

Skip This One

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Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

My free will and time

Acknowledgement

Those random thoughts at 3 a.m.

About the author

Treat me a meal and we can open up the therapy session

summary

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Warmth

Time unexpectedly ran out for us,
For once, all I wanted was a pulse,
Yet the cold hands intertwined with mine,
Is all that was left of my beautiful bride.

I saw a tear escaping your eye,
But quickly noticed it was mine,
A tear injected with mixed emotions,
Unable to untangle the whole situation.

Your name, left a stain in me,
My beloved, love, set me free,
To be free from this piercing pain,
With a selfish hope to meet again.

Your cold body laid to me on the bed,
As I whispered, screamed and begged,
For them to take my life in return,
To have my soul left ready to burn.

No matter how close our bodies are,
My warmth couldn't reach you, there, afar,
My love, your hands starting to slip,
As we share your last warmth on the lips.

Down The Spiral

Eyes burned igniting a spark,
As winter night coated by a forever dark,
Moving one's body ever so slightly,
As harsh end awaits ever so quietly.

The spark reaches the young wild heart,
Creating tensions befitting a work of art,
More so rippling through the quiet sea,
An unpredictable yet unsurprising scene.

Sounds of horror shrieks beneath,
As wind spiral, guiding the lead,
To let go of the unreachable, unforeseen,
Force by a price for an expected dream.

Down the path as forever goes,
Down the spiral into the forever known,
A fitted mask worn too long ago,
Slightly loosen as the show must go.

As dark fog continues to thicken,
Madness crawls within prediction,
As voices plead, begging forgiveness,
Blue flowers left as unlawful witness.

Shadows now replaced what was once,
A brightly gullible naïve little dunce,
As forever dark leads the way,
Turning a brightly colored world grey.

Hero remark

Tiredness in the eyes,
Gazed upon a promised future,
Built strongly by every mere lies,
As inevitable marched further.

A fixed role of a captain,
The hero of a mass fantasy,
Lost, shriveled and beaten,
At a place where blood meet the sea.

Stripped down, below and behold,
The saint, savior of our days,
Forced away to act and rose,
Saving misery from burning blaze.

Shame ate away the hero's soul,
Seeing the greed, the poor, the lie,
His last moments chained in gold,
As he drowned, a coward's goodbye.

By Blood

You and I, mistakenly different,
Stabbed my back, yet I'm the ignorant,
Of course, we're bound by our promise,
As our blood stained the walls of abyss.

You were there, always here,
Watching closely, gripping me with fears,
With dreaded shackles seen for days,
By our blood, you lived for the chase.

With a deep breath, I aimlessly walked,
Then ran, hoping the shackles to unlock,
Twists and tricks, I turned to the sky,
By our blood, that promise was a lie.

I've seen the truth, written clearly,
You weren't you, the one I've missed dearly,
A bloody mess unwrapped the scene,
As time quietly standstill in our teens.

A painted picture of betrayal and hurt,
Our blood stained our favorite shirts,
As the knife held by a familiar face,
As both of our existence slowly erased.

Midnight Whispers

Nights suffocated with murmurs,
Surrounded by silhouettes of stars,
Gathering around those bonded by rumors,
While lighting dozens of cigars.

Breeze wrapped those of lost souls,
Mimicking a loved one's hug,
Those who walked among the ghosts,
Roaming with us in the dark.

My Love, My Regret

I thought of you and me,
Together, planning our dreams,
With hopes our future come to be,
With hopes you saw what I mean.

I can imagine us to be forever,
Staying in or strolling around,
I didn't really expect another,
Someone to take in my crown.

Your presence still lingers,
In the house, used to be ours,
As every room filled with anger,
As every meal I tasted sour.

I wished, I can turn back time,
And stopped the day we met,
But then I'll never see my dime,
My love, my greatest regret.

The Day I Realised

As my mind flooded with worries and doubts,
I noticed the strings attached to me,
Were abruptly cut short.

Voices from crowds,
Cheering me on from the start,
Divided, as each to their own,
While I waited for any cheer,
Especially from home.

I took a deep breath,
And laid down, staring hard,
At the ceiling until it reached dawn,
Thinking I'm on this journey,
All on my own.

I realized,
It was never a gift,
It was never a blessing,
To be called special,
If it meant I'll be forever tied,
Of becoming that ideal person.

An average person,
Trying to complete a,
One in a life time trial,
Which seemed to me,
Felt like a million miles.

A Sinner's Confession

Bags and bags of sand,
Carried by a familiar silhouette,
A feeling many could understand,
A price heavier than debt.

Through the endless heap of bushes,
Careful not to make a sound,
People here spread the hush and shushes,
While the sinners are around.

So quietly carry those bags,
Over to the stream nearby,
Be careful not to brag,
Or else rumors will fly.

Let those sand flow,
Along the stream nearby,
You're at your lowest of low,
A stream of endless cry.

But don't go just yet,
It's dark but a clear sky,
See your reflection up ahead,
And give yourself another try.

One Way Ticket

At 3 a.m. I saw a train,
Passing beneath the gently wind,
Coveted by a heavy rain,
Merely passing in.

I peaked in closer to see,
And saw all the happy faces,
So the next time at three,
I just followed their traces.

A lot I don't know,
Such as where it will go,
Much like a closed door,
Less like the winter snow.

So next night struck three,
I wore a suit and tie,
Left my phone on the scene,
With a letter goodbye.

Never in a long time,
My heart felt at ease,
Looking straight ahead,
Waiting for the train.

And alas it was in front of me,
I handed him the ticket,
Yet he tore it apart,
And gave me a smile instead.

"My child, you still have time,"
"I will let you on one day,"
"Until then, value the cost of a dime,"

"And always repent as one would say."

And so he left me with a light,

I watched as the train went by,

"Hey kid, are you alright?"

"You passed out, jumping from behind."

Mirror your image

To the young, holder of time,
To the old, far off wise,
To the sinner, quarter to dime,
To the saint, keeper of lies.
Thou vanity seeped once more,
Thou arrogant will only show.

Depths

The depths, the depths of the ocean,
I laid my eyes as I felt ever so down,
Into the bottomless pitch of the ocean,
My breath was a midst,
While the darkness becomes my witness,
As I plunged further down beneath.

I saw my life, I saw myself, I saw the rest,
As I fell down below,
A bouquet of rose,
An applause of hope and
A set of chess fallen from the board.

My eyes laid awake once more,
As I plunged in deeper than before,
With my last breath, greeting God in front of the door,
As I write this whole end with sorrow.