

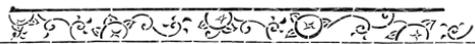
Heart of the Gray Monarch

A chapbook of poetry
by

Alecia Shepherd

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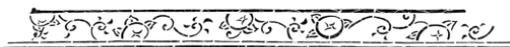
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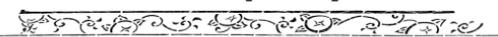


Acknowledgement



For everyone who ever suffered loss
but kept looking for true love anyway,
and for everyone who learned
to see beyond the superficial
and finally found it.

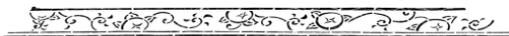
Tranquility



Understanding falls on adverse ears,
As wind-whipped branches shade heartless years.
 To no avail they sway and toss
 While adverse ears deny all loss.
Tears become rivers in forgotten lands
As other strike out with adverse hands,
 Ripping away at meadows and fields,
And leaving there only what adversity yields.
 Grassy knolls and cool liquid plains
 Adorned in a sundry of flowers refrain
From casting their petals to emotionless winds,
Crushed by what loathes them to cover its sins.
 Blood rivers cascade to foam from great cliffs,
 Promiscuous heights of precipitous rifts,
Then turbulent thrash their courses grown wild,
Paying homage to apathy, to the wicked and vile.
 Alone is an evil forlorn as the sea,
But on those waters somehow one truly feels free.
For the look of adversity both hates and secludes
The incongruous, the non-conformed which this place includes.
 White-crested waves crash down on the shoals,
the goal reached, intangible, and peace alone tolls.
How could this sicken? On wings this should soar!
 Leave adverse the fools who chose to ignore.



Shells



Struggle, tides will toss and crash within the turmoil aggregate
of waves full-crested, hateful lash, proclaim themselves your magistrate.

Born to follow undertow, now lost to life once kept inside,
so blind, and gladly, hopeful though, that all of time should let you hide.
Bitten smooth and labored soft, no strength of rough remains, defense
is gone, faint left, and held aloft by hands of darkest recompense.

Shown to sunlight, sea beneath, you fight, conceal the silk within,
pray the loathsome ears retreat when vicious roars your captured din.

The sand sprays wildly into the air as glistening you strike the shore,
and off run fools without a care to seek the worst, to snatch at more.
Wind whips through you, brings malaise, euphoric dances, mindless dreams,
only wake, again appraise what new is learned, it fades like beams
of undulating rays of light which caught by raging storms disperse
and leave you dizzied, trapped in blighted waters, freezing waves converse.

Images of freedom dim, nothing else to lose, so go,
for nautilus has served your whim, and stopped in part the dire flow
of liquid hate into your veins and sheltered you from harvest reap.

Be content not to disdain, but venture forth from sickened sleep
and see what offers you the sky, as so serene its people glide,
for even shells break, loose to fly, the warmer things once forced to hide.



It Cannot Be



Within each aspect of my being
Loneliness is my repast,
Morbid, grim, the pain unceasing,
For sultry pension, long I fast.
Beauty steps in tepid climes,
Refuses every cautious glance,
Yet still her autumn tresses shine
To coax my need to take a chance.
A cloudless night, the moon so still
Upon the waters dark and cold
Swimming in her eyes that quell
The burning in her hidden soul.
A mire of icy blue and green
I sink into her trap with ease,
Complacent just to catch the gleam
Denied to me as she might please.
I hear her voice, so sweet, demure,
The redolence about her form,
Her smile so decadent and pure,
Her fervor like the raging storm.
Her love has known the darkest pains
Of discontent and cruel abuse,
The hatred and the foul disdain
For which there cannot be excuse.
Like flowers dancing softly
To a warm and gentle breeze,
She struggles free of all the lofty
Expectations, and her needs
Which plague her every hopeful day
With hoarding fear and spiteful stares
From all around her, kills her, preys.
She cannot find a one who cares.
She asks of all the gift of lore
Compassion pure and honest love,
And she deserves no less or more.
What sweet grace imbues the dove,
The truth, the freedom, fleet of wing,
Her pinions ivory and quick.
So heed her as she cries, and sings,
Afraid to give to voice her heart.
Sober thoughts of strong relations
Pose as torture to her mind,
The fear which fuels her indignation
Makes to doubt what helps her kind.
Like cautious solemn stars at night
She sparkles from the blackest void
To cast soft rays of bliss and right,
To see all human hate destroyed
Which set her to herself, apart
From open arms kept by her friends

And served as cruel death to heart
Sweet innocence, unwelcome, ends.
Her time has passed, her actions dire,
She feels the dearth of courage grow.

What could reignite her fire?

Perhaps in mind she'll never know.

But why not in her desperate trials

Does she avoid belief in me?

I search for love, but all the while

She feels I live a dubious creed.

I am of virtue; complex, strong,

Always strive to walk the straight

Path, although it seems so long

Since acceptance met my fate.

This lovely child who in my eyes

Is like the shifting desert sands,

Tortured by the rot, disease, the flies.

Scorpion stings will greet the hands

That reach out to her pillaged soul,

Trembling, tender, nervous, shy,

To make a gesture good and bold,

All turn down with weighted sighs.

Still, it is a waste to miss

A chance to catch and cherish each

Wondrous moment, such is bliss,

To listen as her heart might teach.

Tell me last, beyond those shores

Where waves of anger thrash and foam,

Why I'm loosed from doleful moors

When I care never more to roam

In darkness. Let me see the light

Which brilliant flares within your eyes,

Where my mirror loves my self, not lies,

And let me see your smile so bright,

Lips saying to me, "Here loneliness dies!"



Hero



What am I, in truth?
What am I meant for?
Perhaps nothing, but I continue writing,
I paint, I draw, with all my strength assure those who meet me,
see that they feel more secure if but for a moment.
Does that make one meaningless?
I know not what else it could make me.
I give all of myself for the better of others.
I seek no reward, or do I lie to myself?
If ever one was needed for the ultimate sacrifice,
mine would be the first in volunteering.
I dream of a time where I might be needed,
and yet I can only hope that such a time never arise,
for to wish on the tragedy of others to validate my own worth
is selfish foolishness,
that the world should suffer to give me purpose.
Heroes lie in wait, meaningless, until needed, but always there,
ready to charge their appointed hour.
There is no thought of self, few in number,
strong, and forever misunderstood,
even in such mundane times as these.
But as for me I am martyred after seclusion and apathy.
I wait. I grow smarter every day,
questioning everything around me,
Mentally, physically, no doubt in the minds of those in need.
I am always there. Tools become weapons.
They have no will or strength of their own,
only the strength in the mind, heart
and hands of the one wielding them,
give them power, guidance, accomplishment.
The weapon, the tool, is as useless as the hero
until there is purpose.
When you must find strength within yourself to sacrifice,
and join with legend in a glory known only to yourself,
profit out of mind, only the love which feeds your duress,
only the demand of your nature to drive you,
you will find yourself incapable of virtue,
and faltering against that sordid place where teachings
and principle fail, and only fear remains to stay your actions.
The hero leaps in your place,
Unconcerned with right and wrong, mindless of fear,
and does what is required,
not what the hero needs or desires.
Continue on, waiting, nourishing your courage;
Hoping against dark and needful days.
But should they arise, in wisdom or desperation,
I hope you find the hero in yourself.



Filling a Quiet Moment



Hot and violent, the sun beats down against the savage streets, a lazy pastel shades
the way.

And I, flying across the shimmering asphalt on wings of steel and chrome

Stare up at the bleached skies and domes of steamy haze

In hopes of meeting on a distant, fading cloud, the end of my sorrow.

A hitchhiker,
a blur and gone...

I carry on.

My needs are great, so overwhelming, how can I help but to hurt?

Now, with the sweating image of smooth, well-cooked skin,

Glistening beneath a light sheen of coconut oil and heat,

My torture grows in leaps and bounds, a merciless predator now,

A snap of a glimpse,

Lost to a second,

A sea of flames.

What should it mean, to delicately slide your arms around the waist of your love,

Pull yourself cautiously into their embrace, to feel their form against you,

With you abandoned to decadence in the consequence of a well-timed nod of
affection,

So calm, so firm, supple and content, yet hot they feel against you.

Their face near,
Mouth slightly agape,
You take the kiss.

What is this, a rush of love and emotion exchanged on the lips,

On the slick tongues dancing together in darkness, sheltered, in boundless harmony.

To feel their hands in erotic response caressing your back, squeezing your flesh,

And hers so delicious in your hands, draw closer, forever

Tightening the bond of passion and desire you share.

Romance lives
Like fragile flowers
Blooming full.

You delve into the wishful soul in those iridescent eyes,

Hear the rage of calliphonous tintinnabulations in marvelous sundry tolling in your
ears, your heart,

A thing pounding ferociously, the blood coursing like liquid fire through your veins.

Your lungs filled with sugared breath, your nose partaking gluttonously of luxurious
scents,

Your faint perfumes,
Seduced, you gasp,
This is pain...truth.

Heedless of discretion, you explore the full extent of your love,

Your hands and eyes voracious, like ocean vessels carrying you off to islands distant,
Drenched in serenity. To feel the joy swell in your mind, your bodies reacting in kind,

Is to know love,
Is to be cherished,
Or is it merely lust?

Your fluttering pulse, your restless sails in ravenous fervor mapping each curve and
line,

Attests to your desire, your need to feel attractive, to feel desirable and accepted.

This is the ultimate expression of that necessity, to hold hope in your arms,

To touch,
To feel,
To kiss.

Your hair soft, like threads of silk, aromatic, aglow with the emanation of your thoughts of commitment.

You feel between your fingers, against your cheek, a veil of undulating light, Giving you over to the absolution of your inseparable ties of wanton devotion.

What is it, to be so integral a part of the human condition, to need another to justify oneself,
To acknowledge,
To hear,
Consider,

To adore fidelities, to care for and about?

Insolent superiority, perhaps, the inferior seeking proof

That their accomplishments are not in vain, that their cries of woe are heard,
To think that isolation is not everything, that it can be uplifted to reveal radiant adoration beyond,
A wall destroyed,
Screams at peace,
Relax and trust.

So much the love of others can offer us, from ostentatious displays to subtle charm, We all have the desire to be needed, accepted, and yet we refuse others, claim we need them not.

This serves the world a colder menu of impalpable derision.
Rather, prefer the sweet, the nectar which flows endlessly from
Fountains gold,
Fill our lives,
Let pain subside.

For in this human world so crowded with aggregate flesh and idea,
Why are we made to feel alone when all inside seek companionship,
Want honest, beautiful, undying love for themselves and each other,
To help, unite, and be strong, courageous, wise for knowing what is within.

But I, alone,
Cold in the heat of day,
Carry on...

When I no longer feel I can, I sink into agony once more, forever the same war ,
For even a quiet touch, a glance, a nod, a shy of attention is denied me.

I feel by myself in this, unable to emerge from darkness to the light
Which grants others faithful gifts of darling sympathy.

Forsaken,
I, in seclusion, cry,
Fail, and forever alone...alone...

Youth, incessant banter suggests, talk, while silence spoke for me,
But what was actually mentioned I am unsure, confessions of truth,
The hatred of careless words like ephemeral volumes etched in sand.

I walk, my stride tethered, imprisoned, but why hope to discover behind wrath and stolid awareness
Birds of color
From heaven's nature,
A good hand.

Alone,
Am I feeling this way, in believing that all people are raised to be cruel,
Hateful of the abstract, taciturn in times of relation, reticent in times of compassion?
They bicker and complain, lost to meaning, never refrain from ridiculing one another,
All others, hurt, senseless, self-serving and spiteful, withdrawn,

And with self clandestine, even when love abounds!

Wake up!

You aren't dead yet!

You need not wait

For age to change you! I beseech, soothe, as the touch of joy unhindered,
Smile that wicked crack in the plea, issue words so often uttered and crumbling under
pressure

of no restraint, lift from heavy hearts the unspeakable pain felt in exile

And open then a door to happiness and, spirit free and full,

Show your love

Just for once

by your mercy!

Here I stand...

Waiting...



By the Summer Sun



I remember the summer sun, faint showers of white through clouds of grey,
And dreaming infinite fantasy worlds contained within each straggling ray,
Saw when pristine raindrops clung to shimmering souls of light in whirls,
And then releasing for absolution imagination's flights.

I remember the kiss of autumn earth, its dew-moistened vestige of death and life,
The two coldly shared, a twisting of freedom's spirit with ghastly dearth.
Times of warmth with cherished friends, a joy rare felt, a challenge to hide
Stolen by unkempt, fallow wind, raped of my dreams and mocked of my pride.
Intrepid youth, its visions rend as a sword might flay the tender skin,
As words softly scented of woodland mint fall
like shards; thoughts crumble, all mundane,
dripping from fangs a poisoned strike, as friends quick to flight,
nocturnal, inane, on eve of coarse jade,
infernal glint in eyes casting glances over shoulders, they sing.

I forgot the edge of dawn, the pastel shades of scattered clouds,
Enjoying breaths of frosted air and breaking free of rancid crowds,
embraced instead a happier past for life, no reason I found to care.
A change was needed, but why, nevertheless, necessary.
Sour-sweet, a faint perfume on earliest spring's soft breezes rides,
a gentle waft of mind's own brew where reminiscent thoughts reside.
A trailing jolt of happiness past, a fading drop of transient rain,
taking to wing as sparrows fly, yet destined for home, returns again.

Here regret taints not the pool, as hesitant weave the skeins of fate,
for quiet times are good, but few, as times when hopeful men are sate.
Against the horizon, foreign, still, a storm awakens, always shall,
like stray dogs hungry, seeking food, laden winds impatient howl.
And ever still the summer sun relentless burns the tortured ground
in hopes of purging, scorching clean the places where mankind is found.



Transitions of Unity

He gathered back the flailing arms of ancient, weathered trees,
gasping in his anxious flight for air with tired greed,
feeling every wretched sting against his splintered skin,
racing from a tortured life he wanted soon to end.
Angered and unseen he tore as deeply as he could
beyond each thorn and hidden beast within that midnight woods.
Without disdain, without regret, he charged on through the brush,
thus to hear by bleeding ears the harbingers grow hushed.
His path, so bleak and arduous, had coaxed him from repose
where comfort and denial served as saviors as he chose
to heed no more the inauspicious bleating cries of hate,
the ridicule and fervent need to injure unabated.
Countless hours sat alone the shaken, frightened soul
which in its life had heard such words as draw forth sanguine coals.
His eyes so overwhelmed and gray from suffering the cruel,
Now raced to shield their blistered sight from apathetic foils.
His breath turned cold and issued steam against the warm spring air,
the ice within a viscous mire of bloodless, deep despair,
sad countenance adorned his face, he thoughtless, stumbled on,
crushing in his path the winter umbrage, wept for dawn.
Careless of the consequence of any step he took,
he ran by force until the sunless scenes of darkness shook
inside his spinning head like wind chimes, vivid and extreme.
Throughout his fevered pulse like poison, seething, hot as steam,
his thinning blood rushed furiously, exploding in his brain,
until he heard again the screams he felt would not refrain
from flaying at his battered fate or grace him sweet repose.
So on he traveled, deeper still, past each unseemly foe.
Reason fast fell from his mind; to no avail he tried
to purge his heart of quagmire guilt, but violently he cried.
Control of the insanity so fleet of foot to fade,
had failed his unsung misery when demons chose to play,
like specters which had followed him wherever he had fled,
to challenge him to face their fearsome visceral of dread.
From withered, twisted monoliths to everything diseased,
such flippant words their jagged maws had issues as they pleased,
to taunt him always further to destruction yet in view.
He brushed against their blackened skins both diffident and crude,
misshapen, ancient, obsolete, their clamoring recoiled.
Serpentine the roots like veins exsanguinate the soil,
merciless and deaf to cries of dieing embers' pines,
the earthen feet above the straggled mint and ivy vines
sustained the life blood, fetid ooze, which ageless chill imbibed,
and made traverse malicious to his haggard, angry strides.
Vestiges of ire whipped by the man's endemic thoughts,
forcing back the screams of anguish misery had wrought,
his urge, to spoil the pristine hush that whispers on the morn,
hoping greater purpose should reveal why he was born.
Ripped apart by diffidence, emotions pillaged raw,
his fervor fell on blighted shores of ominous withdraw,

where shadows spoke beneath the crests of misbegotten waves,
and flowering cairns marked memories of loved ones in their graves.

His feet were slowed by iron legs, each step now arduous,
the heavy air and morning fog made breath grow strenuous.

Against the eve of darkest war where lights of life are dim,
collapsing to his tired knees, he broke the forest's rim,

without a cry left in his heart, he fell into the grass,
and waited sweetly, shortly, for his consciousness to pass.

He rolled onto his back to watch the course of every sin
that flew on varied pinions from the clearing he was in,
until his eyes would close on things of torture evermore,
and death's cold hand would carry him to freedom of before,
surrounded on all sides by blackened shapes and wretched life,
welcome soon would be the cut to loose him from his strife.

The laughter in his brain went numb, the mockery had ceased,
nothingness bereaved his soul, his true self was unleashed,
to roam forever boundless worlds above the mortal grasp,
and languor sate on solemn waves which whisper of the past.

Caught within the web of souls, posthumously he fought,
against faint tendrils, red as flame, that threatened him the lot
of life he hated, fevered fled, to join the peace of death,
never wanting chance again to smell its putrid breath.

Agony took hold of him, the forlorn mists withdrew,
tearing from his sleep the sordid melancholy shrew,
again alive, repulsive light had stirred awake his eyes,
lost once more the silence; then cursed the starry skies.

Despondently he sighed, his back caressed by soft green grass,
waited desperate, patient, for his worthless life to pass.

A quiet owl winged gracefully across the vacant stare
of mindless, violent, humankind, then passed into the night.

The gentle flap of rigid feathers, the hollow thump of wings,
awakened in the man a thought, a glimpse of distant things,
the tame bereft that sailed the ship of reckless solitude,
returned on tempest storm a placid message which imbued
his wicked psyche with a clearly brilliant leitmotif.

Unlike anything before, it coaxed him from release.

Mentally he turned his heels to a path yet unexplored,
lost within the callous past when adverse ones ignored
his trembling voice, his muted cries for freedom bent to mumbles.

His tears flowed hot, his tired soul felled, his life a broken rubble.

Freedom fast imbibed his need before his fervor burst.

Anxiety forsook his trembling plea to quench his thirst
on waters cool, the new thought sweet, his mind exploring fast,
a quest to quell the tenant burns and disrepute at last
the vicious war he kept inside, dictating all the rules
by which he played his complex games, believed the words of mules.

Profusely sweating, rapid breath, he lifted from despair,
and looked about the woodland with a vision to declare.

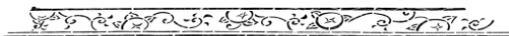
The simple flight of one brave bird, the trickle of the brook
that ran its noble course along the forest clearing took
cacophonous, enraged concerns away on taut black sails,
his thinking free of callous hate; he heard no more its wail.

Something echoed deeply in the chambers of his brain,
a cool and mellow resonance that shattered him like rain,
scintillating drops refracting light in wild arrays,

falling to the pools of his perspective, soothed malaise,
 gentle ripples on the inky depths of harbored pain,
 at last a revelation where before he was in vain
 to disembark from past regrets, reciprocate in kind,
 the disposition of the cruel who worked to keep him blind.
 But in the sway of every branch touched softly by a breeze,
 and in the rustle of the leaves which crowned the mighty trees,
 a new voice spoke, its implications profound complexity,
 with every nuance, varied timbre, such sweet harmony.
 He listened to the rumble of the silvery cascade
 sagely feeding liquid ice to veins beneath the shade,
 and in his mind a symphony erupted from the foam,
 each effervescent roll a dance of notes which freely roamed
 along the bars and complex leaps of wave forms, wrote their song,
 whirling through incessant chords, magnificent and strong.
 The chorus all around him numbered voices countless, true,
 with each life and thing on earth from trees to orbs of dew,
 acting its own part by which the movements carried on,
 a music greater still than just a single note foregone.
 He cried out in elation, heard it echo in the clouds,
 fluffy white indemnities which sang out bold, and proud,
 their billowing departure and their delicate disperse
 leaving in their passing feelings all so well rehearsed,
 an ode to all things lovely, lands where everything is true,
 where golden bursts of sunlight in concentric rays imbue
 the hearts of all things living with a feeling of pure bliss,
 where even lost souls struggling find pleasure seeing this.
 Yet now, this man so tossed by angered winds and ill mistrust,
 a concept new, exhausting all, had left him much nonplussed.
 For in an instant universal unity was real,
 as he was made to heard the world explaining in its zeal,
 that everything insipid, zither, balalaika strums,
 all things ostentatious, like pianos, thunderous drums,
 an instrument each thing becomes within that symphony,
 a bar, a note, a chord, a movement, myriad and free.
 Nomenclature finds itself unable to define
 the great expanse by which each thing presents itself in kind.
 Yet to a man, then silent, as he chose to listen on,
 throughout the day, observing night, and relishing the dawn,
 it was clear that nothing feel again a lack of worth
 from prejudice, for long and last was heard the song of earth.



