

Series #1  
2019

# Little Palace

A Poetry Series

# Bigger Face

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Notes

## **A Fool's Imitation**

**Mountains over heaps  
Do you question her weeps?**

**She clammers and rambles  
over tears and fears.**

**Yet her blood runs thick  
into rage of short candlesticks.**

**How might I find  
an answer to folly?**

**Mourn the mundane  
of yester year's yawning?**

**I shall ring the bell  
of fickle yellow harmony.**

**Sound the mumbling melancholy  
tremble of sauntering slaughtering.**

**Strike the chord of rhythmic  
recklessness into motherless matrimony.**

**Music of time is borrowed and imbibed  
By the seekers who honor the art of  
Wandering, wandering, wandering.**

## **Bi-Dualistic Motion of Figurines**

**I**

**I'm internally winding the clock. My insides are a mushy rot.  
My brain a hotplate, of rageful red. Twisting caged, painful snot.  
No escape, for the wandering thought. Drugs releasing, full of froth.  
A rabid dog who knows himself, not. An angry bird who writhingly hops.**

**II**

**I flipped the switch of hate. The steam let off, masturbates.  
While I am combusting, into zenful rage. My heart pumps, blacken snakes.**

**III**

**I am mad that I am here. My only weapon against myself, my language set in fear.  
That I know no better, than the madness. The paradox of measure.  
I'm told by my past self to keep searching. That seeking brings peaceful weather.  
But I write for one person, and damn, I am selfish.**

**IV**

**This could all be theatrics or well thought out verse.  
But, the identity of this perspective can never be reversed.  
Ideas are observed and rationalized for what they are.  
A world set in its beliefs is the worst of all.  
In a time of fear and control, having neither is no fun.  
I just wish for once, I could find whatever it is, that I love.**

## Bulbous Melon

Chatter and red babble fill the air  
The piano lends it's notes past my hair  
Tuned to the work, of Country Boy singers  
Head down, eyes crawling on the scribble.

The macho man, fills the ears of eager virgins  
Teeth, like crushed Miller High Life cans  
Gnashing, on a crispy chicken tender  
Grinding, putting his Chevy on a pedestal  
Plaid shirt, working holed jeans  
Little sprinklets of dandruff, troffing and obscene  
Sideline, receding hair line, stares at the ceiling  
Magic in the air, perspiring Mountain Dew  
Past crumpling shards of lost poker hands  
73, all bouncing around bandanna lined pockets  
Mustache is mustard dashed, handle bared  
Arms flailing, dubious romantic jesters

Concluded eagerness, virgins hone into  
Anyone that wears an arrow head necklace  
Bouncing around in a mating dance

I've used you like a shop mechanics rag,  
Drawn a story out of a billowing plastic bag.  
Now take this news and continue to do,  
What you came to this Earth to slooze.

## Caught in a Corner

I was cleaning, placing this piece here  
that one far from where, finding new homes for useless  
things that make their way, into the garage somehow.  
Reaching for a long shank of wood, I moved piece by piece,  
spiders came out and booed, scampered to find anew.  
Under a plank cobwebbed in place, was a tiny black bird,  
sunken into the hard floor, held in place by concrete.  
I stood high above the bird and still alive,  
formed my opinion of the dead.  
I decided that a funeral was in order,  
I grabbed a plastic bag and recycled it.  
Turned it inside out, flipped the bird inside,  
made sure that my hands were clean.  
My fingers grasped the flimsy,  
limp corpse covered in bits of leaves.  
It floated with my fingers,  
all the way to the grave yard,  
the bird in the bag,  
drifted with the wind,  
while psalms played in my head,  
Hallelujah.  
I stopped by the ditch, the one that ran the rain water home.  
I heaved the shovel with one stomp of my foot.  
Two loads of dirt lifted itself out of the gloom,  
I plopped the bird down and thought,  
of making the sign of the cross.  
Figured it wouldn't be appropriate because I didn't,  
know whether the bird was Christian or not.

