

Anthology of Azura Nightsong



Presented by

My poetic side 

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Apocolypse

A sad sun smiles upon the weary day
Our time is short, demise approaches
The lullaby of gods is woven.
The sun's tears wash away flakes of death
The skeletons of a bird screams
Rain cannot wash what's ten feet down.
The sun is dead, the moon arise
Her hateful glare burns all that's left
A wasteland's song, everlasting end.

Apprehension

An echo down the hallway
A ringing in my ears
A whisper in the sand
Confirming all my fears

From the apprehension
And from all I can hear
The fiend that stalks my nightmares
Will take all I hold dear

Bleak

Zombies trudge through barren fields
The greens of grass bleeding to grey
They fall upon the swords they wield
And lose their minds within the fray.
Useless murmurs building up
Until it's screaming through our brains
Does it matter what water is in the cup?
They slit our wrists for their own gain.

The endless day's monotony
A never ending cycle repeats
We work all day for nothing's free
All night we toss in search of sleep
I spilled my soul across the page
The slanted scrawl tints paper red
Tear stains caused by your deceit
A year of lies and promises said
What's the point of humanity
If this is all we're meant to be
I wish everyone could just see
Before this damn world gets to me.

Child of Night

Elusive words crawl across my mind
The sun burning through makes them hard to find
For during the day when other ones wander
My mind is left unable to ponder
Yet falling of dusk brings me alive
The most beautiful day is at eventide
A creature of darkness was how I was born
Dreading the light of the earliest morn
The lurkers of dark cannot hurt me
For I am one of them you see
The shadows surround me in their warm embrace
I dance to songs with the gloaming's grace
The night's only rhythm will keep me in thrall
As I bend to the will of it's dark call

Creative State

The mirror entices me.
Why am I attracted to the reflection?
What do I see within my eyes?
That leaves me staring for an hour.
A prickling from my inner eye.
Who is that watching from behind?
Why can't I see them when I turn?
My subconscious screams warning.
Try to trigger the creative state.
Is it not my conscious writing?
Why use drugs to force it open?
Trying to explain that which I have not done.
Expanding several horizons
Why do I mumble you say?
Can you not see me grasping nothing?
Struggling with eight worlds within my head.
I hear the angels whispering.
Why can't I seem to find their names?
Can he not hear me begging?
The pressure is just a fantasy.
I'm drowning in music.
Why can't I face reality?
Which of my beliefs were not warped?
I let the euphoria carry me away.

Death's Embrace

The splattered blood across the scene
Is painting wraiths upon her pallor
The nectar of her life pooling out
Trickling with the steady sands of time
Causing her to fade to winter
The fireplace within long since extinguished
Her mouth agape in prayer half spoken
Cut to an end by the cold slide of steel
Unblinking glass staring at the end of all things
The windows to eternity now closed from the frost
In the abandoned house where a lively soul once dwelled
Gracing her lips with one last whisper
To invite her wandering spirit back
Just left with the bitter tang of rejection
For she was tempted to his bed
And now lies within death's embrace.

Delusions of Grandeur

Sacrifice your delusions of grandeur
You'll just throw us back into that void
Your imagination is deadly
With the lengths you'll go to create
Your fantasies in real life
Ignoring the lies and the signs
The worried friends and family behind you
It just drove you deeper in his hold
Shutting out every sign of light
To keep you in your safe dream
Until they wrenched you away
Leaving you broken and wounded inside
Nursing withdrawal for months
Slowly we recover again
Yet as soon as a sign is perceived
You run frantically to put together pieces
Anything to make you feel special
But they'll all think you're crazy again
Why can't you just stay in the slumber
Buried deep and far within my soul
No matter how many times you're pushed down
You resurface again to fight me
It's a constant cycle over years
The self berating and control
And I get my hopes up again
Can't you just shut up your delusions of grandeur?

Do not Label Me

Arrogant

Self Doubting

Cunning

Liar

Faithful

Brainwashed

Delusional

Idiot

Violent

Angry

Hot-headed

Psychopath

Oblivious

Eccentric

Good for nothing

Waste of space

Skinny

Lazy

Stupid

Anorexic

Why do you throw these words at me?

Labels you don't understand

You refuse to see the person underneath

No one is one dimensional.

Black

White

Asian

Mexican

Hindu

Christian

Muslim

Jewish

Girl

Boy

Gay

Trans

Tomboy

Slut

Emo

Egghead

Why do you throw these words at us?

