

Mote

Zemde



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To all the friends and family that put up with my poetry.

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Stargazing

Imagine

The charcoal-with-sap-glitter,
Obsidian glass-domed,
gold sprinkled, dew shimmered,
elusively mountainous night sky;
With the porcelain and mother-of-pearl,
dragonfly wing, china-and-talc,
silvery, glowing moon hung on it.
A milk-gilded veil of clouds
and a ballet of cool mist playing with your toes.
A tree bark and grass flower-scented,
Rain and earth infused perfume
tip-toeing along with the breeze.

Imagine

Without Word of Rain

Lamplight through pinholes
painting perfect pictures presently
along the warm cedar planks.
Shimmering sap shining silently
bringing it to life.
The shingle roof
tacked together by tiny tin
nails that sing under the faithful drumming of
melancholy clouds.
Wandering wordlessly in windy wooshes
that play the leaves of the trees in woodwind concert.

Tea and a good book are the only two missing ingredients.

Cherries

You, come here and learn wisdom with me.
Sitting by the gently rippling pool.
A bowl of cherries from the cherry tree.
Balanced on the sturdy wicker stool.

Look at the cherries, pleasant to the eye.
Sweet and aromatic to the nose.
Tart and sweet with pits of cyanide.
A poison pill to swallow if you chose.

And you thought the tree would give me lemons,
Like I haven't drunken all my fill.
I'd rather it give me something sweet like melons.
Or small and sweet berries, better still.

But never comes the sweet without the sour.
A balance that will never ever vary.
And sweetness can a poison seed devour.
Life is but a simple bowl of cherries.

A Summer Night's Serenade

Running on a midnight errand.
Feet are fleeing, ravens scaring.
Turning ever into the speckle sprinkled starry night

Satyrs frolicked, hooves click clacking.
Trees were groaning,
twigs were snapping.
Ants a-marching,
spiders napping,
Underneath the twilight's twinkling sleepy secret sigh.

Perfumed air and baby dewdrops,
Summer sweetgrass whispering true-loves.
Moonlit beams revealing ghost resting on pollen's respite

Up we marched into the hilltops.
Kids in flip-flops,
Dogs and brown hogs.
Fairies flitting,
nymphs a-swimming
Eagerly to see the sight.

Then, amidst the starlit hilltop
grew a tree of moss and hyssop.
Flowers dripping with a softly glowing nectar smelling sweet and light

So they drank the nectar deeply.
Tumbling, laughing,
dancing freely.
Booming, roaring,
whispering meekly.
Before travelling back to their homes awaiting morning light.

Seashell

She sells sea shells
By the sea shore
Where the mermaids dance
Behind the green glass door

She shouts she yells
By the sea shore
And the waves, they echo
a resounding roar

She smells sea smells
By the sea shore
So the briney mist
Can fill her lungs once more

She sails Seashell
On the seashore
To explore what joys
The waters have in store

Sidewalk Puddles

A shattered piece of sky
lies on the damp concrete
that stretches out like a railroad
at the end of my driveway.
A stained-glass plate
of volatile cotton balls.
It remains piece-full
until trampled underneath
the rubber soles of those
who's necks crane continuously downward.
Why do they muddle it so
if it's only trying to help them
see the heaven they are missing?

Stitches

I see through your disguise.
Past your flimsy applique.
To your patchwork riddled,
bursting, barely seemed,
thimble-walled eyes.
I can see how they leak.

I know that they are frayed.
Like the camel-haired thread.
I know that you're fed up
with all of this fluff
and you're afraid
of what comes up ahead.

I was, and often still am.
But even a quilt is
riddled with stitches, and
the stitches are what
Holds all of it
together. I see your scars.

I see your stitches.

Do you love me?

Long stands the Shepard
atop old Gibraltar.
Watch over sheep.
Hooves often falter.
Stretch out the hook
pull the legs free
For granted bee took
often as water

Twin Suns

I asked my mother
Sitting in the window
Watching the suns sink into the sandy sea

"Ma, why does Tatooine have two suns?"

She smiled, her teeth sparkling like polished kyber.

"Because, Ibba, we are the people of heat, the children of the sands, the beskar in the crucible."
She ran her hand through my gritty hair.

"This is the planet of the brightest day, the longest sunrise, and the highest noon."

She looked away, staring at the pinpoint blot that marred the horizon, Mos Eisley.

"But two suns means two shadows, Ibba."

Dagger

My left hand grasps tight
a jade-porcelain dagger
my four knuckles pale.

Poison drips from it's
jagged edge towards the hilt
speckled with rose thorns.

It bites my skin with
the strength of my own hands grip
why can't I let go?

