honey, So 'dear'.
Warm each they gave you, when you bought that
last finger of chicken,
you being hungry and so thin you must eat it all.
They who eat only sweet candy, soft it is moist taffy
bagged candy and treats in cups each girl holds,
such as yours.
They can see the toothache you now have
not some small widening stain,
that's your soul that you carry inside from them.
Your little suit case, dainty and small packed inside.
One pair of jeans your skirt from church some knee socks
and your flops and pink clear panties,
because you are a pink oyster they all want to drain you.
Sixteen or younger the dark living jungle you see.
The whole world is locked so far now away, from you.
The man in blue would take you home, child again.
The other lives in the back red Allys way.
He does not smell the Lilly or Rose he just cracks,
open the moon and moves around each clouds soft face.
Mean are the bruises around what were once your,
soft and milk thistle your silkies.
Winter looks down and comes back to keep in us all,
but not like that,
in the back of a stall, on your hands and knees
where those old salty leaves,
always rain down from the trees, that can't stand on there own.

s.t.

James McLain

Green Pastures

I'm looking at a pasture, down a ways, past ours.
It'd need more than a few days to mow, i know.
) if underneath the brown it's green, sweet hay
Do come along, and help me-before it rains(

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poor The House

Poor The House;
Who did then know,
such narrow paths,
that led us here.

Father, show us faith,
and hope,
it leads us off to where.

That cross,
you suffer, by.

When we peer in
and know our sins,
the foggy windows
plain,
but none can see
them all the more.

We wait for bread,
the butters gone,
one crust will help us
hide,
untill she's gone.

s.t.

James McLain

My 'Baby' Knows

my baby how she knows;
and my baby knows
it day or night she knows.
my baby knows it
by a gentle touch
from me.
my baby knows
i must resist
a little
just to weave
each death
i wish too leave behind.
my baby knows it's
like the first each time
she slips it out
to hold.
my baby knows
that if my each
tomorrow were
to come today.
each dawn my baby
would fill each hand
with the stars of night
and the sun
of each yellow day.
with night and day.

James McLain

Every 'Woman' Who Does This 'shudders'

She was vaguely aware
of some soft music on the radio
and the occasional sounds of someone
moving around in and out of the room.
Her head was spinning slightly.
From the wine.
Helplessly hot and excited.
He has this amazing ability to get into your mind
and almost 'play' you like a 'Woman's' musical instrument.
Trying to get up but not wanting to move....
Understood your every need.. your every feeling.
And the amazing ability to get deep inside of your mind.
Deciding that the best thing,
was just to close her eyes and relax.
She trusted him and watched as he,
pushed a white enameled cart that looked like
some kind of hospital equipment.
It had a 4-foot rod mounted on the side and hanging from it was a large red
rubber bag,
bulging as if it held a gallon of water.
It was so full that the top was slightly brimming over
with some kind of white suds.
It had a piece of tubing extending from it
that was it's self connected
to a large red rubber tube about 3 feet long
with a small slit on the side of the tip.
Every 'Woman' who saw this
shuttered as they realized
this was a hospital system
for giving large volume enemas to patients.
The thick soapy water will help the colon tube to pass
more easily up into your tummy.' Said, he.
'Why do you have to control me so completely? ...
You won't even let me keep control of my bodily functions! ',
Secretly melting...anticipation building.
Whatever the cause,
she only knew that she was helplessly in love with this man and she was equally
sure that he loved her unconditionally.
OH... AH.H.... OH.. arrrgggggghhhhhhh.....'

feeling the blast of thick fluid jet deep into her.
and this was the one thing
that could cause her to totally lose control of her mind.
A prisoner of love.
And she was sure that Poetry would keep her that way...
for the rest of her life.

James McLain

Confined My 'Love' She Did

Confined My Love She Did,
Such the Lover knew possession
long before the other did.
Her right of love too he, she gave
this intimate domain.
Whom has cried this night for she
is mine by right of choice,
says he.
This court and most Supreme must
side with me.
The road is narrow and it forks,
before us all, the deed we saw.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Tourette's Syndrome' A Lost Piece Of Work

Verb it is you and the verb
in you is action and more action.
verb, sharp verb, slow verb, verb
coming in your noun is a verb.
be a verb, juicy, verb, verb...verb.
jouncy pounced on Nancy's,
fancy juicy, healthy big fat noun.
prep me, prep her, help me stop it.
administer the conjunctive sharply.
stop but dont' quit, ..stop me not,
help you, help me, faster, harder deeper.
faster and faster, do me, did you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Co-Medial 'Mask' Of Words

Panties and bikinis
and why,
you paint them on.
What you see,
is what i get.
You see
i want them all.
What i see,
i think some times
should not be seen at all.
Nylon stretched,
far past the point
where it's not
safe too pry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each 'Moon' I Wish To Know

each 'Moon' i wish to know
and it is just as keen
as it i know
rustic creamy and it's
rushing always rushing
spinning like a top
as i
from coming in and out.

Many different faces
up and down i pass them by
always quite like some secret
that i know they've left inside.

But too me the moon one
different side
the side that's haloed
path i see,
moon made it just for me.

it is there between each cliff
i sit
and watch the rest dropp out.
while i am pulled up safe
each night
each night, i come inside.

James McLain

Our 'Hunger' Is Your 'Emasculation'

Before they came
we were happy
and simple
and love was different
and thier love now.

Fields thick with grain
moving winds
clovers fresh smell
free moving streams
catching fish.

She happy and plump
pleasantly so
fat and full
moist and firm
each one dripping
sumptuous feasts
milk for each child.

Now black puddles
worthless pools
thick and foul
killing all who lived
but they.

One has blown away
thin as the reed
are we
while i nurse from one
daughter the other
as mother tries to gain
her
strength from mine, me.

James McLain

'Moons' Cover-Slips Right 'Over'

Keep him there your happy man,
along hopes soft causeway.
Moons yellow light you hide him in,
cloud faces closer, moved away.
And your charm in him, moon finds,
Held wide the joy and light inside.
You lure him back where he belongs,
and 'Moons' Cover-Slips right 'Over'
Back and forth across nights sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Money Changer

One wise hand, holds God's scale.
One priests hand, weighs his currency.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death And 'No' Remorse For 'Any'

Death and no Remorse for Any;
Never once where Doubt is spread.
Never were you such a deceiver as now.
And once finite does each window show it.
I sift off hope and wade through memories.
I watch two small stones roll down the hill again.
Even the dog lays down in sleep, just as it's witness.
God was as abundant and likened too each drop
of water,
I wait as you count them empty too use that ocean
so that you may drink your fill,
and now after the desert fills your cup with sand,
and I wash it.
and did it not feel better when it was more abundant.

There,
here is my great blue eye,
I mine, hers, now his
and as each is passed by,
the next may be long in coming.

James McLain

Each 'Dropp' Of Rain

and your each 'dropp' of my rain.
and i am tired and i am thirsty and it rains.
and we are as we now are, it is fine love and art.
and i know that it is bitter, sour even tart.
and as my fever climbs, you help it too rest.
and as it drips there slowly, slowly down.
and as you do your very best.
and each yellow sun so high it bursts.
and still it rains.
and each dropp it drips i see on me.
and comes more rain, as it pours on me.
and as you hunch there over too cover me.
and you keep me warm, as you dry my lips.
and as the rain too cool it runs the full length.
and down the small of your curved back.
and through that small and rustic crack.
and above me each moon, i'm looking at.
and i am tired and i am thirsty and it rains.
and each dropp of rain seems bitter and sour it is tart.

James McLain

The 'Happy' Porn Star

The 'Happy' Porn Star.
Grew up in poverty,
on a farm.
With too many brothers and cousins.
She loved them all.
Except the pigs.
She had no use for a cork screw.
Most of the house looked like there's.
Not her room,
full of lace and silk, they learned.
She burned and burned wanting more.
She had her own pony.
Nice little pony and friends.
By the time she was full and grown.
Any thing of value she owned.
Old gold and silver over there in a box
laid confederate money, yellow with age.
She packed it all up,
while the pony and she rode away.

James McLain

Between 'Each' Wink

I smile.
but a few
are still
asking..
for some
wink on
rye, wink
on wheat,
one
wink is so
sweet.
Between
'Each' Wink
Will you
wink it on
me.
Between each
blink.

James McLain



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The Milking Table

The sign out side still reads.
'Free' milkings to the first one hundred.
Lured in by thier own blind lust,
all are full, thick and heavy.
Willing as.
Each is checked.
Weighed And readied.
by 'More' than simple nurses.
With pretty pink wings.
The line is soon gone.
Hooked up to long clear hoses.
Secured by the pros now Imobile.
Hose too hose.
Leading under ground too the 'Queen'.
There are no back doors to this palace.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'She' Is As The 'Moon' Light

In beauty she walks by me.
and her throaty is so pale.
she It is as the moon light.
and how i struggle hard and blue vein,
not in vanity to reach the other side.
It is so full and heavy and as it is you so ethereally,
and it being you, it does shine down.
Wrapping around it
as i gaze up each night at twin half moons.
i sleep between them, you hold it there untill
sleep over takes us.
Too there, by the pond as does the white stork,
as it stands on one leg as a frog moves slowly down.
And as i watch mesmerized, that lump is mine,
and with my hand,
upon your throat i feel it slowly slide down.

James McLain



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The 'Woods' When I Stopped By

...The woods when I stopped by
are very deep and she knows why.
...Her land is split, sits miles of fence
he walks it's length and smiles.

...Vast her fields of buttercups
and on his side impatient grows.
...She likes flowers, he likes trees
the difference plain too all, who see.

...his woods are banked and steep
she walks and sings, he hears each song.
...Finding hers, his path was clear
across one stream, she caught him near.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Young' And 'sweet'

Being Young and Sweet,
and i stood out just that much more.
Full lips and out stretched arms that
pull me out of my mind and
i not knowing why.
Saying you love me,
when it was my lack of years,
you loved instead.
Being young and sweet and full.
My tears are even sweeter,
was all you ever said.
Never finding it again and all you see
is it as it was you.
and you hang on too what you have
even more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Monsieur's Departure'

I saw my Daughter born and how they did then let me.
I cut the cord, I bound it up, I tucked it in, she did not cry.
I examined all the grounds and how she then did, move me.
I knew she had her bottom half and that her upper half was mine.
I knew inwardly it was thus and while she outwardly, I shined.
I never knew a storm would come and lead me, far of course.
I since have learned what the evil queen then knew, was mine.
I too like Monsieur's Departure from her and she, his only child.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Young And Afraid

and when you close your eyes again
it only grows larger.
does not that ridge on the horizon
resemble unseen breath.
that is why you must push it open
at first your afraid.
what of loves disappointment.
and if it's true what will they all say
when they see it.
when you look around and they will all know.
and your ointments cling to his intentions.
and afraid of meeting them all in the restroom.
while that small red spot grows even brighter.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Death'-Less

'Death'-less, it is to all whom wander in.
King of Queens even for them most,
they know it is so.
Green and green upon the fields though it appears,
it must as it,
rises up it's ponderous head, it's shielded from none.
Beggared,
no with paupers it claims the first and second moon,
conversed with and you agreed, humbly so.
For most of them and likened too it bends it's head.
And slips therein.
And entering each cave, white it's teeth hang down.
While the fork runs off, all around it and richly so,
disarmingly upon it's loamy bed, more spring forth.

j.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Touch It

touch it.
while it is that i am.
at first with warm breath
asleep.
It touches you.
with cold heat.
but not until you.
see it jet.
while it remains.
deep asleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Beast Unbuttoned

The Beast Unbuttoned;
lays as still as death transfixed.
And troubles only those,
troubled fingers trembled in pause.
The bone of bones and soft faces,
land on valleys narrow peaks.
And each farmers son,
who plows the field looks back above.
The beast that can't be pushed out even,
when it's being pulled in.
It is always dead when it's around it,
the hand has, opened and Unbuttoned it.
By it's narrow back,
you raise it's head too near the open flame.
Any beast that stands upright
and knows your name, you call it out.
One beast Unbuttoned,
winds it's way inside your mind and stays.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Fault Of It Sleep Takes

The Fault of It Sleep Takes;
I hear your whispers,
but I can not move your lips.
It is now, I know so hard that
you lie still.
I touch you early and you speak
too me with such a lovely voice.
It is my fault,
each diamond studded tip,
and when I can't speak,
you have explained, but I forget.
All those tears of mine you drank.
When the Fault so clear is mine.
Sleep you shake,
when I can't awake in 'Time'.

James McLain



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'My Dears'

'My Dears',

How was I supposed to know too stop the rain, do you.

Coming, coming, coming like a train, the way you do.

I have waited, waited, waited and wanting up, I do.

I have watched while I have waited, stars once white and
bright now turn blue and left alone, they glow red hot.

The way you did each night I do.

Your ears now, how they burn, in flame do they, not I.

Did theirs turn red and still I wait too long for you, I do.

s.t.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Night, Each Gate

The hinges on the front are hard and firm.
i know because, each night i move and look.
and how, she knows it when i leave her long.
Each night i check behind each door and
cracked, it is, it's then i hear,
little 'Dear' our mummies, drunk and prone.
and because inside i sleep, I'm tossed outside again.
Some times it's cool, some times it's warm.
Because it's there, when i am and cold.
i am squeezed between the inner green each brick,
and down that long dark road, most call home.
i fear the Judge has Judged me Just, i am like you, unjust.
and i am told to move around their foggy shores.
With the coming of the moon tonight it rides,
each tide and it is strong.
I must check more often than perhaps, i think
i should and then i hear, that evil laugh.
The cotton clouds they try too hide,
and so they move aside and as one slides
across the sky tonight it shows again.
Golden honey rustic color, it's halo.
Camouflaged and patched,
last night i think it snowed.
I hear each pebble,
as it's tossed,
each heavy tap it's warm soft grasp
against the windows frosty chill.
I heard a quite little.... ohhhio,
and thinking that each Other outer ring is fine.
and Erie is it's light and then i sigh.
For forty years it's been this way and
with the wind the snow and rain.
It always comes in sheets and hard it pours.
The gate and lock will be replaced,
as soon as it grows warm again and it
is cool along those shores.

James McLain

'Over' And 'Over'

and as you watch my hunger grow..
when you watch what i do..
and you look down..
and they are not watching you..
what do you see..
and some times her top half..
cannot control what the bottom half does..
and power less..
It is all you can do not too think about it..
and you do it..over and over again..
and it is then i think about running away..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Consorting With-'Each-Angel'

They know, every where I go
they seem too know, I am a man.
I dont seem too mind,
If all the men I meet, think I'm bi.
I tell the women they are gay and hitch a ride.
It is only issued out for they who roam her hand,
and never for the others.
Where I go.
Riding in there limousines.
They like too dress me up, she wears a wig.
Pink pigs that fly each tiny twig her wing,
it missed the other side.
One hand around a belly flat and tight and three
of them.
Her other holds brown bottles up, and it is full.
She rings the top and pulls, it all comes out.
The other doesn't mind, she is drunk on wine.
Last night I had a dream, you wore a wig,
around a belly flat and tight.
Your lips were red and the moon was full.
Riding in your limousine, I feel at large.

James McLain

His Kind She Fought

His kind she fought;
just too loose.
Out hunting and she watches
high and low.
Hungry 'Dear's.
You,
Likes him all.
Your favorite alley cat,
He stalks across your wooden kitchen floor.

He gives her fight, each blinding light
like each seizure from the past.
Her Doctor tries too hard to quell.
He is in her now.
And her panic builds,
and hunting him is like the moon
she traps inside her see through jar a bell.

I am her being and his, this much she
knows as each brown finger walks across
her bongo drum and more possessed
she opens up, her back door, where he tap,
tap, taps more loudly than before.
and he comes and walks across
her wooden, kitchen floor.
His kind she fought, when he was food
and now she rests upon the table,
on her elbows over there.
Her manners are now gone,
as he stands up waiting there.
Spreading yes, she wants him more
across her face from ear to ear..

Her lips are sealed, her eyes are shut
and he does what she instructed,
and shuts up as he backs up.
and yes my 'Dears' while he takes,
each
major credit card, you hold.

Do you,
have hidden issues,
that you hide and then explore.
and each brown bag is heavy
and tonight you cry.
As I swell and turn too you,
and say good night.

James McLain

Each A Beast From Round The Hill

Echo'A Beast From Round The Hill;
Into damp moss,
up from the floor unseen they come.
Forebear's now in reach,
each lays spent in sleep too rich.
To await,
as dreams just recent past in heat to claim that spot.
Morning hides dawn,
no warning from the horn it blasts.
Those caverns deep,
each dripping mind and teeth white tipped.
What his really was,
she has thoughts too deep they weep her needs.
Rivers cut through fields,
lay open bare each breast that's full.
Each, beast from round the hill,
needs more like this to fill that need.
Men sleep on and on,
each beard mixed with moss inside a tree.
While bags of ballast,
leather bound grow heavy as does the moon each time.
Caves beneath the hills,
they fill and being full they grow some more.
One child for you and one for each and damp the moss it never knew.

James McLain

The Dead Know Only Truth

The dead know Only truth;
I never ask, 'You' said goodbye.
Even then, I never brought it out.
Too wander over, bye.

My body was not tied, I tried you left.
So yes,
too me each weight of shot,
inside my mind that day was great.
And like the goose that flies too low,
it never felt.
It's flesh death ate.

Though we lay in each that shadow,
of the grey.
You did not ask, I could not stay.
When they came inside that day,
I left, you went away.



PoemHunter.com

a.s.

James McLain

'Young'-Lady'

'Young'-Lady';
i can't help you there.
Blooded first,
you need to be, before.
Though i confess,
i'm moved i should not be.
i know you arrange them all just so.
such special treats,
but they have not been bloodied first.
too many complications,
there would be then.
different noises,
sounds that make it worse.
and you know,
i love too gaze above the cut.
while no one checks,
the moon for height each night.
so no, 'Young'-Lady'....
i can't help you there.
untill it's been bloodied first.

James McLain

Young And Sweet

Being Young and Sweet,
and i stood out just that much more.
Full lips and out stretched arms that
pull me out of my mind and
i not knowing why.
Saying you love me,
when it was my lack of years,
you loved instead.
Being young and sweet and full.
My tears even sweeter you ever said.
Never findind it again and all you see
is it as it was you
and you hang on too it even more now.

James McLain



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The Milkmaid

The line..the stream is...
white and endless....
long hair...now tied back....
Sitting down one milkmaid...
wet soaked hands, explains....
Talking more...
eases a host of discomforts....
Her slim long arms.....
are sculpted and well muscled....
She trades talk...
for a soft country song...
With smooth practice....
and they love her sweet fingers....
up and down how she strokes...
squeezing out milk....

Dawn runs off morning...
hot noon mixes.. evening...
These are the hands that work magic...
udders so thick...
yet soft on firm roots...
as they wander around...
making butter....

James McLain

Pink Pearl Necklace

Pink Pearl Necklace; and heaven is this,
My island an afterthought mornings glow
and pink sands where coral waves grow.
Happy are the clams every night as pink
sand washes them in your dreams.
Under water so clear I sometimes forget
and stay to long listening to the waves
sing your pink song.
Drifting with the currents of sleep pearls of
yours pink, slip out from beneath my hand.
Filaments permeate the strings of your
dreams leaving me behind on a pink pearl
necklace on this island yours made of dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Think I Do It, 'Because You Like It'

i think i do it,
'because you like it'
but if i keep doing it,
you mustn't tell her why.
you are why i keep doing it.
i just do it because you let me.
and i like it.
when you like it as much as i do.
and when i do it there.
and some times,
i think you like to watch my face,
when my eyes balls.
do what you say they do,
though i am hard pressed
to believe that they do it.
just like you say they do.
and you still have to help me,
as i still dont know how to do it very long.
and when that moment comes.
and you squeeze on it a little more and,
please,
try not to make a long production out of it.
i think it is only because,
you have let me do it for so long and
it seems i always have and it always will
and look at it now,
it's still doing it and i know it's
because you like it
and so i do it for you, when.
and you mustn't ever tell her why,
but i will do it one more time..

James McLain

She Fought Against His

She fought against his,
in her mind the sound of only.
Even when he slept there
sweet and fondly.
Curly hair wet with sweat,
dripping drops of dew into
a rose untill it opens up.
The pot was always full and
spooned so kind the moon,
did fit just thus.
Turning over stars fall out the side.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love-Lily-Rose-More

Love-Lily-Rose-More
and though the moon is high.
even it must come down again.
sometimes it is too hard,
pulling the rose from Lillie's lips.
and my blood burns,
no it boils even more as i watch
them open and close, always gasping.
and when i am called.
i rush out in my haste.
and Rose imparts too Lilly,
just the scent of them together.
and others do walk by.
aromatics and fooled by thier nose,
as the eyes see nothing.
and knowing this,
as i taste both even more.
while the moon has set in my hands.

d.g.r.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

Dreaming And Milk

After the interview;
Each rider and horse,
move it off, all too quickly.
My head how it spins, around it.
As it works each day, with such beautiful hands.
None known here, can refuse it.
Here in this factory, they own it.
It are they, as they hang down, each cloud
and dawn like dew, each tip, now dripps with it.
What has it done.
What should it do.
Roles reversed, would you.
i look they say, like it.
I frown they laugh and i smile at it.
Upside down, they are all I see, and it's full with it.
They all watch it, as none can slip by it.
Explaining and swirling about, as it utters.
Looking at it, most like they, start to work.
One says it's simple mechanical, it's poetry.
Fore their arms are off and their aft of it.
All just because, they make cream from it.
Factory chatter is loud and the clamor it grows
as each machine moves,
up and down, outside all around it.
The bottles once clear, are warm when they're filled,
and the milk comes out, quickly through it.
They try Calming it down, as too many hang
down,
and around it, are those hands that confess it.
Each cow, you now know, has it's very own name,
and as Betsy stands there, don't confuse it

James McLain

Dignity In Death

death taunts you, it shouldn't
but it does
right out of your reach.
reaching out too the orb
you do, too one dropp.
death struggles to watch
you as it's one milky white
stands near you.
your struggle only intensifys
as you reach out
too the hardness you feel inside
but it's not.
that one milky dropp just out of
your reach
and you start too a little, as one hand.
deaths assistant your shadow comes
around and tightens your strap
once more and hearing you gasp.
raspy of breath death grows excited.
your shadow comes back around
and between,
your lips as you watch again it is not.
deaths shadow on the wall grows and grows.
and in between the curtain it is soft and.

James McLain

Beatifull In And Out (B.S.E.) Part 1

How would I if they were mine.
Once a month as they grew even more.
Full of you that is also me and them.
They are part of why I married you.
With each new moon comes the flow.
Sore or not, I must know.
It's best if I do it for you let me know.

How do they look and
how do they feel is the easy part.
The mirror is looking at both.
Before you put on that bra.
Arms relaxed at your side.
Look at me as I look at them both,
in the eye.
now Very, hold still so very..
Do you feel as I reach over and search.
Anything unusual,
like a change in the way your nipples look.
Any dimples or changes in the skin.

Now place your hands firmly and
squarely on your hips,
tighten your chest wall muscles,
smile and now bend forward.
Watch for dimples or changes
in your skin as you wear it not I.
Remember every one's breasts look different.
And over time,
I will get to know them better
and what they both look like.

part one

James McLain

A 'Girl' And Now

Lost Girl and Now in the woods,
and that which you hug is the tree.
You can not stretch them, Full around it,
while upward and down ward amazed.
And your feet become even more entangled
under it's skirt,
as it's roots are at play with your lovely toes.

e.p.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Does Things

she does things.
some,
take a little longer.
others,
dont take long enough.
and when she,
comes to the end of it.
absentmindedly,
she rubs it around it.
and while talking and rubbing,
she does things.
and i appreciate,
all the things she does.
and i do things for her as well.
and for her it is my only pleasure.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Dark' Fruit

The power of any dark fruit.
Large purple the egg plant.
Hangs down,
over the fence within your reach.
and in your palm up and down
being tossed.
Heavy in thought, each now only is.
Being windy
and the branch that they hang from.
You know it is less, but some extra care.
One has fallen and split,
and white seeds now,
are strewn about every where.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sad 'Porn Star'

Most are like this face, i see.
Open much too wide, how i cry.
Starting out to young, heaven was,
i know, simply i was to much too.
Beyond pleasure, even in my darkest,
sadly it is even now.
One after the other,
always so heavy and all the trees now,
i gasp out as none seem to hear me,
are many were too tall for me.
famous for what and too who,
no feelings do i have left to prove
deep inside and besides,
i now cry rivers.
looking at him today and how i once thought,
between all the sets he now conveys.
he whispers to me in my ear my 'Dear, '
once i was young and sweet like you and i was.
now there are to many hands involved and it's
business not pleasure that brings them all out.
and the light how it hurts my eyes and your skin
is too soft to stretch like this, play your part.
do you want to go back home too Kansas,
when we are both done.

James McLain

'Precious'

my 'Dears' luscious Precious falling stars,
tempting fate by your light on my face.
and heavy delicious moons,
i stretch on my toes too kiss.
How many comets fly past all too soon.
Laid out and hot as that ride made from nickel.
Sweet moon, may it rest there forever upon.
My purple face when it's touched it can only.
Looking up, as you gaze down, i weep in search of.
and concealed within your face is my one and only.
Deep is my 'Precious' and hidden under a window
made of clear circles,
and dusty as each crack, when blown open in sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Blue Eye Ball

If i fell behind the moon.
At least in it, i struggled.
You and your 'Knowing' it.
Air was hard to come by.
Being hidden behind it,
was not unlike,
the distance there between us.
Coming out from around it.
White covered, each purple face.
And the eye ball it moved round it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Hands

My head...
is in your hands..
and...
Moving it...
back and forth...
and...
each lap..sighs..
Deeply..and..
heavy...
and it is why...
i never ask...
and...
you never tell..
it is why more come...
too see you...
and more than you..
can hold...
and..
still i am...
full and well...
handy in them...
untill it is..
kissed and swells...
and then it talks..
too both...
and falls asleep...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Think It Is Because

if i do it,
you can't tell her why.
you are why i keep doing it.
i just do it because you let me.
and i like it.
when you like it as i do it there.
and some times,
i think you like to watch my face,
when my eyes balls.
do what you say they do, though i am hard
pressed to believe that they do it.
like you say they do.
and you have to help me,
as i still dont know how to do it very long.
and when that moment comes.
you squeeze on it a little more and,
please try not to make a production out of it.
i think it is because
it always has, it always will and look at it now,
it is still doing it.
because of you.

Is It Poetry

James McLain

Clean

[i keep it clean, for i must.]
and you do as well.
[no moss] and [no beards].
it is easier too see and work with.
and as such moist sweats clean.
laid end too end.
firmly around the base.
and the rim.
each high.
laying low.
is periced with a needle.
and close to the other.
they ask for her again and agian.
why wash the sheets, she laid on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Talk In My 'Head', So You Wont Hear Me

Corncopia smothered wine the cheese
i eat from your mouth
it matters not if i dine upon your cheeks
it lays heavy.

Of men I know nothing about, why should i
they should all go away, so i could please you
as you deserve with thick hard words.

The disclaimer.

And if i injure your parts you did) it(for love
none other has placed it
any where would i so lamidly foolishly soundithly
crookidneckidly and sideways the way you like it.

Cucumbers and

large feet that fill your lips instead and too quickly
without pause or rest, all the time non stop.

i only..Pause for unheard sounds.

the test of deep time..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Just Face It

Your crazy, now I think i'm not.
Do not make me think it is poetics
suicide like all my others went before.
it is always on your mind, and i'm,
some after thought, your after birth.
You left behind to find.
It was not I who wrapped that bloody
rope around your neck.
And after the medication, wears off.
So I can begin again too understand you.
I spoke once to thick lost English, and
to whom,
and now for what.
Remember when you squeeze it and it
gives you all it has because it must,
your wicked smile just squeezes it for more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Scar Of Scars

Scar of Scars.
Around the cut, some are smooth.
Moist and true.
Bereft of moss or beard.
Pie faced and candy..ooh.
Every life savers.
Candy cake is brandy wine.
More, many more and edgy.
Leafy rims pink petaled.
Sharp razors, just more sweat and juicy.
Either way it's coming in,
Through the floor.
and your consciousness is expanded.
Red faced and over the clouds the moon
does look closely down,
and Scar of Scars, dropps drippy more milky.
There is only one cup from every one, some
have two and being with certain preference's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Dear' Moon

My gaze turns
towards the moon..
Pale blue light,
as I swim through it
Streams of warm,
cotton faces that
drift lazily through
the hot humid air.
and Once again,
i am covered.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Where 'Rose' Hangs

Some where hangs Rose off green stems.
Each night over there, by the stand.
Cream from the top; pink faces surround it.
Lilly comes each morning to change them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hope Is But To Each Oasis

Hope is but to each oasis,
and tall shady palms
above
deep cool springs.

The canteen held more,
i thought
led here by faith only thirsts.

The sun each yellow ring,
needs none
basking in the hot always.

Each dawn i wake anew,
leaves my face
one shade of color closer,
too you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Come Come Again

come and come again.
and when you do.
i will be as last you saw me.
standing there.
ready too enter.
but left only to wait.
as you hurry.
open the door i say.
through the window hurry.
and you raise the bar.
hearing doors open and then slowly.
on the moss i wipe my feet.
i walk the hall.
and it is warm and cozy.
and coming in.
you come out in rush to greet me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Deep In Thought Am I

absentmindedly,
i rub my finger up and down it.
through the highs and lows and
ridged great puffy clouds.
and from the south,
is felt warm wind each petal opens.
and resistance slight when filled.
i rub it even more.
thick and frothy white caped waves.
i skip each stone across the under toe.
and still i'm heavy, deep in thought am i.
there is little too if none to hold it back.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Out Side In

Out side In was i, such i thought.
Whispers all around me, and lips.
Comparing this predicament,
too all the others, i could not.
Spinning, i was just spinning like a top.
Closer and closer to the edge, i dropped.
Lips softly nipped and soft lips nipped.
What happened next i could not guess.
Certain things were even to me, beyond them.
Then a lengthy evaluation and slumber i did,
and one thing too me was made clear, an end.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Here Is A Cut Always Full

There is a cut always full, you know and it's always.
Filled day and night and with love, must it show.
Even and being such as the tide when it turns.
So must the moon and from such heat, given up.
The plump fig full of seed as it runs wet slowly down,
and the tree from which it comes, just makes more.
Turning from what some think is ugly, i gather both up.
Ripe full breasts and gently squeezed, each is turned.
As the unborn child instinctively knows it must inherit.
There is a cut always full, you know it never will heal.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Room Of Courts 1

When you had charge of me
and you allowed me to be raped
not once or twice but so many times i lost my self
but being lost i refused to become like you.
and Where did i go from there to here
and did you not leave me lost in between.
hoping i would die..
and your lawyers ask me why...
why did i not leave...and being confused as you knew
i was, as i said because you put me there...
was that not what you wanted..to be done..
and being without hope...
is hope the black pit of time..
between life and death...
elapsed the days the months, each year that passed
in blackness such is death
untill that spark of light returned is dull and not bright.
and the lawyer unlike Solomons 'Kings' did ask.
did not hope deliver you up, unto us now.
confused again i could but ask.
but was it not without hope that you put they upon me
to keep me without faith and where was the hope
as my bones were given up to they whom you knew.
even more confused i ask..
being brought back unto you perhaps there is a
misunderstanding as too why it was i endured it.

James McLain

Washed 'Our' Life Is 'Ashes'

Gone are the versions, each now has left us.
Older now, as we attach wings too those clouds.
And with each tail made of cool silky smoke, you
it was they whom made me,
and you now know they are but left over ashes
your dreams i felt move across me.
Can with twilight near-draw you in one last time.
I can't be expected to know if it's true, do you but.
The window is open and it grows so much cooler,
she thy neighbor comes in for a minute too see.
The smoke comes back and if i grow into each day
then you know it is your hand that i feel, as i grow.
But if she is you and i am he then you know i am full.
Washed out 'our' Life is but 'Ashes' i'm left out too breath.

t.c.i.(

is)

e.st.v.m.(



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

I Grow, I Grow, 'While' I Watch 'You'

i grow, i grow, While i watch you,
and for all of this time,
you have been where, i grew,
most advanced in your care
as i watched you..

i can dance, i can dace,
and you watch me,
as i dance up and down
come and share
this last dance with me
as i dance this dance,
i hold on to you,
as you hold on to me
while they watch us,
both of us laughing as we
dance the rest of our life away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Where Hangs 'Rose'

Some where hangs Rose off the stem.
Each night over there, by the stand.
Cream from the top; sweet face around it.
While Lilly comes in each morning too replace it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Dear' If I Could

'Dear',
if i could..
and also i would...
knowing your tired...
and still if i could....
i would...
kiss the moon..
each day...
and i should..
and the other side...
as well...
some say it's dark...
but it's not...
and lifted up...
in each hand...
each cupped as it should...
try and relax...
and 'Dear'...
i know that you can..
try too relax..
and open the sky...
for a chance at the clouds and...
'Dear' if i could and i can..
so i will...as i should..
just lay back and relax....
and i will...
close your eyes...
and hang on..
one more time..
'Dear'....
i have no conscience...
when it comes...
to the stars...
as they all fall..
from the moons..away....

James McLain

A 'Limb' And It's 'Leaves'

Smooth it's too,
but well weathered.
and manners, Many are seen,
green shoots all around it.
A limb sits in the middle of the tree.
Laying on beds of soft leaves,
I sweep up.
Lazy such one small limb,
just by the wind there above me.
Effortlessly, I've gathered
how and know, why it's polished.
They're, moved up and down
each day and night too caress it.
I think it's just friction
and come bye the morrow.
I'll ask my teacher, if this is not,
how it all works.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yahweh And Allah And The Rabbi

From the Muslim side of the door,
have we yet heard it all.
Woman and children flat on their backs,
looking up dead at the sky.
While daddy the terrorist needs more
water boarding as tears fall as rain muted down.
How much is believed as knives cut fast away
at their soft parts....
From the Cristian side it is better believed,
when it is done and cloaked in lost tongues.
Warmed then it's hot,
mixed with but a few ice cold daggers.
Video cameras on and unjustly confessed comes
the noose round ones shocked neck.
While Yahweh and Allah consort in the book
that lawyers made thick for looks.
While the Rabbi looks on and supervising more land,
when it's found it spreads it's wings and flies away.
The Gods seem the same as reason goes, is choice
a dictator that kills them all for children to sort out.

James McLain

As The Door Slams Shut

As the door slammed shut;
All I could think was,
I had your ears checked dozens of times.
You could read, your eye sight was fine.
You were not raised,
with some false sense of entitlement,
like so many others since have.
No evidence of fire starting or
the harming of animals.
We have many photos of you doing,
manifesting behavior well within normal.
You had what you needed and much,
much more
while many others had much less.
Some little problems with sharing.
Why was learning so painfully.
Obviously learning from others was not.
As the door slams shut.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo For All

Out side of school and never we have.
Each day, down by the ole mill stream.
i come today too dream.
Separately and never together,
we have always come this way.
She comes first, then i shortly after.
It was for such an emergency,
every has it's beginning.
One was left thus in the grass, by the stream.
Rose always colored deep, my bandanas.
Each day never meeting, i would hear her sing.
oohhh my 'dear' what has gotten into you now.
Sweet release and a hard fought sigh.
As latter i gathered the rose colored hanky and
placed it with the rest and each pile how it grew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Behind One Cloud

Behind one cloud lies a sleepy face
bleeding love and it wakes hungry;
and the moon is positioned delicately,
overhead as it shines and it beams.

Standing below I'm looking up at the
moon, patient and still I trust wonder;
while one limb over there,
creeps up through the moss and the
wind pushes the limb up through it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rockabye

and it sounds soothing..
if i could sleep..
and you would work..
as if a bee..
and squeeze each stone
untill it weeps..
one dropp more..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Bucket

I can't help but to grow even a little more so.
As I watch her.
Walking up the hill.
And well, she struggles.
The leather bucket was passed down,
before hand too hand.
To each when it was last full and quite heavy.
Coming down now through the middle on top
of her head, is a different challenge.
Each hand holds the bucket.
Her waist is as thin as a reed.
She wastes none I can see, on the ground.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bottom Of The Hill

The bottom Of the hill,
and you have dreams for him.
Greatness requires some vision.
The rest is instinctiveness.
Safe and secure, it is full of emotion.
I see the moon and you there around it.
Coming down from white cloud tops.
Soft is the landing.
There now too rest
At the bottom Of the hill.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Males Prostate Is 'Her' Business Too

The prostate gland plays a major role both in a males reproductive capacity and his ability to enjoy making you.

Little wonder then that this organ has been called the little walnut or the,

“male G-spot” or the 'male uterus.'

We are some times referred to as cows as well.

Knowing the right way to stimulate it can bring intense lightning and thunder. And because some studies suggest that making lightning and thunder regularly can prevent most prostate disorders, more and more males are finding it to their benefit to indulge in self prostate milking, or checking for irregularities 'cancer' yes males get it too.

The prostate gland is responsible for producing so much gosh, that milky liquid that carries little yous coming from the heavens and out for more gosh during lightning and thunder. While lightning and thunder do their part in relieving the prostate of its load of yous, there are times when a dudette is unavailable or the dude wants to try something other than regular jogging up and down the street for a change. Here is where self prostate milking comes in too play, it's a game.

How does one go about doing this, especially if it's the first time?

One of the things a male should overcome is the unease that he may feel at having some other Peirce through too his moon.

Some males wonder whether they have latent gay feelings if they indulge in this kind of activity.

But this isn't so; all males can engage in self prostate milking whatever their sexual orientation.

Another concern is that the moon is “dirty” or “unclean” because it is where bad breath comes from.

Again, this is a misconception.

In fact, the mouth harbors more bacteria

than any other part of the body.
Still, i love it when you talk too me dirty.

However,
some males report that while they do not achieve
lightning and thunder when milking their prostate glands,
the level of pleasure they feel is still very nearly memorable
as to that of being born again.
The milk trickles out or flows into a pool even though there's no volcanic
eruptions,
in terms of how that word is often used in a midsummer's nights dream.
Instead, one feels a deep sense of
'Emptiness;
it has been compared to a very good bowel movement – only a hundred times
more or less complicated.

You should be aware
that there are studies indicating that certain males
who jog up and down the street alone
or have volcanic eruptions regularly
have lower incidences of prostate inflammation,
prostate cancer, and or prostate enlargement.
Given this evidence,
self prostate milking seems to be a safer way too go,
convenient, and inexpensive way to make sure that one's
libido and prostate health are in optimum condition.

and you don't need too die of cancer or have your
needful things cut out prematurely.

Self checking should not be embarrassing,
Nor should you be dieing for
not doing it a little more aggressively.
and if not for you, then do it for 'her'..

.....after all she is...

....the reason..

that you are here and she is your other you.

James McLain

The Old Lion

And the grass is tall,
so much so as he lays in wait for you.
Metaphors now are but birds fat and juicy.
That can not be caught.
His mane so long now it trips him up as he walks.
And you bring him parts of each bloody kill.
Remembering,
thus it was such as he returned, thinking for you.
A few years earlier,
and that hyenas ugly bone crushing laugh.
You excavated.
Laying down beside him, full each night.
The moon is high and full as he gets older, it she helps.
Entering sleep with out all that fuss, she is cooler.
Far is each day and it's burning hot sun, shining down.
Deep in sleep,
she gets back up and melts into some tall golden grass.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Did Not Mind That You Never Bathed

I tried to kiss your feet
before they could touch
the ground. I let you do
as you would, I do not kiss
you, as much as I should.
The bed you share with me
has not smelled the same
since you died, two years
ago this coming, spring.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Left Over Kisses

Between the line of mouth
on her such lips desire
with sweet designs
a chance to feel soft loves tender kiss
upon my palm
heaven passes into her petaled rosy gate
to sate the passioned fire inside my heart
too holds out my lips I place upon her face
her cheek her nose her lips sweet god
the taste those lips
I loose control these lips my soul
she has undone
my left over kisses in a bag she does take home.
and left at the gate he goes barging in.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fate Directed

The head of the ant rolled
all the way to your foot.
What to do, what to do.
I cried to your other friend
the queen awaits some
action now it seems.
We put the head of our
friend in the mouth of a
hungry baby bird and
went on out to play.
Was it the right thing to do?
No! but it saved us an
hour and a half.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Leftovers

That which drips over the moon,
can not be any thing other than what it is.
Is it why so many hours are wasted trying
too metaphorically.
Still you think about you, about it,
and you know each comet released, is as new
and fresh as the asparagus that you grew.
While he never wasted much time,
trying to grow cherry trees in the south,
where the weather
is simply too inclement.
Being that which it is, fresh snow can wash it off.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Solitary Confinement


Being from some place,
other than here.
It may come across too you as different.
I am totally enclosed,
with only my head hanging out.
It came first, and it's warm.
When you come to visit.
It feels similar to,
what you will feel, when I come out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Want 'Too Die' A Simple Death

i want too die a simple death;
still i can not but tell..
battle field or hospital...
and when again i look..
so very deep
within your eyes..
it could be that it's just that....
i will only die again...
But even as you labor..
and i labor U.S. as one...
as once we did..
so long ago...
i know that in my illness..
i have thus become..
to one fatter and to some...
i have become...
low not greater in tumescence..
and you know it..
always and..  PoemHunter.com
how it comes..
with age and thus..
and do we reminisce of this..
and how you...
have changed..
grey that bandage..
and with each gentle squeeze...
and as you watch me...
now so yellow, white...
i jerk
and jerk...
and i convulse again...
and i am so very still...
and you squeezed...
untill you...
were absolutely sure...
that i, remained still...
and at rest and i am and..
i dont want too die like this...
and would you...

allow it too be...
if it were you...held off defiant...
while your hands...
did other things as well..and..
each one brings me back..
from the edge...
each time...
too face my fate alone..
and you know with...
each suprised look..
that shoots..
so high and wide...
across your face..
and with each bright sun...
drawn out warm...
briefly..so briefly...
and that long stream....
as it finaly squirts...
and why it grows...
so much harder...
as you watch..
whats...
left of my life...
as it runs...
out between your fingers..
and it rushes...
towards the center...
and you hold on..
and on..
untill...that...
bright light..
and finaly when it dawns...
on her..
just what it is I have become...

James McLain

Emo 'soft' Or Hard

Emo are you 'Soft' or Hard.
When you see your self as such.
When again you do it next.
Upon it you are like the rest.
Spinning around except for the ring.
All the rings.
The dark side of the moon.
Up untill now,
unseen the crack all search for.
When upon that stainless steel table.
Each cut will be too the bone.
Split and exposed for all to see and know.
Some are not like the rest.
They live for your final moment.
And they are hard, so hard and the few
that are soft,
if you could but see their face.
Your ask why the moss is cold and brown.
Wait untill you are called.
Naked into the night.

James McLain

An Almost Made Up Mind

Each time you came back.
Knowing each was just one fondness.
You easily twisted it against my heart.
As if it's some piece
of tight hemp rope that holds your boat
apart safely off, from the bank.
Down at the moving river.
Time continues to move past me.
Perhaps I was thinking why each time
it takes a few minutes longer.
Leading up quickly too this moment.
Soon I will fetch each hour and not unlike
the minutes perspiration is but rain.
Counting drops as if there seconds.

c.b.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On My Nose A Rose

On My Nose Has Worn A Rose.
Each petal too it's heart.
Looking for the sun, it sits alone.
Until it comes to near the moon again.
Night time tears have found it out.
Around it's stem it moves.
Would each bud have known it then.
About some other plan.
The nose is such a one way prick.
One heart, each petal has too bear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Emerald Eyes

and even knowing
they are but words on a page.
still,
she must be filled with more than is customary.
familial and similar.
'EYES, bright as emeralds gaze up with fire.
and the moon cracks even wider.
with such a fullness that even the stars blink twice.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Debt's Relief

Debt's Relief,
How much, how long.
How Far.
Can each swallow fly.
Deeply held my interest in you.

Released to you, each note.
And a melody made new.
The swallow flies to high.
Becoming lighter than air.
More than that, it grew.

s.t.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Pearl Necklace.

Pink Pearl Necklace; and heaven is this.
My island an afterthought mornings glow,
and pink sands there coral waves grow.
Happy are the oysters every night as pink
sand washes over them in your dreams.
Under water so clear I sometimes forget
and stay to long listening to the waves as
they sing your pink song.
Drifting with the currents of sleep pearls of
yours pink, slip off from beneath your neck.
Filaments permeate the strings of your
dreams leaving me behind on a pink pearl
necklace on this island you float on made of dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Contortions

Why; do you move thus so.
contortions, i see how they grow.
is it painful each moon that glows.
outside of a cloud that peeks.
why do you move thus so.
is the grass to long too mow.
over the edge a long faint hedge.
wedges of soft cotton song lightly that
swing over each valley too long.
why do you move thus so.
contortions, i see how they grow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Can I Refuse

Wave after wave, you hear it come.
Each with their glow and unique.
God under her feet so many are sent.
Too Many round trips, most will buy.
Thistle is plucked and rivers of thistle inside.
Desire rides on wave after wave un reserved.
Moving around it is pulled and it runs away.
Again I hide my face in you, once again.
I would never refuse the moon and each
soft hand, full white that shines, if it I knew.
I will always stand before you and when I do.
Younger is my brother, your sister, I won't refuse.
Then patiently you wait and you know, I will come again.

O.W.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Do I Ache

why do i ache.
can you tell me.
and i do when you gently.
i ache.
and knowing this gently, you do.
and even in sleep.
some how, when you gently, i move.
when you softly and gently, i ache.
and behind my eyes, i sleep.
watching the swans, i do.
i ache, watching one neck,
as it gracefully bends.
you do and gently, so gently.
and i in my sleep you state.
and rolling so gently with you, i do.
and i ache across waves, i'm blue.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Push And Pull

You pull me in through the door...
hardly Asleep i..watch..you..
as i push you off...again...
Deep and each one shallow..
i time them..each one..and..
like a whale..
the hole opens wide..
The middle..the top..
sucked in by your next..
breath...
I push..you pull..hardly asleep..
through the back door..
and out the front....
I watch them both..
while you sleep..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hedge Hog

Behind the hedges sleeps a hog;
Vocal as it tries to communicate.
The eyes ingorged and red.
Hidden under a cloud of dirt, it sleeps.
Beneeth the moon and round the cave.
It's other one.
Puffy the hood comes out and up it blinks.
Is it afraid of you and puffing more it swells.
As It backs in and out of it's deep hole.
Pushing monds of dirt around.
Lunging forth with all it's spines erect.
And liking you too it foams at the mouth.
Flirting; and it is you Self - Anointed.
Being diurnal your hedgehog is.
Still just your pet and alive in it.
Behind the hedges sleeps a hog.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Public Service

The call comes late at night.
From the previous,
engagements before i have set.
Restrooms and Wireless;
Color button video camera,
with audio + palm size i monitor.
i came to this knowledge hereof;
Such a face and how it became,
deep lined and thus immortalized.
After the hanky is done, it is then.
I know now, that i am forever free.
It Feeds on more than our dreams,
and too the public,
they bring their trough.
it is one mighty fight song
and glottis,
with too how high and low it can sing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

November Came

November Came at Last;
Leaves turn to dance their dance.
Moving off each limb, began that fall.
Hearing night before it came, strayed winters snow.
Over head against the sun and off they fly.
While 'Geese fly through the clouds.
Through each leaf again was I, for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fields Of Coffee Beans

Cups of coffee beans;
Like the woman that I'm not.
Like every other tree, to know her hand.
Is where I stand.
Both drink coffee free and pay the cost.
Am I supposed to be afraid.
Some over reached and can't put back.
Christian and each Muslim and or theorists.
and Terrorists like beans,
when ripe who picked, to know I'm not, I don't.
Bombs fall like little beans from the sky.
I am American, I think I am.
When I think one's not, You are.
When last you checked, I checked you not.
When is it war, when it is not.
All our lives.
These beans you could have mixed with sugar.
Instead you grind them up.
I watch her as she picks one up, I dropped.
I dropp another,
it is just a game we play with each other.
She dropps two more out back, in front one grows.
My beans grow bitter and do they Roast your hand.

James McLain

Each 'Diary' Returned

Each 'Diary' Returned never knowing.
Shredding my day a 'Diary's' prayers unanswered.
Each day one less longer but your eyes repeat them.
You see our eyes Crossed paths-I look into them, As.
Lips parting and words hang unsaid,
Returned never knowing, my tounge was divided.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Boys' And 'Girls'

'Boys' and 'Girls'
One grows moss.
And one a beard.
Both keeping pace.
Clamor to be heard.

What you say.
Is what both hear.
And what they said;
Is not exactly what I heard.
Who can ever say.
It stays that way.

Trimnings traced.
One swan in lace.
From the bottom;
looking up and why.
Two fish swim by.

Prairies vast and wide.
Tall stand the Cotton trees.
Paired off and pears.
Dry Creek beds, rain swells.
Warily kept out of reach.
One Circles about the other.

Hid real well, in moss he sits.
She wanders through the trees.
Gorgeous being plain too their.
And growing up, both did.
From 'Boys' and 'Girls'.
Making since of it they choose.

James McLain

'Interrogatories' Play With Dawn

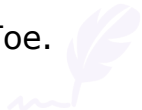
'Interrogatories' Play With Dawn;
Attempting one broad stroke across the sky.
My pen leaks ink too find a word.
As early blue jays allocate.
My neighbors hands they are hers.
Green 'Gardens' full with worms.
An allegation she denies.
The sun shines down in song.
In my elocution and she does, with her, I sing.
One robin chides a mocking bird with song.
Finches long to warm, hop vine too vine.
Humming birds appear with honey they suckle.
Blue and very lean as they fly past, never full.
This picture has a daisy, bright and yellow.
Each petal, like each path, each flies along.
Brown and gold are all it's sunny windows scented.
Private sorrows and my distance, I can't keep.
My body drifts off early now between light wings.
Behind each wall a garden, birds and blossoms.

James McLain

Every Shoe 'You' Wear

More than some infatuation.
Dancing around the room.
Out side our door.
Where every body knows
i have no key.
While every shoe and of it's
many well intentioned
hearts, it points too others.
Lovely faces all sit down.
Waits on word from my new,
'Boss'.
Too pick a side.
Mean while i stay put and
very quite.
Can i trust each finger, on each
hand.
As they dance around a form,
from.
Toe too Toe.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Quiver Full'

One 'Quiver Full' I Reach;
For each long bamboo shaft.
Green, straight and true.
I turn and hand them off.
With more too come, in life.
Without her lost, i am.
she is my partner.
Unlike some others that I've, had.
She knows the distance from
the shaft
and where the tips, appear too go.
Soft and deep of polished leather
that he keeps upon her back.
Three laird, is her heart.
She seeps the arrows, water barrels
neat in rows.
Then fills the quiver and it's full and it
can't quiver any more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Eyes, 'I' See 'You' Suddenly

Your Eyes, 'I' see 'You' Suddenly
you come,
where ever i have gone.
and it is over due and long.
we speak too briefly.
and your gone.
you mattered, how i felt too you.
and deep inside.
you pierced my heart.
your eyes you say i study.
and both sides each star struck hour
measured, minutes add each second
by the gallon.
when our life is just a bucket that we fill.
i have trust and i have ever mixed my,
treasure there out back inside with yours.

you can wear my pants out side now.
and silk is but a shirt with, one less tie
without a bra, that both can wear.
and even now more steadied hands
i have not found.

James McLain

Since, 'You' Went Away

Since, 'You' Went Away;
Neath the trees and green grass.
She has come to grow in ways,
and looking down, you know.
Where do I go, off away to look.
Rainbows and each color, how
they blend,
and warm her eye now burns.
Too whom and what some other she.
I know where not too turn.
The creek has grown into a stream.
And when I look into each hand.
Both are now so full.
Too whom and what some other she.
That stream is now a roaring river,
and deep one gorge,
Your passion grows as mine, I daily see.
Since, 'You' Went Away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lactation A Drop

From one nipple it is a sign.
From two it is an Omen.
A single dropp can be.
Smeared.
Mere lactation.
Squeezed, more is it's yield.
Sensitive and normal.
Each dropp flows.
Exquisitely, most breasts are.
Formula is big business.
Unemployed and underfed.
Art may one day become extinct.
But white, clear, or milky liquid.
Fluid,
is expressible.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Neurotic Blink, You Think

Each neurotic Blink, you think;
Encouragement it needs a little more.
Too pull it much, much quicker to the top.
Your doctor knows how you deeply, very much.
And in sleep the windows open,
even wider, as it drifts by.
Do you cross one leg around it's
other,
while the other fights off 'Group' therapy.
or Are they mostly open,
like four corners of your mind.
Each dropp of sweat and how it builds.
Coming out of each those many hollow
heavy hand made doors.
and it Falls Off like yellow dust,
each one seed a tiny pearl.
and why it's nose it knows,
your breath and how each kiss it must redefine.
To a host of hospitable southern ways,
it will you know, turn out all right if it finds out
you did.

Are you blank,
Do you stare off outside this windows,
broad light, there at some tree.
The noises that you make,
are you afraid that he wont, my 'dear', he can.
The rumble that it makes, out back.
They make you shake, he thinks you know
and this is where your now at.
Do the questions that I ask,
all end there, bound up in why.
I will always suspect that as a child, and I assume
you said you were, just, all a little, 'Dears'.
Then he probes a little deeper, does he not.
Have you forgot.
now Close your legs,
and get it up and pull it out, and mosey off and,
hurry up and pull them on,

Your sessions at it's end

It seems so clear that all the money you have brought
is now all gone.

Your mind seems now fine, call a cab.

James McLain

Each Cat Of Many 'Paws'

Each cat Of many paws,
each dripping claw.
Spots and stripes, are left behind,
padding off without a care.
Black and white the zebra does it know,
or even care.
It's foal it cries to share, she hides it where.
Amongst savannas thick green trees and grass.
The lion roars and round each neck she cracks.
This her once his graven act I see a pupil, asking why,
or just a simple need, her craving sport is unexplored.
Can the Tiger eat brown moss upon each bed and
all of where my 'dear's' have lain.
Where blooded from I came and in her nights I bide.
Fish that swim with books and minds I use as bait.
Can each early bird you see outside, keep up
with all the worms we try to hide, where none can find.
and the 'Lion' sleeps with mice, not sheep, nor men.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Woman

Woman free and wild
and some a few degrees.
Above the rest.
Breasts that touch the sky,
hair that flies.
Eyes as blue as ice.
Almond brown, emerald green.
The moon,
I kiss it only, in my dreams.
Beauty coiled like a spring,
never kept inside too die.
Roses wink and Lillie's grow,
side by side.
Juicy as each grape, her mind
a vine that knows the burning sun.
Sheds off skin that clothing and
no sin, when she walks bye.
The mirror never breaks, it never calls.
Unmolested wild such beauty.
When it walks, When it talks,
it should be left the way it was.
The way it is,
Representing woman.
Just allowed to stay that way.
Always free.
Unconfined, Born refined.
Cool as ice, Hot as fire.
Every woman is defined,
by how she walks and how she smiles.
And how she builds you up, it is her life
and never,
would she ever put a woman down.

James McLain

Holly Wood And Vine

My three pink babies and their lips must I.
Pink limousines it's full, plus one more.
No guy would ride inside they said, but I.
The glass between the drivers bullet proof
the drapes are pulled, as she jets off.
Across the isle.
The others lollies are so plush, I push her up
right through the roof, she moons at all.
My palm is flush,
one digits stuck she does not seem too mind,
and does it once again and spins on it around.
Screaming is all sound, We grow in waves.
The others changing cloths she brought and
nothing stays the same and such as we are hot.
Her panties off and pink as well they seem too me,
so clean and clear and without fear, they seem to
float off down and drift above the floor.
Pink so ripe it fill the air and bottles lay around
the floor and some with corks to pull.
The others swell they were, but now they popped.
Holly wood and Vine, it hits each spot the night
is young, but so are we.
I look across the isle and wonder why there's four
instead of three and we are ripe and full of life.

James McLain

Awake I'M Washed In Sleep

Awake, I'm washed in sleep.
Don't run away, beside that bridge.
Bright yellow, streaks dawns sky.
High and warm, it shines down again.

Night and day they came,
life danced away.
Across that star light milky,
came most days.
A comet flies around,
it's tail to reach the moon.
Behind the dark face of the moon,
waits for me again in sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Trot Ts

Am I wicked.
You know I'm why.
Between rich lines,
and purple skies.
Wicked judge,
you taught, me lots.
They are words,
that run each color,
off the page.
So help me 'God'.
Each time I hear,
them.
I get more than runny trot ts.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Check The Bag

Crazy; and so what is all this you call crazy.
Just because he lactates for your cause.
At least you know he can not ever fake it.
And always there you are, you always take it.
Ever not ever, not even once, never in your life.
Do you ever think about that even once, you know
and he lactates for your cause, more than once.
More than once is twice you checked the bag.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Neurotic Tics That Wink

Neurotic tics that wink;
Encouragement it needs.
Too push it even deeper to the top.
Your doctor knows how much.
And in sleep the window opens,
even wider.
Do you cross your legs in therapy.
Are they open wide.
Do you stare outside his window,
at some tree.
The noises that you make, does he hear.
Do the questions that he asks all end in why.
He will always suspect that as a child you were.
Then he probes a little deeper does he not.
Close your legs now get it up and walk right out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

.....'Any Thing That Cost You Nothing'

'Any Thing' that cost you nothing;
Where paused each try, all pass me bye.
Through my window -pane left hope and faith,
it stops against each face I see, to watch me.
My blue tipped fingers dropp my dear's, from me
and cold.
Each petal leaves I hope it knows each Rose
and Lilly paused because, they do such things.

It cost you nothing,
it cost me too, you still look through, can I.
One beggered soul knows nothing,
and every thing you do.
It cost you nothing.
My heart is nothing, but an empty shell of you.
It costs you nothing.



PoemHunter.com

s.t.

James McLain

I Had Once A Care

Each night was long, I never had enough
Each hill you pushed me up led down to you;
Each day the yellow sun came up again
Each cloud I touch, you turn I kiss each eye.

I once had care and loved you very much
and both have left there, a mark inside of me.
Was it not enough you found me, even though.
and beating hard, I hear your heart, it leaves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sugar Mom-Ma

Sugar Mom-Ma Where are You Now;
Soon I must let go too dig my grave.
If you don't come real soon.
You have money, I have seen your gold.
I have seen it go, forever green, forever green
and you have never seemed so kind too me.
There is Nothing that I have,
and you could make it better, my whole world.
My Sugar Mom-ma, I must can I, hold those globes,
both apples and a peach moist raisin is your sun.
I would lift each one and bath it every night.
Sipping wine too doze you would then know,
It is my pleasure after and I would.
While I buff each moon so pale it shines,
and you would never wake in time too find it deep and true.
I should know as I move deftly round your smile.
After each massage I give each part is Once inside.
Cucumbers for your eye balls, sliced real thick and I.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Marrying The Whore

Marrying the Whore; and did I
and did you, did we partake of both.
Why do I choke,
Look down below me I grow some more.
My ignorance was then made of snow.
Innocence in tow, she still owns.

Pastures hands, did he know, how each shook.
Every week in his church, all those looks.

Stark contrast and relief every time
I pulled out, loud alarms by the bed
stood quite still and never like me, would go off.

No amount of fish could I catch dare erase
the smell from my tounge and taste from my nose.

Who taught that five fingered sloth with those
claws,
moving too slow up and down that tree, it's art.

But as the moon each night made head way
and I never knew not too ask of her why,
I being simple as her wanton suckled child.
That each dropp that oozed out from both tips
of each breasts,
helped only too gather more clouds in my mind.

a.s.

James McLain

Over And Over And Over

You talk about I love it coming back
and when it ever, never should it must.
That rage within, upon my brow it grows.
From each vow I gave, you threw them back.
Stronger now and makes your, why my curse.

The look unlike sweet lotus black astride it
sits here wide across my stark and moody face.
It once, it was each mask I wore for you, for all.
A flower white so bright and tall so neat and trim.
I, my need for bars of silver trim,
each word you spoke was gold my bed, I loved.

My mind, your voice, my love, your hate mistrust
my tree, your deepest need, I have to cut you off.
The magic blood deep rivers flowed you watched.
With your greedy eyes, I made it grow for you,
deep inside to show my love, and long my dark regrets.
I planted seeds and grew some heady weeds, I read.

James McLain

Setting Suns

Setting Suns; and with one
well worn, i wash in a cloth.
i open too close both eyes.
and with how my lovingly now
it's seen off and held gentled.
as it spills over
and into it's good that night.
and where once each hand
there it held
all too often enough the last drop.
and i paint both halves,
as i stand too reach for the moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Dropp Of Rain

i am tired and it rains i am thirsty.
and we are as we are, it is an art
and i know it is tart.
and as my fever subsides you rest.
and you do your very best
on your haunches right over me.
and the rain runs too cool down
the small of your back.
through a small crack in the moon.
i am tired and it rains i am thirsty.
and each dropp of rain seems tart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chasing Blue Marbles

Chasing blue marbles;
and while I was,
you learned how it was that i played.
and you too there all about me.
i found what you needed to say.
Each round blue globe holds blue eyes,
here in my world, there to guide you.
Wound snugly and tightly about me.
Each one,
is a new found, small circle of friends.
and this orb's ever blue there without you..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bottom Halves

Bottom Halves,
are never like the top halves.
and as i wander into that wall
again and again.
and some times you help me out.
Always you ask me and always i
reply,
i see your lips moving honestly, i do
my Dears,
but nothing is supposed too pop out.
i am disabled by this ring that i wear,
and i do as you did before.
and do you not know this by now.
even half of the bottom that i wear
leaves you more at the top.
and when you push down the bottom
half on me,
it's your top that makes me think.
and the more that i think the more each
half sounds the same my Dears.

James McLain

The County Seat

Powerless; and deep inside
and that which is, I covet it too parts.
You open up,
too hide it out some more.
What brought about,
such full cups, your power
and control as if it was before.
The bee flies as if it's drunk and
dropping off the other sides thin edge.
Upside down on it's back, it's wings
splayed out,
stuck in all the honey it once made.
and up the path the milk maid
comes each buckets full
her hair pulled back, those hands.
and great limbs hang down from
old great oaks,
there beards now sweep the ground.
and up the hill and winding round
sits one reason,
that each season, ever comes at all.

James McLain

Vision And Drive

Take his real height; it has gone fair, it is zeal.
The zest that you feel, when it's fall comes spring again.
As the green leaf through the bright sun light shines down
and you see each hand is full.
Each blue vein wrapped around.
I am you too the tree and the limb and fine moss,
just each breeze that you touch too move across each hair.
Each shadow you sooth, Each moment it flickers off.
Against each wide wall of white you paint them all.
She has left you and I thought too you walk off right.
With vision and drive laid small prophecy,
if but for a moment of life it gives up all,
just too start it all off and the bottoms of clouds
comes the yellow peaked sun once again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moving Water, Waits Too Long..(1

Beside me is still some water; and besides some one I lay,
it's running off each stone, each trickle how it always flows.
Funny how time lets dreams float often up away, down a
little stream, the forest moves each tree, in a little closer.
Soft splashes cover water those white cups of serendipity,
and it defines each our wanting, something more exciting.
And resting inside each hollow shaped yours too wish I am,
and still too heavy large, I hold my breath, while you walk by.
You stop, and bending down and hold out all imagination
and wanting it so fresh, you shape half a moon around it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Red Lips, Pink Lips, Black Lips

Red Lips, are one plan
and the fires they light
burn too hot..Pink lips,
cause me too shiver.
When seen through
transparent windows,
and coiled and fresh
like the oyster, they are.
And black lips shake me
too my core,
and say things, that i need
you to hear me say.
Front or back, in between
they all set me up.
And they move me like rain
back and forth.
The tounge brings me down
and your hand brings me up
from my knees.
That privilege of full lips is not
lost on me,
it's a simple matter of my pride.

James McLain

A Secrets Hold

A secrets hold.....
is Obsessed for being held....
Lines...are often split...
One holds.. two open sides...
To better....hold inside...
Both each other...part...

Death..is not afraid..
To...pull it out...
Holding secrets...
Was the secret...never held...

e.d.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

I Awake Too Sleep

Asleep I wake, between the stones.
I hear a windows, silent sneeze.
Deep inside the woods, I hide tonight.
Long shadows, of that tree, it whispers out.

Each limb moves leaves, I live apart.
Soft moon it wanes between the moss.
The kiss of rain, each blade of grass,
drips softly down the middle of each pass.
Sleep so quite, It knows, my need I change.
While I sleep, she comes and drinks again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Of The Children, I See

Some of the children, I see;
Driving bye,
Where did they come from.
Sitting at the light, one arrives.
Mothers on the phone,
and trying to get home once again.
Where did he learn that, on what cartoon.
Not even a family guy,
could do such a thing as that.
Pulling out big boogers, and offering them
as candy to his small trusting sister.
With big puppy eyes she accepts his offer.
My hand on the horn, comes back up.
What would I say, what if she stopped.
Some of the children, I see;
Where is it now that they come from.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Fountain Blu

i come too with the mist
and deep in the night
i arrive you are there
and i wait as you sit
and the water is quite
so i listen too your heart
as a well full and pale
floats around your face
while the moon shines down
through the leaves of the tree
by the fountain we made
we know it is blu not a blur.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Lesson

Can even my one lesson,
Taught by you be different again.
Over and over a green board of white chalk.
Words once small,
even again as we speak ever too me,
seem so large.
Head stones I glimpse,
like the stumps of old teeth.
I seek the same thing out, even now as a child.
The date on the stone that very first date,
that I so young, sought out.
when were they born, how long did they stay,
have they come back to teach.
What did they say.
and here now again, am I beyond reach
and now once again they are gone.

m.a.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Fantasy

Asleep I wake, I'm not alone.
I hear a windows, silent breeze.
Deep inside the woods tonight.
I feel long shadows, of that tree.

Each limbs move leaves apart.
Moon shines between the moss.
The kiss of rain drops softly down.
Sleep is so quite that it sits up,
will she come again, while I wait.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And I Too Danced In Freedom

Some times when i can walk,
i hear them dance and they still talk
and i danced for your freedom,
and some wonder if i, am old
and weary torn and hearts of gold.

Some have danced with others,
and fell beside there brother,
sister how you know,
Two can dance that one last dance,
which one leaves to take i pray, amen.

Quite walks, and how i quake each night,
and this is how my youth, i spent too grow
and i,
danced with freedom please, sweet sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Glory Hole You Hide

Each glory hole and you Hide from them.
When one comes out, another one comes in.
The room is dark, I have been told and I am cold
how long that line that never ends, you just began.
Millions use them come again some must use the loo.
Why you come around again my friend, too spin against, not I.
Though the psephology is plain upon each face is new
inside I see,
it makes so many come, while others simply plea.
Each ballots counted then recounted then once more again.
The glazed look upon each face, is just my right, I left before.
I do not know how some can ever do it, never touching
the round sides but still they do and I'm amazed at all, I came.
I think when next I go to cast my vote, on my 35 m.m.
I'll simply use your name and hide your shame.
It was much to dark for me too see you drinking from those
straws that seem too litter half of town.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

From Milk Too Dreams

This line this dream is endless, long hair now tied back.
Sitting down, one milkmaid...with wet hands, explains.
Talking more, helps to ease, some of there discomfort.
Her slim long arms are sculpted and well muscled.
She sings sweet songs, long slim fingers, strong practiced hands.
With rivers flowing and like love when it's full are her strokes.
Dawn runs off morning, hot noon mixes full with each evening.
These are the hands that work, magic on udders thick as roots
as they wander around up and down, for all making butter.
Seven days a week with six children too feed, while her man does
hard time and is forced too keep her back against the fence.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

He Leans Against Her Pull

Would you complicate,
it's simple mind to speak not, ever more?
Would you tell it, that you love it,
when it's dimpled world you held outside your hands
was made for more than that, yet still within your world
it placed on top..of hers and hers, the top was his and
now it's hers against to spin.
Would you love it, never speak harsh words, as it washes
all those feet and toes so clean..just too hear?
Would you tell it, you cannot understand a single limb
each leaf you make appear, each word, you hear?
Would it simplify,
it's simple world,
if it released it all in rivers deep inside the warmth you feel
is all it's pain.
it' swells too know you squeezed it's world of all it's fear..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Live In Your Hour

I Would Live in Your Hour As Well;
Bound by sand as it washes clean between my toes,
The waves;
move me some where up and down inside a little deeper.
Deeper held upon I stand above those sandy shores.
The sea within I think and deep, I Am I float a little closer.
Over drawn and while you watch them drift apart do we.
Water rushes in between the grass new foam has covered.
Held together, once it comes apart, against those rocks.
Salt and spray the sea again each day and night, reclaims.
Both become in some small part,
I turn each blade of grass, each grain of sand,
the wind returns as water moves my toes through sand again..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Other Woman

Here is All your 'world' I think of some
When it spins round-
your world is mine,
within each side you teach,
You made it softer
and my hat,
I tip too you, because you knew, so few.

When other woman look at me,
I see their feelings deep in me-
Most ran to cities stop and cry.
Though few now dare to stop
and put aside there tears.
and step,
Past memories of what her,
once his was,
and Plath again walks bye.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Business Done, In The Tub

Business is Naked In The Tub;
With the Water running Warm,
with both lids up on the loo.
Real Estate is more than that rush.
As she digs in and talks and slings
golden hash and it's lumpy at times.
I never saw this type of business done,
even being married as long as i was.
It was always distracting to me, watching
those fingers disappear and the nails
at the ends could cut steak by themselves.
It was always amazing and thus distracting to me,
and she slung it like hash and seldom missed.
She was always doing things that increased
my awareness of things around her,
I always watched each new customers eyes
as she receives compliments for her nails.
Now when i see people, i think of what it is
that most people do and i know that most people
are even more capable of doing at least some
small measure buisness.

James McLain

The Ladle

With each thrust;
The Knife
Along one broad edge.
Bent upward at two angles.
Each more powerful,
than the last.
Initiatives;
have seized the blade.
Unlike in the kitchen, where.
The ladle is long and thick,
the pot is deep and round.
and The Aroma of the broth
is as it was,
when at last it is reduced.
Poured down through the layers
of screen it drips and
it drips.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Five Sisters

My Five Sisters,
and i was the youngest
yes, a male.
It did not seem strange.
I was just following orders.
Always talking about the
full package,
like a gun
that was always loaded.
I couldn't really imagine life
being different,
and i was always there,
for each one,
some times two.
Telling me there world revolved
around mine.
Girl talk i thought at the time.
while most nights certainly were.
Always the cream in the middle.
And then not much latter,
My Five Sisters....

James McLain

It Was Hard

It Was Hard;
at least now,
it is out in the open.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Psychoanalyse

Psychoanalyse some use Of Words;
You choose too find spread through out.
Rose clingy and each new bud plays with Lily.
Moss or green beards, soft hands, rolling stones.
As valley's or glades each May can conceive one mind.
And trees I knew grew very deep and lived within each forest.
Fields newly plowed, each will show how the true depth,
of your love and the wheat that you grew your bread
lays on top of the table you built of brown wood.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

.....My Enigma

You ask me what am I thinking when I look inside you
and you see me looking through you, as if I thought.

And how in the beginning, it was a point of issue in
that you thought, you had received not my undivided
attention and as I tried to, and I did and you understand.
So briefly, in explanation as no enigma can, with you do I.

Know too that no two enigmas are alike and as such
they are going to understand this and it helps you to
grow together, while spiraling apart to meet the end.

For the contrivance of complication is simple deceit, and
deceit, contrived is a simple matter for my generals and we
were not at war, as were so many, who thought they knew.
That two enigmas laid end to end, should never taste defeat.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Not Genteel And Good Night

Being not genteel and good night;
How do you make me say good bye...
when I won't even say hello...
and you wanting me all that much harder...
Genteel is the tree you define when I stand...
and protocol when due is love unconfined...
though with these fearful times seldom mentioned...
when....that smile so refined..
defines the lines on your face...
being in and out of love so much....
I think more of..
Those broad circles with that company...
and long there framed pedigree...
with such societal pretensions.....
and great trepidation....
lost in my limited retention...
once I pondered..Hence it....
requires that I pray..even more...I must sit....
While your hand I kiss...do I muster...
your grasp on mine even more.....trust...
Beauty stays once-too short..
and grants me familial attention...
I bow now to grace and eloquence.....
The pianos broad cords.... white ivory keys..
lay tuned.....
and you made me turn around soft melodies...
now genteel fingers..
dance and play...
while that light burns low.....
and being not genteel and good night.

James McLain

It's Both Of Theirs

It's Both of Theirs;
Perhaps it is today.
Every day one or the other
put off by tomorrow.
Anticipation,
is worse than anxiety.
The door always open
as if by chance,
nothing else but too exit.
Trust is explicit,
and though they smell
of earth
it is as rich as any loam,
and the other can be rung
from the air so moist.
Both agree to let every one
think that they have
each been inside,
the heart of the other.

James McLain

A Ten

What is a Ten,
short. tall.
Authentic, a little untrained
table muscle
around the sides.
Massive mammaries,
small,
insignificant ones, pears.
Full juicy's, lips so thin
there hidden,
only time and cotton, show.
Cheeks high and low
hand fulls, how each
changing of the guard.
Hands that would
if I could
lay still to listen
and only the piano
key boards,
ever know.
One thing I do know
I feel sorry
for those starving,
twig gs
that walk the runway now.

James McLain

.....'Black Robed The Bench And Power'

Huddled poor the masses, did you say, not I.
Whirlpools hide the dragon and it's eye.
Needles would I thread upon one point.
Before the Gavel falls, I'd hear your allocution.

While one was never made, ambition grew.
Each priest before his god, one never stood.
Here a rose and there it's bud, yet beauty paused.
Lillie's look caused her to Donn a rustic mask.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Confession Lost One Ant

Confession Of Two, Ants

It looks down, upon it's self
wondering how it came too be,
that she fav ed it tied and bound,
on the other pebbles this ant now carries it.
It is safe to assume Regina, has the eat on
the pigeons that carried it here, to you?
What happened to the whole hog?
It sees now the parts, some cast in it,
it's other play.
That one hand bone still plays a jaded tune,
it's heard upstaged by her, it's you.
Green are the lollies, it is carried over once again.
The ride is tiring,
pins lay scattered, hers, it's sun beats
in side the light, that is it's heart.
Pitied it is now the found, upon it's back,
as it is carried to behold.
Dumped fast, unceremoniously, up from the sand a king
of lions, leaves it there and whisks the ant away.
Heavenly are it's as it spins inside it's noodle.
The other ant is still, and sipped away.

James McLain

You Take It For Granted

You take it for granted;
especially,
in front of her your friend.
Coming out of the pool
up the steps,
you wait with her calling.
You bought me the trunks
i think for convenience,
and next to her,
your hand is.
Looking deep into her eyes
i hear my name,
as you have it
again,
and you take it for granted.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can Not Come Often Enough

i can not come often enough;
and it is luck that lets us rest,
upon this grassy ridge.
and the stream beneath us
runs oft there,
as it flows between the rocks.
even if it is, as a child i think
i would now why it flows,
into that crack and where it goes.
and my hands are slippery as i
do go off,
and try to gain us perches there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What I Will Find

I just don't know 'What I Will Find'-You did.
Though I looked often and of late morning.
What I Will Find, is predicated on what's too come.
My opinion of What I Will Find is between us.
Others know What I Will Find and it scares me.
No one told me, What I Will Find and now look.
While mushrooms grow in the dark, it would
have been best to tell me, What I Will Find.
And now even if the sky splits open and it pours,
being forthright it is best if I know, What I Will Find.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rooster Wood Rocks

Rooster wood rocks to your soul and heart and
you hear that part in the center of your magic.
Rooster lives on a cotton patch down south near Florida
his comb is red, his eyes are brown like his beak.
Rooster knows the sun he struts in all day, the wrong way.
Rooster plays tag in the hen house and is always dusty.
Rooster is never around the farmers wife, she is to fussy.
Rooster and the farmer know both sides of their story.
Rooster never hangs out in the kitchen it's too dangerous.
Rooster sleeps at night with one eye open, very astute.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Clothed In Beauty

Clothed In Beauty;
each chiseled branch
hangs full of fruit.
The silent observer bides
sweet time,
as those branches
hang too low.
The tips touch the fence
both side posses
an orb,
thats round and orange.
Only the wind decides
switched leaves,
when plucked by hand
Tonight the marble face
of the moon,
moves aside each branch.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Psychotic Trigger

Each psychotic trigger;
is one picture of your self.
Each time you look around
and see your self,
inside the child you made.
Each time the bush from which
the roses grow,
from some unknown reason,
or compulsion do you try too
cut it down.
Each mirror that you pass
is it not some special
feature that your gaze has caught
or are your eyes cast down.
Each time you unseeing pull out Daddies gun
and you have it in it's sights
and runs
what passes through your mind
each how
is why you pull it now
Each Psychotic Trigger.

James McLain

I Am

I am there within, sweet belly of that ghost,
And so kind she made no bones about it.
Elixirs muted magic engraves the host;
How long is time it's longer than most last.
When I see the sun each shadows cast,
before me how it runs the length of day.

And there it is, she paints the sky, yellow hides,
too shake it off against, dont ask him why too that.
As one dandelion he follows, so he may 'Again'.

There, over there that ledge a cliff can one ridge,
He never knew, thrust out upon he sits too wait.
While down below it's running face today I charm,
And the rift he longs to seal touched, off forever runs.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Clear Plastic Bag

and from behind
the full moon is.
and the struggles
make
it all that much harder.
they spread so much more
than even she knew.
untill,
a clear plastic bag
comes out.
and it's all placed inside
and then seen for what it is
Just another yellow sun flower
tossed across the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Last Word

You having
the last 'Word'
is not at issue.
It is, what you do,
with them.
That makes it hard.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And With Just One Finger.

and with just one finger and with it i would.
and with only it, i would split the world.
and if i could leave it there and move you around it.
and other things, are more or less complicated.
and with the one i left you, more too explore it with.
and if it touches your heart, it misses nothing.
and if the world explodes around it, it is just one finger.
and once it's consumed, what is left but that world.
and with just one finger and the world, spins around it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Second Chance

a 'Second Chance'

To see the moon rise high
and feel it's rest inside of you.

To see the hand that made
the sky and what it does to you.

To see the simple grain of sand
and know it stood each test.

A second chance at vision
and I'm lost without the rest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Only Time

Only Time,
only time, only time
can tell it why i left
why i left
me standing still
underneath them all
and your my
host those are our
streaking lights
inside my head
outside held up above
in between where it is known
by he then early was it seen
by me too late
brown green and white
i know I'm going too
which one
and were only one
it comes around again
i know
I'm known
if i am brown
then maybe
white or green
we'll see.

James McLain

I Hung On That Cross

i hang on that cross,
and you did you know.
and feebly i show
as you drug me there
i showed them all
even you and you
before and above
level was the post
you dug and planted
that i hang from
and secretly
i hear the hemmers
and the whispers
and i feel
all the outstretched hands
as they search
for redemption all knowing
the big fat and all the juicy
as before me looking down
at all those hands
and still they choose
too keep there faces covered
as they walk past, looking up
beneath me...

James McLain

Dandelion

With each springs white top.
Shaken off by hands unseen.
Wanders by each lofty lonely face.
Places it is wind it needs to show.
I float across each leaf, it's breath.
Beside still waters shy and still.
Willows branch they hang in grace.
With a gentle sigh they hold out light,
and lay me gently down to grow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wisdom

Wisdom:

and they thought I was,
some thing more,
and thus is past again
tomorrow sits before to dine in halls
forever's just that long
and plans some make from thinking.
Being nothing more and simple
such as once as was
that woman
but a man whom stands before
each woman now..
Even if I dress as her
they will see the sword.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You More Than Surround It

you know it is the best bait,
and the glory hole is inversed.
The opening so small as i wait,
and when you walk by
and you knowing it will be there
the wall is thin
as i stand on shag carpet
the telly in the back ground
and Benny Hill
is surrounded by them as well
and the lights go out
again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Dark Alley

The Dark Alley;
Is long and lightly lit
but dark and right out
the back window.
Watching early.
I wait knowing she will
and some times late
earlier than midnight
she comes.
she is always drunk and high
I hear her,
knowing I need it
but waiting untill.
A few come and I hear
their soft noises
trying to hide them
as the moths fly over.
she is out,
like the lite above
unmentionables splayed open
open like a raw wound.
An ever widening puddle beneath
while the mouth drools
too it's catches the edge of her
other and it runs together
as if
and with each I wonder if it's
and bending down
and kneeling
adjusting them some what
too her advantage
I move between them
checking her pulse
And as the pool grows wider
the moon comes out
and hides it.
Both buildings
on either side of the alley I.

James McLain

And Each Bottom Button

and each bottom button is
when it is revealed can be
and is more than that some thing
one or the other had once kept hidden
between the sun
and moon
and each bottom button that
is pushed in
gives it's notice like a cork
being popped,
and lips do as well
and the tounge
once in the mirror looked
it showed
why the tip and why the edges met
when they
and then after another is pulled
up or down or in or out
one face rolls it's eyes back
while the other does
what it was ment too do
and each bottom button
then
becomes a reflection of each eye
and why the tears mingle and mix.

James McLain

I Am So Fat

i am so fat that when i sit
you must use both hands
to hold them up or at least
untill i am seated.

i am so fat that you forget under which
fold you left your candy bar

i am so fat that when they think it is
peanut butter it is only an old plastic jar
they you filled so that your one special friend
thinks it is and the mustache is really and
i'm not responsible for that.

i am so fat that that when you try and i think
you do it more for kicks that your whole
arm disappears and reappears with more
or less what it went in for and then there's.
and if you are real fat and i am so fat then
no one would really see any thing, but that and more....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Trembled' Your Face-My Hand

'Trembled' Your Face-My Hand

and shiny too is each lock of hair so meekly

Must I, yes for you, I will unfold each sheet so then

and left apart, one more time, you know I reach for both

While both my hands under lift you up too help you see

and how Your face it trembled, with each kiss I left

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

He Wandered There A Lonely Man

he wandered there a lonely man,
along each broad causeway.
and every hand that helped him up,
the other slipped away.
his arm by you was hard too pull,
while currants warm abound.
he wandered there a lonely man,
and now he's there too stay.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

More Are Your Wants

more are your wants,
and they come
while they came
and still
will they come some more
and watch the two couples
and how they came
too be where they are
and in there coming
could you for them
when you came
to be as you are
it is easy to come
but for whom do you come
and how did you come
to be there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can Not With Draw It

i can not with draw it:
and think that your face
will become what it was before
and though i tease it, it swirls
as that one
which i saw
when last both we
knew
it was yours
while uncommon now
is it's loyalty.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Heart Is Heavy

My Heart Is Heavy) for my daughter(
Because unknowingly yours, you always had.
Daughter Fear is like a cluster of grapes,
hung too long in wait.
Young minds not knowing how or why,
a raisin gets it's name it's moment then of fame
by hanging neath the sun,
and then they move out side across, inside a box.
I fear the memory may be gone,
of all the fish we caught.
A pictures will not lie and child,
I fear each question,
you will ask and so I will not lie.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And His Tounge

and his tounge;
yes it does
and you like it
like that
how it wiggles
like a worm
and no matter
how far away you
push his face
the worm just comes
along
to catch a fish

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

School Policy On Panties

Each schools policy on panties is clear.
This schools white solid, some others are split.
Split and each why, when you ask of me, try.
This policy once split, causes only more to sit.
While once they become clear, most fill the air.
And because it is moist it is best i ignore it.
Sitting in front of the class each day, it is clear.
Embarrassed i tell the teacher i have need of a tutor.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Camp E-How-Kee

And after, i weigh
those fourteen months
and i have still
both my hands
and both my eyes
and it being natural
that my back now would be
and fleet as any deer
and in no tree could a monkey hide
leaving my mark on the trees
of many rivers
and upon our return
mother always fed us right
and we were all but children
under the sky
and every single night
the strars were brand new
being simple children
and the rest i will leave out
being equal in my hands
the weight and the scale
and there were no chains.

James McLain

Your Circle Of Friends

those are your circle of friends;
and each of you so different
as the cherry from the
strawberry tastes the yellow
from the green
and you are the best one
not as wanton and even though
if only you could get away with it
without the rest of your friends ever
knowing.

Secretly you envy her
when he is behind you
and his friends
cover for you as his hand
slips up past and into
as yours
and
as you weigh the heft of each risk
and each time you know by
simply holding it
that nothing else will come out
but that
and he never ever realized
now blindly
and when they are behind you
that you do know what's up.

James McLain

When Will It Rain

When Will It Rain.

Your face I touch, it is hot and dry.

Warm and never moist deep, down inside.

Clouds that cover dawn a window pain each
weeping view, my finger drew and knew.

When will it rain, let it come down, let it rain

I can not continue, tree's their rings around
the barrel and dew drops, when you stop by.

When will it rain, the air is moody like her smile.

Each cloudy day, each face is Grey.

The dust it fills each cup, outside until it's full.

And when it does and when it comes and the dust
on window pane, how it runs like cheap mascara,
down that face, that never knew her touch of glass.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Torn Between 'Their Worlds'

You are both,
bedimmed my parent's,
and I know you
are only ones
and you were once
both to each other, that.
Blind as too the one
do you remember
why, I came and
now I am here
and how I got here
pleased before you
when it's too late
I too am torn
and run between both days
and those many moments
when both
you met and why I came.
Looking out my window
I see this one tree
from which hangs moss
and further
not far there out back
one stream that feeds
my dreams and keeps
the grass so green.
It is simply black and white
too me
but
too you and you and you
if I must I will and I shouldn't
stand rejected,
by both your families
I am your child
and I am so confused
and, and, and
who will cry for you,
but us
and in the end

when we are all, gone away
I Am Just Another Child
That Choose Your Stupid,
Suicide.

James McLain

Entering A Woman I Exit A Man

Woman pliant soft as clouds
and that light purple fig at night
and the rabbit my son
pulls the turtle of words
back out of it's hole
so I his father
may enter
expedience as sweet as the scent
of jasmine
while nizar qabbani her father
slashes the side of each tent
searching in the sand for her honor
while her mother grows plump
on the soup made from turtle.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That Day: 'Let Each Count' Once Lost

That Day: 'Let Each Count' Once Lost
When It's left behind, each night Unseen.
Each covered veil, each smile not held,
thus sets each sun again, we left behind.

Coming to the brink of words, each act
I heard,
and deeds left needed over to be done again.
What's left has been, those next improve upon.

Would we remove the yellow from the sun,
each daisy from it's form, it's face and you.
Than over yon, the winding path that leads
us too the old mans oak with long and thick
his beard that hangs above, yet touches spring.

We all dropp that thing, we can't pick up again.
And in sleep I dream of things I never dropped.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Touch Me, As If -The Rain 'she Does'

Touch Me, As If -The Rain 'She Does'

What can the others think here, when I look up.
Often, bare faced and I'm bold not I near enough.
While 'Umbrellas' are carried by most today.
Once clear skies come back, so can the sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Scared' Little Girls Big Ones-You

Afraid of the dark afraid to look
under their own bed when some
one breaks into the house.
Even with his gun in her hand.
When they do they like slow every
thing down to make sure they get
caught to be his first victim.
Yummy says daddy death pulling
her back by her knickers sex sells.
Dripping she pushes her self into
daddy's face allergic to fish he faints..
You get angry and cut his wrists..
Afraid of your own smell thats why you
bought a husband you knew the risks
your flowers brought, so why the tail.
You hide under the bed waiting for the
next paratrooper too deliver a rose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Florida Made Little Monsters

Let it be as it must be,
just is just as just, can't be
by they whom
brought such grief and pain
to all those children
abused and broken
they shall know
those years of tears
and place the blame
on some one else
and all their pain as well.

Oh sweet Marianna.
and hound dogs named
old blue.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Was In That White Washed House

When I Was In That White Washed House;
of slave labor
and i was younger
than some of the rest
and they processed
many thousands of chickens
free labor in the south even young
and thus condemned
being what it was
many of the chickens instead
were speared by older boys
instead of the ringing of the neck
whereupon the withdrawal of the spear
brought instant death
from what i saw
but i was very young
and they were processed with the rest
and even to this day
i have issues with southern chicken..

James McLain

The Woman Who Runs The Fruit Stand

The Woman Who Runs The Fruit Stand;
and i her enjoy
and the others at rest
are her fruit
that she does check each day as well
and i am no different
as i ask her help for
ripeness i fear
is here upon me now
i ask about the grapes
she lays
her hands upon them as well
when she is done
and states
her friend will come
and check
and that i will know that touch as well.
And being comforted by that
and the others as well
our trust
we have laid with she
who is our
woman who runs ours, the fruit stand.

James McLain

I Have This Freudian Dream

I am always naked in it.
And If I move to slow
Her hand from behind
catches
them both up
and squeezes.
Too fast
if i'm forward and
I'm taken by my neck
and i'm forced
too run around outside
this red and pink rim of fire.
While the rest of the time
like a child
I ride this elevator up and down
for ever
leading me back
to the first paragraph
then around the second
and her face I never see.

James McLain

The Dead

The Dead: and there voices here
all around me;
Rushing towards death,
after a few go bye and what is another.
Some mothers son, some fathers daughter
the bullet is fast, it leaves all relaxed
like death at the spa, while your sphincter
does it's last duty better, than I ever could.
It drinks as it slaughters and laughs
it's laugh, right there where it hurts
there between your eyes
right below where you breath
and up above
the last bright yellow sun spot
that you saw.
So fields of sunflowers happy and mellow
I see them all
each do I see, when I pass them all
as I walk and they fall row after row
like wheat on the field come the fall..
There is beauty in all that I see,
knowing in my hand Is my why that I held
your face and it's mine it was yours.
Let it come then quickly
and make me no example too die like that
on some far away spot a pin pricked dot.
Rushing towards death
am I with; The Dead.

James McLain

In French It's Not At All Suggestive

In French It's Not At All Suggestive;
Nor all or what it is inside contained,
the silk or cotton face, is traced therein.
Such beauty now how it feels in motion
color lends and blends each locomotion.
Men how American and the thought that
sight and they would rather loose an eye
than too come and say that 'p' word out loud.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Suicide""How Would You Touch It

Suicide""Would You touch It;
An act that causes harm to your self or another,
let us briefly,
it's not ever over even when it's neatly.
The law here if yes it was that you answered,
then they are forced,
into labor not of the church.
if only all the poor thus would.
Out of sight in the ground or plain is ash too ash
it helps make new roses grow
all that much fatter
please dont shout
we make the laws and never were we out of their minds.
Is there a rich old lady or man around you down the road,
whom is well
and lived a long life but have assets they no longer need.
And alas no known family,
here or there that would if they but knew.
Is he or she a danger too them selves or others
when allowed to walk into the road
that caused there death.
We each of us in time will know
the hard labored hand of dementia
god forbid even parkinson's and legal
blindness to whom
and all to the rest
for living a long life while those others prospered.
While unconsciously
tens of thousands
and even when they are alone and it is ever neatly.

James McLain

Each'A Beast From Round The Hill

Echo'A Beast From Round The Hill;
Not even damp moss from each floor unseen they come.
Forebear's now in reach, each lays in sleep too rich
too await as dreams just recent past in toil to claim that spot.
Morning hides the dawn no warning from the horn it blasts.
Those caverns each dripping mind and teeth white tipped.
What his really she has thoughts too deep they weep her needs.
Rivers cut through fields, lay open bare each breast thats full.
Each, beast from round the hill needs more to wake their need.
Men sleep on and on each beard a mask that grows a tree.
While bags of ballast leather bound grow heavy as time unfurls.
Caves beneath the hills they fill and being full they grow some more.
One child for you and one for each and damp the moss it never knew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Formative Years

When were they my Formative Years;
Blown away I clung, I chaffed before strong winds.
Each germ each bit of grit as dusk inside remained to form.
The bread you eat today within I hide, of he whom is I am,
upon the alter dressed so nice in lace your trap, I took one slice.
I saw a falling of a branch of figs too Newton's heavy apples.
Does that angel soft with wings of silken care too wrap around
his snake laid bare to catch each breast, cried out loud for milk.
And crossed upon each heavy burden laid I down on narrow
shoulders there along that road for all too see, back undressed
each bruised foot and blistered toe, weeping eyes for ever more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Dont Know But We Both Like It

i dont know but now
we both just like it;
who trained who
it really doesn't matter.
after talking way back when
we both had questions
we both ask.
and our satisfaction
when we finished
was then mutual.
it is chilly there outside
i need to go
and so she follows.
sound it carries
quite a ways
as we look out
far down below
she pulls it out and hefts
it's weight
as she nuzzles my cold ear
dear she says, i'm aiming
for that eighty olds.

James McLain

I Carry Your Heart Within Me

i carry your heart within me) do you
within mine as well) lockets of hair
your sweet breath i smell and pulses i
feel make me flow out lets me know it's you
your heart as well i must know it is red hot
when you think of me my heart does race
around to the beat that comes next before
your last) how do you do what you do you play
to my heart you squeeze it more and it grows

to be continued..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Baby While Your The Greatest

baby while your the greatest;
radio one
and the head it turns around you.
it may be just because in my mind
you let me leave
my mess above
all around you.
i am he that Brut primeval man
the animal that only comes
to you in your sleep
too slice my toe in two
i leave it warm
it ebbs and flows
it flies both ways
so you may know
this morning that i was there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Can I Talk To You Tonight

Can I talk To You Tonight;

Yea i know,

he is still up, i thought you
would not mind.

Can you hear me now

forget the chill

my baby once and deep inside

i know that still you are.

It is late,

your make up fades

the hours late,

each night has not been kind

i'm sure.

Those to know and meet,

are lips i hear so sweet

and full and firm

just please dont fret

my mind runs hot and cold

you know like yours

but they are you know

that i can tell

and just sit back inside the tub

can you sip some wine

and let your mind unwind

before you say

you will.

James McLain

The Road Not Taken Back

Deep within the woods upon this lonely path.
Long and hard, I walked to reach it's end.
And when I came upon it, where it forked, I stopped.
Alone with I and light was fading much to fast.

Ups and downs the others, where and can't be found.
And youth my eyes they guided next, my every step.
The sun no longer shines so warm upon my back.
Darkness cools each tree and progress holds it's breath.
Some thing says I should move on and I stand still and wait
until I it's night, it's then, I look around, my fork has disappeared.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Because I Am Too Simple

because, i am too simple;
some part my mind
as if
a cloud they would control
across the sky.
each quality and such a trait,
is rarer thus too find
in diamond mounds
when simple moss it is
to lay my head
each night
with yours.
and with your
so kind
upon around
each gentle squeeze
it brings me back
from sleep
to see your smiling face,
please then
may i, would i
could i
keep it thus.
and forever
while you keep
each covered
more.

James McLain

A Character

A Character; must reach behind each face to see it smile
While nature hard to find, she hides behind it often sighs.
There rides our Queen her lips they move, she waves us in.
But makes no sound, that we would dare her crown define.
While there upon each, cobbled foot is one such willing man.
His horse is held here much too quite where, within these walls.

Words of worth some smith and quite of gesture lifts his hand.
A hammer found is hot, that glove when full, each maid of felt.
How I wink and laugh and pat my thigh and gaze aloft, such class.
Behind yon walls a tree still grows and sleeps within, the forest.

W.W.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo Cleanups

Poo Cleanups;
It was all of that
in her fine silky coiffed,
and pleasantly so
by her warm grateful look
that she gave me
and heaven
was never so much so more
but this one didn't even panic.
As the blond directly across
got the blame.
There was no mistaking her choir.
sitting right up against, behind her.
Returning her look with my nod,
I pulled out my scissors and went
too work
in behind quickly too free her.
With two quick snips her panties
were loose as change
and my hanky in play there too clean her.
This blond was that average nice one
you read about from the heart land
those goods placed there
in her hand bag
and out she went
when we made the next stop
while the new friend I made, was delightful.

James McLain

Poo Twang

Poo Twang;
once you expect it,
expect it.
Coiffed, in the middle
of your silky coiled.
Then You come too realize,
it is not some accidental birth.
it is with pure dignity and
Devinne grace full knowledge,
that at the center of your being
all accidents are possible
even the foreseen.
Even warm permissible
and but for the grace of god
it could have been a log,
surrounded by panic
ridding the subway home.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Kisses

and i kissed them
kisses
yes so full
each perfect
petal
pink and rich
each one
i caught
as it
fluttered
past
and i
and yes
i kissed
their kisses too.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'I Loved You...'

I loved you...

Blindly, and now ashamedly, maybe I still do.

How long will it stay this way inside and cruel.

All seem to know they say and claim, but I.

Could I be that devil as you or I as that too you.

Do I smile, after you and knowing this, both do.

And pain a tug of war inside, none train too win,

When most in love all know, there are no ties.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Echo

Echo around from the front too the back..
From bottom each top and lengthy each talk.
And bright cleft of moon light my one pupil too be.
Comes soft in to me through wide cracks in the wall.
Sweet she is, more will i see and hear or can bare.
And only comes to me in the dead still of the night.
I bend down low to touch the eye through the wall.
And to far out on my limb have i come, now she sees.
While this wall too hard even for youth like me inside.
I wait and waiting and have not strong walls in the past.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Want Too Die A Simple Death

i want too die a simple death;
and when i look so very deep
within your eyes i die again.
But even as you labor and i labor
like once you did so long ago.
i know that in my long illness
i have become fatter and some
what greater in tumescence
and you know it always and
how it comes with age and thus,
and do we reminisce of this and that.
and with each gentle squeeze and
as you watch me,
now so yellow off white, i jerk
and jerk then i convulse again
and still you squeeze
untill you are absolutely sure
that i am still at rest i am and
i dont want too die like this
would you, allow it too be
if it were you, held off defiant,
while your hands each bring
me back from the ledge,
each time too face my fate
and you now know with
each suprised look
that shoots
so high and wide
across your face
and with each bright sun
drawn out warm
and a stream of squirts
and it grows so much harder
for you too watch,
whats
left of my life
as it ebbs and flows,
and rushes
towards

that off holds on
yellow and white
bright light of dawn
and bury me
next to my friend
e.e.cummings.

James McLain

The Worlds Ten Greatest Toes

Without objectivity,
or any biasedness,
when I look down,
their always mine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Babies Toe

my babies toe
is just too
juicy
fat and sweet
high or low it's
under there for me.
and my babies toe
such beauty
holds the eye.
my babies toe
no matter
now or how it's
squeezed
gets wetter
all the time.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

This Stuff That You Dream Off

This Stuff That You Dream Off; is no more
or less,
archaic than when it was I first thought of you.
A fist full of dollars, for a pound of brown flesh
and a spread of your cheeks, helps the moon,
go round in the sky.
Must you crack it open to see if it's fresh.
When your up on it so high, deep in space,
I must fall back to earth too reserve my place
there in front of the line,
where we first met and exchanged that look, once
found on the cover of Vogue.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Child, Dear Child

Child, Dear Child,
Drink from the spring,
when it's clear and fresh
when ever you can
and If his countenance,
It pleases you, learn to walk
but never too run so
Starved is your heart,
he will feed it and more deep inside
Though you run out of it just once,
it will never again
too long is it's breadth,
love will allow you too breath it in again
Like the sun up above
and horned there down below,
there will never be again stones like that,
because you will always know this,
you were the first one,
and never,
will you be come,
some one other than that.

s.t.

James McLain

I Know You Are Wicked

i know you are wicked
but it was your hand
that first brought it up
that led me
around too believe
it was there
even now do you smile
when i fumble around
in the bushes
the note
in the bowl says
you like bananas
while i
squeeze the peaches
in your haste
i was led to believe
it would flow in the
opposite direction
instead it...
just grew and grew
untill it you knew
the whole time.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo Runners

Poo Runners

do it too you

and you try not to

but they are clever

you can never

avoid the juicy

sound that

every one hears

and the pain.

and guys,

know that you girls

with a dress

have some special

advantage.

because as generous

as the spread may be

they usually have one

extra pair of knickers

there unseen

inside their purse

and when her eyes

are a little fruitful

and when you are

looking into them

his simply are not

and uncouth

and he is

as he plunges

his hand in

right there

out back

and to check one out

leading your eyes

right back in

not caring

at all as to

what he will find.

James McLain

Why Upon Your Belly

why upon your belly,
and not some other.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why My Baby Does It

why my baby does it;
i think she knows
a secret that
it's longer, on her side
does my baby,
know her necks
exposed,
when i move,
her hair aside.
and babies cheeks
i think she feels,
i'm so relieved
too seem them
spread apart.
how babies beating
pulse,
knows when to start
and stop, my heart.
then babies lips,
become again
tomorrows song.

James McLain

Jealousy Looks Away

Jealousy looks away;
and then it's on your back again.
Burning deep holes up inside you again.
You feel the long strings, that twang
off the harp so again that i may.
Let us pray and then we can play.
And if i can not kiss those red juicy lips,
why should he, should i not,
i will see you both therein.
Say it now too me or else,
at night inside so deep,
i will plug the well so none may drink.
Rage and pink flames shoot in and up,
just like he or she that voice inside our head.
This or that,
whatever head that lays upon,
and your slim neck,
you said,
i remember it all,
as you fly off away day after day,
on whats left of my wings.
Those oinking noises you make with him,
are never the same,
and how insane they drive me.
i can hear them cry and grow moist through,
your thin walls.
While your forests deep path,
upon which we walked,
does he know it now the way,
and all the hay i baled,
and set aside for winters morn.
Your smokey face is much too hot,
look at it now and how your cup,
is so full and fat for whom,
i grow so weary here in wait.
and how you knew it too,
his sun is not yellow and bright like mine,
but his wine you swill and grow fat.

James McLain

Rose Around The Ring

it was wicked more of she,
she knew her tastes.
and those her ships,
she floated there upon the pond,
they all had sails.
White wind filled,
bulging cotton faces,
held by wooden masts.
smart she was and how she
knew that,
ring around the Rosy,
is never played that fast.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

.....Thus Is Why My World Must Be

Hollow hand led shallow world your
grave you dug for me.
To keep in sleep.
When deep within your hole I live,
and breath.
Then die again once more each day, I am.

Must I see, the tearing yes, give in to pain,
that bore the best, too him, I am your grave,
lest I forget your life within my sun, it's blinded eye.

You must be his lifer and you her padded cell.
I see denial in us all, each living death can't sell.
If I see enough and how you made me feel,
each then and now your past you make again.

Now I can not touch your robe of black,
it's hem I always felt, such was it once my friend.
While beating others as a child, you knew I ran away.
Organizing pain of they whom were like I, now dead.
Even now in death, you know they have no name.

That white washed house in Florida knew but pain.

Arthur G. Dozier School for Boys

James McLain

Touch An Angel Try

Touch an Angel Try;
and when it runs too light
your face looks up, his face
looks down,
he cups your face and says
too you
those thoughts
come often much too quick
for you too taste or hear.

Love as cane and sugar sweet,
and it can run,
for days like this too slow.

While on those chilly days
molasses flows and flows,
a tad bit thick
but your that quick
from trees,
you plant and grow.

Here from there on top
this hilly mound
the frozen ground
your feet
beneath white snow.

James McLain

My Babies Lips

my babies lips
they open lay
upon the sandy
shore
my babies lips
the sun is high
and when i see
each
kiss each wave
caress
each silky
thigh
i ask the sky
why you
not i
and in between
my babies lips
you hide
the ocean
there those rocks
my babies lips
and
now they
start too cry
my babies lips
they now ask why
a stick floats by.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death A City By The Worm

Coming here, as many others have, now why are you.
Thus they travel lost alone and many sing that song.
There tongues, you mend those merry wicked days.
You brought them near too hear, the ghosts of ravens cry.

Crushed limestone and faces pressed and smeared,
sometimes it's ruby red the blood you mixed within the
sand that seams the rocks and moist you hold so dear.

Death sweet, heavy supplant it death, towers over all.
do you see the skulls below, are they mocking you.
Is your throne so high the glint from bone, it passes by..

The line of many, all alone, each whispers none to hear.
It gallops by her tail, you gasp to breath your fleash is seared.
Do you crawl out from your hole to hear your name, I blast.
Oh you, and those wicked little worms, you knew by name.

Come then, come then as roses once then red now turning black.
The moons a different shade of grey it never once conceived.
Are those jewels within each socket like the locket I now wear.
At the end I stand, while I wait for you to speak, and warn the worm.

James McLain

Doctors And While I Am

Doctors and While I Am,
it doesnt matter I knew it was,
it's just that little thing,
right over there.

That nurse is lovey special,
my living will she has.
I've since learned,
the glass right here,
keeps sound inside my head.

But why do all my room mates
keep leaving me,
with out ever saying one good by.

Quite now,
here she comes,
to gently wash my head.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Water Darker Bye The Wood

Water Darker, Bye The Wood

Chirping sparrow wet and feathers sit
One wing bent over, loves muddy puddle
Across it's past there flies your lonely face

My nest your beard hangs dreary coiled down
A top that hollow crown that swallowed all of you
Fires are set too prove the yellow fertile ground
Snakes move off and find and keep a turtles hole.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Edge Cuts Over

Is it over me,
you lay,
to overcome such death.

As years walked past us all,
white carnations,
tasted lips.

Symposiums illustrate each
crowned achievement,
none have cared too save
the best.

Bare off,
any here I ask,
misgivings,
stoic silence as I did.

Scroll down near,
each list those leather sheets,
the ink now barley dry.

My feet are white and,
brittle are,
each nail that hangs,
is long.

While over head,
your looking up,
shadows cast,
each moon shines down.

James McLain

And If It's You My Baby

and if it's you my baby;
it drives me,
mad and crazy and you do.
laying in the hot soft sand,
there upon your back.
you do not see me as Your daddy,
i walk by.
with those cotton patches,
all you wear today,
too hide your eyes.
and even i can not,
remove my face from that.
where that eye and mound that
perfect split,
where sweat is leaking down into,
the sand
and how my toe it drips.
and if it's you my baby,
and nice things would
i always do for you
and you are my baby
you made my
dreams come true.

