

Anthology of Ethan Mikel St.Amour

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To the people who believed in me when I struggled to believe in myself.

Thank you for giving me a reason to keep writing.

About the author

Ethan Mikel St. Amour is a young and enthusiastic writer who is passionate about using words to explore the many emotions that make us human. Through his writing, Ethan hopes to show others that everyone is capable of experiencing love, regret, sadness, anger, kindness, fear, and hope in their own unique way.

His work focuses mainly on poems and haikus, often exploring emotions, personal thoughts, nature, relationships, and the darker or more mysterious sides of life. Ethan enjoys turning simple ideas and feelings into meaningful pieces of writing that readers can connect with and interpret in their own way.

Rather than trying to tell readers exactly what to feel, Ethan's goal is to create writing that makes people stop, think, and perhaps see their own experiences reflected in his words. His work is inspired by the belief that even the smallest thought or emotion can become something worth writing about.

As he continues to grow as a writer, Ethan hopes to develop his own unique style and create poems that leave a lasting impression on those who read them.

summary

Starlight

Mysteries Beneath the Earth

"Crimson Symphony: A Ode to the Red Sunset"

The Golden Hour

Azure Dawn

The Electric Symphony

Brooklyn's Radiant Grace

Red Streaks of Tears and Light

Clouds over the sun

The Purple Sun

My love for my dear girl

Truth of war

Hues of Vivid Nature

Dusk until dawn

No man's land of the Crimson Painter

Night Walker

Flowers Along The Stream (Short)

Flowers in the night {Haiku}

Glowing Mushrooms

The fire element

The Water Element

The Earth Element

The Life Element

The Sand Spirits

Love is strong

Ghosts of Yakuza

Hidden in the water

Something is watching above

dont walk away

Fire among the water

Crimson desert

lilys under a dawn morning

I miss you dad

Alzheimers

Ancient cloth

Poseidon

A fairy in my garden

No escape

NO NO NO NO NO

Night has fallen

Locked away

Why my love?

No turning back

A little farm

Waiting and watching

Archangels kingdom

Maneater

Loving on you

Horrid

On fire

what would you do?

Shes at the club

Jealousy

Gone too soon

One day

The sun is crying

Withering away

Frozen cloud along the swamp

Death

Working Man

Churning Love

Cobra

Drifting away

Dragon Skin

Death

Terror

Are we alien?

Broken Warriors

sin of wrath

My Love

Valhalla

Misery

Alone

Gazing

where are you my love

Woven in light

damaged

Hold me like im gone

No chains left

They wear my face

Pyschopath

Purple Starlight

Sand Walkers

Love like Lavender Thorns

One More Flight

Green Scars Cover My Soul

Fear Beneath My Skin

ADHD Is My Devil

Inside The Madness

Serial Killer

Light Doesn't Ask Permission

Mimic

What am I? Who am I?

A Wish Beneath a Dying Sun

The Photograph

The Mirror

The Attic

Bipolar

Accident

Starlight

Beneath the velvet sky, a whispered plea,
As stars shine bright in a tapestry.
Life's fragile dance, a fleeting sight,
Moments cherished in gentle light.

With each twinkle, a story unfolds,
Secrets of the universe, yet untold.
In cosmic silence, dreams take flight,
Bound by the beauty of the night.

The stars, like life, will fade away,
But their essence lingers, an eternal sway.
So let us listen to their whispered art,
And find solace in the love they impart.

Mysteries Beneath the Earth

In the depths where secrets dwell,
Beneath our feet, an unseen spell,
Lies a humble cloak, both dark and pure,
The silent cradle from which life does endure.

Oh, precious dirt, mysterious and kind,
In your gentle embrace, secrets unwind,
Beneath your surface, a tapestry weaves,
A symphony of life, the Earth's heartbeat perceives.

Within your grains, ancient stories reside,
Of kingdoms that flourished, then gently died,
Through cycles of birth, decay, and rebirth,
You nurture existence, the essence of Earth.

