

little big people

By Jesse Bullen

A note from the author,

After studying the Beat Generation, I gained a greater understanding of the shift poetry took in the mid-1940s. With this understanding, I was inspired to write many of my own poems which you will find in this book. I've studied countless poets and their poetry from this generation and have developed my own writing along the way. The imagery Gary Snyder uses to describe nature and Allen Ginsburg's loud anti-authorial voice pushed me to put my own thoughts on paper in a poetic way. With the help of my teacher I was able to understand and apply almost every poetic device we learned about. So in reading my collection of poems try to spot some imagery, metaphors or any other poetic devices you know of. I hope my collection of poems finds you as intrigued as I was while studying some of these great Beat Poets.

And finally...

A collection of poems...

By Jesse Bullen

Into the wilderness

He took a step into the angelic, scape of forest greenery
The leaves lay fallen on the ground like soldiers
Red and orange, a sign fall was here
Another step and the leaves beneath his feet crunched softly
He felt the cool, calm, crisp air blow gently on his face
Against the silky yellow of his skin, his cheeks looked like a brilliant sunset
His cherry nose was pointed to the sky
Letting the sun dance across his face
Reminding him of a warmer place
The frost was cool but the sun was comforting
With a breath like that of a thousand men
He stepped out into the wilderness again

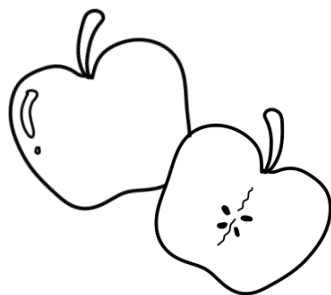


Flower Queen

She must be dreaming
Though she still felt alive
In this world she created
For her pretty flower to exist
Too late when the screams echoed through her soul
The night had come
To take away all that she loved
To kidnap her flower queen



Cyanide Centre



Eat away
Down to my core
Each another sweet bite
Until all that's left is my cyanide centre
I was once good as gold
Now poison and old
Because you didn't stop
Kept picking away
At each bittersweet molecule of my being
And you thought I was gone
So you tossed me aside
But I will not fear
And I will not hide



Tainted Bubbles

Our kind like to dance between the stars
Tango until we reach mars
There we'll sit and sip orange soda
Blissful bubbles linger on our tongues

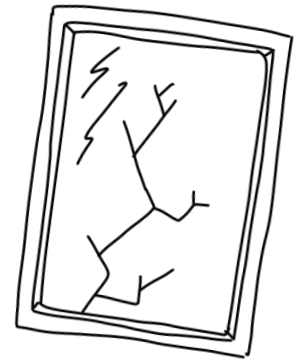
With each sip gone
We sink back through the stratosphere
Dragged back to the humdrum
We disappear
Lost among the giants that patrol this planet

They try to take our soda for themselves
say it's not good for our health
and when we scream about it
they do not hear us
come rushing back the fears that jeer us

so what's the point in sticking around
when those tainted bubbles lift us off the ground



Tripped up on mirrored images



She's tripped up on mirrored images
Can't take her eyes off that crystal
reflection
A frown plastered on her face
Because today...
She doesn't feel quite right
Like right now her skin is on too tight

And in an effort to make her feel
Golden... important... and loved
We tell her she is beautiful
That her smile could light up a thousand
cities

At times these words make her feel
confident
And her smile is true
Because today her skin feels more loose
Like she can finally breathe
Without the weight of that glassy
reflection
On her shoulders

And in an effort to make her feel
Rusty... unwanted... and lonely
We tell her that she is self-absorbed
Egotistical, or that she's "asking for it"

No matter how she feels
We try to change her
Pick apart every aspect of her perfect
personality
And try to rearrange it

Trapped in our cookie-cutter conformist
standards
Of beauty and grace
Tell her, that makeup covers to much of
her face
Yet without, come crashing comments of
"Oh, are you sick?"

So we tear down and shatter the mirror
That her radiant reflection once danced
within
Her head hangs low
Trying to see the person she once knew
Among the shattered glass
She's tripped up on mirrored image

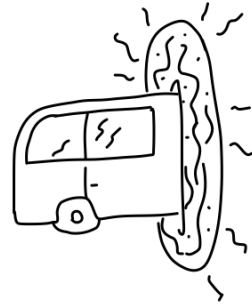


Fireflies

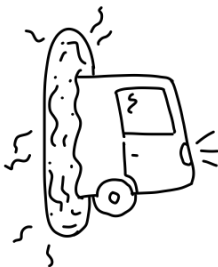


caught for only a moment
but like fireflies dancing in the sky
my day is bright
when I get to see you
it turns my world
you're more mysterious than the stars above
but knowing you is more complex
more intriguing
than I could have imagined

Transcendental link



You've decided to hop on
Though you've got no where to go
Still this transcending trip you've agreed to
Is taking off with purpose
Not your own
And all though just minutes ago you had waltzed onto this mysterious vessel
You somehow find yourself in the driver seat
Suddenly in control of where you're going
But at times it doesn't feel like you're the driver
Even though the wheel turns in your hands
You feel it slip slightly out of your grasp
As you descend into an atmosphere not your own
And you aren't sure how to feel
Yet you have no choice
Because you agreed to ride
On this transcendental trip
On this universal ship



A letter from the author

My name is Jesse Bullen, I grew up in Vancouver, Canada and I have lived here all my life. I spent a lot of time in and around nature growing up and it has always had a huge impact on my worldview. I am currently in high school and learning about the world around me has been quite the journey. Social elements of my life are constantly changing and I'm always learning from it.

I've always found writing about myself to be very difficult so a common theme you may have noticed throughout my poetry has been that I write about other people. The fictional people serve as messengers of my thoughts. It helps when writing not to think about it as myself and instead as people who have the same thoughts or experiences I do. Nature and socialization have always been very important aspects of my life and I tried to show that off in my poetry.

Into the wilderness was inspired by my love of Fall and I tried to focus of imagery and metaphors as my poetic devices. *Tripped up on mirrored images* is the longest poem I wrote. I was encouraged to write longer material and so I put a lot of effort into that one. The idea for the poem grew off of the first line. It had sounded nice to me and so I went with it. It slowly evolved into a poem about the hardships women face when presenting themselves the way they feel comfortable. I hope that one resonates with people when they read it. Tainted bubbles is the poem I am most proud of. But I'd like to leave the story of that one a mystery. Something for you to think about.

I hope this gave you a bit of insight into the experiences that helped shape my poetry. Thank you for reading.

Cheers,
Jesse Bullen