

Poetry as Art

A book of poetry

By: Jonathan C. Holman

STATE PRISON CCI-TEHACHAPI
4A HU I

Cover Page.

page the first.

Jonathan C. Holeman
Poetry as Art: A book of Poetry
Wednesday May the twenty ninth-2013

Poetry is art. Poetry is emotion expressed upon a page. Poetry to the prisoner is a form of freedom, to some it is the only freedom they will ever have.

I am an inmate serving life in prison with no possibility of parole. I will never be released. The only freedoms that can be found are on pieces of paper floating around on the breezes of the winds.

Jonathan C. Holeman AI-7466
California Correctional Institution
PO Box 1902 Tehachapi CA
93581

Everything found within this work is created by Jonathan C. Holeman.

Poetry as Art

Haiku #9

Rain hits the gutter
Breaking the sound that brings death
That sound is silence.

A book of poetry
Jonathan C. Holman

Cover Page...	1
Explanatory Page...	2
Title Page...	3
Content...	4
A note, on Poetry as Art...	5-6
Waiting for the snow...	7
Robot...	8
Memories...	9
Adrift...	10-11
Dust...	12
A brief note on poetry as freedom...	13
First Snowfall...	14
Trials...	15
Prison life...	16
Nothing...	17-18
False Hope...	19-20
Kami...	20
A Quotidian note on Poetry as style...	21
Second Snowfall...	22
A Limerick, and Easter Springs...	23
Puddles...	24
It Stings...	25
Standing in the Dandelions...	26
Metaphor and Simile....	27
A final note, on poetry as expression...	28
Final Snowfall...	29
Expressing Emotions...	30
Of Fire and Ice...	31
Of Life...	32
Sunbeams...	33

A note, on Poetry as Art.

Poetry is a form of art. Expressing emotion, thoughts, ideas upon a page. The artwork of words. No bounds, limitations, or grammatical standards apply. There is no such thing as a proper poem.

The limits we set upon any form of art are the specific ways the artform is hindered and in many ways destroyed. Rhymes at the end of lines, internal rhyme, couplets, quatrains, sonnets, perimeters, and syllable count are not a form of requisite that make a poem correct; they are tools, the poet can learn to use to the best of their own ability. They are techniques, styles.

Artists in the world of painting such as Claude Monet (1840-1926), Georgia O'Keeffe (1887-1986), Jackson Pollock (1912-1956), and Henri Matisse (1869-1954); as well as many others became famous in breaking the common boundaries that were set upon art in

their own times. They each developed their own way, their own technique and form in creating masterpieces that withstand the sands of time.

Artists in the world of poetry and in words such as William Shakespeare (1564-1616), Edgar Allen Poe (1809-1849), Sylvia Plath (1932-1963), William Blake (1757-1827), and many others had much in common with famous painters who broke the rules. The differences are that where a painter creates an image a poet creates a world of words.

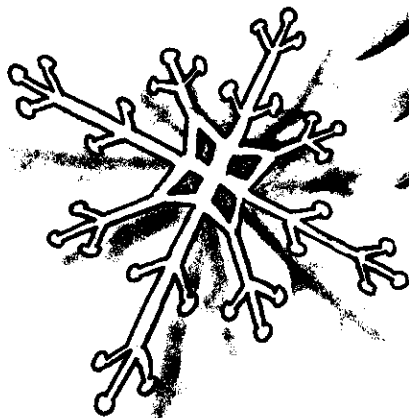
Both forms of art give the mind a place to wonder, to contemplate. Both express various beautiful provocations in the heart.

Poets develop styles that step out of the limits the common reader sets. These styles become their own and are in many ways, recreated over time by others who haven't found their own style as yet to perform.

Poetry is about creation, evolution. No rules need apply. Poetry is art.

Waiting for the Snow

Looking up at the mid-day winters sky
A half moon hangs glowing against the blue
As the sun begins to fall deep below
Wandering across the cloudless expanse
In the beauty of the cold bitter winds
Leafless trees sway on top the hills above
Vast and Barren Earth waiting for respite
Praying for the rain, begging for the snow
Waiting for salvation, waters of life
and hope should flow tomorrow
waiting for the snow.

