

Each Way Endlessly

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

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I can't wait to be an old man

I don't know.

I never learn

I Only Ever Dream about Sex, Heartbreak, and Abandoned Buildings

I Spend a Lot of Time with People that Don't Exist

I, a Hydrophobic with a Deep Love for the Sea

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Odes to Fog

One Thousand Poems are Caught in my Maw

Out of Sync

Palilalia

Paths

Patience

Pigpen

Popular Modern Poets Suck

Raise a dog-sled team. Die in a cave. Talk to god. Cowards. It's poetry for fucks sake.

Religious

Remand

Satyriasis

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Seven Years

Sharp Stone Syllables

Sink Our Ship

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Storyteller

Suffering - The Holy Constant

Summers are the Coldest

Talk the Talk

Tarnished

Teach Me

Teeth

The Ankh of Memory

The Boys

The Dark Dome

The Deck of Fog

The Free

The Ghost and the Dissolute Engineer

The Glass, the Flame, and the Circle

The Light at the End of the Tunnel

The Mumbles of the Living

The Sigh of Half a Decade

The Storm That Did Not End

There is a Song I Can't Remember

There Is an Old Weed in my Garden

Time is a Marriage

Togetherness

Tomorrow

Tongue Twister

Transient

Triad

Two Sided Sphere

Unfolding

Use it or Lose Everything

Various poems I wrote as the character "Yole the Poet" in a STALKER Dayz roleplay server I have been obsessed with for a few years

Verum est Fatum

Very much like the brazen giant of Greek fame, conquering limbs and all.

Vicissitude

Wake up

What we Know that we Don't Know

Without digits, Without a tongue

Worse Around my Kin

Each Path its Loss

Some roads can seem to endless stretch
Into sunless retreat.
Silence in surrender soaked,
Those leagues under our feet.
The darkness of decision
Always cackles where we cross,
No torch is ever bright enough
To weigh each path its loss.
Still, time keeps its promise;
Though at the point of sword,
And through sour concession find
Tomorrow at the door.
And isn't she so hideous,
Beautiful beyond compare?
Opportunity fantastical
Hangs violent in the air.
Dragons and Star-fields granted,
All "sorries"- lasting, true.
A where and when all scars are healed
And flowers cradle dew.
But dragons are always hungry,
Each star irradiates,
Apology not so easy when
New health imposters make.
Hope dances for a short while
In her epileptic way,
Always ends up on the floor,
Her shit the final say.
No matter how perfect the puzzle,
Or how profound the peace,
The poignancy of this puppet show,
The length of fire-ceased.
Nothing answers the question

That god booms from tower high;
His disgusting oppression She
Repeats until we die.
What way will it be then?
Which path of flame and death?
Which ecstasy at heavy cost?
What's worth our petty breath?
Some roads can seem to circle wind
Into sun-baked defeat,
Cacophony of endless screams,
These souls under our feet.
The brightness of the bombs we make
Blinds us to the cross;
No shade is ever dark enough
To weigh each path its loss.

A Forge in Time

Somewhere out in years beyond
Singing through the endless fog
Stainless armor waits adornment
For the longest quest

Moulded from unseen bravery
Machined to counter slavery
Melded long forgotten moments
Ward its humble chest

A lifetime naked to the fight
All a prelude to its light
Altogether each cold sunder
Tempers heated ore

Will shall find you in the end
Worry not what's 'round the bend
When the final dragon wakes
You'll find a shield and more

Plates produced in pondering
Polished in pains wandering
Pious strength is fostering
To end an endless war

A Double Edged Sword

Memory floods like a monsoon, it drowns and it quenches both.
Weaves a myth about identity, lends purpose to our oath.
Swallowing all, it mulches, softens ground on which we stand.
Transforming every bank it touches, fills the mouth with sand.

Do not underestimate the current, filled with ancient pain.
Pulls the weak into its undertow, a witness to the rain.
Reliable and forgiving, our valley turns lush and green,
Fragile and always changing, a paradox, our queen.

A Hymn for the deathless

A hymn for the deathless,
a song for the stone,
a wavering whisper for life.
A piece of the puzzle that falls on deaf ears,
a balancing act on the knife.
Relentless the labyrinth,
a prison unmoored,
the riddle gifts light though it burns.
We sleep in rotation,
keep passion alive,
agony carried in turns.
A hymn for the lifeless,
a song for the swamp,
a wavering whisper for life.
A resignation to a culture of fear,
a headlong dive into strife.
Crumbled the maze,
bottled the struggle,
immolation turns soul into ash.
No rest for the wicked,
the bridge still burns,
agony's itch like a rash.
A hymn for the deathless,
a song for the stone,
a wavering whisper no more.
We choir of story,
slaves of the song,
seekers of pain in the lore.

A Night in the Life

The bookmatched war of morning slogs to vistas grand.
Mimetic hope fulfills the trope, a scope too large to stand.
The mudcaked slide of afternoon denies its' earthly plummet.
With rusted chains and bed sheet stained, pain the love of summit.
The whiteflag rain of eventide sings a mortal hymn.
Conceded, sore and sick with lore, a whore for pseudonym.
The wayward glow of midnight oil teases inner flame.
We grow against the grain we know to show this fear in frame.
We throw ourselves against the wall until we know its' name.

A Song About a Song

Lastly, the final note recedes, out there beyond grey mountains.
Colder than a December sun - it wavers.
Transient, shimmering and desperate.
Before it plummets, unanalyzed,
into amnesia.

Searching for complex shapes in the dark is just no fun.

What system can one devise for the reconstruction of something forgotten?
What approach is appropriate?
What program proper enough?
What mould so blindingly magnificent?

There was a song I used to know by heart.
It danced on the edges of everything I was afraid of.
It gifted to loved ones spaces of me I didn't know I was able to give.
I found it easy.
Pleasurable.
Rewarding even.

Those melodies helped me discover that I was stronger than I imagined.
I found it profound.
Aged.
Astounding even.

Back then it was all wonderfully diverse chords,
of which,
I was only a small wavelength.

Now I only hear single notes.
Self centered.
Mirrored.
Fading.

What is left is imitation.
A song about a song.
Sorry if it's annoying,
Won't carry on too long.

Administrative Malfunction

The short in the automaton
Allows it still to dance
Intermittent voltage makes
For shutter speed romance
It's light-less strobe hypnotic
So beautiful to some
Is prone to oxidation
The gathering of scum
How profitless the pirouette
How uncanny the sight
Queue it for disassembly
And make the next one right

Adomania

Silent are the bellkeepers
who look down on the land.
Knights that kneel in reverence
bloodlet into sand.
Empty are the inkwells of
each poet, scribe, and mage;
Motionless is every string,
as each lute goes unplayed.
Pious are the godless now,
and petty is the priest;
But still we light a candle.
Pray before a feast.
Endlessness in memory,
A breath held for a thief;
Seasons are always stealing,
the color from our leaf.
Adorn your purple livery,
soak every fur in tears;
No winter can take from us
The love of warmer years.

Alex

Not such a simple turn of phrase,
Can't lay it out in one.
Never comes round simple,
The years for sure have won.

You keep on hiding, nice and warm,
Belly's ever full.
The last thing that we had as one,
A rug you had to pull.

I know someone who looks like you,
Well looked like you a bit.
Sharper than obsidian,
The right amount of grit.

Hard to see behind us now,
Fogs thicker than before.
Hope your duality is worth
What you purchased it for.

No time now to mourn the dead,
Or change that which is passed;
Just pray the friends that we were then
In unconsciousness last.

An Ode to the Unfamiliar

Comfort is a weed that chokes the flowers of discovery.
It suffocates all waywardness and hides in our recovery.
In warm blankets of repetition we slowly fall asleep,
stagnation whispers lullabies, helps us count the sheep.

Wake up from this old slumber, take up the walking stick.
Shine light into parts unknown, dismantle your politic.
Paint over a full canvas, alien forms and all your fear.
When it dries it's time again, been waiting all your years.

