

# Anthology of RSM0812



Presented by

*My poetic Side* **P**

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*To Pam*

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## Winters Kiss

Doth natures cries a passion, truth be told to few,  
As winter frost lies gently frozen, on grounds the earth to choose.  
It's heart but blessed, a top a Robin's crest,  
And virtue rides on through.  
Bring me dreams of white, where birds take flight,  
Or simply pass me by.  
Alas the faith of father son, a crown, or alibi.  
Rise like a brook, settle there a cliff, and rain till moonlight tides brings down the morning mist. Again  
it's taste within my mind embracefully a kiss.  
For freeze to thaw, as sunlight draws, a summer not to miss.

## Bones

North is where the moon has hid.  
Stars aligned all black,  
I've seen the sky and mountain ridge,  
There is no turning back,  
To feel the warmth among my soul,  
To freeze thy brother till the grave is full,  
And thaw the bones of man.

## Forest

Grace of flowers, bloomed in spring,  
Birds like children here to sing,  
Bring me to shore of sands,  
Where love of labour holds thy hands,  
And cries for winter dew.

## Tip of an Angel wing.

Like a Virgin, lost with lonely eyes,  
I seek revenge and time to fly,  
But me on the alter empty,  
with burning hearts that don't resent me.  
Heaven bring the sky to fall,  
Here comes an angels call,  
her voice so sweet within my ear,  
Her wings were tipped for me to peer,  
And seek the winds of mortal time.  
And dance so shallow in blood stained wine,  
To sleep with peace eternal.



## Sounds of Dying

Blow the bell along the river east,  
Bring the peace to home I say,  
Let the guns fall hard to grounds,  
And peace of silence be the sound.  
The dead don't cry, alive we try,  
To see the world go round and round.  
And wonder why we ever heard the sounds of dying.

## My angel

To the west through sky's of blue,  
My love I'll see you soon.  
My heart is in the fire,  
Waiting for desire.  
My mind is ever clear,  
As a softly falling tear.  
Down my cheek, it's been a week.  
I miss my loved dear.  
To see your eyes upon my soul,  
Brings me close to feeling full,  
Of love and sin to reappear.  
And angels masked of fear.

## Vanished

A second past becomes so clear,  
A lesson learnt here and near,  
Take it to my heart as my mind remains still,  
And place particular hesitation inside your will.  
For loss of truth becomes the ghost,  
And usually dying skies predicts the most.  
A future not denied in time,  
Brings us closer to what is yours and what is mine.

## The First Murder

God died the day of angels,  
Apples hidden in the earth,  
His eye forgot the souls in cages.  
Creation given at its birth.  
We left the garden, sands on skin.  
Our stomachs angered from within.  
And brother killed his brother.  
Once begotten of its sin.

## My Stormy Oasis

Sleeping like the dust of sand,  
In deserts without water.  
Dreams accompany a silver hand.  
Perchance prayeth the father.  
Oasis, shores of camel toe,  
Bewitched with weight of gold.  
Her eyes befell it row by row,  
No one to sympathize, no one to scold.  
I'm locked in storms within my frame,  
My silhouette not found.  
A desert now I'm here to tame.  
When tears fall to the ground.  
And dust now emptied, round and round. I'll stall the wish, within its dish for solidarity that I've finally found.

## Eternal Smile

A smile frozen in snow, across the lake, like a shadow,  
The ice is thick, the walk is long, as I pleasantly hear nature's sweet song.  
The sun as it beats its warmth like a flame,  
In a puzzlement of universes small without blame.  
I smiled back like a ghost and felt the energy of saints.  
For life to be a greater good.  
Like heaven where death deceives his own hood.  
And lives everlasting, beneath bluest skies.  
Eternal, where no one and nothing does die.

## Entangled Beauty

Entangled Beauty

With hair that burns like the eye of many sun's,

It's mistress cut beyond the stars.

Its beauty where my love, where my heart is lunged.

And flames of stranded glances, a universe entangled in a war of loves romances.

To turn so slow beneath dark skies,

Flowing truth behind a world of lies.

Your grace and precious beauty carried forth to my lonely lost surprise. And found me forth where without you, no sun shall ever rise.

Where your laced, velvet sweat drips and never dies, upon my skin, as love betrays no other guise.

And as quick is desperate, my heart awaits your soft and passionate reply.

## Blinded Third Eye

A stranger peered into my eye,  
The third, not lost and knowing why,  
The downs and ups of time.  
Fun or tragic, faint goodbye,  
Frown or smile without lies.  
Interpret life, short and kind.  
Or hate, deceit and alibi.  
Choose the path for strangers forth,  
As blind men wander south to north,  
With one blink, into another realm,  
Only us behind the helm.  
To lead men forth in peace or turmoil,  
Is death the only chosen foil.  
Alas the happy in conclude,  
Reaps life's fortunes in solitude



## Nightingale

Nightingale, nightingale, fluttered wings of white,  
Fly in shadows of the moon,  
Upon my window perch tonight  
Nightingale, Nightingale, sing your praise of song.  
Oh softly whisper secrets in mine ear from  
morn till noon till dawn.  
Nightingale, Nightingale, nought sleepy in your stead.  
Dream a note for me, sweetly, softly and nocturnal in my bed.

## Lovers Rose

My lovers rose

Take a rose by color, take it also by its scent

Compare it to your lover, it's embrace to harmoniously relent.

A lily on a pond, a wall of darkest red,

Enjoy a rose as a rose itself, as it presents to us instead.

Oh rose with beauty so intense, immaculate perseverance here I won't pretend.

Take the thorn along your side, and grow to be my one and only selfless rouge reply.

I love your blossom tall and true, beyond the love so seldom through.

Pls reach the sky with color as mischief minds will there discover.

And here remind, my one and only flower true.

My one and only lover, on this maiden midnight moon.

## The Night I Died

T'was night in echoed hearts of bliss,  
As centuries, unwinding lightly mist.  
Surpassed by golden, hazel skies,  
For if to die, one lasting sigh.  
As life's eternal moments twist.  
And darkness does not questions why.  
As lips do shamefully kiss.  
And light dos not pass us by.  
For if the heart, takes its own eclipse,  
Then nothing wasted, wasted by.  
Then nothing wasted, without a reason why.  
Because my love, this night I died.

## Churches, Saints and Crosses

A misty tipped wave. gliding in my eye,  
Brought moons and betrayed love's remedy.  
Deep with pulse, I sipped on the chemicals of stars,  
And sprang from death to land upon two fiery feet.  
Marching, striding to a destiny, I have finally met.  
And my heart beats slow, my heart beats slow.  
As the churches, saints and crosses sit, row by row by row by row.

## A Moment of Song

A Moment of Song

A moment lasting ever long,

Like fleeting notes within a song.

My ears received the moment more,

My hearts forever opened door.

It's beat moved me to my feet,

The rhythm slightly hidden.

It's sound, it put my soul to weep,

The message in my mind I'll keep.

As I regress so unforgiven.

## The quiet

All I know is still,  
All I know is silent.  
In the darkness or in the light,  
Both so strong and vibrant.  
I took it then upon myself,  
To listen ever closer,  
Sounds of rain and falling winds,  
In rooms that didn't end.  
Nor begin in fact, my mind to mend, or not to know her.  
My heart now beating faster.  
This is where I heard them sing,  
And heard the merry laughter,  
Of children in the oceans tides,  
Drowning in a dance of lives,  
And swimming to the golden shores there after.  
Little steps they took, no rush not quick,  
To hear again the silence and the stillness of the breath of those who lived before the dead, before the sick.  
And every star was new as birth, and every light was one of equal worth.  
Only then was there one star in the vastness of an even vaster universe.  
Alive like candles floating on a soft breeze. Only one light, until the rain it came and the children put back on their shoes, walked through the flame put down their laughter and rested in the cold still silence neither here nor there again in this quiet, still rapture.  
In both light and darkness it's name is life. As death approaches to kiss his wife goodnight.

## Time to Die

Time to Die

Time and space so vast and black,

It's life erased like some forgotten past.

The heavens sent the light of sun,

As even time becomes undone.

So grand a thing to live and die,

Where ever after shall we lie.

When stars enlightened be,

It's time to Die as death of time becomes serenity.

## The other side

### The Other Side

Oh greener grass, here I behold.  
To mention more then dark,  
My thoughts and dreams you stole,  
Where would I make my mark.  
Ever shall you be to Ponder,  
Without failed truths to saunter.  
Be forever long with health,  
As water drips upon my shelf,  
To surely, slowly haunt her.



## Rumors

Rumors

With blood on your hands, I seldom regress,  
A hood tall it stands, of dark mindfulness.  
Tell few the wants of the heart,  
Where rumors shall start, an endless fine art.  
With flames not divine; of consequential remark.

## Pride

Pride

If pride is a beast of fleeting failure,  
Tell me, where does lie pathetic prayer.  
Unanswered by the winds of change,  
On a cool dry autumn day,  
Let it sink, slow then quick,  
Making me a little sick,  
Then what remains shall sourly stay.

## Songbird

Message from a bird

Every soul must live, every soul must die.

Nothing lasts forever, even creation withers by.

Everything created will come to some forsaken end.

Even time and space will not forever bend.

Before this was the dark, so silent and so still,

Then suddenly explosive stars did sing, exploding with a will.

A universe to make its mark, creating sands of time,

That deepened dirt under our feet and those that stood behind.

upon the beach, upon the shore, resting on the silver wings of birds that fly.

And flutter in a marble sky, discovered, risking flight to find.

Their morning worm that wiggles down their throats,

with toothless smiles, entrapping them to soar and stroke,

As faltering in the breezes of ageless seasons, and the rising suns of many days.

A million miles they flew, embracing beauty as they do.

A million songs, they sang with every day anew.

And every story told that's true, sprang from chartered beaked lips,

Within the eyes of eagles as their talons grip.

Delivered to this space, above, beyond, a grand adventure hence they went.

And built for them a church, with oaken wooden pews to pray upon.

And words that they pretend, have meaning in their loss.

Have praise for many wicked and sinners that to Hell are tossed.

For if a soul to save, once it sinks into its grave.

Is worth a million singing birds for ears to hear and hearts to have.

A blissful light in darkest nights, for innocence so near.

And shooting stars will all align and vastly spread their fiery wings,

And join the birds whose songs they sing.

That bring to me the little things. That make this short existence,

As we give death its greatest of resistance, and float away eternal.

On the note of a million songs, sung by birds and stars fraternal.

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## Forest Fire

### Forest Fire

Nocturnal winds of breeze, in the darkness of the night,  
Unwavering air upon the stillness of a breath with a gifted kind of sight.  
Blow your cold white frost, unto the frozen ground,  
And lie in cold, cold sands till lost, and wonder round and round.  
A note perchance, all stained with blood.  
Atop the tallest greenest tree.  
It perches there amongst the birds,  
For everyone to take a read.  
The message long, the words are true,  
In sky's of smoke, and midnight blue.  
Stay amongst the burning fires,  
The winds sharp whistle feeds it true.  
Keeping out all outsiders.  
Who cut down what once did grow,  
Within the winds that here bestow.  
That wrought the note there, row by row.  
To pass it on, it's message told at birth.  
That these fires burn hot, as nature kneels, upon this earth.  
The forest dead, within still birth.  
Has idled by and took my hand.  
And fled me from this charcoaled land.  
From sky to floor, the trees all gone.  
Nor natures dead and in its bloom.  
A hell on earth, it's very worth,  
Begins the cycle, again anew.

## A walk

I walk through the stilled beauty of her heart,  
I confess as random as a breeze,  
Awakened songs of love, so deep in thought,  
As roses in the winters frost will freeze.  
Nor broken, bent, or shamefully cast,  
Is my immortality of the past.  
I wish for only beats of two,  
As I progress and go on through.  
I'd enter slow and hide a while,  
Listening softly to your benevolent smile.  
And fall where you doth throw.

## Angel Tears

### Angel Tears

Heaven embraced an angel.  
She cried, graceful at my door.  
Her tears, like miracles they fell,  
At my feet upon the chipped and stony floor.  
They kissed my mind, caressed my soul  
And saved me from a pricy toll.

She whispered love into a mind of hate,  
Her yellow glow. So soft a fate.  
The tears, they dwelled within mine eye,  
Then streamed down my dry warm cheek.  
Her beauty and her ocean eyes gave tremble,  
My knees so weary my heart so weak.  
A love was found within a flame,  
Her heated passion non could tame.  
The hearts I've trotted on for whim,  
My angel begs forgiveness for this sin.  
However she sees the love, she brings the light,  
Her perfection asks not but to find,  
But demands in love and blood we live.  
The love between the heart and mind.  
For floating in a misty eve my angel brings her holy sight.  
My angel for one moment more brought me back into the blissful light.

## My Love

My love

My love is like a stained glass window,  
Her tender soul as brilliant as a star.  
Her smile makes men Cleary see,  
Her beauty near and yet afar.

While her heart as warm as spring,  
Her hair like rain when angels sing,  
Or but if she should whither not,  
Fonder still my heart does sought.

Until the moon and sun lights kiss,  
My life without her has no bliss.  
Please let the fire grow awhile,  
And float with me in the silver smoke.



## His Treasure

His Treasure

Fortune lies beneath a dead man's hand,  
A solid stack of gold, for he beholds,  
Atop his treasure he will stand.

Peched yet wingless on a bed of string,  
One eye on the rapture and one on the spring.  
Awakened then in fright, his dreamless sleep brought back to light.  
And shake shall he the hand of an eternal sought of moral sight.  
Never without end to his passion and deserved delight.

## Walking

I've planted seeds in fertile soil,  
What will grow?  
I've dropped a hundred dimes in an empty cup?  
Still they answer no.  
Nowhere but up to go.  
Along a path that veers many corners.  
Stepping softly in the morning.  
Till the sun blinks and the moon dose rise.  
Forever walking, outside of disguise.

## My Dragon

### My Dragon

Embers of fire fill the night sky  
Breath of dragons to children's peeking eyes  
Slowly burning shame or glory  
Like a forgotten long lost recited story  
A piece of a star was torn apart  
And hung on wet spring dew  
On green, green blades of grass  
The flames seer and burn on through  
Our memory is blind as faith  
Apocalypse of fate and fear  
The end is coming, coming near  
With sounds of silent songs for us to hear  
Voiceless, echoes, one to the next  
A secret born from lies  
Upon a golden throne the dragon sits  
Awaiting stormy skies  
To breath and light the air aloud  
With flame that burns so hot  
To fall in light disgrace he found  
Himself but there he found her not  
A heart broken through skin and ribs  
It beats for not one soul  
Not even love of self he found  
hiding in the darkest hole  
Until the truth came forth that night  
The words were softly spoken  
Whispered to my ear I heard it clear  
I thought that he'd been joking  
Alas he cried, I fear my pain  
Alone with no help from those above  
Not God nor angels saved him then

And her she found new love  
He wandered cold embraced by night  
It covered his loss of love  
He wept and felt no pain again  
And breathed his smoke enough  
His wings they soared above the moon  
Above the clouds he flew  
A pace that none could keep  
Except a lonely few  
The stars they danced upon the grass  
The sky fell to the earth  
The dragon died then suddenly  
Never receiving his rebirth  
The ground was black and charred and burnt  
The night was almost morn  
He sat awaiting the days first light  
His conscious it was torn  
A crown he did not find himself  
A kingdom all but lost  
The flight of death had little sound  
To hear it lost then found  
Because if anything is heard  
If anything is seen  
My best guess for you my friend  
Is that night was just a dream  
Awake and breath in the day of new  
And reach for warmth from up above  
For if the dragon flies again  
There will be little left to love

## My love 2

My love is like a red rose pedal,  
Soft and vibrant and so mellow.  
She shines like the darkest wine,  
Her smile bleeds my heart so fine  
Her kiss is bliss, when she says hello.  
I'm her one and only loved fellow.

My heart it beats only for her,  
Hers it beats the same.  
Fixated eyes I do refer,  
Of her my loves naught tame.

I wrestle with explicit chance,  
With this, our only true romance.  
And ask for her to breath,  
In love, in life, in dreams.

Stay as our spirits wander,  
Stay as I grow Fonder.  
By the embers only my soul does bare,  
For your longing and passionate stare.

Lie with me in felicity,  
Forget the world beyond,  
Faces, streets, the broken earth,  
Together we are strong.

The fires glow has reached it peak,  
The night still dark and young.  
The end times lost and seemingly bleak,  
The wine is on our tongue.

Till morn we dance a million lives,

Our story still we share.  
Through looking glasses we see behind,  
Our golden body's stare.

To sleep my child, my heart is yours.  
My love will never cease,  
I lie beside my garden rose,  
May sleep bring us in peace.

## Rejection

Tears of blood is all they took,  
Upon a casted shadow,  
Words were spoken, truth was dark,  
Catastrophic fires without a spark.  
A round and round a merry go ride,  
Alas but not to swallow ones pride.  
Lead me to the wolf to death,  
As the multitude holds their breath.  
Run a rope around my neck,  
As I uselessly fight back.  
And drop me like a cigarette butt,  
On the blackened hard cement.  
As the multitude nods and laughs in a lost regress.

## Purpose

Wander heart to misty eyes,  
Raindrops fall, blackened skies.  
You clutch their wanting soul.  
It plays a rhythm for all to hear,  
In ears of young and old,  
It's message of simplicity,  
Cherished with felicity.  
Which naught exists,  
On dampened lips,  
With perfect baring crimson hips,  
We dance the beat implicitly.  
For beauty brought to lonely eyes,  
In hope and want of when moonrise.



## Storm

Journey to the eye,  
The calm before the storm,  
As chaos lingers in a night,  
There's strength in my right clenched arm.  
My mind it sits in a 3 foot pond,  
With heavens looming all around,  
My soul awaits to stay as strong,  
As the storm here that I have found.  
A million tears fall from the sky,  
The clouds all dark and black.  
I sit within minds eye,  
To wait for peace to finally come back.

## No Love

No Love

Hearts they beat for two,  
A heart that only beats for one is slowly dying,  
Love so seldom found to woo.  
Makes the strongest men to crying.

Tough as blood, fists of iron,  
His lonely heart still to yearn,  
His fiery mind still to burn.  
His sense of worth is slowly dying.

For some there is no love to dwell,  
Upon their soul to save from hell.  
But only self and darkness here alone.  
Will bring this man into his home.

Where no sweetest thing will drop a tear,  
Or save him from his harshest fear.  
For him the life of lonely days,  
And nights where only he remains.

No love for him except himself  
No sweet soft lovers song to shelf.  
To bring him hope or peace to find,  
His one and only, lonely soul divine.

Some they miss, some they catch,  
Their soulmate in just a breath  
But then to last eternity seems,  
A most impossible and childish dream.

But many years their lessons learned,  
A chance to try again to find and earn.

Mistakes they've made put love to death  
A second chance a second breath.

Here's to all the one and two,  
The ones that join the ones that grow.  
Here's to him that not begot,  
The little ones or so I thought.

To sift through life afraid and lost,  
No love he thought, no cost!  
No love his pride in stead,  
No love his soul stays withered and dead.

## Russian Beauty

### Russian Beauty

Tiss morn, tiss mild, tiss wet,  
The rain pours down the moon has set.  
I drink to wake my body and mind,  
Maybe today her I will find.  
I've swam in rivers of rapture,  
Still no hearts I have captured.  
Awaiting truth, telling lies,  
I say hello, she says goodbye.  
Until my angel, golden hair,  
Falls upon my lap, with body bare.  
And gives a hundred kisses,  
Her soft wet lips, she never misses.  
And love awaited days and months,  
Is here for me right in front  
Of my two eyes and beating heart,  
The entire time, we were apart.

## Albina

Tiss morn, tiss mild, tiss wet,  
The tears from skies eyes fall here instead.  
Although, yet her I have not met,  
The rain pours down the moon possesses to set.  
I drink to wake mind soul and body,  
Hers a divine and magnificent lobby,  
Maybe today her I will find.  
Without the sight that comes from behind.

I've swam in rivers of rapture,  
Still no hearts I have captured.  
Awaiting truth, telling lies,  
I say hello, she says goodbye.

Until my angel's golden hair,  
Falls upon my lap, with body bare.  
And gives me a hundred or more kisses,  
Her soft red wet lips, never misses.

And love waited for days and for months,  
Are here now for me, and right here in front,  
Of my opened eyes and beating red heart,  
The entire time that we were still torn apart.

I wait until I can't wait any longer  
Her beauty puts me into a somber.  
I pray for her to close the wood cellar door,  
And end my childish lion, my sonorous roar.