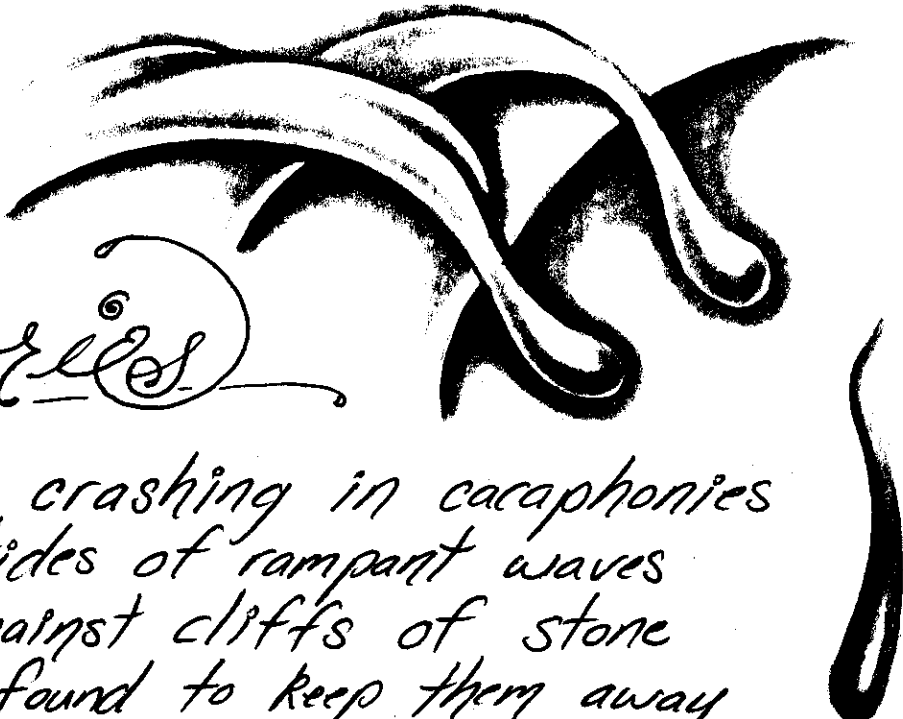


Robot

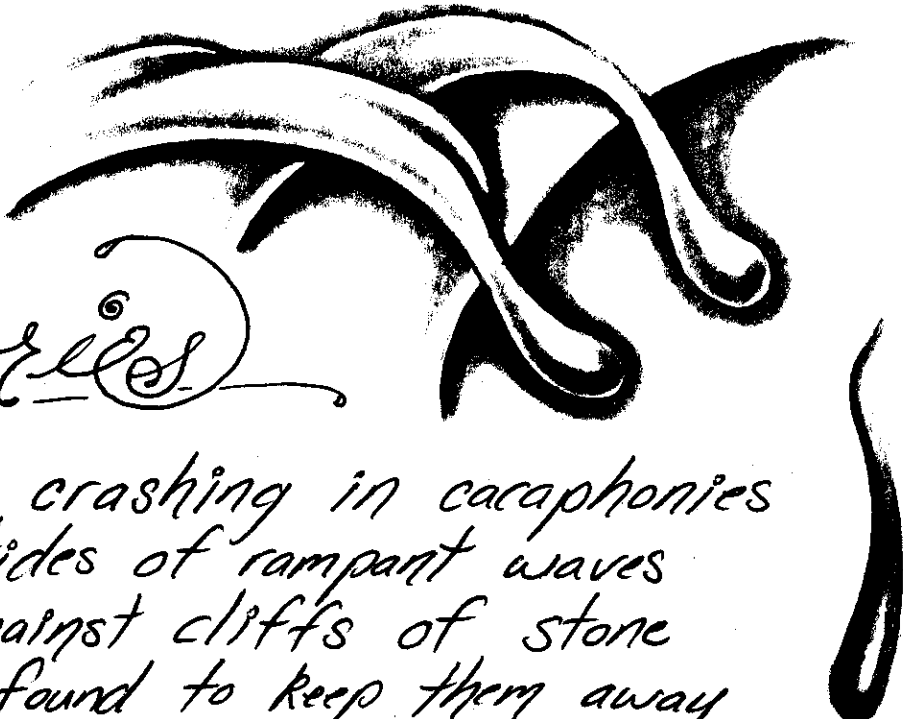
She rides upon a rhinoceros
that stampedes her stable mind
where she's locked inside a cage
configuration system can not find

