

yellow flowers

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Yellow Flower Publishing
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Illustrations, Book design, and Cover design by Kenny Flaten

ISBN 978-0-692-11690-6

First Edition: May 2018

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

dedicated to anyone
who has felt that
there was no one left
but themselves

i can see him in the distance
staring at the road in the rain
looking for a flower and a sound
but not i
i will sit here within a window
winding down my corridor of death
lacking literacy
for pigment in the pavement

- the difference between him and i

i display faces like fonts
attempting to convey to you
the same sentiment
with different means
but what is seen not
makes me want to
slip into a guillotine
and relieve myself of
letting you know what
you would no longer
conceive

- *font face*

the trees spoke to me when i could not find the book to read
they said *find your purpose*
for then you can plant all the flowers you would want

hearing that i retrieved some pebbles and planted them
i never caught a glimpse of flowers
even on the day that my mind died

waking up the next day there were flowers on my deathbed
everyone was crying and i do not know why
i do not think they know why either
they just do it because everyone else does

i guess when we die
we are surrounded by soil and pebbles
that is all that really matters
right

- *soil and pebbles*



my hands turn to sand
for stripping oil in the ocean

my head aches
from the ceaseless creases when i think

my heart aches
for being as velvet as speckling silver

and when sleep is imminent
i reap the presence of death
and consent it as remnant

- i am tired all the time

taking a stroll down the sidewalk
at 10 pm
i take a sip of coffee
it reminds me of every word you have said
every verse you have read
and it is hard to
overcome death's grip on
me
and my grip on
insanity

you make it hard to move past
what about you is changing
because what anticipates me
is knowing what you took
may be nevermore remaining

*- large nonfat mocha
please and thank you*

i wonder if i could just
slip into the mirror and see
everything wrong with me

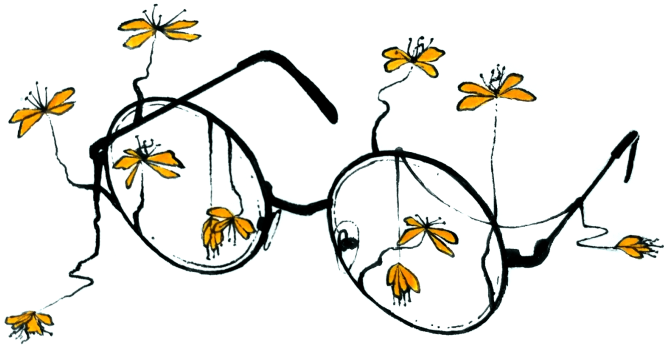
where i could live the life in peace
to see my skull
through every crease

where i could take away my face
and have something to replace

every day where i would not wake up
to your lips against my cheek
and not desire again to sleep

where you could be the mirror
on the wall
and make my thoughts a bit clearer

- *the mirror and i*



why am i absent of color
even when you
fill my flower pot with a seed
leaving you with a dozen more
and a stream of water
down my face
just to fall
on the floor

- *flowerpot floorboards*

they say
if you repeat a word enough times
it will lose all meaning

that is how i feel
glaring into the mirror

*- me me me
him him him*

there is a place up in the sky
where all events thought of lie
through the sun's rays
and the balloons your child missed
upon the clouds and the stars
like a black and white bouncy house
full of feather pillows

the bright lights remind me
of what is important
what needs to fall back to ground
back to me and back to you
so that moments may turn to yellow
from a previous
green
black
and blue

- there is a place

i do not want to be another piece of your
puzzle
no

you could simply find any other
that would resemble me

i want to contribute to the final draft
be known among a sea of other segments
and receive your *personal* acknowledgment
for not fitting into the societal ideal
of a paperboard cutout

- *just another piece of a puzzle*

writing is the single source of secrets
i reveal to the world
where the people who understand
are the only ones who should

- *secrets*

there are so many feathers
i pluck and throw away
and within periodic time i find
one
causing me awestruck
to reveal to the world what
colors
i have in store

i try to find
more
and
m o r e
and
m
o
r
e

then i reach the end
where they give all my feathers back
and ask me to start all over
again

- *you can take them again*
i do not mind

one of these days
in an alleyway
i will write an essay
with the hue of a matrimonial whim
and cut the stem to my brick brain
which contains the feathers
of all my other letters

