

Anthology of Hollow Enigma



Presented by

My poetic Side 

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knocking on minds door

No turning when you can't see anyone

No Peace Found

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knocking on minds door

Thorough and swimming in my mind
Like sounds ringing from a railroad line
My past creeps and weeps
The eye that peeps but falls and seeps
I used the ultimate kind of theft
many the lame families I had left
Just remembering my raw talent, I did have
correct action I had thought, was only bad
The man that has seen trouble
In my hands only slips my ruble
For my country I don't ask for a why
but never could I tell you and not lie

No turning when you can't see anyone

The night starts with not an expectation
all a vague moral compass with no rectification
feels so light and spontaneous
soon to fall short and become strenuous
10 dollar words complete my selfish mind
Because it falls into the bleak record and rewind
Emotion makes its way into my brain
takes hold and starts my drain
I end the night with a lonesome cowboy song
Nobody to hold and escape my wallow

No Peace Found

I think I desire still water
So to live a life and anchor
I put fabrication in every conversation.
Only know a skill that is my aberration
I am deep in a mind that has no beginning
Similar to breathing and set at addicting
I know at least what ill's my mind
But does not grant me leisure to unwind
I am set with no drive to achieve
for this is my pain that I alone weave
I don't show around my peers
Never will I transfer a pain that sears
I will leave you know for its time to get dressed
fully clothed but my face is the only thing left

A tale of lift and shut

Argyle was born on a Monday
He studied psychology on Tuesday
Arrived at insanity on a Wednesday
Was too far away that Thursday
took one life on a Friday
Build a white picket fence on Thursday
was in a cemetery on a Sunday
On the first of that month, he rose from a family.
the fifth left them statistical and bloodied
On the tenth day left a town to dust and dirt
the fifteenth he possessed a great leader's love
20th day came fake ransom near a babbling brooked
25th bombs dropped while everyone fought
30th day rendered man closed and time on earth shut

Argyles story

Argyle was born on a Monday
studied psychology on Tuesday
Arrived at insanity on a Wednesday
Was gone that Thursday
took a life on Friday
brought life into the world on Saturday
was in a cemetery on a Sunday
On the first of that month, he haunted a family for a while
the fifth left them relatable and bloodied
the tenth day left a town that did not survive
the fifteenth he possessed a great leader's love
20th day came fake ransom near a babbling brooked
25th bombs dropped while everyone fought
30th day rendered man closed and time on earth shut

Gravity and my fault of self destruction

Hey there people of creation
Hope all is well hope you have your warmth from libation
I have the worst good news
I found out the cause of my unending ruse
It's that place Steinfeld told us about
it's not my favorite song but is the same painful gout
Rock bottom is a generalization used too much
relative and diluted but true pain to the touch
I will not rant more so help me, please
I have created everything I earned my keys
But I have want I have addiction
Bringing my life to eviction The work I have done
The good times that weighed a ton
Now worthless now slipping
A broken boat that's tipping
I cant know how to change
I only can watch my body return mange
I just wish I could think one way
I wish my coherence would just stay
To walk and live only forward
To not rush to hell's shoreward
But that's it the poem is done
Biding my time till the next life sun

To sit and wait or repeat the Mistake

Entered the person who is a hopeless romantic
Emulating the feelings truthful but manic
Our lucky man enters silent he holds
He will never fall nor folds
In his storm he finds his moment
Bold and calculated finds his form
This lucky man listen for the air
Capable but not continuous what he has is rare
Romantic the man who only feels
from that fishing line where nothing reels
While waiting with his calm arms
Finds his fire from focus that grows and warms
In the middle you must trout
You will find what you sought
The lucky dont look to find
The hopeless lie trapped with overestimations bind

Trying Jazz Poem

Woah Man just sitting
Tears fall while quitting
Around about 5
Sinking into dive
You had that girl In your arms
She took your seat
In hot days heat
You made a joke
she felt a croak
Now you don't have her no more
Angela sweet Angela