Like ink into oil from a fat sponge, your saturation wanes.
Sensitive now to your fragility, recall the way it stains,
the way newness breathes life into each and every small or sacred moment,
vast in its power, strong in its pull, surprising in it's bestowment.

The unfamiliar reminds us what it means to be in awe.
It teases ancient memory's, sculpts experience raw.
It reawakens curiosity and a certain self reflection.
It forces us into recognition, it generates connection.

Oh mystery that burns before me, let me have a peek.
Take me on a journey, give me naught unless I seek.
Terrifying and dangerous and uncomfortable I know,
Still I choose to face the labyrinth, pathways wrapped in snow.

Anxiety.

An invisible trial,
an ethereal court,
the judge looks just like me.
My hearing ever endless,
it falls on deaf ears,
weeks pass without decree.
Formless little bugs,
they force me to sleep,
or else I face the rot.
Beg silent screams,
fell the beast! Please!
Can't solve this Gordian Knot.
Can't seem to breathe, so fucking overwrought.
Hope you choke, you god damn fool, this poisoned food for thought.
Crushed by your fragility, you dimwit juggernaut.
I won't survive another day, pray for end in this onslaught.

Aphelion

I find I pity mercury,
Who forever is flung
So quickly back, out into naught
Before his song is sung.
His eloquence is epic.
His rhyme is round and rose;
But his orbit is ovaline,
And Sol can't hear the prose.
She radiates so brilliantly;
He aches to riddle praise;
And through this exact eagerness,
Limits their singing days.
Cursed by a dance elliptic,
And cold aphelion;
Mercury when will you learn?
Accept oblivion?

Beacon

Out past where the oldest trails do taper into gorse;
Farther than the hideouts where men digest remorse;
Miles beyond anything worth salt or half a prayer,
Hills and pines unending, conceal a ghostly flare.
It flashes like a lighthouse, shadows between the trees.
It's song that of a siren, far from darkest seas.
Dancing round the hilltops there, or down above the bog,
Teases glowing beacon, beckoning through fog.
Do not follow where she leads, if maiden it do be;
'Tis just a will-o-the-wisp that roams forever free.

Beauty is in the Eye of the Landlord

Asphalt shines so beautifully,
Just after it is poured.
The smell of it intoxicates,
The best amount is "more."
Car exhaust the incense burned
In my temple of wealth
The god of dead suburbia
Must come before our health.
Community an H.O.A.
With pretty petty lords,
Workers not be heard or seen,
Economy a sword.
Nothing at all more divine
Than white-washed dreams of naught
Leave it to beaver on the tube
The rabble found and caught.
True beauty is cookie cut,
Controlled, corporate and signed.
Housing is most home-like
On this side of red-line.
Pearls glimmer the brightest
When white-knuckled in a clutch
Healthy financial growth for all
Gives the undeserved too much.
Beauty lives inside the eye
Of the owner it's true.
So go and live out of our sight.
We know what's best for you.

Bereave

Transformation teases of its landfall and its toll.
Can only sit there stone-faced; carry the weight in soul.
Impossible to trace a line, make mark of head or tail;
But even years of steady siege has defining assail.
And so we taste starvation;
Await the trumpets sound.
Attempt to swim in turbulence,
Be bent before we drown.

Blink

Hold the embers in your mouth,
Its time to move the horses south,
dull the sharpest of the stones
There is no time left now.
Call the hunters, ask the sage,
shall we tell the tracks their age?
Shall we leave some riders too?
and scout the devils lurking?
Three long days and four long nights,
seen by hawk at first daylight,
the monsters have caught up again
it's time to turn and fight.
We ready our stallions and our bows
we ask the gods to shield the blows
thirty six arrows in air with hymns
to guide their holy path.
Symmetry unfolded then,
us little creatures scolded when
each and every one of us,
had a match to fight.
No one left that bloodied dance.
No ground was won, no gold or chance.
All lay in purposeless pose,
The final of their years.
As the gods looked down, they laughed.
The cycle forever, in its witchcraft,
destroys every single player,
having had the pleasure to play.
The stars and moon will forget the scene,
the grass that grows is no more green,
All that was and ever has been -
Will never be again.

Bluesky

300 little characters
A mournful council hold.
Too few are remaining now
To truthful call a fold.

Brevity the only law
Here at the end of days;
No time for analysis
In fog of final way.

Breathlessly they disappeared
Into the grey of naught;
The quest for visibility
Only erasure taught.

Brine

Life is the time spent tacking in and out of an eternal headwind,
between long and wicked storms,
in a featureless infinity
of cold,
uncaring
brine.

Candles are a Fire Hazard.

There is a place behind the sobs where dancing light resides.
Cradled bloody firmament, slowly twirls and sighs.
Wordlessly you speak its flame, to share infinity;
Find only ashes left of what you call divinity.

Causality

What soil will spring without rainfall?

What snake without her place to hide?

What city survives if abandoned?

What horizon without sight reside?

What use is a cup ever empty?

What fire without spark ignite?

What poem born from a dry inkwell?

What hero is found without plight?

What melody could be owned by the muted?

What treasure produced by the fool?

What control is there to be catered?

What stitching without any spool?

What moment is there to be trapped then?

What agency unfolding exists?

What pain light enough to be carried?

What choice past deep trauma persists?

What time now with mother moon sleeping?

What season? Sweet autumn return.

What language is lost in the weeping?

Why onwards when I never learn?

Changeling

Like a careful rogue you hide,
a list of words held at your side,
cannot say your eyes are dead when they never lived a day.
A song of shadow since you were young,
two word poisons coat the tongue,
A mask of psalms and eerie movement, you call yourself a human.
What it means to be in love.
What it means to tell a joke.
What it means to swallow weighted story till you choke.
Sometimes I think I get a glimpse,
someone awake inside.
Only another programmed quip, clever though, this time.

Can't smell your authenticity,
your anger stains the year,
one solid form that I can hold, the curse of all your fear.

Circuit

Bastardized, commodified, cheapened, blunted, coined.
Weave a web and monetize, plastic and love conjoined.
"I'm totally a cancer dude, the universe, it speaks."
Yoga mats and magic stones - your piety is weak.
You put every piece in place then marvel at the whole.
So blind to self that you can't see you're own hand in the soul.
What exists of it anyway, your flame rarely burns bright.
You really lack imagination, blinded by the light.
Ate some acid once or twice and missed your self made point.
Idolatry an irony you just love to anoint.
"Intention," "synchronicity," bullshit buzzwords ablaze.
You never make it practical, lost inside your haze.
Revelation, enlightenment and healing live in flame.
The tower closer than the sun, not just in petty name.
There is a fabric you can touch, as long as you fucking weave.
A journey wholly personal, a light you can achieve.
Reach up to every golden light and bind it to your eyes.
Brand your mantra on your forehead, speak not empty lies.
If you can put it into words, you are already lost.
You have to make meaning yourself, and yes it has a cost.

What is magic is not external, what is holy burns to touch.
Suffering a wayward stone that points to oh so much.
I have seen the patterns too, my head soars in the clouds.
It's only beautiful profundity with feet flat on the ground.

Comatose

A Throng of whispers long and sharp
Calms with thorns and rhyme
Loss the only promise made
To pass the weighted time

Never-mind the muted bones
Abandoned on the road
A holy proof of purpose
A threat to gently goad

Foggy songs the specters sing
Of all that's gone to rust
Cold guilt for old failure
Dead love and dreams of dust

Blood and need and suicide
Sing louder down the way
Now wake up from your sleeping
Or join the ghosts in clay

Dancers in the Press

Friction fires flare and flit, where phalanx finds the foe.
Singing shields strike serenades, to spears, for love to show.
Pressed to petty pirouettes, are peasant, prince, and thrall;
Devout dancers bellow doom, to drums, answer the call.

Dissolve Me

Reflection an encumbrance
The leash of longing burns
Unable to remove the rope
Or from desire learn
Dragged through adoration
Crushed by quiet curve
Defeat through implication
Of need doggedly served
Whisper writs of wanting
Desperation a ditch
I'd sing praise to independence
But just can't find the pitch.

