

Time Rift Scars

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Presented by

My poetic side 

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Touch

To touch...

A simple act to bring closeness and comfort;

But what if it doesn't?

What if what your soul craves

 Your body rejects?

What if your deepest desire is also

 Your darkest fear?

What then do you feel?

Loneliness...

 A blanket of thick darkness that

 Smothers the soul

Fear...

 A constant concern that no true

 Relationship will ever bud

Shame...

 A sense of brokenness that separates

 From the presence of others

Longing...

 A deep desire to experience the love

 Comfort witnessed

 Without touch...what then?

To Anyone:

I am like a wall of thorns
An acacia
Such perfect biology with one defect...
 I cannot let you close
My deepest longing has become
 My darkest fear
The thorns of my mind keep out
 The imagined evils
Even the slightest of touches drives
 The thorns into my own flesh
I only hurt myself, but...
 I cannot escape my own mind
My very soul has been entrapped
 Within the iron bars of anxiety
The hands they drag me down
 So that all I can see is the blood
 Rushing in front of my eyes
I am choked by my depression
And you cannot save me, because
 I cannot let you.

Tired

I'm tired of fighting
Of loosing and dying
Again and again and again.

I'm tired of being
Of living and breathing
Day after day after day.

So give me a reason to stay

Thoughts

Today my mind is in a fog again.

For a moment I broke free into the blinding sun,
But now I am left choking on my own insecurities.
The weight of disappointment clings to my wrists,
Dragging me under with chains forged in self-hate.
My lungs burn from poisoned words I swallow back.
I am afraid of dissolving right before your eyes,
As you look on, head resting in clearer skies.

This isn't that kind of story...

If my life was a novel, it wouldn't be the one
where boy meets girl and they rule the world.
The one where her flaws make her lovely and interesting
and all kinds of perfect.
Where he kisses her scars and shows her the stars
and tells her that they are infinite.
But this isn't that kind of story.

If my life was a novel, it wouldn't be the one
where the heroine rises up from the ashes like a phoenix.
The one where she fights back and rises up
and learns to be a warrior.
Where she raises her sword in victory
with the demons dead at her feet.
But this isn't that kind of a story.

If my life was a novel, it wouldn't be the one
two messed up people watch the world burn.
The one where they drive far and run fast
and scream swears up at the sky.
Where the outcast band together, fingers laced
in a glorious display.
But this isn't that kind of story.

If my life was a novel, it wouldn't be the one
where the community fights together to survive.
The one where they rise above and overcome
and build a fortress on the rocks.
Where they fight for each other and with each other
beating back the night.
But this isn't that kind of story.

This is the story of the invisible girl.

The one where I am drowning while watching
everyone around me find their breath.
Where I slip beneath the blood-tinged waves
as you scream at me to swim.
It's the kind of story you just wish would end.

the fox girl

Her name was Moineau.

Born unto the Wind and the Sky,

Magic crackling with blue-green brilliance.

Her eyes were worlds.

An entire galaxy contained in twin spheres,

Sparkling with intense power and light.

She was a mage.

A glistening sylph with an obsidian mane,

Taming the wind from her fingers and toes.

She danced with spirits.

Their voices tangled beautiful and terrible,

Spells ringing under the brilliance of the sun.

They were eternal.

Gentle warriors cloaked in empyrean regalia,

Her skin was painted with studded stars.

Then came the Shadow.

The stalker born in dark folds of the universe,

Hidden among vines in whispering corpse flowers.

His name was Tordu.

Eyes mirroring the black holes in her galaxies,

Spiny tongue skittering across blood red lips.

He was a dryad.

A being of light corrupted from the sulfur streams,

Leafy limbs crumbling and contorting in the light.

He was a destroyer.

Exhaling poisoned breath from charcoal lungs,

Hands gravitating towards her magical pull.

She was his victim.

Twisted limbs push into her shoulders and chest,

Infecting her flesh and mangling her bones.

Her form changed.
Galaxy eyes crackle into flaming orbs,
Nails lengthening into claws and tearing at her skin.
Her mouth tasted blood.
Pearled teeth slash lips with newly grown fangs,
A growl burning out through her esophagus.