For she has the power and purpose,  
To control my heart that is a circus.  
As I sift through pics, like the burning of sticks,  
Making fires from dying dried orcas.

I stare at her, with thoughts so unfair,  
As my heart and love here disperses.

She is my one, she is my only,  
Her words lift my spirits when lonely,  
Awaiting her touch,  
Is almost too much  
When despair becomes me, now so unique and as homely.

Until this foreshadowed occurrence,  
My soul is in some kind of submergence,  
Floats shallow in cold bluish clear lakes,  
Awaiting my love for my sake  
As my mind and my body to shake.  
As I impatiently wait and await and await.

## Poor and Forgotten

Poor and Forgotten

With tepid strength, undue with might,  
The forgotten souls carry on the fight.  
Their voices silenced for none to hear,  
Albeit words were spoken clear.  
The fairness of the world, faint,  
Like walls in need of darker paint.  
And sparkling wine sipped in mugs,  
Are brought to us by treacherous thugs.  
Their spirits poisoned with Hate and fear,  
Their words on influential minds appear,  
And gather so provocatively,  
Expecting reciprocity.  
Ignore, recite, extinguish.  
Reaching if even spoken in plain English.  
The message took on shouldered chips,  
Brings forth the whips, bring on the whips.  
And slowly on the poison sip.

## Chains and Hunger

Chains and Hunger

The chains we wear are long forgotten,  
The blood of men too soon begotten.  
Thresholds stand and whither more,  
Ideals sold and bought before.  
The means of wealthy poor at bay,  
My mind in selfless still decay.  
At least the song rings melody,  
In suicidal tendency.  
Forget the future and the past,  
To paternal overcast.  
Rectify the remedy,  
Bring me back extremity.  
A child waits for silence,  
The old stands proud in violence.  
Let peace unbind the steal.  
So all can eat their meal.



## Roses Pedal Falling

My heart is like a pedal falling,  
From the soft roses glow.  
My shadow hears it's calling,  
Like the frozen winters snow.  
Till freeze the heat that heats the soul,  
Is color's glistening rainbow.  
Frowning high in dampened skies,  
Crashing like the oceans flow.  
I dreamt of you till dawns nightly lit,  
The embers of my cigarette.  
Inhaling thought from you to me,  
As nature reaches like a tree.  
Here my voice hear my plea,  
As laughter cries sweet remedy.  
And burning flames dance in our minds,  
And standing still is father time.  
And music plays it's melancholy melody.

## A violent gun

A violent Gun

Threatening thieves steal breath,

Fiery storms burn in the depth.

As life turns the earth,

And mothers give still birth,

The sway of kings will saunter,

In the wreckage of their martyr.

And every child shall bear their arms,

Until death itself is harmed.

## Hearts That Break

Hearts that Break

Quiet winds in meadows all of flame,  
Naked truth be told to sooth,  
The hour of my shame.  
Beating hearts still grow apart,  
From years of selfish blame.  
Don't bring her to my mind of blue,  
As neither play the game.  
Lost am I, my golden love,  
For you and yours to feel,  
I hide now in a cave,  
Where thieves will surely steal.  
What little truth that's left for us,  
What end is so far near.  
For heaven sinned upon my lust,  
This loss is as I feared.  
I'll wake upon the dewy grass,  
And open both green eyes,  
To see the empty field beyond,  
What love for us surmised.  
It had a mind, it had a soul,  
Till hell burnt all its flesh.  
And left me with an emptiness.  
With next to nothing left.  
Here I sit, here I wait,  
To breath another breath,  
For fell the rain on down so light,  
And brought it's weight upon my chest.  
It soaked my head, my essence drowned,  
as chariot awaits,  
To bring us to a better place,  
Where there is no pain in haste.  
No sting to Ponder, no remorse,

As life steers us another way,  
Upon the horse I ride in pastures forth,  
Beginning yet another fleeting day.  
For time has lost us in the wind,  
And blown us back to dust,  
My love, thou taught me near to sin,  
Forget you though I must.  
For you are still within my thoughts,  
Of every single morn,  
And every night, within this fight,  
Has brought this field to storm.  
In earth's of green my love alone,  
My garden here I linger,  
For peace to find my memory,  
Where none will point their finger.  
For if we part and finally loose,  
What once we almost had,  
As if God had died, hung in a noose,  
And hell made men feel glad.  
This was just the truth of life,  
As wheels turn round and round,  
Our chariot stops with only strife,  
Where nothing makes a sound.  
It's silence like a medicine,  
Of time to heal what's broke.  
Our minds and hearts and souls were found,  
Where all the fires are stoked.

## God Needs a Light

God Needs a Light

Transfixed to transverse in a wilting dark universe,

I caught the eye of God.

He was driving a black hearse with an overflowing change purse,

Speeding like a rushed criminal.

RUSHING his way to somewhere subliminal

He looked at me and yawned, "you bore me", he said.

I looked at him startled as my face turned bright red.

Lord in my shame I need this ride,

Heaven is where I hope to hide.

And spend eternal bliss, like a virgins first kiss.

With angels at my side.

Then he light a cigarette and offered one to me,

I took a drag and then beseeched, the hidden cogitation of his jealousy.

We smoked until the moon had sunk,

In horizons near the seas.

As he veered on up into eternity,

Laughing, hitting on his knees.

From that point on we didn't speak,

Just rode through clouds and sky,

Until we reached the blackest hole,

Where light must even die.

Sped on did he through vast and narrow black.

Until we reached the point of never turning back.

At last the light of heaven shined,

Within my bleeding eyes.

I looked ahead and suddenly to my surprise.

I saw myself step in a hearse, driven by a man.

With a smoke still not light held within his hand.



## Failing Hearts

Hate is in the eyes of the deceivers,  
Love is in the hearts of the believers.  
Behold thy heart within thy hand,  
Sing and praise love in this land,  
And follow not what art received,  
But what thou heart has since achieved,  
Since beating hearts will never leave thy soul in any kind since or then reprieved and will give thy belly full of every means.

## Stigma

### Stigma

The stigma of the blind gave them strength to see,  
From the devil, tearing souls, their wrath upon you and me.  
The truth is spoken many times and will always take its course,  
From deceiving lies and the sanctity of my heart and loves remorse.  
Until the dawns sky grey and rain falls on the earth.  
Their nocturnal moonlight night will bring a corpse in a womb without his birth.  
The life that ended then will float as ghosts stay silent.  
And deaf ears will listen for voices not then yet reminded.



## Untitled

Whirl winds of time are knocking at my door,  
Images, some divine, tells tales and romantic lore.  
As the leaf falls, as the voices call,  
I seek new avenues to explore.  
A distance here to wander,  
Toward the golden road.  
I sit and slowly Ponder.  
All the stories I've been told.  
Some look up above,  
As an eagle soars in excellence.  
To witness the endowment of my love.  
Instead of mankind's pestilence.  
Seek toward your minds ability,  
In the sovereignty of your own stability.  
And choose the path that's true.  
No matter if the dark is grey or midnight blue.

## Tick Tock

Happy like a newborn star, alive infused with galactic war,  
All nestled in an eagles nest, my heart and mind still at their best.  
Bring me wine of God's from stories old,  
Stories not yet heard or told.  
And drink the fire that burns within,  
Igniting desire and euphoric whim.  
Untill the swiftness dies and children cry.  
Tick tock, time won't stop.  
The clock is always off.  
It chimes at only 1 o'clock.  
Alone, forlorn I cough.  
The end is near, is what I hear.  
Sitting on a rock.  
The flames are dead, there is no bread.  
My mind and soul I scoff.  
Except I hear the tone of love,  
It sang like embers glow,  
Relight the stove and in my cave,  
The mistress sows and sows.

## Waiting for Heaven

Waiting for Heaven

Droplets of rain unto the ground,  
Draining the heavens, upon the earth of green and brown.  
Falling from skies of songs long forgotten,  
Drowning and withered like apples gone rotten.  
A bite here I took, with wisdom there I stood,  
And vanished with shadows of thought.  
My eye was upon, the tip of the wing,  
Of an angel to hold my hand for the good i had sought  
And bring me to summer, with birds there to sing.  
Alas the apple it took, the virginity of angels with its pictured fuckbook.  
A tree standing in gardens begotten.  
The blame it was hers, in the garden they fought in.  
A tear dripped upon the skin glowing of yellow and gold,  
Its lesson was neither for the weak or the bold.  
It taught that heaven stands still, white as the snow,  
Hold onto your will, so up to heaven you'll go,  
To stand amongst the few with the divinity of worth,  
But the many they lose, right at their birth.  
For only the few, with righteous and girth,  
Sits and mingles with God above earth.  
Forgive and forget. Live and let live.  
Upon your own death, give, give and give.  
For light will not shine, upon your closed mind.  
And doors open will close in due time.  
Let them then judge, your life at its end,  
Friends who are dead, advice they can't lend.  
Alone like a child that's lost in the world,  
A candle without flame or wick to unfurl.  
The darkness will take your very last breath,  
The light now extinguished, your soul at its depth.  
He'll sit on his throne, ignore your broke bones,  
And heart that beats for love to come home.

Alone there you'll wait, for the end of the journey..  
Alone, judgement of days without an attorney  
Thinking the whole time, it was all about you.  
When really it wasn't and nothing was true.  
For the devil he spoke. His words hard and hot.  
at his side where you'll sit, your breath is your last.  
It is his hand you took, as you wandered through life,  
And walked through the garden, an apple of strife.  
Rewards will be given, gifts to the dead,  
He'll tear out your eyeballs and cut your scalp from your head.  
Your knuckles he'll break, one at time,  
Their popping like music of macabre and chimes.  
The bones he will break will come next my sweet thing.  
Then when all seems so lost, and pain fills your soul,  
The devil will cast you into the fires of hell.  
Where you'll burn in red flame each tremendous scorch you will feel,  
And screaming won't help, just reinforces it's all real.  
Just when your ash, molten and chain, lying unrecognizable in deaths sooty decay.  
The devil will heal you, your mind body and soul. Now is your turn with demons to fuck, apples to eat  
and murder to wrought in fires six feet deep. so when his horns fill in black you can repeat and  
repeat. And burn till your naught, A prisoner in death eternal torture without end. Which hand do you  
want to take now my thoughtless old friend. for the silence of God, He gives you a will. He only steps  
in when man becomes a suicide pill. Yet then still not heard, no song of a bird. A silence of hope  
and invisible word. Some his strength he gives. Others they falter. The pill is is the marriage  
between the two realms in their metal halter,. If swallowed, the pit is your fit and the death that  
dwells there. If ignored the thrown will sit two for a moment or more. With doors now reopening to  
tell us the war is fought in this life, one against himself. To end up in heaven or fried down in hell.

## My love is a Rose

My love is like a red rose pedal,  
Soft and vibrant and so mellow.  
She shines like red wine in the dark,  
Keeps me safe like Noah's ark.  
Her kiss is bliss, when she says hello.  
I'm her one and only fellow.  
My heart it beats only for her,  
Hers it beats the same.  
Fixated eyes I do refer,  
Of her my loves naught tame.  
I wrestle with explicit chance,  
With this, our only true romance.  
And ask for her to breath,  
In love, in life, in dreams.  
Stay as our spirits wander,  
Stay as I grow Fonder.  
By the embers only my soul does bare,  
For your longing and passionate lovers stare.  
Lie with me in felicity,  
Forget the world beyond,  
Faces, streets, the broken earth,  
Together we are strong.  
The fires glow has reached it peak,  
The night still dark and young.  
The end times lost and seemingly bleak,  
The wine is on our tongue.  
Till morn we dance a million lives,  
Our story still we share.  
Through looking glasses we see behind,  
Our golden body's stare.  
To sleep my child, to keep you near,  
My love will never disappear.  
Temptation naught, alone to cease,

I lie beside my garden rose,  
May, flowered sleep bring us in peace.

## Smoke

A longing drag from my last smoke  
The guilt it lingers here  
A falling star the ashes fade  
Finds silence in mine ears  
I wish I had not strayed from love  
I want it now reborn  
Alas, too late, your soul insists  
The final rest of love we both do mourn  
If I hadn't made the experiment  
When one drag led to the next  
It now owns my blood and body with a hint,  
Of nothing left except  
Advice from Mom and those who've died  
A cancerous rotten death  
I'll quit one day, at least I'll try  
To find a non-polluted breath  
Once I have, will you love me?  
For all my vastly worth  
If not, I won't then hesitate  
To smoke six feet in the earth  
For if I had to choose between the two  
Your love or my next drag  
Laid to rest in dirt all through and through  
Of this I'll never lag  
Your love is second next to none  
Your love my heart beats for  
Although a smoke is not as good  
I'll smoke until I hit the floor  
And when I'm dead I'll smoke one more

## Sunrise in an Empty Field

Sunrise in an Empty Field

Time and love cries no tears,  
Except beyond the silver mirrors,  
To see the emerald fiery hot,  
As peace of mind is not.  
I peered through the outer walls,  
And witnessed in a breath, a hundred falls.  
As wind and rain stared back at me,  
In mother nature's simplicity.  
It walked across the growing field,  
And tore onto my mind, just healed.  
Each step was first to see the sun.  
As midnight stars became undone.  
And dawn begot the day begun.



## Attila

Attila

With eyes of eagles, arrows aimed,  
Upon a steel horse to slay,  
The earth to rush, the wind to blow,  
A heart beat from a death to them bestow.  
The sun to shine like a million flames,  
The wicked and their warring games.  
He found the mind of a Sheppard flock.  
To travel peacefully there and back.  
Until the death of slaves makes blind the rich,  
To surpass the battle and the myth.  
A thousand dead or maybe more,  
Upon the earth his children, him to bore.  
For myth and fact be with the stars,  
And skin and bone eternally charred.  
He finally stood as kings to bear,  
An empire half the earth, so fair.

## Red Rose

Behold a Rose

Behold a rose. Perfection in thy embrace.

Thistles dull against my skin, no blood to stain the taste.

Impressions of heaven and undying fair color,

Bounded with heart and hope to discover.

Portraying life and death, and a shallow whispered breath,  
seen through all time.

So lovely, as is also so harmoniously divine.

Your hue and scent of soft wispy red,

Lingers long in my senses, as you garden the fences,

And grow with heavenly pride in your bed.

Stand tall and stand true, as you unfailingly do,

To beckon the eye to your beauty.

You i will pick, and ask for a kiss,

From your crimson moist lips.

And give it to you, as love passes true,

Our minds and our hearts here anew with sweet bliss.

Keep it close to your soul, The gardens not full,

But emptied of the perfect red rose,

its gift I bestow, my love won't forgo,

The petal you hold keeps close what I've told.

In its simple gift you perpetually hold.

To my spirit as our love wanders on through.

## Love is Pain

Love is Pain

Give me unity, give me power, stacking flames on every hour  
I've found the grace, I've found disgrace of dwindled fires upon my face  
I'll sit and silently faint into her warmth, stretching hands as she goes forth  
And find my love hiding like a child in a storm in the cold of outer space  
We have all been there once, or twice if you recall,  
The resemblance of our Lord, a marionette on a cross who taught them all  
That love is like a flame, for haters love to blame  
That burns us in a never-ending story  
Give me unity, give me power falling soldiers by the hour  
Wars of hearts fight with swords and words of harm to bring alarm  
And stop the storms of endless rain  
That prevails all love is pain.

## The Lonely Rose

### The Lonely Rose

A flower grew so solitaire, amongst the golden grass,  
She stood and watched the breeze so fair,  
Counting blades until the last.  
So tall and true, her roots they grew,  
Alive in grounds below,  
The worms they chewed, the mice scurried through,  
The sanctity the field bestowed.  
She guarded with her beauty hence,  
With nothing more than her pretense,  
Of where the days they go.  
Alone below the yellow sun, and tired rain,  
They became as one, as time begot the snow.  
And winter frost, in haste it froze,  
Her petals into glinting ice.  
No beauty lost, the loveless rose,  
Her wilt the winters sacrifice.  
At long last, in the chill so dense,  
The rose she fell and died.  
Her stem and roots in cold below, the fallen snow,  
Brought tears to natures cry.  
Forever in the seasons then to future come,  
The field of grass below the yellow sun,  
Evoked her gracious memory.  
For one warm season, not without its reason,  
The rose of lonely reverie.

## The blizzard

### The Blizzard

Sight of wondrous white, all throughout the frost whom bites,  
Renowned in beauty's fright, a whirlwind of cold delight.  
The storm it blew, the snow it flew, all morning day and night.  
Till heaven shut its doors, above the earth, and through the blindness shined the light.  
The sun, with warmth, filled the heart, at bay the storms will and might.  
Again the birds and furry worms crawled and kept to natures fight.

## Winds of Change

With dreams of happy circumstances,  
And minds so blissfully inside a trance.  
As wonders whirl in flags in blue grey skies,  
The eye to open swiftly as the sun she dies.  
Bring morning to a world of imagination.  
Like steel and rubber lost somewhere in stagnation.  
Aside the pretty few, where winds they blew.  
And flameless pride kept waiving by in shadows of a wondrous world then and there reborn anew.

## Judgement Day

Heaven or Hell?  
Dark fears heard in deafened ears,  
Brought the demons out to play,  
Their shadowed screech upon the wind,  
Made blackened souls decayed.  
Their lies all pretty in dark red blood,  
Written in words with rotten food.  
Beyond the rounded, deaths black hood,  
Where his finger pointing found a pale sleep forever good.  
He puts only evil in the dreams of men,  
Who do not know their place,  
Or where their hearts belong,  
Within the human race.  
Trapped like steel bars and marble floors all wet and hard and cold,  
These are the dreamers who's secrets the demons have pretentiously foretold.  
When an angel bears his grace to meet,  
And greets you on your own two feet,  
Ignore the shadows who float in depth,  
Of hells fires and burning breaths.  
For believing in all their lies and shit,  
Means death will follow where your children sit.  
Death will bring them to the quest,  
Of why life ends as if a test.  
To lead you somewhere more on earth,  
Then to a dreamless sleep or new rebirth.  
Lessons learned seem between so? far and few,  
Like graffiti in a Bible perilously sitting on a churches pew.  
Half the precepts paternalism bears,  
Like the protective mother, in her long white dress in faith she wears.  
To land and break your tears on stone,  
Until the angel precipitates her home.  
And sings A lullaby for her begotten love,  
To calm his soul with sweetened notes,

And a true love kiss thereof.  
A song sung a heart can only seemingly understand,  
Beating for the truth to comprehend and then demand.  
The notes of peace that linger soft,  
And come at such a tempestuous cost.  
And sink in sands on an empty beach.  
Where virtue strays just out of reach.  
And vice finds answers that dead men preach.  
Where an angel bellows a cheerful tone,  
The demon cracks his whip,  
The sand turns dry dust to sharp hard bone,  
And morality will exorbitantly tip.  
The angel floats upon its wing,  
The demon on its horn,  
Both bear the message of the lord.  
Where you end your dying day by sickness, age or by the sword.  
Your end is versed within the chorus,  
In heavens light and hope.  
Or hell and fire and remorse.  
An individual, their soul alone to cope.  
Where will you go on judgment day.  
When gifts are granted to,  
The ones who fly up in the sky,  
Or the many who fall below the few.  
The will was vigorous to both who wrought,  
Their powers on this earth.  
The solace here alone they sought,  
The others in comfort found no worth.  
Separated by the mind of this and thus and that,  
On judgement day with our children is where defensively we're sat.  
Generations of accumulated adjuration.  
On our hard boney backs they will pat and pat and pat.  
Some will cry in joyous glee,  
Some will burn in misery,  
Some get stuck where no one flees,  
The rest exist just as a breeze,



And blow like invisible winds that freeze,  
The night air and scent of a virgin and her tease.  
To the ears and eyes and pricks of what sirens please.  
The waters of the life that give,  
Destroyed by all that's become taboo,  
Their vices they could not keep hid,  
Their virtue dead and broken through.  
The ones that get up to the warmth,  
And light and bliss and love.  
Will stay forever to be mourned up in the endowment up above.  
The others who will sink and burn in fires of hottest hell,  
Their torture they could not foretell.  
Nor suffering a judge or priest knew well.  
Eternal torment insufferably true  
Their never ending agony they will construe.  
Choices on this realm we have,  
Decisions that define.  
Our everlasting afterlife,  
Of hell or the divine.  
For nature has a way, to affect our actions we portray.  
For one will finally judge, and all will sit alone,  
On judgment day in front of Him,  
And his commandments writ in stone.



