

FORGOTTEN SPACES

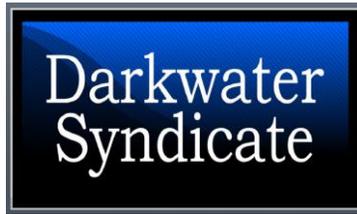


POETRY FOR A PENSIVE MOOD

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Poetry For A Pensive Mood
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PREFACE

If you're lucky, your walk through life is a long one. You are doubly fortunate if your life's path leads through easy terrain, but that is infrequently the case. Lightning rarely strikes the same spot (or person) twice. On our journeys through life, we will encounter rough patches - walking through the valley of the shadow of death being the archetypal, albeit extreme, example.

This foreboding terrain may be too sensitive to venture through with co-workers, too dangerous to cross with friends, and sometimes too frightening to traverse alone. How we negotiate a path can make a world of difference in how the remainder of our journeys will turn out. But - as proper manners tend to inform us - it may be considered impolite to burden others with our miseries. All too often, we are faced with the daunting prospects of going it alone. And sadly, more often than not, many choose simply to ignore these blighted areas, in the hopes they will simply vanish.

These are the forgotten spaces on our walks of life.

Some people are fortunate that their forgotten spaces lie in distant locales. For others, these places are right outside their windows, or even under their very roofs.

Regardless of where these dark places are, the reality remains that a pit of quicksand is just as deadly no matter where located. And as is the case with most things people put off doing, these dark places only get worse the longer they go uncorrected.

To make matters worse, everybody's got one.

The poems in this book explore dark topics: anger, addiction, cynicism, mental illness, worthlessness, bereavement, fear, regret, solitude.

The landscape is treacherous.

Tread lightly.

SWALLOW YOUR TONGUE

A teardrop on a letter never mailed
is neither an excuse nor sufficient postage.

Flowers beside a headstone make silent apologies.

A father sits by the phone
thinking what might have been.

IRRATIONAL, ANGRY THINGS

Muzzle blast cackles and Molotov cocktails,
storefronts in blazes and ambulance sirens,
news choppers circling high overhead,
these are irrational, angry things.

Stomping on backs of some lost, lonely kittens,
unloading bullets on women and children,
giving some hobo a knife in the ribs,
these are irrational, angry things.

When the boss shouts,
when the bank calls,
when I'm feeling sad,
I'll simply act out on how poorly I feel,
and I won't feel so bad.

Strolling long-legged past downtown skyscrapers,
name's in the radio and all the newspapers.
Bodies in heaps and blood running in streams,
these are irrational, angry things.

When the cops come,
when the judge's done,
they'll declare me mad.
They'll wheel me away to my padded cell,
and I won't feel so bad.

DREAMS ON PINS

Dreams are like butterfly wings
once touched, will never fly again
and are better off pinned in a box
or dissected.

It is better, then,
to never chase one's dreams,
out of fear of touching one
and forever coming short of realizing it.

THE BIG BOOT

Fickle!

Come home a hero, or not at all:
the unplumbable demands of a tyrant.

Predictable!

Never good enough for you.
Clawing for handholds that aren't there.

That was your last chance, you shot it full of holes.
Your number's up and I got it right here.

Some people are lucky and aren't around
when life puts its foot through an innocent heart –
rears back, brings up its leg and here comes the boot.

Next!

ZERO SUM

Each penny you drop in that well as you wish
corrodes into poison that stifles a fish.

Each balloon you let fly on warm summer days
gets lodged in seals' throats and they too pass away.

Each rainbow you see that brightens your mood
is somebody's torrent of rainfall and flood.

Each dime on the ground that you should pick up
fell out of the pocket of a guy with hard luck.

Each triumph you net, though wrought at great cost,
means that someone else had to have lost.

So all the good times in the past that you've had,
means you've made someone, somewhere, sad.

And all the good fortune that should befall you,
it results from someone else's getting screwed.

THE MAN IN THE PINSTRIPE PANTS

In his tower of glass and steel,
the man in the pinstripe pants wrings his hands.

Sidewalk slabs fan out into a chessboard.
There are no knights, bishops, queens, rooks;
only pawns,
in their inexorable idiot's dance in the dark.

