

Anthology of Surucipe



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To the most important people in my life. I hope I make it clear every day if this applies to you.

About the author

Just someone with thoughts, both deep and shallow, attempting to make life as great as it possibly can be for myself and those around me. Writing has become a large part of this.

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A Pursuit of Pleasure

I am a hedonist, such a laboured endeavour
I am hedonistic, laid here at its mercy
I am a hedonist, I have only one goal.

And this goal I have isn't simple,
This goal I have isn't well defined.
Personal to each,
Superior to objectivity.
Solely reach it,
And freedom.

Are you there?

I'm just a lone sailor,
With no port in which to dock.

I'm a key without a lock,
Open to someone but no one.

And I'm searching and searching,
But nothing is prevailing.

In real need of saving,
From this dark yet luminous craving.

Are you even out there at all?

Golden Hill

Solitary life's no way for man to live,
We all need that one.
To walk with us high,
To walk side by side.
To see us up our Golden Hill.

Golden Hill is a push for any lone soldier,
As Golden Hill's not for walking alone.
My Golden Hill was made for a dyad,
And that's just how I long to go.

So if you think you've found your companion,
Be sure to keep it pure.
Your Golden Hill is awaiting,
To share the greatest tale you'll ever learn.

Because togetherness is heaven,
And together we are free.

I want to walk as a duo,
I need to walk as a two,
I want to walk my Golden Hill with nobody but you.

I Wonder When

I'm an army of one, with the will of a thousand men
Sat here asking, waiting, wondering when
Should I be fighting harder, or awaiting attack?
I feel destiny won't tolerate my confusion.

So many have won their battle, its seems with no real tactic,
And I'd love to know how but I just don't understand it.
If they say time is a healer then am I scarred for life?
Travelling towards definity, yet moving only at the speed of might.

And I've tried striving and thinking,
It ended in diving and sinking.
But there's only ever one way you can go I guess.

So I ask,
So I wait,
And I wonder when...

It's All The Process

Like Erno turning colour,
Process just calling for progress,
Faces will match before long.

Some see only chaos and complete disarray,
Others a rough project,
Just waiting to take shape.

Confusion is all illusion,
Keep with the turns and twist,
You can handle the mist,
Remember you can still see through fog with a light.

We're Living in a Backwards World

Sprint slowly up the hill,
Whilst you try to teach the expert.
Set fire to the flame,
And attempt to befoul the dirt.

When gravity lets you float,
Be sending down the judge.
Whilst you sell it to the owner,
Dance together with the statues.

These are all now possibilities,
The world is without order.

I Just Can't Get Enough

I love it,
And I just can't get away from it,
It's there whenever I need it,
No matter my mood,
No matter the situation.

I turn to it when I'm happy,
I always turn to it when I'm sad,
It can be the light at the end of the darkest tunnel,
It can be a spark I need to get going once more.

It takes me away from life,
It takes me away from the importants,
It sends me to a world where everything is okay,
It lets me forget any trouble.

And I know it inside out,
All past, present and future,
I've known nothing quite like it,
And I don't think I ever will.

It gives me pleasure like no other,
Adrenaline that can last for days,
If you were to take it away from me now forever,
I don't know what I'd do.

But I know I'll always have it,
Because I know I'll always need it.

I love it,
And I just can't get away from it.

Just A Burden

A burdensome presence,
An onus to being,
Just unwanted company,
This is what I am seeing.

No power to tell of your thoughts,
Just guesses which seem amiss,
Wounds only open further,
What happened to dauntless bliss?

I've Taken A Risk!

It's been said by a many,
Life is for taking risks,
But I've never been one for taking that dive,
I'm not always the one with the tricks.

Yet I was there in the moment,
And I thought 'why not?'
I know the worst can happen,
But I'll give it a shot.

And I'm still in that moment,
It could all yet go wrong,
I don't which way it'll go,
And the wait to find out feels so long.

