

# Melange

Royce Earnest Rasmussen

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## Dedication

*To Aaron*

*In every verse, your unwavering love and support weave through the lines, like threads of warmth in a tapestry of life. This book is not just a collection of words, but a testament to the inspiration you breathe into every moment. Thank you for being the muse behind every poem, the anchor in every storm, and the unwavering presence in every chapter of my life. With boundless gratitude and love, this book is dedicated to you.*

*Forever yours,*

*Royce*

## About the author

Royce Earnest Rasmussen finds solace and inspiration in the quiet majesty of nature. With a deep appreciation for the beauty that surrounds us, Royce's writing is a reflection of the profound connection between humanity and the natural world.

While Royce's formal education led down a different path, his passion for storytelling and advocacy has always burned brightly. As a dedicated advocate for equal rights and diversity, Royce brings a unique perspective to his writing, championing the importance of inclusion and acceptance.

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## Daffodil

In the garden of faces, she blooms,  
a daffodil amidst roses,  
petals unfurling in the morning sun,  
a delicate facade, a painted perfection.

Her smile, a symphony of deceit,  
a dance of light on polished surface,  
beckoning bees to her nectared lips,  
while beneath, thorns lie in wait.

Each word she utters, a whispered breeze,  
fragrant with falsehoods and pretense,  
while her eyes mirror the azure sky,  
reflecting only the clouds she wishes to show.

She is a masterpiece of illusion,  
crafted with care, each detail honed,  
but beneath the surface, her roots run shallow,  
her beauty a fleeting mirage.

So admire her from afar,  
but do not be deceived by her charm,  
for she is but a daffodil,  
bright and lovely, yet shallow at heart.

## Stardust

In the quiet chambers of twilight's embrace,  
where shadows dance on the edges of perception,  
whispers of forgotten dreams linger,  
like echoes of a symphony lost in the recesses of time.

A solitary moon weaves tales in silver threads,  
illuminating the tapestry of the night,  
each star a silent witness to the cosmic ballet,  
a celestial waltz that transcends mortal understanding.

Beneath the vast expanse, the earth sighs,  
its heartbeat a rhythm of eons,  
and in the symphony of existence,  
every being plays a note, a fleeting melody.

Mist-clad mountains stand sentinel,  
their ancient souls etched with the scars of epochs,  
while rivers carve narratives into the flesh of the land,  
a timeless journey eternally etched in liquid verses.

The wind, a nomad traversing horizons unseen,  
carries whispers of distant lands,  
and as it brushes against the skin of the world,  
it tells tales of forgotten civilizations and uncharted realms.

Amidst this cosmic orchestration, we are but stardust,  
fragments of eternity bound by the ephemeral,  
walking the tightrope between the finite and the infinite,  
a paradoxical dance of mortality in the arms of the everlasting.

## Verses & Thorns

In the realm of verses, where words take flight,  
A poet weaves dreams with all their might.  
But in this poetic garden so green,  
There lurk some creatures not so serene.

Rude comments sprout like prickly thorns,  
From poets scorned, with hearts like horns.  
They strut about, so bold and snide,  
Leaving poets with wounded pride.

"What drive! What a mess!  
Your words are like a keyboard's distress."  
They scoff and sneer, with venomous glee,  
As if poetry's a joke, just for them to see.

But fear not, dear poets, stand your ground,  
For in your verses, strength is found.  
To the rude ones, let your words reply,  
With wit and humor, don't be shy.

"Ah, my verses may not suit your taste,  
But I'll keep weaving with joy and haste.  
For poetry's beauty is in the eye,  
Of those who appreciate, not those who pry."

So let the rude ones chirp and jeer,  
Their comments like a fleeting sneer.  
For in this poetic realm so vast,  
Kindness and humor will forever last.

## Heart of the Forest

In the heart of the forest, secrets rustle among the trees,  
Whispers tell tales as nature's tapestry unfolds,  
Under the green veil where light softly flees,  
In the woods, secrets rustle among the trees.

Branches sway, dancing with the breeze,  
A symphony of life to behold,  
In the woods, secrets rustle among the trees,  
Under the green veil where light softly flees.

As twilight descends, stars twinkle in the night,  
Leaves rustle softly, a nocturnal melody,  
In the woods, where shadows dance with might,  
As twilight descends, stars twinkle in the night.

Beneath the canopy, where dreams take flight,  
A world of wonder, bathed in moonlight's glee,  
As twilight descends, stars twinkle in the night,  
Leaves rustle softly, a nocturnal melody.



## Twilight's Veil

In twilight's veil, as dusk unfurls,  
Fireflies dance, their light aglow,  
Captured in jars, our childhood swirls,  
In twilight's veil, as dusk unfurls.  
In whispers of night, our hearts whirl,  
Each flicker a memory, a tableau,  
In twilight's veil, as dusk unfurls,  
Fireflies dance, their light aglow.

## Harmony

? ?  
whispers of light  
? dancing ?  
in the breeze  
? ?  
harmony

## Your Hand In Mine

Amidst the moonlit sky's embrace,  
Whispers of love in gentle grace,  
Beneath the stars, our hearts entwine,  
In the night's glow, your hand in mine.

In fields of green, where dreams take flight,  
We dance together in the night,  
In every step, a love divine,  
In the night's glow, your hand in mine.

## **Spring's Symphony: A Poem of Nature's Awakening**

**In the garden, cherry blossoms bloom,  
Their petals whisper secrets of spring.  
Their delicate dance, a fleeting moment,  
A symphony of color against the sky's canvas.**

**Beneath the trees, a gentle breeze stirs,  
Carrying the fragrance of new beginnings.  
It weaves through branches, caressing leaves,  
Whispering promises of rejuvenation.**

**A robin sings its joyful song,  
Adding melody to the awakening world.  
Its notes, a chorus of hope and renewal,  
Echoing through the tranquil morning air.**

**In the distance, a stream murmurs softly,  
A symphony of nature's serenity.  
Its gentle babble, a timeless melody,  
Flowing through the landscape, a river of life.**

## Chamber of Solitude

In the silent chamber of solitude,  
I pour my soul onto paper,  
Words dripping like tears  
From an unseen wound.

Each verse a whispered plea,  
Echoing in the vast emptiness,  
Lost amidst the noise of indifference,  
Drowned in the silence of neglect.

I sculpt emotions into stanzas,  
But they remain unclaimed,  
Unnoticed, like forgotten dreams  
Fading into the shadows of obscurity.

The ink stains my fingertips,  
A reminder of the futile dance  
Of expression in isolation,  
A solitary waltz with no audience.

I write to release the ache within,  
Yet my words fall on deaf ears,  
My heartache swallowed by the void,  
A solitary lament in the vast expanse of apathy.

## Twilight's Veil

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In whispers of night, our hearts whirl,  
Each flicker a memory, a tableau,  
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