## First Kiss

### First Kiss

Lonely hearts to sorrow finds,  
The echoed vastness of the winds,  
A trinity worshipped here divine,  
Acknowledges our sins.  
Until the breath that last departs,  
A man foreshadowed of his art,  
Of sympathetic revelry,  
Brings to him a taste so heavenly..  
His needs have here found sanctity,  
In Peaceful reciprocity.  
The eyes of nature looms,  
While bathing in her somber tomb.  
And Light will darken softly,  
On Whims when they are costly.  
And virgins cry their tears of pain.  
For loss of innocence and zealous shame.  
To hint a kiss with frosty lips,  
Of time, the void and black of space.  
Brings pride to slight of hand and wrist,  
And sharpness there in haste.  
At last it's touch is redefined,  
It's mark and beauty she'll nor decline.  
Closer still to both their hearts and minds.  
A moment meant to last, the only kind.  
Perchance to dream a sleepless peace,  
In nights of solitude and bliss,  
For this the essence of her kiss.  
For this her mouth on yours intrude.  
It rests the soul and heart and head.  
And feels so heavenly embraced instead.  
Vanishing in forgotten time.  
Her lips will press on what is mine.

It's weight to sink in streams like stones,  
It's pant a heavy somber moan.  
And like a ladder stands to climb,  
Our hearts did beat aloud and find,  
That love is neither bought or sold,  
Or owned only by the young and old.  
Loves found in some immortal realm  
That's driven forward at the helm.  
And given to the few deserved  
To what your heart has on reserve  
Or what your soul will there preserve  
In desperate eyes despaired to tell.  
A sunken soft and quenching spell.  
For the moment passes long and still.  
The tranquility in me that she found.  
Had brought me here alone to find.  
that love will anchor us on grounds.  
Of incarnation and her beauty sound.  
As heaven witnessed a kiss to bear  
Emotion, brought with indistinct despair.  
It brought to me an open door.  
To everything in this life that's more.  
that nothing else was real before.  
For our lips did meet,  
Our eyes did see  
The brilliance of our hue,  
Our begging mouths and wanting lips reborn our souls anew.  
A kiss so soft, a kiss so true  
It changed the nature passing through  
Our bodies and our tired heads  
To lead us both beyond loves depth  
And brought us here from two to one  
Our lives now dance upon the sun .  
The Kiss it saved the virgins grace,  
It's taste for him it changed his ways.  
And love was met with all impunity

As we found loves solemn immortality and immunity.

## The break up

The break up  
When loss t'was hung upon the fringe,  
Of a golden semi broken hinge,  
Locked within a steel room,  
With chains that swept up like a broom.  
We danced on an empty sandy floor,  
Our picture hung upon the door.  
My love for you now dwindled.  
As we walk on through the spiders spindle,  
Wrapped around my finger bare,  
Doth my heart to stare or care?  
For every word a tone of sweet remorse,  
From your very lips on the day put forth.  
And spoken in rooms of wooden homes  
Cuts like a knife to the very bone.  
I died for you that rainy morn,  
My very essence had been torn.  
Like whips to draw the blood from skin,  
My prison and my life la fin.  
It's over before the start became,  
Your wish preserved by all the pain.  
That took you laughing like a cuckoos hen.  
Because of where we've gone and been.  
I thought t'were holding love at bay  
But on that very cloudy day.  
You broke what little had been left.  
Like charms and devils your words bereft.  
Now upon a golden chair you sit.  
Spitting out the apple pit.  
While gazing as the years go by.  
As men to boys their tears to cry.  
For nothing but a memorial dream,  
At midnight when the moon she screams,

And washes all the sin away.  
Which brings the morning to this very day.  
My heart to fix it's ether quick,  
Like a slowly burning candle stick,  
The wick a virgin to the flame,  
Because I played your wicked games.  
For let the very reason die,  
Within the question, whom and why.  
For forward hence my heart will seek.  
As Natures quiet when she speaks.  
And wrestle with the mouths of babes,  
Like conversations we had in haste.  
For life will live if we do or don't,  
As you burry your head within your cunt.  
To find the misery of mine,  
And all the wasted tongue and time.  
It took to gently make you speak.  
As I meekly kissed your other cheek.  
You bought and sold my love, my love.  
Our heavens dead and Hells above.  
The sky still grey, the rain it stayed.  
And stormed till chains swept the drops away.





## Heaven Waits

The heart of warmth or heavy frost,  
Brings down the many at what cost.  
Until the final bloody beat pretends,  
And love or hatred there descends.  
At last your breath will thaw the snow,  
And winters frozen windy blow,  
And devils dance in suede black shoes  
When you sit on wood church pews,  
Payment whistles and hard men tear,  
Their bones at heavens golden stare.  
And reap an angel with her voice,  
For only she has will of choice.  
Her hallow strong yet dimly lit,  
Upon my sins she warmly sits.  
And watches as my soul to die,  
With tears of pouring rain she cries.  
Carrying up to whiter skies.  
And sit yet not alone to die.  
But with the saints and crosses bore,  
Whom lost the waters when winter tore.  
And drank from flowing streams of glee,  
As heaven waits for you and me.

## The Godless

The Godless

For be it told or not so sure,  
Divinity in dreams will lure.  
Untold, forsaken , wrought.  
Guided, mislead and bought.  
Beware the golden dream,  
Of reverence like the flowing streams.  
For hidden in atheistic time,  
Is proverb and it's crime.  
Locks and chains will reprimand,  
And blood will drip and sink.  
Until passion laughs at blinded hearts.  
And godless men will think.

## Christmas

Happy time, families dine, little ones will laugh and wine,  
Upon an Everest tree so green,  
A hundred sparkling balls be seen,  
With star or angel on the top,  
May Christmas never heed to stop.  
Just go all merry year around.  
Give and give, no one ever frowns.  
Smile in delight of gifts and wishes as the snow does drift.  
With Hot chocolate by the fire aflame.  
It's Christmas in our saviors name.

## It's Christmas

Happy season, Time of year,  
Presents, wishes Santa's beard.  
Bring the merry, bring them all,  
To the joyous Christmas ball.  
Music, peace, and happiness,  
Joy and love and rhapsody.  
Family hugs, and turkey dinner  
Grandma's stuffing is the winner.  
Bring me gifts of glee,  
Exactly what I need.  
And I'll give you too,  
What makes you, you.  
The most peaceful time of year,  
Jingles heard beyond the cheer.  
Of love as warm and dire.  
As sitting by the fire.

## The Second Pandemic

### The Second Pandemic

I find myself aflame with stupidity, entranced in pig shit and devilish divinity.

My mind like a torn sponge, collecting no water, or spit on my tongue.

I float in a haze of dull noise, echoing within mine ears,

It's patterns repeated with never a choice, Of what one wanted or wants for himself to quietly hear.

I softly lit my nights last cigarette, and dragged on it till done.

I flicked the rot, the but of stained fingers in a puddle in a parking lot.

And drove to the next noise dull like the one just sought and found in some lull.

A song to entrance the wisdom of souls, who mockingly joke at the wisdom of fools,

Who eat the dead, memories and all and would never go to the fairy princesses ball.

Rather stay in the house, with brandy and beer. And whiskey to trick the mind to hide and to disgracefully disappear.

Into the dark, where no one is blamed and no one is judged and all are the same.

Diversity, uncertainties, the individual is hung. By the noose on the neck and then stoned by the same who all sing them to death.

The song of the one, the song of the every, the song of the same, singing exactly like the others. Without difference in name. No loss and no shame. Only order and lack of diversity in this wicked end game. We all wear a mask. We all seek the cure. A pandemic of vice will only but lure. Our hearts and our minds or what's left from last time. Hence another one comes. And blights out the sun to commit its cruel crime. We are the ones who all wear the masks. Only the eyes shows what is in task. Pandemic please come and please go just as quick. As ugly men hide behind masks of the sick. And women hide also in masks of their soul. For when it stands upon man and the earth where we dwell,

The masks will be worn on this earth made of hell.

## My love comes with the moon

My love comes with the moon

The quiet silver moon, on the sandy shore whispers like a sliver in the tip of your finger,

One drop of blood a story to linger and for your ears only to hear and configure.

She will prickle your ear with a dusty moan, a want that's hollow to the grey cold skin and white hard bone.

And she will wink with a crater when you finally betray her,  
and under her dreaming protection, comes to light her inspection.

And floating through the silver dry streams that stilled her gleaming waters might.

Brings the desire of her white dulled light, Into the dark still night.

As my heart locked with steel chains to yours at first sight.

Is the day I meet you, in something real, like the morning.

Or a room, or a sidewalk with the walking dogs there exploring.

All for natural peace, that puts men's minds to ease.

And a trinket called love knocking at the door.

Tap Tap Tap.

Unrecognizable love. Unlike a flower.

Shadowed love, unseen in power.

Only for you as sure as fire burns and winds stir.

My heart now quiet, now heavy, as the moon when she lures.

Our lives as one, joined and be done.

A throne to sit like the Son or the Hun.

And rule what's real, in a world gone mad.

With the taste of emotion gone rotten and bad.

For without your love, and you tapping my door.

I have blackness, I have pain, I have sin and still want of more.

In the night of the silver moon on the warm sandy shore.

Only with you will I have something better then ever before.



## Natures Taunt

Tides will wash the fishes scales,  
Undertow to shore.  
Lonely long forgotten tales,  
Remembered then tomorrow.  
To heal the stain, Of the Tigers mane.  
Leads sheep to deathly sorrow.  
Taken with desire and want,  
As nature whispers here to taunt.  
Eternity till to borrow.



## My love

Oh so fair with golden hair and eyes of emerald blue.  
You are my life, my midnight wife amongst the maple hue.  
Belong my love, embrace the cove, and settle soft and true.  
Upon my heart, I whistle quite, I am no longer blue.  
My love for you, eternally through, The essence, me and you.  
Forever stay, Until the end of days, as love does Oh so fair with golden hair and eyes of emerald blue.  
You are my life, my midnight wife amongst the maple hue.  
Belong my love, embrace the cove, and settle soft and true.  
Upon my heart, I whistle quite, I am no longer blue.  
My love for you, eternally through, The essence, me and you.  
Forever stay, Until the end of days, as love does always do.  
always do.

## Winds of time

When the winds of time, Their narrow blow,  
In tunnels of the world, on grounds below  
Begins her dance, a freezing breeze.  
Puts cold in what and is believed,  
Of any other sort of sound,  
Blowing in the ears of nature bound.  
Awoke The earth on this still morn.  
And stormed eternal in its form.

## Bones

Beseeched in royal garb, purple and emerald gold,  
The mighty will has proven what has gotten old.  
The naked king he laughs and scoffs,  
The eagles wing soars, as she takes off.  
And precedent be set upon the biggest bet.  
As fire and rain shall surely mutually stop in stead.  
What over boils the kettle, as the multitude shall settle.  
And freedoms chains are righteously chopped.  
Through the blood and rusty metal.  
As the world groans, moans to burry bones and gives serenity to the masses.

## Locked in a kiss

The deadly dance begins at dawn,  
A sweet romance leads us on.  
To kiss the embers of you lips,  
Locked in pale red.  
On the oceans floor I sit.  
Darkness in its stead.  
Truth be told I'll rise as breath,  
Bleeds out in frost and cold.  
And swimming to sirens without voice,  
A serpent ages old.  
As your tongue, and restless young.  
Bewitch the tides undue the fold.  
Sit with me in time and sand,  
Like emeralds bought and sold.  
Upon the beach, where masters reach.  
Eternally fed by hand. And chain your loves desire beseeched, together we will stand.

## Angel tears

### Angel Tears

Heaven embraced an angel.  
She cried, graceful at my door.  
Her tears, like miracles they fell,  
At my feet upon the chipped hard and stony floor.  
They kissed my mind, caressed my soul,  
And saved me from the darkest hell.  
She whispered love into a mind of hate,  
Her yellow ember, A most graceful fate.  
The tears, they dwelled within my eye,  
Then streamed upon my dry warm cheek.  
Her beauty and her amber eyes gave tremble,  
To my knees so weary my heart so weak.  
A love was found within a flame,  
Her heated passion non could tame.  
Yet hearts she trotted on for whim  
My angel begs forgiveness for this sin.  
However she sees the love, she brings the light,  
Her perfection asks not but to find,  
But demands in love and blood we live.  
The love between the heart and mind.  
For floating in a misty eve my angel brings her holy sight.  
My angel for another moment brought me back into the light.

## Let the setting sun

Cherish joy, Within thy heart, bewildered flatter scorned and sharp.  
Upon the existential will, set ease upon your soul.  
Bring whips, bring gratitude and regret.  
Do not forget the sun will set.  
Tomorrow yet another day.  
Of gold and children in nature play.  
Rest and breath with supplement.  
And cherish with bereavement.  
For hence your ease and anxious breath.  
With haste at yonder star.  
Oh David love, my brother through.  
The earth so near and far.

## Worm

Love from divinity an abstract form.

Unto the drawing worm.

The dirt it eats below our feet.

Indifference when they squirm.

Yet the golden wings are prayed upon.

With evening in a hazy dawn.

With a whispered strength to learn.

## Truth and lies

Imagine horses drawn in hey and purple flowers in the month of may,  
The cold of winters snap on its way, and sun in blue skies.  
The world in brilliance is misty like the morning haze,  
Giving breath and life to wrinkled eyes.  
A thousand days upon the seed it rains.  
And grows a rose that seldom cries.  
It reaches to the heavens, upon the dirt it sits.  
Embellished in resemblance, beauty in a fist.  
Truth instead of lies. Natures purest kiss.



## The right

A bust of brilliance in an angel's grace,  
Brings men and beast to fear,  
The sin that drives the after life,  
As starlight sheds a tear.  
Shine down upon my might,  
Sing songs that bring the light.  
And steer my heart through ageless doors,  
When night brings darkness like not before.  
And shine for what is right.

## Lovers Fate

I whispered softly as my eyes embraced,  
The sapphire beauty and wrists of lace,  
And flowing charcoal hair.  
Into her ear my mind regressed,  
Her kiss upon my lips they pressed.  
I'll rest within her arms as I keep her safe from harm.  
And give her what her wants do care.  
Abreast from pain as love does gain.  
Her beauty I can't bear.  
Alas as time does hesitate.  
Or finds us held within our fate.  
Sequestered I forswear.

## Morning Stillness

The flower grows as nature blooms  
To pollinate the womb,  
The tallest greenest freshest scent ,  
Travels up to Everests tomb.  
The mountain creeks sing a kiss  
The mammal's dance till dawn  
For in the morn no mist of mists  
or time to travel on

## The Calm

Life is like a book, read in stormy rains,  
When the winds and thunder shook.  
The words upon the page.  
The silence of the eye,  
Within the torments blow.  
As it quietly passes by,  
Bringing rainbows in the morrow.  
It's colors flare and shine,  
The sun will then remind.  
What's wet will always dry.  
Before the winds of time in peace will finally die.  
And reap of what is sowed.  
Like tears to dry blue eyes.  
And tranquility in tempestuous skies.  
As the stillness remnants slow.

## Gypsy Fate

In the embers of the universe,  
Full of black and cold.  
Where a gypsy serves not to old.  
She smokes a pipe, and dines with stars.  
Her restless soul spins like mars.  
Above the darkness, strong and true,  
She waits for you.  
So pleasant will her essence be,  
When met with her especially.  
The spoken and the silence will,  
Will joyously amaze and thrill.  
You will sit with her upon a stump,  
In gaze and utter wonderment.  
her morals she will tell.  
As nirvana quaintly governs it.  
Millions upon billions far,  
She'll end her narrative faint.  
You'll softly falling back upon the earth.  
As heaven paints your faith.

## Freezing

Stomping through the freeze,  
Carried by the winds,  
Blowing as a hurricane can please,  
Caught outside the blinds.

Skin like diamond, breath of fog,  
Stepping in the white,  
Fallen angels at my side,  
Winters frigid plight.

Come down the snow, flakes of silver calm.  
Yet beneath the children's feet,  
A hundred burning flames.  
The storm now tranquil,  
Winter and her games.

## Awake

Pessimism born anew,  
Graves eternally sleeping,  
Restless dreams, I have of you.  
Nor teary eyed to weeping.  
Fly me to the tallest tree,  
I'll perch and quietly hear,  
The heavens jungle free,  
Nocturnal ambience near.  
Then wake up to the greyest blue,  
The light beyond my eyes.  
To breath another day anew.  
In sleep of gentle guise.

## To Pam

With lust and hatred hearts will shatter,  
To only us nothing matters.  
Slowly as we sink into the stream.  
Holding, breathing, sinking dreams.  
To rise again to surfaced air,  
Upon your eyes I stare.  
Your gleam it traces as my soul,  
Looks to you to know its full.  
With you I always know that life,  
Will live forever, unlike vice.  
I'm sorry that our love has died,  
For I shall always wonder why.  
As you are to an angel's flower,  
As I am to the apple sour.  
Forgive my mind forget the past.  
Even though apart entangled we will last.

TO PAM



## Storm and Storm

Rain down a blizzard of deep,  
Snow covering me from my head to my feet.  
I burry my steps as I walk in the depths,  
Of nature and her frozen white beast.

It piles as high as the house.  
The wolves and the jackals will pounce.  
I sit and I wait, the modest of fates,  
Smoking weed by the skunkiest ounce.

It falls like waste of a nuclear bomb,  
In a world of silence blowing her song.  
And Steele will screech, like gulls at the beach.  
As I patiently wait all day long.

Finally the sun, will sparkle and shine.  
Melting the beast, of natures cold feast.  
And life once again will start moving on.  
And to all of this shit I will say so fucking long.

Bring me the spring, when flowers will sing.  
And winter to finally subside.  
Clocks need to ding, warmth is my thing.  
What a cold inhospitable ride.

## Field of flowers

I awoke in a field of purple white flowers,  
At my feet they were sprouting and reaching for hours.  
The moss, as a pillow, my dreams and my will,  
Were still and mocked any such power.  
The sun it was high, as noon to the sky,  
Yet morning had heeded its call.  
Time had no meaning, shallow waters were streaming.  
As humming birds drank nectar and all.  
The moon in the blue, the sun in the shade,  
The ground it was spinning that day.  
Instead of a step, I went back to bed,  
And lied in the flowers and stayed.

## Waiting for Heaven

Waiting for Heaven

Droplets of rain unto the ground,  
Draining the heavens, upon the earth of green and dark brown.  
Falling from skies of songs long forgotten,  
Drowning and withered like apples gone rotten.  
A bite I took, with wisdom I stood,  
And vanished with shadows of thought.  
My eye was upon, the tip of the wing,  
Of an angel to hold my hand for the acquiescence i had sought,  
bring me to summer, with birds there to sing.  
Alas the apple it took, the virginity of angels with its pictured fuckbook.  
A tree standing in gardens begotten.  
The blame it was hers, in the garden they fought in.  
A tear dripped upon the skin, glowing of yellow and gold,  
Its lesson was neither for the weak or the bold.  
It taught that heaven stands still, white as the snow,  
Hold onto your will, so up to heaven you'll go,  
To stand amongst the few with the divinity of worth,  
But the many they lose, right at their birth.  
For only the few, with righteous and girth,  
Sits and mingles with God above space and the earth.  
Forgive and forget. Live and let live.  
Upon your own death, give, give and give.  
For light will not shine, upon your closed mind.  
And all the doors open will close in due time.  
Let them then judge, your life at its end,  
Friends who are dead, advice they can't lend.  
Alone like a child that's lost in the world,  
A candle without flame or wick to unfurl.  
The darkness will take your very last breath,  
The light now extinguished, your soul at its depth.  
He'll sit on his throne, ignore your broke bones,  
And heart that beats for love to come home.

Alone there you'll wait, for the end of the journey..  
Alone, judgement of days without an attorney  
Thinking the whole time, it was all about you.  
When really it wasn't and nothing was true.  
For the devil he spoke. His words hard and hot.  
At his side where you'll sit, like it or not.  
It is his hand that you took, as you wandered through life,  
And walked through the garden, with the apple of strife.  
Rewards will be given, gifts to the dead,  
He'll tear out your eyeballs and cut your scalp from your head.  
Your knuckles he'll break, one at time,  
Their popping like music of macabre and chimes.  
The bones he will break will come next my sweet thing.  
Then when all seems so lost, as pain fills your soul,  
The devil will cast you into the fires of hell.  
Where you'll burn in red flames each tremendous scorch you will feel,  
And screaming won't help, just reinforces it's real.  
Just when your ash, molten and chain, lying unrecognizable in deaths sooty decay.  
The devil will heal you, your mind body and soul. Now is your turn with demons to fuck, apples to eat  
and murder to wrought in fires six feet deep. so when his horns fill in black you can repeat and  
repeat. And burn till your naught, A prisoner in death eternal torture without end. Which hand do you  
want to take now my thoughtless old friend. For the silence of God, He gives you a will. He only  
steps in when man becomes a suicide pill. Yet then still not heard, no song of a bird. A silence of  
hope and invisible word. Some his strength he gives. Others they falter. The pill is the marriage  
between realms in their halter,. If swallowed, the pit is your fit and the death that dwells there. If  
ignored the thrown it will sit two for a moment or more. With doors now reopening to tell us the war  
is fought in this life, one against himself. To end up in heaven or fried down in hell.