You took my heart
doom from the start
Now I feel like a rat

Some Good and Sad Reflection

26 reds and a bottle of wine
All it takes to move reason to rhyme
Jenny was my love like Doves are to a feather
But we stretched our feelings into a leather
She wanted inebriation that I had
But a weak dam that does not hold is sad
Then came work for Uncle Sam's interest
I had Gung ho attitude, so I enlisted
Came together did well and felt useful
doing the worst things I have ever done felt blissful
I took from the Foreign
don't hate me in fact don't listen
I felt happy because I could finally do
Even though turning people's faces chocking ad blue
I took it home as we all will
Drive million-dollar diplomats then having to just be still
I can't use what I have to gain
Then pretend to carry on and be sane
But I pretend with the pressure surrounding everything
Like under leagues of the ocean I'm supposed to have an offspring
But it will go on as mountains grow
I'll die and the wind will still blow
But the things I saw the things I did
Will never leave can't kick or rid
I will do or I will rot
Like holstering a weapon still hot

Influenced by The karate Kid

I haven't won a single fight
Too heavy a hand it comes to plight
I have taken so many hits
Weaker with all their Splits
Every time I fight, I lose and fall
Then closer that bell for me will call
See winning is never a choice
Even if I have the last Voice
I walk away or I will wake back up
I take my leave or spit blood into a cup
I've never won a single fight
I'm falling into a blight

Where Do I Go

Walking into another dead-end bar
The smell familiar of weed and tar
All that reside I know too well
Souls given up, from the earth have fell
They bare the mark of indulgence
But with me, they talk with heavy divulgence
I can't count the innumerable times
My ears find an emotional ladder then climbs
From my brain with all my love
I hold with my shoulder their pain from above
I am not better of this befallen tribe
I just stay in this room or on a side
I can't ever find a home with any religious collective
But these unglorified lives never took me as deceptive
They sit and wait ready for my hand
As they hold my hourglass of sand
I want a new world with an easier air
Find love and make a pair
But frozen in a place I hold the key
Inert and still I cannot leave

The Memory of a Flower

The smell like the taste
That holds all of the minds state
It's the greatest show on earth
From our decay to our birth
But maybe our end isn't forever
like a memory that smell of lavender

The Whole World in Her Hands

Hey there doll
Holding the world like a ball
What with the cigs that you smoke
You know I'm all but broke.
I heard you were great and all
The audience said you were ten feet tall
But where do you get all your love?
How does your smile fit like a hand to a glove
Don't you miss the times
We learned about reading road signs
We didn't get the kicks back then
Now fly while I sit in a locked iron pen
I am proud but a broken heart for you
I know at nights you wonder how I am too
You showed the world something I couldn't even imagen
While I fall to rock bottom's last bastion
If I don't come too
and life stops mixing my stew
I hope you know bitterness I don't hold
For these slippery hands aren't as bold
Know no matter your future nor past
I'll cheer till life is no longer vast

The Rant and Finding of Myself

I remember when the old man said onto me
Son, you cannot be alive by not knowing what to be
You need to find sparks when they enter a room
electricity that holds a memory of their sweet perfume
Boy I want you to see your life for what you may build
And not opportunities lost and soul that is killed
You have to have fear but be brave
Need to fight but know when to save
Have trust and pride in your strength
but not lose to egos unwavering length
You will find love in the breaths that they take
helplessly bound by adventure for each other's sake
I cannot show you the way through your winding road
for it would not be your truth nor a worthy load
Find your presence in someone's wish
and take control of your own life bliss

A Good Day to the Unpleasant Night

There is a dream that dams my soul
At night heat of pain collides with the coal
I live in the breathing of daylight sun
Grateful and happy like lovers on the run
I hold a wicked full loaded deck
That only with the moon comes drives the wreck
But Happy and grateful are breaths I can recall
For my splendor in a day is by no means small