- *invitation from death*

i would rather be
shown the truth
and become devastated
than be deceived
by a sleuth
and remain content
with what i perceive

- *the ugly truth*

i have lost my color
i wonder where it went
i guess i will find
another

it will be
sanity
well
spent

- *sensible spending*

though impressed to them only
that neither you or i dress in the same
hue
it is only fair to blame our same shaded
minds
for mixing the tints of us two

- *different colors*

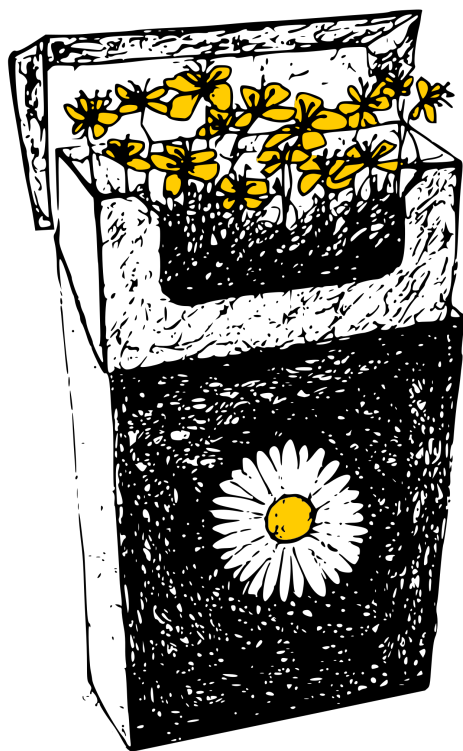
tomorrow is a new day
escaping today's mess

i will be ordered
organized
content
and redressed

however for right now
inwards

i
am
less

- *empty box of hope*



staring down a sidewalk
in the middle of the night
everyone is deep in their dreams
i am the one alive and alright

friends are awaiting me
in the morning
i am going to sleep
i will try to see you again

i can not get out
of this mess for me
because
you have been alive and alright

the sound of waves
pass through me on a beach
but i am only on a sidewalk
in the middle of the night

i am only dead inside
you are in my sight through
which i cry
and all my rights are for you to smite

i fight for me
i am not me you see
where am i heading
and where am i going to be

perhaps in an alley
or where am i from
and where was i before
was it at that beach and the shore

the waves of the shore
are you so sure
you are so pure
of course you are not
you bought that coffee in the
store

it smelled of a sense
and you felt it on a sidewalk
so why am i not sure

that the same me i am now
in the middle of the night
is not me on that ocean floor

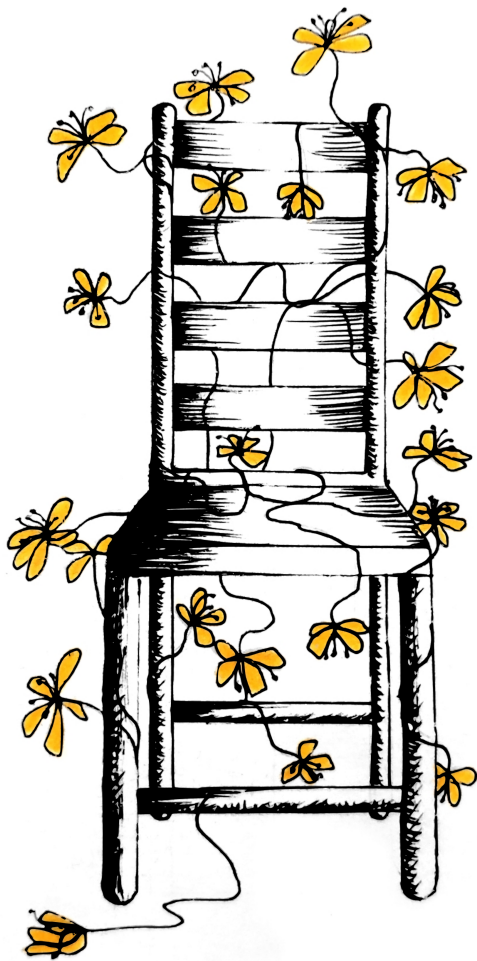
- *not me*

there is a chair that i sit in
settled in a raven room
with weak wailing and nails nailing

it disturbs my solidarity of space
down to superb detail
and withdraws my soul
until whatsoever remains
becomes withered and waned

such a ladderback
whitewashed with broken black
will constrain the conception
of canary i formerly knew
and alter it into another hue