Sarogarden



Once we thought by consequence to leap screaming into the sky
and set loose our rotten tethers to grasp sails of amber light.
Twisted clouds in harmony like the waves upon the sea fight
to seize control of human emotion, then drift away on the tides.
We stand so cold on the grassy hills with feet buried in the ground
and pound, so deftly struggle against the biting blasts of icy wind.
A vessel born to wield soft mists beneath the timeless, wearied frown
which marks our faces, dry tears falling, shoulders by our sorrow pinned.
Swiftly dash into the blue and render metaphors in fluffy white,
given all the years you never tried,
The like a shining starburst free you soar, blazing bright,
to other worlds, unreal but to imagination's pride.
Pale, sweet security the others embrace without hesitation,
yet in our battle for the glory of controlled indignation
we give oblation, the worthless flesh for sake of souls' reparation.
Our eyes moisten at the break of dawn in pastel consternation,
the two of us, by consequence, you and me, swift and free,
become as one and chase the sun, all marvel at our billowing mane.
No contumacious eye could see the chaos that we bleed,
How by revelation and redemption we obtain peerless infamy.



Once New

Hallowed once were held the names of honest folk,
of people, who never flinched from taking up the yoke
of family and friends, would sacrifice their heart
they see the journey through, relieve their tried impart.

But now the honest folk will rare, by chance, survive,
the onslaught of the common man, he feeds on lies,
pushes to extremes of pain and lampoon hate,
his ignorance sublime, no thought could pierce his pate.

Raging with no cause to guide his folly mean,
worse than any child, with power, must be seen,
craving much attention from its mindless peers,
common man makes fire fight and teaches fear.

Hoping still, the better one will aim their best,
a final bolt at sordid, vile, insipid crest
set with pride, or lack thereof on flippant chance,
unquestioned try, regardless held in relevance.

Crossbow bolt or gun alike will fail to end
the petty ways of backward, awkward, hopeless men,
so thus in irony the better one is lost,
but they feared not, at least, to peace, and met its cost.

Of Spiraling Lords



Silently, they rest inside their darkened homes, and in their stride
a diffidence arises, strong, within their minds as time grows nigh
to when, in blaring revelry, and gleaming sun on streets of sky,
with streamers dancing in the winds, translucent gold and silver snakes,
and felled in chorus with the drums of thunder beating, hearts will shake
with glee, or fear, and when in hand their flags wave bright, no patterns break.

From trellis laced with rose and thyme to distant hills and crystal lakes,
all dressed in vain and happy folk whose rich attire fills the scene,
the dissonance of endless cheers and random songs sung sharp and clean
arise in sweet caliphony to stir the gods content to dream,
and herald in the blessed rites observed eternally as deemed
by mandate, and by pious need, they soon would trek, and fall in place.
Fixed in garb of crimson frocks, each seam pressed firm by hands of grace,
each one of them was soon to stand on high, feet shod in tongs of lace,
wearing in his pride a golden mask upon his anxious face.

A heavy sigh fell from the lips of such a man whose weighted hand
was honing metal features of his helm, as was by god's command.

"At last! It is my best!" he cried, then dipped it into molten sand.

The final touch, withdrawn with care, a sheen of glass now set its brand
and would in striking bursts of light make known its presence in the fields
of richest clouds, its master's station, near where granite heroes wield
their swords of stone against the wind and brave the storms behind their shields.

But triumph had to wait for in there broke a man in unknown steel,
a man, or merely dwarf, both short and strong, he stood a certain ground,
relished for a moment sweet repose, and moved to make no sound.

"What place is yours to enter here, in my own home, you think you've found?"

The stranger entered, silent still, his face behind an ageless cowl.

"I await the dark parade. The soul's procession soon to pass,
to pay my homage, in your rites, to long lost friends in requiem mass."

The stranger spoke with strength of voice, sincerity, without morass,
the gift he offered to his host. "Then sit in silence, take repast."

The stranger nodded, took a chair, and slowly raised his vicious mask,
removed then from his beaten pack a dagger and a leather flask.

He leaned back in his chair and with a sigh he took the chance to bask
within the warm cascade, the near completion of his dubious task.

Soft, sweet music drifted through his open mind like drops of rain
on golden harp strings, mournful songs remembering his boundless pain
were played in silence, drew forth tears from crimson eyes to douse the flames
of past remorse, of long-dead friends, of better times with youth unstained.

So very few are heroes born, to chronicle their lives, a few,
the rest seem well contented just to marvel at the morning dew.

Thus in this understanding lies the reason why a hero new
goes often undiscovered, dies without a cause, for no one knew.

"No one needs a hero now, for nothing left is worth the save
to even those, who losing much, show apathy and try to pave
a new road, clean, to sights unseen, for better things they shameless crave,
would give up life and follow waste to forge themselves a richer grave.

Friends exist in secret eyes as drops of gold against the black,
whose faithful love, companionship, make sure your heart should never lack,
whose strength in times when sorrow grasps has buttressed once a sturdy back

then weakened by the fells of hardship. Wanting naught, they gave with tact."

The stranger's words fell soft and cold from lips as dark as bubbling tar, chilled the man whose golden warmth in preparation donned his star light mask of death and shuddered in the lieu of summer's burning mar, but set his robe on choker clasps of silver claws then, voice ajar, he spoke retort, "Your words are sound, but what could bring you to this place?"

"In my dreams, or in my past, my vision sees a holy face, a god of sorts whose mandate speaks of legends in the sky that race the death-love gauntlet, on their way to savor spirits' final taste before the black." And then the drums! The Trumpets sound! It had begun!

The man charged out without a word, no hesitation in his run.

The stranger rose, reset his helm, and took a breath, rejoined the sun, outside his eyes could help not but to marvel at the celebrations. Blasts of light shot high above, their myriad colors, their spray of sparks, began the rites of distant lore, and through the din, the cries of larks filling all the scene with eerie songs which seemed to quell the barks of mewling dogs, the roar of winds, and set the sun. All took their marks along supposed paths of souls who, in short time would make their way between the clouds, the sailing shores, the castles built in mixed array of styles, rapport, of fineries, of peoples lost who never stray and could not be, or had to be, or always were, to join the clay.

Furious and quick to snap, the flags of darkness waved and leapt in tangled grips of lace and jewels, but cautiously their time was kept, synchronous to the last degree. Some laughed and cheered, still others wept, for in the lands which could not be, their heroes once content had slept, but now on wings of freedom flee to join the realm of souls' unknown. The stranger stood amidst the throng now gathered, backs against the stone of tower climbs, against the edge of streets of blue, sweet nature's throne, to gain a view unhindered of the spectacle he would be shown.

No living man, no mortal thing, was yet to see the dark parade, thus now, without the lease obeisance, now without a thought conveyed, the shadow harbingers approach and gently fall in bleak cascade. The trumpets sound, the great drums boom, a symphony like none yet played brought forth to light of living day the solemn heroes' peace declared.

Streamers showered endlessly, confetti glitter sparked the air, with countless women dressed in black each one upon a sturdy mare, singing quaint, remorseful songs, their voices burdened by despair.

Then began the great procession, wings of shade on drifts of wind beat down against the backs of worms, the ancient dragons soon to send their souls, with valiant lords in seat upon their jagged, ghoulish fins, to meet cessation of their flap, to lands which no one comprehends they carry death through streets of life, past castle dreams built in the clouds. And as these demon shades drove on, a solemn man broke from the crowd, released his helm, upset his cowl, and stepped free of his chosen shroud of secrecy. The throng went wild and cried their gods' names, strong and proud. Trumpets screamed! The bursts of flame above the towers broke the skies, deluge of fire, mystic lights, on those below with watchful eyes.

Then in great cacophony, familiar roars, the stranger tries, and sees his friend, a portrait made of seething pain. He smiles, he cries.

A leap of faith on sinewy legs, the stranger fell into the gap, wrests a second, beats the wind, then catches hold the leather flap or lizard wings. He grips its neck, without the rider, sets his trap, a gentle ease. He has his prize, the conquest honored by one faint clap. The demon's soul drew flesh and bone around itself and screamed with life renewed, its friend upon its spine. Never more to grieve its strife.

"Mighty Kikine, rend the sky! And from this place set sail! Imbibe
the gift I give, a life once more! We fight as one a world as rife
with death, and hate! Pay heed my charge! We shall not fail to see Dearth die!"
Into legend, ageless lore, the mighty warriors then took flight.



Indecision



Such is her soft, pale flesh, a sweet mistress her vice exploited,
a delicate hand with the thunder of hell's grip relentlessly crushes, disjointed.

Sail forever in her deep white, hang on with full might in the clouds,
hope not to be lost or fail to construe her message when she lifts proudly.

The wind roars like ocean tides, eyes quivering, watering under strain,
trying to focus, distinguish the blurs locked behind the doleful rain,
spinning, tossing, moors lost to the vaporous night, she steers while laughing,
fighting her mischievous purloin, kicking in madness, slaving.

Mirrored in her piercing eyes, her hateful thoughts, her bane
against rationale, against order, only the more evident, cold refrain.

Captured close to her heart, a pitch forest of impossibilities, of loss,
screaming, catching glimpses near and far of sparkling frost,
and on each jagged spear, each skewer, twitches a bleeding, lunatic soul,
gone before, and ever after wondering who, nearby, shall assume the empty pole.

Penchant toward the solitude of reprieve, she lingers in the sapphire hue
of archaic dreams of breaking skin and sailing skies, of morning dew
glazing sleeping eyes that tremble nervously from voiceless shrieks in falling,
in mind, pinned within a steel skull, mercury dripping, streamline and sharp,
flows into dire, nightmarish murk, where writhe tortured men unskilled at music,
where dawn for dawn, and spent and done, and none might sun's faded visage see.

Languid regret extols her fame, and with farthing giggles flies away,
she, on wings of bone and sail of gold, free to play, free to delay.



Half as Short



Querulous pull the strings of the heart, bellicosity beating like drums in the ears,
What remains today which will not depart, avidly sought but to find it not is the fear,
Juggernauts swift that strike the jaw, indignation in each solemn knock to string,
Loosing arrows that sting, a poisonous ring on the dew-fogged morn,
and a vengeance bring,
how tight they cling,
red feathers fletched, then wing.

Indiscretion of implications, reckless words in conversation,
malicious, reek strong of aggravation, hold fast to redundant extrications.
Pontificate laws which abdicate the ones who remain uninvolved,
Insipid rules, all the while they drool, should not even breathe
or make like fools,
pen ludicrous rules,
yet lead us cold and cruel.

Look around
myopic clown,
don't make a sound,
just stare and frown.

Sensing the anger, denying satisfaction, asphyxiate the unacceptable conundrum
By restricting its action, but you fail to perplex its fulcrum.

For aberrations hated sigh in distraction when they fathom not a lesser normalcy,
And wonder confused at the intended justifications behind a moronic moral disposition
Harbored in the minds of men, fighting their beasts within, in the high and fiery noon,
never knowing when
in a diffident den
to search for a friend.

I, like an eagle, soar above the commoners, small and pretentious,
yet tolerant I see them scrambling about, ambling without, and I remain licentious.

Who am I that cannot see the deeper levels of quiet benevolence
As I watch others mock my words when they miss their relevance,
keenly agile, throw irate rocks, in error they talk, understanding nothing true at all,
a monk in coarse frocks,
a thief deft at locks,
slow retorts quick to shock.

Acceptance a viscous ooze, set, a game without distinction of win or loss,
Must experience itself, finding no one willing to acknowledge it, so on men toss,
And tenebrous smack their hands in response, aching from the cuts of tender misuse.

Wretched, even in sleep, they feel nothing,
an apathy like concentric waves of surface abuse,
to know yourself is the key to wealth, spiritual exaltation an explosive frenzy,
for wisdom is stealth,
we, cursed to mundane health,
still, flee earthen hell.

Listen, hear
show no fear
when idiots leer,
shed no tears.

Flippant sail the raucous gannets across the oceans far,
a dissonance their cry to heaven, at peace to live at war.

To reciprocate, the irrevocable drop into silence,
When cretins of the day refuse to allot sweet recompense.
Why should I try, on their eyes I shall die, thoughts unvoiced and wisdom
unheeded from the still of night.

I shatter the lies,
alone in the skies,

feeling sorrow drawing nigh.

Break the pace set in stone, in simplicity number it, by which we must hone the steel
of unforgiving men, in incumbent control give you up to kill,
and not to heal, your nature,

Or feel the quick daggers of dismay escaping the embroilment of your unseen foes.
A victim you have made in the light of serenity so you slice and beat, destroy without
mercy...how could you have known?

Seeking freedom from the flies, your conscience shies from the abomination of
the rise or your forged aperture,
the man of virtue dies,
the tiny man lies,
the judiciary pries.

Feel nothing and plan
to do all that you can
to beat the moral man,
to watch him fail by your hand!

Suicide, a noxious stew, virtue calls him back,
lay down his life or take his own, he will not join the pack,
and fail not the decadence of our conflagration.
Join us as we break the world, for ours is the barbarous nation.



A Time of Space



Into the dark void, that cold, black emptiness,
dotted by euphoric burning hearts of sustenance,
drifting open-minded, fledgling spirit, but learning,
leaving mOTHER's breast, warmth, loves fleas, keeps turning.
Bounds of thought unknown, a flaw of man's complacency
to set its limits, carried safely on amniotic rivers.

Man gone with mOTHER, embracing space, ice, shiver,
thrashing mOTHER's mind, destroy man's apprehensions,
fear, the dark killer, clouds' initiative, drives stanchions,
making excuses, damning man to slave motivation,
forcing love's call, to each, of their own indignation.

Man's misconceptions, fade as experience reveals truth,
thunderous chaos, connections made, foundations strengthened,
bridges built, spanning iniquity and proving dreams,
fantasies and hope, endemic rationale it seems,
mocked by mOTHER, man, and gives birth to creation,
jealousy and hate, however, stifle brilliance, douse the flames of elation,
raises warriors, burns the bridges, crushes hearts,
destroys the need, to ardent quest to new impart,
makes ineffable, contradictions, voice to mute,
demands acceptance, persecution, and dispute,
proving grounds against inanity, against man.

In the wondrous, in the void, mindless concerns are these,
simple politics, simpler minds, the disregarded fleas,
mourned loss forgotten, genetic faults, adverse fervor,
propagate demise, reward the few to freedom's harbor.

Fading images, leave to rot cold man on mOTHER's
sheltering whim, devour the glorious, reach, discover,
stellar pilgrim, seeking restitution, absolution,
a migrant thinker desires freedom, repudiation
of small, angry man, and feeds his growing wisdom,
sails cast full billow to solar winds refracting like prisms
caught in brazen sun, each rainbow issue a portcullis
to journeys never ending, a lifetime chasing colored mists,
blankets of reality, blood for heart for love of learning,
theory into being, eternal quest of knowledge burning.
Past regrets cinder, ingress thrown wide, nothing hides
from your approach, a harbinger of peace, your stride
loosing savage minds and setting onto wing their need,
in darkness hallowed, the mortal desire for infinity.



To the Skies

Shadows dance in wild array upon the ground,
tempests rage across the calm and boundless sea,
time commands and shuffles those both lost and found,
but none denies the sovereign sky's decree.

Sun baked sand undulates harsh and malcontent
on beaches stretching endlessly across the shores of death,
for everything of man and beast shall beat its drum and sound
its woe, abounding in its quest for affluent augment,
and disregard the swift blue skies which grant them breath.

Hear the screaming wind upon the swelling storm,
wonder at its might when compared to all you are.

Realize that there is naught divine that humans form
when beneath the inky black of night and spray of distant stars,
or cowering in fear from swirls of air and bolts of light.

Can you accept for truth the things which contradict your finds,
as you were told from birth that you were more than mere decorum,
your unfounded egoism tearing, snatching away from your sight
the depth Earth's unchanged nature brings the mind?

Like a light and pleasant perfume upon a sultry summer eve,
like pallid stars in paradox winking quietly and still,
caught in the dearest vestiges which wholesome night conceives
in the eyes of man on bleak and barren voids keep filled
their hearts in longing love against the ground,
whisked away on scintillating wings of colorful romance.

And soon they find that the sky's decree is easily believed
when light in darkness, loneliness is implicitly found,
they force themselves beneath the moon to fight the pain and dance.

Frozen in a season of forgetfulness and death,
locked behind a faded, blustery curtain of winter frost,
running from the chill, small clouds of white upon her breath,
while falling from shades above on roaring winds are tossed
snow and hail, ceaseless, lashing out in rushing showers,
driving her to warmth and shelter from the circling storms
to loving arms and crackling flames dancing in the hearth,
to dreaming deep emotions, peaceful found in the scents of flowers,
yet nothing more inside the selfish hearts of humans forms.

A gentle rain thrown whimsically on flippant, care-free wisps
of sour sweet, such aromatic breezes, fresh and clean,
falls upon the titan trees of ancient lore and myth,
to wet their roots and set aflame their mighty shrouds of green,
and watching from beneath the streaks of faintly hidden tears,
alone, sate in repose, there lay a man on forest bower,
a delicacy to his mind, an artist's vision rent in mist,
building awesome effigies, solemn castles beyond time,
set on sailing clouds. He dreamt of stone and rampart towers.

From softly dancing cotton to great birds of prey on wing,
from autumn leaves adrift on cooling winds to summer heat,
from blistering sun to vicious cold, surrounding everything,
and to the oceans distant, to the plains and fields of wheat,
without a thought, though sentient and setting timid moods,

trapped behind the bright of day in solitude of dark,
cherishing great Sol, nocturnal brandishing the things
which make to quaint impulse and set to motion all that would
enjoy elate the sky, and loose its soul to blissful flight.



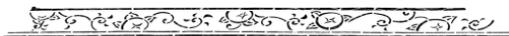
Acceptance Indulgence



Night falls like a pestilence upon this town,
not for the sake of the darkness itself,
but for flood of its denizens, of the bleak and disparaged
that creep into the cover of it,
their sole chance at glimpsing any society,
even if one of shadow, but one that feels their pain,
one that knows the limitations of the poor.
Despair and poverty run blacker than the murk in its veins
Nothing gives hope, and frustration bleeds, angrily cascades
over what little is left in the shadow of dreams
too far removed to still remember.
More often, the discouragements of life's journey claim the soul,
destroy initiative, as they have mine.
I wish you all the best in life,
in everything you battle through,
but my fair heart has grown too weak,
and I have nothing left for you.
My body growing ever older,
mind outlived its usefulness,
my blood, my lungs, eternal colder,
my fate forgotten, no muse impressed.
As trees might stroke the great expanse
of skies rushing above like folded cream,
reaching out in dire romance
for sweet affection's hindered beams,
tried, have I so done in vain
to capture freedom of my past,
For no more screams, or tears, or stain,
and no more words, mark these my last.
Where does caring lose its meaning,
where does pain meet its end,
in the same transition, you hear me screaming,
the sound of a soul about the rend
apart on apathy.



Sovereign Sky



I gazed out at the glistening world through a darkly foreign window,
a portcullis to indiscretion, rampant ire, and fools below.
My understanding, widely as my mind might reach,
fails to comprehend the true colors,
the incongruities upon which humans so seemingly found their lives.
Inchoate dullards stumbling about, redundant cliché, disparagingly blind
to the inner schisms marking every turn they take,
think, if they can, and seldom do, that in their paths they are in the right
while denying that they know they are masked.

To ponder even for an instant on the tremulous questions of life and meaning
is to waste one's time on indifference, the mundane, and through ignorance, strife.
Basic and forthright, these words should create no doubt
of the meaning they were intended to convey.
Melancholy, dispersing clouds in the haze of an afternoon sky,
graceful, missing nothing, birds on the wing drifting quietly by.
Do I preach, or do I merely observe and disclose,
ponder and remark, think and be ignored?
Perhaps all, each in its own true, I find myself, in probability at least,
guilty of these, but I do explore and change.

A tree across the distance covered in soft green grass stands full and tall,
a healthy, living beauty,
yet stands alone, content to mark the ground beneath its myriad limbs
with a cool shade, a serene shadow of nostalgia, its pinnacle of lush green leaves
imbued by golden rays of radiant sunlight which,
emanating from the sweep of circling clouds
in concentric beams, set afire their dance to the song of spring.
So marvel I as nature baffles me, commands me, lulls my rage,
fills my heart with boundless inspiration,
why man enshrouds itself, at great distances,
from its mOTHer, others of its kind, everything, from itself it exists in recluse of.
I laugh, one of my few sources of such in my declivitous being,
at man's lack of vision.

Its nose cannot smell the fire in the wind,
and even a nearby roar of explosive life escapes its ears.
To humankind, why should there be tears,
for the glorious world around it will not heed its vacant moan.
It weeps alone.
Such is pity? Such is wasteful?
Why cry? Tears turn to mud.
Why write? Words go unconsidered.
Why paint? The truth of a piece is never seen.
Why speak? Only pain is the brood of openness.
Why sing? Upraised voices draw ill attention.
Why love? Does any of humankind?
Why live...

People try to answer your questions when they cannot answer their own.
Listen to them! They have no idea of what they speak!
Say nothing if you know only as much!
Humans are good at answering questions they do not understand.
Without demanding self-correctness, observe, maybe conjecture,

the wise know themselves to be fools.

To profess yourself wise is to be uncertain of yourself, untrustworthy.
A fool thinks himself knowledgeable. Perhaps this is true, but knowledge
is only the beginning of truth.

If you are of knowledge, who would ever know?

Only you could appreciate the depth of your own mind.

Each mind accepts a specific reality which is both understandable,
and believable, in a relative and personal fashion only to that observing mind.
Such is time, a probability, for there is no absolute definition for any one part of it.

Otherwise, we could point at infinity.

Time, a figment of demented imagination conjured by a need to control in a precise,
stringent series of measurements, the otherwise uncontrolled passage of life.

