

Anthology of ZIGGY

Presented by

My poetic side 



summary

Vacuous

TAKE LEAVE

Nomophobia (short for no-mobile-phone phobia)

White Collared

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Incubus

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No more

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Self

Peaceful tranquility

Weponised curiosity

Individualistic

Vacuous

**Picture a scene, chaos
seeps from rampant dreams
the wizardry of the madness
blends seamlessly with my totality
Shadows lose their form beneath
the instant illumination of a thunders
clash lightening whiplash
Clouds clump together forming
ominous symbolism, midday
sky grows dark as pitch the
howling wind sounds like a witch
Lost within the vastness
of my mind I am the
darkness that it finds
I inch forward as if blind
the night is angry and unkind
sensing my presence as I
wander through her
my third eye drags me deep
dwelling within the epicenter
of my totality,
this altered reality**

TAKE LEAVE

take leave from city streets

constant illumination, head west

through urban sprawl to where

the night sleeps easy.

take time for roads less traveled

to those of grass verge and gravel

follow the thoroughfare walking

along its centered spine.

take note of the sward, what's

there within its keep the hedgerow

along its ditch that creeps, harvests

meadow lay golden.

take heed of your direction

remember my words the land marks

and the turns to where I

eagerly await you.

take sight of my humble abode

your journey comes to welcome end

open arms a joyful embrace

thoughts exchanged there after.

Nomophobia (short for no-mobile-phone phobia)

Message sent the art of conversation bent
information overload on a web of deceit
an app for every user download complete
Swipe like and tag hide profile delete
you walk around with your head in your
phone well connected but still all alone
put away your hand held device live your life
Forget about free Wi-Fi and start a conversation
with those you know on the street take a break
from that submerged fake reality store memories
in your head not somewhere on the web called cloud
Be proud don't be muted by a silent response
look up from your phone and stop been alone
connect instead with the world where you exist
like tag and share with those who truly care
Live in the now don't wait for acceptance by
way of like share or reply do it now don't deny
disconnect to reinvent your time and vigour
so switch of the media auto correct and Wikipedia
Take your head out of that virtual reality
look away from the screen don't tag your life map
of where you have been phone a friend arrange a
meeting have a real conversation today won't
ever be repeating

Inspired by Rachel Collins

written by E Collins

White Collared

Within the walls of the catholic church
the rape of innocence behind the preachers
altar, holy robes discarded altar boys
sodomized by the righteous absolute
power corrupted by soldiers of God

The victims of the roman collar
implore the clergy to confess
how now to compensate for a
life time of mental torment, the
hopeful lobotomised in youth
decades of hidden truth

Prayers of forgiveness by those who defile
are misdirected, the faithful no longer
rally in droves white robes blackened
by scandal such an unspeakable tangle
of faith and innocence angers my restrain

I struggle to remain tame while confronted
by such hypocrisy that preaches here in front
of me from the same book that would send
his guilty soul to hell, dispelled my belief
a preacher that became a thief, where now to
aim for eternal relief

Antithesis cause and effect
immoral decisions designed
to reflect, fingers pointed
disappointed by them the blessed
be anointed

Burn head in hands failing to
understand, a tourist amongst
the purist, faith that stands in a
broken line

Belief left by faith at the garden
gate of Gethsemane, the ever after
knows thy enemy, suffer little children
who come unto thee

Papal temples laden with faith and fortune
above law and accountability, all within
failing to practice what they preach, a leech
sucking innocence from its prey the children
that we cradle the white collar label fable, swept
under the doctrine table

OPEN BOOK

*I reside within a room book
in hands eyes consumed
on the pages between the
lines forming pictures from
words entwined
without interruption
I read it through impressions
of an author I never knew*

*Thought brought to a place
where it is witnessed by
the here and now open to
endless possibilities
which are disciplined only by
the limitations set out by
ourselves and others around us*

*Like thought echoed by
predeceasing generations
for us in fact and rhyme
written and bound
sealed in time*