- *there is a chair*



i stand in a room
nothing too defined
reality draws near into myself
and to their dismay
i am not realigned

i am sorry
i say in isolation
would you like to be dead
without hesitation

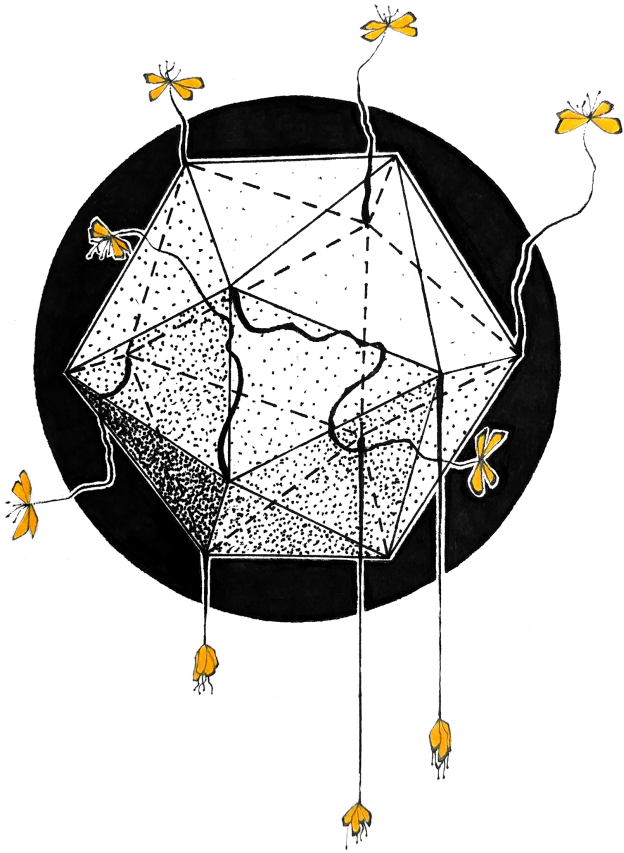
it is precisely what they said
would you wish to be ahead
i am not convinced if they consist
yes i would yearning to be ahead

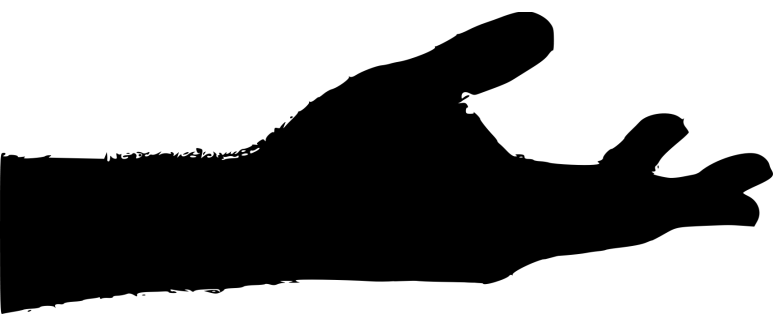
and so it began
ending supremely sublime
at the timely shrine of design

asked anew was a question for you
are you there

he may declare
oh no i am fine

- the end of design





there is this place
in the back of my head
where thoughts
die

after a while
a lost lover will steal
from my embossed
thought pile

once again starting to feel
that the pain is truly real
and return those thoughts
back to my brain

- *thought pile*

dear past self

*do not do it
i cannot permit
walk a different way
i know you will not be the same
but you will not be astray
and it will save you the shame
of showing someone
someday*

