

Anthology of EpikNyan

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

For those who really cared...

Acknowledgement

I would like to acknowledge my friends Charlie and Ink in being there for me when I was struggling to get the right words for my poetry.

About the author

EpikNyan is someone who enjoys writing poetry when the inspiration comes to mind. Though he hasn't written much for his works, EpikNyan loves to get feedback and is always waiting for the right moment to strike.

summary

The Man Who Cares Not For His Sins

The Book of Dreams

Out of the Darkness

Where is the Sleep?

Love for the Drunkard's Devil

The Man Who Cares Not For His Sins

Damned is the man who cares not for his sins. Weeps the man who has not cared for his sins.

He who has caused drastic tragedies is condemned. Condemned to die and dance in the fiery depths of hell is he.

And as he breathes his last and weary breaths, false repentance gains nothing for he who weeps but has not cared for his sins.

Weeps is he who is a coward. Cowardly and scared only of death is he who cares not for tragedy at which he has been the orchestrate of.

He who knows not what he has done wrong is not ignorant but indignant. He cries for the loss of his life, and not for the loss of others of which he has caused.

Condemned to die and dance in the fiery depths of hell is he.

The Book of Dreams

I write it when I sleep, and I read it when I wake.

Sometimes these stories can be amazing or confusing, but every once in a while I come across a certain type of dream, a type that is rather quite frightening.

These stories I hate reading after writing, but I must do so if there is a chance, a chance that I will understand what is happening.

Sometimes these dreams become reality, or stay just fantasy.

But lately it seems, that the dreams I hate to read most, are the ones that will more often become real.

When these terrible dreams become real, often do I face horrific illusions or depressing thoughts. I am terrified of that mystical and mysterious book of dreams.

It pains me to know that what I read may become true, so I have decided to take action. I have decided to blur my mind from these depressing thoughts. In hopes that when I read next morning, my day might not be full of dread.

I need to lessen the influence of that book, the influence toward my thoughts. For soon I may no longer be able to resist its intentions.

I must rebel against it. Rebel against these horrible thoughts and emotions caused by that mystical and mysterious book of dreams.

Out of the Darkness

As far as I can see,
Everything that was known to me is gone;

In a new world I do not understand,
In a grim and fallow land,
Full of rubble and despair;

For as I lift my weary head,
It has befallen upon me,
that amongst this rubble,
Everyone and everything I once knew,
Is dead;

For as far as I can see,
Everything that was so natural,
Is amongst this rubble,
At this moment it has become known upon thee,
that in this dark and desolate land,
everyone and everything I once knew,
Is dead;

And it has come upon me,
That I must start my journey,
To travel to a land safe and far away,
From this land of confusion and despair;

I have to get away,
I have to escape from this dark and dreary place,
And go far away to a new land,
That is bright and easy to understand,
Due to the fact that everyone and everything I once knew,
Is dead;

At last,
Out of the black,
And back into the light;

And for as I dream,
In my new and happy world,
I forget,
That everyone and everything I once knew,
Is dead.

Where is the Sleep?

where is the sleep

where art thou sleep?

deep dark thoughts are escaping

and through these thoughts thine mind doth break

for there is no door with which such thoughts might be held aback

thine sleep may be fleeting, but it feels that one is in a dream

while in this ominous splendor

I must ask this recurring question

where is the sleep

where art thou sleep?

for the deep dark thoughts are escaping

where art thou so that I may protect from these deep dark thoughts

with mine own thoughts and from a shattered mind

have I created this awful disaster

a disaster which leaves me sad and broken

so sad and broken I must lay

though while I lay here in such a state

waiting to be seized by the darkness

I must ask this recurring question

where is the sleep

where art thou sleep?

for the deep dark thoughts are escaping

Love for the Drunkard's Devil

It's getting closer and closer.
Like the golden sunshine after a dreary morning's dew.
Closer... Closer... it's almost here.

It's here! It's here!
I see it! It's right here!
Blessed be to my eternal companion Cassiel!
Now dear friend, you should know it's time you speak up and pay your dues.
Because you've kept me company all these years and torn me through and through.

You've brought me here, divine brother.
You've shown me everything I need to see.
If you want my opinion, I've never cared for any of it.
I can see it - now hand it over.
Wrest these cold hard chains from my withered wrists, damning soul.

I've not been given a moment of peace without you over my shoulder.
Dear lover Cassiel, won't you let me see an end by my own that I so longingly desire?
Or will you keep me here, alone and away from a crystal means to sate my hunger?

You wretched, impudent fool, hideous Cassiel.
You know I shouldn't be forced to abstain the glass.
Don't have me wait any longer.

You've stayed me my crown far too long.
I wouldn't have died without a soul by my side if it weren't for you.
I can become King of the World once again, and all you need to do is free me from these shackles
and let me take the crown upon my head once again.

You are he who understands the sorrow of tears, the miserable agony of abstinence, and he who
has orchestrated my fall from greatness.
Have you no shame or empathy, my impertinent shadow?

You, the shadow whom encompasses my spectre and draws from my spirits, has me watching in the background, eyes brim with haze. I see here in somber obscurity the maddening splendor of these successful souls that I once held with such strong and shallow fortune, sitting at the throne atop it all.

I see these squandering vermin forsake me upon a most majestic and luxurious status of living. None among them though, has followed me for my grave, where I lay in woe from a wicked blunder. I resent those warm bodies full of life, still masterfully conducting the life I had lived without waver.

I resent them, and I remorse myself - perhaps I do so for my own errors and wrongdoings. Not just that the crystal chalice enticed me to near insanity, but also that I happen to hark and hurt for its affection once again.

Perhaps I should keep myself from it though, after all.

My true lover, my comfort.

That which has caused me such pain and persecution and yet so much comfortable relief.

Though it's not quite here yet. I cannot decide whether to embrace it once again or leave it be for my own good.

Please help save me from this tiresome devil that loves me so, my angel Cassiel.

It's getting closer and closer.

Like the golden sunshine after a dreary morning's dew.

Closer... Closer... it's almost here.