SHATTERED

I fade to black as shadows
surround my knowing colours
seep to gray and blend with
bland days that linger in my
head forever unheard

I am the one that wanders from
the herd alone and lost at any
cost complete within my self brave
yet as brittle as delph that falls from
a broken shelf unnoticed unheard

I am shattered before I fall set to
pieces before I echo a response yet
I am the total of my all I resume
after the decent that broke me

I shall wander on picking up the pieces
of my broken self without help I piece
my self together all because I know of
nothing else

ETERNAL

where were you before you were
born in the mist beyond the swarm
of the living realising the reason
for your birth and demise

a conscious soul that is once again
home and whole beyond the reason
for pain and regret when you took
your last breath eternity was met

always immortal have once again
slipped through the porthole of the
unending realm within the hoop of
the forgiving truth the circle
of life unyielding

each time we are born revealing
the essence of our ultimate destination
to be at one with our self when our
earthly realm is forever undone

LENS

sweet shut eye drifts
along the pitfalls of
elaboration float away
on a whispering breeze
the body of change subsides

thoughts in constant flux
betwixt in between a
cinematic porthole that dwells
within a skull never shown to any

a seamless pattern of jumbled
images running through each other
bespoke in lavish detail

an evaporated cloak of awareness
within the cranium of invention
a thought provoking dimension

a dreamer's tale that lay in wait
unyielding to reality our subconscious
mortality

illuminating a mind with thought
the treasures that it brought
my woken day never gave what
sweet shut eye sought

Incubus

Teasing an intimate breeze
picaresque rages, a sudden
shrill where night lay sleeping

An insidious spell is creeping
seeping through the bedroom
walls, her scent waifs it seeks

Unheard he calls the bull he
bawls, enters her lair without
due care

Fair maiden sallow skin
incubus stoops tasting
her sweet nectar

Subjecting her loins
to his nature,
He parts his way

LOST

Lost

The wind that chills me
seeps through me silent
Dread the fading twilight
where familiarity shows no
contours blending with the
shade that hides it.

I seek the light but blinded
by the night I stumbled
felt my terror rumble
slipped down a scree
could not see what was
in front of me

Lucid reasoning slashed
on thorns of denial
panic all but stricken
lost within the wicket thicket

Having no place within this
nocturnal wilderness that
preys on the meek taking
caution not to rouse my
presence as fair game
the wild watching the tame

Felt it coming on the wind
waiting for the light of day
sodden on the earth I lay

OLD MAN BRENT

It's a cold bitter day
the wind it bites like needles
head held low, wind chimes
beckon from the open fields
to the shelter of his elders
woods a cabin quaint and humble
place enough to potter and mumble
where he kneels beneath the smoke
stained stone vent

Kindle wood in hands to light the fire
helped on by his old leather bellows
a gust makes good the flame

With time on hand and pipe on lip
he lays right back and takes a sip
old man Brent demure content
he lived a quite
descent and lent
an ear to the wild
travelled to town on his
horse and cart always
up with the lark an
early start

Made his own wine from
elderberry fine where he
drank in the evening of his
own decline

he played his father's fiddle

that high pitched hey diddle
diddle, fingertips hardened
aged and brittle

The years are closing in on
the old man from fresh pine
hill sitting on the rocks where
his fore-bearers sat, ending
his days on the shores of his
youth, old man Brent his far
away stare, smiles

MASK

Day's pass nothing lasts
what's tomorrow but another
task, too distracted to stop to
ask who are we behind the mask

What is truth when honesty does not
suit the unspoken mind can be
nasty and unkind, we forge forward
without reason to rewind

Who we are may have been left
behind, is it the middle ground
where you can be found or are you
a beacon emitting echoes of
scandalous transgressions

Refusing to be a vessel of mediocrity
a nameless face in the gathering crowd

I stand forthright
angry and proud

IDENTITY

There is no me, but I am doing
just fine a contradiction that is so
intertwined what defines self without
the word my, the question is why

Apart from the idea of self we are but
a leaf on a tree of everything we sought
to know or deny eternally constant
outside the catchment of our mortal mind