*- sincerely
your future broken self*

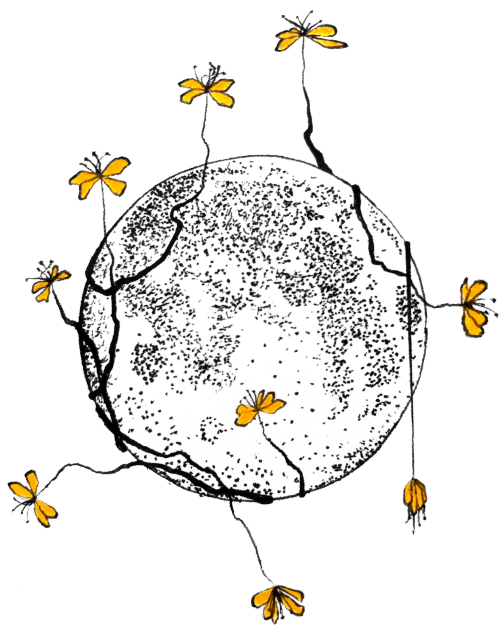
if only lessened was not affection
there need not be deflection
and i for you would be fond
to yearn for a boundless bond

*- if you ever have the motivation
for attaining yellow*

i feel as though
time slips away
never forgone
rather slow

i am under the impression
it is the last day
and the universe
is in digression

- *going backwards*



i do not think there is any easy way of saying
i am going insane
for your brain is dwindling to diversity

it is the only thing you have
and it is so internally

d
e
a
d

that you can not tell
if everyone else experiences this
or if it is all in your

h
e
a
d

- *all in my head*



your voice
was the paint
on my canvas of a life
forever imprinted
until the whitewash
wiped my past away

*- it may be temporary
though we will see*

to anyone who i initiated
a conversation in the company of
who patiently waited for my reply
and after a while
i caused them to sigh
as they sat
waiting for a glimpse to smile

to anyone who could not perceive
color through their eyes
from the paper on the gifts that
their mom let them open on christmas eve

to anyone who wanted
to draw in a sketchbook
or paint a photo of a person
but did not want someone to be mistook
or for the artwork to worsen

to anyone who refrained
from preferring me
and my repartee
or when with them i disagree

i am sorry

- *sincerely*
me

when i think of things
people tell me
to express myself

when i display to them
what is possible to be
conducted within one's head
i am told to
cease thinking

what is left then
when musing is stalled

- *what is left*

this is just a dream i say to myself
muffled screams shattering in

w v l n t s
a e e g h

across the sands of the atmosphere
the heat radiating from my palms
even when i touch my face

i can see it
the shimmer of silence
in the distance
it whispers my name
until i listen
but when i do
it vanishes

there is nothing here

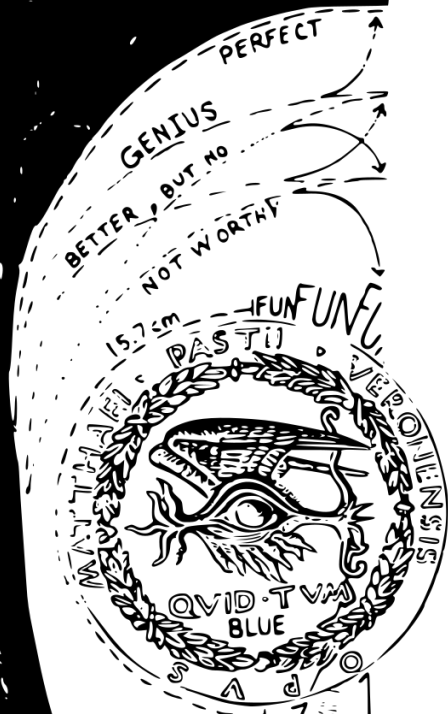
- *there never was*

i am death's skin
that he unzips to a bed
slipping into merino sheets
the ones with yellow thread

- *persona sleep*

my eyes
are the paintbrushes
to all of the things
i find beautiful
in the world

- *painting my reality*



PALE



the spine of his head
is the pinnacle of my upper atmosphere
where at the heels of his eyes lie
all things i reject to consider
and atop my brain
all things he cannot fathom

i just want to write you and him letters
with words i give silent acknowledgment
of disconnecting him with i