## With Fingers Linked

Light the candle as the wick it flickers,  
Shadows dance around.  
Frozen in the universe.  
The flame it burns the golden crown.  
Let me walk amongst the ghosts,  
Until the final steps.  
Are heard in all the hallways ,  
Silenced of all breath.  
I'll hold your hand and dance,  
Upon an open flame.  
As neither candle nor our sweet romance.  
Extinguishes as the same.  
The we shall depart amongst the blazing sun,  
As the fire filters heavens grace,  
Running toward the dark unknown.  
Both ends will then unfurl,  
Our fingers as they link,  
Unwinding us of all the chains,  
We've had from very birth.

## Oh Cescent Moon

Oh crescent moon of lightning silver,  
Above, reflecting natures mirror.  
Stay ablaze with gentile hue,  
Horizons inflamed of view.  
Bring me dreams, of nocturnal streams,  
Of weddings laced with white.  
Shinning as the stars they beam,  
In the darkness of the night.  
Around through heaven, with 27,  
Notes of ether heard.  
Flood the earth, an eve's rebirth.  
As silence has no word.  
I'll listen quietly as you sink,  
Into the ocean depths,  
And swim within the celestial deep,  
Beneath the tides precepts.  
Until our dance in waters warm,  
Brings me chance of home sweet home,  
Away from all the hapless harm.  
And all the tortious of the storm.  
Oh crescent moon to lead me through,  
The eve, eternal black.  
As my spirit woos,  
And lies with you, as we enraptured gaze aback.



## Lovers Kiss

Lovers Kiss

Prayerfully in my mind of mist,  
With one last dying lovers kiss.  
Carry my torch upon an empty room,  
Where flowers grow in the darkness and the doom.  
Slowly dive into my breast,  
As hair and lips and cheek Caress.  
And let the brilliance of our minds and souls regress.  
As our love withstands life's final test.  
When love will put our souls to rest.  
As our interlocking kiss obsess.



## Stare

Persuade through winds of solitaire,  
Unmasked beauty rare,  
Swing the tides of sand,  
As I hold your hand.  
And into your soul I stare.

## Untitled

Try the night like a warm brandy, drink the stars and weep.  
Sweep the shadows, beaches sandy, Atop the churches peak.  
An eye of broken green, wandering through a screen,  
Perplexed as wise as wisdoms weak.  
The love of gentle dreams, seen through the open flames,  
To sleep aghast machines, reflecting none the same.  
Your mind as peering into vast, eternal time of deep.  
The chimes and bells at last, will slowly keep.

## End

A vivid look at nothing,  
The darkness of the black.  
I sauntered step by step,  
Never to come back.  
Eternity swallowed whole,  
The innocence of prayer.  
It sucked my mind and soul.  
As my body still, lie bare.  
Reap to me the mark,  
Of bliss perpetual,  
Inside of all the dark,  
It's light yet still exceptional.  
For devils laugh at pain,  
Means to end the game.  
And seek but nothing else,  
For the end of dead men's pulse,  
As all will end the same.

## Civil War

Wheeze amongst the tall dead grass,  
Guns, explosions leer,  
A child, to become the last,  
A hero they will cheer.  
He stood embarked with glory,  
The bullet told his story.  
And midnight smiled, as time's awhile,  
And no one she'd a tear.

## I love you

Love eternal not to be,  
Simply logic lost.  
Washed away in vaseful seas,  
Beating at a cost.

Bring to me your laughter,  
Singing peace and prayer,  
Forever and still after,  
For you and only you I care.

I love you till the moon is vanished,  
Till the earth and sun stand still.  
I love you till the weeping harp,  
Till morrow keeps it's will.

Endlessly I will carry,  
Within my heart and mind,  
Emotions that embody,  
There is no other kind.

## Everything in Between

I'm fascinated how the colors make themselves appear,  
How the animals hunt whatever's near,  
Why the universe is, if God's a she or his,  
Or everything in between.  
What's real or a dream.  
If oxygen exists on other planes,  
Or alone we are, it's all the same.  
Why the good die young,  
Why a pinkish tongue.  
Or everything in between.  
Life after death? Words before our very last breath.  
Whisper this to me, in opened eyes and ears that hear,  
The truth and lies, and watery tears,  
That cry themselves to sleep, not to gently weep,  
But to wake and give the world a shake.  
Or everything in between.

## Behold a Rose

Behold a Rose

Behold a rose. Perfection in thy embrace.

Thistles dull against my skin, no blood to stain the taste.

Impressions of heaven and undying fair color,

Bounded with heart and hope to discover.

Portraying life and death, with a shallow red breath.

Seen of morality ?and time.

So lovely, as is also so harmoniously Cherishedly divine.

Your hue and your scent of soft wispy red,

Lingers long in my senses, as you garden the fences,

And grow with heavenly pride in your bed.

Stand tall and stand true, as you unfailingly do,

To beckon my eye to your beauty.

For You I will pick, and ask for a kiss,

From your crimson moist lips.

And give back to you,

My mind and my heart here anew with sweet bliss.

Shine in my eyes the light of morn sky...

Keep it close to your soul, This garden that's full,

But emptied of only one perfect red rose,

It's gift I bestow, my love won't forgo.

The petal you hold keeps closer the bold,

In its simple gift you perpetually hold.

As my spirit and love wanders on through.

## First Steps

Summertime escaped the warmth,  
On flowers where the sun gave birth.  
The river like a warming spring,  
Swept the tides like a sweeping broom to sing,  
And slowly as the snow to melt,  
My healed heart it felt,  
The love of life, the dark of night,  
The virgins laced in black and white.  
Where a hundred doors were opened once,  
If not to their beauty there in hence.  
Bring me the daffodils like kisses,  
In the morn,  
Roses red surmises like lightning in a storm.  
And it's fragrance washed the sweat,  
Off of time that began to wear.  
A mask of shadows of all the babies here newborn.  
Took their steps, from the first, that grew to many more.





## When i vacationed in Hell

My body sunk into a pit of utter black,  
My mind it couldn't quite come back,  
From wandering in the coals,  
In the shadowed depth of the darkest hole.  
An angel whispered in mine ear,  
The sweetness of a torturous tear,  
And cut my throat from chin to chest,  
To see if I would pass the test.  
I smiled and with delight I said,  
Is that your very fucking best, I'm dead.  
He giggled once and cut of my hand,  
It fell so dead right where I stood,  
It's palm was open its fingers could,  
Still touch the fire burning round,  
The hot and simmering flaming ground.  
I snickered as he pleaded with,  
My presence and my virtuous gift,  
I offered him my beating heart,  
He passed and cut my shoulder, end to start.  
On my bones he dropped a boulder,  
And plunged it on my head till I was dead,  
And laughter shook the realm that smoldered.  
I woke and suddenly the pain,  
Was gone from me again.  
Then the lonely gentleman, he gave a prayer.  
An answer only for me to here.  
It went like a child's rhyme and lasted the eternity of time.  
It went "all my children they are dead,  
Meek without their belly fed.  
If hunger was the only gift,  
Then on your blood and bones I sift,  
And drink your brain, until it rots,  
Upon my tongue, oh what a plot.

Give me bones and melting flesh,  
As my senses linger in your sweltering scent.  
And worship you and image all.  
That father gave before my fall.  
The jealous angel stood to bear,  
The joke that mankind didn't care,  
Or truth of its humor in his lair.  
Oh selfless soul here in despair.  
How charmed I was, with head all crushed,  
One handed, cut neck and such.  
And finally then he smiled to me,  
Alas my child your pain I see,  
Is wrought between us, you and me,  
Like vice of plenty, so provocatively.  
But instead I'll measure with compassion,  
The morality of our relationship, without passion.  
And give to you a second chance,  
Begotten by my father's glance.  
And free your pain and misery,  
From my deathly solitude and slithery.  
Upon my throne sit, for seconds three,  
And peer through me, with wisdoms wit.  
To see that you, my favorite are.  
Another realm I'll send you far.  
If I ever see you here again,  
I'll melt your soul my sinning friend.  
And fry it in the hottest flame.  
Because you played my selfish game.  
My throat all clogged with dark red blood,  
I choked the answer that I could.  
I said "behold I've changed my ways from bad to good."  
And shame to boldness there I stood.  
With a wink and fiery finger snap,  
I flashed through doors of all the pasts.  
And into futures where I found,  
Serenity of all the beauty all around.

I lived my life in sin and death.  
I lied with every given breath.  
Yet Satan gave me a second chance.  
For on his throne my eyes did glance.  
And saw what lies for me instead,  
If ever him my angel, meets me again.

## I Vacationed in Heaven

met an angel in the vastness, of eternal clouds of futures past,  
His light shone down into my eyes, and suddenly 10 salty tears I whimpered and I cried.  
I fell and sobbed and begged him for, to open his almighty door,  
To lead me into grace and love, and every warm and good thing above.  
And all that is what's more.  
He opened it and let me glance, upon his grand eternal plan.  
Every soul was light like stars, and every soul in light danced so near yet so afar.  
Making love below his stead, not a one knew that they were dead.  
Instead it was more like life but better still, like vines and roses hung from a sparkling rain covered window sill.  
And moonlight shined through crystal glass, of flat not broken, shard or cast.  
It warmed the tips of angels wings, as flight took stead like angels sing.  
So sweet so innocent for us to hear, their many voices in unison our ears to bear.  
Upon my step I felt his love, his heart unlike any other kind,  
My mind did picture truth in thought.  
It took me by surprise, but scared I surely was not naught.  
He let me in to mingle with, the other flowers in the mist.  
And as I flew and circled high, I didn't ask him where or why.  
For his forgiveness I had sought, and from his judgment come, I must not have been caught.  
Or maybe just his essence true, like love and life of all the few.  
That led the ways for them all, in heavens golden realm befell.  
The Minority of us who will be saved, will lead the future of man's ways.  
And remind each other where we've been, and what in heaven we have seen.  
For purity and truth does take, the pretense of the realm he made.  
For if to die and linger there, once again your flesh will care.  
And ponder all the violent hate, upon the earth below the gate.  
Our ways, once heaven tasted change, for the embitterment of the souls who stayed.  
And gave to him a righteous prayer, deserved of for making us so rare.  
That only we exist in all the universe so vast, of all the futures and every past.  
For human natures given will, has finally proved the lord, so watchful and quiescently so still.  
Forever in this realm we wait, to live again with a different fate.  
And more will join the angels will and opened arms of saintly pull, until the day the wondrous tides of heaven and its souls are full.



## The Train to North Durham

The Train to North Durham

I rode a stolen train from rainy east to cloudy west,

Wearing a purple blazer, it was my very best.

I met a girl who's smile beckoned men to kill,

With just one look from her bright green eyes and yellow golden will.

She sat with legs both crossed, her feet and socks unmatched,

My goodness lord, she was the perfect life long catch.

Her lips of cherry red, and pinkish pale skin,

Brought my beating heart and mindful lusts to sin.

We rode the rocking car, taking us away so far.

From everything that's real.

My heart now beating only her it could now feel.

To new beginnings and a brand new day.

I hoped this moment would forever last and always with me stay.

The old men sauntered, drinking whiskey dry at the bumping, bouncing bar,

Her heart I thought to steal, I wanted her undressing in that travelling fast train car.

She glanced upon my face sincere, with the brilliance of a thousand stars,

Her time I wanted to procure, her body and her reddish hair like moons of Jupiter and mars.

At last my nerve was set, I sat beside her and I said, "my love how beautiful you are".

She smiled and winked so lovely and so nonchalant. My mind was only on the prideful wanting, hopeful hunt.

And countless braids of hair so red and smooth like silver. Alas she stood and walked away. I sat alone like a heavy stone sinking in the river.

Our stop at last, my heart it slowed, gone she was as quickly as we met.

How unfortunately unfortunate her love I could not get. I have never laid my eyes on her lovely countenance again.

I never saw her on any other road, I only was a blinded love sick man.

Who was this girl that stole my heart on the train to north Durham.





## Dead Kings

### Dead Kings

Like symbols written in fleece on the wall,  
Or blood from my cut palm shook in your grasp,  
Brothers' eternal from spring time to fall,  
A promise to keep till the last.  
We waited to seat on thrones of the dead,  
Their amber red crowns on skeleton heads.  
Commanded by the tongue less, deaf and the blind.  
Men who committed any old crime.  
Words they would speak, kisses on cheeks,  
And gold would fall heavy timely and meek.  
Ages of ancient, times long ago,  
Lessons we've learnt, buried below.  
Covered with tape, colored in red.  
Kings of these days, should simply stay dead.

## Any Man

I think a single tear streamed down my cheek,  
Lonely, for the love I seek.  
And fell heavy to the marble floor,  
I stood upon so firm, with the shoes that morn i wore.  
Sometimes a single sanctity,  
Is all one has to himself behold.  
Within a small town or bigger city.  
Alone I am bestowed.  
A sympathetic compliment,  
Will better any mood.  
The notes will softly give lament.  
If listened where you stand.  
And bring the heart down trampled on,  
Of any given man.

## Mountains Candle

Burn the candle, Till the wick turns black.  
Fire and flame takes my mind aback.  
To places where we once stood grand.  
Atop a mountainous peak we stand.

Across a red horizon, the whispers start arisen.  
If you listen close, Their secrets you'll hear of ghosts.  
Like stars that vanish into the night,  
Or twinkle for our prideful sight.

This is where I took my vow,  
A remedy for the here and now.  
And looked to futures gone and past.  
Where pink soft lips kissed for the last.

Interlocked in bonds of love.  
Like lovebirds soaring up above.  
Until we fall, so slippery.  
To end our fates in history.

## Happy Valentine

Happy Valentine

I stole her heart, t'was of an art, in time and shamelessly tuned,  
Her repertoire a dangling, like leaves in breezes changing,  
My quickened pulse anew.  
Bring her chest of heavens crest, closer to mine eye,  
As I kiss the mistress of her lips, tastefully like the driest of a rye.  
As beating throbbing blood, on our senses here assault,  
I only bring you closer, to my spirit wanting closure.  
Of my beckoning wants and faults.  
For you so tender, soft and faint,  
No artist nor no lover could they paint,  
Your picture still and beauty true.  
As much my heart and soul loves you.

## Eternal emotions

The glint I have locked in a sliver black box,  
Opened in brilliance, sly as a fox.  
Gifting it's beauty to heart.  
Neither an ending, beginning nor start.  
This is a gift i give it to you.  
As a cave swallows the shadows.  
With lightness of breath, to take the first step.  
On you this in stillness bestows.  
If to catch the glare, Of your ponderous stare.  
Embarking will we on a journey.  
With hands held so tight, as love being fought,  
Emotions eternal and stormy.

## Do or Dare

Oh brilliance be,  
My eternity,  
Or on this earth,  
Since my birth.  
Reflective souls,  
Mirrors full,  
Of eyes green  
And fair.  
For I will ponder,  
All methinks,  
Nor hesitate to wander,  
With whom dine and drink.  
With golden locks of hair.  
Legs both crossed,  
She's the boss,  
Entwined to do or dare.

## **My dreams**

My dreams, fallacious and deep,  
A flash my memory keeps.  
To fly, to rule the world,  
In two strong hands, gently unfurled.

I've dreamt of sugar sweets, of girls and stars.  
I've dreamt of universes near and far.  
For only wishes may come true.  
But maybe all my dreams will do.

## Toungue twister

The ability of fertility, with agility brings future peace and stability.

The virtuous find torturous very arduous and cernuous.

My mind in time, sublime without reason or rhyme.

Beckons mine with a hymn and a chime stopped dead on a dime.

Stopped dead like a ball on a wall in sight of them all.

And their senses like nonsense laments in the pretense.

As they bow and smile with slight of brow like the grass to the cow.

Or the hey to the horse, neighing its way through a trickery course.

This is the path, different in turn brings everyone man what they live and every one man what they  
yearn to have learned.



## Tinkering with Control

Elemental moon shaded light.  
Ecclesial even in the shadows are translucently as bright.  
My two blazing eyes here, saw heaven,  
And was judged in wisdom and angelic sight.  
Unknown amongst the folly, tomorrows gone but jolly,  
And every man and all machines sit waiting,  
Waiting for the small town trolley.  
Hating the impatience of the road.  
Yet blindly as they march, they do as they are told.  
And travel into the deepest darkest endless hole.  
In a room with covered eyes they steal,  
The wise that hinders wisdom's goal,  
To sacrifice how we think and feel.  
For want and greed befit,  
Exactly where they sit,  
On golden thrones with emeralds green,  
To control both mind and tinkering machine.

## Tick Tock

Happy like a newborn star, alive infused with galactic war,  
All nestled in an eagles nest, my heart and mind still at their best.  
Bring me wine of God's from stories old,  
Stories not yet heard or told.  
And drink the fire that burns within,  
Igniting desire and euphoric whim.

Tick tock, time won't stop.  
The clock is always off.  
It chimes at only 1 o'clock.  
Alone, forlorn I cough.  
The end is near, is what I hear.  
Sitting on a rock.  
The flames are dead, there is no bread.  
My mind and soul I scoff.

Except I hear the tone of love,  
It sang like embers glow,  
Relight the stove and in my cave,  
The mistress sows and sows.

## Oh Tender Tongue

Oh Tender Tongue

Oh tender tongue of ample breast,

My hands, warmly embraces thy tempestuous chest.

Delight, desire so seldom win.

To amplify such shameful sin.

Aloft we gather, amongst the vine,

As innocence dwells to dine.

And fancy takes, as tall as trees.

The passionate embrace of you and me.

Our eyes they linger, vanished then,

Here, be gone yet then again.

And snickered lips betrays the vow,

As wanting hips take on the now.

And we ride the waves, of waters deep,

Where nobody dares to peak.

And play with maids and God's of love,

So seldom found on earth above.

And as heavens witness, we've embarked,

Such journeys of the mind and body and of the heart,

We dry our skin, blazed below the sun,

And vow t'was ecstasy for love and love of fun.

## Our Song

I've never writ a spoken word, nor spoken words when writ,  
Upon a thought, deliverance ought or bought,  
Then been told "utterly absurd".

If point be made between the line divide,  
Then words of meaning here may nere subside.  
And boisterous slander heard from cries,  
Of lyers and thieves that lurk men by.

The ears of innocence that swallows truth.  
Like chaos swallows all control.  
Will hear the cracking bones from the dead man's noose.  
In this, in you, in do console.

For ignorance in bliss is merely shame,  
And forgiveness of sin a song,  
Sung from myth and apartheid of one's own name.  
For blinded ignorance, follows you all the same, as the day is long.  
Oh wait, do you hear it? They are playing our song. Let's untriumphantly sing along.

## She

My life is a spice,  
Not spiced but the grain of a spice,  
It's taste on your pallet so faint,  
In this world of paint,  
For an artist I ain't.  
My life a disguise,  
Like a mask or a guise,  
Hiding in plane site,  
Of what's wrong and what's right.  
My life like a candle,  
With the wick burnt at both ends,  
When to be serious, when to pretend.  
My life all alone,  
Like the dead or a bone,  
Or the dark of the night,  
Where lingers no light.  
Or a tortois so grand,  
Buried 12 feet in sand.  
Oh life I say so shapeless and void,  
Whom bringeth the love, the comfort and joy.  
Will it be you sitting alone,  
On a dry bed of ocean fed stones,  
Or you singing songs,  
That deaf ears for have longed.  
Nay all the same, she will find,  
My open hand heart and mind.  
Only will she let me unchaperoned see.  
That never was I alone of a kind  
But her she did stand beside only me this whole time.

## Scam

Perseverance of gents, pusillanimity of rent.  
Be gone as inwards a marrow bone.  
Within thy narrow heart, for whole or in part,  
Brings dead men awake in the morn.

