

Could
You
Relate?

A Book of Poetry

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Poetry

Could You Relate...

I grew upon the stench of Newports,
Cousins and friends in and out of court,
Playing pick-up games on basketless courts
While witnessing the struggle of single mothers
From the view of grandmother's porch.

Dresser drawer full of hand-me-down basketball shorts,
Recycled school supplies just to get by

To those days I say "good-bye"
Success is now another reason to cry
But it also forms a future off the past I once hated,
Coming from a society where intelligence is underrated.

North Side Of Houston

Urban area,
No subdivisions,
Just streets of broken homes.

The sun shines
But from the porch,
A broken basket that hangs on a rotten tree
Steals its elegance,

I wish for better.
So on the weekends I still wear my backpack,
And pedal my Huffly to the next block,
With a face covered in obvious suspicion.

Two knocks, a pause, another knock
Then I enter.
Once I count this, and he weighs that
We exchange and receive the cause of trouble.

In relief, I travel back home with what can help grant my wish,
Recognizing every screeching noise
That exceeds over my annoying kickstand
Scraping the pothole infested pavement.

My journey through the back streets
Out of sight of the eyes that see only green,
Brings me back
To that broken basket I'll soon replace.

Cop cars rally race around corners
Every so often I'm insensible to them.
Red and blue lights
Couldn't possibly symbolize freedom anymore

As I awake to a stunning shine through my window,
Along with the sirens that also triggered the ears
Of those I share this roof with,
Mom asks,

“What did you do?”

Old Faithful

Hop aboard the pegs of this two-year-old Christmas gift
That has leaned on the side of the house
And rusted from the rain.

The Michael Jordan card that granted sound to my motor
Has no more life
My handle bars turn
But the wheel is stubborn
When stepping onto "Old Faithful"
Stand in the rear
Where the crank squeaks at the revolution of every pedal.

My transportation will soon upgrade
School is coming to a close
And these A's and B's have served me well,
I'm amped to be relieved from the popped chains
And peeling plastic stickers.

My Nikes have a reliable grip
So pay no attention to this cordless hand break,
Just fasten your fingers onto my shoulders and tell the truth,
How things would be different
If I picked you up--
On something new.

Field of a Lost Voice

I watch over you friend, whom I spoke my last breath of air to
You always ask questions about my departure in your prayers,
“Why did God take him?” While I say, “Why didn’t God take you with me?
Since the good do die young.”
Even though questioning him is something neither of us should do.

I sit at the end of the bed like always when I use to sleep over
But you don’t pay any attention.
It’s like I’m not even here.
Why don’t we play the videogame anymore?
I can tell by the dusty controller you’ve given up.
I know my knock on the window scares you at night now
But I don’t want you to be afraid.
I just want you to play with me like the good old times.

“A dark night in this neighborhood is no place for kids”
Said the unbalanced drunk on the corner
But my decision to not take his advice now scolds you.
We were mischievous and just living in the moment so we just went.
That rusty white soccer goal was too heavy for my slim bones to burden.
If it wasn’t for the knotted net I would have made it.
There would still be a friendship between you and me.
And there would be no cause of heartbreak.

As I lifted as a spirit
I saw your eyes flood with sadness at the dropping temperature of my flesh.
I know you felt the pain once my blood suddenly stained your fingertips.
But I’m here my friend to wash the guilt from your conscience;
And on those lonely days and boring nights,
Pick up the sticks or let’s hit the park
Just as long as someone knows, and
We are back before dark.

Math Was Beautiful

In the last few seconds of lunch,
The ticks in that clock couldn't tock fast enough
For the arrival of sixth period.

I walk in class to see you in a high chair of dominance,
Legs crossed in a fitted skirt of astonishment;

If only I was old enough to give a compliment.

Our age difference wasn't exactly
In the order of cooperation,
The light from that overhead couldn't square root the glamour
That was birthed into this lovely equation;

I never got to say thank you for the days you would yell my name,
Out of frustration
Just to get me to snap out of the daydreams I was having of you,
But nothing could change the fact
That one day these teenage thoughts would never come true.

I always felt a sense of fondness
From the smiley faces you left on my paper,
The verbal praise you gave
Made my heart blush in great favor,

Oh how I wish I didn't portray such bashful behavior.