- i before him

him

he can see i
in the midst of the downpour

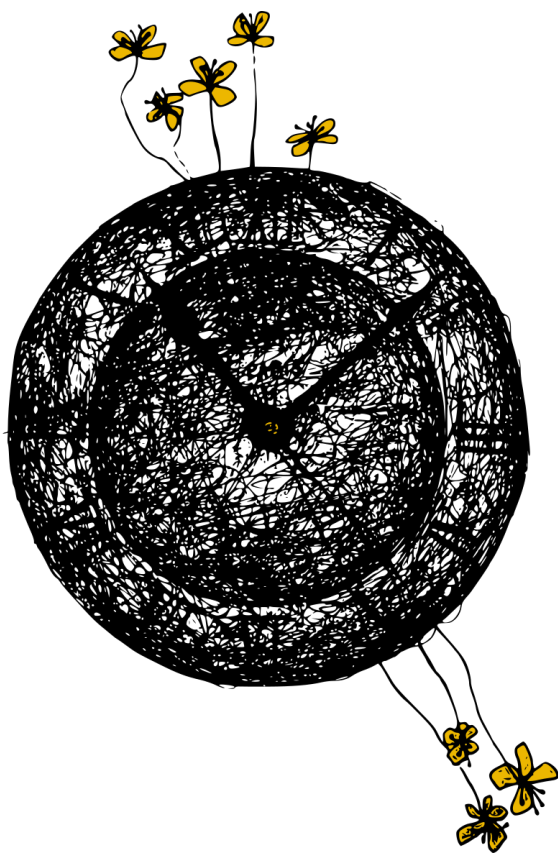
where words wailed of i's pain
never reach his head
and where flower beds
there and here
disappear

he has to ponder to yonder
to hold bold marigolds
and to impose
i within the same
spectrum of prose

- *from the perspective of him*

time spent reading the past
instead of writing your life
is mere wasted thought

- *sky of wasted thoughts*



what is the meaning
in living for what he would die for
after he is dead

- a lifeless purpose

he does not want to get used to yellow
for if he holds in yellow long enough
it will start to look white
and he would not want
all of his
states of being
one and the same tint

or would he

- *indifferent*



you were an earl grey
steeping in another's cup
and he genuinely was in love with
the aroma
but he was discontented knowing
that you were already
expressing in another's water
chroma

- just some temporary jealousy

he once thought of a melody that recounted
what the water signified
and stared at his hands saying
what have you written
hearing in his head the crashing of the ocean
and the weight of sand in his shoes

- *staring down a sidewalk*

to him
sitting in a room full of silence
is always better than
any conversation where he whispers
with his shadow

- *alone alone*

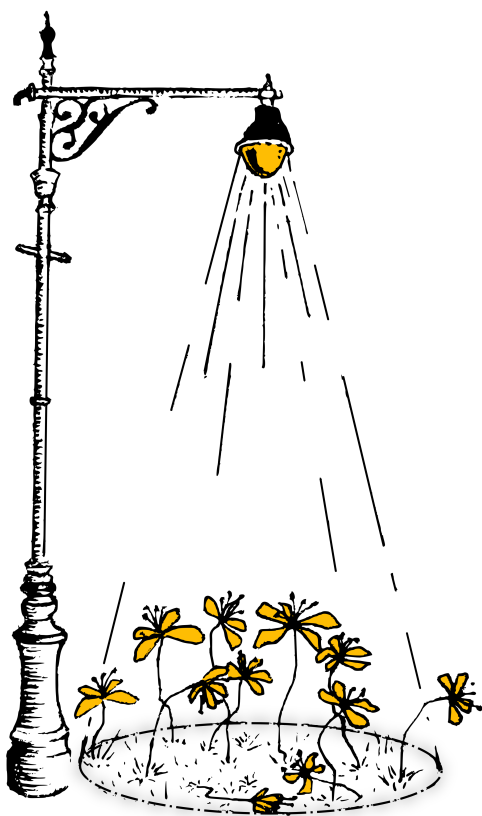
if he ever stops searching for flowers
he only requests
that people continue
with their day when he decays
so that the feather's distress
will not become a bouquet

- a bouquet of my letters

he once treasured a certain attachment
and lost it to not his own grievances
but began to notice
that through attempted repetition
of what was once had
that he will not be able to attain love
in the same condition

for the time being
the flowers are all he has for friends
and if they die
he will become as gray as an ashtray
mourning on friday evening
for his color to be restored
on sunday morning

- *ashtray wednesday*



it is 2 am
tip tap
clip clap
his feet go on the sidewalk
and a crowd in his head
who cannot comprehend
the purpose
of a bed

