

# Anthology of Shatss

IanShatss

Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*I dedicate this book to my wife, my mother and father, and my children for inspiring me to keep writing.*

## **Acknowledgement**

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## About the author

I grew up in Southern California, then moved to Carson City, NV in 2002. I joined the US Army Infantry when I was 17 in 2006 and spent 10 years in, with deployments to Afghanistan. I have a beautiful wife and three amazing children, whom I adore. I love writing and playing music. It's therapeutic, and I'm fascinated by the power of words.

## summary

Underestimated by the Overestimated

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The Connection

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## Underestimated by the Overestimated

**Never**

***underestimate***

***deep thinkers,***

***who keep to themselves,***

***especially those who are secure with who they are as well, for they have accepted their own flaws and imperfections long ago; bulletproof against those who pass judgement, cast blame, and posses***

***the face of two; For they are riddled in***

***self-deceit and insecurities,***

***making their behavior***

***extremely predictable,***

***unbeknownst to them; But not the thinker of thoughts for they have***

***no desire to boost their vanity,***

***for a lion doesn't need to tell***

***you he's a lion, because***

***he knows he's a lion***

## The Warg Phoenix

I'm the forgotten one, the vagabond wind wandering the land in translucent glow.

I'm the native son, the swiftly aimed arrow  
in the unstrung bow of freedom.

The lone wolf, forged in an inferno of  
cosmic rays, howling at the red moon unchained.

For I am the grey, the silent rage of Icarus, the symbolic macabre of karma and dismay.

And from the ashes I shall rise as the hybrid, the Warg Phoenix, the wolf upon  
wings, drawing my power from the Sun.

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## The Inception

I'd see him everyday, staring through the glass of every window I'd pass,

After awhile I started to recognize that

look in his eyes,

Where his thoughts painted downturning lips and heavy grey eyes, hollowed out and full of sadness.

It was the same look I'd see in the mirror

most days..

And then one day, it clicked; and I ran outside and looked through every window I could find ? wanting just one more glimpse!

"I know now!" "I know who you are!"

But he wasn't there! So I yelled and screamed but there was no sound,

I couldn't help but break down, how could I have been so dumb.. I'm so sorry..

I'm sorry for not standing up for you when others put you down,

I'm sorry abandoning you on the side of that road,

Convinced you were no good, like they all said you we're,

And I'm sorry for not recognizing myself in the mirror, I know it took sometime, but I figured it out,

Now I stand for myself, never again will allow others to define my worth,

I know who I am and what I've become, achieving success all on my own,

As I took that vow to persevere my dignity and demand my respect.



## The Goddess of the Deep

**She's the heart beat of Mother Earth, that flows through every river and every lake/ She's the soul of existence, the giver, sustainer, and nurturer of life/ For her tasteless, colorless, odorless, surface is our means to survive, rising and forming rivers in the sky/ That hop on a drift in a breeze to supply/ To provide Mother Earth with an abundance of life/**

**For she's the epitome of hope, the miracle gift of complexity/**

**For she gave us a conscious identity, free to decide our own destiny/**

**For shes a desolate desert of a waves, in a sea of rugged wilderness/**

**Her currents are sent to heat up the Arctic/ where the sun rarely ever shines/ Then cold waters sent to cool down the tropics, where the sun always shines so bright/**

**With her iridescent reflection of infinite diamonds, she paints the cool hues above/**

**For shes the goddess of the great deep, the primordial element for which the universe was created/**

**The only hope for mankind, the unifier of life/ The pinnacle of sublimity/**

## The Connection

Behind the old walls there's a mirror,  
hanging in the balance/  
It serves as a connection, a sharing of prospectives, between the past and the present/  
And I often found myself there,  
standing stock-still, staring into that mirror/  
At the reflection of a boy once forced  
Into regression, into his own liminal existence  
deep within himself/ It was behind the old walls, where he remained for years/  
High up on the shelf, protecting his story/  
From the oppressive structure of that broken home/

## Standing on the Precipice

**So there I was, standing on the precipice, leaning over the edge of nothingness, Vexed by the hands of time, Staring into the eyes of that vertiginous abyss, Where the light never shines and the darkness prevails, I had created my own prison and never have I felt so frail, so empty, and so alone, I was barely hanging on, like a piece of thread on an old sweater that you'll never wear, Just there, hanging in the dark, collecting dust, Cause you won't let it go, Thats how I felt about life, I forgot what it was like to care, So I'd just shut my eyes to avoid the shame and guilt, Until I stood there on the edge, on the foot of that precipice, Hanging by a thread, alone, and overwhelmed with dread, And thought about my girl, our babies, and how they'd feel if I gave up and let go, What kind of example would I have set? So in that moment I made a choice - To never accept defeat, for myself and for them**

## New Beginnings

Tis the season of new beginnings  
Life on Earth restored for another rotation  
Fresh buds in bloom and animals awaken  
Songs are sang from branch to branch

Warmer days melt away winters flaws  
New generations birthing all walks of life  
Everyone and everything loves natures party  
Spring keeps life as we know it well and hearty

## Between Trumpets

Wonderful, awful

Things which the seven thunders

A flash of lightning

## Beautiful Chaos

I dig my toes deep into the sand  
Watching each wave draw back  
chasing me to shore  
Each the same, yet so different like  
I feel to the world  
Spoiled by the beautiful chaos between  
The moon and sea  
Terrified I am, of her changing mind as  
The tides rise erupting in the night  
Then calm and tranquil she becomes  
Sparkling like diamonds from the touch of each ray so golden  
These moments I'm holding so tightly to my soul

## Another Storm is Coming

There will be another storm coming  
Forming thunderheads on the horizon  
Towering Goliath's blacken the skies  
Ready to burst like a pulsating artery

Lightening flashes waking up the night  
Like a volley of tracer rounds in the sky  
Thunderclaps roar like a Volcanic eruption  
Seconds apart like a symphony of lights

The sky opens up like a dam bursting  
Releasing a flood from the heavens above  
As Hot and cold air initiate the wrath  
With vengeance nature prepares her attack

Twisting and swirling, the sky begins rotating  
Giving birth to a twister dropping from the sky  
With violence of action, winds begin to ravage  
Like a wrecking ball smashing everything in its path

## A Moments Glimpse

If my eyes could take a picture,  
I would capture your presence,  
Among the thick golden clouds, draped in forever blue,  
But I cannot; for I will never know the truth, So I just hope and I wish, hmm for just a  
moments glimpse,  
At least then, I'd know that you're okay,  
Free from the shackles and chains, That once condemned you to life,  
Yet I cannot capture such a glimpse,  
Not with eyes that cannot see, For my mind is unable to conceive, What it cannot  
comprehend

~Shatss



## A Young Mothers Path

Her life has become this intimate blend of tragedy and resilience,  
An atomic cocktail of stunning beauty and manic depression,  
Trapped in the current of this tri-polar perfecta of personalities,  
Constantly battling to control her reality,  
Feeding on the shame and rejection that her heart possesses,  
Like a parasite poisoning it's host, painfully slow,  
Struggling to hold on, yet unable to let go ?  
Until nothing was left, except the damage that'd been done,  
So she loaded what was left of her shattered heart into her car and drove all through the night,  
Tossing pieces of that day out the window of the past,  
Somewhere in the desert  
with the bright lights of Vegas fading in the rear view,  
A decade without her was tough,  
as I waged war on myself,  
Dealing with issues, inimical to my mental health,  
But I understand and I'm grateful now more than ever, having her in my life,  
Shedding light on Mental Illness and how to comfortably exist,  
As the Mom I've always known and the Grandma my kids adore.

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