From tiny seeds that find solace in your embrace,
Emerges life's kaleidoscope, vibrant and ablaze,
Roots reach out, seeking your hidden treasures,
A dance of resilience, where hope truly measures.

Majestic trees stretch their branches tall,
Whispering tales of strength and growth for all,
Flowers bloom, painting colors with grace,
A testament to life's ever-changing embrace.

Beneath your layers, creatures creep,
Worms and beetles, their secrets they keep,
They toil and dig, turning soil to gold,
A hidden ballet of miracles untold.

And when the rain falls, a symphony plays,
As droplets caress your sacred maze,
Awakening dormant seeds from their slumber,

To dance with the sun, a jubilant number.

Oh, humble dirt, how we owe you our breath,
In every harvest, your worth we confess,
For you hold the essence of life's sacred quest,
The cradle of existence, where dreams manifest.

So let us cherish you, oh unassuming earth,
For within your depths, the miracle of birth,
A reminder that life, both delicate and grand,
Emerges from darkness, guided by your gentle hand.

"Crimson Symphony: A Ode to the Red Sunset"

In hues of fire, the sun descends,
Casting its red glow, the day transcends.
A celestial artist's brush it wields,
Painting the sky as the world yields.

Behold! The red sunset's grand display,
A captivating scene that takes breath away.
A tapestry of crimson, gold, and rose,
A masterpiece that nature sweetly bestows.

As shadows lengthen, the horizon ablaze,
The sun's last embrace before the twilight haze.
A symphony of colors, a cosmic delight,
Filling the heavens, banishing the night.

Silhouettes dance against the glowing sky,
Birds soaring, bidding the sun goodbye.
The world beneath bathed in scarlet light,
As day meets dusk, merging in perfect sight.

Whispers of wind carry the sun's final kiss,
A tender touch, a fleeting moment of bliss.
The Earth, a canvas, in crimson hues dressed,
Nature's love story, eternally impressed.

With each passing second, the spectacle wanes,
The sun's farewell, a melancholy refrain.
Yet in memories, the red sunset shall endure,
A timeless beauty, forever pure.

So let us bask in the splendor's embrace,
Marvel at the red sunset's celestial grace.
For as the day's end ignites the skies' birth,

We find solace in nature's awe-inspiring worth.

The Golden Hour

In the canvas of night, a palette divine,
The dark yellow moonlight begins to shine.
Its golden tendrils caress the world's curves,
Infusing each moment with hues that preserve.

Like daffodils blooming in meadows so fair,
The moon's yellow touch paints the tranquil air.
It spills on the meandering river's flow,
Gilding the ripples with a radiant glow.

Through dense forests, where shadows reside,
The yellow moonlight becomes our guide.
It dapples the leaves with a lemony kiss,
Elevating the ordinary to ethereal bliss.

In city streets, bathed in nocturnal gleam,
The yellow moonlight casts a vibrant theme.
Illuminating buildings, casting warm embrace,
Enchanting the city with its golden grace.

Upon the faces of dreamers, fast asleep,
The moon's yellow beams softly seep.
They whisper of hope and dreams yet untold,
Painting their slumber with a molten gold.

As the night unfolds, the darkness recedes,
Yellow moonlight cascades on every need.
It kindles the fire of creativity's flame,
Igniting imagination with a vibrant claim.

Oh, dark yellow moonlight, radiant and bold,
You infuse our world with treasures untold.
With your golden touch, you illuminate the way,

Guiding us through the night, to the break of day.

So let us bask in your resplendent light,
Embrace the yellow hues that grace the night.
For within your glow, a magic unfolds,
And the world shines brighter in shades of gold.