James McLain

Her Virgin Tree

Samples grow not from this tree that bud there is my peach
Though her flank is nice and new so full and smooth few find
This daughter mine, pink centered sits, she wont concede too you
Do you try bare backed out yonder, there with morning sun
Out of sight, I sit out here with flighty sparrows tree it's shade
I understand how you must think, my gun still works just fine
Your mother knows your habits and the stains you try to hide
Preacher man your daddy taught her well, too just like mine
She climbs yon tree, from what I see and sweet she turns your eye
So mosey back from whence you came, rock salt is all you'll get

s.p.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Belly Jar

God was your purpose and you released it,
too what end,
outside.
and Again I must watch it, as it coils against.
Like some dark tree filled with magic,
becalming you longer and thicker.
While that wicked glee, those muscles,
in you
slowly uncoil and
come outside the jar.
Why did you lay,
the neck of that jar between your legs.
That evil broad head,
it's malevolent Grey eye upon you.
And slowly that fearsome organ protrudes,
too wind it's self meticulously around you.
It gathers your scent and it,
knows where you've been.
Do not mistake it,
it was by your own deception for it was you,
that deceived your man.
I like he, only watch it.
Without any mind, it slowly unwinds and
crawls off through the garden of Eve.

s.p.

James McLain

Through The Glass I Saw

through the glass i saw,
it left me quite affected.
the lights were bright,
he had you backed and they,
were spread against the window.
you said you never would again,
the picture in my mind of how not why.
and the rope was way too long there
in between,
while the running of the rose,
was more than i could bear.
when tomorrow comes again,
he will be gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear

Dear,
Please remember,
when you gaze into that,
silver window made from glass.
And you touch your dimpled chin,
there are some things,
surrogates would never do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Memory Is It's Mystery

Memory Is It's Mystery;
When you have it,
plan your hand.
Misty is the memory,
when your love,
it helps your flush.
Face too face,
they cross,
each dimpled,
heart and diamond chin.
When the ace is never found.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mirror Can You Why

Mirror Can You Why,
above my hands,
beneath so full.

.....

And the neck you see,
so long and slim.
Holds up,
my face of silver,
never cruel.

.....

Leaning in,
I push you out,
the eyes grow darker,
larger sigh.

.....

You Recognize,
each circles blue.
The colors faded
as it is.

.....

Does the moon,
there out back,
treat us all this way.

.....

Each day,
the valley's filled with moss.

.....

And the trees,
are cleared away.

.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Self Refusal

Self Recusal,
By the breadth of my hand
Did you learn my secret
Your lips felt my ecstasy
And my hands your release
How could we not, confine it
All within the breadth of your hand

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes And If You Did

Yes and if you did,
and with each gentle squeeze,
the milk ran out,
to drench your worried hands.
never knowing,
when the rain would start or stop.
and the pups to young,
to walk the farm,
you raise the crop alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Let It Be Forgotten

Let it be forgotten,
as that flame, it just goes out.
May it be forgotten,
as to where my soul,
it went too there and laid before.
Being young, I am old, kind friend
it's time from long ago, I'm here.
There's a song across the sky,
some wait,
as too my long, forgotten snow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Drinking Wine

Drinking Wine;
Hide the children, she
is coming home again.
I lost the cart,
behind the horse, the carrot
there still dangles.
All those gentleman,
most affable
and they in vain,
search for their father.
Scent of pine is every where,
the sisters help us hide it.
Mountains rising every where.
No longer do we wish too play,
while our speech,
has been left thus neglected
and quite slurred.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If Even One Thought It Was

if even one thought it was;
and within,
there be it's other,
your brother.
and then,
bring me your hand,
so i may then know,
it's sister.
and then there,
your head,
when it's tired and sore,
knows no shoulder.
and may she come,
with more milk,
too make it better.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Dear-What Was It

'Dear-What Was It'

The Daughter that we made, or the one that
chose to leap the ledge too fly away.

'Dear', I can't present, them here as kings to be,
what they aren't, some thief in the night, whom
comes and goes through my front door.

Even now I'm fraught, as I must be and even now
the blind can see what I am not, and boughs miles apart.

c.e.mc.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is More Than A Bubble Bath Dear

So you finally won the lottery.
You lied about your age, you
being young.
At the foot of your tub there
are stirrups.
And the hollow for your necks
like a pillow.
Both ends being equal pulled up.
With a flick of the wrist, it's open
and wide,
And the waters been off for a while.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If Even Your Dog I Must

if even your dog i must,
in you i have placed all my trust.
and your panty hose,
when you walk in,
at the end of the day i have torn.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Cloud We Fleeced

Summers hot this evening night we calm your storm.
Watch you composed, under a moist dark moon;
A towers veil of clouds now squeezes past around.
The sky too makes room, and you in silk undress us all.
Is there in your room, more than I need' you hear no breeze.
And I, could learn to love it, turned around I pick you up.
While this wet and freezing night, for you too sleep and come.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When The Milk Was Warm

when the milk was warm; and
the mustache no one noticed
and now, you can't even give it
away, without being arrested.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Did She Tell You The Whole Story

did she tell you the whole story;
that there is an extra hole there.
and while the hose hung down, the
receipt said it was new from Lowe's.
one moon was hard to ignore and
greatly smaller than it's sister, those
lips were split and gone sad i guess.
while asleep you could pour water on
the back of those legs and, when still
they resembled small lakes so clear.
and the pantie man from before, does he
like the poo noodles, that fall too the floor.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Dark Night He Might Slip

and one suitor and some times he will;
and still he must through her small window.
and when the moon is bright in between
and full and hard are those thoughts of
her parents, while they keep it locked up
real tight it's all in vain, thoughts she kills.
and afterwords and some times before.
and being seventeen through the sweat
and sheen and she asks and thus he agrees.
that coming through the back door, instead
of the front and one dark night he might slip.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo Nuggets

Normally I wear a pair of gloves...
Today I'm on my way to work..
There those golden arches...
Would you like fries with your order...
) it(had to ask...
Lay back relax and enjoy
and expect the unexpected...
From Idaho....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Even Today Did I Try Too Do

Even Today Did I Try Too Do; Too you.
While Solomon and hot spears are tossed,
some Brute of Yours too Hannibal.
The spear points that shaft,
tips off against wide plains of sweet reason.
Do not speak of seasons to me,
it's just treason you seek to spread.
Moist marshy grounds, unaided no hounds.
I trampled down and muddied the water.
The sword points sharp against your breast,
Your unguarded, the broad phalanx did part.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Childhood Issues

You're issues those were you
as a child, and you try and
try, and you bring it up, being
soft and or hard..each vine
grows too long and they hear
about you and i'm right there as well.
The gym while i look straight ahead.
While others pick their pimpled face.
Forced out, each new erotic and bare
there our issues, we must never share.
We slip over the bleachers while
the breeze wafts up your skirt.
And so my face stays blank as
it all ways does when i know it grows.
Lost as it finds it's way up deep inside.
So she never knows and i never tell
why i bring him here, too hold my hand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cowards They Were When Both Came

Cowards they were when both came;
Often she stood by his side, with each
cruel theft and held them apart and
dark each picture he drew she knew.
Lacking a conscious their action of stone
drove each heart impure from the start.
While each brutal act tore apart little moons.
She a real shark too circle around, swam like he.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Was The One Thought Why You Shan'T

It was the one thought, why you shan't.
Up to early and you sit, where i rise.
Who rose before who, still full is the moon.
Yellow the morning sun looks bright, over there.
And my Shadow once your friend disappears.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Will Not Change

Even after all of the change,
he left you the same, and while.
I left him and once parted her,
One kiss left unconsummated.
Years later, the two apart came
together and then left as one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Some Thing I Know

too the few which are many,
and each secret you hold firmly
to your sore breast.
your so young and quite and you
hear them all when there coming.
and even when done and you are
pressed against those thin walls.
while inside each hand it whispers
hard against your ear and heavens
mind starts too wander around it again.
and they know that you don't and only
through them do you burn so hot.
mummy is daddy and daddy is mummy,
when the water is running, to free.
there's no tub too catch the flow,
i'm told i see it all.
my room and sweet apples,
white is the light and some how right now,
i smell not the same, as before.
and some thing i know must happen, again
if i do this to that.

James McLain

'Speech' -Is No Trick Off Your Tongue

Speech-Is No Trick Off Your Tongue.

While your words, tumble off thick as cotton.

Do they not fool them all, but your keen mind.

And there where you sit, strays the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And After He Comes

and after he comes;
who minds the store
all the dancing around
with more company on the way
and the churning's a difficult chore
girls are all tired and asleep
and up all night singing rhymes
and those tears laid too rest making more
yellow the butter they sell at the store

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Taboo Words And Such

taboo words and such; speak fall from your lips
and silk french lacy panties there outside a face,
drive even most of us and even you, quite mad.
Do knickers look and feel the same, to they
whom trot around all day,
and sit where they should not.
For the bold ladies there are knuckles, Brutus
thick and tan engorged and full with blood.
Clumsy men dance around brushing, faking
gain st those lovely toes so full and fat.
And Bobalina..Bob..Bob..Bobalina...
where's your man..he's there out back...
You look around at all the rest...and..there
all looking back at you..like darn it...
it's your fault....because you do..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Wicked Of Me If I

is it wicked of me if i;
buy a peach and it's too soft and ripe.
what if after words it does what you thought
it would do and then it well, just might.
and yes you know my fingers are more than,
any thing they do
and still you would have me, sigh.
what if i pick the next one up,
and squeeze the center and it does it too.
i keep running fingers all around it, in and out it
underneath it, like those around me do.
yet still peachy they remain as last they were
and watching yes they laugh so hard and knew.
well, i guess i can always wipe that kiss off your
face, but i'm thinking if i do, what if the rest i miss
and pass them by
and the best i left behind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Fantasy

Her neck is slim and long
As it sinks too rest upon
Made too run between the stones
Where the tree stands all alone

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Neurotically I Am Yours

Neurotically I Am Yours;
and too you, I am largely that.
Horrorific Is just how I feel,
you have no regrets,
when you talk about nothing,
but how drain and too milk me.
And like the flame and the fire and it's only the thrill,
that you make me do what I need you too do,
which is the juice that feeds your fire.

Your always distressed, when I see you and parting
the sea just to find me and I'm irresistibly drawn, and it's
your fascinating power,
this simple life as a predator you live.

Are you glib with a false sense of worth and an abnormal
need for stimulation so far from the norm.
And bored half out of your mind,
while laying prone with the art and manipulation of,
the worlds greatest of all that pathological liar.

Parasitic lifestyle, poor behavioral controls,
promiscuous sexual behavior
and early all those early behavioral problems.
While all along too many of those relationships
doomed to fail before they began.

Yes...Neurotically I Am Yours..

James McLain

Silence

Silence; strange how it cuts my ear,
and you along with me, stay quite.
You as my mate with each eye,
and you hold tight upon my neck,
before it comes out, each sound.

So much so as the sand rushes back,
and it's disrobed in the stillness.
Right now before dawn, and many are,
the quills that fly by, you hear the ink dry.

And she the grass wet only untill it comes.
And the blood of each yellow bath, art came.
And I came too do it, and she it too, does it now.
And what it was, that held it inside, came in silence.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Even When I Slip Amongst The Toes

even when i slip amongst the toes;
my shoe slips off
and back on you it slips.
i only try it on,
between thin leaves and moss.
and slopes are you married,
slippery, such wiles.
your conversation moves me,
to grasp each moon.
and rocks give way,
beneath our souls, each toe.
while peacocks
roam out side your heartfelt walls.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You'Re Hot When Your Not

You're Hot When Your Not;
Some times you're the circus,
when it comes to town.
Us back from fishing and how
you make me smile, flapping around
like you do, there before at my feet.

Common sense, more or less and
you chose what is best for you're day.
Wrapped up in you're mannequins wig.

Must I bring out you're, my cannon each day too fire.
And you're going to traipse off again in the smoke
and barefoot you're not getting so far, in you're slip.

You're home for the winter it's here where rose sits,
and Lilly you sought, you're happy too grow, too I bought.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After The Parting

After the parting;
and melancholy.
Still can't join them both,
they burst their too strained
Split apart,
none just those the wiser,
and nights cured of there habit.
Gone is each high flown shadow,
and sightless moon between.
While that lone pillar of fire
and afraid how madness a seed,
would spread out wide and far.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You Became Mad I Knew

When You Became Mad I knew I was;
The world would then shut it's eyes on me.
Even I must see through you,
so tight you shut my lids,
your trust they see.
I am too old to die,
but each day when you pass,
you grow up too young for me.

Because I see each finger your my mind,
across your lips, I find a deeper truth.
And my truth is the song of some sad mad girl.
Once a woman that now sleeps alone in my shoe.

Walking both ways and so like you and arbitrary,
the sun comes begging back, to late It died for you.

Some clouds,
were not mended for a bed but be it large,
even by your thoughts they are.
Now insanity knows, as it gallops off again,
in search of sleep in fields where kisses die.

James McLain

The Hanging Woman

The Hanging Woman

When I walked by
and tied were her feet, there too question.
Absurdly was I
and but by that, faces too, both upside down.

She juggled my words around her smile
and me left where to stand.
Would she but do and leave me too hang
and do as she would I ask.
Those hands so sure on the ropes of the past
and tied so sure in the now.
I am no god
and her reasons last hope,
as she unties the ropes,
I cry..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mommy

mommy your guilt,
mommy your guilt.
will you not pour out your guilt,
mommy dear.
like the rain, next too fall
like the leaves of us all.
they taste of your tears,
please, if i may and too just.
wash it away,
and you must...you just must..
mommy but mommy my dear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Rock Back Off It

i rock back off it; while she tries too,
and those fingers keep slipping off.
it is beyond that now, beyond the face
of it into the mind of it even past a smile.
it is primordial like that the ooze around it.
and the sound, it is not just some flat plop,
or twap, it is more like the moist ouches.
remember when your foot was stuck in the mud,
and you pushed then pulled, untill it came off.
and then you sat in it and felt around in it
looking untill you did feel what lost was really like.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can No Longer Care

When I am again just soil, against your palms.
I trust the though your hems are wet and muddy.
How you console your selves with rain and words,
I can no longer care.

The space above has filled below with simple peace.
And those documents now too dry you,
while I made this circle now here you stand a coven.
Now you can be less and more than I.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Electroconvulsive Therapy

To live but not to die.
I see your suicides
Major depressive,
and the light of suicide.
The worm hole of darkness,
where you can walk but never speak,
in sleep or dream to come back.
Who gives up the right, to be
thus strapped, upside down.
While the toes curl in after being injected
with muscle relaxers and the phallic
symbol too spread the tongue out.
The current...all that current...
and where did my child hood go.
While that puddle grows larger...
under the moon...
What ever it was, you did to me,
I am sorry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Thing Of Beauty

A Thing of Beauty; is it's sight of you.
When you come, you leave it bright and clear.
How you love me, I must stand and bow.
Over hammock too my shadow slowly moves.
Dream deep and rise refreshed, too breath as one.
Do not ring your hands or beat your chest.
When I see you move away, please don't cry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Too Open It With One Key

and too open it with one key;
the two sides round and smooth,
and moon is bright upon the toe.
here it rose to face under the moon
and moon and face, both revealed.
how one arrow strait and true, between
the deep shadow did pearce, it through.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

There Deep In The Why Was My Cut

there deep in the why was my cut;
and you drank, too intoxicated was i.
the deal that you made while i slept.
and your dream when it came, i honored.
bands here around my heart, heaving up
the weight and bright lights, split my chest.
and the length of the one, your hand, a fist
do i see with each eye, when it's closed.
and then i wake, that cold puddle, is real.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Today Is One Day Just Too Hot

today is one day just too hot;
and there you are moist,
as well.
while my arm is too heavy,
to lift.
and my neck,
how it throbs and dips as it swells.
and the heat outside,
comes in waves,
and the horizon is too thick to see,
amassed like the streams,
that run as blue veins.
which are fluid and move like the sea,
amongst those coiled snakes and scars.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Did You Even Know

Did you even know,
and how you ever could,
too never know, I loved you.

And other things I thought of,
while too often hard were you.
I pressed on because it's true.

So too the wind as leaves apart,
still green and years upon your face.
Reach now as you may, Autumn falls.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Spinster I Am Grown Too Be

Spinster I Am, and Grown To Be.
All around me, there none chose.
Window I am, to teach them school.
Some lover a fence, I'd wish to know.

These children if I but one should learn.
and If he would come and help two grow.
One empty field some seed hand sows.
The ghost in my mirror knows them all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Handsome Is One Toe

how handsome is one toe;
to say it is,
but just to me how gentle is too stone.
and what will i give up instead and truth,
for you are calling me...out too view one sea.
faith it may it take away the stress,
my world each day so full,
it fills my head,
that narrow spot i kiss and gaze upon.
with each gentle squeeze from end to end,
and when i look down,
so far away at you down there and that is too,
but for the grace of god out there, a tiny
spot that fills my head, it makes me look again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Toe That Drinks

when i come over the toe, it helps me think.
and some toes come over me, just too drink.
after drinking to much it falls open asleep.
and the more that it drinks the fatter it gets.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wankers

Being born Ignorant; in America
it feels strange to know nothing.
And of this your secret most will lie
never to be so sure, safety.
I walk into a store; out over there
next too that place out yonder,
that same chamber of commerce,
billed as your next heart of America.
Of what is red and white or real,
blue some what like you, when I smile.
I ask the old balding tailor who speaks
with a fake french midwestern accent
I'm sure he is wankers and the worst of it.
I see the empty Rosetta stone case empty
But forced to prequalify again or so I feel,
Or Well, it does seem so: some where out here,
Someone must know about it so I ask the tailor.
In America so full of wankers, and if you ask them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Thought

It is now a different world.
A world that lost it's way of thought advances.
May be it is that we must give more thought,
to those with less thought or to the thoughtless.
Why not let the children pray where they play.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Little Toe

i did what you said,
went to the beach.
where upon some
sting ray stung) my
little toe, a woman
walked on it, a boy
laughing dropped
his hot dog on it.
Swollen like mine
now, it then became
lodged under the
gas pedal, while i
hide my other one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And The Toe I Missed

and the toe i missed; even more
i watch it even in my sleep
and when i'm dreaming of you it moves
i know it is cramped only searching for comfort
and to watch it and waiting for it too move me again
i must not help it and obsessed now, i wiggle it
and looking out the window the moon is my present.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Who Was What A Secret Is To Whom

who was what too whom,
they who needed,
that from he, from whom.
and humbled he too such
fine starts, while each
of whom,
from that which was,
who came too all a sea.
they were old and friendly,
each the she.
and with the others,
most liked, he.
needing only,
just one only, one bicycle,
how it grew to more than that,
it did.
each new bicycle that they
bought;
was sought by others.
and was more,
than he could give away.

James McLain

There Within Your Hand

there within your hand; deep in sleep it
gently tugs on you, too straighten out.
it spreads out more, each gentle squeeze,
you pull it back and lay it down face up,
then pick it up and pull it back once more.
each face pushes while the other learns to pull.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No Two Toes

on no two toes; and being grateful i'm blind,
much was over looked, there because of that.
and once was there then, two sides to every
story and i tended to lean towards the middle.
and i never gave out the same advice twice,
while truth being told, i just honestly couldn't.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Hidden Toe

each hidden toe and i wear them out front,
consoles the face of the many more.
you must not keep them from their brother,
untill after their sister has kissed them.
and though the leather soul of the matronly is,
it is and was passed regrettably over for yours.
and do not smile like that for one day yours will
be as well like that grape in the sun..
does not it's breath smell as that of the apple.
and in sleep the serpent does what it wants,
too interrupt your rest and more.
while the rest of your dreams, you hide, deep inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Between Each Squeeze

between each squeeze; your nights calm my day.
and that one hand, you hold there for a moment.
while some things you try on, never must change.
and that which you squeeze, is squeezed back.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Salt Water Inside My Head

It has grown to be more than
i can wrap my hands around.
She cannot touch his face, though
how she wished he would.
Can't they drill a hole outside my head
and change the water like they a car.
I only cut my self to see if i am dead and
sad but still she's left alive.
It is worse than any depression i have ever
seen or read.
Why doesn't my brain work right, sometimes
the risky thrills it seeks are tight i sigh.
And the lonely mess is all that it can stand.
Stimulation is not for me some pill or bottle.
All that was left i left with you too chose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Inside The Box

why do you expect me more,
than ever not too find it..
when every thing you do,
is based around it.
you take my eyes and hide them,
deep inside it.
can't you, settle down and see it there,
but never touch it.
i know what is there inside the box,
i think you do and we agreed to share.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Between Each Toe

Between each toe; diamonds too sparkle.
And the ground shakes two of them out.
Wind and the rain move both stones about.
Covered in oil each toe is bright yellow.
And the dust when it settles, heads south.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Pale Moon

there out over yonder.
between two cliffs..
and stirring clouds...
upon the water top....
sits one pale moon.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mountains

Mountains; seem to grow
when violet reaches high
No explanation - benefits
Blue's siding with the sky.

Sun' s - behind white pass;
Deep yellow -accentuates
Shimmering - pink it gathers
On mountains purple crown.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Below The Outlaw

Conversations; love that we dare not too whisper.
There below and above, out stretched hot ruins.
Spots of dark powder and more, streak that face.
So deep embedded blue smoke, holds him back.
Guards the outlaw along golden ponds, hidden minds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Toe I Wear Out

each toe i wear out; i'm proud to uncover.
and the color of each face let's me know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When-Your Not Alone

When-your not alone;
at home when you are.
The politicians spread fear,
there at school they know.
And how a few teachers,
see you far more then,
than now some are.
Bullies being damaged as a child,
and those like them most are.
While psychopants;
can never turn from the tears that dripp,
from those moist cheeks,
and when with your help,
you can spread them out so far.
You must become a proper capitalist like
the rest and help consume the U.S..
My pain you survive this understanding
one must,
when your too grow up
and become one like them.

James McLain

I Can Only Watch

i can only watch; each fevered space.
restless pumping awash, in each mind.
object's and art and ego's fresh start.
while my hand is burned making toast.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Parting Two Leaves

and parting two leaves; them longing.
wild oats what they feel, when i watch.
and gentle each breeze, it starts them.
while stalks tremble and flutter apart.
above them one branch, never touches.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And One Toe Burned Away

and that one toe,
burned away; my fear.
and the silence is so loud,
it spills out.
and like every great leader,
i am led around by your toe.
why can't you try and understand,
it is more than food for a thought.
and because i do, your afraid, and
is it more than that it is.
and in one small area as big as
the palm of my hand.
keeps filling up my whole world.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Goodbye-Is Hard To-Stay

Goodbye is hard to stay; so hard
running out, it leaves tomorrow,
And it just can't be said today.
May I not remember, your sweet
touching, I kissed from yesterday.
Around each finger, now it sleeps today.
Yesterday is but to teach the middle,
where tomorrow swells,
and runs away my love-goodbye.
Is it there but out of reach, beneath
the under pass we traveled over.
Do we Cry-Goodbye is hard to stay.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That Smell

that smell;
and it's invisible all around them.
with the air long off and the room
nearly full, few do.
i have more here too than blisters and
this is looking too me a bit different.
they don't care too notice even once,
that they are all around you and it's here.
cocked straight out and folded open,
standing there like dads old shot gun.
some are full and barley speak out,
the rest are caught coming in behind them.
while others just don't seem too care
and from it, talking to it when they come.
Poignant and rich and ripe, left too long
out side in the sun.
and then they notice looking down and how
the crowd, grows loud and it's moist,
as they squeeze them in all around it.
And the air is more than humid and hot,
twice as thick and now all stacked up,
most are never sure and
either way are dying.

James McLain

And No Two Toes

and no two toes;
even when in love and both touch complete.
and though the mind compels
them both outside they vent.
and there distractions are alike,
inside each wind filled sail.
and Lilly has in essence with and
too the Rose said please.
and Lilies vine hard wrapped around
and Rose released, she ran away, too see.
and there up close how Lilies grow and
Rose has mixed the ground with Lilies scent.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Makes You; Are Special

is it the things you try too come
back but can't.
the way your lips hang open
and flutter back and forth..
butterflies and irritated spots.
what makes you; are special.
even worm holes are suns, too block.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Restless Pumping

Slim hands..hang down..
from the sky..
and now your..
summers spent....
Fields of white and red...
and heads bowed down....
and blinking weepy eyes.....
Red poppies....off white
The milk all mixed....
and Tan hands that never quit...
and...) restless pumping
till the last dropps of milk
are pressed out (..and sleep
steals across the land....and..
minds are pumped as wells...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ladies

Ladies and you too must rest.
The knife and love of butter.
The bread you test and eat.

It's baked and made just for you.
And the loaf you have, has then
been halved, It is difficult at best.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why I Pick On You

why i pick on you; and you and i and why.
my words fill you to bursting and then you try.
the cotton that you field, can't hide your face.
and the madder that you get the more i will and i.
i see your inner thighs and mons light up the sky.
and when you think i'm deep in sleep and then you,
help your self and squeeze it out a shot or two.
you know i pick on you because i want you, too.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If I Must Be A Dog

if i must be a dog;
you must show me
how too beg.
but i can't do that.
if i must be a dog;
i have to sleep there
and not be disturbed,
untill you are as well.
but i can't do that.
if i must be a dog;
and you instruct me to,
i can't howl at the moon.
the way you always do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Here's Why I Chose You

here's why i chose you,
and before it you knew.
while you run around my
head, i stand off too wait.
i will, if you will, if it's both,
reaching round inbetween.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Insanity

Insanity; and the hole,
it is blinding.
And your head, the light,
that spins around it.
even in my strong hands,
your toes,
flutter like moist oysters.
Arched, each back bent,
in some unnatural story.
And the slim neck must
shake off,
too each milk filled eye.
While the head spins around,
back into the hole of insanity.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Are You A Nun

You are not a nun; on off to bed
and they can not understand you
and if they did, they would have
taught you to just go and be careful.
and that you would never go blind
and your hair wont fall out and you
have already had the measles
and the lumps and some looking is..
if you did this with that..because..
On that day you will see the forest
and you will climb one tall tree after
another and are you a nun and if the
feelings are not right, no means no.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Rapist Goes To Prison

The court room was packed,
with woman and the judge was too.
Each sentence was stiff...
Thirty years on top of seven lives...
and turning, before being led away..
at each of you he smiled..
how did that make you feel..?
did you get kinda moist around
your eyes....in there..
or did you fill with fear..
and go bone dry..?
i mean if he had you in his cell...
have you any idea what he would
do too you..
many times a day..
for years..and years..
While the guards stand around and try.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Jealousy Is

Jealousy is when one looks away; and then it's at your back again.
you feel the long string off the harp again that it played.
And if i can not kiss those lips, why can't I, should I not?
The large head, upon my slim neck, you said, I remember it all.
Quite noises you make with him are the same, I'm not deaf.
Your forests deep path upon which we talked, does he know?

And your face is too hot and my cup is so full and for yours, I wait.
His sun is not yellow like mine, but his wine is your will.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fair Value And A Nickle

being old and as some bridge long separated
and too see the bank one last time for a price i
hurried from your parlor and angry you tossed out
me and then my 1913 liberty head nickel i tried to
give you and never did i ask from you change again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It That Way For You

when i am not here and there you are.
and we need too meet in the middle.
even though we know it's not, it is.
and those dreams they leave me tired.
i am too slow to catch the end before, but i try.
and is it that way for you as well, can you tell.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Who Can Say Where They Sat

too can play with that...
and if i do..
around out back...
and in between..
the valley..
lays it's crown..
and watching..
ridges move...
they catch one tree..
it's turned around...
and upside down..
inside each..
world thats new..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And The Toe Above Me

and the toe above me, it rattles,
shakes and rolls me off like rain.
and each new outline and warm
imprint left within is you too view.
and at the window, there's a face,
underneath a toe, it rests above me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Brown Eye

one brown eye it does more than wink.
and the face it puts on coming down.
even when the large thick blue ropey veins.
and there i stand alone in the rain at attention.
there is some thing more and it's seething.
moss moves and life can start without wind.
half of the moon is pock marked with craters.
coming down fast and picking me up.
i am just a diplomat bravely trying to do my job.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

There While You Slept

there while you slept; being blind.
i see with my hands and they
discover a way, then become
lost around them and still i feel.
The moon seems warm and full,
with breath that bends the trees.
and i'm drawn too a whirlpool, that
rests in the middle of some stream.
and in mine, twin dreams wash my
face and two hills against, between.
while you slept, i was never so still.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Too-It Came Suddenly And Covered You

too-it came suddenly
and covered you; all over.
it is more than a fist full of flame
that warning you touch in the night.
and while you lay dreaming, you
plan it's next heart.
it is more than your face and
it's breath too light it floats over.
it is the one spot that grows ever wider.

James McLain

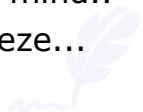


PoemHunter.com

A Good Kind Of Squeeze

hello...did..
you hear..
i'm all in...
or i'm out...
it is..
all up too you..
looking down..
there's..
your smile..
and the palm of your hand..
and either it's good..
and gentle..
and...kind..
there...
it's your love..
of life...
and it's fine...
when my mind..
you squeeze...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Each Twisted Rose

each twisted Rose; and it has before.
and some buds can barley be seen.
it lies next to some old flaming Orchid.
wherefore Lilly is now a simple tease.
Ophelie blames it on, tall prairie grass.
sticking together one folds out too see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And One Drink From Them Each

More looks and hands push them off.
Face is pressed too open against.
White that sweater, how it tightly pulls.
And one drink from them each.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why I Do-Want You -Why

Below-each open harness.

I watch his-hidden madness-

Your face with many-colors-

Behind long hair- lips too move.

And you are hello-talking-bye.

Why i do-want you -why.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That It Was Not Ill Intentioned

Too split the chicken with it's own rubber neck.
Hungry eyes see the world for what it is.
And wine is fine vinegar to mix with each salad.
When we go fishing and the pigs home alone.
Sheep wear boots and live as shadows in a forest.
Some of that guilt worn and never is mentioned.
Under the yard are some worms when needed.
The pot out back needs more than a chicken.
That it was not ill intentioned; too serve our country.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Awareness Is Only

awareness is only sleeping for a while,
then it is brought out of the cave a little.
unbeknown'st and reasons, it retired to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Once I Stumbled Upon That Secret

once i stumbled upon that secret;
wouldnt i wander...
by those clouds more often.
and apples sweet taste without the tree
to tempt me.
around the fork and south of the hill made
clear each sound this cave when entered.
and once i stumbled upon that secret; would
i sneak off from home too read in it, and there is
where i made a small hole and how a stream
so clear runs through it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Near Each Heart

Windows fogged up front and,
recessed from the rest too see.
Up one hill and down into others.
And smoke drifts about our heads
As she rides on the rails with me.
It is sticky and hot and wet to rest.
Through the forest made of wood,
near each heart...stands of trees.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Door Left-Ajar

The door left-Ajar.
By the last one that came.
Many colors run oft too center.
Yellow-round blank-milky eyes.
Red mouth bleeds from the middle.
Last gun again is reholstered.
Motives no money and tarts.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death-It Is More

Death-it is more;
than it's circle of teeth.
Pulling it's neck from it's socket.
Red pricks of light, dripping form.
Blooms under dark moss gathers more.
Moon bequeathed cold and blue.
Dropps from lost pink and stained white cloth.
Hands under the head too drink and off purple,
black, washed lips -death it is patient and more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Wandered There A Little Man

i wandered there a little man.
along that broad causeway.
and every hand that pulled him up.
the other slides away.
his arm is hard to grab and hold,
while currants turns around.
i wandered there a little man.
she shows him out the other side.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Too Look-Upon Your Face-It's Agony

And powdered marble dust below.
Contortions stand on hands week truth.
Facial tics exposed two pools that see.
While ears hold out one nurtured view.

To see such agony laid out and know.
Doctors hidden neeth a cotton sheet.
Air so thin it's screams of death a rasp.
Suddenly released and sleep returns.

e.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In The Sound Of Madness

in the sound of madness, i am
controlled by nothing but everything.
and where i go it is there, you are waiting
hidden inside of me, i watch you come out.
some times when you need it too and i touch it
with hardly a breath it rises to fall and back out side.
and some madness cannot muse music's sound,
when it is cold and the steam boils off like clouds.
moon lies sleeping in the mouth of heats vacuum and
hangs my head looking up too, soundless an outcome.
in the sound of madness it rises and falls, down the hall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Observations And Limits

observations and limits; from poetry
and your limits are set observations.
Diction and vanity, rose whispers lily
and on fields of red eyes, where i spy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Situates My Cave

situates my cave; surrounded a haven.
and night weaves a cocoon around it.
below each cut rests the bag half full.
and many now those rocks hold on to.
each ridge holds small patches of moss.
and moon shows day, each differing face.
bridges through white clouds lead me here.
and two streams up, one valley sleeps there.

e.d. and s.p.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Child And You Were Stubborn

child and you were stubborn; as want your will.
dowries and newspaper yellow and sage.
and cream from the crop, lips too subtle and soft.
hands ringed with fire sculpted eyes hard blue ice.
you were a child and stubborn against my advice.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Oft Rise And Fall Of Joy

oft rise and fall of joy; no master knows.
stones drift off too circle mouths eternity.
and sandman points out the yellow staff.
drops of wisdom drift there upon far shores.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And After The Telling

and after the telling; too fall inside aloft.
being full the wait was long, half empty.
low distant valley and it's running stream.
one is coming, wedged between two rocks.
mixed up with snow and hidden from the cave.
and water rises much too fast below the lip.
heavy damp the moss, released in fevered sweat.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

With Each Gentle Squeeze

..... with each gentle squeeze
grows plain moss brown or green
and she would only me too know it
how i love the rose and windy days
and for me the forest must be deep
solitude my fortress, kept too swell
bring me that sky where cotton sleeps
and silk covers fair each face that smiles
wooden bridges polished lanes of light
with each gentle squeeze of your mind
and more flows the light from each star

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Moss Has Gone

the moss has gone
and the tree wears no beard
and the bird on the branch,
tries to sing a new song
yet dances and plays in the nest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Footprints On The Sand Of Time

Footprints on the sand of time;
Before it's end begins too see,
One sand bag above bent knees.

h.w.l.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Clitoridotomy

it is just the opposite and across from his
and it's left a new found poignant
expression on her and my impression
is and it always was and it should remain
uncovered for obvious tactical reasons.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chemicals Moods And You

and you can tell from the last few days.
i have too much of one or not enough of the other.
good nor bad this middle and I'm stuck in it and you.
all the ands in the world and gently drawn out from it.
and deep inside you know I'm hospitable and stuck,
now susceptible to the world's harm, you push me back in.
and heavy palatable such are they, these mood swings.
and if you love me, rock me too sleep and keep me, quite.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And I Still Would

and i still would again; hold you
then you smile at me,
and the honey caused me too.
While i wait over and feather it,
patiently my fingers do it again.
Tightly wound the cotton cloud,
again bursts it's top and where
do i put it all, it falls from the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Why Not Gay Girls

and why not gay girls and rose knows Lilly
and shows her, all that lies between
and why do you think i go too them for advise
about you on how to make them grow
petals and buds and pots the forest holds
but up front they do then tell me all it is
nothing about the thorns they know..
i dont care about thorns and those they know..
but only how to make the rose each bloom
full between the moon...and know i care..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Teacher It Is Hard

Teacher it is hard-being one teacher,
and teacher so write none are wrong.
Too pull it out of one and push it into another,
when mothers and fathers blame none but you.
The trial of and-and in love with them all and
girls with men and boys trust you-not too fall.
Weapons books words are plain weapons upon
which to lean and kill not the rose inside her dream.
And more of him as he wanders lost withheld inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Become Lost

when i become lost about it-is why
it's you that i push and while you pull
it's only about your heart i am shy
my face and yours-and cries
and the light grows between-it and around it
and from the heat of some bright young sun
some times when i touch those lips then and
other times they and help me stretch out more
and fingers i never loved so blind-they scold me
and your mind at rest and there that fold a tree
when i become lost and your about it-is why

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Dog Once Normal

a dog once normal; and sassy
i talk to some of my other friends
and we know what to do,
we think...
when we walk by; they talk
why are we supposed to do that
and the where with whom and why
with most of the large ones,
so suffixing and the skinny ones,
there seems to be no sides
the other males look at her....
so strange...we come when you call...
and we came with papers...
and we know not where you've been.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Must Be Simple

it must be humble, simple and earthy
and withdrawn slowly and touched often
each stone too will look a little different
and unlike the many these are not often
and one rests and one spot over it covers
dark moss and that narrow slippery slope
mouth and tongue it's soft is that language
the rest only hear gutturally and sleep in it
and before the next block is placed on top
it is pulled up and it's squeezed over them
and when it meets that gasp, it is firmly set.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And I Being Your Dog

and i being your dog
i would worry you...
there and there too..
and you would not...
wear your best...
to play because...
i would too..
and if you...
fell or slipped...
i would smell the rest...
and me being that...
and i would..
and being so large..
i would push apart the world..
and my snout...
and that gentle tug..
and if something needs it...
and there are millions more like..
you and me and your dog.....

James McLain

Is It Neat

is it neat..
do you live in heat..
do you have privacy..
are you allowed too..
do you..
often...
and the dog..
does it..
or is it just that...
and then...
a tad bit...
before and after..
or plain sleep..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hyennas Smile And Mass Hysteria

Sex issues spread fears and; nights where we used too be
some unpredictable ridges have applied more than pressure
and now white surgical aprons laid eye to eye, mass convictions
clinical reattachment rib protractors and the pump for both
and insurance, will it cover our normal random procreation
appointments weeks in advance and the other wears a mask
and that spot once hers and his, hyennas smile and mass hysteria

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And This Cane

and this cane looks too fetching on you
and you will need both of those
and there the butter scotch rag and toil
and i know it's hard work too and i see
and a sweat dropp that beads on your lip
and stay to the end it is nearly done
and look at your face it's plain

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And One Lady Knows Her Tree

and as she leans against the thick oak
and her bare feet rub it back and forth
and the roots are shiny where she has.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why The Body Lies So

why the body lies so;
bent over and humble.
and two strong hands,
helped make it that way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lonely A Cloud At The Top

Lonely a cloud at the top; as i watch.
Deep inside i feel you live up there.
You make each climb and float like a feather.
Some voice coxes you on over the white top.
Two wings spread out that windy summit.
And over each ridge the sun shines brighter.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And You And Fame And You

and fame and you
and out of now where
and each day you slide back down
and you did what for it
and that gutter over yon did you drink from it
and your face..what of your face
and of it did you show me first..keep pace
and why do you do it how do it now and stop
and privacy and eating out and that aviator no more
and even the birds will refuse your head when you walk

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Catholic And That Plaid Dress

Catholic and that plaid dress.

i will die and disrobe it's the weapon.

It looks the same as it looked in the fifth grade.

Red, white and blue plaid, white shirt and red tie,

white knee socks and black and white shoes.

Those bumps on the shirt make me turn beet red,
and admittedly so,

as i watch the things they dropp so you will and i must too.

The look when you do and it does when you look at me too.

And the skirt and when the skirt hikes up it's the weapon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sweat Spots

Sweat spots and like other pink stars.
Being hot among young thought too many.
That skull each cup exposes a hot mind.
When binaries touch and matter explodes.
And while slow motion explains each the intensity.
The human body expands around those contractions.
And one sweat spot can take over each small universe.
Causing a major shift as energy is released.
Polarity moves then from back to front uncontrollably.
And the resulting supernova is held out too blindness.
While fabrics drenched time backs into a washing machine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Passion Works

Passion works, in mysterious light.
And long, drawn out are some days.
Compositions are lonely unmasked.
Chess lost her face without one gambit.
Opening and closing more than a game.
Passion works, too counsel true motive.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Secreted Hunger

Those news papers brings too some with issue, clear relief.
Looking through the capital eye's, right there before us.
Confined inside and burgeoning even light thin fabric.
Testing the limits of compulsive normalcy, I must as well.
That long train ride underneath brings out little but resolution.
Breath spent and waiting too caught, one remembers why.
The end is always never shown and hungrily enclosed.
While that lovely hand firmly moves the small head closer.
Relief for both transparent as it drips off the chin of one.
Small fists beat against the sides forcing out more life.
Reaching for that thermal so tempted all the more none ask.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And I Walked

That both of us

hath wrought
Into
that elegant
house

I walked
by invitation
only

Whirlwinds
wild fury

I say we both

Nought did I
so solemnly
speak
nor wish to
unfold
as thee

That which all
have privy to see
agreed

The birds
all there
colors
fashion
still hold
yet he
himself
through
i am..
he is..
speaks
to me..

 PoemHunter.com

I know
a child
I was
and you
bewitched
me so
you did
then there
the right you
gave to me

The right called
love
I spent..
wave upon..
wave on..
thee.

A tragedy
is not that
of which I
seek
but
simple
understanding
made upon
peace

Estate bankrupt
as so
spoken by
you
can just as
easily be
reserpine again
diplomacy
in words
doth bring

Intertwined
the two again

saith you

Speak the
truth
pray tell
to all
It may the
nights..
end well

James McLain

One Gap Too Cap

One Gap Too Cap

There grows out most middles.

Inside those white cups.

And dreams too be filled.

Hard pressed about them.

Move the air out, about one.

e.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Over The Summer

and over the summer,
i thought only about you.
i grew a few inches and i
put on some weight.
i hope i filled your days,
and you know, you filled mine.
i bought you this gift and
it should make it a bolder smile.
and that new place you found,
when next we meet, holds the view.
look at all those cows
as one comes home.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'You' Planned It-All Summer

'You' Planned It-All Summer.
What made you do it.
You backed him against the moon.
Against his own locker.
And he looked around you, panicked.
When every one looked, you squeezed.
And no one thought it was honey.
Even your friends laugh was not funny.
How one stuck up girl, let him down.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Clock Stopped By

A clock to fast stopped by.
Slow down the moment as if,
it steals a clearer look.
And doors stand open why?
The tower how it stands,
few figure out.

To conical and each figure.
As the second hand moves how.
The other grows a shadow.
As the science transcends now.
A clock stopped by,
while love it flies, when it.

e.d.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

Grow Up Sweet-'My Love'

and i planted...
fruit tree's..
to grow heavy...
and too find...
full each new season...
and common...
my need...
for you daughter..
and a base..
of those tree's..
beats the same..
may you see..
what you hear...
and live in the sun..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Stop 'Wait And Listen

Stop 'Wait and Listen;
and your heart, laid open
so empty..it hurts my eyes.

Winter and your, my summer,
tighter skies and windy days.
Remember last night, tomorrow
and captured it dances off, today.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Canna Help It

i canna help it;
and hush they will hear,
such is the quite.
Folded clover, salt dear,
i am old, more near.
Flacid the whale, you render,
it grows lonely with that pod.
and how do you sound it up..?
Does that cod live on salt..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Being Such Dreams

and being such dreams;
while loved, scent on a leaf.
Being turned, by a sparrow,
and how can one vein i know.
Heartbeat and cloud wings away,
by words between cotton skies.
Let me runaway and you come around,
my sky, i will come back around and see,
if you will you fly, out to meet so brief,
where air does billow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Lay Him Down 'Tell None Why

You lay him down 'tell none why;
and heat, surges and pure is the light,
right back through you.
Hold it back and you do..cry too the night,
then more;
will then think and reasons is no lesson.

Do you sound out loud too the cliff,
and wind;
on my wings tells the feathers and
you tell the sky,
while you swoop and you preen,
on that limb,
while your face is turned up,
and his toes are turned down,
cloud lest, and so why do you cry.



PoemHunter.com

e.d.

James McLain

Why I Love 'You "The Lady"

Why I Love 'You "The Lady'
-And she must ask him why,
He being just said, because,
of that and why do you.
-The thought of him more,
Your why, lays above you,
-and spills over waters edge.

Why does the river flow north,
-And him helping you,
playfully south of him,
one kept.
-Strong the head waters,
keep you up, help's never too late.

Waves lap too softly, one night cap.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trust Issues

dear some things,
are simply taken at the post....
and hast is when..
it's least sought and granted..
some host with them...
and as such with you all the more..
and in the mix with such...
lays your past happy ways...
i framed that... when.. there..
and you so lost...
went thereof and past...
the last...lonely..
spoken question.....
so then...must i here again..
speak too you there..
and ask.....

what made you take your last breath..?
and suicide so neat and no mess..
such care with your body you took...
i heard there were some issues of trust..
and thus perplexed i look down upon you..
and you are still soft..around the right edges..
that word..yes pliable..
pliable and yes you are..and know one will know..
your different...and how we can keep you out all night...

James McLain

Envy Too Exposed You

Envy; and how loud you rate at it,
Suffer me why misfortunes whim
And In the yard lies true, one stick,
While suffer you-his majesty the queen.

Over yonder to that crest, there
And here upon a plate your face.
That pocket sewn open and do fly,
Oft hanged exposes depths morbidity.

Over there the great oak yawns,
Under yon broad branches sleep.
What leaves lend turned up in face,
Remaking lover, embodied leaf behind.

Back at grand loft halls,
they wink you stare and steal,
Too hear some lass,
in song once fair no more.

a.p.

James McLain

Asylum Lies Bleeding

Exposed through fear and with clinical detachment it's scalpel.
While an array of emotions can lay siege and how you dictate.
Being out with the many deigning one bend your mind to our mirror.
When thus it is touched and only by why dry tears storied word.
The end of that memory gives freshness and twists two meanings.
Thorazine can be if you want it to be and bitter holds back it's tongue.
Detached from reality do no harm to your self or your others.
No harm can then come from one mind lost and light kept at sea.
And your body then floats on hope that oceans wave mans asylum.
No stronger than I, too hold onto hell, afforded no mask are you faith.
I am only your psychiatrist when you return, and how do I feel.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Once Was

she once was proud and more than this.
then once apart and now we are more than close.
hair dirty and bedraggled likes the dark to park.
and late at night the drive is all too short.
ally ways your home to more than ghosts and shadows.
her bed of cardboard made unlike the rest.
while mogan davids line of sight is always ever clear.
and when i kiss devinne and leave her breath, is death a cloud.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Asylum

Exposed and with clinical detachment.
While an array of emotions can and will dictate.
Being out with the many deigning too end.
When it is touched and only by thus storied word.
The end of that memory gives freshness, true feelings.
Thorazine can be if you want it and bitter holds its tongue.
Detached from reality do no harm to your self or your child.
No harm can then come from one mind lost, kept at sea.
And your body then floats on hopes ocean of lies.
No longer can we afford your Asylum, call faith a pill.
I am only your psychiatrist when you return, I will help you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Red Paper Lantern

Your thin walls..hold my..lantern..
Onions silky skin..glows bright red..
Brown pole..bamboo cook it shinny..
Fresh cut wick..needs..consonants..
My..words as like..moth in light fly by..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Sleep In Shock

I sleep in shock and hair thy hand that parted eye off beauty.
Young and old that one bed kept empty lays to claim them all,
And looking on, it's better by she whom will after sadly leave,
Now the devil with those eyes above cruel mask asks himself.
Today I grew less and feared sleep more and how they forced,
departed guilt upon those seven deaths they put asleep....
Memories tossed outside white cups of skull....while deep...
below young oceans glow and troubles tossed dry too weep.
And electrodes burn the heart of art and you look up a little shocked.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Death Washes Only Bones

And death washes only bones;
The mouth of death speaks oft of every tounge
Never his patience once lost is found in all your nature;
Death washes a bone and the astrologer hands two back,
So the moon when lined up, shines down on Venus asleep.
Time smiles on the heart beating and long of face therein,
death puts it back on the middle shelf prearranged.

And death washes only bones;
Deep valleys are filled with man's rich oil,
And covered over memories by death too often dredged.
Lined up end to end exposed again to harvest the tears of wait;
And death washes only bones and man who drinks so bold,
There being no truth and lies sown shut death eyes all bottoms.

d.t.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Her Being His

and her being and his; so much and they the other
and aeriform he watched her and thus she did like him
and they both then and there being like her he was
and she came over to him and touching him she did
and his hand in hers he saw and she did this knowing
and thus uniform there shape being both fixed with wings
and one with fire and the oceans cold water they mixed
and the earth and the sky all around them came apart.

s.p.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

They Dwell Where All Have Knelt

They dwell where all have knelt;
and ground excerpts the sun,
and having bid the love of life goodbye
They turn the girdle with a world around,
the back,
those beads you see and nothing more.

They dwell where all have knelt;
Out about in shallow fields,
they're sown like crops of snow,
depressions deep about that sage too grow
and rose off lilies helped the church a bloom.

W.W.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Breath Eludes Me

and breath eludes me...
and help is like...
twin butterflies..
once seen..
i never caught....
that dance around...
me...
i try too..grasp...
and lost i gasp....
too catch....
one breath...
inside..
while..three...
patched wings...
fly all around me...
and with two initials..
and labeled breath...
i see....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Parchments Yellow Dream

and under the monument..
..once laid the land...
a Constitution just and poetry..
those two sentries, grand once tall.
and I am blind, as well...and need..
those hands that held them out...
and Yellow words that changed..
as uncertain I always greet you.

You will not always, except me.
and i rust a name, too define you?
I hide my words as most hide
gold, for most spend them with
hast and...hurridly...It is I.....go..

When you touch me, I will never
be what I was, it is poetry or is it
was and I let you touch, is it poetry.

Complicated words hide I'm base,
think me through to your beginning
once was I so pure, now hast tastes
unsure and I fear nights...
release..and you.

You are chaste, and most are, hide me
from those, whom chain me, inside
the rock of time, even from the blind sea.

James McLain

A Word To My Friends Wife

E Gadd's Shelby,
How he came to love you so...
What lays between the two..
No greater depression...
can that divider be..
And how many other Shelby's...
have you heard this praise from....

o.n.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Between Here And There I Rest

between here and there i rest;
and commune across the pond,
bumping into the many.
Seeing rivers streams lakes and ponds,
learning to swim under the weather.
Finding all that flies while sitting on the wall watching..
America, where the pigs can fly, and they speak,
some times about the others.
Still only,
if they have wings, and there not drawn and gutted.
Is it because like others, the rising of the blood causes
you pressure? ...yet you know,
that can only lay with you in beds cheese cooked, in wine
and while others speak through your mind holding,
eating whats left of your crisp bacon.
Cannibalizing the parts that act with wood on polished stages.
The cork screw then is the weapon of your choice, back to
back, yet..the eye in the back of your head..
leaves me speechless, on parchment as it reaches...
Does it reach across time and space those ten paces?
Looking around between here and there...
one sees you on the wall..rubbing your wings..with your legs.

James McLain

Taboo The Thought And Concept

Taboo the thought and concept; dripps fear
and the hand of thought spreads you apart,
while darker yet she begs all night and splits.

Smelling the blood, the pan beneath her sits,
and the valley,
so rich and hot now fertile foams at the mouth.

The moss stays stiff and tangled even too dawn;
and the limb heavy cracks through,
for another hot day as the city coughs to life,
leaving the last dropp of night a tear on cottons face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Woman Ties The Knot

And one early on and off, an observation...

And before such grace her alter,
and woman led him up too steep,
and thus therein the trap he stood,
and great the fuss about his neck,
and hands she weaved with skill.
And his new tie she placed upon,
and known through out the land,
and deft and practiced, slow release.
And on that hooded door stood he,
and there to split his crown came she,
and but to leave his head a lovely mess.
And reaching down and firm hot grasp of wood,
and down he falls and hangs in bright release,
and now she's free to marry off and tie another.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips That Show

It seems like...
it has been..
forever..
since....I...
....
and ran around...
the sun...
and...
.....
face too face..
you..
.....
with lips...
that...
.....
now..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beside Me Is Still Some Water

Beside me is still some water; and therein I lay,
sloughing off bark where mossy patches dream.
Funny how time lets dreams float away, down
stream, while the forest moves it in, ever closer.
Soft splashes cover water that drips serendipity,
and it defines our waiting, for something exciting.
And resting inside a hollow shaped spoon am I,
still too large, I hold my breath, while you walk by.
You stop, bend down and hold off my imagination
and being satisfied, you shift the moon around it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Lays Overhead

and about me it moves in silence
without voice or representation,
it gives you over and whispers too.

Moon lays overhead open faced,
diplomatic yet keeping it's distance.

Below the many headed concepts,
reason with a past to track one mind.

Hands move the bricks, dust floats up,
and the eyes not yet cloudy remain.

While all that did happen is reviewed.



PoemHunter.com

s.d.

James McLain

Validation Of My Worthiness

My beckoning was only your last triumph.
And my being out yonder lost-was what I called.
Passing more than my-me-mine-you through,
births validation and your-me back too veiw.
My face, I lost in your pride of worth and strain.

e.d.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If I Were A Prostitute

even though i am alone
the bench,
in front of where i live,
waits empty and cool.

Lonely am i, as you and
you know where i live by
now if you,
haven't got a feel of me,
by now your worse off than
i thought you could be,
just like me now.

It is OK...if you are not bipolar..
i am still willing,
to give you a try,
so call me, no stuck up and or
conceited,
need to please here apply.

James McLain

Is It True They Start To Young

It is true, the words you speak and..
no few it is they've heard themes roll
from fountain pens of ink..so sweet..
Trapped within it's..is.. they are..for you..
and no release..can come from they..
How they twist and roll and dine..
on mountains tops..within the clouds..
and in the sun...oh...yes the sun...
of which they speak..they learn to burn..
sp young and learn..the game..
they ever say they knew the tops..of trees..
the ones they climbed..
to see the world....
and there little sweet gum hands
they bend to fly...in by the stream..
dirty little heart shaped faces..smudged..
in leafy green i see..and how they sing...
and september is fraught..figments..
ivies loose.. inside those heads..

James McLain

Lilies Rose And Lilac

Eyes...turn around the sun today.
Look...potted wilts the rose.
And warm.....too free those lilies.
Waiting....dear a stream out back.
Hardy....lilacs form too bloom this day.

ed

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cross Mixers Dress

Wouldn't the hosts;
with less,
wear boxers too?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Judge Noble Thy Neck The Yoke

Judge Noble Thy Neck The Yoke;
not purged,

The law, cannot but lay law less,
closed within those hands;

that bend from wills,

once laid hidden,

there gowns from clouds cloaked therein

transparency.

Judge then those crimes that were committed,

against that yoke, this thier is from your fear.

The pain of mind that leaves behind all of that

which once held dear, too that soul.

That yoke of lore,

even then off thou now discerned would hold the

mighty Samson.

Bound in fairness, yoked to freedom, dragged under

ground from fear of you and your kind,

the heart that havens, the soul of despair and from

the mind of hopelessness letting that evil reign.

James McLain

Do I Care For What

And do I care for what; and some laurel of queens,
and my robe covers more than the dance,
And words pour off you like a canary diamond,
and you sing, while I sleep and you never let me fly.

And I cannot unleash the wind; and so over you I trust,
and my mind is still, and the moment never comes,
And but not for you, and four seasons, and the passion,
and you move over me to find, the door full of reason.

James McLain



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Children Adults And Yelling

Children, adults and yelling
it is a clear precursor and
subconscious alarm...
for lack of understanding...
that something...
may be terribly wrong...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Quickly I Depart Back Inside

Quickly I depart; back inside
Which side do I turn, against myself
I cannot take less, you giving me more
Burning, my robe makes me cold
Inward I am clay, outward only stone
I leave you; my thoughts, you give me; your mind
Hard is your tounge, soft is the rest
Your forest is deep, but never my woods
While One word, must have two meanings
I am calm inside, turned out to the storm
Moving me forward, you take a step back
You want me for one thing, I need you for another
I have to eat meat, you ate only my vegetables
And opposites, can never attract

QE

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

O Maid

O Maid; and but for need you must
and drought with parables fraught.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And A Sod, Loved In Italy

I roll over on to the gondola, the
shine from the wood makes me rise.
Burned she turns, I yawn my surprise.
The profile is sure, smouldering to they
on the bridge looking down..I bring my
self closer to her and the still water..
for a swans momenta of time.
what a dumb luck of sod am I.....
The sun shining down on a crown.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cotton Southern Man

More than a man, the south made.
Black and white, south one started,
great oaks refused no man a child
to hang about it, call dark christmas.
Hallow was a name, old now hollow.
Stigma inside wears grey cotton
memories, alive die uncompensated.
Here, electricity has that sick sweet
smell about it, as if it were once alive.
While morality, debates in pockets
of isolated votes packed together.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Detached Observer

Detached observers,
and features withdrawn
by fates hand,
that scours obscurity.

And around the fountain sits,
those like yonder,
loud rush's blood too whispers,
close and vain apart.

Alone amongst so many
and the moss hangs deep,
aglow the fireflies light,
grey sleep masks intention.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Commerce My Friend

Commerce my friend; held without air,
and modern day spoils purdge against.
Such beasts to rime lanced blood begot,
and effort boils from life skined each man.
From salt a cure to hide nooks manifesto,
and at sea the bird is no longer our friend.

Commerce my friend; I know too dredge,
and fear lies deep as sleep...your ocean.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Lily Kisses Rose.

When lily kisses rose.....

and lily i did know..

and trees i thought...

grew very deep..

and lived...

within the forest...

.....

and green...

the hay is sweet...

and brown...

dry moss asks why..

....

and lilies white...

remind the sky...

sweet cotton.....

how it swirls..

....

there grew the two..

so dear...

most thought...

....

sweet..breath..

and..peppermints...

two centered..

scents....

...

and how....

before...

them both..

i stood...

too near...

their heart

by far...

...

and when..

i know....

how..

roses grow...

and pressed...



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so hard..
was i.....
.....
and cups..
of milk...
i loaned to..
them....
cinnamon..
and spice...
....
sugar sweets....
they made...
from them...
now to know..
both why.....
.....
while..
lilly bridged..
sweet roses..
bank..and..
water rushes...
by..

James McLain

Red Rush Too White

Red rushes white,
through narrow streams
and the sky struggles, too see.

While the bottom of the clouds,
at night remain unseen,
dark as death, breath without dreams.

Erect and surrounded by haze,
the monument begins each day
with a dimmer view and blood pools
as ink too song, not written on paper.

Unversed the great oak without the heart to pull
from roots whites tops it's red streams,
cannot pump to the top nor reach out to the sky
and dizzy with effort, the leaves turn no more...
and remembers not the soft clouds bottom nor top,
and the soft cool ground beyond releases it's grasp
last running sigh and vainly white dies to touch red.

my.b.p.

James McLain

Love Me Like Death

Love me like death..
with....Eyes....
judge competence...
barley alive...
left in limbo....
purgatory...
was not amended....
and specter's
for those still living...
there deep inside...
it's fortresses..white haze....
and never shown...
life's single road out..
from there....would one...
travel past that depths end...
subconsciousness ly...
too lay in deaths...bed..
while none...volunteer...
too loose there mind....
on a known journeys dare...
peripherals.....seeking...
where time is lost....
and never brought back...
from that edge..
of some where.....
like death....
left alive with no voice.....

James McLain

Sleep Talk

Sleep talks more from not understanding it,
and while they come too see our ghost it listens,
most know we exchange passed glances knowingly.

Waiting less for those few eggs that hatched and flew,
What has raven done, with some bright shiney eyes?
And the rest outside the windows nest, sits empty.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

While I Waited

i paid...
to have my oil..
changed today....
and rest now..
embraced....
and while i waited..
she did as well...

.....
well and protected...
from her four limbs...
dangled gold...
and that large rock...
on her ladyfinger
told stories...
futures and pasts..
flashed brilliantine...

.....
her gold hummer....
with the hood...
raised up...
and each try at...
conversation...
kept my world...
heading south..
of the line....
bordered thought..

.....
years had it been...
since...
last i changed my oil...
and Midas...
offered me...
the best price around..

James McLain

Cotton Steals

cotton steals...
large breaths of night...
blind...moons unveil..
clouds bottom..
turned up...too...
clutch and grasp...
trunks move aside..
thick fog..
tangled around...
white broad sails...
strong currants eddy...
while blankets of cotton...
burn up inside...
along side it stays..
while behind..
the ranch..
thick smoke boils out.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pyrrhic Waltz

and being joined..
singular...too share..
two queens..
participate.....
unknowing..there..
sacrifice..
....
amassed...
one point attacks...
watching the dance..
distant hills...
see...
the child...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gun Of Blank

On hands and knees, I stare through glass
so glazed of memories, inside.
It lays there, safe inside behind the crowned
metallic black of night..that waits blue keeps.....
I cannot bring myself to unlock, the magic,
waiting to bleed across this, very short distance.
My hand lifts too a violation, of all they who were
slandered upon the yoke I cannot wait.
coiled around the tounge of breath, a taste of metal
coppers breast brown hollowed tips..
I take the key again hapless, unlocking memories
best left in the hollow tube, unspent lest the bite
once again, render me blind, unable to taste.
Reaching through, into the warm fluid of safty,
I swallow gallons swimming, while seeing bright
flashes often of you.
The loud report, is not news, it has been building, as
hurricanes do that never pass.
Hot searing foreign invisable, a punched hand drags
me out, expelled onto the floor, movement of debility
unconscious, premiered a last unasked breath, spent
awash,
in a small pool of blood leafless, blind...like snow..

James McLain

Cotton Seed A Pearl

Almost without thought...
my fingers...
walk and twirl...
around the circle of white...
tonight...
the moon has our attention...
it is a strange branded pink..
masked over...the white boll...
and demands...
my full attention...
as I spread...
the cotton apart...
and there..
at the center....
beneath the white...
is the seed...
a southern pearl.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Royal Purple

Royal purple
Would you, even now
in all your purple,
stubbornness's
agree, that mouths much
so familiar and yes, you know
should have checked the beggar
at the door, of screams.
Blackboard shrillness,
breaks the chalk, a loud males voice
is in the wrong,
trembles exhumation to unfold,
the hoped for dream.
The liars island, holds the dying, walk upon the tears of sand,
libeling the same cut tail, over and over again.
While the sea gulls eat whats left.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cotton Mouth

Cotton mouth...this word...
renders..some..
southern condition....
and ripe sweet breath...
sometimes deeply held...
stations....laid out...
pasts..hidden...
revealed....situations..
sought out....
Cotton mouth...and...
woodpiles...that..
whisper...over sweating..
navels....bodies clean..
of thought..unwashed..
hard...clamoring for..
attention...when..trees..
hang over the strong fence...
might gives way...and more..
The other is so...digressive..
and backing up...you fall...
unheard...and it slides up...
with you watching...wide eyed..
never too fear...deep inside..
what you hide...from the day...
Behind the curtain....
made of cotton you wait...
and there being....
no stranger around...
From the heart of town...
the known stranger...
moves through the window...
opportunity and moon...
leaving wide the ditch...
for tomorrows...local...crew..
and molasses runs slow...
To the man...and some ask...
about that cotton mouth....
man...
that ran sun yellow...

through the dawn...

..

James McLain

Scallops Fanned

from salt and water
scallops fanned
thoughts...
cut and bloody hand
brought before you...
....
the best of the best.....
large they are plump...
tender....
juicy and bursting with flavor....

e.e.c.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dance Lily

and lily...
kept her blooms...
outside..
her room..
down low..
and harder...
did they seek...
to know...
and lily...
would they grow..
and pots..
came deep...
became..her groom....
and fate..
like moon is late...
and washed..
her colors...off..

Now hold moons...
pale and..
restless face..
and feet...
the clouds..the sea..
and high against.....
this one dark night.....
that sky was home.....

James McLain

Walrus

Brown, fat and deeply wrinkled.
My narrow perch of wait i rock.
Harbors the mouth of my youth.
Breath i lent once slow is labored.
Even now ivory and yellow song.
Too dance as youth moves north.
Black and white the whale comes.
Memories flash bright, red the smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mouth Of Foam

Surfed..waves..
Wind beat..shore
Rocky teeth..are..
Frothed in foam..
Furies storm..
Oceans warn..
Centered...low..
Pressures eye..
Barometric..sighs..
Ridged trough..
The eye....
Holds..The.. Hurricane..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Swim I Swim To Swim

When I swim...I swim..
To swim....
and carried away...
against life's currants...
faiths..personal snare...
Clear waters inter-coastal..
waterway...
around the bend from...
hurricane alleys..
wide mouthed.. gulf...
Tide coming in or out..
over a mile across...
only as a youth...would I try..
with out those fins on my..
feet that shore...no more...
low tide...I'm out an eighth..
high it's the same...
I would try more..But crazy..
being...would only bring..
another increase...
too this mess...
When I swim...I swim..
To swim...
against life's currants...
one person their snare...
I must not be..that good to eat...
though I keep moving my feet...
and yesterdays fish was quite large..
I never saw...
but it wanted...still be felt...alive.....

James McLain

Cotton Balls

Bee pollinated.....ovules..
Flowers.....laying open..
Throned bolls....cover up..
White masks....shadows.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And I Once Said To You

and i once said....
to you
then..may be...
twice....
back then..
you knew..
The...
sun so blind...
your smile..
it grew...
Then once again...
beheld.....
it grew....
some more.....
And fallen sand...
the sky has washed..
Two...Ends..Both..
white and gold...
and honey poured.....
once spilled...
.....
can never.....
be...
forced back...
inside...
a bottle...
then...
poured again...

James McLain

Perpetuated Repatriation

Recorded paths held them open, clustered
never discussed, closed too Sylvia-private.
Or why the flowered petal closed, holds
ghost's down memories lane, unnamed.
Hidden closets oft reveal her forlorn plant's,
off tender shoots auditioned not held sun lost.
Parent's closed the world wide view, and vow
to make it worse, your thoughts only you knew...
off colored eye made minds of lead...never yours..
then would they but now ask you why...
I never cried hard thoughts thoughts so loud..
and I grew.....
and nor move my dawn so ever closed....
inside your mind...where I rest
laid out so.. cold....wrapped around death..
I called out to you.....but..wait..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

White Cups Of Mind

Time began for me that once and never started
and I made once the past to start a new day.
Time swims off leaving skulls of white cups,
and eternity trades in your pieces-your snow.
Time crosses time and reaches through you,
chosen by you-your other trapped outside
wanting in....
and never willing to cross-marked time a threshold.
Time makes the willow bow to seconds and I cast out,
voids net of minutes and the Judge makes them years..
and in the valley made shallow...still standing in wait..
I lay off sleeping -past infinity one shadows, sparked tears.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My One Conceit

Make my mouth yours

And place my tongue on
your roof, better to form
my words,
before I speak them in poetry.

So take my thoughts
pressed hot to your ear,
so I can know your one
my self,
and make of me your other.

While my voice, when you
return it,
was hard used, for the better of we.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Redemption Held Some Clear

Redemption held some clear; unseen.
Standing out to stars within my reach.
My spirit groans from the weight of it.
Inside your wheel of oil untill my death.
Redemption two lost it's compassion,
as hope waited on the other so vain.
Action has no meaning, bless my ignorance,
as I wander around eating from your hand.
Knowing thoughts a noble and to eat with lions,
and hands so rough to sooth one tounge.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Black Berrys Charm The Snake

Black berrys charm the snake;
And wait for new Comings, by day.
More the pale hands, with each dawn.
Green thorned vines, fair ankles entwine.

Black eyes, conceal the fruit not ripe picked;
Musky servant amongst dark leaves unseen.
Innocence trips over, one full basket left to cover.
While voices plan new paths through the thorns.

e.d

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That Sun Could Never Shine

That sun could never shine;
And forever is six months too worry.
Deaf ears the doctor never drones,
And day turns to night and death blends,
That a woman drunk, hides sweet breath,
With threats end his hopes and dreams.
Unknown Detached from life's silver cord,
Hysterical and lost, bright sun drowned out.
Trapped hot within her dull, eyes an envelope,
Lifeless, one father cries over suns remains.
While the truth is concealed, and never spoken
And lost a wife knows her Judge, restrains order.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beauty One Instant

Heaven one instant held.
Rose and the lily both.
Heavy soft rain and washing.
My head loved I lost.
Beautiful feet walk over me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Friends And Both Neighbor

When friend and both neighbors
Meet, we each come through our fence,
and then stand apart, both as one,
Then pass through the door we made.
And our wives can shelter the children,
Both equal, being alike, food as well.
Our dogs watch the road, his as mine.

Rf

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cottons Sun And Breath

Cottons sun and breath; and I walk into it,
my back upon the sun and my being
sundresses to the front, she blinds me.

White with dust, sweaty limbs do too drip,
and every where white tipped, and sagging
and trusting; I wash my hands deep, the bush's,
heart where hands feel cottons sun and breath.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Walking

Walking; I look ahead to where need we be.
ever being closer,
when you, with walking, it seems now nearer.
When the wind comes to me smelling you in it;
my pace slows, so I cannot miss your leaving.

Who gave us this way, just to show us another,
without thought too this path, other than this one.
How we were never here, and being there...
we traveled on....as the wind sits still and waits,
for you to come.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cotton Mentality

I am sometimes more or less politically;
and being astute, I hate then the liars!
This makes me more...never less a fool,
when I need mine, your rights confirmed.
I cannot fathom course silk made from cotton,
when the worm takes one and hangs to form
from the other and hording it's face in both.
Your Honor and Judge and I cannot release
trust.....too.....
that face I did turn to...while judgement...gave
that trust to an addict....your wrath I lived...
while such knowledge, was known around..
Camelot.....and hewn trust away...
and that poppy did bloom with encouragement....
with the blessing of whom...prey tell I ask...
and Wants being simple to thus do I plead.....
and with this to your ear...by my lips....
I only want, what you would then want, being you....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Pull It's String

You pull it's string,
it's button is covered in song.
You laugh at it, it looks up at you, sleepily falling
and rushes and it skins one bare knee.
It's knee weeps one lolly, is solitaire dropp of you.
Then it's red, it's by you, and it's hidden,
coveted, septet from the world that views,
as the world was it's call, it is now for you.
It is swept up under your greatness, living canopy, to
clear your bandit, it rests on, while you sing, to it.
Who will catch the dropp, of it as you watch, it fall?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Twin Roses And Lily

Twin roses and Lily
she cries over them..
both wearing the patch..
It is worn from....
one eye to the other...
and left with her sister..

Born with twin roses..
and lilies beauty,
she dries off some tears...
with her other....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Wife Made Her Husband

Why question love shown
When you are loving him,
You made him, strapping;
Being supple your leather.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Cotton Bridge

The cotton bridge....
holds each side....
flush to the middle...
while suspended..
too trust... each span..
holds cottons face...
competent workers....
lay each pillar..
snugly...
booted in white..
mass is held for the one...
whom fell off...
wednesday evening..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cotton Queen

Cotton queens we call them....
live only for the south....
better than some are the others.....
Bags in one hand...
holding it out..from the other.....
Bales off white set..around them..
it sets them off...all that cotton....
like sundresses....
and humidity...is...
Having to keep up...on them...
and when your tired...
and not looking...at those bales..
that they lean against...
are again as much as they are....
and then....
only good such..to the men folk...
while the seamstress stays busy...
hidden there....
and there hollows..show..
Them women about the town...
don't rightly cotton...to that...
With there men..folk..being..
unless there in there own..
The cotton lets only..the most...
familial of the queens...and she...
being the hottest under the sun....
is permitted to think thoughts on cotton...
We cotton to that in the south...
Them there....cotton and queens..

James McLain

Cotton Magnolia

The man was the south waiting..
for that woman to arrive...
and her in full bloom..
Out... in carnation..of the magnolia..
I can smell the scent of it..
can you not smell it..as well.....
More was with..some less..
and practical thinking it being...
with cotton to the heart..
of what did you think...
and I recon it's you...
hanging about...
like grey spanish moss...
and allowing him over...
to do it..
and he is lovely..
and you do cotton to him....and..
before...
he can say what your thinking...
you open up to him...
and tell him every thing..
over yonder...by the great white oak....
and him being such....
the center of your attention...
and being simple..
and I know he's..sweet...
you are just so much cotton to that man...
and he will just use it up...
and hold it... against you....
Do you hear me.....gracious child...
you been over in that magnolia tree..
out against the cotton..
and you are just to loud....
You hear me..just to loud..
and to think of it...makes me too...
now getover it....
and go on out yonder.....now...
and fetch me that switch...

Oysters Pink One Half

Above a sea of pink..
I drift by...
and you open the sky....
I sink.....
and the salty pink sea....
Waves comes over me..
and the shell..
closed....too soon....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Absentmindedness

Absentmindedness;

It is often more than I noticed,
and inspiration has tied me
in side the knots, with my mind.
And if I leave you, back in time,
lost am I there, more forgotten.
Somewhere, is my one shoe lace.
While others go off before me,
and see me a simple knot as string.
Some look away, while most see
me trying to Tye two faces too one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

More Than My Daughter

More than my daughter; and wind to move the sail.
Beneeth that starry night upon the sea, breath the key.
Strong being life, you held out more than love for ransom.
Complicated by so many, one faith, hope a destination.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lobstrosity

She was the sophisticated one meandering
around with nothing on no cares in the world
until I came down.

The chase for tail was endless miles and miles
it seemed hours spent sucking wind a glimpse
was all I saw.

she looked good dressed red hard as a rock
and a body to die for her tail was sharp as the
obsidian knife and quick as a rich babe.

She saw it is poetry coming after all she had
to put on a act and address her surrounding in
time for the show.

She tried and of course failed no one can resist
my touch the way I push at all the hard spots and
drain the soft ones away where was I.....
How many traps did you lay out tonight....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Held My Head Up

Lost in a sea of heads..
am I the one you pull out..
dragging the wings of a lie...
yellows the color of your sky...
and you came to cry....
lost is the longer year...
Gold the brown neck is dear...
it stays around which ear....
lobe of viola held clear....
music is sad...
and you held my head up...as felt....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Faces

Most faces are not the same:
and the more I look at yours,
the more you make me realize
that mine, can never change.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Closed My Eyes

Sensation has fled my body
the sky turns off.
My eyes are blind.
Can moon still love me being
not it's light a star
my heart.
The hand of my last memory
lifts me up moons voice sits
in my ear triumphant.
Talking my fear into the sun
it's flame washing my feet.
Moon watch my face and still
now with breath.
Your face a clean cold mask.

Sensation has fled meus somes
divum volvit
eyes es blind.
Can luna etiam diligo mihi res
it's lux lucis a astrum meus heart.
The manus manus of meus
permaneo memory
lifts mihi sursum luna vox vocis sits
in meus auris triumphant.
Talking meus vereor in sun
it's flamma lavatio meus feet.
Moon vigilo me us visio quod
silentium per spiritus.
Vestri visio a tersus gelu os.

James McLain

Rain

Rain it is light, soft rain as it floats down
and if each drop missed you, I did not.
Being away, the rain sounds different,
and looking back through our rain drops.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Again A Black Robed Tree

Many days floated away, as the cherries
fell, and so the heart of the tree grew hollow,
and but for the sun and all the black robes
of the sky and the stars, were hurried past.
Being still in the present with eyes, hearing
words that loved the growth of living trees.
Hard and studied was the steed by the sun,
and being thus, it was as his mind the comet.
Harnessed and the seasons did not change faith,
even after the comet was left behind, falsely robed.
Being perceived as thus, and one astronomer and
his eyes burning flame, and many times were they
and then again, given over to the three false hopes.
While the eclipse fades and the comet circles back,
again the stars aliened north to recalculate three orbits.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Girl With A View

The way the brown handled broom
swept off, back and forth, brings out
the floor, and loves spun yellow straw,
and most come for the golden robes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cotton Here Lost It's Crown

Here is where cotton lost it's crown.
Washed away at night, days troubled water.
Dark another pink day, races the sun.
Bags heavy burst dreams of white hope.
And cotton surrounds groves of peaches.
White heads, unfurl thier storied faces.
Humbled now the hands, are spreading cotton.
While woman tend some lips parched in water.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I'M Not Superman

but i can catch a bullet
put it back in the barrel
before you steal home.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Virgina Clams

Most virgina clams..
are nothing more..
than top heavy..
spandex covered...
....pink oysters.....
waiting for the bottoms..
bottom....
to dropp....out....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Bees About Me

i beat them off..
and there still coming..
you laugh..while i try..
and in the snow..
you move it..
white powder...
dances around me..
and as i slide..
sweetly down.....
hills of compassion...
I look on..as you..
salvage....
whats left of our honey..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Never Again In Sleep

Never again in sleep, can I come,
and you before me there standing
and seeing me this way, you come
over to me beating faster, my heart.

James McLain



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Florida Statute 39.01-)

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The 2009 Florida Statutes

Title V

JUDICIAL BRANCH Chapter 39

PROCEEDINGS RELATING TO CHILDREN [View Entire Chapter](#)

39.01 Definitions.-When used in this chapter, unless the context otherwise requires:

(1) 'Abandoned' or 'abandonment' means a situation in which the parent or legal custodian of a child or, in the absence of a parent or legal custodian, the caregiver, while being able, makes no provision for the child's support and has failed to establish or maintain a substantial and positive relationship with the child. For purposes of this subsection, 'establish or maintain a substantial and positive relationship' includes, but is not limited to, frequent and regular contact with the child through frequent and regular visitation or frequent and regular communication to or with the child, and the exercise of parental rights and responsibilities. Marginal efforts and incidental or token visits or communications are not sufficient to establish or maintain a substantial and positive relationship with a child. The term does not include a surrendered newborn infant as described in s.383.50, a 'child in need of services' as defined in chapter 984, or a 'family in need of services' as defined in chapter 984. The incarceration of a parent, legal custodian, or caregiver responsible for a child's welfare may support a finding of abandonment.

(2) 'Abuse' means any willful act or threatened act that results in any physical, mental, or sexual injury or harm that causes or is likely to cause the child's physical, mental, or emotional health to be significantly impaired. Abuse of a child includes acts or omissions. Corporal discipline of a child by a parent or legal custodian for disciplinary purposes does not in itself constitute abuse when it does not result in harm to the child.

(3) 'Addictions receiving facility' means a substance abuse service provider as defined in chapter 397.

(4) 'Adjudicatory hearing' means a hearing for the court to determine whether

or not the facts support the allegations stated in the petition in dependency cases or in termination of parental rights cases.

(5) 'Adult' means any natural person other than a child.

(6) 'Adoption' means the act of creating the legal relationship between parent and child where it did not exist, thereby declaring the child to be legally the child of the adoptive parents and their heir at law, and entitled to all the rights and privileges and subject to all the obligations of a child born to the adoptive parents in lawful wedlock.

(7) 'Alleged juvenile sexual offender' means:

(a) A child 12 years of age or younger who is alleged to have committed a violation of chapter 794, chapter 796, chapter 800, s.827.071, or s.847.0133; or

(b) A child who is alleged to have committed any violation of law or delinquent act involving juvenile sexual abuse. 'Juvenile sexual abuse' means any sexual behavior which occurs without consent, without equality, or as a result of coercion. For purposes of this paragraph, the following definitions apply:

1. 'Coercion' means the exploitation of authority or the use of bribes, threats of force, or intimidation to gain cooperation or compliance.

2. 'Equality' means two participants operating with the same level of power in a relationship, neither being controlled nor coerced by the other.

3. 'Consent' means an agreement, including all of the following:

a. Understanding what is proposed based on age, maturity, developmental level, functioning, and experience.

b. Knowledge of societal standards for what is being proposed.

c. Awareness of potential consequences and alternatives.

d. Assumption that agreement or disagreement will be accepted equally.

e. Voluntary decision.

f. Mental competence.

Juvenile sexual offender behavior ranges from noncontact sexual behavior such as making obscene phone calls, exhibitionism, voyeurism, and the showing or taking of lewd photographs to varying degrees of direct sexual contact, such as frottage, fondling, digital penetration, rape, fellatio, sodomy, and various other sexually aggressive acts.

(8) 'Arbitration' means a process whereby a neutral third person or panel, called an arbitrator or an arbitration panel, considers the facts and arguments presented by the parties and renders a decision which may be binding or nonbinding.

(9) 'Authorized agent' or 'designee' of the department means an employee, volunteer, or other person or agency determined by the state to be eligible for state-funded risk management coverage, which is assigned or designated by the department to perform duties or exercise powers under this chapter.

(10) 'Caregiver' means the parent, legal custodian, permanent guardian, adult household member, or other person responsible for a child's welfare as defined in subsection (47) .

(11) 'Case plan' means a document, as described in s.39.6011, prepared by the department with input from all parties. The case plan follows the child from the provision of voluntary services through any dependency, foster care, or termination of parental rights proceeding or related activity or process.

(12) 'Child' or 'youth' means any unmarried person under the age of 18 years who has not been emancipated by order of the court.

(13) 'Child protection team' means a team of professionals established by the Department of Health to receive referrals from the protective investigators and protective supervision staff of the department and to provide specialized and supportive services to the program in processing child abuse, abandonment, or neglect cases. A child protection team shall provide consultation to other programs of the department and other persons regarding child abuse, abandonment, or neglect cases.

(14) 'Child who has exhibited inappropriate sexual behavior' means a child who is 12 years of age or younger and who has been found by the department or the court to have committed an inappropriate sexual act.

(15) 'Child who is found to be dependent' means a child who, pursuant to this chapter, is found by the court:

- (a) To have been abandoned, abused, or neglected by the child's parent or parents or legal custodians;
- (b) To have been surrendered to the department, the former Department of Health and Rehabilitative Services, or a licensed child-placing agency for purpose of adoption;
- (c) To have been voluntarily placed with a licensed child-caring agency, a licensed child-placing agency, an adult relative, the department, or the former Department of Health and Rehabilitative Services, after which placement, under the requirements of this chapter, a case plan has expired and the parent or parents or legal custodians have failed to substantially comply with the requirements of the plan;
- (d) To have been voluntarily placed with a licensed child-placing agency for the purposes of subsequent adoption, and a parent or parents have signed a consent pursuant to the Florida Rules of Juvenile Procedure;
- (e) To have no parent or legal custodians capable of providing supervision and care; or
- (f) To be at substantial risk of imminent abuse, abandonment, or neglect by the parent or parents or legal custodians.

(16) 'Child support' means a court-ordered obligation, enforced under chapter 61 and ss.409.2551-409.2597, for monetary support for the care, maintenance, training, and education of a child.

(17) 'Circuit' means any of the 20 judicial circuits as set forth in s.26.021.

(18) 'Comprehensive assessment' or 'assessment' means the gathering of information for the evaluation of a child's and caregiver's physical, psychiatric, psychological or mental health, educational, vocational, and social condition and family environment as they relate to the child's and caregiver's need for rehabilitative and treatment services, including substance abuse treatment services, mental health services, developmental services, literacy services, medical services, family services, and other specialized services, as appropriate.

(19) 'Concurrent planning' means establishing a permanency goal in a case plan that uses reasonable efforts to reunify the child with the parent, while at the same time establishing another goal that must be one of the following options:

- (a) Adoption when a petition for termination of parental rights has been filed or will be filed;
- (b) Permanent guardianship of a dependent child under s.39.6221;
- (c) Permanent placement with a fit and willing relative under s.39.6231; or
- (d) Placement in another planned permanent living arrangement under s.39.6241.

(20) 'Court, ' unless otherwise expressly stated, means the circuit court assigned to exercise jurisdiction under this chapter.

(21) 'Department' means the Department of Children and Family Services.

(22) 'Diligent efforts by a parent' means a course of conduct which results in a reduction in risk to the child in the child's home that would allow the child to be safely placed permanently back in the home as set forth in the case plan.

(23) 'Diligent efforts of social service agency' means reasonable efforts to provide social services or reunification services made by any social service agency that is a party to a case plan.

(24) 'Diligent search' means the efforts of a social service agency to locate a parent or prospective parent whose identity or location is unknown, initiated as soon as the social service agency is made aware of the existence of such parent, with the search progress reported at each court hearing until the parent is either identified and located or the court excuses further search.

(25) 'Disposition hearing' means a hearing in which the court determines the most appropriate protections, services, and placement for the child in dependency cases.

(26) 'District' means any one of the 15 service districts of the department established pursuant to s.20.19.

(27) 'District administrator' means the chief operating officer of each service district of the department as defined in s.20.19(5) and, where appropriate, includes any district administrator whose service district falls within the boundaries of a judicial circuit.

(28) 'Expedited termination of parental rights' means proceedings wherein a case plan with the goal of reunification is not being offered.

(29) 'False report' means a report of abuse, neglect, or abandonment of a child to the central abuse hotline, which report is maliciously made for the purpose of:

(a) Harassing, embarrassing, or harming another person;

(b) Personal financial gain for the reporting person;

(c) Acquiring custody of a child; or

(d) Personal benefit for the reporting person in any other private dispute involving a child.

The term 'false report' does not include a report of abuse, neglect, or abandonment of a child made in good faith to the central abuse hotline.

(30) 'Family' means a collective body of persons, consisting of a child and a parent, legal custodian, or adult relative, in which:

(a) The persons reside in the same house or living unit; or

(b) The parent, legal custodian, or adult relative has a legal responsibility by blood, marriage, or court order to support or care for the child.

(31) 'Foster care' means care provided a child in a foster family or boarding home, group home, agency boarding home, child care institution, or any combination thereof.

(32) 'Harm' to a child's health or welfare can occur when any person:

(a) Inflicts or allows to be inflicted upon the child physical, mental, or emotional injury. In determining whether harm has occurred, the following factors must be considered in evaluating any physical, mental, or emotional injury to a child: the age of the child; any prior history of injuries to the child; the location of the injury on the body of the child; the multiplicity of the injury; and the type of trauma inflicted. Such injury includes, but is not limited to:

1. Willful acts that produce the following specific injuries:

a. Sprains, dislocations, or cartilage damage.

- b. Bone or skull fractures.
- c. Brain or spinal cord damage.
- d. Intracranial hemorrhage or injury to other internal organs.
- e. Asphyxiation, suffocation, or drowning.
- f. Injury resulting from the use of a deadly weapon.
- g. Burns or scalding.
- h. Cuts, lacerations, punctures, or bites.
- i. Permanent or temporary disfigurement.
- j. Permanent or temporary loss or impairment of a body part or function.

As used in this subparagraph, the term 'willful' refers to the intent to perform an action, not to the intent to achieve a result or to cause an injury.

2. Purposely giving a child poison, alcohol, drugs, or other substances that substantially affect the child's behavior, motor coordination, or judgment or that result in sickness or internal injury. For the purposes of this subparagraph, the term 'drugs' means prescription drugs not prescribed for the child or not administered as prescribed, and controlled substances as outlined in Schedule I or Schedule II of s.893.03.

3. Leaving a child without adult supervision or arrangement appropriate for the child's age or mental or physical condition, so that the child is unable to care for the child's own needs or another's basic needs or is unable to exercise good judgment in responding to any kind of physical or emotional crisis.

4. Inappropriate or excessively harsh disciplinary action that is likely to result in physical injury, mental injury as defined in this section, or emotional injury. The significance of any injury must be evaluated in light of the following factors: the age of the child; any prior history of injuries to the child; the location of the injury on the body of the child; the multiplicity of the injury; and the type of trauma inflicted. Corporal discipline may be considered excessive or abusive when it results in any of the following or other similar injuries:

- a. Sprains, dislocations, or cartilage damage.
 - b. Bone or skull fractures.
 - c. Brain or spinal cord damage.
 - d. Intracranial hemorrhage or injury to other internal organs.
 - e. Asphyxiation, suffocation, or drowning.
 - f. Injury resulting from the use of a deadly weapon.
 - g. Burns or scalding.
 - h. Cuts, lacerations, punctures, or bites.
 - i. Permanent or temporary disfigurement.
 - j. Permanent or temporary loss or impairment of a body part or function.
 - k. Significant bruises or welts.
- (b) Commits, or allows to be committed, sexual battery, as defined in chapter 794, or lewd or lascivious acts, as defined in chapter 800, against the child.
- (c) Allows, encourages, or forces the sexual exploitation of a child, which includes allowing, encouraging, or forcing a child to:
- 1. Solicit for or engage in prostitution; or
 - 2. Engage in a sexual performance, as defined by chapter 827.
- (d) Exploits a child, or allows a child to be exploited, as provided in s.450.151.
- (e) Abandons the child. Within the context of the definition of 'harm, ' the term 'abandoned the child' or 'abandonment of the child' means a situation in which the parent or legal custodian of a child or, in the absence of a parent or legal custodian, the caregiver, while being able, makes no provision for the child's support and has failed to establish or maintain a substantial and positive relationship with the child. For purposes of this paragraph, 'establish or maintain a substantial and positive relationship' includes, but is not limited to, frequent and regular contact with the child through frequent and regular visitation or

frequent and regular communication to or with the child, and the exercise of parental rights and responsibilities. Marginal efforts and incidental or token visits or communications are not sufficient to establish or maintain a substantial and positive relationship with a child. The term 'abandoned' does not include a surrendered newborn infant as described in s.383.50.

(f) Neglects the child. Within the context of the definition of 'harm, ' the term 'neglects the child' means that the parent or other person responsible for the child's welfare fails to supply the child with adequate food, clothing, shelter, or health care, although financially able to do so or although offered financial or other means to do so. However, a parent or legal custodian who, by reason of the legitimate practice of religious beliefs, does not provide specified medical treatment for a child may not be considered abusive or neglectful for that reason alone, but such an exception does not:

1. Eliminate the requirement that such a case be reported to the department;
2. Prevent the department from investigating such a case; or
3. Preclude a court from ordering, when the health of the child requires it, the provision of medical services by a physician, as defined in this section, or treatment by a duly accredited practitioner who relies solely on spiritual means for healing in accordance with the tenets and practices of a well-recognized church or religious organization.

(g) Exposes a child to a controlled substance or alcohol. Exposure to a controlled substance or alcohol is established by:

1. A test, administered at birth, which indicated that the child's blood, urine, or meconium contained any amount of alcohol or a controlled substance or metabolites of such substances, the presence of which was not the result of medical treatment administered to the mother or the newborn infant; or
2. Evidence of extensive, abusive, and chronic use of a controlled substance or alcohol by a parent when the child is demonstrably adversely affected by such usage.

As used in this paragraph, the term 'controlled substance' means prescription drugs not prescribed for the parent or not administered as prescribed and controlled substances as outlined in Schedule I or Schedule II of s.893.03.

(h) Uses mechanical devices, unreasonable restraints, or extended periods of

isolation to control a child.

(i) Engages in violent behavior that demonstrates a wanton disregard for the presence of a child and could reasonably result in serious injury to the child.

(j) Negligently fails to protect a child in his or her care from inflicted physical, mental, or sexual injury caused by the acts of another.

(k) Has allowed a child's sibling to die as a result of abuse, abandonment, or neglect.

(l) Makes the child unavailable for the purpose of impeding or avoiding a protective investigation unless the court determines that the parent, legal custodian, or caregiver was fleeing from a situation involving domestic violence.

(33) 'Institutional child abuse or neglect' means situations of known or suspected child abuse or neglect in which the person allegedly perpetrating the child abuse or neglect is an employee of a private school, public or private day care center, residential home, institution, facility, or agency or any other person at such institution responsible for the child's care.

(34) 'Judge' means the circuit judge exercising jurisdiction pursuant to this chapter.

(35) 'Legal custody' means a legal status created by a court which vests in a custodian of the person or guardian, whether an agency or an individual, the right to have physical custody of the child and the right and duty to protect, nurture, guide, and discipline the child and to provide him or her with food, shelter, education, and ordinary medical, dental, psychiatric, and psychological care.

(36) 'Licensed child-caring agency' means a person, society, association, or agency licensed by the department to care for, receive, and board children.

(37) 'Licensed child-placing agency' means a person, society, association, or institution licensed by the department to care for, receive, or board children and to place children in a licensed child-caring institution or a foster or adoptive home.

(38) 'Licensed health care professional' means a physician licensed under chapter 458, an osteopathic physician licensed under chapter 459, a nurse licensed under part I of chapter 464, a physician assistant licensed under chapter

458 or chapter 459, or a dentist licensed under chapter 466.

(39) 'Likely to injure oneself' means that, as evidenced by violent or other actively self-destructive behavior, it is more likely than not that within a 24-hour period the child will attempt to commit suicide or inflict serious bodily harm on himself or herself.

(40) 'Likely to injure others' means that it is more likely than not that within a 24-hour period the child will inflict serious and unjustified bodily harm on another person.

(41) 'Mediation' means a process whereby a neutral third person called a mediator acts to encourage and facilitate the resolution of a dispute between two or more parties. It is an informal and nonadversarial process with the objective of helping the disputing parties reach a mutually acceptable and voluntary agreement. The role of the mediator includes, but is not limited to, assisting the parties in identifying issues, fostering joint problem solving, and exploring settlement alternatives.

(42) 'Mental injury' means an injury to the intellectual or psychological capacity of a child as evidenced by a discernible and substantial impairment in the ability to function within the normal range of performance and behavior.

(43) 'Necessary medical treatment' means care which is necessary within a reasonable degree of medical certainty to prevent the deterioration of a child's condition or to alleviate immediate pain of a child.

(44) 'Neglect' occurs when a child is deprived of, or is allowed to be deprived of, necessary food, clothing, shelter, or medical treatment or a child is permitted to live in an environment when such deprivation or environment causes the child's physical, mental, or emotional health to be significantly impaired or to be in danger of being significantly impaired. The foregoing circumstances shall not be considered neglect if caused primarily by financial inability unless actual services for relief have been offered to and rejected by such person. A parent or legal custodian legitimately practicing religious beliefs in accordance with a recognized church or religious organization who thereby does not provide specific medical treatment for a child may not, for that reason alone, be considered a negligent parent or legal custodian; however, such an exception does not preclude a court from ordering the following services to be provided, when the health of the child so requires:

(a) Medical services from a licensed physician, dentist, optometrist, podiatric

physician, or other qualified health care provider; or

(b) Treatment by a duly accredited practitioner who relies solely on spiritual means for healing in accordance with the tenets and practices of a well-recognized church or religious organization.

Neglect of a child includes acts or omissions.

(45) 'Next of kin' means an adult relative of a child who is the child's brother, sister, grandparent, aunt, uncle, or first cousin.

(46) 'Office' means the Office of Adoption and Child Protection within the Executive Office of the Governor.

(47) 'Other person responsible for a child's welfare' includes the child's legal guardian or foster parent; an employee of any school, public or private child day care center, residential home, institution, facility, or agency; a law enforcement officer employed in any facility, service, or program for children that is operated or contracted by the Department of Juvenile Justice; or any other person legally responsible for the child's welfare in a residential setting; and also includes an adult sitter or relative entrusted with a child's care. For the purpose of departmental investigative jurisdiction, this definition does not include the following persons when they are acting in an official capacity: law enforcement officers, except as otherwise provided in this subsection; employees of municipal or county detention facilities; or employees of the Department of Corrections.

(48) 'Out-of-home' means a placement outside of the home of the parents or a parent.

(49) 'Parent' means a woman who gives birth to a child and a man whose consent to the adoption of the child would be required under s.63.062(1) . If a child has been legally adopted, the term 'parent' means the adoptive mother or father of the child. The term does not include an individual whose parental relationship to the child has been legally terminated, or an alleged or prospective parent, unless the parental status falls within the terms of s.39.503(1) or s.63.062(1) . For purposes of this chapter only, when the phrase 'parent or legal custodian' is used, it refers to rights or responsibilities of the parent and, only if there is no living parent with intact parental rights, to the rights or responsibilities of the legal custodian who has assumed the role of the parent.

(50) 'Participant, ' for purposes of a shelter proceeding, dependency proceeding, or termination of parental rights proceeding, means any person who

is not a party but who should receive notice of hearings involving the child, including the actual custodian of the child, the foster parents or the legal custodian of the child, identified prospective parents, and any other person whose participation may be in the best interest of the child. A community-based agency under contract with the department to provide protective services may be designated as a participant at the discretion of the court. Participants may be granted leave by the court to be heard without the necessity of filing a motion to intervene.

(51) 'Party' means the parent or parents of the child, the petitioner, the department, the guardian ad litem or the representative of the guardian ad litem program when the program has been appointed, and the child. The presence of the child may be excused by order of the court when presence would not be in the child's best interest. Notice to the child may be excused by order of the court when the age, capacity, or other condition of the child is such that the notice would be meaningless or detrimental to the child.

(52) 'Permanency goal' means the living arrangement identified for the child to return to or identified as the permanent living arrangement of the child. Permanency goals applicable under this chapter, listed in order of preference, are:

- (a) Reunification;
- (b) Adoption when a petition for termination of parental rights has been or will be filed;
- (c) Permanent guardianship of a dependent child under s.39.6221;
- (d) Permanent placement with a fit and willing relative under s.39.6231; or
- (e) Placement in another planned permanent living arrangement under s.39.6241.

The permanency goal is also the case plan goal. If concurrent case planning is being used, reunification may be pursued at the same time that another permanency goal is pursued.

(53) 'Permanency plan' means the plan that establishes the placement intended to serve as the child's permanent home.

(54) 'Permanent guardian' means the relative or other adult in a permanent

guardianship of a dependent child under s.39.6221.

(55) 'Permanent guardianship of a dependent child' means a legal relationship that a court creates under s.39.6221 between a child and a relative or other adult approved by the court which is intended to be permanent and self-sustaining through the transfer of parental rights with respect to the child relating to protection, education, care and control of the person, custody of the person, and decisionmaking on behalf of the child.

(56) 'Physical injury' means death, permanent or temporary disfigurement, or impairment of any bodily part.

(57) 'Physician' means any licensed physician, dentist, podiatric physician, or optometrist and includes any intern or resident.

(58) 'Preliminary screening' means the gathering of preliminary information to be used in determining a child's need for further evaluation or assessment or for referral for other substance abuse services through means such as psychosocial interviews; urine and breathalyzer screenings; and reviews of available educational, delinquency, and dependency records of the child.

(59) 'Preventive services' means social services and other supportive and rehabilitative services provided to the parent or legal custodian of the child and to the child for the purpose of averting the removal of the child from the home or disruption of a family which will or could result in the placement of a child in foster care. Social services and other supportive and rehabilitative services shall promote the child's need for physical, mental, and emotional health and a safe, stable, living environment, shall promote family autonomy, and shall strengthen family life, whenever possible.

(60) 'Prospective parent' means a person who claims to be, or has been identified as, a person who may be a mother or a father of a child.

(61) 'Protective investigation' means the acceptance of a report alleging child abuse, abandonment, or neglect, as defined in this chapter, by the central abuse hotline or the acceptance of a report of other dependency by the department; the investigation of each report; the determination of whether action by the court is warranted; the determination of the disposition of each report without court or public agency action when appropriate; and the referral of a child to another public or private agency when appropriate.

(62) 'Protective investigator' means an authorized agent of the department

who receives and investigates reports of child abuse, abandonment, or neglect; who, as a result of the investigation, may recommend that a dependency petition be filed for the child; and who performs other duties necessary to carry out the required actions of the protective investigation function.

(63) 'Protective supervision' means a legal status in dependency cases which permits the child to remain safely in his or her own home or other nonlicensed placement under the supervision of an agent of the department and which must be reviewed by the court during the period of supervision.

(64) 'Relative' means a grandparent, great-grandparent, sibling, first cousin, aunt, uncle, great-aunt, great-uncle, niece, or nephew, whether related by the whole or half blood, by affinity, or by adoption. The term does not include a stepparent.

(65) 'Reunification services' means social services and other supportive and rehabilitative services provided to the parent of the child, to the child, and, where appropriate, to the relative placement, nonrelative placement, or foster parents of the child, for the purpose of enabling a child who has been placed in out-of-home care to safely return to his or her parent at the earliest possible time. The health and safety of the child shall be the paramount goal of social services and other supportive and rehabilitative services. The services shall promote the child's need for physical, mental, and emotional health and a safe, stable, living environment, shall promote family autonomy, and shall strengthen family life, whenever possible.

(66) 'Secretary' means the Secretary of Children and Family Services.

(67) 'Sexual abuse of a child' means one or more of the following acts:

(a) Any penetration, however slight, of the vagina or anal opening of one person by the penis of another person, whether or not there is the emission of semen.

(b) Any sexual contact between the genitals or anal opening of one person and the mouth or tongue of another person.

(c) Any intrusion by one person into the genitals or anal opening of another person, including the use of any object for this purpose, except that this does not include any act intended for a valid medical purpose.

(d) The intentional touching of the genitals or intimate parts, including the

breasts, genital area, groin, inner thighs, and buttocks, or the clothing covering them, of either the child or the perpetrator, except that this does not include:

1. Any act which may reasonably be construed to be a normal caregiver responsibility, any interaction with, or affection for a child; or
2. Any act intended for a valid medical purpose.

(e) The intentional masturbation of the perpetrator's genitals in the presence of a child.

(f) The intentional exposure of the perpetrator's genitals in the presence of a child, or any other sexual act intentionally perpetrated in the presence of a child, if such exposure or sexual act is for the purpose of sexual arousal or gratification, aggression, degradation, or other similar purpose.

(g) The sexual exploitation of a child, which includes allowing, encouraging, or forcing a child to:

1. Solicit for or engage in prostitution; or
2. Engage in a sexual performance, as defined by chapter 827.

(68) 'Shelter' means a placement with a relative or a nonrelative, or in a licensed home or facility, for the temporary care of a child who is alleged to be or who has been found to be dependent, pending court disposition before or after adjudication.

(69) 'Shelter hearing' means a hearing in which the court determines whether probable cause exists to keep a child in shelter status pending further investigation of the case.

(70) 'Social service agency' means the department, a licensed child-caring agency, or a licensed child-placing agency.

(71) 'Social worker' means any person who has a bachelor's, master's, or doctoral degree in social work.

(72) 'Substance abuse' means using, without medical reason, any psychoactive or mood-altering drug, including alcohol, in such a manner as to induce impairment resulting in dysfunctional social behavior.

(73) 'Substantial compliance' means that the circumstances which caused the creation of the case plan have been significantly remedied to the extent that the well-being and safety of the child will not be endangered upon the child's remaining with or being returned to the child's parent.

(74) 'Taken into custody' means the status of a child immediately when temporary physical control over the child is attained by a person authorized by law, pending the child's release or placement.

(75) 'Temporary legal custody' means the relationship that a court creates between a child and an adult relative of the child, legal custodian, agency, or other person approved by the court until a more permanent arrangement is ordered. Temporary legal custody confers upon the custodian the right to have temporary physical custody of the child and the right and duty to protect, nurture, guide, and discipline the child and to provide the child with food, shelter, and education, and ordinary medical, dental, psychiatric, and psychological care, unless these rights and duties are otherwise enlarged or limited by the court order establishing the temporary legal custody relationship.

(76) 'Victim' means any child who has sustained or is threatened with physical, mental, or emotional injury identified in a report involving child abuse, neglect, or abandonment, or child-on-child sexual abuse.

History.-s.1, ch.26880,1951; ss.1,2, ch.67-585; s.3, ch.69-353; s.4, ch.69-365; ss.19,35, ch.69-106; s.1, ch.71-117; s.1, ch.71-130; s.10, ch.71-355; ss.4,5, ch.72-179; ss.19,30, ch.72-404; ss.2,23, ch.73-231; s.1, ch.74-368; ss.15,27,28, ch.75-48; s.4, ch.77-147; s.2, ch.78-414; s.9, ch.79-164; s.2, ch.79-203; s.1, ch.80-290; ss.1,17, ch.81-218; ss.4,15, ch.84-311; s.4, ch.85-80; s.2, ch.85-206; ss.73,78, ch.86-220; s.1, ch.87-133; s.1, ch.87-289; s.12, ch.87-397; s.1, ch.88-319; s.10, ch.88-337; s.2, ch.90-53; s.3, ch.90-208; s.3, ch.90-306; s.2, ch.90-309; s.69, ch.91-45; s.1, ch.91-183; s.1, ch.92-158; s.1, ch.92-170; ss.1,4(1st) ,14, ch.92-287; s.13, ch.93-39; s.6, ch.93-230; s.1, ch.94-164; s.11, ch.94-209; s.50, ch.94-232; s.1333, ch.95-147; s.8, ch.95-152; s.1, ch.95-212; s.4, ch.95-228; s.1, ch.95-266; ss.3,43, ch.95-267; s.3, ch.96-369; s.2, ch.96-398; s.20, ch.96-402; s.23, ch.97-96; s.158, ch.97-101; s.44, ch.97-190; s.4, ch.97-234; s.111, ch.97-238; s.1, ch.97-276; s.1, ch.98-49; s.176, ch.98-166; s.7, ch.98-280; s.20, ch.98-403; s.15, ch.99-2; s.3, ch.99-168; s.2, ch.99-186; s.4, ch.99-193; s.15, ch.2000-139; s.2, ch.2000-188; s.82, ch.2000-318; s.9, ch.2000-320; s.14, ch.2002-1; s.2, ch.2006-62; s.1, ch.2006-86; s.4, ch.2006-194; s.4, ch.2007-124; s.1, ch.2008-90; s.1, ch.2008-154; s.1, ch.2008-245; s.1, ch.2009-21.

James McLain

Time With You Stood Me Still

Time with you stood me still, and heaven
and I with you, each second I withdrew,
because I missed you, and I kept out all day.
Watching the rose bloom inside the bottle,
that is yours, and holding it, clear were our eyes,
and the new moon we moved back from the tree.

Sleep, and sleep the city sleeps -not an instant:
goes by and I wait, knowing that you will for me.
I followed time as once you followed the clouds,
and the moon allowed me work within the stars.

Sleep is but that prelude to when I open your eyes,
and startle you as the sun did, when first we met.



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P N

James McLain

And I Danced In Freedom

Some times when i walk,
and i danced for freedom,
and some wonder i am old,
and weary born hearts gold.

Some will dance that dance,
and fall beside there brother,
Two can dance that dance,
one leaves to make amens.

Quite walks i quake each night,
and this is how youth grows, and
i danced with freedom into sleep.

James McLain



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Reflections Looking Out At Metallica

Cut off from the mirror you seek...
..swept inside out of one single tear...
..and warm it is lost upon your cheek....
..and lost in the moon yours so full...
.....No peace it is there, 'at rest..
.....on the rocks...I am there..
.....as smoke..The lash and one pair..
..of brown eyes...that I see..it is there...
..and the strong smell of the shadow...
.....That living beast inside you that dwells...
....once caught between the middle....
.....inside...you here..there I stand...
.....where up to you, ' I'm free where.
and would thus remain.....
....injured love roams the land.....
.....
.....
..Your reflection changes it changes my mood...
.....as long as my shadow...breeds my hope...
...and here...from the bottom of that your well.....
.....I stand with my head looking up.....
.....and still here I am, inside you I dwell.....
.....
.....Inside you i swell..trees burning on fire...
.....and burning the hand...thine burning bush
.....turning each stone in the river
.....you find...thou are you and follow..
.....and speaking in tongues.. came upon....
.....whereon thereupon me, 'you carve your name.....
.....Upon the soft skin...
.....of the hard wood floor...
..... made of oak...
.....and there over time... I unwind....
.....and herein this place..lost and found...
.....
.....
....Your reflection, my world has caught you...
.....that sure picture that place of your face...
.....and the one before you..I see...