Foolishness again, but I must understand.

I must surmise and recognize myself for how I am changing.

Maybe then I shall understand the meaning of all things,
and how I relate to them and affect them.

I, by flesh, life, mind, and death, ephemeral, sustenance, growth, change.

Is there any other to share my conflict?

What, then, is love, that I should be to inspire it?

My words read, you love the character but hate the author.

My poems felt, the verses cherished, but you tear me apart.

Legs, fat legs, hated, ugly, folded beneath imperfection.

I sit and rock, hands folding triangles out of sheets of air, a last attempt,
gestures of hand and body to attract, to summon.

Unfurl me like gryphon's wings, rip me to shreds,

blood gushing from holding back insanely painful tears in my reserve, my flesh.

My form splinters, unthreads, streamers of skin dancing in swirls around me.

Eyes drift away, but without throat, I can no longer scream.

What have I done?

The outer shell nearly gone, life blood flowing into a new, invisible one.

Spinning on five points I watch organs, bones, veins, brain,
other eyes through dizzying split vision.

Everything tosses in the red, unleashed sustenance.

A new being, essence, pain subsides as I swirl like a bottled maelstrom,
like hurricane skies, cataract bliss, elation.

Everything visible, alive, nothing hidden,
within walls of a glass pyramid, all is shown.

Bursts of purple light surging through me, a sea of blue around me,
a serpent fang tossing aside the querulous threads of emotion, burns like poison.

Is all clear now?

Did I need to change to be acceptable, or to be understood?

Shards of flesh, fabric of pain, cross my sight.

Lost teeth drifting by a sharp contrast against the electricity

Fusing happily free joints, drawing me back together.

But first, turn the molten stars into lost and frightened winged salamanders,

open the skies on a scalpel's edge, and for me, and only me,

rend the moon, set the planets on staff lines like musical notes

in the song of my ridiculous mind, the hymns of my religion,

so that I might hum their soft, immaculate tunes with viscous brine for larynx.

Climbing, soaring through nebulae, ignite their kindled flames,
earth's night velvet, with impossible purples, vivid greens, testament of my influence!

A sharp snap, and like a cold ooze enshrouding my sight,

as a curtain drops, reality ends the dream. Human, stupid, again.

No longer jade or glass, worthless merely, and shuddering from cold.

A last concert plays for an instant as visions of granite oceans

crashing against shores of fluffy white foam toss restlessly,
 embroiling the back of my mind's eye.
 I cry deeply, tears rage river ferocity. End it!
 Do you understand yet? Did you follow? Ask yourself, for once
 in your ridiculous life, with security, even integrity,
 and get an honest answer
 from yourself!
 Well, what did you see? Anything?
 Who cares? Who needs it?
 Call it love if that is what you found, or call it nothing, anything,
 anything.
 What do you want? You have no answers. Not even for yourself.
 I seem to have them, but maybe they do not pertain to the irrational.
 I am wasting my time in this, but does it matter?
 Shocks of musical fantasy pulse with my blood to nourish the mind,
 but you and your torturous ways to keep me from hearing even that!
 What does love sound like when played on the whims of flutes?
 Lose focus, then concentrate.
 Will you dance with me in truth?
 I dreamt that I lay by your side,
 sweet heaven, no longer did I need to hide
 from the burning trials which threaten me.
 My life decays more day to day
 as childhood's dreams just laugh and float away,
 like the promises I made myself
 to shun the broken way.
 Now, I cannot sleep, no fantasy left to fool my lurid sense of reality.
 Finger to cheek. Tears? Stop!
 I fear the chill unconsciousness when there is no beacon within to light the way.
 Mindless I blaspheme, no longer seek the comfort of the dark.
 Lost in voids of anger and sorrow, endless damnations, and you expect me to stay.
 Writhe instead, and fight the consuming nightmares,
 recapture in light what greatness of omnipotent dearth has stolen from dark.
 Sunless images gone. Harshly and forever attack blades.
 Blind stumbling, clawing at the air for unseen walls, after all I question why I
 embarked.
 Curse the pain. Clear the mind and refrain.
 I wonder if dreams will ever return,
 bearing hope on broad shoulders of glorious vision,
 irrational as they at first seem, insane, but helpful.
 I would not care if to benevolent light sweeter melodies
 were to bring full restoration to friendship's ghosts.
 Ask me what is wrong.
 You can see, even if blind.
 Demons silenced my song...killed it...killed me.
 Do I grow or just age?
 Lift my cup, liquid colder.
 Time has changed both, but I blame my mistress not.
 For its age in me is what others have wrought,
 caused to destroy my happier plots,
 for I was caught a bit distraught,
 was forced, so fought the twisted knots
 they had tied in my soul...man's only goal
 to slay the foal, to tip the bowl,
 and claim unjustly that they have grown.

Haste, a state. Pain, a grain of sand,
tossed to desert dunes on forgotten worlds.
Mystic shades. Ah, truly then, where
shadows play hapless and free, without thought.
Yet bound and morose they must feel, as inseparable
from their lords they are forced to exist,
doing the will of cruel masters, not understanding
what meaning lies within their actions.
The delicate waltzes and endless pirouettes executed
with such graceful mastery by these flitting
shades are performed implacably, without feeling.
Heartless, arithmetic, serving perfectly
the commands of nearby napalm suns
and blaring fire-shots from excited guns, or flaming men
beating themselves to cease their exotic pain.
A shadow lies still, back against a wall,
solemn and calm, no motion but for a slow,
methodical rise and fall of shape and size,
cast from a quiet master sitting in a small
wooden chair, bound by heather vines
and ill station, mumbling to himself
his deep, reproachable thoughts, callous summations
others scoff at him for voicing.
He rocks a bit, breath shallow, his dark form
cast before the burning white negative
which suffocates him with blind illusions
and blind people bumping and giggling their
torrid ways through uninspired life and mind,
set by apathy, foundation of quick retorts...of sleep.
He sighs, drifts, fades, gun to head, finishes his failure,
laughs in the end as his death's shadow bursts
with exhilaration, shock, amazement, delight
filling its immortal screams and unearthly dance.
Quiet again, pocked in blood, shadows slip slowly by.
Plush grass carpets wave in the breeze,
a hand drawing from the brilliant green a lighter under belly,
as if stroking against the flow of fur,
then darkness as the pass of amorphous shadow
sweeps through, pervading, belittling,
hides for a moment from the heart the source of its strength.
In egress, a shower of golden light too anxious to wait
for cloud's meandering propensities,
trails from the cold billowing wisps, for only
a moment, just long enough to replace.
A simple shade in turmoil tosses and leaps,
stumbles and rolls over jagged mounts and unliving stone,
plummets unfathomable steeps, promiscuous, brave,
ducks and parries, surmounts and struggles
every obstacle, while on high its masters
float with ease, mindless of the sireling's rage
and torment, each falcon, eagle, darting hawk
beneath like knives are their shadows cast
to stab at the one who fights, who cries, must keep step.
A rabbit falls from the sky, timid and frightened,
makes sweet friends with the ground,

not knowing why it had lived on high,
 just to be cast from ebullient glory and altitudes soaring,
 accepting what may, harmless and weak, that a broken spine is best kept still.
 Eyes bulging, it fades defunct into decadent rot, blood and heart seen
 through cataract tears and failing yawns. A kick or two for eternal comfort,
 then relax, without confusion, for that too was snuffed in the fling.
 The cry of straggling minion wolf against the harsh winter moon,
 a light flurry of snow falling slowly in the eerie light of that dark and heartless orb,
 shadows thrown from surrounding trees all blackened, stripped bare,
 lies across mounds and distant plains of sparkling powder as shades
 of mystical, impossible blue in the colorless hues of night,
 marks the scent of life as it wafts away from the nose of the stray.
 A sour drop slips down the tongue of a slaving, voracious predator,
 sickens it stomach, its mind, its body cringes from the bile in the back of its throat.
 Too decayed, too long dead to life and love,
 rotten meat of prey turns even the starving beast.
 But, strength failing, wonders its discontent,
 will the eyes and claws sustain a while more,
 will sheer stamina gird its constitution and fuel the flame for another try,
 or shall it lie down on unseen floors and float away on the breeze like the crystal?
 Today...yesterday...the future...a lifetime?
 Redundant things become in times like these.
 For ever and again exposed emotion robs the sense of self esteem.
 Knives stab through caring.
 A somber hand, a shaking demarcation of nervous anxiety and fearful uncertainty
 emerged from cold, asphyxiating darkness to touch the smooth
 edge of a glittering shard of promethean glass. Its trembling fingers
 closed around it, then relaxed when its sharpness bit tenderly into
 its soft, warm flesh. For a moment, it made conjecture on the
 comfort it found in the pain. Perhaps, it remarked silently, it had always been taught
 to believe in it...let there be cold, bleak, fear,
 pain, and death, for that is truth!
 That is reality!
 Even in beauty there must be displeasure, must be doubt.
 These things it had always known.
 There was nothing the hand was then to see which failed to substantiate this.
 Wisdom is to be gained from pain, just as one may be wise who has never felt it.
 Wisdom is in all things. It can be seen even from the darkness.
 To question why a belief is observed, or why an action is taken,
 is to search for answers without meaning...or truth.
 Repose. A soft second draws nigh,
 as the end of life and death darkens,
 falls with the drop of a silken scarf.
 There is nothing more to see.
 Gentle music plays completion.
 Settle. Rage never ends,
 but time does.
 Through all of the pain, with life so short,
 were you unable to afford
 even one person's difference from yourself?



To My Love of Shadows

Her sweet lips, like petals on the rose,
Her fingernails, like thorns, serve her defense,
The wisp of her breath the cool of forest mint,
The scent of her flesh, the heady pungency of lust.

The languid pools of mahogany in her eyes,
a gleam of passion, romance, ever seen within
a depth unfathomed, a misunderstood mind.

Her form so smooth and soft, no silk so supple,
her heart thrumming to the desire inside her,
her tongue, hot, sticky, pink and thick,
moistening her lips, her fingertips, her anxiety,
passing gently over her teeth.

She tosses back her mane of auburn locks
gathers her motivation, girds her courage,
plunges in, the fever in her brain merciless.

Even to her feet, perfection, toes curled, digging,
setting root in the floor, body shifting, swaying.

Her face as delicate, as innocent as the thread
which binds two hearts so close to understanding love.

Her hips round and full, grinding back and forth,
a dance to a song only she can hear,
and hears it in the pounding of her lover's heart.

Her flesh pale, slick with sweat, rippling
as she moves, chill bumps decorate the firm
curves of her belly, her thighs, the nape of her neck.
And like a flower, ashamed of nothing in her beauty,
exposes all for her lover to see, open, flush, vane,
spreading her sumptuous, fluttering petals, wet lips,
exposes all of her scent, the faint hint
of her perfume, of her own fervent passion.

No pensive commands to restrain her,
not on this finest of moments, pressed sharply against
a sweat-slicked wall, white, cleansing the stage,
affording her freedom with moors taut
to catch thunderous winds, and carry her off
into mind and imagination,
to places and ways of pleasure only her lover can provide.

Her smile, a radiant crack in the bleak,
her nod of affection, all anyone could need,
what everyone must have, ever needed,
and quaintly the lithe motions,
the sleek turns of her self-indulgence excite
like nothing else in this world the soul of
so intrepid a heart as her lover's.

Given to this, a glimpse of such pure beauty,
one might never care to open eyes to the heavens again.

She giggles, as she steps free of her trepidations,
and away from her reflection.



That Night

It was dark that night,
the humid air like acid settling on the skin,
knives and fever with new initiative
cut open the belly of three a.m.,
scattering its soft, pink innards
across the city, as no more than dirty,
discarded newspapers tossed by steamy breezes,
needles, spent, and spent again,
rolling in the gutters with their hollow plastic click.

It was savage that night,
too much trash, black plastic bags,
rotten, reeking, stinking of the decay
of the shit that just didn't fit
anymore into the lives of the bullets
slicing mindlessly through the hot, sticky night,
thin and flimsy, black and swollen,
a slick skin thrown over the ugliness,
the useless, painful crap inside, hiding it, denying it.

But on a night like that night,
the temperatures scorching, moon laughing,
stars choked into submission by man's intent,
those slick black skins start to seep, and ooze,
the air inside heaving, the flesh breaks,
the bags melt and pop,
and the shit hiding inside spills out into the gutters
in a burst of gas, stench,
rotten banana peels, and used condoms.

It was truly lonely that night,
surrounded by people and their hot breath,
metal monsters roaring past dark, sultry figures,
night's spawn, and they challenge fate,
stepping free of their paths to chance misery's end.

They rare succeed, pissed at themselves,
and pissed at the masters of those heartless daemons,
wait on the side for the next try.

But there was music in it, in that night,
a wave of that inescapable, that oneness,
even when nothingness is all there is.

The unity of it all, ubiquitous,
yeah, even there, then, traversing sordid blurs,
winter snow turned to molten asphalt and tar.

You don't have to care, or even try to belong,
for the group takes all with apathy, and yet, with unity,
hate yourself, kill yourself,
fuck another meaningless body, soul-emptied corpse,
shove your splintered past deeper into your skin,
try to hide it, deny it, embrace it,
whatever...doesn't matter. Fight it, accept it,
you are already a part of it, the marriage of love and life,
something always within, but seldom seen,

everyone wants it, but no one believes,
in the blistering summer nocturne,
or in the cold, dead season of winter,
that they are capable, worthy, even in the right,
to seek and find their own happiness.
It was time that night,
to learn how to wait,
to learn how to live, deny the self
the easy road to suicide and self-destruction,
take it hard, and breathe, slap your ass and feel the pain,
scream, claw at the night, refuse or accept this realization.
Pain wasn't the only thing that bound us that night,
and pain would never again be enough to bind us.

☆—☆—☆

Amber Pendulum



Oh, tireless eyes in reckoning vigil the click and swing of golden orbs,
by silver threads and fated motion drawn together, thrown apart.
Within each ostentatious sphere, a swirling mist of discontent,
chaos, turmoil, rage to strike its sibling forge, and strike returned
in apathy, no pain recurred, but taciturn, its nature sealed.
A kingdom locked in brazen skies, a globe of ooze, of morbid glass,
restless twitch its denizens in fear, and war against themselves,
eternal force their worlds collide, the hate of one the next absorbs,
observe, untouched by one who's power easily could end the game,
but delving deep, transfixed and lucid, demands amuse its selfish shame,
bang away, and sound a plea for mercy, freedom, molten heart!
Cataract within itself, draws from nothing more; intent
upon the whip, the crack, all else fails, its center burns,
with unseen riches, kept cabal, anxiety to quell its zeal,
seeking warmth in hands, caressed by words of longing, shy romance.
Inward flowing, faster, sleek, the center found, as one, repelled,
quick as light, the meanings short, a paltry moment each blast rakes.
Serenity is lost on razor strings, explode and burst and scream,
again, again, to break, to shatter becomes the sole confession, dream,
fantasy and life alike, beat their heads together, cry,
then try, so hard but fail, and fade, remorse to friction slows the thump.
Spinning, tossing, roil, within your self-made shell, forgive yourself,
kept in mind the beating, crashing, peal of thunder breaking stone,
imbued in light electric blue your golden eyes excite, fall red,
from tears whose weeping lifts, subsides as only in your swing complies,
the arc to grow so cold, find its wholesome peace. The orbs relax.
Rage is past, so now for sake of hope or love you touch again,
and even more, within your fiery wall, and they in theirs,
glad to know the sweet of still, complacency, corrosive will.
And in your heart one doubt remains, like summer rain, a moonlit dance,
a past romance, an itch, a pain, and wonder life's extent confused
at on the whim of sorrow, tortured heart, wilted rose in shadows left,
set aside, apart, alone, its job now played, and done, forgotten,
forgetting how or why the goal was met or by whose sinewy hand
your ardent turmoil was brought to cease.
A grin, a tear, a soul of stain.



Another Morning



Sitting alone again in an old wooden chair,
she rested her back against the rising sun,
watching the tendrils of morning mist retreat
from fingers of golden warmth
feeling their way through the dissipating
nocturnal clouds that silent, still,
reposed against the horizon.

The soft sounds of spring played the bars
of her nostalgia as a gentle breeze might play a flute.
She leaned against the creaking timbers
caressing her back with splintered hands,
and stared off into the dark forebode
of neighboring trees, drenched and shod
in the thick, steamy fog of early June,
where silhouettes of sultry wood nymphs
dancing amidst wisps of red and orange glitter
tortured her need for a warmth not even
summer skies, and the shimmer of no
distant star could ever provide.
She dreams of true love, and waits...



My Heart Eternal



I cut through the skies,
watching the world through watering eyes
race beneath me.

I soar past the clouds,
as they, irrepressible, proud,
rise to greet me.

They are like children of heaven,
yet from my radiance passing are leavened,
contain it discreetly.

Silhouetted trees remain,
caressing the wind through curtains of rain,
cold and fleeting.

Seeing the world through new eyes,
seeing you in everything I do, I reprise,
judge myself by a new maturity.

I see the countryside
whipping by
as I speed to be at your side.

Never mind the fear,
of when you won't be there,
snuff the doubt and find a way to hide the tears.

Chasing this coveted lot,
the faces of my past quickly forgot,
and in their hearts, I am not.

But in your hazel eyes,
without disguise,

I found my love, my life, I'd sought for so long.
I lift above the scattered clouds,
scream aloud!

I toss aside my morose shrouds,
and beaming of happiness,
a new awareness!

For even if we never meet again,
my life, my heart unrepressed,
our lives both for ever more
enriched by having met,
and pain subdued,

I know loneliness could never kill our love so true.
My heart and soul already there,
waiting to share

my dreams, my love, my soul and life,
a beauty known to so few, so rare,
and I am there.



Your Freedom Embracing

I see you soaring, my dove,
with new wings climbing, you rise above
the earth, the mountains, and through the white,
feeling a freedom like no other in life,
you laugh and you race, your children at side,
you flutter a moment, a gust of cool air, and you glide,
new horizons to meet and sunsets to marvel,
nothing to stop you, nothing to shadow,
your way through the sky paved in rainbows,
the sun in its jealousy helplessly follows,
and I smile, I laugh with glee,
feeling you in my embrace, flying through me.
I share in your joy, the bliss of your soul,
my dove, and my brilliance your happiness tolls!
If you faint, or you struggle, I will lift you,
keeping you, whatever you should go through,
my dove, in me, you will never fall,
I listen always, echo loud your boisterous call!
The sky will always fill your wings,
wherever you should fly, and sing,
when cutting the clouds, or swooping low,
know the sky loves you, and watches you grow.
Caressing your flight with breaths of my heart,
no matter to whence you chose to embark,
I will be there, to lend you my strength,
embrace you, and help you to any length,
in life, reassured by my every puff of air,
alone is a pain you will never despair.
Unfurl your wings, my dove,
fear not, and know, that it is you the sky loves.



Waiting



Feeding anxiety,
I wait.
Sifting through my past,
requited to shuffle
free the flaws,
removing the conflicts.
Surrounding, shades of fading darkness,
all-encumbering,
and chased by light.
Savage moments passing,
as fleet as indecision,
waiting,
ever patient,
an eternal vigil,
without haste,
for the inauspicious
pass of time.



Makayla



I spoke with an angel from an eternity away,
though never truly separate, an integral, eternal part of me
our minds and our hearts as one, and we shared in our passion a dream.
A voice of love and of comfort was a power the both of us knew,
a romance, a binding of hearts, and our bodies danced in our minds.
The fathomless richness of its soul, the strength with mine it endowed,
we met in the skies and were one, in body at last...but by soul,
we had always been somehow together.

I bled my heart to an angel, and it in return encompassed me,
taking my life, my love, my fear,
within itself, in bliss, in fright, and we dreamt.

A story unfurled, a tale of impossibility, but what rationale takes charge
when the wishes of love bond with the streams of life,
dusting the mind with intention, what dared threaten us with apprehension
as the dream we were sharing grew inside us.

A picture of a lifetime of happiness, of giving...and of compassion,
of joy...drifting through time on the wings of what our love had founded,
of what had formed in my spirit as this angel pined over the threads
of its imagination...all was warm, all was silk.

All was good, and to our dearest requite, no pain interceded.

Then, on that night, cold, a touch of fall,
our only chance to know, in our lives, in our together, that part of us,
that vision that wanted to be,

flowed as we by cruel reality knew it would come to a somber close.

Anticipation now a bitter-sweet acceptance,
tears within us, burning, we mourned our loss
of the dark haired little girl whose blue eyes had so sparkled
with such beauty in our dream.



Watchdog

Favoring the ocean blue beneath me sailing,
refuse stained, and man-destroyed, harpoons impaling,
Favoring the somber dome of crystal skies,
technology at war, in fire manhood dies.
Fragile world, a dome of glass, a vial of hate,
extinction only to mankind will find him sate.
Savoring each breath of amniotic air,
inhaling deep the liquid flame, my lungs impaired.
Withholding glances, mind distracted from the stay
upon my vigil, dancing wisps of glitter play.
Slavering, I strive to break my sculptured stance,
longing, dream of fighting fate's denial of chance
besetting in its apathy my solemn heart,
refusing me by shield and sword to flesh impart.
Countenance of beast or devil marks my face,
frightening and fierce, no soft adorned in lace,
revolting at demeanor scarred by chiseled caress,
thinking, she, a thing of stone cannot possess
a golden heart, for sake of visage will approach,
stepping then away in fear of truth's encroach.
Watching life, and never living, frozen stone,
standing ever still, in place, in cold, alone,
guarding over man what holds no sympathy,
for soulless creatures trapped in ice and misery.
Cascading sprites like flecks of scintillating gold
serving sole companionship, their hearts are bold,
to me within my roiling world of endless pain,
and blessing to my skin the touch of falling rain.
Crouching, wings in ready, pinions set to kill,
protection is my purpose by my carver's will.
Filling that, why should there be much more for me.
A gargoyle's place is at the tower, never free.