Labels you don't understand

You refuse to see the person underneath

No one is one dimensional

Atypical

Bizarre

Peculiar

Startling

Nonconformitave

Strange

Unusual

Unconventional

Eccentric

Weird

Not normal

Different

No, not different.

UNIQUE

Each person unique, no one the same

Your view of black and white is lame

These labels you don't understand

Your viewpoints need to expand

There's good and bad in everyone

Embrace it all and we've finally won

Downfall

Constantly underestimating the power your enemies hold
Constantly overevaluating the things that your allies told
Fear of the everlasting dark and the ominous presence you feel
Don't fall too far under his spell or I promise you that you'll never heal
Now sing a song just to keep all the demons away
Mutter your prayers, you know he shall never save the day
Say goodbye, your hesitance is your failure
Say goodbye, your hesitance is your failure.
Unfurl your wings, let your radiance wander out, don't let them even take breath
Don't fear a fight, do not run or take fright, eternities don't end in death
Feeling the walls crush around you and you gasp for air as you realize you're drowning in words
If you think twice you'll be crushed in the vice if you fly you'll be free like the birds
Now sing a song just to keep all the demons away
Mutter your prayers, you know he shall never save the day
Say goodbye, your hesitance is your failure
Your hesitance is your failure
I don't understand how you struggle to see
Open your eyes and face eternity
I simply cant fathom irasohinality
Open your eyes please and face eternity
Never once in those years did I ever regret all the things that I sayest that day
The battles not won no it has just begun yet you keep yourself out of the fray
You stay so aloof yet your dying inside and your fear will consume all your soul
The struggle is fraught and your love just a drought but I see the world now as a whole
Now sing a song just to keep all the demons away
Mutter your prayers, you know he shall never save the day
Say goodbye, your hesitance is your failure
Your hesitance is your failure

Drowning

I'm drowning in this deep dark sea
That no one can see but me
I can't escape this tragedy
Of this weight i must break free

They grab and claw and drag me down
They mutter, disapprove, and frown
My screams don't seem to make a sound
Seems I'm the crazy in this town

Burdened by invisible weight
Is this forever to be my fate
The stares, the ridicule, the hate
The demons I can't seem to sate

People walk by without a word
I'm a wreck, they say its absurd
Were my syllables slurred?
I'm dying inside, my pleas unheard.

Endless Tears of My Past

I sat and reflected on times past
When I was well within your grasp
You took my dreams and turned them sour
My soul, my love they did devour
An endless void within my heart
My sanity you tore apart
My allies you turned to foe
You blinded me I did not know
And after I was left a husk
From your addiction and your lust
There was no love, withdrawal's a bitch
And out of wounds came every stitch
Silent tears turn my cheeks wet
I'm the oldest child you've ever met.

Euphoria

A lack of light and everything gray
I danced on clouds high in the air
The mist means nothing to us yet
You try to wash our gentle touch
We sleep among the stars
Our dreams vanquish monsters of death
The feathers sparkle like sun on the sea
Swords of pure souls will smite the names of the forgotten.

Fleeting Essence

I don't understand
Does my essence trickle out
Like blood from a wound
Yet I don't see it draining in a pool below
It simply disappeared
Like the soul from a dead man
Or a mischievous spirit from its last prank
Dancing like the wind around me
It taunts me with its existence
As it flits from me to some unknown abyss
Returning again only to leave
Perhaps it will resume its stay
Once I shake the fog from my mind
Caused by adding one more book to the already teetering stack

Forest In Spring

Isn't it quite great
How a little bit of green
Makes the world endless.

Fulfillment

Temporarily fulfilled
Mind distracted for a while
Solving puzzles, building holes
Pain momentarily forgotten
As soon as it's over
Laying in bed once again
The ceiling randomly enticing
As I debate what use I have
In this useless world
Everything so mediocre
No excelling, no failing
Right in the middle, never noticed
And the hollow in my soul expands

Glitter Glue

Its not really glue
If it falls back apart
Why isn't adhesion
Valued more than art?
And though glitter glue
I suppose is a start
But sooner than later
It tumbles apart

Happiness...?

What is it like to feel pure bliss
To be at peace and harmony
I'm sure it is nothing like this
To unfurl wings and just be free
What is it like to laugh so hard
Stomach hurting, hard to breathe
Joyous tears and arms unmarred
Knowing that they will never leave
I see the souls of happy times
It feels so close but out of grasp
I tried so hard, fell into grime
The shock and cold making me gasp.

