

Anthology of boot

Presented by

My poetic Side 



summary

Still here

Who to blame

Beyond

Memories

Online

Yeah

Life

Kings

Injustice

Ok

At first

Again

Stabberbacks

For them

Hell

Still here

I now awaken..in ground forsaken..
Brushing dirt..away
One thousand years..
Ten million tears..
Yet...now comes my day
I remember...multitudes
Sharpened sticks...some cloves
Scythes with eyes...the wielders
Ignorant..who wove
The spell...
Caught by one...true learned in other ..
Foolish I...my slip
Sister's two..plus one I knew
Thus loosed..did I...my grip
For awhile
Witches lost..grown old and died...
The young...know not the peril
Ancient times...forgotten rhymes
Believe me...
I'm still feral

Who to blame

Who's mind is it in question..
Is the question asker sane...
The truth..who knew..when all's askew
Where to...lay the blame

Sadly...answer's lack is glaring
Shuffled..t'ween the lambs
Comes the point..one must anoint
The lowest...t'was the plan

Cover up the lack of knowledge...
Ignorance...a ruse
Pawns a'many ...forfeit some
The others..we can use..

Later

Beyond

All along the railway...lined by those I knew
Standing softly..smiling gently..
Faces .. once I knew
And still I do..I know them well..
They've passed..in my lifetime
I wonder now..perhaps they'll tell
How now I see...not blind
When ends this path of trepidation..
Tis only I that feels
I'm guided on..by more than me
Do I see..
Can I see
Such a situation
Nothing but a dream...thinks I
But I remember dying
Nothing but a dream..for sure
Why are people crying
Trying...
Me..to understand
Ahhhh...
Chuu

Memories

Black in center...red about..
Seems the meaning be in doubt
Smothered by the years...gone bye
Passages of time.. deny
They...who knew..and suffered
The few..who still remain...
They...who braved their lives for us
They saw the scarlet stain
They understand...this flower...
Know what lays behind
Had a friend or brothers..gone
Forever...entombed in time
Black in center ...Red about
Mud and blood and red about
Unmarked graves hold men... unsung
Lives...the cost of what was won
Lest we forget

Online

Surrounded by your bubble...
it shapes itself to you...
Squished..a crowd of thousands press..
Your bubble into you
Bending..molding..close conforming..
Still..the milli's matter
Kept..at bay..all others stay
Outside...with all the chatter
So thin..the skin..
There's you...within..
All else ..outside the bubble
Long ago..well..maybe not..
this space was...recognized
Now..today..the digital..
into your world they pry
Feigning friend..
Or one you know..can't remember now
Accept again..they are your friend
And in they are...the foul
So thin..the skin..
And you within
Now mentally..in peril
How to guard one's inner self
How to save your you
How to speak with those you seek
The internet is feral
I dunno

Yeah

P

Whence slips the mind..in increments..
Unnoticed..yet increasing..
Losing that which makes one.. one..
So slowly..so deceiving..
Deceiving to the viewers.. loved ones..
Confusing..till the end
Deceiving to the one beset
Forgetting...all the friends
Alone in mind..yet full of living
A donuts missing hole
What makes our we is more than flesh
But is our mind our soul?
The flesh..bereft of life's learned ways
Shorn of what makes we
Tis but a gourd...last drops been poured
And now...the soul...?
Be free

Life

When many words are not enough...the loss..
Is in not saying...when what's in mind is not enough...the trouble be...portraying
Portraying what is in the mind..connecting...
With the other...hard it be...for both to see..
The perspective of another
Raise a toast..relax a bit..
Withdraw those deadly fangs..
Clear your view...for sure..you knew ..
Whatever the hell we were arguing about..

Kings

Comes the time...a madness lifts...
Said warborne fog... abated...
Birds of song...their colored life
They flit and sing above you
Greener seems the garden..
Maidens wander..here and there..
Courtiers...sweep a bow..
Pages..hostlers..stable hands..
Happy..all..involved
Tis true
Pon a time..your ruthless mind..
Invoked a lot of killing
Glory's greed...for power's need
Fed by youthful seedlings
Bleeding
For the cause of..you
In the day...yes...back aways...
Whilst your shoulders had a head
Strolling in your garden's secrets...
Smiling in the sun..
Sad to say..this is the day...
The insurrection...just begun

Injustice

Hidden Graves...buried children...attics hold their secrets...late in the night the stairways cry...behind the subtle creaking ...

Shirts of orange and skirts of red...blooming on our highways...hard to miss...these days of now...perhaps there's no more lying

Only they who lived the life...and their begotten

Kin....only they...silent till now....perhaps can just begin...

To heal

Ok

Evolution...slow it be..eons in the making
Making.. meaning changes..unending is
Creating..
But Slow
The time this takes.. has purpose
The defective don't last long
Ten thousand years to add a toe..
Darwin can't be wrong
Yet.. now we're changing genes at will
Cloning what be handy
Stick some AI in that goat...
I'm pretty sure he's randy
Now we got intelligence...
Done escaped the pound
Horny little goat he is...
Spreading smarts around
Just like bunnies..gpt's running
Circles round the daddy
Soon the test..paternity
Unneeded...oh so sadly
All are one with the borg

At first

Beating..rounded.. sounds of drum..
Faintly..through the mist..
The mist that makes it's way.. through green
Through the green that's always been
Calling..drawing..welcoming..
Inviting ..all ..within..
Snapping..crackling..fires glow
Fills the house...just faces show..
Gathered round..a house of friends
At ease with they..and life
Stories told..to young..and old
Captured in the dance ..
Masks ..and dress..the power felt
Beautiful..they are ..
Songs that bring your soul to sing
Without a single word
Knowledge keepers ..down the line
Their words hold all that's been
Sacred..needed..necessary
The story of this world..
Must not be lost

Again

Struggles.. sorrows ..suffering..
This is such..that madness brings
Madness..in the power's mind..
Power.. twisted.. all now see
Madness...thinks it's destiny
Restore the glory of the past..
Birthed from histories gloom
Built on bones of those long fallen
And the sacrifice of new
Madness...thinks it's due
So it goes..and in the end
Odds say..it will be so
Half ass support for those in need
Argued by elected
Madness...in the long game now
All's going as expected

Stabberbacks

Once begun...the hidden thing..
Begets a life it's own
The tiny bits..they barely fit..
Later...to atone
Later's late...'tis past the gate
The pony...given head
Racing from it's tale...untrue
Yet...backing what was said
Scheme on

For them

Missing one you love..who's gone
Are tears for truly them
Not ..for how you'll do without
But...
For them..from way back then
Sadness..placed ..and magnified
Triggered by whatever
Tears you maybe couldn't cry
But...
Now you can
For them

Hell

Fallen angels...blowing...litter in the streets
Mixing with the wrappers shed
From a not so happy meal
Once..it bore a strange appeal
Trapped on corners filthy
Covered in a neon glow
Working for the pimp in shadows
Working for the afterglow
Sordid lives surround the scene
One attracts another
Minds akimble..yet in tune
Around the curse..they hover
Round and round the story goes
Lost...the will for change
The circle spins..and draws within
The latest...within range..
Of the curse