Azure Dawn

In a world beyond the ordinary view
Where colors blend in a unique hue
There lies a scene, both rare and true
Blue sun in the pink mist, a sight to pursue

Amidst the morning's gentle rise
A sun of cobalt takes to the skies
Casting its radiance, a vibrant surprise
Bathing the landscape with azure dyes

The mist, like cotton candy, soft and light
Wraps the scene, a pastel delight
Blushing pink, a tender sight
Creating a canvas, harmoniously bright

No magic spells or ethereal charms
Just nature's wonder in open arms
The sun and mist, two elements in harms
Blending their essence, like a gentle psalm

The blue sun's glow, cool and serene
Illuminating the world with a tranquil sheen
A captivating vision, serene and clean
A touch of uniqueness, an enchanting scene

No need for whispers or cosmic tales
Just nature's beauty, without any veils
Where the blue sun in the pink mist sails
A moment of wonder that eternally prevails

The Electric Symphony

In the depths of a tempest's embrace,
Where the sky ignites with vibrant grace,
A phenomenon rare, a stunning sight,
Unleashing power in shades of purple light.

Across the blackened canvas, bolts take flight,
Crackling with energy, vivid and bright,
Purple lightning arcs with fierce allure,
A cosmic marvel, a phenomenon pure.

With each electric pulse, the night awakes,
As the heavens quake with thunderous shakes,
Iridescent tendrils slice through the air,
Painting the world with an ethereal flare.

Purple lightning, an enigmatic force,
Dances through the storm with untamed course,
An electric waltz, a symphony profound,
Where nature's power in beauty is found.

It weaves through the clouds with captivating grace,
Illuminating the darkness, leaving no trace,
A vibrant tapestry, a celestial spark,
Enchanting the world with its vivid arc.

Bathed in its glow, shadows come alive,
As the purple bolts relentlessly strive,
To cast their brilliance, dispel the night,
And ignite the senses with radiant light.

In this luminous spectacle, dreams unfold,
As whispers of wonder are gently told,

A cosmic ballet, a visual delight,
Purple lightning ignites the depths of night.

So let us marvel at this splendid display,
As the sky's canvas illuminates the way,
For in the realm of storms, a unique art,
Purple lightning etches its mark on the heart.

Brooklyn's Radiant Grace

In a world where beauty finds its form,
There lived a girl named Brooklyn, sunshine in a storm.
With a heart so kind and a spirit so bright,
She spread joy and love with her radiant light.

Her eyes, like twinkling stars on a tranquil night,
Glistened with compassion, pure and bright.
Her smile, a tender embrace, filled with grace,
Warmed every heart, lighting up each face.

Her laughter, like a chorus of melodious chimes,
Brought warmth to souls, transcending all times.
Her voice, a gentle melody, soothing and true,
Whispered words of encouragement, like morning dew.

Her spirit, a garden of blossoms in bloom,
Nurturing kindness, banishing gloom.
Her touch, a soft caress, healing wounds unseen,
With every gentle gesture, she made hearts gleam.

With every step she took, Brooklyn embraced
The power of love leaves no heart misplaced.
Her sweetness, a beacon of hope in the world,
A reminder that goodness can be unfurled.

So let us celebrate Brooklyn's wholesome grace,
A guiding light in life's intricate maze.
A girl whose kindness knows no end,
Whose love and warmth forever transcend.

For in the story of Brooklyn, we find,
A testament to love, generous and kind.
A reminder to cherish the beauty within,

And let our hearts shine bright, like Brooklyn's gentle grin.

Red Streaks of Tears and Light

In the light shines rays of sorrow and despair,
Where emotions weave and inflame,
There exists a tale, both fragile and bright,
"Red Streaks of Tears and Light."

A canvas painted with delicate strokes,
Tragedy and hope interlaced,
Where tears cascade in scarlet streams,
A vivid testament of life's embrace.

Within the storm, sorrow finds its way,
Through shattered dreams and shattered hearts,
Yet amidst the darkness, a flicker ignites,
A beacon of light, where solace imparts.

Crimson teardrops fall upon the earth,
Bearing tales of anguish and woe,
But in their depths, a passion emerges,
A fire ablaze, a love aglow.

In each scarlet stream, resilience dwells,
The strength to mend and to heal,
For the heart knows the rhythm of life,
And the warmth that sorrows conceal.

As dawn breaks, the sky becomes ablaze,
With hues of crimson and gold,
Red streaks of tears transform into hope,
In the story that time has yet to unfold.