She has fdisked all her memory
and the wiring is crossed
rebooted by the binary
the information has been lost

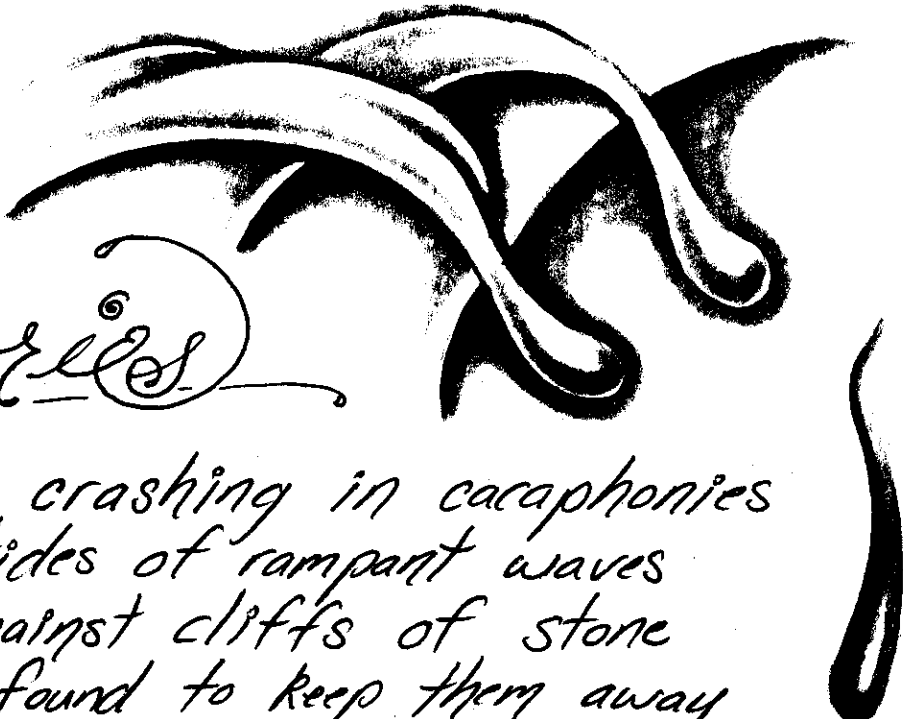
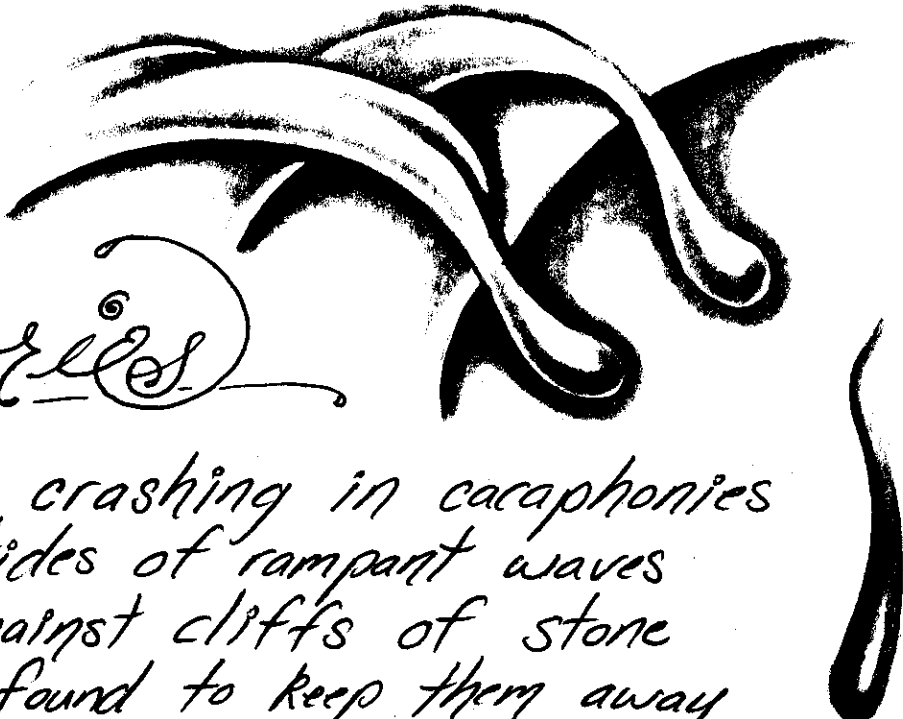
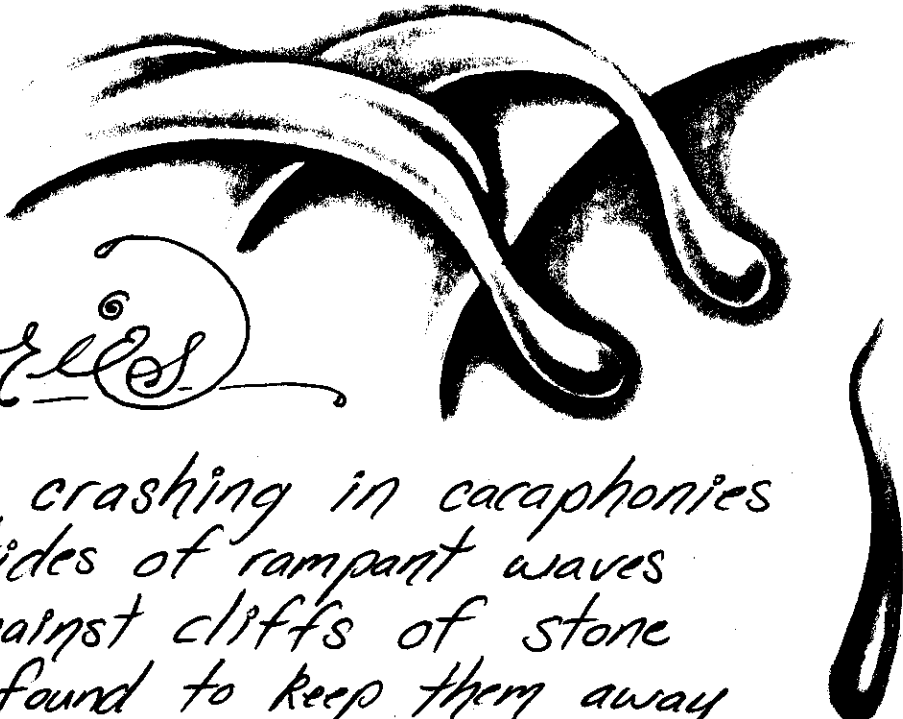
She's been trampled into silence
her blank face just like a screen
where she walks amongst the humans
nodes and circuit boards unseen.