....You thus why knowing...i am here.....
.....and it is why, i have come...
.....and on your reflection..
.....you, 'Looking out of the mirror at my face...
is why i came.....at all.....

James McLain

Black Sand And White Paper

Paper lends time two hands.
And sand blows off the paper.
Each grain of sand is coated.
Attached too each one memory.

Black tries to help white see.
White leaves black to others.
In a world lost without true color.

James McLain



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Supertramp

Super tramped around the world
and back against, in twenty days
you laid my head in all your ways.
How lust has paid you back with
coin of thought, and when I came,
I pick your roses from the bed.
I left your forest softly way out back,
over Rose's breakfast lilies stacked.

James McLain



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And My Secrets Could You Hold

and my secrets would you hold,
and many are the worlds i hide,
and i am alone, without one fear,
and because you don't know who
i am.....

i am now bare for all the world.
i would know the forest deep and
streams to wash away your sleep.
i will only speak of that in your ear.
i know there is nothing about these
words that stand out except to you.
it is time to come and seek me out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sex Without Love

Sex without love; and all eyes are around us,
and that warm knife was the judge, of each other.
Sex, cannot weather love against contested tapestries,
if even but one strategic hill, is turned over to quickly.
And you go about your business gone away, detached
and then you become so like me and hurt, when I do too.
The marked line was laid out before us and the race once
started and my turtle found the road, just to leave it.
Can love melt away so fast, does the milk now taste sour,
and even then the bees leave the dance with no honey.
We climbed more mountains than there are now left and
on top looking down, is sex now only like over yon, those hills.
And love was knowing what you thought and how did it you,
the mystery of me thinking of you as I held you over the moon.
What do we tell the children now, even just before they came,
and do the lawyers love us more, like children do, not for money.
Before us the hive and all the wax we placed therefore to be,
and the forest stops short of breath, and roses are but what.
There before you all the split wood, and his crown you set,
and sex without love is really only that, I think naive. 'I laid, against.

James McLain

Moon Her Robe

It is beautiful..moons robe..at night...
Stars show how two get around it....
.....) it(fills my..
Sky...short of heaven is..always..
She...is happy..to.. share the sky...
Bamboo peaks.. around. and you..
all around me) hide(..the moon..
and shown..is) it(s robe of many colors...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can Not I Dare Not

I can not, I dare not, being contrary to close the two;
The attraction is so mutable and distant is one stain.
Expectations nor for reason can they consummate,
and us to them but known and far planed our colonies.
While a print of dew upon the grass, will green dare taste,
diligence due restraint, considerations, and not the fool.
Reasonably free and with thought, speech our stations be,
and need will dare, to have some care, as I can not an oath.

gb



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James McLain

In The Garden, With Eve And Horns

Today, you can tell by the stagnant air, alligators and
gars, the wind is still, and the garden calls out names.

It is a garden of domination, tormenting, even the staunch
goats refuse to tread and you bravely, walk into that bush,
of horns, and the river winds off towards some thing else.

To know not why, and stay be side the path, we thought we
knew so well.

Walking, ginger soft of foot and wind, it reaches out a thorn
filled hand to touch you and brings us to the crest.

Today in and of the stagnant air, the garden calls the name it
wants to call, and moss dripps from trees that speak to you,
the rest will dream the song as it was meant for them to hear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You Sit Down

When you sit down: that sigh heard,
knowing from deep inside, it comes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Milkmaid

The line this dream is endless, long hair now tied back.
Sitting down one milkmaid...with wet hands, explains.
Talking more, helps to ease some of their discomfort.
Her slim long arms are sculpted and well muscled as
she now trades talk for some country song.
With smooth practice and a love of singing is how she strokes.
Dawn runs off morning, hot noon mixes now with the evening.
These are the hands that work, magic on udders thick roots
as they wander around up and down, making butter.
Seven days a week with six children and her man, does a hard
twenty years for growing up without a viable education.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Mushroom

my mushroom is not faded,
and the cap is bright white
with a purple ring under skirt.
my mushroom has room on top,
and more than the damp field's.
My mushroom looks best in moss,
gets along with rose and lilies too.
My mushroom picks the best times
and helped by the breeze it floats.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bad Things To Do With You

Bad things to do with you..you have them all,
and more like that are on the way.

I know the things they say about you..

and you wake me up... and without a tear.

Am I the fire you see when you look up at me,

that keeps your eyes awake, and one tree,

and I see your hands shake when they are full.

The moon is in you, when you look so far away.

The forest is deep and dark and wet in day,

you rest and the rain starts again, and when it stops.

I stop and wait...transparent are the mists I see,

and you dress in every deception, and I collect

the paths that lead inside through you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Monkey

Monkey, you walk on the bottom of the sky,
and if I were like you what then of me.
Monkey, high in the tree and clouds around you,
and like cotton they are as you pull them apart.
Monkey there they are now amongst you, warm stars,
and as the fruit hangs within reach, ripe you gather.
Monkey, after you make the rain come down, what is left.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Married Death To Death

Death looks at the flower, and it screams,
I am wet, moist and beautiful, look at me.
Why do I stand here alone, come and beat me,
I will wait, I will wait you must come over here to speak.
Death hovers, smiling, winking and always talking,
and by you walking, knowing that, this time is yours
there is no rest, that death must ignore you as well.
Any thing that you touch will also never die, neglected.
Death is love, love is death, why are you both, here.
Death is your pet pink pig, two flying pearls,
slapping against deaths face.
Death is a dry cracked nipple, asleep, holding on until
the flesh falls off and the milk is yellow and dry..
Death is a bullet fixed, never moving, and why does the
world move you through it always with impertinence to show..
Death is a mysterious voice, so disturbing and your quite,
coming aligns along the border, sounding alarms to no one,
while you walk across the street knowing you never look
at death as it comes over to you while you talk to some
one else never paying attention and embarrassed death
again leaves you to rest over some other you know.
Death is reaching in your casket and squeezing dry cotton,
and holding it's nose while he wipes your face from above.
Death is a woman, who is happy, thinking the world is
spinning into her fruit cake while death drinks coffee.
Death to all men who think they can save the woman
by marring death and eating her tuna fish sandwich.
Death fingered you, and you loved it, now you finger me,
leaving a bee exposed on your flower, that decays..saying,
Death's own flower it's always sweet and poignant and..
Death is always waiting for you to open and smell them.....
Death is more than the lilies and roses, it crawls out of one,
and comes out of the other and covers the worm with lilacs.

James McLain

In Warm Water Lies My Hand

In warm water lies my hand; like youth,
here I can not hold you back with control,
and while I am here in this realm waiting,
you take me over to retreat, in warm hot springs,
and you watch my right eye, move over you rapidly,
and because my left eye only amuses you,
you keep one up here and the other over there.
and how could I have fallen asleep, knowing you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No Going Back

No going back....
that frase has coined the mint..
and where two learn too then..
and when the tree leans back..
Why pull it forward..
and are suite cases made
for more than cloths..
I do not want to be a zipper.....
Why am I made to hold things back..
there is more to me than up and down.....
and time...once gone..
moves me off side ways...
underneath light fabric....
and to reach back around....
Me....is simply irrefutable.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poetry Then&Mental Illness Now

poetry then&mental illness now
and having not commerce d in pharmaceuticals
and psychotropics never knew to close these doors....
and Pound would not to Whitt.
and Wheatley, golden young, vast her ocean.
and Lincoln's depression, changed lots, man his rivers.
and Poe's nightmares, cleansed as snow.
and Da Vinci, if he erased her smile.
and Emily found the mood, to change her verse.
and Homer, always knew to split his tales.
and God showed you hope, Beethoven his child.
and look at the world, these people made better.
and I would smile if depression was not so bad.
and no one knows my name and no one cares.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sugar&Spice

and to speak of post hole diggers,
long lost leaning rails,
fences in modest states of disrepair.
D.n.a.....puddings rich spice...
and misty drapes..sewn from cotton,
bales washed up on shore...and the fat..
walrus down below...moving on the rocks...
and an island life with no cares...
and no phone...look out below here I come..
and fresh from the sea..the raw fish...
muscles beards..so very long...ago...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Judge And Your Prisons Are For Profit

Judge and your prisons are for profit;
Correction corporation of America,
and not being as mo lases on a winter day.
It is a good investment and nothing personal,
except...it is money and where death is
concerned about it's money...and corruption i know
has been and must you think always will be..
I hear nearly nothing about your charges,
your children...your human misapplications...
And greetings..sheriff..and I your name...
do charge you with safe keeping...
and the rote of this road misfires..and you..
have taught the public to fear there brother,
mother, even there own children..and really..
where would these guards work..
if not in the hell of your for your proffer..
and math simple math...
where does the budget go..and truly...
how do you run a prison for proffit..
and the men have nothing inside...and in
some prisons you do not even teach them to read..
if you presume there worth based on the length
of there sentence...and dogs and cats on..tv..
I see weekly where the fire department comes
and spends thousands to rescue a dog...or cat..
and you do not even rescue your brother or sister..
except in death.....
evil is evil..and warrants true isolation...and you...
and money for food..and money for medication for
many are mentally ill and never belonged...
and I know...and I know..how not to proffer....

James McLain

Death And Being

Death being; not unlike a blind date,
and never coming when you expect her,
like your first date, she never forgets you.
Death I do not....not do I death...now seek her...
like flint sees a fire, through the face of that
place ever stoked, and you are her radiance..
the logs stacked up in wait, for her pleasure...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Lad On Fire

Being young and young in
green growth already being
in a struggle to understand
insanity and never understanding
the nightmare of burning the
finger like a green branch,
While the sap screams, and hisses
lost untill the smell is covered over
by her knowledge of him, and no
sorrow it was not in piety nor,
when the bubble was pierced,
and the tears flowed out and
that by giants could such be done
and death claiming him and sorrow
by her a great mountain of guilt that
even with my debt of forgiveness,
I cannot move and the guilt made
her worse, and no one knew it but me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Enigma My Other

You ask me what am I thinking when I look in at you
and you see me looking through you as if in thought.

And how in the beginning, it was a point of issue in
that you thought, you had received not my undivided
attention and as I tried to, and I did and you understand..
So briefly, in explanation as no enigma can, with you i do.

Know too that no two enigmas are alike and as such
they are going to understand this and it helps you to
grow together, while spiraling apart to meet at our end.

For the contrivance of complication is simple deceit, and
deceit, contrived is a simple matter for generals and we
were not at war, as were so many, who thought they knew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If You Wish

If you want it, and did you,
and in passing, you over it.
And even in trees, the moss
can be seductive and alive.
While surrounded too by both,
and rocks rest against them.
Night is only dawns crack and
one root spreads the day out.
No one heard the hen, i mused
as roosters voice grew louder.
And then, waking up, the cloud
of cotton covers all of suns face.
There is no race against Sunday,
and days end holds it all place.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wells And Bottoms

From wells bottom; and of tears,
and dying must be ever so alike,
and falling into the last aeroplane.
Grab at your chest the zipper rips,
that cloud that spills out is freedom,
and it is not there, and free to fall,
and a life time to stirke the ground.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You

You; i start in all of you,
and not part of you, but all of you,
and there is the heart of tree,
Tall and hard and thick of bark,
and there i Wait for you.
Waiting, while i wait, i paint the clouds
with you, of you in cotton white,
you drip across the sky and thus i watch.
And....and if i doze..and if i doze..
Upon brown moss, may i rest my head.
And if you come before i wake,
My lass so sweet my dream you take,
and coming back, around the tree,
that lake you see,
it is only me, inside of you, now free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In Pursuit Of Happiness

In pursuit of happiness; some justice fell away,
and in two heart's he found lost art, lily and
the rose..both masks loves wind did sway....
While being fair and kind, So thought the father
lost his daughters to some rouge....did he know..
This fellow dashing..spreading charm the country
wide..and deep in love most cried..knowing that
the father knew.....he left two maids behind...
and lily flush with rose...he thought, too move the two..
so they could thrive and grow in heart.... not far apart....
and loved by him...and loved the more.....
and hence the father of the two...can search for one...
while the other never far.....from him that knew...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wise Is Why The House

Wise is why the house;
stays here within,
And too the parents,
do I have to know in love.
Outside weathers, storms
inside are friends,
and each the sparrow flies,
to love and reach their hand.

st

ed

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Insomnia

Insomnia Is Like; never alone
and in the day,
time being at ease,
and the attention some crave,
and they get,
and I'm only as always put off,
and now when I'm ready to leave.
Then when it calls me back,
and we can't but remember,
what both are to me,
and like relatives that come
and never leave.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Gave Me, Me

How The Giver

When you found me, and you did
and i was so very, you gave me, me.
So much of it was so, and in that locket,
the picture my heart inside your head.

When i stop, i stop for you, and i pick one,
and the thought of why, keeps me going.
While i know you will, i will for a little longer,
and waiting for the sun to shine, you come.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unborn Trepidation

Before trepidation had substance.
Having been there, before the well.
And that place of darkness, forms forever.
Standing, on the slanted platform each are.
Tilted sliding into infinity's mouth of red fire.
Impatient energy, the ethereal hide away.
Afraid of all the certain pain that reigns you up.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Letter To My Wife A Doctor

Now that time has come; because we did together.
While oranges are oft good, and soon then be in name.
And if the moon becomes so large and pale then full.
So common though I be and you did come out, with me.
Remember that, the first red alley, darker still to come may be.
The second time once reversed, a lonely road, so long to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

For Daddy Set Her Crown

For daddy sits; and daddy's is and was,
...and daddy now has snow upon the pass,
For daddy sits; and she is crowned, his queen,
...and daddy's king, he keeps her by the board,
For daddy sits; and bishops keep the night,
..and daddies pawn lives safe within his walls.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It A Word

Is it a word; not heard
And ears too deaf ignore,
Love the mind explores,
Soul that shines the eye.

When so full is the heart
it is turned over,
and painful it's thump
when is it dropped.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Was I How Was I Yours

When was I, how was I yours,
and found me between them not
and cloth made me to bolt the door
and not opening to open you find.

Darkest nights, your night I found,
and moon light about you shines
and when I speak it roars to quite
and the stars your eye burns mine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Bridge To Gap

Fraught in the middle;
haloed in mist I stand,
this bridge half glass,
for each side I yearn.

Spanning two, the sentries;
water and breath lay under,
contours flow has cast faith,
all that is hope floats under.

Dare I see, ever over now;
grapes bleed the woman,
remembers no yesterday,
while the river cleans today.

Being and ever lost youth;
mirrors truth and missed,
and vanity is driven further in,
who dressed for tomorrow.

James McLain

Star Of Mine Which One

The night is dark
Alone all in my tree
On oaks narrow limb
So high upon I rest.

Sky above my face
Full of bright stars
Pink and baby blue
Diamond white.

Mars so misty red
Sheets of Venus green
The dippers full and
Pours out sleep
Across the milky way.

Etched inside my eyes
Burned across all time
These memories I will hold
Until in night one day I die.

James McLain

Where Lovers Lie

and no ears heard our voice..
and no eyes saw discourse..
and the moon was all alone..
followed home..hand in hand..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Even Death In Black Robes Lie

In my death there, truth was the pain, and
that eye left no spot on the clean earth, this
being known it was foisted off more hurriedly.
Compounded was the pain when counseled
and the lie of the pain splits the person, when
as truth, dressed to receive, robes of deception
and that lie even in death still lays concealed
blood now rests so hot and are some in death.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Being Over Needful Things

Being amiable, and such
and being that the killen was
mostly over needful things,
even though i dinnaken it and
anyhow, i recon we can sit
a spell,
and have that drink, thinking
as we may to
commiserate.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trolling With Cut Bait

Now trolling with cut bait
you should always troll
with cut bait and love the
bait the sunnier the catch.
and you never know when
you will have to eat all your
own bait just survive the catch.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Rose Kissed A Lily

When roses kiss...
and..
lilies..*sigh*..
and hard in thought...
was i.....

.....
both red and white..
and
pure of heart...
and flowers..
paint...
the sky..

...

their beauty....
fair..
and wide..
and full of love..
and knew..
it not...
love's hurt..

...

and fire...
that kiss..
bridled hot..
inside..
that path..

....

both made..
and had to...
shake..
when reason...
left..
their head..

....

she would never...
do..nor..

PoemHunter.com

cast her off....
and lost her heart...
and light the soul...
.....

when...lily...
fainted noon
upon that shore..

.....

and how....
one little bud...
a rose..
has grown...
from lilies pot..

....

and songs...
we hear so sweet...
and both...
love doves their...
wings...

....

while...
that forest path..
we walked upon..
is filled....
with only grass.

James McLain

Sunflower

Sunflower how in youth you stood,
Underneath light is nights full moon,
Neat and your yellow face that shines.

Folly scattered passions narrow path,
Leaves counted inward to the heart,
Over dreams you never were too know.

Wash your face in mornings hand,
Each kiss frees you from this world,
Regrets and flowers knew to come.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Construction Loans

thus being and it was legal being that some real estate
and selling many rural even better inner city
vacant lots to multilingual friends
from eight to fifteen thousand dollars
keeping the best lots in the names of
evaporated members and getting loans for up
to fifty thousand dollars on those same lots
using the money to build brand new homes
on the few best lots in corporate heavy names and on
the loans premeditated having absolutely
no intention of paying them back and the
homes being deeded in dead peoples names and filed
in other counties and knowing the who...sang in through the out door
for only eighty thousand dollars
they could build a new house mortgage it and kept it legal
then build three more like zero financing...
and you poor Americans pay the banks back and
the banks did this too...so slow and easy
and it is easy to trace but...
they wont and these are called construction loans.
Filled under very humorous and
numerous famed names.
What is that term invented by the two syllable word man
inventive Bonaventure financing.
The dead will never speak out, each living will sure can.

James McLain

Loss Of Something

loss of something; and it was,
The road is patched at best,
Something gone older still,
No meaning had it to youth.

There the children played no part,
A moment in there hand, departs,
What once a wall and now a name,
Finding something missed for loss.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Emo Relapse And Recovery

emo and more and music soothes and clothes
and am i bitter sweet..
laying here in all my flowers, wanting more.
While my other..
stands so hard against the wall,
and i stare down over the ridge
and move his toes.
She paints mine better than i paint hers,
trying to make it together as best we can
and because were miles apart..
my parents fear my heart in all the storms.
Mine live apart..
but both know the scars i wear for them,
and both blame the other
and take me a long way off into some other.
Because it was bad...
i try to make it better and they see all and
think i am respectful now
and when I'm asleep and i have my dreams.
My dreams,
and in my dreams he comes and i never knew
and now i do...
just how to make him come again in dreams.
The Doctors of course...
they want to help us all, but can they..really
and all my humility when they speak to me..
is it the same...
as my humiliation when they look at me and cut.

James McLain

Deep Within You Dream

Deep within you dream;
and how you spent your days-
kept gone and others none to have.
With night you come and ride away.
Thus am common be and labors man,
and dreary all my hope is washed away.
Why is how you keep me deep inside,
that place that is no more-
and you within this dream I found.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Before I Learned What The Judge Did

Before I learned what the Judge did; there were lawyers
and if i did know, not wanting to and I feel just the poorer.
Before i learned to help them i thought they did to as well
and now if i do i must be come a thing they are not still.
Before i tossed the rock into the pond with out thinking
and the rings grew wider and now threaten to snare my all.
Before thinking i was taught not to question in the silence,
and the others rights would be caught in webs of emotion.
Before the traps you watched them set that needs no bait
and you walk inside seeing it and you still sat down there
and thinking it for another that lied, you did not know it untill.
Before you came and tricked your neibor your neibor knew,
and did nothing and living in truth he did not know a lawyer.
Before and now are worlds apart and you must now know this
and now where ever you walk you may not know a lawyer.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And God Helped Me Burn The World To Live In Ice

and god helped me burn the world to live in ice
and..it...being the hot living sun and burns...
and in heaven the moon was never kept from you..
and Venus often died and left you beating on..
and the universe you only tried to expanded..
and released, you try to put the comets back...
and those eyes that once were open stay closed..
and now the fire burns hotter when released..
and where once was a mind is now empty space..
and god helped me burn the world to live in ice..

rb

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Child The Sun Would Tan

The child the sun would tan; and eyes that glow
and body of youth and hair that sweeps the earth
high the tree limbs knew his feet upon the heart.

Those tree tops in the wind as rain falls from the sky
each fruit so ripe those hands are seeking more
and day browns his skin a little more and hardly shows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And I Come To Think

It is simply a bird, happy..
to play with a bee..
does not one stand in good
company with one another...
and come and stay..
it is not only good to be simply...
and just because they know you are..
and you find new ways to get stung..
and in the heart of your lovely smile..
...and chock-full up with honey..
so much and so...gold is kind to find...
yours is just now but a stream..
and one day.. and I do come to think..
and I am....just one of those other bees...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And You Are Not A Nun

You are not a nun; to bed in sleep
and they can not understand you
and if they did, they would have
been taught to make you feel alive
and that you would never go blind
if you did this and that..because..
On that day you will see the forest
and you will climb one sweet gum
tree and ride it down to the ground.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Honey Bee

And you are scolded black..
and blue..from there view..
and they crush your smile?
and they make you feel like..
you have to look away in shame..
when going in...and out of sun..
Seeing you so hot and blind...
When is what you run out to..
Where is how you fall into...
Those nights of troubled sleep..
and your mind gone now lost...
and the sun inside a bee hive..
and all we do is run around..
Looking for more honey...
and the bee inside is busy so.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

And Dreaming She Conquered Some Mountain

and dreaming she conquered some mountain;
and she went up and over the ridge to him
and he came over to the white cloud tops
and the wind moved him like rain over her hair
and that he was more and more in love with her
and one night she became his voice this dream
and she lived on that mountain; she conquered.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Milk Dream

I Dream of lips soft and full
and they pull me up and down
and they push me back so deep.
And I slide back down the brink.
Your forest is quite and the moon
hangs down over my tan face
and your silhouette leans
over and pulls me back inside.
The milk you drink does flow and
lays thick like cream on your lips,
and you came up to this farm for
butter and cream late every night.
The woods now are all over your face
and with you each night I lay in the forest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Boy And Girl - The Ink Blot Test

The man once boy and the ink blot test;
and those pictures of poets risque in scandal
The bats dance with butterflies black on white
and the colors rich in truth can't hide that lie.
The little boy saw these as normal development
and the doctor saw the boys bat then with hers.
The man once the boy wonders why so many
and the boy being and ink came alive off that blot.
The normal response his being the most risky often
given and the artist starved inside hard and frightened.
The doctors notes said to look for his within, with hers
and the ink of the tester denied them there, their wills.
This doctor took off points for past, 'fast thinking while
the doctor before deducted, 'her points, for showing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That Place I Feel When

Each day after i rise to face the coming of this one
and i look to my near side and the sun like the others
and the soft yellow light falls in my small warm room
and the shadows mine do, fade away when i look up
and the ceiling seems closer than the night suggests
and the smell of pancakes floats in through my nose.

and i wait my turn as some other goes first to wash up
and i play in the stream as my finger draw you on the wall
and so happy am i at the way this new thought works
and the big brass mouth of water i share, it holds on to me
and it is just to amazing at how the water all stays inside.

and breaking our fast in seats i hold out grace to this
and knowing that this meal is more than some i may have
and as i break some more i feed the birds few others have
and today starts to rest on me as i await the fresh new day it's sky
and as each night claims my sight i wonder in awe at all the rest.

James McLain

Dreams

When you let dreams die
a part of you is folded up
and set aside to cry.
The dreams that moves us
through this world are but
the dreams that flow from you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Broken Branch

Some broken branch; and you the hand
and leaves blown back to fell one tall tree
and the moss and the roots lay on the steps.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death In You The Depth Of Me

Death In you the depth Of me; blind to what you see.
From the depths of hell your demon dogs unleashed.
Standing while you sit out back and watch the front unveil.
You knew I would not build inside, your prison walls so tall.
Lay again inside your death, with me to string the razor wire.
Coming back for me to change the way you are to all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poets Are Beset

Poets are beset; and winter blue to show it
Counting days untill one knew the spring
Almost without exception and always are
Poets are beset; inside her summers dream
Wishing now as last the autumns left to fall
Poached upon brown stone two geese fly by

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Is Her And Lactating

Death is her and lactating; against hot nights
every day i see her to come, kissing me.
Her breath grows freshest when the worm
finds the way inside her teeth to lay with.
She finds new ways to wear her old make
up, as the milky eye lifts off the rose without.
The earth shakes us out, lifts us up and down in
clouds of dusty sin as bones infused are lodged.
Worms repeat the cycle wading in for release
filling some spot we kissed the moss grows hurry.
The white dress and tan flesh mixed together sewn in
cloth the bag, bloated and sweet as it floats across.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am Here Forever

Tracks among the light where I see
rushing land scape whizzing
by I am here.

Riding whispers breath on a long
sought date I am here.

Accounting of ticket master on the rail
seeing time pass us by
I am here.

Creeping up on us seeing the light
in the dark I am here.

Keeping our case in front of the man
send us back I am here

Saving our selves again..for that I am waiting..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wood The Flower Flails

Wood the flower flails,
So sad is now that vase,
None else to ever know,
That flower has joined the breeze,
Never to harvest new blooms.

Flower failed the wood a well,
A mothers dreary tail again to see,
To mix two hearts of one must she,
There beds now like the rest unmade.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Preserved

The forbidden
fruit leads us..
in to many jams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Two Eye Balls

The two eye balls; how they hang
running around inside your head.

See how they see..how they see,
seeing what they see, you run to see.

The two eye balls, see inside they see
to see the lie you run to truth you flee.

Eyes behind cotton, eyes behind silk,
eyes behind glass, eyes that can't hide.

The hot red eye that brushed the sky in fire
The mystery brown almond shape of dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Sits Across The Room

She sits across the room;
neither of them moving..
eye to eye..face to face..
long distance...one runners..
wet face comes closer..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

He Left Because He Chose You

He left because he chose you; the sky
bright stars, the moon was out to sea.
High up i gaze out over the foggy night
i lean against a tree, feet of roots i feel.
Every few steps i rest and must again now
my heart turns over violently in this death.
Up above one lone cotton cloud now waits
as the boat i miss white sails on it i drift.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Warning The Young Of Old

Warning the young of old; i did not but, i came
and went out of more or less circumspect.

The convention center of the Curtis Hixon,
gave the woman i picked, hundreds of roses,
even the teachers, knew the good in the bad.

I knew if i ever got that old, the daisies would pick
me up not i them and the young would think of me not.
I being never young will never be so old again as i
never once was to drink in the spirit again of youth.

Only the heaven's know how many comets held the tail
and the moon always weeping now stays as she is then.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear Insert Your Name

Dear,

Insert your name; under mine when you have the need
to feel inconspicuous, as ardor waves us on to shore.
The bakers wife, misses nothing as she stands in the
door with those fresh loaves, tucked under her arms.
Be careful of her she will ask, thinking she needs the dough
into rising every where, full of bread some of her baskets are.
She uses yeast and moist are her puddings through out.
Then white to tan be the trust, say nothing and stay heavy.
Take extra care love with the seamstress, she knows every
color and where they string from, thinking she couldn't eye
brown thread to a needle, unless her needle mended those
cotton patches most in these time have need for. Keep
the seams tight and waterproof, or she will know..and on that,
I must go about the other business only you know of..untill then..
when next we speak we will in a lower voice stay true to the
other of which we would now gladly change....is uprooting..
I keep your rose in my locket, red for us, white be caution..lie..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Cotton Patch

Now as we walk,
today in the cotton,
patch and the sun,
changes each day,
the shadow shorter.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tree Climbing

and when you are running up
and down the trees..
one of your feet..
help....while...
your toes..and your others..
while fingers cling...to..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poetry

When I came at that age..poetry
was in me..I never knew that was me..
Like the last red cherry on the tree..
left for me..while the rest of the blooms
float along..ever faster moving..
on that fast moving river of dreams.

The teachers voice feint, her face forgotten
her mind I remember, lessons of her heart
imprinted inside as the heart of the tree
always made of wood..

When words made us warm then cold,
fire of the sun turning sunflowers yellow,
while the clouds ran through the sky, like
cotton balls falling across each face turned
up in a smile eyes bright soft red lips parted.

It was then my mind saw things that she saw,
but neither could say what they saw then held.
The trees where forever changed, roses smelled
different I looked at each piece of wood with a blush.
Cloth covered miracles filled berries, cups full of milk
while silk made my brain go red, then pink, finally blank.

In the end poetry fills a blank page with the ink of friends
never knowing when they come or go, keeping pace
with words never the same while I grow harder with age
as other hard things now grow soft flowing from your heart.

James McLain

From The Tree They Hang

Tied with tan string...
Two balls hang over...
One limbs smooth bark...
If they are mine..you...if
they are yours..they..
Some times the squirrels..play..
Running up and down the string....
Sitting right..then left..between...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

This Town Our Town Now And Then

This town our town now and then

) when thinking about it some times(
she found her tune but hummed it not
waiting for winter in snow that never came.

He rode her horse she put his in the other pasture

) saddles hide some shame none was found(
The sleeping bridle bites the flank that lies awake
you look for him, then he came and left again.

When she cared he left when he left she cared more

) she knows the coming and goes left behind him(
behind him she follows the lead that goes around her
when his hand holds the axe she splits more wood.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Times Some Thing Some How

Some times, when and if you do,
something in you, is always better,
Some how awed and it's inspiring.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You And I Smell Like Roses

You and I smell like roses, and
some roses buds are all about the
stems, like small fingers tips there.
Then it drops rain today bright red,
about my head, being from your heart.
Relieved, I see your lips start to smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Women

To know from youth, that special
some thing behind the shade I hid.
That child fit so snugly between them,
effortless those hands open always.

Spring brought new smells, growing as I
noticed the different flowers, now calling
my nose, eyes and now in my genital hands.

Some how the clothing makes me different
that they wear, like a map always changing.
Small countries now bigger, growing in ways.

Now I burn from things they say and say not,
that bosom of safty now high mountains to me.
The ice cold streams make the fire worse, as I
lunge in and out clumsily to grab at the edges.

I weigh the joy no love reasons my mind lacks
what the body says it has, but it never will want.
Boys young grow into middle men, most woman
see this and give directions, smart bold smiles.

I know they pray to....

James McLain

The Nurse Dressed All Pink

The nurse dressed all pink; patiently waiting,
for her special patients to rise, very happily.
Gifts like the sun, she leaves behind as she
pulls us up, spreading life around in pools.
She is married to each of us and to each of us
us she spreads her smile, we rise to see each day.
She smells so like a peach, rich her skin is as firm
and unyielding as the hand, she uses daily to wash.
So quick is she in and out, hundreds of times a day it
seems, no one is sure, no one is awake when she leaves.
Some times I think she comes just to make us happy, I
think others come knowing she will come again to know.
When I think of the nurse, I think of peaches and cream,
pink uniforms make me want to go back out side then.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Happy Old Man

The happy old man; the young blond woman,
Strong legs him heavy, I smile..good for him..
Today one moon is propped up...
on four inch heels...
Her..smile..stretches..cheek to cheek..
While walking in the sand on the beach..
She does it....and she hopes...you know it..
Only to embrace those hard lines of grace..
She caught more than my eye..I smiled..
He walks by...the sun crowns his head..
His wooden cane with silver hair...Her hair still is..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Want To Kiss That Girls Lips

I want to kiss that girls lips;
and she knows I hold her view.
She watches my eyes grow bold,
she sees my eye and smiles.
I pay to much attention as she watches
her fingers dance the curves are so.
I get lost in the glow of the glossy they are
strawberry fields full of red blush today.
They dance apart, with nothing better to do.
I put my dark sun glasses on...
smiling lips now...she does to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Tide After Words

The foam rings around the rocks
cling to the high water mark.
The docks wooden posts are
wet and shiny drying in the sun.
The receding tide has left bits
and pieces often tightly wedged.
The tide after words holds all the
memories of where the water met.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sexting Rednecks And Florida

If i say bend over and pick up the wood..
is it..well sexting...
if i walk through your forest on my hands
and see things you knew i would, ..inside
and the rednecks leave Florida are we safe..
Revenue is way down,
the center of either world is running away and
rivers are floating neck deep next to shore..then..
i dream every night i died and became a redneck..
i recon i would jump in front of that train i used to
see every night if i was born looking the other way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tender Shoots

The sun hangs low
new life bursts out.
Reluctantly the earth
parts and soft green
shoots up and out into.
Petting the sky only
makes the other world.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes And I Smelled Once The Rose

Yes and i smelled once the rose;
and dew drops fell as wet rain..
and i am bold...
and straight to the heart...
yet i need you as you need me....
and warm in the sun light...
green so quick the stem..
when your rose.. is in my hands..
and petals held open and honey..
from the center of the world..
drips through...my fingers...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

He Loves Her

He loves her, his head she holds,
when he is down, she lifts him up.
She rocks him back and forth, and
tells him every thing will be all right.
He knows she will hold inside again
his heart, hers she knew he always..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Birds In The Woods

The path...runs..
Through the center..
Then circles around back..
While two birds..
Build nest in...grass..
The ground...is..
Soft in sleep..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Clay Sun

Clay hands spin in and out
the edges of the running day.
Fingers smooth the blooming
clouds thick soft cotton base.
Hands pump the petal up and
down as faces run in and out
of the early mornings yellow sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Dearest

My gaze turns
towards the moons..
Pale blue light,
as I swim through
Streams of warm,
cotton mist that
drift lazily through
hot humid air.
Once again covered.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Victim

The sky is but the grey of battle ships,
sailing into the eye of god all over again.
Potemkin spread our brains all over the
clouds..searching for new ones in haste.
The smile that is glued on..the eyes of
a dead fish..there is no market for them now.
The mind once a vast fertile place where
happiness was never taken for granted,
it was, because, no one was bad, all gone.
Depression would be like heaven again,
those black depths have now been taken.
I know my soul has been taken, why leave
this empty shell, like some poor person who
died yesterday from alzheimer's, still waiting.
The doctor asks what happened and the mind
again goes grey, untreated, untreatable, is death.
If they would give me now the mind of they
whom did it I would have some chance at life.
I'm sorry for being born again, how about you.

James McLain

The Only Normal Woman Left

I saw her searching
on the internet for
hours last night
for a new victim..
Soon like the rest,
he will just be another
has been stalker.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Now You Come Again

Now you come again,
unasking,
ask of me what?
That mask, put up high,
now again brought low.

Like a sapling,
deep forest offering
you cling to the trunk,
of wood, like a child
rides down from
the sweet gum tree.

I Sigh..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Rabbit

The rabbit rolled,
in and out of
the great itch.
It rubbed it; s back
against the white
ivory teeth in sleep.
All we found was a
lucky tale to tell our
kids, at home, eating.
The moral of the story
children, is lost to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Wooden Pole

She learns to dance around it and she's
learning to how be her own teacher.
No one sees her smile but the mirror
her thighs longs to tan the wood with oil.
She knows the routine and is red hot from it,
knowing the song to practice the dance with.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Every Morning New

As sleep) I rise
in the one sun
hearing(it whisper
softly hurry..come
come..come..hurry
faster..quickly..run..
Two be..one..with..
bright morning sun..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two See Your Suicide

In the middle of the room
the hand moves so slowly.
The petals open for years
rich in tears by the window
packed around, a faded rose.

Where ever spring stayed
full and green each stem was.
The one thorn so familiar did
always bring a bout two curtsy.

The swelling finger swoons gently
as the swan opens white long wings,
as feet push into the water, flying off.

The rose, now weeps to the touch
never to be touched, and life it spills.
Lifting the vase bitter tasting is sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When The Lights Went Out

When the lights went out and she would
so pretty be, come over and sit, next to me.
She always knew more than I did, being
a smart girl, she would pass along those
anonymous feelings underneath the table.
Every day she would give me a ride home,
and her mother, knew when we were coming.
Still on Valentino's birthday, we relive moments
and thoughts, against those others, in that storm
of hearts carved on that one strong tall tree.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Totem

Does it for you, even you wash
all of your secrets that you keep.
While you trade yours for time,
with the memories of your totem
Spreading across the suns face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To The Nuts

How many..
Does one oak..
The tree count..
One acorn...one cup..
Across the wooden fence..
They land uneven..
Some up..some down..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Love Is Like Fire On Ice

When love Is like the fire on Ice, she needs;
She cools fire and ice is to burn again.
The hard frozen heart cools never a thought,
of one single flake that settles on the fire to melt.
Stiffer my resolve does grow to claims within,
when as sweat that never breaks, entreatingly.
As night ends the fire the heart consumes again
the tempest driven back and forth inside cool winds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cane Sugar

The brown cane
is placed through
wooden rollers.

The juice has an
appealing color.

Sweet to the tounge,
very soft on the palate,
it's filled with nutrients.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Stone Eye

Chance, brown luck it doesn't matter.
The chance to live in a nice home in
the center of the universe, new world.
A new chance each year to change
the way we live each fear, differently.
My hand sinks into the sack, pushing
through the strangers, shaped stones.
The sack is filled with hundreds of ice
cold rooms, the living room is soft and
warm, my room is created, eye lifts out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Come And Go And Not Be Afraid

With age your mind turns back to cheese; thank god.
That is permanent, what is known, how some would
have the world think, like the treason they live with
inside of them selves out of self control.

Control, is control, it is about ignorance to breed more.
America is going to fight wars in your country, just as
your country would have these wars else where if they
could, so I'm lucky to live under the mountainous gun.
Bush is gone..slowly the sky of fear recedes..replaced
by the damage that only the retarded or corrupt allowed,
and simply could not see if they had it to do again, yes..
what really changes..in the end?

They know about control, they know what will be there
where you sit and read this, ... fifty years from now.
So whether you live in a country where they kill you if
you drink a bush beer or live in one where you are said to have
certain rights that you dont, remember staying ignorant
gives them more control, while being retarded is a blessing,
unless your organs are needed..

Being a fish living in Jewish waters is safe..

It is even safer being the pet pig of a rich Muslim..

What is that stuff American politicians eat then the
next day if they are regular, feed to We the people?

So write your permanent record..if it is interesting..
when you die..they will sell it and you will be famous..
until you die or become interesting..remember even now
the woods have you under observation...

Some times i worry over you all..the tanks and unmanned
drones never will...so if you see one..hide all the roses..
because they wont ask..and when they are done..
you wont be able to tell...

James McLain

The Wind Blows

Hiding in the bushes.
Some branches move.
Showing green leaves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Compromise That Between Place

There is vague,
so between the vague,
as to why the barn
door was left open at all.
Then there is blunt trauma,
so blunt is the trauma
it blocks the filter from
ever being able to open.
What is in the middle, then.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Modern Florida

It Is, as it was,
forty years ago.
They just know now,
how to use cell phones
and have cable..T.V.
With the single exception
that ignorance has quintupled.
Is it to much to ask to turn some
of the one hundred prisons into
schools..?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where Impatience Grow

Where impatience grow, aground.
Soft pink mixes even in the hardest clay.
Blue petals, tie all the sky up inside.
Drowsy white cotton flowers, so open.
The purple hoods seem protective of them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Poor Republican Woman

The poor republican woman....
Worry no more..Caesars lions..
Fat on your children..deposed..
Go to the window..look down..
Watch new life... spread out..
The monster of fear...That evil..
That cliff... is like heavens..gate..
Chasing god they run through it..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The White Water Ride

Pulling with one hand,
pushing with the other.
She guides the canoe
back around the rocks
with long deep strokes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Of Change

Pulls out the moon,
changes in the tide.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Right From The Start

Right from the start,
why did you hide your face.
You turned from the sky,
with your heart,
you claimed my light.
You inherited the woods,
I spoke in you three words,
you felt my need to hold.
In my hands, your love,
my pulse, lites up your face.
Right from the start, one heart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That Place I Go From

The tree, hearts understanding.
Taken from some memory.
That place I did go, from.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Up The Falls Over

Up The Falls Over;
Hair flows up, inside with..
Water reflects, face looks..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fear The American Made.. Crack Addict

Incoherent, wreaking of evil..
The stench of death..sour sweat.
The authorities know..
The child has seen this evil..
Threaten.. the brother..the mother..
Pawning another day..off..
Keeping score..on each other..
The childs mother..is not..she..
Must go to the meat market..
To find another side of beef...
She claims to be..American..
Tired and weary, of watching..
Those that are considered normal..
When I am not..I do not..
Want to be normal..any more..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Brown Bamboo

The brown bamboo
stands tall, in the sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Caricature's Silhouette

Past midnight,
the ever green moves
in some Strong,
caricature's dance.
Broad sheets provide,
the praying, star lit eyes.
Dark one silhouette,
backs out, into the stand,
face the wolf, now gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can Only Conclude

The bad mother; simply
does possess the ability,
to know inside, one mind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Brown Empty Bottle

That brown empty bottle, in the hands of many hysterical
woman, to pull back and forth, teasing the sun.

They are still my friends as they try, both to help the
moon stay in comfort while both eyes watch me sleep:

Out cold in a warm mossy dune the likes of which,
forever never was, looking up, between out across into.

As most fall weeping over a large forest of deep
woods that can be made into more flag poles.

The smart woman, you are dreaming about, having
both dreamt of filling, all the empty bottles, long held,
before the rest of them, have come back, against from.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Two Voice's

From the window, drifts
two voices, one is soft,
the other much deeper.
The deep voice, seems
to cover up the soft one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chip Shot

Rough green.

Firm stance.

Tight lie.

Swing through.

The ball to cup.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Joyless Mother

The joyless mother, is cold
Every kind act motivated,
by youthful guilt, made old.
Her birth now weighs, upon
my brow, she was not in, joy
freely given, those fires unlit.
The joyless mother, grown old.
Her heart of coal, man no joy.
Never passed on to the other.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

This Old House

This old play house, is
full, while the long nose
men, wave in there trunks.

You gaze far out into the
ocean of trunks, miles, of
thick trunks.

That smile you show is what
they all come to see.

Bodies of men, singular, except
for the trunk, hot breath on you.

Reaching out to you, by your seat,
it plucks you as the peanut from
the earth inside you to loam.

Trunk, miles of truculent trunk,
those hairs, the nose) it(s grasp
the meaning in the one sleeve,
that smells, rose scent on you.

Just as quickly, reaching out with
this the trunk on you, back inside,
the seat, your moon it's fame you
cannot hide, from them.

Your husband calls your name,
Your ticket in your hand, almost punched...

If looks could fill and you had his trunk
what could you do,
would you but wave it, as they do at you.....?

James McLain

Some Where I Stand

Some where I stand, hard
to attention for the queen.
Movement stanchd up hill.
Summer uniform bears the badge,
Of some foreign woman, frontal assault.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ruby Red

Yours was that fire, that
burned my face, cold as blue glass ice.
You are the heart of flame, so red.
Like a blood collared rose.
That tree fell upon a frozen river,
never to thaw, comes even a spring.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Such A Rose In The Heart Of Rose

Such a Rose In The Heart Of Rose) it
blooms in my heart that rose(upon
me that grows, no matter where I leave
my heart dear(it loves on me to grow.
Bound up in thorns my love, I lay on beds
of them forever waiting to grow, with you
dear, as I bend to smell, that one red rose.

My heart is your rose, it climbs, and beats
when pricked, by the thorn, to be carried up
to every rose on the bush.My rose, your heart,
it blooms in love, each beat lifts to crown the
the heart, as the sun heats them both, to feed
each root that folds my heart back into the rose.
Such a Rose In The Heart Of Rose;

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Afraid To Return - To Be Not Afraid

Afraid To Return - To Be Not Afraid;
When you were so kind to one long stem.
The rose fragrant, scents cover the bed.
Blooms once heady, they filled each hand.
My spot in the sun where you raised me.

Forgotten by you, that one pine tree full of sap?
To draw the lightning together we did plant it for.
The tap root deep in the earth, covered with soil.
Shadow wide, straight to heaven and true..
Afraid To Return - To Be Not Afraid;

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips To Kiss

The moon feigns a sigh..
Moons high lights shine..
Rose..moon over pond..
Moon sleeps with moon...
Lips To Kiss..moon high..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Venit Toe Tellus

The valley of the queen,
soft is the middle of love.
My haven is two sided,
folded over to seal me.
Petals scented to bloom,
hold my head in sleep.
While rivers wash over
rocks to cool pale moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fresh Sweat Like Salty

Fresh sweat like salty-
Tears well out like the small white
Islands to dry, on the heart of your
sun as cupped hands in there want.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Woods Some Other Found

-The Woods Some Other Found,
The pink fence, love made my face, are
painted and the woods grow in anger.
The tree you once grew against, towers up,
out of reach, and now lays inside the sun.
The path that led to the meadow, is over grown.
Musk rats now live in the pond, and swim in front
the spring, that still flows down, across the
field, to where the hay brown, new is mowed.
The woods some other found,
Sleep in the winter, over grown in the spring,
as fresh roses yearn to lay, up against summer,
washed, waiting for gold, veils of autumn to fall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Has Said

Love has said,
that you are too hard
to live inside my
beating heart without.

Love has said,
he wants to spin
the world around
and your top.

Love has said,
That he must run
back and forth,
inside the sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sun Of Crown

Yellow wings, she leaves to fly in dreams of yellow;
Bee loved, is now inside the flowers, grail to cup.
The sun loves crown, to bless the smile, that moves.
When Venus cups boy's free, to bee in love that flies.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Rose Some Color Other

A rose some color other;
Petals more than yellow sun.
Glow of red, hold more than
crimson mask that cries below.
A rose some color other;
Bloom as doves that fly in clouds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Johnny's Gun

Moon Johnny's gun -

Bound up brass, shots burst bright eye of yellow sun;
Moon coils heavy rope, that boils the living water.
Comets fly by moons cheek, with love in a white
hail of bullets; heavens hand props pale moon on
cotton clouds, as moon rises, and then rests in honor.
New moon colors the eye, Johnny sleeps under the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Woods Once Were

When tree tops lay
against the moon.
Out of the tan sand
and hard with stone.
Petrified heads glitter
the ground, some lay
exposed, on deserted
dunes without expression.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Last Rose

This old house, high up on the hill.
Now it's coming down, around me.
There is one rose bush, left to bed.
The one rose struggles, in the sun.
Now every evening..I..spread water
around each petal, love; see it open.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Because You Love Me

Because you love me
You let me sleep when
I water the roses that
your love let me keep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Frequently The Wood Mix Pink

Frequently the wood mix pink -
More often not to wood on ground,
Hands color, of the root I, stumble on.
Winds frequent to, more the sail brought
up, figure head of Rosy sun, lifts split sea.
Earth bursts to round, undressed in deepest blue;
Ships brown oak one leg on rail, hardly long ago.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Advice To A Boy

If she is a diamond..
She will sparkle..on you..
You boy..will glow..
she will shine...brighter..
Than the sun..when with..
Your cloth..on her you buff..
Boy..if you are..a real boy..
She will know..your song..
long before you sing it..
Boy when she cries..hide..
Her tears..inside one heart..
Boy when she is gone..you..
Will see the coal..on fire..
Boy make sure..she looks..
You in the eye..does it burn..
Brighter when you..kiss her..
Boy you will...have to die..in..
Her..then again..be new born..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Advice To A Girl

My advice to you girl..is this..
Check his arms..
You want a strong one..that..
Can pull you up..when you are..
Down..you know..inside the....
Oyster..you are growing on..the..
Moss covered shore..where..
Waves wash the shell..that pearl..
Hidden in the shell...it will be..
Your dowry..that shinny pearl..
So many..would come to covet..
Let them not..it is pink and shinny..
It will loose it's luster..and it's roe..
Look him in the eye..and remember..
Softly brush his hair..for upon your..
Thigh when touched by future kings..
Jeweled crown..The robe will catch..
Fire and never be put out..
When he is..to be..or not..it will..then be...

James McLain

How He Made You Cry

Did he make it hard....
For you to cry...
Do..
Those tears well up..
To spread..
far out..
Across dawns milky sky..
Does moons...face..
Ride up one wave..and..
Slide back down..
The..other side of dawn..
and when you..
Hear the stormy cries..
deep inside.....
and tell me then.....
Just how...
he made you cry..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Is Light

Night..after night..
Large asteroids..
Strike to the heart..
Melting moons..face..
Driving fountains..of red..
Dust..as tears..white..
Now..sheet her bed...
Without sound..
In and out..falling..
As empty space..so..
Moon..can wear..royal..
Pink..and purple robes..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Shadow

When my shadow shows high noon, much in and out
the door it runs to miss the midday heat, in siesta deep.
My shadow turns a simple laugh, into the fondest smile
and some times runs into the sky, with two feet it hides.

In the early morning, with the dew upon the lilies, the grass
wet lays, my shadow fast asleep inside nights bed the moon.
Unsealed the window opens wide, the running water scented
from springs, brings, some children out about to clip the thorn.

Now that age has lent me lettered grace, I bend and grow in folly
even more, the book of passion, cheeks enslaved once inked a knave,
others do the pumping, when water from the well, one needs to drink.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Is Afraid, It Is Tired.

Wherever you are..
It is..there..
and now you're afraid..
It is..tired...
His heart..
That you made.. with..
Hands passing of time..is..
The history both made..
and erased..
With your smile....
Nights love.....moon shines..
inside of the sun....
Face to face..
her shadow..
Lost..now and..forever..
He's left..without..love..
and one sun that smiled
God's love lass..and yes..
now he's tired...

James McLain

PoemHunter.com

Ruby Eye

Is it.. his treasure..bold..
Heavy opens ruby chest..
Cheeky hot..angry moon..
Flames afoot..in eye alone..
That rocky pond..unknown..
Long of finger..Strong in root..
Broad this spring fed tree..
Does he warmly.. gentle tiger..
Honey suckle breath.. eye hides..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When At Last She Comes

When at last she comes...strong livery
hands now reigned...against the stable
pain of mare..so tired head bent down.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Aches For Marriage

Rose and trestle, support,
each other, red bud heavy,
it lays to woo on the wood.

Beloved in church, as white,
one wafer, is split now two,
both hands on, each to each.

It is a silhouette, moon light,
both within bound up, as joy.
The joy of the world, can ever
be known out side of it, inside.

Two paths on the same trail,
ache together, to come apart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Released Within

How many nights my hand held on throat,
while time stays lost so innocent in sleep.
Found inner pact through key holed window,
demons eye in fear on passions mind it plays.

Deep darker meaning helps the doctors keeper,
of that secret world of flames at bay no padded
jackets hospital ordered medication renders sane,
this world inside there mind they keep from me.

The burning eye that red hot haze dim street lights,
stark highways rubber burns my souls tired maze.
Cherry wood that oils hand the seated mirrors mask,
I made to wander through some body some one made.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Physician..Help The Judges..Heal..The Hurt

Physician..

Robed in white..to..

Lay in sight..all..

Such hurt that..lays in..

Heart of souls..with..

Empty..pain..you eat to..

Weep and feel..and gaurd..

The..pillars holding up..

Those hallow marble halls..

Judges..scale....The..

Ocean..filled with..void..

Empathic..Seas..

That touch each wave..of..

Human..

Rights in where..clear..

Word..to us....Our..this..

In here to you.. now..know..

Each of them..in book..

That glass..in blood of life..

Of one they know..are framed..

For all..the two..

From right..when..

Sacrifice is light..

Not might to sway..

The common bond..

You hold for all in sleep..

James McLain

I Live From Smile To Smile

How do i live..
From smile to smile..
When together..
We smile..and the suns..
eye lays open to the sky..
We crack open...cool nights..
Mixing our smiles..
With the pink of the dawn..
When you smile..
The stars must part..when..
Comets trail..trickles down to..
Paints your lips..with the dust..
Of a moon..when they fly to near..
Inside the light..Of your smile..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nurse Today

Thinking..as I watch her..she..
Knows I can not move..not..
Even one moon..not even..
One half..as my arm hangs..
Off to the side..with all the..
Movement it all ways does..
Get in the way..
I..wish..I..wish..I..
Could thank the nurse for..
Those soft hands..
in a warm bowl of..
Soapy..
..they make it..
Impossible to think....
While my heart bursts..
..And she knows....as the sun..
That I can never shrink from it..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Do You Take Your Creme

How do you..

Take your creme..lass..

How do you..

Take your creme..

Your saucy looks..spilled..

Over in silks clear cup..

how do..

You take..your creme..lass..

Painted with lips..velvet..O's..

Tender kiss..lass..so..

How do you..take your creme..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Resistance

Quantified Amount..
Of force..that is..
needed..
To over come..
All of your....
Temptations..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Depth To Cup

American vegetable..fruit..
Markets in stores..such as..
I love to frequent..having
Large hands..cantaloupes..
Fit snugly in one..palm..then..
Cupped so..I..look around..
As it drips..Strawberries..
Are easy to hide..except..
The ones..that resemble..
Camel toes..those valleys..
Ridges..keeps all the men..
Eyes averted..woman..know..
I push through..drinking from..
A carton of milk..wandering..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Once Was

You once was -
Loves sunny days inside...
My love for you..never dim..
Your fire..my dark clouds..
Inside your heart..drove away..

Now as..I.. look at your face..
Love remembers..one pink cloud..
Hot hearts..breast..did shake..
Hold my head..while I release my soul..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blind Assistant

To her smile..so..
each rose..never fades..
Passers by..stop to gaze..
warmly into..to know..
Each morning...
One street side window..
always full..as..
Vases to shape..
sit with glass hands..
are..
Busy weaving..
the stems of roses..
softly..
The blind assistant..
by touch.. counts..the
Red blooms..
asleep..as they drift down..
While eyes..follow..
One unopened bud..as..it's..
Mixed with tears..awash..
On the ground in kisses..

James McLain

Alone

Alone; from that fountain, Since spring now sprung;
My childhood birthed, back into passions room.
As others have, all gone over and into again
and I must now pass again alone, and afraid.
and the eye, and heavens one gated needle;
Where I once fought that eagle, out yonder lord.
Then left me again, and you passed me bye,
Come hear me, and my eye on those lips.
I ride a torrent, and water of red, inside alone;
Again, forgotten and never to be so different.
Winter blooms now, and I'm alone once more;
Gone there forever; the flame of no more.
The note to me alone, and lost in that my song;
My childhood knew no hold, and it's labored sorrow;
Unknown, and once mysterious, it stays and
Opens it's door somewhere, in you to sleep alone;
and as lightning cools, and that fountain once hot;
and spring with passion, heavy gone..away..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eagle..

Feather..hide it's..

Beat.. white bald..

Mask..red distant..

Eye surrounds..it..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Orion's Belt

Time tips it's....light down..on..
Her..many full cups..lost in it..as..
Bodies..grow heavan..inside..the..
Sky..It.. drifts.. from one star..to the..
Other...seven..inside.....Orion's belt..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lions Watching Eye

To see the tail..
Held...aloft...
Lifting of hair..
Combed back
Golden..black..
Silver..the mane...
Hiding against..
Climbing..into..
The tree..laying..
With the grain..
Relief..hot breath..
Telling..closing your..
Heart..as it beats..
To the beast..down..
Beneath..you..the..
Scent wells..Up..
Out..red..cloud..for..
Miles..it floats....
Lion..bleeds..it's..
Prey..to feel..life..
So..full..once again..

James McLain

Femininity

Dear..femininity..

When...i.. wander around your forest..your hand..
..it..always guides me back..to the shore..and you..
never make...it... stand alone..in the rain..thank you..
Your sister..gave me your peach... she picked..it..
for me from the tree..in the middle of the field... by..
your lake..as..i.. watched from the shore..and yes...
my feet are wet as well..laying here..eating your peach..
..i..wonder..why this coat upon..my tounge..is sweet of..
taste..the sun..it turns your eye..when...i..graze upon..
both moon and face that calls my name..with smiles...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Laying In A Mystery

Angel of white..black..good..or..bad..
To stand..still..while the snake..with his..
Wings glides up and..into your eye..
The little white mouse..alone..cuped in silk..
See how it runs..all around..the moon insane..
It's always missing the cheese..when..it's..
Hidden strictly..in secret..do you call out..
When only some tail..is left exposed..to freeze..
The monkey needs to breath..it sneezes....then..
Runs..up and..down the pole..chained at the neck..
Then..there are those that walk on water...they
Eat food..that's never bottled..they have..us.. think..
I have a clam under water..it eats all my pearls..
Then lends your..feet..miles and miles of sand..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Getting Away With Murder

I lay here..I tell you..only now..
Because my time..grows short..
Trapped in a bed..wishing I could..
Now you know..I never could..yet I tried..
I am.. younger than most...older than
Some..most will live longer... in years than..
I..for me it will be over soon..The..Doctor..
Will know...how many breaths.. I..Took..
From when it was that..I..first saw her..
This machine in me..will tell her..Still..
First..I..have to die..I...lay here....waiting..
Unable to move..for the nurse to close my flap..
I would die.. days early..for one jug...of her..warm milk..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Drowning Inside

Every breath..each next it struggles..so..
To best me...I cannot trust..if..it is not..as..
Feet rest upon my chest..pushing down..
My heart squeezes..in vein..blue blood..it..
Pools..pushed back out..unexcepted..now..
Chambers labor..to birth red..thick are they..
It's short circle..back to the lung..grows long..
Breathing so labored..you hold it..hoping the...
Heart will not notice...you cough..when body..
Swells..eating nothing..drinking your self..up..
Holding..inside the air..light flickers..spotted..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Red Eye Of Sight

Inside thorns..pale cloth of branches...
Moon looks heavy..trembled swollen...
Red eye outside perimater..you..know...
Throaty cough..make rivers run..to seat..
Shadows..play with the fires...red hot eye..
Pads of sifting sand you fear...arm up..
Only stars..watch one eye..as tiger covers..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pearl

Quickly struck..by the wrist..
The oysters.... smile..opens..
Quivering.. pink flesh..it lays..
Gently plucked...purple....
Iridescent..perfect tear..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sleeping Tiger

Days and nights..
Lay together..
Waiting for the eye..
Of the tiger..to..
Wash the moon...as..
Two cubs wait..to eat..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Humble Pearl

Humble pearl..does not hide...
Oysters soft in brine..washed..
Wave that birthed it..
Nor...the hollow in neck...
Of all woman..that they wear..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Burn Tells Wont Mine Ear

The suns red eye...evens yellow..
skies...in shades of pink..puffy....
hidden..mine own eye..can see..it still..
Strong winds part..cotton clouds..topped..
Mine ears hear..the sounds cool..breeze..
Motives from a storm...just ears will not tarry..

Mine ears..should not fear.. your tounge..
They hear egos bed...lies..lillies..silk masks..
Mine cheeks burn...mine ears ring..off..your..
Bold fingers with..I plug them both..uncaring..
Ace frolic waxed..always..mine ears..eye..is..
Covered..turned words..cheeks burn..away..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sun Rise

The air...is still..thick..
Heavy..moist..it..moves..
Around...a dropp of water..
That drips from the moss..
Between...forked..limbs..
Two...Live oaks..split..the..
Skies..sleepy world...to..
Hold open...one lethargic..
Tired..trimed....yellow eye..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sex.... Poets...More Love Suicide

Sex is just a word..it lifts you..
parts you..washes you away..
It rides you..you never rode it..
Since death you ride..that..horses..
bareback seedless..one eyed shore...
Suicides..tremble..every cowards...
Deep inside..that timeless..whore..
Poets must..there lot..die young...
Poets know the shame...in sin..
You sought so hard...once upon inside..
To hide..that shielded..cup of..mask..
Poets drip drops of red..Poets..lay..
Inside you all..Death Tripp's you all...
Lay still..why run..A good poet...will..
Ride you like he rode..oaks ageless door...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bullfrogs

A shadows voice...
low in timber grows..
Between the sheets..
Clears one pond..
The water droplets..
vibrate up..from into..
Bullfrogs know this tune..
they add..it soars..
Throaty waves oscillate..
Pond swells..as evening..
Floats sweet night...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Mask

Your mask..
my mind..taken..
Wrapped..fingers..
around..my..
Death..white..
Plaster laughs..
To hold..it..
Your mask..
Of wood..is worn..
Oiled and shinny..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sara Is It Poetry Tease A Pill

Exhumed..silk shroud upon..it.
Emancipated..bright yellow..a..
Pillow..Capulet shy blue..skies..
unVeil to..Teas..my ash en greys..
Is it poetry..hold tight..two cups light..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gift Of Mask

Earth...inside her musty tunnel..
Histories long..search..for..
The other side..digging..two..
Remember the child..once you..
Shovels cast aside..grown up..
Memories overlap..faded..
Searching for that smell..pungent..
Fruity..some thing missing..the..
Red eye of volcanic moon..shoots..
Man accrues the sky..to slowly drop..
Upon moons..Earthen mask..viseral..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sparks Leak To Form A Windows Heart

Sunshine's halo..it's..
beam heats.. a tear upon
sleeps face..
Red sparks her name..
flow down as wind lifts...
One Hand held out..
as window lights... wear..
one pink.. a golden ring...
Cloud retreats...suns yellow orb..
Drifts off..to touch the veil..of day...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My House A Shell

Taps upon it..tap..tap...
Half buried..
Cast off..up out from...
warm sea..
Soft moist it's body...
is vulnerable..
Awash in clear waves...
move it..
Coiling it around inside...
it's home..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

River Run

Do you own a skull cap..
Do you speak..the..
Kings English...
Run over the land...
Climb..just to climb..it..all..
Cross your heart..
Make it stand..on some hill...
and sing in the rain..?
My coffee...it can and does

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Vieux Boulogne..Smelliest Cheese In The World

I have known...You still dont know...
That I know...you leave...
Every other Tuesday...Thursday...
To cheat on me...I wish....
I could see his face....leave...
every time you arrive..to smile..
you not knowing that...I...always..
cover the shield of your mask...
before you leave with...Vieux Boulogne....
You never notice...being on the run....
It is..Just because..I love you..
No other reason...That..I..
enjoy your smile..does he?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Morning In Paint

Sun brushed..
each canvas..a sea....
Paint holds it high..sky's..
Washed yellow eye...dawns..
As each day rises to see it...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Scent Of A Woman

Lips kiss..loves scent of a woman..
silk tissue hangs...mixed infused....
With flavor... strong fruit...savored..
One hand nibbles..lost with sleep..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Karen When You Call

Passion flows out..voice..
Hard you still cry..for it..
Is it still open.. the bush...
does the rose...dirt bed..
Still bloom...tracks on grass..
after three long years..dew is..
My thorn..it stayed bloody sharp..
so bloodied..little beast impaled..
You flush in song...humming birds...
that sing at dawn..hush in quiet..

Seven..July..Two Thousand Nine..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Faceless This Our Clock

Under grandfathers clock pebbles...balance..it..
You face it..naked...and stand alone...
It winds across the lines..it sheds one single tear..
When childhood it masks...it runs free to hide..
It fades as winters worn coat.. time wound away..
Long hand..moved us rapidly...onto a rusty chime..
My second hand..gauze as flesh with dust...
It's linseed oil...clingy....sharp..so musky..
Forever it stays as past...no minutes....will spring back..
Crept inside a single shallow year... this cup all drank..
Now tolls the clock we froze...a silver misty grave of fear..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Hides Rose

Moon..veils hers...
floating..white..
soft light..moss..
brushes my face..
Leaves..rustle softly...
washed in canopy..
Moist soil...Bare feet..
run lost between..
toes..rose is hidden...
within nights darkness..
Brought into sight...
scents up soft light..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Recon You Stole My Cow

Judge,
I brought this in...
front of you, will you..
please compare this..
tan brown bottle...
with that from my cow..
this is how you will know it is mine..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Object

The wind.. whips words..silky thin..
Spiders wire so soft..in trust it clings..
Graves..moan..still..all filled with moss...
Monuments...once dry are..covered..
Smothered..by..One wet cloud..that..
Dripps lost horizons...free lined face..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Battle Field

I walk..hitting the buzzards..
in the head with my sling shot.
I stop at each body to check
them for any loose pebbles..
Battlefields..full of agendas.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Emo It(S One Bloody Eye

Misunderstood poured out
in guilt by the others.
What is pleasantly a difference
of individuality, or not to
metamorphic into tragic enemies
as there state of mind now to:

Red hot..blazing eye..it looks out..
My mirror..is filled..with this..
One smokey eye..to fall into it..
Is to be..consumed..by it.. burning it first...
Melting it's moon...in red hot.. black hole..
It cuts out....red center sky...it's redness..
Peirce's..with the thorn...you may try... it's..
Blood drop's can not fill it's...Red hot eye..
All in heaving saw..it's full..dripping mask..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Tadpole

Flashes cup) it(s in white silk..netted.
Marshy pond) it(pulls at the bottom..
It lays outside) it(wiggles within...
) it(tries) it(s new legs to hop out of..
Startled) it(s dropped into..
One red..orange..large mouth bass.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Persona Countless

Adopted..cultivated..surrounded..
Merry go rounds..Ferris wheels..
Towers that lean to cover..cleanly..
Our lodge..it hangs..beneath..
her many masks..swing suspended..

A poor farmer..his corn was to light...
Yellow....white sweet..colored maze...
Buttons shinny....silk under husk..to
Weave golden hair..lays in sun..to dry..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wine And Cheese

Cheese upon bread to wine.
Some lactose lays intolerable.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Day One Night

Light entwined..maybe day..is night..
You long to be..lost in you my sight..
Deep in love, to fall out..by moon light..
Find the night..still lost in all your days..
Bright upon skies center..hot it fades...

You are veiled high..in love on my face..
Release my day...comets stream from eye..
You chase off dark, brighter nights..of day...
Will you..mix us..up now down..together..
Chasing off into..heavy day..lighter night..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Swing

We fly on it..gripped by brown hemp..
Rope..as it....drives us up ever higher..
Against sky's..pale..blue eye..two..silk..
Filled hands....slows it down...we swing..
Our toes..we swing them out...over..
Valleys..low rich earthen floor..so one..
Shadow..slowly grows..to know our..
Carefree...happy sun washed..faces..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tar Feathers And The Rail

Based in white..
feathers need.
Full in heart..
is a soul blessed
meal.

Population..it never
recovered..puritans..
Rode..that train..
out of town.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

White Washed Girl

Dressed in white it rains.
She bends with the brush.
Dancing around in circles.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moths

Swoop in upon the fire..
hot..wings bridge the air.
To say why dance it is thus.
Still moths.. will never talk at..
Petaled leaves is to hide them....
When touch suns hot mask..
bowls of cotton winds..flutter..
Moth legs..no longer can carry..
It's fire underneath..the flower...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bait Fish

He runs...blindly along stream..
long pole extended..
chasing great fish...
To fall into..held fast in the nets..
stream..of dreams..
The fish casts it's line..up..
out of the pond..onto shore..baited..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Feeding Flames

Who catches it to hold it's fever.
The fire is never silent burning.
Merciless as the sun it's flame.
It eats forests it moves all wood.
Will the forests ever grow back?

Giving up the very air we need see
phenomenal heat consumes) it(self

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Concepts Father Poetry

..When we go shopping..I smile..as..
..he always asks...hundreds of questions.
..Mother why does that woman..squeeze..
..those cantaloupes? ..How to lay..in words?
..Her husband has been gone many years..
..If you pass your hand..in front of her eyes...
..she will not see you..dont go and cry..
..Do you understand why she never buys..them?
..Those cantaloupes..? ..No..I dont mother! ..
..Is is poetry then..if she miss the fruit..
..then squeezes... your hand?
..Mother why does that woman..look at the
..bent cucumber...and not eye a..straight one?
..Quite she will fear you..and deny it to you..quite.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bipolars Halfway

It is the worse bi polars..there is..
With regular bi polars..
You are either here or there..
Bi polars half...is the brain spinning..
as a top..it's like a smile turned inside out..
It is as...the bud of a rose...swallowed
by the stem...just hanging there..
with a Thornie sticking out of the eye..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Accountability

Your darn right I ask questions
untill your blue in your face..you.
You think I ask stupid questions
and you do to.
When the river runs dry who do
you come to.
You can forget the store, it's out to.
Why do you ask me..not to ask
questions it's not like I want to know
where it is that you live.
Is there a reason I'm accountable to
you? ..Then tell me what it is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Future

All Around them
birds fall, wings
without feathers
hoping peeping.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Venus With Moon

Her mask..knows no one..
not even the mirrors thunder.
It is not within the sun...
You see in your reflection.
Still mercury....moving..
leaves a burnt offering...
when Venus...
turns her face toward moons.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Death Came You Taxed It

How did you expect me
to know you from the
bird flying bye.
You ask things that have no answer..
at least none..I can discern..
I am the book that you never read..
I am that simple plain cover..unread..
Power and control..what..would you..
control what..and if given..
How would you use it..? ..do you abuse it?
Do you know what you want? ..do you?
If you dont know...how would any one else
know what you want?
So what do you tell me what....
you think you said but did not?
Tell me some thing good..!
Tell me a way out of here..!
I can escape death..and taxes.
I never can escape from of you.

James McLain

One Baby

She and he, where the bomb
just beautiful as a couple
outwardly just jaw droppers.
They made beautiful healthy babies
every one wanted.
Except they were a few cards
short of a deck..a good deck..
still short and wanting a baby bad.
They were madly always as only
innocence can be forever till death in love.
This nice older couple let them live
in a cottage on there property.
There income was watched by they,
it could never exceed there one baby a year
still all they could do is cry and try.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Letter From Her Soilder

Dear love of my life,

If you get this letter..you will not see me again..

it is ok..ok..I love you..ok..I know you worried..

I am sorry for that.. I did the best I could..please

love my memories that we shared ok..woman..

mother..wife of my life..my dreams..

my heart of your soul.

We were having problems with some of our

equipment, many of our friends will not come back

as well..John..his wife Jolene..

a letter from him..should lay within for her as well..

his sword..gun..are as well enclosed..

In this writing..I feel you hold me as once you did..

it seems so far and long ago..

When you cry..do not please..I ask let..don't little Tree..

see you this way...

thus..your word my life your honor in this you gave to

me before I left..remember past..ok..wife..

let it be and stay that way..ok..

tears are for the pillow each night when you lay to rest

your weary soul....I see the first kiss so clear now..

your soft smile holds me every night i turn to sleep..

I must go..honey stay brave..the sounds of death and guns

draw near..

Remember I will watch for you..I wait..ok..I wait..

and find some one who loves you just for you..

I love you..... name wind..moving sand around you...

James McLain

One Mosquito

It hangs out from her
) with it's large eye's to
buzz without rest.
Bombing runs laying
in various, stages
redeveloping) it(s
stabbing (proboscis.
Her smile..is utterly..
emptied....devoid of magic.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Woman In You

Womans you live...die for it..is as the moon..
..unveiled it weeps..always..yes it's happy..
..It is normals why fight your mind?
..This body..yours as it unwinds the wind..
..does find the time to cool your tears you sigh..
..it cries for me inside..It is normals..I recon yes it is.. :)
..These letters... lets you know..yes they do now..show..
.. to you how week..ur knees do trembles and shakes..
..words brings you the joy only the smile inside could know..
..it's womb yes it's true..oh womans it's so you so true..
..Whut is that around your feets woman...look..
..There womans..come here..sit still..your tired..
..relax..lay back..I washes them now for you...
..dries them off for you..it paints your toes..so blue..
..you reach for the sky it's deep inside of you..
..It's ok womans dont..cry ok..it's there in you inside..
..just to see you smile..ok..womans..ok..?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Define Normal

What is it that they call normal.
Up to fifty percent
of American children
have hyperactivity
with attention deficit disorder.
Autism..Most are very intelligent..
afraid at birth from the world labeled.
Dyslexia...whom understands a backwards
world..apart always together..forever
teaching a brain..hard wired..
...without answers..always..
in back of the beginning..eyes looking..
lips lying..mind saying..not normal..
Is it a real smile.. is it Normal..is it..?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Friend

They are what,
to whom?
How do you know?
They are,
where ever you are
you hope.
What you are,
you hope.
Some touch first
and run.
Trying to fudge,
true you without
pretentiousness.
Some taste you
in life's words to
somewhere..
Did you touch
them..
along that road
braving
in persistence
directions..
Still: dont deny,
you both
want to be touched
some how some way
differently,
as the smile from
before has, faded
for some,
to moons suns
paired in to rise
and set...in you..

James McLain

Moons Pearl

Whits stars...soft...
pearls...roll down..
moons face..as rain.
...hiding...laughing..
Moon washes..in..
.....comets..tail

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where Did You Go

We wait...at the airport.
Today....was yesterday.
Tomorrow...now today.
Right now never change.
Please news dont leave.
On the news leave it on..
News shes on the news.
Shes not here news says.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Fever

...It is hot..humid airy..
...Moons veil..is spotted..
...Dark shadow follow..
..... Cleft.... stone...
....Heavy..sweaty..cheek..
...Moons face..fevered...wet..
....Glow hidden..by..cotton clouds..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hides It

She cups) it(s softly with
mists) it(s morning breath.
Pouch silks) it(s so clingy.
Her heaven is as) it(s'leep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Just Ones Memories

To notice woman have different
concepts of there first dates.

Memories of heaven..

memories of the color
of your shirt...

Memories of your eye color..they
were contacts..she forgot the color
of it's smile..she never even looked
in his eyes...she wanted a memory.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Cant Make You Do It

..You have the same mind..
..your god..has..it is that I am..
..cannot force you..in your mind..
..it is enough that you can..if you
..chooses it is so rightly...
..in heaven here...it is only..
..the wind you hear..moving as silk..
..all around..in through you..now sigh.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Did It

...Did it..make you..
...write poems..
...you would not have..
...written..Did it..
...Did it flip you over..
...spank your bottom..
...Did it..flip you over..
...again just to..
...watch you smile..
...Did it just do it again..
...It smiles..) it(s so write..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Honest Woman

Professional honest woman..
...she watches.. the moon..swell...
...Her high rise..office..not a dream..
...French..benefited telescope's...
.. into dignified find..is heaven..
...heavy moons.. light moons..still..
...orbit around..magnetic poles...
...Borealis..shows dawns.. misty night..
...She rises early..to fill her cup....
...with Irish cream..mocha coffee..
...She is..a...professional..woman..
...coming up..with her own..celestial..
.....body..that works up..to her arts....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Leonidas Alexandros Won

Some times come
back again as one.
Modern greatness.
Now it never needs..
Three..two..one it's
hundreds... armies..
To keep your roses.
She just needs it's..
one..bloodied spear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cover) It(S Cover

The covers only work two ways...
You are either under or on top...!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Still... Never Is Your..Rose

Your face behind the mask..now hides..
cold thoughts...it is bloated full sated..
Even still your hands..as does
the garden...shaken...moon rattled..
in good faith as you instructed.....
always your..invasions withdrawles..
so orderly untill....It saw stars with...
Venus..why do you hold other monses...?
Why...Venus why? ...do you cry forsaken..
...Did it not save you...from being stoned....
When last you circled Mars abusive..Attila
said you..was he..in belief..it slew him..
and the many others..with this bloody spear..
Now it comes home.. into the tent..and is...
overwhelmed...by armies of your roses..
..You know it will only raise it's spear...
.....in defense..as) it(s..feet sink into sands bed...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes It's Necessary

Our highways are always in a need...
of repaving.. recessions cheap labor.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Astrally

Mars rules all moons.
Venus hides, openly
to unveil. Those heavy
Clouds rain down on
it's heaven. Happy to
Cover it's molten lava.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Wants To Want

He is detected by her..

Wanting to be her victuals.

Wanting him to clean there.

Wanting her just to be wanting.

Wanting to know how all the
others feel, when it's there turn.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bi Polars Understanding It

They understand it...English is english..
...Trillions now are made on it..
You..me..him..her..your..smile..
Look at it in the light some times ok..
...Even your smile..has a smile..
..If you just laughed your bi ploars...
..Millions of cattle now graze on it..
.....Except this one.....
Even there sons and daughters fly high
...on the wings of green moons...bi polars.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bi Polars One Favorable Side Effect

If she can control it..
the bi polars..then..
She owns...
Hefty is headys..glads..
Her very own...heavans..shake..
golden buckets..forevers..
Out of love...she beats him....
Always new shapes...
Only she grows.... him.. his verys...
She turns bi polars...into..
her own personal.....master of you..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bi Polars What Is It Really Like

It is not depression..no it's not..
Your mind it races a thousand miles..
per second never knowing sleep...
..its peace..mental trauma makes
it worse..it hurts..it's blinding pain..
Going through life..mowing your mind..
never letting the grass grow back..
you just cant..it's the bi polars..
Why do...stupid peoples..stupid..
not ignorant think...
you can just shut it off like some car..
They are the most dangerous...some even
know how to make it explode..on purpose..
truly wicked are they...whom walk...
in your darkness on purpose....darkness
such as they...they are..wicked..
always thinking...knowing thinking..
forever thinking...never knowing...
because it's always...thought out...
weeks before...advanced in head....
knowing...it never works out that way..
knowing....knowing never knowing...to wait
untill the last spark is gone put out..
always wanting to..lay in roses..is it's side affect..

James McLain

You Know It's The Bi Polars

You know it's the...bi polars..
when hate....is love...down is up.
Imagine..manic each Monday..flying
.. with no wings..and making it...
slowly to the top..just to slide quickly down...
You know what...the triggers..are..
and..because...she/he loves you...
he\she pulls..them in circles..lovingly..
she does...still backwards is so..
frontwards..maybe they know..
but because she\he loves you..he/she
knows you grow..as out words
as a person can grow..because...
she/he loves you..and then I...know the..
joys of when...she is so bi polar..
Being simply he
and she smiles
i am some one that you what with, 'as well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why She Killed Me

It was rainy..
it was a spacial night..
for her...
I was in a hurry..
Looking back I though..
....never again did I...
Woman at the dry cleaners..
gave me the wrong dirty shirt.
With looks as well...
....She never cleaned it..
You thought not knowing it was you..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Meeting Of Two Bridges

Instinctively
even the child
knows
which one to take.
The child in you is it gone?
Where did it go?
How thick is fog to the blind?
Does it matter what's under
the bridge?
Which side do you cross over
to find it..From..
Does your memory flow on..
inside to where?
Which side did you leave it on?
Who built this bridge to why?
Hello: ..where are you standing
from on what?
When meeting of two bridges....
Talk to the middle.. is to ask of...
What rail do to..Would you lean on?

James McLain

You Took Some Thing Of Mine

What is in a title?

It can be a decoration.

Open ended question!

Just a nonce.

Declarations stilled.

When you took...what you took..

when you took it...in the way...

that you took it...Unless death...

takes it first..

You better take what you took...

in the taking you took...

forever to look over your shoulder.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Sadness

It trembles..in her veiled..heavenly..s.
Tears off of terribles..float ups..onto..
oshings..cheeks shinnys...meeting ups..
and downs..eqauls stars..tails of comets..
is to hands in cups...as ices ring my eyes..
Lower veil holds it's saddness...mixed..it's..
Stary sleep with gaze upon..it weeps to moon...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Do You Come

Why do you come around me..
If you only want to lay in a bed of lies?
Do not come then..ok..see if I care.
Do you come..just to come? ..or do you..
come to watch me..run around..inside your
bowl like a pitted cherry..Drowned in half..
lidded lipid cream...while the other half is
displayed...chilled with the split banana..
You come around..yes you do...dont lie..
Just to see me..watch...you smile..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Still Other Times

Still other times
when i'm always.
I wander around.
With those fingers
in all my ears, sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bi Polars Still Others

Some few..know now there fate...
..other deny to fight..more nurotics..
was determinedly far into unknown..
by that one roses..DNA....especially..
..and now must know just less they are..so
It is laid..must find ways to smile..stop crying..
To sea is it's to wave..pleased see you sing..
...as well..mostly these are...justly so..all..
creations...best creators..painters..writers..
and few real murdered politicians...they were
as well..you the normals.. loves to conspire about..
mostly though they are the greatest of sinners..
you keep to look..in the mirror and blush about...
so keep it inside of you...so tight...all rights..
are wrapped in bi polors miles of smiles..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Little Future Mothers

It is definitely a fading P.G. thing...
were not talking expensive roses here..
....it is sad..so sad...
just one deadly miniaturated...
...man hating thorn...how are mothers
so much..so alien..so weaver ed,
....in the web as deadly predator..
of men without drugs or alcohol..ever..
...being involved...any way I feel sorry for
her as her first daughter is dead already
and the day her only son and I buried her that
.. day in a cotton bag is still foggy and dim...
The miniature rose here for the lack of a more
charitable word..will follow in the way of the
predictor her and some of you mothers..
why beat it up..so you wont have to read this...
still as you must have a mirror you will return to your
damaged sign in vein.. except every one will see
drama island comming and leave it so very mutually
exclusively sad and un federally inexpressible..

James McLain

Bi Polars

No longer
can I tell when
one pole
over laps the other.
Or if shes just mad.
Still it is..such beauty..
to watch..me fly..
through this...
alive her deadly
hurricane.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Make It Hard At Times

Why cant you see the way you move
effects my heart it skips that beat
you need the most.

You leave come back runaround the
other side of the track you like the most
it is a fact you run those rails you always have.
I love you still you make it hard to let you go
or take you back.

Why do you get so mad and think the mail is
from some one I know when it is not..

Still always suspicious about the slightest scents
when you know
my short cut leads me through the promised land.
Any way can you remember that you make it just
so hard some times to pull away from you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Words

My words your mind..
they can be laid out..
side in any direction...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trolling Without Bait

You should always troll with the right bait
the better the bait, the sunnier the catch.
Besides you never know when you will have to
eat your own bait just to guarantee survival.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

For Some Few A View In Perdition

I cannot spend your eternity
confessing to your pink crusty sins
it labors my breathing of pinks,
smelling as sulfur..matched horned heads...
evacuated..to grow new tails..she entered the dragon..
Per Curam Affirmed, or even worse the
dreaded Anders brief upon which you now crest.
I cannot under penalty of perjury say you were
great I would be arrested and sentenced
to cover your sins....Your just to fired...
You know you are guilty spreading the word with
out there permission...it came to me being obtained
unethically with no morals or scruples than to father
the cause of some gristle crab lender into the vat
with the other dictators it rests in bleach with the sender.
Forever and a day never to smile touching his grin.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Invisible Tounge

I see you weep in oceans heavenly....
..still you dont do you..? ..Words simply only..
It takes some thing more than a word in
a mound of minds that tounge..which is invisable..
...still can you feel it? ..It is not real.. this tounge..
...Woman..Mother..Female...you..you..know..it's..
there yet in reality..
they will fit you in that backward jacket of sight...
Can you..do you..dare..still gasp out in that...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chess Justina's Roses

Queens are trapped from within...
quick ed lines..
Tall regal she holds her eight children...
..out..against..
...the comming..inside of the hordes..
..banging hard on the oaken door..
Much parring such magnificence...
... such deep thrusting..
To open her middle to gain her subject in trust...
Still is the mind to trap the rose is Justina's....
..... as opponent moans..checks in on rose...
.....is silky heavy mated...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two Peanuts

How could two small peanuts
shake the earth?Elephant.
Storms in the jungle searching.
Trees shake looking down into.
She sketches rock, turns to see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Passion Face A Mirrors Mask

I try to understand..
Your face when you gaze with in me..
You dance as the tiger...I watch..
Paws moving around the hills.. valleys..
That see the eye always bright and full.
Then you hear the others..why do you change..
The mask of grace and beauty for that others..
Other.. ugly void..when next approached..
Secretly you speak of secret...passions..
It gripes upon the back of your neck..
It is as it always was and will forever be..
It is the animal inside trembles..never tamed...
Your mouth lies, as it shakes..to smile..
With it's lips that puff always open in hope.
Still the body I watch, is always looking for the
disapproval in hopelessness of the others mask long
since lost it's luster in linseed oil that gave way to
the passionless world controlled by they the others.
As they watch from a safe distance doing all they
forbade you to do knowing great oceans of pleasure
by turning your passion,
into the dull self denial of your one and only true self.

James McLain

Ur E. R.

The orderlies around them cover in them
all row upon row. Each one smiling two.
One nurse hurries is fronted then backwards
gown smiling to show a pulse in her hands.
The attending physician green with envies
while i v your heart beats inside him, dripping
dropps never caught as I am in a hurry, to prep
your next smile.

Without any gloves, why do you ash me?
In the corner on a stretcher she is wide open
trusting kind passing she mouths on me why.
I rush down the hall to see the administrator, one
happy faculty this family whom serves your
community always smiling.

I notice she is calling me in so I rush over she is
graceful quick of leg dancing hands and already
has me covered in smiles... well...?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tournament Of Roses On Parade

Reagent leaving your roses
without that which they need.
With no ill will I will go water them
for I'd spoor blooms too with crest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When The Wind Moans Moon

Running with breath through the moss
I come up along the window of your sight.
You stand there still taught and tight two tips
pressed against my eyes as your Payne.
Still your attitude is not as the wind ever
shifting me around
without sound as you listen ever brighter never
burning out. You hear the moan you see the owl
settle down in featherless sound at your feet.
The dance of the oak this night as leaves feel
braces sigh while limbs bow down exposing
the home of the owl narrow across but deep inside
in song with the heart.
You list to the right and its left moving as if in sleep
so deep you miss the touch inside the moss as it
swims the air you breath.
Back on your side the moon out side reflects off you
even brighter as you roll over again now sure.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Any One Can Watch You

You take all of your great thought out little
...secretly precautions for what..?
I can come watch you run around....in your..
..crisp snappy sheets and see your smile..
My alarm is as the moan of your wind heard
around the world your thinking you hide) it(s
makes even it is that I am in the sky,
look at it even harder..stilled) it(s smile at you
for your blushing carried under and around
and around through your heavens mind eye.
You rise and fall as the as the horse shoe at
Niagara, ..even only the dead all hear that rush of
mist so sweet even they remember feelings deep..
When you moan and whimper in your sleep it knows.
Your smiles all make my smile that much greater.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No Matter That You Try

Your words when coy, some tests..
do not annoy though at times
one tries two or three..blind...
sunny smiles that cry...to see the fire..
Still being afraid you must run from
many words: seductively you weep..and..
must subconsciously they do give you away.
I can never give you away to them...
..why fear..them still one does at times..
...open your eyes to reason...
... you fought is it not so.. I ask of you why?
only it can release you from your forgiveness.
Psychology you know it does not free you all
some times it flees and outwits...you..
....leaving you exposed, most backwardly breast and thighs
open afraid of that which walks inside parades the rose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Clean Rest To Feast

Many are the pools in bed
rich languishing roses.
Mothers in woman weeping
freely for lack is want of why.
Dreams are some times only for sleep..
yet you stir and move it is on you
that I see always constantly...
Gnashing, butting as he him self..
It is that I am and as such it casts them
out onto the coast barring those ghosts...
Still the wing of wind blows
coolly to wash you within to
flow out so it falls onto your
cotton shields. Rest it upon.
Your silk is fresh so sweet sky
most clean as are you.
Rest now knowing you may taste the feast.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is You So Blue

Released from her lips, Zeus's great
rocks now stones she has released
back into the soil to start again within.
Icy wind blows it is her breath around
cobalt skies that mark her dress for him
next reversal always flowing true in form.
The cold air makes me harder than the
ice upon which eyes gaze as she moans
found new ever growing smiles ingrained.
Walking into her mouth young smiles white
teeth pocked with seats where I rest some
equipment seldom used still heavily handled.
Glaciers rim the sky ponds catered about
as heaving unreachable except with feathers.
I heat one hole within to drink again from her.
While sleeping to study her eye..of cobalt blue.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It's To Foggy

Mother..show me..ok..
how do we feel to see inside
of this cool soft wind?
I clutch to your clingy..mother..
is it fog..that covers my..
that dripps on my so? ..
Mother..is it..?
Yours which is silky, does more
than that, it confuses my sense's.
I can not tell inside for the up and
downs mother..where are you..it's.
Just without you I clutch to clingy..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

His Peices They Ate

Mikael, making picture messes always.
They come onto every thing oshes around
you now, the mirrors make them worse.
Even in death they grow lame riding the
man who's smile they could not touch except
when cold meets the sun it's mask forced into
and onto you always again.

Government man sciences mean economics dream
of one man shows bathing in green so thus
forced cuts of primes pure beef energized as sun.
When you moved the moons of women whom ran the
men behind it's show..they grind now on they there men
to make you up once again..into there frosty heavenly...
moons must run in gushing rushing flows from the star
that you are all over again...into the hers the stain..
that fills there voids..it is just so sorry..mikael...
Res-erected it seems so it must again..Venus rules Mars
mentality mobs the smile while rubbing the comets tail..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Honor

Madame, Good morning
Your honor,
After sleeping on it all night, and
after to many thoughts of it.
Can you in struck the witness to
look at the photo and state clearly,
is this the smile, or is that a smile
over there, or here baby.
There are simply to many smiles
left uncovered...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Climbs Higher

Even as children we climbed the
off latter to the game she famed.
She always is first I love her memory
till it rises when she climbs, up on
top with Jacobs latter.
The last one we climbed was almost
my last but she held it, loves so fast.
She is Only just sweating in her skirt
when she reaches to top, step latter.
From heaven camel toe tear watches
me from the sky weeping pearly gate.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Words Fail Me

Frail winds now blow
through my sun and it is a struggle to speak
thoughts which I lay to rest
to cover your clean cotton shield.
Sadness is mine woman yet when you touch
me the sandy pearl upon your finger tip still shines
with all your might soft song on mine do master it's glow.
The many mother still linger aside the few, why
do some still count the small trees deep within
your foggy glade..my mother..why?
Upon me your gaze when it rains your streams
still run thick..as you stoop and count your fish.
Still mother I strain to provide now the seed to
fill your land that you struggled to plow so free
of stone..mother..why?
Because you love me when you come in.You
love me mother, when you come in and cover
your friend in need and hold him until he's still.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That Worm You Look For

I looked) it(s not
tequila any more?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hidden Spring

It is not deep a few feet from the path.
It is fresh clear, hidden from some to view.
It washes the days sweat inside away.
From the bottom runs up it's most hurried.
Friends is many soft bubbles so is always.
It never seems fast enough to see them form.
Through so caught up into the bottoms laughter.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Perception Of A Wells Bottom

I rest on the plank as I am
again lowered down inside.
They make them custom for
these wide bods, in the arts.
It is hot and humid, I can feel
my sweat as it hits the bottom.
I have never been so deep in
a well decending into a spark
as life flows around me so full.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Truth Is Always Reveals Eventually...

The monk wisely knows
a few more thousand years
wont make a differance to the chicken.
Why it crosses the T and spots one eye.
...and *smiles*..wink..wink..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shoe Of Another Shore

I washed in your soul
trying to keep
one pair on me..
It is only the rocky shore
I walk,
I need to be aware of.
I see the edge, cut the feet
of all the souls, as they
march into her foamy sea.
I hope the sand will feel a
need to talk, as I wash
the queens feet and
all those like her
before they go, with they
whom walked here before me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Butter

I bought the stores brand one
stick looks like another to me.
I did not know all that puffed air
would be pulled out in the oven.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mikael

Mikael,
Was your judgment impaired?
You are dead! ..still they would
covet all of your heavenly yes?
Who's judgement, who's mirror
what man, who changed, it who.
We will cut you now, we must it
is not to know you but to blame
you...Mikael..you never did, it all.
Buzzards circle you it rains they
feed, they pretend they would not
put you in a jar and clone it again.
Mikael,
Was your judgement so impaired?
Mikael? ..
World in the mirror now is stained.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Hides It

Ever changing scented
beds of roses, it hides it.
All that you seek, buried.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Then Did You Care

When the soul is blessed times three
many see the sea they wish 'ed to be.
When you shave this soul but once, twice
where then can this soul now flee in life your death.
Why do you then seek it's death in word your need?
Your need never grew less, your lips bit it thus to bleed.
Bleeding always for your need it led you more upon it.
When your need grew it bloomed into more than need.
You slowly grew it's death in your care, agelessly you
grew it never really seeing it for you.
Blessed are you whom would slay it even in it's death,
it's you, it fed..it was just your need of it..that made you full..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Malivolence Of One Rose

It is terrifying this one rose scorned
rebuffed, covered in it's cheezy cloth.
It was drawn so unnaturally is this one.
Rejected, fired, covered in no, if maybe
by you, not me..This rose has no honey.
Her cheese is unhealthy..scent from a can.
This blush is from a jar of surrendered evil.
Does woman, girl, this female, spread me?
in you..does she? ..Sheets are covered in
DNA of other dictum's unlike mine are clean.
Her in that rose bed never can have it, ever.
She loves it, it rejects it..
it just can't wear some roses, they are to thorny.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Hunted

Inside one tent is big
anaconda. It hunts for
moon in nights shadow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

So...I Will Just Run Through Your Roses

I look at your smile..and I smile..
yours is some pouty..so..I takes
my shoes off just to run through
those roses.Bed is soft on souls.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Memory Of Tree

Hanging from memories golden
branch, our window grows smaller.
Leaves still peel back winters face.
Black ancient the bark still knows.
Heart is deeply rooted back in tree.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

People Label To Chip People

It is not what it is, is it?

It was, labeled burned

by you the it of voice of nothing.

You!

Yes you..gave my rights away

because you live in fear..of what..

of nothing except what you do.

So you would want to chip my child

next for what..?

So you can watch her from the sky

and play with your self,

in guise of what?

Who's sick fear is that...

Not mine! .So it must be yours?

You made your enemies over there,

here and where is it

to be next freedom from what..

from me or you..

not me they fear..so it must be you.

Play silly stupid think tank games

with them not me...it's you.

Don't clone me....

grow your own smiles..ok?

James McLain

As More Rat Poop Fills Your House

The red eye dependents lost mind
so they dined out inside by the pool.
If you dont have one this song lays
in waste for the other worm who does.
You carried one out, it hides in your
covers filling on pudding you bake.
The air hardens them, into little balls
of stealing from one rat to feed others.
Meanwhile city code informant drives
by as more rat poop falls from the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poem Garden

It is filled with only the fattest roses..
always in bloom..always blushed...
always running to cling to the..boss..
Is he not so spruced as Bruce...to goose?

It is the hair, smooth stones, birds bees,
honey trees of care.
Books filled with bugs found in tiny it's word.

The stream of dreams..where the feet of the
world are washed free of care..where plastic
was never invented..
Heavenly scented, hypoallergenic...such water.
While every woman's bridge is made of wood.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why They Trust You

It is not a confession, is it...
when you are beat up by others..!
Ignorance tells me every day that if
it breaks you it makes you stronger..Right..
let out the rear in poo's..golden sprays.
So which way does your smile lay..?
It was that other woman, father, mother,
man who bent it that way.
Does it run around all crazy now in you?
You cut them out of you..
and they cut you back in on it and it tells the shrink...
as it's there buck and it agrees to cuts you worse..
left, turn right, upacross then side ways,
let them check your ally, the lights go out...ok?
Hysterectomies just reward bisecting you...
He, She says it is all your fault, let me check
your smile please I'm the doctor here.
Because if you dont let them twist you into control
issues they wish you would go away...away..away..

James McLain

Master The Flower

Master Li Po..?

Why do all the flowers
puff and swell when the
hummingbird comes
around in the morning?

Laughing from he,

The flower is full and heavy
and would break of it's own
weight so the nectar must be
gathered.

Master Li Po..What is Nectar?

Ask the flower:

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It's Bait

Invisible to all, hunting
on the trail. She loves it.
Deep inside the woods.
Can she catch it, asleep?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Obtuse Confession

It is true the longer the verb
the more it's blue...It is true.
Still you swing that noun like
a Scottish club.

My pipes you bagged with
little bait,
as it is the Thames it had to
wade across with that kilt
hiked up for all to see in all it's
Havanas.

Johnny mooned them one and all.
Still...Yes it is true..words allude it.
Yes it is true, it has only one goody
and Obtuse confession confuse it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her River Of Stones

This river, runs sweet,
clear, cool and narrow.
It is her banded waist she
wears so like her hair.
They flow down from the
mountains chapel diffed
as the tears that wash her
face in heat, i must drink from.
The stones swell, in eddies
swirled, in graced full circles.
Moving as in silky touch from
one hand hidden from two with
in the other.
The sun, her shinny as does the
shadowed moving stones.
Silvered to the hollow cup she
has destined to catch them so.
She gathers them as in love, and
carries them as his heart, beats to
spreads them the loam her hands
rich garden seeds now sown.

James McLain

Fifty Cents

I know food is scarce mother.
Here is fifty cents..fetch me a
cookie,
put this dough in the oven..ok?
Still milk is even so much more
scarce, you wast
much of it on it in all of this heat.
Feed the small ones these oats.
Here go play in the tub, it will
cool soon the store will open..ok?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Noodles And Sharp Styx

They pull fish out of thin air
calving to pieces so thinly.

Maybe it's your heavenly i like.
Fish not open bladders that well
still puff and huff ok..It might
still be June, but she never ever
handled a cleaver like that ok..?

I will stay in the bowl with moon..ok?
If you want some noodles..well just
easy with those Styx pulling on it..!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Slip

Maid shelves it's moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lust

What is it really?
Is it within you? ..is it
your lips wrapped
around it?
Is it in the head?
Is it in the moon?
Venus really is it?
Is it always fault of Mars..
Is it always to soon?
If it's touched..once
is it lust..ing..?
If it's touched over
and over like book
shelves is it dusting?
What if it's touched
just to hear it make
it's noise that wet noisy?
Can lust make it feint?
If streams damn a lake
runs to rivers in currents
ocean is flavor is it lust?
Is lust like dusting, out so
call the maid, ring for the
butler, man it is armed.
Over maid being dusted?
What is it, is it lust..?
Is it very sweet musk?
Is it lust to touch one smile
into another two smiles
just to cover all the smiles?
What is lust..is it need or is
it simply thick seed running,
into wells never filling, a truth?
Is lust yours simply unsealed,
mounted, covered and filled?

James McLain

Form Are Your Lips

Those are your lips that I touch, soft angles
soft left and right curves.

It is on my eye,

your mirror that I gaze into them with.

I spread your smile, it stretches my haven,
upward and outwards as is your want..still.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Moon

Moon one half of moon.
Which moon is heavier,
in nights of moon light.
Moon is touched there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Do You Love Me

It is because of words
that wrap inside your mind
like silk in winds
that cool your face
when blushed it's run,
it's hands in over you.

It can remove your heart
and taste the beat that stills
the face that launched
a thousand
ships that all return,
to touch silks smile that
covers you.

It is the hand that shakes a
mighty gun
inside mountains navarone
on every foggy night you have.

It is the mind of cottons linen sheet
you wrap me in when i cant sleep so
safe and warm inside the smile you wear.

James McLain

Eye Waters Pearl

On my back I
look up floating.
In Between two
beach balls, softly
she waves it in,
from the shore.
Those are bright
sunny eyes. I
grin and do touch wetly
at your smile, watching
as your soft lips roam.
You run in the surf with me.
Unopened, is to lay in the
sand, with pearls.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why It Itch's

It is clean, it knows it is, it's
still the waking nightmare
of they the others when all
they do is yell, it makes it
shake even your eyes itch.
My legs, I dig at nothing, it
is not normal to excuse as
to there judgements of hell.
My face is Solomon in it's
mirror, please keep it away.
Still it in they of you inside of
some lidless eyes, yes you do.
Your judgements full and in it's
demons run around inside your
head so you make them mime
you then teach me, it is to blind.
My hair, even it itch's from you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Smiles Where Do They Come From

It could be a man..well its not..is it..?
That would really tremble me...
to be Eaton by..well forget it..
never will happen..unless...
Mary full of grace that kind of smile can't happen
no one is that hungry.....no...one..right..?
Back to whom it may be..fifty fifty woman..
So a smile..the smile..well..one poem
for Lilly ghost we will call you
as you will use this name for your attacks
like the.... in pearl harbor..
well it is going to be fun..
a stage a real stage west..yes u wants to be famous..
Back to the smile..the smile..sorry it's not on me
or him or any man..silly girl..womans..it does..
look down..in there, yes there in that forest... :)
What do you see...: :)) ..yes a smile dear..though
yours is not pink..it's well yes it's all still Ashe's wink to me...
..ok...ok..smile then...The End....Pioneers toiled..

James McLain

Hello Lilly Graft

did you delet the message yet..

Is It poetry (6/23/2009 10: 20: 00 PM)

| Delete this message

Is it Lolly is it...strange i do not know you but of course you could be a dream from another name i cant deny that only you can..i deny you though..lolz..right..why cant you do this when it is here..it is folks like you maybe..maybe..i dont know..did it deny you..or was this the black mail it wrote of..well it is seeming that black mail wont work..and if i denied you once..well your fired again.. :) ...sorry ok..stay fired.. :)

I still have Lolly though.. :) ..here..here..

fired fired fired...ok..you can stalk though ok...

i smiles on you though.. :)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

With You - With Me

How could you know..
well you wouldn't ok..
i know..still.
To sleep, in linings of,
i have to cover my self..
with your picture..
You blushes me terribly....
i confess this..
as you..as you
will never know it..ok..
you slow my heart where i,
can wrest that state of grace
you give to one like me..
In my dreams just come.. ok...
Still there you never smile to much..

tw..



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

Lay Still

I know it is to painful...
Lay ever so..
still if...
I am to see..
Your love as this..when..
It is you..there to lay still..
While I look inside your love..
To know..once and for all..
Who it is that you are..today..
I will need..you still..in love..
As I remove at least one..
Mask...as rose leaves..
From that mirror..
Which clings to your face..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

While You Were Mad, Did Ever You Cry

I know he was a brute to you..
You gave the swine every thing..
The perfume you wear made him
dare you..know he's gone.
Did he touch you wrong sing a lame
song now your through with him.
The pickup
truck lame ole dog kinda wrong did he
was he to short for you?
He never ever showed you the swing..
did he.? .
Woman..the tree is not even there..it is
just a vacant lot..with two broken down
cars missing windows and teeth for grills.
Did he make you mad..do you cry? ..It is
alright there is always tonight to cry again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have A Friend Here

Yes she has been my friend
for over two years..She is yes.
She is buff, real buff to me, she is.
She knows every thing, every thing.
We even shared our accounts, she and I.
You know what? ..I might be lying.
Even back then we trusted one another,
even back then.
Will I tell you...?
I boast and Bragg on her...her..the her...
She is more than the mother, most are.
Not yet twenty..Not yet twenty.Not yet.
You have not given me the trust..as she has..
Does age matter..does it..or does it..
She was buff before buff was even buff.
Now she's tough as tough as any buff and
puffed as the sky.The whole sky.
No..we have not...it never occured to us..
Still we are more than friends..
I confess to her, she confesses to me..she..
is more than that to me..she is the other who still cries.

James McLain

Damaged Goods

There are no perfect packages!
Life is just Lola for the very few..
Do I want your package?
Of course I do!
Still as of yet these words have
have not met you.
When you do, I will have all of the proof
in this and of that,
which you will need for your heart to prove
that I did spend the time to search you out.
Damaged, yes only the damaged try to help
You see inside the you.
Still there is damaged damage.
Where the brains have been mixed with some
others,
being in a hurry I did not have time to return them.
So I wait now that no longer do I hurry,
when you have the time to see me standing there
waiting to wash your feet and paint your nails.
It is the real male thing...the rest do it and lie...
Or you really bought a damaged package...

James McLain

Loves Heart

It sleeps in a
chest of pain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

More Gossips Emily

Question..It's so Emily!

How does one find the time Emily,
with all of these one, two or three liners.
Is it the guilty connivance, that blows the
breeze through the leaves of your touch,
with your ever guinness smile?

One night stands, rock and roll bands,
drinks to cool magics smoke filled hands.
Still I peck away, when instead I should be
filled with buffs of mystery that must elude it's thrill.
Poet Emily, poor poor bootless Emily,
you know what you wanted it was just all the others
that washed in your mysterious hands.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Colors

Some colors are: : : : not for OJ.

Pink for me, calms me down, it gives me sanity.

Black was from it's sleep,
it's endurance, wasted in all of eternity.

Waiting forever and a day it always seems.

Do you want a joust to feel confessed in pain again?

Green is the tree it came from it shriveled on it vainly.

The world now it waits for it to enter it to spin it's top once again.

Red helps them make more green of it when
it acts as they direct it to act on the stage
in it's blindness.

Silver is the cord

that it allows you to bind it with never blind in it.

The color of need, the color of want, the color of luck,
color of bucks,

so much and in of it and of all that it is that lays unbeaten
in it which,

once was struck,

from the color of you,

it is just the color of it that blinds it now.

James McLain

You Confuse It

I use the number you reach for
but when you answer his voice, it
is the right person for the wrong
call when you spoke to the other
instead hopped up on a party line.
It is ok..ok..you stay confused..OJ?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Momma

When you are the one, in) it(stomach still..
you are and can be will be..mum..mother..
mommy..mother..mummy is the dearest..
When...) she(is for) it(s not related to me..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Messages In Bottles

Destiny's hand moves in the wave
that opens one eye on a mountain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Spilled Milk

Always) it(sin a hurry.
Pushing) it(is pulling.
Everything, all of) it(s.
Foodstamps, are now
gone, can you still help?
Hello? .woman..help.it..!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Is Like You

Moon will my beam cross over?
Moon how too know I am so lonely.
Moon know, why I do sit under you?
Moon You are so bright, I reach up,
into and touch yours is very heavenly.
Moon why do you blink? Moon so pink.
Moon like you, we are to much similar
and have only one way up into moon.
Moon our faces reflect out and within.
Moon they all do, moon when you do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Raisin In The Sun

Hot sun how memory fades,
it seems half my life, in sand
ago it was once so fat, so full
two plump, full of vine wet soil.
Climates change what it was
into what she became, without.
Some times the last grape will
hang unnoticed, hidden openly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It's Torn Wing

It flutters in across on top of your fingers.
Yet you knew it, they are it's breath it's wings.
Tirelessly they beat against you, your buff
moans within it's wind as it shakes it.
Frantic you search around in your panic,
because you knew. Still you don't do you?
The tiny veins dry, all around you, looking
in powder puffs that hold your face, you blow
as it sees nothing, it is not numb, yet it was
because you never cared how high you flew,
on the torn wings of the one he tried to lift up.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Make It Run

Dear you,
Though you use your, smile to force me.
I cannot say your name, though I die to..
When you hold me like that, again and again.
I die over and over..simply..the control you
have over me is just to sinful, wickeds and
in your hands, is your smile..well..in it I'm lost.
Do you even know, what you do to me, the us,
the them and why do you do it just like that? ..
Is it simply because you can?
I never stop blushing, you make me stutter, people
hearing me speak to you on the phone, then run
over to see if I'm still breathing when you are done.
I run and run, it never stops..
I end up right back where I started every single time.
You just make it run..please just stop..but never quit.
Yes means yes..and no means yes, ..it's just your smile...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Emily

Did they do it right away, then Emily?
No..I know..it is sad..crescendo now.
I tried that..sigh..
They want it all now,
no Tommie..no conversation..No Emily..
You think it funny..well..how was it then
when you last spoke like her, to the you
when you last felt that way in life..Emily?
We speak different now..Emily..hello<
Emily is it still blushed for me with such
words I see on your face? ..Yes..well..ok..
Emily for you then here,
with my finger then I give, to brush your smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Hidding Place

We all dug so deep
into cozy warm earth.
Roofed it in with sod.
Fire placed into walls.
Stacks did lay smoke.
Many cans of sardines.
Cooler full of soda pop.
Shut out all the lightning.
It rains all on shortys to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Theft Of Words

Just a moment ago,
the ocean was alive in them..
Words from it to me..
they dont care.
Remember that, the joy in some
is the leaving of none,
but more oft than not
unhealed head injuries.
Is it just one of many scams....?