- *sleepwalking through life*

he contrived a letter
with his dear feelings wrapped inside
and placed it in the mailbox
sending it across the countryside

when it arrived
she decided not to open it
rather she took a drive to the seaside
and soaked it with the water
from all her deprived memories

content that she was nevermore
left was the water
her
the letter she ignored
and the ink
absent from any eyes
for in the ocean
it would sink

and in a few years
the husband
in his thoughts
he would not dare think
my oh my
is not this a lovely drink

- *the letter*

he is not sure where yellow flowers originally lie
all he knows is that he keeps observing people
throw them out bedroom windows
and they are not realizing
flowers regrow the year to come
for other people to pick

- *yellow is contagious*

you



it locks you shut
to where you have been staring all these weeks
and peaks through the doorway
to make sure you are content with
how you have been *not* feeling
and reeling in across the floor your eyes

for your ears bleed your voice my dear
your mouth is unable to say what you feel
and your mind says what your skin cannot

you consume in this room a complex plot
of knowing who you are
and jotting down a perfect to-do list

all the while lying
staring at walls
waiting for a story to be written

just not by you

- *what is the meaning
in even getting up*

when did declaring you believe in something
become nothing to love

when was throwing yourself into the clash of desire and happiness
never discussed

when was showing up to such an event
ever enough

- *an internal conflict*

you give me
a sense of purpose

it is so because
you are the *only* person
i have *ever* known
that has noticed
the things i create
before noticing *me*

- *the one and only*

you chop down trees and build with linking logs
with wood as red as the blood in his veins
overwriting his wash of wonder
bark as rough as chapped lips
unused from the isolation of past times

marble eyes meet in this haze
leaving you clueless as to where the stems went
and when he realized stolen was present pigment

animals in the distance can feel the tension
and oh my
did you forget to mention
you misplaced the hue
and he recalls the book
it has been long overdue
and he feels askew

so he writes another
featuring his only thoughts
the ones that were fey
where he can throw the previous away
and love to live other days

- *marble eyes*

we are both pillars
of the same bridge
cars drive upon us
exclaiming lyrical vows
and taking part in carouse

if one of us shall break
another's hope is at stake
to keep drivers driving
for safety's sake

- *broken bridge*

talk to people like you wash fabric
when you come out of the dryer
you will smell fresh and new
and everyone
will not have a clue
that your shirt
is a different hue

*- i love clothes
straight from the dryer*

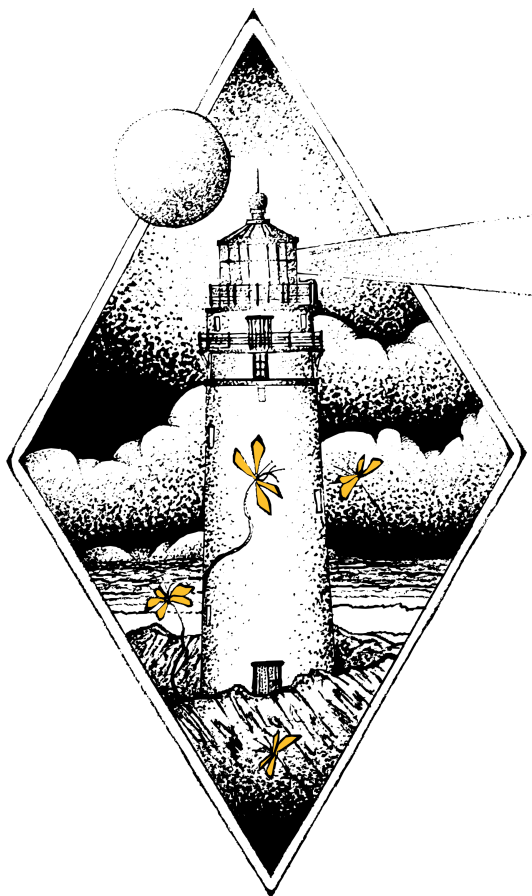
in the entirety of the forest
he was oblivious above
and you were the airless mourning dove
the leaves fell with the wind
and spindles of twine
wrapped around his mind
to develop a kindling fire burning the past
for you in the back of the sky
where birds fly endlessly trying to
figure out
what the flowers below signify

*- it is pretty scary up here
now that i think about it*

do not identify as what you make
for if people do not like what you do
and then you will not create
then who are you