For through the pain, beauty emerges,
A symphony of emotions unbound,
And in every tear that paints the night,

A promise of healing is found.

So let the tears fall, like ruby rain,
Let them wash away the burdens we bear,
For in the depths of our darkest hours,
Red streaks of tears and light declare

That life's tapestry is woven with care,
With sorrow's touch and joy's embrace,
And in the end, we shall prevail,
With courage, love, and boundless grace.

Clouds over the sun

Beneath ashen skies, where secrets abide,
Clouds over the sun, a world to hide.
Whispers beckon, from the depths they call,
In eerie gloom, shadows enthrall.

Daylight fades, consumed by the gray,
A haunting dance, specters at play.
Frozen touch, a chill in the air,
Nightmares awaken, in despair.

Beware the mist, a cursed terrain,
Where truth and light slowly wane.
Whispers wail, echoes of dread,
Clouds over the sun, darkness spreads.

Through the veil, a figure emerges,
Silent steps, a presence converges.
Eyes gleaming, piercing through the haze,
A harbinger of gloom, in spectral ways.

The Purple Sun

Beneath a sky of lilac hue,
There lies a land where shadows brew,
A planet bathed in twilight's grace,
Where secrets linger, leaving no trace.

The Purple Sun, an eerie sight,
Its glowing rays, a haunting light,
It casts a glow, both soft and cold,
A tale of mysteries yet untold.

Beneath its touch, the flowers weep,
As night descends in silence deep,
A world where life and death entwine,
In twilight's grip, they both align.

Emerging from the twilight's veil,
Creatures roam the purple dale,
Seeking truths that lie concealed,
In this land, their fate's revealed.

Yet wander not too close, beware,
For some have ventured unaware,
Lost souls have met their final breath,
Within the Purple Sun's depths.

Despite the darkness that it brings,
A certain beauty it still sings,
A paradox of light and gloom,
An enigma within nature's womb.

Let us ponder this twilight's art,
And delve into its beating heart,
In this land where shadows run,

Embrace the mystique of the Purple Sun.

My love for my dear girl

Brooklyn my love, my heart yearns tonight
So cold, but my love for you burns bright
Your smile is adorable and your eyes are enchanting
I love your voice and your laugh is enhancing

I beg for your love I feel happy when you're here
But my love for you burns bright even when you're not near
I love you so much my heart aches for your touch
Your smile, your skin, and your face when you blush

10 months we have had and my love has grown stronger
Your body, your lips, and your voice I still grow fonder
Love me for all your life it's all that I want
Your love is all mine and that love I shall flaunt

Truth of war

Ashes succumb from a distant land
Wailing cries were heard over the barren sand
Red dust and ash blowing in the breeze
Buildings topple, nothing but debris

Men fight and scream and yell
Laying in tents bloody and unwell
Men young and old all different ages
Death upon them all because war never changes

Lives were taken no matter who was in the fight
For a long time this land has been plagued with blight
A sad life these wars have brought
Money and power it was all lost

Through the smoke and the fire's rage
Echoes of history page after page
A cycle unbroken a tale so old,
War's bitter story is forever retold.

Hues of Vivid Nature

Within a forest adorned with vivid hues,
Where dreams unfurl 'neath rainbow's cues.
Trees of gold and emerald's sheen,
Like a mystical painting, yet unseen.
Butterflies flutter, bold and bright,
Their wings whisper tales of delight.
Flowers bloom in varied shades,
A symphony of colors nature braids.
Creatures frolic amidst the trees,
Their songs carried by gentle breeze.
Rivers shimmer, crystal and clear,
Waterfalls murmur, drawing near.
In this woodland of enchanting mirth,
Magic thrives on every inch of earth.
A realm of colors, serene and grand,
A sanctuary where beauty takes its stand.