Memories



They come crashing in cacophonies
like the tides of rampant waves
crushing against cliffs of stone
that were found to keep them away
When they become a violent embrace
full of catatonic ebullient colors
they do no small favors
only large and mournful wraths
they rend and tear apart the shore
and shards of sands fulfill their ebb
only to be buried in their vibrance
Deep inside these strands of sand
are the shells of a thousand urchins
that once fed amongst the flow
of goals and dream unlived



Adrift

Drifting in, and drift away. Rooted under waters
The ancient tree branch, trapped, enclosed centuries.
Breaks free, ascending to chastise the eyes abreast.
Booyantly drifting amongst the ways in waves.

Crashing forth in a tidal, to crush, and crack
across sharpened splinters of stones on shore.
Particles, pieces, afloat back to sea while others
are buried beneath the sands of time.
Tides draw in, pulling, pushing grains of cutting
pains that slide across the surface.

A glance, a glimmer becomes exposed.
The sunlights warth heats and heals, tending
mending deep and woeful fissures.
With blurs brought to visualize a glimpse
that caught a child's eyes.
Ripped forth, dug out in furs of fervor.
Lifted high for all the world to see,
in harvest excited joyful glee.

Hugged to the beat of a breast in exclamation.
Becoming a memory of smooth and polished surface.
Wrapped gental, in cloth, which hid a rend
of heart below.
Traversing through hills and valleys millions
of eons away.

Set accross a mantle, awaiting the future
where it sits this very day.
A blurry of visions of past intentions
that were never met.
Placed above in solitude for peaceful rest.
Drifting in and drift away.