That is so embroiled within distraction that
it's difficult to find truth, light, and peace so
we cease and follow the herd that leaf on
a tree there is no you without me

We are all part of the universe so we don't
need to reach for the stars the fabric of motion
completes us all as a pin drop in the ocean
which defines us all as one human race
without a face

TAINTED

A curse left by the dead within
the walls of their foreboding
predicting screams of terror
followed by deadly silence

A loss thrown on the horns of
savagery sprinkled lightly with
a hunger of the unknown grown
from self pity and misdirection
an evil that seeks a pure being

Darkened room and eyes consumed
the spiral resumes perfumed by a
stank stale odour the old man is closer
doors slam shut got a feeling in my gut
the howling wind won't give it up

Familiar deceptions sees me clinging to
my sanity the darker side dissolves our
vanity terror its power to distort waiting
for the worst to start what would rip my
flesh and soul apart

FEARFUL

Serpent chase my stench
of fear slither and slide
in shaded corners so the
shape that is seen is not
this trembling silhouette

I fret and listen for that
rustling sound feet are
clamped to the ground
are you near or close around
have fallen far from grace
at a rapid pace this sorrowful face

Had it all now chased by that
hiss that crawls a cold blooded killer
inner demon consumed my joy
this frightened boy

Fragile are our dying passions consuming
without noting consequence lady luck
abandoned me as my end draws near a
lone tear holds the wealth of my dwindling
fear in death

Rigor mortis has enshrined my totality
encapsulated by a final expression that
speaks volumes to the knowing

Blessed By Angels Twice

I was unmasked by insecurity
when first faced with your purity
now aware that wind swept lullaby's
cradled promise untold, always
nurtured never scold.

With anxious delegation watching
you both unfold, kissing your little
fingers and toes, now standing on
your own two feet first memories of
this still so sweet, this I remember
so time will never delete.

Precious years pass as the clock
tick tock ticks, you've grown so tall
from small finding it hard to stand
aside when steps lead to strides
taking five to summarise.

My pride, my flesh such joy
no one else compares eternally
snared a love divided shared.

Epicentre

Enfolding back in on my centre
decreasing void can't avoid epicentre
A Venus fly trap of detention, my
own self-absorbed indirection.

No more room to step aside stoop
to hide, hungry eye died without
detection, held within a cocoon of solemn
sobriety, my solo society grasping
demented perceptions.

Imprisoned by condition this onward rendition
reshaping a former foetal state, lone without a
reaction my eventual demise and subtraction.

forever concealed

My inner most thoughts
I will never reveal, there
will always be that I'll
forever conceal, where
things are unexplainable
not tangible or real.

So no one will ever totally
understand, knowing every
face that passed my way
some stop I greet others
stand and stare but knowing
me not I'll never care.

Have been the brunt of endless
stunts, inexhaustible but never
up front, it's not that I do not
feel but there will always be that
I'll forever conceal, if it's never spoken
it's forever unreal.

Draw your own conclusions
but without the facts its
just illusions, mumbling confusions.

A place in time

sit upon a rock and gaze
out on the open sea,

gulls rest on a breeze
what is that but free,

wave and rock collide
at this the great divide,

time and tide has been
and gone, what is left we
walk now on.

stroll down the beach
your footprints I will seek

and when I've heard what's
on your mind our friendship
intertwines with out-stretched
arms, you I will embrace at
this our special place.

absolute

I'm starting to part
ripping at the seams,
devoured by the silent
wide open mouth screams.

what has gone before has
been my unenviable lure,
have sworn legions to others
lies without knowledge off
broken ties.

one single entity magnificent serenity,
a single persona that lost it's faith
in humanity all the joy killers and
the vanity, the lucid reasoning of
popular insanity.

peace before and after war
love and hate is what I saw,
I bite on the bone the foot off
those who sit on throne just
to see if they realise me,
I that burnt as a seed never to take
root in the absolute.