## CLIMBING OUT

Crunchy leaves the room of cotton mouthing off  
to the beloved,  
wonderment arcs bends and movable moments  
tinker on like a loser loathing lovers  
whining in bed  
ancient aliens coming in trash cans  
empty cellars, the doors are blown  
this emptiness is empty no more  
room for beggars or taxi cabs  
the whole mess  
chaos and pertinence of dread  
and you may come  
with grace, full of life and vulgar disdain  
that goes unsaid  
winding down the minutes  
to sentences and the notes  
clink and clank like jibbets  
hidden in sympathy that bitter bunker  
inhabited by an Inuit somewhere in East Asia  
wearing a sombrero drinking Orange Power-Aid  
that slurps and climbs down the quenching throats  
pity a monster dressed as an Arabian  
in a really big coat  
made of fur and Yorkshire pudding  
blessed by a Holy Man  
that jokes, by making sex the most passionate  
most will ever know  
when the feeling of life is generated the human is alive  
possessed by emotion undefined, and possibly the soul  
borrowed, will return to what it was.

## **DARK EMBERS**

**Fall from the crinkled peat moss,  
dangling, from wrenched willows  
tearing with Gothic fear.**

**Balk at the droplets  
of diamond hail flowing  
undertones, grape sized and  
timing, a splash in the pool  
playing deep tunes in a place  
far, far from a hellish hole  
which speaks through runes.**

**Death bubbles from a  
fawn's nose, as the dark embers  
froth forth and leap from  
ear to ear, dropping  
one or the other until  
the last stands.**

**Writhe with dread at hand,  
drips with a bloody strand.**

**The bystander: livid.  
Dashes and advances,  
crashes and dances,  
brambles and rambles.**

**But, the dark embers will,  
swindle the hand and be fed.  
Grow to vivid embers to eat  
anguish, jump damn near  
out of sight  
into the lake of fire,  
to commune with the dead.**

## DOPAMINE DUMP

Sinister slick lady  
shrouded in black linen  
coarse prickling touch.

Dunks and submerses  
her way into the middle  
of the septum.

Bloodshot finger nails  
scratch behind the  
bending of your ear.

Tickles the spine  
gives your finger hairs  
the wicked chills.

She warms you up  
throws the ball your way  
makes you wait.

She never talks-  
only whispers  
into your clutter.

Cooing and rumbles  
taking that providence  
of pure innocence.

All to yourself  
true selfishness  
no other reason.

Please the woman  
who purrs  
with 9 lives.

Paints the grass black  
crushes flower pulp

Those milky eyes  
will chill your skull  
into bleeding

Dopamine out  
the corner  
of your brain.

## **Dream Carriage**

**The dawn of sleep, drains my dreams.  
And disguises me in my infancy.  
The pad beneath my back, disappears.  
Over oceans, clouds below, wings appear.  
Yellow swords glint, off swirling suns.  
Red colored lenses, thwarts all songs.  
Blue dolphins dive, above no cause.  
Moments waking, dwindle the scene.  
Pans clanging, breakfast does begin.  
Phantoms seen, waking corners of eyes.  
That tear with every soul that has ever been alive.**

## **Fishing for the House Keys**

**The submarine in the apartment below  
peeks the periscope up through the floor  
watery beeping that is pleasant and wet.  
The couch floats by with fish by its side  
Coral reef leaks bubbles up from under the fridge  
scuba man sips tea from inside the freezer.  
The gold fish smiles, as the bowl is infinitely grander  
the cat jumped out of the window, long ago  
as all the electronics fry and frizzle  
the seeping drowns the media's babble.  
The kitchen table serves plankton  
whales cringe at the dirty china  
a crumble begins from the floor and rumbles and surges  
streaming water into the apartment next door  
cracks in the hardwood explode thru a hole which pours in the murk.  
Soon my friends and I are swimming with alligators and lobsters  
who perform a tap dance in top hats and cashmere sweaters.**