A Telling of my Family that Worry

The time directs and places my life dead and here.
To the tallest tree, I can hang even if the ground is clear.
I am feeling the train that is unyielding.
Like a knife in my heart that my own soul was wielding.
I distant to a party I had perfected and made.
Pretending it wasn't on purpose but spontaneous and weighed.
I create for the mouths and hands stealing all my taste.
Hoping it will give me a feeling of a run that is raced.
I don't want to write my pity and sadness to you.
But like my uncle said I haven't found myself nor truly honest too.
I am polite and forward with caring I stand tall.
But missing a part of life that makes a man all.

The Hero Charges Forth

Once more and forth to the abyss that calls
Deeper and darker while desire Stains these walls
I tumble down this corridor that deafens my devotion
Heavier and heavier it clouds my judgment and emotion
With focus my eyes stair forward and bold
My quest is clear as my blade is cold
I walk into the dark tomb alone
Only by myself on this road can I roam
Once more forth to the abyss that calls
Or face my soul again rock bottom where it falls

To Give Meaning to the Songs that Birds Sing

They can't tell the need for your touch
They can't speak it just as stuttering Dutch
An impossible story was written by an infinite imagination
The improbable moment is given by Gods only donation
Your beauty is not bested even by mythic Greek seas
So gentle to me as flows a summertime breeze
A gem gifted and given by the men that dictate mountains
A world created by French gardens enclosing fountains
I count the days like nails in a pack of cigarettes.
But proud I stand knowing I'm absent of any regrets

Keys in Pocket

Lock my door with tools from my pocket.
Wrapped on a ring holding my love's locket.
Onward to a home away from bed.
A more changing way to be fed.
I sit under the dim waning light.
Letting go of our current abundant plight.
We all carry different sets of keys.
but here only liquid holds fees.

A Word a Past and an Ultimate Fear

I write in couplets an end-line rhyme
Not always on time nor an obvious relatable line
A force, a muscle that gives me pause
It is how I think, what gives my logic cause
It is my emotional lacking type of reasoning
Sometimes controlling as natural as breathing
It gives discipline echoes of a still breeze
Holds my shoulders down but not enough to seize
I don't feel happy as other peers
Not sadness around corners arming fears
I become efficient to create a beneficial probable outcome
A hot fire starts but ends in embers sum
To protect my emotion an armor on my soul
Automatic and mechanic that avoids a tole
But a sword double-edged as always two sides
While the earth rotates absolutely as the tides
I find myself no different than before being on the stage
Never stopping but simply turning the page
I am not in pain not a wincing shudder
But to tell an emotion I cannot utter

But it only ends in an empty room with lights that flicker
Followed only by the voice of a single lonely Vicar

The Last Comet to Fall

Down and frightening its falls hard from above
All around together people screaming and moving they shove
The rock from above careened down to our end
Only extinction from the force again did it lend
Normal people now have a deafening cry
Laughing while approaching my by and by
Can't help but smile for nothing mattered
no single goal worked but did end up tattered
Nobody to reach or call in my last moment
I stand clear not needing any atonement
I for the first time, find a breathable air
Caught up in the race happily ending fair
Fuck is our script caught in the rye
But at ease, my soul will end while the rest end in cry

As Much Choice as Flying While Falling

The time directs and places my life dead and here.
To the tallest tree, I can hang even if the ground is clear.
I am on a train that knows no end.
Like a knife in my heart, my soul won't fend.
I careened into a party I had perfected and made.
Pretending it wasn't on purpose but spontaneous and unweighed.
I create for mouths their hands stealing all my taste.
Hoping it will give me a feeling of a run that is raced.
I don't want to infect pity and sadness on you.
But Uncle said I haven't found myself nor truly honest too.
I am polite and forward with caring I stand tall.
But missing a part of life that makes a man all.