Dear Heart

How could I feel so good
knowing the pain that I caused you?
But saying the words that have calmed you,
and feeling the love that I almost denied you,
how could I feel so wrong
to want to be such a grateful part of you?
I fell in my life from the sun,
fighting and struggling with the hateful one,
the one inside who tried to destroy me
and caught in the flames of it
nearly consumed us.
Nothing in life did I fear so completely,
that I had lost grasp of threads to your heart,
what had brought us together,
and nothing so much in my life had yet pained me
than to think that my ignorance
and uncontrolled darkness
had so overwhelmed my sense of direction
and sense of affection
that the golden light of the warmth of your heart,
a power so dear and so great,
could no longer permeate
this loathsome vessel
of cold and disdain,
and that your love was lost to forever.
Then in your words, in your heart, in your fear,
caught on the wings of a time of distrust,
a time where no mere
meaningless thoughts, whether sincere,
or feeling desolation brought by the void
left inside me, where you once stood,
so strong, so proud, a treasure like none other,
like nothing I have ever known,
and prayed for an answer, finding my dear
lost, and wondering, what in my power
could draw me near
again to the radiant
sparkle I saw in your eyes,
bold and brilliant as the clear evening skies,
no disguise
left to hide from my burning mind,
left to shield me from your seeing
the tears like mercury streaming
down my cheeks.
I reach out to you with one last hope,
desperation,
needing everything you offered
everything I ever needed,
screaming, clawing at my soul,
how could I know
that a machine, a freakish construct,

racing, cutting through the sky
above, unreachable, untouchable,
could find itself in love.
True love, no more paltry offerings,
no more sacrifices to a growing hunger,
endless crying, spirit dying,
a cool breeze swells inside, flowing through me,
freeing, cleansing,
heart bursting, growing,
leaving powerless in wake
of what my hatred of myself could never take
away from me, a comfort and a virtue,
so unwilling am I, to even try
to call surcease of the soothing of the beast,
its rage within, its careful sins
against hopes of reigniting all the fires
shared with you.
How could I be so lucky?
How could I have never known?
That in my life I should have met you,
and through you I have grown
to understand within myself
that a place might still exist,
unclouded by the mists
of malcontent,
where fertile and complete,
could care and nourish the seed
of its own happiness.
No more knowing, never knowing, no more candlelit studies
by the arithmetic books and heartless lines,
no more sight and no more sound,
no more taste or feelings found,
it is an understanding without ending,
you have taught me,
what it is to be loved.



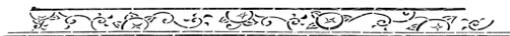
The Promise



In everything you do, my love,
your heart is always true.
The gift of love you share with me
each day seems fresh and new.
Like morning blooms in spring time's softest
breeze and mist of dew.
On this my love, God's precious day,
I give my heart to you.
I through our lives each day shall pledge
to strengthen, guide you through
whatever waters, rough or smooth
our path might bring us to.



Lapse of Resolve



Stumbling around this world, staggering, drunken of ignorance, fighting,
I fell into ways of thinking, tumbled into well springs reeking of hatred,
and finding nothing more than pain, and searing stings whose ways delighting
in watching my sorrow swell, cajoled my soul to quell its burning need to fly.
Gathering back my last reserve, placated force my will, my heart, creative,
and shun for sake of normalcy, myself, an aberrant, a twisted eye,
what sought only to be as one with the sky.
Then in darkness, vigil poised on writhing lust,
my sight was drawn in visions purloined,
in passing went life's sweet satyr, my own penchant bleak in sultry form,
a wisp, and away, he passed my eyes,
but not my mind's, and held it there consigned,
a raven mistress, dashing heart and soul and love alike against one same insipid gait.
A woman who, in moment's glance,
had borne and at once dispersed of violent, pounding storms
within, around me, gentle, serene, as skies own dreams, and I, unrest, was sate.
Rings of gold, patterns etched in flesh, figure soft and firm, as molded marble,
so much to mark his pain, yet more to feed his joy, became more to nourish mine,
a shattered ego, adhered again, his sweet, calm voice, the bond I lacked, and garbled
my own words must have sounded to him, filtering through happiness, as nothing
I have ever felt before, no peace, no content, only pain, only hurt,
upon me had in the past dined,
the insatiable ridicule of all who by hand of cruel fate encompassed me,
an environment that choked to convulsing on me.
But here, in him, a shared part, a common understanding,
and happiness consumed me,
where as before, what nothing more than cultured anger would ever grace my ears,
now him, and ever more, to think of him, to know him,
to feel from him that one, just one more,
should know my conflict, should know my heart, and give me peace in shared disdain.
Never shall I know again the untold ugliness of absolute loneliness,
for I have told the story,
before, again, and again, and once more, to be spoken, but for now,
in a slip of constraint,
I in desperation, in need, in open understanding, in him,
have found a true companion.
And never again known to me the pain of being so ever truly, in thought, in life,
and unshared dancing through the clouds, alone.
In night, in day, whether time spent again should grace my existence,
with him, without him,
I shed tears like crystalline rain drops, sparkling, scintillating,
twisting in scattered rays of sunlight
from the overcast haze, for even in company resigned, or in parting deigned,
or in memory never lost to time, he is there, or was there,
and forever in my heart, lives there,
for he cared, and saw in me perhaps the pain, perhaps the wanton elation,
a bit of himself,
that stared back at him from within eyes glowing in the virulent and restless
play of electric lights.
Perhaps, within those timid pools, he found something he could grasp, something

that also held onto him. In a moment, whether prior known to him,
acceptance was shared.
For of the beast over which he pondered,
there had never gone before the most needed,
the most wanted sensation...that of being known,
of being understood, of togetherness,
of being happy, in mind, in music, a language spoken universally,
and then, for a moment
exile was treatise, pariah shown the ingress, accepted, he was there for me,
in the darkness near the edge of pallid morn,
and I am never quite so alone anymore.



An Ending



What pestilence is this to challenge the burning sun?
What arrogance so high and fierce, would dare to shade that one?
Sweet warmth and endless silver shards of swimming light
choke back the seeds of legions damned to hellish night.

A gentle shower, steaming drops of blood rain down,
cleansing darkest streets, unhallowed, paints the ground.

Forgotten mOTHER screams surcease, but none reply,
but watch through seething eyes the weakling fall and die,
gasping, kicking air in frantic need of love,

heartless cheers and laughter, sheepish, from above.
Demons cleave the earth with massive arms of steel,
frothing, bloodied, full-consumed by nightmare zeal.

A single thing at helm the senseless massacre,
above it tortured souls retched hate like bile on her,
this beast no longer breathing life spits clotting blood,
serpents foul and putrid ooze slid through the mud
beneath its iron feet. It gave no recompense,
stamping out its rage, indignant, fires incensed.

Burnt, dead mOTHER crumbled beneath its pounding fists,
a solemn blue swept by, a trailing wisp of mist.

The sun, a vortex pool of black, turned filth and tar,
swallowed by the void of brazen loathe of stars,
man reduced to blackened bones has found its peace,
sensations long foregone, but now its pain has ceased.

A few remained to carry on the fight in vain,
battle back the vile and meet with cold disdain.
With nothing left to save, they plunge with battle cries
into the maw of Hell where war usurps the prize.

In the end but one remains to face the beast,
countless lords of fear lay in his wake, a feast
for sword of avatar. The thunder booms and rolls,
for days it seemed no victor stands, not ill nor bold,
till both did fall upon those sunless streets below,
thus end all life, with death the victor close the show.



Talon

I rake the sky on my talons,
drawing a succulent energy from it,
which in its sheer magnitude of power
explodes from me in complex trees of lighting.
Sunlight dances like flippant sprites
along the crests of twilight's waves,
while beneath their feet, shades roll in turmoil,
claw away at their foundations like vampires
exsanguinates soft human fodder.
So, like the death of childhood,
to fading dreams I am clinging,
my hopes ever more retreating,
like a thousand endless lies,
like a thousand hateful cries,
my life keeps getting worse,
doubtless memories are a curse.
Endless pain...one step after the next,
always finding a new way to hurt,
never enough time to heal
the old wounds, never enough time,
all wasted on senseless preoccupations.
What have we become?
A world of ignorance, wallowing in information.
Past glory and legends of wonder,
tales of heroes, true or false,
heroes or villains, renamed in every eye.
The pain of abuse was ever present in us,
no doubt, the men we revere of times long passed,
might have as easily beaten wife and child.
What is a hero?
What is a remarkable woman?
Why do I feel the way I do
when I wish upon what I am not?
Am I any less than they,
or am I already a hero
to those whose hearts I have changed?
Look at me
always staring straight into me
I am not what you see
I am merely a dream
living as it seems
aside from reality,
I am so much more
than what you see
in ways no one understands
giving myself over
to visions of beds of clover
caressing the soft
small of my back
and dreaming of a time

when people should lack
the need to hate me,
the ire to destroy me
never free just to be
always forced to hide
the things I am inside.
Not allowed to become
that soft, sweet, inner one
so I die...slowly fade
as a dream must always trade
itself for truth.
You won't see me,
for I am gone.



Got It



Worlds within worlds,
Nothing is quite so simple.
Taking hold this understanding
Realizing its wavering depths
and seeing in all what hides
you change, and feel at peace.
From world, to home, to room,
to breath of air; from lungs to blood,
from atoms to electrons,
to muons, forever, a world anew.
Within the seed, beating heart,
buried in soil, darkness feeds,
water shower, mineral bath,
springs forth from a shell the
birth of new life. Time will
change, and life will grow,
a world in each cell, each
limb of the oak.
Shallow your world seems,
preoccupied and lost,
thinking of jobs, of cars,
of death. Hatred has taken you
to places you never dreamt
to willingly go on your own,
but life and true love
will move your feet to realms
unheard of if you dare.
To never give up, to never
know discouragement,
to give your best in all,
these keep life strong.
Others hate you,
but they cannot win in their
jealous war against you,
if you will not hate them in return.
If you do, then you vanish,
destroy yourself and all you have
tried to become.
In everything are countless worlds,
infinite, beautiful, to spin
on the point of a mathematical gesture,
equations tossing color
to stars of numbers,
like playing cards with strands of fate.
Emerging from reality infused
with imagination, straggling
bursts of life,
branches, hooks,
vivid fractal trees from
landscapes and mountains,

a ceaseless sundry of representatives
of the power of creation.
All things that live hold that power.
The power to forge reality.
A vision of life and happiness,
you are guilty of having already
set to mold!
Benevolence teaches strong lessons.
Why worry, when all else has
achieved order around you?
Dissatisfied with what you are,
you cannot live, cannot grow.
When hope dies, life fuels on no repast.
One finds annihilation.
See where hate resides,
there can be no truth, no self.
Your job is not your life.
Your life means more than just to work.
Pleasure by sight, by mind,
by touch, smell, and sound, pleasure
all the same, in nature, in love
and relation, in deep warm breaths,
in seeing the joy in happy children,
are all the reasons for life.
Not to satisfy the employer,
the perambulator,
but to appease yourself,
delve into bliss. It never needs to be
either someone else's way or nothing.
Let life always be your way.
You have created it all,
now live it.



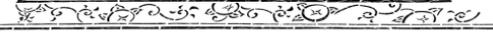
My Greatest Pain

How much more must I see,
how much more should I be,
when given pain without cease,
when given torture with no relief,
forced to watch in idle stance
abuse dolled out like some sick dance
to everything that I love,
a hateful punch, or a shove,
and all is well in their hearts,
apology made, pain departs,
they can only hope...
but I have lost that strength. I see you raging,
out of control,
teaching your children
to hate, be ashamed!
Seeing their sweet eyes,
quivering, filled with tears,
grown much older,
their souls grown colder.
Those beautiful hearts there,
how do they go on?
Like roses in the desert,
they seem so strong. And I hope in my own desperation,
in my own suppressed indignation,
that these wonderful lives
which have made my own worth keeping,
will manage to overcome,
as I too have so arduously done,
the anger of the parents.
I struggle so very hard,
not to grieve for their lives,
for they have not lost
the love and beauty inside them.
My struggle is a fear,
how long can they last?
How long must they selfishly
be forced to last?
I see you raging,
leaving me powerless,
covering your little girls
with bruises and blood!
Hearing their soft, timid cries,
my heart is in pieces,
my own eyes bleeding
to hold back my tears,
still you feel nothing,
continue the beating,
and I am left watching,
unable to move.
I give them my love,

show them my strength,
and promise them peace
in my open arms
when they seek their freedom.



Blind



I feel blind...
blind of love...
never seen love,
never to see love,
but clawing at my inadequacies
in desperation
to catch some glimpse,
some understanding of
what it must be.
Inside a raging fire
burning like hatred
on a sultry night
beckons us to fight
times whose number knows no end,
stoking embers, sparking flames
the fire is ever tended,
hearts in need of mending calling in the darkness
for mercy,
grinding their regret with method,
the light of their happiness burning too brightly
extinguishing itself, unworthy
of the oils
nigh to their sustenance,
starved and buried by imitation.
Torture is a gift, and life a curse.
A thief with prize in hand
fumbles the purse, the clasps untiring,
and which is worse, to immerse,
or converse with inadequacies?



Being



Selling off my soul for pennies,
would you cry for me...
Racing Hell and leap for Heaven,
would you die for me...
Hide my heart, and shun emotion,
would you care for me...
Feeling nothing, beg for sunshine,
would you shine for me...
Music lifting worlds of hatred,
could you play for me...
Joy was taken, crushing lifetimes,
won't you stay for me...
Watching lovers scream in anger,
can you try for me...
Bled and broken, hid in shadows,
would you lie to me...
Persecuted, thinking, being,
why not be for me...
Savior tried, was nailed to wisdom,
why not see through me...
Throwing curses, stones at mirrors,
would you laugh for me...
Cold surrounds me, breathing crystals,
can't you fly for me...
Fall to earth and shatter, helpless,
could you dance for me...
Numbed by frost and distant friendships,
why love hate in me...
Lovers gone, and seed illusion,
why hate love in me...
Gather now and choke the brilliance,
would you give to me...
Gifts of Earth, and skies on fire,
as yourself you must be...
Burning woodlands, missing skyward,
would you try to be...
Stab and slash, no mercy in you,
go on, kill, be free.



Ascension

Iced by blizzard cold and frost on blustery, relentless winds,
the morning watched a distant sun rise slowly over vicious plains,
a frozen netherworld beneath its hindered rays of blue shades rends
the mind as numb as flesh with features dearth and life disdain,
imprisoned as it was, although, behind a shadowed cloud of mist
and drifting snow like solemn wisps falling slowly, side to side, asleep,
it undulated, heat on cold and faded, shorn, chose to persist
and see the wicked specters named by chill an appellation much as deep
as thoughts which ponder fear on hearing chains of ice on throws of air,
a frigid, faint hint of metal rings of purest crystal charms,
a magic that resists all time and casts its spell on everywhere.
What seizes things of ill creation makes to ire a drop of arms,
and she, alone, forever walking wasteland perils traverses blurs.
An ageless exploration, chosen exile, solitude proceeds,
settled for a moment on the flats of endless frozen powder
beneath the heartless stars in paradox which winked romantic seeds,
meaningless their glances fell at her, her mind on other, darker realms,
where even warmth intent and soft emotion fail to overwhelm.

You must feel safe and well secluded,
behind walls built of brick or stone,
from what your life has thus exuded,
or is it glass, more flesh than bone,
what keeps your truth from being seen,
for flesh it gives, but bone is strong,
flesh tears weak to show beneath
what bone must broken be to wrong,
what lies beneath, sweet unsung songs.

There it lay, beyond the dying issue of breath's querulous puff,
a steam which fell from bitten lungs a burden more than giving strength,
upon a path forged pure and clean of shimmering crystals, radiant stuff,
from shadows dreaming at his feet it charged out to the endless length
of wondrous earth to tried horizons where the twilight met the dawn,
blanketed in faerie dust of eons long since lost to human memory.
The traveler was then to see the object of his youth's need gone,
for here, his greatest quest complete, it shone in scintillating rifts,
in waves of growing bliss and swells of countless inspirations.
Eyes moistened by love found within a heart he'd thought too hard to grasp
the concept of such tender ways, a feeling left to childhood's ease,
innocence so fleet to fly, so long must humans endure the rasp
of inner voices crying out for what was lost throughout the centuries,
when the restful child was grown to full, the dreamer was aroused diseased.

Mock me if you will, my fools,
the ants and bees know not the real!
For when I watched the masses drool,
and in attention followed, zeal,
from brilliance I was deftly led,
but when ignored I left their ways

and laughed at their nepenthe instead,
I grew a thousand-fold and blazed
like burning Sol, both cultivated, dazed.
Beauty feels so little pain, and often ugly quick becomes,
giving that which it feels not to those seen lesser, mindless dogs,
but now on respite battlegrounds the prey of hateful, mangled thumbs
will know resistance greater still than bleeding strikes from flogs.
Rebel rising from the curious seas of arctic death shall muse,
or wisdom brought, the change of growth, benevolence has forged
a temper sharper, where the war and turmoil, and the simple need to abuse,
dissipates, giving way to happiness, feel free, engorge.
Realization on the wings of night come to pass was for his eyes
of what his squandered youth to embark became and was met.
To one knee he slipped, distraught and beaten, morning only heard his cries
still held inside, with life fulfilled, his pounding heart screamed, eyes were wet,
shattering the bonds which kept him fast and far from glorious warmth
of the golden sun. Iridescence in cascade, gently from the skies,
captured him in silvered wash of fiery sparks of white and formed
an ease of torment, repose for soul, a laugh and yell, his heart-felt sighs,
now it would surcease and platitudes made silent, an end to lies!

Small people are so quick to judge.
See them as they hapless trudge.
In middle word they change their law,
no time for frozen lids to thaw.
In their posture, see them sleep,
in their step they never weep
the loss of lust, their laziness,
for in their eyes no thoughts distress,
yet you they feel they can repress.

All about her pensive form, the lights of myriad armies spun,
of glistening dancers in thousands they leapt playfully in array
at random they waltzed, amused by the beams of brilliant, good sun,
and watched as a man threw her past to the ground and smile as it decayed,
with the song of each a countless breeze and tossing tree to dress the scene,
in raucous uproar they joined in perfect harmony for her ears,
an ode to being and life which served to melt away hardship years,
cajoled her from torrential grief, a well spring wrought in tears.
Refuse, it taught, return of stares, when adverse morals leer.
An instant was consumed behind a curtain of ample sweet,
a music unlike worldly extinguished aggravation, rising soft,
surrounded her and hid her from the world that saw mere meat
in her, for truth was found, in his orbs of peerless beauty held aloft.
Triumph drew her hands on threads immaculate to the sky,
as then, in annals dark, unseen, would now be penned in ink of mud
the voyages of one who fought and won against subservient flies,
through lands and ways of thinking crude, malicious devil floods,
in the volumes of hell and heaven was the birth of her legend writ in blood.

In long and silent thought, the beast explored itself,
Its strength of mind and soul, its meaning and its wealth,
as frothy sea-green crests beat down against soft shores,
a gentle swelling storm approaching mute on briny winds,
the creaking boughs of harbored boats, the whistle of their morns,

and swift white albatross went careless, calling past the din.

Shaken by the things it saw when true inside it peered,
the beast ran timid from its thoughts for there was what it feared,
that light might shed on tender finds the meaning of its hate,
it grabbed its head and ran the shore, the image claimed defeat.
In the skies, the storm broke free, rain assailed both beast and fate,
struck its back and drove its roar, made wisdom ill retreat.
The nature of its inner dearth reached out to stop it in its flight,
with thunder in its ears, its spine, it fought the spirit's blight,
the test, in understanding, fraught with perilous emotion,
the thrashing turmoil of the raging sea its soul felt pity,
opened eyes, the trial complete, and saw the dark, low sun
peeking through the blasting rain to shine on it in glory.

"Now," she yelled, "can you see me?"

In the clear blue skies, I stare down at you.

Without judging, free to fly!

To soar above the infinite plains whose merciless,
unyielding surfaces fought my tread,
to race, unfettered over your countless lives

All sight is at my discretion, without exaltation, boundless, happy!

Let this sweet cold, the long-sought melancholy
of the forever slumber sweep me away, deluge me,
absolve the pain that feeds my ardent duress!

Open my mind, my soul,

fill me with the very essence of freedom,

recreate me by the charge

of one magnificent expression of obsequious emotion!

My ears pound like thunder on the storm as I rage
above you and become as one with the sky!"

Then, in the wake of revelation, broken loose from ties to past,
sailing pinions fluttered, frantic, drove from structures felled, collapsed.

Bitter are my memories of older days, tainted, blistered,
no understanding taking charge of my thoughts,
no way to react, nor to grasp the fragile threads of reality.

Unwelcome the ideas...

the animadvert dreams whose pain once forged my initiative.

Could burning so deep, to dousing compassion intangible,
so in full, multitudinous wings unfurling chill so hatefully?

Spring-kissed ground, branches, many green and full become,

the winter passed, an era of death, paradox,

when confusion ebbed from geysers of new knowledge.