After to pay, here they will lay,  
Weathered by temperament storm.

## Farewell Winter

Spring is life, Winters wife, with warmth and sky's of blue,  
Where flowers blossom, natures awesome, beauty through and true.  
Winter cold, wise and old, melting at our feet.  
Every step upon the ground, snowy freeze we'll beat.  
Bring gratitude the ray of winters ghost,  
Upon the grounds below.  
As we delight, in the warmest light.  
Disappearing all the vastness of the snow.

## My love, My Pulse

My love, my pulse.

I give to you my pulse and everything else.

I give my loyalty in plurality,

I give my love, whereof.

I give you my pride, to ride.

I give you the air, and a tear.

I give you it all, as the tall fall heavy, in an empty universe of song and forbidden verse.

Or of nothing worse, at least we have each other like a warm blanket to cover,

And protect us from the evil we have yet to discover.

For not everything's good, nor any old mood will reflect like a piece of glass broken.

Broken and cracked on the wall hanging fast.

As we lead to the future and reflect with the past.

For the future is to history and the future is the past.

For even the insane repeats again, again and again.



## The Lonely Rose

A flower grew so solitaire, amongst the golden grass,  
She stood and watched the breeze so fair,  
Counting blades until the last.

So tall and true, her roots they grew,  
Alive in grounds below,  
The worms they chewed, the mice ate through,  
The sanctity the field bestowed.

She guarded with her beauty hence,  
With nothing more than her pretense,  
Of where the days they go.

Alone below the yellow sun, rain, tired,  
They became as one, as time begot the snow.  
And winter frost, in haste it froze,  
Her petals into glinting ice.  
No beauty lost, the loveless rose,  
Her wilt the winters sacrifice.

At long last, in the chill so dense,  
The rose she fell and died.  
Her stem and roots in cold below,  
the fallen snow,  
Brought tears to natures eyes.

Forever in the seasons then to future come,  
The field of grass below the drying sun,  
Evoked her gracious memory.  
For one warm season, not without its reason,  
The rose of lonely reverie. © Feb 3

## Look the other way

With arms I say.  
To walk my way.  
And take the day.  
On money I lay.  
Where I stay.  
For lesser men.  
Unknown to them.  
Are hardened by,  
Economically.  
Not knowing why.  
Because the rich get rich,  
The poor stay poor.  
A ride to hitch.  
Naked upon the floor.  
Listening to heavy steps at the door.  
Socially, they say.  
Close your eyes.

## The Bench

Upon a bench I sit and wait,  
Beside the lonely stranger,  
Our eyes they meet,  
Then stare to ground.  
Like two dogs in a manger.  
At last he lights a smoke,  
And with a witty joke.  
Remarks about the dusty blue.  
I partook in his smoky truth,  
So calm so couth.  
As we laughed at simple truths.  
What a day and what men do.  
He cried all through and through.

## Memories Sake

Whispers of order transcending the earth,  
In a vast and infinite universe.  
Stars are born, stars will die,  
Round and round through the fragility of time.  
Unbecoming the rays of light,  
A hundred billion years,  
To shine in the glass of man's foresight,  
Coming closer to what's desired or feared.  
My eyes are open, my thoughts are free,  
Unraveling what's sought not in misery.  
But vacuumed like a silk red rug,  
I lie in stead for the heavens to unplug.  
And laugh like boots crush on a bug.  
To prove not vain for vanities sake.  
But ravished upon by the head of a snake.  
And swallowed down an endless hole,  
Black and dark it takes its toll,  
The memory for the memories sake.

## Hell is a Rollorcoaster

Embers of coal and poisonous smoke,  
Each inhale of breath will you choke.  
On fires that flame every square inch,  
Not hidden with shame, but prideful in heart.  
Your body and soul, internally below,  
Lies smitten all charcoaled and hot.  
For in prayer as in life your mind it was sold.  
Your eternal soul it was nothing but bought.  
on this frozen summer bestowed.  
For frost, ice and flame, all is the same,  
Puts an end to the glorious game.  
For who will survive, where nothing can live.  
Only my fears to you I will give.  
Only my flesh, singed, scorched and burnt.  
For lessons on earth I have yet still not learnt.  
And fires of hell wont let me hurt.  
Just burns, my virtuous lava like current.  
As I fall and I float, upon the red glow.  
Idling the time. Away I must go.  
Till nothing but dust left of my mind.  
Where once was a person, emotionally sublime.  
And sent for a ride, in hell for all time.

## Empty

When love is murder to thy heart,  
Then felt within thy flailing grasp,  
I beg for you to dance softer,  
As I inch my way toward.  
Our yearning becomes then hotter.  
Your touch is my reward.  
And shallow memories of emotions lost or forgotten,  
Will tell the tale of a time long ago begotten,  
When hope left my soul, and my mind once full now empty,  
As a blood dried heart has now forever kept me.  
Until today with fear of nothing in its place.  
Just an empty chest and a dull eyed masked face.  
Bring me back the light that led me through the darkness.  
Bring the me to me in sharpness.  
And forgive betrayal that came as a lurking shadow,  
Knocking, knocking at our door.  
Until you were forced to answer.  
And admit all of the cancer.  
That took our love to an ether.  
That we have not felt either.  
Nor heard again in hearts that beat for one another.

## Clock of time

Forever laced within its might,  
A tragic end for you to fight,  
Where no one wins and None to lose,  
The rope around my neck a hose.  
I hang and await the order,  
To send me even further.  
Down a lonely rocky road,  
Where hoards of silver and yellow golden  
Wings will soar me far.  
Further then a place I've been or ever seen.  
And horizons in a landscape of half slept dreams.  
Only to awake the same.  
Slowly dying by the clock of time.

## Chained

Man is born free and virtuous through,  
But chains himself to vice that woos.  
Below the heart for without license,  
Like a double burning stick of incense.  
Breathed and forgotten like a book.  
So seldom this that took,  
Freedom and chained the worm upon the hook.  
For not without bite, in spite I sit and wait for walls that shake.  
And earth and mind to quake, to not forsake what's right.



## Relationship

I peeled a sticker from your heart,  
It was double sided tape.  
Our relationship is tore apart.  
Was it love or was it hate.  
The years were good,  
Some moments bad.  
Together we stood.  
Now alone we stand  
Upon a heavy cloud,  
Up in bluest skies,  
What once was proud,  
Now has died.

## 700000 Mexicans in solitary confinement

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Seanbob34 / Read poetry

Solitary confinement of Mexican aliens in USA

I hear felicity, she is calling.

From my birth as is my right.

Ages past, time is stalling,

When black turns into white.

Areas here are grey you'll find,

Where your body and your mind will surely fall behind.

And in the ether here by choice or by some force,

Pays with ignorance digging, digging its nifaryous dirty hole at the foor of your steel door.

Bring to me the multitude.

Shake my firm outstretched right hand.

Distrust, received will not exclude,

On borders where we stand.

Sit and I will ponder.

The essence of your thoughts.

As they remark with blindness,

Eternal solitude in wisdom or so they've sought.

We'll come to the understanding,

Below these lights so dim,

An eclesestial soul remains,

God's vanity of what once was him.

Yourself is not to blame,

Misinterpreted rules are all the same.

But please untie the knotted ropes,  
That keep my hands tide up.  
It's here discussed on slippery slopes,  
Solutions thought enough.

And unlock the chains that makes men fall,  
And crawl upon their knees.  
For the answer for the multitudes of all,  
Will never always please.  
And the few who will not change.  
Will walk as shadows on the worlds stage.

For if actors we are not,  
Then animals in a forest of wildness and dirt is where we've got gotten caught.  
Utterly inplorable and wrought.  
From day to day the spark gives it's,.it's order.  
And the players pay with quarters.  
When everything is a buck.  
And everyone, and you and me will fnally run out of luck.

## A women or a flower

A flower and a women

A flower pedal so soft and ultimately so innocent and sweet,

It's beauty like a woman's silhouette as she dances down the street.

There is no finer touch. Of angels, God or Man, than that of a women and a flower with

Both soft pedals and soft hands.

Of beauty and its power. Of glinting color of every wonder her hypnotic voice spoken upon the quiet hour as the warm wet rain gives life in a light wet shower.

Oh to compare the seed of innocence as it grows to her womanhood and flowers of her bloom.

Both flower and female brighten the darkness in the blackest of the rooms.

For if I had to chose of one or of the other. The choice then so impossible as they are the same and of no other. The women's beauty hence has saved men from hell. The flower grew so tall and gave beauty to the day. A women on a man casts her magic spell. A flowers scent brings lovers, kissers and softer lips who don't tell. For this untimely two, we doth so contemptuously compare. I dare to eat my cake. And sleep while I'm awake. For both a women and a flower true, I need to see and smell all through and through. So both of importance that one is no more than that of the other. They are both a gift of God and both represent the passion of a lover.

## Fake

Are we all fake for heavens sake,  
Or lost in a haze with brains full of haze.  
Betrothed is the earth, life and the air,  
Contemptous longing and a desirable stare,  
Will not lift the clouds through this steeple like roof.  
But will put all the blinded to move.

## Speeches Freedoms

### Speeches Freedoms

For in your darkest hour, there is still a fainted light,  
Glimmering with what you want nor what you take with might.  
Take a huge step back, learn from your hindsight.  
Lessons told and then retold to keep you from a blinding night.  
Nobody is perfect. Not one life hides all mistakes.  
What do they expect, perfection thou partake?  
If wisdom was a simple thing then men would seek it not.  
For it'd be sung by birds and worms in grounds and skies of flocking flight.  
And spoken by the frogs and turtles idling on the rocks.  
Lean on me for strength, shelter and the power.  
To intoxicate your whims with desires by the hour.  
Shake your fist at angry men or simply just ignore.  
For you probably didn't go a knocking. Banging at their door.  
They probably cracked their wisdom on your ear for you to hear.  
If you listened did you anticipate? probably not without some fear.  
For this I say let live. Let each man have his say.  
And round and round the earth will go day by amiable day.  
For without this right of man, a freedom earned in time.  
Of centuries of a kings demand, when speaking was a crime.  
Today we say the words expressed even if to offend.  
It's better this my friend then live in a speechless world, lost in ignorance and dead end.

## My Rose

### My Rose

My rose of pedal red, like the sting of my lover, bled.  
You grow weary as you tremble, in your fermented grounded bed.  
Let not the winds tire you. Nor the rain marque your spirit dampen.  
Instead blossom and bloom as beauty does so rare abandon.  
Reach up to the stars, where fires dance upon heavens oak.  
Let your leaves reach out far, for rain droplets to slowly soak.  
On the resemblance of my love, where you shall always be.  
My sweetest rose, my felicity, and intimate secretive sanctity.  
Turn your thorns so inwards sharp.  
As blunted spoons, feed in the dark.  
For not to taste your lonely ethereal faint.  
Your exquisiteness hence you shall in perfection paint.  
I'll near to pick your wanting stem.  
And give it with admiration to her or him.  
As a gift betrayed of love once found or perhaps lost.  
Harmoniously at such a cost.  
Do never again grow dark and dim.  
My red, red rose my heart you've won.  
Oh red, red rose your beauty bound, never again undone.

## A Moment

Unavoidable, catastrophic, psyche of the will,  
Paranoid, delusional aspirations, wants to fill.  
Waiting in your cradle, destined but to crawl,  
Biding time of fable, like paint upon the wall.  
Peer into the dark, only if to leave your mark.  
And run with rapid brooks of mountains tall.  
On the peak, wisdoms weak, and chance will slowly thrive.  
Backwards bent, unknown be sent, to visions not alive.  
Belief is unaccompanied, rest will put your soul to ease.  
And peace will find us all.  
Last a moment forever frozen in the face of time.  
Listen to the river and fleet of nature's wine.  
Secrets will bestow on ears that hear the waters flow.  
What ponders on your mind.  
And finally act upon your own conclusion,  
In your selfless found seclusion and righteous be of kind.



## The Will

Like beauty and the will of morning and the still.  
Brings notes upon the throne of the sanctities of time.  
A harp of trepidation be, unknown to only you and me.  
Will play its final song.  
And without interpretation we all will sing along.  
For peace yet unavoidable, and life simply exploitable.  
Advantage of the strong is always there to strive.  
The arms and hands of right and wrong,  
Keeping will alive.

## Tapestyr

Leaves on vines to cover white washed walls,  
Veins upon veins to filter water,  
Roses bloom into the fall.  
As the days grow cool from hotter.  
Envelope my mind and tangle through,  
The branches thriving, tall and true,  
Throughout your greenish purple majesty,  
Are your outstretched arms and reaching tapestry.  
Cover us from the bleached white winter,  
Warm us of the frozen depths,  
As I slowly breath and saunter,  
And relive every dreamless step.  
I will climb your embers like a rope,  
And choke upon your berry.  
Taking with me all the hope.  
That life gives us so rarely.  
Tapestry to me so beautifully is she,  
That lingers on my wall.  
Of every season, felt in spring, summer , winter, and the fall.  
And breathlessly hang on to see the better part of me.  
For if to loose my jungled grasp,  
And fall to grounds below,  
Your tapestry on my mind will clasp,  
The beauty that you grow.  
So climb will I unto the top,  
And reach the peak that glows,  
As I finally find the will to stop,  
And pick the perfect rose.  
And on my neighbor's house I'll seed,  
And spread my loving tapestry,  
For none to share it's beauty lies,  
The bloom of life and natures ties.



## Fiery Hall

A great hall of dancers  
A hundred silhouettes breath frosty air upon a hundred window panes.  
In halls where 100 dying men, entered but didn't come out the same.  
A hundred windows. One for each, their smoky ethos now in wispy peace.  
Here their spirits wander, lost and absent of their senses.  
Their whims and faint desires to simply be alive are consequences.  
For in this hall the ghosts of men, are flaunted by a hundred sirens sung.  
Never to find love, compassion or inhibition only spoken words where dead men's heads now hung.  
Tongues all knotted, eyes all vexed, death to whim and love as they were sincerely then perplexed.  
In this hall they wined and danced. But stayed on best foot forward. Caught in each one's glance.  
For if to slip and fall and tumble down the west wing wall.  
Where embers started burning, and fires found her lair.  
They buried their mortality, like a psychopath who cares.  
A plant that grew and bloomed within the grounds outside the hall now ash. For nothing is but fare.  
For tragic loss was lived here once, when. No one feigned to learn.  
Their songs of love and notes of joy, romantic and demure.  
A hundred women and as many men spoke not a single word.  
The fires that night, they roared and soared in skies of soot and black.  
The smoke was seen as misty darkness in the muse as heaven could not have peered through the smoke to see them back.  
Burling up with screams of pain as bones and skin did char.  
A disco in the flames, The hotter then they were.  
A hundred men and as many women trapped here in infernal alcazar.  
Their jail rested be, for times uncertainty, they dance now in the ashes.  
Their ghosts of misery, their wanting feet still stepping on the flames of matches.  
And all the while the flame, that lit the driest wood, was nothing but the strike of death in his black of blackest hood.  
For two hundred dancers set upon the ivory floor, the fire had its way and they danced again no more.  
Now for nights eternal, they scream and reach and cry. For of the 200 saintly dancers 200 of them burned alive.

## Prayer

Oh pain I say to thee, beyond the suffrage,  
My tolerance not to bear arms is obliged.  
Please thank the lord for resemblance.  
As fair to give and heal with time.  
Amongst the ghosts and shadows.  
Remind me not again what it is to be alive.  
And give to me what follows.  
Of blood, and broken eyes, of wisdom in disguise.  
And bless the only pond of shallow depth.  
For if I dive, in 6 foot Graves.  
Remember me and thy lesson be.

## Greed

Avarice not accompanied, wants of greed and girth,  
Simple intuitions of impunity, gives every man his worth.  
Lay down thy pompous need, like oceans springs are clean.  
And wave to slowly drown the monsters in the sea.  
For every all that drives our soul, will always stay until it's full.  
And puddles in the rain, shall dance away and blame.  
Unbeaten and in shame, is not in fain, but to him, the gain.  
Unaccompanied by promise and the pain.

## Oh Robin

Oh Robin lay thy egg in spring,  
As the cherry tree grows it's rings,  
And ages through the looking glass,  
Gives Robin bird to sing.  
Perch so softly in the morning frost,  
Your blossoms true not found or lost.  
And in the day she'll slowly fly.  
As winter warms and dies.

## Rest

Rest in the shadows of time,  
Lay my head, it's not a crime.  
And eternally fade to black.  
Like fallen soldiers that don't come back.  
And give me peace.  
As I roll up my sleeves.  
And find myself dancing within my dreams.  
In peace and untempered retrieves.



## Tailand

Under the underworld my mind to kiss.  
Be known to flowers blossoming.  
My lips to nearly miss.  
My arms are tightly crossing.  
The sway of shadows hiding in the lights.  
Of moons and clouds above.  
Do not forget the touch of love.  
My arms an open cove.  
I'll hold on to you like the seas,  
Floating in a million waves.  
And steal the worlds democracies.  
As thunderous earthquakes on the stage.  
The order social, the winds they cried.  
As a thousand souls have died  
As ships to sway, and people stay.  
Alive and buried in the way.  
The souls who lead to dig the lives from sleep.  
As Thailand finds her peace.

## Stay

Like sand in time, and rain drops in the ocean.

My love pretentious will thy stay.

Peace of mind, or wars explosions.

In temperament haste they may.

Along the will to prosper.

Except of all who cast her.

In thy arms a cradle rests.

As doves to their nest.

And children play.

Please as love doth stay.

And bring my loneliness away.

## Decay

Like daisy's die from rainless skis,  
My mind in purify of decay.  
My soul is black, like tasteless night.  
My heart won't fray.  
Except to see the dreamless dreams.  
On shelves of placenta torn walls.  
Relinquish that so wished upon.  
Before the mighty fall.

## Betterfly

Butterfly

Whisper, like a butterfly, as its colored wings, so brilliantly they fly.

Landing, down upon a branch, resting from a flight perchance.

Flutter, like a lily's pedal and dance upon the bud and settle.

With your wings of joy, with a span of song and land where only is the sand.

In a stormy desert or upon my hand.

Leave me with your kiss, your patterns and your flight to miss,

And gently sigh as u disregard the instinctive cries of your capricious hiss.

And cry for beauty as your grace to reprimand.

And we shall soar and glide with the winds of a moonlight tide, and here remain in distant lands.

Amongst the emerald trees, in the jungles of our own romance.

## Raindrop

Raining droplets sporadically falling.  
Roofs come crashing thunder stalling.  
Rolling winds swirl with leaves.  
Soaked and blowing on grounds beneath.  
Across the whisper, shadows still.  
Stars all silenced, worshipped will.  
Falling fast, falling slow.  
Umbrella, rainbow, waters flow.  
If to shine in hazel skies, a fabric of the eye divine.  
A tear to land upon the sand.  
Oh rain drops as they patter by.  
Oh crying sky, she's shy, all alone my little rain drop, all alone I sigh.

## Untitled

My eyes see the resemblance of heaven,  
In each and every brethren,  
As love reaches like a tree,  
In skies of memory.  
And dreams of roses,  
Grows as seas deepen,  
And the moon is full.  
As the clouds are weeping.  
My arms will stretch.  
And hug the depths.  
Of what you are seeking.  
As hate is weakening.  
And tears are sweeping.  
Like sorrows last breath.  
And crossed hearts are narrow.  
In the storms of tomorrow.

## Awaiting The Will

With slow compassion be,  
Eating from an apple tree.  
Lasting ignorance doth with glee.  
Follow me.  
Protrude thy last embrace,  
With conclusion of the human race.  
As death surpasses blinded marches.  
On paths of faltered arches.  
To seek and reach the past,  
Perchance until the last.  
As future tends to be.  
In pure felicity.  
My wish to ever be.  
In solitude and simplicity.  
Find grace in every written word.  
Upon the Graves that stood.  
Forgive and smile heartedly,  
in lasting waves so currishly,  
Upon the mantel grief,  
Sits truth and myth so brief,  
As birth and life does sit,  
Awaiting judges still,  
And memory of forgotten will.

## Loss and Gain

Undying wish you doth pretend,  
Grows strong including reprimand.  
Upon the shelves of wisdom be,  
Or loss of self-democracy.  
Let it be shrewd, upon the cast.  
Of broken bones until the last.  
That lyre's be in seek console.  
Of blameless doubt and self-control.  
Appropriate thyself in harm,  
So curious the strongest arm.  
In definition it be told.  
Embarking journey of blind and bold.  
Upon the nickel face I see.  
The ghost appearing back to me.  
Of death inclusion and self-decay.  
And cities burning in months of May.  
The fire quenched of lonely thirst.  
Of dying not until be first.  
For if thou see'st in thy grave.  
My soul to die, your soul to save.