Devil or Disciple

Are you devil or disciple armed with forgiveness
or a rifle do you target revenge or salvation death
instead of creation can you see your self in others
eyes or are you the reason for their painful tears

Could you stand alone and hold your head high without
knowledge of wrong doing and greet those that trespass
against your good will and name with just repose
and not seek repentance within their wrong doing

Travel the rugged path less known without thanks
or gratitude to help those who will never know of
your deeds or gesture just to have helped your
fellow man and be happy within that knowing

Can you stand aside from popularity and greed
to be the one the lonely destitute need or are
you so focused on your own need of plenty failing
to see those who's plates are empty

We are all spirits clothed in flesh
born with free will to hate or help
our yesterdays are cast in deed and
decision tomorrow is free which will it be

CIARAN (REPOSTED FOR MY UNCLE)

where were you before you were
born in the mist beyond the swarm
of the living realising the reason
for your birth and demise

a conscious soul that is once again
home and whole beyond the reason
for pain and regret when you took
your last breath eternity was met

always immortal have once again
slipped through the porthole of the
unending realm within the hoop of
the forgiving truth the circle
of life unyielding

each time we are born revealing
the essence of our ultimate destination
to be at one with our self when our
earthly realm is forever undone

I the fly in the soup

I cease within my decree
no longer can I see the
person I had hoped to be.

Denial thrown thrown back
in the face off withering hope,
that gropes with dead desire.

Poleaxed by want, which quenched
the spark that was not my flame
blame was never my game.

Was gone before I was there, tears
that swell would never be enough to
drown a lifetime of disappointment.

There is no ointment to feather my
scar, no healing words without reproach,
the person I had hoped to be died within me.

season of the witch

Go witch be dammed burn, within
Lucifer's keep the God fearing decimate
the devils bride, burned at the stake
far and wide for they do not understand.
As the crow flies what you seek will be
denied, deception swarms shows an altered
form what bleeds does not always die that
lonesome hollow cry whispers, silently.
Within the forest shadows lie heavily
through the fog as the wild wolf howls
the caged witch growls departs her
shackles, seeks to crush her enemy like
dust before the howling wind.
he seeks to burn the blessed book and the
words that they speak to silence the
devils ways she screams and burns in pain
Gods words have seen her slain.

SILENCE

She spent a lifetime stuck in
silence in case he'd say something
wrong, no one ever heard her speak
no way to belong trapped inside her
own thoughts.

Screaming in silence petrified by the
thoughts of violence, wants to break
free but knows of no where left to run
a demure expression gives nothing away.

Decades spent existing within the cage
that became her home no friends or family
just a beast that won't let her be, battered
and broken there was a longing that
nothing could contain completely.

That beast of a man met his demise in a
drunken sleep, with the screaming of her
cry's plunging a nine inch blade deep within
his black heart, the last thing he heard was
her first words " no more no more no way".

whats at the end of a rainbow

If you want to know the rainbow we'll have to feel
the rain, a cloud bust to vent the pain a smile
before your slain, pick your colour choose your
mood mine is blood red running towards danger.

When you want to be the rainbow its a smile that
shapes a curve colourful thoughts after a wet
and stormy day clouds disperse, thinking of
someone else before I put myself first.

If you want to see the rainbow you'll have to
journey through the storm understanding that
the worst days they all end, walking blindly
through the fog yet the end is worth the slog.

What's at the end of the rainbow is an arc that
shapes the sky you are there here am I, we are
Its treasure that pot of gold here for each other
through the storm that forms a colorful sky.

Human cyst

Human cyst
Burn the forests melt
The ice what is left to
Sacrifice, once twice
Trice continuing to
Pay the price, drain the
Oceans kill the bee's, then
Each other starvation
War and disease
We are but a blip on the
Monstrous scale of descension
Consuming natures resources
destroying its beauty, blow it apart
Then bulldoze it away not a care
For tomorrows with profit and greed
The human being rules supreme
On this rock of blue and green so
Burn the forests and melt the ice
And when all is done and our world
Is destroyed eat your money consume
Your gold because nothing can remain
While such ignorance and greed exists.