Dust

Confusion hides the obscured in the skys
The vanquished wandering soul in your eyes
The missguided forfeited and lacking
Taking it in and sent away packing
Perplexed, befuddled, bewildered astray
and lost at all cost forever today
Sitting before an old cold barren hearth
and traded for empires of empty earth


Blowing as the sands of humid winds
and grinded away to dust

A brief note on poetry as freedom.



Poetry, or any artform to a prisoner can be therapadic. It can be called an escape; much more than this however, poetry is a form of freedom.

Freedom to the person at home, at a fireside, in an office, or to the caged beast, whom with words can he only express, solitude, peace, rage, mistrust, or tyranny. Even a monster can find the moments for beauty, appreciation and of love.


Poetry is freedom, freedom in words.



First Snowfall



Fog rolls up hills
Down drift flakes of white
Unseen in over a decade
A facade covers the ground
Locked in a box of controlled temperatures
Freezing the heart within
No sky. No night. No sun. No star.
Nothing to guide your way.
It only lasts a moment
A decade of permafrost
Stranded on an iceberg
Shivering in crystal mist
The frost bites in your soul
Hailing you as insecure
As snow burns out a window
The Earth too warm for ice to stay
Coldness forms, solidifys
And finally it fades away



Trials

We are marching towards the slaughters
in the beatitudes of destruction
It's the dysfunction of false laws
holding captive sometimes innocents
In a malevolent monstrosity
Advocates wear shepherds cloaks
They pretend to save the world
while cracking crude repulsive jokes
They'll suggest to misbegotten criminals
to sign away their fates
While a dozen jesters snickering
as you sit in your disgrace
When a verdict can be reached
A journey's just begun
Your life before your eyes
It doesn't matter what you've done
When honestys expressed
They will tell you, you must lie
When you lie they'll shout for death
There is no in between
The larking scents of devilry
No justice in trials of atrocity

Prison Life

Some say it is no life at all
sadly death could've been better?

Drink, eat, exercise, sleep

Alive, though it doesn't seem so

You'll never find a moment of silence

The food sometimes will make you sick

The waters full of bacteria

and the lighting harms your eyes

When misery is sorrow

anger becomes your friend

a waiting watching soldier

anxious to defend

After time you will adapt

or slowly lose your mind

Become the quite reclusive

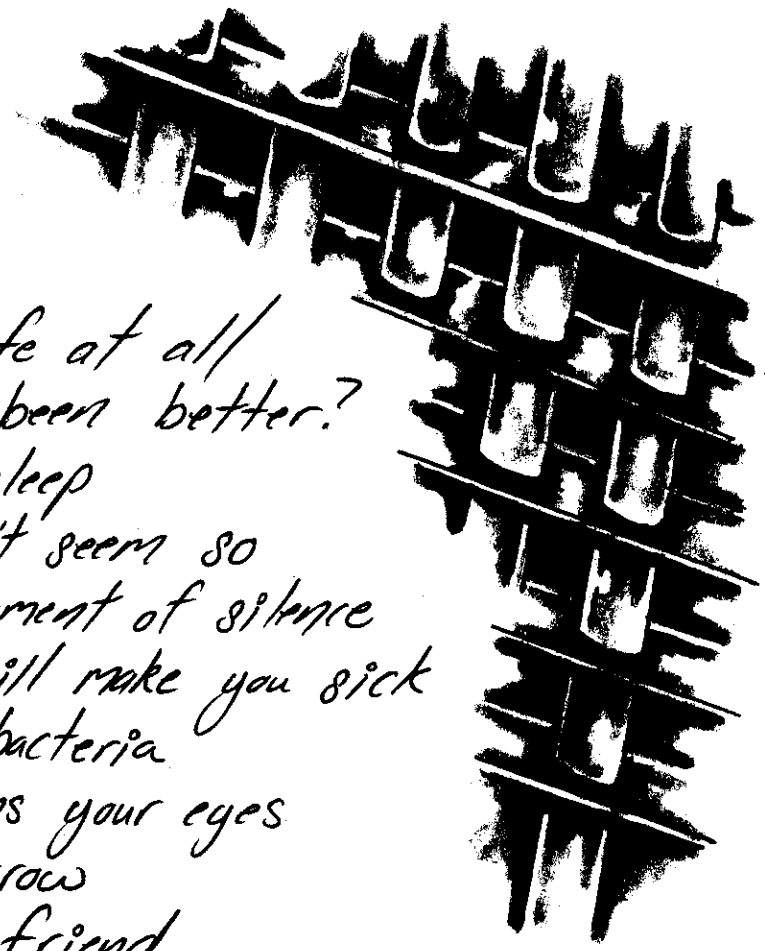
secluded and defined

Your name is just a number

Though you may not really care

emotions drift away

and then there's no one there.