Her magic transformed.
What once glowed blue now sparks red-orange,
Bound to the Earth in place of Sky.
They called her Cassé.
Her newfound howl foreign to their ears,
Shifting form too strange to behold.
She was lost.
Broken wails tearing through the void,
Soul set adrift and bereaved without her tribe.

She had no place.
A new kind of being not seen before,
Bound instead to the dusk and the dawn.
She was a peculiar.
A Sunlit beauty tainted by the night,
Now hybrid stranger refusing to turn.
Her anima was strong.
His sulfur blood tangled with her silver,
Melding with mutation but not destroying.

She fought for a voice.
Disparaging screams morphing to battle cries,
Muscles quivering with brilliant strength.
She was a skinchanger.
Pale blue flesh sprouting red-brown fur,
Sharpened fangs railing against the night.
She ran.
Riding her own sinews instead of gale,
Earthbound paws proving stronger than conjury.

She became Fox.

Ruffled fur replacing once smooth skin,

Copper tail swishing elegantly behind.

She was between.

Reigning in both sun and moon and dim places,

Uniting peculiars with the strength of her cry.

She reclaimed herself.

Wielding her own breed of magic,

Emboldened once more in curious victory.

She called herself Renard.

The demon behind my irises

Every night I count the miles,
Trying to escape all the smiles.
Each step I take a desperate attempt,
As I whisper to myself a silent lament.
How can I escape the demon inside,
When there is nowhere I can truly hide?
You cannot outrun a part of yourself,
Nor rip out your soul to place on a shelf.
I am trapped in a loop that leads right back,
To the part of my mind that I seem to lack.
There's an emptiness here where the demon sits,
But it's only my eyes that look out from the pit.

The Abusive Church

Christianity is not a stick with which to beat other Humans
Christianity is not way to elevate yourself over others
Christianity is not something you get to brag over
Christianity is not a chore or task to be done
Christianity is not something that can ever be understood
Christianity is not something to be attained
Christianity is not a tool for oppression
Christianity is not finding perfection of action

Christianity is a way to love every Person we see
Christianity is a gift given to the undeserving
Christianity is living in peace and hope
Christianity is about trusting in what we don't comprehend
Christianity is elevating others before yourself
Christianity is about living each moment for God
Christianity is about beauty in brokenness
Christianity is a relationship to simply live into

Sunset Hair

A design fired too hot to touch
Seen only in flashes and dark shadow left in her wake

Never seen directly or gazed upon with care
She was only noticed in the cold emptiness of her absence

They prayed for her to dim her glow
To don clouds in front of her too brazen tongue

They screamed for her warmth in the night
Outraged that she would leave them for the embrace of new planets

A moonlit reflection was not enough to keep her
She longed to burn brilliant in solar flares and heat waves

Her form was offensive to behold
Averted eyes and whispered curses shaped eclipses praised for beauty

She was only then acceptable enshrouded
Only finding favor through obstructive lens and combative hands

What radiance they missed in their antics
Forever ignoring her gentle warmth and sunspot kisses

But like the light fading in her sunset hair,
They couldn't catch a glimpse until she was all but faded from their eyes

Star-Studded Skin

Would you carve through Constellations?
Slicing black into the cosmic tissues
Burning through patches of pink sun beams
And cutting open the black hole moles.

Would you tear through Galaxies?
Ripping apart the freckled flesh sky
Streaking red comets across milky way canvas
Etching time rift scars into star-studded skin.

Seafoam and Sunflowers

I was crying blood beneath a seafoam sky
Deep red pouring out of my fingers and throat
Even as my brain flooded black and blue.

Desperate hands reaching out impossibly
To far branches of faded yellow trees
Feet turning to glass and shattering on the pavement.

Lungs breath in words and dead memories
Exhaling the smoke in bands through star-studded skin
Tongue curling around the intoxicating flames.

Our legs were bound to the witches' stake
As bishops burned our faces away
Living gazes fade to asphalt irises.

The seafoam sky pressed down into your
Telescope eyes obscuring distant yellow trees
Twisting blue-black fingers into scythes.

Your thoughts like shrapnel splatter against the smoke-stained
Wall that kept blue-green hearts from turning pink
Lips blow a final red puff as static fills your ears.

