

# Anthology of Vaughn Walker



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

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## Here I Stand

There he is standing on the hill.  
Uncertain if he's seen.  
He can be a hero still.  
But it seems too late.  
To fix what's broken.  
If he can't escape what's still a dream.

And nothing but a memory.  
As the tears fall down.  
You must always remember the love he gave.

Time it seems.  
The enemy of men.  
What you thought you had.  
Falls to ashes.

## The Golden

For the noble ones.  
To do what no one wants.  
Use our words as weapons.  
Leaving nothing unspoken.  
And the open doors receding.  
Chasing nothing.

We thought we knew.  
Humble beginnings all but lost.  
The dead man say they had a heart.  
Please pray.  
Please pray.  
Left nothing for the others.  
A masquerade.  
A masquerade.

Prayers to the men.  
Atop their golden chairs.  
Not giving strength.  
Prepare a seat.  
Make us full.  
Tear and pull.

The drum it beats.  
You must feel many things.  
I will sing to you a dream.  
Try not to think and let it fade.

Your insides betray.  
Your heart still.  
It's harder.  
Harder still.



## Waves

This fleeting feeling.  
I remember well.  
The waves that crash.  
I'm still.

Falling further.  
Further down.  
But when you love.  
Love me well.

Light a candle.  
Courage still.  
In remembrance offer me respite.  
To catch myself.

Lies in the dark.  
Glowing black embers.  
To learn acceptance.  
Will be thy comfort.  
Take my hand.  
Pull me up.

## Whispering Winds

Whispering winds.  
Fields of dark and grey.  
I hearken back to you.  
Hold me close to your chest.  
Then it's gone.

From the foothills.  
To the forests.  
Life alive and well.  
It moves ever shifting.  
With purpose, with aim.

You never change.  
Atop the mountains.  
Changing seasons.  
Unwilling to come down.  
The thought last forever.  
You can't let go.  
It's far too painful a thought.

## Pale Moon Rise

More wolves here.  
They prowl, they move.  
Light the fire.  
Illuminate the unapparent.  
Protect what's left.

Snow covered wood.  
Bleached white air.  
Little falling disasters.  
Oh helpless feelings.

Night skies full of mystery.  
Falling stars.  
I'm no longer wishing.  
Howling distant, but ever present.  
Pale moon rise.

Wash me in the river.  
To sanctify the heart.  
This winters twilight slumber softly.  
Amongst the peril of the night.



## Cosmic Wildflowers

Amber streams sparkle.  
They jump and dance across the sky.  
Unknown are our creators.  
Like our hands, galaxies intertwined.  
Nebulas of purple and crimson.  
Gently swirl in time.  
Cosmic wildflowers.  
No other words that can describe.  
Oh creation above.  
Wake our hearts.  
Inspire their creativity.  
But most of all, teach us humility.

## A Father Passes

It was summer.  
The leaves about to change.  
It was late.  
When the phone began to ring.

The news had been given.  
His heart began to sink.  
Please God rewind the story.  
I need more to say.

The nursing home cold and sterile.  
This isn't where you belong.  
You should've been where it was warm.

You were still breathing.  
But so cold.  
Is this where you go?  
In this room for months.  
With no escape.  
Nothing but a cell.

I don't know if you heard me.  
I didn't know what to say.  
After all this time, can I still be forgiven?  
For the guilt I felt.  
But I saw them take you away.

No more conversations.  
No more laughs.  
And worst of all.  
The void that's left.

Can I hug you still?

Give me the comfort.  
Strengthen my convictions.  
But the father passes and the son remains.

I will carry you always.  
In my heart and in my mind.  
And that can never be taken.

But your blood continues to flow.  
And you will live on.  
Because I am my father.  
No matter what I change.

Until we meet again.  
I will create my own memories.  
Raise my family.  
Create the roots.  
So that you may live on.

I lost my father.  
It was August.  
At sunrise.  
The disease took you away.  
You sons present.  
With the daughter you never had.  
And a wife and mother, that embodied an angel that helped you pass on.

## Running in the Beach House

Walking through the beach grass.  
Sand between my toes.  
Distant waves crashing.  
It's time to go home.

Running in the beach house.  
Tracking wet footprints.  
Change clothes in a hurry.  
Up the stairs full sprint.

Later after dinner.  
Kids have to take out the trash.  
Must've weighed a hundred pounds.  
Parents twice my size.  
Doesn't seem fair.

Night winding down.  
A spades match has begun.  
Step onto the porch.  
Dad's smoking.  
Then I notice the stars.

Pointing at the sky.  
Dad is that the Milky Way? How far away is it?  
He always had an answer.  
My father who had immensurable wisdom.

Tide is coming in.  
Waves crash against the rocks.  
With a gentle summer breeze.  
It would turn out to be my fondest memory.

## Cry Wolf

For all of my life.  
From friend to foe.  
I've been told my failures.  
From the narcissist hordes.

Never would I reciprocate.  
Because I lack control.  
Set your world ablaze.  
I never cared.

I can see the future.  
Dodge and evade at best.  
Don't waste my words.  
I hate this most.

But remember how it feels.  
On the table.  
As they dissect you.  
To reveal your inadequacies.  
Cry Wolf.

## Sick

Sick of him.

Sick of her.

Pretending to be in love.

