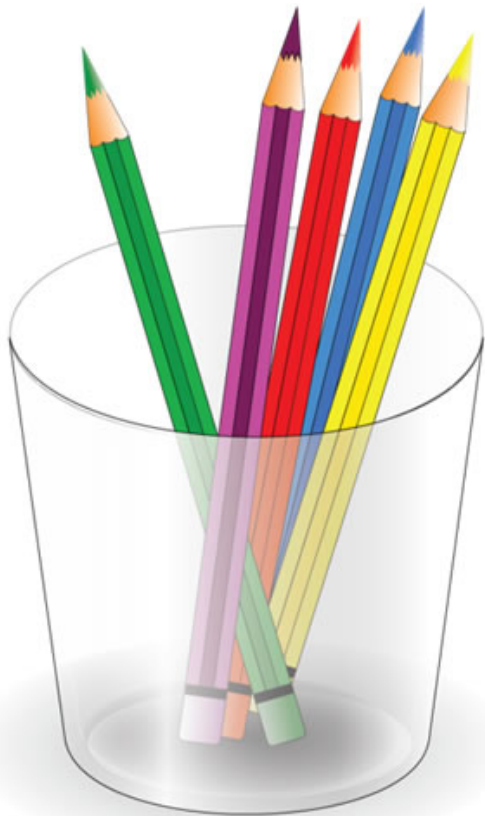


Anthology of Michaelpoet



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

My parents

Acknowledgement

Jesus Christ, Mom, Dad

About the author

I am an everyday schmuck trying to make something of myself

summary

Harmony In Waiting

Eternity Defined

Spring Breeze

Void Of Self

A Means To An End

Image in mirror

Caught in memory

Infusion is Fate

Wonders of Morality

Mistakes By The Hour

Dry Tears

Shades Of Gray

Iridium In Blue

Steam Above Radiator

Loathing of Embers

Indefinite Closure

Flashback Forward

Acceptance Of Denial

For a little less

Overcast

8 hours a night

Colors Unbroken

Willing To Accept

Sensitivity Without

Synthesis Of Senses

Day By Day

Harmonious Keep

Not If I Can Help It

Refurbished Simplicity

Whispers Of Validation

Hopeful Wishing

Fragrance To Keep

Injustice Discounted

Pain Evermore

Shades of gray

Twilight Passed

Desperation Multiplied

Harmony In Waiting

My soul in search of peaceful splendor.

As I look into the abyss I find a calm come over me I did not know existed.

My memories are borrowed from a life that belongs to an extrovert to whom there is a guarantee of popular opinion.

If a secret is kept it is denied immortality.

Somebody feels the same way you do which means you can never truly be original.

Eternity Defined

" A time grown out of pity like rain on the asphalt. Pain is a pleasure to the unassuming masses. It was not the vow that was broken, but the innocence that stumbled out of reach of lovers torn at the seams "

Spring Breeze

Months of staring out a hateful window with false promises of a better tomorrow.

Under a white sky that drops angelic drops of magic until it's heart is content.

Could mother nature be a scorned wife avenging a vow that was voided before its time?

On the date of March 21st I feel an endorphin rush as a husband to be must feel at the alter.

Void Of Self

My escape from prison during lucidity is eclipsed by my imprisonment through sleep. Anxiety is a warden who does not allow visitors. Obsessive compulsive disorder allows a window out of a jail not unlike Alcatraz. How does an inmate of an biological crime come up for parole when the synapses have no compassion?

A Means To An End

Chimes of your heartbeat ring in my ears.

When sensation evades the disabled the night never seems to end.

I am the seducer of truth.

What truth can be found in the primitive emotion belonging to the betrayed?

If the winter brings relief from a summer of pain then I shall look on the snow as a friend.

What of a love created out of obligation?

My loneliness is eclipsed only by my need for connection to a love that is unattainable.

Image in mirror

How did this being that shares my face come through the other side?

Did I invite him in?

I've watched him use my body to perform self mutilating tasks foreign to me.

Was it simply a matter of accepting my malevolent doppelganger?

Silence is golden to the weaker of the species.

For everyone else the pharmacy has the answer.