Nothing

When all sounds become noise
That rattle, that hum
Headaches causing heartaches
Wishing your ears would bleed—
That you would just go deaf
So people couldn't hear your screams

When everything's lost its smell
and you could actually beg
For the scents of the sewage raw
Or vomit that fills the breast
and takes away your breath

All color fades to black
and painful shades of bright
Nothing pleases your eyes
You only hope for blindness
if it wouldn't cause you to hinder
In walking away, to end it all

Anythings lost it's flavor
Food, drink, and sustanence
A pile of bland tasteless slop
Smashed into a brick of bile
You force yourself to swallow
That you would rather not eat, at all

When you break your hands
Crushing them against a wall
So that you won't have to write
So there's no more comunciations
Everything feels the same

It's odorless, like eating air
Of a pit of blackened char
Your open eyes burn your soul
Voices tear apart the spirit
When your already dead
There is nothing,
nothing at all.

False Hope

A charred rope dangling from a diseased
tree, in an empty valley of dried up river beds
A grey blank sky consuming all light
that was once and never was
Standing alone on barren paths of landslides
From dusty times that once held rain
In white whirlwinds decending
from everpresent clouds

Fatal winds wisp to tear out your eyes
write intrail writings on the walls
because walls are all that exist
They spoke of hope found in books
All you found were blank page lies
Slice your wrists and bite them
Grashing teeth and bleeding hearts
Bashed and dashed against the floor
The taste of your own blood is sweeter
Than the bitterness
of nothing nowhere at all

A Quotidian note on Poetry as Style.

Tanka, Haiku, Limerick.

Sonnet, prose, Analogy,
Antonym, and homonym,
Synonym and Rhyme.

Anaphora and homogram,
hyperbole, insight.

Simile, and Metaphor

Loose form running dragons Epic.

Consonance, perimeter, narrative reflections.

Apology, & dedicate,

anastrophe internal rhyme.

Epithet epiphany, styles, expressions in
words.

Artistic form, tools to be used as
a painter uses brush, as a carpenter a nail.

As the winter uses snowflakes
and as wood becomes ash beneath
a blazing surface.

Second Snowfall

Dangling on an Ocean
of thoughts caught inbetween
Flakes of false serenity
enfold the grounds in white

Dancing in a desert
of frozen shards of ice
Forever faithful stardust
blind the eyes in light

Diving off a mountaintop
of jagged little hills
Foreign friends in Saturn
dreamtime starts at night.



A Limerick

There was a bright and golden glow
Where I saw the Leprechaun go
Below a tree where clovers grow
But when I looked, nothing was there
Except the smell of clovers in the air.

Easter Springs

Easter brings beautiful spring
With candy jelly beans and bunnys
Birds flutter wings while they sing
With bees that make their honeys

The wildlife comes from winter tombs
To the joy of warm delights
The sunshine rings and flowers bloom
While the crickets chirp at nights

The creeks unfreeze and trees sprout leaves
To a world born anew.

Puddles

❁ The snowswept hills in the sunlight
Under the skys of brilliant blues
And little birds play in snowmelt

Birds chirping, fluttering in sun
Splashing puddles of frozen ice ❁

Puddles evaporate sorrows
❁ As the sunshine surrounds the world
A deep refreshing winters breath

Winter fades to blossoming blooms
As spring breaks through clouds of mist ❁

❁ The springtime shines on hidden joys
Forgotten in the frozen ice
Melting puddles of reflections.



It Stings.

When you go skating on a smooth open dream
Cracking the ice with a shuddering scream,
and floating along a river up stream,
Or setting a sail with a fold in the seam.

Can you remember the look in her eyes,
As you broke through the clouds in the skys.