Red mingles with green
mixing an unholy wine
drips into my veins.

The tool has become
the master of the wielder.
So despicable!

a glass of sunshine

Your teeth feel gritty
The day is done
You hammered the mine
And loaded sixteen tons.

Stumble down to the bar
With your boots undone
Your blonde hair's black
From loading sixteen tons

Slam your coins on the counter
Chew on tabacca like grass
And Maybe whistle a little
while he pours you a glass

Take a deep long drink
Of that burning hot sun
It goes down like lava
But you ain't been stunned

You can swallow a star
And barely notice the pain
You got sixteen tons
You loaded under your name.

Freedom is a Poppyseed

Freedom is a Poppyseed

Plant it in the loamy soil
Under scorching sun then toil
Till it's grown into a flower
And it spreads it's golden foil
Or nip it in it's precious bud
Slash it till it seeps white blood
Spread it out into a powder
Sell it to the sons of mud

Shiver

Tears, they drip down your downturned face
In hollow twilight's bone's embrace
In many fits of passion taste the salty sting they bring to thee.
Cry in sorrow, cry in pain, cry.
Life might never quite be the same
Because a friend has gone. The rain falls like thunder quietly.
Put on your face, time to be bold.
Men don't cry's what you've been told.
Take despair and inward fold, time to just be cold.

Speak naught, the raging storm must hide
In cage of rib, in chest of pride.
Take it all in on your stride. Careful, we are watching ye.
Freeze the water, stop it's flow.
Hold the line! Don't let it go!
Frozen, icy, shiver, snow. just take the bite, don't mind Jack's teeth.

Streetlamps and Starlight

This is not a poem of sadness

This is a poem of longing

Not the longing of a starving peasant

Or the yearning of a weary soldier

But a longing like

The scent of red rubber dodgeballs on asphalt

The lamplight brushed across the face of friends on a twilight adventure

The knowing dreams of a mountainous waffle breakfast that surely awaits in the morning

It's not a poem of lust

But a poem of love

Not the love of a starstruck schoolboy

Or an impassioned prince of a far off land

But a love like

Staring into the starry night on a bed of grass

Watching from the sidelines knowing you will get your shining moment

Singing with the birds at sunrise

This is waiting for

The one because

You know that

They're waiting

For

You.

Lemonade

Lemonade is the flavor
of bright golden sun
and the cotton white clouds in the sky

when friends would come stay for
a sit in the grass
to watch pairs of strangers glide by

a squeeze of the heart
a pinch of sweet thoughts
and the sunset that made a man cry

a cool draught in store
for the dry season's heat
the sour-sweet song of a sigh

Icarus Down

My pillow is filled, on those long restless nights,
of Icarus down smelling of candle wax.
And all the things wrong in all the things right
like finding a straw in a tall needle stack.

Tell Odepus to aim for the lofty full moon.
When he does miss then the arrow will burn
In the fiery star heart turn from willow to fume.
What is destined for greatness is destined for doom.

Tell the tale of king Midas and the tale of Solomon.
Tell them of all the kings who were cursed with might.
Even Ozymandias sitting on his stone throne.
The title of king bears a price and a plight

Beware insincere waxen-faced success!
For success begets pride, and pride idleness,
and idleness hunger and hunger despair.
Success is quite fickle, so listener

beware!

Marshmallow

Quiet night.
Starry night.
Smiles lit
by bonfire's light.

Laughter streaming from friendly faces.
Hearts were melting from warm embraces.

And they drank deeply of mirth
as twinkling stars graced the earth.

Magical night.
Memories flight.
Dreams were walked
in companions respite.

Tacky ghost stories,
and tales of old lore.
Marshmallows toasting,
hot cocoa galore.

And they drank of their mirth
as twinkling stars graced the earth.

Ode to a Poet

Float like a butterfly,
sting like a battery.
A 9 volt to the tongue
harmless yet sensory.
Write flowers, write lightbulbs,
write power, write nightclubs.
Taste the flavor of the sand;
write with whatever's in your hand.
Pen a question with no mark
Take ambiguity to heart.
(But please do not take it too far.)
Say what's easy, do what's hard.
Tell the story of your heart
or simply make a piece of art.
Water-ski a lake of words,
take inspiration from the birds.
Have fun with it! (at least you should)
Whatever you make, make it good.

Bard's Cant

3 cheers for the tears of our enemies!
4 for the blood of our foes!
5 for the fears of our rivals!
6 for the embers that glow!
7 for the gold in our pockets!
8 for the castle of stone!
9 for the blades in their sockets!
And 10 for the dragons below!

