



# JACLR

*Journal of Artistic  
Creation & Literary  
Research*

*JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research* is a bi-annual, peer-reviewed, full-text, and open-access Graduate Student Journal of the Universidad Complutense Madrid that publishes interdisciplinary research on literary studies, critical theory, applied linguistics and semiotics, and educational issues. The journal also publishes original contributions in artistic creation in order to promote these works.

**Levi J. Mericle**  
**"5 Poems"**

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**Levi J. Mericle**

**1.**  
**Saying Goodbye**

*"Older men declare war. But it is youth that must fight and die."*

**-Herbert Hoover**

Cast Iron tears are easy.

When you're young  
when you're broken  
when your heart is heavy.

When death licks your ambitions like a lollipop—  
And you throw away your desire  
like the wrapper of life.

What is the taste of grief?  
Iron, confliction?  
Cheap attention or compassion?

When you died—

I cradled the thought of your mini corpse.  
I disregarded the stiff, firm look of your eyelids.  
And tried to remember your smile.

Forever hates you.  
The ending embraces your bones.

Someday—  
I'll wonder why  
roses cry the way they do

like pails of petals poured  
over concrete.

## **2. Rebirth America**

To live is to be regrettable.  
And to die is to regret the life we led.  
So let us live again and regret nothing.

Let us bleed the blood of human kind.

Let it run through our fingers and intermix in the dirt  
so the dead will know our bloodline.

Let the prisons be kept empty with the solitude of freedom.

Don't let taxation without representation of the heart  
represent who you could be.

To live is to breathe the air of the past.  
And to die is to smell the rotting corpses of the future.  
So let us not be defined as alive or dead ones.

But instead be as humanly impacted in time  
that both the living and the dead will know our names for eternity.

Let us be like paper, simple and blank  
But defined by worth by the marks we make.

Let us be remarkable in life and in death.

Let us be mankind.

## **3. The Coffin House**

(Previously published in W.I.S.H. Press)

Your years were a kind blemish.  
A velvet lined box with a stucco exterior.

Your cigarette smile tinted the perfection of your happiness.  
And every time I gave you my heart,  
you would exhale inside my passion with the chemicals of your regret.

When songs were sung like smokers cough to desperate lungs,  
I figured the tone would escape from your eyes—  
and blossom like a lotus tomb. To where,

recovering from recovery would be something like an empty table.  
You sit every meal,  
hungering for a new start—  
for something that is palatable.

I can't remove the sin from your skin,  
the ambush of your character and your mind,  
is something you'll have to retrieve yourself.

I know the cost of existing is almost too unbearable for you.

But when the climb of day doesn't hurt you anymore—  
You will rise from your coffin, close the lid

and bury your pain.

Keep the ashes of your thoughts in an urn on your mantle

and remember your resurrection.

#### **4. Humanity in its Weakest Form**

We are a closeted freedom—  
An abandoned sense of security.

We sort our days on the shelves of fortitude—  
with the memories we'll always try to forget.

When water flows over the brook of time we'll remember nothing of fulfillment.

We'll know nothing of songs—  
sung like ambient grass-blades whistling in the wind to the sound of humanity slowly killing  
itself.

The texture of life is a gritty one.

A rough-scaled mistress that pretends to desire you.  
A life without stones is never truly worth its weight in gold.

Yet there was always a point of break.

When the arched support beams of existence are saddled with the echo of collapse,  
we begin to question our stability. That's when our sense of safety becomes—

a viable concern.

We wait out our days like termites,  
either ready to destroy or be destroyed.

The human bond is becoming less of a requirement and more of a chore.

The heavens turned her eyes from us  
as we prepare to face damnation without a supporter.  
Without a voice on our shoulder whispering, "You will make it, it'll be okay!"  
The question now is—

Can we withstand the somber silence in the crowd?  
The brutal stubble of pride that roughens our sense of faith?  
Can we pretend we are not human anymore?

Are we all just dummies moving our mouths to someone else's power?

Where is the justice in that?

The right for a jury is geared for a criminal—

Yet we are judged and executed according to someone else's terms.  
We all breathe stale air that reminds us of home.  
We all stare inside the same sky where our forefathers saw lightening bursts of war.  
War that paid homage for our freedom, while bleeding into the soil that unites us.  
We all tuck our children into bed and pretend for their sake,  
that monsters aren't creeping among them.

Our enemies prey on us like hyenas.  
Because the color of our skin  
or who we choose to love isn't good enough for them.

It just adds up to this.

We are slowly decaying on earth, where our rights as humans were never really a priority.  
Time moves like bubble gum.  
Exciting at first—  
and then builds to an enormous amount of pressure.

Only to pop away like [yesterday's](#) news.

## **5. Virginia Woolf's Pockets**

(Previously published in The Awakenings Review)

Lint has no priority.  
Stones divide majority.

**Bioprofile of the author:**

Levi J. Mericle is a poet/spoken-word artist, lyricist and fiction writer from Tucumcari, N.M. USA. 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, Quail Bell Magazine, Apricity Magazine, Flash Fiction Magazine, Eunoia Review, Awakenings Review and more.

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