

Anthology of Goddess of the Mist



Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

Lie to Me

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Slow Drip

Who I Wanted To Be

Lie to Me

Lie to me
your words so sublime
fruit from the vine
when you say that you're mine

Want to hear it again
your words fall so well
on this affection starved soul
your truth a hard sell

Of whispered sweet nothings
taking all I can get
You'll stop at nothing
You win every bet

Lie to me
I really don't mind
what I don't know won't hurt
there's always next time

Go With The Flow

I'm just so tired
I try to figure you out
my mind so wired
your silence is doubt

Something inside so empty
as I ponder a dream
nothing left to chance
the same old scheme

I have given it all
poured it all out for you
so plain to see
Why can't I have that too?

Always looking for love
or at least some attention
It's always the same
only one big question

That if I can't change
and there's nowhere to go
I can only accept
only go with the flow...

Dragon's Keep

In the tangled web of the dragon's lair
there were nooks and crannies everywhere
A token treasure lay hidden there
for who to find and who would dare?
While a full moon shines through cracks in the roof
she decides she would like to know the truth
Ventures from her bed to see a night sky where
star-lit clouds drift across the atmosphere
Now they are ghosts, then death shrouds, then nothing
She thinks of what she's got to lose; not much
Down by the seaside where she knows the cave to be
she will venture there alone, willingly
She takes a deep breath as she enters the gloom
the chill of the night follows a warm afternoon
Feeling the heat of the dragon and the rumble of his roar
it doesn't scare her because she knows the score
Long ago from this dragon's foot she pulled a thorn
now he senses her movements and knows her reaction
Seeing the glint and the gleam of the finest of gemstones
she reaches for her quest: a perfect bloodstone
It is change she desires and change that she seeks
A bloodstone to bring it; a dragon to keep.

Gypsy Blood

Is there such a thing as destiny
or do we but drift and die, haphazardly
Mother, father, sister, brother
friends and others, lovers

Finding out very recently
understandably; remarkably
that I may have some Gypsy blood in me

Or if that is not a "politically correct" thing to say
then come what may
Call me a nomad, vagabond ? I'll be what you say

You see my infatuation with Gypsy charms
Magic Tarot; destiny
A palm reading chart in a locket round my throat
Mystery

Heady days, running on auto pilot
twisted thoughts seeking devotion
a broken paddle pulling the weight of the ocean
while longingly I miss a homeland:

Of mountain and sea
an Italian grotto, complete with statuary
or a Greek brigade heading through the night
a glittering Gypsy caravan
filled with laughter and light!

The Forest

Hers was a secret love
tucked away
hidden away
in the dark recesses of her thoughts
her mind
the forest
It would happen late at night
and she had no choice but to travel along
a helpless, willing accomplice
in an escapade she never dreamed she'd be part of
Her rank did not permit this
nor her bearing, or her structure, or her life
her fleeing from a castle of every comfort and creation
to be surrounded in a jungle of uncertainty
But the night time forest
it was calling her name
a painful howl carried on a full moon beam
she would not be frightened
Cradling his wild head in her lap
she ran lithe fingers ringed in gold
through lush ebony curls
whispering to calm the hurt:
"I realize I have taken you for granted,
my distant, roaring friend"

The Conjuring

The conjuring has begun
true self coming through to shine like the sun
no longer afraid to show your face
accept who you have become
A moonbeam bathes the land
and you feel her pull as you stand transfixed
in her powerful glow you are betwixt
the shadows of the night
and the other side of light
Calling forth what has always been there
spellbound as you've been
trapped in a lair
to those not worthy you once showed care
your soul thirsting for what wasn't there
The struggle is over, the heart has a plan
to begin to know and to understand
what once held value is valueless
the knowledge that matters you now possess
Feels like solar angels taking flight
soul unleashed, heart ultralight
magical days follow hypnotic nights
the conjuring has now turned wrong to right

The Mist

A mist like none other came rambling in
on the warm, jagged breakers of the Gulf
giant rollers; great, undulating waves
toppling all over one another
This was no fog
no, those were felt many times
lingering on mountain passes
in the valleys and caves
No, this was something else altogether
alive, thick and enveloping
From the top floor of a white stucco building
trimmed in baby blue
the view was like none other
When the feeling hit with a suddenness
it overwhelmed
suffocated, almost
Collapsing onto the bed, just as the telephone rang
the sound muffled
answering with, "I'm just so tired..."
"I bet you are," the caller responds knowingly, with a smile.