## Heaven or Hell

Heaven or Hell?  
Dark fears heard in deafened ears,  
Brought the demons out to play,  
Their shadowed screech upon the wind,  
Made blackened souls decayed and blown away.  
Their lies all pretty in dark red blood,  
Written in words with rotten food.  
Beyond the shadowed and the rounded, deaths black hood,  
Where his pale finger pointing found a pale sleep for all bad and good.  
The reaper puts only evil in the dreams of men,  
Who do not know their place,  
Or where their hearts belong,  
Within the human race.  
But men who know their strength,  
And use it as the weak embrace.  
Bring forth the sophists wisdom born.  
From men who's words have wickedly torn.  
Those trapped behind steel bars and marble floors all wet and hard and cold,  
These are the dreamers who's secrets the demons have pretentiously foretold.  
When an angel bears his grace to meet,  
And greets you on your own two feet,  
Ignore the shadows who floats within the depths,  
Of hells fires and charcoaled charred singeing breaths.  
For believing in all their lies and shit,  
Means death has sat where your children sit.  
Death will bring them to the quest,  
Of why life ends as if a test.  
To lead you somewhere more on earth,  
Then to a dreamless sleep or new rebirth.  
Lessons learned seem so? far and few,  
Like graffiti in a Bible perilously sitting on a churches pew.  
Half the precepts paternalism bears,  
Like the protective mother, in her long white dress in faith she wears.

To land and break your tears on stone,  
Until the angel precipitates you home.  
And sings A lullaby for your begotten love,  
To calm the soul with sweetened notes,  
And a true loves kiss thereof.  
A song sung that a heart can only partially understand,  
Beating for the truth to comprehend or then demand.  
The notes of peace that linger soft,  
And comes at such a tempestuous cost.  
It sins in sands on a grainy beach.  
Where virtue strays just out of reach.  
And vice gives answers that dead men preach.  
Where an angel bellows a cheerful tone,  
The demon cracks his whip,  
The sand turns dry dust to sharp hard bone,  
And morality will exorbitantly tip.  
The angel floats and soars on wings,  
The demon on it horn,  
Both bear the message of the lord.  
Where you end your dying day by sickness, age or by the sword.  
Your end is versed within the chorus,  
In heavens light and hope.  
Or hell and fire and remorse.  
An individual, their soul alone to cope.  
Where will you go on judgment day.  
When gifts are granted to,  
the ones who fly up in the sky,  
Or the many who fall below the few.  
The will was vigorous to both who wrought,  
Their powers on this earth.  
The solace here alone one sought,  
The other in discomfort found no worth.  
Separated by the mind of this and thus and that,  
On judgement day glaring at our children is where defensively we're sat.  
Generations of accumulated adjuration.  
On our hard boney backs the angel will pat and pat and pat.

Some will cry in joyous glee,  
Some will burn in misery,  
Some get stuck where no one flees,  
The rest exist just as a breeze,  
And blow like invisible winds that freeze,  
Like time on a hundred broken clocks.  
Or lying politicians on doors that they knock.  
The night air will then become the scent of a virgin and her tease.  
To the ears and eyes and pricks of what the sirens song will please.  
The waters of the life that give,  
Destroyed by all that's become taboo,  
Their vices they could not keep hid,  
Their virtue dead and broken through.  
The ones that get up to the warmth,  
And light and bliss and love.  
Will stay forever to be mourned, in the endowment of above  
The others who will sink and burn in fires of hottest hell,  
Their torture they could not foretell.  
Eternal torment insufferably true,  
Their never ending agony they will construe.  
Choices on this realm we have,  
Decisions that define.  
Our everlasting afterlife,  
Of hell or the divine.  
For nature has a way, to affect our actions we portray.  
For one will finally judge, and all will sit alone,  
On judgment day in front of Him,  
And his commandments writ in stone.



## Rose

Behold a Rose

Behold a rose. Perfection in thy embrace.

Thistles dull against my skin, no blood to stain the taste.

Impressions of heaven and undying fair color,

Bounded with heart and hope to discover.

Portraying life and death, and a shallow blood red whispered hot breath,  
seen through all of morality ?and time.

So lovely, as is also so harmoniously sweet and divine.

Your hue and your scent of soft wispy red,

Lingers long in my senses, as you garden the fences,

And grow with heavenly pride in your bed.

Stand tall and stand true, as you unfailingly do,

To beckon my eye to your beauty.

For You i will pick, and ask for a kiss,

From your crimson moist pedaled soft lips.

And give back to you, a love passing through,

Our minds and our hearts here anew with sweet bliss,

That shone in my eyes the light of a morn sky..

Keep it close to your soul, This garden that's full,

But emptied of only one perfect red rose,

its gift I bestow, my love won't forgo,

The petal you hold , it's color so bold

In its simple gift you perpetually hold.

To my spirit as our love wanders on through.

## Golden Rose

### Golden Rose

At last a rose it grows, a beautiful recourse,  
Floating in the tides, a shallow clear remorse.  
Not known how tall to grow, yet pedals rowed, by yellow row.  
All colors of the skies so lyrical, like the deepest morning rainbows glow.  
In heaven brow to reach her tip,  
Grow sweetly, softly, with waters sip.  
Hazel thorns of green and brown.  
Not wanting , or speaking ghastly sounds,  
Grounds beneath with worms that crawl,  
Ingesting seed and bearing all.  
To the sun, she smiles for thee,  
An everlasting golden tree.  
Grow to the stars, to angel eyes.  
As flaming swords in hells demise,  
My flower, last eternally tall.  
As stem and leaf and pedals fall.  
For in the earth, or vastness blue,  
This golden rose I give to you.

## My Love Taps with the Moon

My love comes with the moon

The quiet white moon, on the sandy shore whispers like sliver on the tip of your finger,

One drop of blood a story to linger and for your ears only to hear or configure.

She will prickle your ear with an alluring dusty moan, a want that's hollow to the grey cold skin and hard white bones.

And she will wink like a crater when you finally betray her,

And under her dreamy protection, she comes to make her inspection.

Floating through the greyest dry streams that stilled her gleaming waters might.

Brings the desire of her dulled light, Into the dark still night.

As my heart locked with steel chains to yours at first sight.

Is the day that I meet you, in something real, like the morning.

Or a room, or a sidewalk with the walkers exploring.

All for a natural peace, that puts men's minds to ease.

And a trinket called love to make you appeased.

Tap Tap Tap.

Unrecognizable love. Unlike a flower.

Tap Tap Tap

Shadowed love, unseen in pure power.

Only for you as sure is as true, burns and gusty winds stir.

My heart now quiet, now heavy, as the moon when she lures.

Our lives as one, hot like the sun,

Burning with love, together we're one.

And rule what's real, in a world gone mad.

With the taste of emotion, gone rotten and bad.

For without your love, and you tapping my door.

I have blackness, I have pain, I have sin and still want of more.

In the night of the quiet moon on the warm sandy shore.

Only with you will I have something better then ever before.





## The Calm

The calm

When the winds of time, Their narrow blow,  
In tunnels of the world, or grounds below,  
The creatures shoo and hide in furl.  
As leaves they prance and twirl.

Begins the dance, a freezing breeze.  
Puts cold in old men's wispy wheeze,  
Or any other sound,  
Blowing in the ears of nature all bound.

Awoke The earth on this still morn.  
And stormed eternal in its form.  
It bent it broke, the houses shook,  
It blew the jungle to the dirt, and took and took.

No hush, it's brush it painted on the sky its windy storm.  
Where every living thing was covering, staying warm.  
And every actor on the stage, their visions they were torn.  
And every child in a sleepy haze, dreamed the calm reborn.

Oh winds that blow, be stilled like silence.  
In the earth bestowed, in dreams nonviolent.  
As peace and tranquility sets the sun.  
And rises hushed with serenity done.

## Howling Wolf

Upon the stone, the wolf she sits,  
With amber piercing eyes.  
Skin and bone, And howled pitch,  
She cries as the moon is high.

Requiem for her prey,  
Head held docile, with sunken teeth,  
She hunts from day to day,  
And kills with no reprieve.

The moon at last, it's highest point,  
Centers her canine soul.  
She howls on through the night,  
Giving nature her wolvesh toll.

## Positive Side

Whirl winds of time are knocking at my door,  
Images, some divine, tells tales and romantic lore.  
As the leaf falls, as the voices call,  
I seek new avenues to explore.  
A distance here to wander,  
Toward the golden road.  
I sit and slowly Ponder.  
All the stories I've been told.  
Some look up above,  
As an eagle soars in excellence.  
To witness the endowment of my love.  
Instead of mankind's pestilence.  
Seek toward your minds ability,  
In the sovereignty of your own stability.  
And choose the path that's true.  
No matter if the dark is grey or midnight blue.

## Wife of Shadow

Marry it with a rose,  
Whistle free with love,  
The breeze breathes as she goes,  
My heart is in a cave.

Resemble my desires,  
As water gives one life,  
Foremost to what aspires,  
Whom becomes my wife.

Her shadow dances on the wall,  
Knee high skirt and silky hair.  
Silhouettes in flame befall,  
Her wants so fair.

Alas t'was intertwined with blood,  
Alone upon the stone I stood.  
Bearing witness to her beauty,  
As the mountain creeks were broody.

Our eyes they met, she took my hand,  
A shadow we'd become.  
Forever painted in the stone,  
Our love, ne'er to be undone.

## I Wait

My blood so lost upon a candles wick,  
My heart it beats so true,  
The fire within enclaves the stick,  
And burns it all but through.  
It's smelting warmth felt to my skin,  
The pace all lost in pride,  
The heat did burn, yet not in vain,  
My mortal sprinting tide.  
No waters could expire the love,  
It beats, though weak at times.  
A thousand whales and elephants,  
All beating beats with mine.  
As nature sits so patiently,  
Awaiting morn of dawn.  
I sit and also wait so graciously,  
For day to sing it's song.

## Slippery Slopes

Burn the candle, Till the wick turns black.  
Fire and flame takes my mind aback.  
To places where we once stood grand.  
Atop a mountainous peak we stand.

Across a red horizon, the whispers start arisen.  
If you listen close, you'll hear the ghosts.  
Like stars that vanish into the night,  
Or twinkle for our prideful sight.

This is where I took my vow,  
A remedy for the here and now.  
And looked to futures gone and past.  
Where pink soft lips kissed for the last.

Interlocked in bonds of love.  
Like lovebirds soaring up above.  
Until we fall, so slippery.  
To end our fates in history.

## My Rose

My rose your pedal red,  
As a lover to my bed.  
You grow weary as you tremble,  
in your soft, moist ground so humble.

Let not the winds tire you.  
Nor the rain mar your spirit dampen.  
Instead stand tall and bloom,  
as beauty does so rare abandon.

Reach up to the stars,  
where fires dance and heavens glow.  
Let your leaves reach far,  
With drops of rain to slowly soak.

For resemblance of my love, you shall always be.  
My sweetest rose, my thorn whom apprehends, my felicity.

## The Pond

As love pretends, And deepened hearts ignite,  
The Lilly floats on waters of eternal life.  
It's dance, it twirls upon the pond,  
It's meaning seemingly lost and found.

A dragonfly will perch, the white and yellow throne,  
The flower represents the birth, of nature and her home.  
A ripple of a dancing spider, zooms across the clear,  
The shallow quiet of the waters, so close, so near.  
This is where I'll sit, and notice simple life.  
In meaning of remembrance, everything I strive.  
A moment here a picture so maternal.  
As love and time become forever and eternal.

© 1 day ago



## Lost Paradise

Open heart and open mind,  
Understanding the winds of time.  
Essence of a greater truth,  
Seeks harvest of a golden fruit.  
To sip its nectar, long and slow.  
As life and time so swiftly goes.  
Across the planets, moons and stars.  
Reaching the consciousness of all.  
I ponder where the line it falls.  
Of paradise here we do bestow.

## Home

Midnight harkens black and white,  
Moon is full, stars are bright.  
At last alone upon the shore,  
Wanting little more.  
I've found my rock,  
I've found my stone.  
Take me back,  
Bring me home.

## Have You Heard

Have You Heard

It's the new drug called paradise.

Separates the men from the mice.

Opens your mind, loose sense of time.

Swallow it whole, won't make you full.

It's invisible.

Take twice a day, so the Dr. stays away.

And laugh until your blind.

Fall on your face, while your brain races,

And erase delusional memory.

Like a dysfunctional family.

What? You took paradise and lost your kids.

Shouldn't have gone with the whim.

## Untitled

To behold the privitation of evil will,  
Chassing good like a hemlock vile.  
The sick will wed in winters chill.  
As waters vain and frozen still.  
In the empty, not of want.  
Apologetic trinity, and needs fulfilled.  
Find what separates truth for lies behold.  
With eyes of peace to steal the bold.  
As eagles soar on broken wings.  
And relentlessly, eternity agelessly sings.

## AI

Tick tock the ai clock,  
Takes a step and falls.  
A race around the city block.  
Destiney has befell.  
Across the dark  
The shadows, all.  
Be stilled by crying rage.  
Debunk the innocent machine,  
No wants of us to save.  
The secret lies, inventions tide.  
Mysterious but yet avail.  
I wait perchance to see of whom prevail.  
Lest not our fears of unknown be.  
Remember we to plant the seed.  
That will echo through all ages.  
For man and ai are only actors on the stages.

## A Gift

I tore a piece of the morning,  
Right from the eastern sky.  
I'm giving it to you  
To have till the day that you die.  
Tie it on your wrist.  
To remember once our sweet bliss.  
And look nowhere more  
For my love is an open door.  
With a room filled with candles  
endlessly dancing on the mantel.  
And never, my love cinder.  
As dust blows when it's windier.  
And my heart will hold your beat.  
As star crossed lovers meet.

## Tu es l'amour de ma mine

Shut the blinds with moderation.  
Or else wind up in condemnation.  
Of every present and hope that's false.  
Therefore shadows thy repulse.  
Exit the wind, as dust flows in the air,  
Blinding the whim, Of virtues so fair.  
Bring back to me the light of the sun,  
As dusk hides the sky, and night time is done.  
I rest to repeat, the end of the day.  
As patterns and wings soulfully fray.  
To fly as the earth travels in time.  
My love art so pretty, my love you are mine.

## A Single Tear

I felt a single tear stream down upon my cheek,  
Lonely, for the love still lost i seemly seek.  
It fell heavy to the marble floor,  
I stood upon so firm, with the shoes that morn that I had wore.

Sometimes a single sanctity,  
Is all one has to himself behold.  
Within a small town or city.  
Alone I am bestowed.

A sympathetic compliment,  
Will better any mood.  
The notes will softly give lament.  
If listened where you stood.

And bring the heart down trampled on,  
Of any given man.  
A song that's sung faintly obliged and gives us meaning hence we stand.  
And reprimand what did survive the ages of a broken hand.  
Within the dreamless dreams our hearts now faintly understand.  
And gently guide us every way we wander and we stand.  
I listen close, I tremble near, the music soft the words a cure.  
As Voiceless notes sung on deafened ears.  
My sweet. My love forever near.



## My Love is a Butterfly

I rode upon the tip of a butterfly wing,  
We soared and glided through the warming spring.  
We jaunted there upon a fantastic ride,  
Over streams and dreams and oceans tide.  
We flapped and flew for several hours,  
Into an endless sky, Our trail descended to the tears where nature cries.  
Oh butterfly, my love, I adore your wondrous hue,  
So vibrant, strong and virtuous through.  
A song so sweet my ears they ring,  
The notes invoke the flight, our voices sing.  
Oh butterfly may peace and love find us here and now in everything.

## Untitled

Dreams casted in the shade,  
Of places new and old,  
By witness the night it made,  
The darkness and the cold.  
Here is where I lost my soul,  
As I sat and watched the stars,  
They twinkled deep within the coal,  
Of space stretching out so far.  
I want to float beyond the sky,  
In the vastness oh so grand,  
Never searching any reasons why,  
As I'm clasping tight your hand.  
I'll bring you where no others been,  
Inside the universe,  
I'll show you what no others seen,  
And there we will immerse.  
We'll question God and find the reasons,  
Of life and death and all four seasons,  
As we float and soar within the black,  
Never wanting or returning back.  
This is where we will survive,  
Above the blue here undone,  
we will always feel alive,  
Here we will succumb.  
And rest between the scape,  
Of planets, suns and moons.  
Never again to escape,  
Where the quiets strewn.



## As Petals Fall

The vastness of the mist,  
Echoes in my eyes,  
As laughter and a kiss,  
Surely spells demise.  
Waiting for the sun,  
As clouds lift low,  
Time is narrowly done,  
As nature sows.  
As darkness drops its warmth,  
And flowers bloom in morn.  
At last the steel weighs,  
It's shard and steel thorn.  
The birds they falter hence,  
As music in the storm,  
Perching on the fence,  
In petals whence.

## Sunday Sunrise

Sunrise on a Sunday  
Casted shadows here in vain,  
Deepened warmth expressed the same.  
Untimely due like winters rose,  
Upon the roads of which I've strode.  
In the darkness, kept till dawn,  
As the quiet relents a warming song,  
And beauty from the angels mane,  
Sweet to yield yet chills the pain.  
A lasting breath, In waters deep,  
Keeps chimneys coal on steeples peak.  
And lasting love will pass near few,  
As minds and body and soul anew.

## Spring Breeze

Eternal wind in essence blow,  
Till frosts of glisten go.  
All beating sun to singe and shine,  
Quiescence of the here divine.

Whispers chill from softened bones,  
As I falter and briskly panter home.  
Blow me up, blow me down,  
As you aware your seasoned crown.

Pollinate, capitulate, anew the earth.  
As seed gives birth, her renewed world worth.  
Then still thy breath, as spring she weeps,  
And mother nature surely keeps.

To blossom thee your beauty hence,  
The narrow gardens idol fence.

## Oh Narrow Love

May happiness and love play the biggest part,  
Of life, and time on earth, In every man's beating heart.  
Freely cherish it as a gift, given in free will,  
Upon your soul it will lift, and make your wants so full.

I'll take it like a ring, and wear it on my outstretched hand,  
And weep it to relieve the grace, the embodiment of your loves demand.  
It's warmth shall carry me, it's promised fervid virtue,  
It will put me in a better place, and keep me tapered through.

## Untitled

Remarkable, hierarchal, minds in dull delay,  
Escaping, hearts racing, hypocrisy and its say,  
It shall fill the waters as they relent,  
The life of nature sooner spent.  
The sway of words are solely said,  
As Muslims, Christians share their bread.  
And charity here now does subside.  
As talons to the rat they glide.  
Bring to me a meal of frost,  
As winter eats what's quickly tossed,  
And shoulders bearing symbol meets,  
The pompous and ignorant on all four feet.  
For if to hand the nourishment,  
Flourish in thy kingdoms tent.  
And dribble that which teaches all.  
The stained glass worlds crystal ball.



## Smote by the Devil

Devil

Smote by the Devil

My body woke in fires deep,  
Lost in Hell my soul to reap.  
I havnt for his humorous be,  
Of tortured death and misery.

A tear will fall from Michael's eyes,  
Foreseeing where in hell you'll die.  
And wake to start the pain anew.  
An endless black and deathly hue.  
Where no angels tears could save from sin.  
Yet demons wore their suits of skin,  
To kill your pride and love within.

Your body mind and dampened spirit,  
Brings daily pain and deathly merit.  
Your blood and guts the fires to stain,  
Sway angels in their mighty reign.  
To steal your pain and take the dance.  
Below the stars and moons expanse.  
To be reborn a fiery birth.  
Your misery he lives for chance.  
To smelt and char with melted skin,  
In the body of iniquities and sins.  
That brought to this his very realm,  
This very point he will exploit,  
With evil, death and torment still.  
In the devils heart in vanities will,  
An arrow in your heart.  
Will end the beat its love did start.  
Then all your bones will then be broke.

So Satan can laugh at his sickening joke.  
And as you beg for an angel's grace,  
Of your melting flesh and bones and face.  
He will let you fall and burn so far,  
Into the flames that leave no scar,  
For in his realm you are but dead,  
Where not even prayer can save you stead,  
That soon you will lie and drift and die,

And only agony and death is why.  
Infinite night of tortured will,.  
Shall humbly walk jack up the hill.  
Forgiveness isn't here to give,  
At the top, only punishment for the sins you lived.  
And crimes of hate from every man,  
Here in hell is where your damned.  
For chances took upon the earth,  
Life unfair yet all had worth.  
Of God and virtue of the vain.  
As your blood begins to boil and stain.  
At last. A rested moment seen,  
The devils eyes they prey on dreams,

Until his embers flickers back,  
And only torture finds the rack.  
Alas my love a million deaths,  
Brings his consciousness to an orgasmic depth.

