

CURIOSITY KILLED THE LIGHT and other poems...

By Joey Amaral

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry editor Hezekiah writes: Joey Amaral is radical, I love the way he writes. 'Curiosity Killed the Light' "Where I've come across a bed for the dead. // Stones of stories erect from the earth," 'The Hateful Eye' is just five piercing lines. 'Constant Faucet Dripping Thoughts:' "No, I won't stop, / I'm waiting for my time slot." "As the dark shadows lingers through my soul, / The glistening sunlight glimmers, / Which I cannot behold." This guy is good...(Spacing and font size are poet's own.) HS*

The Hateful Eye

By Joey Amaral

You look and you gawk,
With your hawk's stalk,
Judging me on everything,
from my thoughts,
To my walk.

Curiosity Killed the Light

By Joey Amaral

One random lazy day,
I've decided to explore and go a separate way,
Where I've come across a bed for the dead.

Stones of stories erect from the earth,
For display for everyone to look,
I ponder when my bed will be made,
When my light turns into a somber shade,
And my music quietly fades.

I felt as if I could lay down,
As if my time was now,
But I have too much on my plate,
Oh! For Heaven's sake,
What happened to my lazy day?
My time can wait!

Constant Faucet Dripping Thoughts

By Joey Amaral

Tapp'n

Slapp'n

Smack'n

Oh, the sounds of joy,

Runs through my veins like a convoy,

The drips of the raindrops,

Plop,

Muddy waters,

With puddles,

Slop.

Clean it up with a mop.

No, I won't stop,

I'm waiting for my time slot.

Confusing rhythms,

Trying to convert them into hymns,

But who cares?

I'm with her,
And she's not with him,
Just hope the ball goes through the rim.

One shot,
That's all it takes,
You can hear it in the distance,
For heaven's sake.

It used to be as sweet as mom's chocolate cake,
Now it's just clutter in the gutter,
Without a rake.

But who cares remember?
It's just jibba jabba on a loose leaf paper.

There's no other way out,
It's like floating on top of a cloud,
With the urge of shouting out loud.

Oh,
What's the point?
Mind as well smoke another joint.

The Valley's Shadows

By Joey Amaral

As the dark shadows lingers through my soul,
The glistening sunlight glimmers,
Which I cannot behold.

The black crows I see flying south,
No life,
No food in their mouths.

Just over the mountains,
I can see the sun,
It's there,
Wipe your tears!

But the deep dark valley that haunts me,
Still brings out my fears.

As hope is just over the ridge and waits, my dear,
The voices of gloom however,
manipulates my ears.

The dark valley will enter my thoughts,

I know,

As my dreams through its streams,

Is all that I brought, to show.

Night Awakening

By Joey Amaral

The summer nights hummin,

And buzzin,

As no voices are around.

Piercing thoughts daggers through my mind,

As the soft moon illuminates my dark soul.

The days rage and fires simmers to a cooling night
breeze,

As the sun sets and wonders where the love has
gone,

The stars come out,

And the dreams perk out,

The night has just begun...

THE POET SPEAKS: *For me poetry is emotions through words and rhythm, and because poetry is a way to express what you're feeling, thinking, and believing at that exact moment when your pen touches the paper, it also makes it a vital way to communicate to the world.*

What inspires me to write the way I write are the simple everyday things. From sunrises, to babies crying, to lonely funerals. It's what I do when I experience the everyday things and turn them into an emotion, a certain rhythm, a story, or an idea into a metaphoric way, that gets my fire burning.

I have always been influenced by Edgar Allan Poe, Emily Dickinson, to Bob Dylan, to Robert Frost, and the whole Beat Generation.

AUTHOR'S BIO: My name is Joey Amaral, and I am reaching out to you because, well not only am I a huge fan of your magazine and the material you represent, but I am also craving to share my poetry about lost love, dark souls, and endless hope to the world. My previous publications have been, "Blood Drive", a fictional novel, published by Newman Springs Publishing Company, about a troubled man trying to run away from his past while unknowingly repeating it and, "Fire Fly", a poem about lost love, published by The Seattle Star.