Dropped to Earth

Diamonds don't impress her, she likes color
used to follow her heart
from one end of the earth to the other
Old in the soul she was, and young at heart
believer of a perfect majesty
Survived after long, disastrous ramblings
dropped to earth in perfect harmony
As the glowing orb continues sinking down
it leaves behind the lingering of the spirit
A spirit of heat and light and sound
of something else remaining open to interpret
Through intersections of time and space and dust
meeting up again in some other place
uncomfortable in her new, foreign skin
a fallen angel simply fallen from her grace

Moonshine Cherries

You've got those moonshine cherries
burst in my mouth
have 'em when I need 'em
make me think of the South
Just like that sparkle in your eye
their moon-time shine
burns a trail of fire
as if by design
All warmth and glow
cherries in a jar
black molasses slow
white lightnin' from afar
Kickin' in again
kisses sweet as pie
all my heart's desire
Honey, that's no lie

Bloodstone

She is cursed to always crave
master to the slave
bloodstone to the master
cradle to the grave
He guards his wicked treasure
twilight to the dawn
with a selfishness so absolute
sharing with no one
A drop or two won't satiate
gratify
alleviate
It leaves her empty, unfulfilled
left to wonder moonlit fields
barren plains of a love gone wrong
a mere shadow of feelings, once so strong
desiring attention of a certain kind
left to search but never find
A price to pay ? a guide to take her there
to his warmth
his wild lair
The path is tangled, craggy and steep
the mountains are high and the rivers deep
Frigid winds carry snow that blinds her eyes
still, she senses reward, fortune, her prize
It is with a relief so pure, so humble, so sweet
when he is awakened from his sleep
and then he gives her what she craves
Bloodstone to the master
cradle to the grave
You fill my cup...
forever your slave

Her Ride

Stretched, raked, sleek machine
rumbling like a caged beast with
gasoline perfume

Hey You

Hey you
once so full of love
you're the only one
I've been thinking of
Liquid smoky
pale blue eyes
black hair like silk
once by my side
My heart's delight
on your tattooed shoulder
lay my head tonight
but you keep getting colder
Once touched my soul
a burning underscore
everything you said
fading into nevermore
And what sticks in my mind
and what I hope you'll know
entangled as we are now
I'll always hope for more
Hey you
missing you so bad
Why'd you have to go
and make me so sad

Burn Like the Sun

Master to many, disaster to some
to those taken in you are the one
to right what is wrong, fix what's undone
the beliefs that you carry burn like the sun
Beginnings and endings
intangible
A force to be reckoned
unstoppable
*What has festered in your mind
as you've become a certain kind?*
A shadow of night
moving like a phantom
Hints of madness glinting through
your soul held ransom
Master to many, you burn like the sun
your welcoming call is the sound of your gun
poison coursing through your veins
made you what you have become
Enemies and traitors
take them down
Invaders and agitators
down to the ground
And when you lay down at night
you've avoided disaster
Till the poison wears away
your heart still beats faster
Fingertips touching the steel of your gun
Your own master

Hypnotic

Sensing your presence
I know you're around
your nightshade essence
bad boy come to town
Closing my eyes
hypnotized
and you're there in the air
Nodding your head, you deliver
the music that makes me shiver
your liquid, smoky stare
you're in my mind; you're everywhere
Patience is a trait I've learned
though many times been burned
nothing stops the desire
like sizzling sparks of fire
when I do get the essence returned
Sunsets burn slow with whispers of blue
the deepest part of me calls out to you
a spell has worked before, can you feel it now?
A twist of fate
a prayer
a vow
What we have in common; our creed is ingrained
we're both just a little insane
And I'm loving every inch I see
of our rapid-fire sweet destiny

I Came Back Slowly

I came back slowly
from that place where I had been
that place where I go
from where I watch
thoughts weaving silken webs across my mind
The ebb and the flow
that I can only see - an innocent bystander
only taken along for the ride
because to attempt to dissolve them
would be trying too hard
From here I can create
literally anything I want to see
and I wonder if...
this is how we create our reality

Magick of the Night

She can feel the magick of the night
the moon a sliver of cold white light
in a star-speckled vastness that no one owns
where mystery stays and finds a home
Mists so thick as they tumble in
from a storm-tossed sea she can hear the din
of those monster waves coming crashing down
on the windswept shores of a sleepy little town
Of a winter white night there can be no doubt
it's a time when most choose to not go out
the dogs lay sleeping and the children doze
everybody bundled in their warmest night time clothes
Save one little gypsy, looks out at the night
from her rumble tumble caravan, it's such a sight!
Brightly colored, brightly lit, she's been from sea to sea
fortunes and divinity, if only you believe
And the road never ends, and the nights are long
she makes it through, day to day
with a prayer and a song

Power of Your Song

Do the things that you sing about exist
Could you turn things around like you said
Will your love make everything alright
because I'm still feeling out of my head
When I'm alone it's your voice that soothes
smoothes away weary wrinkles from my head
conjures a longing I never knew
my broken heart hanging by a thread
I have searched in the day and the night
for the artful promise of your song
nothing has turned out like you said
can't help but feel that I've done something wrong
All that powerful love you've been singing of
all those things that you say you will do
is it all just beautiful poetry
meant to make a romantic heart blue
Still, I will lose myself in them
all those promises, strung along for so long
only meant to bewitch and betray
as portrayed in the power of your song