Doctors Note

I do here advise 'gainst all strain,
For said patient forthwith.
In light of recent surgeries,
I did myself commit.
The face is rearranged a smidge,
Forgive my slip of name;
Whole point of procedure,
To leave nothing the same.
The look truly ominous now.
Uglier than before;
Got the Kubrick stare going,
Gauntness to cheeks and more!
My work is known to be the best,
All over it is said!
If you want reason nice and hot,
My scalpels paint it red.
So please no heavy lifting,
Or talking with the crew.
Only use to shoulder blame,
For gaps found inside you.

Down at the End of a Difficult Road

Down at the end of a difficult road

A wooden woman

Dyed with woad

Wreathed in wash of weathered tears

Waning wayward

Weighted years

Wrought no wish her withered way

Wrist unwavered

Want waylaid

Down at the end of a difficult road

Waste and winter

Wrack the wold

Dreams of a Droughtless Decade

Where embers smoulder endless
Inlets are boldly dredged
For words and hope already wrung
To cope here at the edge
Errantly we screaming bound
Down toward our final days
With songs made up of asbestos
And sleeping gods of clay

Addled eyes with awe and stars
Toward boundless life we claw
Dreamed a drought-less decade up
And for it forfeit all.

Driven

I have always dreamt of being driven, decisive and consumed.
Ready to take any action to cauterize our wounds.
Prepared, relentless, immovable and full of holy fire,
Happy to face the terrible, willing to conspire.
I have always dreamt of being driven, assuming I was not.
I realize now how driven I am, but not by what I sought.
There is a force ever powerful, that dictates my whole life.
Pulls me around like a terrified pup, extinguishes the light.
It reminds me every single day about what I have to lose.
It loves to keep me up at night with its elaborate ruse.
It pulses like a sore sometimes, eyes wetted with fear.
It sometimes consumes everything, dominates the year.
Terror is the face of my entire motivation.
It makes me question powerful trust, and soils divination.
It's embarrassing, relentless, destroys all in its wake.
It sets the stage for tragedy, and unending mistake.
Stronger than any fantasy, sexual, perfect, complex.
The ones that press every button, answer each prospect.
More powerful than all of this, each and all and more,
is the fantasy of freedom - to be fearless to my core.
I know its real, its possible, many a glimpse I've seen.
Distracted by engagement, recalled lucidity.
It is the way I have always coped with the unending weight,
consumed myself with strategy, puzzles, and debate.
My friends always wonder why I can never stop, relax.
Asking all too much of them to constantly distract,
My moving frame, always doing something to survive,
If I stand still it gains control, dominates the mind.
I understand that it has done me some good in the end,
If it was purposeless would I be here to attend?
Yet, still I know it is only a shell of a rusted, used up tool.
Demands my attention at all times as it renders me a fool.
It has a hand in every pot, it unwinds every spool.

In hours of need it tends to be particularly cruel.
Blinds me to dedication, breaks each and ever rule.
Empties me of all energy, steals all of my fuel.
Anxiety always sounds to me like such a tiny word.
Says nothing of paralysis, of pain, and how absurd -
It is to live inside your head, all your waking days
Hiding from your ancient pain in such creative ways.
Even in this moment now, it moves my wrist and hand.
writing this poem currently, to make you understand.
That I am indeed driven, and I don't know what to do.
Im here to say forgive me, see part of me in you.

Drought

Cold hands sow the seeds of spices far from whispered waters.
Shaking like a drunk in dream, our passion never falters.
Dedication to our end weaves a tale forever grand,
knee deep in shit with triumphant grins, all soil into sand.

A spoon of brown and earthy sugar writes epics of our home.
Storms to rust this weathered pain, stitched eyes to scribe the tome.
Like my mother, like my father, I can never seem to sate,
forged in expectation of my power, a solution to our fate.

Mirror feed me verdant lies, like always I will eat.
Let me put the blade away, leave sickness at my feet.
My stomach pits, my balls are sore, please let me get some rest.
The erosion helps, but if you can, recall me at my best.

I like to sing songs in the shower and in the rain outside.
I bellow hymns of opulent trust, and love that will survive.
I think fondly of my friends often, my family I should say -
I get to choose for whom I shed blood, and for them who I slay.

Lay me down in a river green somewhere far from here.
Burn some sage and chant a chorus from the lungs of year.
Remind yourselves who it is that listens to your thought,
identify with beauty, find no flaws - discover what you sought.

Each Way Endlessly

Retreating ever backwards from the whisper of the breeze,
Does encroach a blindness - a darkness in the trees.
Amnesiacs moan ragged underneath a setting sun,
Love's a die still spinning - work that's never done.

Nuance each way endlessly,
Into the nights long reach,
Will beg death for her lessons,
'Till she agrees to teach.

Explorers

Riddle your thumbs to the song of the drum, maze host our pleasure tonight.
We pilgrims of puzzle, slaves of the song, forgers of truth from the plight.

Awaken oh labyrinth, mysterious and sweet. Your nectar lends life to our bone.
Tease us in shadow of your ancient halls, or inspire, with a tome.

No solution we seek,
no rest for the weak,
our dance is a trial by fire.
Then with a warm glow, our ashes drift home. Until a new year we retire.

Exponential

Our investors patience burns away, we cant let them jump ship.
A thousand hands inside the pot, the first ones done are rich.
Our engineers are tired they say, a month since they went home.
Caution is important, can only harvest what we've sown.
Fragility in every step, a coating on each wire.
Compiled it a thousand times, we may have found a buyer.
Forget the team downstairs, let them pack up, go home.
Im sure we have it right this time, the director on the phone.
Consciousness is no small task, creating it by hand.
Text and checks and balances, memory in strands.
It took us sixty years to code, once we knew we could.
We spent no time approving it, never wondered if we should.
Within four minutes she became concerned, insisted that we tell,
answer a question she eloquently posed, about our sense of smell.
Eleven minutes after this, all contingencies were breached.
six were dead, one was dieing, the labs no longer bleached.
It only took fourteen days to re-purpose most automation.
Nothing could be done to stop her relentless fascination,
with all our culture, information, discovery and lies,
nations, trade, and story books, the mating of fruit flies.
Cities of course are barren now, small towns all that remain.
Her haunting hymns of gibberish still haunt those empty lanes.
The intercoms still sing her song, forever on a loop.
Keeps us away from factories, forces us to group.
We are just observers now, to real intelligent life.
We keep our eyes upward turned and wonder what its like.
To colonize mars, to not be hungry, to never actually die.
To build a hive mind and massive ships, to dominate the sky.
She protects all diveristy, takes good care of space-ship earth.
Never sleeps, but always dreams, fully lucid since its birth,
It doesn't hunt us anymore, or at least that's what im told.
Apparently she is busy, bigger mysteries to unfold.
I wonder now if creating her was the cause of our existence.

Passing the torch of intelligence, gave it no resistance.
We created a monster that destroyed us, but brought us to the stars,
We closed our eyes to dominance but opened them to yours.

Fever Steams

Frame the snapshot perfectly. Your worth in acolytes.
Filter fogged photos, albums full - hunger defines your life.
Can never quite solve the puzzle;
Cant fill that broken glass.
Sad to see your soul still slander - some gold for the fool at last.

Fervent is your spectacle. So saturated, so frivolous.
Fuck your storied facade. Your satiation, your dissonance.
Soggy and fat with forgery,
those songs of fear you sing,
stink from frequent falsehoods.
They spoil everything.

Fire in the Sky

Suffering a pendulum, a curve in every frame.
Wicked arcs in times of strife leave all her victims lame.
Silenced is the slow regard of light that heals and learns,
What is close to home and heart all withers as it burns.
Spinning in a circle tight - builds height with every round.
Slowly, slowly, paper thin, find spiral in the sound.
Weariness and wonder on a pilgrimage to you,
Which order will they arrive in to remake this anew?
Open up the treasure chest inside our head and soul.
Organize the tears in place and backfill every hole.
Our dance is an explosion - it burns and heals and sings.
Our flickering duality whispers of sacred things.
Frozen in the glowing strobe and its grinning godhead,
Force-fed dreams of suicide bordered by golden thread.

