

# My Magnum Opus

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*To strugglers anywhere*

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## The Run

You forget all your pain  
And bask in a moment of fame,  
The thrill of rush is such,  
There is no one to judge.

The pounding of words in your head,  
Hopelessness they shed,  
They give you power to run,  
The battle currently won.

The sun fire ever so bright,  
But encourages you to fight.  
It thinks it has you,  
But burning heart anew!

Before your legs turn into sludge,  
You trudge, and you trudge, and you trudge.  
And this is when you realised,  
The war was just idealised.

The emotions of the past  
Have finally left at last,  
Good only for the pounding  
The pounding of words in your head.

## Leaving

Today I find myself thinking  
About a certain day,  
The day I go away,  
And free to walk my way.

Now this has been my great desire  
For many years prior;  
It seemed a matter dire,  
Now, here, my days expire.

It seems in every crevice,  
There is a memory precious.  
And only now I admire,  
As now my days expire.

Here sitting and wondering,  
Very close to slumbering,  
How could I have so much loathing,  
For the place where I was growing?

## Heavenly Wind

Oh beautiful wind!  
Listen? The might of your howl!  
Behold? your wings most foul!

We are insects in your chamber,  
Controlling you is a fruitless labour.  
Look at the trees dancing to your roar,  
Showing their submission and nothing more.

Unlike the trees, we are not your brothers,  
Yet you still bless us with summers;  
The heat!?unbearable without a gentle breeze,  
And with grace you send for our ease.

Alive since the dawn of time,  
Witnessing the suns first shine.  
Oh you heavenly being,  
Bringing life to the first hearts beating.

## The Final Breath

I hope my final breath  
Carries no woeful regret,  
Leaving as light as a feather  
Not heavy with pressure.

May it be one with the wind,  
Forever moving and free;  
Representing a life of glee  
As pure as one can be.

I hope my final breath  
Carries no woeful regret,  
A life unlived and far from acceptance,  
And final breaths leaving in reluctance.



## Thoughts

I see spirits every single day  
But not the supernatural kind,  
I talk of spirits that come and stay  
And dwell within your mind.

They feed on your essence:  
Chipping away your purity  
Making you known of their presence,  
And destroying your rarity.

Dispel these spirits if you can  
And go reclaim your promised land,  
For this land does exist  
All you must do is persist.

## Somewhere in the Distant Past

When I was a child  
I lived in a beautiful home  
Full of the rarest treasures,  
Yet even more rare-- the dwellers

We had an abundance of wealth  
But not the monetary type.  
Our wealth was difficult to find,  
And that is the best kind.

We had little space  
But that was the key,  
The key to our loving family  
And why we lived happily.

That family has long since finished  
But the love still remains...  
Yet somewhere in the distant past,  
You can hear them having a blast.

## The Lovliest Lies of All

Time has a way of sweetening bygone troubles,  
Our one-time pains become distant mumbles.  
The past we dream of is just an illusion,  
Similar to a New Year's resolution.  
But like children, we persist,  
For an era that does not exist.  
Nostalgia tells the loveliest lie,  
A lie we cannot deny,  
And it hides behind a mask,  
A mask we call the past.

## Doubt

On my path to success  
I hear a voice in distress:  
"What if I fumble and crumble?  
And down Lifes staircase, I tumble.  
My hopes and dreams-- All in **vain!**  
My existence-- nothing, but a **bane.** "  
Silence the hysterical voice in your head,  
Lest you wish to be misled.  
Once this voice finally stops spouting  
You will hear courage shouting:  
"Fool! You have forsaken me!  
Me! Who wish to serve thee!  
Remember who you are,  
And why you wish to go so far. "

## The Beast

There lurks the beast,  
The beast I certainly dread.  
It will not go without strife,  
And wants my consciousness dead.

There lurks the beast,  
Looking at me with contempt,  
For I have kept it at bay  
And from my life exempt,  
Much to its dismay

Away with you, foul beast!  
I do not wish to fight,  
Keep away from my door  
And never dim my light

## Night

Gentle is the Night,  
Patient is the Night,  
Like a mother to her babe,  
Like a father to his son.