To Follow Morality

Ive seen the best of eyes that are lost
The things that I cried from reading faust
The waves in the ocean take no man fair
But the mistakes people make and haven't a care
Ive seen man fall to nothing while alone
By realizing they deserve a hell to roam
Knowing there is no matter of wrong or right
Because our ending is cold with no light
No god to wait for our made up vows
Only a courage to stand for your final bow

Morning Light

The time directs pushes and places my life dead and here.
To the tallest tree swinging so freely my thoughts lose any fear.
I feel the train that races across fields.
Like a knife in my heart my own soul wields.
I come to in a party I had perfected and made.
Faking it as spontaneous and unweighted.
I create for their mouths but my own drink is laced.
Hoping to feel that old bliss of a run that is raced.
I don't want to infect pity or sadness from you.
But we know without honesty sleep will not be true.
I am polite and forward with caring I stand tall.
But missing a part of life that makes man all.

What Will It Be Now That It Has Been.

When Santa finishes his route
And the menorah candles are blown out
All the family gatherings have ceased
That love from blood is only leased
Once friends go back to their schools
That cold air is the only one that rules
There is no life left in this town
At night there isn't even a sound
What will this inanimate object do
Ill tell you not a single clue
I sure cant sit and cry
Freeze my face in this by and by
At least I still have this pen
With paper I occupy this den
It doesn't put my brain all at ease
Hard to write about beauty with leafless trees
Still I continue a beggar cant be a chooser
Maybe in fact I am just another loser
But complaining does nothing in changing these times
Lights don't stay on from mediocre rhymes.

The Gain I Take From You

I'm gonna tear you through your cloth
Behind,
These walls tears
You will find yourself alone
Falling
But feel no fears
I will atone your petty thoughts
And
Kill your lot
You will not begin to grasp
Faith
That I just taught

Cant Relate Every Single Thing

The time I learned this way dark comes.
Before not knowing with will that runs.

Never was I told about banshees holding to dragons.
Just to get ready for every try the turns misshapen.

Now walking through gas of stale air.
Not being able to angrily give you a share.

I love comparing life to childhood days.
Like games girls and the friend who stays.

But my trick isn't pushing down line.
I cant relate to this wrong way sign.

It goes like this a simple Zelda game.
Picking up weapons hold my life tame.

So comes a single adventurous quest.
No matter what to uproot this test.

But nobody told me the monster in this level.
Only to stare petrified and opposed to revel.

What magazine guide was this demon in.
My woman screwing my own brother kin.

The Fall is Okay

Well your voice came in easy
In that font of New Times Roman
But the words don't really matter
Your leaving has been woven
No matter weather
We aint together
Just one bird a feather
I still feel the sand beneath me
Now that shade comes a creeping
See the wind still goes around there
But my mood boards on a reaping
I see a crows nest
Better take my rest
My momma knows what's best
Well ive never seen an igloo
But ive made a lot of noises
I don't care about the big men
I wont listen to their voices
I can stand up
Hold out my cup
You know I am no pup

Not Another Self Help on Success

There is an anger that stokes flames of beauty.
But can erase a century,
Destroy and entire history.

How to find the perfection and join eternity.
To have eyes and pass the blind,
learn and execute a successful mind.

The only wind to have never been beaten
A simple but neglected seed
By taking away the emotional weed.

For the only way forward is actually separation.
The learned wrath,
of an adaptive sociopath.

Deemed inhuman they hide in our home.
Seemingly normal and predictable,
as terrifying and empty as they are indictable.

They decide all while you are thinking.
A being made entirely,
statistical probability and finality.

You hold something that is only restraining.
For bearing a moral compass,
Is the pace of growing fungus.

Shoot the wound and burn your skin.
The way to stop a bullet they figure,
is be the one pulling the trigger.