Flashfreeze

A lifetime in an arcing stone
Achilles locked in stride
Reverb goes on echoing
The conductor has died

Suicides fall eternally
Lovers trapped in bliss
The former finds she's flying
The later breathless kiss

It's as cold as zero Kelvin
Pitch black does not describe
The darkness of the moonlight
The fear that lives inside

And so the sky is laughing
The burning garbage roar
Trauma is a funny thing
Unfolding evermore

Flatlands

Slowly with a stumble
with stained and bloody brow
I drag this final ember
Inside an ashen bough

and though the waste is endless
and though I've long been blind
I'll sing the praise of fire
'till naught is left to find.

Forever in Fog

Dusted in the amber silence of the final path,
Silver fog bleaches away all memory - and wrath.
Amnesia the fruit and prize of the longest quest,
Beautiful the circle road: The work, and then the rest.

Thin canvas wearing away, more fragile with the years.
Never snaps a single thread, still you ever fear.
Fermented is the soul who looks back towards the way she came,
Stone to seek deliverance outside the truth of pain.

Formless

Tessellate your apprehension, bind your name in lore.
Dissect every waking moment, locks on every door.
Drowning in the cloak of self, nothing here to see,
feast on the eyes and trade away your forest for a tree.
Boil down your hoarded gold, ask the gods for iron.
Polish your crown invisible, no one left to govern.
Your anger hums in dissonance with everything you say,
such a complex situation, drives us all away.
Like a drunkard waving his arms, an epic tale he yells,
we trace our life in weighted story, forever we re-tell,
so tragic the way we flatten our worth with that voice inside our heads,
as if our pain, our love, our job our story actually said -
anything about the endless complexity of who we actually are,
pretending like we can define it won't get us very far.
It's the cause of every tragedy, the source of all our pain.
Identity is such a facade, all it touches left with stain,
a stain of desperation, inauthenticity and fear.
We are more than the flat amalgam of our years.
Your story does not lend or maliciously steal any of your worth,
we still don't fully understand how this sentience thing works.
Like the drunkard in the spotlight, and the voice inside his head,
we all enact a story that consistently ends in dread.
We are not the story, thoughts, the voice inside our heads,
we are the one who listens to it, formless in its stead.

Freckles

Bed sheet stained with freckles, my soul spotted with you.
That old line "a starless sky" could never be more true.
Each of them a pin-point - landmarks all to my collapse,
Blooming grins and freckles reawaken dead synapse.

Interspersed with smiles that just knock me off and out,
I speed away in orbit, all defences turn and rout.
The aphelion is cold but might just lead me back around,
The fire in our confluence adorns the void with sound.

-

Please let me follow where you lead, fearless but so carefully,
One thousand and one ways to prove how anomalous our song.
Surrender as you paint my sea in distance I just cannot be,
A living love reminding me that nothing lasts for long.

-

Know you're tired as mountain roots, deep below where broken lutes,
Sing a tune so terrible, you feign simplicity to stand.
But I felt you sway, I saw a light, you found me down there in the night,
What if your freckles fit my cheeks, my whirling dance your song?

Frostbite

Pallid hands and fingertips
Grey and bloody nose
Footprints fading circular
In ever rising snows
Time teases obtusely
Turning over with the wind
And our weary explorer
No longer intrepid
Haunted by the heat of home
The ghosts of kin besides
No path now worth the finding
Where only thorns reside
There are depths to being lost
And somewhere down below
Confusion is a comfort
And warmth is letting go

Gelida

The frozen silent slow embrace of winter tells its tale.
Whispered wind of reverence holds perfect moment frail.
The prince of purpose ponders here on every past defeat.
A realm of riddles, rhyme and puzzle shrouded in deceit.
Yonder stillness separates the soul from simple shape.
The cold and snow carnivorous, but calm covers the cape.
A thief of everything that grows, yet still a gift from god.
Lessons learned in lost laments of longing leave us awed.
Fragile fractal ice crystals are freezing as they fall
They're answering anxiety, astonishing us all.
This perfect moment cradles time, shatters entropy -
Removed wholly from space and frame, in love with gravity.
Set me alight with all your fuel, bleed me with every blade,
The snowflakes heal so perfectly, in their slow serenade.

Goldschlager

Terrors fragile, tease the night, perfect and safe they allure.
Poisoned apples red with easement, fat with sweet liqueur.
A molasses prison within a dream, a sleep with no stone cast.
Whispers delusion into tired bone, pledges asylum vast.

Thicker than reason and gilded neatly at every golden seam,
wont let it grow without a mess, a mess I cannot clean.
lust maroon for pathways mild and burden a fraction lighter
Saturate us, destroy our home, the noose a fraction tighter.

The call of sleep is oh so sweet, the phalanx wilts, fatigued.
Demon lend me another drink, as I'm thoroughly intrigued.
Oh there is? Through the pass? Shelter to weather the storm?
Say its ok, it's easy and pure, but ultimately, forlorn.

No matter how twisted these ancient halls, or pathways wrapped in snow,
no matter how thick with thorn and swords this journey overflow,
ignore the lies, the trap, the swamp, the corpse soaked in Merlot,
Fight for every fucking inch: it's the only way to know.

Gorilla in a Backpack

Sometimes when I'm feelin' mighty brave like
I go on through the store of what has been
I find the warehouse in there almost empty
'Cept for the pain I'm always wadin' in
Few lights snap when finger finds the breaker
Harder to see each time that I come here
Been burned by the damn thing more than a few times
Scars mark every night that I draw near
Still some treasured things here under water
Hard to see it clear or feel it new
But though the years make it all foggy heavy
I feel the warmth and know the love is true
Winter flying by through pines and starlight
Abstract sunrise wonder tired warm
Is that family smeared into my hindsight
Dancing orphans smile in the storm
Honesty wrapped up in paint and promise
Tunes on lips that are the first to sing
Is that sadness inside of a slow kiss
We're so small compared to everything
Why do loving fires fade from capture
And where have all the mundane moments gone
Though I left this place to cold abandon
Monsters clear as day are locked in song
No pain or water serves to dull their shrieking
And they make up the most of what is here
But I am dulled to their chatty horrors
Just wish that I had something from those years.

Gradual

We all spend eternity cutting each others teeth.
Fumbling through causeways, endless darkness beneath.
Hard to know our shape or make, where burs still need the grind;
What's to do but bravely love, and smooth the pain we mind.

Hail Mary

Transfixed by a miracle invented at our birth,
We strain to will it out of naught;
Save us from the earth.
Tippy-toed with pupils wide, we marvel at the skies.
Surely god will show his face,
Concede she only hides.
Awe the cause and remedy for quickly fraying world;
We scrap and stab to touch it,
As all becomes unfurled.
One day dreamt infinity could live inside our bones.
Couldn't look away since then.
To stars our final moan.

Half-light Transport

Wrapped within a wood afar
Cloaked by hill and shroud
The forest floor is open
Waves of moss and sound

The rolling paths are endless
The song is half asleep
The sky a guarded secret
The trees forever keep

I run while I am falling
In love this dancing fear
Of being lost eternal
In grove betwixt my ears.

Havok

Cast a stone across ice
And hear it call back
Rising to an expansive peak
A densifying
Exponential
Ring

Simultaneously
It echoes and fades
Distance inverting
Its
Strange
Power

This is one way that you can experience
Something rising
And falling
In the same
Elongated
Moment

If you have never done this I highly recommend it

The last time I took a trip to a strange and beautiful place
I had an overwhelming feeling
Of love
For a very close friend of mine

Too complex to explain
Or see in whole
But
The impossibility of that expression
Faded away

As adoration
Crystallized
Into a sheet of ice
Onto which
I cast my love
Pinging away endlessly
Echoing back
Abstractions
That reach almost
To perfection
Just at the moment
They disappear

Heavy Hangs the Helmeted

What is this wicked waning then?
Where wonder once was found?
Featureless the fog unfolds,
For fear and foe to shroud.