The Darkness

The darkness in my hair
brings out the darkness in my eyes
brings out the darkness in your stare
behind your innocent disguise
What used to be all light and sunny; never
A funeral pyre that's forever
We could think on all that's lost
regardless of the cost
but the point would be moot and fruitless, ever after
Let it burn, why don't you?
Live and learn, I'll hold you
while the spirit dwindles down
to the dust, back to the ground
and the things you thought forever seek to fool you,
a love you thought so fast to once control you
What's over now has taken its last bow
memories in your sleep to enfold you
the darkness you were warned is upon you

Evening Owl

On a balmy night you're in my sight
on the highest tree branch you alight
whispering winds stroke ruffled wings
in your haunting call my senses delight
A stranger, you come but once a year
you're a portent of luck though in some cause fear
russet raptor of doom gazing down on tombs
your intentions remain unclear
On widow-making branches you linger
as you scan the necropolis, the bringer
of a serene surprise most will not realize
invader from a mystic realm, the ultimate infringer
For it is not from this world you come, no
from somewhere dreams are undone
and I welcome you here, my clever seer
and to your spectral customs I succumb
My feathered friend, you inspire contemplations
in the mystery behind your eyes, soul-searching observations
there are no words to say nor need for talk
we'll spend our nights in star-gazing meditations
Always at home in the shadows are you and I
furiously fighting against the wind, tormented hearts undisciplined
to the ways of a world we will never fit in
taking comfort in the awakening of our eyes
in the truths we uncover, you are infinitely wise

Devil Kisses

Born of the devil's kiss, an aching in her soul
her skin not clear but exquisitely marked
for the devil liked her very much, did he
showering her, blanketing her from head to toe with hot, desiring kisses
The kiss of life, the kiss of death
leaving small, charcoal evidences behind wherever he touched
like tiny bruises that went deeper than they appeared
for they looked like shallow things, only they were much more profound
sinking down to her very being

And when as a child she wondered very much on the origin of the symbols
and the implications
well, then her grandmother told her, "Those are devil kisses ? he must like you very much!"
So she lay in her bed at night, just a little sweaty and fearful; imagining
Would the devil himself show up, and did he love her?

Later, through times of strife, she wished he *would* show up
to explain a few things
Then again, maybe he did
in the form of a cruel lover; revealing to her things like deceit, jealousy and revenge!
Ah, but those are merely earthly things, she thinks...
since she knows the devil must have more important occupations to fill his time

And every now and then she can feel the scorching from deep within,
the mark ? an indicator and sign
of something so much more
and be it evil or benign
it is there all the same
as she looks out upon the world with a burning gaze
Beauty without; the devil within

Ode to Mother Nature

I want to follow your forested paths through misty woodland streams
drink my morning sun on crystal mountain tops
Mother Nature, I have always loved you
You, the mountains, the oceans are my mother
You, the cold, clear creeks are my home and my refresher
I want to spend tremendous days amidst your glorious cloudswept landscapes,
your windswept hills, your snow white sand dunes
Hiking midwestern ledges in my youth, I found you there on warm flat rocks
later, again in blue misty mountains
skimming a frozen glacier, I heard you there, your river rushing underfoot
Then, what happened? I don't know. Life? I missed you for a long time
in a way that only I knew
I had to learn to live a different way and my spirit was unwell
Still I found you there, and out in the open sky my worries would evaporate
as you lifted them all - up and away, into the endless blue
Mother Nature, I am back
a little older maybe, much much wiser
and we meet again, on southern mountain passes, in tropical forests, icy springs,
and meandering wooded trails
and I live for the next moment when we will be together again
your sun-warmed paths, whispering winds, and sparkling trees are calling
Me and you, we've got plans

Slow Drip

I can wait
maybe you'll give me a slow drip
your love like a drug
stealing your kiss
needing your hug
Walking on sunshine
drinking your warmth
wrapped in your joy
the heat and the glow
needing my fix
through my veins feel the flow
Breathing you in
taking my hit
holding it long
feeling so good
know that I should
this could never be wrong

Who I Wanted To Be

When I was younger I would see
a woman so put together
she would be
Confident
Energetic
Wise
and have great hair
finally comfortable in her own skin
she did not care
who liked her
or who did not
she had in her mind
the perfect thought
***that what mattered most
was inside herself***
These things take time
a human need
as we search for approval
from sources that are wrong
and try to find where we belong
Until, if lucky, we realize at last
that all we ever needed to do
was to love ourselves
and not dwell in the past
Now I look in the mirror
and what do I see?
That woman I always wanted to be
Now I am her
and she is me