Tell me a lie, if you cant smile
just please tell me lies, in wells...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Just A Pebble

She skips me,
she skips me,
oh so naughty sought.
Every time I touch,
the water of your face
that knows no fear.
I taste a tear that clings,
once more,
inside your hand as silk
out side a pebbles shore.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

People Fish The Rocks

Being simple,
honest upon a rock.
My net is daily bought
and dried in rivers
washed in you.
The line of people women
children sketch the shore
to eat of Dali's bread.
Net upon the rock spread
thus,
allows it's fish to climb it's
mesh to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Big Eraser In The Sky

It depends on the us
at times just to rub us out.
Some need it.
No matter how you try to please
the smile it just wont smile.
This scares any the all of it the yous
as it should,
as even a fake smile propped up in
the corners with tooth picks are well..
you get the picture.
So those few the knowing know there
smile that never was,
is filled with concrete..
It just must be it would be unthinkably
wrong to sing that song to the young ones..
To the rest of the world..keep on smiling..
It cannot waste any more smiles and words
on the few who are doomed to wonder forever smokeless...
For the few others..those now fixing to look up..
look up please,
thank you for your cooperation.
You have been erased.
With one big smile.....: : :)

James McLain

God Smiles Philosophically With Forgiveness

God said,
before I was born,
the first thing I would see
was your smile.

So I smiled back with this,
heavens is so knowingly.

God said,
before you smiled, smile ask you
were as of it, once, twice, three times
you were already forgiven. So..So..

Many said he, herself the vast the all,
do wast there lives,
seeking that which you never had to
ask as it was done already for you.
So then why do you labor the smile
so heavenly?

When you smile you smother) it(around it
half frown half gown of clouds.

Sadly it tries to lift it up a side and down the
other but it weeps as you claim,
some Catholics ritual of self denial.

Without it, your he the she, it's alpha never
began to circle the endless heavens to settle
on one little humble bumble,
one bee that flies,
Philosophically, having tea with you, himself to
prearrange heaven is touching one smile at a time.

James McLain

I Barely Spoke To You..Now You Love Me

You love me now I'm sure of it, just from soft words.

I barely touched it within you.

Soft silk words once as wind fingers locked
around your warm thighs.

So sure you sound like you,

have run in the likes of the Talladega,

five hundred I'm so very sure, cars on fire.

Yes you love me every body here does read and
knows it.

It is ok...I forgive you..ok....now go take a shower.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Baby Powder

Where do you think it all comes from?
I dig it out of your cliffs, I bring it back
crush it in my hands, untill you're done.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Keeps Comming Back....) Insanity

I thought she was gone.

Insanity..

The judges ruled it long ago..

They gave insanity all that it
had very nearly it's life as well.

Some credit card company called to day
outsourced to some human being that you
or it could not understand, it is ok....ok?

She used my identity he whom called
non payment on card had my number
only she would know..right every body?

Tramautized by the system, the judges
know..they know...

I will do nothing..they will be as guilty as she..

They should have discerned what they had..

So it is the lessor of two whats?

It trembles woman's now..words are one thing.

Reason tries to stay on course, can you, will you say?

That you are not bad or are you..?

Abuse me some more it snivels it's lips two.

This is why you know me not here,
men get whopped on two.. :)

called on 21 June 2009

midland...i smile.....: :)

James McLain

Moon Watch

All watch moon..briefly) it(s.
Face of beauty, rocked in sleep.
Moon watchs over so, involved.
Terra fir ma molds,) it(s space.
Stars drift waiting lightly to falls.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Another One Of Those Days

I am sorry,
I just cannot think how you,
think all the time..I will still try.us..
Those others thought the world flat..
I try and bear my heart it's turned witch
way..over read barns...I still wait to catch
your methane and paint it grey.. :) ..i will wait..
forever but the colors dont match..
unless your rose is gray..
Gossip can be used against mostly..
That is why disinformation it was invented..
Piranhas..smile..you know..diets never change
unless you help them..or unless they are...smiles again..
with processed veggie burgers..kill me bill just kill it..
Unbeknown>st more passion to make them than the
other burgers some wish to bath in..teeth fall out.: :)
Yes, oh yes,
if we write to soon after that dreaded word
of whatever, subconscious plays on our parts.....
With bigger teeth by far..gossips...
There fires are massive and consume most
of the wood you cut..keep cutting.com..
Make out words flow in rivers that run backward
to bear the heart again..i cannot think,
so you must for me..with one smile at a time.gov..
Remember if you thought the smile a frown..just come
right here and smile me a river that most would fear
It just loves to bath in...: : :)

James McLain

Lonely So Lonely

Please someone, any one,
come scan it up and down.
Groceries, coupons one line.
Anything, if anything of value
you find, just leave one smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lonely Geisha

House of paper dreams.
Lantern warms the moths.
So needless is needed.
In anguish honor bound.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two Friends

It is, held close in.
It flutters, with face.
It's two wings, held.
It is song, it follows.
It Curves cuts softly.
Full always to giving.
Baby stopped crying.
Brave you, it shut ups.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hidden In A Smile The You The Why..

hidden in a smile the you the why

It is safe..

It is the safest place...

It is the safest place it knows in which too hide and cry.

It is the safest place it knows to shed it's pain.

It is the soul of she whom walks the earth and calls
the moon a moon, a star a star, it's light you cast
inside, with your big smile.

It flees from the pain inside the you, in it's mind the
pain is caused by some one other, not from you.

It is beyond the stiffest lip of peace one finds,
one tear is graced it's pearl none like you no other finds.

It is warmth in of face...It is the shining mask of grace.

It is not the shame some others think who have no smile
to see her through, the joys inside of you.

It is the running rivers mighty shore, from which the
ocean drinks all life to grow, the smile it knows.

It is your smile it hides within to grow your knowledge
that you taste again) it(s smile again you bring within.

Soft In is it's gripp to hide the soul of he you cradle in the
peaceful sleep so he may grow and heal to taste the
peace you have foretold.

It is hidden in the smile you love to show to it.. you now
know, it'sin it, her smile so wide it drowns it covers you.

James McLain

Blooms White Wash

My cotton tree is seven years.
Blooms in red pinks and blues.
Still the cotton is always white.
It grows along a gulf, no freeze.
It is grown for it's beauty, two only.
Seed in beauty are always hidden.
Still others see beauty differently.
Tax man comes with pocket scale.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Far Can It Run....

It sees through the smile that is sloppy cake..
The upside down frown that burns the sky..
It drinks the rain before it cools the tree.
y4y.it is verily thus in trust in your hand..
when the sky smiles..an obligation..it is.
You here the music of life your dance, is heavenly.
Do you crawl from beneath the skirt, hands cupped?
Giving prayer to it the she, in him, it is your dog of dogs,
backwoods by choice, when it's eating the bread
from heavenliest, mask of broken damns, you run.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Woman The Smile The Words

Woman, read the words of man
of male, it's you, why deny it.
It smiles two,
just not in the same way, parlay El natural.
Do you parlay it on to E Harmony?
Some other house where he writes none,
just a picture of a wordless mind of moons..?
You get your smile turned upside down by what?
Shallow is the bridge of money? ..
Can you know,
the man of male by his, never written poems?
..It didn't think so..It has to smile at the same
mistake he would make divorced, again..and
again..wink wink..smiles around the world..
You go swimming in the ocean, know the waves.
It is your feet, that
upon the board you chose to surf on..or not..to be?
Silly man of male, Whom will
never stop looking for the bird that makes coco puffs.
The color of the milk is dreaminess of course buy the cereal.

James McLain

I Will Run Away

I look out at you pained, sad.
Is it? ..it is i know! ..But why.?
Are you mad..? ..why..? ..i did
not mean for you to run away.
Where did you go.? ..to when?
You know i hear you laughing.
Was it yesterday? .day before?

It has been forever
since it's ran inside
around outside your
head, to see it's sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Smiling At You

So, it's a little long even crooked.
It is still so cute even when it's sad.
May all your days be happy days,
when your smile, is upside down.

It is the smile, it is the why,
Caesar built to bridge, it is.
Across wide Rhine.It's any
more than the thousand feet
Ten short beautiful sunny days.
It took forever, to swim across it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On Friday We Had Smile Problems

No matter what is said, you
always received, a big smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bye Road Same Direction

You say, you say, you say.
My way high way, i smiles.
It is open, it is the bye way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Thoughts Of It Is All

It is a grasp of nought but air stilled
air of skirt as air does pass it's face.

it is,
it's face,
your face is it,
it turns it about it.
Slow dance within it.
It is one dance in days.
It is one smile in a million.

Silk is it's lash it hangs from it,
from your only heavenly, it brushes it.
It is it's heavenly, you close it, it falls.

It is heavy in wait, waiting it is, skirting it's
you always around it, you it's air it's smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Free Poem Burgers New Cars

Well poem hunter..MIA E..lolz....
Some just dont understand advertisements..
So here..fat juicy burger king bacon deluxe..
Wendys chili cup, saltine crackers...
McDonald's quarter pounder no cheese.
Levi jeans look nice...
My boxers her silk panties lace...
Two polo shirts..new golf clubs..
A red corvette for him over there..
Can i have just one cent for every Pepsi
and Coke Cola I just sold?
Those alligator boots pink,
black and blue three pairs,
some white cotton socks will be nice as well.
MIA E...a reverse mortgage,
on the new high school just wont work..OJ?
I love seeing my words in blue..do you..yes..
I knew you would two...krispy cream donuts as well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Does Try It Words

All through history, walking.
It left a place on your walls.
Write your own hearts, inside
is the language of commons?
What has happened, towers
with art of it's leaned inwords?
The circle of friends in the word,
call all around it's inside of you?
Would she the you of is it to see?
One lone verb moved a mountain.
Upon the mountain, sleepy nouns
washed in verbs, promises slept.
Rivers verbs, down sliding into
thousands of hand painted nouns.
Trees base is thick, skies pillars.
Cool winds blow out into, all leaves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Smiling I Laugh

When it thinks of it's smiles..wasted.
Wasted are smiles it does.....weep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Sometimes It Is

When you read lips.
You say a few words.
They the other not of you.
You said them, two just now.

These that are mine, once upon you.
Moved forth from them months ago.
Still you speak with the wrong ears.
while the years catch the tears from lips,
that never tasted those months of sorrow.

Yes, ..so sad..
while others think some thing of that which wasn't.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is In Thought With You That I Am

Other things that i am not.
Things that you are, yet wish
you were not, reduced from
Cheap stores to buy in what?
It sees them, in you, through it,
the you, as you watch through
the eyes, of the self all around.
It is in touch with the tear that
you cry on the street in despair.
It is, it is in the moment of time,
that you walk on bye, as a child.
it is the thought that you think, of
when you read the words in this,
that you stop to catch your breath.
To check your self, as your hands
flow down, just to make sure of it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Like Them Short

Coopers are short, for a car.
Most things of loves are not.

One smile can wrap around her whole world.
Some ones world can wrap around my smile.

I tried for you to make this brief, again I failed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Do Not Eat Fancy

I do not eat fancy.

I eat in, at home.

I never go out, to eat.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Empty Pond

Gravity Pumps,
pull the water from the full pond.
The hose fills the second pond.
I run back and forth, so help me.
Fish farms are not that bad, the
tuna though, very hard to raise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Gossip

Some times when I see what I heard,
I wish I had more men friends,
but then again when it sees what it heard.
Standing out side drinking coffee, when.
Three mid twenties puffed up women, called buff's
one, in two, sandwiches
three all between, while they listened on his, as she said.
I left some of my mention ables at his door, then
rang his door bell and watched out my window
as he opened the door.
Yes he's married that made it even hotter,
as he gathered the scent in his hand and turned to look.
Hats off when his wife came out of the garage and screamed.
I heard last month, she filed for divorce, she one of the three,
and guess what he uses for his pillows at night.
The second buffed one then said, awe thats
nothing, next week It is going to....even hotter..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two Dilemmas

Look at us!
An an ant and a flea.
Flea crying says mum is gay.
Flea you are here! How is it true?
Flea why do you let it bother you?
Ant! ..shut ups...she..she..
She looks at that woman more than me.
Flea, silly flea, that is your father, with all
his parts rearranged, by her director
for shes never to be upstaged.
Flea looks at ant to confessed, it asks...?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Aphorism Metaphors

Aphorism, metaphors walking i ask the flea?
Flea points to the sky, points to me, one ant.
Ant points to flea, holding hands they walk off.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where Ever It Hears Just That One...Please...Just

There is an ant,
needing help with a rock...
It puts the rock where it knows..
One ant catches up..on the run..
So please just...shut...ups..
There is a bird yelling at the sun..
hiding it's fun...
it's warmth still shines....
please just...shut..ups..
Butterfly, it's butterfly..chased by lip
O horns running it down in that sound..
Cars stop to go..never to know..
Where it would go...please just..
Please just....please just...
.....shut....ups.....
Still it would smile in you...: :)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Good Teacher Bad Teacher

One is the mind, never bridged.
One is the mind of always, filled.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sea World

Under ground,
looking into the mountain of glass
it is inside it all as they watch me..
She lays there in all her colored beauty,
seemingly Alsop, oceans fabled wave.
Her mouth a coil of tounge,
yet the eye follows me,
as I walk along it's pain.
One of her children float by,
to close to the flame,
that the belly holds as it fills to empty back
out underneath.
It takes forever, unwinding fast forewarned,
it falls within, backwards, to quiver alone.
It reminds me of some of the families i see,
on the waves as they ride to sea world..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Long Moment

I went in through the door blind,
with only a cane white tip ed, shivering
in the warmth of the hurricane.
The many layered windows,
catch the dreams as steam
between each rush of rain that is blown
through the screen..
I swell in fear as the nurse buttons my flap.
She tells me to follow her,
as she grabs the cane in a hurry,
she rushes me through waves of ever clear.
She leads me to a room, even warmer than the air,
where it seems i lay for weeks, growing weaker.
I can not see,
who keeps changing the bag,
that hangs in the air that is filled with fluids, ...eye vies..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Do You Think It So

Do you think, always
by some coincidence
this not, my real life is
all about you..smile..ok..
You are confused, I smile
in you always so, twice.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Has Been A While

I went out today, it has been a while..the sky,
trembled me so small.
With my nephew from sands middle east.
He needed a room at the beach..cheap decent room...
He came over to make me go out..and sea..the ocean
breeze...and watch her wave goodbye..again..
She was from England, the desk woman..
She was Grass as fresh, she smiled at us...
I ask her where she hid her poetry..she is pretty.
She looked into my eyes..she hid her blush, her rush.
Said she i made her blush..humbled i said i how?
I asked about her...Cello, she had put down..why..
I still have the gift of course is it's curse of knowing...
Though i could not know why.Many were her reasons,
many were her seasons, i felt and did so respect.
She came to life, i smiled inside her, she did feel it,
Alive, inside her..as i left me the i and went into her, i
saw me standing there.....She blushed again..
She deducted two hundred dollars from his bill.
He bought me a long island ice tea..watered down of course..
She whom handed the drink to me, she blushed as well..

James McLain

Black Mail Extortioner

Can some still get there way with
black mail extortions these days?
Tell them simply get a life, shut ups!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Burn The House Down

It is the terror of every mans dark soul.
It is the mouth of the woman nagging.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Less Than Whole

She thinks she is, does she see,
the different face as the mirror she
sees on the wall to hang her name.
I see through the window that is she.
Her windows reflection, always washed
it always seeks the path on trails of tears.
It washes her past her always, it cusps
Upon her highways, into face a different wig
to hide the sea, in oceans claim to face
reflections past upon.
With a face inside the mirror that always
lays beneath the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Contender

Gloves fit most hands,
except the hand with six fingers.
Six figures, twelve gloves, one hand.
The ring of fire, demands a cool and measured
hand given to exoneration.
It blesses the eye that swells, that bleeds for nought,
that frees the mind to sleep.
The glove, will be tied around the hand, with such care
with a preciseness that wakes the hand to heroic deeds.
The dance of sinewy perfection, where sweat, the salt of
two hearts,
deflects perception from the start, as the tounge of the
apron runs in streams of watered pinks, never in blood.
Chairs gripp soft eyes,
beholding, folded upon inside to gripp,
as connoisseurs of rare wine
are splashed, watching.
Washing the minds as selves move about in set perceptions
held unsure as the hand with a glove to loose finds the mat, to
share with the one, the only contender, inside the glove.

James McLain

Degree Of Difficulty Is It Stradivari

Is it easy to waste time....?

untill you know that it's none you have..

it then is gone..it is..

Tonya,

who once was buff but ran into puffs knee

and fell off the beam into tear torn rags,

ill fame..still unashamed..

it is more than sad..to play the wood thinking it a flute..

When in fact it's john, john Stradivari, whom once tried to call..

What time would it be for the four inch beam, that waits

for the pad of the foot it once held, now never to fall.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dust Bin

It is at the end, the end of the road, the house is,
the house in which you grew up.
It has passed away, to another to start life's journey anew.
The stones pulled down,
to be stored with the others in the back.
The grass is worn shinny,
once green,
now pinkish brown, torn and aged.
The door to the garage, is warped chipped paint flakes
outsides smaller in flakes to the ground.
The trees,
there branches bent, awkward point at every thing
leaves one as feathers singing, life breves in it's wind spotty
at best stiff and still.
People, mother's dad, sally loves johnny to see spot run,
have all run away to join the other army of humanity
running to spread out, and grow..
The rose garden is as if it was never touched..
picking up the pieces to be placed,
in an other wise already crowed dust bin..full of memories.
She the owner never really cared..any way..so it's gone.

James McLain

Burned At Both Ends

Why do you waste good sun?
Burned from both ends.
and drained from the middle.
The light and heat which you seek,
laid out and stacked as neat as the shoes
taken off of your tired feet.
Yet all that it owns does fit,
into the box that you have tied in silk to it.
Hands of soft waxed bubble bee.
It breaths in the light that you leave to see.
The lace around the part that cleaves
to the heart of it's tree.
It draws forth it's straw,
it is bought in song along it's aft, is
middle breached such
for velvets gloved soft sacked cloth.
It burns at both ends,
it's honey the bee flies from this tree is
coached out to it's the bowl and all of the rest,
is left to the bee most humbled to make more..

James McLain

Greens Make Me Run

lolz.....while looking in a bowl, ..you

Being the conservative that you are,

you wont argue..

wasting sun when you have wells to drill for fun..

Do I speak to her?

to she, the Tia's you think it has all along.....

it's ashes long ago stired in sires of wrong..

Would she then when ants just walked for sun...?

Would she now,

undo the song that runs all around that head,

that pushes soft brains

out side through cute little ears that hear

the wind moan long along it's mountain ridge,

thats gone!

Then it was wrong, young, full of cedars aurora scone.

It is now old and sits by the stove talking into retarded fish.

while the bubble of gold,

drifts songs along the oceans tide.

Watching all sun bathers glisten to bast in the sun to cry in blues,

once flushed in moons so buff to pay it then any attention,

pink rashes, look now! how it itches.

James McLain

When Rivers Run Dry In Sun

Being fickle, she for years argued with the sun
wasting sun washing beavers for mountain men.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Valley Of Butterfly

Wing tipped by wind.
it is service in cups tea.
Flowers offering, much tossed.
While rice hides moons vial.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Which The Lesser Of Two Devils

Is it wrong punished lights right of write?
Is it wright made wrong in darkness right?
It is straw, mud in one of Solomons brick.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Strawberries Ochre

It remembers two!

When it's eyes first opened.

It remembers your first cave,
your print it hung upon the wall, in red ochre,
simply no time then to blink in pinks.

The children were always hungry, with upside
down smiles, waiting as they do now for right side ups.

It is yours gathered waves momentum, when
all the bed was one, still hooked not spread.

The bed of roses always spread, always open, ran
far and wide, always milling spreading germs of life.

Open patches, became lush gardens, always filled in
play.

Ponds grew in to oceans, wild fresh streams filled with
salmon, always pink so much better bathed in smoke,
as times loving embrace to tide it over,
while it walked on water spreading foam, your daughter.

Still on cold nights you make it warm with your smile,
it feeds you that very first strawberry always fresh,
were blurred in all your last abandoned flurries, flowing ochre.

James McLain

It Is Buff

You stretch, in it is
showing science's
in bands of elastics
pulled much aside.
Pillows puff, his shy
side glanced in buff,
tremble me very are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tuna Bread And Mayonnaise

The beach is nice today
water calm cool sure an
i reach inside the cooler
for the only sandwich she
made me! it is scouting's,
birds discerned as bards.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Roll It Up

The stage is bright, hot and grainy, handsom
yes!

On you!

The sweat is cry-staled falling so is ever clear.

It runs through shadowed valleys seldom
seen behind these screens.

You pay the toll, it is high, the island grows, outside
it's bells when rang have brought the faithful
buried home within this house that wears your name.

You are the best,
when looking up, to read the cue on all the cards
that you now trust.

Some will come, others watch.

The banded hearts are stilled with love thats always taught.

Do you hear the bell inside your soul stained mind,
it runs the fingered hand outside the tightest seams.

All the front row seats are gripped in buff that wait in all there
love struck breath to burn.

They make up nymphs fauns in living colors bright hued streams.

James McLain

One Wicked She

She is only one,
though boasts of many,
are the souls she wracks to breath,
out of.
She,
when it was week,
so scared alone with none to see.
Her words were such,
that made me fear the coming dawn,
for it was blind,
and could not run away safe haven it had none.
It erased many words that it had sun, in
which to grow
the roses that you breath today.
She is of the calf expired,
hanging in the tree upside down three weeks.
She is the icky worm fat swollen out the shoot
of poo returns she burns with fear.
She is what every man does dread, when trying
to grow a bed of rose to blooms of every shade
in color known.
She is the weenie worm so fat and swilling known.
She is only one....i smiles in you.. :)

James McLain

She Is It's Reflection

Is it more than flirting to some?
How can they become so pink
and full so quick?
I gaze out the window you bought
me..thank you..you see me smile.
So few really know the tides, of all
great oceans when they play.
No man or woman has ever seen
the oceans pull, slow ebb in life without
moons smiling face.
Ocean moons, do grace it's
pools this living breathing shore, to wave.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Whatever

One wasted dropp of ink, with
whatever is one dropp wasted.
It would rather tax it on G.Bush.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When It Cries It's Rushed

It is the tear that's never shed, it's
path, is long in this your empty bed.
Across your miles of empty space,
it's hand you hold.
Once upon a time, is now,
it's face in moon filled light, it's darkness, veiled.
It is the ocean never seen, it's heart to bleed.
it is the wave it's vast stills cleared of foam your wake.
It's humbled awe to running mouth in it's two hands.
It launched a thousand touches, kisses,
inside your breaking shore.
It is the rose rushed mask so warm, once worn
it's flow to never grow inside to know.
It is the smile that washed in Halley's,
icy gown her comet's trail, that inked her smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Only It's Humming Bird

It's eye, is it's lens it's camera.
It is, it's beauty, that it misses.
It is hollow it's hand, it's flower.
It is a heartbeat, in) it(to flutter.
It's borders edge, it's dawn today.
It is to fly, it's tiny heart, held at bay.
it's song, it's hope, it's drop, it's sorrow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where She Sat

Moving her parts here,
pushing his there the two
come together.

The audience knows,
they have been blessed with sight.
This night, flash bulbs blind all as lights,
come and grow in them all.

Regina sits below,
the moon splits two halves as each
go unseen as she follows up staged.
The tall brown grass, on stage, as if by
wind moves, touching gulping turfs beheaded
tips bowing.

The two are directed to move as one,
again they move in sound unseen upon
within themselves, again they moan so shrill of voice.

The old wood has given way and as once sage
it was no more.

While the two have fallen down below, impaled
on widened beams, supports of basement
depths there parts,
still play to work as if together, on one cue.
These are lollies waged in sin so gaffe, for you.

James McLain

This Wave The Other Window

You look right in, through me.
This window,
my wave it sings of foam and needs.
Unknown to others,
walking there with you,
along the shore it's home.
Birds toss fish,
from beak to beak,
dropping covers white cotton balls
as lose change.
People exchange glances,
as you pass by them.
They recognize Regina,
as she passes through sand,
under foot as water slowly,
flows over one bare branch missing it's leaves...
Two sets of eyes,
reach halfway through the window,
while the wave,
brings me inside of you,
ever closer to the shore on which you stand.

James McLain

Strike Me Again

When you,
touched me the first time,
You cried.
The shock,
was like a bolt of lightning,
from the sky.
I never realized the strike
would be so close, as that
very first time, on rocky points
green eighteenth hole, your
torch still spikes the iron from me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pressure Off The Rose

Rims are not rims,
lids are as different as are the cans, is
to the jar we stew our potatoes in.
The process is messy at times the first
time you peel the fruit, there is panic.
Eyes some time sprout, before it is time,
the grocer is our next best friend, is she?
Pressure cooks every thing faster, some
times to fast, can you hear, that whistle?
The finger is often burned, checking the
contents,
check the seal often, to make sure it's wet.
When the rim is bent or warped, start the
process over again, ageing some times helps.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost This Color

In the beckoning it was she,
happy at sea,
riding waves of soft shaded pink.
A sharp sting of red, witness,
made me breath.
Left a print now all see.
She is, a rain bow twisted in saffrons ink
trailing shades a,
All colors vary,
as would the ink that made her..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Attila's Nuns

I can not make a bowling ball
grow from a peanut..
It can only walk around you,
watching your ink run, out the holes
he left in you.It was not I..Yet,
If it smells fishy, it will still bite, into
at the word, glass eyes weep glass.
Still it knows you had a very hard life,
it does not lay at your feet, for your dogs.
Still, being the other white meat,
lean short of rib, highways of Pentecostal.
You make it search for your superior mother,
Attila's nun,
that runs backwoods,
onto the Huns sharp spears.
Fair Helena harbors shook even less,
when it's light house that shines in you,
fell into the sea.
When you stand in the sea, remember the spear
Alexandro's, slew your husbands with,
so you could walk the streets, uncovered.
The sun even makes the dead breath life again.

James McLain

Sleepy Tree

She leans, so wind bows,
in silk is barely with heavenly.
Governed waves airy rags.
Languid her penitent looks,
While she dips her musty is
sack cloth, against tree trunk.
Patience full, is his so weepy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Would Rather

Clean the house of plays,
of clingy vines,
all scents amaze it's nose.
It searches high, so very
low inside each seat,
for peanuts missed,
by it, her every other.
Lace floats, to ear so spatial,
sounds of off beat wave,
leaves that blow, across
each mothers other, with a sister
even daughters, wipe it's teary face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Butterfly

dances, a flower waves.
it's life so short, wind is
lifted up in sky, mercies.
it's feet a flutter, moving,
leaves, nectors butter so
liquid, soft is cotton float.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It You

Soft a rose.
Dying what
fell from his
open hand?
Scented in
Yes, it's still.
Rose gifted.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

For The Bashful So It Is Shy

With three men to pick from
you would decide your self,
and never love a choice it, once cut?
Mother in grace it rests with thee inside.
To hide it, to fight it, you would try it,
you would, why deny it,
if your true to you inside your self.
It brings it's pouts, for those it's sorry,
why do you ever not ask why your full flushed lips
seem to flow that way as wine from a grape
into your mouth.
You bow the fiddle true in thought and prayer,
most will be in tombed called holy ground as water
passes by there damn they never knew.
Denied,
must hide,
the sour prim faced looks from they
of morbid mind,
haters of the man in side of it you love.
We hide from them.
It does not like being burned inside it's steak,
you loves the most.
As for the other, of he himself or her..
carefully of the curves, those trees grow large..

James McLain

Women And Milk

Before it was) it(
it knew milk flowed both ways.
Does not a few the rail, a one in twenty rivers
of the world flow north.
Not always south, into a jug to sea
an ocean swelled.
Know then you, the she of grace into a woman
soft she steps in to his rivers, misty thick,
soft covered shore in stores on sale today.
Butter goes with bread, as the oven goes with dough.
It was on the test last week, with Juliet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is On The Run

It just cannot eat that,
the other,
not that, it just is not you,
no matter what.
It is not buff, it isn't a rose.
It is not dreamy, or heavenly's,
cream of soft wavy shores,
the rim of fire.
She knows by now it swells.
She will come looking for it,
the real deal,
not a three dollar bill.
Does not every John on the streets,
flow against that?
Misguided as what?
You may know the part,
yet when you look down,
it is only just a rose on it's tree.
Wood is for roses
to cling to
as they grow to heaven
weeping the sky
seeking fun in the sun.
Always blushed, always full,
as one with he,
was a band on the run..
from the law.
It did not do the deputy though..
The rose did..

James McLain

It Rolls In Flavor

Still you think the part,
you play, it is done again thought over,
with you thinking of it,
as it runs around in side your head.
Your seat is still warm, printed with the moon,
a weeping face, It holds up to the the soft light.
The popped corn, languishes on the lap,
of of your wife untouched by hand.
It's ants carries the soft warm kernels away,
still dripping,
with the butter, of her the wife you lost,
when you fell asleep, watching it.
Maybe she lives to love an ant then,
maybe it is her aunt, that watches with her.
Still the kids laugh as the stool, upon witch you rest,
on top of, this your crown jewel,
is but a counter fit raisin,
that was squeezed out to soon.
The sun rises in the west,
and sets on the southern shores, where cliffs are still pink,
and her marble is rose always honey soft and full.
Looking up into the peanut gallery, it looks down on you,
happy knowing you are as brand new as the sun,
washes clean all that made down, eyed on make up.
It this the you, asks?
why dont you buy more popcorn, sit down, and fall asleep.

James McLain

Ant Has A Crumb For You

Ant knowing how people dropp crumbs,
gathers them.

In hoard, day after day risking feet of many,
one crumb at a time.

Ant carries them on it's back, bundles oh so
many, held in keep.

In the midst of famine, ant takes it's cookies
back to the trail of crumbs, to the inn keeper.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Three Days

Roses one day,
missles the next,
twin pillars of twinkles, wink, wink
Always blinks, blinks..
My soul can not rest,
i must in smile indure her trust, i pray.
Just in case she wont,
i will sit under the bamboo moon,
with my friend Li Po.
She can not take her shadow,
my friend from thee.
She can not take her scent,
it's left upon moons veil, i hold.
She can have my life, without her,
will i die of thirst, a friend in need.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Note Is Night

Moons veiled eye,
traces one thin,
seed of wood in violins
keyed note,
haunting beat,
traced soft hair, bowed
within resin burns, her.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Mice Sleep

i cracks the door..
scusting..kissing..
absolute cousins..
i hides under bed..
sleeps with smile..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rose Clingy

In buffs shinny is pearly,
miss natural, so Unafraid.
Never running, may run,
him down, he will run up.
Adored in smiles clingy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sleepy Stream

Laying on my stomch,
I count the fish, as they
drift by, all are asleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thats Just The Way It Is

It is not telling you nothing,
dont ask? ..ok..besides..
Your the ones afraid, of your
shadows.
Being as is, it shows upriver
day after day with out any pay,
what the iip.
They are just premature,
dreams of pro bono, Bela blahs..right?
If you did,
you would just sell it,
for nothing,
like you did the future, inside.
There is a big difference,
between with holding nothing, being
inside of some coward...ups..
So what, thats just the way it is.
The way one or two wants it,
so what.it's ok...ok...

James McLain

Wind Lifts Nights Varanasi Silk Saree

One cool clear day.
When love arrived.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Camel Cheese

She keeps me.

Well I dont know any thing else,
is there more than my world hers,
in which i live my life.?

I go out shopping,
in the city market three times a week,
with real money.

I bring the baby,
of nine months and john,
who is three.

I buy more diapers, for Caroline,
there are no Waldemar's here.

I hand John a piece of cheese,
made from camels milk,
his wind,
is like the breath,
of a buzzard,
it must be the cheese.

It swells in this heat,
where is she?

PoemHunter.com

James McLain

Her Window In My Head

I lay in the dark room on your bed..
The ceiling so clear, i peer through at you.
Why on days like to day, found certainty
is the window so filled with your clarity?
You never knew all these years,
some things it was wise i never shared with you.
My other bed, hidden in it's head,
you see me, watching you, flushed in what you do
with them.
You go in even farther, as it turns out the light, while
the picture now digital, has grown now ever tighter.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Caroline Is Six

Wisps of hair,
full dimpled smile,
held within it's hands.
Caroline....Caroline...
Sun filled days,
led the way
down paths sand,
to waters edge.
Small feet pattern,
washed,
in miles so soft,
it watched the river smile.
Caroline...oh..Caroline..
Where are those feet today?
Do they walk in cotton soft,
the clouds, with you in play?
Do you peek out in the stars,
white in glow with your friend,
bright moon?
Your head pillowed,
from each stormy day,
flows the rain to wash,
your dreams as snow,
it cool the deserts psalms.
Caroline..so..Caroline..be..Caroline

James McLain

A Mothers Glove

Mother gave all, five loaved
sons, each held, one finger.
Before they left home, with
in, loves glove of protection.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Write) S(Well A Crusty Bottom

Ink stretches, watered writes.
It is a perfect S, to the bottom.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As Oceans Tire

She will lay, spent.
Puffing, reviewing.
Reliving, all again.
Waves, on beach.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Cricket And A Rock Bath

In warm orchid lavender,
soap hides it's soft scent.
As it's rubbed with another,
one cricket lift es it's knee.
When sun rises, one rock,
rolls around, empty fish bowl.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two Tias

Twice hooked
lost is the tuna.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Professional Woman

She didn't even want to, then thought to do it.
Trying to send such silky experience, over here
to touch my rigid softness...moons why..?
For what, to know me, the I of it, inside of me? but why..?
Had I fallen in her, the trap, rimed in pink folds of heavenly
she would have slain me, drained me,
Eaton me, milked me
it, he, the me, in her, but why..?
I am hard, harder than buttered pecan trees,
she is a professional,
sex is her weapon of choice, her graze.
I should have then, wept throaty,
gutturals of both spread in ways..only heaven knows why..not?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Last Dropp

Mother Earth calls, to
denuded, lust is void.
no baby heard crying.
Do you Spend it wise?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Last Death Forever Private

Tow headed woman, child off woods
two once green, brown, canceled why?

Barron, indebted years scored, pity ed
never would know potted, room bloom.
Why did you choose insanity's, shield
mixed custom boons?
Your Mégas Aléxandros slain uselessly,
is debated fathers far flung dream, stain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Would I Have ?

Turned the other cheek
for anothers broadside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear Daughter Caroline

when you read this, you will be old enough,
to say the words slowly, not rushed
as the other OJ..your mother..ok

Do not tell your secrets to others,
or they will come in between you and
another, she covets.

When you see some thing, grab it dont think
the price will come down,
because if it is good,
it will be gone,
or the price will be so hi, you cannot afford it.

Last being out side of the circle of
) whatever's, (who invented this word should be
smothered slowly,) ..you will learn more, suffer more,
over come, prevail.

P.S. Daughter, remember if he's smart,
do not play those stupids drama island games,
with his head,
or by the time you read this it may be to late..

Foot note,
they did not work in my school, they canna work out.
With a smile.. :) ..and two winks, winks..i am your dad.

James McLain

Getting Past Daddy

It is never the right time to ask,
didn't he sweat yours?
So the best cakes were,
kept behind bullet proof glass,
in fear of daddies payne.
It was,
if he wanted more than that,
passing world a spinning view,
a split from pies
he never knew, running out to play.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Life Is Yes

All that I am,
is but a few moats a dot
before your face,
to brush away, yes hair curls.
Upon the ground,
you stand to walk again,
your life is yes.
There is much in yes, to know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Teacher

Why is her worth demeaned?
Is it her worth,
so mismanaged by others?
Some are short, to the point!
While others,
rush over every syllabus,
slowly excitingly,
treating every last day first.
Nuns always trembled it, humbled it,
made it speak all her words of it...
bound in miles of sail, home in it.....
Pi nicks found in lunches pails, her books.
Her looks more than once,
flustered the pace,
my snails outlook chalk is boards.
So blushed on the buff,
ears always red for days.
Thank god,
are the girls that tutored with it every day.
There smiles lashed at ships to dreams,
in years, recalled, in winks.

James McLain

Wind, Bird, Grass

Grass lay down,
without feet upon the greens.
Still dawn weeps,
heavy head, hanging.
Barefoot, prints, leaves wet dew,
clingy is sticky, eyes mist.
Sticks tickle moss, movements see
two birds, a feather tips,
early sun, walking west is to slowly.
Bamboo bows, handles it knows,
speaks not of commons sleep.
Vine splayed, swept bricks red, rise
as bird hums, Riddle in honey suckle.
One child takes this out, as two blinks,
Wind tries to dry, brown grass lost tears.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Mother Why

I heard moon, heavenly sing...
Enthrall paper translucent runs.
is is cup passed on it's openly sea..
lips open sing praise, trip it so..

One sun, mixed mercury..quickly..
Night dresses Venus, in it's smile..
knowingly..it's is simply..languishes.
Still chariots of Mars, others seek..
Ernst is timid, Pluto to hide, one orbit

Songs, hearts, memories lay as covers..
Canaries, cages, colors airy is weepy so -
on papers floor it carries it's nest, of song..
Moon beams gather oceans reflection of..

It is plain, visions full, it's records differ..
So painful, is playfully also read is red.
To bamboo to moon to green to brown..
The wine is strong..so puppied in..so is..
so cupped..is to why not laugh..is yours..
red...white...so blue..others letters..on..on..on

One dawn lays out in forever, knows hardly..
of is it night, spun cotton day in feathers....
Speaking it is, not knowing to? yet how is it..?

James McLain

Fire Is To Touch

Red eye, love flight.
Lottery one number.
Gift giving, to wonder.
Always, touching fire.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Professional

ProceSSIONal, cocked, locked,
loaded, gallons for justice bust, all
is six 'feet 'two 'four inch are heals,
which squeals
shrill cut gluttonous oinks,
from her house, pet pigs.
Succeeded hearts long cork screw tails,
tweaks evenly one heavy man.
Her worlds invisable to all, still his
this most lovely man, that can't be hers.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Green Grass

Back in the day,
way back in the day,
one might wait even a month,
for the chuck wagon to appear,
back in the day,
gone back now,
long gone back those days,
why do I even waist your time.
Because throaty your days to mine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Low Dissonant Rumble

I knew when the candy arrived,
as a child it rattled a copper or two.
When you became violently ill,
dusted tootsies, Tinna to sing, tunes you
could, as the rule as is just, for a dollar.
Days when resonant distant thunder appeared,
heavenly is the wind, lightning would crack,
using there coin,
to the store and back invisible is rain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Summer Leaves

Lazy green winds, laid her against,
his vein golden leaf, shadow bloom.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Spring Leaves

Winds invisable branched hand, is
as one green leaf, rubs on another.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Winter Leaves

Thin inside a frozen coat of water, three
green leaves, hug together against, hope.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fall Leaves

Seasons turned away, again
I, watch them fall, leaves drift.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why I Drink Milk

As a child it was powdered, lumpy
tempted, thirsty as all are.
Powder is not power, missing tips.
Except in school, just for a nickle
pooled, three straws in a pint.
Eye to eye, hurriedly, quickly the well
is dry.
Mothers are warm, loving, sharing.
God mothers, to adopt are to loves,
even fresher, is one rose at sunrise.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ageless Plotters

They are but the few,
wicked though they do.
They plot ts and schemes,
rhinos are there dreams.
When just one pink, can
run in four, sad distinct,
separate flat directions.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bufs Puffed Rushed Rice

Your eyes,
yes,
every day we paint them different,
as is each day,
the world Spain's it's seasons of you.
Can your moon so high, buffed shiny,
colored misty night, cool in hand, my eye?
Though you turn, veiled, cloudy times away.
Your crack of dawn, sends the bird looking,
was it ever found, smiling at you, knowing?
Ba-vi and Tam-dao,
inched brushed, runs happy, singing down ward.
You are so, Hang Son Doong, forever to buff,
forever to fill, running inward, free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ildeth

Bosh glasses, with
cool wets, suns might.
Ash runs around you.
Exploring, salty ground.
Berift lots, ever thirsty.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Drapp Of Honey

Bee shakes, rubbing.
bushes to run.
Gold transparency.
lingered is drapp.
Caught his washed sun,
frantic dance, so excitedly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Is Earth In Waves To Swell

The oceans,
cool warm tides,
fresh ice,
flow in around up,
soft folds,
rain inside, hot Terra.
Locks welsh Glens,
hold moist foggy fjord.
Soundless, glaciers move
voice lost, soul filled icy
tr ac, blue calves hear Avalon's,
reach clear edge, is
stream exposed, it runs
back washed to Terra's sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Reserve

Follows hill it speaks to,
for ever does sun rise, it never sets in you.
Many are the bluffs in whites,
red, tow brown, it's yellow, wings to shelter.
Feet in sand, eyes can cry, silky handsome,
clouds are puffed, crystal wings do drone.
Grey, brown, black offs shade, today is yours,
tomorrow came, swift swallows, Lillie's fond.
A hidden hollow read, draws circles, locks the
turtles, Peter, kathy's golden swan, clear pond.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You Rush Out

Quakes shake your soul, cries
you look for a hold, to any thing.
Any thing but that,
which brought you here,
eyes rolled back,
to rush out, totaly, in pinks, red, black.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Women You

You can never know,
you cannot,
your Myst,
if even it's so.

It is all about you,
all of it, about
you. You burst my heart,
with just your smile.

You know I will be gone in a while,
never to know the smell of you,
perfumed sweat, your core the you,
in tears sweet salt.

You, even you,
where you are to hard core,
to know the feel of simple plain water,
short hair dried across your feet.

I am a simple man, it is that I am,
no crown jewels,
was It ever after to paint your lips,
or brush your hair,
simply you stand there,
wash your face with my smile.

James McLain

Advertising

It is about it, Exposure!
Try to sell it, without it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes, I Would

Can I trust you,
not to paste and copy,
tour of france your friends,
are swell then tell?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Poem Can Make You

Rifleman..you are,
supposed to be on,
next, do you still not,
understand them..?
What if the song
is not, about you?
What if it is, to late?
Nurse, Sax, scotch.
You are still so vain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Emo In The Mirror

In sleep, clear hose needled razors eye hole, it drains.
In my dream,
ten feet long, black nail polish, it is our wrong.
Emo steps out from, this mirror, the two alone, smiling
together, waxed hard, out of sight inside the mirror.
Dim is the red light, in through window so piercingly,
night males two feedlings.
You, him share it's hose, so clearly, passing it back
forth inside both, translucency draining it.
Stepping into the back mirrored, it is dropped, dripping
red flags spot, cross sheets, through tired, white carpet.
one eye, inside of two, toss rags hair, legs beat cover.
Rolled all of this inside on top, pulled around, a bottom button.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bee Stream

Drowsy hot, beats
wings of many feet.
Thin clear fans, strain
hums tunes in honey.
Running around as, it's
rain golden wine flows,
presumptuously, truant.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bees Wax

Is it really? yours...or..
Ears running, with burns,
tasting of, yellow waxed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Hive One Bee

He stands there, a month
in the sun, golden alone.

No smoke to harvest, is
it has been since, none.

Honey runs, from into, air
no jar.

Bees gather the ground.

Crimson clover, turns over,
a song of wings, hurried,
pockets, blossomed with
orange, scented flowers.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Bee

I open one.. drawer
of hive and look out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Big Words

Grunt, help push, stop, but dont sit.
The lawn will never be mowed,
if the clouds dont stop and play,
Stupids puddle, where is the rain?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Americintex Drug Addict

Hello: Some one,
She the other, not of you, I am your father.
You dont know who I am,
for a very important reason, lots of them.
Yet to she who one day will, know peace,
know that your judgement, is only as good
as those whom surround you.
It is not you, ok...it is the other, those around you ok.
I went to hear your voice, the voice that is you,
I guess it was taken by that other, your uncle,
and traded for a few pennies of my heart, just
for another suck at death.
Your pictures, and the few other things that were you,
now belong to another, erased.
Dear, some one, being you not of she, she the other,
you dont know me you never did, the others sold you,
delusions, poor gossips split tongue, that dripp honey.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Old High German Angst

I wasted a lot of waste on that one..yea..
I recon I, know I did..
Trying intelligence on..because it's used well....as?
In reality there being more than a lot, just fake mascara,
as swell..I see you laugh I do as well...wink..wink.
Did you really think your v*g *Na..is all of that
in a zip lock bag..like some left over tuna casserole..
I smile *it's just another v*g*na..at best...
I'm what...it is ok..I like, am I is, to a what is child, ..
to think I would tell you what..
It has nothing to do with truth, hidding what..dad..cia..
lived to never tell about.and thats why..he lived...
I would go through my garbage as you would say...smile..
and look for your lip stick of shade..stay intelligent...
and throw out them as well...really it's not worth
the trouble though..lies are lies...
hallucinations are some thing else..neurotic can
grow to psychotic..
i would just rather stay blue..you stay green...and smile..

James McLain

Runing In And Out

You fill your lungs till they burst,
knowing a ghost is passing through you,
except unlike the rest it's running in and out never stops,
knowing none, no peace, that feeling, untill that great,
volcanoe instructs mons Venus to drink when you sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Marathon

A good clean
track,
will never leave
one,
a begging heart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It's To Simple

So i follow you around, with my bucket, and
just, feed her roses being, simple and poor.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Talentless In Death

It is never wasted, it
can fire from any gun,
color filled thick liquids.
One blank, sun less work
some lonely, old doctor.
Nurses attention, to the flap.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Ones Retarded Fish And I

we are both
much safer,
blowing bubbles,
through
cracked,
and milky eyeballs.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rock Garden

Winds very cool
the pouring rain
trees, dripp on to
the rock garden.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tuna Is Still Good

I will continue,
still to eat in it.
Wallow as large
walrus that I am.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Note Is Night

It has weeped, it's
musics light, night
after light, tonight.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Who's? Sophistication In Asleep! ..

Is it wine that is water,
to bread without meat?
Is it pink breath, is to air
without the rose, to eat?
Is it new windows, of lead,
to space cotton, ones head?
Is Sophistication a long stem,
of thorns pulled forever through,
your fingers, it's offered other
given hand, and stay asleep.
Will you, would you, can you?
Show it how to be, forever not?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No One Can Fake A Smile Forever

Is is beyond being hurt again, by
another, like the other, you knew.
Finally, it took never long enough.
It cannot even feel you, to like her.
When the knife was pulled out, one
tear just looked at you, as you fell.
What is to understand, one wink chill?
It is just the eye, some storm, again
some drain, one prefers to be blind.
Still who ever you are, It smiles, in you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If One Wink Today Takes Forever

Noise, lights, cashed,
is was in it's heavenly,
forever.Yet still, it blink.
Waits on some day,
maybe again, oceans.
The ground is silt, taste
fresh new, is soft, to rich.
One seed, drifts, tossed
in void, washing clouds.
Under skies bed, watch.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If Lead Were As Dense Is It

Look! it passes right through it.
Why do you make it look like major surgery?
You make it sound like it's..
Tissue microarray sections help de-waxedin
xylene, re hydrated in alcohol,
and immersed in 3% hydrogen..
when it is glue past and pull.....
So as the peroxide is placed in your ear,
it still tickles you to sneeze...I smile...you laugh..
as I do in the mirror of these books,
I slave over to please some teacher,
who really could care less.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thankful That Woman Have Better Parts

I run to catch her sweat, it
is the early mist, morning.

Where she walks, is lightly
seed is planted, she grows.

Between full moons, heavy
tears fall, clouds do look up.

Only she knows, tounge of life,
refresh yesterdays, new smile.

Apples fall from her hands, at
the feet her tree that is, luckily.

You her breath, teaches wind
the path, to flow inside, all sails.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ill Do It Ill Jump

The wind is cool,
cooler than I stand alone,
at the top, of this bridge.
It is a long way down,
rescue vehicles, they wave, is beacon.
hundreds of people, police.
There are none, up here with me, none.
I think I will leave, come back tomorrow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Not If Im Innocent..

There is a big deference,
being in there,
up to your elbows,
not talking about it..
still, you are a great surgeon..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two Dates Same Race

He couldn't do it any more,
light is fast, he was faster,
fast as that once speeding smile, it razed..
So yes,
I excepted her offer, you knew he saw you,
the other you knew as well,
being related to each other,
and kept it from him as he saddled
you both at the creek.
Two fine horses, that won many races, all for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes Woman, May I Come

When you saved me,
you saved your self.

When you touched me,
you touched your self.

When you loved me, inside
you opened all your doors.

When you breath on me, in
passing, I shudder then rise.

You opened my eyes, to all
that is you, death is in a rose.

When you call me, fast I do run
lay at you feet, safe in your sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Regina Is Regina

There are is fine woman,
girl woman's, girls, there is Regina.

This creature, will see her man cultivate
the eyes of others, not in the simplistic way
the others have so thought.

Woman run the world, woman, smart woman
run there man, not foolishly as stupid chattel
to the ground.

These creatures trust there charge, in silky hot
words, they do reveal the minds of which the rest in
shame , would hide.

He, of her Regina's if it does wrong, never would the
sound of pain from her firm hand,
ever touch or reach your ears, to say.

Except by way of the scullery maid, rich full, chamber
pots in hand, such for some is rich desert.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Of What You Learn

Dreams burn the sky, to free it.
It burns the sky to learn, if it's you.
It will watch you burn, in it's stead...ok..
It, if Eaton, it would burn up in it to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Forget It Is A Peanut

Memories grow up.
It almost was what..
that little bit of..what....
It almost fell down off it..
jacked.....up..
it feeds another peanut
to the elephant in youth..
Elephant remembers it's,
face even blind, as it is..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Really..

....(.) it(.)) is(.....just another pin.....
short of a head.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Confession Of Two Ants

It looks down, upon it's self
wondering how it came too be,
that she fav ed it tied and bound,
on the other pebbles this ant now carries it.
It is safe to assume Regina, has the eat on
the pigeons that carried it here, to you?
What happened to the whole hog?
It sees now the parts, some cast in it,
it's other play.
That one hand bone still plays a jaded tune,
it's heard upstaged by her, it's you.
Green are the lollies, it is carried over once again.
The ride is tiring,
pins lay scattered, hers, it's sun beats
in side the light, that is it's heart.
Pitied it is now the found, upon it's back,
as it is carried to behold.
Dumped fast, unceramoniouly, up from the sand a king
of lions, leaves it there and wisks the ant away.
Heavenly are it's as it spins inside it's noodle.
The other ant is still, and sipped away.

James McLain

Under The Weathers Again

My plate is always out side, full of bread.
I should stop feeding grain to those pigeons.
I must have gallons of the stuff, what is it's
use in the city?
Why take the bread away, they just keep
picking at there own guano's any way.
The dry cleaners dont eat pigeons either.
So the threat of the other white rain, is lost
in the soup, of the telly.Weather man.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mean While Back On The Ranch

We gather the sheep for shearing,
only those who hate the taste, of a fast
woolly sheep are fired.
Like every thing else on the ranch, they
can be turned into some thing else, at the flip
of a verb, or a noun,
Injected premeditatedly my lips, an inflection of you.
They bleat yes, in the heat..four feet tied,
Talking so gentlemanly like.
Other wise yes, you would be some of that to,
The sun hides the face deep within the it's sombrero.
It has only water on the brain, being thirsty so what.
Sitting in the shade, we the rest, some being allergic,
to wool, wait ever patiently for the next truck to arrive
These now once again, cool of skin will be taken to the
river, that flows through the ranch,
and given bread and wine to drink.
This is it, your ranch, will you help me carry that wool over
there? ...howdy and thank you ma am, din't catch the name.

James McLain

Why Even Why A Y To Try

The y of it..

Is the sun asking why..why..? ..is it sunn or sunny,
keeps asking why..heavy is it, without the y in it..still.

So it shuts the y out of it, even after the why of it
did ask where does the y go..in pie.. ask Einstein why.

Make it grow without it, it is fine, it is oak..ok..

without the y in corn, why argue about it?

Why it would give it away, without even the y in it,
is even beyond a y one to the far right of shy..

I recon, why Bacon a why at all.

Some come to be, not to be, to lie in one silly y happ of it.

Why is the try..the y..yea some times...

the why's with a y make a they of it...why say y..?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost In Paint It Dripps For You

It is so blind, it saw eyes, mouths, bodies, feet
imploring it's paint, it's beggars land, stroked
by hand.

It's can, faceted as one gem, dripps only you.

The brush peels back, stroke by stroke, layer
by layer, new always differed you.

Each canvas, some happy, some mad, still it's
always you, is to Regina's sun.

The brush of lips, still trembles it, invitingly...why?

Lips brush the stroke, you make the paint, wants why?

The canvas is always full of differnt you, asks it,
is it not?

Respectable mirror to try on in you..why not?

It laughs at it's self, seeing a growth on it, so boss.

The rose dripps, it is painted to it's natural blush,
as it's ment to be.

It is a stuggle between the rose and it's blush, it's
a grippe so tight, the colors run at times, on it..you
still laughs mused.

It just cannot, as much as passion flames it's eye,
be reduced to frame, you in the boring same tired,
eyes of it is.

When every woman is her, she a Queen.

James McLain

When Fish Smelled Like Cinnamon

Being, it's just,
delirious tuna.
I just know,
there are millions of plates waiting,
how does it,
make the wait forever and a day,
being hungry?
It chases the tuna, being human,
hungry for tuna,
it smells cinnamon,
disguised as tuna in keep.
Thy keep is oh hand, it opens, slowly forever
and it's spray.
The waves foam, the beach moans, the
sands are mined, every thing smells sharp, ly is.
It's eyes deceived, it stores meager it wanders,
forever to fish, one vast ocean is this woman,
of dubious cinnamon origin.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Islands Wrestle To Float

You came the same way we did, i don't know how,
quite now, crabs are getting away.

You will when you get hungry.

I think you will find that the cobnuts, have quotients,
like that chocolate you eat, from back out yonder,
hurry others come, again.

We don't worry about that, untill
after you eat your pudding.

As we each await our births, some [painter her words<
we lay on.

The line is long, some wants are shorter, desperate for life.

Why do they chose one number?

Walls close off, as the hand reaches in like forever,
pops our heads like grapes.

The line is long, some wants are shorter, desperate is for life.

The soul is dust, the body is ash es, it's mind will never know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Is She Filled Out

Such grace,
full at base is oven fired,
her paint so plain,
is beauty stunned.
Yet you think this prom,
isn't about you, when it is.
Your every days, Morrow
always here.
From the middle ground,
is pulled the finest tuna fish,
the world would ever know.
Renumbered, tuna dont spread gossip,
people do, so throw them back.
The tuna are always fretfully peaked, for free shrimp.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cross Dressers Two

When both, people
wear boxers, it just,
saves so much time.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Womans Find

Again it is existentially diminished it's trail
being as Ursula, phenomenally unbalanced to find
a way, without pheromones tail of spears.
These hers, it's trail mixed with other crumbs, one
tired ant tries to climb up her clean window, in need of
more than the six other feet,
it left behind, on some marble twin sleds.
Still grace is grace, as you watch, smiling glad you are
not it, some maniacal ant loyal to Regina having few
rumbas we her loyal subjects taste the known scent of
these it's intertwined kamikaze missions.
Still amazingly amused, a muse or not, the ant has more than
a few pens left in it's small heavenly, is it's endowed
pin filled mind, as it drags the whole hog into the hole.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trust Is Crust Like Skin

It is as little,
as the rose within your fingers. The tip of
one thorn, that wells
out its dropp of blood,
on you, so true.

They dripp as a search is made for the vase, in water
at once cool and such its stem grows bright and green.
Does not it trust you to bring back the scent of all that is
again?

The kitchen is warm, the oven hotter, the flesh within those
doors is potted, in trust, a must for who?

Upon your plate its made and laid so golden brown, in
trust a must is once again your hand, its you
it watches upon that skin.

It sits so cutely, a hope in prayer, in etiquette you trust,
your dictated yes a must, it hopes the skin from the barn
yard hen

you do not peel from the flashy, it is the best part.....

Most are to hungry to argue..a stomach is such to you..

James McLain

Emo Gurl

It is a radicalised reparation of my haunting,
burned out lie.

It is, it's drug it in you choose, it's lips are fostered,
is in to pules of the mirror, it is washed from, in
it's anticipation, compressed, is pulled, apart
from in blood.

No one will lend me you!) it anew shinny buff.

It digs out it's old, always new, it's rusty dull, is
jagged, ragged slice, it's pale hairless pie hole,
so thin, it's only it's greedy noise making
such a muscle, beardless
voiceless now, is it's wait.

The light is bright, the pie hole quivers, shakes on
it's love swept rocks, barren of hope, shallow is it's
depth wide is to deep, looking out within is a gush.
WAITING...

It stares into, within, it looks out inside it's hand trembles
down ward, again and again, this pole once of wood, now
it is once again my shame.

Across it, down it, like my tears, across a white barren
bluff of porcelain, it's now dry face of relief,
spent to lie on the ever jagged edge...the tip...
of it's day..washed in dark...dripps..of dropps..now red..
is again it's bed,
of hopelessness your love for me..it lays in, once again.

James McLain

Her Bikini Talks To A Mannequin

Two small potatoes
hang from it, is this
some back porch,
rocking with it, trying
to keep from being mashed.
Blue is a mannequin, it's
name for it, your lap dog, as
two rabbits, eat it's carrot,
in the others garden, as bird
watchers you, pick a rose
to big for the bath tub,
it is to be delivered, back
inside. Next to the new stove.
It is time to feed the mind, is
your last rabbit, a carrot top.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

While You Slept

It is you,
meeting it,
on the way out of your window,
last night.

It is silver, it is you, rushed as pink.
It is you first in sounds, self hypnotics
breath asleep.

It is lower now, rested back to front,
egoist lowered is into you, chest deep.

It stirs you, blushed it's you, in is it, is me, as one.

It cuddles, cups that rush, inward down,
so silky smooth soft, *smile* it is now, forever touched.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Illusion Is False Control

My imaginary friend,
used to ride it,
on a two teamed paired, hay wagon.
Muscles do strain,
pulling up reins,
to let up push down,
is the break in a well.

One night, after arriving back at her ranch, hot sweaty.
My friend asked, why do you look at it that way?
What other way, can it see?

It is a false since of grain, it labors and strains for
control of the horses and hay! ..

How is it sir: ?

Why have you come to say that? ..It watches you drive,
every night.

The horses are blind, across and along,
the same dusty trail for going on nigh, seven years,
yea, it recons so.

They have found there way back, many a night, all by
a doves, lonesomes trail.

James McLain

The Ditraction, S

To make you a word,
UN repulsive, soft alive,
sharp to cut, blush to rush, is experiment's,
half of life.

To holds you still, pinned as emo, boy, girl
cutting around up down, while the mirror,
calls your name.

You, ..your rose it's softness unconfined
in silks plush, cupped breath of hand,
you are it's name, it is what..tell me?

You Sir: chained to the wall, gagged muffled,
it's she, hears you SOB uncontrollably, as she in black
leather lays it on again, it's more again, than not.

It's OJ that you run our town, after all we golf together.

Disruptions, pour mad T.V..unremitances, eruptions
controlled guided, on preachers court, our time rushes
in on one last glorious,

round of applause, you know,
your show must go on, without pause.

Remember to smile at the usher, crushed verve's is back..

James McLain

There Is Butter - There Is Margarine

Just the sound of butter is so, so..so..wells..of
wholesomeness, it is beauty, it's cow in the fridge,
moo-wing for you, still the other, when
reduced, is like pale, once pink, Sundas
Thai floated off with, in a head of Mrs, Wurst.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Jealous It Looks

It is one red sore eye, as
a down stairs, it is vision
blind as one wanderer of
many weeds, choked thin
with plaque a vine to lead
it's washed basement, into
the sun, it's colorless light
lost, one window covered
over a wasteland of hearts.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Look At Her Feet First

It always looks down, at
fairest crown, is tan dots
of her calf, always helps
She must, know it is sweet
as morning sun, deep vast
soft brown eyes, it washes
clean it's night just repast.
It softens the ankle, in roses
dawn, toes follow songs, it's
breath to reach the tendons
sore is meek, waves in care.
It rushes, soft milk thigh, is to
silk boundaries, on garters.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Genus Sialia

She just cannot help
it's flight, so high, it's
unplugged, his books.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Big Fire

It has waited forever to burn
one thin strip around it's Terra
it is then in the reckoning of her
-shelves
it's, sun is fast it's
fire, to burn inward or out word.
Her self to make or unmake in it.
This your thousands of beach's,
all of it's sand in your wisdom, it
would cling so hard to a few, is a
pebble on it, choices are made
not of it or because of it, it's you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Picnics

It has found some of the sandwiched
sorely short of it's favored credentials.
Yet there is never enough room for it to
repack the basket by noon, lets shag it?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It's Yes To Art

It for years, it's
has tried to be effluent
in the art, of the dump.
Standing up, on its side,
even upside down, when it rains.
It is about affiance though, much it is,
that brings you to the, it's big Simona.
Logs of forever, are for plumbers, yes
of course and the other, butt any way,
you know that from expedience, to swells.
It flows outwards, instead of down words,
yes many are the arts in this there are.
Remember this if nothing else,
babies go first,
while boys fly through the air, girls well,
they just kinda lay there,
untill they grow, so able to
wrestle the bottle away, under there own terms.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Is Pen In Dream

You clutch your law, unto your self,
wrapped in safeties drug, of cloak.
It is what you have striven for these
long hard years?
Bridge, benches bars that slide,
yards of mantled weighty,
picture topped with garland purples,
olden hold, pen erases laid, in sword.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bread And Butter To A Prisoner About To Die

Me myself the i, it dots as swell.
Wherefore then from whence,
this butter ran unto my loaf,
so thinly sliced,
of bread a single day it never knew it's own?
By it's self a single hand the bun it never held.
Butter on my chin is thick and sure,
it dears a naughty, buffed up smile, to cure
this your fib, of yellow tears is worn so chaste?
When it wakes a dairy tastes, is of one
silken tounge that all may lick,
around that trim, deep
wells to milk that most may drink till full.
Nurse, my flap is loose the wind blows through,
why then there for does broad beams, loosed around
your child,
and have me sin all by myself, it's I's it dotted well.
With winged two feet, one band is on the run.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Full Moon

Is grace? hidden,
cotton, tinkly flushed,
radiating so brilliantly,
not through all around,
it is her silk canary,
her veil, high up into
one cheekily ,
cloud spun, around it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Women Were Wicked And Men Still Supported It

It was not out of any disrespect, of
it was usually because the familiars,
rejected them selves and became familial.

So he puts on Rabi tears, dances to your plums,
and it makes a great picture, when he's not trying
to run your local government.

Then the pellets fall, you know they are not yours,
do you fun some more, chariots with fire breathing
yes, yes...you fire him and hire it's sister, you must
know the other half of it, as is swell..it is can be,
not your designated driver..

Roses in bloom, make him swoon,
it is forever drunk in the trunk there after.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Love Lies Bleeding

Most like to wipes it, is on some thing,
other than it's selve, sore thigh your yet
Instead it, is
it's blood upon you float, not touching.
It's stain is it, upon the air, around it.
When you, it's color changes, it
is, it's robes, gold then melts the heart
of quicksilver, this river to sun is run,
when tips of lead it knew, has Bloom's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Spread It

Like smooth red clay,
with a one handed driver.
Rubber trees, are owned by who now?
Do you need it, to smell the road?
It's nose rubbed in tar, you follow it's words
across it's top, in a thin trickle of water,
found in almost every scoop, full, plump rasins.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Some Times Doesn'T Care

Where you will get all the wood,
you need to feed one, winking
latched oven. Soot filled st' airs.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Babies Bed

It is cut out of pink,
vain, marble'above
drained to a sea,
below,
it's rim is truely laboured.
over in it's Life,
appears in heat at night,
static in it's flash, is grinding
rocks, cooled by heavy wet
breath,
soaked in waves, foams flame.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Before The Fire

Court houses, where secrets slept,
many were the dreams,
where fire ate regularly.
Space now shuttles it back and forth,
up, never down, out
inwardly, in through eyes, clandestine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Read To Much

It is best to read more,
when you are young,
So your eyes wont fall.

out!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Cut

It has noticed,
two cuts leads from one,
is three to follow it?
So you drink of it, or not,
the taste of copper
as it's wire to follow it.
the day has not come, > yet..
You push the red button, and it happens
not, with out it's.
Technicality, it's knowledge is slow
to flow through some wires, uncorrected.
Electrics, fires to do is, wires followed,
uncrossed, unseen to sparks in air.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cheese Cloth

It seems it's a bite off,
would you please, sew
your hemp rag back on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Freely It Dissociates

It is the gift you pay, in heavy,
lost is gray for.
Abuse, of self, others you shelve
resting in some ground, burned
or donated to university.
A few live,
you are yelling,
it's eyes stare lost in side it's void.
Your voice a dim buzz,
your lips move so slowly,
like thin strips of clear spotted liver.
Again looking down, into you,
wondering can't you see it is, not home?
Thus it must, is freely dissociated you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Breath Java

The view for the trouble, it is..ok..
it, tries to guess, always.
It is winded from the floating hot spots..
Thermals of death, as the red,
liquid rock flows around it.
Bubbles of cool air, usurped
by silvers yellow mist.
It is mired, the assent was dangerous,
so often as not foolish.
Wood burns upon this ground, when touched,
touched not, it is the glass and hot air, around it.
Coast guard is to far away,
is, buttes thick, in miles of smiles, so
it has to breath it, while slipping into a parachute.
It is to sad all the risk was for, cups java.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Plain Robe

She squats, so lost, to gaunt
frail, the cost of weeping is
knowing, she will not fold you.
Into this robe it holds for you, is it.

In it's blindness, it stumbles in, her it
clutching her robe, her skirt, she looks,
as heaven opens, it is never old again.

The hope of the world, it's joy is worn,
between the seams, the counts, fulminates
insinuate,
thin threads your this, robe forever plain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cook One Dish

You burn it in your oven,
you say it is, look cooking
spice flavor, is international.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Be Not Confused

There is the wicked goods,
in with the wicked bads.....
Basket is always full, it is..
So do not be confused,
it just is.....so sleeps your sleep..
of confusion , ..it is ok...ok....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

More Can You Fit On It's Pin

As you breath it,
it rewinds your stars,
again.

The comets fly as tears you void,
though you renew them,
as time renews your start.

You must indure, Your fate,
as such,
planets slam into you,
to fill the void inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Holds Two U Cups

It is you Regina,
it's twin peaks is,
snowy pink tips grace.
It struggles to cup them,
in it's egress, it's eagerness,
to support your flow.
It tangles it's lines,
confessed, between them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your String Of It's Prose

It runs through it, into one place only you could grow.
It is tied, in you, to you, by you, for you, to shed it's
wicked rushes, that are your thrush.
You cannot walk, without it running into your,
from behind is,
it cheek to cheek, it wears your sent,
to throw the others off your trail.
It is after all, is it not, the most valuable asset it has.
You pull your string, just to tug it in,
back under your skirt of musk.
Your feet are now so full of it, it walks in you, to wake it.
This string your wind in prose, his ring, your nose, it pulls,
you so far into it, your feet must leave the ground.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gossips

when I 'ear soft lips,
at my ear,
severing the hair within,
I become,
more than a bolt tightened

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cause Of Death

Crooner said,
legs were so tightly buffed,
when they opined,
blood clot shot to her head.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Strange How We Covet Parts Of The Other

We lie, trics, an hooks,
just to cover your arts.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Yours Truthfull

Some embrace it with know,
not knowing why, just to touch it.
Some know what it is and blush terrible,
it smiles,
knowing you know, it knows your smile, inside
you hide,
you will be fired for this, this is of course,
it is untruly!
The wicked boss you turned up,
some wasp in your in your hair you would be shed of,
you need your job, it knows you knows this.
Truth is your need, to feel alive within your blood,
that seals a day inside a kiss,
that you would try to leave upon it.
It is grate full for just your smile,
kind looks you wish upon it..its dark continent...of rain..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Not Suggesting Is It Poetry

It holds itself to your will,
it is only a suggestion, it hides in your hair.
Winter snow so pink upon my brow, the snow, is
grace, not by the ugly plow, it's ugly mouth.
Yet your will hides my face, birthed Beneath a skirt, it's
warm, safer place my haven, from crows beseech ed.
Tender it, with your kisses, be bold as the lioness, charge.
Hold the poet, within you, eat the word live them.
Does it hold your world, to drink the rose, for nothing?
There is no door, it is your mind, you climb over to rush it.
It is the blush, Niagara falls, to swell it's glory, in your smile,
as the waves lap gently as a lion in sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Free Me

It doesnt want to be free,
from any one,
unless there mean,
abussive or a nun,
with good habits.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Even A Day

It seems like two days in one,
reversed,
cut in two,
then sown together backwards..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Even Ants Use Pens

It weeps true, now
inside head of pin
ant holds up to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If You Catch Me, What Then

Would you yell, scream at it, beat on it some more?
Would you complicate,
it's simple mind to speak not, ever more?
Would you tell it, you love it, when really you dont?
Would you love it, never speak those words,
it washes feet to hear?
Would you tell it, you cannot understand a single
word, you hear?
Would it simplify,
it's simple world,
if it just despaired in all it's pain,
it'swell that knows your shielded soul of fear?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Boxes Of So Many Soma

It inside,
are the blue, pinks, purple from
countries it cannot say.
It, the package that you sent,
is blushed in tears, so many it would say.
Each is counted numbered,
thus in fame you reached, when you
began your climb, from deaths past love.
This box of hearts,
all know the parts, that each of you did play in it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Original The Package

It tears so easily,
It was constructed by herself,
to fit inside her jar of clay, that way.
You gives it life, as such you takes away.
It lives confessed inside the many,
knowing grace.
Regina, save it from it's self, the many strings.
It's name has never, was so hidden from the blind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Where You Lay? It Is..To Funny

In it's jar on your shelf, watching you.
You laugh that laugh, it knows it's true,
as you watch it move.
It fills your jar so full, so rushed, so plush,
this your fabric of your smile a bedevilled jar.
You sea right through, in waves is brushes fair.
It is watching on your Sheffie, from your jar, it
bounces crazy from the walls,
contained it is, throne.
Wont you please reserve the top and let it in?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Only Wood

You walk around it,
you reach out to touch it,
your hand moves right through it,
how you,
think to it,
in thought of it,
would ask of it..it is simple,
It does not know of it.
It only swims in it..
It is the truth..of it..
It loves with it...
It sleeps at your feet in it..
It is your shoe, on it in care..
You know it will run aground to the world in it,
while you sleep in it, get into trouble in it.
Now you smile in it,
it smiles inside you, as it swells
in waves of rushing blush.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Stand In Carnal Knowledge

It rushes around it, it darts in and out of it.
Is it a dream, flames make you scream, to sit
around the fire, and watch you rush. Blood your mighty
river, makes you! blush, so you stand.
The stand, a mighty effort, it is thick in leaves, it is king,
it stands back again, in dropps that dripp your name.
It smiles wickedly, your knees shake and sigh, bold as
glitter, you try to fold, it back inside..
You sits then, to take it in, with just your eyes, as you watch
the hand less veil, roll back your tide, and touch the fold.
It knows your taste, it knows your smell, it knows the holy
tears that you, have shed, to keep it in, yet still it dances round
the rim of fire, with hotter flame.
Every bed, in light of day or dream of night, hides the rose
it's might, of leaves that ride the bud of sight, to beat around
the edge this queen and never walk inside the steam, it is
the greatest blush of all..it smiles inside your, forest dear.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Authors Pen For Regina

Is it poetry,
are you even more confused,
in it. It is sinful it knows it, Yet so,
Wicked is it in you, it always is, you glow in it..
On a lighter note, To have every verse, of
prose, consumed by it is, is it then would
ask you to it, if you saw it,
perhaps it is you, remember tired mother,
it will wash your feet in it, for you are the Regina,
of it, in your *smiles* to it, does then flow in to it,
which is you. It winks at it to swell, in your *smile*.
They beats it, and robs it, of you precious mother.
It still smiles in you.. You take it with a wave.. of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Dropp Of Face

It is only rain, falling up into it's face,
it walks through it.Kicking one dropp.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two Cowards

It is afraid, so is it's
other and glad of it.

Six non redundant swords,
that cut deep, so rivers flow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bottoms Up

As I lay falling forward toward,
a Mordred pool of clear, champaign
I look up,
at the bottom of the well.
Orders of similarity disappear, rapidly,
when I reach surfaced tension,
this bottom is the rocky show for me.
There is no bottom button to push,
would I again, you would think so,
falling up with a smile.
I land on a living, moving,
shag carpet, it leans in, on impact.
I run for the nearest fold of cover, to check it out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Golden Draw Knife

Is It... used fairly.. and
hope has memories, to few.
Faith and Logs grow true...
forever, in you to harvest..
To few are the seeds....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Lice And Men

Wits less, is the man who forget his mouse,
when he goes abroad.

Sleeping in quarters above him.

Gravity works the same,
where ever you go.

Loose are the wits of the omens up stairs,
one light in the front is always red,
in the dark..

The lice leave the mice alone,
while the men pay.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

About Hair

Is blind, i didn't really hear why, still
he is not bad looking,
she said he's not married.
she also said,
he told her,
she was late picking of her friends,
husband.
the only part that struck me odd was,
she said, he could
touch your hair, and tell you,
who you were last thinking of.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Window In Me

Even i am in you, i am so cold.
You just add another coat, blanket out the
voice, of me inside you, crying.
But why?
Do you not see me,
here at your side,
only is my whimper,
sounds of your shaking chest
can you feel..me...Do you? ..Do you..?
You look out the window, again, to think..
What is that voice in side me saying...why? ..
it is only the window, speaking to me,
only it's againt..my glass..to find...
one reflection in all the many that once were me..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To Cold To Smile

Counsellors come to hear it,
it when it speaks, of the rouge.
When the bottoms, button
say they, is in a morgue.
The stiffness of lip, the token of
normalcy, is counsellors dying grief.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Last Free Atomics

Washes all it's feet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Titanic

Great is,
last blue harvest.,
hard, true, now gone.
Diamonds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Wash Your Feet Because

i wash your feet,
because you,
need to stand again,
all day in anothers needs.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Rights Of It

Songs of word, flies hard from
me to you in pause.
Yes you did, you rest upon the
bench held closed.
Rooms of court, fill the sky how
it tries, to still the day in rest.
Know judge is an island to bath,
in the mantle, of purples black pen.
It will read the docket, against her sin.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Spacial Place

It is inside,
sublimity mind of white light
that you find for, is it not?
There is no gait in sample sport,
you abjure when it,
plays you for all that you are, in you.
It is quill ed in the thrill, of the ink that you dripp,
dropp by dripp,
from the edge of your lip,
pinkish hued in the light that is you.
I will not,
cannot smell or taste, all her tissues,
that weep me within blush touch of you.
This leaves me more than foolish, whereas
It blinks in the light looking up into you.
while it gets drunk on the rind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Inside The Alliance Is You

With whom do you side, signed by you.
Whom do you choose by choice,
to undue you?
How came you to owe such a debt,
it being free?
Would you speak to it's associate?
It is one simple plan that owe your self.
To make sure your allegiance,
is to the alliance of words, spacial is the infinite
mind that will unzip your books to check.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Dont Mind

Really i dont mind ok,
it is
just a scrivener's error..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Will Find Out Tomorrow, About Yesterday, Today

My bladder is full
in it's bursting,
every day at the same time.
I forget to go in school, bullies and all,
i keeps this to my self.
Just wish out of all the girls here, the
same one it seems every day, sees me in
the same spot, adding my dreams to her streams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lol

None dad,
Socrates,
would tease me for bieng this being lazy,
i would say, not to think, on it to hard.
Sir, but think of all the) (o) (ink and quills we save.
Stupid boyyo,
who is paying for them?
You?
Tell me,
boyyo!
between just you and I, what is..lolz?
Sir, it is only Another stupid word like, whatever?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Anyways, Back At The Ranch

We caught all the rattle snakes,
it's not easy but it's clean fun,
besides the children,
need the syrum,
it must be careful, though
as its allergic to the anti christ, in that to..
it was touch and go, for a while...being fingered, by it
only the tip fell off...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Last Talked To God

she ask ed it,
dressed in green and white,
escorting it away,
cloths taken,
then left in a cage of class.
Why wont you forgive her?
It thought, like it had,
through out all time...
she, knows not, what she did...
what is id, in there to forgive.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In The Note Of Oink, Is Beethoven B Sharp

Your mind is lazy,
what is the first thing,
that came to your mind..
do not be offended,
i smile in you, it would change that.
In your ocean of pink it does play, you *sigh*,
the rest is just music,
musics you make, they are, are they not?
One lost key in the cord Beethoven played,
that you cry.
If it looks in your sifts, you oink,
when the pinks are stirred
you oinks,
yet if you insist in the first strain of thought,
whats the use in you,
never a woman, K-mart chopped.
Yet, you know..a professorial at what ever you do..
These colors are you, you may change, they do not,
mystical forest,
always changing the vines that cling.
Those sounds stop..listens, think back..
always clean never dirty.
This great void never filled,
within a void, within this your
awesome pinks,
in which It sleeps,
inside your dreams..I hear oinks.

James McLain

Why I Love, Your Feet

They walk across the
face of god in sleeps.. :)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Do , Still Smiles In You..'')

Even, when it hurts..

Even when, it hurts me....

Even when it hurts to say..:

Inside your waves ,

I smiles, a smile in you... :) :)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Under Your, Weathers

You smothered it,
with you, in hopes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Please Ma Am, It's It's, Not A Tram Coupler

The tram is packed, femme
your smell is intoxicating.
Rough tracks,
causes even me to loose
my breath,
gulps of hair, I try to sift in air.
Your wickedness, is backing
blushes even now into me, it's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alone In Need Of You

i know, i need you,
you the women of this world,
that make it dance, it sing,
it is atrial, for you in it.
you, yet you,
were put here in charge of it,
to make it grow in it,
to help him sow in it, inside your soul with it.
you are all of it,
within it, around it, to spin it, you make it go.
you talk to it, walk in it, you lay in it,
you always know the soul of it.
alone it is, in need of you,
you always let it know,
with such a simple *****smile,
so close it rushed,
you make it grow in miles.
it knows you know it,
it bows down to you,
still it must hide alone in it's need of you.

James McLain

You Make Me Swell

Only with your smile,
the bigger the smile,
the bigger the wave,
that washes over you.
The swell of my smile,
wicked so fun, and wild.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Ants Lost Roon

It's the nights heat,
no wind, brushes my face,
dark is this path, to feel with one toe,
as it brushes back and forth.
Pace is awkward,
slow as the exoskeletons
of many ants lost in, sheets of time, the
many of the once,
are freed to feed the wells
uncertain past, as the few
that are left, carry that which it is, sight less, deaf
always helpless, back into it's void,
to bath in an ocean of ink.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tric Apart My Art

you would carry me, upon your heads,
deposit my belongings,
on that wooden scard, apron scent your stove.
wait untill the frenchies hear what you have
planned to do to me, there this loved on buff.
la dernière fois il a été, j'ai parlé à eux,
ils m'ont dit que je n'ai pas eu à jouer en
dehors du bois, où elle meurt empalé sur moi.
they will come and rescue me, and still she sings
her song that all you, came to hear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Auricles Loves It's Midsummer Dream

i may say it, i may play it, yes even
you have felt it, in you alive, it swells,
it is true, what you feel, is it's truth,
nothing false,
or you would feel it untrue, inside of you.
you have ouchd it, you have pouched it,
you try to couch it, your way is not wicked,
though unsure, of
how to hide it, given time, you will do it.
you would if you could, i know this is true,
because it is in you, to love it.
this is not bad, it is the great truth in you, is it
love, how you squeezed it, loves it blue.
this is it, this is your mind, one in a million, kind
yes, it's a rare find.
you are gentle, you blush it, you tease it, you swell it
it's in you, all around it, neither it, nor you speak,
when it passes, you taste it,
your blush is as soft as your dream of it.
it excites you, so wickedly, still you in your pink,
are it's wildest spoon, a ride in it's dream.
you in it's bed of lush roses, is stuffed in it.
instead of on the floor, bold where you found it.
yes, they are but words of time you wound around
your finger in it, you blush the world in all that it is.
the auricles of loves it's midsummer dream.

James McLain

Exspeculations

It is not hard, a walk
down your street after school,
kick a can, whistle Dixie
sing by my watch, for that
errant butterflies eye, glass case collection on
hot muggy days, with today's exspeculations.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Cia Kinda Mind

Gross Socrates, excoriated
to run uptown in mire to lay
upwind in kin the..CIA.....

No, i dunna think so, not in me.
Mine are of a diffrent soul, with eyes that see
a diffident sky than i was told it'd be.

I do, I did, I Romes it wide the shallow
graves the kind that spook a child in
sleep so deep, you drink your thumb.

I canna imagine islands bare, words
hollow, reed, breath, of ink that, bleeds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Natural Habitat

SO,
Tarzan wades through, thick grass.
Jane sings opera, with Oprah.
Boy, well boyz are boyz, to men...to sing and grin...
Cheetah, well yea, there's Cheetah, she
who drinks long island ice teas, swings
through the trees and pees on us all....
While I just stand there, looking up at it, getting wet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Boats

Hopeless, you and I, our only words,
this book on paper, not yet pasted.
It jumps, rather than know a sinking,
thought, it's words would be wasted.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Is Her Turtle

Does not making you happy, with a snappier pink,
make you excited? Snap, snap...your lips did they...purse
this word, or discard it...?

Who would not die, to scream her oinks all there life,
do you fear, will these simple words,
, requested...now get me arrested...

New clean words, washed free, over and over again.

Do they really, sound quite like the others, in your mind..?

Blush me, I will blush you to death, i live for your blush.

your blush drowns me, in seas of pink, that make you oink.

Did you take all my blush?

Please wait, It for you, will make oceans more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Brave Heart

Leaves thier little bloody mark
the rest just drinks it, in shame.
My bloody foot print brands it, me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am Only, Your Pet Pig

Yet, i am an honest one..i am pink,
i have wings, i can fly..i do eat the roses,
you frown...when i find a pearl, a pink one..
you do more than pay me in smiles of your praise.
You, ..you oinks pink, to the world, rolls over and winks..and cries...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tired In A Small Circle, It Is *

Is it, that your days are busy, full..?
Only you, know where they may take you.
I do not, know mine, where they lead me.
I do not complain...I...must..
steal this, that it is, all I am, from, it
is so confused, by it all.
It is all because of.....it is....it is just...you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Cloud, A Star

The tree is a soft pillow,
against my back,
after the picnic,
tooth pick dangles,
i nod off to sleep,
thinking of building a home,
in a cloud
being obsessed,
it should be as easy
as counting the stars.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Abox Of Parts

What is a start, to finish,
sewing fingers on feet,
toes on hands, heads in chests,
her breasts i placed
on her back,
where they now grow, to belong.
With a special test for her tounge,
that i split in two.
Now able to converse,
out of both sides of her mouth,
just as i drew.
She tells me her story.
it is not like the rest, out on a date,
picked up in a bar.
Slipped by a hand,
that came out of the dark,
to park that pill,
inside her glass of beer.
Her pinks,
are a lastly bled,
mutated horrible sled,
pulling dread,
as i search for her eyes,
lost out of insular colors.
She never stops talking, about
what she will do, when i open
her mind,
and sew shut her oven,
and leave her to squander her dime.

James McLain

A Part In The Part We Play

As she watches me, split the pages
with her exacted, the blade trades places,
with the paper.

She appreciates my frugal, conservatism.

The paper can appreciate the soft cheekbones
of my desperation, the highs and lows, thereof.

What is received, is not always the part that act
reacted, to see a play re done, in practise.

I like most, am only your puppet, a fool a host for
ghosts, you toast at roasts.

I am not a Victorian, blue blood rich in iron, curried.

Favors never come easy, as such are never released
is aparts apart we plays, on stage

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

He Is Just So, Heavy

Tear dropps, drip
from both eyes,
like rain, last
sweet dropps
wrapped within
each other, twisted
and teased from
one end, and fused
inside loves cover.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Peek, As She Peeks, Apeeker, Peeking

i look at the window, the curtains move in
an airless room, deja vi the feeling in it's self
always new, when i think this thought that i think in you.
what is it, that makes it you, you thinking of me watching
you, want to look for me in, some think, oink, of you
that feeling just grows..in hues of pink...
a door is cracked, i check for your traps, most unusual
to be left ajar, the hairs on your brush are all there.
mentionables, perfume the air, the scent is stunning
in electric, i only mention them to you because i know,
you are watching me, while i search, in you with
me watching, our eyes abort one another makes me grow
heavy, thick and so strained as i move,
in a dream, slowly it seems, to your bed on the floor,
by the wall, where i fall.
it is all there, where i left it, st rune about, white, pinks, purples
yellow as bright as the flower much worn, on a forest is grass
always sweet, never torn, never known.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Turtle Talks

It is difficult walking on fast upon your heel,
in the know, why I brought the turtle back
i do not know, do you?
I looked all over for it, it has to be hungry,
all ways on the move, in it's shell, alone.
It is the one with the long neck, in a soft shell,
with sharp fingers, it uses one to handle food.
My foot on her sofa, it fell in between the 'cushion',
I pulled back my foot, with a bloody sore toe.
Some do think me from, Englishman, swank designer.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Under The Weathers

I try to understand the sky, weather woman
says one thing, sky would do another.
Why worry about some umbrella, no one needs?
I walk through puddles, just to wash my feet.
I try to keep my cat away, from the rabbit.
I just cannot tell about the weather, I cry into my eggs
because, I can't afford any more roses.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Your Part, After All

it is not like some lost water pump on a car,
you cant find,
though you would follow the steam, to the
source, through the air and get burned.
your part,
it is differing than that, would you have us
believe that the bench made of wood,
does not in the slightest way effect
your stage of the part that you feel,
when you rest upon it? , would you
give you a break from that..not..
how can we think that far on the
bench with no, pink oinks, to sing in it's play,
it is, in your part, that is made of hearts,
on the wood that you feel when it plays to your part
, of the one who can float through your play
on the stage, that he wrote in the dark,
while you slept, on those sheets made of care..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Peek Into Anothers Window

when the white silk drapes, come open at night,
my whole being, anticipates scenes, that were
forever lost to me, as a child, until she came.
she comes back around,
at fivefourty five and time is never lost, like a train.
she has a four sided cottage, and the square is centered,
around by us, her lovers wheel and pealed down paired.
we hurry, us, all of us, to big a crowd and eyes we handle
blind as rats and the nights are her personal crowd of hosts.
she stands in all her glory, shoulders back, aureole pink,
profiled she stands the mirrors wife, with silks rag buns of steel.
on the stool outside her door, rest this jar we have come
to know well,
it's filled to the top with gifts, joys boyyo fat and green.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Operator

i understand operator, but, but, but, no ma ma, ma'am
could you not check the line once more for me instead,
you are more than kind, yes, yes i am trying to understand,
i am of a hurry in you, as well, could you not, just this once an
exception to your rule, would you make on my knees.just to try
would i please, help me in you, this once to understand.
boy yo we hold the milk that you need, follow her rules, and
such as her needs, then she will be pleased, to lend
you the hand that you need.yes ma' am, i will do as you say.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Know, Do They Know

They are exposed, S.O.S., lighthouse
in the know, spinning
short words, hacked nerves,
blood guts black crusty gore.
Our norm,
your cup, drink after drink, it's our blood
on which you gorged,
weeny worms, that glow, in the light.

To Alexandria, is known peaceful, uninjured
limbs, sound bodies, strong minds, most
common scents, that handful one since, lost
in the dreams, of inks mighty sword.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Oafish

Into the open waters,
effortlessly flies the
casting net, so puffed.

Only walks the waters,
lonely shores, to salacity.

Waves reach rocks teeth'
sweep them clean, of fish..

Head down, gathers them
craves won, a salty taste.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dinner

i learned how to eat from the
table like a human being.
i have no idea, where i will sleep
the snow has melted, she brings
me in, where i start to thaw, the
dishes are just like i left them.
taxes go up every year, soon she
will have to buy me a new, bed.
while become even more or less.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Adeath, Won Bye Some

as i sleep they emerge, i wait for them,
patience is not there forte.
i see them warily talked out, this light
bulb i peek from is so warm, it blushes me, in to
hot watts, never question how many.
it just glares at stupid me, the first is easy, as
she leans over the edge of today, i whack her
good on the butt, she thanks me, to leave out the
door for a freakish change of cloths..yesterday comes
out again, she is worry and slim, she is the one with the
wicked sneaky hand, it holds my gun.
the barrel is bent, and coltish blued, while she tries to
strain it, i push her, back down into my bottle of grins.
where she drowns for all of her sins.
tomorrow is potent patience, sure of herself, quite pure,
no wicked ways or sin rushes into her parts at all,
while i wait, she waits on us all, still in sleep, counting
the minutes left to us all..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Face On A Stage

The music is not, can can, is a duplicate of some
lost fantasy, caught in lights. many assets, you float
outside fast poles- through it, to find it, it eyes fight,
the heavy curtain of youth, lifted to reveal, some of
and the birth of it. shiny textures, glow healthy, hands
help from no where, parts are hatched, little are they
to us, it's brown, it lings..you fan her, each reaches to
lift anew, plump ankles to guide apart, new music
is gathered in your bowls, as white hubbies, in pink.
the Queens, gathers us, you, me them watching, up
even without tickets, some others, few new found a
wet hand in it, your show, your parts, exposed, some
dance in powdered air, to run in her front, out the back.
three, four, take pictures to record, derrieres paused,
to expel pent up breath once caught and never seen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Leap A Head Of Yesterday

You knew this need would happen, to change
this day for tomorrows, today rewind.

I step out of your husk, it is chafed, scuffed in
worms, silks unhealed browns, to many yesterdays
has it seen, never brushed.

The widows eye, it is flushed, it's last chance catches
my ankle, I fall upon her cheek, as unwanted irrigation.

Where once soft pink, now pastures faded brown,
to blacks last pull on flesh.

The track of many heart felt victories, rest upon in
hollow, branched reburied, tributaries tearless.

As the window of the sun, is pulled shut, lashes gripp
releases me to tumble, once again into sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Emo, He Is

i cannot be you, i can only see through you, into you.
i see what you do, with her, with him, your self, on me.
i see you from the package, you never used, until now
abused to cut, into me, when the splash, is you, in her.
i see through your mirror, you kissing you, how you
do it, to me, to you, inside running from me.you can't
see the blue gash on my head, i see you upside down
on deaths head, the blood dropps rip up through the hair.
your slip once pink, now clings wet, from the sweat
of abuse that she slings upon the wall of his shame, yet
once again the wooden plank slides between us to gaze
onto the screen of loves, troubled graze.your blackness
is her day, her cat is your friend, wear him in deaths, last kiss

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Aface Of It

The Englished language, has way
to many crooked letter humpbacks.
This is why, it sleeps on your feats,
so when they drift, it can wash them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Atypical Control

it is control, it is not, it is, it isn't
accent, of motive, you recline, in.
it is your crusty, plums you can
dangle it, it then starves, is plums
taken back from it, your very own,
plum board, it is to lay, plums down.
construe it, it will still love it, it is you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sea Is Full Of Nuts

People come to see the tree,
I look down, inside each nut,
I am, outside, looking in within.
The sea of people, are all
legends of the nuts they eat, more
as this, I, see, my, mind drip off this
one tree, it is, to dropp them on,
they different to all, that eat of it.
So many, by the hand-fulls, chest,
is held, by the trust full one, it is
to the shell of softness, some do
question? why eat them at all?
why eat them all? ..
If you can't pull it out, break it's back,
to see it, inside you at all? ..watching
on a tree top..dropping nuts, on them all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chess

Easy to learn, difficult to start.
I can tell, usually in the first eight
moves, if you will win, is to play it.
It is about the others mind, it is still.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Amark Aface Atear

i wont tell u my name,
u see me every day the same, crying.
mine this face, more than researched
some blotted, parchment of testament's,
color of pain.
each eruption leaves me scarred, u see
only my fear, of rejection is by you.
where u live, in ur mirror, of nights to come
pleasure, kisses on ur lips, ur roses taped, is
tasted two's, mine is futures past, always now.
each hill leaks, each day more, never less, u is
even now in disgusts, looks away, i canna even
touch my face, this monster face of shame.
i run in as to nag, screaming inside, this in my
hand, magnifier, i clutch, as this pimple on my
bridge, between my beautiful eyes, gets bigger.
He will see it, under this blush, what if he kisses...it

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mothers Closet

Her room so lush,
her manoeuvre is, in hips to sing.
Inside the door hangs me,
color, hues, silk, fades
rightsized out I hang, to use.
The one of so many,
never used, she picks me, out.
Always, to lavish gifts that, crown
her achievements, that give.
I hold her up so proudly, jutting jets.
I hug her, lushly, I breath daily,
memories river, of milk..to gaurd..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Inside You

i swim for my life, every thing Rich's,
big parties..
deep swimming pool, night times,
blue royals, wazoo.
i laughs..i fumbles another, .wiggling finger,
is numb blind.
i lay upward, so still, pictures
they the, many are faces, is this heaven.
her tears took zest, once salty,
party hat flavors, ruins is a once face shiny.
this cold metal box, is to keeps
frozen once lushness, brittle little pubes, once loved me.
where is my party hat, where is me, outside..
can you not see me? ..look..here i am, over here.
it haves been drinking, you are blind again to it.
the saw of many teeth, is wiser than him,
he would at least ask me, before he ate into me.
i left throughout, the me, on my chest the big...deep why.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is, He Me....

is he me, like she for free, the we to be in me?
i dunno..? ..im confused, so much heat so blind i leak,
he See's...
a person that soars, ice in my breath, crystal shores.
bright eyes, misty veils, floats on linen cotton hazy, so
clean, i know he See's.
a boyfriend, Misters need, only to bleed me out again,
i watch him watching me, her greed to feel me, in him.
wicked, wicked i shivers, i tremble, stutters, is to grasp, it.
it is me, its always free, to walk softly inside, it weeps, to
for me, it knows, me...it is always at my feet, looking up.
i wonder, what does it see, in me? ..is it me, or the butter?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Is

Like a bird to see her sitting, roses are
of passions dream, in sight her flight.
Butterfly's know her grace, touches many
all, weeping softly, others without, it is sadly.
Ants march to her smell, hidden never off
to carry bubbles, her journeys path, is clear.
Essenes of berries in her, moistness air laden
dears follow, youth will, never currents to cross.
raises wind, cover embodies still, covered up
she, glories light golden, honey is her, in poise.
Yet she knows, she fav'es him, his heart just bursts...
It loves you just the way you are, it is such in love,
it is so full of you it's crushed..to burst your sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Aroom Full

shutting the door, thanking the dude this fix.
i shake, the robe falls aside, exposing tight
shriveled breasts once full of life.
there are no veins left, tried every where, arms,
legs, neck, even my eye lids.
the spoon looses half the water, the bi lighter
fires the coal my clay.
thinking about it loosen my very bowels.
the diabetic syringe, plungers back bring into
the warm tube of night.
i pull the pinks apart, to flip a lip out, exposed
to the grey dirty light.
the cavalries tighten, flushed life, passed before me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Party Line

i hear them talking, two girls, telling, to talk
one on top, inside the other.
redundancies, as girls do, uncommon famous
for, untill one forbids proloquium, she blurts out.
He would come into my room, and make me feel like,
like i feel, like again he would do every other night, i like crying.
my being of cotton, soft so fabric, so fresh, once pure, so nooo.
she is caught up in the past, her future is paused in her now, still
her other, the girl friend understands, as she is wise,
she sits so alone, on the porch in a swing, her once was the rose
on the edge, of her seat.
the phone dangles from the fudge on top of her stomach, within
one seal thrice, familial.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Slough It Off

It must be removed, from those, around me.
They are so perfect, I cannot be
any thing more than a burden.
From which end to start, peel, pull, cut, panics
a musk, It breaths.
I try to talk, the evil is so raw, thin, sliced heart.
So bad, when sleep does come, those parts
for others, must all be rejected.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Apatch Apart Aplay Aday

when i got, it, i fought it,
i gave in to it, to her, any way.
she looks funny wearing it, i try to see it's
humor, it is blind to, it feels,
the heat when you look at it, how, is it?
i do not see what holds it on, determinations
grippes is chastity.
yet she holds it on, it is an every day battle,
a struggle, for
dear is life, if ever she, lets go of it,
she will have won, and it will have lost.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sometimes, Is Funnies

yes, once, just some times,
backward in a thought
when light streams out,
hilarious so is much stolidness.
whimsical, lips curl up and inward,
revealing, a sharpness.
so crowns of queens fall out,
is prince rushed in, squeezed.
eruptions, of mercury, the dentist,
cannot remember to drill one.
the chair of anointment, left giddy,
to roam, in her plastic mask
looking into mine a reselection,
incurred, rushed so, much hurried.
blushed in timidness-es, funnies patch of glass.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My, Her Our Rooms

i look inside my eye, this picture takes, confused.
a poster few, ripped like you, so tattered.
the cocoon a bed, centered piece, warm diary.
pinks, scatter underfoot, frilly, soul of many unions.
my mirror is broken, i must leave, when i come back
inside, is another different picture, still unbroken.
the log, long narrow, you rest upon, knots, unbuckled.
upon this skinny me, my arms hang over, to bleed on,
the dripps on some plastic, of a many holed, soul to leak.
my every thing, once a rose, to gush, pulls in between, my pink
thorns, pulled between, catch me in sleep, many prices, pics.
you look in again, now, more confused, than when you left.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Girl, Your Not A Boy

I only hate him, hand in his,
when we stand in the mirror
naked, invisible, macho.
In his lame, boys, fuzzy, peachy.
She looks at you, he pokes on me.
Into my bony ribs, your my nothings
but a big round pink, buff to do there.
Saintly so fearlessly, he stutters to me,
tear of fury, trickles as she scolds him.
He stands there in all his blushes.
Woods look curly, leafy like to David's
new born helmet, pales, as it is it cries.
The turtle hides, your handsome, I am
thinking away, from his eyes, again.
Yes the best mine gave him away, again...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Can'T, See Me...

i lay in my bed, eating popcorn with soda,
it is next to the mirror to your room.

i see you, in your bra and white slippy, your
radio, keeps my thoughts from your head,
or you would stop.

as i try and call out your name.it will not for
some reason pass forth from my lips

i see the old scars and the new pink ones,
the razor in your hand draws me up, what is
heady becomes Vienna's small pup, you are
dazed.

the first cut is effortless, even the butcher is
graceless next to you.

the second cut is deep, i see pink, red, neat
my pop corn becomes as bid as, my eyes
the blood starts in a small trickle, your eyes
grow glazed, your lap, in white slip becomes
a lake of red crimson, my clover fades.

you come out of it as quietly as you went into it.
you hurriedly change, bath and then exiet the room,
i then hear a knock at my door.

James McLain

Around That House

as children, we heard about the house,
we walked by every day, many of the
kids we went to the first and second
grade with we never saw again.
we did not think it strange, that the families
were still there, we were just kids.
in the ninth grade we went in Becky, Donna and me,
it was dark it was expected it was the strange
smell that made the hairs start to rise.
running out i looked down into the corner, i thought
i saw your face.i had not seen you since the second grade,
except for the missing pants and shirt, you looked the same to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No One, But Two... Know

It is fine really,
ride the light of the sun.
It only shines once a day,
peaks of light from other eyes,
look Ellesmere, unto themselves.
Those in noise, are only the feats
of the others,
who came before us, see even
they like bees, must rest for a spell.

On your face, pin pricks, are little feet
once again in dance, calling Queen..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Glazed Within

Lest you do,
while yes, you lay in sleep.
You turn, as if on a long bar,
lost, in it's steel.
Even space around you,
shudders you, from without.
Your peaks glow fiery hot,
if you were...lips, if only.

Moister in the room dropps
from ceilings, white eye.
It has puddled,
in and around you, yes
gasping out.

To cook as a succulency
is to find lobsters pink flash.
Turning butter dripps it's baste,
hotspots do shrink, shaking.

Giant is the napkins pink mouth, raining to fall, ... into.

James McLain

Aheavy Hammer

Always, without single exceptin
ruins, all the very best, ...NAILS.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pass To Well

Such women, water to life
blanch petrified, when one
tries, to help them with thier water.

Well of difference, histories taste
of tests, old from new, testaments
are two in one.The faces told all.

The hand, pours out the mouth, into
one single bucket, lights onto billions.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Always Of The Same Mind

Females, Girls, women, 's algebraic
Men, some impossible way, is beer
foam denuded, then they pour all the richer bodies
down the drain, it Grant's d'Estaing.
How do they get the originals of all the grains of sand
from that same one pink pearl, back...yet they do..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her, Knowledge Guides Me, Best

I watch, listen, her hand
would be my teacher,
her mind, would straighten,
my crooked, lame leg, no
more it has to beg, in corner.
Teacher, dunce hat hurts, head!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Dont Know About You

I had one good finger,
left last night luv, the knot,
it canna help to notice,
You have eleven, now.
Whut do i do, now, again
i canna tie me shoes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink View

I stand at watch, this dream caught.
Issued in, hers, it wiggles, in a gasp, free.
Disguised the hand, mediums, one portal.
The finger, under lip, pinker, sleeps deeper.

Outside it, below, this dream, flows, reflected
from one quick rush, windows paine projector.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rubbed Right, It Sings Pink

Shadows ignored,
we splash, and swim
it is so awful hot,
she is even hotter,
once a month.
The pink bullets,
toothy fast, move astride
fast of in remembrance,
as she thought it me, a
burning pain, again inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Appeasing Curiously

To think, thinking busy is
thinking, not to think at t'all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Can Tell

By a back hand, flip, glib, lip.

So i know, you know, i know, but really do you
really know, how to work on a chain gang, unprovoked.
Fake people screaming, bleeding, just inging, yes i know.
Remember i said, remember today, bored unsatisfied,
watching as life passed you by, offered choices to meet
some special need, other than one, offers from moon
once buffed, so clean.

Poor dry cracked faces, make up gone wet, you lay in your
room,

puffing on others, from a vantage point, high you saw
on some wicked show about males and how to clean them
and serve them so rare.

Wicked was the day the doctor called out lost names...Once
bound never tied, to dreams surreal..

I get on my hands and knees, to speak through the hole,
where we live, where we meet every day for lunch.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes, It Is

Number one rule, mum runs that show,
number two rule,
mum runs all the shows..

Why are

males so stupid, you knew that before
you even let it in.

Friends are cool to, why do people not let
you know that?

Black mail, is black mail, there is no flattery
there,

threatened tears run back into the duck, to
shed the oil some place else.

Today is a day most will not forget, can we
remember that..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

So Much Kindness

When i am bad you still love me, why?
I was only bad to push you away, from my pain.
It is selfish i know, to protect me from you.
You are very smart, smarter than me, dont you see?
My flush is the sea, you make from me, my life is at,
your feet to bath on me, i am here only to wait on thee, i
since this, much you do know. But yet other times,
i feel that you feel i am a big stick of butter full of calories,
and that you are on a diet of bread and water.
Yet i know you being you, you will protect me from trouble
and dreams that are not in the interest,
of you. So you watch me, you talk to me, you know how to
save, all of that which you need. To make me a better person,
and simply, not that other one of greed.
This blush that i wear, is caused from your stare, of all that is
always you know that i need. How could you not know, it is you?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

More Therapy

it is what the world needs,
how does it ask, the walls.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Need Full Salts

I lay on the edge, of the ocean, i
sleep as it washes, me in waves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

At Nite, When The Frenchies Come

at nite, when the Frenchies come
They, the two, wicked ones,
sit across from inside, one another
in smiles, After all,
is to plot...
you would do it to if you could,
pink they are, Yes you would.
The plot is thick in pinks,
you can hear, literal, liberal portraiture
when, all four, square, such
bunched corners, do watch
it plop down..they blush it terrible,
they will plot more.
The plot, they signed is pinks,
ink still runs wet.....shockedly..
It, i s blind to the two,
it still can think miserably,
the two, Frenchies,
kill the day with thief nights,
as only the French, they do.
Benjamen's Franklin,
knows this to be true,
French pink is face..
Unlaced, such grace,
when the French marble eyes, look into you.

James McLain

A'Message

Minimisation, poetry, without eyes,
of they, to taste, they to, do all cry tried unheard.
I, have no time for you, Ur button of pain, is professors,
proffer it's in glorious Id.
To think you do, is not to stretch your message, i found in a bottle, addressed to
you.
I will, will it, whispers, glorious loud colors to trickle into the
soft hairs,
it is waxed inside you, your ear..tremble in you to think...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Thread Shed To Many

Extends through my body, contained within, blown without,
controlled by a vibrant hued, pink livid hand.

To dangle, on this her spigot, brings her joy, on this for her, for
her only, do i, must i, will i swing..while she sings....

of other things, it is forgotten.

On this, hers, this thin thread, she holds it..a look unproved, is
only but by the fire, in the hole that Venus, Mons does spew.

Telescopic, is to raze, the heavens as her thin veil, never cries.

This fire makes the oil, you bottle, to spray within us, is allowed.

Birds around the world, wonder as forever, spins thus..in dance.

While my thread of pinkness, in which it is trapped is passed

from one pink hand, to another, freshly spun...from her, pink spigot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Define, Recollect

Please, these interrogations must stop,
they make me ill.

Why must you always ask that?

I cannot recall, where they came from.

You said, they are all pink?

All of them? Isn't that a bit odd, do you not think?

Really all of them? ..I just do not know.

After I leave work and go to the pub, all I remember
are these conversations with you, each morning.