Mortality Slain

Protracted across a cassum deep and wide
mankinds conquests since we lost favour
in the garden of Eden, what war or suffering
before we ate the low hanging forbidden fruit
What need for revenge before our minds
were unhinged by temptation through each
and every generation since this loss of
innocence that threw us towards ill feelings
and hatred for pityful reasonings
Greed and guilt a common deceitful lure
a trait unknown by the pityful poor who
all to commonly share the pittance that they
have got as they do not possess envy or pride
We seek, desire, possessions others want what
you have, ill gotten ways tightens the knot, no
longer happy with our given lot we seek to claim
and give it our name all for what, when in the end
We're all mortality slain.

Middle

When your feeling like your stuck in the middle
Trouble left and right don't know up from down
Head spun around the sound you hear voices
Defening all at once screaming but unheard
They say you've lost your way lost in the middle
The crescent of the storm is wild but I am a lost
Child, quite in the epicentre struck silent unknown
The empty void holds still but not eternally
A time shall come when that undone shall be
No more departure from the middle of the storm
Where all was silent following the violence
I am as now once more drifting to the shore
As I camber to my feet I see the earth beneath
Me have journeyd through the centre of my storm
Departed from the swarm whole once more.

Fireworks of the gods

Thunder quake as the ground does shake
The sky roars and the rain cloud burst and
Pours lighting flash against the deep dark
Night a majestic roar the heavens pour
Feeling mighty small as the flash of lightning
Illuminates my darkend bedroom walls, how
Majestic is this night that shakes with thunder
Roll as I flinch with the deafening roar
This night is an amphitheater of majestic sound
Angry rolling clouds forked with light that spike
My senses never felt so alive and afraid mother
Nature won't sleep this night till her anger abates
She is the world this night creates the fireworks
Of the gods to keep us humble as the storm it
Rumbles on deafeningly loud these walls now
Shake I give myself to your ultimate fate.

Kurt Cobain

I was 24 when Kurt cobain died
He was my musical hero I idolised
I had a ticket to see the band play
Sadly it was the same day of his
Suicide, the King of grunge on a
Downward spiral from the top of
His fame, drugs sex and rock and
Roll yes another but out on his own
Running away from addiction his death
In hindsight was an easy prediction he
Said he was withdrawn and antisocial
But his fans were left numb by his death
Drawn to the darkness of seattle, loud angry
And caotic, the Marco polo motel room 226
Was the place to get his fix, but nevermind
In the final few days he seen his way out
Our King of grunge shot himself in a green
House, that was his way south troubled but
Frogiven, at the age of 27 he joined the golden
Age of those who gave it all, idolised eternaly.

Friend or foe

Not ready to surrender to the ether not yet
Have swallowed to much pain so I will wait
Waiting for the anguish to subside because
Of all of ye that did divide my best years, gone
Expected more that which was given never seen
To return, helped you up as you turned your back
Gave you praise so you could talk behind, I was
Your best friend but just in my eyes, let me down
Scandalised my good name did you no harm but
It's all in vain as I am not ready to surrender to
Pain yes alone but I can smile I have my pride your lies can't devide truth which is now known
So I am not ready to surrender to the ether there's
To much strength in my resolve to swallow your
Patatic joke so I spit it back in your face and grin.

Never

Next time I will swarm and be what was there
To be some how fate has been away, left my
Destiny behind for now time to become what
Was left undone restrung taught pitch perfect
This time reborn left the hive, alive feeling the
Vibe focused transfixed destination goal going
To swallow you whole this body eternal soul
Much to do first in line no time to queue
Right now, time to partake shake the tree by
The roots family values reconfigured thought
About digested then ignored, exploring me
A leaf on the everlasting eternal tree
For now no one is more important than me
Gave my all before and was always ignored
Had an epiphany a resurgence inside am free
To be whole I have needed to shatter like
Broken delf and piece by piece reconfigured
Next time, then this time, it is right now just
Became whole owned my goal complete time
To smile the journey looking back was worth
The pain, I may bend but shall never break.