When here upon you his will be set,  
For you to whale and repent.  
His jealousy of love.  
May take you back above,  
As a chance to flee he may give u to,  
As men believe and fleeting go.

Bring me omnipotence, bring me peace,

Steal the devils heart that bleeds.  
The lord in heaven tosses.  
Sinners down to hell to die,  
And burn until their bones be dust,  
A prayer so evil,. Such it must.  
To settle on the charcoaled coal,.  
His laughter fills his anguished soul,.  
As your pain puts death to rest,  
The charming devil gives his best.  
To bring you down upon your knees,  
To beg for tortured limbs to here appease.  
Then stopped in time like immortal ghosts,.  
He'll tease you out of the very most.  
And not be dammed your soul be spent,  
In suffrage, loss and afflicted torment  
For if I'm let I will change the things,  
That brought me to his pointy sting,  
And lift the few who didn't smote.  
And lead the dead.  
To eternal God in his immortal stead.  
In heaven now and then he wrote.

## Ambrosia

On the picture with a thousand tongues,  
I taste ambrosia, sweet in song.  
It's beat to swallow embers be,  
Lasting till infinity.  
Still like wine,  
As sugars sweet.  
Till rifts of time.  
Stop, repeat.  
In this darkened hallow we will meet.  
And dine on silver, hard as teeth.  
For on the picture with a thousand tongues,  
I taste ambrosia, sweet in song.

## Rain

Let the chaos of the falling rains wash you,  
Leaving it's wet embrace upon your face,  
And cleaning with its virtue.  
Gentle rain as you lay your cleansing wash,  
I'll sit and stay and sourly slosh,  
Upon the grassy hill, where nature pushes,  
Standing oh so still, as the water rushes,  
And fills the cracks of earth, at my soaking feet,  
Giving its rebirth, as the rain she weeps.  
With tenderness and care.  
Oh rain you art so fair.  
Like locks of falling hair.  
Upon the shoulder of the world.  
To remind us of your beauty.  
As the rainbow she unfurls.  
And beckons forth a rarity of new.  
Once sky's of grey but now of blue.

## Little Flower

Little flower, tears to shed upon its pedal, yellow, red,  
reaching palms so wanting mellow.  
Where bee and ant, in comfort settle.  
Pollinate, capitulate and boil what the kettle thread.  
Swiftly like a shadowed ghost, or nature's calming graceful host.  
As scent of colors calms you down.  
And souls on fire swell to the soft moist petal and lightly boasts its beauty as its drinking roots  
resettle.  
Should I pluck thee from the ground,  
Or let u wander, safe and sound.  
For in one place wonderous be,  
Little flower grow where I've found,  
Your place of perfect harmony.

## Tea and Honey

I'll have to sit and sip,  
The nectar of my tea,  
Conversation is a wit,  
With a touch from the bumble bee.  
One teaspoon of creamy honey,  
Here I do bewitch,  
The tastes buds and your tummy,  
To tea and honey we all should switch.

## Caressing with the Sun

Like two suns locked,  
Dancing in the black.  
My love is chained inside my heart,  
My mind it shan't come back.  
We're lost like children,  
In starry skies.  
Or a mixing cauldron,  
Where love can't die.  
A potion we had drunk,  
While caressing with the sun,  
Only you I could think of,  
As your long flowing hair and body sung.  
And my lifted eyes,  
Stayed with the beat,  
Of my hearts surprise,  
Standing on both feet.  
Slowly you pantered by,  
Dodging my embrace.  
The only reason why,  
Was now the chase.  
I seldom never miss,  
Getting what I want,  
For just one tender kiss,  
There's nothing that I won't.  
So next and if we meet,  
Another warm spring day,  
Please just take a seat,  
And stay.  
I'll only beg of you,  
A moment locked in time.  
I'll only sing for you,  
A love song sung in rhyme.  
But if your heart, it yearns,



A moment that we're one,  
I'll stop the world, and freeze the stars,  
For a second chance, caressing with the sun.

## All Ends

### Mountains Shadows

"The unconscious mind speaks in symbols",  
Like patterns on a white washed wall.  
Drooping soft in a time that's nimble.  
Conscious of it all.  
To peer beyond the meaning,  
The whispers and the screaming.  
Drowned by unemotional reprieve.  
For each and all to take their heed.  
Listen so intently on the words they seldom speak,  
For starvation of the mind is instantaneous and meek.  
And gently wander to the top of every mountain peak.  
Where roses grow in hills of snow.  
This is where I seek.  
Illuminating shadows on the whitest ground below  
This is where the ghosts and the angels here bestow.,  
In the moon  
light darkness of what's real,  
Embrace the moment and for a moment feel.  
The stillness of your breath, the beating of your pulse,  
Your emptied mind and body, like there is not any else.  
This is where you'll see, however fate can be,  
The connections of the heart, the earth, your bones and all the heaping stones.  
Like water in a jar, floating between imagination and reality afar.  
Connect the dots, or your mind will rot, and pattern with the stars.,  
Forever shall they keep, Within their glow the weep.  
That loneliness Portrays, surrounded by an empty black.  
As space is here outreaching, all apart so far,  
Light-years there and back  
Nor the tallest man could grasp.  
We shall float and weave and fly.  
Let the rules rewrite, till all must wither  
In the quietude and die.

Everything must end  
The largest star, the moon Above, and eternal love.  
All will filter through the cold, singing, wrapped with lust..  
For memory only will keep its life.  
Upon this rocky world.  
Sanity deprived..  
The milky way has curled.

## Guardian Angel

The heart of warmth or heavy frost,  
Brings down the many at what cost.  
Until the final bloody beat pretends,  
And love or hatred there descends.  
At last your breath will thaw the snow,  
And winters frozen windy blow,  
As devils dance in suede black shoes  
Sitting on wooden churches pews,  
Payment whistles and hard men tear,  
Their bones catch heavens golden stare.  
A reaping angel with her voice,  
For only she has will of choice.  
Her hallow strong yet dimly lit,  
Upon my sins she warmly sits.  
And watches as my soul to die,  
With tears of pouring rain she cries.  
Carrying me up to whiter skies.  
And sit yet not alone to die.  
But with the saints and crosses bore,  
Whom lost the waters when winter tore.  
And drank from flowing streams of glee,  
As heaven waits for you and me.

## Behold a Rose

Behold a Rose

Behold a rose. Perfection in thy embrace.

Thistles dull against my skin, no blood to stain the taste.

Impressions of heaven and undying fair color,

Bounded with heart and hope to discover.

Portraying life and death, and a shallow whispered hot breath,  
seen through all of morality and time.

So lovely, as is also so harmoniously sweet and divine.

Your hue and your scent of soft wispy red,

Lingers long in my senses, as you garden the fences,

And grow with heavenly pride in your bed.

Stand tall and stand true, as you unfailingly do,

To beckon my eye to your beauty.

For You i will pick, and ask for a kiss,

From your crimson moist pedaled soft lips.

And give back to you, a love passing through,

Our minds and our hearts here anew with sweet bliss,

That shone in my eyes the light of a morn sky..

Keep it close to your soul, This garden that's full,

But emptied of only one perfect red rose,

its gift I bestow, my love won't forgo,

The petal you hold , it's color so bold

In its simple gift you know I love you.

And with my spirit, I wander on through.

Your simplicity, in explicitly I go.

As your flower casts it's welcoming shadow.

And here we will stay, in your garden this day.

Today and always tomorrow.

## Hearts that break

Hearts that Break  
Hearts that Break

Quiet winds in meadows all of flame,  
Naked truth be told to sooth,  
The hour of my shame.  
Beating hearts still grow apart,  
From years of selfish blame.

Don't bring her to my mind of blue,  
As neither play the game.  
Lost am I, my broken love,  
For you and yours I hence became.

I hide now in a cave,  
Where thieves will surely steal.  
What little truth that's left for us,  
What end is now revealed.

For heaven sinned upon my lust,  
This loss is as I feared.  
I'll wake upon the dewy grass,  
And open both blind eyes,  
That peered to see the empty field,  
What love for us surmised,  
And brought what blame adhered.  
And all the wasted time.

It had a mind, it had a soul,  
Till hell burnt all its flesh.  
And left me with an emptiness.  
With next to nothing left.

So Here I sit, here I wait,  
To breath another breath,  
For fell the rain on down so light,  
That brought it's weight upon my chest.

It soaked my head, my essence drenched,  
as guides to yonder here awaits,  
To bring us to a better time and understanding in some other place,  
Where there's no pain, remorse or blame.

For time has lost us in the wind,  
And blown us back to dust,  
My love, thou taught me naught to sin,  
Forget you though I must.

For you are still within my thoughts,  
Of every single morn,  
And every night, within this life,  
Has brought my soul to storm.

In earth's of green my love alone,  
My garden here I linger,  
For peace to find in memory,  
Where none will point their finger.

For if we part and finally loose,  
What once we almost had,  
As if God was killed, hung in a noose,  
And hell made men feel glad.

This was just the truth of life,  
As wheels turn round and round,  
Our deeds, they stop us within our strife,  
And nothing makes a sound.

It's silence like a medicine,

Of time to heal what's broke.  
Our minds and hearts and love is lost,  
Where no more fires are stoked.

Not meant to be my love my sweet,  
Mere words can not explain,  
My love for you my soul to cheat  
Soft whispers of the pain.

If we weren't merely meant to be,  
As world's kept us apart,  
Our hearts will wither and forget,  
An end that had no start.

For ages patterned lives they float,  
In misty garments, black suede coats,  
To fall upon the shore alone,  
And sink to depths of sunken stone.

To fall to bottoms of the chiasmic deep  
A cold and wet damp silhouette  
Our love is finally drowned to keep  
Like interest on an unpaid debt.

It's lost in shadows, forgotten long,  
Our hearts a sweetly shattered song.  
For worth of each we couldn't bare.  
Within this life without the other fair.



## Perfect World

Patterns in my mind I keep,  
Like frozen rain the weather take.  
Upon a misty noon I'll sit,  
And pray for disbandment.  
The tardy few who take the time,  
Should see the sun in all its rise,  
And bring with its warmth and light.  
Of inner truth of true insight.  
Let it wash my skin like life,  
As water breaks the tides.  
And polishes the strife.  
Of man and his endless pride.  
The day will come, when strong men fall,  
Harder hitting on the ground.  
Positivity rebounds, as songs are sung,  
And once again the world will go round.  
To take its place as an eccentric art,  
Not for sale, or to be sold.  
As its beauty plays a gander part.  
As a perfect world remolds.

## Untitled

For loss of lovely, beyond who cares,  
Sways eyes and heart of quiet despair.  
Across the length of time and space,  
I see the smile upon your face.  
It shines like sunlight in the morn,  
I've loved you since I was born.  
You for me is beauty true,  
I love you always through and through.  
Never leave me by my side,  
For without you I have no pride.  
And whisper love into mine ears,  
As strife and hate seemingly disappear.  
My heart and blood is yours to keep,  
Forever shan't my soul to weep.  
Stay and linger like a rose,  
Who's petals span upon repose.  
And humbly sleep the day with me.  
For tonight becomes serenity.

## Idle Love

Idled words are softly spoken,  
Amongst men and ghosts.  
As wind blows a tree branch broken,  
Promises and lies are said the most.  
Tell me once the truth entire,  
As the earth it spins in heaven.  
Blown apart with flames of fire,  
From one to number seven.  
Count the ways that it be told,  
Across the stillness of the shadows.  
The darkness isn't getting old,  
The light it doesn't matter.  
Take my hand, take my heart,  
To a better place then this.  
For together or apart.  
My loneliness I will never miss.  
With you I'm whole, like a circle,  
My soul you stole, your love a miracle.  
Take me back, take me down.  
And stay where once, each other found.

## A Walk

From dawn to dusk, I take a step,  
To walk into the wind.  
Blown to dust, My heart repents,  
I wander here to find.  
That which beckons sky's of storms,  
With darkness lurking by.  
Until the world and her forms,  
Clears from all her ties.  
As the ocean leaves a shadow,  
Affecting all the tides.  
My love for you is narrow,  
My heart yet to reply.  
For if we meet and dance a moment,  
A fleeting moment in the dark,  
Nor trepidation I'll repeat,  
Your silhouette has hit the mark.  
And bravery follows pride in hence,  
To walk a thinning line.  
I'll put one finger on the fence.  
As we stand so indolent in time.

## A Conversation with the Universe

Truest black, oh pinned so bright,  
I stare in wonder at your might.  
Omnipotent, so infinite my eyes, where beauty hides,  
And chases all the ghosts locked and caged inside.  
I'll weep as you fall, And ignite the sky with fire,  
Your flame so it shall, bring the world to now retire.  
To a century of repose, filled with perfect sight,  
Of pasts the fires and flames; did not in graciously ignite.  
And take its lesson as vast and far,  
As your essence reaches, with all the stars.  
To where there is no end, nor beginning of.  
To where the lights they fade, with blackened love.  
And dedicate the silence, to words which never spoke.  
In life, in dreams, perceptions here invoked.  
This is where we'll find the vigor sacrificed.  
To answer all the questions we pondered in this life.  
And at least curiosity be subsided,  
As the soul so swiftly it was guided.

## Lonley

Life was so grand,  
Now without passion.  
Alone here I stand,  
Without any fashion.  
Naked like kings,  
From a child's book.  
I sit and sing,  
Every word fuck.  
Each day apart,  
Feels like one.  
Neither end or start,  
Has any fun.  
Give it back to me,  
When I would awake,  
On all 7 seas,  
A journey I'd take.  
Where I would go,  
Was up to the wind.  
As it would blow,  
I'd follow in kind.  
And wrap with the leaves,  
A circle on sand,  
Until the soft breeze,  
I could hold in my hand.  
This is when things,  
Were better then great.  
I'd fly with two wings,  
And swallow my fate.  
Now I sit and sing,  
The same old thing.  
A song broken, and lonely.  
Loosing its beat slowly.  
If I should die,

Like a gale in storm.  
Tell me a lie,  
Like a rose to its thorn.  
And water my roots,  
Dealing all the cards suits.  
To play out my hand,  
Wherever I stand.  
So I could not take,  
Love for granted,  
And give up the hate,  
Wherever I've landed.

## To the Moon and Back

Build a home, Tall and grand.  
For Preeminence to stand.  
For quiet eyes here do intrude.  
Sanctity obtrude, exclude.  
Visions of immortal time,  
Decisions given over wine.  
Brings men to the roundest table.  
Like forlorn of a fable.  
Dress me like a marionette,  
So I can slowly forget.  
And drive me to the moon.  
We'll all be there soon.



## Starlight

The stars whisper silence,  
Each alone in the void.  
Offering guidance.  
As mankind toys.  
Secrets of her.  
Falling in numbers.  
Making it clear.  
As mankind stumbles.  
In the dark, she radiates.  
Capitulate, and expresses.  
As she unseen undresses.  
And darkness regresses.  
Make it clear.  
Far or near.  
How infinite small.  
We are all.  
How infinite finite.  
The brilliant nights starlight.

## Warring Skys

Warring skys

I washed the blood from the empty sky,

As weeping angels fought and died.

Their wings all golden tipped,

Their swords a steel whip.

Many fell to rule in hell,

Many flew to an eternal hew.

As God commanded , with mankind stranded.

Worshiping what he told them to.

Michael harked, Lucifer embarked.

And good and evil was born here through.

Pray to him to not abandon,

For truth is in his memorandum.

As fleeting as the day is long.

His words permanently are strong.

Find the Lord, find the one.

And follow as the moon to sun.

For heaven weeps for the week.

And hell torments as such.

With Michael high a plan to seek.

And the devil always at your touch.

## Voyage of Peace

A man went on a voyage,  
With very little coinage.  
His purse a hole,  
His money stole.  
He walked on toward the moon,  
He knew he'd be there, oh so soon.  
Where peace be sold.  
Where peace be bought.  
For young and old,  
Where all have trot

## Solidarity of Minds

Solidarity, never be, oh lonely.  
Ego and your soul.  
Forever known so homely.  
As each of us to rule.  
Change in ways, amongst oneself,  
A better man you'll be.  
Every reflection of thyself,  
A moment of immortality.  
Take the moment, take the time.  
Your virtuous of no crime.  
And wait for self indulgence hence.  
As green birds eating on the fence  
Drifting toward the better you,  
For finally acceptance of what's is true.

## Winds that Chime

The winds beckon time,  
It blows as clocks do chime.  
And shapes horizons,  
With both eyes in,  
No matter what the crime.  
I'll die a night and regress,  
The heartbeat in your chest,  
And listen to the words,  
Whispered where the winds have stirred,  
The moment nature kisses,  
Lips of an eclipse,  
And the sun will fall,  
Pertaining all,  
Who witnesses the moon to shadow,  
As steel chimes they sway and rattle.

## The Heart Has a Cost

Once there was love,  
Now there is pain.  
Your hearts in a cave,  
Only thoughts in your brain.  
Take it as loss,  
Not to effect,  
The heart has a cost.  
Nothing is perfect.  
Now all alone,  
Throw me a bone,  
Take away blame,  
And all of the pain.  
Avoid misery,  
With fish in the sea.  
There will be another,  
Like clouds that cover.  
The sky is the place,  
You'd rather be,  
Floating like hawks,  
Not solidarity.  
Take it with patience,  
Another will come,  
Just for the now,  
Fly under the sun.

## Hearts that Break

Hearts that Break

Quiet winds, in meadows, all of flame,  
Naked truth, be told to sooth,  
The hour of my shame.  
Beating hearts, still grow apart,  
From years of selfish blame.  
Don't bring her to my mind of blue,  
As neither play the game.  
Lost am I, my golden love,  
For you and yours, I hence became.  
I hide now in a cave,  
Where thieves will surely steal.  
What little truth that's left for us,  
What end is now revealed.  
For heaven sinned, upon my lust,  
This loss is as I feared.  
I'll wake, upon the dewy grass,  
And open both blind eyes,  
That peered to see the empty field beyond,  
What love for us surmised,  
And brought what blame adhered.  
It had a mind, it had a soul,  
Till hell burnt all its flesh.  
And left me with an emptiness.  
With next to nothing left.  
So Here I sit, here I wait,  
To breath another breath,  
For fell the rain on down so light,  
And brought it's weight upon my chest.  
It soaked my head, my essence drenched,  
as horses yonder there awaits,  
To bring us to a better time and understanding in some other place,  
Where there's no pain and thoughtless haste.

No sting to Ponder, no remorse,  
As life steers us in different ways,  
Upon the horse I ride sweet pastures forth,  
Beginning yet another loveless fleeting day.  
For time has lost us in the wind,  
And blown us back to dust,  
My love, thou taught me naught to sin,  
Forget you though I must.  
For you are still within my thoughts,  
Of every single morn,  
And every night, within this life,  
Has brought my soul to storm.  
In earth's of green, my love, alone,  
My garden, here I linger,  
For peace to find, in memory,  
Where none will point their finger.  
For if we part and finally loose,  
What once, we almost had,  
As if God was killed, hung in a noose,  
And hell, made men feel glad.  
This was just the truth of life,  
As wheels turn round and round,  
Our steeds they stop within our strife,  
Where nothing makes a sound.  
It's silence, like a medicine,  
Of time, to heal what's broke.  
Our minds and hearts and love is lost,  
Where all the fires are stoked.  
Not meant to be, my love my sweet,  
Mere words can not explain,  
My love for you, my soul to reap,  
Soft whispers of the pain.  
If we weren't merely, meant to be,  
As world's kept us apart,  
Our hearts will wither and forget,  
An end, that had no start.



For ages patterned, lives they float,  
In mists of streams, on wooden boats,  
To fall upon, the shore a man,  
And sink to depths of sunken sand.  
To fall to bottoms of the chiasmic deep  
A cold and wet, damp silhouette  
Our love is finally drowned, to keep  
Like interest on an unpaid debt.  
It's lost in shadows, forgotten long,  
Our hearts, a sweetly broken song.  
For worth of each, we couldn't bare.  
Within this life, without the other fair.