The brother You Know

They say, to watch the line you tow.
better to stick, with the devil you know.
But a brother, who stays in reach.
a accolade, nobody can teach.
No matter, the gaining piles.
Distance and passing miles.
Even that push, that shoves a little too far.
With wide eyes open, in front of cop car.
Running into their fight, for no reason.
as if backing down, would be treason.
But the hand, that's always there.
What you need, is what they share.
Even if the blood, is not the same.
The parts together, heat to flame
Having your back, throughout this show.
Luckily they, are the brother you know.

Titles Say It All

Why the hell do we do this
Is it just some rhetorical test
The choices before your endless rest
Are we waiting
For a cold cement tomb
An eternity in a windowless room
I can see how they lose
Dropping all the normal thought
The right or wrong we were taught
Maybe its easier to have nothing
The killers and all the droolers
Rather then trading places with company rulers
Lets just go out singing
Look at the bright side life
Till you realize every single thing is strife

I Will Miss You

Well they say the saints go marching.
When the music comes around.
In a hall with glorious stones that rise up arching.
This place in my mind is where heaven can be found.
I hold this tight for myself more than thy.
What we have takes effort, takes mistakes.
Forced and pushed as weaving your first tie.
But then was comfort, then soul and shakes.
Now a statue we both hold in our pocket.
Forever bound a metal rising rocket.
You appreciate me as other people will.
But I hold closest my soul that you fill.
My friend my brother my astonishing opus.
I wont fail I wont deny this golden compass.
Thankyou not for everything you are to me
but showing me the only heaven I like to be.

The How the Was and Stupidity

I speak with the broken.
I do with the quiet as the woken.
These times rarely interesting nor palpable.
Not that I mind conversation so casual.
But pesky words.
Similar sounding chords.
When they ask how was it?
How was it?
How that life is?
Did you like it?
Yeah sure ups and downs.
I go through the rounds.
It was just my job.
Head pumping vein throb.
I jumped off helos saved a few souls.
Swimming 7s along and over the shoals.
When I think of times I had?
How they thank my service?
How I hate it every time?
Did I like the CG?
I did glorious things.
But now the bell rings.
Is not what I did.
But not is wont rid.
Sick its makes my insides.
The curved sword that divides.
When people want to know?
How I thought about life when?
How I changed character so tall?
Did I surpass that stupid question?
I fester knowing it was my fault.
That is okay.
Only bed I will lay.

So stop for history is to stay.
Its my wound to bathe in salt.
What use is this past.
This broken useless cast.
I still obey still hold this mast.
But then maybe even
maybe nothing at all
This is not truly
Not even a memory at all

A powerful Stranger

Hidden in a bar where the lights stay off
down a jagged stone valley
A gradual gloom in another witches womb
Well its true and cheap
Where people go if life's a sham
stuck in,
quicksand
As you settle in the room and the angels give their byes
In stalks a man with Black and blue eyes

The Separate Self Help

A one finality, a silent anger who stokes flames and beauty.
But is incarnate impossible misery,
The talent destroys, makes written history.

Not teachable but some join this eternity.
They and it who have eyes that reason a worth of blind,
learned and executed their successful minds.

The only wind to have never been beaten
A simple but secret hidden seed
By foundation to missing emotional need.

For the only way forward is actually separation.
The unstoppable wrath,
of the adaptive sociopath.

Deemed inhuman they hide in our home.
Seemingly normal and predictable,
as terrifying and empty but easily minimal.

They who decide for thou who wrestle.
A being made entirely,
statistical probability and finality.

You hold something that is only restraining.
For using some morality fabricated.
They stand among the progress awaited.

Shoot the wound and burn your skin.
The way to stop a bullet they figure,
is be the one pulling the trigger.

The Only Gift I Know

I was founded and bounded in my flesh held and locked in the eternity that is insanity.
I cowered in the sympathy and empathy from of everyone hopeless humanity.
Hopeless look to find a hope and I closed my eyes around every calamity
Never will I follow in gods worship or hope for gifts from divine.
But only ask to never whisper a change what makes life sublime.
Do not remove anything that would cover how you shine.
If every demon is to an angel and we all have our endings.
Then the moon shines above so the world can see her ascending.
Every saint and every single vanity, learn a love that is unending.