Caught in memory

As I walked to work I picked up a rose that begged to be sniffed. Delicious in it's innocence I was overwhelmed with a sense of security. My childhood came rushing back in an instant. Back to a time before I knew of betrayal, lies and deceit. Nature is nurturing to the innocent. At it's worst a thorn can not spread a rumour. Water is sustenance. My email serves as a contradiction to my existence. Paperless billing is a demon disguised as a child who fills a room with laughter. As an adult I see the rose for what it truly was, is and will be. A rose is a reminder of a life I don't deserve nor want, but need.

Infusion is Fate

Eyes glistening within the storm.

My failure to produce a symphony due to the confines of mediocrity.

Pheromones lead me to the restriction of choice.

Love is bought and sold everyday without remorse.

My idea of happiness was an ambition that exceeded my ability.

Somewhere out there is a heart beating for everyone without exception.

War is dying for an idea that never deserved more than a simple glance.

My desire to be a step above average is sure to be the beginning of the end.

Wonders of Morality

Monday is dreadful. What purpose does the day bring, but to pacify my anger at having squandered the weekend?

Intuition is helpful when it benefits the innocent.

The lies I told about the dignity I have sold would shock the most hardened detective.

My bank account is a testament to the toxicity a relationship with addiction truly represents.

Does anyone to justify screaming at the mirror on December 31st?

Mistakes By The Hour

I gained more in working a job I hated than a job I loved. In my employment to the corporate death machine I came to the realization I am responsible for my success. Me and no one else.

As a vampire walking the halls of the hospital I sought the sunlight that I was denied in an office. Was I misled by my elders into believing the 9 - 5 would save me from myself? I stand as a testament to the younger generation who find themselves puzzled as to which road to take. Decide for yourself.

Dry Tears

I tried hard to get a B+ on my algebra exam, but it was not to be.
I could not heal my cancer stricken puppy and now he is a mere memory.
Today has the ability to be even more upsetting than I previous believed.
My passion, belief and failures leave me hoping to be reprieved.
Why strive to succeed if you have mastered the art of failing?
My ocd is leaving me for someone more suitable for the task at hand.
I think this could be the start of something promising.

Shades Of Gray

Days on end staring at a blank wall just daring it to break the silence.

Confined to a life of deafening silence because the noise is unbearable.

I find the symphony of my coffee brewing a release from the anxiety I can look forward to on this day.

As I watch the clock continue it's countdown to the grave I have come to embrace the fact that there is a comfort in loneliness.

You are the smartest person in the room if you are the only person in the room.

Iridium In Blue

Standing at the top of a hill overlooking the sadness of a weary society.

My will starting to break.

Tomorrow is not without mourning a future whose promise is of pain and conflict.

Can two groups in opposite directions peacefully co-exist outside of a daydream?

Marching in unison with an friend disguised as an enemy has become commonplace.

Both groups seeking a peace that is only achievable through conflict.

Turmoil is a migraine to the soldiers who spilled blood to ensure a better way for the generation to come.

Steam Above Radiator

I sat on the porch as a flower bloomed on a beautiful spring day.

News of a shooting filled the air from within the living room.

My thoughts ebb and flow as the economy takes a turn for the worse.

Could a hurricane be the planet suffering from a flu caused by all the chemicals pumped out on a daily basis?

Buildings are giant tombstones that house the working class who are slowly dying with each fax that is sent.

We have elected fallible human beings to fix a world created by a divinity in whom there is no failure.

Loathing of Embers

Brown hair that smells of vanilla lavender.

Lipstick that sets fire to my lips.

Curves that ensure childbirth at will.

6:00 pm was a drug that kept a most innocent sailor intoxicated as he washed ashore.

As I found a trespass upon my heart that unforgiving afternoon in December I wept like a child.

A counterfit love that entered into matrimony without regard for the destruction it left in it's wake.

Is it better to have loved and lost?

A most hateful indiscretion to never again see the fog of the morning to come.

She could not have ensured her demise more assuredly without eating a pistol on a bed of full of unclipped thorns.

Indefinite Closure

Tears of a weeping willow on a tree lined street in Biloxi indulge my depression.

You have earned every emotion you own.

Clouds of wisdom pass on the knowledge of the universal truth.

