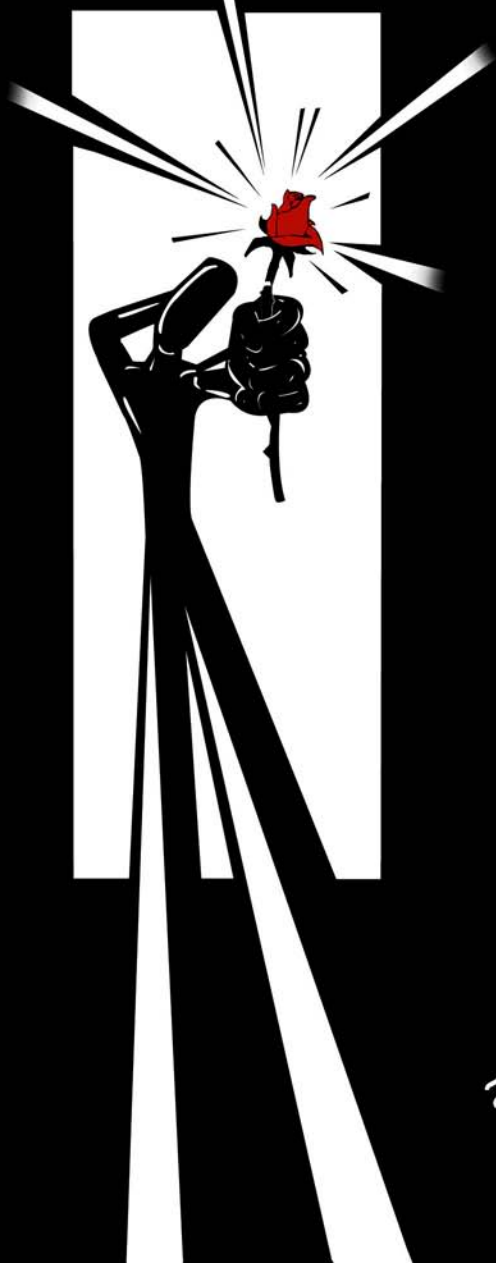


Broken Roses

Michael Dattolico



a poetic tale

so much for wizards

There he sits, the Frankenstein of Oz,
handing out hearts and brains like a daily lotto.
His grandiose legend spreads so far down the golden brick path,
even Kansas' patrons learn of him.

He hides behind his emerald world,
an antique haven with countless signs (for the children) reading:
“Do Not Touch.”

Florid flower girls glide the halls tossing living stepping stones,
while waves of music hypnotize the glassy palace,
penetrating the solid existence of the Windexed walls
and sensualizing their pores like a phoenix seduces a fire –
every raw emotion turns to a slow-motion striptease
of reds and oranges.

And if he does let you in,
and you make it past the nine blue horses and the festive court,
follow the left hallway straight back –

Where the final chamber radiates with crimson tapestries
stretching from the floor to infinity.
Gusts of stale chilled air blur with the jagged ceiling
like the roof and breath of an emerald dragon –
lines and lines of stained teeth standing at attention:
waiting for their orders.

This place makes the fear of lions, tigers, and bears
seem like stuffed-animal nightmares.

Finally the sorcerer rears his strangling voice.
His presence must be as tremendous,
with a long scholarly beard, strong mountain physique,
and night-sky robe presenting galaxies of moons and stars
glowing behind his power –
but no.

A man is all that hides behind a tattered tapestry with simple technology.

Rumors make magic,
and sugar-coat stout men in overalls and faded dress shirts
who fuck with hope for shits and giggles.

star-crossed mistakes

The cold on me,
my thoughts on you –

Caught in a typhoon of prattle,
we never know who's under our eyes.
We stare insatiably through the ones we love
(so bleak it seems).
Not one tree has leaves.

Each branch a wretched finger cursing the heavens,
so the sky itself does not dare shine upon the land –
dark clouds carry the soul
like an aqueduct: off to the distance.

Cupid must be a drunk, always missing his mark –
deciphering love through beer goggles on a sliding scale.

It's so cold to think every time I unleash,
I go outside and sit in my green plastic chair
(my only company an artist's pad and charcoaled hand),
stare aimlessly at my rocks and sky –
the lamp my night sun.

a poetic tale

Stream of consciousness, prose, comic antidotes,
all have a way of explaining perspective of dreams and hopes,
just like a poem may explain,
without alliteration or slant rhyme.

But what journey could we have without expression,
what art could be seen without despair, love or depression,
what soothing musical soul could be recognized,
without the listener entranced with relevance at their side?

A fictional bestseller, a blockbuster movie,
are nothing without an audience who wants to get lost in the
story.

A poetic tale, lyrics of a writer,
are just an interpretation of the world, life or desire.

Not some gospel to be taken with strict definition,
but a tool to open your mind, so you can find your own direction.

subfocation

condensed sawdust pellets
smother a snow-saturated soul
with a fragrant banner of warmth.

nothing can warm me.

the frost bites with salted fangs
like peroxide shattering disease
draining my faith with sugar-coated ideals.

the cold doesn't bother me.

you throw your sincerity around
like a boy playing with his plastic army men in the backyard.
you dare preach love is what you found
but you got it free with the purchase of a Hallmark card.

so fire or ice seems to be the question,
I'd die twice by both, over your mendacious actions.

Explore the enigmatic tribulations of misery, history, passion, philosophy, friendship, intoxication, love, and other emotional trinkets through the eyes of a teenage prodigy.

As bold as it is vulnerable, this collection of poetry is a beautifully crafted, crisp, and original expression of emotional transference that remains true to the essence of its humble origins, jotted on napkins and lecture note margins. The various genres reflected in this compilation encompass a diverse range of themes, but maintain a strong emphasis on the social research and development of the female experience.



The author — a New Yorker born and raised — finds himself living in Florida for the latter part of his life. Always aspiring for success, Michael appreciates his mistakes and the path that gets him there. Once his focus is set, it's hard to blur.

The inspiration for this collection is nurtured from the halls of his high school and in his four-year academic excursion at the University of Florida. Since earning degrees in advertising and English literature, Michael, 26, has ventured to England and is finishing up a master's degree in creative advertising. Upon completion, he plans to launch his own creative design studio.

In addition to publishing his first book, the author has an online interactive assemblage of his life's work: drawings, photography, original music, advertising, paintings, web design, and graphic design.

www.brokenroses.com

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MD