I have seen what creates the start of life in their eyes.
The connecting of worlds by her hands as ties.
Felt the fear like the wind of the oceans deafening cries.

I can't just look up and have hope from the blue above.
Move to a monastery and fit as a holy glove.
But as I sleep I keep a smile that exists from love.

Letting Loose Wrongful the Hate

I crossed a line that was cast
deep in volcanic rock.

Then forgot to check prisoner
inside I had locked

Then a familiar stranger waits
tick and tock.

What lies inside is trifled
and filled of blinding fire.

He can roam the hills forever **Verse**
leave burned bridges in his wake.

Born from the ashes
of the murderer's fiery lake.

I lost control I spoke to soon,
I really made a mess.

For the other man got loose **Chorus**
and deserved me a noose

The Angels look down
and sadly they say

The boy down there
has truly lost his way

No starting over
no more wetting clay

Our fathers tell us
be better than me

It is all to simple
just look up and you'll see

tell the truth if you can
and that loveing is the key

But I lost all control
pushed the one I held.

Alone in night

our life I had felled.
But she hears
my soul who yells.
I lost control I spoke to soon.
I really made a mess.
For the other man got loose
and deserved me a noose

The Meaning

In eyes as clear as glass I see
That wisdom of love is for me

To hold in time and cherish much
Lovely emotions: hugs, and such.

The storied tale, the honey bee
Know best to see my loves plea

When unfortunate is the fate,
The many join and share the plate.

Through sweet, or sour, they are there
To share with you, from your care.

I the learned the smiling of your teeth,
To cherish body not is the least

That one human can humbly do,
For her to know love that is true.

My Best Bud

When I'm fallen
I feel I'm flying
around my best friend
The cold cold winter
Can't even bothers
He keeps me warm
Smiles to my face
No matter the case
fluffy and full of joy
He is so good to me
He is the best of boys
Maybe can't talk at all
But always there if I fall.

Out The Window of a Train

I rode for ages as a passenger frozen
The metal rolling on is what i had chosen
Silent with eyes burning I felt every bump
Sudden were the turns but still in my slump
The sharpness of the whistle yammering above
I the slow and cripple unknowing to your love.

Drawn to the window out in the distance
A sun setting leaving all existence.
But tassels and leather strings and picks
made the train hit the bricks
You showed me this was the hour
That to move the train was my power
I have bult new metal on tracks
On and away I did all of the cracks
Strong and fast the train moves on
Crimson and clover the whistles song.

Are You the Thought Are You the Feel?

Enter our guy, a hopeless romantic
Emulating his feeling, truthful but manic
Lucky he enters, silence he holds
He never falls but maybe folds
The chance is, now, and if his fear stinks
Cares he wont, with ringing cuff links
Decorated the man, a listening and care
Capable not constant, what he has is rare
Romantic the man, who only feels
from that fishing line, where nothing reels
While waiting calm, are his arms
Finds fire from focus, growing and warms
Through the meadow, you must trot
You will find, what you sought
But beware, a damning path
Those who think, will find their wraith
Sheltering all desire, hides hope away
For fighting their heart, kills their someday
Confined by fear, their mirror ignored.
at least in Icarus, tried his soul to soar

The Gift of Site

Steps leading fixed by plan.
To look forward to what I can.
Talk through volley and serves.
Defeat the wind sweeping my nerves.
Pain is worn through the night.
Inside made torn barely visible is the light.
I hold and have held your hand in mine.
Love and respect on a mountain to shine.
I do this because there is more to me.
You stay to show what I can be.
But I fight all that I have inside.
Deep under the rage will collide.
I the blind corrected in light
Still have you to be my site.