It could finish a nightmare,
But it could be a near-perfect dream,
I could end up beaming like Old Larry,
Or stood there about to scream.

And now the adrenaline's pumping,
To know the outcome I crave.
I'm praying that it goes my way,
Let me jump high and ride this wave.

Life is for taking risks,
And the process is far from mild.
I suppose that's what it's all about though,
So for now I'm going to live being wild.

O She!

Questions stream against will,
Always a constant thought.
I don't want to ask anymore,
But on this line I am caught.

Enamoured by the feeling,
Hooked by the notion,
Ache for the safety of shore,
Yet left only to solo the ocean.

I see glimpses of dry,
They're just lifeless islands.
Call for help I should,
My voice bears nothing but silence.

I have only two queries,
And they both regard She.
Answers may draw looming candor.
'When will?'
And simply,
'Who be?'

What I Want

I yearn to be a whole being,
Strength to be found in every section.
An array of arrows to my quiver,
And a spherical perception.

I want to fathom why all caged birds sing,
And understand their woe.
Only then can I aid and offer ease,
Because of their struggle I'll know.

To deliver sound that's marked as fine,
Through simply keys and string.
Compelling music can lift the lowest,
So may the ones with little meet everything.

I wish to speak to many peoples,
A difference in mother tongues no matter.
To divulge in culture and more wild ordeals,
Prove life paints an ever-changing pattern.

To reach all cusps of planet Earth,
Emerged in the science of different faces.
Devour the colours of our planet,
Sample all flavours from all places.

But most I'd love to be content,
Content until forever is no more.
For She to join me in my quest,
Only then can I cease knowing I soared.

Shattered Anamnesis

Flashbacks sting a ruined tune,
And it serves now only in making me blue.

Darkness swells a heavy chest,
As I seek to quell all the feelings attracting clouds inside my head.

A song once full of comfort, now leads me along a somber path,
I fear crystals will never be clear again.

As memories flood back in the form of painful melody,
I say prayers to a God I don't know exists.

I want to part ways with my shattered anamnesis,
But despair doesn't offer escape plans.

Is Anything Planned?

The early bird can still make mistakes,
No matter how many worms he's devoured.
Unprecedency is hard to avoid,
Turning five minutes into twelve hours.

No way out; trapped in a circle,
Lost in all familiar scenes.
The door's being answered, I just can't find it,
The road I crave isn't where it should be.

And the freedom of time lures calm,
While a cruel mistress hides in deceit.
Allusion of time plays games with your head,
Ask the bird and he will agree...

The Pissed Optimist

I'm holding a beer in my left hand,
And a cigarette is burning in my right.
It's so dark and loud here,
Hundreds of people all stand within inches of one another,
I don't know most of them,
And I don't hope to either.
I've thought about leaving,
I promise.
It's far too late now,
For anything good to happen,
I know that only too well,
Yet still here I reside.

In an hour the sun will begin rising,
How delightful that might be to see,
As it is each morning.
But I've had too much to drink now to appreciate its true beauty,
And the sun deserves more than that.

I think I will go home,
I should, shouldn't I?
What reasons are there for staying?

As I set off towards the exit,
And the brightest decision I'll make all day,
I halt.
What if tonight is to be the greatest night of my existence?
And I leave for home,
Before it has even started.
I understand clearly,
That the odds are stacked so heavily against this,
But what a shame it would be,
If it were to be so fine and I missed it.

So inevitably I turn,
And collect another beer from the bar,
I light another cigarette for my sins,
And the meaningless, nonsense chatter,
With all these forgettable individuals,
And drunks,
Continues.

Torn Away Too Soon

Time facing space in a distance feud,
Lovers torn away yet neither knew.

Memories vague but they bear the same meaning,
One prays nostalgia's grace may reignite their feeling.

Will they realise in time or too late?

Don't Wait to Talk

Left and right,
In a familiar place,
Familiar scenes,
Familiar space.
One day there's new,
An unseen face,
So fair, so sweet,
Her hand I chase.