I press hands to my skull to keep out the static wake
Steel sound like knives rubbing together
And pistols loading with burnt out passions.

My seafoam sky turns to purple squid ink
Filling my mouth with paper and pencil shavings
Choking me on a charcoal breeze coloured blue-orange-red.

I will wear your clothes like an armour

Running through fire with war paint on my hands
Fighting to stay alive so that one will survive.

Push through the crystal flesh curtains
Plunging head first beneath reclamation waters
Rising into the blaze of a sunflower sky.

Scars

Cold metal on
tender skin.
Dark thoughts
drowning me.
I long for the
pain;
It is the only thing
making me feel
HUMAN
...But,
You don't let me
carry the scars.
Your hand stops mine;
Your arms bring comfort;
Your spirit gives life;
In You alone I find my peace.
It's not the PAIN
But the LOVE
That makes us
Human

Savior

With gnashing teeth from hell's dark gate they hail,
Their silver tongues speak lies unto mine ears,
And sing thy praise to worshippers of Baal,
In haunting nightmares they kindle our fears;
In dissembling the will of man to live,
Their goal to suck the life from souls was laid,
And the devil they serve, their all to give,
A venomed lout, in sin's mold was he made;
Yet in thy darkened Hades corner lies,
A tortured wraith with deathlike hand outstretched,
A King, with wish to save this soul, he dies,
And in The Book of Life the man was sketched.

Our savior lived a life of constant strife,
To give the undeserving a new life.

Red Balloon

A red balloon against a blue sky,
My heart sighs as I watch it go by.
A red balloon like my hopes and my fears,
Flying aloft through the rain of my tears.

Painting in Blood

Draw me back from the depths of darkness,
Remove the cloud of despair.
The desert I wander is only bleakness,
And the fear it steals my air.
The choking sand bury your rivers,
My soul runs ever dry.
You promised me many forevers,
But hide behind the sky.
You once called me your beloved,
I could scarce believe my ears.
To think that you could be so moved,
By the sound of all my tears.
You told me tight in your embrace,
And whisper to my heart.
"My daughter I see all that you face,
Let me turn your pain to art."

Observations of a Troubled Mind

From the earth we rise
From the dust we form
Warm bodies of flesh and breath
A skeletal framework to hold up our limp cells
A rush of hot blood coursing through our veins
To combat the cold dark of the soul
A zombie existence feeding off the pain
The passion
The rush of destruction
Consumption of raw energy
Roots shoot out through the souls of the feet
Tiny sprouts from the tips of fingers spiraling towards the sky
Limbs tangled around one another so we can feed off the force of the other

Exchange of breaths
Transference of precious blood
Vampire love in the roots of our bones
Addicted to the pain
Addicted to the release
Addicted to the feeling of power of life within our grasp
Cut out the arteries and hold the pulse
Grip the flow
Release and breath
Repeat
Atomic desires taking root and growing off our skeletons
Growing within the foundations of our beings
A poison in the soil staining the purest streams
Toxins in our veins and minds
Green floods our pale fleshy bark
Only in dying is the true beauty revealed
The life within rises to the surface
Deep red buds of fetal growth

Drain the heart to feed the art

In your eyes

I learned something today...
I learned that people are willing to believe anything
They will believe anything that lets the world stay
That lets the world stay safe and beautiful.

I learned something today...
I learned that nobody knows the difference
The difference between the lies and the reality
The reality that I can hide right in front of your eyes.

I fell from the limbs of a tree and cut
And cut my arm with a shard of glass
Glass that I keep hidden from your eyes
Your eyes that never see what I disguise.

I learned something today...
I learned that everyone only thinks that they care
They care so much only to a very certain point
The point where blood flows and they won't understand.

I walk now

So now I walk...

I walk because you can't cry when you're trying to breath
I walk because I am afraid that if I stop my heart will freeze

I wear the miles into my soul,
I walk until I somehow feel whole.
A numbness washes over my bones,
And the ringing fades to simple death tones.
All the feeling and thoughts push me to fall,
So I walk until I feel nothing at all.

Then I tear at my skin with relentless desire,
A dangerous pursuit to set my flesh on fire.
If only it were that simple and sure,
That I could tear this out and finally be pure.
I'd lay it in your hands as I kissed your face,
But instead I walk at this soulless pace.