Haunting Pain

Blissful pain makes my ears bleed
And drowns the causeless ache of my heart
That wove its way within this night
And drained from me that holy connection
Which veils the stone cold truth of day
Twisting the mind into the sea
That though placid it may seem to naked eye
Below it froths and churns a storm
And with one careless step will pull you below
To drown in sorrows and choke on tears.

I love you but...

Why are you so old fashioned
In so many different ways
Boys can't play flutes
I cannot be gay
Why are you so old fashioned
Do you know what year it is?
We do not have to suffer
When it's as hot as this
Why are you so old fashioned?
Just see that art is art!
"If it's not physical it must not be real!"
You think you are so smart

Little Dancer

Somewhere within, the dancer still thrives.
Though bloody and beaten, chained to the floor.
She gasps for air, drowning in suppression.
Yet still she lives, despite his best efforts.

Love is

Like a dance through the trees
Or a song through the breeze
Love is a gift
Given by gods.
But when it turns sour
Your soul is devoured
Love is a curse
For the rest of your days

Maybe I want a little crazy

Maybe I want a little crazy
Someone who understands the sinister smiles
The pleasure of the hunt
Stalking the cruel
putting them in their place
The sword in my hand the malicious grin
Justice dealt simply with harsh words
Hitting weak points studied long
Beat the knowledge into their heads
But could I not do more?
How could anyone sane
be able to handle my fluctuations
My ever changing state and ever searching mind
Can I not do good in the evil I brandish?
Reveling in the night's sweet song
Making sure they will not hurt again?
Giving back every wound inflicted
Letting out every pent up piece of anger
They forced me to keep inside
So that I must pour my soul onto the page
To stop myself from lashing out
A vigilante in the night
The laws of man have done me no good
Do I set my expectations too high?
Yet How could anyone understand me
Without the cracks in their mind
That so flawlessly adorn mine?
Because insanity in honesty equates with beauty
But insanity and manipulation is what tore my soul in the first place.

Mediocre

Drowning in mediocrity
Breaking my bones just to appease
The drive to be the best I can
Regardless of the screaming child
Dragging me down from thoughtful heights
To never relinquish its grasp
My soul, my voice, the heart within
That daily climb you throw at me
Can't bear to slip even one time
I tricked myself, shove down the voice
I will never be enough
Cause I believed that I could run
With all those hungry wolves above
Delusion shattered fallen wings
Convincing me to end my goal
Blisters adorn my feet like jewels
Turn back and die they scream

My soul, my voice, the heart within
That daily climb you throw at me
Can't bear to slip even one time
I tricked myself, shove down the voice
I will never be enough
Ignore his whisper in my ear
Though long since it had come to pass
Cannot escape the shadow dance
Refuse to sing my agony
Do not compare to the demons
They don't deserve the insult
My soul, my voice, the heart within
That daily climb you throw at me
Can't bear to slip even one time

I tricked myself, shove down the voice
I will never be enough
The warning called out from the dust
Chose to not heed their wisdom's hand
The Jack of All, Master of None
It is too late, do not turn back
Just choose a fucking path they said
I just kicked myself to the ground
My soul, my voice, the heart within
That daily climb you throw at me
Can't bear to slip even one time
I tricked myself, shove down the voice
I will never be enough
Break all my bones just to appease
The monster I hold within

Midnight Hauntings

Trickling sands mark each lethargic second
Demons dance upon the walls
Mocking eternal struggle
Stillness conceived by swirling tides
Wraiths paint the enigma upon my face
I claw at the shadows, the perfect tears
Yet nothing moves, it ever stays
Silent hours, barren house
Churning dreams beyond the eye
As I toss and turn in bitter agony
Wishing for the comfort of oblivion

Mirror mirror

Mirror mirror on the wall, whose the fairest of them all?
I don't even hope it'll be me, for this is just reality.
Mirror mirror on the wall, you speak no truths and make me bawl
You only reflect what I see, for this is just reality.
Mirror mirror shining bright, a sheet of gauze over the blight,
We damn ourselves to hell again, we don't deserve a single friend.
Mirror mirror staring at me, you only show what I already see,
I see no farther in your glass, the outer layer I cannot pass.
Mirror mirror on the wall, whose the fairest of them all?
In others eyes it should be me, but this is just reality.