People don't know their fake.

The struggles.

The arguments.

Behind close doors.

It's falling apart.

Oh our house built on stilts.

Confess to ourselves.

When things aren't right.

It's not always giving up.

If it was never a love story to begin with.

## Holding Hands With a Stranger

Her memories more distant now.  
Only brief flashes.  
A happier moment.  
A familiar face.

But the memories become harder to recall.  
And the dense fog rolls in.  
Holding hands with a stranger.

The flame all but extinguished.  
The love of his life.  
A shell of what once was.  
He will carry the memories for her.

But a vow was made.  
A promise.  
Though she couldn't see.  
He never left her side.

## Preacher

Preacher.

Your group is making rounds.

Burning books.

And raising psychotic juveniles.

Pointing fingers.

But concealing your horns.

Come one, come all!

Salvation is at the next door!

Clamoring to burn in Hell.

For the witchcraft they read.

Of flying wizards and vampires.

Oh heresy indeed!

The Devil is in your clergy.

He's most charismatic and kind.

The egotistical think themselves cherished.



But they are all just dreadfully blind.

## Little White Pills

One foot in chaos.

One foot in beginnings.

Little white pills.

To stop the nightmare from repeating.

Now I'm numb.

And I can't decide.

Which side of the blade I prefer.

I know it's wrong.

I have people that care, that love.

I know they depend.

That I have an impact.

On many, and it goes beyond me.

But it's a fatal flaw.

To be born with awareness.

And if you don't take aim.

At something at all.

The creature will grow.

So onward and upward.

Or not at all.

## Dawn It Breaks Everyday

I am calm.

My eyes gaze upon the sky.

The parting great clouds.

The rain that once poured.

Begins to trickle against my face.

The humid air begins to rise.

Clouds of steam at my feet.

The world once deafened.

Begins to sing.

Life starts anew.

I finally begin to see.

Nothing's dead forever.

Dawn it breaks everyday.

## Evenfall

Sky of rose and tangerine.  
Gently swinging summer trees.  
I can't help but reminisce.  
Of fonder memories.  
As dusk is chased by nightfall.  
Fireflies begin to speak.  
My feet planted firm.  
But I've drifted far away.  
I can't stay here forever.  
Besides.  
Such worldly beauties are temporary.  
And only a select few.

## The Knights Castle

A knight at the castle gates.  
Prepared to give his life.  
The drawbridge opens.  
The trumpets sound.  
His honor not in question.  
But now is the time.

His armor once golden.  
That shined against the Sun.  
Now bloodied and heavy.  
His sword once righteous.  
Now knows the terrible truth.  
To keep peace, there must be war.

The men he doesn't know.  
Many he has killed.  
He knows not their faces.  
Only the blood on his sword.

There once was a philosopher.  
That said "All men are evil until proven otherwise".  
We can't all be knights.  
But some part resides.  
A craving for power.  
That all men hide.

## Walking Through the Wood

Walking through the wood.  
Promising paths ahead.  
But others have walked here.  
On roads that can be seen.  
Wait long enough.  
The forest it grows.  
Denser by the season.  
Less to see.  
Less to be.  
Better to have taken steps.  
Than to wait.  
Times an enemy.  
Invisible as it seems.

## Never Looking Up

Canopy of trees.

Cool calm breeze.

Looking up at creation.

Nothing can compare.

Busy people.

Walking all about.

Never stopping.

Never looking up.

There is beauty abound.

For those willing to wait.

You'll never know what you're missing.

If you're always looking at your feet.



## Open Your Eyes

It's not making sense.  
Open your eyes.  
Look into mine.  
That's where we go when we die.

Wake me up from this trance.  
I swear I've tried many times.  
I've tried to explain.  
But I simply can't recoup.

I need you more.  
But I can't admit the severity.  
My insecurity rules with impunity.  
So I'm in a empty room.  
Hoping for miracles.

Angel come down from the sky.  
Swing your mighty lance.  
And mend what's broken.  
Fill in the cracks.  
And give the answers.

## Dead Roses

Dead roses.  
In a vase with clean water.  
Seems a trivial pursuit.  
To pretend their still living.  
Clip the leaves.  
Give them Sun.  
But you've tried your best.  
What a waste.  
To throw something so beautiful in the trash.

## Today

Today.

Today we choose.

To brighten our world.

Change the winds direction.

Chase what we cherish.

Cross the enduring current.

Promises are empty.

Today will be tomorrow.

## You or not at all

I'm hanging the curtains.  
Ever since you left.  
Making this home for one.  
Finally got around to doing the things you asked of me.

Looks like I finally did it.  
My innocence finally ran out.  
Broken promises my middle name.  
By the time I got better.  
It seemed too late.

I'm sure you're happier.  
Now that I'm not around.  
I should've known.  
When we would talk on the phone.  
Forcing conversation.  
Asking about your day.

But all you could think was.  
He only hurts me.  
You've forgotten what my love was.  
And I don't blame you.  
But I can't bear the thought of another.  
Sweeping you off your feet.

Tell me you still love me.  
Even if it's not true.  
Maybe we can fill the house again.  
With love and laughter.

Stay up late.

Watching your movies I secretly hate.

It's you or nothing.

I fell.

I lost myself.

We cried.

Just know that wasn't me.