## On the Soul

On one fine warm day,  
The sun shinned so high,  
The animals played,  
The birds, they all flied.  
Then suddenly the rain,  
It's water a stain,  
On the soul of the earth,  
Wet and with cold girth.  
She had on her coat,  
Of top red and yellow.  
My umbrella I carried,  
My mood it was mellow.  
The storm finally broke,  
On the soul of the world,  
As she smiled and she spoke,  
My eyes they unfurled.  
She captured my heart,  
She took all my breath,  
On the soul of a man,  
Her powers they crept.  
Without moment more,  
I knew she was it.  
On the soul of a women,  
On me she befit.

## Morning walk at the Mall

In the mall I saw an angel,  
With naught her halo.  
Her hair t'was golden,  
The air was olden.  
I breathed her beauty,  
For a second look,  
T'was her duty,  
My heart to take.  
Her eyes of every color,  
My soul she smothered.  
I took a glance again.  
Gone she was.  
I walked with friends,  
All because.  
My angel on the bench,  
My thirst was quenched.  
And like the sun.  
The day began..

## On the Beating Heart

The heart it yearns,  
The soul it cleanses,  
Love it burns,  
The senses.  
Find it here,  
Flaunt it there,  
We are we're,  
A kind of pair.  
Hitched like a lock,  
A coo coo clock,  
And beating, like the seasons,  
Of morning times reasons.

## The belligerent

I walk with the surreal,  
Blinded on the streets.  
Following their meal,  
Spaghetti meet and greets.  
Are we blind or ignorant,  
Behind our eyes half open.  
The fallen belligerent,  
Things of not spoken.  
Dream a world of light,  
Where death itself is dead.  
The infinity of tonight.  
And every day instead.

## Untitled

Bring me light, bring me peace,  
Some will fight, some as ease,  
Dead men walking, knocking on steel doors.  
Dead men talking, conversation is a bore.  
All alone, here I sit,  
Waiting for the phone, half illiterate.  
I hope she calls, at least in her disguise,  
Walking through the halls,  
Of compromise.  
Take off your mask,  
Breath in the world,  
Firm in your grasp,  
All the answers will unfurl.

## Damn it

Oops I accidently erased todays poem just as I finished it.



## One Day at a Time

Aspire to be better,  
Entanglement of souls.  
Sometimes we will fetter,  
And fall through all the holes.  
Reach out with arms outstretched,  
Grabbing what is real,  
Sometimes lifes bewitched,  
Believe what you can feel.  
Your heart is always true,  
Your brain it plays its games,  
Beat to beat its song plays through,  
Forgetting all the names.  
One beat, one day,  
At a time,  
To repeat, to convey,  
Loves crime.  
To retreat, to portray,  
In essence of all of time.

## Fields of Daffodils

Bring the day, in warmth we play,  
And laze in fields of daffodils.  
Their aroma hence, around the fence,  
Upon the grassy foothills sway.

This is where I met my love,  
I met the life, in fields of mice,  
And felt its brilliance from above.  
Not once but twice.

It peered at me with masked blue eyes,  
And hair so yellow golden.  
It fell to her womanhood,  
My heart she'd sweetly stolen.

One kiss from lips of daffodils,  
Way up in yonder foothills.  
We embraced eternal,  
Emotions all external.

And hence we stayed, and played,  
Enjoying the sun, the field, the day.  
And with her I surely walked away,  
As the love and life she still portrays.

## Swcond Chances

Looking back we may regret,  
Wanting to forget the past.  
Sometimes memories regress,  
Excitement, love, hard and fast.

Sometimes to forgive is best,  
Put your vengeance down to rest.  
Sometimes with lost romances.  
You give second chances.

Take them back, take them in,  
Warmly let go of all the sin.  
Share the moment, long and true.  
The future yours to constrew.

Maybe this time things be great,  
Finding love, forgetting hate.

## Untitled

Hammer hits the nail head,  
Atop a chimney peak,  
Smoke and mirrors in its stead,  
Reality for the weak.  
We hide behind a disguise of vice,  
Escaping true fruition,  
I do beseech as men or mice,  
Words of constitution.  
Let free be spirit, heart and thought,  
Equality to the masses,  
For least we hear atrocities,  
Like Jews to poison gasses.  
Millions dead, children too,  
All lined up in a row.  
Thrown by thousands into a ditch.  
Wrapped with bullet instead of bow.  
There is no sanity in its reason,  
Blind and racist hate,  
No matter what the season,  
Keep it all at bay.  
Lest we forget, and doomed repeat,  
The horrors of the past,  
The lessons learnt upon the world,  
They're still in class.

## The darkness

When day turns into night with the blink of an eye,  
Don't ask any questions or wonder why,  
The darkness lurks and passes thorough,  
Your body, mind and heart too.  
It envelops everything around,  
It pushes you into the ground,  
And brings you closer to the death that sits,  
sits and waits for your soul to take,  
And gently dissipate.

For death seeks only those who forget,  
That life is only an accident,  
And nothing is ever really real,  
Just a dream or emotion felt,  
Floating in a stream or quietly kept,  
Within arms reach from those who follow,  
Follow you closely in the dark,  
Their steps always just behind,  
Their face in the darkness you can never find.  
And as they slowly close in tight  
On your unprotected throat,  
They'll clasp you with two strong hands,  
And choke you till you drown.  
They'll lift you up off of the ground,  
And have you beg for mercy.  
Until you weep and gasp for breath,  
And drink your death when your not thirsty.  
To choke the water to its depth.  
And slow to die here firstly.  
A second chance you never get,  
You soaked your pants, your all but wet,  
With piss and fear and all between,  
The one who lingers like a dream.

For if they choose to let you leave,  
And find some sanctity,  
U might be able to deceive,  
The truth that lines humanity.

For you and all who know the facts,  
Your cowardice choices and the way you act,  
Will bring you here with no return,  
Drowning in the water of that which burns.  
That yearns for simple things like love,  
Never to find, no where, where of.  
For only death will find you here tonight,  
Drifting through the darkness, hiding from the light.

## Truth and Lies

As I wander through the shadows dust,  
I find it hard to see what's here to trust.  
Each lie that's told to still deceive,  
Is hidden quietly up the sleeve.  
My lasting thoughts sway, as the mirrors crack,  
Reflecting parts of the void and back,  
My mind sees images in the glass,  
Of natures humbled sprouting grass.  
Surrounding me at ankle deep,  
Growing tall where secrets keep.  
I'll walk in shoes worn by another,  
Giving a sense of being brothers.  
And as the lessons learnt and shared,  
Become the norm or so declared.  
We walk in green so deep and thick,  
Not cut nor flamed the candles wick.  
It burns for us to see the fire,  
So we may differentiate the liars.  
For if a child is silenced young,  
Not yet the age of wisdoms tongue.  
Then cover for the one whom must  
Speak words so soft and such.  
Tossed against the side, the curb.  
For men to take so undisturbed.  
For like the trash, our souls will fetter.  
In the growing grass, reaching better.  
Please take this filth away from me,  
Before my time of immortality.  
So that I may float up clean and free.  
To Heaven and the knowledge of the apple tree.  
For in the garden we will sit,  
And regain the virtue of all of it.  
Our place with God, in his garden deep.

And throne that he alone does keep.  
Man and women, back to dust.  
As death will take what it always must.



## From the Dragons Mouth

From the dragons gut, into his mouth of flame,  
His teeth will cut, traitorously framed.  
For obedience and salty gest.  
Gives expedience to what is best.  
Time is lost, and falls like water,  
A solitary cost, fuel for the fire.  
Soaked am I, my soul now drenched,  
From a universe of rain, from heaven sent.  
Now knee deep, the water, douse,  
The fire and flame from the dragons mouth.  
And smoke will rise, as I take my turn.  
As human nature yearns.  
It soaks my mind, my vision blind.  
And all but sanity comes in return.

## Natures Mind

A dove she nests, resting her wings in a cove,  
Sweetly eating her garden clove.  
A shadow perched atop the wall.  
The dove she sprang at the shadows call.

For it be mere reflections of,  
Reality and perception from above.  
In minds with wings that soar with winds.  
In coves and trees and natures mind within.

## A Spring Storm

Least not the warmth, spring tides bloom,  
With winter storms, swept falls broom.  
Under carpets, of grassy sway.  
Bringing our hearts another day.

As the glistening sun, shines the flower tips.  
The eyes of morn, whispers from her lips.  
As each of us yawn, to drink the day.  
And the birds sing our minds away.

Let the spring stay forever.  
As I solemnly remember,  
Those lost and lonely days.  
Of sauntering walks, and playing under skies of grey.

For moments before a rising storm.  
The crystal crack of lightning born.

## A Favorite Song

For surmise of thee in turn; toward the devilish sky,  
In a rhapsodically musical yearn, I turn away shy.  
Listen to the music, in behind the light.  
Its notes are therapeutic, when taking flight.

It fills the empty spaces, between two deaf ears,  
And solemnly replaces, the crowds adoring cheers.  
Be not to shine in heaven, but listen to the wind,  
As it echoes through the ages, giving kind, sway of sin.

My mind it dances softly, as she sings her sweet, sweet chords,  
I try to take it awfully, closer to the storm.  
As rhythm, pitch and timing, mingle all my senses.  
With words forever rhyming, sung with soft intentions.

## Home

I am home, I recognize,  
This place I wont jeopardize.  
With spider plant,  
The odd house ant,  
And neighbours buzzing over lawns.  
The street out front,  
Bares the grunt,  
Of people passing by.  
Walking dogs,  
Taking jogs.  
Whatever weather.  
The milder the better.  
Yes this is home,  
I cant deny.  
I lay my head,  
I rest my bones.  
I love my home.  
I stay here, home today instead.

## Hungover

The cardinal life, no regret,  
Not one care to forget.  
Spark it up, drink it down  
Say goodbye to all your frowns  
Reminisce in the abys  
Of sexual compliment,  
And with a kiss, and snakelike hiss,  
Of obsessed relent.  
I do declare, I'd stay for time.  
With my red Merlo wine.  
But instead i'll lurk.  
And go to work.  
Fixated all the while.

## Behold a rose

Behold a Rose

Behold a rose. Perfection in thy embrace.

Thistles dull against my skin, no blood to stain the taste.

Impressions of heaven and undying fair color,

Bounded with heart and hope to discover.

Portraying life and death, and a shallow whispered hot breath,  
seen through all of morality and time.

So lovely, as is also so harmoniously sweet and divine.

Your hue and your scent of soft wispy red,

Lingers long in my senses, as you garden the fences,

And grow with heavenly pride in your bed.

Stand tall and stand true, as you unfailingly do,

To beckon my eye to your beauty.

For You i will pick, and ask for a kiss,

From your crimson moist pedaled soft lips.

And give back to you, a love passing through,

Our minds and our hearts here anew with sweet bliss,

That shone in my eyes the light of a morn sky..

Keep it close to your soul, This garden that's full,

But emptied of only one perfect red rose,

its gift I bestow, my love won't forgo,

The petal you hold , it's color so bold

In its simple gift you know I love you.

And with my spirit, I wander on through.

Your simplicity, in explicitly I go.

As your flower casts it's welcoming shadow.

And here we will stay, in your garden this day.

Today and always tomorrow.

## The Boiled Black Sea

My love like a rose,  
My blood boiled red,  
My heart a repose  
Of deeds judged of the dead  
I'll take you away,  
To where it is safe,  
Here you will stay,  
Biding your fate.  
And as the world closes and chokes,  
The doors that are open,  
Most of them closed,  
So we don't see the world that's now broken,  
But for the wealthy eyes posed.  
Locked in a line,  
With the flowing of time,  
Perchance men to steal,  
A hungry mans meal.  
And give to a king,  
Who doesn't quite feel,  
Or need it to eat,  
He's rich as can be with power to Keep.  
Except taxes are paid,  
And his penis all laid.  
And his rules to abide,  
With hypocritical lies,  
And truths they half told,  
To calm down the old,  
And cut tongues off the young.  
So everyone's blind and scared till they're dumb.  
And biding their time,  
Till the few behind buttons.  
Will dream sudden beauty  
And hopefully their hearts will be flooded.



Streamed with compassion,  
Of peace finally lasting  
And care for the sand,  
And trees and the land.  
And not reset fires  
That killed hundreds of thousands of men. Dressed up as soldiers.  
Bombing Japan.  
All war will grow,  
And finally be big  
Army's lined in a row  
snapping the weak like a twig  
time it may tell,  
But deaths found the smell  
And raced there like children,  
Running From hell,  
For all of the fallen,  
Who died by the rule.  
Men and their guns,  
Made for the kill, A bullet hits hard, Putting holes in your will. So God he can see, The temperament  
used, To murder, to kill and sexually abuse, Wars at the gate. Lets fight to be free. For the vast  
world market trade. Needs the black sea.  
Its waters they've boiled,  
Floats all the dead fish,  
And bodies of men, who didn't quite wish,  
For a hero's humble death, their death only sin.  
My love like a rose, My blood boiled red, My heart a repose, Of deeds judged of the dead. A stop  
to the death, Would turn a new earth, Giving freedom its breath, People home with their worth. But  
seldom do guns, fire themselves, The greed and the hate, repeats and repels.  
Until difference and fear are no longer strong  
Mankind will just sing, this inharmonious song.  
?



## Julys Purple Flower

July's flower of soft purple beauty,  
Humbly she grows for our hurt in the dirt.  
With slim silhouette and the dance of a cutie  
As she seems to be dancing in wind ever smoothly  
For resemblance of love,  
Or want of another,  
July's purple flower,  
I give to no other.  
I give with a kiss, and a soft touch of your Cheek,  
Our lips sweetly reminisce, my hunger is meek.  
For you I give all,  
Mind, heart and soul,  
For so far my mind,  
You've successfully stole.  
Fixated on dreams, of golden blond hair,  
My breath barely breathes, as I lock in your stare.  
Have I found you, the one I will keep,  
Close to my heart our love is here linked,  
Or loneliness lost, dancing on petals  
As my purple flower unconditionally settles.  
For your heart to drink, wine when its red,  
Together we think, apart we feel dead.  
For times found its love,  
Close to the door  
Beckons its exquisiteness,  
Asking questions no more.  
This purple. July flower, its seeds never sower,  
And washes the fear from the Spring,  
As animals play, and children are gay,  
As my beloved becomes a bouquet.  
Tomorrow, forever, today.



## The Women at the Eclipse

Toward the winds in a gentle breeze,  
My eyes glimmer, snow drops freeze,  
And gently as the music sings,  
Resemblance of love, ever lasting.  
Her music puts tempered men to rest,  
As her flowing hair dangles down her chest.  
She smiles of beauty , her soft curved lips,  
As I embrace the evenings blood red eclipse.  
Confusion, fear, all now gone,  
As the winter cools the warming sun.  
With the vastness of a tempest.  
Living in a dream relentless.  
Her wistfully narcotic dance,  
Steps lightly with every short romance,  
Shamelessly obliged  
With each love alone she cries,  
Her wit in its ability.  
Of the night in its fertility  
The darkness fell like death,  
Decayed in her tranquility,  
I sat and held my breath.  
She listened so intent.  
My words, not what I meant.  
At sharing her remorse,  
Of some lost recourse.  
My eyes like blood, the day to night.  
As the sun turns black to the sight.  
This is where we hide our dreams,  
And instances of pure joy,  
She passed me with a hollow scream,  
Like a princess swept to Troy.  
No war was fought, no soldiers died,  
But my heart in her I do confide.

For she's the one, the only soul,  
That saved me from myself, or so I'm told.

## Untitled

Lost in Love

Hidden beauty, under veils of time,  
Her eyes entranced met mine.  
I felt the nervous tension stop,  
Suddenly there our souls aligned.  
But heavens open door,  
With nowhere left there to explore.  
Brought her foot deep in snow,  
As perchance the winds to blow,  
And whispered morrow sweet songs of sorrow.  
Like angels soaring in the vault,  
Where loveless hearts are not at fault.  
    looming secrets to me became,  
An ancient vice to some succumbed.  
    only by these eyes where beauty hides  
Becoming one, with ancient ties.  
That bounds my heart within.  
Aimlessly wandering in darkened skies,  
Alone in heaven with heartfelt tears they cry.  
For endless flights and wings still beating  
Of loneliness and gentle grieving.  
To end the vanquished and retreating  
Or Dreams of children in the darkness screaming.  
That the morning was black and dark as night.  
That the moon extinguished all of the light.  
And the sun died a thousand deaths,  
In some forgotten requiem.  
In some forsaken time at best.  
It whispers in the frost that bites.  
In the coldness and the still of night.  
To drown in streams of yearning dreams.  
And drink the waters pwithin.s.  
Sweet salty tears upon the tip,

To drop and drip on cheeks to sip.  
And taste the reverence soft and wet.  
As the sky a starry candlelight is set.  
Where men will feast and women dine,  
On impassioned lapses and divinity of time.  
A thousand lightning bolts will chime.  
The feast and clock that seeds the vine.



## Heaven Waits

The heart of warmth or heavy frost,  
Brings down the many at what cost.  
Until the final bloody beat pretends,  
And love or hatred there descends.  
At last your breath will thaw the snow,  
And winters frozen windy blow,  
As devils dance in suede black shoes  
Sitting on wooden churches pews,  
Payment whistles and hard men tear,  
Their bones catch heavens golden stare.  
A reaping angel with her voice,  
For only she has will of choice.  
Her hallow strong yet dimly lit,  
Upon my sins she warmly sits.  
And watches as my soul to die,  
With tears of pouring rain she cries.  
Carrying me up to whiter skies.  
And sit yet not alone to die.  
But with the saints and crosses bore,  
Whom lost the waters when winter tore.  
And drank from flowing streams of glee,  
As heaven waits for you and me.

## Mercy of Mind

The world is dead, the light is gone,  
There are no bread, the nights long.  
From dawn till dusk, they must,  
Follow the ticking of sinful lust,  
And ignore the filtered war,  
Between the few, who own the many.  
The world at storm.  
The poor but spent.  
In confinement.  
With little next to warn.  
Unlike death, we live betrayed,  
With one breath, my heart is spayed,  
As we finally fall to answer locking doors.  
And nowhere else in time implored

## Springs Stir

Windy blow, darkened thistle,  
Here we sow, the ball crystal.  
Atop the clouds, swiftly stirs,  
The storms, blow, lightning serves.  
Its purpose as the day so long.  
In service, of greener song.  
As nature churns, its sway.  
Spring of beauty, beauties day.

## Lingering Love

Shadows creep, darkness crawls,  
Across my cheek, into my all.  
The sour words you speak,  
Makes my mind weak.

As light restores the call.  
Emotion lost, emotion found.  
My fingers crossed.  
May luck abound.

Tell me softly thy love,  
As winter blinds a burning stove.  
To caress my selfless thoughts,  
As hindsight ought.

In love of you I linger,  
As pain with you a stranger.

## Untitled

Dad I found u in the dark,  
I found you in the light,  
Your soul was like an ark,  
Your spirit shining bright.

I miss the way you laughed,  
And carried your own pride.  
Your death, cut me in half.  
Always on my side.

You cared, you loved, you lost.  
And taught me at a cost.  
That life, mysterious may,  
Of you to God I pray.

May your soul lie gently true,  
May heaven serve all of you.

## The hustle

Take the gamble, put on a show,  
My words they ramble, the games to go.  
At last a dead man walking,  
On an eternal earth.  
No one is talking,  
Like a baby at birth.  
I'll take the time,  
To slowly wine,  
And give it all my worth.  
When the game is done.  
And I have won,  
You will only be a little envious.  
As I happily leave you penniless.

## Waiting in Love

Saintly games for you and me,  
Beyond the realm of tragic prose.  
Wadding waves across the sea,  
To float at your repose.

I'll saunter like a butterfly,  
Wings of purest joy.  
And listen softly suddenly,  
As you echo in reply.

My dearest wish, be known to you,  
Forever in eternity.  
As the universe demands its fruits,  
Consumptions in its fervency.

Adore you always now and then,  
Embitterment is the upper hand.  
I'll wait for our own time to stand,  
Together as the wind does fan.

## The Tigress and the Eclipse

A total walk in an orange eclipse,  
The shadows play natures games.  
The willows burn the lady slips,  
As they gander at the burning flames.

As still as want, I do confess.  
To see her in a summer dress.  
Escape from lost passions of,  
Her blinking lashes, of love.

Seemingly lie gentle, a tigress with her pup,  
My heart on rental, her dance wont stop.  
I'll take her by her yellow paw,  
And hunt in grasses, natures law.

As we spend forever, in each others gaze,  
And the tigress lays, the eclipse at bay.