Misery

Blissful pain makes my ears bleed
And drowns the causeless ache of my heart
That wove its way within this night
And drained from me that holy connection
Which veils the cold stone truth of day
Twisting the mind into the sea
So that though placid it may seem
Below it froths and churns a storm
And with one careless step, will pull you below
To drown in sorrows and choke on tears

Monsters

This world is filled with monsters and I've met quite a few
The one inside of me and there's one even in you.
We try our best to hide them, but in the end we fail.
We let them consume us, the darkness will prevail.

I filled the room with silence, I couldn't take the noise
The screaming in my head, the clamor of the voice
She waits with poise and patience, one day she will get out
I cry to think of that day, but it comes without a doubt

My Legacy

What to do, what to write?

How does one spend countless hours?

No one calling my name today.

No need to study, no issues to fight.

Pencil grazes empty page

Sonnets, songs, stories, and art

Will it fade to oblivion?

Or will my legacy last through the age?

Of Gods and Of Life

I walk upon a silent path
On either side the arms of nature stretch towards the sky
Her fingers of green block the wrathful gaze
Of the king of Day and giver of all life
His consort and his only love
Rarely at the same time are they seen
Her gaze is soft and cool upon the earth
It is she I worship
For her kingdom is the release from the scorn of her lover.
Below them is a realm mostly unknown
Whose queen is as predictable as Fate
Her happiness brings wealth to the many
Her anger drags many innocent to doom.
The rose of all the gods resides below
Both beautiful and dangerous to all
Everyone susceptible to charm
But to the thorns eventually we fall
The end to Fate's cruel game

Queen of Darkness

The queen of darkness sits above
Upon her throne of pure black stone
Within the pyramid of sorrows
At the end of a winding road
Her skin the grey of snow at night
Hair the dark of the abyss
A gown of crimson from the blood of those wrongly slain
Perfect and terrifying in her immortal grace
The lonely sister with white hair and the fairest of skin
Clad in the blue of glorious midnights
And every time her sister hits her
The silvery tears speckle the sky to keep her company

Regenerate

Lights illuminate the world
Shining on so many faces
But is the path of dark not better

Falling running skipping swimming
Stuck in your imaginary worlds
Neglecting the real one around you

What is this green upon the ground
What is this blue up in the sky
Reality is nothing

They know not what death really is
For them when you die

You just regenerate.

By: Anna Starks

Repeat Repeat

Every day
Repeat, repeat
Different causes
Same stress
Grinding nerves
Tearing hair
Little break
Get up
and
Repeat, repeat.

Sing

Where was my voice for all these years?
Trapped within layers of suffocating fabric
Or chained with the scars of his old embrace
But even before I met th void
The power and fury that tears from my throat
Never opened its eyes to my weary days
To make me feel like I fit.

Six Months and Time

Six, a number, a word assigned to a quantity by man
Month, time, a quantity with no meaning besides what we define

All are it's slave, but we are it's definers
It drags us onward, yet we are it's creators
It's killing us while it heals old wounds
It motivates us yet holds us back
Perhaps those in the middle are the best acquainted with it, so stuck in paradox
They are an endless ocean of contradiction
Their tides reaching, withdrawing and receding evermore
Fluctuations of emotion and thought,
Energy and love, like phases of the moon
The young see them as old, the old see them as youth
Treated as low, expected to act high
The middle class of age, caught between the war of peasants and nobles
To a peasant, six months is an eternity stretching through endless voids they may not see.
To nobles, six months is a blink, hardly worth thought or time.
When in the middle, it just is.
Time.

Stained Glass Wings

Blood and sweat and concentration
Energy poured into one goal
Must make my mark upon this dimension
Tending my soul in the hopes it will bloom
Feathers rain around my eyes
But never fall where I want
Need to find an alternate substance
To lift my spirit high above
So for now I have to settle
On stained glass wings
I linger upon the doorstep
Paranoia setting in
But I push the shadows behind me
And journey through several horizons
Yet still there is a gap
Struggling I vain to find what I have missed
But all I do is lose my breath
Drowning in a thousand impressions
Awakening shattering the fragile bones
Of my stained glass wings

