

# Anthology of The Lost Hawk



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*My only dedication to anyone who listens to my words formed into a tissue, is that you wipe your eyes and remember that even if nobody cares. I care and even when I pass my piano tunes will still be there with you to listen to.*

## Acknowledgement

Yeah you, you that just read, listened, or cried to my melody always know that you are and will forever be worth more than what others measure or coin you to be known for. You are a innocent heart in this cursed world of black lungs and red eyes. Remove the black ribbon and breathe again, for only then will you truly be alive.

## About the author

I nobody but the image that your mind memorized my voice through my words to be. Some will love me, some will hate me, and some will cry with me. It all depends on how far you will hold up that steel wall to not let your emotions flood out finally and remember when you were down the real ones that were always with you. So let me remind you . Your Soul loves you enough to fight the evil every day, Your heart adores you enough to Dance to a beat to keep you moving , and Your blood is obsessed with being close to you which is why it is shy to see that keeps you warm even though your skin is hurt and your mind is freezing. Love yourself because in the real world nobody can love you if you don't love YOU first. Blessings be to the world and the words of the most high. And blessings be to you reader and listener as my words soothe you so relax and enjoy the ride.

## summary

Cold Hands

Forgotten Thought

The Ballad of the Fox and the Magic Sparrow

Story of The White Tiger and the Black Lion

The fight of The Night Victim

## Cold Hands

Blood runs cold, and the skin crusts over,  
Glazed eyes turn to glass, crying on a broken shoulder,  
Heart has lost it touched, blood is moving slower,  
This famous inhale, now exhaled a crimson boulder,  
Trapped in this coffin, that the eyes pledge is a window pane,  
Sinking further down, and yet the pain feels the same,  
These tears that fall down, heat my head with flames,  
What is love, what is wisdom, what is hope, what is sane,  
Bury the hatchet, and stoke the river,  
That's exactly how we came,  
Remember that I am the echo you hear, in the black midnight rain,  
Who am I ? I am nothing, and something all the same,  
But that is enough for now, until it comes again,

## Forgotten Thought

Did you fly from the breeze front, carried by the winded clasping of my hand?  
Were you Ill gotten by the barren promise, that my mind created beforehand?  
Could you sing me a lullaby, the soft silken melody that reaches to my heart?  
Were sublime submission the echo that cartwheeled throughout my existence, long before the new light ripped it apart?  
One, Two, Three, Four , run... Run once more,  
Now tell my once and twice again, something to imprint into my core,  
Tell me and I might forget, teach me and I might not learn, include me and I will always remember,  
Such a chaliced cherry wine, my fingers unclasp on this starry night with timber,  
The beckoned music of the Friday evanescence,  
Another fatal turn of the clock, begets me locked within your presence,  
Do you remember the time that?  
No no, do you remember saying?  
How about when we ?  
See, just that fast I was before you screaming,  
Now I am but the figment of your imagination dreaming,

## The Ballad of the Fox and the Magic Sparrow

I ran away, far away from the happiness and the laughter,  
I pounced into the arms of the madness and tormented emotions after,  
I painted a canvas of my life with a paper and pencil,  
But lost was my sanity and reality that was shattered with the mirrored glitch, of a million pixels,  
Songs of love I carried a for with a hatred inside,  
Rewinding the tracks that had enough room to take the thoughts in my mind,  
Yet as I fled with tears burning down my face,  
A glowing sparrow under the moonlight, fully ignited my hiding place,  
It sung to me, yet as a monster I was installed to feast,  
Night and day it sang and sang, until finally it quenched my beast,  
Changing eyes, and a sharp ended beak,  
A beautiful body, and hair that could douse the flames that tried to steal a peek,  
This vagabond, this dirty and broken pile of bone,  
I have starved and starved, beeseching to find a home,  
Have I found my voice, is that the music inside me,  
Oh, oh how I dream and dream and pray then wish, to follow you with gliding,  
When all my pain was gone and lamely here I lay,  
Somewhere in the woods, I saw your eyes delay,  
Showing me that sacrifice, of loving a cursed beast within a stained glass box,  
So I crawled to you until I lost my breath and inside yours did it lock,  
My dying gaze, my slowing heart, watched you change your shape,  
Now I can happily fade in the evermore of the blissful crimson waves,  
Worry not my glowing sparrow, for I have taught you how to fly,  
But it wasn't until I learned that you were a resting phoenix,  
That I became a obsessed victim...  
Of this untimely new divide,  
Shave my fur and rip my skin,  
Call out to my beast within,  
Shatter this shackle bound prison,  
That borders between you,  
...  
And I,





## Story of The White Tiger and the Black Lion

Shirt,  
Pants,  
And face,  
All covered in Fresh Cherry Wine,  
Hands,  
Arms,  
And feet,  
Mostly bruised after she explained to me that I am only hers and without her is a lie,  
Lips,  
Eyes,  
And nose,  
Remember the taste, sight, and smell from the last time she worshiped me in the bedroom,  
Ears,  
Skin,  
And bones,  
Still vibrate with hunger just to clasp onto her warmth again if for only the last tomb,  
Voice,  
Throat,  
And teeth,  
All sung the song of arsenic nightmares, that always turn into a beautiful daydream,  
Tongue,  
Saliva,  
And strength,  
Yearn for the whimper her mouth made, when she desired to submit into the animalistic and cardinal void called her Master ... or Sire with nothing in between,  
Yelps,  
Screams,  
And bliss,  
Sprang from the ritual only two bodies can make when locked in the power or dark temptation and sultry bliss,  
Blood,  
Sweat,  
And tears,

Are the drugs and the addiction that brings her back for more,

...

My dear little tiger,

This is the present and gift you've always yearned for,

The hypnotic elevation, not many understand anymore,

.

The full submission to the master of ,pain, pleasure, and something a little Hardcore

## The fight of The Night Victim

1,  
2,  
3,  
4, Run,  
The moon is high and the sun is on the run,  
4,  
3,  
2,  
1, Gun,  
Blank round and loud sounds spindle symptoms that were puked from the barrels hum,  
10 O'Clock,  
12 O'Clock,  
2 O'Clock  
None, I just fell once more down the bottom of this whiskey bottle,  
1 O'Clock,  
3 O'Clock,  
9 O'Clock,  
My gums,  
Bleeding on the pavement that I was born from,  
My weeping piano now sings horror sad tunes,  
Lost tears that I left frozen on the mirror in the bathroom,  
Flashlight,  
Nightlight,  
Daylight,  
Burn,  
My body was lame laying with cherry wine not knowing where it's coming from,  
Maybe it was my every orifice,  
Kinda funny because when I was younger all I ever wanted dollar bills and some porches,  
My black heart got cold flames from Noah's arc,  
And so I ripped it out and threw down the tunnel that harbors the hate that society gives freely to the  
little kids and demons now,  
- Lost

