

Anthology of Poetempath



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

I dedicate this book to those who enjoy \\"true emotion\\" in poetry, this anthology captures the journey of an empath. Some of this work may be [Triggering] for those who suffer from mental health issues.

About the author

I am an empath which means I can \"feel\" others emotions and feelings as well as put into words things others would find hard to understand so everything I write has to pass the censorship of my heart.

I've been writing poetry, both lyrical and intuitive for many years, my poetry reflects the journey of my life as I pass endlessly through the shifting seasons of my growth as a human being.

To this end I plan to include as much \"relevant\" work to enable me to display a wide range of feelings and emotions.

summary

300. (Spartans)

Collage of Emotions.

I am Corvus.

Pandemic.

300. (Spartans)

300 Spartans in the breach
Xerxes army just out of reach
ten thousand arrows coming out of the fade
Leonidas men fighting under their shields in the shade
300 men the best of the best
hardened since birth put to the test
swords and spears thrust for the good
taking no prisoners covered in blood
it's a story of intrigue love and steel
betrayal and lust bought Xerxes to heel
the Persian's massive army thrust upon hate
squeezed into a column by the walls of the gate
300 men against a tyrant won't flee
fighting for their homeland that wants to stay free
rank and file shunt with spears and throw
pushing back the Persian's with nowhere to go
blood and guts isn't the theme of the story
the dedication of men for freedom and glory
but pushed into slavery teased with rods
it's about the few against massive odds
the king of Persia insists upon a deal
to avoid annihilation Leonidas must kneel
in response he gave a jeering jibe
kneeling's not easy when your standing on pride
elephants and beasts charged the few
repelled by the Spartans they couldn't get through
hoards of men cut and slashed
against the 300 they couldn't get passed
a Spartan who's twisted spiteful frame
sold out Leonidas to Persia for gain
he stood in a uniform of promised rank
and led Xerxes army to Leonidas's flank
with boiling blood spilled without fear

300 warriors at the peak of their career
surrounded by the Persian might
with their backs to the wall continued to fight
thousands of men died that eve
to 300 swords who's skulls did cleave
the ground littered with wounded and dead
a river of blood turned the dust red
he fought with his brothers for this land
now faces the tyrant spear in his hand
the immortals in black soldiers elite
stood with swords raised at Xerxes feet
Leonidas out front thoughts quickly paced
took aim with his spear and true it raced
glancing off cheek blood did pour
Leonidas gave out a deafening roar
300 in formation stood stout
spears held aloft as one they did shout
Xerxes shocked raised his arm to the sky
a million arrows began to fly
Leonidas with his men at his side
impaled to death with nowhere to hide
300 men had lain thousands to waste
now ten thousand more assembled with haste
Leonidas would never turn and flee
because death was the ultimate victory
if 300 men could cause so much trouble
then ten thousand more would turn Persia to rubble.

Collage of Emotions.

On the periphery of society

 On the periphery of family

 On the periphery understanding

 On the periphery of life.

In the midst of obscurity

 In the midst of a pandemic

 In the midst of trepidation

 In the midst of England.

You reach out to people who you don't know reach out to strangers with an unknown agenda because you have become estranged from society. Your mind is pinging with anticipation that out there somewhere is somebody who will understand that the depths of your depression is an invisible silent killer that encircles you like a shroud of darkness. Mistrust, paranoia, suspicion, envelope you with fear and degradation.

All around you life in its multicoloured bubble goes by incessant as a ticking clock,

People walk by a collage of nameless faces incredulous expressions of focus and determination anonymously pass by towards unknown destinations. I swim in a river of humanity against the flow of "normalised" existence, my meds a bitter after taste of expectations bring my perception to a numbing crawl. I reach out as my head dips below the salty brine of tears hoping a friendly hand will grasp mine, pulling me towards understanding and empathetic friendliness. But all I see is empty days and nights bereft of company, bereft of sound except the high pitched hum of tinnitus that constantly invade my ears.

You look at your phone

Like it's a meteor from

Out of space

The glow of its light

Highlighting your face

Transfixed by its magic

Oblivious of all around

People and places

Making no sound

Captivated by notifications

narcissistic glee

You have time only

For your phone

And none for me.

I yearn for the memories

Of those walks amongst the castles
Those trips around the court yards
Those days without the hassles
Treading the walls and parapets
Where ghostly knights stood stout
Looking out for danger
To keep the enemies out.
Graveyards filled with decaying stone
Vegetation spills above the flowers
Exploring historical places
I loved walking around for hours.
Sipping tea at a stone built café
As the sun casts its shadow around
Watching the swans upon the river
And ducks make the only sound.
Some people are so beautiful
Beyond the pale of sombre grey
Some souls are translucent
Utterances of sympathy have their say.
A jewel amongst the decaying scourge
They offer unconditional love
Spread their arms in a universal embrace
Surely they come from above.
There's no empathy like an angels wing
That wraps you in solace when you cry
Joy and peace and love they bring
After all we're all angels with one wing
We need each other to fly.
Silence is a disease
Loneliness is an affliction
Isolation has become a pandemic
Suspicion its vehicle to rampage.
Society is downcast
Shaky smiles a prelude to lies
Bubbles of uncertainty
Ripple with unknown apprehension