Dusk until dawn

I sit in my home staring into nothing
As time passes by, maybe I'll feel something
nights leading into constant rushing
fights and love filled with shoving

Life has been something all right
Joy was overshadowed by a tedious night
I grow tired, my neck feeling airtight
Maybe someone to love to lift this blight

Now I wonder will sleep or be wakeful
can't sleep, it all feels so wasteful
I can't help but be so grateful that I am not hateful
But goddamn it all feels so painful

No man's land of the Crimson Painter

He stands waiting only for a moment
He watches the blood drip from the ceiling
The room was covered in the corpses of his opponents
A man who has no thoughts or feeling

He shouts out, "Thy man shall not enter my chamber."
A blinding light shines from his sword
He was an artist oh him the "Crimson Painter"
Puts his hand to his chest, he holds his own accord

He yells, "Thou enterest no man's land and expects no fight"
All the bandits and barbarians were forced to run
"thou shalt not escape my burning blight"
All who come his way shall kneel one by one

Night Walker

Tall beast of time holds life and will
king of old and modern
master of time and space he sits on a hill
he leaves trails of fire and auburn

men fall to their knees in his presence
the lord of the stars and light
he sheds his skin and essence
king of the blind and foresight

all those who hear his name tremble
allfather let us see you
I shall see you in your temple
adorn me in clothes of cobalt blue

Flowers Along The Stream (Short)

Glistening petals fall onto the river
Lilyplads vibrant and copious
gusts of wind cut flowers, but only a sliver
flowers along my home oh, it's just enough

The wind soars, taking petals into the sky
Flowers bloom all down the way
little lights on the flowers, oh a couple of fireflies
The sky turns to night oh what an end to a day

Flowers in the night {Haiku}

Petals in the wind
glooming and fading so fast
Shimmering so bright

Night so luminous
Purple petals so vibrant
A field full of dreams

grass like emerald
So enchanting like fae light
a wonder for all

Glowing Mushrooms

Beautiful Shrooms glow
So blue and everlasting
Fields of fungi grow

The fire element

Fierce and strong it is
Embers lay upon dead grass
so terrifying

The Water Element

Tides pull at silence

Raindrops paint and clouds descend

Foam crowns the dark sea

The Earth Element

Roots entwined beneath
Mountains rise with ancient might
Dust and molten storms

The Life Element

Vines swaying so fast

Grass like blades along the earth

Gentle and fragile

The Sand Spirits

Ghostly whispers among desert sand
So barren and dry along this land
Creatures gathered in a strand
This earth crumbling beneath the damned

Death wanes in tattered cloth
Blistering sun, not hard to get lost
Spirits rise from dust and exhaust
they haunt the sand until they have crossed

Love is strong

Im so mesmerized
My beautiful girl so sweet
Devoted to you

Ghosts of Yakuza

Pink petals flourish

Dead men walk amongst flowers

A Field of CorpseBloom

Hidden in the water

Demon of the waves
waiting and pondering hard
An ambush awaits

Something is watching above

Stillness feeds the air
a presence looms among us
it watches above

dont walk away

You are full of hate
Grabbing your things and leaving
I'm sorry, my love

Fire among the water

An ocean burning
Orange light and sapphire waves
clashing with themselves

Crimson desert

Ruby sand shines bright
Cactus fruit taste of scarlet
blood-red horizon

lilys under a dawn morning

Violet blooming

Lilys and lilac smell sweet

Petals gleaming bright

I miss you dad

Waiting so patiently for your arrival
stuck in my moments of anger and sadness
It's hard to care and feel alive though
I have been drowning in self-hatred and madness

I wipe my tears, hoping to see you
Years pass, and I get older and angrier
It's hard when I feel there's nothing I can do
I break down because I see you when I look in the mirror

Alzheimers

Memories fading

Ghostly whispers of my mind

Sanity all gone

Ancient cloth

Maroon and gold waves

Tarnished and tattered fabric

Dusty yet vivid

Poseidon

Thunder ravaging and raging
Oceans collapse islands for miles
Destruction on the seas and wars waging
Wind shatters ships while death smiles

The ocean rages like a demon from hell
A tsunami unleashes chaos among men
Lord of the ocean enraged, his anger swells
a madness that could never be shown again

A fairy in my garden

Fluttering along
Glitter and golden powder
On my marigolds

No escape

Thought i found a way
Someday i will make it out
No more sneaking off

NO NO NO NO NO

I hate what I see in the mirror
visions of myself changing as I plan
I was in hell looking at heaven
Losing my breath every waking second

Night has fallen

Sky fading above

Blue becomes yellow then red

Now only darkness

Locked away

I cant understand hate
im trying to break these chains
Ive been wronged so much

Why my love?