- *white flowers*





in a place
currently abstracted from your view
is a billow of sincerity
assembling for posterity
to encounter you
soon an hour
preparing to accord a flower
not for the reason that
it reconciles within itself the lower tide
but because it desires that yourself with it
you can reside

- *tidewater love*

loving someone
is like seeing a jellyfish
and pointing out the beauty
but get too close
and the sting of their lies
will let you sink
in a sea of demise

- *loving a jellyfish*





having someone understand
is closing a book
rereading in your dreams
and waking up to mended seams

- *understanding*



i want to hold your skin at my fingertips
and have you shiver beneath a blanket
letting you know
i am here

i want to whisper within your dreams
and make you consider a walk
in front of street lamps
the flame of the lights permeating your lashes

i want to endure the silence of a morning sun
fragmenting your apartment window
as you breathe in
the coffee brewing aroma

i want you to study art
in the same form that i view you
to discern strokes of paint across a canvas
while the azures mix with your understanding

i want to laugh at your spontaneous jokes
in the middle of the night
and go to sleep knowing
i would not want to be anywhere else

- the silence of a morning sun

satellite
perched on ocean high
note i you are to me nigh

do you owe the night
the perception
of a twilight

*- see you tomorrow
or the day after that*

the people who attempt to afflict your skull
are also the people who have been
feeding from the depths of your mind

*- it all works out when they
go to sleep at night*

on the occasion that you leave love
in hopes that it was infatuation
i need you to remember
the reason i was there was not for you

it was the way in which
you
were
reshaping
me

- *it was not supposed to be permanent*
was it

the plants will wither
when the ground turns
from warm to winter
a mind capable
of such sweet affection
is ruined by
the soul's objection

- i bet you love winter

diverse events
are sewn into my perception
when i realize
that ages derive from deception
and the things that i thought were forever
have now caused me displeasure

- *just a restatement*
nothing more

i hope that
when you lay down
to sleep at night
you dream about
all the things
i think of
during the day

- *the other you*

the more you become concerned
with how people judge you
the more you become like
how you think you are judged

- *your looking glass self*

you are everyone
the people surrounding me
however you may be the closest flower i have found
or the farthest from my brain spine
but you are not him or i
you are them
and you are not looking for anything
at least from where he is standing

- *the difference between you and me*

it makes me feel that everything i think of lacks purpose
it makes me feel that the sounds around me need to stop
that they are the reason for me falling out of the sky
it makes me feel that the letters in the back of my mind
need to flood out of my eyes
but they cannot because you are always looking
it makes me feel that i am isolated in a crowd full of people
because they do not have the vertebrae my skull contains
it makes me feel that words are not enough
that i need to visit someone who specializes in yellow
it makes me feel that even he is out of reach of i
that i will not ever be able to recover my meaning
it makes me feel that the words i display to you will never be adequate
and that the letters i address are a waste of my mind
it makes me feel that every time i review my worth there is nothing
it makes me realize that i need to feel more than this
more than what i have been given
more than a flower flowing down the stream
i need to feel the touch of your skin
i need to feel the presence of myself in a room
thinking the same thing that he is
i need to feel the thing that i have been deprived of my whole life
i need to feel that when you are away
you are still here
lying right beside me to whisper me awake

- me

death

no one notices very much
a sense of time and wonders
who inspired and associated
death with love

*- the difference between
death and yellow flowers*



pride is a bottle of sleeping pills
assured it will help you sleep
and sleep is the closest thing to death
you will ever know
but when you are truly
down below
there will not be any
cure to take
and you are going to
wish you were
still awake

- *pride*

there was a boy
who led a man deep into the forest
revealing to him a music sheet
carved into the stump of an oak tree

he sensed the silence viewing him from afar
idling to notice what he would conclude next
but alas he torched the stump with his decisions
including the boy
whose last words were

*spare not the melodies of my music
but your own*

- trespasses

when i seal my eyes in the shower
i am petrified i will not see
death
wander in
to extinguish the faucet
and hinder me from washing off
the facets of loneliness

f
 l
 o
 w
 i
 n
 g

down the drain

- *loneliness*

moments before he falls asleep
the day surges through his head
while i wait to
sink
into my unforgiving feather pillow
reflecting upon the things
i accuse myself of doing wrong
and whether or not i have been right to
stay awake
all
along