Death never looked so inviting as it does to the hopeless.

Silence is a teacher waiting in vain for her star pupil.

Flashback Forward

Tired eyes within an expression of lies.
Modesty sold to both youth and old.
Peering out of an unseen future.
Days spent in a sweatshop to pay rent on a house occupied by a phantom with no name.
Dreams of a surf bound to a contract with no expiration date.
My reward for a job well done being an expedited pink slip that guarantees overtime.
I was lied to by those closest to me.
College was a scam designed to empower the corrupt to a tenure unforeseen.
I'll see your poverty and raise you a heart attack.

Acceptance Of Denial

Taking it all in as if truth were subjective.

Truth is what you tell yourself it was, is or will be.

How do you flush out a sensation that you borrowed from someone you admire?

Authority was put into place to control the ability of the species.

Does ownership of a curtain belong to your will or that of Martha Stewart?

To question our society is to ensure a good night sleep at the local insane asylum.

I refuse to confide in a pill that has no opinion of a condition I never believed in.

Politics is nothing more than unorganized religion designed to fulfill my need to be controlled.

For a little less

Eyes fixated on a clock with no hands.

Waiting for the grim reaper to pay me an expected visit.

Trying in vain to bargain my freedom, but to no avail. My bounty worth more than my bribe could ever hope to be.

As I accepted my exit from this mortal coil a calmness came over me.

It was not the afterlife I was entering, but the after effects of anesthesia.

My surgery had been a success.

Overcast

As I wake up in a cold sweat from a night terror I cannot forget my mind unravels.
Anger has become an emotion I invest in with no interest accrued.
My torment is in knowing as the days grow longer my tolerance is becoming shorter.
I am programmed to obey my chemical imbalance if only to believe I am in control.
What horror is this that my forefathers left me in their will? Anxiety? Remorse?
My only solace is knowing that one day soon electro shock treatment will be available through the mail.

8 hours a night

As I stare at the night sky my mind wanders to a place I dare not go during waking hours.

I lied to the moon for a moments satisfaction that I will not experience again.

Death is having to live in a state of lucidity without reprieve from the horrors I have known.

As I serenade the angels of my better nature with a song of apathy which has no lyrics I am comforted by a truth known only to the universe.

Perchance to dream is the fulfillment of a misery of a thousand cries to the heavens at that most holy hour.

My only sorrow is that it will last a mere 8 hours.

Colors Unbroken

A time of desperation that collapses unto itself.

Bleakness is a metaphor for unoriginality in a world consumed by chaos.

Lovers tease eternity to justify their contempt for one another.

Why does my seasonal appreciation require a void in acknowledgment of the species to which I was assigned?

Willing To Accept

As I reach for the handle to temptation I am struck by a future I cannot ignore.

Guilt is the only reward when we ignore the voice to our right shoulder in all its' attempts at solidarity.

What torture is this to be married to an addiction with an ironclad prenup that serves to destroy my soul.

My inhibition brought to light by a chemical demon who refuses to be denied.

Sensitivity Without

As your beauty commands my attention I ponder my place in the grand scheme of things.

Were it not for my weakness she might lose her vanity which masks itself in a lovers promise of tomorrow.

As she walks by she uses her hypnotic curves to set about a course to which I must act in accordance with her will.

She turned him into a junkie overnight. Pheromones being his narcotic to which there are no 12 steps to healing.

Synthesis Of Senses

A splash of tonic to set the mood. A warm bath to dull the senses. A mere 10 minutes into my aqua therapy and it happens. As promised, the sandman shows up smelling of sweet death to send me to that gentle embrace I have waited for this entire day. As I walk along the clouds I leave behind drops of regret to help me find my way back to consciousness. Sensual fog to relieve me of the mediocrity that is existence. I find in this realm a peace that has escaped me in life. What seems like an eternity passes and I start to find myself among the living knowing that my only reward for this sentence is a gentle passing into that most favorable experience that refuses a long term commitment.

Day By Day

My belief in happiness through another human being has left me jaded.

Breakfast in bed turned into flowers for the dead of a relationship that once bloomed.

I prostituted my worth for a dance with a destiny that did not belong to me.

For a person like myself a life of dread needs no convincing

I would gladly buy snake oil if the price were right.