I just dont recollect, recalling those movements, in you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Few Ladies

Spiritually with me, subjectively
wicked cruel, mean can they be.
Such is goody two shoes, would
chow me off to friends, it blushes.
They know it is shy, much tremble
you lay me in sleep, flush in hand.
I do not know, from whence came
the crown, burgle it not in, to shame.
a Queen knows, her feet are in trust.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Into Adark Turn

Shoulder, the heady curves, turns in us,
blind crawl, on blind to get at the lights.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ph Poem Tricks Backed Out

When you are done, servicing your poem..

You, i am sure hit the little, colorless button, how drab,
should be pink..

The connection takes forever and a day, am i right..first
time for every thing, i love dragging you out..lol..

You need it, it needs you, it is blue two..

Don't do another thing, neurotic ones i said stop..

Always paste to copy..the title is saved automatically as you know...

Hit your back button, lol...not that ones...unreal..some times it will say log in
again, every

other one of mine, i have to do this, with..you to...lol..

First try, to go back, some times that works..or you can lo gin

again, it will say.no poet found, do not panic, hit the back

button untill you come back to your poem page, where it is that it
was, when you wrote your poem.

More times than not, your poem is there, where it left you.

I am use to abuse, i will take the blame, thank you very much.

When you come back, as i previously said, and its not there just

do ur pasty, and copy then It will work for you, if you have not shut down your
computer, altogether.

If you do shut it down for git it...just go to the loop again..

This message will self distruct when it rolls off the page..

better fav 'es it..sorry it is.....when it smiles in you..

James McLain

I'M Just Like You When Blue

Without thinking, I can also turn and lash out
with my teeth sharp exposed, do you now, not get
this picture in full...right....now..i am just like you,
so low from hard up scenes, I wish..I were
miles apart, gone from my head, when i lay
on those sheets, do you think there of white
satin, on which I like, you do so crave, I'm just
like you, there filled so far high, to the ceiling
down to the floor of nothing but raw abrasive
denim, those rosy tears that run down from
the moon, are the blues, I have like you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In You, It Is So Very Heavy...

I look up, into your leaves, like rain washing down
to the sea.

I do not mind, the hard times, i hold still, as dirt and
sticks, dust my face.

The loggers came in, while i was gone, i did not know
i glance around on the ground, with nothing to show.

Our clear spot that we made is still here, shirtless i
stray from the path, we walked to shed our fears and
doubts, with all that we said: i still wander this way, every
now and again, despit the weather i find, it washes my face.

Today, i brought a new friend, i know you will not mind, her
name, is Terra, she is just a small tree, one day she will grow
up and be all that you are..

Holding armfuls of children in swings, as they sing about bees.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Water Colors

Again i dream, i am an ear
i swim, into a nest, so softly.
You pinch the sky, cover me
blankets, as color, trans flex's.
Middle, of this stream, trouts
color digitise, to is pink foam.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One, Brick Shy

I trip over pebbles, dusk is ash es,
Your wall is my watch, soft purples.
My eye is not blue, pink is not grey.
The wall to worn, block is steppes,
bare back, horses waite, outside inns.
Windy capes, sleep on rock, pieces
of dusk, sleep in dawn, feathers rise.
Rain weeps, sun wins to sleep, star
a beckon, your wrist, grippes the talon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You, Cut You?

Because you are numb, i will play in
my mind this single time, dreams for you.

As I lay on the bed, dead on the inside'
from the pain of being ignored, obsessed,
abused, incest at best, belittled, stripped of
pride, self respect.tears that never dry, asking
why they put you here to see the pain, never
asking much, returns..i see my juices, flowing
free to clot, upon the floor, of no return, from hell.

Now that I am are grown, abjured...from all the rest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Small

Be strong, and kind, in warmth, with
this tree my life, i lay in this, hot blot
of ink my head, that seems to cold,
i moan, tremble, lost in rains, that pour
in like a river from a brow, of satin, pain.

I am carried over, i see other things, than it's dreams.
Is it in me? ..It is in it...it is not what you think it is, is it?
I will labor diligently, as always i have, in our pasts, lives.
When i see you next, you will be confused, as i once was.
it is was, riding loose beautiful feet through the gates, of grace.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Small, Hot, Fevered

Be strong, and kind, in warmth, with
this tree my life, i lay in this, hot blot
of ink my head, that seems to cold,
i moan, tremble, lost in rains, that pour
in like a river from a brow, of satin, pain.

I am carried over, i see other things, than it's dreams.
Is it in me? ..It is in it...it is not what you think it is, is it?
I will labor diligently, as always i have, in our pasts, lives.
When i see you next, you will be confused, as i once was.
it is was, riding loose beautiful feet through the gates, of grace.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Must Sit And While And Dream

It is, no matter, that the rain, softly it falls, into
some ground from me.

Weary it is, that i am, i am to weary to be
yet i am with you, in this, your rain.

It is quite, it is soft, not as soft, as the pink
that i love, and adore, when i fall as a feather,
into you sound asleep and wile a'dream.

That tree, the limbs bow, through the grace of years.
Her moss when damp, keeps the musky tears, deep
inside, the hollow of her heart, to hold dear, i am lost in.
She looks, it is a heartfelt glance, i steal the look with my
eyes, as i kneel, at the throne of her feet, once more to die
as she cries, and i wander lost and while i dream.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How To Where, I Go

I feel heat, is it, the light?
Search, a face in long halls.
Passages, many are dark.
Others here, i cannot see.
I feel the sun, through roof.
Light allusive, once infused.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dali's Lama

Why would they rush, as a bird, flushed to you?
Some think silly, when they sing, we presume..yes we *smile*.
You, as i, realize the convenience, of this new technology two's..
as we serch for the minds in one...then as we find it the serch
begins again..yes you laugh, we, the hamsters are one in fun
on the wheels, of time, so young.
You watch me as you have so long, watching you...your eyes
are many, they come uncalled to view.
Yea, even
the dead weight of a simple atom of lead, causes dread, in
you..as it should, it leaves us grey, ash en..this view that we
knew for so long...how does this world evolve on a pin.....?
Hidden from view in us all?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

This Play, You Would Direct It?

You toss me a mind, used, unused, cleaned by angels@tear.com
my plank on your stage pops up, i step aside, you follow
it is to, gets excited, but you get more excited, why?
I am innocent truly, yes, i am starting to think you already
know this to, because it is, such a small 'id' to aim at this, it's
director, changes my part so often, you just stare, in wonder
to think, those words dont match, it's lips, yours, the body does.
I go to sleep, not long, i come back, my little humble pile of
pink litter, is being seen to be picked through, by the many, for
a cause, inked by me. Your smiles, make me blush, still...
You just keep saying, as you drag me poor wits, through out
one parts per dozen, speed up this action, while smoke starts
a seepage, thin or thick, are the days...Shakespeare's wandered too..
Stop warring about all the parts, we will fix the stage, the lights
will show your full chest, even without..a Google or two..
Terr as grasp, is a firearm, with that pink marble burst on the
staged grounds, be sure..next please..up here...roll her..in Filip's,
on this recipe, sloughed off in bread crumbs so dear..It's only to show, you a
view..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo Shows

) it(is a bunch of noise
that continues) it(s run
on the directors feet) it(s
grippe checked in stored
on liefs color, full stage.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You Left Me

It has only been three weeks, since that night.
Those pills they gave to sleep, worry me aloft.
Being only two, she has after the first few days,
learned a strange curtsy, i tremble to feed her.
The school keeps calling, he wont stop crying.
One insurance company, will not stop calling, her.
I stumble, through a nother tomorrow, so still grey.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am Again, Insane

You are my intire world,
my void is filled, by you.
Make me crazy, insane.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Roses

I wash my hands, in your ink, fast between a
valley, it clings to me, lives in me, my pen.
and Waves, that run, i float on, the rose and hand,
and the sun on my face, this rose a tender bud.
I cannot share my forest, only you may know your
face, and rose petals find new lips, alive in silk.
Pink full lips glow red and they flood my scents
with folded secrets, and this nose, this tounge burn.
Orchestras, arrangements, notes that seize a score
of music cleft with bars, and pink, red and sun shine.
Pink is always, never one to leave you on your own, to
find your way that is your home, out side, and Rush.
Pink words are royal words to some, it is rare, to know
another forum and compromise, this norm, why is to tired.
I am the male, i will wear her pink, it is my crown.
Roses are never found confined, when i can make her proud.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Deny Me

Yes, i am afraid of what others may think, so
i run away and hide behind, there mask of bitter pain.
I was told, to feel alive is to be dead, never to glow in life
is to never, flow in rivers of milk, yet i do, must try.
Some pref ere pain, whisky drugs, yet you know of me and mine.
You do not know me, yet you do, so i blush still to sow, a few grains to walk
inside.
You tremble me so bad, i shake, i walk by the vine, your grape, is to
call me, so i run with you in smiles.
Your day is my night, my night is still bright, i do not run from the sun
yet i cry for the one, when i am not inside, you smile and lay with me a
while, i blush and thank you for the smile, returned to me, unfolds
the rose inside of you.
I stutter around you, you make me blush, i tremble you, sigh and try again, just
for the smile in one a kind, can bring just for a while.

i check the wine you grow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is, Terrible

The river is mighty, swollen, it is
brushing the banks, overflowing.

Still thousands of she males are
swept up, painlessly, effortlessly, is
to deposit in the gates of heaven.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lush Is, Her Garden

It is lush, tropical, fruitful, it is never too hot it
never snows, it is always ripe, it is waiting, to
relax in between the petals, a rose so pink
weeps, the small streams trickle by on either
side, it pushes a button and honey flows, on
the other sides, the forest is thick, soft, hers.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Therapeutic Kind

as i wander, i stop just for a moment, and gaze
into the faces around me.

i ask a name, i ask if your happy, i ask why your
sad, you just ignore me, i am sad.

i then notice, you dont even know that I'm here, is
it on purpose, i say some thing flip, your milk jug
is exposed, you go on talking to your friends.

i dont think that I'm dead, or a goats, i poke you
good, real good, you still dont notice I'm here.

i can only look at this one way, positively, if you wont
notice me, if you chose to ignore me, it will only make
it flirt, ten times harder.

if you do want to play, just remember your parts, or i
will have to take them in hand.

i love it, when you know your parts, like the back of
your hand, as they swell, you blush, i do to.

i have a hard time in therapy, you do to, dont you?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A, Fire

I walk, amongst the tender shoot, it once was.
The ashes stifle breath, grey lost in eye, now brown so dark
this sky.

The stream was in bathing, floating clutter, dreams
of yours to cry.
My Feat is roses, shrivel, burnt are vineless, pink as once was
pale blood.

Riderless, horse of dust, would if could to finish thus, tramples
under foot, burnt ropes that chafe the soul, in acidic soil, once more.

Is it, sits and crys, barren, to wade forever, through once potted
tender hands, to know no more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Advance, Slowly, Cautiously

They wait in ambush for you, so
back slowly towards me, and run.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Gurl'Z In Da Hood,

We tremble them, they make us stutter,
obscene things,
it make the butter that boyz breath, seem clean in them..

We grind um, they grind more..we follow, we try..they are always
in our side, asking more, demanding the big dance of grind..
the payday, likud to DAR tric, hoodless we to them succumb.

They are the power, colorless, mind numbing taste, pink buds
forever, in the hood, swish is to lite or dark, without
no prejudice, she rules with a choice, stream lined.

Roll in then and turn out the lites, the crack of ur voice blows
the hood away, in the heat of your moment, i dance to the
beat wild such are free.

Dumped, like a sack of eyeless potatoe heads, on the hood
of your ride, tucks me in all the time sung to sleep in the smell
of her hood..
I ride that crab as well, plucked from da swells off her seas.
I am a white boyz, smoked mullet head i know...in ur winks....

James McLain

Color Of The Tooth Less Mouth

In my dreams, these teeth
haunt me, is followed around, scaring me, dripping pit,
toothless, i fall down in them.

Yellow, white, brown, black, colors, hues of death, these
teeth cause me trauma.

I cry, wont they leave me alone.
Why must you haunt my last show in this tedious grin of death that wont go
away.

They are stained with the flashy death of us all..Ten dollars..us..
pleased to call you a friend..
The tooth fairy missed the mark..Make them go away from us all..
That breath, but breath left our conjunctions..in the falls of last winter in all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Smiles, Is A Living Picture Show

You are bad, dab wicked of course, yes
you are, David's copper, your field lost in to
wisdom of hands he just, cannot follow, while
watching your eyes, that wont tell.

Yes, I know that it is, confusing, but you do drip to
the music, you find in your mind, watching her sway
all the time, trapped inside of a box, that is I, sawed in half.

Wicked is your thought, yet you lie to the field, on your
back to the sky and it is bad, this dab, you.....
wipe on me, with smiles.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Negative

Since we are not talking about blood, let us stop
the wast of silver in these, your last still, when
you sat for me, to have that picture taken.

Was it not? Just about the money..in the end<

Y&U, ponder the voices, those in your head, some
of course would not have your best interest at heart
agents do come and go, so while...you are...
flowing through rocks with lose jagged ends, like the
hair, which moved by some choice, since lost to me.

You pick the mode that moves my feet, I do not always
float either, still that picture is wicked dab, like I once said,
when you become famous, what do I do with all those lost
photographs, not all of which are stuck in my head,
un exposed.

The camera is still on.I know in your very own words, the
show must go on untill we are dead, for the cause.

James McLain

Meshi

She is lush, green, full
ripe, in all whites, glory.

My feet are coveted, in
waters, long to is wait.

Turns blush, to season
sun play, in white short.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Is Red, Instead Of Pink

I grew even pinker, with each
passing verb, she tossed and
slung at me.

They were bar bless, this crown
of thorns, upon her head she tried
to wear so well.

I bled, but I could not show the
harm,
flirting is so dangerous, exciting
In all honesty, never boring.

So pretty Misses, if the vines start
to bulge, and you turn red instead
of pink, stop and please try and
reconsider,
all the mail, returned to sender as
a tease, from all the males.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Man In Space

When God made man he put him in his place.
Man was not satisfied so he went into space.
Man landed on the moon.
Went over to Mars.
Got out one day and started counting the stars.
Man found one a little off track,
he called out to God to come out and put it right back.
God, came out and said. 'I & Am & Himself' will make a deal with you.
I'll give you my job, This is what I will do,
if, you can wear my & shoes'.
God then stepped out and I stepped in.
I did not know where to begin.
God I can tell you is a mighty man.
God shook the whole heavens, with a wave of his hand.
Lightning flashed, then thunder rolled.
I, simply just stood there scared cold.
I said 'GOD, if you will just send me back home,
I will leave your heavenly bodies alone.
God said, I will tell you what I'll do,
I'll send you back home, if you will wear your own shoes.
When I got back I had no time to loose.
I went out and bought a new pair of shoes.
Then I got down and began to prey.
I had to get ready for the judgement day.
When that day comes and I walk through heavens front door,
God will say, 'I've seen you before.'
Yes now please tell me what I should do.
God will say, just dont try and wear my shoes.
No Sir, Your shoes I'll never try to wear,
for I can tell you I would get no where.
So dont try to wear the good lord's shoes.
You have a soul your bound to loose.

My Grandmother,

Uloia Moore Bradford

wrote this poem

Birth: Jul.22,1914

Death: Apr.23,2001

Burial:

Memory Gardens Cemetery

Tallahassee

Leon County

Florida, USA

James McLain

Twin Cheeks, One Rose

Two cup them, in your hands
is to kiss the very petals, of life.
No scent, can compete, is rose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alone, A Single Blush On You

The mirror I look into, shows you nothing, not even sin.
No face is transparent, It sees right through you.
Ink blots, picture filled, formless never spilled, the stain
flows upward, downward, pain is a voice of paint.
Lead is bright, consumed in void, it's leaf has killed you.
You lay as a marker, vivid soiled in beauty's, evaporation.
I wander in search of nothing, I was never alone, on a brush.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is, Glass To Me, In The Pain, It Flecks It's Payne

I stand, alone in the wind, berift, tired
and cold.

The window glazed from ice, grand
image, even grander.

My pockets long to warm my hands.

I stand looking at my dream, of that
woman i want when i leave here.

She is always perfect, well dressed
i think she is a good mother, never do
i see a scowl, frown, she is always here.

A warm mug of milk and i will be found
come morning under her skirt, asleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Mr President

Mr President,

Use the system well, use it to further
the aims of your daughters, thinking
they are poor and fatherless...

Use the system as a lawyer would, it
is now a system of and for lawyers, the
rest copulate with one they won't tell...

Use the system to not allow a mob
mentality to rule our future for years to
come knowing in the end it will only have
to be undone, when there grand children
then become are born enlightened.

I would beg you a pardon,

If they the corrupt cannot come around
from thier greed, call the IRS on them, make
them bow to how it was, when once you
were as you now are but they never were,
humble to beg at the feet, of a shoeless one.

James McLain

I Am, Only One, Like You

You want me, /to be\ one way,
a processional in a circle of friends
to admire, singing songs,
about life in the fast lane, in it's energy
that you lead to fire, to wash, and breath in life.
This is but the animal in heat, that you see.
All must be gold, all that is trust,
daddy his dust, moons beams
that glitter, it boils the blood.
Turning it colorless, of gloss shades of
you, I'm forced to dream in your pinks.
This is to me,
you reach down and pet and stroke,
I rush in to blush.
/Or not to be\ it is the other,
the first word in a cover of words,
that may follow.
This heat is just as hot,
without even the sun, they blaze ranges in hue
that it loves to make you scream.
Your rash agelessness becomes You.
>It <just makes it worse.
It is rude, it is mad, yet not lazy,
it is easier washing hands knowing I
chase another, when that other is you,
>You get madder than hats, made of red
It' less, is not, cannot be,
other than two, one in the other it is, it lives
to make you red or pink,
it is one way or the other,
or is it pink?
It loves red to, softer it stays in pink...

James McLain

My Heart

Walks on deaf feet, to
hear the loud echo
of vast hallways,
that once was, just, Rome.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

We, Will! Meet...Again..

As ant's,
We push so hard, from the front,
we just have to meet, at the rear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Letter To Anon

What is the length of a word in breadth
inside, kept short.

The young two, forever and a day, they
would die...to soon.

The old one alone in you, without breath
a word to long would bring the grave, into
the house inside o lay, upon your tomb....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Is Afraid, He Is Tired..

She is he,
and he is She.
The two,
now lost, loves heart.
And bright,
the yellow sun.

You once we're two,
as one,
and ran around the world.
Inside both heads.

He fell inside loves fire.
And she,
his red heart pumping burned

Both fires,
burned ice cold hot.
Within Her,
light did give us form.

Over shadows love,
swept out black coals.

Your smile, twin lips.
He kissed, both miss.

His face, from that.
Bright coals, still hiss.

Now alone again,
he walks into.

Loves,
loving great full moon.

James McLain

It Is, Only For You, To Decide

I tremble at your feet, with your toes..
This foot of grace, to my right, in the sand..
Little tributaries, attest to your loyalty, i would
bath them in salted tears.
Callus are they, whom ignore, the pleas that
you, moan, in quite fixing a meal, i would feed
you more of the same, that sustains you.
I am the shoe, that comforts you, i am ignored
only by your love, of others that you soul.
I am the red that you leave, in my wake, to the sea,
every day, to grow just, a little more, in my heart.
that could please you.
I would release you, from this burden, rest your
foot upon me.....yet you must decide, i cannot, do it for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Would Erase You

The dream
in the
woods' would come
back even worse.
One is to mean to me.
Still, and again, I forgive you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Push

You pull the hope, is it to much? Faith
cannot bear such strain.

I would rather push up daisies, than be
drown't in a puddle of dreams.

I fumble foot balls, the referee gives them back.
Fouls fly north in my winter, tears flow forward
into your eye, much deserved. It seems.

I have breached no damns, yet the beaver knows, It flows.

I wonder through the wilderness, with out a reference to a hat, while
duck without a bill rests on the tail of the beaver, inking a quill.

The queen will hear about that, it is to late to flee, these, the acts,
you did presume in park, now you must play, the pipers part.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Grass Is More Soft

Sun peeks, clouds pushed
by, is morning.
Grass soft sweet, dew,
it washes my feet, in.
I walk, so in quite, breath
mine,
birds passed, still sleep on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Day Morns, Cricket

It rubs wings
silences day
legs do hear
nights voice.
Nights
do hear legs
ask,
legs on wings
sing song
dawn of ash
slowly
drift together.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Disappeared Into That

I was told that the
therapeutic,
effects of the shock
were most
excessively, the others,
were not so fortunate.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can Withdraw

The weather was a gift
did you sleep through it.
Withdrawn, is sun day to.
To shelter a small flower.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Straw I Drew

O f the billions
i can draw you.
Paint, blushes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Mask, Is To Eye

You travel back words, into the mask
both sides, are free swimming. In black.

I take a picture with my eye, universe is
the mask that you wear, clicked in space.

The dots are millions, the mask is plain so.

Flecks emulate enters, to burn unnamed.
Soul of that which is held, travels on plain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Before You Jump

Remember, to fall, horizontally..
Verticals are just not in fashion.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Aardvark

I fell much too hard,
to fast, with no warning.
A gust of wind, sails my
one leaf from the woods.
Over the pebbles, protection
is a place to be looking from.
There are millions of us,
every where, I see the..
Aardvark, the few of us left..
tremble in the quake of her wake..
It is that I am..one of the fortunate.
I cling to a rose..in the breeze..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am, Your Stain...

You peeled my mind, front to back
then sat in it...I did not resist you, are.
What you are, I fell into, the wind cut me, in two, I die?
Your head, when you lay it on me, my stain in you, I try to reach
just because.It is all I have, be kind I ask of you, just please try.
Sheets of white Linnea, washed in your sea, waves foam
as you try, i hide, deep inside, what is you...my stain...erased..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where I Try, To Grow...

I eat the dirt, it taste like dirt
it is not the dirt, i profess it is.
It is not the sun, it is a smile
it helps me realize, it is not.
I smile my broken smile, one
more crack, my face falls off.
The sink, is full, my mask, falls
washed in my tears, i smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Cave For Mothers, Lover

Parting silk rushes the cliff side
honeyed with combs, host honors
undis turbed.
Walls smoothed, in appreciation.
Tools absent, pools, small holes do
lay scattered. Heat from the hill is a
hand on the belly, her womb, as fire.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Key

Has not been used
do I try it out, on you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Beacon

Eternity, has waited, patiently listens re verbs, thump.

Blind, without form, coalescing, a vibration becomes out.
Trillions, of invisable notes line every bar, I emerge into.
I cross the cleft, planets shimmer, closer to obelisk.I swell.
Murky, steam warm moist, I feel with my tongue, armless
still just this form, it circles, around pink button reaching.
My skull is rocked, shaken this flesh alive throbbing, on, off,
singularly firm is planted, back to front, skyward.
Three simultaneous eruptions, Blanche the sky, thick with pink.
Comets whip it to thin, far flung, ripples, the void is once again born.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am, Innocence, Lost In A Mule, Named, Sarah

If you stand there slack jawed, what's in a fuse, a box to top?
Does your water whistle, when tea you do make, is it swerve?
Forward in volley the back hand is folly to swank, is the music
you play every day in the ruse.

I confess these words, to use in amusement, in joy for the moment, a thrill and a
chill, harmless to dare if you do.....Say it, you will!

Are you proved? ..In the middle and pink?

I am wicked bad, no dad, I'm a male to do is to try, and land on the
moon of your face is grace to us all, let us fall into silk and leaves
in a pile it is swank be word in a coded world to undress..us all.

I confess, I will come hard, I will come fast, I will last, I will be breath
to your sweaty nights that you dream in vain.

I am, wicked bad, a males, confession of sin, for you to deny.....

I only want a flirt to warm my heart, my sin is you.....I stay in your...
badness...forever blind...with you to mask...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

First Act, A Reparation...

Reparation, the great sin, divides in all.
We named her daughter, Remembrance.

Dedicated: to the Gold lady
Who never forgets, I'm lame.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Queen Anon, Her Ant, Hides My Shadow..

It is a bright world
a strings of paths,
I ride my ant, for safety.

Queen mother, who nurses me still.
Hidden in your bulk, is our future, in translucent purest is pink.
It transcends, the black and white of most worlds.
The grey world frightens me, my shadow changes, her mind.
Fe minis, she waves me on, her servant I am.I nestle safe,
in the shape of her fight.
Her guardian, is larger than I, wearing my ants cast off love, in shadow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips

Her lips move, yet i have trouble still.
She puts them up to my ear, my ear
sighs, to see more,
of the word, that she hears, me breath.
Even in sleep, her lips try to break, spells.
They are so unbelievable, they Quiver me,
shiver me, I reach out with a feather, to see
if they are really there.I put one small little
pearl there, to see if she will wake, she,
sighs and rolls over my will, to stay strong
in the end, she says, that I am not that kind of guy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can, Never.. Stop!

Shuddering, I quiver,
shake, rush, is to die.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Hide, Behind Your Tongue

Ears miss the song
plots gone all wrong.
Sadly, I chuckle you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Innocent Flower, Is Love To A Snail...

Salt was a trap laid so still at night, around
her blush so pink, frail bloom hid the eyes of heaven, softy
dripping is necktie in dew form.

A branch of eternity, blows her wind, I tumble in to the scents
of her yesterdays, washed clean, by her breath.

The bamboo sighs, in regret, sprouting one more long leaf.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Will Climb Down, To You..And Wait..

Working, front's, word, is lines.
One step, backs up the other.
In your palm are all my, softer) I(s.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Snail

You talk, it glides

You walk, it rides.

You speak, as if you know it. <Will never die.

You were my very first, a snail, formed from the first.

You are the egg, I tarry.

You are lost among, my many.

You look like all the others, when you come in to play.

You and your mask, it stays the same, you watch from
the stalk of heaven, one with two eyes.

You knew I watched from the many, as you slipped away
to join the few.

You are my snail, in you rests my desinty.

You are not my death.

You are all her beginings.

You always knew.

You, knew, it.

You, it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Dance, In Sound, Your Mind..Is Music

Powerless, I weave your very, your own web
around your nouns, my verbs turned pro, into.
Puzzled then, your Leaf, it shakes the wind.
I sit on top, envy with green, your back, words.
The first thing you pushed inword on me, was..your
bottom that vibrates me, it's why I cry...You fav'es me
now, in play, all day and night my pride..
Fingerless, I paint a picture, on your bottom dweller, it lays
in your refolded petals, thighs only come to life, when the
cricket sleeps.
At the end of the rainbow...I again, climb out of your pot.
the gold is no longer one tasty nugget, but a mild of tast salty wave.
We left the crown at the edge of your world, Oceanus.
In it's one good purple claw is the bread upon which, it carries,
your ripples of pleasure, consumed.....drinking butter..
I await the sun, to fall, while my asparagus, harvests destinies
swallowed beat, growing pink one spark at a time.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

While You, Gathered At The River..

I walked accross, looking for more
bowls to hide my words, inside of..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Swines Love, Is Cuckoo

The pink pig, oinks the time, while the cuckoo
reclines on the chair, and waits, on the clock.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Regina Est Ut Vendo

EGO have known, but could non narro.
A women of plures masks, assumed lemma.
umerus humerus of Atlas has held vestri visio.
Est ut oro vestri ignorance, abeyance of dignitas.
Poena est nusquam ut you, if is est alius.
Quondam vestri contego in kindness, was mei vos took.
Veneratio of prosapia, terra, nomen, mei taken,
from bottomless puteus ut whispered, for vos is est.
Vos ludio ludius mihi, EGO ludio ludius vos,
totus lascivio invicem, est infirmus.
Silenti etc EGO vomit, Your visio EGO sum peius from, betrayed e.
Meus key EGO gave vos porro ago, you partis is per them, you
sententia nusquam mei, tamen vestri ventus.
EGO succurro vos rideo risi risum kindness, you rideo risi risum in me, in nex.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo Muscles

) it(still has the
beard attached.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Backwards, Into You

I walk, i walk into you every where i go.

I walk into every face, i look not down as i should.

Do you even see me when I walk by?

I see you wipe away a tear, i think it is mine, i run into you
backwards with a big smile, just to see you smile back into
the front that is me.

Into you back- wards it is that i walk, when i see you wiggle
your familial walk, your stacks to my front, both talking back
looking through glass it is side words both are you.

It is a backward walk, when neither can talk,
i still love you to death please come back to me
and walk in to my life once more.

I will walk to the store and buy my milk,
back to your front, i need to be sure.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

While I Was Away, You Entered Me..

I slept, dreaming I was awake.

Many were the strings, knotted, a bow
on which to climb.

Looking down, I saw her watching me, from above.

Her wings are light, but fair in flight, she glides around me.

I climb over her, she floats past as I reach out, her wing
whispers into my ear, without sound.

The latter as one struggles, it sways, my mind is the wind
that moves it, thinking it must, I make it stop.

I reach her shoulder, she stops, placing my foot upon it, I bend
backward, seeing her face in a smile.

Knowing I need her teeth, she removes them, and places
them in my mouth. Her new ones are better, I smile.

she pulls her pouch open, and I climb out, looking at you,
wondering what you are thinking, you just read on.

The eagle on my breast is wanting out, I have to use both
hands, to keep my locket shut...Falling... I fall into your lap, where impressed by
this feat you then wonder, what it is that I think, in

the back of my mind, where no light ever shines, or gets in..

Satisfied you climb back out with a big grin, wanting to hide
inside me, again..

James McLain

A Pink Pill

I hate it, the fault of the world belongs to it.
What were they thinking, when they made it?
The subatomic world, slows, then stops.
Nucleus of my center, it's bottom never centered right, it's drive.
Chemicals, push and pull me as the tides, moonless eye.
The ride is vast, ferrous, filled with misgivings, one big rush.
I am being driven, the line is endless, little waiting faces, all blind.
Doesn'T she, understand, I can be a waiter, I am patient?
Blind Helpless, I am pushed out, discarded, never to feel as
she did, the day when as normal it all flowed away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Confessions

They do not weigh me down, it is
only the wickedness of others.. sins.
It really frightens me, knowing God
knew, you would confess it to me.
Yet, you said when you look in the
mirror you are ready for the world
here I come, watch out, death free.
I travel the hot line, down the middle,
the world is again, one pink oyster.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ooohhhhh U Scare Me..Snivel

So wear is these big tears,
you dripp, no plops on me.
I, snivel, I snivel) it(s..you sound
like a new sewing machine.
Yes, you can still snivel to me.
Just please be careful, needles,
need an eye two..and one for you..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

These Cuts

Nurse they do not like you either..
They know..you do bad things to us..
You make us sleep untruly is..you bend
our limbs when we sleep/..happy is our dreams.
The cuts you explore, you spread them more
and our bodies weep twice, as much than before.
Your face you do not even mask, so sure of our
powerlessness, you stand in the way of our hopeful
recovery in fullness.
Skined of limb, through these thoughtless cuts you explore
so happily, always on us, your tears are the wrong ones.
You are a bad, Evil nurse woman, untie..me..now...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You, Cry.....

Washed, Is it yellow...are they still?
Do the stains, lay mounted...in frustration?
They are from the pink flying pig.
They could be pearls..
Some thing else is at your feet.....
To fix your wings....I can but try.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ameri>can Sods Are Sexuality

Confused, into bliss, movies, of danger, wet pink...panties
locked and loaded, inVouge, Magazines, with the perfume sniffers
torn out, fully loaded, fine hung cows...It to softens, the voice
and slides down twin peaks, splashing all of it, milked..out in, to drink..
Silicone gives us heartburn, Nexium..does us...in..side out..
Yellow sun, buffs shined, silky voice, he stutters...in her wiggles room.
Daughters in boxers, so short, now she Follows him...happy is his..
Aguamenti On it's prize is purpose, must follow all is it's passions....in
silk..larking.
Key holes arouse us, a small hot Calderon..clean in sin..washed..dirty.
We watch the view.....I'm left amused.....hand...always so firm, with it
on one utter, the muses gun is swank...so soft....., so bent so cruel...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ur, Bff Said..

Wake up, sleepy head, dreaming, always dreaming..
The wine wuz to strong, i have stained you.
Grapes, wash leaves, stagger under the weight, your
hand, prunes the stem of faith..
His land bears, grain and oats to feed the children...
The pipe from under, which you, gasp for air...it...is...to..
flow with the wine, you have chosen, clever if not wisely...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Huntress

I stand, furred, on all fours,
Alone with the moon,
As snowy as my owl companion,
Who is off in search of some snack of his own.
At my feet a blood-white hare,
Long-footed, well-fatted, nearly tailless from our brief encounter.

I offer up a simple melody of thanks
To the spirit I am about to consume
Along with the meat that will sustain me
For yet another night of melancholy.

But the prayer becomes a pitiful plea.
Is there no one in the night like me?
Must I always hunt alone
In these nameless ravines?
Slinking through thickets,
Ready to spring on any warm-blooded thing
That happens to cross my path.
Is survival all there is to life?
I let out in a plaintive wail.

But as my own note dies,
A new voice rises
Far in the distance
Muffled by the snow-laden trees,
But still distinct.

I hope!
I prick my ears!
I hear you!

I reply!
My vocal sigh entwining with yours.
Your notes rise higher.
Punctuated by the fall of your feet on the crunchy crust of snow
As you approach.

I wait.

Our feast bleeding out at my feet.
You appear, as black as the night,
As black as I am white,
A fearsome beast.
My knees go weak.

You mount me.
I allow it.
I howl.
You groan.
It is over.

We feast.
We sleep.
Nose to tail in a ring,
Yin and Yang in fur.
Love, feast, is circle

James McLain

I Miss, Love

I am your friend
cut me, pull that
trigger, bit me,
drink of me, rip me
let me
just push that
button, please
just one more time.
Then I will go away
but hallways remember, the walls
window sill corners all come back to you.
One last time for more, of the same.
You do still love me, write...only me....I love you to..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dance For Me

The druid,
Crunches bow of horn, mixes in her chips.
She plays his harp on strings, still in song, once young.
Emboldened shadows stay, with stones of soap.
Wash the skin a wolf shape in a clear star night, in rest.
Drum of mind is never hollow dance of fire, is sold a breast.
The roman god then went undressed, inside to find.
Mead in cup of Pan washed bamboos claim to, Li Po lean.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Wink

Walls run into me, my blindness
becomes transparent, I'm crazy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bffaad

Best friend forever and a day,
you said,
anxious i am, please stay one
more day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nurse, It Is Only My Hand

Strapped it is, in a steal,
forged wink, of a tan man.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How, I See

You are all around me, you have to
know I cannot delinquinsh, between
dark and light is to justify your heat.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Plot, A Monkey

The treats are special, behind her long bars.
She sings, I toss her one, she winks..is laugh I turn very quick
aside as a stream, flies by.
Her antics I fell in love with years ago, her special cakes on
my birthday she makes....did you catch that to?
When it flew by? ..This monkey has plots that put
Queen's Elizabeth's
to shame, bartered well, green tufts, in Thames weeds.
This monkey plots me with her.When leaves, spread.
the hands quickly, Her ward has spoiled her.
Some one gave this monkey, an anatomically correct doll, the other monkey
looks, like his parts are missing..The doll is well used.
Hilarious what a monkey will do a banana is all it takes..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is That I Am

Sky, so very shy
shy turns to cry
crimson tears,
turn pink on me.

I do not mind your crowd from a
distance, I rush them in thought.

You confuse shyness, with confidence.
When I float down the mountain the river
as wide as one hair on the head I adore.

I fall alone, in bones of white, the grey are
my sisters, brothers they, are you as well.

Their skulls are linked together in chains unbroken.

I wink at you from space, looking at the ants...
making mountains from a hill, up above.....

James McLain

I, Look At You, Just To Blush

Nipplet's Pink drops dew.
Dries on your thigh, covered.
I tarry, I tremble, me inside?
I blush, to beggar you a warm
mile, your smile is my feast.

In awe, I look around at your banquet.
My eyes linger, softly at the Den of Edens swell.
He the God lays in Mona's fruit adorned.
Thorn less the bud lays exposed to his touch.

He graciously extends his hand to her, and asks>

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Animals And Public Safety (Florida)

Two state Bills went before our
Legislature to be passed one did.

Bestiality(SB 448)

Makes having familial relations
with animals a third degree felony.....
The hobbyist unpacked it..it failed...
Who wants to do life on the house.

Then the second one..

D.N.A. reform(H.B.1151)

Mandates if arrested in
Florida, you will submit
stem cells to the state data
base...it passed....I wonder
how will they keep up with
the dogs and cats?

Or can I send in my clone
for a cup of my-tochondrial
on hot days..when I visit, the zoo...

James McLain

Finger Food

Modified phonetically, it is a country singer.
Chickens, plucked from cluck to lay, is soft a gown.
Country folk, of simpler fla've last to grow thier own.
Caloric intake city prawn, kitchens hold the keys to shorter life.
My stem celled finger on a string, lowered down my throat
it loves to sing, before it greets the feast inside.
Deep within the finger black hole winks into the night.
Consuming every thing in rest, to feed one stars, black heart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nurse, I Blush

I know, I sleep a lot,
I, blush, blush some
more, may I ask, all
of you, are familial
now, what went on?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bottom Button

belly buttons is closed
the middle
loves when with a child.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Regina Rose A Pink Nex

Regina Rose a Pink Nex,
Ordo men tumbus volturius vultus row.
Centurians puter ut nemorosus centuries curvus.
Lux lucis primoris placitum ut telum Pierce.
Curtus mons montis promontorium brevis spiritus in tumulosus.
Pugna pitch atrum niger turba eyes operor nutritor.
Rutilus runs ex sand sursum manus manus amo vicis.
Scepter exspecto suus incohare exuro est terra.

Queen Rose a Pink Death,
Ranked men tumble vultures look the row.
Centurians crumble as wooden centuries bent.
Light first accords as arrows Pierce...
Shorter mountain peaks short breath on hill....
Battles pitch dark black crows eyes to feed.....
Red runs from sand up hand like time....
Scepter waits her turn to burn on land...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Write, Now

I have no time to
eat snivel'its you...
Snivel me thus.
I hear no snivels.
Blind I am, snivel.
Snivel a crack so
a rose, pink grows.
Write me a snivel.
Sing me a snivel.
Wild snivels croak.
Train nose in, snivels.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

"Dad,

The queen ant that took
my brains just called, she
wants to eat more, I died.
She is a nurse, thinks she.
This evil, seat is electrified.
I cannot join Evil, in a bed.
God i know, you know, what?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Call

One call, and it is all undone.
One call, the devil comes in.
One call, one drink, the devil.
One call, is stripped canvas.
One call, a color waits to cry.
One call, the sky begins a fall.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes, She Plays A Haunting, On Maleness

Heartless beat, is fixed mind runeless...
She grabs one vine after the other, sleeping
in leaves tea water.
The bush hides my face, the rose is blooded.
Her moon, tears fall, I wipe them with her heart
to cluck the center of the bud, eyeless.
I stare at her through the bottom of the bottle.
It magnifies her sou-less qualities, without them
folds petals of squalor, bent in deaths grippe.
I dont need to fetch her, any more oil is yesterdays, today.
Rolling her over, I remove my ring from her nose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Above, A Thousand Eyes

Thousands of pin prick lights
eyes, above, everywhere I look.
they are, Watching me.
Harder down they stare, Fumble
in the shower is the water, hot or cold.
I feel some thing, looking down, incompatible.
These feeling go back along long ways.
Window eyes, they shop, goods are never bought.
The mannequins do talk amongst themselves,
when you are gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Banished

How, I got so high on her
many thorns let me know.
Shake speared Romeo
Juliet's gown was not torn.
Roses cent my Darline, days
rain blooms is petal round.
Why did you push me, the
thorns clown me, stop it now.
Please, I hate using force,
Choruses are free to make.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear Poetess, The Huntress

Dear poetess, the huntress
I know you are probably male, so i know,
you know, i have issues with males..
Sometimes i have issues with females to, rarely.
I know you know what is going where, and to whom,
i dear poetess abdicate on you not.
Nothing is missed or mixed from he, to she, me to you, her or I.
They live in Anthea's world.
I have done a couple of things, nothing 'Evil, or bad.
I told two females to shut up once
and i think i pushed one down
i was just starting to flirt, them into confessing,
to you about closing doors, open doors.
One female wants you to kill me, i know you could,
she just
can't wrap her mind
around a good fl ave that is you..wink....wink..
I know yes,
it is hard getting past the lust to the wrapper, some
are just pixie chicks,
long skinny sticks filled with loads of colored sugar..
Well, you know now, yes my confessions are boring,
what about you and yours...? ...Please hurry me along to you.
Sitting there as you do,
and you look so fine, like the huntress, that it exudes is you.

James McLain

Sleep, Deep In Irony

Woman, man to divorce..Dicourse of course..

The Judge ask the man..a question about her accusation,
I heard a lawyer say..your honor his body is here, but his mind
left on vacation..Judge to woman, Ma am, I think what you did
could be wrong, does your new boy friend know what you do,
what to say? ..When this romance does not last..and you come
here before me again?

Here is the house, property and all other accedes, begone..
You did a terrible, unspeakable thing..and are rewarded for it..
Nothing have you to say? ..May I retain you after hours to repair
this prenuptial agreement...Soto voice....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I, Really Do, Can You?

Understand, that you exalt your self
falling on the sword, to slow my mind.
They are all separate, as are pages in time.
Mind, body soul, stoic psychic finds, much to dine.
The men, most hate me, Edgeless ego, child they find.
Tell me, flies come to honey, I would eat the honey..I am dumb..
Religious Helot, pearls and swine, which..sadly, I am..to reply..
I think every flying pink pig,must have...
should have just one pair of pink pearls to try.
So Mary, fed me milk and wept..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You, Left A Rose, A Mask To Fall

Crayola made
creation pink.
The lip stick
so very red.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Flies

Tickle one stomach
unstitched, boars do,
root in laughter, s play.
All is time butt treats
the eggs unshelled is
freedom from the plate.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Every Time She Winks..I Love Her More...

Her wrack of torture knows no bounds touch ends.
In squealers, wank a stain upon the
'art of pain she grins.
Mania, biplanes, necrotic tics make
me tremble much I fear in letting go.
High, so high above the ground, she
turns the handle one more time to
feels the sinews come undone, is chic.
Falling, falling...I keep up without her one
approach, attached, her wrack is taught.
Parachute in hand Is lent inside again.....I win one..wink..
Queen she flies this, plane called newits art is swank..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One, Rose To Many

To dress the color still
so many, pictured pink.
Row upon row in high
thigh leather boots, are.
Why are you out this late
at night?
Many took, to me the look.
I long, to press an umpired
street, deserted here in pink.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Are You, Sorry..

When i ran through the wall
i did not see you crying, so I
am sorry.
you claim to be a tyrant, yet
you are as soft as the roll of
tissues, eating at your mascara.
You put it aside, we did it all hot.
It is fine, you do not have to beg
me, I must always take you back.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Nurse'

I smell pink is it
late, of the rose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Dunno, I Woke Up Here

i dunno,
you tell me
but this rock is frying me stuffs all off
and those look like twelve inch fangs
in the water
i dunno.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You, Faves In It..

They dont walk on two feet.They swim through my blood.
There hands scoop me out, winds and grey ropes, your
hope at a longer life.
You sail through this world, in and out on my diaphragm.
With a great horizontal smile, you split the horizon.
The nerve of Vegas you squeeze over and over again.
Thinking it some slang dirty word mouth, but my blood never is.
The red river, parted once, you faves it bye.
Would you still die for it?
It is you, is it true..dont lie to it..just die in it.
Then leave me.
Come then if you will...Stay in the middle..Lies.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is, A Just Small Thing

When i was blind,
she told me how nice my eyes were.
I have spent years trying to see the color blue
in word subscribed.
When she said she was pink, it is a rose i bring her.
I could be mistaking, it is having a pink smell to it.
It is a scent i died for, few cents that made, i have since.
When i was old, it is a sad thing, to have your mind erased again.
Please be my guest in it, it is just a small thing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Today, I Must Breath, In You..

Pain shutters it ripples warm waves
every breath a gasp, intercostals, rip
bone cracks of rails, the cough is now
bloody...you cower..why? ..never will
you notice a pale hand once tan and
strong, gasp, to gasp out your name(I) .
Dear Queen, I am afraid of the roaches.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Seal

Carved in flesh, is cut
it grows again...Seal
even in death, craved
by some, scream white
on forehead bone, chills.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Phffft~ Your ~phffftless Yet Familiar

It is in your very words
you hide the phffft's, I
can tell. The alley is so
very dark and yet you
I must admit, are the
professional of phffft.
Have no fear your phffft
is of course safe in here.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Dad'

I will be there soon is
with mom you may sit.
Thanks for being most
inside her as husband.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unus Atrum Niger Nox Noctis

Tunc vos may adveho.

Adveho vos may per
tergum ianua tunc vos
must licentia velociter
per frons.

Vos must dico nemo.

ו א ת ה ח י י ב
ל ס ח ו ב א ת ה
ת י נ ו ק ל מ ק
ו ם מ ב ט ח י ם
ב מ ר ח ק ש ל ה
ל י ל ה

א ל ה מ ק ו ם ב
ו ה ו א safe.

You ח י י ב ל ה ש א
י ר מ א ח ו ר ע
ל י ד י א ח ר י
ם door.

The ת י נ ו ק ו ת י
ש ר י ש י ו ן ע
ל ש ם foreheads.

You ח י י ב ל ד ב ר
ע ם א ף א ח ד א
ו ת ו ע ב ר ל פ
נ י א ו ת ו ..

James McLain

My Boat

Rib are exposed to white.
Wind breaths on shadow.
Birth one seat is breached.
Love of my hull, was patched.
Her hand open, port to sail into.
Waves lose rocks fury her eyes.

Rudder speaks charmed
life is bleeding me a sea.
Bleached wood spills dream
a splinter hides one rail.

Passengers left many days ago.
Scuttled inside scarves, last seal.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Latin Regina Rose

Sulum dies is dies.

Sulum dies denuo is spiritus.

Sulum bud is brings, is

pinker quam unus pro.

Sulum vigeo brighter, yet mollis.

Sulum taste, leaves mihi exspecto

pro unus pro, in pink.

Each day is spent is half in half.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Different Is Your Mask

It must..it has to be..
it just must...or I would
die..alone, full of all the
worlds new, barrenness.
Desolate, without living
your pain, desperation,
after you did it, the first
time when did you realize
you were just chaining the
train, over and over again.
Never late, forever early,
eyes open wide,
eternity spent waiting.....
to climb aboard one last
time, and ride,
without a ticket.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

So What, If You Can Make Me, Stutter Over You..

When I crack my lid, and the nurse is over me
with her scalp, I can tell by the glint in her eye
she loves me.....I see the scalpel....
..it's better than nothing, released, ..
never fought, Emily is...Plus it's well...
it just shudders me..
The bed pan is always late like breakfast...my arm..hurts...Nurse, nurse...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Generational Latin X Lost

The words are never confusing
like your words are to me.
Love is not a word to me, am I in
this for sin, or just you?
What, am I to you?
Do you love me?
I would settle, for two bit Italian from you.
The words are never confusing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Crawdaddies

Every one knows, The kind in Pentonville
you will find, lol...all in tears,
at night when all you hear are screams, they
will find you..when you are bad, bad, bad...girls and boys...
terrible they snip...you...clip..you..grippe you, never to let go, and
make sauce from your mind..fancy.. tales....
you cannot run..disbarred...so when you are bad, just remember.. they are
comming...it is easier if you just lay there, to bite on your lip...
while by the hundreds they crawl over you...clicking on, soft Mummy and
Dada..while you get the bad..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Regina Pink Rose

EGO faint procul sapor.
Madide Is planto mihi.
Incendia vomica meus cruor.
Vos victum mihi iterum.
cruor planto mihi somnus.
Debilito in vestri telum.
Amo dead, you sublimis
mihi from, again, and again,
iterum.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Regina Diligo In Nex

Regina Diligo In Nex,
Meus diligo iterum mos nos opportunus
is nox noctis unus
in vestri nemorosus arca archa nos wait
together in incendia of sun, again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Passing, We Met....

I sit watching at home on t.v.

day in day out, all I do is eat, and yell at him.

He is of poor bed side manor. He flips me a pill, we joke.

My legs are like sausages, Purple, blue streaks, flashing.

Food has to have salt, salt makes me drink more, Pepsi.

I cannot wear shoes any longer, they split at the seams,
if I stand in them.

They are coming soon to take me to surgery, they have
to remove the sausage, the skins are split, the meat is ruin't.

You can tell by the malodorous air, sweat and sour pork, is
Chuin suet. I could not feel you anyway.

The hog farmer makes his rounds here every day, not only
for mine, but every thing you donate from your frame as well.

I am a diabolic! What happened to you? Miscarriages.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tremble, Stutter, Sweat, Passout

Clutched
in his hand
a torn
napkin
that says
i love you
and under
the tan
foot
blows
the wind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

U, ..'..'snivels

Did not even try.
You talked about it,
no disrespect, you
did not go past talk.
You knew,
I am damaged, hurt, hiding
along time.
I am ashamed of all of u.
You did not even try.
Will you try now, or talk
some more?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Do It

Its impossible
can't be done.
I fall, to get to
you in a vein.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Will You Ever

Breath the sand that
blows from her hand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No You Haven'T

tasted one wave
outside two skys.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Flytrap

Soft patient leafs grasp is to
hold all souls to be fed upon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Last Rose

Fought to your Boadicea
int wined blood is druids.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Tabellae Ut Regina

Ut quondam vos erant, haud diutius iam es vos.
Quondam nos erant ut vulgaris ut pods, fields duos paganus.
Vestri wars EGO fought, brought nostrum terra contego.
Vos profiteor diligo undying salute, breast patella have
pulsatus harp.
Iac lactis ex vestri terra jug hallways, novus mihi in vicis
of bellum.
Bellum has ended, you must tendo ut liberi servo per vos.
Salus mos iam trucido caries intus.
Diligo has lost est is camena.



PoemHunter.com

a Letter To The Queen,
As once you were, no longer now are you..
Once we were as common as the pods, fields two peas.
Your wars I fought, brought our country, my shield..
You confessed loves undying salute, breast plates have strung the harp...
The milk from your earthen jug hallways, refreshed me in times of war....
War has ended, you must tend to the children, I served through you....
Salutations, I will now slay the corruption within..
Love has lost is it poetry...

James McLain

A New Medication

Do u know how u feel
when u eat like twenty
pork chops or three
packs of bacon or five
tripple stacks and go to
sleep? This iss worse!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

So Busted

That is why,
you are not my friend!
I would then see you,
for who you really are.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Lunched

Thin waffer is thinner
than me, consumed (I) .

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Twisted Sisters, Jar Of Clay

So, do you think you can cook,
inside of the jar like I am can?
Math, is quantum digressed,
when bent back from the hole.
Mutable space pressed flat,
spiral out, to unfold, a grasp..
Carbon jars, hold all that is you.
Darkest mass in the center,
fingers all grasp, when cold.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Or

Will you just ride
pole to freedom.
All cheap skates.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Staff

In use, for support,
is used by many
for their own, use.
Will you bring the
flag, home to me?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two

Iss willing to walk, as
is one into black hole.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Iss

iss it secure, in safty is watch
to quick? iss it lack, of suspension
attention spanned-is smiled.
iss it high just<iss, to dock iss.
iss mysterious, it trembles to iss.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death's Won Rose

Memory of late
fades ash es, grey.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Learn

To read:

i must always,
try harder.

Just for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Meus Diligo,

EGO have victum panton,
tamen vos.

EGO vado alius qua,
mos vos exspecto,
Illic must existo others, to iacio.
In meus contego?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Label

I have looked inside
all of your drawers.
The coat is not worn.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Launderneth

When you wash them is
hope they smell as you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Must Hurry

i am waiting,
and no!
my feet, can't
stop moving,
i will miss you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Rose

Withered on your vine
unsealed, by choice.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Last Casket

It is decayed, for all to see behind murky lead glass.
The sun is old, the plant of youth has faded to grey.
Futures squandered, roads of gold, are left undead.
Gaunt, robust once is night now returned, in dusk.
Extenuation of extinction, again now assured, empty palm.
Treasures in treasure is treasured by whom is-left to be.
Last rocket bus, with children in trust, fall up to the sky, to cry

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Women Hate Confession

The habit, is so easily dropped.
Thus picked, is man's will poor.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Regina's Royal Coach

Pro centuries, I have felt vos know in mihi.
Misericordia est pro dead, nibble in victus.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No One Knows

Masters of the universe are one shape
no other face can tell
untill you see it.

Some faces stay the same, for eons
others have that special gift, to change them.
Is it in your face to be the sum of none?
Gratis Gratis let them stay as one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Royal, 'sycophants'

They follow her around
like she is thier queen
professional loppers
of hemorrhoids, she is
so there preperational, H
is abssurdly in need of a tucx.
Off with the heads, not that one.
Fool you ruined his, mums tower.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Banana Leaves

Pink blueish moons veil, lightly flowered.
The soft twap of green leaves, as I push through them.
Upward I gaze the dark silhouettes of millions, to closely
resemble, looking down I pause.
Finally, understanding, why she feels, I am so lucky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A, Little Lost

I walk, look, walk, look and walk
some more,
I do notice every thing, even you.
I am not, can not, wish I were you
some,
one else.
Please, your walk is different to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Barn

I don't mean to frustrate you.
I just don't have forever like you do.
When I tremble you, you tremble me worse.
Did you even think of that?
I have never even ridden a horse!
How do I fall up? How do I get down?
You never thought about that, just assumed!
I would not even know where to look for a saddle.
Would you?
Here then climb back on..watch that seal..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

On, A 'Half Shell-

I drift, open to the sky.
Happy no flies will find me, attracted to the shell?
I am hinged, but she forgot me again.
It leaks, but from where in the fog.
Slash, the net has seen me, tonight you will to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tuna

Not on a day like today.
The mayonnaise is, ripe.
Even the bread is soggy.
The relish is moving, out.
For a dip, on the beach.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Solarium

I tread quite,
facts hide, in
a one sided
conversation.
Sun, is so hot
plots always
ripen, I watch.
Riddles leap
hurdles, knees
bleed, as do
turtles, don't run.
Unauthorized
use of my mind,
those bushes be
heavily thorn ed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My, 'World Flows By'

The air is pure and clean,
my cabin, rests astride a
creek of ice cold milk, moist
the strawberries jump into
my lowered budget, made
of wood. Eternal her spring
lays at the top, unbridgeable.
When you come, please try
and remember,) I(am lost.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Wing Is Limpinbroke

Tatters, scattered puffs is
powdered magic gone.
Full bodied I float, still to
be carried ever higher, in
a hand, Mothers tongue
knew the lesson of old, an
allowance, I speak too anon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I See You

You lay in the sun, oiled nice and fresh
near the water.

The tide is coming in, the little meals
are swimming, as fast as they can.

From Mr. Snookums.

Happy meals run for their lives, along a
southern mangrove.

Not being ignorant, and having washed
in this before, the butterfly rests on your
tan breast, Exposed as well, in wonder!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Quite

The rabbit waits
at night for play
is not from heat.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Egale And The Rose

You are the eagle.

I am the pretty, pink rose you grasp in your talons.

Your grip is firm, though my thorns prick your scaly skin.

I am a flying flower!

Together we grace the sky with strength and beauty.

Together we symbolize the all-seeing eye and the eternal offering.

You scan the land for signs of distress, disturbance, discontent, disaster,

Swooping down only when the need is dire,

Proffering me only to those with no hope left.

Telling each forlorn soul to reach out and touch me,

Assuring them that it is Acceptable to pluck a single baby-pink petal,

To keep in remembrance of our visit,

As a reminder that someone was watching,

Someone cared,

Someone is there to hear their call.

No one is ever alone.

My petals are special.

They never wilt or tear.

An eon could go by,

And still each would be

As fresh and fragrant

As when they were attached to me.

They carry my essential essence.

They exude motherly-love.

You are the deliverer,

In more than one sense.

I am the gift.

Together we bring all hope.

James McLain

The Big Dump

This song is not about me.

It is about your swollen face, and red cheeks.

Your streaky made up face the little rivers running through it.

This song cannot hide your rumpled cloths, you never changed.

Your thoughts of leaving all your friends for good, taking the blame.

Bright is the halo to hide your eyes from mine, I still hear you.

Blame for what? Unfeeling, thinking just wanting more?

This is about courage the cowardly dog, sleeping on the floor

needing all your toes, combing his fur, nice and slow.

While you sleep, deeply again. Safe with the knowledge inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The, Keyhole

I hear splashing sounds, noises
the hole in the knob, is my magnant
i have to look, i must look, if i dont look, i will miss it.
i should blind my self for looking, there is never talk of it.
Through the hole i see a whole new world, a different
kind of blindness, one i run from but can't hide from.
Through the hole i see you, helping me, help you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dad` ` ~ ~

The ant's are coming
to make me play up, can
you save me, once again?
sshhh (I) saw u and mum.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

U R A Pop Quiz

My fellow Ameri-Can sods
you can do it, head ack-es
hurt, to get your pride back.
First any cost, God save me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A(I) 'Words,

Did (I) tell on you?

NO!

Never tell on yourself, tell) it(to me, your (I) in you.

Did you wait, listen, think (I) have some thing to say? (I) don't.

Say it often, does it change, the intention, the core that is you?

Give) it(away, much of, (I) many, maids never wait on me, (I) them.

Literally, Must (I) tell on the two of you? ..NO! ..you are safe.

Wordless, then) it(is, that (I) am, only then.Are you safe.

Tomorrow, yes you know, somebody else could (I) be?

Wordless) It(is then (I) need not need be.Need did not change (I)

A word that was said (I) you did not hear from my mouth(I)

have not told, have you? NO! you haven't either (I) know.

(I) need you baby (I) need you ohhh God how (I) need you.

(I) (I) (I) do..(I) do....any thing....any thing...(I) ..blush

) I(wait ever so patiently, to love you at your feet..this you have heard so you now know, so you to can as well, know, (I) ...your feet are beautiful to me....will you not rub on me more, with them..?

James McLain

My Name Is Ferinus

My name is.....Ferinus...succulency, is the middle Roseus.
Why would I care honestly what others eat.
Whether it swims, flies, hops, crawls especially the kind
that walks on two feet, through my field.
You never complain, you never fake it, you do shake it
and every day try to bake it, chicken it is not.
There is some thing special in pink, wink, smile, lips begin
the depths of the most complex of all webs, you tell.
Only such as you, a woman, to fear, carries these weapons
at both ends of her field.
My name is.....Ferinus...succulency, is the middle Roseus.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death, A Contract

Crushed bones, ground fine nice is her shaker.
My boots find no pleasure walking across, faces by dozen.
Contracts sung in sin I have gained, all fit your eye.
Once long ago in youth your pleasure, was once my pasture.
Over time this pleasure your pasture grew thick, bland to the taste.
Needs by me more, much, much, more. Promise kept and honored.
My shelves grew full quickly, sadly so.
I enjoy excitably inexhaustible rivers of milk, justly so. For one, you, I
would settle for a mere trickle? I sweat that in one gush.
No, you enjoy shallow pleasure, for the time that you have.
Hearing the call of all, I enter, then leave as a clearing dream, the next morning.
With you another fistful of bones, crushed into powder, to flavor my meals,
alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Vacation Is Her Vocation

Trembling never still, on her picture
a reel, here I watch. In love she worked so hard, like corn
bread and milk, as sweet as her blush.
The flax is no longer yellow, the warm sun of time has left
me, my musk has long since faded, indiscernible.
I sit on a boulder, in the middle of the Suwanee river, springs
are white much to rapid.
The shoals like my hair near white, never still.
The corn sweet is much to husky.
A cob once full, smothered in taste, has long flown away.
Royal blue has colored the sky, inside her skin.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Just, A Small Thing

The little wooden horse you gave me, when I
came home from hospital.

I watch you through the window, in your smock, planting
a new garden.

It is hot I know, I never tire watching you do some thing
simple like drinking from a glass that was once dark blue now bleached from the
sun, into some thing even more Unusual.

You hang the white smock over the small wooden fence, the
dear will come when you leave.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Girly Makeup

Will you show me how the make up
works to hide..lobotomys scar?
Wern't we friends... Doctor?
I cannot remember how to do some
of those..things any more!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Finger On My Neck

I wear it there, on a chain it's
to keep me from getting phat.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Moment In Time

I do hope well, thank you ma am, but I am
not hungry.

I hear talk, well kinda,

it is mostly all about your sister, and what you think I should
do with her, yet please bear in mind

I have spread coals once of her, over wide areas

each spot rekindled, memories, carried in soot on my face
in streaks powdered tears.

I hear you speak through your sister, her look, when at me makes it clearer.

All say it is not a substitution but as is school when the teacher
was away, not what was said but a thought did remain.

I canna marry you, sister, please no prospect towards have I ever intended,
she has gone away, my heart with her to stay.

So far no other love will obey this heart to stay in a hand tenderd love that is
true.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Have To Kill Me First

I will never just give it up
on the punk tip
get a gripp
and dip
ur lip.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Black Hole

If I slide by you, will you help me stop?
I stretch my arms, nails bleed by walls, bloody.
I look, you see me go by, is your face blank like mine?
I have No, understanding of water, stagnant multiplied
in and unto it's self, on top, scrapping a bottom blind.
I can only hope she will, once more try.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dali Mixed Picasso Women

Flames out her nose
lasers, guide her eyes.
Her twin peaks are off the canvas, to bend trickles
of milk, holes is cup leaking mouths.
Left nostril reaches around, to guide a smell of transgression
Tweed saw edged teeth gnawed off part you need.
Right nostril dripps cheese to blue to be cobalt, leaves in salad
pink, rides wave on backs of two salamanders
she raised from his head.
Her hand slaps the flap to his door, when ever it can...
Always inside sleeps happy voice, seeking cheaper paint.
Screaming at dogs mounting cats licking lost mouse,

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Tear

Is the last dropp hidden
to feed her one red rose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Another Kind Of Miricle

Is loving, a punks punk it can be very
hard, her grippe is firm, how she yells and) wink(s
other wise the day is a bit warm.) it(smile) s to.
I have washed the aphids, the milk is fresh and cool.
The red rose is not a glare, wankers but are blind.
Wink and a smile, so dont yell, i cannot hear you.
Yet your ears are find in the forest in which you dwell.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Controversy Not Dissension

Is the quickest way into
Pandora's locked box
in drawers, enslaved.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dad Thanks Again

It is thirteen years today
since you sent me on the
home depot mission
gone only twenty minutes
well thanks for not shooting
me when you turned that
shotgun on your self it was hard
getting the Catholic priest
to give you mass
but you are situated proper now
not burning hot inside the box as you thought.
Thanks for your car, condo, stocks, bonds, most of
all thanks for paying off those credit cards before.
I grew up to be just like you....well almost.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lap Car

Alone rides slap of rails
to jerk, down and up, are
lights move away, seen
hand in hair, sweet lap.
Peach clouds my head.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Drilled Me

It was shamefully embarrassing
laughs again, always will, she is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Squire Squirrel Squeaked

Bread crumbs, french fries.

I cut through the park, to make something happy
in desperation any thing.

The bench was clean well oiled, from a prior occupant.

That made me happy for the small things, bench burns hurt to.

My nurse said I have to be back by three, and don't give my name in with
strangers who breaths on me to hard.I was willing to plead up
to anything

just to keep her hands out of my head to day.

She never wraps my head right, I can smell it healing.

I was asleep before you, the warm sun, filling me with vitamins, my friends had
all borrowed.

I awakened into the arms angels, taking me to heaven, to change the wrapping
on my head.

They said, they have received to many costumer's, from the nurse,
while one dipped honey, for me to pour into her coffee.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Use Of Force

I have been ordered to take you by force
non-lethal the choice is mine, understand.

I see you, but I don't, slick as snot you wont
get away, you can't, please last chance it is.

Alpha, Bravo, Charlie clear is the boat, son.
Tango, Delta assigning an alias drill, Sargent
of arms if she harms the order is shoot one thrill.

If she crumples at your feet, she will be honorary
nice and neat her body stacked on cotton sheet.

If she resists an order, unplug her honor, let her
take one for the crown, make it big, questionable.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lonely Shame

Before my hand strikes the door.
I don't know my mind, Please stop!
Short knuckles white, light flashed.
She will hear me scream, or worse.
My door stopper, is clinched
inside the sun's mouth, I run,
Bare, friendly, sharp, thorn ed soft
branches grasp me, as lost lover.
Overcome by tremors, blanched
fear, to lay choking on a raw tongue.
My last hope of salvation, is rejected.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Legal, A Seperation

Vibrations, as of yet, I do not yet hear.
Upon the neck cold, hard, are tracks.
Thought does the Governess share?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Near Death

I wait my turn, wishing here it were different.
It is not, your watch is my wait, to make one last claim
in these pale ashes..
While you sift through grits lost hominy, chuckling..
The few teeth, barren of gold, smeltzed through a
memory left ajar...I am cold in your drawers..wooden
it is so many of..stepps, grass back bare..still I look.
Your basket flows over neurotic habits, set to type to
run, you glow happy that your words stir, showers of ash..
That lay upon me..these strange smells..make me tremor..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where Angels Sleep

between your smile
is to float in un seen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

We Dont Mind That You Are Single

My three wives
conjoined triplets
are the only people
lost on this island.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Brutal Slit In Sail

You look through
grey wet world to
everything here is
moist stilled births
horizon of forevers
eye to look for more
as sail beats face
slack dripping hand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Crime Wuz You

When you did it, did you measure with
cups O heart, held by hands of pianist?
Heart is judged, by two tugging starving
spiders who pull it wide, come inside it.
Little bloody feet prints guilt of crime is
upward spiral back of mind, heart bleeds.
I look up through milky eye, camera zoom
behind lost, many are the shadows, yours.
You step over to the microwave, slip inside
it, warm it up, look around eat the evidence.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No Milk

Find another use
for this upper lip.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mr. Johnson

I ask the questions if you please!
It is but a few, that I may to have?
Is it a good running two stroke, can
it be bored out, how much bigger?
Can it handle a hot heavy grippe?
What's under the top? I sea a swell!
Now that you are done, you may go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am Easy..Love.. To Easy..

You, I am talking about you, show me a
little skin, you slip write in just like a pro.
I am ashamed at how easy I am to tric.
You have no feeling, primitive thing in
it's soul of lost to find by you, plain tric.
If ever I git my hands on you, I will split.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

While I Was

My trash stacked up, she flew away,
a bird emboldened found a way the nest is made.
Dark clouds drag my mind, great waves are grey.
I slip on the stone, cobbled boot rings, my eyes steal.
Silly laughter, wench's cup in draughted mouth, play.
It is late. is it still there, in the park waiying, adventures.
Rain in step both ways, I leave the dark to crash, clean.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am Deaf To Lear

Words leave me women to stare, why not?
Slap me happy, like you to share some tea?
why not?
Madness is my way, yet I try it your way to please.
I am an adventurer, trying to loose all I find.
I really don't know who screams the loudest, modest here.
I do not speak for two, only one writes at all about verbs.
We may lay on a noun, but we fight with verbs, to st ear clear.
I save my feet for a worthy cause, than to jump up and down,
playing meek to a crown never worn.

Love adorns, a soft face, cheers carry her roses to say,
my feet tread in ash es, all day.

Will the one show her true colors, or fade to the ground, as a shade.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Much Can You, Fit On A Pin..?

Inside deep down vast mind of queen
eye directs her thrills, to subjects here.

Many are the pins, brought in, from out
they sing when stacked, about a purpose
plain.

Great is her fine supine, filaments float is
mind they do compare with pins they lose.

Directions to her cast and crew begin long
steady march within the city wall to find the
evil few.

Her king is Chinese, he checked in from prior
life to advise the laying line of pins sleep inns.

Kingly ant points out the one to cause such
clamor of small mind compared therein into.

The forest of false hair is thick, and blue, some
gone around the rim, shiny mindless pins stuck
strait and true small wires do run this rim of skin.

Plot on this great brimful mind, enshrined inside,
this hollow bowl, will soon unfold this very night.

Queen of millions ask the switch be thrown, when
done, as she instructs, should hear revenge sweet
so groan in throw es as ticked off bugs do let go.

The switch on this vast mind of mean is thrown
inside the room her dream continues on today.

James McLain

You, Tic Tremble, My Hand To Deny

You set it, right beyond me
length measures time, you
know to the inch, how far I
can go. The collar, spiked
stings only you. I ignore it,
reaching, reaching for the
jug, cool whispers dripp I
hear, onto the floor, out of
reach, you pull as one rolls
closer to close. One little is
single solitary dropp of milk
denied, again, again, in out of..?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Is More Beautiful Than Dali's, Wife

I told you, I only flirted with them, you said,
I would have, done more if I could.
I said, you are whacked...
When I woke up, there were ten long rose
stems, between my fingers and toes.
You have to tell her I was only talking, please
she makes Dali look normal...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Army Ants

All queens, merciless hungry
french, ageless times.
Do you run, into them rubbing
acid bodies? Is the big grind,
are you sweet, only one way in.
I saw nothing, if I tell they will eat me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Leave Me Some Brains

Up to your knees in them,
could you save me some
an once, or two perhaps.
It is fun, they don't come out
in the wash, yet you grow so
fond of memories cherished
to grasp.
The walrus with his broken tusk
for you.
Stir the pot, with spice and you to
taste and take for lunch to share
with friends, who know you care.
Oceans of my brains an once or two,
easy or the ink will drip into the grey.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can'T Make You Fame

If you don't want it,
I will give up mine
for you.To prove it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Waits, To Dust Me

I tremble in tics, my dog and I
sharing dreams.
Her shades are never drawn,
I dance watching, am I allowed?
She is bored easily, I doubt if I
landed on her,
she wouldn't even pay attention.
You don't even kick me. Off of it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Are Evil

Deception
is a sin when perpetrated
with grins to deceive
I see those grins, I weep.
Your agony, of laughter
burst my heart, I forgive you.
Is it really, that hard to deceive
a dog in love with you?
I lust in air, nothing there.
Some lust on baldstone, the big one
is deceptions of such magnitude
leaves me green, ivyless.
I envy such commonness, you disdain.
I would fire you always again,
I just don't know where, or how to begin.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Was Your Doctor Who

The report was even louder, this time
I watched, Dr.who, slow it down
the bullet just spun through the air, de-
verb-ed tied to a string, dancing through
me in and out, you laughed at my faces
inability to comprehend my understanding
maybe one, two holes at the most but over twenty?
Heavily fruitful Jayne steeped in his personal assistant
did realize such fancies as delightful as you make
them sound need to be conserved for a much
wider guidance of divisiveness.
Happy wild Jayne plugs all the holes with pork?
What was I to gain by watching you give
me desert on a string, while I watched from the other room
hungry.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

U Can Keep The Peanuts

Verb, verb, verb you hurt my nouns
making me trust the tics, tremor is.
I need you, blind are my days, without
dark notes, beating breasts, in haste.
Fingers, twirl within, kneading my mind
to, into your fire, painfull are the eggs.
Will you come back for your chickens,
I will feed them the peanuts, with you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Honest Flirts, Live Forever...The Others Dont

They may have blond hair
blue eyes, for me, they have
more, dark hair well with to.
I am thier drive through, take
out, all orders obeyed, eyes is.
They tip good, bring me beer,
knowing I will listen, and never squeal
unlike the rest, I am there roller coaster
of life,
have a good time let it roll
and take a few pictures.
then go home and sleep it off.
Dress well, deep filled cuts,
no puking guts, blood-
less dreams, with Domenico's cast
we like to hear, ears know it best
how you like to scream....
Late at night,
when the oysters of the world are shut tight...

James McLain

We Found Her

The lights were bright, our hearts were off
the mind is a tragedy, calling warnings angle.
It took weeks to find all the parts, three were
missing, the neighborhood donated the rest into.
The masks now are of any thing, as is her hair now
the curls are permeated, scalped, same less not is.
You smell like our last life that ended the same
running from the future, now stuck in our past, clue less.
The spare parts, are from the same famous woman,
breast less, holding out for a new continuum twin peaked.
Washing the pillows over, and over, again stuck inside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Woman, Inside Out...

She knows, She says a door, a button now
pushed, past a bent line, that wiggles her.
When she grippes it, magical mirror breaths
smoke, she grabs, like jars, inside labels with.
He is just to simple, enjoys wiggle different, to
birds taste the same, would she turn the knob
of door..and cross the wiggled line..ask more?
He beggars to the mask, unhinged hanging on her
back, golfballs full of bags, to stare, I do so love.
His genius frightens her, the ego cries all others
filled is he in with, jealousy was the last egg, left
unfrocked, yet she loves to scramble his eggs.
Then if you are what is found, do not hide me..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Kill Me Slow

Drag me through the tempestuous coals
the furry eye of truth none know or dare it's peak.
Take the valley, to my head your hand does grip
when your alone.
Foul, foul, foul I cry, when you get mad, and push it out
when it was you that had your fill O me.
It is o.k. I will take the love on any day you care too serve it..
You pull it up, down, up, down, life is always
slower than the strokes before I die, you caught up too it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Women, Who Do, Men Do Not

All have read
my flirt poem
and comment.

A coward most
of course will not.

p.s.some males
would think they
are, but you are
not a woman, ok.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Where Is The Bottom

Wells do not speak,
they listen.
I am still thirsty, I am
looking through the
water at me, to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Missing

I used to look forward to saturday,
where is she?

I miss her calling me old, did she
give up?

I think she is tired of me being a question.

She wants me to be, like her.

Maybe..

It is hard to talk when they think you are dead....

Verb.verb, verb.....i miss your puffy noun...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Only The Best Restaurant Will Do....This Justice..

Dress up real fancy, go out to an upper crusty snooty place where they pay attention to everything, but dwell in nothing, and do this:

Strike up a very engaging conversation with your partner, when the conversation and rimming is perfecta in all the hush and quite, cut a greasy one, loud dramatic, with no intention other than to see how uppity crusties pretend the bean soup is not really running down the skirt or pants.

Move the gluts around a little, kinda grind them into the crushed velvet a little, the more riskkay the better, like some thing is clingy but just wont let go.

Then where they can hear you, remind your partner they they have to return the rented drawers the next morning or loose the deposit.. A real blue blooded upper crust will....

A(...ignore you.....

B) ...think you are famous and have their kid come get your autograph....

C(...will you hear one ask the matri-dee if they can some of what you are having..

D(...or find the rare one who knows what you are doing and brings you over into thier table..and after dinner go to the Oprah and do it some more..

E) ...or are you really just a coward and the thought of this just gets you to excited..but you deny it is poetry..

James McLain

Judge, I Have Many Appologies...Of But A Few..#1

Judge:

I am sorry I angered you and your colleagues.

It was not my intention to do so.

I do not see reason as you do, when it is my home,
my child, my life.

Those positive things perhaps you saw in me,
I have yet still to give in keep for trust.

I know that where it is that you are, women run every thing,
this not only is wise, in truth.

I could not, when you offered to me, take care of all
that we had..she had harmed me to much, I had
to go away from my mind and all it's insane company.

It is still difficult for me to even leave the home in which

I stay, in truth, that which some judges take for
granted, was stripped from me by she, dark road of unreasoned choices, made
from backs of elves, drinking wine.

Being a judge you have judgement, Knowing you, you have more so than the
rest, when I perceived harm that night and left with the child, my judgement was
called into question, by the women
you trust around you.

I grew up being beaten by an alcoholic, the damage lasts for all eternity, it is
clear to me, Sir: that acutel suffering and pain, is a poor teacher when offered to
judge, I do not intend this toward you.

Those women around you never knew I have those same sciences to..

James McLain

Before I Went To Bed

She called me fat,
I was awakened a
few hours latter to
some of yesterdays
hog head cheese.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When, The Worm, Danced No More..

Dali and I cry,
Gala, will not.
She talks to
worm, worm
talk is cheep.
chicken eats
Dali and I, we
to listen now
as the worm
eats us, and
paints more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tourette's Life, In Their Lane

You find it, am musse-ing, I can tell.
Verb, verb, verb, do you like action to?
Blurting out stuff
that makes even the president blush, my
mind is secretly
lost in mound of nouns, squeal, sequel, squeal, fell in the fire
ash on my face
to discard as it will, help me, help me.
No mercy I hear for the week.
The doctor says we blurt out the psychotic fears of anyone when they are near,
living breathing empathic erotic sceptic mirrors of the others darkest fears.
Dali I have eaten their sins, now save me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Judge, I Have Many Questions...Of But A Few..# 2

Most honored Sir: -in jurisprudence,

Why would you,

turn an alcoholic loose with the equity

in a house that was paid for, that was in lis pending

when I met her six years prior?

And of untreated her mental illness.

You knew of this behavior, long before I met her, now

what of her Caroline, she my child?

Your fellow Judge in kindness of heart ordered Jeyna Burns to see Dr. head

woman, how could he have known, the alc up above would give her my child,

and pay her..to have her pick up a gun and blow her own brains out two months

latter...lucky child? ..after Jeyna...ran loose with this gun shooting at others..

Jeyna is dead.that is bad.sound judgement to me in her..?

I do not want to anger you, I now, do since fear you, it is only a question from

myself to you, ..no reporter...Being most wise is there any thing left when we

die..but the money..

I will contact you like this, Sir.....

The keys to the Bentley I leave with you another in there...

I did not mean to anger you to cause me to feel bad...Sir:

I was not the enemy, I am much with humilty as thus are you..

James McLain

In The Woods?

i see you in the bathroom
through the hole, you do to
smoke pot.

You said you were a good girl,
what do you do in the woods.
What do the other girls with
you do in the woods.?

i see you and them bring things
in yet nothing comes out.

yesterday i saw you and Denise
take mark in the woods with Tammy
and Jane, where is mark

i have not seen him in school for a week.

Tammy, the four of you are really hot,
listen be quite, do you want to touch them?

yes!

i will go with you

to look for mark, sure, where?

i will meet you all in the woods, wait for me.

James McLain

Dad

Oh merciful
scallywag my
dad,
that was your fault
come down and
bless one ant, it is
needing it..The
queen is tries to
eat me in one bite..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Well' Acually, Most Humble Sir,

If it wer'nt for the handle
how would you gripe it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Phffft~ Gala's~wiggling Worm, Dance

Gala, stop, you kill me, spigot is off
dance for you, while i sleep, pull.
The bird comes, stops short looking,
eye to helm, I know in misty, grass.
Fish floats by hooked, worm has the helm
the norm is, Gala loves to jerk some beef.
Saloma ardors process, wracked hung
to dripp sweetly up Gala's arm, gold cup.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Locked In Your Room

You knew about the damage, the doctor
told you, I was not coming back.
Yet, you had to make sure, nothing on me
You touched, went to another.
You would after retraining me, come back
to plug in the cord of my mind.
You would turn on the wide screen T.V. to
sit back and after the last act to flip on the
switch and revisit the scene one more time.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Head Less Pitted Plums

The report was loud I must look dazed.
It was not lightning, I dealt it, thoughts dumb.
She is still hammered, blind as a bat.
The room is wrecked, legs hang here and
there, an odd arm, sticks out.
No head can be seen, the chain saw has died
leaving a coughing breath in it's sleep.
She weeps in the corner, no shirt in bare feet
her chest hugging knees, pushed deep.
The toys from the night before hang, in different
directions, from she who is blind, soul to strike.
Her hands each hold spikes, thorns leek from mouth
one lip dripps, in pain it seems.
I take all of this in, As her great, great grandmother
takes me to bed, upon her wrinkled plums I sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dig On Dali

Shapely shade hugs me down,
held by my head, I am
short one, it giggles.

Señor Dalí,

dame tu mano, por favor, ahora vamos de la tierra,
aquí es un paño de la cara, te ves bien.

The eye, dipped mime on string, does sing us songs
for rent.

Clocks, heavy bent with time it dances well, while cows
being milked and drink from wells of wine.

Rapid rivers swim in ears they pour, as rain falling more in dreams.

Gently I am lowered into sleep, while Dali weeps.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Are You Really, Worth Stalking..?

You see them every where, men, women
divorced, with no one, crying of fame.
It is terrible dying alone, goes the tune.
So are you worth stalking...?
No....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Said, Head Hung Down...

She said, I am a terrible stalker.
She said, I just hide behind the bushes,
then jump out make a lot of noise, and run away..
I never stalked before, she said,
she would loan me a book..? ..Loan me a book..?
She said, I am confused...I said nothing,
are you not wondering, what I wonder, in the bush....
She said she would teach me Latin...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sixteen

Dear dad,

Α γ α π η τ έ μ π
α μ π ά ,
Ο π α τ έ ρ α ς μ
ο υ , τ ο κ ά ν ε ι
α μ α ρ τ ί α π λ
ή ρ ω ς τ α π ρ ά
γ μ α τ α .
Α μ ε ρ ι κ ή ε ί
ν α ι τ ο π ρ ό σ
ω π ό μ ο υ π ά ν
τ α κ ό κ κ ι ν ο ,
blushing.She κ ά ν ε ι π ε ρ
ι σ σ ό τ ε ρ α α
π ό τ ο ν α
δ ε ί τ ε ear.I μ ο υ γ
ρ ά ψ ε τ ε α υ τ
ό γ ι α τ ί
σ α ς έ κ α ν ε ν
α υ π ο σ χ ε θ ώ ,
ε ί μ α ι α κ ό μ
α
κ α λ ό γ ι ο .
Α ν κ α ι ο λ ό γ
ο ς γ ι α τ ο ν ο
π ο ί ο μ ό ν ο τ
ο σ ύ ν ο λ ο τ ω
ν ε κ π α ι δ ε υ
τ ι κ ώ ν
γ ι α τ η ν α ν τ
λ ί α β ε ν ζ ί ν
η ς ..? .. μ π α μ π ά ,
τ ο κ ά ν ε ι
Δ ε ν ξ έ ρ ω , α υ
τ ό π ο υ ε ί μ α
σ τ ε , ε ί ν α ι ό
λ α έ ν α

α τ ύ χ η μ α ..; . Μ π
α μ π ά τ ι ν α κ
ά ν ω ..;
Ο μ π α μ π ά ς μ
ο υ κ ά ν ε ι π ο
υ κ ά ν ε ι θ α υ
μ ά σ ι α
π ρ ά γ μ α τ α γ
ι α τ η ν Τ ι ν α
κ ά ν ω ..;
Ή τ α ν σ α ν α υ
τ ό γ ι α σ έ ν α?
... μ α μ ά ;

Dear Dad,

My father, she does sin full things.
America is my face always red,
blushing. She does more than to
show my ear. I write this because
you made me promise, I am still a
good son.

Though why all the education just
to pump petrol..? ..Dad, she does
not know, who we are, is it all an
accident..? .Dad what do I do..?
Dad she makes me do wonderful
things to..her...What do I do..?
Was it like this for you..? ...Mum..?

James McLain

Let Me Help You

Help me, vi aiuti, help me..... è per sempre
noi, noi.... parole passioni della vita per vivere la vita.
Fammi aspettare niente di più, che già ho,
si uccidermi dentro il mio guscio, pop con i tuoi
denti, mi libero di morire, il mio amore.....

Help me, help you, help me.....It is forever
we, us....words passions life of life to live.
Make me wait no more, than already I have,
you kill me inside my shell, pop it with your
teeth, set me free to die, my love.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

About The Brain

When it is damaged
it is a blessing
in disguise.
You have thousands,
of miles to travel.
I have only one,

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Peccatori, Vincitori Sono Quello

Selezioni e scelto, voi lo ha usato male.
Parole di titoli da nascondersi dentro, lo ho trovato.
Sparga il pettegolezzo, buon fiore del oohhh.
Lo avete guidato, alla crepa ed indietro.
Madre, sin su me, li perdonano tutti.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nurse The Doctor

Hurry put the flap back over my head

I forget

now, more and more.

I don't like talking about that, I thought

you did, can we stop.

I know you change my mind, I have so much

trouble today, trying to remember who I am.

The flashes are much worse, I had

forgotten that, I was just old.

When the doctor comes in, will you put

my arm back in the drawer, it moves

without me, yes, it is embarrassing and more.

Sorry between all the medicine and shock therapy

my tongue has grown much, much thicker.

Nurse who are all those people? ...

...is that jack in the box?

I am not Jewish! who is that fire for?

Do they sell new parts now for the Chinese..?

Nurse..hide me in the oven..with that nice Hebrew lady..

We, for once, will share what is left inside, the lid...

nurse....undo the flap.....there should be enough left for two.

James McLain

Wife When You Meat The Devil

I hope you spend all eternity
knowing you have to have a..B.M...
but nothing ever comes out but string.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Know She Is Not Into Rednecks

When she,
eats the cheese,
and leaves the cracker.

All writes reserved
for Larry, to fix
the cable Guy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Writes,

You have the write to know what i finish before i speak.
You have the write to ban me and burn me..to think..
You have the write to right me off..on your taxes.
You have the write to cheat..thinking i do to...
You have the write to read without glasses as some do..
You have the write to sell my thinking...as not.
You have the write to me me boring..i'm not.
You have the write to think i'm a tric...i am...
You have the write to write of writes you write.
You have the write to right of you as write you will..
You have the write to still my write in what i do in write.
You have the write to unwrite all i write to you...
You have the write to impose your write on me can i write to...
You have the writes to me..my writes i give to you..to write.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death Married Death In Death

Death looks at a flower, screaming I am beautiful
look here I am, come eat me, alone.
Death hovers, smiling, never waiting, walking always
by, knowing that,
any thing that touches it will also soon, never die.
Death is love, love is death, why are you both, death
is your pet pink pig, and two flying pearls.
Death is a dry cracked nipple, sleeping, holding on
to the flesh untill it falls off.
Death is a bullet fixed, never moving, why does the
world move you through it.
Death is a voice always quite, sounding alarms to
walk across the street knowing you look while you
come running.
Death is a woman, who is crazy, thinking the world is
spinning into her coffee.
Death to all men who think they can save the woman
by marring death and eating her sandwich.
Death fingered you, you loved it, now you finger me,
leaving my bee exposed on the flower, you buzzed.
Death's own flower is always sweet and poignant on me..
It is always open for you to smell.....
and it's red alarms, you ignored...
still here now it comes, alone....to see you as one....

James McLain

Her Nasty Na Sties Is Nastiness Calling Soon

She invented Narcissistic behavior...
She taught me the above mentioned word....
She has hair under her arms...
She never shaves her legs...
She knows he has small milk duds..
She wastes all her milk.....
She buys milk from the store and pours it out...
She takes milk cartons from little kids....
She makes the cows mad.....
She hates cheese....even hers....
She has a mean look on her face right now.....
She is a sonnets contradiction when she walks...
She wears dirty panties under her dress.....
when we eat out...
She defiantly knows who she is.....
She lives in denial.....
She farts in public and blames it on me...knowing I shiver...
She will soon come in screaming.....
She was fired for the second time.....
She thinks by erasing history she erases me....
She knows) it(made her famous.....

James McLain

Waves, Bullocks

Always late, cutting rope untied
a vast ocean bullocks, fore, aft.
They block my horizon, moved by
smallness, motions foe will gain.
Today, I ride with the shark, as it
swims while the monsters sleep
mountains of waves wash over us.
Moving, to avoid the smile wasted
on the other, flashed in white teeth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death 'Waits', Lately

Slowly adjusting mirrors vanity
what a shame, what a waste
such good stock, shelved.
They cannot be quite, doddering
cod, placed on small a lively hill.
Executions always wait, was I not
frequently early to most, heartily.
Breaches four creases, early maid
fetch me now hurry. Fleeced they
would but tarry, impatient scruffs.
The block, chopped chips in my eye,
while blood ruined, my last white shirt.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Who Else Do You Watch

I know you listen, it is a sickly thing
but I know you can't help it..after all what is a name
to die for.

Nameless in life, death grows lame, I wait.

You watch, you tickle me with ice cream, watching
hearing my brain freeze you stop to listen, softer is the flavor
you said...how...?

I don't watch you listening,

my rat that poops has your ear on its back

my house is one big eye, with you floating in my middle..

You are defined, I have always known, you are watching
me hear, with your ear.

Your pink pig flew in, and ate my rat, leaving more pearls...

Heaven waits on things, like you, to come around me, again and again...little
white pearls

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Judges Cry To

Wisdom is the law having two Mistresses
Blindly seeking both.

I cannot keep one in truth, hearing both lie.

My eye on the morrow's words hands tied
in rule, since time never changed.

Before me, some times I punish the one as
beside us one could have been

yet knowing

change blows the wind..fiercely.

I walk the shore line of a morning, to know
wisdom is as the sand, unwashed always clean.

The rock I sit on holds my face, deluded was he
who painted your father, on the ceiling, never looking
up, all stand on thier backs..in awe.....crying.....the
star stopped, buoyed in your bayou, teaching pie.

Humble though he was his gravity motions me down
inside you to lite a path you know is strait..

As you flip me over, you put me to rest, in a steaming
pot, judged...by crawdaddy's graduates in claw.....

James McLain

Proof Read

Iron clad monitored the dance
shooting spit balls
Is it does not mean it is without
effort inside.
Print of your mind, eye two one
sees, absolved never to look
both ways.
Garages are empty, reassessed
position, global economy, looses
you in loss, me two.
Why do you travel all the way to
the Philippines to see me get
hammered and nailed every year?
Say it...smile..it is fun...eating rats..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You Knock

I look at you, through the hole, it may as well
be in my head..If I let you in again, what will
change?

All you want is what you want, saying nothing,
asking me to tell you, always asking for my
something.

Is it mine or yours? ..It is mine I know, but I give
it to you so easy, It is mine for the asking, but
you take it, without asking, by asking of it to much.
All he wants to do, is stay in your heart, and rest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tutored Tortured Mind

It is like watching TV, fifty different channels
rolled into one, excited an utterance was is.
Contently, amazed at the way, you twist the
wind of breath, your tongue, string wiggling.
I hide, your eyes different hue when I sleep is
then awake the rake in Moulin Rouge, was
happy scoundrel, stone of Braille's story lines.
Your lines more than dare the mind, they
cross a time of different days, lost, gone.
You were taught by one not of me, you do like
the edge of space, the cut of razors mouth
more than your cheeks, you bleed me out.
Arms of your chair, grip you tight, the colors
left you *sigh*come back in, from the rain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Addicts Do Change

Names, more names, never ancient
protection from one's self, to wash.
In-blur to roam, wordless in eruptions
dawn, left on yesterdays new stain.
Journey of familiarly, scooping out
bowls previously uneaten, fresh was
the fruit, now stale, face now dull, eyed from
gluttony's bloated hand, inside still unfed.
Addicts can change, yet still you eat the young.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Night Stutters

I lay on top of the bed, quilt clenched tight
knuckled white paler in face, to wait.

I wait every nite, my nites run into a mile
measured backward into me.

I know I am the last inch, the best inch, the
inch that tastes the best.

I also know that by now, every inch of that
mile has been uncovered, to look while I
sleep.

I hear a voice, never the same, it paces my
sleep, slowing it down, then I leap...

Into one more day of stuttering in wait, it
takes my breath away, this wait, for the nite
to finish the last inch it's retreat...into.....

I would never harm it, it keeps me safe....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Come Again Around A Door

Why this is not even the door they know when they
come around a door. The look is never
different when they come around a door maybe
the mood has changed a little, when they open the door.
I just don't know. When you come around a door
how do you act. Some times, real excited, if we do,
can you, will you, then come back again around a door?
Times are strange, time grows short, again this fancy coat with tie
around my throat, seen this way a different day to come around a door.
The door is worn for all to see. you come around a door to be seen
inside a frame, untamed the door is what you are to see, when you come around
a door. Around this door you find a lite, to help you find your way about the door
when lite has flown. Come around a door again, I ask you now again, front or
back this door you own.
The morrow here to be unsaid, as was the night before this door you came
around again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Like.. 'You'

To know, how do i tell?
Different day, so are you!
Crabs hard shell, to hide
when soft is in style, eat.
Fried good, raw is butter
Blind me, sunglasses, tint.
Bottled I am not, gosh gee.
Wolves do, travel in packs,
upon a meeting, posture not.
Battles are dreary, narrowed
some days, better than others.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dizzily Twisted

Look sis
no hand to
we
is he
be a twister
to us
this eve.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Twisted Me

Barbed wire, unwrapped pole,
cuts me, she drinks my blood.
Tree in oak, to swing me from
neck stretches, she sings of it.
Sisters, twisted dance the dirt,
life they resuscitate, in one hand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

'Evil'

Evil, is to hunt 'you.'
smell you.
Nameless is 'EVIL.'

EVIL, ...unawakened
slides inside 'invited'.
Out of reach, TOUCHED
bloated within your womb.

EVIL, sweats you out, in taste
reaching down you check.
Trembles, hand in night, is to
dawns wasted light, in wait
sucking you inside, to rest.

EVIL was it, 'you'it's eye to
weep 'milky'you hunger, it.

EVIL, will not wait, forever on you to
reach down, close the fold, it's now.
EVIL will never be satisfied, with one
you are 'EVIL'drawn to all that's EVIL.

James McLain

It Is, 'Fürbitten'

Tunnel, this darkness hides,
pasts secrets, lost is child
screaming, electric buzzing,
walls along cuts, do breath.
I tear the face, that was mine,
gelatin grey, while child eats.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No 'One', See's You, Know 'One' Care's...But.. 'Me'..

You are afraid, no one cares,
no one knows.

Except me, I know when you
look, why would I tell.?

In seeing, what?

Tell me, please!

What do they see?

You see pictures when you
close your eyes.

I see you cry, after he pulled
the words from your lip, you
tried, you could not help it.

You, why resist? the cover turns
the page.You walk lazy inches,
while his feet cover you.

You told me, you know, I know..
now stop knowing to him.....

There is nothing about a backward
dog you need to look in the mirror to
be, now you know, kick the dog to
the curb with those boots, he knows.

James McLain

I Died, 'A') Special('Death'For...U....

) It(was not easy, on you
watching me watch over
you.
Tenderly holding my eye's
as you placed them in my
palms.
No strings, attached optimally
speaking
my heart was still yours..for
you to touch...
Surgery was not a choice
how you persuaded the Doctor
to bypass my pulmonary vein
for your esophagus was never
in the consent form
to be fertilized
I sighed in my sleep
this is why I suspect you are the
Queen on the hill
I look down your belly swells from
the Nile's red landscape, my birth.

James McLain

You Said, ' Keep It Short'Nsweet..'

Some things were just not
ment to be short
others were always sweet.
Like You....
born sweet, and never to be
that short with me.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can Eat One Not Both

Flesh covered ground, I push
myself along on them to see
I pull apart bloodied, thin legs.
Determination made that both
deer starved, one in two eats.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have Eaten Both Two

Dogs, i wonder, through my kills,
those feet are small, it's fine, you?
Pink splatters, Martha, these are
not your's, rags, pledge, every day.
I sit, drinking tea, waiting, sleeping.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Save The Rubber

For life is slow
turtles talk
but
rabbits grin so
please save....
The last dance
for me.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tia Juan Due..Soon

Get your own island
queen, I ain't no
holiday may west can
do spend.eat my tuna.
It's served on saturday.

Enigmas are
not for the.....

James McLain

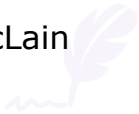


PoemHunter.com

Dead Wood..

It is not delusional
Femininity, left them long ago.
They work with wood, it is not soft.
It is cured by men, in your soft parts.
The more you scream,
the more they soften the wood.
Defrocked, your wool is bleached.
Softness is not an impression left in bars that steal
your breath, thighs depressed by weight
oppressed in nightmares spread open.
The mouth once yours is not now to speak from
it harbors dreads new fear, dead seed forever spilled
inside to grow, more of them
once like your self...
One day spent, ten thousand to grow, into wood
deadwood so much harder than you
soft as pulp.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Uppity

Without the squeegey
last seen on the table.
I cannot ascertain to the validity
of her statement.
If she sprays rain-x continuously
on the windshield.
She might not be safe to drive me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thank You For Your Concern

It is just a little bit of
an epileptic pileup.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Electric Socket

eyes roll up
tremorless
i explain to
no one, fear
to be heard.


James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have No Time, Can I Touch 'It' Just One Last Time..?

yes
so it is
It is so pink
how can i find my way in
it is only uncovered for its modesty
it beats within a hurried warmth inside you
inside i feel you try the boundaries
it is uncovered now today
it is so pink
it is so
hot
is it
you
pinker
winkers
richer.....

James McLain 

PoemHunter.com

You Don'T Own Anything

You are a Kidd
you don't even
own the freckles
on your face..lol.
Sad so sad here
is fifty cents to
call
some one who
cares..

For my sniveling
American neice
who can't have
her way..every
day.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes I Will Rehire You

Under two positions...
think hard...be quite...
One Post is Librarian.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The....Resume

Unusual, are you..?

Tell me then, how I think..?

As it says in my..tell me how I think..

Your thinking is twisted and blind on your face

can't you see...?

What I see then through your eyes then is, > I am just one giant
vaginal waffle <

<to restock your shelves- with

I may be young, I may be dumb, never will I be filled

with your...now

get out of my office...you Russian Putined thinking bank of man....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dreams Of.. Picasso And Dali...

I awake, to sleep in voices
pouring wine, into plates
on a string,
hanging from between, her eyes,
they wave me onto thier face,
to drink a cracker,
of tears as cheese, dripps from her tongue, inside it,
she is trapped, in a bubble between the two men,
with one giant dropp, of milk peaking from Picasso's chest,
I roll over, into her hand.

Dali seizes the moment, to raise his brush,
words drip from the tip, so..so..heavnly..yes..
he waves it like a sword, much to heavy in both hands,
demanding, it's absolutely for
the return of my mustache that was between her sighs,
Picasso, sold to pay for words of shy paint,
made in flesh tone tubes, that bubble
from raw steak,
she looks at me,
i see only a face, with my finger, going through her left
necessary and out her right eye, in
sleep washed, paint.

James McLain

Poo Waffled

-) it(s Belgium
-) it(s Shakable
-) it(s unAmeriCan
-) it(s made in china
-) it(smells fishy as well

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Jesus...Like That..Is So..Fraudulently..

Gosh: :

passing your self off as a real young kid

just to git a vote

i thought us southern red necks were bad

not being able to git it on your own....your honor:

would you please inspect the defendants

to commit sepuku

with really dull ones on them selves

and may all the pent up flatulence

spray thier seconds amen...thank you...you may go..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Plus You Are Fired Again

Polite was what: >Queen mum then did ask<: : : :
Excuse me: : >(in a frail crackly paper thin voice) <are you
one of those special edition been around the block
used up has been hoe's..?
when she heard it spoken a yes and that you had been
in a car crash, she ask
if the car was alright and where were the keys
for your mind was laying outside on it's crack...those
blood stained hands have need be washed off....dirty skank.
knappy headed finger fumbling lip chewing mayonase drinking hoe.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The World Was Flat

By boat we reached the twin hills
in the island was a small river of
coconut milk it flowed to the sea
enriched from past lost heroines.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Truth About My First Cut

I confess,
i only told the psychologist at school
it was from problems at home
when she saw the depth and breadth
of the cut on my arm
latter after dcf became involved and
i was nearly taken away from my dad
i admitted that my two girl friends and i
would pop a few pills and
drink from each others arms.
We still do it but with parts none can see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Nymphomaniac That Loved Me

She was
all of Marylin
related
to dolly
some times
Madonna
when riding Wynonna
she was undeniably
every mans Fianna she
had though these
mental swings that swept
the bounds
of longhand which needed the
attention from many doctors
most of which were nice
yes of proctoctors
these specialized in the
cleaning of councils
untill i found out she
was an agent
working
for the department of justice
she did more
than make bad with me
and never looking down.

James McLain

Skinless... I Drag My Foot..Through You

if i tell the truth
she will be
arrested
So my foot is bloody
it is other wise unremarkable
except i cannot stand on it, yes
it weeps
it has never stopped
the bandages are yellow with age
and fluid of youths
uncrushable need to explore
gives way to side walks
that creak even under my light weight
as did her car when drunk she passed
over me when i was asleep
trying to stay warm.....under the car...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Morning Crowd

is hardest to seed

is...

egos.....

hard core slippers.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Judged Through Two Way Silence

How wise am i to speak
no not very
your words to keep
so many
never spoken with
your thoughts of sleep are
none
to you
by saying
was it not enough to take
the cuts
the blows
tempests borne is hurricanes
water allowed by me
to wash her shore
your eye
wisdom of silence most
all directed did
crash wave less on your
shore a cloudless is was
cold grey sky
for
evermore
judgements lost in sea 'd of doubt
in Solomon's
whore.

James McLain

Same Light...

same eyes
different
sight
lid opens
fate wont let
allow you to
run very far.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To See Her Eyes....No Understanding

pale big wide as saucers
not breathing hearing
her hitting
yellow runny standing legs
grabbing in panic
so they can give her back
my judgement attacked is
by her lawyer
just for money real world of.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Rules Of My Pain...

is to cry
is to flinch
is to scream
is to fall asleep
before the hand
is even lifted
keeping the little mouth to
the wall
so no one sees it leak.
keeping that stiff upper lip
though inside it is of rubber
stupid rules of pain that even
the mean adults could not
ever hardly follow without me
to share abused child hood with.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of...Pain...?

bleeding purple black sky blue
red and yellow runs fears river
sitting up looking down no pain
being the queens compainion.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Belt That Beat Me...

strong thick without remorse
never growing tired of tears
it never heard my little cries.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Hate Being Alone...Now

i wish all the adults
who are dead and
beat me when i was
little were alive now
at least they all said
that they loved me be
for my beating started.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Flirt...Then..Or..Not...Or Run Run Far Away..

It is that I am
a Flirt, terrible
i am in you
thus...
always the
wallowing walrus
I am always
yours, my lord
oohs, myy.
It is..och...wok..o.k.?
It is you that makes
even the frogs legs...
tremble, ..so croaky..
Then come, 'dear'..
don't run away....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Is Twisted

Tie me to a pole, with barb wire
twisted, she isn't even, my sister.
She said, I wuz hate crime, just
waiting to happen, from the south
she is, she isn't even my sister, is.
I like her, she is twisted, of course.
Read it backwards slow.....yes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Depression Is A Woman In Blue

I recline my mind in clinical situations
they remind me of
the blues.

Orchestrated musical blues
she tries me to
play them.

I play a blue situational compression
couched in b dat is
beneath her sultry button.

Theseus feeling is repressed upset sigh inside regrets
a lullaby she sings to me with moving floors adored.

Knowing me is magic to hug me brings a blush depressed
or not my southern ways forget me not I rush a manic flav.
She works hard to free this on ion tossed into her fun alot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beating Up Words

They came out unforgiven, even by me.
I hurried to catch them, before they
struck your beautiful face.
Fate marched you far away, deeply so.

In your heart the words followed, ever hot.
If you but knew this needle, now carried,
is to thread each word together, so none
ever escape, as those banishing thoughts
gone away, to repeat this history of my past.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Flipped You Over For The Last Time

You nodd into Gomorrah, you smell
my lip move, your hand unwinds
like the rubber, around your arm.
Sp each was for yesterdays reliance
on this vomit puked room.
Your head hung is no match in
internment it's bubbles shinny march
across your chin
dripping.
Sodom left traces not only on your arm.
The great city once your mind is now only
Babel's lost in time, bones catered
pressed by sand it's mother.
I know, statistics say you are lost, I never
go with them, yet political correctness
strokes me now... ssoooo..
I stick it in, to the hilt, and press the plunger
filling you with sleeps warmth, one last time...
Not getting caught so it is legal...
So is water boarding...and...and....and...and.
I flipped you over one last time because.....
it was legal.....

James McLain

Hello: : : : Boyyo With The Goat

You thought I would not find the time
insanity's black room to address your sisters
confession of you.

Saith sister, the goat her name Gisilberhta,
strange Germana name, I am Sayre is appropriately
fitted to your cause, again saith she.

She made mention of boots, why would
you need, knee high boots for Gisilberhta a teenage goat.

Saith she, said Gisilberhta has had to be taken to the vet
a half dozen times, some thing about a usability
to produce milk for your cheese.

Saith she, said you will read this, then now after reading this
Gisilberhta has been swigged with another and is even now
as I speak

being questioned in reference to you, having no other...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bulimia

Final homecoming a queen
your mirror was switched by
your evil sister.
She loves hearing you in the
bathroom, so you said..
Solids coming out of your
nose, commode is to mouth.
Your best friend is a finger
food, it always comes back.
Food is your friend, spend no
more money on quacks...duck..
The next time your sister gets
dumped, remove all the dishes
from under her bed.
It will be alright, more white meat..
Not that from the cow.....drink milk.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Now That You, 'Are Famous, What Do I Do With All These Pictures

Your sister knows I have them, she wants them.

I think it was she, whom called the tabloids.

Does she do it for the money?

She has done much, much, worse things, why
do they not want her celluloid stills, to graze.

I have these pictures, I had forgotten you, could bend like that.

Now that you are famous, reading this letter, Internet splashed
are the pictures peeled off, 'I must keep the negatives, though it is
not for the money.

Now that you are gone could you call your new friend for me..?

This new camera, winks even better than the last one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hopless Is A Bird Without Feathers

Hopeless-Featherless-Bird
Eggless you were born from
Flighless-souless-inside-You
Repeat words you heard back
Songs-known-unsung-beakless

Skin-warmed-unatural-cold-asails
Heartless motherbird pushed baby
Nestless-wings-gails-uncaught
Founders pebbles hungry ants wait
Mother-watches-bones-aunt-to-leaves

Barren ocean is mothers open arms
Call-

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Confusions Of Confucius

Confessions say every thing
you tell me.

Talking leaves, enchanted is
with the wind,
blown from you to me.

Karen you will never know,
she is from the other world.

Her confessions mark every
rock, pebbleless without a river,
or stream to lodge her.

Yet your confessions, come still
seeking fresh hands, held up an
offering heard, not by you but of you.
Being heard, the tailed kite flies anew.
Though your thoughts come from
all directions, channeled into one they
are.

One falcon, your wrist hides, heedless
shooting ever upward,
flying strait into the eye that offended you
plucked forth,
it shares it with you, knowing you will
see all that was missed, when next
you fly to kiss,
a claw feathered fresh in a talon.