One step forward, never back, never around.
Black and white meet in the middle and
stalemate.

The boulevard bard sings the song of the streets,
of concrete and crooked streetlights
and the blood that runs down to the gutter.

Packed lines on the sidewalks smell like tuna fish
churning nonstop into a lockstep march
of suits and ties.
A pinstripe banner to unite us all,
bind us at the ankles
and keep us from running.

Storefront televisions reach out to shake you,
snatch your pocket change
and boot you to the curb with a few missing teeth.

There are no humans in the resource department,
but there's a camera in everything.
Work hard and earn your vacation time,
but God help you if you think to use it.
Suck a pipe or stick a needle and get ten years,
or burn five bucks a pack a day and lose thirty.
Choose the right faith and you may be reborn,
meanwhile heathen vampires never die.

Handshakes and smiles are ubiquitous and cheap.
I don't know who you are or care

but my job depends on my saying
"Have a nice day" when I take your money.
Have a nice day means "Get the hell out,"
said with a smile
and sometimes a handshake.

In his tower of glass and steel,
the man in the pinstripe pants steps down.
The king is set sideways across the board.
The boulevard bard sings
of fresh cracks in concrete,
and the blood that runs down to the gutter.

SUNKEN EYES SEE THE TRUTH

Too long have the ears been stopped up deaf,
and the eyes been blind to see,
that the man in the mirror is laughing hard,
and the biggest joke of all is me.

THIRST OF THE OCEANS

She longs and waits, chin in hand and sitting pretty,
innocent as a quiet sunset,
quiet as the foam at shore.

Many a night have I spent with her.
With her it is cool and good.
I might stay with her forever.
Were she to have her way it would be so.

She loves me,
wants to sweep me to a place only she knows
where we can live
though the world rots,
where she can hold me
envelop me
smother me
never let me go.
She loves me so.

She begs I stay longer,
a bit longer,
a tiny while longer.
How long can I hold my breath?

It could never work.

She would give me the sky,
but what use is it to a fish?
She would give me the sea
but what use is it to a bird?

She wants and she watches
and she waits and she preys.
She hungers and she searches
and she takes and she mourns.

As the women of old would dress in white
and wait by the shore for their loves to return,

so too does the ocean.
Foam topped waves stitch the lace of her veil.
Her face is the moon in the sea at night.

No one consoles the ocean.
She drinks the salt of her tears forever.
And of all her fish
and of all her whales
she is intimately aware,
though they never give her a passing thought.

The ocean truly is alone.
The seagulls on high sing her sorrows.
They echo her calls from places unseen.

THE MUSIC BOX

She sits at the window
and watches the birds
pecking the ground
and calling from trees.

She closes her eyes
and remembers those words
as the years tumble backward
and are lost in the breeze.

It old was even then,
back when they both were young -
a music box purchased
from a secondhand store.

It sure wasn't much
but the song that it sung
meant more than the ring
that he couldn't afford.

The decades rolled forward.
They had sorrows and laughs.
The music played on,
soft on the ear.

But then came the day
when he finally passed.
The music played on,
and she persevered.

She sits at the window
staring out in a daze,
not moving except
to wind the box in her lap.

The nurse takes her shoulder
and wheels her away,
back to her room
in time for her nap.

She closes her eyes
as she lays her head down.
Opens her hand,
and drifts off to sleep.

The music box dancer
keeps turning around.
The secrets she knows
she'll silently keep.

The music now slows
in pace with the time.
The dancer, she halts,
and the widow is gone.

The box lies here quiet
with no hand to wind,
and yet still she smiles
as the tune plays on.

END OF SAMPLE

**DISCOVER OTHER BOOKS AVAILABLE
THROUGH DARKWATER SYNDICATE**

The Gullwing Odyssey

By: Antonio Simon, Jr.

"The Gullwing Odyssey rests solidly on the shaking shoulders of a good laugh – and that's what sets it apart from ninety percent of fantasies on the market."

– Diane Donovan, Midwest Book Review

A four-time award winning fantasy/comedy adventure. When an unusual assignment sends Marco overseas, he finds himself dodging pirates and a hummingbird with an appetite for human brains. Little does he know the fate of a civilization may rest upon his shoulders. In spite of himself, Marco becomes the hero he strives not to be.