Day by day,
Entranced as she walks,
Month on month,
Still void of talk.
I do wish to speak,
A noise, a squawk,
But damn nerves reign,
I watch on, a gawk.

One noon I sat,
In unusual state,
My eyes revealed,
I was too late.
She walked the road,
With her a mate,
Toying ill with time,
Had altered fate.

Thoughts so deep,
Had words only spoke,
An easy plaudit,
A piquant joke.
Paths coil and twirl,
Fondness starts to evoke,

But silence took charge,
In regret I now soak.

Oh Not To Be A Seagull

I like to sit in my boat and just breathe,
Floating soundly in the dock,
Watching the seagulls swarm around insignificant pieces of discarded bread.

I'm at ease because I can watch from afar,
Nothing more than a spectator of the chaos,
Far from entangled in the pursuit to be the head of the colony.

All that commotion for a scrap of bread,
I won't ever understand it,
I'm not convinced they do.

Though I'm sure they eat handsomely, the seagulls,
They always seem to want more,
Their greed unchallenged by a limit.

Back on the boat I have everything I need;
The fire is warm and the beer is cool,
Fresh tales await me at the turn of a new cover.

I'm content here,
Though I don't own much of the world,
And I haven't ever yearned for opulence.

I just wish for the minor fragments I need and long for,
And as penury obstructs so many from this,
I'd rather feed them than serve my devil.

I don't think I'd like to be a seagull,
Flying high looks bliss but it isn't imperative to being free,
And racing for bread doesn't suit me.

Just see me to my boat and you'll find me somewhat appeased,

At peace,
In an uncomplicated paradise.

A Short Ode to KB

Stars are supposed to shine,
From high up in the skies,
Yet I see all their allure and light,
When I look into your eyes.

All of your smiles,
Your laughs, your cries, your jeers,
They emanate from the brightest source,
And all that matters disappears.

Writing Born of Contentment

Music streams through both ears,
Whilst the eyes embrace the view,
The rhythm of the water sings songs no sound could peer,
Save the birds and their charms,
As they circle the riotless air above.

The view is vast,
And the hills tall enough to question comprehension.
A fine summer's day is unparalleled,
When all the world's charms combine and combust.
The creation,
Magic.

But magicians couldn't muster that feeling,
That bores from deep,
Knowing everything that lives in every direction,
Is as serene and delighted,
As the feeling that's brokered by the silence,
The enchantment,
And the notion that life is full of such exiguous joys.

Lines Written by the Lake

Silence is a special form of genius.
A genius that goes so often unheard,
Though it's power to speak more than sound is infinite.

Silence long ago realised the superfluousness of incessant noise,
The dangers of reckless gaudiness,
Words spoken without thought,
Rushed, Hurried, Hastened,
As the lack of peace concerns.

Silence appreciates the beauty in the serenity of smooth, almost motionless waters,
The delicate lull of unhurried boats,
The rapid wings of the birds that circle,
Or the charm of a tongue-tied salute from a fellow silence-loving passerby.

Thoughts here are deep,
As deep as the waters that surround and serenade,
And though sound here is fiction,
More is said and spoken,
Than by any man of any time.

There's Nothing That I Wouldn't Do

I'd swim a league of oceans,
just to lend you a hand.
Brave deserts,
storms,
and blizzards,
to fulfil your merest command.

I'd look to the skies
and hook the brightest star,
if only that was your wish.
Sing to the heavens,
find you an angel,
and prove a God exists.

If you want to see the world,
I'll be your pilot,
your guide,
your captain.
I'll free you from this fatal world,
that I know you know you're trapped in.

Impossible's illusion,
when I feel the shape of you close to me.
And with our fingers entwined,
and our souls combined,
I know just how free we could be.