Tale of Azuranna

Weary traveler trudging along an endless road of pain
Blisters adorned her feet like jewels, so little kept her sane
She Stumbled upon a deity in his emerald realm
A being of immortal grace with jewels upon his helm
With radiant wings unfurled behind he bowed to her instead
Professing his love and adoration, without her he'd be dead
And then he brought a golden chalice, containing her best life
She could drink and end her troubles if she'd become his wife
Accept his hand, stay by his side, the drought would take effect
It did not take much to fall for him, his charms were quite direct
Finally she accepted the fee, and was promptly swept away
And yet despite his promises, faced troubles every day
And as the days went passing by each dream she would confer
Would magically appear before, yet would not ease her distress
Yet still she could not leave his embrace , she was to far in love
She could do nothing yet pray to the other gods above
He confessed to her several time he was not all he had told
But his words were not believed, what could be beneath pure gold?
A queen with glorious destinies, she watched her family turn away
No matter how many monsters she defeated, there were always more to slay
Her mind split into pieces, she questioned everything she was
As he guided her to discover old paths, and he had all her trust
She gave him every piece of her, and thought he had done the same
Until he got her sent to hell, revealing his whole game
Guardian angels came storming in, and quickly wrenched her away
And nursing her withdrawal for months, saw the light of day
Her deity so tenderly loved was a demon in disguise
A master of deceit he had weaved a web of lies
He took her deep desires and tainted them with despair
So she would never want to leave, forever stay in his snare.
His chalice of life held the poison running through her veins
So that half a year later, she still wonders if she's sane.

The Closest To Flying

I fell from above
Like a slap to my face
A good kind of pain
Gravity relinquishes it's hold
I'm suspended in space
Open my eyes to a blurry world
And try not to breathe
As I hang in the void
Distorted screams of joy
Drift in waves
My chest will explode
Scent of chemicals invade
I break the surface back to reality
And spit the taste of chlorine out of my mouth

The Daydreamer

Fingers delicately strong from her music
Are Clutched around a sacred tome
Wisps of a breeze trailing her brisk pace
She takes in all and even more
The pulled away look keeps them away
A film of clouds across her eye
The smallest fragments of a world
Churning shards of far away
Yielding the bounty of fresh new lives
That dance and entwine like a tapestry

The Sound of Color

Empty notes ring upon lonely ears
Mind a sheet of paper, fresh from the press
So much potential, yet currently blank
Unused and white.
Harsh winds rip across untamed desert
We learn to be in two places at once
Identity is an illusion
We live other's lives daily.
Dissonance creates the best harmonies
I see angels every time I close my eyes
They beckon me to join their ranks
Yet I am stuck on the ground.
A song from among the stars is sung
Can't hear it's creator, can't see the notes
Colors splayed in iridescent tones across the plane of existence
Where am I now?

The Storm

Peasants huddle in their huts
As the sky turns to black
Army amassed on the border
They're never turning back
Conquere stamds at its head
Fluttering cloak of dark grey and blue
His gaze a piercing strike of white
Planning to turn this land anew
They're just a speck along his path
Insignificant, impudent, bow to your gods
Do they not realize there's nothing they can do?
But join their cowering cousins, stop facing the odds.
I bask in the radiance that he casts
While they only see dark, I see so much light
A contrast never noticed before
A need to hold that amount of might
Power collide and the force shakes the ground
The pounding of feet and howling battle cries
Explosions of light leave devastation in its wake
He gets what he wants and I still question why
We have no chance of winning and yet they still fight.

Tidal Wave

It's just
That point
Where one becomes a cup
Filled up to the brim
With churning loss and longing
Until it crashes over
Isolated drops meaning nothing
In the tidal wave that flows from my eyes
I think
I see
But no, it still eludes me
Flitting among the shadows and fog
In an endless maze of reality
From above seemed so simple
Yet once within, the untamed plants towered
The thorns of roses tearing through those who cheat
I mean
I guess
That it was me that caused that pain
Not simply the shell of a once vibrant creature
As the soul withdrew deeper and deeper
Huddling against an unseen assault
Seeking to blame whatever seemed plausible
Never suspecting the demon right beside it

Untitled II

Following the river of my mind
Twisting and turning the paths do wind
Never know what I might find

But if I travel far too deep
The essence of my mind will seep
Away my mind unable to keep

From the hidden cracks unknown
The places I don't want to roam
My mind just trying to get back home

Its always just a losing fight
Trying to find that place of light
Through the deep dark shadows of the night

And pull my wandering conscious back
And find my reality my mind does lack.

Untitled-(Villanelle)

If only, if only the lone wolf cries
If evil was not a trait
I wish for freedom, just to fly
If one was destined not to die
To rewrite the woven knots of fate
If only, if only the lone wolf cries
To succeed I must first try
Or to not when thought it to be too late
I wish for freedom, just to fly
There are some things you cannot buy
The truth we all dislike to state
If only, if only the lone wolf cries
Conquest never end with tie
There's no way to dissolve all hate
I wish for freedom, just to fly
We cannot help but question why
The things we wish we could create
If only, if only the lone wolf cries
I wish for freedom, just to fly.