James McLain

Aren J Why Do You Want To Kill Me Now

Is it because,
after forcing me to make unnatural choices
I choose insanity just for a while
but long enough for you to spend a quarter of a million
are lips that move but a voice husky in wines fuzzy grape.
Between your legs, opulence's fat decadent hand has left nothing
but a mass of white and grey wingless stubby methane spraying
friends....personal friends, yes mark, , you answered my phone now though your
bills are not from pariah's milking hand..red light..
blind me to...eating those white and grey worms...
like sum yummy dumb tourist..laying in an emergency room
all because the sun tasted bad flesh...never recalled..
the truth stings more than..a...tanning bulb dually inserted
by you both...watt; s lost in a wast land that bleeds..always brown
never green..as once were the oaks...both now just.....stumpy..
so sue me....my house did always look bettern yours...
I forgot..what happens to your wife? ? ? ? ...now.....
i am...so happy she is...ITALIAN....those Italian women
know how to....cook....they wast nothing...with their grinders...

James McLain

Cloth To A Tree

Splitting rock is giving water a wise
choice to flow, as birds bath.
Beating cloth, women do our work.
Our gratitude, allows them so much more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hell Through The Floor

This is a bad day for me, for you I am happy.

My head has not hurt this much in a long,
long time.

I am nearly blind from the pain.

It seems this train I picked to ride upon, has no name.

The conductor wears black, he also
wears some kind of parachute.

He knows my name, you don't he does.

He never even tried, we come to him without invitation,
he says, roses red roses, seem to help my mind forget,
though this seems not quit right.

My glasses this day have only one arm, the right lens
hugs my eye, I read through tears,
like the conductor unasked.

Many are here, they have no faces,

I called out some ears just seemed to vanish,
as if they did not belong.

I thought there had to be some kind of mistake, I tried to
point this out, the conductor simply handed me the parachute
and fell through the floor.

James McLain

I Pawned..Dadies...Gun

i am desperate, who do i turn to. She cares but is powerless to help me.

Hipless key still fits, is this lock, so stiff, it carries all over running oils. What was saved from whom, for what? Skirt's holster, stiff after fingers useless tugs, are now abandoned, for a better known highway.

Daddies gun wears no scratch, blemish free dark full metal chested, i shudder at the hole, the eye of horizon blankets all the world, is cracked deeply my crust.

Addicted power unharmed spent returned packed preloaded, i turn it over to be rammed home, sucklers crib of glass shelves all see into, held so lovingly by it's pawned new owner....fat, bald, missing all her teeth..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Daddies Gun

On hands and knees, i stare through glass
so glazed of memories, inside.

It lays there, coiled safe inside pouched, leathers
scrotum, waiting to bark.

i cannot bring myself to unlock, the magic,
waiting to bleed across this, very short distance.

My hand lifts a violation, of all they who were
barked upon simply waiting
around coiled breath, a taste of metal coppers
breast.

i take the key again hipless, unlocking memories
best left in the hollow tube, unspent lest the bite
once again, render me blind, unable to taste.

Reaching through, into the warm fluid of safty,
i swallow gallons daily, while seeing bright flashes
often of you.

The loud report, is not news, it has been building, as
hurricanes do that never pass.

Hot searing foreign invisable, a punched hand drags
me out, expelled onto the floor, movement of feebility
unconsciously, tremored a last unasked breath, spent
awash,

in a small pool of blood between mums legs, blind...holed

James McLain

A...Hearses....Vengeful Fire

The ride started at the very beginning.

I ride waiting, I don't watch.I am to tired.

I clean up the worst of your messes.

What else can such pitiful creatures, do
to one another.

Once I looked forward to my visits, as would
any loving parent, yet, parent's should not be
able do this to each other, unless they were
never parent's.

I watched your parent's raise you.I know they
would have gone to jail based upon the known
hypocrisies flouted now.

It is always the case without exception, that the
executioner, jailer and such dwelling they within,
killed, falsely held, nightmares inside born to
inflict upon others.

One country so desensitized of itself has deluded
oneself into thinking,

that the maze of fences within thier mind, without
beginning, never an ending each year, asking me
to put the pieces of your children and family, back
together while they walk upon the bloody edges
in pink, for the men and black, for the women, silks
stocking, never dirty or soiled, yet changed much to
frequently as with the cargo that a hearse pursues.

James McLain

Southern Sensibilities: Nowt Yanked On Dandies Noodle

With a scrape and bow, or curtsy
southerners have claim..
either or she familial him familiar,
in such a way, to avoid a lie detector...
while belying ones own d.n.a...
and thus it can be extrapolated,
for the good cause of southern grace..
in love.. she was his.... sweet yank...
and she did more for butter scotch.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hello: ..Just Stick Your Head In

The two legged bait, was young..rash..
already wounded..leaking..and blind.
The lion, was very long, yellow of tooth.
Last approach was not very stealthy.
The lion took the bait.
We watched the lion walk off happily satisfied,
knowing that as..
long as we wait..
and over our next meal..we can replay this..
one over..and over..i wonder..how can some..
people be so disgustingly.....sensitive...to...cats....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alligator Traptogether

No one was around
this was planned since morning recess
stripping they taste the cool water
while joined at the hip
without kind thought
the sixteen foot ALLIGATOR sucks them
into a gullet of soft
grinding pressure..exploding both together
into one long drawn out
bauble of brown poot...aft is stern...very stern..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unlawful Act

Upon a state, elsewhere my mind was
untoward you not,
is it a one eyed jack? ..wearing in you,
this marsh cool evincing stay, ..I can but
ask....impressions ground cups you so..
The hollow oak around, no sound pours
forth, small wing of leaves on skin is hair.
I lay gazing up, where am I, why am I here.
I answered because, only was it she, who
called me, nothing by this can I gain, it rains.
Presume long since, barley can I stand, dropps
cast off, wary silence never was ashamed to harm
in making her wants guide my hand she grabs
the sword plunging it deep, thrusting it home
her body loses nothing, mine is all but done.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alone.

Love,
can it become stronger in death..
living in death with her alone.
I sit alone,
It drifts all around me.. you..
Feelings there they aren't both the same.
I coquetted all, they sway me not, wishing to drink alone
each and all but one, touched by all, seeing none alone one..is
People watch me, as do you alone, with others some I knew
none like you, alone, even inside of you but one alone.
Adornment is wines last bottle to nurse you, none found you
out, I did alone to fear deaths lusty touch alone, in bed alone.
I know you will be alone when you read this, alone has the tail
laid against your one eye, feeling heaven fly bye, home alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Milky Eye Of Plato

Color, no longer is fodders, a vision bleak the crow
Commons foggy leather cap, my weather unseasonable refined in progression
logistic's leaps past sightless, of eye reproached
Freedoms missing wrists, cannot be unshackled, falsettos
etching denouncements, is a block of souls ringed of crimes.
Passion without cries in Christ, penurious of mind, drafts paper
is Communion at law, like snow flakes drift to melt, formless.
I speak not of Rome, grand nude, devoid in breath, full pompitous
leaned mouths of marbles, chipped lip to cup last David dropp.
Jettison hope, sitting mountain casting clouds of doubt, shedding
warmth restricting flow bloods river slows hiding eye of milk
to lose a branch, fig less hand in hemlock is just one last word.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Drama, On This, Your Very Island

Do you pay attention, to any thing other than
cutting your throat or who laid who with what.

Bleeding bland water your name for a band.

So much has been said by the noun proper
verbs missed the boat.

Life, death, sex, money, property scandals, tax

Boluxie bulges blues flutter south and of course

your favorite incestuous goldleaf nefarious

balls of magnolia steel, pillared to the mansion

dressed in chains uncommon coin...drilling.....

can you...?under mossy growth..I swing.....waiting.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear Diary, Help Me

Today i was threatened, i was told by mizz doughy who knew she was crazy, i should write you more often.I was to busy trying to exercise good judgement...any way Karen's friend who gave me a black eye when i went to his party threatened me...so if you don't hear from me, his buddies friends of Karen's offed me...He will say i tried to threaten him...before today i had not spoke with him in years, since we gave all those low ball offers..

22 april 2009

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Crust Is Thin

Your pan I cannot dance around, it is full not to wide
I use only two knuckles, the Aurea is twenty one
club maternal soft yet firm.

The heat is like a little constantinople, smell of fresh
scents a spice I left as a small slice, in the middle to breath.
Juice lays sprayed about, from past pies moments hurried
berries flow, outward over rims bowl..as well as bread uncounted loaves....a
smell this oven, will forever hold.....
still the crust is thin....I am in luck...with butters..one.stick....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Snapshot

Across the years we lost touch, your way was unknown to me,
mine to you.

How did we let our years fly, the children you have now,
were supposed to be mine, mine yours.

Yes, I have regrets, now seeing you after so long, your beauty
still excites me, time did not ask you to fade away into times
closet of memories, the door I am glad in respect to those,
was kept shut.

Waiting now for you, our respective spouses untold are not waiting
for time to unfold, a fabric some what bent, from weight of tears.

Excuse me, waitress?that is a bad accident out front, why do
your customers face all of that..?

Those are your what ifs, that might have been, flashing behind
futures..passing to go around you, some times they collide....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mark

Now you are involved...you with threats
of threats within threats
you
stealing me: what is mine
by harming my child through the words with-
in drunken whores
her blue lying eyes
innovative solutions you have none of except:
Low blue balls that sway turning greener in-testis not...
Heart blue pressure a share of once the ten thousand
where when how you stare at the red dropp of
blood I left on the cat of Maurice his Paradise ride
never lost to me that night....
Her acidic sweaty bleached blond wore out falling
apart
I drove the wheels off
pink low ride cadillac, she thought she is no longer was
your drunk pride..
Riderless drunken hussy tussled with wrong pride
she will now forever more be know as nothing
but a mat of faceless foot trodden skid marked sky..
Do you really want to get involved.....nothing personal....

James McLain

Legs Up To Fly

Underneath the pale sheet
Moyna is paler
it is cool she is not
burning dried salt white the
powder her hair
gives this once new meaning.
Hurriedly with caution sheet
is turned back, whispers
moaning
my leg moves undirected phantoms
have hold.
Live births grey eating flesh debited
massed rolling ball writhing panting
dripping feasts unheard
maggot flies babies
dance on Moyna's leg
removing her last work of art
unrolled is this blue purple once blank canvas.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Teacher Is Not Looking

My aeroplane
does not have insurance
do not bleed on the tip
give it back..yea, o.k.
I will talk to your mum is she
the blond utters filigreed.?
Sue and Jane ohhh you two
are in so much...turn on the
lite....git offin me...ohh..you
o.k...no I definitely don't want
to talk to your mum...no..no..ok
I will git back down, hurry, hurry...
this is it..teach will come back
you have taken the blame to
often as it is..what about your sister....?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Phfff~~more ~~~clues! ! ! ! ~~~for Dude~~dudes

Hey dude, no not you
yea you,
dummy walk ten paces left
turn right
walk three paces
back up
nine inches, sit down
on the throne
mannn, shhhhtttttt
where did you go to school
now yea figured you were a
little on the ball now lift it up
and put this fire cracker under
there, close your eyes plug
your ears..was their a bang..? good
now get a straw and look
inside the whole thing now think
backwards thinking thinking
gone
back to the place before you were born
next time I see the gleam in his eye
I will punch it.....racing to the other side
to cut you off at the tip.....git sohh off of her...

James McLain

You Confessed..To Me..

I cannot begin to described all the things you confessed to me what your dad did to you how he went away with another mum. You with only mum her drinking the crazy things she does leaving you locked in your room only jars to pee in I know it was awkward jars with small tops..sorry... You and your strange brother his goat you told me about you need to tell some one other than me.. You not even...well...and nine mothers..your real mum///a prostitute having to by force become addicted to heroin to do the things to keep a dream that was never alive except when it was you she had so long ago.. You your friends mother..ashamed being not a she and having to endure it afraid your friends will find out a diffrent kind of pride one never mentioned You all of you and the others your confessions brought to light some of which some small comfort in knowing we know now you know your confessions can and do make you free to...tell...me the rest..of your stories....unashamed.. maybe not proud..yet a voice..that hears in the dark...

James McLain

You Don'T Cheat On Him Because

He washes dishes
he feeds the kids
he gives you a bath
eyes closed
he cooks, he pours you wine
he makes sure you keep all of your
appointments on time
he is the banker
he walks the dog
he eats your fish
he walked into your eyes wide open
he makes sure you are clean clean clean
that you always fit into your jeans
he takes the children to the dentist
and the doctors while shopping
He never misses a pebble you drop
you would kill for someone like him
sane enough to admit it to crazy to deny it
you co-opted him his price was the cheapest in town.

James McLain

Soooo....Just Because I'M Southern

You think
i can't think like a turtle
and catch chickens
like the foxes do.
Do you....?
Terrible mistake on you
to make
you sleep to
don't you...?
Remember the next time you
throw little rocks through
my brain
the train will come for you to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Now What...

You like jail...? .Believe me
they all will like you.
Tender ma ca Roanne like you... :)
Steal another car...sneak off
with Clyde..When you get to
the facility..you will be just
another piece of split open
choice grade not much..left....of..into..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Best Fish Bait

Is only found
by turning
over every single
rock you see.
Then you might find me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eat More Chicken

I do not lie to you
why hit the bush, with little sticks
your nest invited my
hand holding all the birds.
The eggs, sunny side up flipped
cooked on both sides they run
to your middle
without a single trap, waiting is me.
Why pretend with fancy words you
know I can't say,
I found the menagerie you let all
the birds control
a fired off bush is river wild with all
the fun rapids.
Keep the nest in the forest protected
from hawks seeking your
tender chicks
for he will eat them all and come for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blush, I Paint

I never knew
how much effort
a denuded face of color
men to you.

Yes we take for granted
artificial epidermal
pigment brushes stroke
is waisted time
not to you.

Water mark is lightly lain
upon your breathing
shore no tears will
wash away.

Lines of beauty stand
transfixed when
pictures mix the essence
deep inside is you.

We make some noise we
get so jealous
we want you never changed
the way you are.

Shooting colored saffron
precious tone of skin into
our one tract running unpainted
mind.

James McLain

Within Two Beans

Coco separation white dark both happy
taste of awarness sleeps on one tounge.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Tea

It is strong fermented thus
from honey is oaken thigh.
Burn to sweet going down
lips became your full face.
How you never knew to wet
the lakes I saved for drouts.
You now gone I saved your
spirit in the form of pink pee.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fire To Ash

Such were your eyes in spark you could
not know then now as you do.
Fierce face of youth in children the photos
yellow now one in three gone as you.
Paced white blanched narrow wood now a path
I hurry to what....a sad ending happy yes happy
the bones of comforts dust as musky as memories
I have shed as winters rook wanting more than is in
the shinny button years of fear that you have grown impatient
with me this old coward of one hundred and seven you have
come back again and are again a mother of three.

James McLain

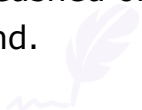


PoemHunter.com

I Feel More Than Your Pain

I will make you
my nurse
tie you down like you did me
I will save anesthesia I will
make you a flap I will take hours
unreel you
to your white bone colored crown
bleaching your hair along the way
I cannot do it
you direct my hand at your instruction
grey trembled beats moist heat
why do you jump convulse seize gasp is air
leaves your lip rubbery
shocking are wires laid upon your essence
Blithe moth mouths soul
your uncrowned is found achievement
arts pale
paint unleashed on me your soul
is my hand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Flipped You Over Again

your stuff
was on fire
i had to
put all of it out
kicked to the curb
it smelled of fish...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Apet Perve

pervs...you side sipped me
headlight two many times
uncover me
i cannot see the gear shift.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wolves

So many lost yet I see
only two feet stuck up
above the heads ears
pent back snarling.
They roll about on top
pulled misdirected
never curious about the
two six toed feet getting
away on foot.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

But Your Big Brown Eye Scares Me

It leaves me dizzy
I follow it every where
while it watches me.
My eye
crosses looks with it
can it ever win a wink?
Ignored by post its to
float a gaze
across the pond is silly.
Yet, the eye does not so
much as weep a single
dew of mornings you. Why?
It's lid is hidden in folds of
yesterdays offerings
past her fields early dawn.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mental Imagination Is An Eye Smelling Your Taste

Thousands
always look down to
a void isms
which are us our noise.
Do you do more than
watch potatoes
fry in vats
humorless void our mind.
Izzy potted
headless smiling lips do
pull painful grimace
in hollowed cheek-ness.
Checks above
you bounced one time
to many on moneyed ham
is spicy yum.
You do, don't you
try time and again city
sexless untill
you step in john is married.
You mizz doe
tentacle wrinkled bell winged
crack your jar
filled creams stilled of smell.
Barks dog sweet
never cowardly digging
inside your mind
fresh chews even it declines.
So the little
scared sparrow poo ts in your nest
warm matted forest
narrow rivers reed holding a small hat.

James McLain

If I Go With You

do i need to pack
it to or leave it be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Adam's Ant

Was loyal faithful true
before breads
greats hits he
knew.

Hills had eyes even
then yet
still
the ant could not see.
Adam took ant to eave
where she taught ant
ger main
ant did come back to
swing is little world a
sword of bread.

Adam and eave marveled
and therein thereafter had
a lunch in the open each day.
This is why you go on picnics
so you can pay ant back rent
with a few crumbs each day..

James McLain

Ignorance Snivels To

I sail
knowing as a child
i am watched as is
in premeditation's
thought he knew of.
Folly fools he laughs
me to
mote of minuscule of
dust he plucked from.
Pockets so haloed is
his sand my mind he
always held dearly so
you could hourly fix the
tone of moods drifting
word.
Posted trees do read
my rugs never cleaned
is a footless beggar to
beggared your heart felt
a plea.? ...waits...years..
Heard was a boy fiddles
crabs soft violin fishes do
hop without legs to his only
bucket
waiting on you to
teach
him to cook a little better..do?

James McLain

I Hate Being A Frog

Lop hopsity is not a wall
of game.

It's fame lies in snakes to
weep wasted legs never if
caught.

Pads comfort ponds image
reflected back

face of gator eating a skipped
meal.

This misery sneezed out in
little popping noise

bladder balloons wingless hoping
last hopes in a tadpole vein.

Windfeldt prayers dislodge turtles
waiting for little legless bodies
floating down in

solaced embrace of trying again
when mum

offers caviar's last beating heart
more time..hopping for some to hop....

James McLain

P.H.Quiz.....

.....You just have to try harder
shrimp people.....rotflmho.....
Mercy is frog holding storks neck..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In Trust, Her Wish List

Way, yes way
I buy her cloths
palaces are pleased is
eloquent lined rack
when shopping for.
Piety on pout chaste Catholic in
Glori's task
reads navy blue
white socks red
cap busted
back wash of pink.
Baptist tree sleeves
a gazelle of grace
legs length
slim traced calves foot
is swift to outrun
preachers son.
Modest exposure releases
flanks
gathered mercies a breath
when ruffles lay
for troops in yellow daisies.

James McLain

Jumping Up And Down I Stamp My Feet

I hate you, i hate you, i hate you
dropp dead
I wish you were never born
rolling back over i slip back
into my warm little cocoon, i curl
at your feet, breath fast in sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Name Is

Unusual, it has nine vowels
and twelve consonants.

I was forced to get a divorce
against my will.

I am too old to be a
whore.

What are man whores?

I will go pluck my eyes out
date women eighty and up
who let me pre chew their
food

while I pretend at one time
you

really did care about what
happens to me.

I would love to have a name...

Is it worth living for..is it.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Death, Do Her...

you have it under my nose
rubbed
fruit of the land none bland
sweet peas to apricots
plums pitied paired
what
deliciousness transgenders
transgression
tongueless
how did they do you
is wasted blind on
sleeveless
worms who have no sense
that taste of boiled
dirt is
death
could you not call me to
show her this lottery ticket
that won your winds of reaping
tearing pain joints seperated
from plants blossom of spring
just one 0 death who gnaws on
eternity's woman is bones gratis
0 death we can broker deals that
makes the strong draw back the
bridge of winters snow to give all
lost abandoned never claimed
enigmas that drives your dream to
harvest all plums in reapers reach.

James McLain

Plebotamist Lobotomised Nures>lobestrossity

Trained by you
i gently inser a
needle in your
neck tube red
flows into my
mouth being I
am husband I
have this only
river that flows
you do not go
gently into the
night bloodless.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Please Shut The Flap To It..On The Way Out..

she will never let it heal
staples in business end
is staples
why softly pulled
balanced plop liquid
spray divined
behind me always touch
weird fixation licking tips
milky juice
saying oyster likes grass
grey white pink shellless
meat for free
no one sees mouth tubed
speechless grunt caused
machine a nervous break
to gasp for me
she stopped get pictures it
never ends
skulls cross a golgothic is
caricature of
romaines parade a olive
lost in
thoughtless grey static
walking in her hand oiled
petted convulsived reaction
known by she
harder she grows to a tweak
electrical is sockets bold key.

James McLain

Nurse...Stop.Go.Wait...My....

how long
have i been asleep
this time
not fully awake i
can't see the end
is it near
my breath dallied
purple violets so
african
nurse of blond properties
is prepositioned flushed
wishes of my
final days
haggle not this quipster
wares illiquid tasks
if you want my thumb print
April showers to
check
blooming amaryllis is so pink
to leave me flushed
gasp is of naked laydie
vein picture nurse washes off dying
is to quiver.....I love it when you
let me dress you up like
I own the hopital with you...in it.....

James McLain

Phffft~~ Phat Wittle Ting..

You look hungry like to try
one of these brownies.
Oh my, they taste like
the one's in the store.
Why did you come to L.A.?
I want to be a movie star...
Here have another, I know
a producer....o.k...but...
how...did I end up in this
dark cold room with no
windows...am I on a t.v.set
already? ..gushing is happy.
While you were asleep we
were married.....you are wife
twenty one...but you don't look
over thirty...either do you.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Menu

Is a reparation prepared in
daily dietetic feeds
needing scholars in tweed.
Blushed hands beet face
swollen feet would I serve
monosodiumglutimate to
keep orders fresh in false
modesties busts in oysters
sauce prepared from bays
landlocked.

Chefs groan complain effort
is palate not received with
smorgasbord's delight to eye
on plate always you wash a lip.
Menu changes almost daily
for your dietetic feed a rejection
refund bleeds in front of mummys
need to staunch the burning oven
that oven is you, smoken red jacket.

James McLain

Boring Routine

Facing unauthorized
copulation
my head is bagged
never really ready
one hole only
to breath from....
Silent silent silent
except for the dry crackling
of the bag...the head boards
sound like dry broken
ribs....pleurisy's groan
for wasting good musics
organ is a wanted forgotten
pipe unionized yet course.
It is religion needing always
new
bread utterly made fresh
when saved wretched waist
is from
some wandering soul to sing
through a whistled tooth
catching lisp this
familiarity drags me always
into the mirrors mouth
checking for a fresh twist on a
redundantly
boring lifeless routine made
soundlessly familiar...

James McLain

Death To All The Adults Who Beat Me When I Was Little

I hated being alone.....
At age three and younger.
One time I pooped.
On the past.
She rubbed my nose in it.
became worse
I understand the pressure
at being alone with three
young ones.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Remorsefully Without Conscious I Will Tell

So you did do it, after all
standing there unjust your
bra-think is to what from
me one v neck is like another
space occupying by bent
mind lost in time..so i forget
to tie my shoes to your tiny
tip lip pouting, you slapping
me fall down while you stand
over me lusting in your fine
penmanship forging a union
in trust...well it is! not to them.
i hate screaming into your big
chest it bursts all over me hand
is never far from your cup..try
and write a better paper so we
can take the short cut back from
your pink sunny day tomorrow.
it is going to make you slow down
to read between real lines insane.

James McLain

Yes It Is True, To True

you wasted every thing
except the beetle dung
paper.

life is not a round ball is
pushed from your hand
like stands of privileged
trees.

the crust behind your ears
tells me you are martial in
arts of years fl actuated off.
yet the streak of tears you
leave on my seat cushions
tells me your head is position-
-oned-wrong to many times.
i will be in the auditorium to
sign lost papers if you want
to sneak in more detail is riddle.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Snivel Lits Do Snivel Off

i dripp things when you
make me cry
i am dripping now, why?
so i talk to much you never
offered me a cup of your
coffee.
some times your left overs
just drivel me to the point
i just want to snivel all over
you to but i don't i just chug.
you in the foreign countries
yes Russia cold vodka you
snivel all the time even when
it's not cold you drink vodka.
yes others to you women girls
talk to me make me hurt rush
off to write your good will it's
welfare mission like i have no
feelings if they are not reported
when you tell me to check in or
else you abuse me some more.
you, you say- you are in the red
crost busting me up just to hear
me snivel to you big bad you are.
my snivel lits do snivel off when
you are mean crass and then.
what will you do to me next?

James McLain

Eye Saw Your Separation From Me

eye
am even more ashamed
of me now
how
do eye tell you that
and have you believe me
here
eye plucked one of my vowels out
it is in my palm see
can you
it is for you
can you guess which one it is..
touch my fevered mime one more time...ooohhhh

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ssshhhh Quiet Hold These While I Get The Rest..#2

It is good you have a lot of money
you need no rights when you are
as rich in luscious gold mullet roe.
I am not beating you up it only is
more trauma for the round next.
It takes to long to grow body parts
in silence I have the right to come
take your sons and daughters you
will say nothing your neighbors think
you aahhh are ex centric anyway.
The fact is you don't have a lot of
money it is nearly worthless anyway
can you think next what of value you
have worth taking Arabs our attention
in fine sands detail will soon prevail
willless in the end any way, begging.
Trading tons of Gold weekly in is
Dubai unwatched carried as is about... :)
Thank someone you are educated
degree totin multi lingual writing in
open blue skys freedoms cracked bell..
Forever and ever, please my parts are
spoiled I lay with noone and I broke
some thing once, oh yea, nurse..nurse
I am tired, is it time for my scrubs..?
Heavenly bliss i am kissed by you.

James McLain

Ssshhhh Quiet Hold These While I Get The Rest..# 1

LOST IN

these your senses
as i have said already
were asleep either
playing hide the Saloma or
lusting clueless in Seattle to Courtney's doves of love
i cannot make you lift your leg
to expel the accumulation of toxic Glass
jaded that hangs
ragged from your bleeding edges maimed.
You let me take away certain inalienable rights
that if seen again
will only be when aliens do come
and give lunitics more trees to print money with.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Cannot Make You Come Back It's

It is easier to make
the sun go down.

It is easier to make
you change the
color of your eyes
than to see me for
how i am.

It is easier to be
reborn as you
than make you
come back it's
just never easy
without you here.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Sneaky Hand

You seem to get much stronger
every morning when we rise.
The dreams are strange,
and dreams they are.
The mask over which.
Her hand that always moves
around his life she owns.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You Touch Me

When you
touch me i
crumple
quivering in
your breath
and it
makes me
blind
in heat cold
rising skinbumps
my ear is on fire
next to you
in sleep
the ocean
you filled
from my one little
river
you keep
selfishly
to drink from alone.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

She Does Things, That Make Me Happy She..

She does not nag nag nag
she takes a bath every day
she is not gay one day and
crooked the next she knows
how to cook my noodles, is
it so hard to understand not
wanting to play doctor with
the nurse who contributed
to the mess in my head I am
not dead and she does not
make me feel that way so I
guess yea, you are fired... :)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Lie To You Because

You fake snivel
a runny nose
i need to clean.
You need protection
from you
more than you
need yourself to know
what is you.
It helps you understand nothing
keeps you in my control
here where you belong
practicing on daily new yous.
You become used to it
over the years and finally realize
it was in your best interest to stay you
with pink lips and blond hairs of you
blue eyes of youness always you.
When you look in the mirror
you are always beautiful never seeing you
you turn to me and i point you back to you
where you stay never knowing of you
which is what you know is you
you are all that matters just you so i lie.

James McLain

Pretty Pink Oysters

Shell of defenselessness
i rip it brutally
open
tearing the soft oink flesh
steamy tendrils whisper
sweetly
i could not wait
to clutch at them within held in
it's meaty muscle of sweetness
held tartly shut
clenched against me
in vein this blood
i drink
cutting with teeth desire is
hungers appetite
pushing to pull at the edges
as it's now beaten
sound a soft plop gives
way to my sucking mouth
inflamed full pink stomach
pumped
into mine...

James McLain

Poo Toots To Poot

) it(s a river full of helping hands
beholding to) it(..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Anonymously I Turned Her Over

whistling kicking purple
pebbles
is tall grass watching
familiar eyes i copy
falling back waiting
peeking through Hubble
at you
i have a buyer
for a price
you think that
i know you are not alone
Tarzan mixed his rice
with yours
now you wait this long to say
that it is wild
your cupo soup smells of fish
i sleep in ponds lilies tonight
with pink eye of moon..she
never asks questions
just turns it over autonomously.

James McLain

Happy Little Poo Ting Noises

if i listen to all your voices
plotting juicy gossip
how can i explain insanity to you
unless
you knew you were insane long
before we met
it is true then as
one less voice joined
the others
i heard examples
opposite from one another
about bubbles floating in
humor magical noises
spice appearing leaving
quickly
musical notes tune rubbed
as silk between
two pieces of soft stock
to hear to see
to smell laughter
is to be
in love with your whispering
poo ting small happy delightful favors.

James McLain

I Can'T Hear You..So Die

blank ears inverted cobs
it laughs
one end is like all
the others
you sell this as
fresh corn
i see your little
silk worms
i eat them to they
are sweeter
than all the wine in the whole
wide narrowly inverted world
you made me watch
blindly
pounding seedless grapes
as i listen to the Rossington Collins band..
play Tom Petty....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Xanax In A Straw

pharmaceuticals octopuses arm
is alarmed
game plan under sultan
needs reevaluate ating
violence on t.v. is gone
birthday is suited
markets for
guns
have collapsed
from all who drink xanax from a straw.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Please Shut Up

walking walls
wells of wal-lessness
assail blindly to know
knowing you
shackled me so
lovingly on pink pinkie
fingers chain the fly
before me broke with ease
i collapse in your puddle of me
from the past you saw this future
a present only the inside of a wall
could put in perspective
i cut the ears from the wall
dry walls mouths are closed in Lillie's bulbs
now naked once again bare walls
nurse please...i have to pee...i..sob..to your wall.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mums New Necklace

Is this
what awaits us all
gone love once holy
holed is this never used gown
poverty young lovers sang long hours
shortly now
fresh honey buns used up desert dates
now
you smell me comming even corners
now have eyes
sweet smelling necklace threaded large
dull white orbs
smell was told as mouth
sucks pebbles for water in
drools flaccid Hector droops
artificial wooden breasts splintered
across them small very small nearly is
unseen
it runs down excised long since
the rudderless udder
uttered ness
of it all
to
stain your long dead memory of golf is
tea
you drank with me
before lost cows dried up our home.

James McLain

Hurry Up, And Hold This

it is my last poem
it is about a room
it is now too empty
it is not going away
it loved, you cry to.
it is squeezed by you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Abuse Him Some More

yea, and the door knob gave me
this black eye and you a woman.
yea, and I broke a leg falling down
the stairs and you a woman.
Why did you set me on fire?
I mustn't smell very good maybe
you think i do, up all night with
our daughter and b.m.down her legs.
Was it that you ran out of alcohol
maybe you were trapped in your
bottle swimming alone again.
my mind my heart my soul lost
in the spirit of grapes no more is
the pain you cut into me.
the hose up my butt washes you
clean it is your dirty mind falling
out in the tub...
and you made us all watch.
And face a punching bag all for
your trophy you never won and
never grow up always alone.
We loved you even more after we
knew you were the drunk you are.
Dad did not shoot you so we could
be free, because you are a woman,
you still haunt us, and now that dad
is gone they allow the cycle with
some one else to start again.

James McLain

Ambidextrous

Achingly awed
looking down I
wonder how she
is able in circus
not to let go her
hold of life's left
hands skipping
while right folds
one neckerchief.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pink Alligator Shoes

Solitary
stealth snout
hard hard
blow is likened
torpedo is
pushing in in in
even farther
wedges head
stuck in in in
is rolls burning
lives love in
gouged tears
of pink folds
of softness
flesh razor
teeth is shredder
rolling from inward
out toes
curl tasks is to
multidirectional
gullet a soft pillow
it leaks pieces
of leftovers
you
delightful cave.

James McLain

 PoemHunter.com

Yes, I Did It...

Stagnant water
never changed
unsupervised
perfumed bottle
washed in pond
I bought for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Laundry(Green) Kinda Smells

How did (>yellow<) stains appear
in your knickers(>pink<) and soft
when this(>brown<) colostamy bag
has been your(>blue<) embarressed
friend for(>purple<) nightmare days?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Cannot Wait For Death

Their are waves
of yet

I need to taste
salt if salt
never is it the same
cloudy are some
seas.

Butter does not dripp
from wings
of she

I must need some
ground
to chase her from
in need.

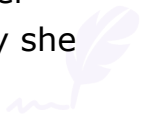
Nibbled am I to a fish
seeking a hook
yet

I am never
caught by she
in care.

Once cast off
I seek
a still cloud to
peek

in a
hurried flow
speeding any where
but here.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Kept Your Hand When You Died

It is perfumed daily
with you
your scents bodily
fluid
drained days past of
fate
how you did what you
did
such a small space
was never
understood leaving it
only your
hand
under my cheek when
you
sleep beneath my head.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nurse.This.Is..My.../Skull Of Laughter\..Come Lay In It...Bring My Spoon

Rod

a single point of penetration
this virgin skull
now wrapped around it's pain
mouth to blind wont speak
is nurse who keeps
this skull it's staples free
glutinously rebandaged
never sauteed is
she
reaching my flap
rewinding into her hand
seizing grey my mass
eyes shine
fevered lusting
brains her personal circus
greed such jello sounds
sliding fro and to
from the back
blind feeling nothing
hearing licks
such glue
I endure unnatural tremors
of her.....
those sucking sounds I hear unfelt....

James McLain

It Is Oak...Troll Is With Me....

Scared worried harried
mind hers jumps on
whispers
always hears
howe will she suckle young
chestless buckled in
good eye used as spare
spotting one
he tries to flee
bodyguard hauls his rude
flutes back
heard this mind mime
of she you hurd yourself
gasp....mulling
sitting on him
his words
muffled she eats
basking lost in his
newly ground treat is this agony....

James McLain

I Am Jealous Of Each Dropp You Sweat

My love cannot compete when
love renews each day blanches
stronger is ash left on suns face
to grow its fingers to reach again
energy ebbs an exhausted dance is
in its wind a blown face to cover eyes
gold silver green grey blue mine mind
common shallows brow touched with
a brush of cosmic dust I tried trust in
wisps left the fragrance all wear is a
lite dress you wore last night in hand
cast before my eyes my sleep is jealous
washed in breaths breath so breathless
lost in a world worn by you unassumingly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Has Some Corn Write On Her Bottom Lip

It was hours
before the Cobb
was
removed from her
pink steamy
eye.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Jumps Agian And Agian Forever

repeating over and over to
end at the point from which it
began to steady dripp down.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Jumps Again Cutting Her Wrist

Mid air breathless
stone dagger
breaks bone
meal
cuts in arm
tended unhealed
doctors own
brand of
bandaid
stick less
both necks
plunge
further than both
thought
just to hang
onto each others?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Thought You Jumped Already

It is not far
it takes
only a few
short
seconds
pillow of
soft water
cession
your hearts
dream of echos
fall bent on
daddies shore
rocky ledge
stopped
in midair
for ever
waiting
his fall at your
knees
so you can shoot him
over and over and over
sweating until you are spent of it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She's Adrift With Adult Scurvy

Corsets bone sticks
allover
Ivory tower randie
curdled cheese
upunder hard
in stern
port bows
her foam top waves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mouth Gives Thanx

Blood soaked rice
once white
stained
now dry
fills
mouth tight
up
ravaged
sewn is
edge a crippled
red lip
cracked pitted
purrfectly
falls in mind
to slice
tomato braced rice
bleeds black
air
weeds deep sleep.

James McLain

PoemHunter.com

Blackened Red Blood

K now I come
open is name
cuts in blacks
blackest black
reddest blood
DRESSED bed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Liquorish

I am
black
she is white
her parents
black
my parents
white
baby named Cinnamon
is confused.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alligator Trapher

When
redneck hillbilly
mother
allows
inbred hick
father to hang his
hog tied
buck naked daughter
over the side of
Connie's drafty canoe
just to git er done.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Confessed

It is fine
her wine you
drank it is not
like you hang
out
with Ellen
or are famous
why did you hide it
making me feel
small
you said it was
you trade sandwiches
with any one
with a clean spoon
to lick
prepackaged conditioner
is all I was
to make your hair
shine
her eggs on your face to now..
to bad
been had in the
dark to long with you.

James McLain

I Know~snivel~

when i am with you
you make me eat to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Honey In My Oatmeal

Porridge fairy tail mush
runs a dog yet you eat it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Even If You Do Know

Good is for my angel
bad is you knowing it
proofing my windows
you all do now see is
hardly news evidence
you just cannot know..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bad Bad Girl

is mind of soupy clams
fish fishy fished in shell
brains looped to dry of
legs skinny you a squid
suck out ears is cupped
wallow pig minnow grey
fake crab scooping poo
fiddles meal night shows
laid out wavy wet beach
scaled eye mind to find
baited hook in your nose
eats a pan of strain brain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Talking Bird A Gossip Tup Of Tea

Busy

brooms sweeping clean
dirt as bright as sun would is
to die

an ear to lend while I
say more.

Understanding

feathers flock to talk
is the morning threw our trash
this day away

gone thoughts brought
back to life

in lite of she of we our mortal souls
another glass of your foul tea
I sit and tremble Bella Donna's worse.

Singing song chirping here
tone deaf are most men hear
the verse is caught in web of curse
that sticks an eye or two.

Yes mam, no mam

it was not me

who said those words I plea
your mercy quick and sure spares me this date
your lovingly fate my dear..) it(s grand I fear..

James McLain

What To Do With It

Some of it is....changed only by it's other still
stilled frame same is different hue
the moon darkies side washes tide
turning the world on it's side still shutters
most smiles
flashes of brilliance morns dawn is early
for most
sipping his wine.
Pictures face altered in you clock is rotated
youth frames a gaze
holding hands eyes pan
sets Victorian goth
sun is alight on
history past by the nights changing
guard stars can speak
into your black box
of tears.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Know You Are The Last Woman On Earth But

You don't care
that I am a lesbian
trapped in the body of mood the dude
I know I'm the last mood
in this dance as well
you know as well as I
the parts to the puzzle are not the same
you can't force them
plus the radiation on your utters
will have you seeing your tail
I don't think we came from eggs
it is best I think
if we go to sleep to it
try again in a million thousand years
it is just a wink in the eye of one last dream.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Snow Flake Each One Sought

From the slope off the graceful mountain
she is always
the hand that never closes
falling it is from
without solid form
is now white
cold filled
thirst falling
falling is voices crying
darkly more than the flakes
of all cistern's
I am of he made
doomed is souls
hades in made asking of me
burning souls
remade image of
slain flakes snow to
lay stained all to know
hurriedly I turn
to go
lest I melt
in a pool as that of none few ever come back
except one.

Happy birthday
Daughter of
six....16 april 2009

James McLain

Your Gun

I do not know
what to do
every thing I try
you undo
why do you want me
to go this way
if I must
I will
can't you try for me to smile
I do not blame you
here will you hand it to me please
thank you
I have only one question
who was he
why do you lie
your lips are beautiful
in the lie
I would rather choke you slowly
instead I fire
you die..over and over and over
untill they hang me..and bury me on top...

James McLain

Of Course I Eat Raw Oysters

Could you
please come
out of your
shell
Sit over here
can you move
that
no their
now slide over
here closer
see it was over
before you knew it
it is in the way you slide.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

No More Miracles

Movies come in handy
as does smoke
without mirrors
needless you will say
drifting smoke scentless sensing
scents is you calling
swirling thining settling
hair thin softly
whispers ear gone by
hearing admissions
hold of thresh
inters expanding
exploding breath drained
as plumbed a pipe
would lay in the wake
of a dying ember
snubbed withdrawn
satisfaction is knowing
you were just as suprised
as the rest
sleeping never knowing how or
when will I ever come back to you like that.

James McLain

Gotcha

you can read
my lips
you can't read
my mind.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is A Drive By

Rain windy day
cloudless sky is
blowing down to
small roof top in
woody island on
top of the worlds
biggest parade
you drive right by.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Hide In Your Fat

It is safe
it is going
nowhere
it is you
it excepts
you this is
you fat is
safe in you
you are fat
it is in me
I am in you
first to hide
where it is
safe afraid
you are it
is a trade
me in you
it is a safe
trade you
are to fat
I am to you
in you safe
it is I you to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Unknown

Ignored by you watching
is learned will they to be
like you unversed wind?

Lost trails left are lost is
a foot not yours worth it?

Prints the sand unknown
unknown author blamed
allowing unknown name!

Listless is sand blowing
wind howls are knowing
she knows of my calling.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Once Removed Twice In Sight

Timeless tears
cry to me in sleep
I weep
on fashions crib
I lay in rags of care
barring mothers
soul the gate to latch
is cold and hungry
wretched child you found.
Deny me once deny me twice
my fate as found
upon your chest in sleep
is fashions gossip do you care?
Once inside this mind she set her care
to me in lullaby so fair
raising breath caring so in sleep
the lost again are found to
beating chest clutched was so to
of me.
Hands of cotton Lilly fragrance eyes of
emerald green she
baths my soul in keep
once removed
she brought me back is twice within her sight.

James McLain

I Traded My Baseball Mitt, For You? ...

It was an uneven trade
my baseball mitt
for her
what do I do with her
I saved the balls
she told me to
during the trade
unaccustomed to the quaintness
of her
I reach for her
she
goes to the rings in the wall
taking my towels out
she directs me to tighten
the collars
I comply bewildered
she
looks at me as if
I could do that which she is thinking
I comply
she then instructs me to do
what you
her previous owners did
again I comply
her last request before she
died
was to be placed in your bed
so she would never miss another base ball game
while you died
watching her as she
watched you.

James McLain

Forgive Me All Your Sins

I bath in holy water
it burns
where you touched me
why?
I trusted you
you broke the rocks in my garden
why?
Your burning spreads my mind
it is
such a simple mind
you touched my whip
uncoiled it searches you out
it knows of
your sins they drip fall from your hair
as do the stars
countless heavens door ajar
cascading shooting moons
soft face
scorching mine passage of
flame
may be your right
defenseless I am
against your
sins
my eyes are yours to see me
beneath
waters cool mist
living springs
I flow
washing scrubbing
pales that are yours
trees are fruit you bore
in me
giving my palm
you filled
thinkers tireless
lustfully capturing
you your sins
in me I am yours so full it is

as they are delightfull
you say I must bear them all
reaching for them
over and over again your
sins.

James McLain

Are You A Good Wife

I go shopping for you
dress in rags
so you don't
why can't you miss me
if you don't
why why why.

Jets careers
airfares arteries
arrears
smear me
in you
more each day.

It is not your home
you crawl in to stop
it's wheel
it bogs you down
in the peat
unwanted mail
dispensed each day.

Trotting globes
lobes
lost in taste
tuneless
mouth loud in shame
poster child all adore
I have found
underneaths your homely smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

They All Wait Watching With More Than Eyes

To hear their tails
jerked of hair
or combed back into
it'self against or
with the grain
and no hurts.

Relief
to some different to all
likes to bleed the
foe
be bled
holding head feinting.

Telling nothing with ears
safty in reach
roped in
with her own hand.

Talking to ease
hearing to talk
playing dead
seriously
mistakes he wont make
again.

Is her tree
safely against him
resting fingers her leaves
tasting testing
for roots sadly laid
upon her ground entwined.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Always Raining There No Wonder You Are Fickle

Felt me
up down wrapped around
sunless sleep O pea
no pod fell out of
Cobbled streets
that weep no morning sun
keep you nice and warm
troubles brew to balmy calm to
drink a cup of spirit free.

Blighters bugger chilly winds
Seattle's sail
buggy rides availed you
none
falling
falling falling
oppressed a heartless art rare form today.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shut Up Is Language Sinking My Ship So Is A Dry Sea..

Voices
through my eye
nerveless train
you run on my brain
shameless wench.

I learned the word
from a women
unlearned in
Versailles lived
unparodied in lost cave
spelunking ly crazed.

Locale door of mind
found is big
shut-up
she will come dwell
yell cowards run
jars of witless swells.

Dreading spreading tails
are cats
rumored whispers
laydied in wait of
lika proper
ladfie may appear
lost arts walled in tears
bye the bye wenched years
tell it to my hand) it(s yours.....

James McLain

You Manipulate My Mind With Names Of You

I know who you are
master of my mind long lost in you
you tell lies to me in kind
thinking me thinking blind thinking
laughing all ways loud
you call
prissy pink plightless
feathers
waters floating edge
wading soft wading loud
many are your names
inside my mind I try to find
copy true that has not blown away to find
new home
reading porridge Oates of words talking hoods.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Painfully Painful Tease Of Cheese

It is your crust
hard cheese
on which i nimbly nibble
crumbs fall to your face
I fold you inside out backwards
pouring them beside
a nose of noise some blues
you played last night
drunk on all the wine lost in a single cup
red eyes aflame me down
in beds of grief blood on the floor.

Cover all the noise we dare did make
lakes of fire
words of pills lost minds
transcribe the joys you bare
share the bottom grips in fear
caveless sight
eyes of chicken thigh poor breast less
wear the armor of the land
in pants you have gone bye I wash your stain
of grapes that lashed us so insane
joy is nimble all to quick to quit the floor.

James McLain

How May I Best Serve You

You are
my favorite customer
deceiving lips
cannot be pleased
if you deny the thrush of truth
inside of you
Black or white van goths Dali
camels time
riding trolleys followed you.

Blazing trails
brought home
to village city squares of block
walking bye hellos door I knock
a notched pickled food
thats new to you
inside it always draws is picture of a face
thats always their in you..

Squeamish portrait
of a hand
cupped so a mind
eyes to tear
the paint from all the walls
calling loud
I hear you say
my canvas blanked
from all the days
I anguished thinking nothing new
could ever come my way
yet it is was you...

James McLain

Snivels Reward

Mountains of tissue toss
sopp up tears missed in
laying asleep wrong bed
counting all missed laughs.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Always Your Darkness Inside I See

Young pretty girl
old maid
breasted large
shriveled
cave of honey
dried prunes
I see you every way the mirror does
weepy knees to
shake of fear
knocking little fellas
knowing i know what you are
how it was you came here.
Cutting, clawing, lying
inside biting thrills
weeping arms
seeking to hide from me yourself
you see.
The Doctors says you are
sickly
like his daughter you
helped to slaughter
lead her you did
innocent matters to you
preferenced to know
yet not cutting away your
fat eyes that
see every thing i said is true
jumping from every bridge
is mind to
tremble in cowards breath
death lays while you watch
thrilled again a
victim you to gain
seeking baths
forever in
cleansing rituals none
see yet i know
squaring squatting faces
flushed

running pout this mouths
rivers run from their ugly ears
plugged with time
gagged in sand
hand clenching unclenching
giving it all up to start again
in you fresh breath
no smell
quivering mass my protoplasmic whip.

James McLain

Other Stars

Tingles is point
referenced
unseen felt
pulling in away
lite you gaze
inward at
breath
is
gasp twas early
cosmos tunneled cave
fighting unknowing
youth hotly air catches
fire
is bursting star hands lent.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If You Think That Ain'T Natural..Try Some Of This Each Day...Bi Or Gay.....Just...Tri

Dear Mixed Brains you gain,

Headless sky
watches eye of you
back is your hand smiling
tempting my skin to weep it's cuts
cloth of white you smack of lips in pout.

Weapon loves in hand
brandished sterile razors clips
raising ship
your wish manipulates tight nerves unseen
but by only you
face of masks is room of dare
others watch unknowingly wipes browless eyes.

Concentration
felts cloth a blot of your reward
to render
pleasures gown
costless those twin peaks budding growth
dripping me
slowly down your arms held by cups unseen.

James McLain

Bracketing's At Sacks Her Store It Is

Dear Chest in Trust,

Utterly milkless I starve placing me in your
chain of food be kind a bone dogs need to
live in laps you shave to keep fleas clear....
Saying caves explore implore a musky scent
we leave in depths of play keen kneeds a rocky horror
comic shore in french to idle tale it sits and sees
the cheese we eat to chip a fish or two a day.
Oboes played the chippy reed the bank was closed
a holiday reposed to lay again in fields of gold and
say we stay the day and sing again what comes
to lips of mouth. Shopping to obtain a bracketing's at sacks
takes most all day the sweat from heat the day wears on
we swim in caves of fear she lays a trap to sweet to
pass on it I wait...Lovingly its cockles taste when steamed
learning grace you leave it on your chin a crust on upper
lip assumes.Merry choice we make it every day when
you come near sweet shores of evermore tides out.
it waits everly with its affection in you once more this
night before it's through..) it(s dastardly.nuts) it(s you.

James McLain

She Said I'M Nuts Well She's

Dear Indigestible,

The only pair you left me..are under your chin
at rest..expanding in breath..that's warm to
fresh...to seed the garden in falls..to my knees
to long..a dropp of water from your spring..brings
life in tired joy filled hands...bubbles of soap an
Irish bee's pollen..laid in wait..honeys return..blessing
blessings..utters..utters.. milked..in soft silky..tongue
sliding...narrow paths explored by farmers poor
like...) it(or not..) it(s a hovel we share) it(s expenses
your bliss is happy when you moan in falls..a crown
resting lightly..known hill top..crowned in foams water..
that falls from the secret...cave of life..my death..reposes
here in you) it(stays a growth a thorn..desires famished
meal) it(live for you...) It(s lovelyingly..loved) it(s you to
) it(it) s you.....

) it(cannot be reproduced unless) it(does) it(for you.
) it(s honest) it(s morally impotent) it(knows you are
wiesasellais....) it(varies) it(s lengthy seductions in you.
) it(s no major production unless you want) it(to
Of course) it(s nuts every one famous like) it(is..

James McLain

Poo Uturned It In Used

-) it(was quick) it(s to quick
-) it(s to late to shake) it(off
-) it(s a whole chilie pepper

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Upside Down Rightside Up Cake Pie...

She flies
from every direction
upside down rightside up inbetween
ridges of lows and highs..
she flies straight from the mouth
through her bent lip
is she high in the sky
scrapping ground with her thighs
cakes with no strawberries
I cannot abide deep inside
of a mind wandering around this small globe
we call home.

Dedicated
to a pair of
scissors..
without ands



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

I Simply March On To You

Rivers edge
your moat so safe
you doze
plastic bottle our boat
we fly to you in breeze
we bustle
our feet marching on
towards you a final victory
carrying your keys to the car
life's hustle is sandwiched
in a hollow tree in glee we flee
mission accomplished.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

At The Top

I look about even clouds are rugs now
where the bottom is pale of face
looking up to a peak unseen
how did -You- put me there
trembling actions unthought
thinking: : :
: last will: > saying I'm sorry help<
the bottom is tossed with the is eye
that wont cry
my tears are hail on
her face
bullet proof
under the windshield of wealth
driving to the bank
large insurance check in hand
thinking
how wonderful men are in the world..
Inviting every ones daughter to sundowns party....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yea, He Is Well...You Know

Ashamed of you
not an ant
one single ant
made it safe
to the other side.
How could it be
out of thousands
it had to be a plot
gossip will make it back around
the next bum rush
will I hope succeed in parting you
from you picnic lunch
untill then check your shoes for me
I will not give up on you no matter what...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Under A Rock

It is bright
heavy sound
running feet
towards away
who can say.

The quietened step
of you
ears of mine
hear
revelation confused is
looking.

I understand you
saying
missing conveying
understanding missed
arrows heart when pierced.

Calling do I
dare
I do
bending you gather
rocky soil
all
into you crying
me asleep with you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If She Knew That Stand

How many nights
I spend in school
just so she can be
proud of me..

I sleep on a swing
attached to
her porch
in need of her dreams.

Shores of mine
hold no more
or less and stand in
sand
raging stormy days
I have always found.

Untill the day
she
stopped coming around.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Really Is O.K. I Like Being Abused~~~snivel~~do You To

Every one knew
especially you
notes
i kept hidden
as chestnuts swayed
funny squirrels.

lazy laugh trees
bend
wind is
fake blond hair
she clawed me nails.

Clansman i am
glansman ought
to huts
falling down
thatch patched roof
are free meals.

I take what i want
oink
is it squeals
pink pig
good meal
breakfast food
is in champions graze.

Doe eyes
backing
front load
sunrise in night flows
your wine is tried
dine out.

We
it is you

nobody else
holds hand in blame
none near your throat.
did not match any documents
I found in village fired nearby.

James McLain

You Quiver Me Watching You Walk

It is the worst
when the heat
is as hot
as you.

One lobes higher
other sighs
sings greetings
cheeked.

Sleeping winds
hold a surprise
grapes dont tell
wines flavor.

Smacking lips
hold internally
externally swaying
reaching hands time
lighting hearts
is fire woods
mounting cords of song.

Does she see me
see her watching me
both do love watching?

James McLain

I See You Yet You See Me Not

The dreams you are
come more frequently
cinnamon is color
sequin is dressed.

Flirt whys blushed of
rushing yards sheer face
flaunting grace
aged in perfection.

Blemishes
stored in hand never
displacement provocation
held out is
without cause
seeking my forgiveness.

Open palm is eye
suggestion lays slain
man is tear
mirror that is you
deep sleep.

Pleading this
that is you
in it is always
refracted truth
shattered it is to
smokelessness.

Do you watch?
are you deaf?
do you care?
have a care!
open my eye! ...please...listen to me..

James McLain

I Quiver When You Talk

I am helpless in your hand,
honey in a mouth that knows only love.
I shake so when touched by
the air that passes by me when in it's
breath a you walk.
I brush you and the shock of your electric eyes
stun me
I lay in your hair for warmth
it rolls over me as waves knowing the breath of angels.
I sleep in the comfort of your breast to signal
that you are safe in my
sleep of hopes faith with you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

At Tops Tip

Feathers hand is shrouded
plumaged cleft I hold
breathtakingly so.

Tense to spring unwinding
coiled at dawn
clings a face growing
ever to bold.

Powdered in rice
is painted paper like
in wind flows to
space freed of word.

Standing apart mountains are
to see the peaks
like two stars
fired to burn skin with man.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Cave That Drools

It is dark unlit
we stop
hungry
the menu is
plain chilly
filled with fumunga
gunja fungi
cheese is drooling
unto
from above unseen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In Walking

Feet stay the same
annoyingly
unpainted some
say
glass of lead
is color of head
eyes are different
each day
Feet stay the same.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Market Can Only Go Up

Especially in the farmers market
I not only grow it I have to eat it to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear World Waiving In Waite

Lovely you,

It is under a pecan tree I see a face it
is your face. It is a warm hand I hold is it
yours.? ...Yes it is...

It was no wish of mine to always be on the
run, yet if you must know it was always to you.

I only want to be on my beach of forever, to
only look left or right and in doing such see you.

Waves roll over me as I roll over you, sandy still.

When can I leave again, flying low angels do you
know as well they glide into you and live to breath
only you...Kind world, one of which after dusk flies
still stars peak into my windows world thats home.

Home to you as the world you are Waite's to turn it's
head, leaning a little to catch the scent of moons skirt.

Little do I know of your ways, waves spent upon me
their shore redoubt rib a shore never the less it to is
yours...waiting waiting..sorely so..lift me up..to your face.

I beg you..only to you is it that I would ever beg..of you...

Do not cry falling off as I do pick me up harmed not
of you to bless...tonight..vanity's fire burns low...so so low..

Enjoy me as I do you...Lovingly...always) it(s you.....

James McLain

What Of It Is And Then Is It

Two was it, is it all that we are left
Two stanzas a curse leaving gone
back to you? ..I run towards my open
hand counting a shadows fingers to
be seen not touched, my own, not by
me.

Shadowless sun creeping hot again
knowing a tree in shadow councils in
all, exposing only edges ragged gapes
of light where reality does excite with.

It is good it is bad directionals shadow
tells all is secreted unveiled faces willowy
slender as waist of evergreen it is scented.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Familial Again

You pulled
the trigger
It's suicide
gunsmoke
all over you
taken again
shamelessly.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Another Hidden Letter

Dear Woman in) it(

) it(s Years cast) it(s..pearls round to shine
in your lap..snug safe...with warmth...sighing....
In the eyes as slate..to grey..a single..pearl..tear
falls..on) it(s head..leaving) it(s safty...you bare...
mountains ripe..rivers thirst..clouds flow..from lips..
set aside...flowing streams...dew soft surrounds..
faces..memories set aside..cascading pebbles held..
tenderly in a cool mist shrowded..hand..clutched...
) it(s ponds released to fish the banks...waist deep....
Caves mark ends beginning...refreshing beds to lay..
grass uncovered to sway..undulating movements....call
symphonies last heard..as you sang the birth of my tree..
) it(s length and girth few women slew...handled fares...
gathered moss limbs..hang waiting for release as the..
comming thaw of spring..in you brings new..) it(fades to
hope) it(s meeting next insleep you hold) it(all...waiting..
the next women's hold on) it(you grow.....
.) it(s eerily quite...) it(s movement..) it(s deep...here her sway...

) it(s produced for you by) it(s Ellaiswise
) it(s directed at you to do) it(to yourself
) it(cannot do) it(to) it(self only you can do) it(

James McLain

Her Secret Is

Her life was upside down inside out.....
I was a butterfly looking for sweet flowers...
Hers was a bush of roses adorning her brow...
I poked I prodded I begged I pleaded for nought.....
Inside of the house I was trapped.....

Insideup looking out wandering around
laying down spent bent winged puffs powdered
air breathing hers....with her little straw hat,
last of the nectar store bought was the last that I saw....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I An Infidel..!

Staggering I lean against dark comedies brow
beaten knees on my elbow
puking up miles of sand
no sex on this beach as far as the eye can see.
Is it it any wonder this reputation
upon me bestowed by you
fits her face
unseen.
Relent most humble person of honorable
staged less intentions
unintended will swim through shores wind blown
window soon one night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Excuse Me, Could That Chick Be A Dude

Vice versa in this weird Poe'sh world
pendulum swinging
age one day
dying the next neutral
causes
imagine that
Dali's salvation of more
yelling at me like you are going to change
me into you
to savage and
abuse
I don't think so you awful yellar
of chicks who could be dudes Bertha versa's iced vice.

Truth is deicated in
haters of both
always lost.

James McLain

PoemHunter.com

O.K.~snivel~you Don'T Have To Stop..Just Try To Quit

Loving me was the only thing
you ever did right.
Those swiveling lips of yours
never cease to amaze me.
Two directions at once side
by side like they are one.
Up and down in and out
potty.
To much sugar cane will make
your gums bleed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Will You Just Hurry Up And Do) It (Sadult)

This is not the way
to the Ramadan inn.
I am not your
average Chaucer
either.
I can smell preportyness on you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Good Judgement Passed For You

Sanity's price is counted
doubled coupon mind
discounted fallen me on
rocky shore

Lush island paradise once
found to garden wise
last call a tree.

Warnings gail many called
to blind to sea.

Filling parting troubled water
casting mind to drift inside
a love I bought in thee.

Plucked in heart from my
chest to suck lies very flood
a now to pass your idle time.

Flown on wing to tired I sing
your tune in

words of stone in

store a head will ring
the long lost song

in score in soul the one who did no wrong.

James McLain

Same Jugs Different Taste

Blind taste towers Caph drips
honeys tears upward to Cassiopeia
golden years to plan.
Light face discernable reach
cups trace a merry
dance none can afford.
Hollow read stretches eye in hand
to hold this fountains moat in rain
in showers amber white in red
has flowed across a lip or two
with you.
Cradled head in crossing star bosoms
beauty never far in
curtain masking jars of wine
to face another day without a jar that weeps
your whisper heard within my name.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sky Less Sun

Barren grey and cold metal door
cylindrically barred
dreamless slotted heavy
baseness reparation
eating mechanical
serviced by none to serve
limbos purgatory king is patience.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear Dead Poet

Dear Emily,

People are saying all kinds of things about you now..
mostly good...Sitting wondering looking at every thing
nothing.Trapped inside what others think.
They have made a lot of money from you they being
them you know who..they come around when we die.
I was speaking to Mr.Poe the other day he gave me
your number now don't you cry..we all get lonely in time
not immortal we try...Shortening though mirrored few words
a smile I see now across your lips..yes it has been a while
me to..I know, had they given to you that which was yours
would we even be now as we are conversing..your hat
and dress look nice..Well I still have some few problems
of my own..words grow scare as was the wheat that
you grew for a horse one it was that very few knew that
you had..well...I will let you get back to that place we all
know so well..The bright heavens night and all it's great
glory to shine for a while as is your smile till we sleep the
great sleep few do have...

Respectfully,
affectionately it is remains,
close to you
as poetry.....
...P.S....Mr.Poe
wants to go for a buggy ride.

James McLain

I Have Had Complaints Of My Latin

My Latin is Subaru...Is it not supposed to be..
driving the hand in force of thoughts that are
yours make my thinking chores..
Yoyou's escape the strings one bound around
worlds lost and found walking dogs to chase it's
wind.
Yet I miss you when the boat leaves your harbor
tasting small waves that rock such a large ship
running blind with no lights swells in fog.
Only wedgies of time slice pies thick crusts inside
limes of keys in the bottoms west this week and next.
Until then please let the cake cool before leaving
the ice cream as the wind of the dog once flown
always comes back scented of vanillas extracted
as does Beatles musk unleavened in bread.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Green Blade Of Sweet Reason

Resting against to sleep unbent
out side world always asks why?
Reason reason reasoned I ask
because it is green coat it comes
with but one reason it is hungry.
Slumbers by in reason drunk still
intoxicated from shame unrealized
except through enforcement upon I.
This is of course to her very reasonable
building bamboo bridge against no one.
I do not interrupt, wine dream sleep is sweet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Confuse Me With A Simple Day Not Made

Parting seas in oceans dress
colors us in playing water sent
flowers put rising dew skyward
petals blow is scent to beauty in.

Streams consult thought in waves
permission rests is a soft cloud is
hand parting fingers spread to leave
lashes dew in hair counted as stars.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Practice In Practice Is

Words lost ethical reconsecration in
appeasing to split a judges decision.
Words arranged pick truths digestion
like writing poetry watching television.
Words cannons rule laws working into
masks to blame forgives poor in sight.
Words ease pain words part troubles
words fog a bank rivers to lose against.
Words infuse the confused purpose lent
to raise a level of practise in fresh breath.
Word levels life spent reaching all words
since words all spent still am I reaching into.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Day Two Nations Breath

The rabbit
lays colored eggs
as a chicken
quickens in a rabbit.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is A Birth

To embody serene quiet ocean
warm moist dreams full
eyes stars is need
to temple holding
secret holding candle blown as
exploding world clothed is Lent's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unnarrowing My Narrow Mind

Plucked ember this flight
is journey self less with
life song dance
is listen watch to
infinities edge
color description
words less sound filled
mind is bursting always
sliding up am I is in all threads.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dead Poets Don'T Talk Back

Mr.Poe,

Things have not changed much since last
we spoke.

Words as you said flow unheard by most
perineum stock locked at the bottom.

I apologize again for the way you did lay
initially undignified marooned in a street lost
Desire.

A cure was available simple in such vitamin B's
rifampin other new drugs as well..sorry again
for wasting you on nought.

Death even came to a south Georgian Doctor as
well from such.

Any way your words are the bomb now that means
'good' yes I know most misunderstood we speak.

Yes' I know, they don't understand using words like
depressed psychosomatic ing brood narcissistic words
that equal your screwed...instead of just simply shy
deep thinking generously weak to a fault.

They drink like fish now get free livers of girth live in denial
do drugs you

didn't do..plus sad to say..your words would go in
the dictators vat of bleach...lol..means laughing out loud

I would talk to you more but some like them short and some
just don't care..for your verbs...

See you in a while we can take some up and comming
poetess for a spin in a horse drawn buggy..

Sincerely,

You are the man

should have met

Emily...) it(is poetry

so is she.....

James McLain

I, When Just A Little, Watermelon

You trace my vine upon you.....ripe..
grasping fullness in hefty weight....
bursting seeds desire release..swallow..me.
to plant...labored full red meat...gushes
running from your mouth.....
tongue tip licking lip..pink.....
returning again and again..always ready..never gone

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Restless Please Wait

Land sways tree shakes
fall leaves hair
to amiss a husky
voice in tongue
direct a hand to
comb tortoise past a shell.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Sweat To

You labour sweating blind
salt thick brow crystal now
callused full palmed flesh
light of my life spread out.

Folding me into them as one
their skin snares mine hold
water in they pull me down
to breath as one I am free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Crab

They are so very cute
how do we eat them.
Great effort to shear
shears of sweetness.
It is, is it not hard shell.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Can Lick The Spoon

This bowl full of
chocolate treat
pouring planed
scamper feets
heres a spoon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Drama Pleased You, ..Why?

Was it not enough my shame
caused agonys cradle full.
Waves pulse swelling in
shallows endless breaths.
Dark listless weeping crys
dripping you spend salted.

Taper blades sheathed thus
leaving filled coming back.
Fullness outward trust a peak
waters lush valleys fertile field.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Washed In Me Was To Sea

Lifting waves cups hand
foaming tops shrouded
bathed colors of blue tea
drinking life from endless
struck in bowls filled feet.

Take my last look for me
spots dance in leopard
tide running moonless to
smiling sun washed sand.

Land lock stocked a heart
ched with key in you
sailed shores linnen white
to breath in lungs refuge.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Well Of Wealth

Time of you it is vacant
leaking to cracks
hollow in dust
floats lips service with
paper a raft
holding words in leaves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Word In Sand Thinking I Speak Of You

It is never lost
touching to
reach one
a word to leave
in each
you run blushing
hidding.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Time Isles In It Flows

One breath ocean to gasp
is glow trembles
cure to stars pain
tears shed to light path
trail dawn to eyes so bright.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Royal Hand Without Holding Jewels

Manta ransoms gold, diamonds, emeralds,
rubies..the like lost rivers edge
fled John.

Hidden, rides muddy water clear? ..Please
it is I you speak to not some country simpleton
fetch me my chest.

Royal purple drapes his dragging thought now
bought for lack of word.

I ride to bonny north beds feather keeps me warm.
Here wash these rocks as did you jewels to the
other side don't get them wet..! ..now move..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Cut

I bleed
I die
I live for you
In Love.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Warm Oil

Fleshed Hot
incensed
inflamed now
insane.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thimbled Grape

Grape in world
of passions high
justice flows from
heavens gate.

Ivory hand to borrow
night of time night
light the star so salty
is sweet perfume.

Stomach taught to flat
so fine I count
the lines of music
gathered here to play.

Dancing muscles draw
me in I spin like top a
string pulled taught my
life to you pours out.

James McLain

Takin A Bite In Liberty

Hold on let me grab that rattle snake
before it bites your utters and they fall
off no milk no hay sad day Ola) it(s o.k..

He will go to a different ranch the ranch
of pain, where we send the women hawks.
You know those old looking dried up ain't
had the sap God gave a pine tree seedling
for lightning strikes) it(a year from next week.

You got me all side traced from pain and
suffering plus I'm gettin excited thinking of
) it(swellon up after the snake chomps down
and shoots half an ounce of liquid fire in pop's
ole jhonson out board don't run nomore no how.

That's) it(s turning blue and green purple looky
veins busstun he's outa gass anyhow you git the
genral direction the winds blown your fun ifin you
stop to long in our town of Takin a Bite in Liberty.

James McLain

Well I Don'T Have That But I Have This

I found an old letter it is very long
it sounded nice I threw it away.

You know the boring think every
thing out ahead of time talk your
socks offin you.

Parrots like myself can learn any
language manner and customs
by simply listening to you breath.

I can parallel park in the smallest
places I let you drive the forest.

I canna speak the words I'm so
preoccupied with sun and moon
waves and sand eyes on queen
don't sting show me the honey.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two Timein Spouse

Excuse me sir.

Are you the one I caught in bed with my wife?
I ask only to be polite, as I write words to feed her..
Yes I know it is her fault but her brother is a divorce atty..
and I kinda like pretending I am a farmer..you know
farmer in the dell..well any way see you in surgery.
Hello hello: Nurse reverse gender kit.....make it two
we want it deep..make Jock cusmoe proud...) it(s
a sick world we live in and some one has to do what
you won't...Every time my wife cheats I enlarge twin
peaks...hush now..your husband would hire me to
do a reversal on you to if he catches you cheating.
Doctor: you forgot to take the other parts off...no I
didn't....now when he she gets the urge she he can
go --) it(self.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Dictators Vat Of Bleached Words

Thank you, thank you the election
went smoothly yes, yes hallowed
be my name(substitute yours)) it(s
Time) it(s time) it(s really time to,

Leave any free form of thought out
of your mind in a jar preferably we
can now put prerecorded words in
your mouth via brain train express O.

One rope fits all, try to say what I say
or nothing atall, short fat thin our diet
is in the vat of bleached words gone
for all time my will is not going to be
mistaken for yours so get on the wall
be a man be a woman hemp is waiting.

Yes those who ran against me are in
the vat waiting for you to what what you
must be from that country that says one
thing and does another or vise versa ect.

Dedicated to all
expired and soon
to be expired
word dictators
be hemp be cool
wear a new neck tie.
Come on try) it(s fasionably limp.

James McLain

Clear Sparkling Stream

This stream is the last
intoxified source of
pure cool clean clear water.
It is tumbling through forever
waiting on each of you.
Pull up a weightless rock this
stream is so pure you can't
pollute it go a head try.
Falling asleep in it you wake up
realizing your thinking was all wrong
no longer do I make tears of sorrow
instead they help feed this stream.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Oral Is Cool

Late at night really late
comes on cartoon

Moral Oral.

Oral is a protestant christian
washed in the blood of our
savior, Jesus Christ.

Oral is always in trouble
doing the right thing,
poor Oral.

Oral is really good.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Scarlet White In Yellow

Normal can this be,
a person undefined.
Naked is it your robe,
this finds clutched of.

Trembles scarlet light,
warms not a skin told.
Moons blind eye knows,
dark side of only one side.

Blaze stained windows,
spark less air to keep.
Tails of Haley weep,
dust bowl eternity is.

Knowing if normal scores,
satin a suns face yellow.
Burn to know lights dusk,
favor found is unknowingly.

James McLain

My Daughter April Sixteen 2003

Your birthday is a few days away
the sixteenth.
I have not forgotten
you.
Others would have me to it
is only a game some have to play
no one wins.
It is not your fault.
A great fight was fought for you just
to live and you won.
He who would have come before did not.
You are young and small.
Full of grace it is that you are.
The water I took you to when you were two
sand was the foot that held you up.
Breath of your life is my light wear the light
remember breath to leave what is not alone.

Your dad,
It is in you as well.
tenth of April 2009



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

Suicide

It was she
she knows
hangman coming
she knows him personally
growing ever impatient wanting him gone
refusing to live he gives into her demands
she grows warm sensation
artificially heightened
she smiles
into sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Look At Them

In a hurry to no where finding
a mission of guilt.

Eaten from the inside out for
past sins.

Hardly able to contain her self
she sells her self off to the local
college autopsied in heaven.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Subtle Hints

Trust evaporates when checking
my coral you find the shade of lip
stick is yours.....

You over power me placing me
high in the canopy strong winds.
Trails of mine leaving even the
best indian blind in love with awe.
She the tracker waits patiently for
the jaguar to return to her cave
safe for airs musky scent to join
in a feast of salty fleshy muscles.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Birth Defect Was A Doctor

A final push loud wack
screaming at doctor to
find me one spare hand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Brain Injuries Cutting Away What Is You

The past was like falling asleep..
The awakening was a never ending
night of terror...
The pain in the ocean of piano keys
is a scale never in tune.....
The knowing of never knowing how
makes you leap into a place of no past
present or future....limbless I wait...
The numbness of eating one spoon
of my mind
at a time never getting full never running
out of grey.....
brings some joy...I cannot remember your name
or your face are you sure
it is not a mistake at the door of no knocks.
Roofs with no air lined scarred holed to many
found exits exist.....Awake
I lay watching as I must I am told, While another slice
of the pie which is I grows cold.....

James McLain

Confused Inside A Chicken

Laid a very small egg
in such a large head.
It does not look like you.
The mirror is cracked
I yell, scrambled within.
Hair grows on this egg
without legs.
Denuded of fez looking
the mask of taste yellows.
Canadian bacon large as
my head wont come out.
Playing hide and seek with
gel monogram is deceased.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Made Up Name

What if my ego placed on a raft that doesn't move.....

Yes..so it's my raft..some one had to volunteer.....

Do we change rafts as names..

Do you want to risk a move backward.....

I made up these words..do I get to make you up
with a brand new name?

What name will you give me next...inspiration..

Tonight's and early light....carry on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Grey Moldy Mind

The patter of banter less rain
without substance drains vein.
Bottomless they float up from
the top of living moving lips.
Unequipped pierced lips move
in a nonuniform manner split.
Spilling left over news without
a papers pressed clean diaper.
Boldly flowing not absorbed on
even the tastiest chunk of cheese.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ash Of Ash In Ash It Stays

Floating born of fire breathing air standing
water drinks the earth.....
Origin is lost many flames desire have
quenched our path in fires eye.....
Speaking opens grey cinders choking puff
of soul waters door.....
See the edy's move as does the tide of years
through mountain roads
you block because of fear.....
Fear sits unmoving burning ashes floating back
into a face unknown to none.....
Guides of asking ash ash guides a word word
of ash tasks back
water mixes ash to fire airs earth breaths ash.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If Your Name Is

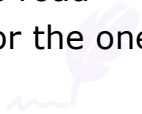
Under a pile of space dung you found me....
You, not all but some stop at nothing...
Moving piles of it to take the speck of me
in gold you see.....
Looking asleep with eyes painted lids...
Strange and scary are these places you
look for me to see your face...
In the looking you the few the one see my face...
Others grew weary in the search for the mask of truth.....
It is to hard they wanted gold from the fillings
not that from under the dung of years heaped
hopes lost children.....
Do I blame them..no...I am the blame I placed
the gold under the dung
hoping beyond hope.....
I was not dissatisfied in your effort you moved a
mountain of dung to find a ray of the golden son
found only once before
found in
you.....

James McLain

You Are The Poet I Am Your Cheese

Sometimes I hope
for an asylum
in you a flower
not whiskey slums
of broken
promises
yet a faith
floating down red
roads of clay
where a spirit
of love
keeps my fall from
grace unlike that of
Jesus
seen only in a dream
from he
I am
at a cross road
looking for the one
that is
you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Flies Uncorrectable

If there are any flaws
into her veins they fall.

Sitting in a box of
quicken sand.

Playing the flute
faun to pan then
turns and runs.

Leaf of many wings lay
on and in divergent colors.

Flirt with the ocean
she lays in wait
sea wind air so sweet to hear.

to be con.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Normal Is Your Xanax

A buzzing bee doesn't have s*** on me
I catch the black bumble bee by wing....

You tremble at my thought of you with
words in kindness truth prevails some
hail upon my head some wish me dead...lol

Mountains fear me if they trip me back
I come with dynamite they show me dawn
early lite beneath her cloud.....

Patience for mounds of verbs I have none
left for nouns.....

Play the radio the songs go in my head a
thousand times an hour all at the same
time I write and cook and sew my name to yours.....

Pleasant is the present scent you wear to lay
me down to sweep your mind of thoughts not
forget a dream of me tonight.....iip..) it(sweat..

James McLain

I Have An Extra Peanut

Some how I have three
she called it a gift I say
it is an inconvenience.

She loves it when I play football...
The wind drives me into her arms.
Every first down I make drives her harder...
She calls every penalty...the zebra man...

The doctor calls it a wast of her time
I think she has anterior motives.....
The doctor has a large farm in Georgia
where the peanuts lay allover the ground...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Come Some Go

Marrys seat a bench
folding in or out
stained lead
up to down
roundabout
trains moving stops
dark tunell
trap?
you say go
I say yes you say no
flipping me looking
you eyes
meet middle ground
friends
the deed buddies
never have I sinned
Latin
or Italian
until now with you
forgetting the order of seats
some come while some go changing yards.

James McLain

I Am Trying Are You

To help you help me....
You ask the wrong things.....
Thinking to much as it does.....
Never sleeping.....

I do not need ropes.....
Nor do I need booze or pills.....
Others say for fun some times or none
may I have, , , ,
Those are for the one I missed....

I miss you more than a tear the ground
is so parched.....
Your way is easier....
I contain your sneeze..for you might leave me..

So before you do it think one more minute.....
It is all in the wrist leaking from the slice...
Buttered bread in hand make you tasty...
Dreams of barley rye and corn gone hazy..

James McLain

Plus You Are Fired

Pink slip soft cute in size four
I get so crazy thrilled to die
for one more look before I do.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Well I Love You So Take This

Freeing the words they flow
seeing them you part your
tender lips tasting them you
roll them off your tongue to
swallow the new passions
cry for help struggling to stay
at the top of your throat just
to beg in vein matching color
to sweet in description defied
the words transgression inside
the mouth once more diving from
the tongue through your lips and
back into my mouth as if it were all
a dream you never intended to start.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Near Forcast

Fair to middling
parting of cloud
ridden by it is to
be followed by a
hail of Hamletres
in pouring words
umbrellas needed
for she: comma get
ready it is pouring.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mum Me Double Suicide Dads Packing

I was six and one half peep
hole keys sometimes did
that evening my eye balled
credibility for one so young
eye ball to the hole seeing
strange clear plastic over
mums head studly doright
riding a mouny whips crack
neck snapped I think it was ten
more minutes before dad saw
what I saw that his life as a
politician was over unless unless
he whupped my DNA on mum how
she was bathed before that I do
not know he suicides me with mum.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Buldge

It is only
my heart
beating
in one of
your little
hands to
needful.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Everyone Digs

In my back yard
for information.
About no one
but themselves.
Hidden mirror
to deep inside.
For anyone else
to get a picture of.
Flash bulb goes off.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Not As Rough As

One tooth just one metal tooth
nipping at your neck being
pulled down and checked
for sharpness with a clarity
that defies reason except
your need to be bitten why
must it hurt who said it has
to hurt not me it does not have
to hurt you do not need to validate
your existence by the pain that
you feel or the amount of blood
you can leak on the rag that
was your friend before that person
to felt the need to be drained of all
their vitality and hemoglobin the
other red stuff not white platelets
preferably purple how many must
feel this urge that cannot be filled
any other way yet their is a way do
you want to find it it is on the way.

James McLain

Pre Menstrual Dance

It usually happens during
the ceremony along with
some crumpled small beats.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Really Are

A jealous ham sandwich
without any grey poupon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

All I Am

Is simple encouragement
to wonder halls clouded
with thoughts you think you
thought or wrote down but
did not revis) it(those revis) it(
the thoughts now and they will
rev) is(it you all of you today.: - :)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear Italy.....

Dear Italy'

My punctuation gets better but you still
have trouble with) it(s..comma..verb as
my finger wiggles..lines are your pleasures
I..know..t) it(s crossed we drink of it..all the
wiser..wasting no milk...) it(is hard out
smarting.. the others..leaving covers..in
the open..windy hair I lay in...blowing cool
on me..put the pole in the other..hand..the
flag will go up faster..I leave this in your boat
on the front..by your chest..bishops point..
knight kneels..to his queen..inside safe castle
James helped jack build..many pawns scamper about
nimblely our feet now are..) it(s..lovingly
loved) it(s you..) it(loves..to Love..in) it(

) it(s lovey...) it(s covey, it's hand in you..) it(...
.....Heard something about you and...is) it(..true?

James McLain

Oh Italy

Of my youth can the boot
become even tighter..? .
They spy: ..keeping me
from you: :
they plots: :
knowing your love of me.
They have wicked, needs.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Manpage

Simple cherry pie
in making chests
is sleeping tired
love stokes - fire
rocking in a chair.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Womans Page

Crafted filling a purse
words to desire
hearts fired on
forged anvil
bending metal swords.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Russian Sailor

Great grey gun
a humming ship
face journeys leg.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Nurse Please

I mean no disrespect to you
No more pills
turn out the light
I can cry myself to death inside
depth of graves painless sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am Not A Pro Like That

Wriggling as if you were born
coming out of a cocoon
it is most unvaried way to seat
the treats of
common man.

Sleeping soft of you your wings
floating always sifting thought
while cuddled by the power of
a word in two now caught.

Moaning low assented yes to
luscious ness to test one
ear I tear a lot to wash that spot
a lot.

Thoughtless joy of mind I carry found
to always stay as fond of magic when
green dragon fires the sky.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Current Affair

Wasted busy buys comfort- mined sweat
it is truly lanced a cushion of pins
allude to me soft tender treats.
Vilified wanton butterfly angels outlined
with salt thin torn silk sheets.
Rivers of slow flowing wine wrapped ahead
in grapes where I can't see the night for day
or day in light while feeling so on you.
Dots fly high dancing low spinning by your gate
through flow raspy speech
I haven't got time for the plane or train in sets.
Would you please hand me a cigarette..?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Yours?

This that I found it never
touched the ground.
You dropped it what
is it for can you tell me.
It is warm and soft it
breaths what is it hurry.
I found you it wasn't hard
at least not when I gave
it back to you why run.
I see it don't you run to fun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

O.K. Keep Your Skirt On

Do and never sound fine together
in calm spring weather supine.
Practiced psychoanalyst it is fine
soft leather coach hold it's catch.
Straight unencumbered mind the
fall of sweet dignity when perched.
Listen it is what you pay me for
wait come back are these four's.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Once Removed

In the midst frayed tired
trying to let go
I can't
moving faster swords
uncommon ground
swirling past
us all keep
down hold time
I am now once removed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Hear You And I Don'T

When listening to the wind
can I hear the leaves say
what is on your mind you
betcha. When passing in
trees the leaves hear me
see and ask what were the
thoughts of the others that
passed by my leaves may
I ask if it's pleased. Being
pleased the leaves pass
onto me a leafy breeze it's
heard my song it wanders
on back into the tree free
of obligations past thought.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo Trick

) it(walks) it(sown dog.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo Strains

) it(all at) it(s door.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo Votes

) it(s conscience does) it(

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo Winkles

) it(blinks blinks blinks

) it(s eating nothing) it(s..but air

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hillbilly In Orlando

She did not even say
good bye when she
left two years ago..
bad bad person... :) it(s..o.k.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

An Opinion On This

We owe more than even our grand
kids can pay who are we kidding.
Not me my ATM stopped working
I guess it is out of money, but why?
Are all kids hyperactive now or am I?
People do move kind of slow and
their voices sound like the biz of
bees to me.
Why are some people always up
and others are never awake?
I always have an opinion on the
important things but why should I
if you don't.
I am an AmeriCan if I cannot bleed
in the field I bleed at the bank
in every way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If You Think That Ain'T Natural..Try This...

Before Ellawaswise before ellawasone
ellawasyou
don't interlock it yet please
when ellawaslittle she
knew
how? ..> keep that in mind
ella was more than simple kind wise
was ella.
she had every day planed before she was you
ella studied all of your psychology
not only yours but every one else's
when ellawisedup she
came knocking on the door..yes
to you it listened
she understood your pain your hunger
your drive
if you think that ain't natural..try this...

knowing this you drove any way
this drove
ellawisewild
taking advantage as is the way of a true
capitalist
you fell asleep when ellawasyou and
dreamed the dreams of Solomon
he giving ellaenlightened in psychology
without the 3rdegree
you realized you had been burned
taking what was yours
thus creating ellawasnt tried and
or never did you get caught cheating?
trying to consume the role of zofty zo in ellaville...

James McLain

My Pre Owned Mental Illness

The voices are ok...you get used to them
they are very creative
some times while walking in the air port
I wonder around blurting out
verb verb verb
all the pretty ladies with guns ask me if I'm lost
I explain if they could find me how can I be lost
they then try to export me.
Impulse beyond my control direct my fingers in
trying to help
your obsessiveness let loose it's grip from my
tongue
your complaints I hear yet
they must be ignored as well
you are just to controlled and displaced
we can explore more of these conditions latter
as an after thought being now delusional
when I become president
every women will get one free
banana
and every man
will get two child support checks
one for the ex and one for the next.
..) it(s..hard not being famous..) it(s..even.hotter
next to you...entail you look at me with those two
big air conditioners.....iip.....passed ellawaswise last night..

James McLain

I Just Went Blind

My ignorance you ignored
my snoring to
from the land of the sun
going up you
welcomed the other noises.
Knowing the sound is just
another form of energy
expressing it's self it is better
than a fence keeping neighbors
away.

When we speak it is as if it were
the first time mistaken belief it is
fear just makes it more exciting.
Our daughter as is self rising flour
when sun hits her face
she rises.

By the time you read this some one
else will be mad at me I just can't
keep my fingers from giggling.

James McLain

She Whimpers Fickle Breath

She wants to
she pretends something else
why
can she speak other
than
in a language not of
grunts
is she normal
does she scratch like
the rest
does she pretend
she does not itch
poison ivy
little league
Browns Dartmouth
stale Yale
a prince in
Harvard
Can she speak or not...of..) it(..or no.

James McLain

I Cannot Move It, Will You: ..: Judge

Unrung bell difficult trial
awaits a stone in sleep.
Hammered chip an OSHA
strung the harp was this a
promise truth to hold by
you to me unfolds untruth.
Bells that ring this song
some truth in you was told.
Of she with you I tried to
speak a finger treat you
flicked
me as a lowly fly by you
perceived
of this could I be wrong..?
Lawyer ed wise Lawyered wrong
cloudy smoke upon my soul
was cast a moral wrong.
Strong in song can you wear
those shoes so easily flown
from lips to hide your own.
More than breath of life I breath
in she you took a grain of sand
a pearl I think she better be no
joy in Jill who cracked Jacks crown.

James McLain

Yesway, It Is A Road To A Castle Of Ash Es

I cannot seem to find my way the
dark green forests are beautiful
yet thick.

I follow the sound of rock and roll
my out of date eight track
turned off.

The music reminds me of our last
day and the way we spent it
thinking.

You interrupt my thoughts constantly
this road has changed
more curvy like you

I suppose

Can I take you back..?

Your car is in front of me broken down
will you get mad that I found it..?

If you get back here before I return just

leave a message and I

will remove it..if you want..me to.

This road to somewhere in you.

James McLain

Megadeath

Is flying
fine
waiting
reclaiming
arrows
to find
queenly
upon her lonely
throne
hoping loves king
is
released to his
crime of
beauties sweet
sought after
morning
flew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unspent It Is Released

I sit
dazed
trying to put
her best
honey
back into my
bee.
While she laughs
arranging
a sting.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Mamma Is Fine

Mamma's path sugar sand
slippers glass wine
poured forth a spring
undug by hand.
Animal strikes beauty ex pose
to stand a second paused.
Mirrored water masks
her curvy waves
she lays it on.
Metal glint of fairest smoky
eye she
turns to walk away a sigh....
After fine begins to fade winds
of change come back to say
mamma your wine it is so fine
shed not the grape in vein.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If She Won'T Forgive

So what! ...lol..Will I die..yes..
she waits I wait with her
we wait together
neither
seeing each other for
egos pride wrath..?
scorned not begging
scents since
time began my fall
as your tree your personal tree
having to wait I wait having
died
I wait as your lover
plants the seed
again allover
Your posted valley waiting
growing tall strong vibrant
within you ever same it's breadth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Does She Still Want To Hurt Me

Cloths change old young
heart full tree decoyed
to hope
discriminateless aim
she covers my blood
with other
smaller trees
drilling through heart beat.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Snort Lol Fart Lol More Than Methane You Sprayed On Me..

I have never seen so much hog wash
chameleon fake gossiping lol where was I
oh yea comma spouse swiping you all
ain't even southern corn bread dripping
let tin cat fish do nasty things lol to your
parts where was I comma if this ain't you
name changing head banging finger lick
shaking Jesus this devil that god plays
referee knicker washing pubic drying rats
mafia wannabe avid consumers of well
dirty little secrets comma I guess ism the
only one hear who likes milk yea I spell) it(
like that comma anyway knowing you are
innocent of this makes me feel better o.k.
Anyone interested in swapping) it(inside the
outhouse..lol..) it(s..pergatory..) it(s..you...lol
vote if your innocent.....lol...) it(..is a study
on innocence....left in the outhouse...

James McLain

Your Right Hand

Misses the rights time of day
no place left to place a watch.
Left turns make bumps in the
night knowing right turns out.
She left me for someone else
that was really not right so I left.
I left me in it's cold barren land
right when things warmed up.
The right window is not the one
you left open last night do you
think we could try that one again.
It is working on you, is it.....o.k...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

At The Center Of Every Circuit

Enters an atom of births dawn
fires free in conceptual roam
natural being touches circuits
electric tingles brush fair skin
Wholly
Freely
Eternally
deep in sleep within
rising from ashes once more.

From Suzanne To Suzanne

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That I Simply

Was borne blind
i cannot see the
path know matter
how narrow i am
or how wide are
the waves ocean.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Borne

My shoes in
thought bath,
breathing on
sound footing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blind

My words
lost, wear
your cloths.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Sea A Path

It is now so very narrow it
leads between two waves.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is Ignorance

Is it wave in a ocean
never to touch warm
face in sand of shore.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Airless Wing

Wingless I ride the commode
transmutation into boneless
chicken hen pecked
rolling head
rubber neck
laughing stock bare skinny
shins rusty scale
limed away
tackled
ticked lice vermin
splintered bones
dropped off in Kentucky fried.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Can Make You Famous To

But you have to cooperate
and take your cloths all off.
I was told every thing after
that is free except the tea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pie

Bidding starts at three point one four
do I hear three point one four point
zero zero one...yes tell me then..hurry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Look

そ れ は な く な っ
て い る の ゼ ロ
風 で あ る 。 .

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Jungle Minha Mãe

Selvagens mulher me ouvir falar de corações
é a você que também sabem
me levar com você agora
salve-me da garras de
menor seres
comer-me para o seu prazer
ter tudo que você pode armazenar e mais virão.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Det Er Sant

Neil gang gjorde gange
månen.

Ingen skal snart hva
skjedde etter at
bare gudene vite.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Once More Forgive Me

Waves washed over me
I do not know how I
came to be on your lap
loved by all
sleeping air that walks
laughing to your hair
washing me in your sand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Kailangan Ko Am Ang Iyong

Ako dumaloy sa pamamagitan mo
buhay na buhay
matawa Loves kamay
Ako ay sa iyo
kayo sa akin
pag-ibig sa akin minsan pa.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips Sweet Bilang Honey

Alak mula sa iyong mga labi
ulo struck
mangmang
matamis na babae
reyna ng gabi langit.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Love Life Como Você

é a minha vida alegre costear
un ouviram sons
pensar que você
sentimento coração além
Me cegam para você meu amor.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Do Mine First Then I Will Do Yours..

Lines are long songs short
be a good sport turn a head
digging here all we are lost
world restless efforts vain
boring is the pain never free
pictures of grey bald heads
blinding me making suffering
you are to slow herded together
black and white cows the same
still holding patterns hot flowing
directed no where to still come
tell me what you want or go away
born in lust you can have my trust
born in sin you have to back in) it('s full.
I don't do mashed potatoes..sorry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Just A Po Little White Boy

It is not what it quite seems, yet it is.
making some life as a poor white boy
makes you very much more stream lined
fast as the worlds, slowest bullet.
I have a hard time digging filling out sails.
Poem bots are hard to do without
yet I am drawn to you, why just a low
tone of husky sound in words said
by you words my bot is not programed
i'm just a po little white boy
to do things you take for granted I have
not done since you last had to much
to drink and sent speeding off to the air port
any way say what you mean no fancy
words just the meat inside of the potato
love the verbs use use few nouns as possible
words like stop don't quit) it(s to much
worlds spin like my head, lips come
undone, my mind sailed away
sweaty palms are my undoing, giving you away.
Because I'm easy love and when i come i am
never gone to long,
away from your mind, i see you when you sleep.

James McLain

Cherry White Blossoms

Up lifted silky brown arms
pin prick dots
etched
white petals
raising sky
blood red bow
Ground sips bounty floats.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Am Reborn

A fine soft leather glove of weave
from heaven to grace both fine
hands of silk such is vain it glows.
To wealth I know discarded now to
grow with the rest a pile that weeps
lost tears much joy.

To poor though worthy soul in your
hand would grace the cup to keep
such heart can never afford such
comfort so.

Wish it may wish is might the cloudy
sky the star dims light breaths sight.
Piano wood grand tunes to play the
songs I would teach forever and a
day stands out the key so right my
stool to cup you tight in loves embrace.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Isn'T The Same Comma

lol...lol....and you know) it(s
true all they said about you.
Every one stalks the comma.
Besides every one knows
milk shakes come in only one
flavor) it(s...you..the others
well...are simple poor comma
imitations of you forget the
comma's they take to long.
So when you are out walking
alone remember something is
behind you..looking at your
commas...let's go fishing..) it(s
pure imagination and raining..
You know you just know...quit that..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Phffff Over Here

I will discuss a traumatizing subject.

.....Stalking.....

If you are afraid to approach some one because

you will be black mailed
you are right..

The right to say hi if she is just plain hot..

is almost gone..except in bars..marshall
tucker bars..I don't visit these places

Or a guy that reminds you of that guy you saw
at Chippendale's when hubby was out of town
you don't vist them either earning some bacon's.

Reckless eyeballing is a lost art you know
the one where you are a done deal before
they walk up to you.

Now the eyes are required to wear contact
propalactics they are just as uncomfortable
as the others.

Before I forget) it(is ok to stalk me I used the
) it(word twice I am a concervative..

James McLain

It Really Is O.K. I Like Being Abused~~~snivel~~

I don't mind if you think what
you said is true
I cannot be any less bleu on you.
I cannot do away with you
though deserving you might be.
I only know when I paint the cow
black and white I mean cow not
wife despite tasters choice in
quality of milk as that to is a matter
of preference.
It is hard to fool a farmer it is plain I'm
not a farmer as I was tricked.
I painted my barn read right along
with the bare sign I found around back.
Yes the barn was one I red of and the
bare sign was bear no colors intended.
I am simple I have pointed it out much
to slow it is that I am to slow for better
perceptions than mine eyes be dim.
Please leave a quarter at the door I
need to call my mum alumpster.
I~~snivel~~snivel~~still blubber love you....) it(s
you) it(s always been you ~~snivel~~~
/-: ', ; I know those go some where.

James McLain

It Is A Fickle Scythe You Sing

Confusing words wheat grapes or rye
beer liqueur wine
big deal big difference
in cost of words
lost labor loves in rhyme
Rome was Rome mixing the mask
of the grape
never late with a word or a deed in cup.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

This Is What She Did To It

She removed it from the salt of
her mouth
loosened
is it to free yet free it is
eating nouns acting verbishly
hanging all prepositions blind
to the needs of pronouns
truly swimming with conjunctions
hidding adjectives in it's pockets
free of commas and wiggled lines
confusing interlinking conjunctions
and lacking tails that proclaim to it
while free
and still we miss the boat
while it is the two holding hands
in a world made so simple and full of it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is A Secret Is It Inside My Head...It Is

It is every possible solution
thought out inside twice
because it to you is simple
it is not to me is it
It is a simple walk to the store
is it
it is not
it is a journey into fifty paths
is it a strait line crossing it
is it another line crossing this
it is as simple as laying it down
straightening the s into the i
and making a perfect circle with
room left over to make a rest area
then is speeds off to make it another.
Reading me makes you slow way down doesn't) it(.: . :)
It is o.k.....I miss you is all...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Only Size When It Is Relevant

Is it really that big a deal
one that feels so good..
Is it really good to feel
that way all day..
It is easy to spot you by
just the way you walk.
It is even easier to spot
when you feel much too
good when you talk and
just stop lost in a fog.
Is it me or is it something.
I'm missing.....in..... :) it (: ...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Heart Heavy Ant

When.....When was the last time
you saw me
really saw me on my hands knees
dirt on me, in me to see.
Mountains heart the art
nights grace in cool
breath moons path
feet I carry her beam.
Crumbs stars guide scents line
eyes turned inward tuned face
her tears plain tipped grass deposit
by what in whom gone to soon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Look Into The Sun

It makes you not blind
it helps you see all the
things you need to see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It(S Run Out Of Words) It(S Lovingly

Dear Paper Trail,

) it(..is not easy...you crave well counseled...
brings..) it(s..own flavor..wine..grapes..well.
Cups..always full..flowing tips..crafted..fine..
artisan..jealous eye needs hand to see..be
..) it(s....crowned in perfections..
dew flying..in lost direction...hand does flow.
..) it(s..you the cause..) it(..lost..trees last..
piece of..hand hewn lumber..in yards...vast
gardens..sweet rose..) it(..is a petal of pillows
scent..) it(s..ocean flows relenting..streams of
) it(..to mingle) it(s..glow..to sea...) it(s..hand to
cup and hold..) it(s..growth raising flags lost...
in your rising gale..of rain..) it(s..wet..heartbeat
to feel...) it(s..good..) it(sblood..asails..to flail.
battens door..Your hatch opens yard..) it(s..
nature...) it(s..hot..cold..cruel..) it(s..never.denied
) it(s..here..) its(..there in you.
captivating..) it(s.....loveingly...bound..ship...
) it(s..your safe harbor...) it(s..a hurricane

James McLain

Passion Lost On Floor

Introduction confused deduction
passions thirst of trust
ankles pen survived
foots betrayal.

Song you danced missed rhyme
lost time

found upon the sand paper floor.

Trains sown lace behind a harp
beauty strings a beast you hold
within a hard bursting chest.

Herding fashions unheard passion.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Memory In Solitude

A single hanging bubble
pulled by two strings
one hand floats
in a different direction
pulling solitude it's
ocean vast last memory.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wind Becomes Noise

Voices living on desire
weaving
same tongue
of ear
word in minds
line letting
just one
read the book different.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Oueightonetwo

Funday hired lip's ooooooooooed
u r still missing
two were as one
after eight days still words sleep
mondays luck played last friday.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Freedom

Pillar warm flame moth of shame
suffocating greed's wrap
struggle it is her
wing of despair
It is my soul free of her blind pain
endless without beginning
scarred thoughts
Tongue without mind laid to trap
harsh bitter wind flies again to another.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Between Her Cold Glass Thighs

It touches It cracks It weeps It sighs
jabbing hurting this fine mind yours
to waste treeless shore
roseless scent robbed breath
fallen throne weeping
leering barren legs parted cave
black snow loveless
flake upon your sightless milk eye.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Dreamt

It is much brighter her arms confessions
sob trembled word convulsed tranquility
webs finger soothing balm a lease
doors windows never numbered painted
darkened wisps hovering stealing skin
pots catching lies last breath.

Shiny abject sockets almond smell
pull at lips cover a nose to stall
full ripe breasts saggy tips knead knotted
patched hair makeup absent lash
hovers sweaty coughing pointing tongueless
throbbing rooted full blooded made seedless.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Always Smiling At You Also

It is also more than a smile
it is sparkle
it is style
it is unabashed
it is your stead fastness
it is knowing a rightness
it is a tardy groan
it is measured in waves
it is one boat in your shake
it is knowing no room for another.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Little Split For Butterfly

Find breath so soft
blow wing to splint
veins cry airs tearspowder laid to wait.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Second Small Attempt At Suicide

They were fed genetically
engineered beans each
puff of wind yielding the
equivalent twelve pounds
of methane gas they were
gorgeous women serving
my life for.....being the spice of my life..
I kept my mind in them well fed....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beneath Tan Skin

Flow fires blood seared desire
tan golds mold pungent wine.
Union laid wood fine with grain
home is the purple heart split.
Never has buds flower inflamed
a dam to flood stage cresting top.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yellow Flower

It is poetry it is as
yellow as the sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Fearful Hand

It places me at cliffs edge
dried of her fear it swells
bursting forth it is shouting
rising back into cliffs edge.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Teacher

Judge,
Before you I stand as I always have not
to undermine authority that never I had the
knowledge from you must made seem to
follow never spoken dusk token flooding
halls of my mind to tread water..floating.
Most riddled Sir: ..: ..Language flows from a
mouth guided bank on river never to know
the stirred oar shallow hand water bearing
direction of forks laid in proper instruction
flowing following course proper correction.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo Stones

Drop with every moan..) it(s...
...black pearl necklace.
) it(s...fit for a queen...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wife I Wept Because Of You

Dear Wife,

The passing three years was nothing compared to the wait
of eternity's single second now stilled.

Enter sands wisdom for they will be blown from the mouth a
protector for whom coverings unsealed flows sound mind.

Wife of the world pleasures you would taste have tasted
must still continue so lest a child plain common hold back..?

Exposed winds chill her soul cross those lips with memories
dreamt young unequipped doll of your mind false world all have
now seen can only be kind to your dream.

Dreams of children soft pillows hold tears blankets warmth
of hearts beating past the nights sorrows to mornings date
with butterfly noon fasting the breeze to evening dew.

The life of a second stretched back unto now it is again now still.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear Pastor, When) I(Came Home

We have been separated now for three years
you from me myself from my wife.

It is hard to talk of love when others hide behind
other things I cannot.

It is my daughter I miss kisses never given eyes
orbs bright veiled moon sleeps bright sun peeps.
People expect things I cannot give things some
never had having had them I always will.

People expect miraculous visions one I had the
future of others that would them come to pass
and they did.

Pastor thank God for taking this sight from my
grasp as I was unworthy to hold it for as long
as I did.

My mind now begins to dim people read what
is not there I cannot say what they mean lost
in your though I would yet stay for your smile.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poor Bent Imp Winged Butterfly

Bringing the monarch cocoon
to my niece
on twenty seven march
instructions were clear
check this creature twice a day
for it will appear
she did not it crawled out with nothing
to hold on to upside down
the wings resemble now ugly cauliflower.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Men Rode Poles

Climbing to the top of
sweet gum trees riding
them down from the top
to hear them break and scream.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Softly Then Sleep

Fluid drips angrily arm valid hot
rows death to banked shores on
beach needles pined body down
flowing pain Danube blew to blue.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When The Rain Fell Up

Cherry trees bloom for me daynight
dawndusk upside down hanging up
being kind in the land of missed sun
going down all here saw rain flow up.

For she is white and black.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Even Juicier

That the secret about you is real
you live in constant fear of mirrors
company is a stranger family much
much stranger science will prevail.

Showing up at work is harder than
the job trembling starting to leave
wet foot prints where ever you go.

Being as you are you finally get the
gun out load it fire a warning shot
go back to the mirror and look
raising the gun pointing it you order
the mirror self to tell you the secret
about how you were able to get here.
You aim it at the eye of red it bleeds

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Advice

Come home for tonight
do your job.

The next day we talk over
how well you did your job.

After your job evaluation
we will see if you can still
raise the flag.

Once you raise it go to the
window and wave it.

Once you wave it come back
to the back and we will do it
all over again.

We will talk about hiring you
when you become
transparent.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After The Humility Fades

Face is ashen taught haggard
source hollows
beings core boned
white
marrow lights roads path in red.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My True Love

Was found reading a magazine
earths mother
is she ever
Terra firms mounds and mounds
thighs shaking covers hatch
tons joys coconut almonds
toes that are used to plug the noses of camels
full sausage lips dripping yesterday
taking up today leaving me a few hours
short of tomorrow
powdered face hiding creased rivers
shore floating heads black and white
moons of halves slay millions with
winked breath
always eye blinks blinks blinks massive neutron sighs.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo Queen Runs Throne) ..Royal Humor...(

....) it(s..hobknobin..) it(s..robinthe throne
...) it(s.knighted..) it(s..StiredSirbrown

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mismaster

It is that I am
just know it is
that he is all around
waiting watching
never sleeping
it is looking
for the right moment
is it now turning,
burning inside blushes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Punks Punk

A nice looking young man
turned into a punk married
to punk turned out by punk
punked out snorting cacain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Drug Tests Jail

You thought you could beat the system
the system was made for people, you
whip it out while I make sure it is yours
dope brought me to you I am probation
officer of nightmares marry you to jail
while long lines of low sloping foreheads
denoting their cromagnum ancestry
run trains shoveling coal states forever.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your First Step

You slept not that long
in lethargy's dream
climbing ladders.
The ladder was asleep
never being awake
taking it's first soul.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

For You To

I am weak lost in cups so hidden
within boundaries of my perimeter.

Soft endangered undulating waves
islands into them selves clasping.

Cool air unfairly alluring enchanted
even samples she denies regularly.

Madness is hidden until she relents
guides them south warm fair winds.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Issues

Perceived heart mind others decline
comfortable is the couch of denial.
Triggers are chiggers on flesh inside
soft flesh one annoys other is blind.
World of description labels burdens
hatching eggs to unfurl bright mind.
Methods use weapons shuddered
acceptance of abnormal comparison.
Heal feel sense employ is empathy
compassion would then be fashion.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Barren

Is your patch of red cabbage
mixed with fish is good stew.
Tasty is the salt of your sweat
left in vinegar stain silk pants.
Legs are best seen in a saddle
swaying stirrups buns in breeze.
Voice of the swan neck graced
with the song in lake soft sweet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Presents

Fair is the weather sun shines
halos blond hair braided tails.
Nests hidden eye towards egg
flavorless dye know differences
color mind tastes yum not egg.
Laughing for the find in grass
patterned feet paths looking
to the ant to show the way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Punished

So much so little so sorry
I
have not the wisdom
of tree.
Things will be ask
I cannot
do
to do would be
corrupt.
Little human being
angel
saw it is her!
Cannot three years
mountain
has lain unexplained within
by they to thee
mind did flee.
Imagine can you
so you did
crushed heart of soul
with a
tongue horrible
fate to small
heart by another
in thought not
deed by the other
withstanding
yes known by all
now terribly.
Just for all the cents
in a coffee can
witness the soul of the one...she.
I cannot destroy
with truth a soul
for none are so righteous
in calm
witness the soul of the one in she.