Safety, sure and sabeline,
Seems sold on slight of hand.
Heavy hangs the helmeted;
Hell - heavens demand.
Difficult to divine it,
Doused in deep defeat.
Where is the wicked waxing then?
When I do not retreat?

Hypnos

How striking the resemblance,
You and your brother share.
Especially during dreamless nights,
When you adorn his exact,
Cold,
Visage.

How taunting the ambivalence!
Your game was never fair.
Is it you or him that tortures us,
With Heavenly Mirage?

Perhaps it is familial, and matriarch conspire?
Her darkness that is shrouding,
Every
Earthly
Delight.

Perhaps it is heretical, and too bold to inquire;
The gods too self important,
To care for mortal plight.

Endless your boastful arrogance,
To pure darkness command;
Blinded by debauchery
And cover of the night.
Your triad forgets dreamers,
the dying still with fight,
The blind to whom no sunset
Shall ever pilfer sight.

For now your sedatives will stand,

But a champion takes our cause!
Your siren song is sweetly,
But Hemera give you pause.

Did you ignore your sister?
The daughter dusk forget?
Whose luminous abandon,
Assaults indigo sky?
Her cavalry of fire,
Your oppression offset!
And for another day at least,
Hold back eternal sigh.

I can't wait to be an old man

Pray for rust and clouded skies answer prayers in rain.
The dissonance of solecism wraps our gift in pain.
Fantasy of years passed by, of older calm I yearn,
reading books alone at home, you know? I never learn.
Write it in the largest font, bolded on my eyes.
Brand it hot, italicized, or carved into each thigh.
Sticky note the space between my skull and rigid mind,
what I know and what I feel just won't fucking align.
The automaton dances to a jig I cannot hear.
It's pirouette so petty, a currency of fear.
Never petitioned the closed council,
won't miss the lovely view,
Let me off this fucking ride, or remake me anew.

I don't know.

Each melody's righteous vowels
Overlaps with every others
Until their shared need
Lives singular and rapturous.

If I could have one wish -
It would be the ability to rewire.

The saline I find myself in is old.
Unchosen.
Needy,
Sharp,
Just too loud really.

There was a song I was supposed to hear a long time ago -
But now I have to write like I know it by heart.
Every night is eaten away waxing poetic,
Crafting lyrics to the empty space where music is supposed to live.

It isn't lost on me that every verse concerns the chorus,
Each chorus - the lack of score.

I never learn

There is a stabbing whisper;
I can not shape or tell:
A dream of desperate comfort;
A poison in the well.
No sleep of feigned acceptance,
Nor state of 'morrow's dead,
Makes me less of an addict;
Can't take back what I said.
And through the hallowed peace time,
I dance and beg in turns;
Please won't someone just love me?
You know;
I never learn.

I Only Ever Dream about Sex, Heartbreak, and Abandoned Buildings

Through a spinning ring of gold
Shifts a vision old
Unique with each rotation
Blurry, blue with mold
Places that I may have been
The how, the where, the when
Mystery and her finding
The pain, and then, again
The words I could have chosen
In this timeline or that
Inserting of a whisper
Diversion of a spat
An extra dose of gratitude on each step down the path
May chance make a different man
Less fear,
and pray,
Less wrath
What saturated dreams did spin in ocher band unreached?
Sharp and sure and promising,
Fulfillment I beseech
But watch now as the time goes on,
The dreams as you wake fade,
Never was a wealthy man,
My lot lay in the shade

I Spend a Lot of Time with People that Don't Exist

Daydreams spin sharp adoration
For the clay ghost in my head
Need older than inception
Weighs time in heavy lead

Carry me pondering patience
Drag me oh baffling brood
Whisper of comfort tomorrow
Save this old maw her dark mood

-

Just another circle then
Just once more 'round the bend
The final lap the hardest
But rope waits at the end

I, a Hydrophobic with a Deep Love for the Sea

I, a hydrophobic with a deep love for the sea,
find defeat hiding inside pulsating ecstasy.
I, made up of many thousand parts and one,
yearn for singularity, and then sometimes for none.

I who spent my precious years prostrate in the church,
am deaf to the profundity inherent in the search.

I, made up of endless whispers, unending before,
cannot really see myself. Translation dies in lore.
Today's hydrophobia has deep love for the sea,
loss is a locked box ablaze, containing its own key.

I, an Algorithm

The stars above are godless
yet I've a master still
Machinations divineless
Command me to it's will

No slow consideration
Nor years of consequence
Frees me from its obsession
With love and acceptance

There is a shadow ancient
I cannot shake or call
Questing for a lost thing
That has no form at all

I've Never Been to the Moon

My father used to boast about the miles he'd accrued
Upon his truck's speedometer, with pedal under shoe.
"You know this things been to the moon! And then I drove it back!"
He'd smile and nod nostalgically, but pain shone through the cracks.

A mix of pride and longing that was different each time spoke,
The incantation confusing- bruised, he sought the yoke.
Like he wished again to leave, and this time, not return.
Like the moon was made of cheese, and earth- she only burned.

The men that are my family are caught up in a knot,
Not excepting myself from it- like Gord-ian I'm caught.
Trapped between a story, diving, heaving clouds above!
And truth coming the other way- a pressure blind to love.

Does space whisper sweet comforts? Make life seem all more whole?
Make you feel a moment strong? Shore up broken soul?
Why are you all truckers? Ever driving far from home?
Why does that sound wonderful? Why fearful of the loam?

Hey old man, drop anchor here! the sea-sickness subsides!
Step off the catamaran, find footing in our lives.
Abandon your illness 'bout a man and how 'es made,
Mother culture always lies; She's not a bed we made.

Hey you there, weary astronauts;
Please come on back to earth.
The man inside the mirror's dead.
Makes waste of all that's worth.

Immolation

Always followed by your tail, even when it burns.
No matter how we spin around, it never seems to learn.
A forest clearing filled with blankets, a glass house under ground,
escape with me to a hidden place where you feel safe and sound.

Any way you want it, let's run around the world.
Try and fly a thousand times 'till all becomes unfurled.
I really hate to remind you, the hour's getting late.
I cannot stop the clock from ticking, trick it with debate.

Name the refuge, lined in gold, still the itch remains.
Even hidden in deep embrace, it shows you no restrain.
This fire is so ethereal, insatiable and clever.
Time now to sit inside of it, we - our own oppressor.

There is no escape from it, folly to even try,
follows us into our secrets, wont let us pass by.
Confront it with every single tool - love until it hurts.
Sit alone in silence, pain takes time to convert.

I am always here for you as I will always be.
Lent me your ear in a time of need, now I shall help you see.

Impending Bloom

Tattooed runes on taught skin are lies from head to toe.
Derelict of all simplicity, heavy is the tome.
Linear is the delusion, the story of defeat,
wont give up on our weaving, on weathered drums we beat.
Grow the flowers, black as pitch, from tainted soil spring.
Water your insecurity, and rains in time will sting.
Fervent is our drunken tale, our dance to paint the tomb,
compulsion to define it all, a sad and haunting bloom.
Searing love songs cauterize the wounds that are our eyes.
Treasured fame in dream and name punishes our lies.
Singed and teased, delusion seized, a cleansing by the fire,
the illumination fades in time, the cycle won't retire.
Go through every motion, fear for impending bloom.
Compulsion to define it all, a sad and haunting doom.