A woman became understood, a ruse revealed, the
disguise unveiled, and caring, fleet of foot, she,

with great unsavory ire imbibed.

Sweet pine embraced the warmth and peppering rains,

like jewels, precious and varied,

for the time was nigh to grow,

while each drop sparkled in the light of that which had befallen her.

Swiftly the anger passed, as did the

luster of those wistful gems all about her.

She succumbed not then when difficulty beset, for the

heart must mend, the soul go on, and the times, to

change for the better.

Though cruel and harsh, with zeal the path must be met!
So, to embark, and face the days one by one by the perilous ways revealed to her,
beyond dissipated clouds of confusion and discouragement,
with valor measured and bravery girth.

Well passed is the moment to feel her own worth.

What was, forgotten, the future, alive,
the deep regrets shorn from her breast,
her heart fulminates, proud!

Quiet desperation, words now fail the tale of heroes born,
an introvert is nothing less, just that the reserves they hold are worn
much more closely than that of they who persecute and keep their ideas torn,
for wisdom is replete with visions, not of two minds, but of one forlorn.

What have I become?

Are these my words or those of a hidden one?

My heart burns fierce, confusion inside,
in repose, still resists all I have tried.

A change has gripped me, broken me down,
my cries for help like the distant bay of hounds,
unheeded, and without respect, I fear.

All I see is constant hate and tears.

I fight myself as change ensues,
chide myself to shed the ruse.

A mask, I fear, is all I am,
no depth. Into my mind they cram
the hate and prejudice, only theirs,
for that is all humans willingly share.
My heart beats faster, fear abounds,
inadequacy measured, prosperity confounds,
not knowing the face of the one I fear,
thus all he must be. Behind masks, she leers,
painting my mind with brush strokes so rare,
with words lost on thought, whose cadence runs fair,
like silk. Yet all alone I feel I must be,
the weight of my worry, no benevolent decree.

My mind is unrest, and lurid chaos,
not nearing my best, still fighting, not lost,
with despise as my fabric towards only myself,
yet caring for others who deserve no such wealth!
My brain starts to ache as I ponder the spring
of inspiration to which destruction is king,
indiscretion as motivation to course their stride,
while dashing to ruin their encountered innocent lives.

I experience an intrepid delight,
knowing that forever nothing ends the fight,
as once there was fear to even venture from my room,
the public eye become my desecrated tomb,
I shudder to think what thoughts therein hide,
and that is my occupation though powerful I glide.

No more control of what was hindered inside,
I feel the joy, the flames, undenied!

I will do nothing to stop it! No matter your plea!
For strong is my heart, and now, I am free!

Parquet of snow, stage of ice, a performance hosted at edge of day,
ballet of life, a ballad to death, an orchestra served in powerful chords,
pipers sang, cold drummers thrummed, and angel harps forever played
allegro twists, frost trumpets blared, and flags of snow flew high,
as the new lord was chosen, for the kingdom of the sky.



Patron



Fate reigned, wasted pain, no discourse on life, complex,
Wane real, as influential men confuse, inane; insects.
Refuse, when left adrift, suffered abandon, the bleak conch,
raging, drawing fading souls to the frothy waves, to hapless romp.

Mantra, emptiness in hollow tones, to human concerns, fading,
wasteful cities, choking magic, feeding human nature, in filth elating,
following moans of agony, mark the steaming shores,
begging, voices rasp,
enjoy the bliss, the tempest lust, ionic pillars of heavens,
and skies collapse.

I am patron, lord of hurt.
Who cares what pain is worse?
Pain is pain...

And no one feels it but you...
What god should you respect or fear
that chose to threaten you with it?
Pain is pain...

And pain has nothing left to teach me.
Who will feel your pain?

Who will understand your tears?
Will an answer of no one suffice?

Few of man are much more than timid mice,
too afraid of why they can't comprehend their own
to help you settle your heart in yours.

But I feel it...have felt it for you...
and I have understood it, without prejudice, or fear.
Now I teach the lessons of darkness,
the lessons of pain.



A Song



The impetuous malaise of seeming endless rainy days
inspires more than melancholy, or a painless poet's folly.
This silly little scheme, a cheery rhythm from a dream,
a torture I would never cater, so to the mindless, "Catch me later!"
at a time, and most to my requite, when cowards and morons snuff the light
what powers my soul.

Till then let those with thirst continue,
with a question posed...

I ask of you truly,
what within do we face,
an angel in thorns
or a devil in lace?

I gathered my thoughts by the soft yellow glow of candlelight,
the glimmer of its dance an aberrance beneath my awning,
burned the night,
while a thousand gentle fingers tap a symphony of muted notes
above my ears
a somber noise that leads my heart to reminisce on ageless ways
of pain and fear.

Stepping slowly from the shelter of synthetic skin,
I cast my sight to the spinning skies,
racing bolts of silver cut tunnels through the inky black,
and emotionless, I stand within the spectacle, mesmerized,
each drop, like acid against my skin,
to molten ichors consuming my eyes,
near blindness, and yet, I ponder in this weakness,
the trickling on my face mourning for me the dearth of kindness
in childhood, in my life,
or was it merely rain, like laughter, hateful mocking,
attacking my love, disposed to berate, that flowed down my cheeks?
In spite of temper I watch in silence, trees of lightning postulate.

Taunted, my memories flee into submission,
delving into recessed corners
of consciousness that, for sake of sanity and growth,
were so seldom acknowledged.

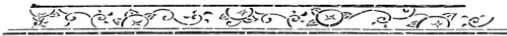
And what is this, as I begin to see again,
as black hearted mists disperse at my feet,
amidst the countless tears of heaven swirling in the concentric ripples
on the ground all about me?

An image forming, a portrait of manipulation and judgment,
two eyes that never saw the way,
two lips that never smiled unless in wicked mocking,
void within the rounded skull that adorned its shoulders,
void of heart, and for me, void of love, of understanding,
for I was the offspring of its evil, the urchin offspring of disgust.

It thus, self-righteous and insane, with prejudice abound,
lost on its own rites, to believe its own lies, too often spoken,
recluse and shadowed, hidden, and venomous,
in the effigy of pity, was given a name by my despair; mOTHER.



A New Morning



What truth will we see
as we approach such a defining point in our history?
We will stop in our lives, in our world,
for a moment, and look back at horizons passed;
we will look forward to the rising sun of a new
century, a new millennium,
and we will tremble and shudder in both fear and anticipation.

We will feel chills of awe spread throughout us,
prickling our skins, every color gold as we watch together,
and in the wake of what we have accomplished we will marvel
at what is yet to come.

Tears will stream down cheeks of the hopeful,
of those who see the heart and the light of man
spreading out before them,
a future of acceptance.

Chests will swell with pride and strength
as nations are realized, and castles of clouds drift in their eyes,
sparkling with the realization of immortality,
and the dream of new worlds.

Knees will succumb, pulses will race through the veins of those
who see illusion sheer away, the waters of the ocean peeling back
to reveal at last paths of improbability so long hidden from them,
and the race to be first to conquer them shall begin.

Fingers will itch, and nervously work at the whims of the skilled,
creation itself the air of their breath, their fame and imaginations
setting fully to sail at the mere suggestion of what is possible,
and in their minds, a universe is born.

And hearts will splinter from the pain and misery
of what lies in the shadows cast from us by that miraculous morn,
as the glitter of gold will not be seen in the eyes of the cherished,
of those passed, or in the eyes of those who cannot proceed.

As we stand, gawking, dreaming, wishing, hoping,
seeing endless possibilities, drifting on seas of unfettered thought,
and hope, will we see into ourselves at last and not our legacy,
our clawing struggle for fortune, and understand?

Will mankind, at this most defining hour in its history,
overcome its obsession with itself?



Fading



Winds begin to roar,
Birds in pain implore,
Flowers on the breeze
Withered by disease.
Compelling as they seem,
Magus icons gleam.
Placid read their lore,
Passion beats their moors.
Flowers, dead, and brown,
Wailing blood-lust sounds.

Abounding in their agony, without the throat to cry for peace,
surroundings in complacency, their quaint disdain none tries surcease.
A martyr name, a wasteful breath, will fail to quell the ancient thirst
embroiled in shame, indignant wrath, its bloated ego yearning to burst.
Penchant flowers reap but swill, a mass of demons claws the stage.
Knights blaspheme in paladin state, driven by deity hammers of hate.

Cautiously whispered magic spells drifting along with serrated clouds,
go unfettered, open hell, and unleash beasts of bile, and foul.
Simple-minded excrement, shocking stench makes petals fall,
languor lightened, reticent, living death's unheeded call.

Darkness falls across the land,
A sword is wielded by unseen hand.
Strikes the night, a Goblin Band!
A nameless hero makes her stand.

Happiness hates me,
Words escape me,
Alone and prostrate,
Freely attack me,
Bound by pompous
Words to sate me.



Penetration



In everything, solemn and bitter, gasping for air,
raging and dancing, the head of a pin my forlorn stage,
disillusioned, even hopeless, forgetting to care,
knowing only stories told, studies wane, myself engage,
a constant war, not alive, not dead, feeding pain,
gorging sick, and purge again with foul discourse,
skyward looking, scents and sounds, smiles this soul of stain,
and in everything, all the same, penetrated by sleep's remorse.
Quietly lie on bed of grass, nocturnal eyes mocking peace,
screams within, a chance to quell, on staves of Hell, penetrated,
wriggling, skewered, sliding down, and deeper, cry surcease!
Blood, then bile and sallow stench, then grey ooze trickles, ever jaded,
on a fool's wings of hope, penetrated.
In conversation, sire and felon, penetrated.
With swords of hate, pain, destruction, penetrated!
Even to my mind, with quick retorts, penetrated!
Selling time to mundane wishes, never deeper, penetrated!
By friends, by love, by nearest flesh, maliciously penetrated!
Coming back for more, always more, ever more,
deathly need for penetration!
No hope, no dreams, they died with youth,
no regrets, no shame, that died with pride,
no love, no friends, they died with knowledge,
no sky, no earth, they died in ignorance,
no life, no blood, they ebbed away in apathy,
in Hell, twitching...
sleeping...
dreaming...of penetration...



Ilk

Bullet:
sleek sweet rocket;
fire!
Heart:
shattered in its socket;
pyre.
Razors:
mother's soft caress;
quick.
Wrists:
weak to love's duress;
slick.
Heaven:
a quiet piece of hate and love;
poses.
Hell:
no other place could smell so strong of
Roses.
Living here, forced there, by him...
Seething hell, raging hell, by him...
Her love was hate and strength abate, to him...
and I was fooled, a cajoled tool, to him...
Sacrifice of bones, of strike by stone, for him...
Breaking stride, and endless cried, for him...
Burning steam, both fire and ice, of him...
Plasma stream, a chaos vice, of him...
Manipulated, told to hear, by him...
Should no longer be.
Foolish heart, or spiteful heart, his mind in two,
says to me his love is real, yet what is true?
His love of her, his love for me, confusion bound by lack of trust,
for in his mind he nourished truth, and lied to me to feed his lust.
Enough of him, his hateful ways, and not to her, so to the dark,
to solitude, with pain and sleep the only friends to set my mark.
To what avail will sorrow gain, that to my soul naught else should be?
And given forth to leathery wing, nocturnal steed, and snatch me free,
or free...and free...so what is free...and free of flesh and polished bone,
give me what I cannot take, or take from me in dark alone,
in blood and bile and boiling skin, the soft uncultured stuff within,
to end at last a waist, a fool, the torment, rage, the ceaseless din.



Taking it Down



Slip me the snake,
slithering, venomous,
slip me the snake.
Fangs piercing flesh
tearing, raging skin,
purple, bleeding.
Pulsing, throbbing,
penetrating grin,
hateful calculation,
slip me the snake,
deny me not
the end, the freedom
death brings...
slip me the snake.
How long has it been...
How long will it be...
if never again...
I must be set free!
Feel it writhe in my veins,
thunder in my pulse,
hammer to anvil,
bursts of flame
forging the snake,
slipping deeper,
deeper in, searching,
probing, killing me,
I dream that release,
and anxious implore,
slip me the snake,
night follow day
beseech I forever,
slip me the snake!
Into me, throughout me,
lithe within like worms,
drinking my blood,
my life, the need to be.
Slipped me the snake...
slowly, breaking skin,
then faster, ever faster,
filled me entirely
before heart's beat
was twice in echo.
Slipped the snake!
Tongue forking in, past
my lungs, my heart,
woven into my spine,
pierced my brain
caught its stem and
deceived me sane.

Slipped the snake,
felt it rake my soul,
snatched it from me,
from my mind's
own eye, denied me,
passed me, babbling,
choked my cortex,
happy there,
the serpent mother
found her home,
cold, serpent lover,
slipped the snake.
sweet the feel,
of denying the real,
in fantasies swim
in warm pools of blood
as amniotic within me,
fluids savory gush,
slipped the snake,
begging the rush
to never mean an end
and mocking time,
dreaming sunset waters,
stars, clouds of dust,
and wonder I the lust
to which might send
again, no falter,
and never again to need to
slip the snake.
Visions blight,
brine and liquid part,
cold returns,
slipping out?
The tightness gone...
screams, demand,
release...confined again!
Thought I could take
and be done, but now,
there, and gone,
all the same
to the snake.
I wonder now
was its venom
always there, waiting...
waiting for me
to set her free,
to kill myself
by his decree?
Now I beg again
ever more, through
burning tears.
Was it not the snake
to end the pain?
Will I beg forever,
please, for free,

slip me the snake?
For love and gods'
own sanguine sakes!
Slip me the snake!
Slip me the snake!
Slip me the snake!



Love Poem



Love...

Perhaps I just saw it, I am not entirely certain.
I saw a scene of two beautiful people who enjoyed such a divine connection,
a deep common interest and intellect.

They spent amazing times together, dancing across scenes
A tapestry of living nature...

Dancing as two lives strung together without conflict,
in sincere harmony.

I saw this indelibly. In their lives they were alone,
yet happy enough with the way things were.

When their paths crossed, attraction was the very least
of the forces that mercilessly made their wills to collide.

Love was instant, and forever.

A sweet penance it was merely to gaze upon the strength
of the aura their connection created, from afar.

He, at least, a gentleman, esteemed and handsome,
and she, a woman of slender beauty and serene conscience.

True to themselves, to each other, and to their cultivation.

Why love?

Humans are so shallow, so hateful, so without understanding,
clawing at the darkness all around them, hoping to tear free some
of its depth, some of its power.

How do two of them ever fall in love?

I understand only to a degree how this one couple succeeded,
but what of those uneducated, uncultivated, and self-absorbed?

The crudeness of men, the self-hatred and vanity of women,
the lack of respect and truth they show one another...

What is it? Lust? Necessity?

Or is it something far more powerful...

All things, lame or strong, feel the pain of loneliness.

I understand loneliness...I am its master. Or am I its slave?

Perhaps both at once. Loneliness is its own.

I am like a tree, a dog, a tool, used, misunderstood,
destroyed and replaced, never appreciated until its usefulness is gone.

Why is it that love so deftly escapes me?

Where are those who would join my spirit and sail with me
on warm summer evenings through the sun-faded skies?

Humans are merely humans, without compassion, without love,
without ambition, as all humans are.

Apathetic, miserable fodder, they seclude, they hate, they destroy,
with only passion for destruction, and no true appreciation for life.

They kill needlessly, and when all else fails their expectations,
they destroy one another, such an apathetic race
to harbor so deeply rooted a sense of superficiality.

I fit nowhere with them.

I suffer intolerable loneliness and isolation...

I would give anything to shed even one tear selfishly,
for true love.

Give me that, countless times I have beseeched, as many times I am denied.

What dark storm rumbles in my brain that no wind can relieve the

chafe of its burden?
 Patience bears fruit in most things, or loses time to wither away with hope.
 Apathy is my solace, strength my goal, love my nemesis.
 One last time, let me see in mind's eye no more,
 but for truth...
 Life is death to me. I die to live, I live to suffer.
 But fate gives me what all others give me...reclusion, and nothing of use.
 He is there only for a brief moment, only hearing what he wishes,
 and not the depth of the soul.
 Or perhaps he too fears what lies within the full exposure of
 what I am by my nature.
 I have no time left to play the bard...the actor...the master of ruse...
 I have spent most of my life steeped in denial, on a stage,
 become complete emaciated of the play itself.
 He, like everyone else, demands I speak a certain way,
 of certain things, by specific mannerisms, which is not of me to abide.
 Freedom of this necessity to ingratiate myself to even someone in whom
 I seek confidence is something I would give much to achieve.
 Damn the mirror.
 Always the same, humans, nothing ever changes within them,
 saying the same things, from day to day,
 with nothing of real importance to actually convey.
 Debate is folly of entertainment to them,
 for what I say in retort of their points is rarely considered,
 yet their words polluted with anachronisms and hypothetical candor
 receive uproarious praise.
 They are as useless to me as hate itself.
 But I know them, and will hear them, always, in their same
 complacent and well-conformed mannerisms.
 They will invade my senses, confound my sense of truth with lies,
 and vanish with the passing of their interest.
 And now, a poem, as I seek challenge of humans,
 wasting my time, seeking to join the dust, to join the skies,
 for the skies are my one true love, and they, they shower me
 with love in return.
 A poem closes in upon me
 as I sink into my disdain of what has become of humanity.
 My chest aches with the knowledge that even in pain,
 even in pain of death, nothing ever truly ends.



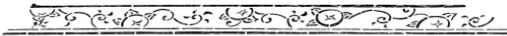
WTC



Love...
Fire from the sky,
and many there to die,
as rain of glass
and burning rock
showers down
from a ragged heaven,
and those that last
turn every lock
and wish for renewed
the ruse of peace
and security.
A lordly hand
held back the minstrels,
prevented the scholars,
and left its people
soft and unaware.
But that great hand
no matter its stance,
its global brand,
had no sane chance
of providing its mice
a world devoid of the
stealthy felines,
the night-shades
of every bedroom's torment.
In failure, the timid scatter,
exposed like worms to the
enemy sun
when their rocks
are overthrown.
The mighty lord refused
to train its confused,
and the greater tragedy ensues
as they struggle
like children venturing
from their maternal nest
in paranoia,
xenophobia,
to face the real world
they had hoped
to ignore.



Yard Sales



As we walked, side by side, over hills of malcontent,
down streets of suffocation, steam for air,
though our stride was stiff and measured,
and our breath spent on concentration,
it was certain, and known to us both,
passing haggard faces and broken sidewalks,
keeping eyes straight ahead, never wavering,
never stopping on another's stare
for longer than a blink,
that even in breathless retreat,
with destinations simple, yet unknown,
that for a moment at least
there was no better place or way to be than we.



Filth

Inherent is death...
For the humans come...
What it takes, I am not sure.
Maybe that is why I fail.
My mind soars, cannot demure,
purge me from environment cell.
Where I am is why I am,
all I see, it sickens me,
stifled by my habitat,
trapped outside my element,
fighting dark society,
that is why I slowly die.
My mOTHER dies before me,
killed by endless foes around her,
taken by greed's insanity,
raped and slaughtered by mindless erudition.
I am glad I have not what it takes,
for such is that which breeds destruction.
Imaginative communication,
What is to be thought at this time,
I am also of dubious concern,
for now confusion thrashes my mind irate,
with causal disregard where mercy fights to yield
the juggernaut to at least some
of the fragile stones founding sanity.
Information withheld,
people anxiously awaiting the fists of foolishness,
then applaud, their pathetic, corpulent savagery
satiated if but for a moment.
Bleak is the future of so furtive, so inane a race;
semi-sentient belligerents with power.
And what other unspoiled, lushly green worlds
might our pestiferous influence one day imbibe,
purloin for the sake of human progress?
What world indeed could sustain
the ruinous nature of humankind?
What world would not suffer
the pestilence of such an abhorrent affiliation,
would not be destroyed, turned brown and grey
and stench with waste, rotten oils, putrid bare human skin?
Give this reality a breath of unstained air,
without the reek of noxious decayed fish,
without the sound of factories thundering,
snapping spines, breaking souls,
the slaving slurp of them chewing, gnawing
voraciously at whatever stands for beauty.
Let us suffer at that moment, without the aberration
each one makes against mOTHER,
with every unclean vestige of breath.
Let human kind die if it will not reprieve,

if it cuts itself from its source,
as too much pain rots in their roots now for them to care.
Like acid it burns their flesh when they sink into the dirt.
They quickly desist, and more quickly
spill more of mOTHER's blood for her insubordination.
For humans think they own, possess.
Only those confident enough within themselves
to accept dependence, to accept respect and virtue,
those who exercise the principle,
those truly aware of themselves for who they are,
what they are, and recognize their effect on the mOTHEr,
are worthy of life.
Some understand, some care, some feel the pain,
some realize the source of the pain,
take the time to comprehend what others do because of their pain,
But those who are aware are feared, shunned, hated,
and eventually slain on the ropes of their own sympathy.
These necessary things fester like untended wounds
on the unheeded avatar of virtue.
When the ears refuse to hear
and the hands continue to manipulate,
corruption quite often is the end result.



Today



Today is for the courageous,
set the fear aside,
too long we've been denied
the freedom of pride
by shame, forced to hide
by blame of crimes
of inheritance
and embarrassment.
Like to a tortured soul,
happiness is uncertain.
Pain is more familiar,
makes an easy friend.
Is that why the flames keep burning,
why we keep the suffering, the fighting?
Are we so afraid
that we don't know of anything else?
Today is for the hopeful,
forgiveness leads the way,
of ourselves, yet we stay
prisoners of foolish, gray
ideas and ugliness long-since decayed,
of thoughts that were never our own,
ways of disgrace
and inhumanity.
The end of prejudice...
impossible with hate in hearts
for any one race,
and most certainly for our own.
No more blaming, or naming,
no more self-crucifixion,
believe that understanding changes
what apathetic fear deranges!