My thoughts are too loud
My demons too proud
Anxiety is violent
But pain is silent

Glass Lips

Back again
Always back again
Right back here
Thought I left this behind
But here I'm back once more

What threw open the void?
Thought I was fine now
What have I done?

Was I too happy? Too careless?
Too myself?
Tempting fate with a smile
Whispering into the dark
A brazen challenge

My old lover returned
Holding too tight
Glass lips brush tender skin
Dripping with ink

I promised once I wouldn't take him back
Promised to leave him behind
Now we fall back in bed together
Bodies tangled in the sheets

My mind was alone
My body on fire
The quiet caving in
Waves of lustful dissonance

You made me a contortionist
Twisted and bent out of form

Writhing in the harsh lights

Edges

Edges

Are all I seem to know...

The edge of success;

The edge of perfection;

The edge of doubt;

The edge of anxiety;

The edge of depression;

The edge of decimation...

And Yet,

From the edge I can see

All the wonders of creation

BEYOND

Depression

I pray and I wait for someone to see me,
But your eyes, they just look right through me.
And my words unspoken will tear me apart,
'Cause I want to say something,
 But i just can't get them
 Out.
Every touch sends a shiver down my spine;
Not a joyous gain,
But the expectance of pain.
Because I remember someone else who touched me this way,
Not out of love or respect,
But out of disdain, and I regret
 That I can't tell you how I feel,
 Or how to help,
Because I don't know myself,
I Am a Stranger.
So I lock it all away and put on a mask,
So you don't have to see what I feel,
It's all just a mess.
My pain is my own and I don't want to share it.
Don't want you to hurt, or fear what may never come,
But I do
 I do, though it makes no sense,
 But that's just how it is.
So no longer will I wear my heart on my sleeve,
But in a cage way down in the see,
'Cause I already feel like I'm drowning,
And this, just, fits me.
So I sit in the dark where the light never reaches,
 Where the light never reaches,
And when I try to escape, it hunts me,
There are eyes in the dark that only I see.
And they chase me and hound me,

They close in around me.
I turn to the left and to the right,
But the only way out is to turn round and fight.
So I reach for a sword, but find only a blade,
It won't hurt them, but it might hurt me,
 If I give it the power,
 If I just give in,
Maybe if I surrender I can finally win,
 I Can End This.
So I press the cold blade to my skin,
And I say to myself:
"So, this is how it begins"

Depression.
It's a special kind of pain,
The kind that drags us in, while we push others away.
If my body was broken,
Then you'd rush to my side,
But because it's my spirit,
You just try to hide.
You don't want to see something,
That you know you can't fix,
So you try to pretend that it doesn't exist.
But it does,
And I know it,
And I feel it's dark grip.
It's the hand at my throat,
It's a knife at my back,
It's that thing that watches every single step I take.
Doesn't let me go,
Doesn't let me forget,
'Cause it's there every day,
Finding new ways to hurt me,
And pull me away.
So when I push you away,

Know that I need you to stay,
To stay and to fight with me.
I don't care what you do,
What you say,
Just say.
You just have to sit,
Just have to be near me,
Hold my hand,
And please don't fear me,
Don't fear my pain.
Because I can do that on my own,
I need you to be strong,
Need you to tell me to hold on.
'Cause I'm slipping away and I'm crying out,
Won't you stop for a second, and just hear me out.

Commotion

My mind is in a commotion
With memories like dominoes
Tumbling down and crashing in

Careless thoughts breath over
The picture I so carefully crafted
To cover over the burning mess

My mind is in a commotion
With memories like dominoes
Each scar running into the next

Feral hands run over
The tragic marks of my past
So eager to repeat them again

My mind is in a commotion
With memories like dominoes
Forever falling back

Coming out...

I like the way their hands
Fit inside of mine;

I like the way their bodies
Are all soft and kind;

I like the way they smile
And it lights up their eyes;

I like the way they sound
When they dance across my mind;

I like girls.

Burnt

Take me, take all of me.

Please!

Take my broken spirit;

Take my damaged mind;

Take my mistakes;

My pain,

My flaws,

My fears,

Myself.