In(toxic)ated

Throw my head back
Breathe it all in
Colors they swim
Under my skin

Flavor attack
Gilding my tongue
Glad I'm still young
Glad I'm still dumb

Blood vessels pop
Red in the face
Twilight's embrace
Royal rat race

Can't feel a thing
Can't feel no pain
Circle the dream
Circle the drain

Perspective

One morning a Snail
about the size of a pea.
Stretched out his two little eyes
to see what he could see.

He saw a winding trail
and on the end perceived
a tiny little acorn resting
little brown and wee.

So the snail decided
that he should try to reach
this far off tiny acorn
little brown and wee.

And off he went a-walking
In the shade of nearby tree
down to see the acorn
little brown and wee.

But as he walk-ed closer
a strange sight he did see.
The acorn seemed much larger
than little brown and wee.

But his foot kept sliding
leaving a shimmer like the sea
and the acorn grew in size until
no longer small and wee.

And little snail was startled
(for he was the size of pea.)
And the acorn was now much

much Much bigger than he.

The little snail did ponder
On how this could even be.
And finally concluded
that his eyes had been deceived.

Color

There will be times in this life, where a splash of Color will stain the canvas.
shapeless Blue and Yellow splatters in the square geometry.
And the Color will cut through the grey like a razor
Inflicting Crimson drops that sting the monotony.
The pattern broken, lays beautifully shattered,
And the emotions will drown you, tearing your vessel like paper as an artist tears a failure, and
crushing you like a potter crushes the cracked pot into a earthen powder.
And the beauty! The beauty will be worth the pain, for the masterpiece that will remain will be
contemplated by the poet, idolized by the romantic, and analyzed by the realist.
And then it will be gone. As Alexandria, as Dickinson, as so many others
And only some mere smears on a paper will remain to mark it's existence.

She was Born a Princess / To my future wife

She was born a Princess
as pretty as can be.
Her hair was woven sunlight.
Her eyes contained the sea.

She was born a healer,
a guidance to the lost.
To be a secret keeper.
To warm away the frost.

She was born bedazzled
of gilded ruby heart.
A silver sigh for sorrow.
Wisdom did not depart.

She was born a princess
more Grace you'll never see.
And now I get to hold her
For she is now my queen.

Disco at the Panic

The heavens hang heavily on the frail timber frame of my house. A paper prison of sorts, too weak to be broken from.

I find myself a prisoner of the day. It is hard for a ruler to become his kingdoms slave; An embodiment of the all too common "crappy diem."

And my lessons, once treasured as if every textbook were bound of ivory and every letter stamped in gold leaf, have become nothing but so many bowls of oatmeal that I am force-fed.

But my predicament is nothing special, Terra herself has thrown a masquerade ball and everyone's invited.

However, hopelessness is (thankfully) reserved for the dramas and the dramatic, and there is a ray of light.

I should say rays, from the disco ball. An abrupt interruption to a melancholy and sophisticated soiree (I'm not sure Terra knows what to do with it.)

It won't prestidigitate the oatmeal into lobster tail, but the music and the lighting makes the flavor, well, bearable.

Memento Mori

Why would worms that writhe and twitch
beneath the burning noonday sun
in wake of rain from whetted pitch,
forsaken in a Stony ditch,
or asphalt road, whichever's which,
refuse the gift of legs to run?

Why would the lowly virmin stay
in reach of deadly snaken sting
betwixt the crumbling walls of clay,
to run at night and sleep in day,
To be the cat and falcons prey,
If offered feldspar feather'd wings?

Why would a man, a son of dust
aware of life beyond the grave
in crumbling gold or paper trust
in brandished swords whose mettle rusts
and gift his corpse to earthen crust
if bended knee his sould could save?

Spaghetti Brain

my brain is numb

injected with a virus through my HDMeyes;
serving up bits of dopamine to dull my dys-function-al mind;
git-ing my sudo comatose brain in-variable-ey broke;
slashing ifs and elses into where the who's and what's go;
while my brain loops on and on like a long twisted python;
I don't know how to escape it seems like that button is gone;
I can C a better me on the other side of the screen;
but until I change the script, guess that'll never be me.

Song of the Midnight Sun

She stole your place
shone with your light
With grace replaced
your reign of sky
A coupe de grace
armed with the stars
Washed banner blue
with pitch and tar
Forsake the leaves
the owls greive
and frogs bereave
the morning star

A shadow leaps
across the earth
The fungal friends
soirée with mirth
In drought of glint
Of dew, a birth
of cloud, a tint
of sleeping grass
of warmth no hint
The creepers creep
the sleepers sleep
the dreamers deep
in seas of mint