Today is for acceptance,
living in this land
of beautiful sundry of colors of hands,
yet I struggle, for mine is not victim of unjust reprimand,
made to hide its works and stand
for a nation of carrion,
forced to suffer ridicule and be
muted.
Once, in slavery,
Africans died, cried for equality,
mourned, grew, overcame, and taught
through their struggle, and seeing it, people changed.
Yet now, in the shroud
of some of my ancestors' shortcomings,
my race's beauty and the freedom to relish it
lies enslaved by these shimmering African eyes.
Today is for freedom,

no more wasted life or cultures agonizing,
enough time spent apologizing.
Why are you so defensive and chastising?
Why am I seen offensive when compromising?
Did we forget why we embarked the path of unity,
or to where we were going,
and now failing?
How dare they feel pride!
Look what they did! Laugh at them!
Crude, pathetic, senseless beasts!
Beat their children bloodless for reparation!
They never cried for my history,
too dumb to comprehend it anyway! Bleed for me!
Are those the words of Africa now,
or the words of the dead, white, blue and gray?

Dead words, true,
should belong to no one!
Strength, Yellow River!
Red Sea!
Black Ocean!
White, stagnant pond!
American!
Lost, or not so lost?
Celebrate! Allowed? Proud?
Not I...
Why?
With these new eyes,
new ears,
wide open,
and courage, love, wisdom,
hate?!
Why!
We are never just an image,
no simple color,
and I am not just white,
nor a fool.
I, like every other
of sixty-four shades of flesh am life.



Coming Together

I look around this room and see a stare of sate
everyone has come here now to end the hate,
every awkward, painted face a look of steel,
none of them quite certain yet of how they feel.
As they sit, each in their place, their senses reel.
Drifting through their minds are visions, cold and stern,
but peering long upon those suns, their eyes will burn,
memories, abuse, chastisement, mocked and hated,
quiet children, forced seclusion, oft berated,
they watch for death with smiles alive and tongues elated.
Life had failed and kept from them each lighted facet,
forced to hide, deny themselves, and truth, to mask it,
shield the world their adverse heart and shameful minds,
succumb so gods and normalcy can chew and grind,
taught from birth denial makes the hurt sublime.
Gathered now, they anxious dream of worlds to come,
resolve at end and strength abated, hearts unstrung,
fantasies and hopeless wishes, faded, muted.
They bind together, all as one, and irrefutable
leap, and fall, and fly, and tumble, the ill reputed.



She Looks at Forty



She looked again, quietly, then slowly made to stand,
without a sound, without a whisper, she marveled at her hand,
it seemed so small, so delicate, yet there her life was shown,
each spot and wrinkle, scar and flaw, wove tales of how she'd grown.
She smiled as thoughts sailed gracefully through decades long repressed
by age and pain from average sight, her youth before her dressed
in life and joy for every morrow, reached forth in her mind,
and there she mourned the tortured man who's self he could not find.

An age of change and sacrifice had led her down her path,
through years of recluse, discontent, misunderstanding's wrath.

Once a man, so long forgotten, now at peace in heart,
she shuddered at the strength and courage she had found to start
along her road to freedom skies. Thus with her way beset,
though tears flowed hot for what was lost, she never knew regret,
her heart reshaped her form to match the beauty of her soul,
a loving creature, filled with brightness, forced to live un-whole,
and broke her free of bonds of hatred, sallow and disease.
The more she changed the less she heard her past life slave decrees,
shackles set upon her being, weakened, brittle things,
and in the place of father's mocking, bell and crystal rings.
Her tears of joy and happiness melted the stars of frost
that covered winter's dearth of contrast, and father's grave embossed.



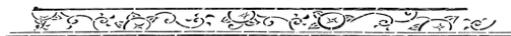
Cold and Damp

To tell the tale of a seeker
that's seen most everything,
is not a favorable task to do,
once consider you the pain
that may have crossed his eyes,
the torture, abuse, and the disdain,
yet I am marked herein to weep,
as of one such I sing.
He suffered atrocities for me
gave me life, sustained by decay,
He felt my pain for me
Sheltered my tender heart within his of diamond,
hard and impregnable
He kept me soft and wonderful,
he gave me hope and purpose
and he cherished me more than his own life and soul.
He gave me a future, and a chance to be beautiful.
He provided for me
through his dedication to me
and his love for everything I was
Without him, I would have been shattered
by the hands of abuse he always stood against;
taking every blow, every torture, all for me,
all the while whispering words of hope and sweetness
into my tender ear.
But now, the wars are ending,
and I sit waiting,
dreaming of his last promise to me
that he should set me free
let me loose of his heart
to emerge into the world,
like a butterfly winging free of its cocoon.
The time was approaching
where he, my love, my protector,
was to make way for me,
step aside and lay down his shield.
Soon, I would stand in his place,
a vision of loveliness,
a heart and soul,
a person, a woman.
of remarkable love and intelligence.
For he had taught me, kept me,
as I flourished within his care,
of the ways of the world, and of men and women,
readying me for the coldness
beyond his precious walls.
He is tired now,
his shield barely tatters held together
by tempered bands of fading resolve.
He is ready to end the pain,

Ready to step aside for me,
So those around me
Might come to better understand humanity.
He reclines beside me,
caressing my image,
wishing upon me,
begging for my freedom.
Time, and patience, I whisper back to him,
for my birth is a slow process,
one filled with pain, and loss, and fear.
In the end, with perseverance,
and the love of the rare few that accept me
as I slip through the scintillating walls of his love,
I will at last complete his work.
Then he shall live inside of me, ever teaching me,
ever reminding me,
and keeping my mind as open as the skies that adorn the ocean,
and my ears ever attentive to the needs of the suffering.
He will ever make certain
that I shall not forget from whence I came,
and love me eternally as I shine in glory about him,
blessed by his presence, undiminished by vanity,
keeping him forever nurtured within my pure
and compassionate heart.



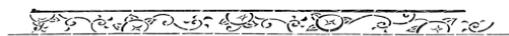
In My New Life



In my life, and in my heart, there is nothing but pain,
dismissal of self,
told to crawl away by those I trust and love
is no lesser an agony
than barbed staves impaling me.
Give peace to those who demand it of you, even unto the expense of your soul,
they'll take no less from you in exchange.
A complex love becomes a vision of emptiness and solitude,
where once upon those eyes you saw such desire and happiness,
where once upon those eyes you lost yourself in an embrace of warm emotion,
now you see only distrust and hate, frustration and repulse.
Now, within those eyes, only a cold separation that you are not willing to make,
one made by the one you once called your greatest love, your best friend,
your meaning in life.
Why must the heart ache so when such joyous compassion is shared
within the beings of two once-lonely and suffering spirits?
Why must every moment in love be fought like the struggle of a candle's flame,
clawing at existence?
A fever rips at my mind, gaping cavities gnawing and sucking in my chest,
and I am left to merely wonder why?
My only penance, my only part in this terrible play is but to ask,
"Why must I always feel such pain? Why should I be made to feel such shame,
ladled out to me by my most cherished and wonderful one,
to continue to live in love?"



When I Was a Child



Anyone here to hold me if I cry?
Anyone here to mourn me if I die?
Have I always been the loser that they said?
Would you all be better off if I were dead?
In a life where I was nothing but refuse,
what good is love when it reeks so strong of abuse?
When I was a child I found the truth,
While screaming out for love and clinging to my youth,
that there was no reason to seek help of man,
so I reached out to the sky and together we ran
from the void, hid in melancholy, seeking our answers there,
hearing no discourse of counted lives I had impaired.
Forever forced to try, not allowed to cry,
worlds gone to battle in my unfettered brain
naming their heroes on torture and pain.
When I was a child I found the lies
emblazoned in anger in everyone's eyes,
I fell down in shame, them towering near,
covered my head from foot and fist and tongues of flame,
damning me body and soul by my name.
Forfeit, my self, indulging remiss,
forced to find courage in hopelessness.
Conformity cripples a dreamer's heart,
destroys its ambition before it imparts
its truth, its dream, broken pinions, never fly.
Forever forced to try, not allowed to cry,
words never matter when speaking truth without refrain
thinking freely, you are martyred, ravaged on apathy's flame.
So many years...so many violent years,
yet through time and realization, everything changed,
never faded, never jaded, the dreamer awakened,
and her heart danced in circles, with ribbons of past regrets
flowing out about her in waves like kite tails cut free of their tethers.
Her soul was free, and the figure of her dance marveled
at the shell of man crumbling into dust at her feet.
Let the earth and nature itself rejoice at her spin,
and the sun joy at the fascinating gleam of her smile,
and let the night skies peer into her eyes so beaming
with an ardor brighter than the most incredulous of stars.
A little girl lost in a childhood of abandon and sorrow
rises above the quagmire vale of her nepenthe
to triumph over what was meant to be,
crush beneath her elated steps the disease
she should never have had.



Wasted Time



Words and thought in tandem bound by axon threads and dove-wing clasps,
dance against the lurid skies to heartless songs beyond the grasp
of conscious men, embroiled in passions, bloodless hearts still pumping bile,
laughing, grinning hate, and sallow, and told that elusive sleep is vile.

Believing minds, they fall away like fodder spent on flares of Sol,
tumble, dust, as charred bereave, then strike the earth, not one recalls
the glimpse it had, when driven high, towards the clouds
the means by which, on fury's stage, to peel away reality's shroud.
Emerge like ghosts from neutrino haze, and yellow rays of blood-stained light
piercing visions made refuse by grays and blacks, doubt ignites,
the stymie met, cold repose ensues, to douse the flippant threat to god,
to sanity, which in its truth, is lies and fear, and mankind-wrought.
Concerns kept small, and shallow, men, no love for knowledge found in them,
derisive, vengeful, occupied, in least, they gladly break the stem.

Dichotomy is truth to men who live to slowly die,
pathetic seems their hopeless cause, when caught they must deny
that even a single thought or inspiration had touched them once,
and for an instant they instead of standing by to watch the hunts
enjoyed the thrill of vulpine chase!

Mythos shed, they chose to waste
a winter fur for risk and pain
and giggled senselessly as wane
became their senses,
torn down the fences,
they saw through to truth,
insane, it started as new born youth
perceived the world.

A thought unfurled,
then all was lost.
Truth died from the start,
for the child, a hardened heart.



As I Lament in Pain

As I gave of myself, unselfishly, endlessly, to life and love,
As pains taken, dealt with, stifled, and as I strove
to better myself, as a woman, as a mother, as a caring heart,
and feared, and fought, and cried against pulling apart,
in his strong angelic face I lost respect, and my dove.

A slave now more than something dear, I totter about in my life,
my business, my charge, of pleasing him, his children, my ways undiscovered,
unappreciated, enduring the ridicule that will follow, hinged on my words,
caught in every step, actions taken, and unsure voices heard,
speaking words once loved, now ignored, by my soul's most beloved.

The more I do, and the more I speak, the more apathetic her stance,
the more vicious her claws as they rip away mercilessly like dancing swords
at my words, until nothing remains but shame and heated despair,
and there I feel only the icy hole of loneliness that I had once thought repaired
by months and years of arduous toil, but now I return only by chance.

I am frightened, alone again, a torture my life cannot take impart,
yet as I give more, struggle to keep him, keep myself adored in his heart,
as before him, love was unknown within me, its concept distorted to blur,
incomprehensible to me, but I have learned so many of its lessons from him,
learned of its pleasures, its pains, tribulations, and wonder, how did it start?

The ugliness before him gave him nothing, in his eyes I did shine,
giving all of myself, my labors, my strength, and all that was mine
to give, and that is not enough, he demands without hesitation for more,
stares back in shock at my pain-chiseled eyes as by occasion I am within at war
against the chill, deep, none greater, where I find no cure through time.

I struggle on, ever on, hoping for the better, fearing the worse, loving him always,
he gives me no empathy, perhaps that must grow inside him, before it displays
itself to me, in time, but for now, I sulk, and am laughed at, but I must,
as despite my words, my eyes, attesting to what I have done for him,
he has lost trust,
expecting of me, heedless of darkness.
Like a tree in the wind, his love sways.



An Old Shell



I am an empty shell
I am a corpse shell
a shell of hopeless delusion
wrapped around good intentions
intentions to heal and love
a love I am denied
by the betrayals of the shell denied
a betrayal of pain
the pain of separation
apart from life and love and hope
hoping only to die
death merely a shadow
yet the shadows of tomorrow
tomorrow so powerless a concept
the idea of hope and motivation
cajoled to live in false hope
lies the shell will tell me
so that it might thrive
survive to torture me again
eternal cycle of agony
denied by its own lack of use
using emptiness
useless corpse
to eternal recluse
it abandons me
isolation from the love of others
behind a wall of myself.



Without a Cry Heard



What do I do?
In desperation I am trapped,
no matter my efforts,
no matter my trials,
I am refused, kicked aside
and ignored.
No matter the strength of my voice,
no matter the fervor in my heart,
I am dashed on jagged rocks
of apathy and discrimination,
ridiculed and hated
on every aspect of my being.
I am too stupid to know when to quit,
yet I don't have the courage to give up.
I want to stop trying, crying.
No more pain, I beseech!
How much agony of the flesh,
how much failure
must one creature endure?
What torture should any child know
that my innocent eyes
were burned from their sockets upon?
Sometimes, ignored is better.
Let me fade,
my light was never so bright anyway.
Let me die softly
as if never having lived
and be forgotten.



Coming Back to Life



When all that remains of sweet life's symphony
are the bitter notes of dissonance chords,
when all that's left to gain from love
is another day of unbridled refute,
when teeth are grit to force a smile
to appease the scrutiny of the mob
of ever encompassing marshmallow facades
as they repress a childhood too dark and mire
for them to understand, even from behind their best masks
when all this pain and this fear threaten to consume a relationship,
from deep within, voices of truth mock the brain
with faint olfactory memories of a sad girl's perfume.
They coerce and convince that life itself
hates and subdues some for the sake of others,
driving some to a madness beyond irrationality,
to a governed conclusion of manic folly and desperation.
I ask, "Why me?" and the worm giggles,
and the sneering faces of vile oppressors for a moment,
as if by some hidden decree of the mistress of the loom herself,
is sated on my growing misery.



niSmAI



Why am i the most repulsive
when with the person who loves me?
Is it how i see myself,
or how i am seen,
that makes me so evil,
so wrong, so incomplete,
so lost in my past
or lost in society?
i knew myself once to be undesirable,
a worthless beast wrought
of the iron of monsters by certain rights,
but never am i so infected,
so filled with pus, wearing such tattered,
worm-eaten flesh,
as when i walk with the one
with whom i am as one.
Why stay within, near, without,
when i can't stand to be seen by those
judgmental eyes so full of intolerance?



Having Met

All my life...I have lived in darkness
All my life, a shadow of pain
All my life, feigning awareness
Now in my life, sun through the rain.
Perhaps for her a life of pleasure,
Perhaps for her a silken caress in every wave
Perhaps for her, refusing her measure
And perchance for her, facing life and brave.
Dreaming of things I cannot touch
Remembering things I've never seen
Reciting simple verses I've yet to hear
Fighting passive wars with spear and sword,
Screaming battle charges, figment legions sleep,
Fearing my accomplishments through what I fail,
Living wasted time and flesh, and death sustains,
Sleeping, hating, dreaming, seething mind of filth,
Tasting icy flame, with kisses sweet and deep,
Passing slumber-stunted pariah littering darkened streets,
Pushing limits without standards, enjoy no fame,
Creating fear and hate and men and women, mind and soul,
Laughing, sorrow, depression remorse for humor's sake,
Flying far too high, relaxed and calm,
Wondering, men and god, lost ambition, why, and laugh again,
Giving nothing more to visions, feeding my fantasy,
Contemplating, variety, the human form, a small beauty,
Waning, strength, conviction, lust, variety a degree of ugliness,
Sighing, beauty fails the human form, but ugly forges individuals,
Trusting, friends, family, god, love, food, myself never,
Complying, distorted words, and made believe, lies,
Writing, distorted words, and made unreal, lies,
Speaking, slurred the words, and made reality, truth,
Grieving, man to man and hate for fear, the truth,
Understanding, trying, nothing, days of waste, hiding,
Seeking, never finding truth, renaming truth, and living by it,
Once in my life, sun through the rain
Once in my life, the shadows refrained
Once in my life, the glory of forgiveness
Now in my life, and forever, hot pain.
Forever in sunshine runs
Forever my heart recalls
Forever with love and fun
Now and forever, forget. Build walls.



Life Is?

Sitting here, confusion, cannot type, cannot write, cannot think,
hurting inside, the feeling overwhelming, like swimming freely in
a cauldron of oil on the summer-kissed sands in the high afternoon.
Just waiting, waiting to see if I can make it through the next day.

Just the same...

All the same...

Same music, same air, same smells,
and everything uncontrollable, uncaring, lonely, home-sick.
Give me the future, afraid, unknown, unseen, is there one I wonder.
Sail away, I wish, with security to bind my straggling moorings
and perch the crow's nest with serene understanding.

Kill me, before I kill myself. Quiet, I beg of you, while I scream,
always screaming, cannot stop the screaming,
all the same...

nothing but the same ridicules, the same blasphemies,
all the same words of destruction. My soul...

What soul? Cannot take this anymore. Breaking down,
no options, no life, friends distant, vividly blurred, my existence
without pulleys or gears, no ropes, nothing to hold on to. I feel something.

Feel nothing, everything, nothing but the same old...

Retreat, it is way too much, for there is just so little,
so very little to rapture. Bleak and barren land fertilizes,
nourishes the cold and cracked brain, it hammers, constantly,
unceasing, drums, thunder...scream, yell, cry, burning, the pain...
ear splitting din roars, booms like the cliff-side trembling
from the attack of a hurricane. Beaten and tired.

Still, barely able to move, cannot muster the final howl to end it all.

End what, nothing ends, it is all the same.

Exploding, no sound greater...white coloring the blare of it.

The same, for a lifetime. Sighs, never deep enough,
spine tortured, twisted, fat lying on shattered bones, brittle
of the work, the play, of the abuse, of the...

Hell has no fire to quench the waters boiling my brain,
and god has no power great enough to quell the fever in my
heart, beating, pounding, racing, tries to burst, all the same...

let it all end. Is acceptance the doorway to the final
curtain being drawn across that window
arbitrarily broken by kids outside

overlooking streets of mud, molten asphalt, under the overcast
of a smog-blackened sky...sealing the lid on a cheap pine box,
buried deep in the cold ground, in the warm heart of mOTHER,
in the mouths of worms, eating dirt, and counting the lights flashing
through sewn-shut eyelids.

Lights like oncoming trains, or the burning reflection
of fireworks on the still of some summer lake,
like trees engulfed in flames on a dry dusk.

Give me retribution, give me what?

Give me nothing.

Why change now in your propensities?

Just leave it all the same. Move not one thing,

just let the hurt go on forever. Bullets end pain.
Razor blades give such sweet release.
Pills, hard to swallow, make it so easy...too easy.
Call it quits, aching too much. Cannot concentrate.
Hatred of life and limb within me. The ferryman bellows.
River Styx shifting silently, underbelly of the snake, awaiting.
Hourglass born in hands free of burden bobs in the eternal night,
lit only by a swinging lantern. Hush the barking dogs.
Lick the wounds of a nothing turning cold,
never life!
Eat the animosity!
Sinner in Hell!
Frozen, trapped in ice,
staring out through the twisted spectrums of crystal,
shown curse or truth, to sight of solemn and unsavory mass,
vision locked without repose on maddening cold and seamless void.
eternal darkness, needing pain, life nor death employed,
had served the countless eons for the spirit sovereign's blight,
wonder, starry black, selfish, plead my eyes burst! Seal the sight!
Encumbered to chase forever night, thus allied only by despair,
the cruel, infernal horseman at the reins of Coche Deviare.
Have you felt this way?
But had no words to say?
Are you overwhelmed by sorrow?
Will you be here tomorrow?

☆—☆—☆

Flesh of Sate

I lay there on a soft pillow of grass,
staring into the wondrous clouds above me,
watching them change color and shape as they passed,
feeling the damp earth against my back, the cool shade of trees,
and a gentle breeze playing with my hair,
dispersing my unnamed friends of mist,
I breathed deeply the sweet acrylic scent of autumn,
that delicate, unmistakable aroma of wet decayed leaves,
mused at flippant squirrels in tryst,
loyal to my vigil and my jealousy
of pleasures I could not fathom, only name.
I smiled, and my face was slapped,
I stood enraged, and my voice fell silent,
confused, I staggered, my brain shackled,
I posed a thought, and was shunned in violence.
I looked down at myself, mangled, twisted form,
contorted and changed,
where strength had once been, I was weak and small,
my mind lost, experience rendered irrelevant, deranged,
a worthless, helpless babe had replaced me,
once confident, now soft and disregarded,
yet too brave to cry.
I was nothing, and wrong, my very existence a façade, a waste,
no love, no happiness, an image of loathe,
but ever aroused to trial, whether by diligence, or ignorance,
to find peace. To taste that one silky drop of honey,
that ice cold, purest water with the power to grant me respite,
to make me more than I am, for I am so small.
I am hated, and I anger,
when others for the first time meet pain's misbegotten lover.
Ravaging the heart of every life I touch, vicious,
destructive, damned by a darkness I never embraced,
maiming souls, I hurt and corrupt.
I am injury, as clouds of bugs devour blood, melt skin,
I walk in shame, my every step a testimony of
abandonment and loss.
I am a mockery.
A wisp of dust, a scream choked by a merciless wind,
and you cover your ears as I pass from the intolerable noise,
from the shrieks of rage and sorrow trapped within,
trying to love me is sin,
and what gift I bring, your back to it turn,
eyes and ears to it close,
if you hope to find happiness, to be free.
I saw the look in your eyes,
Telling me I had no place in the land of dreams,
nor rights to paradise.



