Poetry as Art

A book of poetry

By: Jonathan C. Holeman
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.

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Poetry as Art

Haiku #9
Rain hits the gutter
Breaking the sound that brings death.
That sound is silence.

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Content
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 (1864-1954); 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 winter's 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.
She rides upon a rhinoceros that stampedes her stable mind where she's locked inside a cage configuration system can not find.

She has faked 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 wrath. They rend and tear apart the shore and shards of sands for fill their ebb only to be buried in their vibrant deep inside these strands of sand are the shells of a thousand archins 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.
Buoyantly 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 warmth heats and heals, tending
mending, deep and woeful fissures.
With ours 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 honest excited joyful glee.
Hugged to the beat of a breast in exclamation.  
Becoming a memory of smooth and polished surface.  
Wrapped gentle, in cloth, which hid a rend  
of heart below.  
Traversing through hills and valleys millions  
of eons away.

Set across a mantle, awaiting the future  
where it sits this very day.  
A blury 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 misguides 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 therapeutic. 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 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, solidifies
And finally it fades away

page the fourteenth
Trials

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

page the fifteenth
Prison Life

Some say it is no life at all
Sad, 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, soilder
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 scream

When everythings 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 its flavor
Food, drink, and sustenance
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 communications
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 descending
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
 Gnashing 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

page the nineteenth
Either way is much the same
Pediatric promises unfulfilled
Shattered spirit trudging on
And that is all that hope is
Pushing through all the misery, despair
Seeking more than finding
A light burnt down deep inside
While dangling from a thread of sorrow

KAMI

The void grows easy
To the weary hearted soul
And kindness grows on trees
Deep in the kami
Where the fire burns for life.
A Quotidian note
on Poetry as Style.

Tanka, Haiku, Limerick.
Sonnets, 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 epiphane, 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.

page the twenty first
Second Snowfall

Dangling on an Ocean
of thoughts caught in between
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 bunnies
Birds fluff wings while they sing
With bees that make their honey

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 clown
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

page the twenty sixth
Metaphor

Poetry is emotion, spread across 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 clashing 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, within 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 nearly decent, well, terrible, horrid, a waste of paper (save the tears phase), 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 dawn.
Finding peace in failures,
knowing another winters passed.
Expressing Emotions

Sometimes when night rolls in
There's a flash before the skies
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 skies
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
Zyphers 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
Gental 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.

page the thirty third