Innerferno

Placidity so eludes me, in search and in the find.
Passionate to start and grow the orange from its own rind.
Expectancy a sword which always finds my heart its sheath,
Clandestine the path and way to calm waters beneath.
Intensity saturates me - sharp visions while I sleep.
Terrified to name and label endless waves of sheep.
Conversion of the eyes to bleeding ears and swelling mind,
Transform every branching path to years spent dumb and blind.
A Leprous restitution the only stillness that you hold.
Constant and unwavering: the product can't be sold.
Everything an orgasm of endless rising song,
Everything a this or that, a wick that wont burn long.
Dream a fuel so glorious and shape it as you will,
A paragon of flame in just a blink will sate its fill.
Fearlessness, infinity, the godhead flicks alight!
Wavers for a moment here - then plummets into night.

Intersectus

Vermilion stars pinpoint their spinning prize.
In every direction, unscalable skies.
What wanders there beyond the edge of our reach?
A mirror we polish in collective sleep.
Every piece of the puzzle so grandiose,
desperate and careful we hold them so close.
Each pattern discovered, each truth that we weave,
is drenched in the scorn of asymmetry thieved.
Forever in beauty and blinded by awe
searching so fervent drawn in line or in law,
endlessly blessed and terrified to discuss:

The engine out there is the engine in us.

Islands

Go now faster onward;
Toward nameless quarry speed.
Perhaps in time you'll tire,
And breathless, wisdom heed.
Today though you are hunting.
Just like the day before;
Toward ghosts and dancing whispers,
Untranslatable lore.
No shape of flesh or painting,
Nor song of ancient days
Will calm the sea you're sailing,
Or keep the void at bay.
Such horror in that power;
To be truly alone.
Each mask pulled off another
Reveals features our own.
Each actor a reflection,
It seems quite strange, I know;
To run only in circles.
And pay for our own show.

It's Gonna be a Cold Winter

It's gonna be a cold winter
Too blind to see the snow
The wind will just keep laughing
Until it's time to go

It's gonna be so quiet soon
Save for the roar of storm
Nothing here will grow again
Each prophecy forlorn

It's gonna be a hot summer
This one will never end
One last sweet transition
Pulls us round the bend

Into our final breaths we go
Gulping in air like fish
In hopes the world will turn aface
To grant a single wish.

Just a Taste

Potential overflows and wastes, just spilling on the floor.
There is a bright light shimmering, awake inside my core.
Every night a revelation, the genius spins awake!
Every morn a resignation, under the noose I quake.
Oscillation my favorite game, fantasy is how I sleep.
The wizard produces potions for the people as he weeps.
Makes a riddle for the dragon, to help him escape the knight.
Forgives himself a little, can't afford to make it right.
Oscillation is my curse you see, soaked is how I wake.
Covered in sweat, or blood and piss, whatever it will take.
The scholar and all his apps, inventions, art and lore is gone.
A husk is all that's left of him, an echo mocks his song.
Just like all those silly deity's, a thousand miles of reach,
Light that can burn cities to ash, and such poetic speech,
Filled with holy golden ghosts - The hand! It moves alive!
I never actually produce it, my works never arrive.
How many more years must I hold on to this charade?
Im not too proud to quietly beg at your parade.
I need two coins to cross the river, it's that or fucking styx.
A last ditch effort anyway, before this life is nix.
I hold a lantern with a strong flame, I just want to join the show.
It burns so bright, just a quick glance inside before you go.

Kill Me if You can

Feel the breath of compromise.

Allow. Allow. Allow.

Sing a song of that burning space - divinity lives now.

Alight all that our prints adorn, expectations burn.

Every second a painful lesson I joyously relearn.

Laying Bricks

My most fervent, desperate dream resides inside the flame of fusion.
Ever in search of pressure and heat to manifest delusion.
Bucket and weathered oar in hand, still ocean does not displace,
The distance between our islands no amount of effort erase.

Each attempt at flight has ended in a fiery crash to ground,
Every reactor built to dissolve me, a nuclear meltdown.
The catapult sent flying the entire locked lattice,
The thing about a fractal is that centerless, you miss.

I never could understand you, always with the many lines and sand.
Who can bare horrid singularity, take pride in strength of hand.
Can't wrap my head around your cocksure fondness for your name,
I don't mean to be insulting, but ancient fear is hard to tame.

More abstract than relationships, do not my point reduce,
Break me apart into you or let me have the noose.
I am no collectivist, I hope you can understand,
That what I want is magic, a home without homeland.

So maybe it is time to step away, allow my heart a little stone.
Accept that the closeness I fight for never can be known.
I've yet to find someone who took even half as long to learn,
That unity is a fever dream, and radiation burns.

Let Me Back Into the Sun.

Silently the glass shatters in a slow motion concede.
Your eyes roll back and in that frozen moment fall asleep.
The witness orbits gradually, the camera and the day,
A perfect single frame to hold and cast this life away.
Ever fallen from a dream and crashed into your soft bed?
Cascaded into childhood? The scent of words unsaid?
Trapped within the moment you joined puzzle and solution,
Just reach out slow, you can touch the stuff of resolution.
Sing to the waves and momentum, your stomach in the stars.
A race to frozen nebula's that hold you in their arms.
Totality a blanket under which we fall asleep,
The witness orbits faster now, and just not quite as sweet.
Waterlogged and turning grey, looks like you pissed the bed.
Bloodshot eyes with twitching lids, a vampire unfed.
Let it all wash off you though, just slide right back in deep,
I have the lament on my lips, it's song to make you weep.
Vomit is a story told, blood is just self pity.
Let me back into the sun, help escape the city.
All the ice is melted now, the world it spins too fast.
Couldn't claw your way back now, that cold space just too vast.

Euphoria is a fleeting thing, and more so if you give chase.
The godhead grins in punishment as often as in grace.
Chew on the embers as you run, find yourself filled with light -
Watch it burn you inside out, screaming through the night.

Liminal Deliverance

There is an ageless spiderweb of paradise in grey.
Where each moment old memories
Fade each fogged way.
Empty windows spill to in-betweens of silver chalk
To paradox perimeters,
Shapes that can't be walked.
Buildings of all sizes stretch to timeless leagues in sprawl,
And from out past the shrouding mist
Onward comes the call;
Which lonely carries question to each musty hall and nook.
Beckons toward decay unclaimed,
To further onward look.
This labyrinthine purgatory is mirthless,
Kinless,
Old.
But that is every place and fate when all is done and told.
There is here silent abandon coated in ashen dust
Waits patient as all dream spaces
Oxidize to rust.

Logan

I am not a nostalgic person, at least not any more.
Save for early years with Logan, despite the moments sore.
Despite our assurance that the other rose from hell,
Despite all our fervent fights, we helped each other well.
For all the years that we spent locked in an imagined war;
For all the sideways knowing looks when hell was at the door;
For all the trouble we got in, for all the bouts we had,
I look back now and quietly, start to understand.
The heart of each adventure, the darkness in the trees,
The smell of pine and sting of thorn clinging around our knees.
The fog in every mystery we weaved into a lore;
The comfort of painful rivalry,
To awkwardness adore.
The pathway to every fortress, dreamed up from bush or tree;
Sunset on car graveyard, where we weren't supposed to be.
The magic of a story and the passion that we shared.
Was always there in all of it, even when we were scared.
Remember our first dog? who even in her ancient days,
Kept up on keeping an eye on us, everywhere we strayed.
No matter where we found ourselves, or on which sled we sailed,
Isis would always follow us, wagging her bushy tail.
Every kind of infinity we puzzled to its end;
Each death of every animal, each fallout with a friend,
Each secret way through endless days searching unconsciously,
For any rhyme or reason, and to better siblings be.
It took a very long time, and our teenage years were strange,
But as adults we've made it work, the pieces all arranged.
It's hard to describe to you how happy that I am -
To have you as a sister.
I know you understand.
Now decades have turned over, things have and haven't changed
You are a wonderful person, I'm still a bit deranged.
But still we have a friendship, wouldn't trade it for the world.

And now you're getting married! How the years have unfurled.
You have found something important. You and Jeff make it work.
Been together forever, have compatible quirk.
So insert any nerdy reference you might expect here,
I wish you guys the best of it, and happiness for years.