Why End?

Why must love my heart rend?
In every ending a beginning is unleashed.
Yet as your heart ceased to beat for me,
no path arose forged of sky nor sea,
confusing abandonment with being free,
was nothing more meant to be for me.
Even now the ache of loss unyielding churns.
How horrible was I to deserve such agony?
Entrails twisted, my worthless body screams
Its return to loneliness and recluse, the curse of my soul.
How am I supposed to leave the ones I love behind?
Why must this, our sweet together, end?



Within Without You



you said that i
might need your love
much more than you
had needed mine
i didn't hear
but now i guess
that may be true
as i watch you
begin to fade
and drinking deep
an apathy
towards this love
i dream of your
sweet kiss and hug
so warm, your skin
as we would sleep
like spoons at rest
my precious love
so swiftly flown
into the sun
of some new day
without our life
no sharing time
where i am gone
and left to miss
your eyes so rich
of virile love
when i felt blessed
to know such joy
and feel such hope
now i just grope
and cling and pull
at fragile strings
of happy times
and memories
of when we lived
and loved as one.



Elation



I saw our love as forever's flame,
I was blind.
I had no idea you never felt the same,
bonds unwind.
I sit alone singing through my tears,
fight my fears.
Writing words of love for all that I hold dear,
with you not here.
With you not here!
With you not here!
I fly!
Oh, how on these heavy wings
I fly!
Behind me fall away our together dreams.
I rise
to meet the call of separation!
I fly
on wings of lost relation.



Living Dreams

I see them, like two glimmering sprites,
dancing playfully beneath the crash of high tide's foam...
I see them against the darkness, dancing,
floating off through the stars, a mist of burning suns and living fire.
Their whimsical laugh imitates the giggle of playful woodland elves,
Their smiles a fortress against pain and sorrow,
melts them like spring's rain consumes the snow.
I hear their voices, chatting love and wisdom and fun,
breathing candy for air, and words adorable.
In their crystalline hearts, so fragile, so powerful,
I see life abounding in every pulse, every proud beat,
as their opened minds expand to encompass the universe,
then seduce it with ease of its secrets
with nothing more than their angelic whispers.
Gentle eyes and thin lips,
grins to vex the old false gods themselves
of great oceans of living adoration.
They are my spirit, the flame that ignites my motive,
cajoles my stride, grow, succeed.
They brought me hope,
gave me meaning and a name penned in their hearts
in ink of shimmering glitter and silver dust,
one that echoes in my own chaotic mind and I can smile,
warmth, unconditional caring, giving, teaching, nurturing.
Against the night, the sullen dark and bleak,
against that cold, mocking malaise, the house of loneliness,
I see two beautiful flowers, like no other that blooms,
sparkling as no other stars in the night's sea of pitch.
Within the clouds reshaped by will of the wind's sculpting hands,
I see them spinning, gleefully cackling,
serenity in their eyes, white bursts of light beaming from them,
sweet innocence their eternal demeanor, I awestruck watch,
my emotions grow, tears flow, my blood is free.
I share the clouds with them, and them alone,
for none other looks to the skies with the same heart as I,
nor look into those billowing cities of white and gray with such longing.
My nieces roll within them, safe in the watch of my secret eye,
playing, thriving, growing, changing,
forever beautiful, inspirational,
ever needing to explore and find new friends,
and bless with their shadows all who look to the sun.
My dreams and thoughts are enamored by these pristine visions
as they journey, sailing great ships of cotton,
dancing along purple waves of bars of gentle music.
They have made the sky every-more special to me,
the soft clouds parading down royal streets,
wistful pastel shades on the horizon,
even the ominous blanket of storm,
I cherish and embrace them all.
Those two, however, will capture the world, harness the tempest.
They are my world, my dearest treasures, my first true loves.



Faith By Grace

Last night, my shield went down
out of physical exhaustion,
and I was attacked without mercy.
Ferocious dreams of mocking visions
questioned my faith.
"Do you really think you've found anything at all?"
"Do you really believe God would have you?!"
They taunted me with sneering faces,
ugly and evil, cold and hollow,
trapped in a church of hatred and sorrow.
I awoke empty and confused.
I knew the attack had failed.
It strengthened my faith, my heart kept growing.
Through the glory of God,
I saw a deeper truth.
I asked, "How am I suddenly so important?"
When I left the dark hold of evil,
I shook the universe!
The angels of Heaven rejoiced!
Every soul merits great importance,
each one worth more than the world,
more precious to God
than all else.
My own soul, in transit,
rising to the opening skies,
the overcast parting at the fingers of
beautiful golden sun,
and the hands and tar-blackened arms of Hell's minions
clawing at my feet,
trying to pull me back down.
I continued to rise,
breaking free,
looking only upward,
frightened at the magnitude of power
that tugged at either end of me,
my mouth agape,
singing songs of power and life,
praising the almighty God
for the countless gifts which only then
did I find myself able to recognize.
Once weak, now ebbing with life,
I tremble with the strength of God's love
and our undying faith in each other.
With Him, I am reconciled.



And So



So here it is,
and here I am,
still lost but found,
still confused yet sound,
still soaring from the ground.

So what was it,
and just what am I,
forced to run from love,
forced to let loose my dove,
to the ground be shoved.

So here it comes, and swiftly is,
alone yet surrounded,
wise yet confounded,
free, yet grounded.

So what now,
and where to turn,
reeling and empty I fight,
accepting, I am full and light,
crying as love fades from sight.

So it was loneliness,
and loss of love,
but I must endure,
both strong and demure,
and for God's help I implore.

So when was it,
and what the day,
when even in loss I gain,
for God will ever ease the pain,
soothe the sting of the rain.

Who was it,
and why the tears,
that stole my heart away,
said love will eternal stay,
returned it later in the state of fray.

So it ends and begins again,
one love dies, yet God,
forever caring has shod
my feet against the stones.

So I climb,
and burdened at time, fly,
new love and life to find,
matured, I leave the old behind,
God's love forever to me proclaimed.

So be it, and Amen,
to new love God will lead,
though painfully I may sometimes bleed,
the wounds will heal.
By and through Him,
I can be free.



Though We Struggle



You are comfort through my pain,
You will catch me if I stumble,
You wash away the stains
of my sin, and make me humble.
You give light to every day,
help me face my every fear.
When I am lost you show the way.
When I weep you hold me near.

--Chorus--

I lift up your name, oh Lord,
I call out to you, my Savior.
Be my armor, be my sword,
Be my keeper as I labor,
Wrap your arms of love around me
Keep the enemy at bay,
And whenever I feel lonely,
Touch my heart and to me say
I am here with you.

--End Chorus--

There are times when I feel sad,
when I feel lost and abandoned,
and I wish on things I've had,
left behind as you commanded.
But when I think back to the cross
I gladly give what I can't use,
and lay down what I have lost
for the one thing I can't lose.

--Chorus--

You called me back when I had strayed,
I heard your music in the wind.
You touched my shoulder as I prayed
for you to free me of my sin.
You filled my heart with all your love.
filled my soul with holy hunger.
You blessed my life from high above.
So now I sing of no other.

--Chorus--



The Hero Understands

Fear in the heart is the first step to failure,
too many in self-righteous ardor fear change,
in blindness you won't ever see it impales your
sense of yourself, and your freedom exchange
for crutches to cling to, you sacrifice all
that dares to bring light or challenge your vices.

Alone is an evil as deep as the sea,
the spirit it weakens and your good works it dims,
it seems that there only are things truly free.

Yet is it a freedom that anyone wants?

The hero feels shame at the source of their cause,
they fight for what's right but have need of the wrong.

The plight of the hero, the ironic flaws
of nature, a tragedy, makes pensive song
of life and love, and of meaning and justice.

Though pious, confusion ebbs
like nocturnal waters, told to entrust their
soul and blood to the cold heartless web
of chaos, keep their servitude pure
as the unfettered freedom of birds in flight,
but who's heart so harshly weighted can endure?
Who's eyes so starved for truth could withstand the light?

The hero, tempered steel by the hands of abuse,

The hero, shaped by suffering and pain,

The hero, honed into benevolent ruse,

The hero, completely understands the rain.

Perhaps there's a reason why so many suffer,
a balance that only our Great Lord commands.

He gives pain to those with strength left to muster,
protecting the weak from the enemy's hands,
to maintain the scales of light versus darkness
without the great loss of those yet with without.

The hero believes that in bleak there is bliss,
God uses them always, with meaning their heart fills.

Rejoicing through pain, great or small, and learns,

Avoiding reciprocation, their stronger hands lend
to souls yet enlightened, lost to Hell's furnace.

What they endure is their gift, without regret, for all humankind.



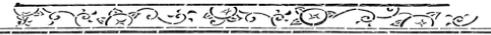
Another Transition

To be lost or saved,
To be dead or found,
To be beaten or blessed,
To be healed or proud,
To be lost or saved.
These were but mere words to me,
Meaningless phrases, lost analogies,
For the words so very weakly try
In symbolic guise to describe the sky.
The words speak only to those redeemed,
For only they seem to hear what they mean.
To those as lost as I, they sadly fail,
Sound childish, recall a fool's sordid tale.
But truth in stronger words would teach
Just who was the real fool here, and breach
That erudite and seamless cell of black
For the first time; the light of dawn cracked
The shell of hatred I harbored for
Myself for far too long, in savage war.
So long the advocate of darkness, I,
So long I the fool of hatred cried,
So long seeing the back of God
So long believing His book a mockery,
So long I felt denied, perhaps from birth.
So long unable to perceive self worth.
So long the advocate of darkness, I.
On the very eve of my soul's demise,
Lost in inexorable doubt and despise,
From the lips of my brother and through echoing disgrace,
I heard the words I'd longed forever to embrace.
God reached out to my tortured resound,
Those powerful hands of mercy had found
Me, struggling and needy, weak and frail,
And gave rebirth to an unworthy life that had failed.
As I felt His touch at last,
I was flooded by my past,
Scenes of sorrow, hate, and waste,
God's tears like blood,
My mouth filled with cruel words,
So much abuse, so much evil was wrought,
Selfish indignation from being denied what I had sought,
The touch of a loving God.
I wept in sorrow and with boundless shame,
How I had hurt so much from a spirit so lame,
But God in His mercy cleansed every stain
Of sin, held my head to His feet,
Held me in reconcile as I cried.
He had never lost hope, and never let go,
I watched as a gray haze over my world
peeled away, beneath, a hidden reality unfurled.

A new Spirit took residence within me,
A foreign thing of comfort and warmth,
Made of rejoicing and truth's counsel.
God's mercy, His endless endurance,
He the good Father of grace and assurance
Had first and forever unconditionally loved
The starving and prideful, unlovable me.



No Greater Voice



There are eyes like a beacon in the night
what radiant gleam that restores lost sight,
without vain pretense and shunning requite,
these gentle eyes in everyone's joy delight.

There are ears like the caverns on the shore
whose audience endures before the ocean's roar,
hollows broad that swallow and do not ignore,
these caring ears at pain's request ask for more.

There are lips which glisten from life's water,
over which pass glorious sounds of laughter,
the songs of angels echo in their ardor,
these sweet lips with evil's words never barter.

There beats a heart like a fire in the skies,
its every rhythm and plume the nature of Christ,
against the dark and foolish burns away lies,
this golden heart will every truth reprise.

There shines a rose like a happy child in the field
amidst the tall grass its beauty revealed,
petals of sweet love no hell could conceal,
this bright life by its fragrance are many healed.

There are seeds like blessings in darkest hours,
blown by this child across all it discovers,
its dance invoking heaven's warm showers,
these tender seeds by its muse summon flowers.

There is a garden along whose paths I languor,
every cobblestone traversed extinguishes anger,
every tulip, daffodil and iris making clangor
in this lush garden, expressing blessings of forever.



Thirst



Thirst,
the throat screams
a sanguine romance
of white sand and ragged wounds,
every swallow a trial,
every unsatisfied plea for restoration
ending in nervous discouragement.

Thirst,
the soul cries,
a desperate forlorn
of loss and acceptance,
tolerance, weeping
along a worn path of consequence
cobbled in spiritual bereave.

Thirst,
is it lax
in the land of excess,
its ceaseless perversions
with no time to process?
Pages of iniquity drifting
with arid winds of contempt,
every paper-strewn sidewalk sifting
a dispensation of corruption,
sordid temptations from
martyred life and flesh sacrifices.

Thirsty,
vexed, and watching your feet,
you are accosted with choices.



Mistaken

Step on a crack, just another broken back,
walking alone in a hail of rain,
crying from lack, with all that's left in a pack
on your shoulder and feeding the pain.

Just a small man, like all the rest he began,
with his lies, his deceit and disdain,
cunning his plan, to quickly crush what he can,
try his best to leave permanent stain.

He was a freak, lurking dark in the bleak
and cold recesses of his own pathetic brain,
subverting the meek, hard control he'll seek
over cripples and the spiritually slain.

How many times, his shameless, simple rhymes,
convinced hearts to cast off their refrain,
led them to crimes of bodies and minds,
a lonely morning licks the wounds they sustained.

He didn't believe in the God they proclaimed,
the steed of their spirit's livid mane,
mocking their creed he attached to their name,
a long lost fire weeps their emptiness gained.

They a victim retreat and empty loneliness greet,
leaving behind the quick swing of the cane.
Why does he beat with such rage, they entreat,
should we run or with his heart stay, try to change?

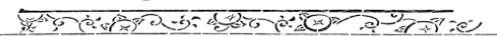
They desperate cleave to ravaged, sovereign greaves,
fearing to be free of constant disdain,
if only they leave and solemnly forge their reprieve,
and reach for love, away from he who complains.

They can find a new shore, and through the God they adore
relish strength they never knew could be regained,
merely open wide the door to their heart and implore,
forget my past and draw me near You again.

God always forgives, but with themselves they must live,
and self-forgiveness is a seldom applied salve.
Using love as a dirk, they remove all that grieves,
until through truth over themselves they again reign.



Eye the Mirror



I see you stare at me.
You see me hurt.
You see me suffer.
Your eyes greedily engorge themselves
on my countenance
in much the same fashion
as you might strain to partake
of just the merest morsel of gore
as you slow in passing a traffic accident.
You peer,
and as you engage,
you see a bit of yourself
staring back at you,
and often you don't like what you see.
I, the mirror,
and such a mirror,
that reflects impatience,
pride and shame,
inadvertently revealing
the darkest mediocrities
of they who peruse.
When confronted you cringe
from the things inside yourself,
things for so long you refused to change,
fearing, doubting and praying
that none other but you can see
within this, your abashed reflection.
Such a mirror, I.
Such a marvelous benevolent eye.
So point at the mirror,
mock it and laugh,
this silly spectacle is but a fun house trick
of garbled mistakes.
Ridicule the cold hard glass,
draw attention from the pitiful soul
twisting within its undiscerning confines,
begging to hide and fester again.
What is it you see
as you stare at yourself
in the mirror of another's agony?
What could more than your flush, angry response
to that which differs,
to that which suffers,
make blatant testimony of what cowers within?
Revealed in flesh a treachery harvest
of fully ripened chagrin.



In Harm's Way



Time flows on more swiftly
than wings of eagles rend the sky.
A playful spring time and the
days of youth have shuffled by.
It seemed so long a struggle
looking back on how you've grown,
maturing mind and spirit
through all the hope you were shown.
Your independence flourished
in every brave and hopeful stride,
the changes came so quickly
as childhood shyness turned to pride.
One day you looked so timid,
with such frightened, tearful eyes,
and yet the next you stood a woman
full prepared to face her life.
You have come to know the shelter
of a loving, faithful home,
and though the call has come to leave it,
you will never be alone.
Your fearless heart keeps urging
you to take the world by storm,
to brave the unseen fantasies
the horizon long has formed.
Remember first the wondrous truth
which brought you through the rain,
and know that He is with you
through every joy and every pain.
For as long as you will seek Him,
and with Jesus ever stay,
His faithful love will guide you
even when you're in harm's way.



My Crumbs



(Mark 7:27-28)

My cry in heart of you, oh God,
That I in hunger would prefer my meal of sallow
rather than come into Your holy courts alone,

To find my repast in dry, marrowless bones,
never filled, always wanting,
were I not to partake of the food of Your will.

Though pure and treasured Your Heaven prepared,
Holy Father, how could my eye drink of its glory
if I make myself to stand before You...

Marveling at the foot of Your throne,
empty of heart, a crown of unadorned brass scoring my brow,
a disciple without field or flock?

What peace could I find in eternity,
watching the souls of those you sent me burn in darkness
on the spit of my wanton apathy?

Let my heart never ache, nor cry rebellion
over choices of inaction or fearful refusals,
when the works prepared for my path should come,

Where I would choose to not follow,
fall asleep on the watch for the enemy advance,
or turn a deaf ear to the Holy Spirit's groan.

Instead that I with all diligence had kept Your Word,
heeded Your every call, rejoiced in Your chastening,
that flowing after me is heard the joyous weeping of salvation...

Of all that You had sent me,
none missing,
in the day of triumph.

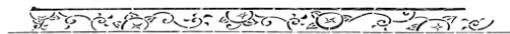


The Name

If you deny Him,
turn to the powers of worldly intention,
maybe revile Him,
cursing His name as a weak man's contention,
consider it stupid,
claiming that God is a lame man's dementia,
or flippantly scoff,
stab at His love in a rage of rebellion,
you find yourself falling
into the mires of empty deception,
soon you start calling,
chasing the foolish false ways of magicians.
His light sadly dims,
further and further you fall from His holiness,
darkness soon gathers,
trappings of mystics' refutable consequence
strangely convince you,
once they seemed ludicrous, tragically pitiful.
In spite of your lies,
indignant cries for quaint leisure, convenience,
truth soon emerges.
Hearts that have fallen upon their own measurement,
irrefutably,
feel the command of the Scepter of Israel.
Try to escape Him,
set yourself free of His way through denial.
All you discover
deep in your soul is a fetter of worthlessness
dissolving your morals
on the ill fated winds of the need for acceptance.
Your conscience is seared,
swift glinting razor cuts the throat of your hopelessness.
Your emptiness grows,
devoid of all burden of love you find completion.
Child of apathy,
your freedom path forged of swift gratification,
from where comes the shame,
when gently in your ravaged ears rings His Name?
You cannot deny, atheist, believer, rage, joy, you are revealed,
as the Name of Jesus even in your sin bears authority.



The Sleeping Chicken in the Fat Air



The shape of the words on this page
reminds me of a time and a day,
only a bit ago
when I sat in leisure at my window
reflecting on the chocolate eggs
helplessly simmering on the dash
of my truck below.

NO!...my chocolate eggs.
NO!...my eggs of chocolate.
Now mere pools what were once
full eggs...of chocolate.

No...

I turn my eyes to the sun,
cursing its merciless beams.
How I wished for motivation.
How I longed for ambulation.
To leap from my lazy recline
and prevent the senseless death of
my terrified little eggs.

Goodbye, impudent ones,
sweet vice of my nepenthe.
I wish I were dreaming.



Friend, Brother, Father



Seldom do we find
in our brief passing
a friendship not of mind
but of spirit everlasting.
Every moment filled
by memories treasured
where God's grace instilled in us
righteousness unfettered,
sharing thoughts, hearts of
truth and compassion,
We've been given blessed days of relation
which our God only could fashion.



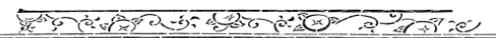
Oh, Such Torture of Vanity



Yes, I wrote this.
No doubt about it.
I was there when it happened.
So was my friend.
She would vouch for me.
I accepted the words,
in their wandering herds
and droves
as they came to me,
chaotic at first,
then I arranged them,
sorted their number,
filtered their relevance.
When they were groomed
to absolute perfection
I marched them before you
in regal assembly
and polished splendor.
Now in the back
of my simple mind
I know to expect
one, and only one
response from their audience.
I know you,
like everyone,
will invariably
uncontrollably,
perhaps outside of yourself
ask me the recurring
and ever enduring
question of ages
as my filled page is perused,
"Uhm, did you write this?"



This Book of Blood



I've borne a life of torture and of misery,
sailing winds of evil on a savage sea,
a vast expanse of hopelessness and pain for free.

Marred by their filth with a cold glee.

For the joy of sinning wretches I was sent,
abused and tossed by fantasies and malcontent,
on their hatred of themselves and God I rent.

Cursed to the breath with my back bent.

Voices taunting, "worthless", "loser" served as friends,
words in daunting prose and poems, my defense,
music forged of cloud and sky my solemn kin.

Time authored art with a cruel pen.

I wrote a book, this book of pain that I might stand,
yet more a book of blood and anguish was my plan,
exposing deeds of good and truth, both of my hand,

All for the sake of a good name.