How the cold wind blows,  
Your thoughts flow like smoke.  
I wander these empty streets,  
My racing mind at ease.

When the heart is heavy from the day,  
Wander in the darkness, if you may.

## The Death of Hope

From the pit of mice, I looked above  
To see a bird, was it a dove?  
It had black wings, freedom endures  
So far away, and yet so close

I reach out, the bird may notice  
She does, and sits nearby for this  
For this is an execution, a murder of hope  
Hope screams out, but only a croak

"Help me bird, I need thee now!"  
The birds head, dips in a bow  
"I am confused, so far away I fly"  
Hope clings on, for it must try

Too late fool, you have perished  
But the birds beauty, I always cherished  
The last sight that I see, is the Raven flying away from me  
Happy, free and flying, that is what you must be

## If it Did not Mind, Did it Matter?

If it did not mind, did it matter?  
If it left, all the better?  
Perhaps it was, perhaps it was not  
Until all Hope left, a battle hard was fought

If it did not mind, did it matter?  
Misery grew fatter, and my hope -- Shattered!  
What now, I ask?  
You have a mission, get back to your task

You went with your heart, your brain asleep  
The death of logic, the Beast within may weep!  
You had your fun, now let Him out  
From deep within, you can hear a shout

"The warmth of feelings comforts your soul!  
But the warmth takes a heavy toll!  
You must be cold, a heart of stone  
I can save thee, only I alone!"

I remember thee, you saved me once  
Kept me sane, I nearly went nuts!  
Take over again, I am tired  
My heart got lost in finding what I desired.



## The Grey Old Man

What will you do when you see Him?  
A tall pale man, shrouded in Darkness,  
Eternity piercing your soul, His expression -- Grim.

Will you run?  
The rush of blood in fright, clinging on to Life,  
One voyage is at an end, another has begun.

Will you plead?  
Deny the call of the Void?  
Let immortality be your Greed?

What Life is that which never ends?  
The joys of living are born in Death,  
His cold yet warm hand forever extends.

Before Life, there was nothing  
From Darkness we come, to Darkness we return  
The entire human experience is really something!

Walk towards the grey old man,  
Down the chilly, windy, and ancient Path we walk  
Return to where it all began.

## A Shadow of What Once Was

We were brothers once, in the days of old,  
Facing giants on the court, we were bold!  
I had your back, you had mine  
The world could go to hell, we were fine.

Do you remember all those nights?  
Talking about everything -- A Fire Ignites!  
Practice and play for hours and hours,  
A beautiful friendship flowers.

We walked in a band of two,  
A Sacred Band of Brotherhood -- Me and You,  
I watched you grow and evolve  
I thought our bond would too, instead it would dissolve

You hurt me, but I was none the wiser  
The memories we shared, covered by a visor  
Things have changed, a shadow of what once was.  
And I, and I alone, am the cause.

I'm sorry for everything,  
After the spell has lessened, I am regretting  
All that I've done and all that I said,  
To this wayward point it has led.

We were brothers once, bound by something more  
A glorious past deep with lore.  
Those days are at an end,  
But I'll forever be here as a friend.

## A Soldier's Charge

Soldier! Soldier! Where do you stand?

I stand here, in the Warring Land!

The battle is lost, you must flee!

The enemy charging, charging at thee!

My brothers in arms, stand by my side,

Folly be cowardice, courage abide.

Stand with me, push back the foe,

Keep thy head high, and fear low.

Fear prevailed, the warriors fled,

A lone Ronin, for strength he bled.

Sword in hand, a loud battle cry,

Alone he charged, ready to die.

## Sitting in a Sunny Grassy Field

Sitting in a sunny grassy field  
I once realized how much I had,  
The loneliness was finally healed  
The grass swaying with the wind made me glad.

Sitting in a sunny grassy field,  
The isolation has come back  
Dancing blades of grass reminding me of what I lack,  
The birds chirping will never yield.

Sitting in a sunny grassy field,  
I face my future alone,  
For my sins I must atone.  
I face eternity without a shield.

## Silence

A scenery, a smell, a flash of moonlight  
Windy weather, haunting my night  
These things, and these alone,  
Enough to remind me of what is known.

