

## Poems by Ken Knight

### ACCIDENT

SHKKT SHKKT SHKKT

Speeding down La Cienega Boulevard  
A blend of bushes and bland slabs of concrete  
Balancing between the earth, the self, the board  
The Sky Blues wash over and  
Color him anew

She, suddenly, steps to his tempo  
Unintentionally  
A dart speeding at its target.  
Silver sandals slap against her soles  
A rush, a pressing matter presenting itself  
Beige coffee and ice crash in her cup  
like the waves just a few blocks down  
Brow furrowed in concentration  
Perspiration presents itself on her forehead  
Eyes locked on the smallest of screens

Lost in individualism  
The self-devours in an all-consuming way  
Sucked up and spat out onto the pavement here today

HE  
BLEEDS AS  
SHE BLEEDS TOO  
THORNS FROM ROSE  
BUSHES  
PUNCTURE HIS SIDES  
AGAINST  
THE  
RIB THAT HE HAD BROKEN FROM BEING  
CARELESS, THOUGHTLESS, HARDENED.  
OR TOO CAREFUL, TOO WRAPPED UP IN NOISE  
HEADPHONES TANGLED

BODIES MANGLED  
VANILLA MILK-STAINED SHIRTS  
SCUFFED KNEES AND ELBOWS  
CRACKED SCREENS SLIP BETWEEN FINGERS

BOILED OVER ANGER FLUSHES BOTH FACES  
BUT ONLY FLASHES FOR A SECOND  
A SIGH  
TO WAVE THE FLAG OF DEFEAT  
SUBMISSION TO THE SIMPLICITIES OF LIFE

### **INTERNAL CENTURIES**

have passed since  
a heart to heart has touched my own arteries  
ETERNAL SUNSHINE  
that warms my soul with rays as bright as embers  
not masqueraded by the dark shadows that  
life's eclipse can cast upon oneself  
NOCTURNAL NIGHTS  
not reduced, but rather evolved into a restless wandering  
Wondering if the ichor of vessels will spill onto cold tiles  
or how the nurses would look into my bloodshot eyes  
as I stagger into the waiting room  
INTOXICATINGLY ENAMORED  
fingertips clawing at my chest  
with a fever unmatched  
to the embers that my beloved has  
sparked within me.

### **NEW TOWN**

In Santa Barbara's embrace, where the Pacific meets the shore,  
  
I find myself immersed in beauty, a poet forevermore.  
  
I weave my words, capturing this coastal universe

Onto pen and paper, committed to this verse.

Where the sun-kissed hills reside,

With each breath of ocean breeze, my soul finds solace inside.

In your golden morning light, I rise and greet the day,

Where mountains touch the heavens, and dreams begin to sway.

I wander through your streets, lined with bougainvillea in bloom,

Each step is a dance, a rhythm, a lively tune.

From Stearns Wharf to State Street, a tapestry unfolds,

In every hidden corner, a story yet untold.

The Spanish tiled rooftops, adorning the city's crown,

Hold tales of days gone by, whispered secrets handed down.

The mission's hallowed halls echo with ancient grace,

Speaking of a history, woven in time and space.

I stroll along your beaches, where the waves gently caress,

The rhythm of the tides, a symphony to my ear,

As I gather fragments of beauty, each moment is crystal clear.

The thought of essays and deadlines begin to disappear

The palm trees sway above me, like ballerinas in the breeze,

Their rustling leaves a chorus, a poet's heart at ease.

And when the night descends, a starlit canopy unfolds,

You become a universe of stories yet untold.

With words that paint a portrait of your vibrant day and night.

For in this haven by the sea, where dreams and nature intertwine,

I find my inspiration, in it my spirit shines.

### **FAUCET**

In a humble abode, where shadows softly creep, Lies a broken faucet

Its worn-out handle, worn by years of strain,

Reflects a life burdened by poverty's chain.

Once it flowed freely, like a river's steady song,

Dripping with hope, as dreams danced along.

But time took its toll, and the cracks began to grow,

As the weight of scarcity dimmed its vibrant glow.

The faucet's leak,

a constant reminder of lack,

Each droplet is a symbol of life's uneven track.

Drip by drip, hopes evaporate into thin air,

As echoes of hardship whisper tales of despair.

Its rusted pipes, like veins with struggles intertwined, Tell stories of resilience,

of strength to bear in mind.

For even in the depths of economic strain,  
There's a flicker of spirit, a light that remains.