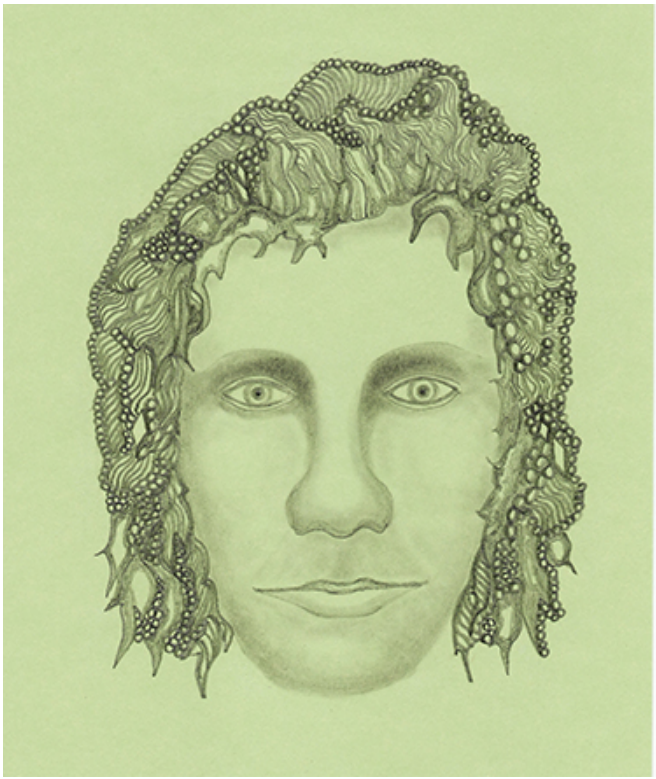
Stephen Jarrell Williams



That Stare

You felt that first stare from his eyes of hunger
Making you blink and tense up for a confusing moment

He was dark and lean bodied with sweat beads on his forehead
Hands on his hips daring you to see he was a womanizer

Not a holy man but more of a young poet eager for fame
Wanting you as his proof of magnetism

You swallowed with a slight smile
The world of people around you a blur and the beginning of starving
For someone quite unexplainable

Palm trees everywhere in the heat and caressing breeze
Tall and swaying with a multitude of fingering leaves

You had never been on an island
So young and sure of your new maturity and practiced thoughts

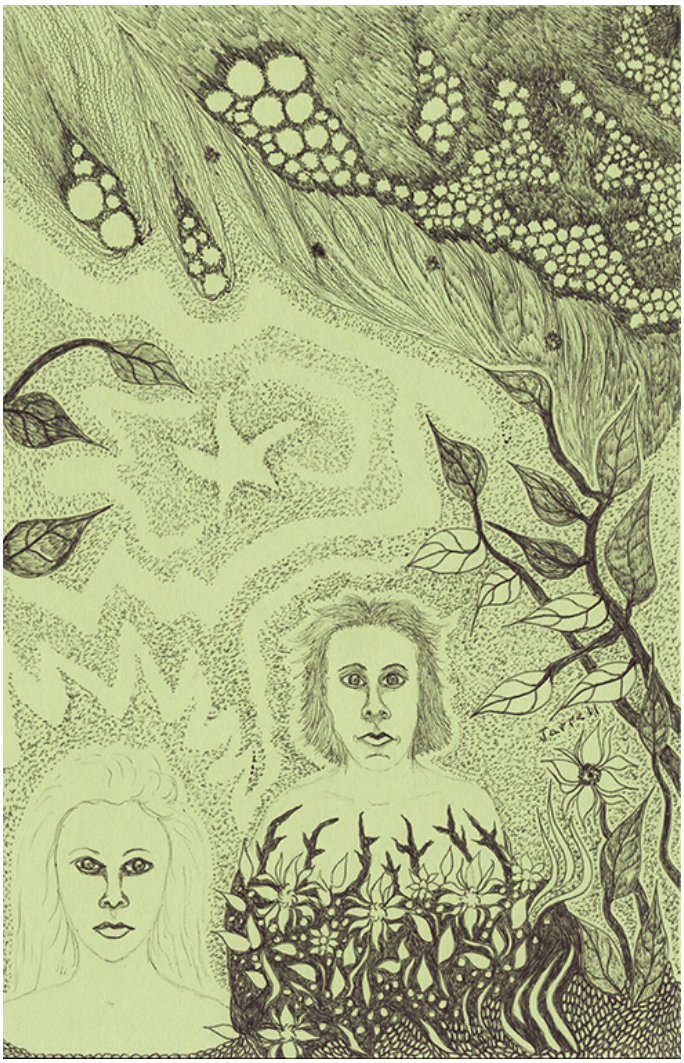
You would not fall this early
This instant attraction that would lead into the jungle
Berries and butterflies and poisonous snakes

You have been here before in a drama dream
Written by your own hand so sugar tasty and addicting

Here he comes
Walking over and digging his eyes into you
A masterpiece he will make you and hang you for all to see

His words will be wet paint all over you
And your words will give him what he craves

Let the stares begin.



Blur of Dreams

He eats his meal in timid darkness
This night the stars above the haze

His body accustomed to streets and walls and uneven ground
Distant sirens and conversations with unmoving shadows

He hums continually tunes he’s unaware of
Confusion is his friend

Wadding up his used food wrappings from a trash bin
He tosses them at an imaginary hoop

His smelly shoes sit in the sand
His lumpy bag of belongings will be his pillow again

He has found a good spot to sleep
In a little field behind a deserted parking lot

The city street just beyond with a few passing cars
He use to drive a Ford truck in his younger days

He was strong then
Never afraid

He laughed a lot
Danced and told jokes

Sometime ago something happened to his mind
He can't remember much

He thinks he was married
Pictures of her linger then flash away with his thoughts

Her whispery voice teasing him and haunting him
Making him take a deep breath and cough and wheeze

All the days and all the nights
Fit together in a blur of dreams

He believes he has grown-up children and someday
They will find him and take him home

Telling him everything he needs to know
Comforting him in a bed and room of his own.

Going Underground

They took from me
Words of honey and poison relief

They made me a spectacle
Semi-famous and pitiful

I built my hideaway
Twisted smokestack and worn horns
Under and beside their busy streets

No one would notice
When I took a peek
My disguise reptilian and my hair a plant

Only at night I would venture out
Blessing their foreheads with a pencil mark
Enough lead can be a wonderment of revenge

Watching them grow old in their mistakes
Stuck in their Hollywood beliefs
And glamorous rewritten history

I'll reappear someday
When their children come-of-age
Giving them a kiss of a fit of how it all once was

Instructions on how not to be like their parents
Pretending to be righteous
And digging graves for those that disagree.

Stephen Jarrell Williams loves to write in the middle of the night with a grin and grimace and flame in his heart. He is the editor of Dead Snakes at deadsnakes.blogspot.com