I am begging you to take this

Because I have nothing else to give.

I am an empty vessel, a broken heart,

And damaged goods.

Let this be my burnt offering,

And turn all this to ashes.

Burn away my life.

Broken Mirrors

Broken mirrors,
Slammed doors,
Fading spirit,
Empty stores.
My mind plays the reel again and again,
On a constant repeat from where it began.
A critical lens to pick it apart,
A longing desire to simply restart.
But closed doors mean open windows,
There's always the grace that God endows.
It may be hidden but there's always a way,
So ask for the wisdom to know when to stay,
Or how to know what is right.
The answer remains:
 Follow the Light!

Breathe

I have forgotten how to breathe without your hands to steady me.
A sharp inhalation of pain is all that brings me back to earth.
My brain has short-circuited in the haze of suicidal brain waves.
Every impulse cries out for another scar to brand my flesh;
Another outward reminder of the grooves you tore into my soul.
My own voice is drowned in the barrage of "crucify me" screams.
My mind held at gunpoint by the demon I created of myself.
Trapped in the roll of executioner drums pounding a deathly beat:

In, out
Up, down
Like my chest
Rise and fall.

You walked in, then out
I was up, then down
My lungs rise,
But forget to fall

I'm still holding my breath
Waiting for someone to stay.

I couldn't cut out the pain in my veins,
The blood doesn't flow anymore
Through my frozen heart.

I couldn't out run the demon inside my brain
I can't escape what my mind
Has become.

So I'll breathe in, out
In, out
Breathe in, out

Please breathe in, out

In...

Black Hole Ramblings

I try to escape and cause a mental shift,
But I just keep tracing time rifts.

The future days just seem to loom,
As every action starts to spell out doom.

Every day I run more out of time,
Fake smiles and laughs turn me into a mime.

Acting out a part in my own little play,
While inside my soul is draining away.

As my hope continues to run out like sand,
I keep waiting for someone to take my hand.

My mind is a wasteland that grows evermore,
Leaving me breathless; for silence I implore.

My body craves nothing, it's just empty space,
While widening time rifts I continue to trace.

Be Still

Be still my Heart,
 And long for His presence.

Be still my Soul,
 And reach for the Lord.

Be still my Mind,
 And think on things above.

Be still my Body,
 And wait upon His timing.

Be still my Feet,
 And stand firm in conviction.

Be still my Worries,
 And find comfort in His arms.

Be still my Voice,
 And let me hear only You.

Be still my Sorrow,
 And rest in His joy.

Be still and know that I am God

Adonai

You are there when the wind sweeps
 through my broken soul
You are there on highest of mountains
You are there in the lowest of valleys
No darkness
No fear
No sorrow
No temptation
No brokenness
No force of Hell can stand against You
Though a thousand hands drag me down
Your hand is enough to stay them
You are my hope
You are my joy
You are my peace
You are my comfort
You are my strength
You are my refuge and my redemption
Without You I am nothing
But with You there is everything
Take all of my pain
Take all off my lust
Take all of my shame
Take all of my fear
Take all of my doubt
Take me from darkness into the light of the
 living
Where all the world brings death to my soul
You are the one who gives breath to my
 lungs
I will follow You
I will trust You
I will praise You

I will cling to You

I will love You

I will belong to You as long as I am alive

You are the only thing that matters

My heart cries out only for You

An Exchange With Fate

She stood before the Fate of man,
Undaunted beneath his gaze.
A fire crackles in her eyes,
A question on her tongue.

*What do you want my little spite?
What would you have of me?
Have you come to beg for life,
To change your destiny.*

She squared her shoulders,
She stood her ground,
And smiled a crooked grin.

O tempting Fate how innocent,
Why would I seek for life?
When all around is already dark,
I do not fear death.

*Well that is wisdom I see in you,
For what is to fear in death?
In death there is nothing,
Death is simply empty.
Life is where the struggle lies,
Life contains the pain.*

Then what am I to do?

Struggle

What of the request I bear,
What gift will you bestow?
What weapon will you forge for me,

To fight against this night?

I give to you your sharpened teeth,

Your nails, your feet and bones.

No greater weapon do you bear,

So I give to you yourself.