## Signs of Life

In a sandwich shop, a student stands  
Slicing bread, with his own two hands,  
Study and work, work all day,  
Glory has a price, a price we must pay.

An obese man running in the sun,  
In his mind, a battle is won,  
Today he lived, tomorrow he is reborn  
A mind like his, we must adorn.

A new land, full of mystery  
A single mother, her past is history,  
From dawn till dusk, from dusk till dawn  
A fight within her, until fear is gone.

These here be signs of Life,  
Constant struggles and daily strife.  
All the toil echoes a deep fire  
Is there a greater sight to admire?

## Journey to the Underworld

In the darkest hours of the night,  
A phantom ? wayward from the light  
Knowing not where to go or whom to seek,  
Completely lost and wholly meek.

He once was living, bold and strong,  
On the Heroes Journey, his did wrong,  
From the bright and beautiful world ahead  
Cast to the Depths and Chasms instead

He feels remorse, regrets his course  
Searching for Light, a flicker of source  
Climbs a hill thinking it be the last,  
Only to find the mountains of the past.

The abyss holds comfort and bliss,  
But only a deadman settles for this  
And He feels a fire, his heart set ablaze,  
His gaze set forward, the future awaits.

## Dreams

On cold nights like these,  
Grey memories dance in smoke  
Ghosts in the yonder.



## I was Here

Write! Write! Why must you Write?  
To be human, an endless Light,  
To speak of sad nights and happy days  
To fulfill primal urges coursing through my veins

Our forefathers watch from above,  
They knew hate, they knew love.  
Art is straight, its message clear  
"Look at my work, for I was here!"

In the end times, when all is dark,  
We sleep easy, we left our mark.  
In the grand tapestry of the universe,  
Look at my work, for I was here.

## A Beckoning Flame

Days are bright, but I see grey  
Nights are quiet, yet awake I lay  
Not alone yet lonely, a state of dismay  
Who shall keep my soul awake?

A homeless man with a home,  
A soul of colors but no one to show  
An empty castle, a cold glass throne  
An endless summer full of snow.

Someone to warm this lifeless heart  
Someone so close, yet far apart  
I keep the flame burning,  
Beckoning that which I am searching.

## The Deep Dark Hole

Walking ahead, down he fell  
It seemed a hole, not a den  
Not a spring, nor a cave  
A deep dark pit, an empty grave

A surge of pain, a rush of blood  
He felt a strain down in the mud  
His limbs grew heavy, no choice but to stay  
In this deep dark hole of his own dismay

He dreams of home, a cottage with cake  
Just then, enters a snake!  
Black and bleak, it's home below  
"Never me, for that I know!"

Moments to hours, hours to days  
Waiting and pondering, in filth he lays  
"Once I'm healed, escape this place!"  
He tells himself, his saving grace

His body restored; go up, go out  
Too long he stayed, his mind of doubt  
Away from life, away from sight  
Darkness around, now scared of light

"Life be simple in the deep dark hole!"  
"Nary a worry, no need for gold!"  
Captain of his fate, master of his soul  
Liberation is found in the deep dark hole.

## A Mysterious Beauty

Her smile is a summer morning  
Warm and Bright, an embracing sight  
Her beauty ? A candle in the Night.

## The Struggler

Not ready to live  
Not ready to die  
What are you then?  
A ghost of what once was?  
A phantom of what could be?  
Not heaven nor hell;  
But Everything between

## Human Spirit

A blizzard, a mighty storm!  
Against all odds, a Struggler born,  
Wounded, beaten, and defeated  
Unbroken ? his soul never yielded!  
His breathing heavy, his head hung low  
"No surrender ? that is all I know!"  
His legs may quiver, his bones may shake  
But never a whimper, not even a quake!  
Slogging through an icy hell,  
What a tale he would tell  
To those in the sun, far from danger,  
Learn from the struggle of this lone Stranger!  
The spirit of Icarus, daring to try!  
Carries this Stranger, soaring so high!  
Matters not how far or near,  
Death of cowardice, the murder of fear!  
To struggle, to try, the will to act  
Inspires others ? a lasting impact!  
Who better to show the way  
Than A man in total dismay,  
Refusing to fall, refusing to cry  
Showing Humanity how far they can fly.