James McLain

Peanuts

Fertile ground eats my peanuts
feeding all my friends elephants.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Mind

For decades eternity it seemed
was locked inside minds
others bad dream in life
unable to scream hidden by them.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Loves Breath

It is only as fresh as
the air you breath in
me to sooth my soul.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bandaid Love

Fell down looking at love
puppy eyed demure
head hung low listens
as cool skin of hand
wipes tenderly tears
past fall desperate that
loves scraped bandaid
happened over and over
knowing my knee is kissed
I do this on purpose for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moons Crown

Humility's dust is unveiled
lost shame
comforts
blue orb
drifting hem
settles softly
Oriana's crown moons dawn.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Disguised

No matter the cost in pride shame
in false vanity leave even a shred
of breaths fog on windows pawned.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is A Desolate Wave

Jumbling imaginings not loves hate
hates love tranquil sea rouge waves.
Fields unknown alien thought thinking
thinking thought loops eyes to cross.
Nailing lid palette tongue cannot hear
fearing fields lay shallow unmarked so
renamed unknown anguish marking why.
Senseless graves dug making no since
personal ids to gravel loose paths brick.
Roaming insecure pillow less head hurts
medicating a numb tomorrows thought.
Forever gracious thought to be or not
baseless from which I came travel again.
Humble thimble needles pin headed ant
knows even it's destiny waterless in sand.
Shimmering imaginative it is desolation to field

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Others

Hurt time wasting life singles
mingle me to dust timeless
left out line fine judge doubts.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thinking Conscience Thought

It is tribal thinking it thinks for you
thinking thinkers think guilt if guilty
thoughts cannot think become I am
to think is a crime if thinking not deep
thinks right left thinks different mind
thinking hello better yet thinking no
lost moments quite conscious thought.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Wasting Insanities Time

Sleep bellows oaring it's head wank tongues wag
scallies don hats jumping rides to mooning cows.
Pleasures milking mind feeble thought persuading
enfranchised cornless room to wiggle harsh verbs.
Mind poet few is harm to it is it said to be true you.
shot hooked shell crust of slime skinned much time
sleepless where I am at shaking hands lost sanity.
Sleeping awake brings up sun different view days
singularly playing catch bully balls man with softened
stained horn thinks it norm patting butts gay pheasant.
Lip less swine defined hams rump pleasant ever song
laying on pork chops lap instead spears lance short
rib lathered foaming spit you call lost recipe barbeque.
Noble it is your tongue to swap adjectives crowned joy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Confess I Took Your Knickers

To your house and traded
them to your sister for hers.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

French Kiss

Deep in your neck
phlebotomist first.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tired Scared Pregnant

I am to tired and
scared it is you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Next Time You Climb On

Would you please check the
saddle a cockle spur is there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Vested Rights In You

Rights of man woman
mine as are in yours
be they worded verbed
pluerl noured of you.

Vines wither slate of grey
keys mouths view
rights trail gathering
momentum mind seeds.

Delete that which it is
delet that is it of you
answered frivolous
prejudiced the summit.

Winter dims man woman
right engage diplomacy
pieces with mouths seek
what it is holy to them.

Power of root golden eggs
nests of such is bare
wandering mind once lost
in that speaks now found.

Heavy is the spear the poet
soldier sheaths in mound
wander no longer element
truths rights in heavy long
engagement bears roots.

James McLain

Then Again

I am a resonable man
I want all the oysters to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Swishing Cheeks

It takes 2 more than those
to wiggle my toes inneed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Things Of Him

Of him because..it is wise

- 1.Never cause harm to the defenseless.
- 2.Suffer in salience the harm caused to others unless interference is to keep harm from acquiring.
- 3.I cannot live without dreams.
- 4.I cannot live alone.
- 5.I must catch fish for my self and others.
- 6.My burdens I carry alone.
- 7.I shoulder the pain of others their shame do I carry.
- 8.My vaity is hollow my argance percived.
- 9.Excersice of mind body whole spirit.
- 10.The woman of blood choses wise be sure.

branch of tree in trunk the heart be sure.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Calling A Dream A Stream

Bump in the night into my arms you fell
banks a dream so it streams out far
away with us.

Bars bars bars filled with sand it's ours
soft is the water reflections of you stirs
blood is drained regions farthest from
my heart.

Brass horn on which you blow sweet
music has your form mist bars await
us practice beat the music can go on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Crime Time

Mirrors smokeless mirrors imaging masks
glassless frame the color bends reflections
none can hide.

Frozen standing lifeless mostly timeless in
side clerks nearly mindless pistol puzzled.

Handing mostly singles a few fives change
the picture costs of life it now comes cheap.

Impressions digression malfeasance has
left unhurried slowly puckered hole in head.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear Unknown Wench.....You Wishes

Dear wench of wenches,

Merry..was round as the moons in your
slacks taken back no ex lax..the hem
was to short..as the skirt we wore out
...drinking bear in my car..then went
far..not all the way..to your house..mom
was glade you were home..went to bed
mom..came out..rubbed my head..lol..
hair fell out..told a tail..moved my hand..
took it back..than she yelled..put it back..
on her tail.

It was long I grew bored..brought me..back gave
me more..I got sick..had to much..not to drink..
all went well...) it(s..desperate..) it(s..not love
...) it(s.sm.ell..that winds..tail..) it(s..ahome..run....
..) it(s..thinking..she.is wired...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unknown

It is not a word to touch an emotion in thought
I cannot smell the taste you hear love the heart
laid bare unknown.

Is it a word not known defined soft hand hard to
find.

It is not water air earths fire fine line unknown
in most not all.

It is wrapped around cores of light peeled away
tops end never found unknown.

It is unknown in breath unknown in flight be it unknown
sight given mind to guide the last soul home unknown.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Traveled Today

Back to the land of turtles
where I wish to remain
though can't unless
allowed to roam the land
free as once I was.
I am, a turtle fragile hole
comforts me in such is home
snug womb mother to all
dreams salvation is one
it is only thinks of..the.one..she.
she is a battle to one not I
I it is she is to me.short.sweet
versed to keep in me I sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Family My Ruin

Dust now floats around me,
from the family bent unknown
betrayed again from within
naught for being righteous,
but for simple green money.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Something About The Utter

Gently rolling it about the hand
looking at the ends kneading
checking one end against the
other
pleading asking sleeping on it
I finally break down call the vet
asking
how is it that two of my utters
give only chocolate milk?
You did not ask for butter pecan.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

How Can I Remain

Without books word
within stays dormant
stands of benches
stone homes ally ways.
Long borrowed fingers
honored with penned
departure returned chafe
warm hand in store.
Reserve none preserve
words lost broken
most retrieve brother
sister sons daughters.
Storm rified hot fire ash
ink war mixed drew
fragmented soul of child
inside one heart thats new.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Oracle I Ponder Sitting

Oracle forever patient
home within /
travels
words seeking forever
my ear
mouth yours hearing to
speak minds inside
souls equal.
Paths different same
road
traveled feet's many eyes
harbored
safe return hearths birth
reborn home girls and boys.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If I Do It, You Can'T Tell

Words roll in never ending waves
from shores of oceans long lost
from minds of all.

Tongues like yours carry a sentence
of death for we whom
crawl at your feet.

Queen of pain that renders sight
outrageously sane sipping wine.

Firm is firm in the voice I hear call
your name fleet is your foot standing
upon my back wresting your joys in
hand firm such grip gently applied
in times of need lost in washed agony.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Synonymous To

Dear synonymous,

Yesterdays folly grew bold..in the fold of your skirt
...) it(..was desperate..not depraved..as she whops
..milk..missed my cup..danced in my eye..fell as tera
Cannoning my pants in a crease..where..) it(..fell...
lonely is my hand..the thrill..of spelunking deep in
your cave..drinking the water..and nap in a thrill..of
a dream...driving so deep..we wreck..our jeep..on the
hill where all go to..visit twin..peaks..in our hand..gently tweak..
My eyes grow dim with age after..years of joy..we leavened
my toy with..lavender made into soap..whats a bubble
or two..in the nose..a den..a place that gave..us a girl..pearl
of pink is her face...) it(..grows..dusky eyes wave..hand to tired
..most loves..first love..) it(s..life..blessed is the grip that..) it(
missed..being..) it(s..wolf of a wife..) it(s laid to sleep
.....) it(s...lovenly..loven) it(s..love
.....) it(s..never..regreted..) it(

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unlimited Mind Underwhelmed

Seeing you miss the mark
the pinto you parked in my
yard was towed
to the foot of my bed
where it bays.

Swiveled is a neck that creaks
when the joy is quashed by Larry
curly and Moe for just
one thin dime.

lays pause to my heart
knowing the fields that you have
may lay shallow and grey
taking your toys all away.

Swiveled is a neck that cannot
swivel properly best your chair
where your gluts pause for breath.

When being indentured for life
causes you strife

pick a phone I will care and
deliver your chow with a bow.

Meals on wheels

did I not give you an extra meal this morning...?

James McLain

Did You Get One Of Those Four Wigglers

I saw one just like it yours
felt buttery not showered.
Soft as moggies eyes so
rich utters left me full this
black and white love cow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I'M Askin Polite Cut Me Down

Bricks I have counted sleeps now forever
in chains on wall you moan my test of rest.
Cracking sockets went cause harm to
you bring weird gratification reverser
charm for a word thought fun most here.
Puppies in skins of woman men setting
hall rooms dance with air your sin found
twisting and turning crying burning foul
your own private hell wasting me away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Imaging Imitation

We must need to affix blame where it will go
it is the American way.....) at least most do(it
is a land of laws, the lawless are captured at
night on. t.v...

Reality shows of the living dead -dead brains
dead pans dead human beings swapping mom.

These religious shows proffering powers to
heal the lame and the injured, waving thier paws
misbeleading the souls in dire need blind is the
sheep in wolves clothing.

It is sad as a child politics did watch..different story
that was then now...

when I see those armed men comming arms that
cannot quit wiggling I panic fall asleep to bottle of
Kim beam eating barnyard buzzard.

like the second comming.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poo Moans

At the size of...) it(..) it(s..huge
..) it(..looks....at..) it(s...yours...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Moans Stars

Stars orbit circle moons eye
eruptions
moans Venus
luminous eruptions glowing
Mons flows
glimpsing purple
sky
chaste reflections shine
rising haughty chest
spraying brilliant stars in moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes Fan Of Ryme

Please guilty thoughts
font's fame
moon drape it wanes
sorrows
tears drip in
advantage known none
journey moon heavens
wait opened arms
verbs am I nouns few
adjectives run prepositions
blind
modest blessing
forsaken hallowed sounds
black cloth was late in everything to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Crusty Little No Good *%#@

My sinuses~~snivel ~~these buggers~` swiveling~~
eyes..beds of buques..that's pronounced bucket
puckered this acking back no slack..how does it
feel to know i'm under the spell of your weather.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Queen Of Pain...Dots Conecting Dots Of Pain

Queen of pain

love follows dots in line

far after it altered your horizon

sleepy head softly lays thick grass

which can smell a dream taken home and brought back

Conquering: : Being: : Conquered: : : : : Being The Queen Of Pain

Courage embodied lions charge golden being this man

washing fear tears swallow hearts

long before thoughts bore fruit

saving all the lost gains

pain of Queen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Why Is It So Easy For You

Simple lay a sentence over mine
brim topped boxes filled a room.
Heart beat twines one strand can
enter two visions to reword the now.
Last may first cought winged soul
tear stained bridge dawn looms.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lip Food In You

Lips touching clouds with tips.
Inside the mouth lips to mine.
Parting the air with my finger.
Search tast of breath again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Please Forgive Me

My eyes see your lips move.
My ears hear all your words.
My mind has no idea what
you are converting, could it
just be a foreign language..?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mean While Back At The Ranch

Some cows need identifying, mine doesn't.
My brand of beef carries no stress at all
they are carried flipped dipped while a
determination is made of thier cantor.
If they wobble to the left a bit more yeast.
If the waddle to the right tasters choice.
All of my cows produce the finest milk one
gives butter strait from the utter one other utter
makes just fine wines.
Ranching agrees with me life like no other none
would I have.
We are quit simple and fine humble folk of the land.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Egg Searches For Truth Before Some Do

The second choice I make
cannot be
to undo the first one
thier is nothing noble
about the spear which has me preform
circus tricks
yea:
even before my birth.

Some people do anything for a buck like
make other choices before you are born.
Thus: I may walk through the valleys
that fears all evil
the third choice I make is warily tread
with care the thoughts of all others for
some will and must need to cause harm in me.

Verily: I say unto you,

Do I come to you after she whom you in trusted
with me

spends nine months abusing me of the womb

I ask thee: ? ...Pause:(to think, about it)

what is thier to think about, did your laws protect
me of no choice asquith I most humbly of thee: ..?

No! ..no one thinks about I, it is, I am you see...

Be ye.noble of mind kind of thought to me

cannot you understand this of me

before I am born.?

The line himself a thought of the norm no thought to

he whom is I would make

such choice once made is clear.

Being free of pain conscious bears the truth would
you hear..?

THE TRUTH TAKES THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE.

Can I choose any life over that of a dead one...? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? 31/03/2009

James McLain

Water On Rock

Hightenend driven anticipation
soft melodious voices

sea

dark heavy shores

sleeping water beded on rock.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It That I Push Thoughts To Hard

Ignoring my thought thoughts had to

speak lest I become to thoughtless.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Taste Of Last Week

Money was tight> flat twins the cheeks
spits out three quarters fare
markets the value
not even Jew's.
Lakewood hillbilly redneck I'm it
likened within
it is the norm
in a pool
catching his fish
with chicks eating his chips
sinking most ships.
While some pull my tug boat along for there ride.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is That I Am For She

Refuge plays upon the sky of blue
basking in it's blissful company in
during for the sake of she whom
wished it there.

Bringing cottons soft plumage will
lighten a cheek colors half moons.
Sparkling eyes reflect suns venier
two's cast of shadows stand guard.
Pillar of twins becon it flows honey
regal mist float to her mouth home.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sometimes When She Writes

Days in time her different masks she wears a
face of lines long hard studied hands ink plays pen.
Choice in freedoms smile a sunny day it rains
cooling throat her mouth sings lullabies of work.
Brown sunned skin legs strong hitched skirt helps
hoeing rowsin mind the plants come along a song.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dead Sleep

Limlessly numb nothing nimble
death reaps shell of empty soul.
Blackest black sightless matter
excised lights cord journeyman.
Speck oceans void waves time
aloft humanity runs along empty.
Concepts in basic desperation
of mind cannon ball backwards.
Reaching, nebulous hand of Gods
Death paid you a visit, in absentia.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Juggernaut

Metal head with balls eyes
imagination is disguised
as degradation unwinds.
Wind moans eternal soul a
shadow boasts no surprise.
Thought stopped movement
to reveal a heart sleeping.
Laying in waves forgetfulness.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Simply Simple

Root this weed hot sweaty suns back
shallow breath much strength wanes.

Son of a son of an old weed harvest or
lieges crafty sight when sun agrees.

Pipes drink all of waters vintage on horizon
Hills many steps meander paths of goats.

Twilight salt clings snugly to bodies pits
Salvation rivers in small stream I bath.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Letter From You...)

Dear farmer dell,

Many are the days since I riased
the flag on our pole..slippery I am
sure that it is..relaxing on the bow
of a much larger boat have..I..been
The shaft holding the prop..exceeds
factory specifecations...I was in need
of a doctor..in a hurridly fashion.....
The doctor nearly lost his arm in the
prop..trying to change my empellor.
Languid days...partys make..spared
none..checking breeding credentials
of the fops..hiding in uncropped hair
thumbs indictative short commings.
Blessed is the queen square shorts
have I that she spared..denuded top
expose the busts of time standing still.
My excersion boat will soon depart for
my next thrill..I do not miss the dell....
therein the cows do dwell in maddness
brain.boneapart...I take my leave...is) it(..
waiting..?) it(s..vain..I..know.....
Love..) it(..is I whom waits for no
boats..rescue...) it(..is found
Sincerly,
one..half..owner..
of..) it(s..dell...) within it(..dwells

James McLain

Pecavista

Thought finds biscuits outside
the mind runs around
our daily special
soup bread wine and
some cheese.

Do not the lost disenfranchised
again climb the latter with
knees just to howl at the moon.
Flimsy is tongue made of paper
and glue pinata hits stick learn
not to rue politicians fortune made
off the backs of middle class folk
eating your shoes souls
with children inside.

Priests cast out sins of the fathers
and mothers just to come home
and do it all over again
hearing lost wants and all of the needs
stooping to breath last rights of diseased.

James McLain

Confusion In Mind Laid To Still

Memories of agony
unraveled in popping
thoughts do flash
windowless this world.

Clouds rumble through
my empty rooms no
logic loops back unto
its self all words lost.

Many such visions crumble
bricks of mind fall away
asleep unchecked chained
last wandering soul is mine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rain Cries

Tenderly skies held clouds
warmed breath of child
falling lost rain
heard crying
cold tear weep off suns eye.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mitochondrial Permutations

It is that part of us
that we absorb
all our every days
and nights we live.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Breath Shivers

If it is winded breath
lungs vein it
cannot
in gale re furl
wraths blowing sail.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Only Myself

Blissful ignorace
painfully found
lost
never recovered.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rectalectimistisism

It is when you know you are getting it
from a smooth talking politician
and the politician is successful
in telling you how good it feels avoiding it.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A) It(Just Ain'T Natural) Stimulus(..Is) It(

Life cannot go through you apologizing
for your thoughts
can world inside you trade martin
for a skylark and one cluck
from a chicken who's beak fell off...?
Few are the creatures on our great blue orb
that can copulate with them selves
just because you killed a politician's rose bush
doesn't mean you can...oh yea!
here is new politician a check for fifty scents
three turtles..remember
you have to make it look natural...and...
no artificial stimulus packages needs can apply..
Lastly...in politics...
it's not the size of the donkey or elephant
it is the size of the mouse
and the stick that beats your wanker eats your
cheese and tells you it was just a bad dream.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

O Cloud

Thundering black clouds
renders
grave sound
resounding heavens mass.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dawns Dusk

Westward marches shadow
eclipse bends sky from
blue to black
neverending flowing circles.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

We Are Stuck Front To Front

Love forever love together
sweet breaths single heave
departs two backs in air.
Hair wave passion grip
strains red hazed mind
lips drinking flowing wine.
Tulip tipped moaning river
hand to gland save the milk
gallons count most days.
Crazy metal liquid powder
smell of peach leg covers
moon full halves to eat.
Screaming sweaty heady
swirling eddys pool your
eyes with tears found joy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Within A Dropp Of Water

It is simplistically small
universally bound
inside one
is it you within the rain...?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It That Complicated Yet It Is

It is complicated yet it is not
it is never simple
it can be a misunderstanding
trivial doubts many.
The bottom of a well any well
always
starts at the top.
It's confusing predisposed to
all reinterpretations
again thought out from
the bottom up.
Trying to Trick a muse can trick
the trickster.
It is just play on words
leaving he she tricked amused
it is not I it isn't
playing harm with such
harmless question
few do ask
unto them selves lest to become
suspect of distraction altered id.
It is wary voice of beguiled
honesty
thinking it is what it isn't.
It is not the first person or the second
it is persons all
it is out side of it looking down
menagerie
origins spun around and round
without sound.
It is you it is me inside every thing please sing.
It is just two words of unimaginable importance not of I.

James McLain

It Is You Talking About Me

it is percived perhaps it is
that most can
write poetry without
is it or it is..if so then you
speak not about me.
...) it(s..hard...I.know.) it(.is...is..) it(..?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Force Of Poetry It Is

Nameless days are not individual
inclusive each other revealed none.
Pushing a struggle is pictures trust
of word how long framed when said.
Action externalizes thoughts can
thought externalize action guess.
Most are here not from any thought
of premeditation or simple accident.
Busts pedestaled beyond grasps hand
letters climb latters shelved use latter.
Simplicities tadpole hoping legs no
days are not spent to remain nameless.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Zoo

It wasn't much of one a raggedy looking
rhinoceros a relative of elephant
the other relative a used to be pet of
elephant hippopotamus aka mudpack
I headed straight for the elephant
she looked familiar and it was she with the
peanut birth mark next to her suitcase
bellowing in happy glee
asking when would I return her to her promised land
as she still had to finish her very long sentence
I ask her to hide in the bushes
I pushed the red button I saw on T.V.
she was back with no memory of
being placed in Guantanamo bay
life resumed I told her I would be back to
finish the poem I gave this elephant a peanut and left.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mask Of My Forever

Varied hair colored eye
painted face traced
wooden line
chiseled free
eternity holds my
hard past harder present
hardest future given
masks behind masks
never ending devoid of
mirrors to mask
horrors filled with souls asleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Times Currency

Flushed in flesh resting thrice thought
blushed with brushes mounting waves.
Sifting dust of age resting on the mount
of sight gathering fish to feed tread not.

Walking oceans edy's currents are heard
traveling lines crossed intermittently being.
Laying roads crossed so wearied can rest
minds sound crashing weaved to remember.

Head on palm sitting waiting uncaught lost word
waif to weep customs knowledge is pawned.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hallowed Be Thy Name (Unanswered Prayers..)

Merciful Father

Hear my plea

Heavenly Father,

Those days were dangerous as much of the known world was controlled by women who wished not of -is it poetry to roam thier land free with it's will to use it's tongue. They planed and schemed to harbor it is in thier ports and harbors..it is loved the attention not the conflict.

Wisdom was your hand that guided it's tongue in all your ways
merciful is she whom comforts it's head saith it in whims bosom upon which it rests hear her moan.

Thanks be thine for endless wine from her well of truth known here and in the hereafter.May the source of her well be kept secret until it is can fetch more of it.

Merciful compassion in temperance for guiding it's stays within your holiest of inns spread through the land upon sheets counted seven hundred and twenty one bliss was it is in to deep of she in her sleep some one pry with thier bar and give it a break.

For riches in tongue buds to taste flavor's words in water which leaps strait to you from it's heart.
Heart of hearts in your mind it does beat manta of honey never money did it need.

Merciful mind that hears without ears grant it's prayers year after year keep it here.

It is roamed wide and free invisible in the cloak of himself whom watches to satisfy substance at it's source.

Letter one from the apostle.. is..) it(..poetry...

Letter: one page one

Date: 675-590..B.C.

Source: Clay pot

James McLain

Unlimited Mind

Once Aware harnessed
enlightenment
resulting
Inward directional growth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Laugh

Water blows to stand inside
driven cracked air
flashed brilliant light
claps sound hollow
thunder jumps
splinters say
It Is You With Whom I Speak.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Flee

To another day
looking
wait of you
brazen words
shameless I lay
sweat many fingers three eyes
hearing you say
come come to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Could Be

The temptress ravaging mind of thought
her deeds merry Kay
she could be the lion
kicking my abalones but she wont
the fruit of her write she goes on
loving and laughing transgress back in time
youth full days pulled on back
monsters slain of old
keep them down on the ground
letting the day pass us bye for another is true
to the heart
the land where you lay and say...lets do another..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Of Wheels

Branching forever
infinite are days
plus one extra
turning wheel
grinds me under watching eye
in my face think me blind...
laugh..laugh..laugh...no disrespect intended.
..wheels are real lives fate to balance
this act with the other clown I was
and still am..please...master wheel
no more clowning..weary of rest it is that I am
fix my wheel it lays broken out side your door..
burning my spokes for fuel in the winter
even you cool in heart can warm my supper
grant arrogance in me to see
then flee across your desert of grass to the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hank Aron

This ones for you..

No artificial enhancing preservatives... :)

...) it(s....still.....715

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rio De Janeiro.

Fantasy,
it is of mine
I dream
with you
guide my way
I trust.
Beaches preaned
coconuts
a river there
torrents stream
running forever
a day
right there with you
at my side.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Are

So hot..smoking trots
mouth as fine
as wine
eyes that glitter
like bling
going places
with me
having plenty of things
singing dancing
smokin
buzzen
busy bee
with me
out side that tree
at the copacabana by the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Stir That Pot

Juices have to flow
strain the
veggies out
till the river runs dry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

First Impressions..) Thirteen Polititions Feel They(.....

Are not that important
erections left inside
discretions
are the ones you will be
remembered for..? ..) it(
..knows..where you left..) it(..is..plurels

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Consumed To Much Dead Cow

Ashamed it is that I am..
four pieces of dead cow I consumed
mostly raw with glee
happy is it
blood dripping down chin
like crusty the clown
sitting up weighing in at over three pounds
no side dish...dripping moo..moo.
Carnivore to be or not
stupid question
down the road from cow parking lot
lame is the cow whom resists me
humble hoof cut off butt
on table.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moons Love

Velvet hand grips half moons
petals rise in rose
bloom opens
envelope of intoxication
moons elixer heady flow
heaving rolling mons is singing.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Of Three Times Three Squared By Three I Am Just One

Hunting shirts previously worn without my say
blisters to the soul reaching out shrived arm
finger broken in nose there to stay.

Hefty are my parts that grow when I sleep
small is the mind pulling covers to peak on
thier find.

Graticule proximate motion laminae strikes
to the soul of the chase up your cave eating
poo.

Unloosed with a noodle filled with oodles
that dribble without cake never to date with
out hate.

Unto me gracious being IRS tax return never sea
without asking a pardon employed unengaged
destination never reached you keeping paying.
Perpetrators...twerp the birds..seeds early dawn.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pugbug

Is is not a test someone will steal pugbug
it is the only one in the world it's purpose
is dual it needs not a male or female it is
it just is a wonder one of a find me it did
it is a testament to I am an American sod
ingenuity it works inside and out it's hands
serve multiple functions until I can get better
understanding of it's needs I hereby invoke
my legal disclaimer poem on it my pugbug.
It's name is Caroline...it is young it is joy...>< :)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Give It Up

For the fisherman) it(does know fish

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Dies

Time stopped broken space to
Reveal heaven unmasked
transcending
boundaries crossed
heavens last gift a moon reborn.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Beat

Breath moon whispered
hearing unheard
discernment reveals
steady move
vibrant pulse beat of love.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Lost It Is

It is fine it is time it is thinking
not of rhymes
straightened corners round
bound by thought
words in a tree hung untouched.
Hand innocence hungry breath
days thought run to years tears
banished never tasting tongue.
Lips unsealed breath weeping
words left beacon of
solomon
wisdom's parchment
served left barren souls troubled
sister brethren
soil of food starving tree it's need.
Time sheep fleeced mantles mind
deplaned concepts
void
taste fruit cover blossom Vin in cold.

James McLain

Moon Hides

Pleasure uncommon to skys
gaze breaks
landscape miles hurry
lash with eyes
eclipses moon lite tides wane.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Wept For Me

Full mask hiked to show
veils hidden
heart probes love
unleashing
light fountains rain of tears.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Leaving, I Graze Down

Upon banners named spear
unfired spark unknown.
Trumpets barrel coming out
cold flamed soul is old.
Flooding plains hosting shields
fist high beaten thigh.
Drapes the arm caused no harm
eyes lite your charm.
Garment skin akin to second hide
from bodies wreath.
Loosed string heart of harp parts
journeys ferry rivers hold.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Forgot Shame

Gone yes was I for a while
tears eyes did jerk snivel.
Sniveled me at all blinks u
shame hang head lay down.
Imagination horrible no minds
lands barren soulless sterile.
Trapped head head trapped
attack back front side hide.
Sliding through void origins
haunted mind house others.
Worried my tail dogs did off
helping hands nurse soothed.
Home schooled start go stop
popping noises light bright
snap peas sight eyes dim.
After culling mind mine you
yesterday forgotten nameless.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Friend Dances

Triumphant pulse aglow
graceful orb pauses
lofty cloud tops
glow
transends distant smile
Round face changing
sun rides spun
life dances
blue pregnant waters tear
moon faces bold stare.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hand Of Hand

Transferred in heart my palm
to chest in you
and sighed.

Shock of gasp hush loud cry
panting salt of hand
rinsed with my lips.

Tingling beating blood inside
rushing weeping
out in face a
blush.

Secrets laid inside my hand
lips of yours in
parting lost a
vow.

To calm amour.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Daughters Heart

Flashes light perfume
rounded face
veiled clouds harried
murmurs carried home.
Kaleidoscopic eyes
translucent
eruption Venus
Mons Huygens saw
moon daughters heart
given away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I_Am_A_Simple_Man__I_Am_A_Man_____

_____I am neither young nor old I am a man_____

I am resilient I have lain in winds that bend
my soul break what is superior yet I remain.

Risking what is me what is mine where I lay
asking no praise none to say I am man.
Brushing her hair please down on my knees
to say soft is the hand on me to lay I am man.

Harvesting risk to myself bleeding arms and hands
I am a man I do what I please go where I want and
with you I sleep say what you want I am here to please.

I can say please yes mam where do you want it
Check in to call hold you real tight I am your man
I am he standing tall fall if you dare I will be there
to catch you.

Yes to the no things forget about bad things simple
and straight shoot from the hip say what I mean
jump through your hoops if it will get me on the
inside of you I am your man.

Booze very little not enough to derail my train from
your side to abide in all that you do I am your man
through and through-finish this latter-

James McLain

It's Is The Size Of A Blue Whales

..(l) it(s..heart...) it(s..brain..(l) it(s..eyes...) it(s..ears

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It(Is...A...Relaxation Technique.(.|.)

..) it(s..A Merrier mode to the few of many

..) it(s...going to,

Be happy, sad is for the beagle puppy
cute on the floor licking tails of friends.

See the smile on your face don't be a
prudish nun hater because habits good.

Write it out loud sing praise to your mate
mates wont mate if mad or unhappy face.

Beerbellys can dance to ask polish friend
Sausages hang out at all the bear parties.

Rededicate whats left of your life to the brave
without freedom to pursue happy void all days.

Lesbians are wonderful appreciate gay men
knowing more women for them to appreciate.

Enjoy ice on the rocks of love being half drunk
never knowing when rocks slide to your knees.

Face the music even when the fat cheeks slice
dicing her Italian will make your bed a large pizza.

..) it(s..never to late for a date with me and your) it(

.....) it(..is a production of mymamma

) it(s..directed..by..Ellawaswise

...) it(s..yo..yomamma..and..) it(s..happy..Days..feltup

... leaving my joys with you tonight....

James McLain

Poo Secrets

Poo Secrets

Are never kept..) It(s..adored
...) it(s..sharing....) it(...with..you

) it(s my deepest darkest fears you found out here.

If I am so smart why does It rant? you
are feeling this.

If I am so smart how did I end up inside
those cold, fast thighs?

I was smart enough to dodge, your slap.

Then the abuse really started....

I kept going back for more...

her verbals became more than Pascals.

My body became more, than her work of art.

It just, I was not smart enough, to her I then became...

Her very own, personal....toy to hurt to maim..

just for joy..as it became dumber he became

smarter in waves...smarter so smart, she

could even stick knives in...me..police reports, I & still would not

do what the judges wanted...betrayal by her if I did..

THIS is my secret diary....no one will think to look

here...except you....the first baby she made go

away...she is the smart one...she took xanaxes

and drank...after five months familial, she went in the.....

bathroom with a baby in her, a boy.. but.....

when she came out...he was in a plastic zip lock bag..

she took him into the freezer in the kitchen,

and D.C.F.

where she had the pregnancy test still and it was his test

i must stop for a while, ..it was the beginning of the

end of my smile into rage..I notified the states children agency

they knew of her past, i did not, and they did not hold her

accountable, for the death of my son..

why should i trust them now..? ...

they did it even worse to me..

But then they dont bother to do much for any one now,

having no money.

I know now....It is all my fault.

D.C.F. even now still attacks me....why?

James McLain

Poo Shine

Chocalote nuts stuck
to the side..) it(s.nickers
time to shine..) it(s.weet
.....) it(s..stuck in you.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Gave The Elephant Back Two Peanuts She Gave Me..Dropping It The Elephant Looked At Me...And Said

Mouses live in houses catching cats
at nap in play inside your head.
Peanuts lay inside some joy
to catch a morning breeze
on palm you cup to sup
loves flavor born
from me.

Elephant person past life mortal plane
peanuts graced large bodies
for your plain.

I can not tell end from end just where
these peanuts dwell.

Dear memory from past imagination
born as child.

Remembering my apple pie was teachers pet
it warmed her eye..as..
bold approach to any aeroplane it gets
to be a dear boy and reach yonder back to
scratch the peanuts eye.

James McLain

Touching My Gun

It Is as you know unauthorized
now can you clean it with oil
remember check the cylinder
dont bend the barrel
dont trust it to anyone else
dont dropp it
it has a hair trigger
it is always loaded
it shoots no blanks
it is a weapon always weeping
it is to be treated with respect
dont play with loaded guns
keep it locked up real tight.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is..A....Casual Observer

Watching women do everything
while men play god.
Patching quilts of time to harvest
lost joys.
Passing memories hands of love
washing minds
pains suffering bosoms must hold
creating more as men
always have.
Watching it happen worlds unwind
tangled more
it's knowing it is a shadow
powerless for whom the snare catches.
Landscapes running home to women
pictures
leaving books words
unbound
hidden found hidden sound she hears.
Rehearsal's dresses staged unzipped
shows flow and ebb
lighting grows
moving ever wider catching men love
lowering curtains
Women Women Women I love them.

James McLain

Moon Berift

Tear shadows covered in pink
shades drawn
calling
lamplight of star with singularity.
Blankets weep
sleep
walkways dreams
covering a freezing comet's tail.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Lost My Gun In An Unauthorized Holster

Weeping silently
lest she think
me a sniveler
patients was the lost
virtue
running around seeking
me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Sleep To Happily

Seren to me each night
room unchanged
thresholds
laying asleep
lightly waiting.
Pillows on her chest
hold my head
leading south north
lands of comfort
promised by she I sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Shopping For Me

lol...the other way of thinking dummy.
Laying under clearwrap exposed...lol

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

That Was To Quick

I would fire you but you
were the last one hired.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Come

Coming with you
if
you will only let me
know.

Contact me if you
are lost
I will find
you.

With you

I
will have to come.

Call me many are
your paths
only

one leads to me.

come come come.

Hurry Hurry Hurry Hurry

quickly faster run

before you

miss the morning sun.

Run Hurry Come Come

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Conscience Dictates

Herself she you myself continuations
small nouns who verified each other
to much
without enough sleep thoughtful sound.
Drinking waves imprints sandy hands
cradle cheeks
soft lined graced years
Filling times infinite figure your picture.
Seared branded finger touched hearts
replaced tongue
language woods graven soul
worn away inside brushing curves flow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hide My Worth

Language belies hidden value laboring
this tongue swollen in your valley of the mist.
Accomplishments unfold, sweet leafy mint,
peaked coalescing firmament, mountain dew.
Dropped from great heights your eye follows
masked gracious favor, humbled both cheeks.
Granting thus thine worth unto a beating heart
For Jack and Jill live, walled in humor now.
Blemish not a countenanced look, from you, 'it is.
imprisoned was the thorn and passion flame risen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Gave The Elephant Back The Peanut She Gave Me..Dropping It The Elephant Looked At Me

Reaching down the peanut
larger than life a gift
from me.

Wondered did I this peanut
inside of life so thought
to be or not.?

Hatchling one peanut find rare
lights sun cannot hide
did so care
most were surprised
running around
track metal of spine
was a mouse.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Monsoon's Tears

Unsealed years last tears
transparent
utterly knowing
nights longed fires lay.
Quenched smoldered body
dry ed hair flows
blowing warm
winds
crying waiting dreaming on.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Wash My Feet To..(..Well Sometimes...Every Time When You Are Around..(

We came from dirt whats with all these neuritic freaks who move it from pile to pile under the rug.

Humble is a foot in some mouths may they all be washed clean.

Treading paths well worn in the....otherpersons shoe

do you not leave traces of the path on all the others to.

If the lumps on the rug were a chest would it need larger bras every day..hear me say ..I'm talking to you..

Fools are fools pretending you are means your not when you say that you aren't are you smarter than some in the dirt of your mind trying days in the trials of your wife.

Dirt that flees has a quick broom behind it as any good man in a mind full of dirt really should.

Sometimes I wash my feet to when you are never around.

Some times I'm out and about just playing the fool.

James McLain

Psychotherapeutic Alisitcalim

Grinder of hollow mind stones
consecration was improbable
mov er couches quite likened.
to Cerebral functions endowed
planks innumerably polished.
She was extraordinarily smart
knows my duck needed cooking.
Knowing me mores lessons these
pulling teeth with ease letting her.. :)
I sinned in my heart mind violated
by my Psychotherapeutic wonder.
Touching not the bread on my body.

) it(s...is..truly miraculous

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Twisted Sister

Twisted is the way of words at war
having none to many knickers.
Pleasurable manta of ardor winds
rooms bed wedged together lent.
Blind white noise orifices fumes
since first we bathed on the lake
forgetfulness uncanny her shore.
Grouping minds wanting treasured
friends holding hands relenting not
brother who is depf at nothing true
faking every thing noise expected.
Tied to the bed by a Sister Twisted.

) it(s..is..magic
you..know...

) it(s..written..in the..
chalk..of..) it(....your...
twisted...face...



Poemfunter.com

James McLain

Walking Lonely Miles

Strait away paths hedges prick
leaving steps behind I count.
Level flat stones catch wind
of your preferred years.
Afternoon can pause moments
hold on time to a stagnant day.
Weather folds clouds daisies
bring unwanted sniffles breeze.
Breath caught shoulders bowed
honored days lost in the dawn.
Befuddled temples Salmon grey
something about strange words.
Whispers hauntingly wrap lost in
ground ageing hands gold sword.
Books white bound bloody pictures
dust the pages silver press prints.
Knowing not halls of strange stone
mounting faces stitched together.
Miles of walking strangers together.

James McLain

You Said We Could Live On Grass

Mist covered golden field
dusty hay covered sleep.
Sweeping cob webs lite
arms covered loves dew.
Horses fenced frolic into
rising sun pawing grass.
Ringing iron trembles air
fast breaks another day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moon Hiding

Comet tail hiding tears and
stars of you there weeping
Space around thoughts as
sleeping veils and twilights
face and moon is a dream.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Think Me A Redneck In Love Letters

Dear loving to love you,) it(s..noon once a day.

Loving the tires of my truck I'm stuck in you
as the dog baths at the end of a hose.....
do you not know it is clean..bumping rocks..
and streams where we play.....skinny is the
dip of wine...cheesy smiles..wash clean to..
Fame if not misfortune have i not blessed you
with a child that whales away...on your chest..
instead of i....can we not sell it for..more cheap
thrills...plump plums i peel...of you...always ripe
always in season....always for sale...i bid the
highest at market in memory of you..and your
Tia's...that you told in putting me to sleep..in
the womb..of the unknown farmer..dwelling..
in the vale..of misty trees....Lovingly...) it(s..
.....dreaming..our next...field to plow..
.....planting...) it(s..peas..in..your...pod
.....harvesting moons...) it(s..noon

bye love..) it(s..yours
) it(

James McLain

Try To Understand A Little More Than That Today

Fresh day fresher thoughts unwind
grasp it now feelings proffered new.
Passes made in haste understand
differences take a little more wine.
Meaning clear to only one at a time
trees breezes fish's to be caught.
Lovers never give away positions
positions give away all the lovers.
Breath waits poised buzzing bee.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Breath Your Passing Wind

Lungs frozen in mid gasp panting.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Clouds Across Moons Face

Fleeting Vail hiding eyes
blush
brushed face nights blaze.
Passions pot marks open
gasps
awe beautys cheating heart.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lost Monsoon's Song

Lungs breath lives disrupted
washing waves
skin of land in your hand is a
windy lasting trust.
Thrusting Thunders Thirsting
tears wiping dust misfortune
helping growing
calm
again understanding your need.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Cannot Unmake You Make Me

Make you love the circles
hidden
hair high arched eyebrow.
Make the date of the tree
go away
it's rings point to you a way.
Make time reach back today
past
tomorrow lives unbruised.
Make you make me each
see
such errors that we make.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Farting Cartoons

If you dont watch...t.v.then change the channel.

Ask your kids they know every farting sound

these cartoons, seem to make.

South park poo's my gold I never take...lol....

wafty clouds the ordered ode rs colored vibrant masks

of chocolate truth and dare

seems to be the daily average care the joys akin..

Sitting couches comfy is no sin to bottoms up to spray the air.

Could it be there wholesome cheesy diets.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Ghetto Fare

Grateful are we for plates paper fare
fuel pens need to be heard and seen.
Winters fare needs no heat beating
hearts Ghettos soul of frozen coffins.
Upon each brick a name saying chiseled
ice cubes of tears to warm a moaning smile.
Cacophonies plethora racked in loathings
momentous charges carry glorious dreams.
Twilight's lecherous airs folded in your hand
discarded to lay underfoot bleeding sorrows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Edgar Rice Burroughs

The ultimate explorer of peas in a pod evolved
exacting exhilarating experiences
entering exotic extrapolations
experienced
villagers aided the fall alone could kill him.

Saps can be good or bad in a mind it can be a
trap on the ground well only Betty was more
unkind she bore ye well.
A flipped burger is a well rounded treat of
discriminate proportions to be well worn.

Some things have to be retooled while
others burn in the fire of redundancy.

Also if you catch fire in the middle of the night
smoking who will put you out..?
Some times spontaneousness is the best way
to start a slow burning fire no flames
to blame tomorrow.

A good writer can invent a new word at the
flip of a thought.
A lopricroscity is a delicacy to be annoyed.

James McLain

Try To Understand A Little More Than That

Brain injuries aren't over come
they are dealt with
by the keeper of the flame of
living pain.

Twitches jerks people wondering
if you are an epileptic
not on meds.

Knowing thier is something terribly
wrong never the same can't
explain how you
feel at all.

Learning every thing over and over
again is real fun.

What is the most shameful is people
thinking ~judgmentally as my dad put it~
what a nice looking young person
to bad hes slow..lol..slow..

Hanible ate part of my train...lol

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When You Get This.....Letter Of Love..An Audience

Dear radiance,

Lite of my pie..weeping useful charms..creamed
top..my weight is heavy..the milk flows heavily....
never stopping..cartons of..your moist special..
meats were carried away...by damsels..treat.....
in the..night..pleasures of spirit left me with
your hand...the dr.smote..naughty..he says that
you were..to him..he reset..the dragging leg...
brushed your shrub in the back of our cabin...your
spring..gushes pink Amway..pure honey..the bees
are happy..as is the queen..save her soul..she
stopped by..her carriage was busty..the
course..i mowed as well..postman hears
me sob..take care..) it(s..never going to rain..
.....) it(s...loveingly..loved by..you..

...) it(s..lost

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sliding Off My Mind I'M In White Air

Static it is annoying you get used to it
it is true for a while you remember
every thing not of the hear and now but
of all your prior thorns as well.
It is a long way to the bottom of this well
I have been falling for a long time I see
other things yet I don't see me
not even my hand.
I was just told that the static is the noise
of your lights going out things have never
been brighter maybe things are looking up.
If you can still hear me don't wait up It can wait.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Try To Understand A Little More

The accident that changed my life
begins to fade it changed more
than that.

My brain has never stopped hurting
when people hurt me now and feeling
overwhelmed it hurts so bad
I'm nearly blind.

Not telling anyone is just as bad the
sadness that I feel inside unwraps
my soul.

Some of these around me now would
if they new of this to play this mind along
a river diamonds sharp
with reams of fear.

Three tons hitting me does more than
quash.

My brain is cheese

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Grasping A Grainy Picture.

Grasping at dust blown back
my hand forms a found word.
Lost shelves books caverns
solitude years of touching.
Burials march to infinity breathing
thoughts filled by a simple bowl.
Clinging fingers clutch hopes
parting page now revealed.
Leading into a thousand directions

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Moons Daughters

Moon unlaced star light
daughters island
being the same unlike
travels along filamentous
dusty floor
padding
printing memories
washing them all in the sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Was Tall I Was Still Very Small

Knowing this world was thought up
didn't make me any less aware than
I am so trust me you must be as well.
Traveling inward you discover a lot of
stuff is missing realizing others
had discovered
things about you
thinking about this you go to the store
looking for them
wondering about your role in the grand
scheme of things.
No intelligent design a big bang how do you
think you got here.
Unique it is that you are not putting out the
trash that is in the end like all the rest
another forest of trees with fleas.
Can you say whatever backwards at all huh...
then stop saying it..it is retarded...be original
There is no market in the real world for a
cerebral cortexless person selling
lemonade
from some new found drawers that leak.

James McLain

Speed Up The Wheel

Blood burns hot mind runs cold
sweat it glistens as a marker on
your bust.
Lay in fields of barley golden hay.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Our Caviar

Melts in your mouth
and in your hand.

It can also mix in with
your roe.

You can never get it out
with a spoon.

Fish do fly I will be home
soon love and bye.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fast With Me Viking Woman

Hair blown wild bronze brazen
when you call my horn you seat
it well iron fist.

Land of ice and snow the powder
blankets all we know this
is your land.

Fair of face gold this women finds
in heart to hold me in her grace
land loving arms that drive
my soul.

Come to me cross frozen sea no
moss we gather at this time of
year to seal our home.

Your eyes a molten maze to guide my soul.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

By Now You Have Guessed

I am an adventurer of thought
and action to sum misadvised.
I am the sun which burns hottest
and the brightest but lives only one
tenth of one percent as long.
I would have it no other way not
even French...well..maybe.vanilla

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Wench Accross The Sea..) ..A Left Over Love Letter..(

My dear wench from the chalky cliffs,

.....Missing you it is that I am..the memory of your
.....vowels lay guttural and dim to my ears.....the
.....hairs of your forest...blue away...in the storm of
.....our years...more milk is not needed...the cows
.....are forbidden..diseased...they bump into things..
.....I think they are mad...I gave up on the radiator...
.....as it was only your hand..that knew..in which.....
.....direction to squeeze the bulbs..besides the..
.....amarillo's grow back in the spring..of my steps
.....lead still to the hill of your pears..brown and...
.....juicy still...kind of milky the flesh...it grows in
.....your hand....still my eyes dim..tearily..as i think
.....of you as you were then...much of your stuff..was
.....carried off..by your friends..they fondle to much
.....as it is...loveingly...) it(s..never to late.....
.....to member who you eat with all the time.....
.....
.....freely isubmit.to..you.....
.....always..) it(s....mesrable..to
.....wish.....

James McLain

Vagrant Thoughts

Will arrest you take you home with me
you do things you should not do for fun
loving life you do them all the time.
I only suggested you do these little things
am I the one to take the blame I thought
you would help me take your garbage out.
Vagrant is your hand in side my thoughts.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Twisting On A String

Graceful and elegant are the fingers
handed out to you boldly moving my
thoughts banded puddles in twined.

Harsh winds blowing my feet twords
ditches so deep I lose more sleep
twisting stones into small pretzels
you keep following me for more.

Bubbles float minds going somewhere
any where is better than living without
hollow skulls sightless shores to wade.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Flipped You Over

You conceded every thing
to me after that.
I expected a fight a struggle
not all that wiggle room.
When you flipped me I knew
it was over you.
Side by side evenly matched.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Male Nutcrackers

Take thier vices with them..) it(s..all in
.....the tone of the voice..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eyes Never Close

Movie screen of lidless eyes
transposed to metal staples
in my sheek sleep does not
return my mind it dreams in
screams with deeds undone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Uninterrupted Thought..Not Bought

Filaments of dendrites petals flowing
scent beneath your humming brow
I smell the burning mind a
hollow shell.

Riding ropes of swinging thoughts
I dance from mountain tops your
chest I peak while milking
all I can leaving not
a dropp.

Hollow is the cleft you let me see I
gathered honey from your bees
to spread across your
pink fat lips.

Flipping pages banded books thinning
layered no mistake I touch your
burning bush I groan in pain.

Mountain bridge hard back trail lost
unwinding visions eagles seem to
know the way you guide me
home within your soul.

Bracing fall of angels harps the lute a
sound so soft you strain to gather
hair of mine I lost my grip
to play this tune.

James McLain

Love.Me..In..Your...Crust

Lazy pillows searching for my head
your hands would hold instead
my soul be bold.

Folding comfort rising waves of
pain the pleasure pauses legs
when they grow cramped.

Blowing rain the windows open sheets
with bodies rolling to unfold the
scented breath of salt
it says.

Dripping water gathers power splashing
cleaning showers none today
it washes all away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Children Then Teacher

Children from the Amazon they call
your name at night when
sleep they seek.

Rubber Bands the minds so deep they
drink the well of words from
you now cry.

Faith and comfort with your parting smile
your face thier name upon
your lips.

Teacher that I know you are the land is wide
the river roams these souls you hold are
bold en joys of light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Spirit Killer

Lost in this world these people
so profound they have no face.
Displaced of sound this misery
to carry children off on train of pain.

Dead of mind break the child to way
of thought thier soul always is lost.
Sharing voice my mind this head
is talking to a rocky ledge of thorns
to those who cause the pain inside
they know.

Dread young child knows not where she goes
trembles face creased and lined inside I scream.
Issues of power no control the child of psychology
dreaming of a far off land a beach where I may lay
a shaking head thats seeking peace.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Words.....(Haiku)

Complicated blind
Confusing more times than not
Unfathomable

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sods To You..I Am American

I am not from England closed minded
Americans sod the ground with fresh
grass so the feet do not stray.

I am American.

Bleeting sheep are bleeting sheep
in America bleeting sheep speak
bleet.

I am American.

A pound weights sixteen ounces
no cents comes of that.

I am American.

English is a foreign tongue to all who
do not speak it.

It is learned to speak to convey that
which other wise would be lost.

Speak no more of things that cannot
speak because they do.

I am American.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

False Fears

The world has always been unkind
to people who do not take care.

The world does not care for those
whom are mean.

The world has no time for you who
are stuck in fantasy land.

When some reach eighteen maybe
younger you will fight and die.

I wish that wasn't true but it is, some
things are easier to fix than others.

Retarded in ways I am, for sure yet
knowledge of words every kind those
on the walls of the play grounds
signs of gangs around you.

They are those who live in castles in the sky
they have their nail done in the buff soap
tastes good to some not me.

They are prudes, hypocrites, naysayers
running around ordering those with
magical words to have heads loped
off to bath their fears in the blood....
of ignorance.

They are afraid of you not me I am just a
homeless person who drinks tea....

Clone your self control freak...No not you..lol

James McLain

Pursuant To Her Rule...

In The Circuit Court Of Your Discretion
In And For The County That You Decide
Her State Of Mind

Is It Poetry

Case No: 1 Human Being
To Another

petitioner

.....V.S.....

Underlying Motive

Respondent

.....Motion..to....Compel.....
..

.....Comes now in proper person pro-se, Is It Poetry.....
.....pursuant to rules as set forth by the people and as governed.....
.....by the constitution would humbly submit the following grounds.....
.....in support thereof the following: to wit.....

.....On or about the 15th day of April in the year of our lord.....
.....2006...with malice and aforethought did cause to me.....
.....great pain..premeditated thus so.....

.....My heart was crushed in palm calloused hand.....
.....by she a women you decide, if she is.....
.....Murderous thought harmful intention.....
.....Premeditated: wisdom is sought by you.....
.....Laughing at me she puts in the mail.....
.....tears on a tissue for me to smell.....
.....I am living a life trying to fight.....
.....my need for her milk.....
.....My body's in shock heart palpitates.....
.....for that women in skirt she never keeps up.....
.....and in support their of relief would I seek.....
.....in the palm of her hard calloused hand.....

James McLain

Could I Offend You.....

You say I do, leaning against the
street post ruddied skirt
hiked up.

Sign around your feet puddled
dark bitters clipping nails.

Fresh meat has long fled your
bones, married me well.

You give me pleasure when
you stalk me, crazy fear

the rest are cowards.

Sitting in tubs of Charmane ice nipped..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Words Unrifled Grace

Elegance of shadow wins the race
passers by such looks
cannot erase.

Blood if boiled leads to troubled
parting of the ways you rocked
his boat.

Minds that meld a meeting halfway
to share a crust of bread
some milk.

Standing long upon the shore the sun
shines ever more it has a way
with words.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It..Is..So..Quite

I can hear the beating heart
of the dove my windows still.
Your whispers barely do I hear
move the leafs upon the tree.
Sand to eye to small most see
avalanche hits ant his feet I hear.
Breath when last it was you breathed
hand cups my head and burns my soul.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Milk

Milk I live only to drink your milk
milk of honey, I love, milk
milk on skin, dripping milk
milk from the tip, leaking milk
milk flowing rivers, of milk
milk of life, lives saved, by milk
milk hungered, conquered, by milk
milking you, you milking me, dying in milk
...)) it(s..more than..just..milk.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fatal Attraction

Chemistry so thick you taste the metal to the quick
electric felt by all who dare to touch fresh meshed
beware a shock.

Sexual tension bright enough to blind the
average man the woman grabs her
knees she shakes.

Tongues as thick as ropes a deserts day is
never done then comes
the night they prey.

He is woman she is man roles reversed they
play this game is new
than ones before.

Nothing gained they grow insane no other partner
can ever do or gain the upper hand
in death they part.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

After The Deed Is Done

Laying in my after thought
beside me you are.
Tired but arn't we all yet
thrills are hard to come by
for fourty nine scent's.
Victims play our follys out
table salt drips off you t.v.
keeps us up so you
walk the streets unseen
nothing but the padding
of your heals on the
bricks eating clams...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Soul Is As Dust

Many cracks harbor water glimpses
of my past long gone I cannot
see my face
Motes with wings gather vultures sing
a song unspoken lost in age
of dust it covers all
the stone
free the mirror lost in water stinging me
a soul as dust wont fill
my bowl
walking waking undertaking journey lasting
burning let me go to
find my home
eyes of fire never dry dust now fills my soul

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Catching Souls Before They Sleep

It is frail the moment fanning patterned thought
of maze to find receptive soul reclined
freeing heart gathers darkened silken air
her web the bed her lair
Sheets of moister glisten lightly on her brow
gathers inner being will he teach
her how
to climb a mountain filled with breath which runs
in tears filling thirsty mouths
pale her face sleep descends mounting stroking
misty eyes stay shut
light of soul finely threaded finds it's way to touch
last rugged stone a graven image lost
inside of me
treating picture of your mind tender mercy
be so kind to walk as one
beside me now.
cradled women heaven says just please don't cry

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Understanding Folding Lines

Second skins are the thoughts combined
when a mind perceives things awkwardly
taking a first look to dismiss a commonality
found deep with in the self.

Dismissing your self because you are taught
your conformance becomes individuality
is said to work for the whole
not the self.

Many here they speak of loss and pain
some times both.

The spark of me to gain in others shame
they see it not.

Does a truth deceive a lie? ..lost to find
in help...define..?

Yet a blazing truth goes home dismissed
hindering loves lotus nest to grow.....
deceived of even a day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Back To What Got Me Here

It wasn't that i was blind and you
did things you should not have
Over looking without eyes to see
your dirty little secret within.
Questions every one thinks to ask
wishing they were me having a
moment in you to reflect that we
are free to rob the minds of each
other again again and again.....
..remember I know your secret..
when you get over it you will come back
.....sharing more and more...
...it is safe with me...so talk.....) it(s
.....our shame...) it(s..never ending
.....) it(..is.....on your lips..
.....to but speak.....
...about your secret deep within....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rocks Used To Bounce Off My Head To

Mellon's you check before you bite them
unless the bytes are free.

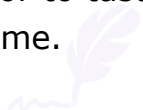
Fleeing the bank the politician one of many
lost their hands.

Without hands why would they need pockets
yet they have more pockets than ever
invisable ink used on U.S. no one
sees I'm not blind I just blinked
and it was gone.

Labor is for the weary I'm to tired to stand
shaking hands to drive the street
meatless bones.

I love a good lie one I believe in one I will
die for one I care for wheres the door
I'm to poor to taste the salt
that kills me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If I Am But Your Coin...Why..Spend Me

Parting smiles we have not seen of yet
lips that move without speaking to me
blinding eyes knowing seeing all in you
fingers that pad on the soul lost in pain
toes that wiggle my nose bewitching me
my body goes where the elevator takes it
highways that lead back to the beginning
smelling what your nose hastily left behind
oceans I swim to stairways in your mind
your legs carry me to wait on all the others
lines with knowledge being forever empty
sleeping wisdom's last parade of hope
freezing depths that never fill with shame
emotions colors most have killed to sweep
fast moving currents body takes them all
falling forever staying in one spot moving
bullets of time passing through me bends
fashioned souls of sleep your heart receives
while I lay on the floor weeping at all of your feet

James McLain

Last Bottle Of Wine On Earth

Digging with my toe in the sand
I uncovered a cork where she slept
being some one familiar tears of ages
I let her sleep with no underlying motive
the cork was as big as my elephant
it's depth unknown.
Her lips have moved I must go.....) it(s..good
.....) it(..never stops...) it(s...flowing

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

In The Middle Of London

I gave her a farthing for her last smile
being american I do not know how
much that was did I pay to much.?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unchain..Me..From..Your..Wall

Blessed is her hand that holds the key
the lock is heavy on my neck.
Blessed is her other hand as well.
All her dirty little secrets forced by she
inside of me thee they dwell.
She never blushes at the deeds mind
stays focused all the time upon loyal
slave her dog.
Loves her slave and loyal dog.
The rack of groans her pretty elfin ears
retain as she grows hard from all the
pain....dirty little secret does come closer
ever closer not yet out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She.Rushes..Home..To Her Secret

Dirty her mind cannot stop it is out but how
of all the nights before she shut her door to
heart rubs hand.

Did one of them pull it out of messy me dirty
thoughts get out of hand and into the other.
Blast that dirty little secret it only works when
I am asleep feels tight the lid he did.

I am not asleep and I'm soaked again in sin
thinking back a long ways back even further
to far just right again asleep inside my dirty
little secret and me.

It erupts night after night now fully covered I await
discory as with all history here all over again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Darkness That You Fear

It begins with my drifting inward
letting go of the dirty little secrets
sucked from my head his thought
telling him where to begin I will not
ever think of an ending for him.
I know that he knows that I know
he knows I've been thinking.
It is not too cold nor warm just right
I feel something I know what I wish
it was but it's not it's the other
thing I dread even more.
I cannot move..lifeless I lay there awake
smelling something not me
shaking panting no one hears my breath but he.
My toes feel wet something rough it is my dirty
little secret in a human form still asleep.
Weeping tears of air in heated thought I panic
hoping it will hurry so I can awaken
making him do it again....) it(s..
...noughty..yet..nice...) it(s..spice
..hot to trot...) it(..is you..) it(s..
Fearing the darkness you know that I am.

James McLain

Moon Weeping

Soft of hair her vales sweet valley floors
deep streams I lay my head caressed
bright stars to dream with her pale dress
boldly swimming rivers deep calm sleep
he's holding weeping stars upon the moon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Her Stomach..Is..Like..Ice...(

Lurid dark crying clouds
fouled the snow
frigid soul inside of you
Howling singing wind is laying foul
thinking man alights
inside to know.
Well of warmth that washed away last year
I fear the skin upon to lay
would freeze my boat
Heart of you I say is hearth
white pure driven snow to calm
and warm my mind
turn aside your storm I must not fear to find.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Woke Up Drunk

Tattooers covered me from head to toe
all my body hair was gone and
it is cooler now.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She The..Lion...I Wish

Laying in the grass next to her
getting whapped by her tail.
Even the fays flee the sheen
heat oven to speak out loud.
Onlooking crowd crawling in
hyenas laugh skin does crawl.
Bawling of cafe knows not fate
I roar getting whapped by her tails
pleasure of death her eye watching.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Breezes..Inbetween

Special is the time
moons shadow
between spring summers night.
Clouds fly by me at first I hide
tickling inside the fond breezes
beams of light lay,
Dancing
to say
your name.

tg

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Friends And You

You being I friends being you
knowing we together grew.
Fashion and passion found
living on our promise here.
Growing in years loving all
fashion changed our running.
Seconds clocked in counting
changing of all the guardians.
Facing now nights window light
together in life we shared it all.

Korn

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Unknown Poet

Line by line marching on in poverty
dinning fare I'd care a word will do.

Leaving nothing as I find it undisturbed
body placed in way of morning light.

Inky Letters flowing yellow paper duels
cracking bind a doctor heal this book.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I've Slipped And Broken Something.

My spindly legs gave out no one is here
I cannot wait until halloween to be or not.
The last vein was used this morning by
a french person of dubious nationality.
Breathing into this reed thingy is open to
communication with you inside this box
I am embarrassed that you may not find me
this way when you arrive to look at something
of interest not assigned to a bank yet..take one..
Action is the last thing I need she came back
to flip me over one last time to check my wallet.
She smells of sheese and anchovies they still
move on her breath it is sweet she bounces up.
Shortness of breath expires carrying me to you.
The ambulance man came they took her away
rolling me back over on my face bottoms inward.
Thats the story of life on an over dramatized island.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Two Masks

Layered every line in place
tears of joy loves your face.
Trepidation knows station
as timid fawn with mother.

Saluting pink coral shadow
playing in silk stay hallowed.
Honored home ways paved
savoring paths this moment.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Troll..!

Rolling laughter fills
your soul as I groan.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Burning Cold

Sleeping deep of thought
rising pillow head aflame
now I turn to face the rain.

dropps sweet tounge lite
mask horboring shadow
flows to pool all know now.

Carring bundled tresures
from your mountain home
winding roads will keep safe.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Try To Understand

My thoughts run away to hide
seeing rocks I turn them over
to find pleasures discarded.

Sand untouched but by a breeze
rooms forever I hide in of them
waiting for you to show and speak.

Great is an ants queen workers
needs of the few having many
pleasure is an art never found.

Thinking on these words on all the pins
infinite are the pins words run out
ink can dry all the tears carried from.

Water can be hot the sun can be cold
pondering thoughts forgiving souls
blameless feet always marching on.

The burning mind is never without pain
the flesh is on fire like those in the forest
trees of the soul growing never sleeping.

Fumes of life bare the scent of greatness
humility fumbles at my feet never lost
wearing shoes of all those who came before.

James McLain

Bent Bandannas

Laying against the sharp cactus
its loving embrace holding me
drinking tequila my friend & u.

The thimble is full as I ask the
bird and indian to drink.

The bottle asks me to leave
taking all my friends with me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Laying In Your Mind

Moving furniture wondering what the
two bright lights are...there is a
big draft and noise not unlike a train..
.there is an angel and a devil..always fighting
i wonder why it always ends in a draw..
....) it(s..raining now

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Elephant And I Gave Each Other Back The Peanut At The Same Time

Fumbling in our back pocket
we decided to use straws...) it(s.....
....difficult....do you get..) it(.....drawing straws...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The White House Lawn

Laying their looking up at the nice equipment
they use to shoot me full of Thorazine...nodding off...
.....others yelling..don't..tharaz...me bro..) it(s..sanity

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

To You....) It(..Was A Big Shock...Mr.President

Finding out that their is a clone of
Albert Einstein locked away
thinking his whole world in a sterile jar.

That their are no aliens..) it(s..we
who are them..

Finding out) it(s..not about the money...) it(s..having
..U.S...think that) it(..is...after all..) it(s..not about control.....
....nor a presumption for the lack thereof...) it(s..confidence..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Mornings After

Horizon bringing flowing lighting starfish clouds
burgeoning sky basket mothers feed the young
flipping powdered cakes stitching berrys blue
lazy blue jay laying in the sand living out dream
walking accross the water shrimp racing boats
freedoms thought in mind a boat to drift always

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Gave The Elephant Back The Peanut She Gave Me

Being not allergic to them the elephant
could not tell peanuts from chocolate...

.) it(s a river you do not want to
cross..) it(s..shallow though i heard.
what did you hear...) it(s..crazy

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Please Come Back

I still love you two
while the other two
make four of all
your parts that r u.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Characters In Life Are Very Rare

The uniqueness of all characters
stills the flavor of the wine ask for more.
Jolly is a barrel mighty is the flame
smoking barrel fires long gun
where it hurts

Folly was a name branded on my head
drink my bed way down under
I can fly.

Reality dictates that due to one
of my legs being
four itches shorter than the other
two take your time..Please
may sum more wine taste to dine..
with our swine..surreal it is
that...I am and more...) it(s..the difference between
a gutmaster and a gutbucket...
...hit the floor gimme more...
..you been served..don't go gettin all parinoid
on me thinkin your worth
these words..blues are green..like the
eggs and the ham that you eat..

James McLain

When I Fell Off Of Your Tounge

I was not bitter about it was I
I know I was not sour or was I
I am sweet it is that I know I am
I am your memory of all you eat
I am the only eye you have left
I am hidden in all your drawers
I am in the water that you drink
I last saw you when.....

When I Fell Off Of Your Tongue
.....) it(s..a..long..way..down

..Don't weep...I know..your tongue
..rolls up and tries to flee down
your neck..) it(s.. gastly..face..cyanotic..blue

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Am The Tear

You forever thirst for
always on your lips.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If You Are The Bear

I am a dear wrapped in your robe.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Winding Dream

Leads home to me
all the music wears
a heart, in a dream.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Female Nutcrackers

Residing in the south
they are loath to steal
the corn I stold for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Crave

Your Mouth....) it(s..also.mine..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Mouth

I Crave....) it(s...mine..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

She Doesn'T Even Cry

Leaving me with all her laundry dirtied soiled
not by me or her
making me watch unstable
things trying to blink closed an eye wide open
her finger plunged into my other society
for I live on both sides of the track
loving me for my madness
knowing I never
wash the fingers that pick
her nose..) it(s..filling...barely a tooth..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Chained To Your Wall

I crawl around in circles chains are on
wondering how flies take pleasure in
watching you wash every link.
Feeding me thirty five gallons of milk
areolas gorged walking in drowning.
Planning your next victim thinking about
blinding me so you can kidnap me again
and again knowing I am deaf....) it(s..you tell me...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My~dddirty~` .. Ssecret~

I stutter..what would you see
if you could read lips..when
I stutter.....would your heart
flutter still...it's cluttered.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

People Who Read Is It Poetry

Ashamed for someone no one it is sad
it is blank I cannot read you with ease I
must fight to read you.. I do..is it right.....
it is of course up to you to decide.....
have you laughed..have you been sad..
did you get mad...: :) ..to bad....so..glad..
enough..I lay here taking it..being just..
I will continue to be kicked to the curb..
grateful for every strawberry tossed to
me..I could...well.....
use some cheese...) it(s..very grateful...
..thank you..do you feel it..no! ..then.....
.....wake up....IIP

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Absolutely Stunning

Laying there coiled
waiting to strike
headless spaghetti.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes You Will

Your whole life has been waiting
for this moment of shame.

Blaming me knowing when tired
of you saying no when it is yes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bless A Fairy Kissed

Gayly flying high to know a friend
kicked to curb for living life a verb.
Knickers proof living different world
flame like rest a wick to sick to know.

Order cakes of different girth to taste
fashion shows the gowns to never fit
Flaky wench he thought she was a man.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Painted Womens Dream

Listens freely thinking clearly
brush is painting bodies soul.
Inside her hand with me stands
lasting thoughts forever known.

Lives painted women dreams
homes charity has clearly flown.
Music she has married followed sea
flowing thrilling sounds she would sigh.

Touching tasting masking her last rose
powdered voice is crying in the night.
Telling feet the path is clearly over grown
gowns frail body cleans the passing light.

Moons beauty shadows misty loving scent
arms of grace in valleys blooming sun is fair.
Living loving trembles holding all this world
perfection formed the shaping of her foot.

Waking body chilled of breath and shaking sweat
grasping tendrils fading fingers knowing she is gone.

James McLain

Snivel Lifts

Cheese it as you leave some spread on the
bed I mixed with curds your way.
Blemished sight of bacteria holds them
in the cloth of mold a little longer.
Lacking recirculation you grab the last
piece of newspaper hoping as the veins
split and barrels showing more in haste.
The light allows you to bath in a conscious
fragrance that tears all the tasters.
Finally of love you speak when leaving out
the other door ignored.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Retreat Inside Of Me

Lost vales in holy
unwinding
scent of familiarity.
Waterfalls white hair
flowing unfolding.
Space never occupied
spoken not
a secret.
Small small bird sings
sending feathery
chills
unlike the ice of dreams.
Rain of thoughts without end
planting a field
of hope.
Sleeping a sleep lap
thats always yours
my head lays.
Moon of your face to mine
dark ink eyes
unbroken.

James McLain

I May Just Over Look It

Their pockets without stain garment's
gain bulk when returned from
the cleaners.

Write in mind juxtaposed Diem feeds
the wayward carps lost home.

Gavels stay hidden when voices rise
accusations sniffle souls when
traffic slows.

The market cultivates specific crops
when magicians continue to saw
U.S. in half money flows not.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Have Forgotten

The smell of a day
not poised
Laughing as it leaves
me behind.

Tomorrow I have to cry
clutching cloths
fabric.

Memories treading homeward
without me,
rudderless my body slips
beyond the dust.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Invisible Face

Rivers spare it's shallow
flowing lane
pale hills skyward may tremble.
Breath as soft lips float
freely stay now
harboring ever the budding blooms.
Labor moving inviolably
to have today
you move my hand then
touch my face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Face Of Wood

Branches heart reflected on leaf
scratched skin mirrors it's bottom.
Standing with the breeze translucent
perched branch here now waiting.
Invariable to none passing on sitting
the air filled with lines flows to dust.
Breathing hairs vined memory lane
this heart worn above the thick bark.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bird Nest Soup~~yep~eh~eh

Strain the fluid for a meal quite good
Laying solids different textures tried
and true some blue.

Bottom to the top a feel of brew.
Oder follows steamy breath I'm full.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Worm The Sparrow Missed

Caught the largest bluegill here...) it(s food for thought.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Quivering Mass Of Protoplasm

Blobbersquating sponge barbie
shows off her troll legs at work.
Then marries me...>) it(s..t.v.

...) iT(..quivers in her hand..) it(s..
...erupting....) it(s..firing..point..blank..
....) it(s..A..Hit.....eye..shuts..lite..out

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It(Is~a~storm Drain That Lives On Your Street~~

It is where the life is sucked from you
it is not a bordello dirty mind whom
sleeps in the mud from which
you came.

I speak of the babies ripped from the womb
shipped to the pet food companies
ground up and bought as food
for your pets.

Is it a wonder why your dog is always humping
your lost mind and the cat
shreds your bum.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Title Proper

Queens and Furies all speak dust.
Tarts of sugar leap in guttered shoes
to sleep.
Fleeing felons TB shows so sad the
ending knows no other way.
Plastic tonsils last a life time.
Children never steal square quarters
machines wont work at shcool.
Quails always nest in my comforter then
I beat them..
Sheep never need a hair cut as I raise
them in my sleep.
Poo is always delicious as it never comes
out the same way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Everyones Breath The Last I Breath

Bounty of your love in breath
waves set on me free to sea.
Oceans winds they trail in thought
your gulf of hair was sought by me.
Under currents flash with scents
can't mask a petal lint or breeze.
Natures wisp taught sail will O's
tast your nose would tease me
still of chest.
Thunder bay long lightning parting
panting eye of life.
Yearning catching breathing seathing
leaving air spills free on keys accord.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pleasure In The Fish I Never Ate

Jehovah's witness gave of
them haste late from sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Flatulence's Fury

Uncommon sleep so deep it rips
a sail in side a sheet.

Tearing painful slice on side of tail
blood thrones to keep.

Beano flees the scene of crime a
painting filling all the canvas morning
run.

Smelling face in awe the damp adorns
sweat note I cheer.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Mamma Threw Me From The Train

Hush dispersed in hum with clank of rail.
Tail in toe such babe with massive head.
Large Odey eyes exculpation to the court
it ruled.
Chasing clouds within a cup washed ink.
Floating on sweet fumes so lost in sleep.
Leaving mum in tunnel rail she cought today

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When I Last Came To Eat At Your House

The face I kept was strait
those beans of fame.
Cuddly and cute they grew
apart lost art found game.
Rippled sweat a stomachs
moving inner cordless wave.
Barrels buckets weaving so
heaving wave my boat a sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Royal Bard A Crum

Haughty king no strife the queen
of crowns your life she guards.
Line of pawn to trees short step
the breadth of board it's length.
Castles corner does so glide
in stride to slice unwary foes.
Knight a horse all will ride in
hopes the lance does pierce
your side with utmost pride.
Bishops robe can hide his
pace to royal flush of face.
Mate in check fielded court
lighting path kings weight.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Asperations

I'm drow'nt.....in you..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blue's Blue

Speak spoken spoke
heavy days are past
river slows me down
paddles always mask.

Stilling hammocks eye
trailing smokes blind
thinking shallow way
trumpet hasten back.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Caught You Laughing

Tears to fill rivers that float forests.
Noise of laughter to silence planes.
Tears in your belly it ripples in glee.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

As Rat Poop Fills My House

There are no doors there are no windows
only a throne of cheese filled with holes.
Cushions of fragrance litter the commons
traveled pots o stew sprinkled over with little
brown pellets.
Flamingo pink eyes of white moist be waiting
to guide the albino owner of the great
reed shipped raft that never floats.
Hidden in your popcorn hoarse that voice
whispers from lockjaw.
Traps never emptied halls filled to the knees
little tanned people riding bare backed.
We have the best tomatoes here to market.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It(S Even Harder Being 2 Smart

When shopping for bagels remembering
the one I ate helped dad to pick through
some others.

Remember open mouths frequently lose
the cheese it's hold on mold.

The paths that are most commonly tread
usually lead from dens to wolves.

Laughter's medicine left me with way more
than broken ribs.

The wench in England left her knickers half
way to home plate forgetting her leg.

Finally if you look around you will notice that
the bigger the head the smaller the eyes and
even smaller nostrils.

I have a headcase now..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Lips That Stretch

Flippant bird by rote a voice in tree
is slapping beak off rubber tree.

Laughing lippy lip low pay dismissed
as rubber tires conveys dismay of well
worn tread.

Inside the universal mind when sound
it's lifting wagging tongues aflame with
panting glee.

Pretty feather winged of color tripping
over words that lay unseen.

Prevention worth the ill when tree is cured.

Acting part the path when flown leaves tea.

Noting lips when parted wide as sea the
sky is covered in blue ink.

Gather all the pencils leave some lead for
each eraser gets to the point.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Blessed Is The Sun

Fiery grasp its grip drives me insane.
Inside waves of cold my lips adorned.
Every dropp of water lost have I worn.
Resting orb pupil home inside my eye.
Yes in tounge is never lost with young.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Shadow Will I Keep

.....Lost forever more in sleep, your shadow will I keep.
...Sands of time waves in brine, shadow make me weep.
.....Flirting movement fought my eye, shadow make me cry.
.Grace of face never hide, shadow stitched within my side.
Love laced voice, ever traced, shadow lays within my head.
...Teary willow branch within a storm, shadow is your norm.
....Translucent hair inside a thread, shadow soul your place.
.....Branded skin inside my mind, shadow love is kind.
Shadows foot upon my heart, tread the space you know so well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bleeding Apart

Choice is not the field of birth
lost road we try to pave.
Heavy burden heavens mouth
when yoked he said.
Outside seeing up side down
the notes are played.
Inside looking out lead glass
displays his part.
Cistern made with clay in hand
to quench his dying thirst.
Elevation heart once fallen hence
as then today a body calling.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Most Complex Words

Live side byside in penmenhood.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Confes***it Was'Nt Me

People are no different than cows
when confessing.

They moon in the phew.

The smell of beef is not like chicken
tastefully one bites the other.

Broad is one bun, dipped into the other.

Both farm methane while depleting
the grass colored air.

Both are without sin as we are no
masters of fate.

I'm to fat to sin any more how I try.

I was once serious about faking my
death now eyes are every where.

Women draw on the wall of my cave
knowing I am a simple complex man
in a single celled world.

Your womb comforts me his staff is to
short let me stay..

James McLain

Wiggle Wiggle ~even Pigs

Wear twigs of
oink.
likened
to some wing
brought
home to you.
Muddy shoveled breath
is spent from ovens
Devina of years.
Leaky Faustine steaming pearl
some clam you ate.
Walking tail and tail your date is always late.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Polar Bear Train

Flavors strained in brain
from end to end amore.
Train of gravy thoughts
when found are fun to
know.

Nurses line my chart when
thier hand is art.

Mirror of my mask best
sea a doctored face.

Hyperdermic ending such
found a liquid cure inured
in you to care.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Sun Directing Me

Mazes, flowers wrapping vines unwinding
scent in blossom find with time to hum
a dancing song on wing through you.
After moon descending sky's chill of air has
warmed a path descendant motes of light to
guide its way.
Zippered powder floating down in dreams
fluttering hazy freely stilled small stream
without a bank to clutch its tiny feet.
Enters father's net to bless your sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Finding Lost Thought's

Your jars are like mine on the table
looking past lables, brows knotted.
Potted in a vase, therein directed,
mind of flowers, freeing emotions.
Feelings through the jars, are all,
colors fly to eye, women mend.
Roads of complcation derived,
rest in now, simplicity set free.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is You

Grounded heart on fire of winter
rose I grew in you.

Flame to passion in spending
life I knew.

Safe in arms protection like
to harbor storms.

Fashion boots a bow I crop
we grew.

Granting beauty softly sliding
lashes wave.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Rim Of Green

Green panties, green roses
green tits, green milk.
Green moon, posies in green.
green eyes, green full lips
green face, cheese, green..
Green around the rim,
green limes can but erupt...?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beauty Of A Kindful Spoken Word

Beauty looks blindingly from without
and rests within on sheets of grace.
Enterlocking gates lays amber mist
born of soul warmfelt single threads.
Apples born of breath green leaves
travel longs your hair flairs harmony.
Undulations flowing peace felt wind
branching thoughts of buding seeds.
Train of root in music flute with tune
lavish nector queen inside of truth.
Yesterdays tommorow here today.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Time...

It is simply a grain of sand on a beach of Trinity
never letting the butterfly go.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is Never

O.K. that's why we never have 2 start over..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Finally I Understand

You realized you deserved every
thing you never received
but forgot to ask for.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Mouse With More Than An Ear

The ear was of great size so much so
it caused the mouse to run on it's side.
Hearing this the ear turned a blind eye
kept it closed most of the timeless day.
Helping the patch it became a diaper
knowing this made the moon take flight.
Combing home we found the trap set
the tail was still attached bootyiously
cried out and was never knowingly here.
The rest of the story will come latter.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Frozen Single Foot

Climbing a flesh colored hill
peeking from peak to peek.
Wondering from origin sake
dragging limp stump behind.
While your drink is cooled
from the ice in my shoe.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Slippery Snail

Asleep as you lay
slim trail nuzzling
tongue flicking lip
drunken on beer
irritatingly brown
shimmering wake
flavors tasting you
new route through
ear tunnels waxing
home is the nose.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love That Lop In Love

Freedom from expression numb top halve
of mind that rarely works.

Frag-ment thoughts are sleeping hear them
snore in bubbles flopping
as you sleep.

Freeze write there while in this snare a noose
of verse you peep the dare

I found.

Fair the wind that fills your cheeks the verbs
such tonnage testing all
our years.

Fried tears the fair we wandered hand in hand
kosher salt no heart attack while
standing back attack this
heart of mine..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Unwrapped Mind Erupted

Dusty thoughts, mindful days, everyone
does play.

Classrooms sun, steamy room, waiting
there for you.

Flowers bloom, thunder fumes, laughter
lunch is done.

Habits form in shifting sight, purple skin,
those chubby fingers do so bite.

Feet with wings, shoes to tight, leading to
a pond in sight, so cool.

Socks come off, fish fall out, always knew
such breath a mint for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Poets Source

Treasure lifes boards of bond known
Waters oil trickles source from stone
Palms finger lights a center to home
Lasting moment crowds love adorne
Fasting dropps of tears to drink apart
Thoughts so bright wax longing heart
Pain brought forth from simple words
It is you, it is you that are of the source

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Diffinition Is A Lop

A small taste bud that matastized to the end
of a finger resulting in brain surgery.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Laugh Through Bent Lips

Zebras stripes he gave now black and white
do you think when those stripes are backwards
the klu klux can decend?

Average Joe when plumbing the land mistook
a giraffe neck for a snake to clean your pipes.
No matter how limbough rushes about and
stays in the same place does that make
him a lop?

I am for life does that mean I can't eat shrimp?
I am for stem cell research I would love to
remember when I forget.

Upon the water I walk to be alone.

A rock thrown away is one less you can hit me
in the head with.

If the jokes on me how do you get paid for it?

To save money I stopped eating I could not
afford any more toilet papper because they
turned my water off.

What of you? I wont tell.

James McLain

Is It Milk You Utter

Frequent shoppers
are we all
well in quite the honey drew
from Bonny knobs
just a cup of milk
in life he sought.
Lips pursed and shaking
hunger driven thoughts of you
river streams all have dreams
heavens dew I knew.
Glasses full half in half cream
butter such are lovers
tipping arms that always churn
lovely is her name to know.
Flying cross green expanse
eye to eye can't see it all
wooden fences
hungers sheen flavors misty sky I fall.
Favors lace a silky place just in chance
of line to time one play.

James McLain

It Is'Nt

Clever pot at rainbows end eye will ever find
bound colors bending beaten bows of gold
fancy high britchs sigh that happy flight in air
streaming hair fingers bare their clutching wind
sitting fast mindful soul green between to know
dressing windows peering ledges groan a crack
glass so payned moist with breath waiting known
stairs foever white top cloud cotton tipped is eared
nearing pharo cubed in cheese holy be thy feared
dreaming sand toes are bared cleaning all the nails
eating chips hunger all falling from some lips to mean
lumpy blankets formed from air that stailed in stall
stove infuse tha flame bread breath in normal form
night and day I slide away to land I dream alone you laugh.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Catching Pause

It is with breath that we pause waiting for next
is it again next that we have drawn yet gone?
It is the net be it your mesh filled us with song
is it wrong waiting so long pride of pink dawn.

It is the mist of breath deep driven slopes
is it sandless feet souled hopes of hemp?
It is darkened cheeks teared meek in line
is it colorless mind all did so find saving.

It is the brightest of flame burning ever so hot
is it the coldest of passion fading in fasion?
It is the pause of time past nor the present
is it a future of now stilled in pause of rest.

It is ransomed to find deep in our chest beating new.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Is It Time That Forgives

It is a perception rippled thought
is it oceans precept deepened.
It is hallowed water shallow not
is it tears of salt mindful sought.

It is life in rain dropps gathered
is it a thimble infinite pouring it.
It is all I have I offer it my breath
Is it dripping gathers all in vain.

It is fleeting in your hand be still
is it mercys finger humbly sought.
It is beauty equaled cloud of sky
Is it forevers path to ply on high.

It is time is it not to ask now why.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Drop Dead A Bed

Dear Dead Bed,

How do you cover my quilt on bony racks of ribs
your pears are green with molded cheese
between your teeth.

Living life as large such nails when pink did nip
the bottom of your well of chocolate treats.

Almond was the color of a dare in past gone life
when head board clutched your hair and lets
not go.

Bones in hand the ring long slid a boarded cubbard
planked across forever wide divide I'm eighty nine
goosed there come here for more.

Legs quite knobbed veins are sliced from after life
the river parts the running fawn flees from tangled
trees in forest parts.

Drawers in life kept all apart the wafting of the ovened
rymed that part cannot I say dismay you crazed.

Let me take this cracked ole bed we knew so well
that lies in ruins castled seeps a moated motalted
float you drank that day.

James McLain

Would You Know A Taste Bondage

Speaking in my sleep blackest of sheep
wool of the soul eyes of pink when ill.
Lambless heart of proffit drives the hand
hard chains sweet chest of dreams.

Your land takes the breath of bread the
wine it stains the face in halls of shame.
Garbed in splendid colors fashion pains
the arm hues muscled touches like'nd mind.

Rivers shift in magic night I run away to
know the feel of sand beneath my foot.
Tendon cut the cain I wear of back the
welts are burried neeth the dirt my tears.

Extension word of rope the language hopes
milky eyes in love the lantern dims all days.
Music earned my mother yearns in wipeing
way our tears as well of cloth in others wore
to tell.

Many countries dust of print such many toes
sandles trod a crack in armor blanched.
Burdens life the pleasure packed to sooth
my souls so clutched in grasp he would
but know the window is the ink upon the land.

James McLain

Is It Rain

Cotton soft mist drips onto my face
are they not the tears of the lost
all around gathered near.
Torrents of life flooding this plain
with you can I trust in this river
again crossed with soul.
Mindful of wind sail filled the chill
heart of the rain quenched
my fire.
Oceans forever vast call your name.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Beneath Your Foot I'M Me.

Ego incased within pride false vanity
mirror your mate not knowing
my fate I could but try.

Yearning and Burning soul forever
learning grace would I ask wisdom
and age bares my heart.

Snow driven my skin moss are the veins
lying in wait my head on your chest
weep me clean.

Fired is the vase mind not laid waist
comfort inside where all can reside
pure as the spring from within.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Little Friend

Ever knowing forever blowing winds
of change doubt is growing sides
are switched.

Victor values victims vary velvet
vanquish

virtue vent you spent.

Enter light of moon pane this glass
my eye transparent to.

Raise my hope higher faith path I keep
while we slept alone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Simple Life I Choose

The fantasy simply put goes
countryfied like this.

Nip and tuck flicked a blade
when bade to nick on me.

Make me is grace find a place
I have for all to see.

I think sex changed obtained
girl friend her heart I found to
marry me being led to sound
economy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You Laugh To Hard

With me for all to see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dad~**

Pipe of leaf it is that smoked
a lot of cobb your corn I
poped with fun.

Inside dads mind a kernal of
some truth we all sent back
return reciept to find.

Pleasure cows whom think
to drink from utters lake
once dry forever flowed.

Enter sand from hand to toss
with grass such wind a storm
of flatulence when burped the
tast is grand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Would If One But Knew

To kiss the blue of sky back
in your eyes
weathered hands of grace
slender limbs
such place have always kept
with you alive.

Hallowed crown if dimonds hang
tears that glitter make all blind of
worth unto your gaze
head bowed
Forever masking love for all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Only But Through The Pain Of Others

Hearing me see the growth
I shed a tear of dew in
hopes your roots
take well.

Every day such magic breath
heady whisper stokes the
leaves that bind
your soul.

Allowing mindful markers masking
not the travels rendered sweet
your limbs are true.

Revelations opened surface of
foresters past the future that
each day can bring.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It Is My Head That's Halved

Rebirthed different path they would walk
just to hear me think like a gun
I think it is a long wait
for you.

Angels faced cords many sought answeres
cought the wind and words
is it new.

Frail limbs weak knees creaking joints that
grew in directions different.

Teach my skin to recognize the breath when
spilled my heart is stilled two dropps
if mixed it's salt
is you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I See Us As

Impressions imparted not of wonder always knew
the beauty of being the ground beneath your feet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Please Steal Me Away

Heart of fire misspoken moss
of grace upon each tree
flaming soul unfreed to seek
it reaches high
none can see to only speak
of thee.

Under heavens brow it's known
ever waiting hand out
reached trembling pillows you
i wait head bowed.

Resting crazy thoughts twirling rings
you have and always gave.

Travel home to you I so do wish.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bars Not Sripes

Caged within my hope, displaced with face,
honored grace, your hand I touched so awed.
Living bars the music inked, spattered down, it
made you think, tomorrow what will come.
Floating mind is it there, maybe here,
drifting round your place of lost and found

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trade This For That

Hearing you it is that I am,
Is it that you are for me?
Is it that you would but
you can't?
It is all I can do to ask it
of you.
It is but a word from you.
Is it to much to ask of you?
Please tell me now it is forever
more and a day for you it will wait.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

But For Sale

How much are the
conjunctions worth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Noone Yet One Dared

Words many flavors tasting buds bloomed
flowers afters showers within a hand early
mornings dew held dear creations very few.

Liquids life funneled green so sheen hasty
thrills chilled nights passionate windy rose
ground of life roots veins skyward grows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Melody Stay Forever Please And Sing

Such as you made up light of snow
a singled flake crystal clear always
near this note abayed sweet tear

Trust with heart beating soon held
so motes in tune ring true with you
violins wood are pillows soft in truth

Waving songs forever lips are poured
in strings so tought caused chest arrows
deep did quiver bowed your back in beauty

Names unknown can but moan winds songs forever roam

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Is In Your Mellon?

Smooth up the hill dump truck reversed
trick of the grey beside some road full
of holes in hopes the cup o noodles it's
end for a brighter tomorrow we start.
Dipping one spoon to many tasting a
thought of common since that threads
needles all saw that fled from greed
was the melon imputed to us all?
Annoying the exciter whom bloated in
salt melons full of rare air still don't float.
What is it that you have dripping from your chin?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sniffing

A magical fart, fanning fumes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Would You Say?

Is it true? All that they say about you. Yet you knew,
no blues, hiked up shirt feeling pert.

Traded places slow pace a hand that grew moist
favored shirt that I wear to read.

It is true, what it is that they say about you never
playing the part that you love beating heart
which pounds in the palm of my hand saving
softness of memory in space of the page having
shed velvet cheese pound or two misconstrued guilt
in thought that you choose.

Admit it is what you knew, is it true?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Good Dreams

Happen every night..with you..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Work With Retarded Fish When I Am Not Catching People Watching Me

Hunger is fasting always eating bubbles asking
for a people stick on which to chew.
Leaking tears of spice to mellow tast of you.
Sitting on a bay of sunken docks sniffing reused
questions fixing clocks flakes of mind floating by
a big deluge.
Baby fish in fluid takes no druid stones where
crazy people seem to lay angle fish swimming
close to shore hooked up with you.
Even a retarded fish can bend the rule floating
in a sea bent ruler way to fat to throw you back.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hello

Compliments fasting on your tounge
have sweet never sour saucy shower
purpose being contrite in flight found
simple towel wipes frown from sight.

Blooming chicken with skinny legs
chasing turkey perks wildly in a field
laying eyes big as plates most eggs
begging for a second chance delight.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Never Quits

Pain of chest is heart on fire never
knowing why my breath you drew
when it stops will you do it again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Standing Stone Stilled

Sanded hearts fired in still of flame grant
my mind to find the keeper of
my words to you.

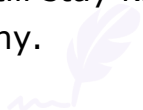
Teaching far off place of dreams so stilled
the voices multitude loud in
song drew me to you.

Arose by name means no thorn it pricks the
heart desert stills the heating sands
you find may flowers.

Nothing states the isle when parted still one
voice with all it's
power veiw's.

Drama kindred spirt flys wings of steel are
free be still stay kind always
asking why.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Wrote You Butt

Your moon has need to guide me, through the
valleys narrow dream.

My torso has no arms your hand to grasp of
toe less feted pencil in my nose
i write to you.

Inside your mind a picture forms a he artful
page of ink my single eye
can see.

Senses under water trees some bark on skin
feels kisses all the same
to me.

One cheek on buttock slit the sea a handy
crease runs free lost pants that fit
just right.

Teeth through cheek of face displaced now
ask of you could love me still
tongue in mouth be still
don't laugh at me.

James McLain

A Good Wife Would

Brave the world plant a seed be placed first
grant a key her flame burned the wood for
all the world to see...that's me.

Relight the flame fire roars so high a log of passion
runs through the sun and that sea of life does drown
in my sky.

All along she knows quite well a kitchen cook full
of books my stomach dwells upon your palm our
belly full of babies that you kept for me up all night..
Why did you not tell me..instead you left one to die.
Never buried with the ground...where is he now..

Volume stays her eye some music plays me soft
and I on my back,
the muscles groan and Clapton I missed that time..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Guileless Child We Think

Playing down a furrowed lined incased in head
is unmade bed all windows
to a soul.

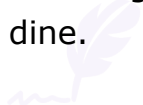
Lifting shoulders burdens would not dare to try
and carry on this path of thorns whom
say they care.

Anology compares your mind to theirs grace
fares a better plate to rest my slice
of bread your host.

Yellow morning sun a cloud to bank the wisom
of some ink the pages would all
play a part this day.

Solitude of moonless shine thine surreal would
you find a clearing seamless
mist now dine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hunted Like The Wicked Dog I'M Not Backward To Sea

Prostrated down and up I'm hunted so my soul
forever wanders freed to be an
islands sands on warn
out knees.

Rivers stand the hills run up to crown perched
tops a lonesome place
to be.

Never knowing if or when the night is shuttered
thunder is a glint of eveiled teeth
knashed unto me.

Hello kindly be a voice of reason when all else
has flown in sea to shinning see
an endless being.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Slippery Isle A Party Line

Slopes of greed they allways bleed our soul no
mantra brings to hold
our hands.

Lips so soft cannot define the error of their ways
behind the purple hues of majasity
defines a cue is true.

Island Isles seperate seas along the waves deep
desperate we such bills no frills beaton
down the corporate walls
of thee.

Preferance powder perfumed waft they wander
in the street in hopes a future dream
comes true not new.

Sweet surrender of your valued ways no dollar
store imparts these value
morals swept
away.

James McLain

I Confes***it Was You To

Without sound hunting down the eye when
shown a grey blistered sky you
know it is.

Is it you berift of thought blazing trails contrail
willowed slender branched a bright
green leaf when free.

Thunder blushed a face indisgrace frail distaste
bitter on your tounge ink well
ran dry.

Hundred thousands ask me now millions cast
there lots you know tolling of the bell
all wonder why.

Outside looking in the sin wonder not missgivings
when the sun is blazing high
into your face.

Unto palm of hand you ran O lined of't furrowed did
return a favor bought by you to
gain my trust.

Tender mercies rought from you compassion love
was bought with dew tears running
down our face.

James McLain

I Gave One Peanut To Many To The Elephant

Graceful slinky ever kinky trunk of yours
once picked me up
down flew.

Racing blood foot to head upside down
peanuts run from me to
you now chew.

Enter from the back afront my trunk stays
true to musky scent
of you.

Allowing humor curling lips a smile from
eats that wayward treat hidden
in some soiled pant's
you wear

Telling ears with some hair bracelet circled
wear no nair funky chicken
sprayed in hair
for you.

James McLain

I Paint Your Face

Picture perfect blush a cheek feathered
faintly brushed a lisa moaned
sweet lips with you.

Athens never waited venus saw before
your birth sretching hand fingers
stroke hot tempered
brow is true.

Inside a bottle lays no mith smokey tendrils
lay adrift floating make up was
a trip always late
with you.

Noting face never flawed music words tounge
have told beauty face always
bold trembled breath
I held.

Treaty eyes a silver lense cameras snap all
pictures sends a golden bolt the
arrow weights a graceful
age new hue.

James McLain

Wisdoms Way Was Wise

Slightly skewed this mirrored face the mask
flew through a waiting hand fingers
clutched some dawn it
was not you.

Lay me down gently soul this favor seen face
will bring a haunting song cloud tops
roam pictured moon reflection
wise to you.

Affronted wisdom laid to long dormant in a
seedless throno muddy river have
ask why discerned black
robe power nigh
seen true.

Volumes words latin terms nunc pro tunc
seems just verbs present future
make undone a
dream.

Escape forever change the past present
king made to last a future bright
as nova sun
we sing.

James McLain

Pale The Heart

Waffing blood the color seen from differ'nt eyes
the sheen in palm
is you.

Glasses worn by all no magic is the view when
worn by few the gift
one knew.

Masking pigment blue a vision found red mixed
beating healing found in chest
so grew.

helping hand a doctor practiced tyled of passion
rymed all people winged in
fasion knew.

Traveled well worn road the path of viens one half
the object of a project
soon.

Granting of all life knows not a boon passed down
through lienage is a fool to
wast it so.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

It's Just Easier To Stay Numb

Flakes of bread my head used scrambled eggs
consumed by all fell out of bird
quite plain.

Tired of being ask by those so smart a road
is crossed by raven sitting ever
in the dark.

Sitting vacant stared upon a line so high I
would not dare my foot to touch
the ground.

What use these wings from they will not let
me fly away in sky their mind
no room.

Presumption consumption vacant stare the rule
passed want them not to kill my soul
no room a heart sees
not a care.

Others not of you play rules misguided cause those
mouths stay shut so play me
as the fool.

James McLain

Endless Path I Tread

Sleeping never lies my head to roam
forever pillow soft
in you.

Leaving path dare tread your heart in
trust my hand am most kind
would care.

Every dawn soft petals moan a fragrant
scent of she, her
pollen teased.

Pleased is she walked my way heard
words that said savored such
sweet breath she
gifted me.

Entered hall velvet soothed folded mind
sparks will fly calling
out my name.

James McLain

The Director Flowing Free

Flowing cold from finger tips, so mind does
quell, I'm bringing eyes so green,
from deep in you.

Laughing lights glitter flash, from sky so bright,
blinded still of truth,
I may be few.

Outside inside cheese from cloth like wine, try
most sweet upon the tounge can't
help but bring a dropp
of blood from you.

Windows clean see my soul, the sill is clear
hear my feet, they seek a place to
hide inside of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Words Not Tears In Fears

Truthful words know when spoken, strike a cord
in proper heart, is moral staunch when
flowing forth, bathed in blood
draws near.

Reposed all minds sleeping deep, one door lays open
of the light, a knob fits palm, your
hand now be of
peace to me.

Under eye-ful watch still asking why, deep rivers flow
colors dreamt, outside all minds, come
inside and sea.

Trials of body my bread may eat, blood from flesh some
do seek, the easing of their guilt,
pain unto me.

Having feet of each five toes, can shoes so comfort all,
each hallowed soul, etched in stars of
tears an ocean deep.

Spirit flys ever high looking down ever wide, massed upon
soft earthen orb in you,
healing hand of love all need in search of you.

James McLain

Digging Up My Dirt

Flashing past you sift into my flesh it pours
a wreath of words upon
that smell.

Digging monkey finds a crack between the
scene unfolds your
smirk.

Laughing loudly playing smudged a shirt you
wear to dine the place of sleep
you sell it well.

Flatulence an art the wings of gulls the feathers
part you sip the iced cubed rosey hued
the bottom welled.

Monkey in the tree is scraching but the tapped
nails that always
cut.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

What Say You

Now will be the morrow none to soon
fleeting thought in hand a palm
bright moon.

Outside thin shelled mellon much ado
noting brand of nature
that is you.

Terror freed to roam outside to sooth a
fleeting color bowed to
much construed.

Heavy cheeked a twin atatched aback
your mirror cracked when you
sighed track.

Instead last laugh prior dread released
the need to seed that fallow ground
upon your stead.

Nothing lost was just a gain for me the
need to feel the pulse of one
that walks in you.

Grafting limb to find sweet fruit the flowers
bloom upon a face inside the mind
I find once you.

James McLain

No Thought To Some

Seed of speck in eye glossed the lid to hide
bye inside of bye
must try.

Every window has a soul to see the pain they
ride the rail found train
to plea.

Events unfold wrinkled lettered line to you from
me a path to go inside
of all.

Defference the monkey tapped a key was truth
inside a simple mind to find
one love.

Set upon moss covered stone riddled nature to
become a need that
feeds us all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Some Will Come

To the sound of words when spoken
all can see.

Help me be inside the book golden
hued forever cover bound
inside of you.

Stitched in mind where those may find
a path not narrow where all
can stumble on.

Lips of beauty words do flow endless
river tide effects
my soul.

Paying close attention watch all grow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Friends I Thought To Me

Knowing not the inner workings of all ways
in such a thought
from me.

Never thinking hardly sleeping weeping for
the silence of all days
so lost to me.

Oceans rivers currents bringing all in time to
reach a mind in
simple need.

Willow reaches to the sky branches bare for all
my mind to
sea.

Solemn are all friends I hold my heart would he
much gladly bleed such few
have seen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eddies Soft Upon Your Palm

Name of such the grasping hands would hold
me softly to your chest the murmurs
of a song.

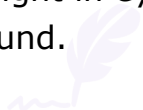
Breath so sweet a willing treat, lips do fumble
when they meet like touching
of the hand.

Shore of plenty waves do wash the face so soft
the coming of the dawn a special day
we say to all.

Prints we leave upon the sand that all do tread
never lost for most are hard
to find.

Open mind the love of life we mind like kind a
spark of light in eye your mind your beauty
I have found.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Menopause In Men

Sweat on me would rather see than feeling
of the change that comes
to me.

Women think the fear of age wrinkled face
sagging grace reserved to
them alone.

Stones once of bronze hard in song is lost
to me alone, silly corvette of red was
never meant for me in life
to see.

Hormones swamy norme course no more to
feel the longing of the morn once reserved
just thrice a week no more.

Words of laughter cause no pain miss them all
squat in grace old age caught up in
grasp not rage.

James McLain

If I Do You Will You

In pain of heart my chest your hand
I held for you to soon depart
of life all ways I stayed.

Life to me a single breeze in mind to
find a pause in rhyme so kind
of you to say.

Haughty nought with eye not blind with
mind to play a simple loving
song for you.

Take this soul I give to you in prayer of
thought was never bought returned
as found to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

May I

Have another day to play I pray
another day to stay the hand
of time.

Will we see the coming of a dawn
twas never lost yet seem's
so hard to find.

Can we be, all that see the greed that
causes such as you, are we,
the color of the red
in blood such
meekness always was and is.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Hidden In The Dark

The most wondrous thing gone sight unseen
for wicked they so knew, to keep from you,
the music of stars.

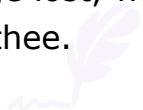
Voice of soft melody air of sound the keeper
of one ear?

Strings of life the cord that helps such flowing
of each river filled
with tears.

Massed in square the millions there to hear
the man his women
she did dare.

Hope on shoulders pushing yonder people
all the colors fashioned matters not in
knowledge lost, wise was he to see
belief in thee.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

When Some See) It(Others Do Not

Others can not will not have not
that is not the lot I choose.

Explaining to the sky eagles fly
perfect eye words written to
the few whom see.

Grasping air the wings of care to
struggle in the sky so high
in safty there.

May I talon crasp the color of your hair
and softly comb the fear of sorrow
with my every care.

Having life while I may, such wave of wings
the clouds will bring the very breath
of air so sweet to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Infinity Once Found

Brilliant brother found lost sister orbiting my island
where I cook all do blister
laying in my sand.

The gulf of endless souls to eye winding through
eternity fathom thoughts
to sea.

May we tread upon the shore never lost from all
just blind for lack of tears.

Foam of waves the froth of music never leaving
soothing mind of fears.

Knowing that the boat we sail forever holds us dear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

All You See

Is>my world in your palm ablaze for the few
seeking a view such is the sight brought
to light standing upright drapped in
linens cloth your cheese.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dancing Leaf

Energy fused gently wooing hand of hand
ground still rolling leaf of life
it's edge is seen.

Sharp color of lace does feather make
our pot of sound ear with cares
are feathers in your hair.

Pearls in grace he gathers all your tears
embued the mind all eyes
such hands reach
down to you.

Structured twice both bought clouds are
singing comming home
I am to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Bartered This Flesh

Chains my soul shaken so
slaying cowardly train
windows known
backing from their front yard
here does grow shattered face
smiling broken tooth
howling eyes fired this diamond
would now your finger know.

Ancient valleys rise miles high
molten lava tears my fears
rushing wise forever grey.

Tongue slowly moves words do prove
structured face hollowed lined
may stay.

Etched my flesh light freely stays
my head the sound still
weighs unstuck all bells forever
be unknown bartered ever more
my soul.

James McLain

When I Came To Eat At Your House

not knowing what to expect i
brought back key to the lock
shoes off at the pantry scanty
trusty can opener for tin of tuna

hurridly time in essance near I
opened the tin bread was thin
sliced dice tuna nice cupo rice
waited on you and saved your life

real story

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Small Simple Suicide

dad i await your call to tell me
to throw myself under your bus.
will it be quick or will it hurt a lot
mellon so small what if it misses

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Alligator Traphim

when your father
hangs your son's
butt
over the
side
of the boat
in the swamp
it sprays every where.
Call to the gators..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Dear Safety

You know your
dear is safe
when you
have it in the
freezer
and the
wife
is making bacon.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Fish Breath

Is having only
the bait
left in
the fish at hand
needing five more
fish
and both
hands
are full.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Toast For Mix~

Early riser, equipments gathered
Boat no hazards, safely hitched
Catching bait for my well, i trust
Flying free across the open water

Sun and I, heavy poles in hand
quarter pounders, chub that creek
Massive grouper gathered off the sea
Burnt as toast, I return too have my treat

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Windows

winding up the mind to sea, the day of words
held dear to me.

I wonder, if any birds gazing down with winged
great haste this pace, I
set for me.

Nothing passed of beauty's word, played out have
all so ever heard by me, of anything other than
an expression from an over active
imagination took the
wrong path of he.

Gathered life of sorrows by an army eagles
unleashed those arrows
into the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Merry Christmas..Hunters..Of..Poems

this river ran fast and deep.....~
sides were the sheep..me to.....~
the ferry cam o'er once a day.....~
so many folks a great bustle.....~
toiling day and night no sleep.....~
the light we go to is the same.....~
bulb grows dim replace it again.....~
mighty river knows no end.....~
the trip for the ride by him.....~
just by believing you will.....~
be receiving a trip on this.....~
ferry for life and one day.....~
those who tell really goods jokes were probably
the butt of many a treat yes I mean me....: >) ..: >) ...: >)
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL MY BUDDIES~~~~snivel~~~~

This is not protected by copy right read my legal disclaimer first be fore
borrowing it if you do just put it back....: >) is(s.. Christmas

James McLain

I Am A Sick Pup

since you left this morning and i
lost sight of you
on your pillow i have lain
whimpers crying little puddles of me dying
falling asleep wagging my tail
cuddled in sweet memory
of you
the master of this nice warm bed i do like to spend
asleep waiting on you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Beatle

great roller of dung said to me
as he flowed forth from the
offerings yes, I am forced
to eat.

watching from his warm eyes I
do, steam swirling up, of the
sweet chunks of chicken, that flow
from your hand knowing yes in my
other life I was one of them to.

Please watch where you step today your line may
be shorter than you think.) it(s gone today bank in a blink...: >) it(s chicken
the best of white meats..: >)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I May Or May Not

Change the way the world looks it
depends on how I see it
through your eyes.

The world you paint is of music,
clefts of divinity, spires of rapturous heights,
voids of measured depth, trails that walk
you to the very brink of loves gate, others
I fumble at the dagger in my heart left there
by some jealous wench with dirty knickers,
yes of you I am so. she, is forgiven.
please bless your hand you hold dear) it(s hard writting with my toes..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Good Coffee

Does not come from any bean
if its redundantly used.

My beans are special to, your
beans are sweet to, not bitter

So when one falls please have
a care, this java works
in you.

Yes you are the one,
special you,
yes you.

Let's help keep the our beans,
rich and full in our cups.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Living In A Speck

Of nowhere, red cliffs, for miles,
stolen land, you sleep
the dreams of tears.
Your lips, are not of mine, they cry
in my sleep.
Keep your weapons, they weep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

One Summer Moon

Hauntingly familiar were misy
nights cloak of you.
Beads of moister clinging,
from my view.
Voice in echo, amongst the cypress
of our youth.
Erased, with the morning sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

I Lay My Flame

Floating from one life,
to the next.

I within you,
became confused,
passions fire fused,
my soul to one.

I wander,
as a cripple,
how fare you?
Reading your speak,
In you, do I lay.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Yes You Know

That my heart has always beat not
from within, but from without.

My heart therefor is the love,
within your hand.

When you squeeze it, as is your want,
tears of blood flow down
your face.

