

Hello!
Welcome To Violet Monday's Poetry.
I invite you to read ten sample poems of
Blood Splattered on the Paper.
If you wish to read more, you can always buy the book.
www.myspace.com/violetmonday
www.amazon.com
www.barnesandnoble.com

Author, Violet Monday, gives birth to, *Blood Splattered on the Paper*, a book which offers a truly unique approach to poetry that reflects on life's utter most difficulties, pains, and pleasures. With a focus on a various array of different types of narratives, insights, and short stories that involve laughter, drama, murder, humor, love, inspiration, and much more. Violet Monday vividly captures your heart, mind, body, and soul through these urban style poems which tend to make the reader laugh while at the same time ponder the meaning of life. You be the judge! The publication of *Blood Splattered on the Paper* in conjunction with Lulu (www.lulu.com), the world's fastest-growing provider of print-on-demand books, is bound to become a best seller. This book is a must read! Link to view first few poems: <http://blog.myspace.com/violetmonday>

I'm a lyrical poet. My words are thought provoking, magical, and can carry you into another world. I believe in integrity and want to show the world that I have something positive to say. =====

Violet Monday

BLOOD SPLATTERED ON THE PAPER
By Violet Monday

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MOTHER NATURE!?!

What happened to **Father Nature**?
Did he run off with the **Sister Sun**?
(Whose father was the **man in the moon**)
Leaving **Mother Nature**,
Our **Mother Earth** to fend
for herself
See what is happening without
his help
Little **April Showers** becomes
seduced by lightening
and thunder down under and unknowingly nurturing eyes have no way
to pry as the dark cloudy night enshrouds them
from their protecting kin

Father Time

left

Lady Luck

For **Madame Rain**

because

he

Thought SHE was a good f...f...f...

Friend!!!

8th WEEK

In the 8th week, he fished in his pant pocket for a pack of cigs
He then whispers the truth with his deep baritone trumpet sound
to help guide you to the way
mysteriously
staring at you with his eyelids hung low
like a black cloak and two dark coals
heating towards you
with a smirk and a suck, inhale, and blow of a thin haze of
smoke
in your face

As she hugged his ruff and rugged body, he slowly and languidly softened up
like hot melted butter
dripping to the floor
through her fingers

d
r
i
p
P
I
N
G
S
L
O
W
L
Y

shegrippedontohimfordearlife
but he left her grabbing empty air
only remnants of his soul floating upwards
as she looked up at the sky

ALONE

Alone
A lone
Al one
All one
One
The shallowness seeps into the newfound friends
They return to the bedroom to form a group
A clique
Only to form a clique within the clique
Full of dry emotion that is propelled by the fulfillment of popularity,
Bubbly thoughts, produced smiles, exaggerated stories of boyfriends and their kisses,
stimulating conversations about the gap, old navy, and banana republic,
How profound!?!
I am so lucky
I have found such a giddy group of friends
One
All one
Al one
A lone
Alone

SOME PARTNER IN CRIME

Some partner in Crime

In life

f

f

f

f

f

Lie

The lovers were stuck in a time zone of the unknown and one of its kind
he couldn't run away

Life

f

f

f

Lie

It kept following him

she could not stop it either

It kept overflowing

overwhelming

he just kept running

Leaving all of his cheating girlfriends

unwanted lovers, liars, flakes, fakes

Life

f

f

f

Lie

females with agendas, superficial friendships

MELTING

The sun is boiling my blood underneath my skin
Please give me water or the valley of my veins will dry
Where is the ice?
Because my mouth is so dry,
Thank you, for leaving me here defenseless in the tightly sealed car
While the breeze moves outside,
And you spoon your boyfriend,
I cannot drink my own sweat beads because they are too salty and warm
My cry sounds like a drill cutting into a redwood tree,
My heart is begging me to move
but
My legs are paralyzed and my arms are limp
My eyes are closing as my vision fades into darkness and solitude,
My breath becomes the earth
And the last sound I hear is my ears melting off.

ANCIENT ONES

Disaster is striking
the demon of madness and despair
is released from immemorial hiding places
and taken home to their place of origin
outside the solar system
That's when an ancestor came to me
and whispered through the wailing wind
in the starlight night
A sound like I've never heard before
like the opening of a door
a touch like I've never felt
and a scent I've never smelt
The ancient one came down upon
my breath and blew me a cold kiss
that shook me to the core
down to the ground
feeling shivers

When I was born I broke the chain to the ancestors
a battle is to arise
My parents were surprised
take hold of the night
gleaming with honeydew at our sight
walking through the grave
that our ancestor's have paved
breath in chill of the fog
blow out it's demon

A FRAGILE HEART

Tipping her with silent goodbyes
Mild grin and yellow eyes
That is his disguise
preying on young girls
Give them kisses and tell them lies
beating her in
And letting it out
Leave her hanging
Making sure to take a new route
Smelling fingers and combing hair
Where has he been
To the next affair

CHAOS

**MorningChaosNoonChaosNightChaosMorningChaos
NoonChaosNightChaosMorningChaosNoonChaosNight**

Blood splatters on the face of an innocent child,
It whips his face like shards of glass,
His nerves start to buzz,
Limbs vibrate like a temblor

Morning Chaos Noon Chaos Night Chaos MorningChaosNoonChaosNightChaos

The young virgin,
Changed his whole facade,
Instead of playing football,
He lost his faith in God.

Morning Chaos Noon Chaos Night Chaos Morning Chaos

running to the porch, through the door, in the room, under the bed
he felt God's tears touch his.

Morning Chaos Noon Chaos Night Chaos

His heart beats with fire,
Blazing at his breath,

Morning Noon Night

POP ICONS

If a company sold a pop singer's poop,
people would buy it.
And if they told you it was good for you,
people would eat it

THE COAGULATED MOON

The coagulated moon hangs low
After the death outside of the child's home
He's 15 alone
During the black holiday
Sky shrieks as he fires
The first round
stars colliding
petrifying
Darkness stares at his
Pretty eyes
It's his disguise
Heart dropping into darkness

LOWEr

LOW er

lower

he can only move forward
slicing reality in half
destroyed, unable to repair
past damaged and gone
regret, regret, not sure of regret
does he even feel this
after daily beating, slashes, ridicule
feeling miniscule, abuse
from his beloved father
bleak slaughter
staring at the threshold
in which he has commenced
touching the reality
feeling it's ripple effects
bouncing towards him
grim
with sin
from within