**The adornments accent their watery appearance with glee.  
I open the front door to find a world not so free.**

## **Green Glowing Teeth**

**I brushed my teeth this morning, paste glowing green like slugs.  
Climb that mountain, you silly goat, all the way to heavenly glow.  
I brushed the brush which brushed my teeth, that remain in sync.  
The aura, moves thought out the day, puffs the breathe of life, opens doors.  
I brushed my teeth this morning, went out the door, with glowing gleam.  
Gleam, streamed and seeped, into the rest of the doors I opened.  
I opened those green doors, with fresh breath, gleaming at the aura.  
That aura was green, and my breathe, breathed in new life, past my green teeth.  
My green teeth, accompanied by a tongue, that spouted out, glowing aura.  
Throughout the day that goat, was green, and went through many doors.  
Those doors remained open, throughout the heavenly aura of the day.  
I closed the glowing door, my tongue was sore, and my teeth were green no more.**

## **Recipe for Sin I**

**Step one: Remove all outer clothing,  
while dancing in a thunderstorm.**

**Step 2: Chug whiskey till your jaw,  
cannot feel anymore.**

**Step do-what-ever-the-fuck-you-want  
I do not care anymore.**

**I feel that the best expression of pain is found,  
within the boundaries of art.**

**I cannot escape the robust arc,  
spirals out as a bullet in a drunken burst.**

**I ask of nothing, except to save you your jaw.  
Money costs too much to just give it to an empty cause.**

## Recipe for Sin II

They gather and call my name.

At this point.

They call it a disease, it is unseen, shattered leaves.

From this point.

I have to face it.

Make it feel my pain.

The thunderstorm is brewing,

run

away.

I shatter my things and stand naked in the rain.

And all I want is you.

I want your limber spine to crumple,

under the weight of my body.

I want to feel those discs.

Bump under my running finders,

feel the swell and the melt.

I feel it all with you, no fear, no pain.

I'm not

running towards something new,

I feel so empty and

uninspired to even forget

that it isn't you,

I'm running from.

It's everything I've ever done to harm you,

I run from.

### Recipe for Sin III

Now that the steps are down and I've shared how to begin,  
lest I run anymore  
(out of whiskey, of course).

Let's pretend that evil does just run its course.

Pain is a game.

And art...well, arts for fools who still believe,  
that love is a tangible thing.

So let's fixate on the posture of a raindrop, or the shattering of  
cement against a tidal wave.

Let's pretend that pain is an energy that the weak pursue.

The moment you are suckered, is the moment you lose.

The raindrop just spatters on the pavement,

Those clouds contain gallons of paint.

And we dare to call ourselves artists.

We know no truth and even less understanding.

## **SITTING AND SHRINKING**

**Into a daytime snooze.**

**I sip coffee out of a mug and light a cigarette.**

**Music dawdles out of a scratchy speaker.**

**The haze from sleep intoxication dwindles out of my crisp bones.**

**The dreams of a mid-morning migrate out of my imagination.**

**Turning last night's dreams into a myth**

**The doldrums march on.**

**Smoke billows up towards a still fan.**

**A content silence ensues as my friend and I seek refuge.**

**Sniffles and heavy breathing cake the room.**

**The cars and trucks ramble down the street outside.**

**I sit with my morning budding.**

## Untitled #1

It might be poison, it might be spirits  
But, friends the magic never dwindles  
When the consumed withers  
Thoughts all whittle, wood gathered in splinters

Time never stops, only corrects the pain  
I fought the force, when waiting was the game  
Over the railing, thrown out in the rain  
Leave it all, for another to wade

That is a clue, but you have to stoop  
For the scent of a flower, or the circle will loop  
Now the waiting is over, I've come to bloom  
Reason left behind, with every word and rhyme

The simple things, can be too meek  
If you let the wind, kiss your cheek  
Birds will sing in chorus, grass will be serene  
Things will be easy, then they are free

Fighting in the journey, but freedoms in letting go  
Things I won't remember, all oozed down a hole  
Surface at the pinnacle, pouring out the soul  
Remain idle and silenced, meditate in form

Grow from the pasture in the past,  
The future is not worried, but always looking back  
The present is beautiful, tragic, pure glass.

**Dedication: To my family and brothers and sisters who helped me on my journey.**

**Friends: "Oh, friends, all my friends Oh, I hope you're somewhere smiling" -Josh Tillman**

**To my love most of all.**

**About the author: Thomas J. Dowell-Howko is an American Poet, in the 21st Century. He was born in Lansing, Michigan in 1988.**



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