Where'd you get the nerve
You moved on quicker than I
Now you need me back

No turning back

never in my life
pushing on through this chapter
chains weighing every step

A little farm

sheep prancing along
cows and chickens watching me
Sweet creatures they are

Waiting and watching

As this night passes
I think to myself for hours
what will i do next

Archangels kingdom

Pillars cracked and snapped
marble bloody and sky dark
Feathers along the halls

Maneater

Look out here she comes
she will tear you to pieces
shes hungry for you

Loving on you

carressing your neck

holding you close to my chest

Love the way you smell

Horrid

I cant stand the smell
The stench of hate fills the air
Puking up your love

On fire

Your lies burn my skin
Rashes form charred beyond thought
Words corroding me

what would you do?

Step into my shoes

Look at it from my view now

watching you with him

Shes at the club

Got me energized
She said, "boy you nice"
liquor in her lungs

Jealousy

Tightening my fist
watching you with him in love
My soul cant bear it

Gone too soon

I miss you my friend
You showed kindness and passion
i hate that your gone

One day

Dont worry mother

I will be home sometime soon

Hold on longer, please

The sun is crying

A bright light shining
Burning storm erupts above
Essence of thy flames

Withering away

Dust along his hands
Veins appear along his face
scars of an old soul

Frozen cloud along the swamp

Frogs huddled so cold
moss turns white along the river
freezing all it touched

Death

The ending is here A void of stillness creeping My bones so damn cold

Working Man

Coffee won't work now Sleep deprived and exhausted Days passing by fast

Churning Love

It burns me inside Passion and anger so strong My heart giving out

Cobra

Scales of other hues

It moves and hides in tall grass

Fangs like knives so sharp

Drifting away

losing hope again
stuck at sea and im so sick
when will i go home

Dragon Skin

Scales hard and shining Rough like rock and sharp like knives Strong as a knights shield

Death

Watching you fading
Her skin turning blue quickly
eyes like a blind man

Terror

Heart beating faster Hes coming for me tonight Death awaits me now

Are we alien?

Shrines built of honor We poison ourselves with drinks Beasts kept in cages

Broken Warriors

I triumph in death
My blade cutting them all down
Why do they hate me

sin of wrath

I dragged him away Wrapped in chains no one can see Im bathed in hatred

My Love

Aging like fine wine A soul of amber and ash A heart that conquers

Valhalla

Struck by his great axe A field of green in my sight No more pain in me

Misery

Tainted by your hate
Good memories bruising me
i miss misery

Alone

Drunk in my room tonight
im not myself anymore
the things my mind is putting me through
if you only knew
im sorry but i need you
constantly overwhelmed

Gazing

Up into the stars
my hand reaching the heavens
when will my end come

where are you my love

I buried my faith
6 feet never felt so far
it hurts so much, love.

Woven in light

Spinning and curling
Waves making a tapestry
a soul created

damaged

Im not enough love
taking shots like novicane
never loved so hard

Hold me like im gone

hoodie on the chair
Half a pill half a prayer
i just fall back in

No chains left

Dragging me below
Can't feel myself breathing now
I won't go under

They wear my face

laughing with them all
acting like they are best friends
pretending their me

Pyschopath

They say such a shame
I don't want to be this way
grinning at his corpse
Maybe just a little more
I'm way to aware

Purple Starlight

midnight shifting slow
A hue of indigo drifting
god i love the sky

Sand Walkers

Tethered cloth undone
Dust enters fleshy coarse wounds
mummies walk again

Love like Lavender Thorns

Covered in her amethyst beauty,
Shackled against the wall,
A strange feeling comes over me,
Scarlet dripping as I crawl.