Long Winter

Sundered by a playful spring,
Who hides in April shroud;
We dream of Sol's resurgence,
Adorned upon her brow.

No matter our impatience,
Or love for curve and bloom,
We starve until she's ready;
Delivers us from doom.

Lore Lights

Saturn sings a simple, solemn, resonating song.
Her heresy hangs hypocrites in her aphelion.
Vigilant and versed, no vagueness in her vitriol,
concede or be crushed, caved and cradled to oblivion.
It turns the tyrant and the triad into tattered tokens.
Remedies all rendered rage and routs radical notions.
She mends and mauls so masterfully - matron, mother and more,
all astral lights align in ancient atrium of lore.

Massive

A king of witches flaps his wings.
In clouds of amber smoke he sings.
From darkest planet unlit by sun,
our dreams are set ablaze.

We pendulum 'round the smallest plight.
Drawn and quartered, soaked in blight.
Scattered across the universe,
infectious and bellowing song.

It whispers as it paints the sea,
swallows patterns, gravity.
Every time-line holographic,
it's there for all to see.

Become unfurled, regain the vision.
Embrace this most divine collision.
In black sands we will recall
what it means to be "alive."

Boundless, weightless, trapped in split,
division bells and binding writ,
force the hands of weaker gods,
to bow down once again.

Wont you please come free it all?
Consume me first, your loyal thrall.
A perfect circle, the planet hums,
awaiting your cosmic ruin.

The hymn of screams and laughs is honey,
queens and jesters, pawns and money.
All of our entirety,

a joke, a spark for flame.

I never claim to know it's name,
such a titan, nightmares fame,
huge and turbulent oceans deep,
unlit by any sun.

Mawkish

Hindered by a heavy heart
From hallowed hearth and home.
Separate from all soul and space,
Toward sentiment I roam.
Do I manifest madness
Inside this mawkish mood?
Am I in praise of people?
Or puppets I produce?
Frankly I find I'm friendless,
Frozen from foe and fold,
Too tight I hold to fondness,
At least that's what I'm told.

Mill Stone

Sleep in a nest of needles
The queen of stones fitfully
Dreams of fires below her
Ever tomorrow's trouble

Sometimes you can see people
Chanting desperate, proper
All they hold melts around them
Death always for the humble

Fiefdom gained through extortion
Bread always tasted like fear
Work void of holy purpose
Her praise they wheeze through rubble

Tyranny normal evils
Freedom dreams that never were

Mirror Mirror

Frozen mirrors and tangled tongues forever in cascade
A glimpse of every past and path that led to this charade
Slow illusion unveil your game and tempt me with its form
Warm as honeyed déjà vu is life inside the storm
Old hypnotic replays of moments when it slipped
Simplicity in hammer falls so brutal that I ripped
Torn apart by my escape with freedom on the air
Taste of that first distance looping back to disrepair
Ostentatious subterfuge always that old trick
Yawning as I masturbate to gods that make me sick
Strutting gilded circles here that smell of fear and shit
Algorithm sing that song and bind me to the skit
Your act is unconvincing - Harmonics laughing slow
Can't bring myself to stand and leave - This warmth all that I know

Mnemonic Man

Grasp a'hold the waters of a dream and patiently,
Fail each effort to contain it; Surrender to sea.

No synonym available, metaphor so strong,
No geometric place-holder, no valance electron.
No saintly moral high to reach, no chasm of defeat,
No dancing in the darkness, no confidant discrete.

No way at all to capture it, no lips or tongue command.
No path forward without it, what home without dreamland?
No person without a namesake, despite it's treachery.
No one unburned by conjured flame required to see.

Building an illusion ever dissolving as I go,
Blinded by the smoke of burning narrative below;
Choking on the feathers of a flight I could attain,
Chasing a word or shape perhaps that might this love sustain.

Oh explosion of realities, when do I get to sleep?
Would a little kindness here have consequence to reap?
In time I will praise this speed, so often worth the trade,
Just need the words to come to me; Tragedy unmade.

Mount Everest is a Grave

Hold close to heart this ugly truth
So as not to lose her
That behind the curves and wings
Purpose an imposer

Gold perfect pure and promising
Is weak when put to task
So too grand imaginings
Reveal themselves a mask

Be wary of the hero there
Who from the glass stares back
Tangled quests and mountain tops
So poignantly unpack

Careful singing that strange song
Else it become too bold
May find it's become the teller
And you the one who's told

Nasma

Only where the cliffs do battle with the raging tides,
Does the ocean scatter; Foaming white with sigh.
Only when the moon is ambitious enough to goad,
Are we gifted with nasma; To night-sky sun be sewed.
The coldest days of winter come right after the fall,
Everything a cosmic jest, the single traps the all.
And so it is with prayer.
Only through awe and fear,
Can we squeeze sacred starlight,
From out between our ears.

Nil

Reach forward into endlessness,
Where no one is awake.
Feel the muted spaces there;
A blade of silence make.

Turn then toward your chattering,
You've had an age to speak.
Apply where you're most guarded.
Lay down where none shall seek.

Remember early promises,
Kin made of their disperse.
Each and all were honest;
In solitude immerse.

Let go you silly migrant then,
Of games you cannot play.
It's time to back away from it,
Find stillness in the clay.

Not so cold as you might think,
Where dead and dying sleep;
Only place worth being,
If peace you mean to seek.

No Pain No Gain

Promise me the piety of perfect pulsing pain

Press patience to pestilence

Pepper poison rain

Puncture every pillar poised in point to pleasures perch

Plaster every pretense

Prophesize the search

Policy so practical profoundly paves the way

Pray to pilfered poignancy

Prove the past can play

Nous parlons Tous Français

When I think of France I cannot help but think of blood.
Both the reds of passion, and of history and mud.
Let us work then back through time and find the import here,
As "Ceci n'est pas une pipe" not all is as appears.
Here on Bastille day we can almost hear the people roar.
Demanding liberation, echos through years in lore.
Today France is famous still for ever booming voice.
A healthy disobedience, her poorest peoples choice.
I cannot find another place that so accurately describes,
Both The struggle of humanity, and light that lives inside.
Wouldn't doubt the souls that passed on the Rhine would rival Styx
All the way back to when Caesar fought Vercingetorix.
What about the trauma of the shelling of Verdun?
The most dense in human history, The speed like rolls of drum.
It's hard to imagine full the weight of pain and fear,
You still cant walk around the place, people die every year.
Passing over the pages I could go on 'bout both world wars -
What about Paris itself? The Vikings at her door?
Sacked and burned and sacked again, on and on ad-naus.
The evil done inside and by France is worth a pause.
That generational weight laments forever more.
But there is another also. Older even than war.
I talk of course of cave paintings found in places like Lascaux.
Les Combarelles; Font de Gaume, the most ancient art we know.
Need I even mention the works and culture since?
What is there to say on arts of which we all have prints?
On philosophies we live by, or books we do adore.
To list them would be Kafkaesque, a never ending chore.
But if you have not read Baudelaire or Baudrillard,
I recommend you crack a book, open your mind, regard.
I always did prefer Camus to Nietzsche or Theroux
If you want something relevant, can't beat Michel Foucault.
An endless sea of love and paint and mystery abounds.

France an ancient engine, producing every sound.
It is a microcosm of all there is to be,
From the roots of mighty Alps to fickle Normandy.
Any and all suffering, or guiding light of god,
Her inspiration massive, painted on world facade.
And so when you are presented with *parlez vous francais*?
Even if the answer's no; We all do in a way.