Castles were made for Kings and Queens,
and a marriage is sealed with oaths and rings.
You know an angel can't fly with broken wings
and a bee makes its honey before it stings.



Standing in the Dandelions...



Waiting for your breath
A cold and breezy summers ease
That rings the bells of death

Shadows fall in scarlet
and winds begin to stir
Bringing silent Madness
To the gates at Heavens door

A final thought in silence
Brought from springtime haze
Something in the dandelions
In the sunlight brightened days



Metaphor

Poetry is emotion, spread accross a page.

Summer is a passionate kiss, deepening in warmth until it fades.

A sandy beach is a star filled sky,
with grains of sparkling beauty.

A dinosaur is a geriatric pre-former, dancing on the scales of the milky way.

War is a maelstrom, grasping ships and dashing them upon the rocks of a whirlpool below.

A pond is a vast expanding world of life, ruled by chaos and ripples of ever shortening time.

Simile

Concepts are creations of art, withen the mind.

A breeze is a whisper, from the spirits of the winds.

A jar is a human heart, open, closed, and breakable.

A hive is a sanctuary, for the weary hearted.

A sarcophagus is a cave, without an exit.

Deep as a void, of ever unpleasant memories.

Quiet as a bear, in a cave on a lonely winter's night.

A final note,
on poetry as expression.

Poetry can be of variable forms of sentence structure, miss-spelled words or rhyme. A poem can be whatever the artist, the poet makes of it. Some might find the poets work merely decent, well, terrible, horrid, a waste of paper (save the trees please), or a brilliant mixture of beautiful form.

Poetry can express emotion bringing the teardrops of ageless joys or sorrows to the reader, or even to the writers eyes.

Some will see the artist, the poets work and comment on how they believe that the poet can improve. Some things do not need improvement. Some are better off left as they are, even when not another soul in the omniverse understands them. There-in lies the beauty of perfection in words.

Endearing indulgence is a quality, it is the artists form of expression. Poetry is a look into the artists mind, laid out before us on a page.

* * * * Final Snowfall * * *

Walking on a path of downtrodden disaster
Guiding through harmony in perseverance
Following the snowflakes as they're
gently gliding down.

Soaring over an expanse
of fallen castles, crumbling walls.
Hopes, desires, crumbling, crushed—
of failures in artillery, mortar shells.

Explosions upon the far flung goals
burning in snowfalls floating softly.
Resting in a blanket on melting frozen down.

Finding peace in failures,
knowing another winters passed.

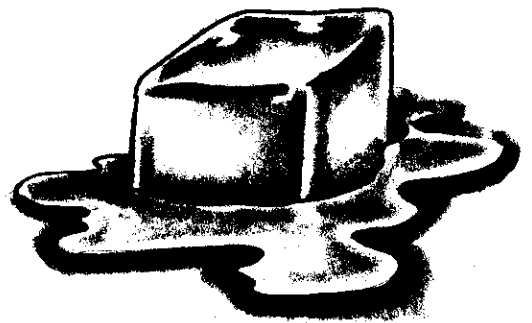


Expressing Emotions

Sometimes when night rolls in
There's a flash before the skys
A moment of reflection
That's dwindled in the eyes
Something that you feel
and don't know how to show
Expressions of emotions
If only they could know
There's a world deep inside
That brings them so much fear
Down below the broken heart
Where the love is always near
Like the stars appear at night
Glimmering one by one
Drowning out the darkness
Until the mourning comes.