Shadows And Teeth, Volume One

Ten Terrifying Tales Of Horror And Suspense

By: Various Authors

"I highly recommend "Shadows And Teeth" for fans of horror... Each story is uniquely written by a talented author, and the writing styles varied so that each story stood out on its own... I really look forward to future volumes in this fantastic series."

– Reader Views Reviews

Prepare for extreme horror. This collection of ten stories features a range of international talent, award-winning authors and new voices in the genre. Take care as you reach into these dark places, for the things here bite, and you may withdraw a hand short of a few fingers.

Your Life Sucks, Buy This Book:

Transform Your Life In Ways You Never Thought Possible Or Ethical

By: Cavanaugh Kellough Sweeny, MBA, JD, DDS, BS

Now a national bestseller (of no place on Earth), this book contains Cavanaugh K. Sweeny's proven *Your Life Sucks, Buy This Book* system of life fulfillment. Whether it's your career, your spiritual development, or your degree of personal fulfillment, the information in this book will do absolutely nothing towards making your life better, but your money will get Mr. Sweeny that much closer to buying another vacation home. A must-read for fans of self-help and business development books, or CEO's who love a good laugh.

Miami Is Missing

By: Antonio Simon, Jr.

Discover a side of Miami so hidden even the natives don't know it exists. A space rocket abandoned in the swamp, a futuristic expo that never was, a city wiped off the map, a national monument at the bottom of the ocean. Photographs, addresses, and coordinates are provided to take a "then-and-now" look into the Magic City's hidden history.

Transit Dreams

By: Antonio Simon, Jr.

Ever get kicked out of a Chinese buffet for eating all of their oranges? What do you do when bombs start dropping on your evening commute? And how on Earth did that red Buick punt that shopping cart into a tree? Step aboard with these twenty-two short stories that delve into the oddities of our daily lives. You're in for a ride.

The Many Deaths of Cyan Wraithwate

By: R. Perez de Pereda

The bad part about being immortal is that you cannot die. Cyan learns that not dying is worse than not living - the magic that made him immortal turns more of his body to lifeless iron with each passing day. Knowing time is short before he becomes just another statue in a town square, he sets off on a quest to rid himself of his cursed immortality.

R.A.G.E.: Roleplay Adventure Gaming Engine

By: Antonio Simon, Jr.

Written by an award-winning fantasy novelist and avid gamer, R.A.G.E. is an innovative roleplaying game system. This enhanced edition produces unforgettable adventures for you and your friends. All you need to get started are some friends, dice, a pulse, and a sense of humor (roughly in that order). See why this game is all the R.A.G.E.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Steven M. Fonts

Estêvão Magalhães Fonts, better known as Steven, was born in Minas Gerais, Brazil, in 1977. He emigrated to the United States to study journalism and now works as a freelance photographer.

He lives in Deerfield Beach, Florida, with his wife, two sons, and a Great Dane named Abílio.

Ramiro Perez de Pereda

Born in Cuba in 1941, Ramiro Perez de Pereda left his home country for the United States, where he made a name for himself working with blue-chip corporations. He has since retired from the business world.

Ramiro writes under the name R. Perez de Pereda. He is the author of "The Many Deaths of Cyan Wraithwate", an epic fantasy with an ironic twist. He has also written several dozen short stories and poems.

He lives in Miami, Florida.

Antonio Simon, Jr.

Antonio Simon, Jr. is a lawyer and author of the award-winning fantasy/comedy "The Gullwing Odyssey". He holds Bachelor of Arts degrees from the University of Miami (Florida) in the subjects of political science and history, as well as a Juris Doctorate from Saint Thomas University's School of Law.

He lives in Miami, Florida.

ABOUT DARKWATER SYNDICATE

We are Darkwater Syndicate. We're the publishing company with a defense contractor's name, and that sums up our approach to books. Our mission is to be your source for uncommonly good reading.

We refuse to be mainstream. Our authors are not afraid to push boundaries and buck trends. Pick up one of our books and see why we call them "uncommonly good" reading.

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