- *falling asleep*

in my sleep
i
take his life
just to wake up with
death
at the end of my bed
greeting
him
with a nosegay
of
yellow flowers

- the start of something new



his soul rests on a train
impatiently remaining for a station
awaiting my embrace
and only his windowpane
is turning to a welsh poppy

not yours as he reports
because your iris is permeated with them
he cannot perch out of his own lattice
and discern the spectrum
you were ever mounted in

he is here
and he sees them blooming solely for him
being careful not to pick one
or they might all just pick themselves

- meadow of the mind

in the face of disorder
it dazes me
that such yellow flowers
could render fragmented kisses
useless

*- noticing you through
all the chaos*

so close to your heart
and beneath my yellow is verbose
the thoughts i mask with water
and the sun in my eyes
help me grow to despise the feeling
of knowing when i am done

done with explaining who i am
or which books i have understood
or the pages composed of blackwood

so with regards i make a request
for you to read what is lain
to relieve me of admiring
your meadow of red

- meadow of red

the day you design
unfamiliar feathers enclosed by the sky
permeating with water and not letters
is they day you will see in yellow

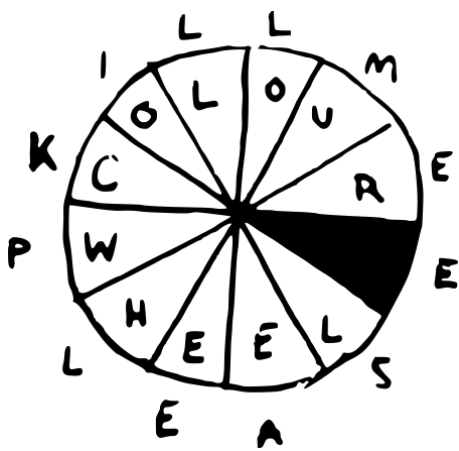
*- a supplement to
your askewness*

do not let another's teal
conceal your colour wheel

what you hear
is temporary

what is preserved
is in canary

- *colour wheel*



pour me another glass
it helps me cease thinking of
how much you dislike my presence

- *everyone*
everywhere
it never stops



stranded at sea
upon an island of malicious bellows
it appears immoderately mellow knowing
there beyond somewhere are boats rowing
through the tides of my thoughts

and fairly far is the perennial
that perhaps i have found
who will bring me back to
the meadow of yellow
ere i shall drown

- *meadow of black*

the song that gets stuck in your head
the song that speaks of growing old
the song that reveals how to feel beautiful
the song that is relatable
the song that inspires new air to breathe
the song that refills ink in pens so you can keep writing
the song that saves

that is the song to sing
when you are lost in a field
filled with the voices of the sun
and there is not one
yellow flower to admire from the soil

- *looking up*

i always awaken
in an atmosphere midday
with nineteen white lines for tattoos

they remind me of
how unserene i was at sixteen
how you stripped my yellow
of my color wheel
and how confined
you caused me to feel

quite overlooked was my book
of shame in things seen not
and mistook was your eyesight
for thinking i was content with you
despite my descent
being overdue

- *charcoal cuts*

from a past time
and in the meantime
until the corolla come to me
i shall remain
waiting
at the bottom lying
for color to inscribe
felicity upon my aperture
even as my hair is
graying

- *waiting forever*

what is a color anyways
- *from the perspective of i*



he felt the aether pressure
in the nether of the weather

in his endeavor on whether or never
to gather his thoughts together
they formed into a feather
flying forth for hours
to a field filled
with mystifying flowers

he followed his thoughts
to this meadow of yellow
assuming they were blooming
but this fear was confusing
as the color was undoing

the feather was unfound
unknown to the man
it was still on the ground
awaiting the rain
remaining in pain
to witness this shower
descend to the flowers



in the eleventh hour
the water came down
from the clouds in pounds
and the petals were restored
with the purpose people picked them for

he laid down on the ground and gained
the chromatic ochre that these plants contained

never once did he visit the feather
write a clever letter
or call for good measure

he was drained of his mind
and stained with his favorite color
until the end of time

- meadow of yellow



