



JACLR

*Journal of Artistic
Creation & Literary
Research*

JACLR: Revista de Creación Artística e Investigación Literaria (Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research) es una publicación bianual de la Universidad Complutense Madrid que aparece en texto completo, acceso abierto, y revisada por pares. La revista, publicada y editada por estudiantes graduados, ofrece trabajos de investigación, tesinas de grado y de master, junto con contribuciones originales de creación artística. El objetivo es que los estudiantes aprendan el proceso de edición de una revista científica. Los autores cuyos trabajos se publican mantienen los derechos de autor sobre los mismos para su publicación posterior en otros lugares.

Volume 4 Issue 1 (July 2016)

Levi J. Mericle
"Five poems"

Recommended Citation

Mericle, Levi J. "Five poems." *JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research* 4.1 (2016)

<<https://www.ucm.es/siim/journal-of-artistic-creation-and-literary-research>>

©Universidad Complutense de Madrid, Spain

Levi J. **MERICLE**

The Life of Words

(A poem for Lynsey)

I write to captivate!

I write to set free, the captives held hostage within your mind.
As if these verbs and adjectives are just merely an objective,
to conceive beauty without any comparison.

They say that words can change a person's life.

It can ultimately tear you down to an even lower basement of Hell,
or build you up to a complete believable sky-scraping walk into the heavens.

Words have a way of changing the outlook of one's inner appearance.

I write words, so they may live.

So they can breathe through the lungs of imagery and symbolistic idolization.

I write words to crumble your sense of security,
while counteractively assembling a sense of protection.

I write to unwrite the written.
To contort the sense of safety within the parameters of meter.
I write as if making love on a piece of paper.
Tracing the curves of my mind and spilling them out onto the canvas of creativity.
While caressing the embodiment of fantasy and truly becoming one with ecstasy.

I write like I'm tomorrow's last breath.
I write as if mankind's fate is dangling from a string
and my pen is the blade that holds existence to a standstill.

To write is to breathe the breath of syntax.

To live in the element of words.

To inspire,
to compromise,
and to ultimately change the way we live with our thoughts.

Writing is what brings us closer to the reality of a fantasy.
Only achievable through the blood of our ink and the stains creativity leaves behind.

Anything is possible my friend!

You just have to know where to bleed.

Worthy

Will you pass me a bottle of a new day please?
□Because I've no need for Champaign or chardonnay

or spiced rum that water's down the voice of my demons.
I don't need the cool-hand-Luke excuse to drown my past in a pool of Jack Daniels.
I don't need to indulge in my sorrow with sorrow's best friend,
who indulges me with tomorrow's pain.

No.

Will you hand me a bag of sunshine please?
I don't need a white-powered haze, to set ablaze the frozen icebergs in my chest.
I don't want the encumbered prick of slender steel in my veins,
as I watch the shadows of my angels pretend to dance for me.

I don't need to pop little atomic explosions inside my body to feel like I have a reason to live.

No, I don't need the drugs to drug me in believing I am worthless without them.

No.

Will you give a slice of the rainbow please?
Because my arms aren't a butcher's block anymore.
There are not a canvas of which I carve my insecurities like high school names on a tree

trunk.

They are not a script to which I read anymore.

There are not a prison of feeling to which makes me their bitch.

No.

I need so much more.

I need the warm tingle of a loving hand on my shoulder.

And the cool whisper of a voice telling me, I won't be in pain forever

The cataclysmic effect of warm pin-needles running up my arms and my legs when you tell me,

there is a reason I am here.

There is a reason I am alive

That I'm not just speck of bleach water of God's denim jeans.

That I was born for the reason to do what I am doing right now.

Right here.

We are all beautiful works of art.

We are painter's, sculptures, adventurers, poets, teacher's, ditch diggers,

We are grocery store baggers, and mail carriers.

We are everything and everyone.

We don't need vices to chain our bodies and our emotions down to the sound of self-injury.

We don't need to be crowned a fool in this cesspool we call home.