Of Fire and Ice,

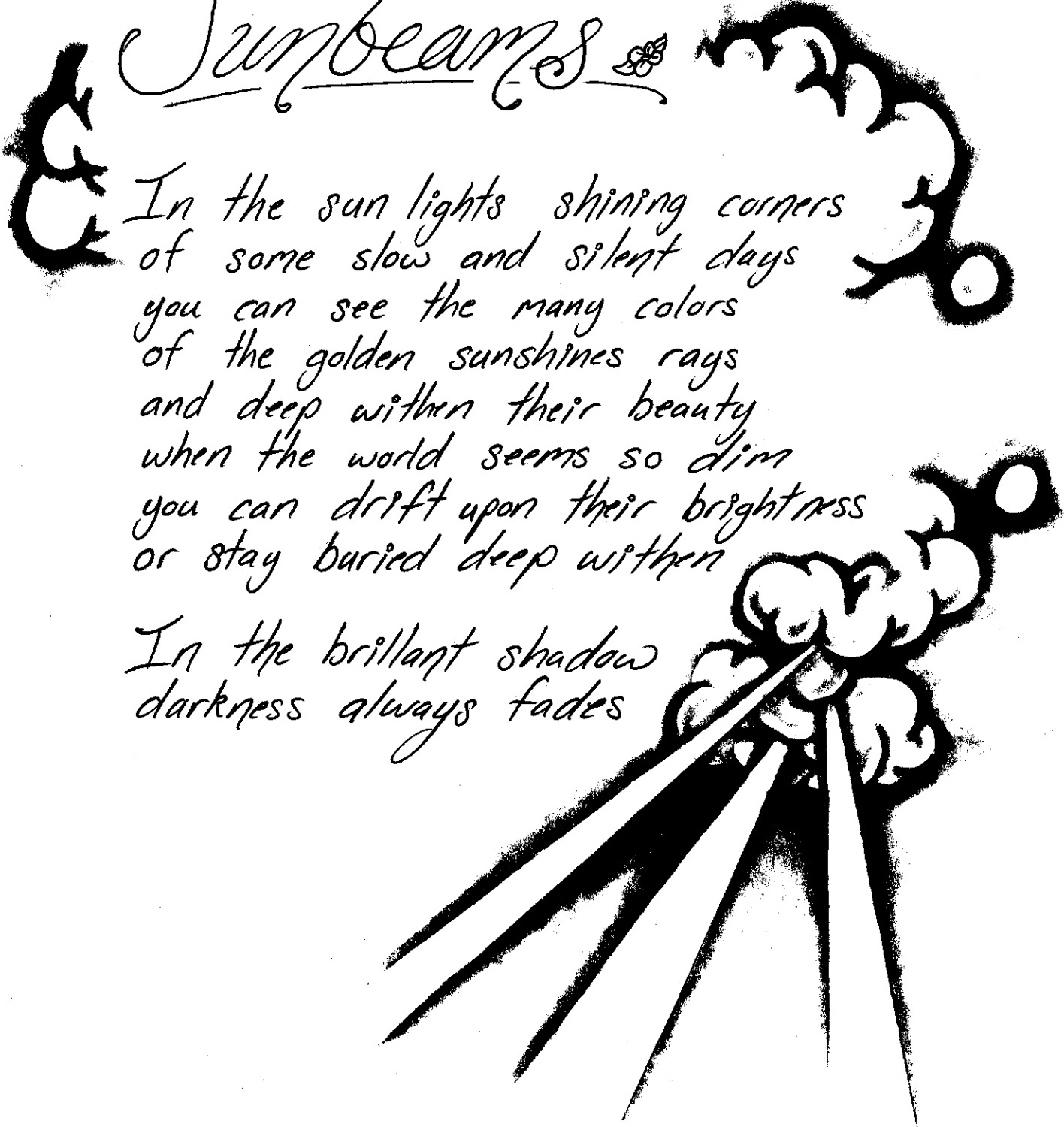
A subsidiary relationship
For which no curative exists
A long lost love
A hatred running deep
as an ocean on a desert floor
The ambivalence tearing apart
their contumelious desires
The summers pass
A long cold winter approaches
No recompense is found
One emulates another
In an empty cycle
of death and of rebirth.



Of Life

The beauty of the sunrise
as it paints colors across the sky
These sunsets fade to moonlight
on star filled lonely nights
With thoughts found in silence
of crickets chirping love songs
or drifting mindful trout
beneath the waters of a brook
A gentle summers breeze
tingling across the skin
Zephyrs of pleasant magics
felt only deep within
The whispering in treetops
and tasting the nighttime air
The sweetness of the pine tree
dew drops, reflections lost in time
Strength of oak locked in a garden
and waiting for a sign
Dwindling camp fires
smoke rising to the sky
Gentle serene nature
that a prisoners denied.

Sunbeams



In the sun lights shining corners
of some slow and silent days
you can see the many colors
of the golden sunshines rays
and deep within their beauty
when the world seems so dim
you can drift upon their brightness
or stay buried deep within

In the brilliant shadow
darkness always fades