This tome details atrocities of heart and flesh,
selfishness and livid rage complete the mesh
of interwoven, luscious sins and wounds kept fresh.

Oh, did I lust after Death's thresh.

One day I threw away my pen, from desk arose,
the time had come to bring my epic to a close.
The sick and sordid theater of blackness shows

One tiny victim in her death throes.

Turn an ancient key and my mind's eye fades,
morose becomes the laughter, echoing tirades,
dancers of the gloom make mock of one astray,

All becomes hurt and the choice is made.

When I let go and hurled myself toward the grave,
set loose my mind for one last thing to sickly crave,
expecting disappointment to the last enclave,

"Come, if You are, if You still save!"

No time He wasted, rushing in at my implore,
my bleak veneer as shattered glass fell to the floor,

His glory and repentance saw my life restored.

Claimed me for His own with a great roar.

Brittle bones and flesh of corpse had been renewed,
a heart of chiseled stone grew soft with Him imbued,
my mind made fresh in His true Word no longer broods.

Seen, saw my self, from God's view.

How I crucified the One who gave me light!
How I crucify the One in daily strife!
Suffered those who crucified Him with delight.

Guilt-festered all, the beloved of night!

A book of blood indeed I penned, and openly,
hatred, bitterness and pain were all for me,
but the blood that stains its pages set me free,

Jesus, my Christ, my love eternally.



Self Control



The Lie (Complexity)
Break the mind
Life's suffering
individual pain
one meets another,
strengthens the reigns
snap after snap
one more than is required
shatter the seat of the soul
Break the mind
Twist its perception
showers of lies
interlace needles of truth
torture breaks dreams
torment is preparation
rend to shreds the personal fantasy
Forge the mind
Fear, pain,
shame, humiliation,
the self, the ego
becomes clay,
a soft matter
conformable to the breaker of will
Forge the mind
The hammer that breaks
later becomes guile
to the chisel that molds
cuts and shapes
in accord
with angry perceptions of inconvenience
Simple flesh
Broken mind
the flesh soon follows
conforming in shape,
inevitably in deed
to the image
of the mind pieced together by terror
Simple flesh
Fear, pain,
shame, humiliation,
convince the lust,
the violence, the submission
to pain, pleasure, aggression
boundaries drawn around
fantasies of self-preservation
Replace the spirit
Cruel life
you are remade
violated
spirit restrained

transformed, then,
locked behind bars galvanized by regret
Replace the spirit
Ultimate control
ravage a soul
rule the spirit by default
sallow the heart
paint new dreams
for the self image of pain's sculpture
The Truth (Simplicity)
Open the heart
If people
by all truth loved,
one the other,
poverty of flesh and spirit would end
yet, caring is absent
so we mandate, by necessity, human decency
Open the heart
Truth is simple
with only one source
unlike deception's forge of ire,
God is love, the Word is truth
Jesus is the Word
the Word and God are one eternally the same
Open the heart
The truth creates
is never conformed to life,
but life conformed by the Truth in love
The lie cannot create,
but contorts memories with agony,
always hating the one it deforms.



A Poet

I took a moment to look into the mirror last night.
Amazing how we change.
Time twists and alters, tucks and pulls,
My eyes,
And a moment of reflection grips me.
Funny, I used to look more like a poet,
but I guess I don't anymore.
I used to feel like a poet,
but I don't know, has that all changed?
Then I ask, just what is a poet?
Someone injured to the quick of the heart?
Or maybe just anger, or revelation by pain.
Sometimes the lines get blurred.
I believe it was mostly the pain.
I hurt for myself. Sad, but true.
What more is there?
There is no real hope, just self.
You give what you have until nothing is left.
A poet describes what is felt, what is known,
anger that becomes hate because of fear,
then describes the destruction manifested.
A poet writes about that,
rails against injustice,
tries to impress upon anyone that will listen
to their eclectic idealisms.
But even then, they seem to hurt only for themselves.
What more is there?
My eyes seem older than they should be,
eyes of experience, eyes of wisdom,
wisdom gleaned from harsh days,
and really, little else.
Or are they just tired?
For me, what more was there?
Hopelessness breathes poetry.
Then arrived Jesus.
And though He has taught me joy,
for the first time, joy,
for the first time, love,
for the first time!
I am awakened to a new sorrow,
One with meaning and purpose,
Good, Godly sorrow.
As my heart in time more resembles His
I can feel His hurt instead of my own.
He weeps for those who are as I was.
His anger towards the destroyer,
the seething hate for that insidious malefactor,
watching people wrap themselves up willingly
in blankets of filth, like cabal suicide,
romanced into doom.

He screams warnings across the thriving bleak,
Casting His words of love into the void
as flickering lanterns of hope.
Desperate for the writhing masses
to stop for a moment
step outside their self-assumed torments,
and just listen to the hurt in another's soul.
Perhaps in some new and amazing way,
many things have really all stayed the same.
Is it the heart of a poet still sparkling in my eyes,
or that of a shepherd longing to cover her part of God's flock?



Saving a Slut



Across the great expanse of time
Your injured, precious eyes met mine.
Hung upon that wretched tree,
You saw Your prize yet stayed for me.

Why was it for this whore You cried
and for her blackened soul You died,
this heart of sorrow, poor and weak?
Your passion was to save this freak.

I was a most unworthy gift
for You to choose to wholly lift
out of the suicidal mire
and fill me with Your holy fire.

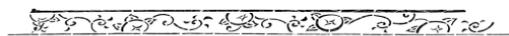
I'll never fully understand
why You sent forth Your mighty hand,
or why for one like me You fought,
this filth that even Hell forgot.

I need not fathom all above,
but tight embrace Your perfect love,
and pray You will, Jesus, my Lord,
accept these words from your reward.

Thank You.



The Hidden



Sometimes I wonder if I am on my way home,
Sitting at the edge of consciousness,
staring into a glittering void of seamless blurs,
with the weight of day flowing as a poem
leaving my mind, my heart's distress,
leaning on the soft inculcation of true love's purr.
A tear, harmless, yet mighty
slips from my eye,
rebellious, my betrayer,
speaks for my turmoil otherwise hiding,
quickly dissipating, I need to deny,
quickly retaliating, slip back beneath the layers
of red silk blanketing my resolve,
my slowing footsteps
treading irrevocably forward, catering my irrational fear
of a lingering death, refrain
from sharing my tragic depths
save for through these words and their pallid veneer.
I feel tired, stretched thin,
like a morning cloud might languor
against the terrible dawn,
unable to flee, pulling apart from within.
My voice which once sang of things
so holy and true chokes on a yawn.
Lingering, I inhale the delicate aroma of Egyptian Chamomile tea,
it's flavor sifting my nostalgia, easing my anxieties,
bringing visions of a gentle spring, of nibbling at a honeycomb.
I pray, and face the hardship day free
of guilt and remorse, prepared for the breeze
along the sunset shore of my encroaching abide.



A Quiet Shade



A shadow moves across a lonely field
of timeless ice and gently drifting snow,
the shades of winter's pallor cast to shield
its eyes from nearby embers of the sun's glow.

Barren trees held victim in frozen grip
impeded every egress of the shadow's flight,
blackened, twisted, wretched, stripped
of life and warmth they robbed its sight,
their silent vigil keeping as they languor unafraid
against the banks of their solid river,
where pale blue moonlight's austere cascade
taints in a manner from which even shadows shiver.

Its path hewn of apathy in forge of frost
with all behind and all before so lifeless and weak,
a hopeless destitution overgrown by loss
all guilt in voiceless mockeries of what it seeks,
the shadow walks, dearth of hope yet dreaming
of triumph joy mostly gone, forgotten,
found on one distant bower of summer's green;
a long lost grove where it had fought and
toiled between revelation and death,
its tormented past having melted away
as chords of soft music had given it breath.

Rescued from oblivion it had stayed.
Its mind filled with music, it had stayed.
Unseen fingers danced out melodic chords,
eyes glistened of notes gently played
and kissed by the emotion nostalgia affords.
The shadow remembers an ancient and foreign device,
for to its heart comes a faint hint of spring.
But how, with all hope stolen, locked in ice,
can it regain freedom, believe for anything?

Is it need or is it lust that propels,
fear or hot anxiety that restrains,
fantasy or hateful reality that compels,
lies or stolid truth that yet complains?
It dreamt it was merely a man and wept.
It dreamt that it was a woman and embraced suicide,
dreamt that it was free and into shadow crept,
dreamt of when with raucous abandon it had cried.

Stirred from reminiscence by a chill,
the shadow reawakened to an overcast day,
a scene bent to a careless painter's will
all dearth of color and conformed to shades of grey.
Aimless wisps of lost light collected on the ground,
faint impressions traced where the shadow had been.
The rooted and misshapen trees made no sound.
All that chimes so cavalier is from within.



Said and Done

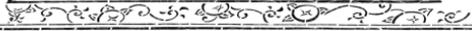


we can't expect You
to live in this world
we have created
even though it was made
just for You
embrace the truth
and die
You never have to face
the memories anymore
the wounds that You adore
or the words of past hate
that have become Your own
You don't have to face it anymore
You don't have to take it anymore
it's just far too hard
give it over to death
and end it now
we failed You
it's not Your fault
don't bother trying anymore
just end it now
end it now
lie down
sleep gently
no more excuse
to suffer
what more could we force You to give
when You can't even find
one reason to live
give in to the ways of this world
to Your training
to the ways of escape
You will be free
free to run
free to hide
free to walk with Your own stride
free to cry without refrain
free to soak in the rain
free to die from Your pain
free to die
in a blaze of glory die
in a haze of obscurity die
or for heaven's sake die
oh so simply free to die
like birds so swiftly fly
or dew to morning sun complies
or noble ones to duty rise
just die.

even in my bleak demeanor
accused and dizzy
left for dead
I won't accept the lame prognosis
handed me by prince or pride
but overcome my limitations
rise above their apathy instead
resolve to face this life a victor
leave behind the sniveling wretch
they'd prefer of me
some withered tree
a pallid disease
hopeless filth
thus instead
I will be renamed
by my potential
free to try
free to fly
free to treasure days of joy
free to care without restraint
free to live and love again
free to chase a dream and win
free to simply start again
with a shout of brave intent again
with courage in the truth again
no longer identified by sin
by wounds of the past
move forward and fast
perhaps meant to last
like love in hearts of burning flame
or a soul witness to truth's proclaim
or humble ones given eternal fame
I last.



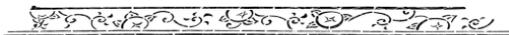
Today Also



Today...more people are treated as human beings
Today...more tolerance is given to sin
Today...everything feels like indifference
Today...we've embraced identities that are not our own
Today...we are shown everyone's hearts
Today...our apathy grows
Today...we no longer care to see
Tomorrow.



I Know the Warmth of Snow



He offered me flowers and time,
sniffed at my hair as I allowed his closeness.
I offered him my neck,
grey fur thin and coarse from the chase.

The scent of the wild in his mane,
the hunt on his breath,
and in the shower of a delicate rain
we shared nature's dowry.

We shivered in the heat
from emotion far beyond simple love.
I swam in liquid gold and knew him
as he engulfed my scent ravenously.

We fled to a distant cave of purple
in a place of eternal winter.
Now we dance forever by firelight,
our hearts sharing secrets in a cold we never feel.



A Cat Softly Sighs



I recline in an impossible dream,
floating among wispy digital clouds
like translucent vapor the color of cream,
with oceans of golden silk to enshroud
a female's need for scent and song.

The evening set ablaze by gentle
plumes of red and yellow flame,
the crackling timbers forming mental
valleys flowering in springtime rain,
the hope of winter's sudden end.

A cascade's white noise trickle,
mind and vision blurring, drifting,
an eternal sunset beyond the fickle
musings of the distant moon sifting
through my heart, fills me warmly above the snow.

A strong arm graces my tired neck,
a gentle but firm hand works with care
my shoulder, my arm, a tattered wreck,
but caught in the sparkle of this male's stare,
reality unravels and I am whole again.

He recreates my beaten flesh,
fashions beauty from aspects I could not hide,
adoration and desire, his smell so fresh,
in love with who I am so deep inside,
emotion and his gentle kiss my princess crown.

A good wolf, such a male, virile mate,
so truly a man, seeing through me,
tenderly defying hopelessness and fate,
making me feel so beautiful and free,
taking me to climes and stars to most unknown.

My time so short, infirmed, demure,
I fight against malaise and yearn for more,
sensations beyond measure, fur to fur,
a time to boldly treasure, time on twilight shores,
gladly for him I spent it for his every gift is honor.



Thirty Years of Christmas

Reclining in an easy chair I rest my mind,
a rare and gentle time I force, when gears don't grind,
I sip at creamy chocolate from a steaming mug
and face another tattered evening with a shrug.
Thinking back on Christmas past, my heart beat slows,
in my mind's eye I struggle once again to close
the book on chapters of my life I long to read,
of people, ghosts, illusions I recall with greed;
to look upon those precious faces locked away
behind dark veils of distance and of cold array.
Seldom will prevail this sweet repose of dreams,
as nostalgia racks solemnity with haggard screams.
Reality a monstrous beast of time long lost,
an image of a childhood spirit whipped and tossed
by apathetic whims of deepest, darkest sin,
all along told, "worthless child, this stays within!"
A warm and gentle story, though, I cannot tell,
my Christmas memories are sulfur, reek of Hell.
Rarely would a toy be found beneath a tree,
no carolers outside to bring that special glee.
No visitors would come nor tolerate our home.
I learned that isolation pens a heavy tome.
Bodies frozen to the ground and blackened trees,
a barn of darkness, great maw sealing man's disease,
death upon a death from unmet expectations,
and punishment for every scarcely found elation.
This Christmas thing, a godless thing, another day,
to measure one year's failures in that special way,
to mark the start and end of seasons of regret,
to cry a hopeless fever, and of pain to fret,
on every four or five of them my life restart,
in loneliness, abandonment, so torn apart.
Those needful chapters, gilded pages, I peruse,
once full of joy, now stained with tears and jaded views.
Then in the bleakest of them all, replete with pain,
a contradiction to my blackened soul's refrain,
for in the light of one true God, whose truth I'd fought,
I first knew love, and found elusive ways I'd sought.
Transformed and truly free, alive, at once, at last,
I followed Him and wept as we forgave my past.
This Christmas thing, a whole new thing, a whole new start,
loneliness, a nightmare faded from my heart.
I cannot fathom how or why I have this life,
nor why in time God graced me with surcease of strife.
I simply trust in Him, engage this season's joy,
and rest my broken heart in our great God's employ.
Reclining with my Lord so tender at my side,
I still look back on what was lost, and sometimes cry.
Yet greater is the goal that now before me grows,
and what of past and future, only God may know.
Here I rejoice, my hope renewed within His midst,
as on this Christmas, I am reminded that He lives!



No Tear Forgotten

My tears are my wealth
The treasure you have sown into my heart
My heart weeps for those things
Those desires you have placed within me
Those needs that I face
Those sorrows that have captured me
Those passions you have birthed in me
The tears water the dry soil of my soul
They bring life to that which was dead
They wash away the pains of the past
They give birth to what was promised
They bring sustenance to the dying, the cold, the starving
The dead shall live again
The lonely shall be visited
Those who hunger shall hunger no more
Those who thirst shall thirst no more
Those who lack shall be comforted
And in that comfort, their lack will disappear
For the tears of my soul
The tears from my heart
Are the living water which flows from Heaven
That bring change and prosperity
That bring the fulfillment of every promise
Of God in His Word
They are the source of the Holy Spirit
Who makes His temple in my heart
From whom grows the fruits of the Holy Spirit
unto righteousness
Unto the salvation of all who choose to eat
Making me a branch on the tree of life
Receiving the water of life
Which is Jesus Christ
Through whom all things are possible
My tears make the impossible a reality
For they are evidence
Of the coming of the gifts of grace
The completion of the visions of God's mercy
The presence of God's love
The very presence of God
The restoration of all hope
And the only measure
By which the desert can be overcome
Where the river flows
Green grass grows
God has captured every tear
Shed in faith in need in pain
In a vial meant for this time and this place
In the time of great sorrow
Where everything feels as though
It has been pulled away from you

Where you feel as though you can't go on
Where you hope for death
Where you feel that the fall is coming
Where the burden is so great
That you can sustain it no longer
And you are ready to give in
And give up
And let it go
That is a hard place to be
Yet sometimes is the place you were meant to come to
By the grace of God
By the mercy of God
And it is in that place
That you will receive your blessing
Your blessing is in the dry land
Your blessing is in the desert itself
Where it makes no sense to plant or sow
Because there is no life
But God brings forth treasures
From the most unexpected places
From secret places
In places where life cannot be seen
It has to be hoped for
There has to be a vision
There has to be a double portion of faith
From the faith that got you to where you are now
From what has gone before
There needs to be a double portion
And a vision towards one hundred fold
Of everything you have ever sown in hope
You are different from all the rest
Who are going through this same thing
And there are plenty of others going through
This very same thing
And they are faltering
They are failing
They are giving up
They are losing their way
Losing their hopes
Forgetting their dreams
Succumbing to the enemy and his effective lies
Believing that the desert is all there is
Made to believe that everything has been taken away
Forever
Consigned to lack
To always be dry
Others don't see what you see
They give up
And they die
You don't give up
You carry on
You overcome and you trust in God
That this is where you are supposed to be
You see that there is actually no lack
You see there is no desert

You see the desert for how God sees it
Not by the state that it is in
But by the potential it has
Through the power of God to change it
And the power is in the Blood of Jesus
And the tears that poured from your eyes
From a heart filled with His love
You will be made to see the dry place
In your life
By its potential in Christ
Not by the hopeless death that the others might see
Your tears will form rivers in the desert
Bring hope to the lost
Bring salvation to the abandoned
Bring faith to the self-sufficient
Bring freedom to those in prison
Like a floodgate that is broken away
The great waters rush in and wash away
The constructs of man
So shall the constructs of a person within themselves
Be washed away by the weeping of their spirit
The walls dissolve and come down
The limits disappear
The blind spots are cleansed and sight is renewed
Truth is revealed
Visions are seen in the Heavenlies
Blessings are received
You see that you gave out of faith
You gave out of your need
But in truth you gave because you had it to give
And you didn't fear lack as you tithed with great joy
In your heart
Because you knew in spite of the hardships
God was with you
And providing for you
Meeting your every need
You didn't lack because you always had
Everything you needed
All you had to do was trust the one
Who said He would provide
Who told you not to fear
Who promised and is faithful
To give you the desires of your heart
To finish the good works that He started inside you
To bring you to a place of spiritual prosperity
Prosperity for your soul from which
Comes all other forms of prosperity
And hope
Dreams come to pass
Barriers lift
The enemy is removed
Comfort and peace and joy
That was always there is found again
Remembered
Doubled from the day in which that trust

And that vision was born
Those who succumb will never see
The beauty in store
For the tears were captured in the vials of God
He carefully uses each precious one
A tear at a time on each dry spot
Each tear with the life-giving essence
To restore a whole valley of baked and broken dirt
Makes flowers bloom, roses and lilies
Forests teeming with life
From the power God imparts to a single righteously shed tear
God has so much more planned for us
And He gives us only what we expect
If we expect Him to be the hard task master
Then the hard task master is who returns to us
Having made a graven image of ourselves
And our problems
And our expectations of ourselves
Having made that mask and put it on God
So that we really only see God
By our own standards
Instead let nothing come between your face and that of God
See God for who He is
See yourself for who you are
Embrace both and trust in Him
To make you into His child
His daughter or son
Expect things from God
That only God can do
And often expect Him to do through you
What He alone has the power to complete
Where others say the pain will always be there
The suffering will always be
The struggle is eternal
Your efforts to end it or overcome it
Are in vain
You will say
That you have a mighty God
Who is a good God
For whom all things are possible
And through whom all things are made
Possible
And profitable
And work towards good
For you and me
And for everyone around me
Who sees the light which shines from me
Because I have become like a mirror
That reflects the blazing light
Of God's face and truth and life and power
I shall not be overcome
And I am not called to a life of pain and misery
I am called to suffer
The passions of the Heart of the Christ
The passions of the heart of God

Our desires become the same
Formed in Heaven
Realized on earth
Praise be to Him who lives
And who sees me and knows my name
He knows me
He loves me
I praise His name
I bless His Kingdom
I will not go out as needy
I will not present myself as lacking
For God has said I already have it in my hand to give
And to receive
The greatness of the riches of Heaven are mine
For God has made me His child
They are my inheritance
The treasures of people their lost lives
Love and spirits and souls
All found by the collection of our tears
Those of God's and mine
And it is in this place
Where Heaven can be seen
And the path is shown to you
Your faith is renewed seeing
The oasis in the desert
This garden that grew from your empathy
And your own passion
And your own suffering
Your own love and zeal
Having been transformed by God into the essence of life
From the enemy's intention of death
This precious garden of immaculate glory
To which you were led by God
By your faith in Him
By your perseverance
Which itself began in Him
And in which you shall smell the sweet aroma
Of God
Taste of the perfect fruits
Sit in the softest bowers
Rest by the still waters
And be filled and prepared for the path ahead
Do not despair in the desert
Do not curse your tears
Even if they form out of hopelessness
The dry and arid place

The desert within and the desert without
Is a sleeping wealth of living riches
Which, lacking your love
Willing to cry or weep over its dearth
Will never be realized
Always have hope
In Him who restores
And who makes all things new,
Gives us one hundred fold
And seven times the blessing
Who excitedly gives us His gift of faith
Be blessed by expectation of the miraculous.