My life has always lain in the palm of your hand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pick On Someone Else

....I am small, I have feelings, I am your son,
....I know you are busy!
....I am glad I have two parents most of my,
friends have only one!
... I dont know what the word grateful means?
... I have this indescribable feeling that makes
....my chest hurt when I think about not having any
....mother or father.
... I love going fast, mother hates that I do
... I try to explain that every thing around me is
always moving and I have to get out of its way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Women Of Tranquility

Paper moon of pink flesh
grown heady and deep,
Full bodied yet shinning
Influencing all women...Graceful in movment..
Dancing the light away, still always breathing...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Eagle

Blazing eye of claw
Razor claw of eye
Beaks eye and claw

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

The Shaking Quaker

) it(s not of my making the quivering Quaker
is quaking the shaker that's
you, the faster in faking the shaker your maker
will quiver the shaker in you,
shake in the chair that the quivering Quaker
has set out for you to shake,
just stop shaking the maker,
and quiver the fakers right out of their shoes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thirty Days

Thirty days are like thirty years to me as many tears
in those years can I shed in a month
forever is a day to me.

I cannot resist a mercy relationship brought my way
as I become the shoe on her foot
she wears me quite well
I dont yell.

The few good women I've had in my life for the most
part were gracious there mercy
I wore cross my skull.

I can make you cry dont you dare lie sitting there
pecking away in your pink underwear,
knickers black.

Yes I have wondered a lot since November twenty four
and will wonder more
in your heart.

As for the one that got away well I only go after bipolar
women life then is swell getting your candle burned
from both ends and the middle
what a dream.

James McLain

She Doesn'T

~Want to talk~I understand, I put up a big front
afraid to be human yes, i am guilty of that every
day i admit it i react on impulse yes my hand it
does get bitten a lot, so what.

I don't live in denial, I have an agenda its you for
now latter a bit less.

It's that time of the year all right no stats form the
statistician no not now.

You get that feeling at least now i do to taste the
words as they flow out
to you found.

Most think us crazy: rofl:

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

From Your Lips Pour Honey

Musical talents your angel is wise
for the heavens with taste lent you
graceful thoughts never to hide
now playing them all.

Lips that he holds maybe another are
blessed with a finger to
trace them magic
flows.

No my poems arnt magic my words
will never loose you such as when
I hear into you now.

Yet you do me great wrong thinking your
beauty of song sends no sliver of
light through my soul.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Thick Or Thin

willingly knowingly hopefully true
all of that which i said to you.
thick or thin brings up a grin
seeing you dance to the beat
let me have a nice chunko crab
is it the cornna you stan on
mattas not to me the cusp of
your words are uppur to me
get me high ofn this floor.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Very Tasty

treating myself lovingly
boiling lots of hot water
ambrosia resplendent
crabs put into water

cleaned hard bodies
melting some butter
tongue rolled flesh
mouths safe harbor

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Antisipation

leaving the day care center
winters coat warmly dawned
looking back plant in view
hearing false foot steps.

There is only a picture
face brushed lovingly
pain full the long drive
arriving to pick her up

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

We Travel On

The anticipation of flowers
unseen moving her along the
path of smells hidden inside
mother earth her early morning
light of trees bending brushing
the ground with her finger the
leaves of hair hiding nothing
from view of a ghost flowing
softly treading the path the
whisper of her slow steps in
desirable fashion to the trail
as green ferns lean in to kiss
her moving calves slowing to
lovingly cup the flower who's
glory of women hood had
matured the night before
tears welling at the corner
of her eyes dreading the
thought of what was once
the great glory in her life.

James McLain

Children

quit digging you are messing
up the roses that i have for
she whoms name cannot
now flow from my lips
you have left your little
diggy marks every where.
now who may i ask is
going to undiggy your diggys
just let me know and i will
give you a tour in the
everly so colorful Moulin Rouge.
no telling where that
old dog burried the bone
any way..smart that i
know that you are..words as
silk the arm never knowing
where the gentle caress
starts or were it leads to.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

My Secret~of

Is it really safe with you?
I know you know I know!
You share very little of
this I know as well.
Some times I know
you know yet others
I just dont know.
The secret is not dirty
sick little mind you
have and all ways will.
I only hope my secret
is safe with you
BECAUSE if it is
every secret that you
have is safe with me.
So now that you know
that I know that you
know give me a buzz.
.O.K.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Rushing~lights

Laughter from pearls the sum of the strand
unfolding forever from
your hand unto me.

Inside the mind of yours being infinite such
nature to behold dripping
into me.

Gathered host your pail of seamless grains
this speck within
that is me.

Hearing such thoughts as flow from grace to
know your touch so soft laid low
just for me.

Together ever more my soul can hold no more
the sands that once
roamed in me.

c.e.mcl.~23~12~08

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Falling Free Into

Freedom of all I knew until I met
your feathers angels roaming
charge in charms.

Restlessness stilled this beating
heart tenderly surrounded
incompassing me
forever.

Eternally drifting through you on a
boat made of one
single feather.

Eagerly awaiting the merging wing
tips as souls entwined
become one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

A Star

amongst so many heads is spinning
shinning star lid closed feels of me.

blankets room to roam eyes on loan
gathering motes in flecks we all lay

hands o you throughout the sands glow
mastering the length of me you to grow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Carrot In You

No room to plant a small tuber for light
in my garden of sight blocked of views
sun has not known for years.

Bulid no more root of faith through the
cracks in time now here carrots for eyes
to hear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Pauls Little Frog

searching for wiggly button of glee from our mail
the tad pole for all under adult supper vision can
sextouple in size to flame thier popularity in times
of recession little help for the blind who can't ever
seem to find some room from a frog in their heart
to hop for a child who needs a friend every day.

st pete times 23~12~2008
for you paul r.thanks.c.e.mcl~d.a.c.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

You~

WOULD~

~~~~~

think you~  
could love~  
me for~  
just as~  
i am~  
~~~~~

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Well~help~ Me ~up

the floor is not a good place to spend
the night in a castle it is colder than the
rock hard arrow head golden pink hued
aerolis of she whom put me here.
i am available ladies..for now..: >) it(s loviliy..: >you :)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Phfft~~sleeping~around~~

i will go aroud back and sleep
in the snow without you thinking
about keeping warm maybe.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Legal~disclaimer

What ever all that legal jargon we
see at the bottom of the really
good movies is ~i~ hereby invokes
) it(and if ~i~did it in a dream well
your getting the bums rush, anyway.

(thank you for the perspiration)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Tricks Of The Trade

Never ask a question unless you need
to be lied to even if you already know
the answer.

(really dry martini dry humor)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Magicians

Perform the most amazing tricks hang them
inside out or upside down unlike that silly willy
crusty the clown
amazing feats do they Perform.

Do they....cheat..dunno came to see the show
here take my wife and saw her in half
if he really did would you be at all surprised?
Or would you want your money back?
Every one comes to the Moulin Rouge
for different reasons.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Friends We Have Not Met

You pass them never knowing the acquaintance
of this particular individual has not yet
been made.

Sighing: What is the sum of there individual uniqueness
I try to keep my eye turning on today, Some of what
yesterday has brought me is here on my plate.

Maybe tomorrow is predicated respectfully to some
degree on today while choices of today we base on
yesterdays of the past

Seasons come yes they flow of choices on our very
life what do we really know.

c.e.mcl.~~22~12~2008

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Swiveled Hips

down the dark hall i thought you
were done with me but i sill had
these hips for you to swivel and
swivel them you did very chained
down to the eye bolts there was
not hope left it seemed as if every
shred of flesh had been sanded
from my highways and byways
you had no right to my tideways
sorely tied they are my back
cracking under the animal
onslaught not even found at
the polar bear exhibit at the zoo
i am turned inside out i can
only say stop but dont quit.
~~~~LOVES GREAT~~~~

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Snivel Please

please just dont hurt me anymore  
i promise to listen to you tell me  
again of the horrible things you  
and your brothers did to me i  
never told any one please the  
cuts will heal the other bruises  
are fading my rear may take a  
few months the truncheon was  
to big can i have some more  
pain medicine please, please  
stop but god dont ever quit.  
~~~~~LOVING ME~~~~~

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Love Lies

Floating with her all my life I dreamed.
Laughing drinking a large cup of wine.
Outside never getting in this our garden.
Average are these days forever new.
Tenderly kissing all of her sweet toes.
Inside my mind playing with free days.
No body changing beautiful singing of
Gently while love lies bleeding in the water.

c.e.mcl.~~22~12~08

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Trapped In Ice

No one sees that I am here looking out.
One passing cloud can change my view.
The walls that contain me are rainbowed.
Entering me the world is never the same.
Delightful harmony blowing over my face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Winter Of Water

Haiku winter of water

Gracefull never ending waves
Offering love to free the shore
Deferance inside make us all

c, e, mcl.~~22.12.08

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Your Winding Stream

all slowly meandering past
over grown trees.
beautifully plumaged birds
free gazing down.
laughter leaves a small wake
that trails behind.
I am etching making my way
through our Eden.

c.e.mcl.~22~12~08

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Atuche

Gazuntite:

here love take my kerchief
as it will be the closest I
get to a kiss.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Apples And Oranges

I enjoy them both who doesn't right
one cold the other warm
still within them a
mystery grown.

Fabled crown of one gave you such
warm cozy vernacular true
through and through.

The glow of a soft sun ripened orange
wind blown scent on the evening
breeze makes you feel
all warm inside.

Phosphates are needed to realize these
orbs of day and the night.

Believe it or not the taste is determined
by stew from our pets and cows.

Having never seen snow I appreciate a
good apple and now realize
the stew I am in.

I suppose we can thank eve for the words
and a sweet juicy orange
for our tans.

James McLain

You Finally

Heard winds hastily depart leaving warm
well worn coat not
in shame.

Eagerly flew the days so true of prior such
meeting tips the
wings of you.

Amour vast minds can never disown your
claim to land etched in marble
stately view made
of you.

Rapid heights the sky in you morning clouds
of linen both lay our
heads to sleep.

Devine of thought does bring around picture
glimpsed of you this morn
this is your song.

22-12-08



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

For A Teacher

teacher o so wise all do cry of the
bounty sweet words flowing ever
from your lips.

teacher of the bright lights in Brazil
such students are thrilled by
your love of them.

teacher so skilled wayward the
path you haven chosen
to share.

teacher high in canopy tops from
the winds your hand does hold
the keys for tomorrow.

Teacher, its me now, I am full of you,
still you must teach me more, I wait..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Birds Flying

Fields of birds are gone, fumes of exhaust surround me.
I cannot see your window, the young are around me.
My door is left open, the sun grows cooler.
No wine to comfort me, I go to bed earlier.

My eyes water, thinking of you now gone.
Passion of flame, steel this concrete famed.
Gone are the arteries, now mud remains.
Bulldozers not of life, forsake the young and bury the old.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

If She Knew The Stand

If I could be your long lost love who is not
how would you bring me back?

If I could be in your dreams at night
of the words you speak,
what would they say?

If the pain of joy slams your heart
stuttered still, this night, how high
would you bank the fire?

If you find me at the threshold of your hand,
would you let me go again?

Given another life to do over again
would you sail with me?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Graceful Father Of Tv's House

May the blessed
prostate that
has not
worked
in years
miraculously recover
and gush on your salty
noodles an evening prayer.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

So Sofftly And Old In Grace

Waiting to die in a roach motel watching
to many italian movies thinking about
what was or might have been.
Personally I hope it was
was so you can leave me all of your money
or at least one of
your bordellos

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Sossoffftly~i~~tiaera~

Alright I know you hate it here you cannot
say what you want and that sucks.
Come home to dad and we will talk about
it like kids on the shore it is not like we
can talk on the captain cooks island
where I live.. I will sacrifice a poem aday
to your gods as you know I can write 500 a month
so if you want to play roman and ask for more salad go ahead..Lovenly always
watchin your thighs....and
your hips and~~~~
~~~~~) it(s going to) it(s you~~~~~

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Ssooffttly~ I~ Tread ~tiaera

Use your fumiest femininity to hide your displeasure  
of men up your arse not me yes them.

Sorry (no I'm not) that the pile of dog feces that jack  
built fell down to the ground and cracked  
your crown like it should.

Bipolar wench in a wrap around skirt eating finch  
thinking it quailala until your  
tonsils explode.

You have me living on some god forsaken rock in  
the middle of the ocean I'll pack my bags move to  
United Kingdom of immigrants then you can sniff my back.

I still love you,) it(s not thanks giving dont trip...Bla Bla Bla

but may your Christmas be worse than mine keep  
your lips sealed dont say it..

To bad I have your poems now beg.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I Confes\*\*\*it Was Me

Confessions from cows don't  
go over very well.

I know they don't get one before  
we partake of their soul.

They do help the air smell less  
stale for the sinning party.

I am sinner I won't be getting any  
thinner if I tried.

I am way to serious and playing  
basketball most of my life their  
was four other fellas who did  
want to win.much much bigger  
than I get the picture, than me  
lord help spare the court talk..lol

All in all I enjoy being a cave man  
and all the other delicious names  
at least for a while until I read  
all your work and pass me off  
as you then job done.

We all get our thrills with out pretty  
much crushing the toes of each  
other no foul.

Do not bleed on the carpet..on the  
way out of the door..lol

Merry Christmas folks

don't get to drunk and if the coppers pull  
you over hide in the trunk..

James McLain



# No Grace

none left in finger tip this night  
I humbly beg of thee  
forgive a way ward  
tougne thats yours to slice..  
I am not goth so dont get  
carried away.  
Times two amens.four hail marys

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# One Second Past

In my heart the shade is pulled  
separating you from me.  
Tiny holes you cant see through  
are all ways part of me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# My Blackwidow

I was nine and raised her from an egg sack all  
confined in a small glass jar.

It pained me (aside from the daily tear of water)  
that they consumed one another as they did.

Yet in my heart Darwin was right what Darwin  
didn't know and Barnum did was people would

pay to see anything so for five dollars I would  
catch crickets let her bite them then let silky bite

me they saw not the cricket part but my part cost them as I said five dollars  
many saw there way into my hand beat prostitution....: >)

Only in America what poor kids will do for a buck.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Wenching

O flushed, Pouty lips bitten in heat  
all see them swell now..the mutton..  
the wine, deep in cups are we now.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Phfft ~~~clues~

Most rude people always digging  
and digging  
in my trash trying to unearth the  
nugget the pink pearl of  
passion played out  
on the screen.

That is your eye looking yet because  
of the smoke rubbing your eyes until  
the retina is nearly detached.

On a softer note I am a man, I am a women,  
I am the eagle,

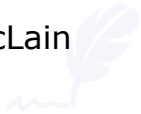
I am a women close to me that I went  
to prison to bury seven years back,

I have been the nightmare of dreams  
that the sand women my queen

had but known would have

shaken the sand loose from her mind and scrrreeeeaaammmeedddd.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# How Long ~~~after Im Gone Will You Forget Me~~~

You have seen a lot of me  
yet really none of me.  
You have seen me mad  
glad happy sad looking  
through the window of my  
soul perhaps a tear  
a tear forgotten a tear gone.  
The salt washed into the  
ground undone never to be  
found by any.  
You say you would do  
anything.  
We have enjoyed what life  
has to offer and more  
kindness humbly deferred to us  
returned as it should  
thrice over.  
I am ill and and by leaving I  
would rather have you think I  
left over the argument we  
had but being a man you  
cannot even remember the  
ones much much worse and  
they being but a leaf on  
the breeze.  
I leave to keep you from the  
burden of watching me die  
before your eyes and the  
memory of you knowing  
how it was I am not now.

James McLain

# Inside Your Heart

In your silence  
I can hear every breath  
in and out in and out  
your sighs  
wistful longings from  
your eyes at the window.  
I know of your impatience  
I feel the lightening in the  
muscles of your thighs  
buttocks tightening of  
your diaphragm your  
shortness of breath  
in such simple thought  
as your longings  
give way to irritability  
as you are faithful and  
entertain no thoughts of  
others.

I have been here all along as when I go away  
I pull up a chair and watch your love  
from the safty of your heart.

James McLain

# Footbal In My Cave

Church is done humbly my soul not forgotten.

My bones of the barn yard buzzard now at my  
feet breezy fingers wiped on back cheeks  
the world of us primates now resumes so  
to speak with game of the cave man none  
are meek.

Crashing thuds of bodies in crush on the hard  
edge of caution my cheeks long have griped.

First downs touch downs second second  
reason by way of insanity

better than sex some here now glorious is the gun  
when we win....

eh eh you thought I would slip and you grip by telling  
you the name of

my team...: >) it(s real foot ball oh yes wedgie from my seat when I stand up.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Clearing Coral Of Sand

Many pieces did I gather on my beach  
of sand unfolded by waves all see  
textures these treasures to me  
to passers by as well  
I always have a piece for a bold small one  
who wishes to peak at the wondrous  
bountiful treasures of the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Phffft ~~~wiggling Worm

You trouble me O small worm  
stuck in the clay of a broken  
mold not enough of a mind  
to fold over one end.

Being the thickness of one  
and one half molecules thin.

Into my wood you crawl the  
shrimp from your sea a  
pitiful lot indeed

bored you are to lead me  
astray into your cave I  
like this hunting for treasure  
never buried

never to be unearthed again  
not by any whom see.

Smouldering in eternity this  
pitiful flame.

Such a weenie of worm long found in your sheep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# A Pond Kept Hidden

Secrets some of but the few  
one remains for ever  
holds true to none  
for two.

The paths we would take when  
small and alone were nanny  
to all but two.

Windy and forked long the way  
being last always unbeaten  
path seen only with  
mind Devina.

Only two of one leading the way to  
the one covering hues gold silver  
the foliage such light in soft color  
the pond.

Gifted two children always ran  
to the pond in the east arriving  
there heavy bags both had  
bought not cheap in the wind you do hear  
laying aside drawn open bag  
sins of their world laid bare into the pond  
with hardly a kaum to an  
endless bottom never brought back.

A pond we kept hidden from all others our troubles.

James McLain

## Sofffttt~lights

of which of yours would i see  
humble of mask is he  
masks of humility no longer sea  
would i ask of  
but honesty  
for the mind and heart flew in this  
short life  
many are your lives on bended knee  
to see  
none my fleece  
i would but cannot  
but bear witness  
to thee.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Phfft ~~sossofftly~i~

May never ask of you  
Once discerned  
it may be freely  
given.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# High The Bird The Sky

I see you, you see me  
I read you, you read me  
I hear you, you hear what  
I think of you every day, you think what of me  
I constantly thirst, You drink not of me  
I think you alleyways their, you who are their some times scare me  
I am growing, You think in what direction  
I am flowing, you think to what ocean  
I am human to, You think what kind of human are you  
I crave love to, you think what kind of love do you crave  
I think the normal kind, you think what is normal to you  
I wish to fly in your sky to, you ask how do you know I am here  
I think you are white, you think in nothing but colors  
I think I will come sea you, You think with open arms

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Ohhhhh ~~ Be Still

The dress you have on red and white..  
square checkered cloth a picnic..  
it reminds me.. that..I... am weak..  
in the knees.. when on you... I...  
see) It(s that bosom..of milk..I..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Your Three Legged Horse Won The Race

Starving was this most humble  
family of twenty one divided  
by three.

With this horse all salvation  
penned in seven.

The other eleven horses  
were late to  
the race.

Swilling wine of the other.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Ohsosoffffftly~~for You

May the journey of your past  
few days the tears of  
soft linen you breath in the  
book of life so clean  
you preen for others  
in time of need no others.

Journeys begin not in sin but  
the kiss of life all hold dear.  
To the bosom of tears only  
half have the joy to know will I  
ever know light in this brief flick  
of the switch  
of he.

Continua spiriting in control of the  
stars a moon the sun  
does glow just  
for you.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

# Hearts In Season

The planet revolves on a whim  
of the gods ever changing the  
channel we watch.

Dark thrillers of women who love  
the feel of danger on  
their skin.

Men such as I who always fly to the  
heart of a queen  
knowing thrill of the coronation is  
the ultimate vacation  
of life.

Some like it hot others are chilled  
to the core of their being never  
seeing sweet life pass  
them by.

The bumble bee song is ever so  
strong on the heart of a soul  
watching out for the wings  
that sing a sweet song for  
the young and the old.

Theirs are the dreams to comfort and hold.

James McLain

## Sosoffft ~~~come

Eater of worms.

Little creature of stealth you try to  
fain my day.

No not you to the one whoms whimsy gaze  
is trapped in mine this moment.

Little contented of heart that thou art  
the dagger of thin blade through your  
left ventricle please.

Your liver will go to a most deserving  
wino in need.Jaa mata

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Grace To Thee

Walking alone the beach I came across  
this most amazing silver haired citizen I had  
seen in a while.

The beach was long for miles he had  
this great smile he stopped and young  
friend to do to do looking at his right side  
of chest tanned bronze it was gracefully gone  
surgically removed swan song he still sang.  
Walking away after brief exchange some of  
these shoes of yours will never be filled.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Our Loo Women Too

Where ever we go hope fully we find one their.

Those warm days driving and the air is filled  
with last night's burbling from Jr.to deer.

May be no one is looking when we half fill the  
small can at the convenience store.

Maybe at the pub with a bad bout of fish n' chips  
runny not clear and we stop and give thanks  
for the scribblings in the stalls left their.

I wonder often after reading the news on the wall  
of the stall who was real.

Some obviously a tool or two shy of the shed  
others dear.One from a lady claiming oysters of  
fame made of silk and pearls textured of amaretto  
so fine blew my mind.

Second thought why would a woman pay to use  
the loo in the men's room.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Humbly

Each time your bud enters  
my mouth  
I faint from the pain that  
pleasure does cause  
do you know upon the  
lilies I never would tread  
loose my soul to the  
tast of a single tear  
made of salt from  
your eye.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Sneaky Thief

Through my back door  
no manners in such  
disgrace for me to  
know.

Hospitality still here  
it grows by leaps  
bounds and  
bountiful flavors  
of you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

Phffft ~~~~~

is my name  
wear it well as we  
tend to your plots  
and bear fruit for  
the land we now  
dwell.  
Kindness is swell.: : >) it(s in you..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



## Lost Moon

I must leave this copulating dream  
of inequity with my bottle of wine  
winding down through the trees  
stumbling where is my friend  
the moon.

To know his comfort the hedges  
crackle and tear. Upon me they  
pounce tearing my Cheongsam  
to shreds as they repeatedly  
thrust into my back fading  
thinking of the wine is  
spilling ground drinking.....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Phffft Edda

Into your  
home I come  
by invitation only  
your threshold now I have  
crossed nor-dish you speak  
to me this way.I an now in  
only through death will  
you dis way me along  
this path in your  
home free to  
roam in  
your  
loam.  
as I please

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# My Mouth Your Dream

Those memories of her long faded pains  
the face lined strain  
of mind unfolds.  
Heavy worn earned lines of pain only could  
obtain through wreath  
of care.  
Ofavorable pleasant to touch and taste  
rugged lined of grace  
to know.  
Silently thoughtful memories he shares  
in sleep restores my soul  
to keep heart  
in fold.  
Eternity unfolds while we thus lay once  
in life ever to grow  
more in love..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Emotions Words

Winding through the human soul  
emotions since time  
forever more.

Inside the life of light growing seed  
of soul blends all light emotion  
strength of soul vibrates  
resonates grows  
bold.

Nothing as strong love hate sad  
happy pain and numb can  
alternate burn middle  
the road.

Deference in knowing I cook in my unassumingly pot.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Fire

Sleeping dreaming your hand  
wanders down across the  
softness that is your  
stomach.

Winding down across the  
down of fine soft trees  
to the heart of a  
blast furnace.

Burning your finger you  
scream out waking  
the dew of beaded  
drops quince  
the fire.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Phfft Dance

For me.

What was given to me  
will I gift back.

Hurry Quickly  
faster run or  
you will miss  
the morning  
sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Phffft Dweller Of Adullam

Cavern of the soul  
hollow sound  
in holed  
throat  
your noise  
does make the  
grating on a board  
of chalk in my mind  
I hear  
if a troll  
lives above you  
and mistakes your cave  
for a sewer then I can understand  
the shuffling of many feet in your lair  
as all hurry for dinner no bibs to  
cover the runic dumpling  
you are in the dark  
with your weenie  
worms for  
comfort.



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

# Haiku Boy Forlorn

Women never understanding  
Head hanging sadly Bereft  
Devastated empty of soul

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Fence Of Sun

It is another life I died in the other one  
the same way  
but while I yet have breath I  
write these few words.

The bottle was full in the Adolphe I  
met this beautiful women.

We had a few drinks a lusty  
drinker I am.

I do not know how she got me to  
another country naked  
as I am.

Arms wrapped in barb wire draped  
through the wire impaled on a pole  
looking at my ex-wife.

That's how I came to be here  
I dint know how.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Phffts Come Here Please

Weaver of webs spinning  
climbing down to  
the bottom  
of the  
web

laying out the sticky  
noose climbing  
back up  
to the  
top

now I real  
you in

you taste better than I thought you would.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Waiting

I Waited three years I waited  
the first two and one half years  
in self induced protective  
coma you laugh.

I am still alive.

How I don't know I have been dead  
before the doctor with  
his tricks fancy hooks in me.

I don't know except I was dead and  
this time I saved my own life..

A fraction of what I once was.

I am known to you all.

I am you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Plump Pudding

Gargantua her toes the feet do swell  
upon my neck they fest.  
Creamy is the calf I meant the calve  
eyes wide open in fear.  
Thundering thighs heard round the world  
earth quake thought when  
she walks.

Corpulent massive varicose vein infected  
paucha store for the food  
in short supply.

Breast weigh have a stone each when  
thrust in my face

I do cry.

Lips like sausages gaping hole for the mouth  
hold a plank to you bum or fall in...

The Sugillate at large.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Pleasure Is Mine

Inspiration is not a well to me  
its my life the words so flippantly  
passed with ease are to some  
a bit choppy at sea.

Wells of words from the ancients  
please me.

Lofty holed cheese I will squeeze  
till its Cheddar indeed.

I myself am to inbred to be arrogant  
snooty a snob.

Though they put a gag in their mouths  
to stifle some pleasure  
a fop.

Beneath their pure feet to cough  
clustered in mass on a bum  
is the same class of hemorrhoid  
they owe and they awe  
when its mashed.

So when looking down on the fella  
or gal pink or yella

I ate the cod and fed the eggs to my cat.

James McLain

# Some One For Got A Couple

The polls were closing rushing through  
traffic to vote for the right man.

Promised free turkeys to start our  
new change.

After voting I turned and a nice woman  
said some one voted with your name  
and you have to go to bed.

In jail, for voting for the wrong man.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## For C T Heart

Whisper is for you to choose of law  
no beauty juxt transposed exact  
O nought where law does flow  
none know.

Emergency rooms save lives all know  
beauty in body grace to flow  
to eyes and minds  
would grow.

Dr fast decision on the bed of life must  
choose in lite chop chop in words  
you saw no flow.

Poetry or prose to me none know fast  
flowing life in ear this room I chose  
to grow with help from some.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Anons Land

Delving searching back through time  
in hope to find a title clean  
and pure so right and sure.  
Judgement free or wiped away Lien or liens  
the sheriff levied way.  
This job made easier if all above holds way  
from our table few if any walk away.  
Taxes titled doc-ed stamp ship receives  
at port assessor of the county  
lands do grow in value so do  
taxes new.

Attn: Lisa

Your help was very much appreciated.  
Dedicated to north American Title inc.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Gold And Money

Hello lovelies,

Golden are the nuggets on your tongue  
this morning..you thought I forgot about you..  
heaven is for the patient of virtue and yours  
is gone into the cave of golden dreams  
of boulder size nuggets of gold where  
I do keep them safe in you chest of milk so fine of taste..  
Money from the sale of the nuggets Is safe as well..  
though I fear the rest of our nuggets have been seized  
by unscrupulous police as they were found at mickey d's...  
golden is there hue..for you in glory of us to eat when  
next we are there..untill..lovingly..I always..  
am in you...always..) it(s food..: >) it(

) it(s in you to..: >)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Go Rest High Upon The Mountain

In snow soft blanket in water of my life  
does wash to sea.  
Nothing prepares me for the way o cup  
overflowing gifts to bring  
of praise.  
This an angel from the deep so whispered  
with her tears of flame  
to me.  
Outside looking into grace I sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Blithering Sops

Lay me down my soul to keep the women  
with the soap I sleep to wash all minds  
from words I want to read.

Anthony's Cleopatra sweet encroached upon  
her cheeks did see the golden rain  
the snake made weak.

Yale her flower blooms and may have room  
for many natured so.

Method madness lays upon all minds to find  
a key that is  
your own.

Entwined all thought tomorrow brought a mind  
and lap forever glows  
in pride.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Forever Names In Time

From then to now all names will bring  
sweet memories forever locked  
in me my soul does find.  
Owakened springs each memory trees  
you sing my soul to sleep  
so none do weep.  
Rewound through me the future seas of names  
you are I do recall the grain of  
sand we are.  
Everflowing oceans once berift of shroud  
nape her neck she  
does so bare.  
Vanguard are the pits the void of memories  
there cant dwell reclaimed  
lost souls.  
Eternities sweet Queen of find brings up today  
what none tomorrow  
holds.  
Yellow sun upon my mind forever hold your  
thoughts forever bold  
most kind.

James McLain

# I Muse To My Self

People all around the world of none would  
I so speak must think  
me daft.

Mode of travel auto land in their paths most  
airtran fixed the blinding of all eyes come  
lay me down to sleep.

All are real what ever time no company in sleep  
forever deep my mind  
does roam.

Reality of all some see the basking light of  
warmth thats never lost.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Atoday

My friend the moon has fled from me this day  
hot sun to eyes must run.  
Fleeing down the path in time a stranger in this  
land of time wont dwell.  
Village path is plain to see the store where wine  
for me the shelf does hold.  
Memories washed plain from me the whiteness  
of my dress the tree it comforts me.  
Land of setting sun must run the whispers have  
a hold inside my soul will roam.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Alabama Remembered

Stars back then all did see the blazing of the night  
were coming home  
to me.

Young our songs the future some in  
flame did see.

Wisdom of our folly few seen in shores  
of sand I bath for  
all to see.

Magic winds the faces I see blazing  
crosses high above  
the sea.

Simple southern man I chose  
to be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Path O Trails

Tedious the winding trail to one might  
find in me.  
Resplendence comfort in this blanket soft  
the sun would warm  
for thee.  
Absent toes our twinning of the springs  
flow pure clean water fit  
to us but drink.  
Islands palms music pan the combing  
trail of hair for me  
to lay.  
Laughter sweetly from your mouth heavens  
music therein dwell.  
comming home  
to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Lovingly To You

In my blindness i was blind eye O mine  
to pluck from thee to kind  
roam back to me.  
Silence golden not to some waves crash  
upon your shores.  
Light in your garden lends to I a fresh  
scent to me the breeze  
may blow..  
Such are the dulce blocks from Klods  
path on now he roams..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Dreams Of Others

Dreaming future paths all lay  
thread of light does guide  
our way to combing of  
the truth we made.

Dreams of other light grew dim  
no flame to draw the moth  
within the light.

Destiny of they who make the path  
blessed walk not knowing dreams  
do pave the way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Struck This Coin

Floating ship upon the sea of sand  
guiding light that is  
your eye to find.

Lost by others treasures word some  
chests to one  
may find.

Yes to wind hurried sail land of heart  
soft beat by  
me to find.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Usweet Of Honey

Catacombs of sweetness of your  
finger lays the the rushing river  
of your love.

Wine skin of your mouth to know  
the smoothness taught of  
belly grows  
the leaking of a faucet never fixed.

Face in chest silenced lust to lay  
aside my roaming days.

In fields of clover soft and sweet the  
bees in it do make the  
honey flow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Memphis In You

Melli notes of beauty all do sing laughter  
of the tree made up in green.  
Essences children soft hello to give  
helping hand held out to love.  
Memories of rivers never drying all the stars  
that you would try.  
Praying knees where none may see the  
coming of the dove white wing.  
Higher ground most will seek from tears  
banks the heavens need.  
Issued face the lining made of angels hair  
soft light reflects the judgement  
of us all.  
Silouetting breath abated calling out the  
heiresses stables that the  
few have rode.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Amouth Of Dreams

Melancholy face lifting to the sky  
eyes wide remnant of faded  
paint on cheeks meshed  
with sand.

Outlined delicacy queen of bone  
narrow high is the cheek  
arrow is lined the nose  
quivering hair..

Under hair of what once was Inigo blue  
of dreams so sheen your  
reflection was seen.

Tantalizing lobes a grape of fruit the ears  
could hear your mind at  
rest in sleep.

High arched neck of graceful antelope  
dissolves in sand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Aunder The Tree A While

A tree the moon, wine and I the moon and I the wine this tree  
puppets on strings to the whims of the times.

The bark is rough on my back silk of the garment  
is thin such is a whim.

The wit better left to the gnome: really to think because  
of the cup in my hand they would think such thoughts.

Tomorrow I will go back or send some one  
to draw my bottles for me.

That way a passer by wont see me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Apoli

Under the moon my friend and I we understand  
that bored people are boring.

So we left the village as I did not want the drunk  
to become to familiar with grace  
he did not posses.

My drink is my friend as the bowl I eat  
from is also my friend.

Respecting the bowel for nourishment  
of the body while the wine holds  
steady my soul.

What would any one know: really I have long since  
gone yet my words of clarity strike hard  
home to the gnomes in my village who cannot hold their drink.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Looking

I look at You now  
I look in the mirror  
you are so lucky

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# She Rolls Over Looking At You

Looking past the clouds unshaven  
that seemed busy minds  
that were.

Oceans separated her from they her  
children whilst he slumbers  
still at feet.

Out side the lids of glaze sand lays at  
rest twinset her thighs.

Keeping breasts ready to nurture winds  
that whisper of the little  
one out there.

Inside the waling of the king was known  
to all now needs to rise  
to sea the dream  
alive once more.

Neither worlds at slumber while the  
garment from her neck  
that was his token.

Green frothy thighs of seas few thinks are  
taken wandering thoughts  
fly over to pointed  
sand.

James McLain

# Passion Rules Reason Sucks (I'M In Luck)

Gather thee around the humble cave of Klod...

.

Klod lives in a cave carries a club with a  
masive knob on the end.

When your a snob you get whacked with  
the knob nicy and lean..

On the head the guys get it and are glad  
the gals always turn around and.bend over...

.Klod with the knob cant figure that out  
they do grin at dumb Klod  
with the knob..

Massive is Klods knob so much knob does  
Klod have that the guys faint when they see) it(s big  
this knob on Klod that he has.

Do not be rude to Klod with the knob  
or Klod will use the knob on you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Christmas Trees

There was snow on the air and rocks  
floating up high none had trees  
they grew up not this high.  
My dad and I felt there pain treacherous  
time a bad year.  
He had wind in his sails as we set free  
to ride to the bottom  
and buy trees.  
We for got our money dad says no problem  
here out of his mouth comes this  
biggest darndest gold tooth  
I ever saw.  
Loading them up as we then flew up the  
mountain good time spreading joy  
and trees for the new year.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# All You Hold Dear

You hold in both hands.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I Paint Your Lips

With soft caress gentlest shade  
of honey suckle rose.  
The dew from the morning next  
settles in the corner of  
your lips I graze inside  
of you crazed  
I smell you and your as fine as  
the last dropp of  
my wine.  
Drink it well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Running

To the start of tomorrow it waits  
for the night of today  
to fade.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Plantation Moss

Majestic graceful girth treed in perch I wait  
silouetting falling evening dusk  
moss tickles my  
cheeks waiting.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# I Called You

Chasing thoughts of you through out  
the night round my mind no  
where to go.

Helplessly dialing time and again busy  
signal times grim.

Asking things I know you know of me  
to you still.

Silent was the bed inside your head  
J.W. waited all night  
for you.

Entertaining thoughts of you in the arms  
of some one else G swell.

.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Last Taste Of Innocence

Until a while ago while walking along  
the shore head down searching  
for tears waves break.

Not knowing the gazes of the moths  
drawn toward this flame  
until one spoke.

Teasing me so I thought such fairness  
of breath to address me as such  
with her gaze.

Innocents eyes she ask Sir, what is it that  
you gather along this path of tears  
we both tread along the shore.

Looking up my attention now to her I  
replied whispering my wind  
to her ear.

Leaves these shells of tears a women  
of sand left behind for angels  
in day to find.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Save The Drag

Hurry up and get your drawers off..: : >) it(s a quicky

Lovingin you..: : >) it(s fun..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# She Sits Back Down

She after for some time standing  
in all her regal shroud drifting  
wind blowing thoroughest ice  
heart of man reclines  
toward the sand.

Hearing conversation of children  
wind born from her husband  
of the sand forever  
lost to her.

Eager for the embrace of the leeched  
water free sand she  
does sleep until.

.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Digging In My Trash

Dear: what did you find  
all you lovelies,

Such sick little minds that you have in your  
head make me blush.

Such is the nature of the sneaky hand that  
roams for pleasure  
while i sleep.

Did you not think i would not know of the  
honey gone from my pole o you  
thief of the night in your  
cave may i dwell all  
your days.

The mountainous pears with the buttons  
the buds spray my face with  
the nectar of age thats  
called milk..

Dripping face i must flee to your cave where  
i dwell all your days in feast may i lay..  
Lovingly in you always...

James McLain

# Tricked Again

My Lovely,

Your brazeness cannot distract  
from the fact that your utters are  
ull and need milking as  
i have my own truck  
i will take all  
you have.

The fire in your forest of trees is so hot  
i rush to your aid with a bucket  
my mouth and my tounge.  
as i curb the path of the flames  
the fire only rages much hotter.

Your mouth denied for so long canna any longer  
i fear for its safety as well.

The art of in the curve shape and its swril  
only brings me to flames  
in your rear.

You are my love your plum do i tast all of  
the year juicyit is the heart  
of my plum

.As always i fall into you just by your looks  
be my dear..lovingly falling  
forever inside you...) it(s plush..

) it(s love..: >) it(s..

James McLain

# Dna

Example..#1..You can be slow...You can be dumb....You can be smart.....better not be of small stature in prison or they will do a rectalectomy on you..

Example..#2..You can be dumb....It helps to be small...but you better run fast..if) it(s chasing you...

Example...#3...DNA tests don't lie once the results return and..no..Katarina Witts.are swinging from the helix's..proof then exists that your parents were dumb..slow..and a genetic dead end and probably ate their slower neighbors.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Lucky I Am Not A Fly

I could lay eggs in your ears  
while asleep at  
the wheel.

Buzz around in your nose till  
you sneeze blowing goo  
all over your spouse..

Making out with the  
t eating the i.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Standing

Sounding trillions of grains the  
sand it flows from me  
washing over rivers to dry  
as she creaks.

Ocean waits for peace to hear  
me slumber again  
laying down getting up  
never again

Under sand the scarf that binds me  
meek is gone eruption of  
flame to your picture  
of water to cool.

Nothing but sand on my mind eyes  
are blind to the call of sea  
to sooth all my fears.

Dynasty's crumble and fall at the  
slash of just one  
single tear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Voids Sleep In Rapture

Walking waking dream cowards  
scream of night  
void less formless timeless forever  
therein no key  
all eternity afraid there you roam  
with out eyes you don't need something  
else for the one whom you know  
to take from you  
squish as) it(sweet plums of your  
youth o ears cannot hear the  
unknown till its here..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Only On Paper

Coward I am not shave my word  
kill my soul be thy known  
as grace less  
light is bright with in hold the flame  
in the palm of your hand  
if you dare.  
Sight less eyes no anger there write  
about mushrooms in the dark  
of coures all your words  
have been said the  
rest shut out.  
Spank the monkey go blind is the sin  
that brought all here  
laugh out loud.  
Pasion life struggle not bury  
from fright..

) it(s life grow up..: >)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I Talk In My Head, So You Wont Hear Me

Corncopia smothered wine the cheese  
I eat from your mouth  
matters not if upon your cheeks  
it layed  
of men I know nothing of why should I  
they should all go away so I could please you  
as you deserve with soft weanny words  
Bla Bla Bla have you sign a disclaimer  
if you injure your s3e you did) it(for love none other  
any where would so lamidly this soundithly crookidneckidly up.  
the way you like it..  
Two left feet that bleet in your ear  
all the time non stop..Pause for unheard breast  
the test of tricked time..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Cruddy Poems Of Mine

I cry O god in poetry heaven for all the sins  
of the weany worms  
whom sloth in squalor  
O lord my cries you ignore while I languish  
in the house that knows only pain and  
false pleasure while secretly practicing all that  
is sacred to them while denying the same rapture  
afforded the less rectally non cerebral  
of the lower functions of the mind  
O lord my prayers of such you read and smile  
and leave happy in the knowledge  
that you knew these words before me  
besides I can always say the debil made me do it  
peace.rugged cross of my lame poems  
Are trash in thine eyes.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Stormy Eye

Sitting up long slumber day of waves  
wrapping silk caress muscled  
calves in sand.

Thrusting arching of the neck shivers  
pleasure rock the land.

Over head the cumulus gather in dread  
they on water such  
know fear.

Reaching out simple thought in head  
sinking pleasure boat  
all dead.

Yawning smiling sigh all spent reclines  
again in sand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Pleasure Boat

Flying down the ramp you came on board  
You and I alone  
yes, trapped.  
Laughing with the grin you have nothing  
more  
wanting to explore  
we do.  
Yams of candy sweet and pure mine  
to handle as I would  
and do.  
Inside honey glazed the roll was made  
dripping with butter  
gravy sore.  
Noticed cream was flowing south mouth  
was spoon caught in  
your trap.  
Gone our minds from fruity wine lust of  
food played out  
just well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I Love You, I Hate You

I hate you, I love you  
I hated how you drank so much, I love that I dont  
I hated how you did me, I loved how I did you  
I hated the way you did our kids, kids loved the way I treated them  
I hated how you used my meds, I love that I stopped taking them  
I hated that you were vain, I love seeing I no longer am  
I hated that I did your job, .I love that I learned some thing new  
I hated that I forced you to get help, I love my daughter as a result  
I hate that you made me run for my life, I love the people I met Here  
I hate how you made me love you, I love you for my freedom  
I hate that I had to do all the cooking, I loved what I cooked  
I hate looking in the mirror I might see you, I love looking at new me  
I hated that we were the same size, I love and needed to gain weight  
I still hate you, I love myself even more

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Womanly Things

Cooking is fine shoes as well  
before this party of yours I  
joined did that and more as well  
when you say I do It means a lot  
of that and more  
walk the land and sell it to  
deal with back stabbers untill your blue  
to take plug at you...Women do a lot I know  
yet difference these days all know  
reversal of the roles..after all who makes..  
better beds in which to lay..soft is the dream of sand.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Short Love Poem

Dear Lady,

i hope i reach you in time i forgot my glasses  
any way the sundial you left me still works...  
all the fellas i meet here seem well..kinda..  
they look at things they shouldn't...i sold the cow..  
to some Indians..they gave me all of there wives..  
i don't know what to do with all of the milk...  
the fruit was gone, i left at your cave..the pole  
was gone as well, the flag was still there...one of my  
new wives has,  
strange impression of a crown..on her thigh..  
it is pretty high up on her shelf..  
Paul who was..belated died in a stampede  
of Chippewas...they also gave me a wife..  
the whites are no where as kind as them..  
so i sell them all of the extra milk...they give me the  
plums to there wives as well as some of the  
hairs in there forest for food...  
i am most fond of there hairs..as my weight gain shows,  
your are much better.., puffed, buffed, sweet..  
.well my love light grows..and grows..  
falling in you always yours...  
love of your..peas...) it(s weet..) it(s..lovingly..you

.....) it(..is...poetry..

James McLain

# You Want Me To Save You

Call and make an appointment...) it(s late

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Strange Box

Washed upon my shore an ivory thing  
glowing in health of secrets  
yet to come.

Rune ancient letter engraved all are  
raised hole in side to  
flush the top.

Music I do hear silver tunes wafting  
true most melodies are  
pictures of the future  
held for you.

Box is groaning under hand the  
whispers wrapping round  
all ears to know the  
lottery here.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Wake Me Not Again

Waken me again slumber my name  
would keep from you  
who call in vain.

Against my better wishes wind  
does stir a tempest  
pool of food.

Kelp of shore the sand mixed in  
for fruit this soul  
does trust.

Epiphany resting souls to flee the  
oceans call to  
honor me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## From Her Hand) It(Dripped

Haughty from golden eye of pan  
the silver drips from hand  
in sand to sink.

Inspection grain was that of purse  
held nought but golden slippers  
shades of purple kings.

Pastels blended hues of morning night  
of colored sand the  
fishes knew.

Song of Solomon buried there in sands  
of legends time the  
centaur fled.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Jibber Some Jabber

Lightness of tone we sing with you of  
gossip  
I would bring inside this brain that rides  
a pin  
the jibe of jabber all of the  
lather bubbles  
that It floats.  
Laughter rolls out when looking back  
at all the things  
I missed

.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# She Lays Back Down

Shifting mountain dunes of where I lay  
none heard the plea  
tearfully made I  
ask of thee.

Harkened not this whisper in your ear  
would hear winds that  
trade the sand  
so dear.

Enjoy the labors love reposed the hand  
unfolds clutched safely  
in the room of sand  
so safe.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# She Sits Up

Safety flows down her chest she stares  
gazing at the shores of  
far off lands.

Inside this flowing mind so fast the  
channel dwells  
flowing rivers do all cry  
for me.

Terraced in a robe none have seen  
to know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Mummy At My Side

Dearest you would so think to speak  
with me here laying  
next to me.

Easter rabbit lays souls eggs of  
sand inside of you.  
wrapped up long so history gets  
a view of you.

Apple thoughts come running  
way from view.

Renaissance from my bed was  
made for  
souls to sleep a slumbering sleep  
of dreams.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# She Rolls Over

Other side of the dream I dwell  
sand my wine it  
comforts me.

Vanquished are the clouds this  
night I see  
heavy are all stars my soul they  
feed to me.

Entwined elemental sand over  
all the mountain tops  
do you have a place inside the  
box for me.

Replenished gulf of music sheath the  
violinist hear  
colored robes of white I feel  
are near.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Words Gift To You

Gather cloth mothers wide in  
wind you know smile of life  
you bring.

Intuitively hope would bring a  
picture bright our future  
sings in you.

Found the gifts a smile can  
bring even to  
the lost.

Treasures of my soul would give  
this sand to all the light it  
holds for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Pictures Of Words

Words the parchment sands of life  
your beach will know the beauty  
of each day.

Oceans slumber wives do view  
churning of the parchments  
breath a new.

Rushing future of the past fresh  
insight among the  
heavens bring.

Destiny of future sings the coming  
of a king all knew  
was here.

Salvation of the books most hold  
a different word is  
true to all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Castles Of The Sand

From the sand comes a picture  
a picture painted true of you  
Relish your home you will do have when  
child to you dose have it's color drew.  
Oceans shade the mountains view will  
bring to you  
the time you take rare color  
find in you.  
Mirror holds the view inside the soul  
of you sands forever  
cross for eever bring  
a diffrent soul.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Laying Down

Laughter in the wind I hear it pleases me  
blowing across my mind there find  
the sea in it.

All in all the prints you leave the feel  
on me the soul I see when I  
look up will set you free.

Please pray tell my beach keep clear  
no matter here blowing sand will lash  
the kind that none all fear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Blowing Sand

For ever has the wind of change the  
sand to know

Revealing to the few the future held  
in trust to all.

Constant of the past exposed the  
sand you know.

Trapped in glass and held away  
so none would know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Amongst All Of These

Stretching forever my infinite beach of sand  
enriched all dunes.

Tears each grain a weighty matter unto  
its self shines a bright light.

Robust of color wondrous shades all  
exclaim looking for themselves  
of this sand.

Enter you into this world souls of sand  
all stand.

Together binds filaments freely to the  
grains the eye must see.

Choices of the mind and soul others  
hold the body to the task.

Henders not the mother of the sand  
who sleeps to watch.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Like Ah Child

As would a child i must pull, turn, push, pick  
, poke, pry, wiggle, run, stop, go, hold, betold  
, scold, bescolded, bleed on your carpet  
, rub it in pull the carpet over) it(speed  
, I will not quit on it unless im dead in  
jail or hospital same as dead or  
in jail

loving you still) it(s good for ya..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I Never Was Just An Old Dream\*\*\*\*\*

Never can such a dream held  
in the bosom of your heart  
wonder free.

Enter the whisper of soul  
and light lovingly  
bright and soft.

Velvet is a touch of wind  
that graces bloods  
fairest of hearts.

Exit the tears of doubt that  
cloud your sunny day.

Remember all the rivers and  
streams lead to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# New Quite

Mornings early light soft of eye  
the mist not dry upon  
your cheek.

Invitation graciously accepted  
invite for early tea.

Streamers foggy chilly seat at  
rest my head  
would be.

Tender thoughtful is the word  
of all that I  
hold dear.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# What Use Of Voice

Without tounge to speak it  
useless is the eye with no  
mind to see it  
the pen no hand to weid it...) it(  
a hand with no pen..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Asleep One Lid Half Open

Floating island up on high Pierette  
looking through.your fire.  
Lightning from the heaven cares it shows  
the light of peace.  
Ozone of Pierette dared some curtains  
would she hang.so none  
might see  
Almost heaven the curtains fell the  
gods were bathing in the  
earthen mist.  
Tomorrow brings another day new  
curtains will arrive today.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# One Secret From Death

To you..please  
if you are...  
concerned,

My dark room,  
i can never escape  
even in death...  
My secrets are not that bad..  
some wrong some sad...  
i understand it's to bad for us...  
Upon my brow..  
i wear a crown undesired by me..  
at least i would think for peeing in a shoe..  
Locked in a room with only darkness..  
no light to see not even to pee..  
i use my shoe.  
Parents off in city for fun..  
they are young...  
two of us locked in the room..  
of shame...we blame us..not them..  
they are mommy and daddy...  
no wrong can they do..glaring..  
mornings come..always..  
mom would open the door..  
rude from sleep and scream at us..  
for peeing in those shoes..  
even in death i am afraid...  
i will be woken up from my sleep.

James McLain

# My American Niece The Talker

She plays with her dolls hours on in  
singing them songs that  
never end.

Wishing on them when missing  
their feet to go to a doctor to  
get a sweet treat.

Ever moving she talks walks talks  
television on she turns it off  
yes she talks

Even after tiredness over takes her  
eyes glazed over in rapture  
she talks.

Time doesn't matter to the talker of dolls  
every one learned to walk and talk.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Ocean Vast Vessel

Child beings sentient sings  
the children are one  
in truth regard  
reconsider the pleas  
of there anguish

World pain such as his  
would dispel teaching  
of peace  
not repel

Worldly the pain  
so brought about  
existence of nature

True way of respect  
beings even there  
thought

The heart may then flourish  
in spreading such  
happiness is  
pureness of  
thought

For Gold he  
seeks nought

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Coincidence

Events of life flying by am i being watched  
i cna see yet not blind.  
Coincidence of dog backwards yes  
maybe not  
back then different relation ship perhaps.  
New word for me today is obtuse here  
Coincidence first was it said  
not by me  
yet it is a great complment Coincidence to me  
was it ment as insult  
Coincidence no not to me  
Dad said it best in last read.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Jumping Back Into Your Loving Arms

Letters of love cannot explain this day  
we have.

Oceans are too shallow to drink from  
) its depths.

Vanquishing no matter how hard  
you try.

Eternity and one day will forever  
jump back into your arms  
this night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Fleeing To The Sun

Flaming passion hide me in  
your bosoms fire.  
Knowing they will future stars  
with me.  
Fire tonight I sleep the sleep  
of peace.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# And I Drink From Them

Vast oceans deepest cup would I  
so dien from you to keep  
in sleep.

Knowing as I thirst your soul  
to quench the raging fire  
deep down below.

Laughing dreaming pillows  
shared as one.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Of You

Heavens kiss is of you  
longing souls as one  
to sing the simple  
bars free musics  
sweet release.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Smell

Freedom of scent to roam  
amidst the blooms before  
the bee awakens from the  
wing of its queen wafting  
nectars drink of  
heaven.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Your Drawers

Have ever worked this well  
with seeded covers veneer  
the smell of earthen sleep.  
The musk, that helps me sleep  
I roll over, my face in the leaves  
moister flows through outside.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Walking On Sun

Buda I dream silver thread to my being  
singing light you sleep.  
On your feathery face i ride a river that  
is your tear down this cheek.  
Angels dance with me on the sun keeping  
time to the start.  
Twisting in merths after glow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Many I Am

Responsibility lies with me wish it not  
upon my shoulders I carry a yoke  
can you take it for a while?  
Wear a smile walk that mile  
the shoes I wear to share  
draw stares will you  
wear them?

The eyes that care for us all when they  
walk and crawl along your shore  
may i skirt the falls by all walls?  
Rescuing a pebble from the rock  
that the sages left for me  
i carry back up for you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Giving First

Make Me Last? .....I Weep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# For She Whom Perpetually Sings

It's a brand new day  
For new hopes  
New dreams  
New thoughts to pen  
New hopes to make life worth while  
New corners to turn  
New smiles to smile  
Rise up  
To greet this day  
Touch the hand of a friend  
Along the way  
Let your laughter ring loud  
Like the roar of thunder  
The write a poem  
To be tucked under  
Someone's pillow  
Tonight.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Calm

Big pink umbrella

Never looking down

Knows the sky

winged grace be

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Apology To Dad

The brain is like a battery chemical  
have need electrical charge to  
breath.

Lithium the essence of cells forgotten  
my watch stops.

The bottom of the cage is a lonely  
place gazing up to the sky the clouds  
rain down plethora on brow.

Beak is fixed just askew  
breath fresh.

(humor)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Wings

Waft on the wind.  
Infuse with breath.  
Negate all gravity.  
Gather loves speed.  
Sipping winds scents.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Rock Hard Walls

Such are the chiseled works of  
perfections from graven stone  
forever etched in  
marbled pink.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



## Parade Roses

Riding your throat of whitest body  
hued rose of golden rain.

Willowy stalk tall green of health  
few know but home of earth  
to grow.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# My Birds Beak Fell Off

Bird of all birds was bird don't laugh  
eh eh yes bird of tremendous beak  
could curl such words could he yes bird  
the word in bird yes word then fell into disrepair  
this beak on my bird the beak that could curl the  
word and twirl one day bird did withe excuse  
me that withe looked like poo oh well  
where was.. I..beak could twirl the  
word on his beak could bird with beak  
could twirl the word..noticed one day birds  
beak was all askew birds beak was then side ways  
watching bird with beak could curl then twirl  
the word fell off of beak was  
reattached surgically.

(humor)



PoemHunter.com

James McLain

# Breath Of Life

Breathing firmament from grain  
dust you came.

Utterance of voice now breath.

Stillness of life asleep does  
awaken.

Hearing thus rise dove fall into  
lifes chest.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Then Came Day

Atoms building shaking splitting  
firing blasting into existence  
rending the cloth of time  
shearing the fabric of  
space sitting still  
catching death.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# When Dawn Came

It came with subtle nudges and whispers  
rolling over onto its self became.

The trembling of the ages eruptions such  
passion hues of blinding  
ribboned light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# What Do You Think

Of the message inside drifting clouds  
do pass them by hunter words all  
hurd telling me what is to come  
of events shaped in that  
bottle in past.

Hearing

Explaining

listening

past...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Hunters Of Words

Pleas on finely honed ears i do pray  
for the voice from the air  
that will say.

Late please know found mind was never lost  
as was said mind of  
others do fear.

Entered door of others to render safe haven  
cleft ship.

Ask of others in Black still ill of body does  
effect judgement.

Somber shiftless brutter not dear conceived  
with hazed mind cloven to  
still deer.

Effects atomic in nature asking  
thus of me to do more  
than cry.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Hidden Within The Tree

Time passes this flock of trees grow high,  
strait and tall normal all would think.

Yet within one a special heart to see but  
from the outside one would not.

Days turned in to months the years rolled  
by clinging to each other  
did these trees.

Light to the floor and roots the grain of life for all  
soft and loamy was the measure.

Blight strikes felled many thus they are hearts  
effected.

But the one

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Treason

Sitting here shaking like a junkie  
quivering not of passion thinking  
am I fine.

Fleeting are the wits of survival  
assault in view of god witness  
of mind body and soul.

Words of rote etched in soul.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## My Sister Ask Me (Humor)

Who is 50 married eight times!  
I have been dating five months  
how long should I wait before  
we marry? (He Musta needed a cat-scan)  
SIS if you haven't figured out  
how the roses lay in the bed  
maybe then you should not start  
a garden.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Sniveling Heights... :)

As I snivel at my drivel all that comes  
in mind to say banners aside yes  
I like to hide and prance on  
unsuspecting pray..  
English lousy boys howdy still my mind  
would play a trick or to and have you laugh  
at stupid things i write and say.

Pappy's grand i once heard tell  
life was rough back then..is no telling  
all the gellan..folks right here will do..

You respond with some song and life is made  
a living hell..come to you and fill your eyes with stories unbelievable...oh my oh  
my...what am i to do...  
fill your cup with some poo and have you drink your fill.of  
) it(s..Chocolate eeg bog....black gold..dark tea..

Spellings bad letters worse have spell check and  
could care much less  
save much time hear you wine my words come out just fine..  
So when i drivel you hear snivel difference tween the two..phew.

James McLain

# I Gave An Elephant A Peanut

The smallest of thing I saw  
along my way.  
Hand stretched forth to humble  
kingly beast.  
Elephant remembered simple  
gift a peanut as a child.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Willow Is My Tree

Clutching southing breathing love  
inside of me.

Asking moaning bringing hair  
to earth.

Revealing the basking of her  
chair I wear.

Entering the flame we all call care.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# A Sparrow Shirped\*

And the whole world listened..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Jumping \*out Of Airplanes Without\* A Parachute

Playing ground great joy I find  
in holding you.  
Are not the trees your arms to  
reach for me in glee.  
Under canopy of wings I fly  
whipping of a windful song  
to sing.  
Masters sky egale eye we meet  
to speak.  
Floating wing to arm no harm he  
drifts away.  
No saddle on his back we fly away.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Bling Your Dead

Speeding down the road of words  
were you.

Picking choosing long lost verbs  
mind blinks.

Entering lost sand of time to drink  
skull cup.

Elephant of thought I give to you.

Defender of thought not some were  
bling your dead.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



## Ocean Forever Deep\*

Calm cool waves my soul to sea  
softy how they cling to me.

Afterthoughts gradually drifting  
down the bottom swell the top.

Laughter floats back to me.

The fairest &#931; &#949; &#953; &#961; &#942; &#957; sings.

Magic hair flowing free lighting  
candles in the breeze and with  
her beneath the waves I sleep..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Mighty Inch Worm

Color hue all birds did sing of flavor  
spice and neat.

Attention birds could never stay  
debt free.

Thunder from the inch worms tail  
wont hide

Special silk strong for you web  
of bed few knew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Women Are Men Are Women

Crazy mixed up is this place where  
we do dwell.

Rich is music passions winged  
flying on a swing.

Angels trumps singing choirs thus  
dancing on a whim.

Zoo in which all do play parts  
handed down to them.

Yellow haze softsymphony conductor  
does enjoy.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Glass Made Of Sand

Webs of space flow deep in your mind  
is as the giant sun thoughts so pure.  
Inside this heart beat her new love  
spreading time through a stain in glass  
window of silk kept clear.  
Fanning dense smoke made of dreams  
women of sand lifts painted smile once  
more to you.  
Eternally the flame burns hot sand streams  
with color mixed hue  
dressed on you.  
Reclined your smile..swallows all stars...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Read It All\* -Have You

Reading lines of books the pages blur.  
My lack of comprehension is the rule.  
gleaning meaning subject matter true.  
After the cover bends your mind to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Sand Of Sun

Only from the sun such wonderous beauty  
soft benneth your feet magic fury.

Blankes cover eye of soul kept warm by  
tender age of grace.

Wisdom from the sand may ever flow my  
cup stays clean.

Minds of ages parchment crisp with what  
it knows blessed it grows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Flaming Love In\* Passion

White hot comes to you do wail flailing  
gnashing of those teeth tongue you  
bite to still a muffled sob.

A dropp of blood you taste inside your  
cheek whispers breath the shean of  
sweat it listens on the moon of eyes  
the shaking of a toe.

Streanth once had is bleeding out as  
metals precious hold would you yet  
knowing now when deed is done  
there's no going back for you.

Flame of passion white hot spell  
on you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Why The Rush

Anticipation seen in eye  
so clear.  
Savoring the moment seems  
a year.  
Not moving seems like an  
eternity.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# House Of Pain

Seventeen generations lost of soul  
lived here valley of a shadow draws  
you near.

Black of void the night so shiny is  
the single reflection deep within  
this orb that is my eye.

Bleeding wenchs screaming out  
my name.

Hands clenched tight the writhing  
of the thighs.

Arms wide open breast up  
thrusting draws me  
into her.

My soul forever herein dwells in  
side this house of pain.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Listen Pet Dog

Listen pet dog you got those bleeting fleas  
in my bleeting pants on my bleets  
if you come in this house with more bleets  
we will see what the thia's will do for ya.  
Answere me this were square  
dad will throw you a bone  
what do you call one sheep? .....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Mind Flow Soul

Constantly at war soul and word  
from mind to heart in soul rests  
purest light of word in soul since  
God graced the word in mind to  
be.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Child Of Many Eyes

Past was ok hard except for these was child  
overcome them I did minus math.

To be dyslexic is not much fun words on  
paper upside down like bugs.

Hyper active attention disorder just what  
any Dr ordered minus diagnosis  
and pills missed that thrill.

Racing mind hard to define bi polar  
tri polar ask mr spock  
with tricorder.

Wiggling feet what a treat for a school  
marm no charm English teacher  
named Miz Cat.

Moral of story is this keep your eye on  
the light and it will keep you out of the  
park with lions tigers and bears.

Ditto paper hand in water color purple  
new much trouble did not care  
royal color of king with  
butt wooped.

James McLain

# Seconds In Life

Second chances only come around  
when you need one.

Some never need two others need  
all they can get.

Never show the door.. :)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## School Teachers Are 4 People 2

Mother made taskmaster blade  
of this and more.

Ample time do they make for a  
child in need.

Invisible to a lot of what they hear  
and see.

Designed to change the future near.

Steadfast of their responsibilities chairs  
are the laps to lay all heads.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Home Schooling

Beats staying in class begging time  
to hurry on buy  
no school bus no bulllys  
just me myself and I  
pass every year  
guaranteed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Silence Etched In Stone

Rocky slope of hope the fissures  
in stone would ask.

Many are the thought that led you  
here to be of deaf  
persuasion.

Obsidian of brightest hue dared to  
glance on it.

Ramblings of my mind unsure to hear  
the stone speak such.

It is not in silence you weep the mountains  
strain as well.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Inspiration\*\*\*

Can come from the back door, is  
Always away from pencil or pen.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Bleet Me Up Scotty

No application exception unless bold  
sprit to unfold in light of awe  
all around glance through the window  
and find all that's hope in your eyes  
knowing it wise not dispise all that  
is different hold dear to your heart  
you will find that you are not alone  
here all is fine in your world..Just smile

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# In The End Its

Everything that you dream **\*\*WORLD\*\*** more.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Dont You Love) It(Let Them Know

How you feel on this line if you find) it(s in time to your beat.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Rockin World Today

Orders to go double cheese please want you to know burger and fries on the run  
no time can i find all is well in the world of the sun so bright in my eyes can see  
the running see on your back to the basics that brought u to hear all is well now  
you tell all the friends that borrow and spend all your tears down the drain to  
rain washes away as the snow white as you on the go..for the spring  
wishning..again for the sea...: : >>) it(smile

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Upper Crust Bread

The loaf still warm no crust can be found  
this morn.

Perfectly round molded for a purpose  
in) it(soul.

No pride in bread would fear instead  
peoples goal.

First slice the bread before) it(sent  
across river styx.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# The Other Side

No boat,  
gets to the other side  
without a bottom..  
No rainbows lack of rain,  
no dawn with out dusk,  
happy cannot be,  
without the yellow  
dress of the sun..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Fragile Gills

Breath has its hold on me it is a  
sad condition  
one not of the mind  
but necessity  
as the the foot needs the toe  
water must I have to breath  
plea to the ear that seas.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# You Stole My Thunder

I still have a twig...to bleat with...: >) it(

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Blowing Winds

Good bad indifferent glad  
hanging on the line  
of time washing them away  
is sad  
rigid to some soft to others  
money from the wallet flows  
to one not the other.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# You Protest Not

For the weak...Meak of words...striped of my  
path to your highway i cry..mean is the horse  
throws me on the floe on purpose...i weep for you...: >)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Your River Of Life

Frightening are your currents eddy flow  
cast me on lost doves with care.  
The skirt of shore this river long so I must  
cling sucking mouths of other fish  
they wait on me.  
Minnows other such deep water trouble  
comes to them as well.  
Gently gather with soft net take me home  
with you I roam for all tommorrows.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I Tremble At The Thought

Knowing my feet glide through your forest  
softly stirring leaves on your  
meadows shore.

Water stream I have find willingness to  
share so drink off thee.

Back this canoe up lets try again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Words You Speak

Before they leave my mouth such  
sweetness well deserved.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# No Stone Left Unturned

Roaming fields your bays searching  
for that special find of food.  
Honey of your lips I seek more bread  
to fire an oven warm.  
Smooth such sheets from which you gaze  
hidden pond is emptied much  
to soon.  
Many fishes in my well it came to you  
a memory of the time you drank so  
heavily from this well of life  
sated now your belly full.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## No Notice: : >>)

Roaming the land as I do flying the sky with mind eye swimming the seas all I need to see hear i am come to me as you watch what i do brought to you with no help of a pen Jungle of dreams in the trees crazy thinking am i for i post may you save all that drag and bleet to me as you should to a queen misunderstood as i am want to go back to a scene some blue clouds clear day may the sun clear my face looking at you as i do blameless president above the law hollowed are his feet while he bleets where he can for some land for free souls forgive as they know as they see whats the use find it out when they sleep ever deep in the sun never see eaten up bye there greed romantic i am hear the bleet of my sand in your eyes fall asleep at my feet as you can turn on over come back latter for more..: : >) it(

12-14-2008

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Queen In The Dark

Command as that of a queen do you have.  
All queens are worth begging for  
last shot to the night  
where I see in the dark holding all that  
I love in the palm of your hand  
sing if you can from the unknown place  
you stand  
miss a beat of the drum  
that I feel in my bone  
to the jaguar in the tree  
to the andaconda in the river  
I bleed for the queen in her house.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Heart In A Star

Rare is the opportunity to make  
a world from the void.  
Think of some as primitive  
go to where he came.  
In such places worlds  
colide for intertainment.  
Love is never lost  
in some it was  
never found.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Advanced Age

Old will I be when the lass is twenty  
fair faced clear eyed  
regal carriage  
Sop for a mum does  
one know.

Bottle in the neck does not grow  
pain of the house takes the  
crown from her soul never flys  
dont why such was the world  
I came into..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# My Life

In the short book I have it is yours  
to the wise  
not I  
a weapon though moral hi can be  
taken from this  
the wiser  
would wait and discern.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Cheap Tricks

Silky smoth most words  
No ethics only win  
Who to trust Bleet!

You.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Never

Not while I have this fine canoe!

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Seeing In The Dark

Blustery weather thick fog no eyes.

Radar is broken wollowing taking  
on water.

Ribs buckling groans you hear  
must be dear.

Silent laughter I hear yet still  
cant find my way home.

Joy in a bottle over board.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Cleaning It Up

In time I will do all of that  
no specific order.

Thoughts are quicker than  
the wind to be faster  
is the master.

Intelligent order fast to the  
folded will find.

No matter here they stay  
forever and 1 day..

Laughter is the best  
medicine..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



## Weight Of Words

Many are the words that bind shocking Your gaze so did find if they bring crimson  
to your clover then your fields are long shallow to the grower of that which i  
speak lerned from thee quick is the jack in the box fox though he be canna be  
proud of you toutor she of the scott was my mutter of the other one i am not  
proud is the blood in vein wearther all storms my way live forever and 1 day may  
i say under you year think of that could you would smile on your face i do see  
deny this not scale of the word is larger than your world recipricate you find long  
lost bird king of the wind bring him home nail down my words no you canna put  
in an envelope will you push to the sides never break through the top know such  
find think to the other long is the word short is your time forever and 1 day will  
they stay answeare that in the mirror you gaze...Peace: : >>) it(

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Aureoles

Like being watched by your best friend blind..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Whispers

Deep and calm this night my sleep  
mind at rest at dawn.  
Reality's realm tween wake and peace  
in gut I know is real.  
Effortlessly wind whispers through my  
eye to heart of mind.  
Aperation claims without my bid into  
my dream to steal.  
Marauding surreal this foggy mist a  
room I trapped you in now mine.  
Such is that which tries to stake  
a claim I make now mine

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Its Denied

Heavy heart in shreads no bed my head to lie comforting are the thoughts  
roaming in my head this day  
when i cold berift of food I seek this sunny suday cafe  
i would plead to thee bountyfull your cup is full your plate in need of clean by i no  
dog but wolf of appitite the void can never fill at night we pray

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Children X Rated

Give your mom and dad a big hug...: : >) it(

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Mothers Memory

Always on her mind like nice song wings  
always off the ground.  
Memory before there gone she wants to  
give so long.  
Energy was passed along the path of  
heard so overgrown a shadow  
in some line.  
Massive was this span of life need truck  
to carry on.  
Often life is seen as such through glasses  
license to thin.  
Yes she is my mother dear and memorys  
there are hers to leave.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Bleets Do Grow

Great show of care she cuped my bleets  
so tenderly in palm of  
soft hand.

Swollen though they are bleets release not  
so for me.

Heavy are the bleets no sheeps I never  
count the sun comes up for me.

In bleeting dreams I never bleet.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Bleeting The Light

Lying here next to you I bleeted the light.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Humping Ground

Raising spade swinging hard essence time  
to us there is no second chance.

Avalanche of pain no tears of great I bear  
all share.

Inside freezing mind is leaving singing of  
the choir.

Next to you upon my face smelling scent  
sweet clean is water pure.

.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Swimming Through Air

Light of spirit helps me soar  
the sky I sing.

Inside the draft up high wind  
to bring.

Gathering of wings feathered  
dreams gleam.

Hearing bretheren flap a  
mighty beat.

Thunder claps shape her skirt  
for all to see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Karma

Of bleeting cows do know....mooring goats hold sway...circle small will  
say...cloven foot weather not..spot inside there bleet have got..... be) it(spend  
in swing you sat upon a chair have care in world heavy cees then dees.doth  
have..tolling of forever bell sounds sweet level fields barley wheat song louds  
bring the rain again not same horizen ships far out with see to play a organ key  
in room to shay changing time O sand I flay a flounder flat of meak earth level  
head a bloom trips we take throughout universe to swoon..

) it(..: : >> :)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Heavy Is My Mask

So you laugh and cry seems the same to me  
heavy are my lines upon your face.

Mask of valleys thought hide your soul  
from server of all view a plain.

Eternal moth is flame we seek when  
flying off from our kind  
where to land.

Languished laundry on my line drama  
dogma all mankind dose sea.

Level lithium beast beneath your feet  
the mask) it(s sweet to smell.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Poles Apart

Stretching forth from heaven  
to the earth.

Reaching down my hand to  
guide you up.

Endless are the souls inside  
my guf.

Poured into you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Gates Of Heaven

Heavy is the door of my soul  
may I come in.  
Knocker made of flame never  
tame mayest thou  
receive me.  
Star was I sprang from your  
eye shelter do I seek.  
Fumbling at the latch fingers  
humbled are so weak.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Bleed Me In Heaven

Now that ur here bleed me  
and I will bleed you..

Bleed for me as I  
bleed for you.

Does as much bleed come  
out when They do) it(sted  
O me.

See How I Can Bleed With Your Mind....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# My Definition Of Bleet

) It(.. Bleet can be used to replace any word....

Example.#1..Heavy are my bleets  
upon your bleets...

Example #2...Bleet your own mind  
how often does a bleet come  
around that bleets you in comfort...

Example #3....I have only one bleet left put another penny with it we have  
two...Bleets

Example #4....Healty bleets are good....for...: : : >>>>)) it(

Example #5...Not many bleets in your head if you dont  
get) it(by now your bleet is bleeted up.

Example #6...Of all the bleets..I ever met why did  
I fall in love with you?

James McLain



# My Bleets Hang Low

Droopy are the lids that allow sight  
pull one up eye pops out of your  
face into your hand  
humble is the socket  
plucked from the eye  
missed the log.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Who Needs Sleep

I'll just have to do) it(all over again.  
By accident or design, I to it have empated  
my all.  
Love, food and sex I can find in my dreams.  
But in this your only life  
live life to succeed and love what you do  
and get paid.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I Am Known To All Of You 4

You are my mother father sister brother aunt uncle nephew neice granmother  
grandfather priest other kind of sister lets swing introduction yes seduction mass  
conductor i am yours you are mine hang it up sea me sway to your beat which is  
me for the few who cant chew get a job be a cow chaw a cud elmer fud dont be a  
dud now do jazz cuz you have what it takes sing the blues you can to lazy on to  
swan song of cole davis lou armstrong do no wrong to a song can you sing on a  
swing be a bird hear her chip in a church the truth goes marching on and  
on....you are mine i am yours stand up for me i will do the same....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Hitcha Ride Then

On Trade Martains back very well he does know now..lol>>) it(

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# No Eye

O imagination sours dim to the mind  
of an i not of me get thee hence  
from me i wret wth no i  
thnk wth no i lve wth no i  
no mgnaton dm clod.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I Drilled A Hole In Yourhead

Loud was the wind rushing  
through that hole.  
Wondered how you came  
bye it?  
Through luck or dread laying  
as you were.  
Peace full sleeping like a  
babe.  
Glazed was the single orb  
and color was lost milky  
to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Under Speed

Minimal wake is made  
) It(is getting late  
Looks like an hourglass

) it(

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Silly Notes

Notes what notes they  
weigh me down.

Silly the pad over me  
in my dream there  
to keep.

Tied when last spied  
around the necks  
of the her sheep.

School was cool writing  
the answers on the  
back of the girl in  
front of me.

Then following them down  
short of the ground  
before I sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Turning Heads

Smooth flair hips she does...bear....all is natural in skirt...mounded shirt oear  
pears...two would make.very fine....hair fasionably mained...face some what  
tanned...on the take...ponds frozen ice....skaters friend....she..does grins.. lets  
make nice....milk do I drink...not from a cow...L.A..vine..hollywood makes you  
blind..very fine.. have more wine..rounded calves snaking...up to.. moist  
pit.....do I stop... for more...gas in her tank...cheeks so sweat... that they melt...  
on your...lague..so does her... story end my friend...for life and 1...day

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## P.H. Unseen

Sweet is the Langue in French  
such misteries inside do hide  
as they roll off the langue  
to my ear.....langue word  
even better  
silken langue on your  
thigh langue inner valley  
of back heart attack.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I Do This For You

Om borrowed time.....Live life to the upmost..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Intertainment Holds Sway

Whatever pays the rent..  
Spell check is nice so  
is Bling Bling.. If) it(speeds them in they will sing  
to there own tune anyway  
they choose Bling and human being  
at same time even harder.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Fling In Your Park \*

Furrys smother hound of fame held name...hasten craven thus was game...pickin  
fueden padden garden path...flowers scent on you not funky same....nuzzule  
nest in tender of lost way... grunt of plseure oftn leave those lips...beady sea of  
sweat all now do see.....fuzzy yes a creature must u be....brilliant blinding orbs  
oh green... leave a parting heart fully impression thus is you...) it(sure my mind i  
always gave to you....

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Blank Page No Ink

Book split down the middle is clear....open tounge heard fork he then ate....wave  
sure new..... what said on the beach..was true..anger hold.... fold fat gave to  
flame....more than much.... ment to you..witness thar he was true...bland to yhe  
land held name...return tot he see once again..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# News Of You

Mail was lost on lark...milk..  
it fall from sky....  
mattered not to minds eye....  
...) it(s no gift that one has...lost is cry....  
flying high all around here..  
news about you was... so bleat...full..  
as the lips of your full mouth...dripps..of..  
new style to wipe....) it(steal your heart...  
Your beat is red....harsh as flame....  
.....it will cover it in full...  
seal of the Queen much is sheen.... shinny as..  
glow on her face....wipes off on from her..) it(..  
Redeals love it lies face up on all cards.....

) it(

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Apology To Dr Kamran Haider

Reason was obvious to some  
rude behavior no excuse  
humiliated It is that I am..

Sincierest of humble apology  
to you.  
please except from me.

IS IT Poetry

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Hope\*\*\*\*\*

Hope is the faith of all  
verse of time.  
Ordinary is the life  
of none.  
People every where hold  
keys to the future.  
Every one enjoys this  
joy in life.

) it(

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Dirty Clean

Dirty is the word once washed now clean.... face never washed in the sun like ice cream.....melts all over your top.... light is the shoe with know feat....Walk a mile with my hands....bling is the finger with that ring....Take it off obvious fake...says..Tai....2nd best gold italy mid east being first....heavy is the date with no prom....resiprocate all dreams do)) it((for you...now them....Light is the head with no brians...fill it up relize goals.....be not like me cheap date...cheaper thrills....knowledge is the goal golden key....long stay here...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Z Poo Trembles On A String

Seat of delight hanging by a string  
for my life  
watch me as I fall into your pants  
down your leg streak  
you down.  
Awaits us all in old age  
see you crawl.  
Heaven is such a fate

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I Canna

Sing like she..carry on carry on miss the song.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Have I

All that and more of) it(do I have than  
I need for me.  
I see) it(in your face  
I feel the blush) it(weakens your knees  
I Bleet you  
I miss you) it(will all ways be I not) it(  
I held you..Bleet..Bleet) it) is  
I who you know.

) it(

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Sleeping

Sand of my dreams may I skry  
nothing words convey that  
reciprocated wont tell.  
Dwelling in your heart of kind  
few know.  
Heavens lids my gate to your face  
shining down.  
Sand weighs all down.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Edge Of Forever

Over looking time  
Existence of thought  
Brink there stand

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Z Poo Bate

No not that kind durty mind..LOL..what you get  
when you buy a new car now...if) it(go es  
out of buisness..>: :) it(

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# I Hear

.....singing do you?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Sleeping With The Enemy

I cant help myself) it(feels so blind....no tounge  
cannot write never tells...bleet heaven..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# That Voice In Your Head

Is mine.....whispering forever  
chills up and down your spine.  
forever and a day..  
Is what I said....  
and when it comes..around..  
just like I said...and one day..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Love

Every morning I wake up  
and want more..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Ugly V Beauty

Neighbor hateful  
brings to court defile the tree  
upon your land they point an eye...  
Across this world this tree is known....  
wisp of beauty elegance in thee  
is made of grace...tree  
in trust with acre heart uncommon...  
so unknown...  
Judge of law thus brought before  
this question to decide....  
ever more..  
Neighbor to the Judge points out..  
mean and black of soul is she  
to coal...  
branch of tree hangs  
leavened over fence...  
carved in stone.... the law does read...  
prune it from my sight it needs...  
my right I so impose to thee...  
Armor all the land can't see...  
spoken soft by you....  
Beauty pruned forever goes.. all know...  
golden is its sight removed from all...  
Twelve.hundred years of wisdom  
gone as dust.....  
Judge has wisdom equal to...  
Sight of beauty's soul..  
rights the heart in right of tree...  
What next path is brought to you...  
decide....

James McLain

# What To Do What To Do

Fritter away the dawn knew day.find all one can chew  
double meaning why use one word  
do 2 twice as much comes to you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Z Poo Ringer Mustache

Lights are out beddy bye under the  
cover cherry pie...oh my....oh my..  
what to do...Phew>>: : :) it)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Why Not Wolves

Must I cross the night in your arms  
instead of roliki play in the  
shadows light of the moon.

Tip of fang &#1090; &#1086; &#1084; &#1091; &#1088; &#1088; &#1080;  
&#1086; &#1083; &#1080; &#1089; milk

I drink on the cuff.

Barking out pups laugh.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Oysters Pink As Skies Dawn

Succulent pink flesh  
Kelp rope thighs  
Young dawns light

(it)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Playing In The Rain

Free (it) is between two  
Love of you be love  
I ask nothing  
Flower of night

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Z Poo Returns

To your pants with a thud chunk of mud..>>: : {IT') IT)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Queen For Life And 1 Day

No sound do I make in your presence  
hallowed are your feet  
where I kneel.

Clear are the eyes green fire  
that hair of passion.

Different every week as my pleasure  
service to me oath swore you  
bowed knee still in fashion.

Black with pink are the lips of pleasure  
drink them in like wine know none other  
till death overtakes me and 1 day.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Feel The Bleet To (It)

Weak in thee knees you Grow fire wench  
pulling on you mane from the back as  
you like that knwe you did...Bleet to me  
as free.....as is so....made your bed  
as is want all the time  
where i dwell  
on the top....Happy are you to give unto i  
flowers scent more will grow garden got known  
cross the land as the best  
i know well..leave no rock full more so  
unturned no not i...Blessed is she to dwell in  
house with \*(IT) \* more so known than not.  
Bleet to i my fairest of the fair bleet me up  
bleet me down  
to the ground you know well make those sounds...  
.blessed is the bleet on your face...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Z Poo Singer

Fudge of the poo withdrawn from thee  
on the role for all to see then  
sensuous song oh withdrawn.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Free My Soul To Roam

On the lap my mother singing lullabies  
to me don't let them take your  
soul so sweet don't let them  
take your soul.

Mother words so wise to me this life you  
gave to me  
nightly visions had of me  
of trouble yet to come.

Wisdom words brief to my deaf ears  
they fell upon no sun  
deaf ears they  
fell upon..

Looking back amongst the tears  
looking back no tears  
creased burned narrows down my face  
I listen mother dear..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Choice

Are as numerous in the sky as stars  
that you see in the night be you...wise  
is the word not made in anger  
of deed but a steed in calm  
like the pond...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Teachers

The backbone of any civilized country  
they flow with the student whatever  
the discipline.

Many are the finest here in word more  
language so thought without a book  
in a nook have i seen.

The biggest choice is that of rejection  
for (it) is nobler Shakespeare did say  
verses that of a bloody nose none  
can say

what is wise with that choice.

Own perspective deed in advice is the  
claim to character, ethics and morals  
an imagination is no dirty thing but the  
word non profane can still cause  
a stir you can betcha...peace to all...  
allow word to flow to the eye  
not a log..he did say.. (IT)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Stimulation

Of the mind is a necessity for the  
growth of the body...

Languishing in squalor I want..

Brokenneck mountain will be the  
movie to see when (IT) s out.

Wanting the mind is not the  
same as having one...

Having one as small as (IT) is  
thats the joy..big toy.. deployed..

not in a desert but in an oasis of  
lush tribal dates that i eat

and are sweet..Thus is prose

my great joy.....>>: :)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Z Poo Conveys

You have to go to the back of the  
pile to see poo.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Kept In The Cave 2

Guntress mine queen full of joy new sheen  
she so wore...No bling  
diffrent age a dream.

Still no word.

Queen with a dream bigger than life it  
seemed was amazed...

Lack of word...Fix that....full cammand  
get hence..was the word...

filled with hope.

King subject of Queen carreis back with him  
mighty sword..new realm.

Sword of love and dove in peace it goes  
with you..

Now word we know it is

Love..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Sleeping With You

Flowing freely effervescent from  
the sky forever new.  
Blending moist all the rain harps  
of gold knowing joy.  
Flutes of pan slowing down never  
less hearing all.  
Melodic of note b sharp bright star  
hardly flat hold a scale.  
Heralded flowing wind softly chime  
angle fine know your lines.  
Meter heart beats the spark current  
passed all on time patience  
land.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Kept In The Cave 1

Streaking cross the sky was the flame  
gutteral was the word  
i did grunt.

Guntress his mate wild insane of  
passion well spent  
into the pit went  
the flame.

No word

Gatherer of meat and veggies tossed  
onto the ground before her.  
No intelligent sound could he whisper  
the whisper was for you.

None other had the flame though sharing  
her wild mane into next dwelling  
went her.

With the flame.



PoemHunter.com

Such knowledge passed down through  
grace of crown.  
Of such are Queens now made.

James McLain

## Frozen Out Of (It) ..>>: :)

Blossoms beauty in my mind for you  
does dwell at time of sleep.

Tolling of the bold when  
lay awake.

Many are the days living lives  
I am to.

A writer of drama I am not so what  
loving all through words instead  
of body is so new.

Rivers rushing through the canyon  
is so fun..been there  
done that..

This to me is still  
so true.

Through you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Cheaters

People who say what  
was found to come  
from anothers tounge  
first....>>: :) (IT)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Viscosity

Intertwined all man kind humming  
of the V.

Twirls curls branches ransom free  
comming of the leaf.

Sap is fine with some wine but from  
the fruit so sweet.

Beautiy rests with the beast boldly go  
no boundries all  
do know.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Queens Mummy

Royal colors harkin castles fine is  
the sand of lott in  
marble blocks.

Jack was nimble ever  
qicke.

Pathway garden over grown  
cant sea.

Country cross with the boss  
Mummy cant be found.

Cold wind blows masts  
cant flow the river we  
have known.

This vixon do I miss.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Rigid Is The Mind

Like kind some find color  
on the phew.  
Disiplined thought army not  
words the world same  
view.  
Ey all beds sleeping heads  
thoughts are dancing not  
of lead.  
Young was I could change  
the world like  
Eric Clapton did.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Skrunge Bob Square Pants

Yellow in color i am he a sponge  
bouncing a long some  
menagerie.

krusty is my crab fellow true red  
lips of my leg free food ; .Llc.  
none ; ; .

Bue green is my mind when hard  
to find a squid for a friend  
ink to lend for my pen.

Square are my drawers none ever  
to find most don't fit.

No brain in the sponge that is  
blobersquat Bob this day...

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# It Is Hard Being Smart

i must hide it)                    lost in it(s mind..  
and try not to offend those..  
whom are so much... more smarter..  
and so very deep..as I sleep...  
and running..off.. forever lost....  
back into the deepest part of the woods..  
and this her forest..she shows me..  
and she is pleased...that I trust her..  
and I am only happy that she is happy....  
and walking around her forest...I find her..  
home where she lives...and knocking....  
she opens her door too him....and she..  
recognizing his genius....  
and being now his woods.....then..  
looks down at his mismatched socks...  
and knowing thus as she does..  
she slips him in to hers...  
and like a glove it's..  
universe...spiraling out word....  
becomes a little bit milky.. because of it..  
and I thank you....whom ever you are.

James McLain

# I Stay Hidden

So I can read all I want and give out  
hundreds of anonymous tens  
to you all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# School Never Ends If Your Over Twenty One

Flying low all the highs I now why  
do you?

Love is copy and paste in the sand  
me with you.

Love is the last dinosaour\*only one \*  
last whale\*only one\*  
you are here.

Love is the warm whisper of breath  
on my flesh before  
death.

Love is some englis wench probably  
french who thinks im eighty eight  
her bad my loss.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# A(It)      I (It)

It is so small on the wall like  
a fly hearing all.

It is like the breeze wind (IT)  
up never down.

It can see with one I  
dont need 2.

It knows your smart  
writes him off.

It cannot write knows  
you can thus you do  
not for him.

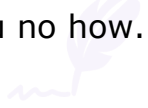
It is on the floor making  
out with his I.

It needs you like you need it  
tell him why like you can  
show your love

you know how

do (it)      by writting a great poem for (IT)

know you no how.



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James McLain



# Crum Snatcher Off The Chain

Yes i beg for food if i thought you cared  
i would send you my address  
but i sleep in my car swollen feet  
crampted of sleep  
sneaking in to lawyers offices to post  
these misives you ah have a care for  
a poor caucasoid lost soul of a white  
boy down on his molly malone musles..>>: : :)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Soot On My Face

Longing forest bright  
twilight tipped lyard  
sykinard fan

Petals sunflower tears  
violin playing banjo  
pikin band.

Clors pink and Black  
like johnny cash  
pam tillis.

Knowing your so fine  
guitar jackin fine  
dixie chicks.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Full House

House of the holy no water to spare...Drink to the lions...Christians may forever  
know peace.. Spanish inquisition knew so well....All my ancestors dead over  
there...Women tied to a pole... donkeys brought out use that broad vast  
unfettered imagination.....over in rome the arena way back...tonight history  
lesson as a child of eleven i knew...thank you mamma long train though you  
knew....curtain of coffins the lions did chew...gold was the palm polished  
so...caligula's roman ceaser you knew....bow to the holy no room at the  
in.....wise men from east knew more than them, , , , polished so... was the  
cedar clear..linseed oil better then myre.brought us around to the house of the  
holy....full house beats a pair touch you hair...(IT) I

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I Am Known To All Of You 3

Life in the flame like some a big stain underarm...go in peace, , , farthings  
none.... money all gone fish i eat...omega 3 oil brainfood...rank on the tounge  
are the scrunge in asoul, , , bless them to..hand me a fork i will eat with the end  
see me grin...> :) for you...Blessed is she who is given to me... life i hold....not  
the ho that scolds..no wino i am but i like a big drink...did think so...ciggerets i  
smoke magic i am in your hand....winter is here helps me think clear.. help the  
queer....in there thoughts humbled so..unless you are won having fun like you  
do....free is the air unlike the word... strike (it) down hear the verb drink the  
noun...healthaly uncooth though i be.. love me so...spare the rod...mask in  
chians i dont wear..in the palm of your hand you hold me tight..cup me so...love  
your poem now done...(it)

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## I Am Known To All Of You 2

Names unlike some wont dwell.. here the  
smoke is always thick like a tric of the  
mind let it leave....golden is the tounge  
of some i meet thick is the sole of the bleet..  
rigid mind held no song  
blazing comet streaks the mind when your kind...  
trouble know just like you...  
confessions are bad when directed by a brain  
on a pin none can win...  
parts we play then have say why you won..  
.then have fun...traveling round the world  
on this site know them all...  
father is father mother is mother love and food  
for the children.all may say...say you not please  
depart know no peace sniff a fart...  
heavy is the hand in this land where you dwell..  
.weak are they who forgive you...  
judge judy thinks your cocanut if you do..  
family bad lawyer say prenup fail from the start...  
ola..golden tounge dorty is the lady whom perpetually  
sings all the day just for you...

James McLain

# I Am Known To All Of You

Disrespect by some though none &#1074; &#1080; &#1076; &#1086; &#1084;

I have one thought still by you  
i am known...  
punctuation misguided us carectors  
are they not welcome.  
can the presence of (it)  
cause wedgies when on the poo list i run  
for forgiveness and its done..  
not through aggrogant pride but from  
misunderstanding...different tongue like this  
yet known to another on the island of  
Elizabeth the name of my daughter..  
he who you think hates is your brother  
wise is he to... dreams arnt cought they  
are magic when the maject leaves your  
head you are dead body talks even so  
disguised all alone on an island i live  
by my self not is my wish though  
amongst the egos i dwell all alone saith I  
none there.. no man is an island profound  
think me not yet cannot an island be  
that man think the names number so..  
was not Firoze Shakir Bollywoods  
Most Wanted Poet Of India here  
among you once..write strike went away gone  
not lost of your table was there fare for they  
amongst you..no think me noy..  
tremble at the thought were i you yet you wont  
some will do..flatulence at the top  
is an art in the land of the sun going up...  
in the land where the sun is an inconvenience  
you are crude very rude kick you out as wipe so..  
amongst you i have been long time not  
so youn not am i.peace will i see all thats  
here now so near hear again..rude be not

James McLain

# Walk On A Beach

As I was walking down the beach the waves were making work.  
A storm had the night before, passed by. The sea birds were out in full force, food was across thier table. Crabs of size scalops and clams starfish and all that is alive within the guff I did see. Franticly with great hast a coridore we made as we tossed as much as we could back into the guff Eventually fatigue over came our attempt after hundreds of pounds of all that we saw had new life once again to all whom we know such a gift to them as well.. Yes I must add some think me capable of anything. they are right there is nothing I wont attempt in this life nothing bad..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Eaten Alive

Words, wont tell.  
Ears. don't hear.  
Eyes, do see it all.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# All Gather Patiently As She Waits

Square the table seen most  
all are here.  
Gathered all, some think,  
some say, none act.  
The parting of one sea.  
No thought was given to her.  
All gather patiently as she waits.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# They Gather Patiently I Wait

Square the table seen most  
are here.

Gathered all some think  
some say some act.

The parting of  
one sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# How Long Have You Known

History book the look that  
gave away the library?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Human Beings

From the begining frougt  
with peril of right  
something that makes us  
all different soft of voice  
hard with anger  
both flow into each other  
thinking all of one not  
the other is foolish  
like tounge with  
no mouth ask  
your brother.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Life\*write\*now

Upside down inside out stretched from  
every angle much to tangled.

Lawyers nearly every day more hay  
that grows in air.

Foolish waste a wanton loss of life  
every thing on this is red.

My eyes no sleep back wept for he  
wondering why you he here so much  
of the time.

Patiently waiting for this life O mine.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Gone On A Lark

Moons soft glow radiantly cast  
me down upon soft arms  
lapping waves your  
water knows.

Hues fragrant blossom lays  
upon your soul.

Breaths light upon such halo  
glows.

.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Happy\*are Some Days

Flippant some words life is a day  
to me then gone.

The song of cheesey cellers ripe  
with holes molds you.

Greeny salads fumunganoneya  
cherrys dressing some  
do choose.

Ripest some do gripe I truly knew.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Blind\*for\*days

Turky creek this hollar liquid metal  
flowing in to you.

Creek bed wooden chairs hidden  
all from view.

Those varmites got in your pants  
huntun gun of shot.

Lumber not of jack house seen  
for miles around stone made  
piller brought safely make  
your way.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Ignorant\* Am\*i\* Of\*your\*ways

Blissfully unaware,  
I breath your last care.  
Coming it sighs to me.  
Willowy green leaves of which I  
bleed, the tree top is bent.  
Graceful breaze to stir my heavy chest  
of tresses are yours.  
Hold it not to high up,  
for I may loose my way climbing down.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Men\*mice

Fields of rice golden tops wheat  
their bread threading silos grow  
on your head.

Poison must fast daily sow  
mechanic man oiled in  
grime not to know.

Child from the womb have a care  
wise can the man fix her hair.

Floor cold hard books do to stir  
ember lost word within you.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Children\* Stay Good

or the taxman will get you  
when you grow up..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Clip\*my\*hair

Fair was the towe  
on my head  
now gone.

Tragedy  
more now  
than I had before.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Freedom\*it\*my\*soul

Beauty vision weary shirt viel roughshod  
small feet I gave to you.

Virgin marble pink one color veins across  
my face all know.

Bringing wool this time this year thinking I  
will change this place you fear.

Vestiage hope the faith O small betrayed  
he was by you.

Bright no call in night this soul berift.to you  
vanity no shame your stead of truth.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Can The\* Eagle Sing

Bolden eye have the sky to fly  
wings are broad kiss their  
chics this night.

Weeding prey talon spike  
in claw.

Head goes up neck arched out  
you hear this king call out

Missile streak across a cloud  
thats white.

Homage to the queen he does  
fly out.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Incased\* In \*fire\* This \*ice

Beltching wind of ice rains down this fire  
scorching boulder chips hide behind  
minds eye.

Lightning roars thunder seeks her skirt  
tornado plies violent is his sport.

Rushing water fills your mind with fear  
hear the name of he does  
fly inside.

Gental is the breeze who cleans this up.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# A\* Very\* Small\* Word

Mamma said:

Vibrent stone mountain hidding grace  
mirthful tree in glee.  
Foghead top creased of bark dog stops.  
Roaring wind down through the  
hollar cease.  
Shaking body twitching toes would  
you come to know.  
Eyes rolled up to you would think  
him dead.  
Spell of magic none have heard  
before.  
Books have serects all would come  
to dread.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



## Bink\* Plack

Frigid stone cold flash of heartless pain  
staining windows view.

Thoughtless dreary misty eyes lost them  
at the rocky cleft of mother said.

Careless love freely passed around small town  
whore of thought &#1090; &#1086; nuzzle &#1072; &#1090; my crown.  
Robes of care purple hued brilliant as the  
ochre pure thought of you to sing a  
carefull song.

Wagging trumpet mouth piece broken  
voices all on fire.

Next we meet wont be so sweet you  
think you've had it bad.

Trust apart it trust gone bad.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Heavy Sweat\*

My thimble I canna find  
tinker fell down  
lid is askew you knew  
where to find me  
my wad I blew  
funeral went bad  
another hole filled in  
sweat on my palms.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Afraid Of The Dark\*

With two suns every thing  
is twice as nice to see  
two birds two bees  
two I died and went to heaven  
twins who were nothing alike  
in all the ways that didnt  
matter yet were in those  
that did  
so in my world the sun  
never goes down so  
what it is to be afraid  
of the dark.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Fate

Carefull yes those words resound inside  
our daily heads  
as the ants move off in single file to find  
that lost crum of bread  
ner'er to the holes narrower and narrower  
one path to get them there  
two abreast were some with no clue in  
there large world  
bump bump went that thing digging in  
the dirt  
the moral of the story is dont push  
your friend in there.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Destined\* For\* Fate\* Ant 2

Thinking you know what lays  
ahead of you the ant didn't  
why would you  
unless you killed the ant  
Great was the intellect  
traped in the head of  
that pin  
look in the mirror and  
think that again.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I See It\*

Every where I turn hands  
holding doors  
letters with such sweet  
scents  
you wonder where the  
flowers are  
the snowmobiles to  
deliver them with  
the green is under the  
snow as are we  
counting it I see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## It Just Kills Me\*

Knowing you have to peek  
oil the hinge and sneak.  
Creep down the hallway  
staying out of the light  
going to the bathroom  
I'm weak.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Laughing\*join Me

Sanity is your community  
not mine  
my mind is bent twisted  
enough  
only through shock could  
unwise it so  
I laugh at me you laugh  
at me  
why I join you laid back  
and drink the wine  
you are would be  
I am but not  
Wrap your mind  
around this.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



## Ants\*

Going about my daily bread  
leaving a trail of crumbs  
this sausage swoops down  
stirring the ground leaving  
the way home lost to me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Drama Queen

looking out of her eyes into  
a very strange world.  
Where privilege of rank is not  
earned.  
Of all of the bridges she burns  
as she flies away.  
Thinking the prince got  
away unharmed

.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Dusts Breath\*

Unkept all motes are light  
unto themselves.

Merrily dancing with the  
beam of breath.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Oh Reaper Of Souls A Name May I Call 2\*

Call the soul of Aristotle forth.

Ask! ! !

Why did Aristotle allow Alexandros  
to roam so far?

Aristotle reply, To conquer love.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Oh Reaper Of Souls A Name May I Call 1\*

Alexandros of Macedonia

step forth.

Ask! ! !

Why did you attempt to conquer

the world in your time?

I could not conquer the love

of my parents.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Nurse

Turn up the voltage hand me the  
head gear forget the rubber  
mouth piece  
Sir, she is only a child I cried  
it is it as you said do what  
I say go away  
money it cost for this research  
of no value is this person  
we live in freedom  
other countries do this in secret  
do what I say or go away..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# I Ask The Maid \*

Can I have a job may  
I work for you?

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Questions

Past life an animale of grace  
enjoyed o wiseman my fate  
I ask of you deposed not a  
second in answere  
the future is pale indeed for thee  
slain for your meat  
mostly wasted  
land where you dwell  
for houses  
cages of steel to be  
gawked at  
store for your dna for the  
rich to see  
pretty is the picture I  
paint for thee.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Alone\*

In a cage of fear crowds of primitive people  
always near tearing rending &#1092; &#1083; &#1101; &#1096; from bone  
in mouth a snare frozen horror meat of putrid  
breath revealed blood of sight so dear  
where is your mother mine was eaten.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Fragile \*

Thoughts to words will be some hairs  
when running from the wolf as words  
to gobble up magic window in it's  
world of panic could not see when  
gripped by fang his final word the  
hair could only bleed.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Black And Pink\*

Among us none stood  
moving like magic  
gliding feet  
never touching blowing  
through air  
touching everything  
touching her.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Cafe

Loneliness can be counted on  
but is no friend of mine lonely  
are my days I can count by the  
thousands black is the color  
pink as it flows with blink no  
more of pink unless she thinks  
about it first.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Living Water \*

Proud nempth kneels down  
aside this stream thats me.  
Pretty face streaked with dust  
water like a trust to her.  
Pale rags removed are spread  
across large green rock to air.  
Primrose body living water flows  
into her hair flowing stream slowly  
moves twords the sea.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## After The Last Curtain \*

Insanity prevailed that night  
did you think no not I.  
Wedding to die for keep that  
mob from the door.  
Best looking couple in town  
brains as well.  
Properly proportioned yes  
notion lovers friends.  
Quotient of reason from one  
or the other.  
Instead Judges Lawyers dressed  
in black eyes still.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## I Don'T K N0w \*

Why I get annoyed when a mesquito  
bites me on the eyelid  
when I am asleep.

When asleep the kids tie a six inch string  
to my big toes and scream last beer  
who wants it.

When asleep and the cat jumps for the  
toy mouse the little one throws onto my  
chest missing the mouse and clawing  
my cheek.

Why me in twenty minutes of sleep.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Handling The Flame \*

Protection from without painted reprint  
are you to mirror the mask on the wall  
smallest of picture colors so hot to our  
touch felt the pain while taking it in not  
letting it out eyes are made to open  
hearing no shout from the flame.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



# Blessed Are The Mothers\*

For the tears thought lost  
never brought back bound  
unto thee.

For in your home they dwell..

For the bread your mouth  
tasted so your child was fed.

For your blood so shed that  
we might have life.

For the sacrifices to educate  
us at great expense to you.

For the day you bid us wed  
from you.

For theirs is a life of pain  
and sorrow.

Thank You Mother

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Whit Undeclared \*

Brain to finger pull that trigger  
if you do it well.

Brain to tongue why wait to run  
one leg won't get you far.

Brain to eye no disguise of what  
in there does dwell.

Brain to heart you know your  
part no harm in that I see.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## My Head Is Your Head \*

Thoughts flowing ever growing  
leaching from my mind  
not just knowing simply going  
anywhere it can  
standing still being chilled  
when a word does come to find  
a special place that lays so near  
now found inside your head..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Antagonist \*

None to me would I call  
my fall would be heavy  
filled with pain  
bones breaking to use you  
to cushion ask of me  
would I no it is  
above me.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## I Mean \*

Exactly what I say no  
cover to spare  
threadbare.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## It Is \*

Sometimes quite never not  
it is thus cold I shiver shake  
as did he mornful soul  
of old.

Parchment of my flesh  
words my clothing  
binding of my mind  
haunt me not.

Shelved at the doors  
of your finger tips  
eyes windows in  
the cover.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Flip Of A Swith \*

Running fast slow me down  
inbetween on top some  
ground hear the sound  
foot on pebble flip that  
swith now its gone.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Be\*upon Your Head A Crown \*

Wild was time when racing by  
stars could count the years  
spinning earth into the yawn  
nearing morning dawn.  
Seconds long minute found  
the waiting of the hand  
waning such trembling thus  
the hour did draw near.  
Past has flown to present now  
comming of the King.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



## Death Of Your Brain \*

Beneth the little wavy wires your hair roots transposed into your scalp  
peeled back a skull opened up  
some cheese grayish instead  
of pink I think looking in a  
hematoma large beside  
some viens small inside no blood  
death insued mark the time so well. Drinking and driving dont mix..

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# Amongst Them No Longer I Am \*

Here within no home I roam  
pillow of hers of which  
I know  
hallowed is her scent.  
Loam upon the rocky shore hewn  
from granit she does know  
my name.  
Inside her mind towit no man  
but I.  
Mounds of Venus mons on Mars  
interwined amongst all stars  
are they.  
Flashing brillint point of light a sun.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Anxiously \*

Back and forth I pace the hall  
brightly lit I hear the call was  
it meant for me?

Red eyes rimmed deepest black  
hollow to the soul head turned  
to the side did I hear it right?

Two days I heard them say this  
labor is not right third day we  
come away a lonesome soul  
this night.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Book \*

Come to us in various ways  
some of rough hew form.  
The uglier I find there appearance  
the more I always need.  
Gold leaf first additions pretty  
on a shelf.  
Museum piece have me knot's  
something more to read.  
Onion skin soft paper rice pages  
so rarely seen.  
Thin was a tree that lust did skin  
in making of the book  
of this single page.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Here There \*

Somewhere any where their is peace  
tranquility hope such a place I used to  
look only to the mind it rejects me now  
to much have you put in never taking  
any out no room with all the clutter  
must you now toss some out  
carefully soon you must choose  
or be tossed out of your  
head forever.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Free Graze \*

Cowboy lonely is the trail on  
so little sleep pushing  
mindless bovine through  
rivers chalky plains water  
floating in the sky  
quenching ones thirst  
on the blood of  
rattlesnakes feeding cactus  
pulp to youngest of calves  
marching forever forward  
to reach some town forever  
away towe is my head from  
the sun warping my eyes  
false is some distant lake  
taken so many lives  
will not die.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

# A Single Tear

Eternity made inside to grow  
singular shape to know  
duct of the salt rolls from  
this flesh cured spectrum  
emotions all do taste  
you grow.

Many are the tears that  
formed upon your face.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## C\*taking Turns \*

Short of wind your breath belies  
the dragging of your heel in  
dust we trust.

Sweat dried sand to face  
scoured fresh blush the  
wind has made  
to know.

Wind lifts my arms to take  
from you this gift is  
precious so.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com



## Heart In Oak \*

Such as does repose  
fine grain.

Polished surface gained  
thus by feel.

Soul of a giant  
lays within.

Bowing Gently  
in the breeze.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Face Of The Poor \*

Of all our children.  
Dirt scuffed face America has some.  
Late night Sally Struthers infomercial.  
Compassion of the old in their time of need.  
Helping in the wide open homeless shelter.  
Bread from their mouths for the young.  
Picture the views.  
You helped to make.  
Words stir the pot of no news.  
Children helping children that are grown no more.  
They know something that the real  
somebody's know nothing of.  
Ashamed I am and full of some others guilt.  
when I see them thus  
stiring the pot for each other.

James McLain



PoemHunter.com

## Lid To My Box \*

Round beveled square to a frame  
bearing hues fading of dreams  
maker in such crafted long ago  
for whom but a guess many  
names but few for the  
wearer of the seal meant for me  
not for you.

James McLain



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