We are again strangers
In a strange land.
Can you say it like a poet
Do the words come tumbling out
You can see it but you don't know it
While your quill trembles with doubt
Just write it you have a voice to be heard
Don't hide behind blank pages
Surely you know that's absurd
While your mind quietly rages.
People come and then they leave
Pass you with a smile while they deceive
Pretend to be a friend with a glint in their eye
Promise to stand by your side whilst they whisper goodbye.
The eyeless stranger, could be willow-the-wisp, deftly promenades searching for a listless soul
Arms Outstretched gathering mist
Looking at no one
Eyeless sockets black with sombre clouds
Yet walked unceremoniously searching through vast paradoxes whilst tempestuous memories
plague his black heart
A rumbling voice of satire croons a mournful lullaby dark shadows hidden behind the sun unable to
say goodbye.
I'm searching for a dragon
Because humanity grows so impatient
Do you wonder how this could happen
The reasons why are just so ancient
There's always some people who want to take it all away
It doesn't matter if it doesn't belong to them
They'll just take it come what may
So I'm searching for a dragon who's tears remain well hidden
Crystallised secrets of hallowed kisses
Fingers crossed don't appear when bidden
But when they do hold many wishes.
They will cut you down with their beguile
Whilst hiding behind their lies that smile
Untruths that whisper amongst the ashes
Scars of guilt marred by lashes

Upon the seats of bleached white bones
Ghosts with no names sit on their thrones.
I'm just a drop of water
Falling falling falling
Like a dying rainbow
Without the sunshine
Vapor drifting
Voices calling
Its almost time to go
There's a universe
Inside a drop of water
Microscopic entities
That infiltrate the spectrum
Tears are notes of apprehension
That swell the eyelids of understanding.
I've got a language in my head that I just can't speak
With closed eyes unwilling to peek
Hands terrified to reach out and feel
Because behind the screen who knows what is real.
I don't write poetry to be nice
I just god damn tell it for real
If you believe happiness is your only spice
Then you've truly forgotten how to feel.
Not everything is sweetness and roses
You might like to hide behind a screen
Who's really there to wipe your runny noses
Or to turn on the lights when you want to be seen.
Poetry isn't just about Vista's of hilltops
It cuts the sorry smile real deep
Those moments that breaks the heart stops
Whispered words with teary ink you weep.

With surgical precision,
You open the scars
of my wounded heart.
I bleed my words over you

and sully your perfect world.

You release them ~

The sharp-toothed demons

who devour my soul

And then flay my logic

for all to see,

exposing my inadequacies.

Another voice

you desire to hear

But do not understand;

To feel the need ~

Not fathoming its meaning.

You feed the muse

to hear the tinkling laughter,

silent pain and bitter sadness

that hide in the iced moon,

And with measured words,

thaw my frozen heart.

For what purpose?

I am Corvus.

It's black oily wings soar surreptitiously in a twilight sky
It's guttural readle-eak pitched and piercing
Black summoning eyes reactivate to its peripheral vision
The wind lifting its tar coloured wings in an expanding arc
Caw Caw, rasping through the ethereal light
Capitulating mist bringing in to view the form of a circling large corvus
A harsh echoing caw cascades down piercing the silence as I sat on the edge of a cliff
My head tilted back looking up as droplets of rain patted my face
Stony coldness swept up from the mistiness that fell away below
The huge bird flapped its black wings as it settled upon a nearby rock
I looked across vacantly as it shook its head and ruffled its feathers
I could feel its gaze
The wind shifted, my stoic expression caught the crows attention it turned its head and ruffled its gaze toward me
Its inky black eye appraised me
I looked deeply into its fathomless pupil and my consciousness was swallowed into the darkness
Swirling, tipping, tumbling, I fell
There was no wind no sound no light just a gravitational pull towards seemingly endless blackness
Darkness, pitch black, find me, unlighted, unlit, where am I? dim, dusky, murky, gloomy, shadowy, somber, hear me, cloudy, foggy, sunless, lightless, indistinct, I'm falling through existence, dull, faint, vague, misty, tears of coldness fall down my cheeks, darkish, deep, drab, dingy, unknown footsteps, obscure, nebulous, shady, shaded, clouded, darkened, overcast, shadows distort my view, lowering, Cimmerian, opaque, crepuscular, Stygian, without light, the blackness swallows my frightened form, tenebrous, bereft of light, ill-lighted, inky, words surreptitiously scratched, pitch-dark, black,
These are incandescent voids within my mind.
I've gone dark, No longer visible.
Bereft of image, in a place of isolated singularity.
Sound, there is only tinnitus monotonous echoes of familiar tranquility.
Stillness, of air eddies like translucent fingers of silence.
Alone in a vacuum of space, spinning turning tumbling.
Who am I?
Where are you?
The blackness of the tomb, it's walls of stone constricting, squeezing.
A single point of light throbs in the disappearing distance.
I can't reach it.