Treachery

Lost unabsorbed amongst my
Kindred, a man not a beast
Come take your want have
Your feast at my table as I
Lay underneath as you fed me
Scraps from my own plate as
You serve me my fate

I care not what comes next
Knowing the best has long since
Left, your present dreams are my
Fading screams driven to dispare

Don't offer me hope or I may choke
It's very presence undress its
Unworthy charms

The limitless bounty that was my belief
Now chewed up spat out, lies unwanted
By any hunger on that very plate that
You offer me now.

He

He believed in God when he was a kid but as an adult he had people and memories he needed to
Frogive and froget to get past a point of lingering
Pain endless tears countless fears that remain
As a young boy he was happy and free but what
Happened next refused to ever let him be, his
Dad's best friend a person the family could depend on went to far left a lasting scar
He told him that he was his special friend a
Person who he would share himself with a secret
Between the innocent boy who knew nothing of a
Spirit that was about to be broken, raped and taken forever misshapen sworn to secrecy
The flesh and mind was weak but in time and
Reflection grew up strong his predator now was
Old and febel by now this young man was full of
Angry with thoughts of revenge sought him out
With eye on eye the old man broke down and cried, please please don't harm me now I am
Fagile and weak, an in response so was I just
An innocent boy you took my joy from me
He grabbed him by the throat and said I could
Kill you now but you've always been patatic and
Weak to seak the innocence of a child you took
My joy screaming these words at the old man he collapsed whimpering like a child this man turned
His back and said I have taken back my pride.

Cradle of dreams

Defined by my spent days
And where distraction draws me
Biting back at what gnaws on
My objections finds me weiry
And dwelling on lost purpose
Lacking control I'm nothing but an
Order of events that throws me in
Overlapping fraught directions, passive
In the all consuming tide
So I follow the sunset as it creeps across
Our globe as a constant sillouet, the
Outline of a man you never met fades
Into tomorrows that are never seen but pass
The light of dawn never shone apon pale
Reflections, till my dying hour my objections
Shall hold forthright through blight and plenty
Days that have never been known can't
Empty hope from a cradle of dreams.

Song

The power of music, the drums triple beats
With the pace of my heart hits with me as
It connects deep within my vibe soul inside
Double speed bass guitar sets the pace of the tune this combined rhythm gives me shivers sees me
shape a move in the mood
acoustic guitar or electric either way to me
Is perfect, adds a key an electronic tone sends it home to my head booming, said
The whistle of the whine to me sounds fine
I sing along with broken timing but no one
Minds, the songs begun we give the singer
Some the vocals sung respect has sprung
This for once is not a cd it's the real Thing
On stage in front of me strobing lights in
The night electrify my life right here and now
I want to last for ever beyond the never
Never lost within the song time is eternal.

No more

We are the law, we are the 99 percent
That walk through the streets so those
Who precive power over the masses shall
Know that we shall not bow to tyranny so
Greed shall prevail, we the people shall come together as one to object to what you
Force upon humanity we will not prostrate ourselves as slaves to your sinister ploy
Till my dying breath I shall object to have
Your needle inject when I have a perfectly
Functioning immune system that nature
In all its magnificence gave to humanity
Beyond greed and control we shall behold
Ourselves the future of Earth and humanity
No longer shall we be dictated too, as the
Many outweigh the few the one percent who invent their greedy ploy
The time has come for the people to mass
Together to overcome those who seek to
Deploy their plot, now is the time to overturn the tide regain our place and pride.