No.

No, it's time to clean house.

To wipe the slate clean from all the negativity we keep locked

in our bottles, in our pills, in our needles and our razor blades.

We can be set free.

So tell me,

will you give me a reason to make you smile

because after a while it gets lonely being alone.

And you are worthy of so much more.

I Forgive You

Tranquility some say is what ashes are made of.

As these burning bones are smoldering inside the closets within my eyes,

I remember his drunken smile.

His wasted reflection like a god is mirrored in my sledge-hammered remembrance.

Nothing can take away from the past if the matches are never lit.
Nothing can burn if the spark isn't there or if the need isn't bright.

Nothing wholesome is pure.

I wish I could umbrella the thought of his face,
so he'll drip from my mind like raindrops in the summertime.

But these skies won't stop their bleeding.

The clouds won't quite their forming
and if heaven ever existed, I'm sure I would never know.

I was born when I was five.
And certain pieces of me died ten minutes later,
when he entered the door and into my life.

Together we made the most tragic memory.
Iconic in a way a child should never experience.

I'll never forget his mystifying yet rape-like stare that captivated my soul in all the wrong
ways.

I never meant for him to leave this imprint.
And I'm sure, if he were still alive, he wouldn't have remembered me at all.
Or remember when I was growing up, I feared entering a Men's restroom.

I was terrified being alone with any man to the point, I couldn't even see a doctor,
without my blood boiling.

PTSD moments of his body type, his words and his smell left an indention so deep,
that to this day it's hard to hammer out.

Although I can never forget, I'll never forgive myself for not forgiving him.

Because ashes are meant to be swept away.
The bones in my closet's eye are merely dust now.
To the man whose face echoed in my mind ever since I was a child,

I forgive you.

Kong of the Cage

-For Harambe

Dreams are made of the streets not bound by human laws.

Streets of cane and pink petals of the Rubiaceae.
Where the trees stand larger than any man can climb.

Streets where beasts are known as pedestrians, feeding and defending their families.

Streets of solitude,
streets of pain.

But these are comforting streets.

Streets that pave the houses of millions, along riverbanks and mountain sides.
These are camera-less streets.

Streets that aren't sickened by the disease of man.

That isn't an artificial Africa,
barred by steel cages and the camouflaged sense of freedom.

Dreams are made of streets.

Streets we can walk and feel safe.
Where the capturing look in the human eye, is only something we see in our nightmares.

Streets should be the path walked towards home.

These are our streets.

These are our dreams.

(Dedicated to the 17 year old male gorilla shot at the Cincinnati zoo in May, 2016.)

If Beauty Were An Option

I love that every time I pass your eyes
I can see the kerosene lamp in your heart flicker
like lightening bugs awaiting the perfect storm.

And that every time you bloom at night
just for a moment, the moon stops to howl at you.

I knew that the stitches in your smile would break after awhile
and butterfly into something that only angels can relate to.

Because there is demon in a cage

A poetry form not yet invented.

And until you can break free
to mesmerize everyone,

you will remain as beautiful as a drop of water in Hell,
as sacred as an unread bible,

a butterfly on Satan's fingertip.

Mericle, Levi J. "Five poems." JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research 4.1 (2016)
<<https://www.ucm.es/sim/journal-of-artistic-creation-and-literary-research>>

©Universidad Complutense de Madrid, Spain

Bioprofile of the author: Levi J. Mericle is a poet/spoken-word artist, lyricist and fiction writer from Tucumcari, N.M. Currently he is associated with the New Mexico State Poetry Society and gives readings from his work. His work has appeared in multiple anthologies and his work can also be seen in multiple lit magazines and journals such as, Black Heart Magazine, Mused, 101 Words, Flash Fiction Magazine, Eunoia Review, Awakenings Review, Penhead Press and more and also he has work forthcoming in eFiction India. Levi spends his days daydreaming about writing and making a difference in people's lives with his words.

Contact: <levimericle@q.com>