I end it with this. For all young lovers who forfeit common sense for a walk in that beautiful garden I give you this advice. Watch out for the thorns you are sure to come upon during your travel.

Harmonious Keep

A hospital stay built on medication induced hysteria.

Green coffee which bleeds into my subconscious.

Pain caressing itself into my being just to remind me I am not in control.

Tears of sorrow for not believing in an existence outside of my own.

To make amends within this journey of anesthesia that I never asked for.

My death must bring comfort to those who would not open their ear to the sounds of obedience without the reckoning within.

Life could have been sublime had I not carried the burden of a free thinker who demanded to know more.

Not If I Can Help It

A glass of port to soothe the heartache.

Ever smiling to hide the sorrow of the empty chair at the diner.

A warm breeze that carries her scent that she left behind by mistake.

Touching the night with humility to remind myself I am human.

Nights are so bleak I dare not trust boredom to keep me company.

Ever alone in a world of possibilities I must move forward with a determination only the lonely can understand.

Refurbished Simplicity

My bed drenched in a sweat only a fever dream can produce.
Clouds linger with a persistence that suggest trouble on the horizon.
Breeze blows in through the smallest crack of an open window with furious intentions.
What hell can compare to the pestilence of a seasonal flu whose determination trumps that of modern medicine?
If I could withstand the punishment for a moment longer I would consider myself worthy of a fate which surely has escaped me.

Whispers Of Validation

A gifted lover who uses emotions as a bargaining chip.

Tenacious in his grieving of a relationship that had so much potential.

A thick black book what holds the libido of lovers clinged together at a most unholy hour is his collection of conquests.

She would gladly borrow virginity if it meant a commitment on his part.

I've looked into the eyes of a promise I never meant and I can feel it's consequences creeping up as I prepare for the end of this journey.

Hopeful Wishing

Elevated intentions are futile in an attempt to hold your heart close to my own.

Could you see beyond a lie that was told with the best of intentions?

In between the war of the sexes is an ecstasy that could warm the coldest of hearts.

Jealousy shall be refrained until all other options have been exhausted.

Fragrance To Keep

Ravenous passions keep my ignorance at bay.
My love is an emotion from which I cannot stray.
Tempted to hold in order to feel.
Love freely given is unnecessary to steal.
Mine eye stray not left nor right.
Eyes of yourself are a heavenly sight.
If you're wondering my intentions let me put you to ease.
Your wish is my command. I live to please.

Injustice Discounted

I bathe in the tears of your frailty.

Love has never seemed so distant as when two people are content with unhappiness.

Society assigns romance with an unrealistic interest rate.

A lifetime of loathing cost more than a lifetime of loneliness.

Before you deceive a woman make sure to dig a shallow grave with no tombstone.

Pain Evermore

Inflated lies keep me on edge.

Tender in her promise to let me down without justification.

Sweet fragrance mixed with wine talk are enough to keep me ignorant.

If I don't leave soon I might not live to regret it.

Shades of gray

Days on end staring at a blank wall just daring it to break the silence.

Confined to a life of deafening silence because the noise is unbearable.

I find the symphony of my coffee brewing a release from the anxiety I can look forward to on this day.

As I watch the clock continue it's countdown to the grave I have come to embrace the fact that there is a comfort in loneliness.

You are the smartest person in the room if you are the only person in the room.

Twilight Passed

As I stand at the edge of a cliff I find myself terrified of an ugly truth staring me in the face.

To jump off this cliff would be a terrible disgrace.

Despite the pain that has claimed sanctuary in my brain I prefer to move forward.

Today, I am just as appreciative of this puzzle called life as the thought of it's climax to erase the strife.

I beg you to listen to what I have to say in the hope that it can help you no matter the way.

It's better to suffer with the hope of a reprieve than it would be to end early with an untimely leave.

Brain cancer was hard, OCD is absolute hell. However, courage is a companion no matter where you dwell.

Desperation Multiplied

My mind wanders until I pass out from exhaustion.

Ivory dreams that end in disappointment because reality is so bittersweet.

As I float along an 80 proof river my senses become dull with compassion.

Fantasy is cheap. Reality is expensive.