Your Hands in Mine

i love your hands
more than you'll believe me
and more than you'll ever know
i want to protect them
with all i have in me
as they truly are a marvel
so dainty
so delicate
so dear.
they look so fragile
yet i realise their strength
for i know of
the struggles you have been forced
to endure and fight through.
these soft and elegant fingers
that fit so perfectly
in between my own
while i'm holding your hands
kissing your fingers
i remember how alive i feel
as they glide
so gracefully over my skin
and i know that even
for all the wealth in the world
i cannot ever let them go

Lines Written in Sunny Autumn

the sun crashes its rays
upon the mild waves of the water
and across each tide and ripple
timid specs of stellar light
dance and spring along each roller
as though the stars
are taking hiatus from the warm sky
a mere daylight sojourn
in the cool liquid of the lake
so to be rested
and ready to resume
their duty of enchantment
when darkness descends again
and the heavens regain
their cosmic beauty

Your Soul Burns Within My Own

You leave my mind for not a moment,
I carry you through each second of each day.
Your soul burns within my own,
When I am awake and when I sleep,
For without you my dreams are no longer dreams,
But mere empty tales that conceive no significance;
A poignant futility I find so hard to brave.

Your soul burns so intensely within my own,
That I endure all you bear,
Your lows, your highs,
Your cries, your joyous smiles,
They light up my world, like the brightest star,
And break my heart, aligned with the most fatal devastation,
For if I don't feel you then I feel nothing at all.

Your every move and each decision you make,
Are all deeply ingrained in everything that I now am,
So much that I question what life was,
Before you entered mine and stole the show,
As I cannot fathom a world in which I can now exist,
Without your soul that burns so fiercely,
And lovingly,
Within my own.

As Beautiful As You

Infinite stars in a clear, dark sky,
Study their shimmers and their shine,
Mere delicate specs of stellar light,
Each one is divine.
But none are as beautiful as you.

The tear-filled eyes of an unversed mother,
Gazing down on her newborn child,
Amazed by the innocence of her own creation,
Love pours out as her heart beats wild.
Though she's still not as beautiful as you.

Behold nature's sunrise from high in the hills,
The very first light of the morn,
It'll stun, startle, and confound you,
Our flawless warm orange of dawn.
Yet it's not quite as beautiful as you.

Spend a night with a spyglass,
Scouting Venus and Mars,
Watch how they glisten and glow,
As they dance with the stars.
Still neither is as beautiful as you.

We know how sound can touch us,
A nightingale's chime as it sings,
And though it'll charm and allure,
Spreading its rich, pure wings.
It just isn't as beautiful as you.

The first shedding of leaves,
Revealing autumn is here,
Scenes of orange, yellow, green, and brown,

Their lure is so blatant and clear.
However they still aren't as beautiful as you.

The seraphic purity of a crisp, white rose,
Sat lone among a sea of blood red,
This is you through my eyes in each realm that we stand,
Please believe all the words I have said.
Nothing in this world is as beautiful as you.

When I Tell You I Love You

When I tell you I love you,
Know that it's true.
Be aware that I'm mindful,
Of the power these words possess,
The potency behind all they stand for,
The unlimited potential for life that they breathe,
The richness and warmth that they can spread,
To a mind fatigued by isolation,
To a body plagued with solitude,
I don't utter the expression with haste,
But sheer certainty of its warrant.
When I tell you I love you,
Know that it's true.

When I tell you I love you,
Know that you are the only,
The sole recipient of these words,
For I am not liberal when I speak them,
But save them only for those worthy,
As they come from the very depths of my soul,
Places no ordinary person can reach.
If I offer them to you,
You are the only one who hears them,
And my trust in you concerns no boundaries.
When I tell you I love you,
Know that you are the only.

When I tell you I love you,
Know that you are the reason.
The reason I wake each morning,
Why I sleep smiling each night,
You're the air I breathe,
The cause behind the fullness of my heart,

Responsible for the impassioned intensity it now beats with,
As it can barely hold the desire I have for you,
Desire that wants to break free,
That wants you and you alone,
For me and me only.
When I tell you I love you,
Know that you are the reason.