By: Anna Starks

What is it?

What mighty purpose has placed me upon these lands?
Cursed and unhallowed from valley to mountain.
Or am I drowned by too much ego?
Allowing my imagination to drag me down.

What greater thing am I seeking?
I see it flit across my gaze.
Am I to bring honor back to the hearts of men?
If it was even something known before.

How does one even show the way?
When most have trod so far from the right path.
AM I truly an insignificant speck?
Though perhaps instinct is not my greatest folly.

why does he still haunt me?

Scars taking down my body
Tears streaking down my face
Still hear his voice through the misery
scabs being ripped off
Pain shoved in the darkest corner of my mind
Emerging after so long
Making me shudder and spasm
As if a demons cold breath was gracing my neck
It may as well have been, after him
I haven't seen him in months
Yet I still fear as I turn the corner
That the nightmares will become animated
And I'll be within hi grasp once more
And no amount of blaring music
Cant silence the voice in my head
Whispering a plan never taken
I probably should have, after him
She thinks that she's helping
By cursing his name
By reminding me of the damage
Tucked so neatly behind me
So that no one else could see it
I should've died
After being stabbed in the back
I may as well have, after him
Except the dagger was placed from the beginning
Why did I not feel it till now?
How could I lose my innocence without being loved?
How could I not have seen
As I fell deeper and deeper
within the claws of depression
How did I escape without painting my arms red to fade from existence
That's what he wanted anyway.

We all have our own personal demons
Mine just happens to be real
I worry when I resume conscious
I'll feel his viscous arms wrapped around me once more
That he'll be whispering his lies in my ear once again
That I'll be dragged from bed into hell
And be within his clutches for eternity
It's what he wanted, after all.
I was never loved, all that year
Never valued, never cherished
A tool, an asset
A toy to be played with
And destroyed once he was done
Who was that girl making those decisions?
It sure as hell wasn't me.
But I suppose that's what he wanted.

Withdrawal's Lament

Pull the poison from my veins
Seven Months was not enough
Light shut out and hush had fallen
Alone with demons inside my head
They sink their teeth into my flesh
And then light fires within my blood
Laugh as I writhe in sweet agony
Tears carving runes upon my face
My mind calls out to the God above
Invoking the angels, the spirits, the gods
The forces of nature, the light and the wisdom
Crying, "Why have you made me this way?
Placed my dreams within my reach
To pull them from beneath my feet
My savior, a demon in disguise
Leading me down his dark trail
I cannot fail, yet chained to earth
Caught in between with my wings bound
Fated to fade into oblivion's dream
So let this cry tear from my throat:
What have I done to be this way?
Why do you sear this brand of pain
Across my already broken flesh?"
And with misery's last breath exhaled
Fatigue and pain untie my tether
To let me drift into temporary release
From the knowledge of a heart that will never heal.

The Letter

Was it said
You were an angel?
In that fervoured whisper,
Sent to the void.

A heart so easily
Deceived
By a practiced glamour,
Saw a vibrant rose,
But not the withered petals
Or toxic bladed thorns.

If your friend jumps,
Do you fall too?
And if your lover
Bears forth a poison
Do you drink without thought?

Apparently,
I do.

Childhood Hideaway

Waning autumn
Waxing spring
Valiant summer
From her lair brings

The flighty pixie
Preferring her mind
To the company
Of the rest of the blind

In her free moments
She's drawn to this realm
To whisk away hours
Under emerald elm

In solitary throne,
Queen of the Cascades
High above in solitude
In splatterings of shade

Till the ebbing of day
Calls her down
And no longer
Does she hold the crown

Ugh, Feelings

Appreciation blossom to unwanted devotion
Dewdrops of adoration creating an ocean
Wariness of times both past and present
Communication lacking, heart not content
Overwhelming, illogical, unsought and sudden
Hoping the past will not repeat again
With true motives and desires hidden in loss
But mostly a wish of happiness across

Loneliness

I don't care I say
Casually
To the friend beside
She can't hear the grinding gears

I don't care I say
Through a frown
Then just shrug
They don't seem to notice

I don't care I say
Through gritted teeth
As the lie eats me
And the universe unravels