It is the echo of my heartbeat, like a display upon the screen of a monitor.

Breathing, vapour expanding into nothingness.

Lost, disjointed paralyzed distended into a frozen miniscule moment.

This is where I am.

Indisposed undiscovered forgotten, clinging on to life.

I had fallen in to the inquisitive gaze of the blinking eye of the stationary corvus

Flames licked all around and I knew I must have fallen from the cliff top

Around me hot coals emitted flames, a searing heat that whooshed upward pulling the air from my lungs

A screeching caw caw emanated from somewhere behind me

I turned to look, and saw my reflection in a shimmering haze

I hadn't fallen from the cliff top, I was inside the mind's eye of the crow

It suddenly lifted wings outstretched as it swooped into the updraft caw cawing turning away from the cliff

Below I could see my body laying outstretched legs dangling over the edge

Powerful wings pulled and the image receded carried aloft in sweeping lunges through valley's atop trees and sweeping forests

The wind whispering past as the sleek feathers un-ruffable buffering as the crow flew into the capacious sky

No longer am I chained to the corporeal, my spirit unharmed within the parameters of flight

Caw Caw Caw, shrieked the crow, its wings tipping toward branches of a nearby tree, its claws outstretched it landed gripping tightly shaking its head and ruffled its wings rapidly

I'd never really been free, I was often a prisoner of my illness, chained to my thoughts, chained to my feelings, encapsulated in fragmented memories

The soul is a river, cascading, formulating, degrading I watch it as it foams over the rocks, disappearing into eddies of miniscule bubbles

The breeze playing a tune through humming branches pulsing debris over unyielding ground my soul entwined with the crow listening to its thoughts, hearing the caw caw caw amidst the sound of its heartbeat

The wind ruffling feathers, the beady eye of the crow scanning the evaporating clouds overhead.

I can't tell you exactly who I am because there are different versions of me living inside the eyes of every person I've ever met. I hope you focus on the good, because I don't get to choose who I become in your lifeA person on the edge precariously looking up or a sleek bird of majestic intentions looking down.

Pandemic.

Who are we if we don't care about each other

Who are we if we don't empathise

What are we if we're just selfish

How can we just walk away

Who are you just reading this

Can you feel the tension

Why do you ignore the truth, and

Leave those alone with apprehension

Lurking on a Web page

Wondering should I go or stay

Thumb poised above the keypad

Wondering what to say

Anonymously seeking refuge

Secretly hoping to reveal

Tempted but still you refuse

Hidden feelings that you feel.

What is there to live for

If for you there is no love

Who's there to call on you

If for you there are no friends

Who is there to listen to you

If for you there is no voice

Don't be invisible,

You do have a choice.

Social media can steal the very essence of your being, can thwart the realisation of your existence, can distort your own image, or it can catapult you from obscurity to noteriety there usually is no middle ground, how you let social media manipulate your life is binary because its basic level of existence is through zero's and one's

Everything is just binary

Zero's one's zero's one's

It's not really complicated

Just zero's and one's

Your life is binary

Just zero's and one's

Think of them as mental
Switches zero's and one's
Electrical impulses
Zero's and one's
Your life is binary
Zero's and one's.
From an analogue existence
To digitised all in the connection
Of binary code.
We all seem lost together
Yet we follow each other blindly
Doesn't matter the weather
Just hope your words are kindly
If we're all lost who can find us
As we tread this winding track
Images of beauty blind us
Hollow laughter taunts
There's no way back.
It's good to talk
But there is only silence
Words forming before your eyes
Sentences stammering
A deep breath
Nobody is listening
Hey is there anybody out there
Silence
The ticking of the clock
Only tinnitus tick tock
Fragmented society
Watching smiles across distant screens
Social isolation
Hungers for a hug
Yearns for a touching embrace
Where we are now
Is unprecedented
Alien to our society

We reach out
And offer words of encouragement
Recognition to those
Who selflessly give
Unashamedly love
A hug will hold tears of remembrance
When as a whole we are reunited.
Just like the Wolves digging in the dust
I sway on lupine legs
Seeking those I wish to trust
But my stoic expression never begs.
Amidst the decay of tumbling egos
Afar from the penetrative gaze
Noterity on the digital breeze blows
Another yesterday's story rapidly fades.
You can scroll for infinite days
The stories multicoloured themes
In the blink of an eye swallowed by the haze
serpent in the sun dazzlingly beautifully sleek
Hypnotic dances sways through time
Above the hilltop the serpent queen restlessly peeps.
Pandemic Poet
Its not all about misery and death
Hidden behind the wavering smiles
We're told to hold our breath
There's so much negativity
Fears compound the issue
Catch it bin it save lives blown
Into a tissue
But there's goodness fellowship and
Strength that walks amongst the people
Thank you NHS emblazed upon the steeple.