



Puzzles

A Book of Poetry

By Mark Reed Jr.

Puzzles: A Book of Poetry

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The book *Puzzles* is a collection of poems for all readers. A series of readings that will make you laugh, think, and wonder.

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Sam Houston State University
Huntsville, TX 77340.

Design by Mark Reed Jr.

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Ars Poetica: Puzzles

This canvas would be abstract
Without proper placement of certain pieces.
These lines won't fit when out of order
But one just might if you put that spin on it.

Ideas left in a pile to the side
As I attach the words I know,
For sure, relate.

After much arrangement
Every element is in place
My creation now makes more sense.

ENGL 3373

Graded by my common vernacular,
Stereotyped for where I come from.

Trying to learn the proper way to speak
While being told,
There is no proper way to speak.

Grammar being presented from a simple mind.
Lectured on the purpose of proper nouns, verbs and adjectives
To the infinite power.

Instructed on how to decode words mathematically
With phrases displayed on vertical, horizontal, and diagonal lines.

Calculus books are expensive sir.
I don't think geometry is in the class description.

Sorry Mr. PhD man,
But the math department is across campus.

She

She has a face of innocence,
The blueprint of Mona Lisa's elegance,

A fine defined line between
Relevance and heaven sent that's
Grouped with a heavenly scent
Placed as an infatuated monument,
Cemented into my consciousness.

Her eyes hold the sun's reflection,
Her beauty is a conglomerate
Bonded with a sexual dominance
That could fill infinite faces
With elated prominence,

She is loaded with brilliance
And several concealed elements
That can only be found
In a blood type of pure essence.

She is a rare specimen,
She is that ray of sunshine
That you are only able to look at
For a few seconds,

If my lips are ever fixed to speak
In her presence
I will thank the heavens
For granting a dream of progression.

She is beauty
She is intelligent
She is art.

North Side of Houston: Part 2

Sirens fade in the distance
As my heart rate comes back to normal,
Mom is curious of my well-being
But doesn't bother to ask

She knows.

So my punishment equals no bike for a week,
But my mischief continues.

I stand in the sweltering Houston heat for hours
Hosting customers that would steal a loved one's last
Just to feed their souls a gracious death.

With no remorse
I accept my definition of happiness
During my evening shift
Between a church and a vacant elementary school.

Stuck between Christ and troubled childhood.

Trapped.

Suspicion makes me shiver
Once I spot an unmarked vehicle approaching.

“Freeze!”

Infatuation Engineer

I'm seeking Engineer
That could rebuild a fallen heart
That consistently collapses
Over a foundation
Designed with vertical and horizontal misconceptions
That consist of Cupid's arrows
Pierced through the blueprint
Of geometrical measurements,
That could never add up.

I'm in search of a specific intelligence
That could solve
The linear equation which separated
Their ex's and whys,
Even though I tried
So hard on a problem
And put in the days and hours
Of influential mind power,
I still didn't have enough space to place
My soul mate next to me
On a layout that couldn't be traced.

Days pass.

The project I think of
Won't be right without her.

Reminded of what we never were,
But still focused on what we could be.

I await for my haert to be built back into
One piece.

Street Lights

“These streets ain’t no place for a kid”
The drunk in front the corner store told me.
I wonder was he told the same
When he was years younger,

Before he was ever poverty based
Before liquor took over his liver
Before his hands shook after every attempt
To take a puff.

Night falls and he is still out,
I assume that’s a form of maturity.

I was always told to make it home
Before the street lights come on.

The evening grows further into darkness,
And no street lights have sparked.

I experience the forsaken nightlife
Capturing glimpses of several cigarette muzzling lips
Sharing a bottle of sin

Men immaturely acting as if they have been drinking
From the fountain of youth.

More swearing than my ears could handle,
Looking up to what I have been missing out on
During those nights in a safe home,
I see those street lights come on.

Now I can find my way home.

Your New Boyfriend

Couldn't complain when you said
Every guy you ever dated was completely the same.

Until your new boyfriend wasn't me
And my first impression,

"What a lame..."

I now question your definition of the word "same"
Since there is a big difference
From what you have now
And what you could gain.

The dreams I have of us
Are filled
With a feeling far from a fantasy
That can turn reality, unreal.
If you're holding back
Please let it be revealed
Cause I can't grasp a love
That's vaguely concealed.

Just when you thought you had someone
That could save you from those lonely nights
You will realize that you settled
For the imperfections of Mr. Right.

Any pair of hands could lock perfectly
But everything that fits
Isn't always compatible.

Card Games

A disbursement of familiarity
Then their contrasted values
Are displayed after being flipped.

I knew the hand I was dealt
Was anything but a Royal Flush,
But I refuse to fold
So my true feelings remain disguised
As you call my bluff.

I would be all in, but I'm without love,
Or a two of hearts.

I see that you are thrifty
Since several diamonds have been thrown out.

With the previous match you ran into
A couple jokers.
But those have no existence
In this current game.

No bets or wildcards
Unless you would like to gamble the love
You once buried
With a pair of spades.

A Cold Summer

*I sent you warmth
In a perfume scented envelope
In return, I was given a dry letter,
Stamped with a cold kiss.*

A cold summer kiss,
Laid frozen on full lips
Since the summer heat couldn't seem to thaw
That icy moment.

I felt so much for one second,
But that awkward moment
Is a first that will stay frozen
In my memory forever.

As that day fell further away,
I fall slightly closer to a kiss
Lacking warmth
In a summer breeze

Wondering why your love for me
Could never be shown
And has yet to be achieved.

The failure of intimacy
Is now the end of something that would have been,
Meant to be.

A Discovered Poem

Introduced with a stolen conversation
That led to a discussion of the pictures
Pierced to your wall
Of places you have never been,

Symbolizing that love you never felt.

Our common likings were unexpected
Like those different colors you see
After roughly rubbing your eyes.

Let the light that struggles to seep through,
The blinds of that dimmed room,
To dry those eyes
Of tears that appear after arguments
And slammed doors of frustration.

The ceiling fan is a witness
Of your dilemma spiraling out of control.

Never would have guessed
A poem would be hiding in a room of hurt.
Discovering what wasn't meant to be,

Thanks for leaving your door open.

Last Words

I thank all of those who have taken the time out to read my poetry. If you know of any others who are intrested in reading this work have them contact me through e-mail at mar060@shsu.edu. I appreciate all the love and support and I hope you continue to do so with my future work. Thank You. I hope you enjoyed putting this puzzle together.