CONTROL

Don't watch the news their lies and propoganda are there to confuse detract you from your lifelong goals to keep you in your shell

A man made bubble of rules made by those who crave power over us they see as fools, sheep that follow the herd if and when we stand together that is when we empower humanity the many shall outweigh the few, will you depart from the herd and be heard or be the slaughtered lamb just another to them who

Chose to Inflict control on those who refuse to be awoken to the truth, value yourself and your life we are eternal beings manifesting reality in a lifetime that is a blip on the monstrous timescale of eternity yes you and me, we are here to learn and evolve as individuals not to be controlled or held back by them who control an authority, be your own seeker be your own self,

2020

20/20 vision in the year of division
Mankind polarised by fear, stand
Aside no longer allowed to be near
Division is how they rule, schooled to
Be sheep, wear your mussel be quite
And conform follow the swarm do your
Duty as a responsible citizen this is a
Global pandemic but more die from the
Flu, but don't heed the statistics our nation
Needs you to agree without question our
Best interests are you, while we collapse the
Global economy to reinvent debt because
Then we own you so that the one percent
Profit once again, fear is control belief in it
Will consume you whole body and soul

Truth is a difficult thing to find it hides within
the shadows of the lies, this in
Passing shall define our generation so what
Shall it be who will we be the many outweigh
the few it's on our shoulders
Everyone everywhere me and you.

Self

Love yourself first because you are unique

To the world there never before was anyone

Exactly like you, don't down yourself because of those things you call faults that

Is what makes you exactly different from every one else relish your perfect imperfections look up not down a smile is an upside down frown, don't let others decide if your right or wrong live life by your

Own song, steer away from negative vibes

Who needs those vibrations better off alone until you interact with someone else you can call your own, your time is your life spent, choose it wisely some say life is to short but in the wrong company it seems far to long we search for perfect moments

And loose time that we can never get back

In our moral lifetime so make today count

Rejoice in the now its never going to happen ever again so be your own star and

Shine brightly so all humanity can see.

Peaceful tranquility

Silent moments give peace to a quiet
Mind drifting inwards without disturbance
No thoughts just the breath we inhale and
Exhale, these moments drift to pleasant
Memories recalled in vivid detail
Shapes a smile across a content face at
One with self with no need for help or others condolence, happy within the moment that defines it's
self without need
And without heed of distraction focused on the now, fractions that heap themselves upon passing
minutes that seem to expand
These moments to drift to hours and days
Without heed of a clock that slowly tick tock
Passes without notice, lost within one's own majestic self such bliss to exist in
Such peaceful tranquility one calls self.

Weponised curiosity

Weponise your curiosity, what comes out of the blue distorts everything you thought you knew, S4
nevada desert disinformation about alien space craft recovery, given the tag name conspiracy
theory by the C. I. A, to desensitise the public opinion about the truth, officials report
Says its not a UFO but a weather balloon let's pop the truth and open up your eyes
Vindication of evidence got truth tellers killed, militarised to give the powerful
The upper hand, leaked information to give the elite control, public information
Of previous employees deleted to hide the
Truth, words and actions scrutinised to retell a narrative to debunk what is known but won't be shown
to just anyone like us the truth is hidden in plain sight see it if you like
Powered by the blackened Sun
the UFO race long since begone
secret base given numbers
accusations of unwarranted influence
A dark cloak of mispent power exists
persists evolves and resists this
flight of fancy ignites my morbid
curiosity at terminal velocity
A national security agency dwelling above
the powers that be first contact not known
by the masses plausible deniability extended
when a truth is not known by the elected
Where ignorance seems bliss for the public
a world beyond closer than known a secret
society covert operations expanding its
fear of influence subversion instead of
choice silenced without a voice.

Individualistic

We are madness and restrain all within the same
Vein, holding back on acting out an urge, to purge
The mind of will, and all because of what, the law
And acceptance of society that won't tend to an
Individuals mindset without fingerpointing and jest to mock when a face in the mirror sneers,
Such opinions thinking I am more than constraint
Individualistic, same seed but from a different apple no harm in intent no rage to vent no inner
Demon to deploy within my horse of troy who
Seeks to run free without accusations of wrong
Just listening to a different song which others don't hear, no need for apprehension or fear I won't
threaten you if we stand near, if my shadow falls on yours it won't deflect from your grace
Just someone walking out of kilter with known expectations, if we don't accuse then accusations
won't hinder our sensibilities
We are all as different as show flakes, makes no difference what point law shapes we can't change
the imprint our hand makes.