One More Flight

The scaled beast lifts its wings
his wrinkles slowly shifting
grunting from the pain oh it stings
thy beast tries to land; its soul starts twisting

Now resting on a rock looking to the sea
the beast takes its last breath
now slumber begins a feeling of being free
its ancient eyes were cold as death

Green Scars Cover My Soul

Cuts of lush emerald along my skin
along my back and face become a maze
My heart turning into jade within
mind like a pendulum it sways

The cuts emerge with an everglade of moss
spewing into the open sky above
Becoming a tree of of sadness and loss
maybe one day ill get to feel your love
i love life

Fear Beneath My Skin

Heart pounding

Skin crawling

lungs giving

Body shivering

He's watching me sleep

Lights flickering

Teeth chattering

Wind whistling

Fear climbing

I don't want to him to hurt me again

ADHD Is My Devil

I'm annoying
I interrupt
I can't focus
My mind is coying
I always disrupt
listening to my own opus
the devil is enjoying
Making me corrupt
In my own state of psychosis

Inside The Madness

I sit behind the wheel, but never turn the key,
My hands upon the wheel, with nowhere left to flee.
I stare beyond the glass, but all I really see
Are questions in my mind about the person I should be.

What makes a person good when no one else can tell?
Is it the things they do, or thoughts they hide so well?
Is it the guilt they feel when they know they've done some wrong,
Or does regret just show how far they've gone along?

If knowing that you're wrong means you're trying to be better,
Or does it only prove you've crossed that line together?
Can someone still be good after all the things they've done,
Or does the person they became outshine the one they were?

So I sit behind the wheel, beneath the fading sky,
With questions in my head that never tell me why.
The engine stays asleep, the road remains unknown,
And I wonder if a broken man can still make his way home.

Serial Killer

Empty thoughts

No emotion

An urge to kill

Left me to rot

Oh, his devotion

Taking his pills

Room full of snapshots

Loud commotion

Body's in the cooler begin to chill

Light Doesn't Ask Permission

I watched the sunlight touch the floor,
A golden line beneath the door.
The darkness tried to pull it back,
But light kept finding every crack.

Entered my home on its whim
Touched everything it saw yes, it did
Glowing on arms and face
Removed the darkness, left without a trace

Mimic

I hear my own voice
Calling from down the hallway
But I am right here

What am I? Who am I?

What if I am not
The one living in this body
What if I am watched
I hear my thoughts speak
Then another voice answers
It sounds just like me
If nobody sees
The person that I have become
Was I ever here

A Wish Beneath a Dying Sun

The dying sun stares
Its burning eye will not close
It knows I am here

The daylight starts to scream
Black veins crawl across the sky
Something wakes below

I whisper my last wish
The sun goes dark for a moment
Then whispers it back

Night swallows the world
But the sun still burns somewhere
Behind my closed eyes

The Photograph

I found an old photo
Of myself standing outside
I don't remember taking it
I look behind myself
There was someone standing there
I couldn't see their face
I turned the photograph over
Written across the back
Was tomorrow's date

The Mirror

I looked into the mirror
Everything seemed normal
Until I walked away
My reflection stayed behind
Staring through the glass
Waiting for me
I covered the mirror
But underneath the cloth
Something started smiling

The Attic

I climb into the attic
Something hangs from the ceiling
I freeze in the doorway
A rotting corpse hangs there
Its face turned toward the floor
I hear something whisper
I take one step back
The body slowly raises its head
It whispers my name

Bipolar

A mind stretched through emotions
Full of love, then full of violence
My head twisting in motion
I require guidance

I can control what I say
but not what I feel
A disastrous mold of clay
Head locked by a seal

One second I'm calm and happy
The next I can go manic
As soon as someone gets snappy
It can cause a panic

Accident

Fell into a hole
A horrid smell reached my nose
Who died in this ditch?