"Tutoring" is what I secretly named your lovable scent,
If we could ever have another session it would probably consist
Of one mathematical error,
I would love to have a problem with.

Teenage Slave

I go about my day
With deafening headphones
To drown out the gossip
Of soap operas and Lifetime movies.

On command
I could be anything;
A dishwasher, a plumber, a maid
Or all of the above.

“The man of the house” they say.
“Be home before dark” they say.

I’m only a man when the front yard
Becomes a safari.
I only sense peace
During short walks to the curb on trash day.

Pulling weeds out of dry soil
Where all my pride seems to be smothered
Under animal waste.

Anchored to the yard of hard work
By a water-hose.
With the sight of freedom
At the sloped end of the driveway.

Soon they will know my frustration,
When I personally retire from my chores!
But first,

I must wash the cars before dinner.

Ars Poetica

Life without it
I couldn't imagine,
But if I could:

Naked would be my everyday attire,
Deaf I will become
To the rejected sound of instruments I admire.
Poetry couldn't be reading lips
Of a Sunday church choir.

Maybe it's the way their hands sway
At the soulful harmony I can't hear

Bare pages are there for bodies of art to be sculpted
Poetry gives the reason to pick it apart.

Spiritual Waters

Furthermore, fog washes ashore from the deserted sea,

Petrichor huddles my ankles, with an

Intense feeling of sciamachy. A small pond

Floods my palms, lachrymose. This

Shimmering ghostly reflection. I shall join you,

As extinction pulls me in, I gain this aureole.

Silent Therapy

I haven't spoken to you in a couple days,
Maybe I was too confused and comfortable
And actually thought we were a couple
In a couple ways:

One being that we are
Two in a
Triangle, longing
For your
Five fingers to grasp the difference between
Sex and love

But they just seem to harness the hurt
I consistently think of.

The time we spend is hinged between a lustful need
And the love for greed,
To know you're lost with someone else
But can find yourself wanting me,
Troubles me.

Instead of rebuilding our fallen construction
I will continue the days of no discussion,

Throw away many days of progress
Just to gain some time to digress
All while I'm denied to give more
While you are stuck in love, with less.

Her

It's ironic how much you run through my mind,
Then I meet you while your feet hurt,
Heels in your hand my heart in the other,
I question the function and how love works?

I wonder how I could approach you
Without displaying a target for you to shoot down,

Pushing all of my shyness aside
I gather enough confidence to say, "Hi."

So surprised of not being denied
I fall into this daze from the music being played,
And right before we said our last words and parted ways
I snap out of the daydream my mind foolishly portrayed.

I hope my theory of meeting a good girl in a party
Stands corrected
Because it's not often I have healthy dreams
Since my sense of falling in love has been infected

Would it be beneficial to be artificial with my feelings?
And act as if I care first?
Or keep being me and hopefully she'll see
Past this passion feast, yet lustful thirst?

I'm in this place on a constant search,
Not to find love
But to find her--
And find out, how love hurts.

False Awakenings

In my last dream
I couldn't remember my last dream,
Everyone is always telling me to, "shut-up"
But love and doubt never have been on speaking terms,
Romeo and Juliet are examples of
Fools in love,
I wonder did cupid ever get his diaper changed.
This morning my air conditioner
Had my nose clogged
Where I could hardly breathe,
I'm constantly being blessed
Cause of this annoying sneeze,
I'm feeling feverish with this fairy-tale wish.

After kissing sleeping beauty goodnight
I never heard from her again.

Love Slave

I will gain my purity of flesh back
For you will fulfill the empty space
In which love it lacks;

I have fallen for a female master
A monarchy in total control,
She is of majesty,
The queen of my soul.

Her passion is precious
My love carries a care with no lust,
My heart sits in her possession
But never to collect dust,

Through a silent night
I can hear the adulterant crimes
But with cupid's arrow in my back
I'm forced to love every time;

As I pray for continuity in great glory
A love slave is what I've become
Only to wish in present day
That I am the only one,

I try to restrain from this sin
While this relationship that's created is elusive
Then we easily symbolize how a love's passion,
Is also abusive.

End