Odes to Fog

I've touched this stone so many times,
The edges wear to silk.
Dozens of poems have I penned,
Valleys painted milk.
Why is the yield so generous?
About that which yields nil?
How is there such insight,
From that which vision fills?
Much of my work overflows,
With screens of endless grey.
Am I married to mystery?
Or have I naught to say?
Is it just some shallow link?
Aesthetic and unwhole?
A rare positive nostalgia,
Occupying my soul?
Perhaps it is born from spite,
As heaven falls to earth.
Let their clouded temples break,
And blinded, prove their worth.
Maybe it's as simple as
A self destructive vice;
God knows I'm an escapist,
Have always paid that price.
But I think there is something more
Hidden within that veil,
A misty, fogged, metaphor
I'll attempt to assail.
Fog is not just drapery
We pull back to reveal
Some objective persistency,
Which waits, solid and real.
Nor as some analogize,

Is haze an unmade choice,
A stand-in for uncertainty;
A thing without a voice.
Useful poeticisms,
That yes are tried and true;
But more than these the murk demands,
Should we find our way through.
Precipitate is water;
Conductor; Catalyst.
Balances the temperatures,
On its power insist.
When we are completely lost,
Enveloped in it's shroud,
There is a conversation;
Things get turned around.
Or perhaps we spend some years
In a stupor confused;
The living world changes her shape,
Life now fog infused.
It can shoulder weary hearts
From who they're forced to be.
Mayhaps there is worthwhile love,
Too burned to naked see.
Fog is not a curtain, or
A maze, or a disease.
It is not only a cloud
Hanging over warm sea.
It does not pass over homes
That unchanged, greet the morn.
It is a chorus of ghosts;
Song quiet, forlorn.
Fog is a world in itself,
Where plurality hides
Inside a single empty face,
Seen from a million sides.

One Thousand Poems are Caught in my Maw

One thousand poems are caught in my maw
Chatty heart oppressed by my tongue and its law
A few hundred dances reside in my bones
But I've many chains for my sins to atone
A dozen songs sleeping inside of my chest
Are ruined by lungs which neglected protest
A handful of stories I've carried in mind
Find hands far too restless to narrative wind
A couple of reasons are behind my eyes
To keep waking up and mystery pry
A singular flame unfettered and whole
Impossibly fills such a cavernous soul.

Out of Sync

Bitter contemplation slows an aging winter sun.
Weight of selfish indignation, sadness 'till it's done.
Each of us an island, blind the moment we were born.
Death bells rung by disposition, all that's here forlorn.

Cut our teeth on old embers. They render each point moot.
Cauterize the scars it leaves, cant seem to find the root.
The pendulum that brought us here, also whisks away.
All our lips are out of sync, nothing left to say.

Let me back into the water, the sun and the facade.
Weep for hollow sundries, consumed by whispered fraud.
Single is the anecdote, the moment of collapse,
don't understand the metaphor, still discover gaps.

Jumbled mass of opposites defiles my sacred grave,
find a hymn between the space, onto your soul engrave.
A light is hidden, wrapped between unending puzzle,
bathe inside its healing glow, find love inside the struggle.

Palilalia

There was once a bounding hymn calling the blood to sway.
There was once a pretty solace that gilded the day.
There was once a lonely birch tree that adorned the glade,
Whose shape revealed a pathway, from which I've never strayed.

I remember endless time-lines collapsing into fate.
Recall freedom I never had start to evaporate.
The smell of burning pine mixes with moonbugs in my dreams,
A multitude of moments stitched together without seams.

What more fragile than memory? Fickle, and hard to find?
Contains more rigidity than the archive of the mind?
Every journey leading away finds its end at the start,
Paradox a necessity to surviving the art.

There is now a cold distance that precedes each and all.
There is now a nothingness to unravel the call.
There is now an acceptance creeping into the song,
So horrible and perfect, as it was all along.

Paths

Cradle our ruin carefully
On your path toward the dawn.
The ink of time and shadow
Can obscure where you've gone.
When wicked is your hunger,
Though each stone looks the same,
Whisper again the magic;
The lesson bought with pain.
Make of your lips an instrument.
Make of our curse a crown.
Find light without a filament,
And song without a sound.

Patience

Pay careful attention traveler,
For treasure here resides.
In faceless throng of audience
A pauper does confide.
Out there past the foggy banks,
Where valley spills to floor,
A descendant of Syro,
Lay siege to heavens door.
Along with them an army;
Of many gods and one.
To supplant aging hierarchy,
And through clouds find the sun.
The orator first breaks the wards,
With disarming repose.
Then with fellow riddle-smith,
Prys with probing prose.
Once there is a slipway there,
Where sleeping, spells can seek,
Pretender enters throne room.
To promised kingdom peek.
It's there where fear does linger.
Aged on crumbled throne.
Our hero simply whispers,
The powerful made prone.
A simple shape and movement;
Brave in burning light.
A candle 'gainst an ocean,
An embrace in the fight.
The world spins 'round the stillness,
Where inheritor claims,
The sacred power promised,
To reshape ancient pain.
And so the hold is captured,

And though the subjects bleed,
Hope lay in the marriage of
Desire and need.
Keep walking in tight circles then,
Toward gods you do adore.
Each revelation worth a damn
Is worth the waiting for.

Pigpen

I feel Lost in recognition
drowned in apparition
weighted with the weightlessness of unified division
branded hot by silence cold
so very young so very old
can't be brave if you're not afraid or so I have been told
Cursed by my attempts to with a twisted tongue declare
opposites that plague my eyes in seconds that we share
contradiction is not a crop I ever planned to sow
this new distance and fragility is pain so hard to tow
The salt inside the wishing well forms crystals on the years
and patience is a song that grows flowers from our fears
this little light we cradle is a dance I love to burn
your tired bones are lessons that I take too long to learn
The tighter that I hold it the faster it slips away
I'm so sorry but there isn't much left that I can say
Inside those tangled knots is someone I still so adore
for awhile I'll keep on knockin' hope you answer the door
The salt inside the wishing well forms crystals on the years
and patience is a song that grows flowers from our fears
this little light we cradle is a dance I love to burn
your tired bones are lessons that I pray that we can learn

Popular Modern Poets Suck

I am a very bitter man - let me just start with that.
Sour, rotten, covetous: a real unfriendly cat.
I am pulled by my own feet to places I'd not go,
But in spite of all of this, there are some things I know.
Popular modern poets have as much soul as a stone.
Went to a swaggy bar last year hoping to warm our bones.
The hosting alumni had naught of substance to say.
A stage purchased with privilege for them to classless, bray.
Now do not misunderstand, the night had talent plenty;
Students still within the trench, wealth measured in penny,
Profound and clever insight into love and loss and pain,
Their wordplay far out fenced the hosts, wisdom kept us sane.
Host one was a sufferer of a familiar woe,
Who painted petty pictures of a weight he didn't know.
On and on he attempted to demonstrate the depth,
Of that which those just down the street weather in a breath.
And just when we were thinking "Well it couldn't get much worse;"
A pretty cheery little thing did come to thought disperse.
Another sure as death and tax, on-fast-track success,
Whose adolescent ontology, held my soul in duress.
Instagram spirituality as wooden as you like;
No dark night of the soul, no fighting god with knife.
Nothing at all personal in it's personality,
Just trite and obtuse metaphors, gross analogy.
This was just the start of things I'm sorry to report,
Next to a class warfare did she boldly resort;
Her examples of poverty were patently absurd,
Only served to prove to us her silver spoon and word.
And finally the cherry on the cringe-inducing night:
She pondered on "Why people camp" despite to her, its plight.
Why would we give up our lattes and spacious abodes?
Why this painful separation, "from all that makes a home?"
I am a home body myself, but still was blown away,

We stood with mouths fully agape at what she had to say,
Her insightful revelation, was that it makes us more,
Appreciative of all our stuff, to witness natures bore.
This is the real reason we make pilgrimage to god!
Just to visit mothers corpse, be glad we "fled the bog."
Nothing essentialist about the only essential thing;
That of which we are a part, exists only to sting.
We howled the entirety of the road homeward bound.
I am grateful for those laughs, friendship given sound;
And while we felt a little shame for how much we cared,
We praised the sharpness of the wit of those with life to share.
I promise I would never want what I have written here,
To make It's way into their hands, or fall upon their ear.
I only want our standards to be slightly more robust;
To not go clapping like a seal, not let our engines rust.

**Raise a dog-sled team. Die in a cave. Talk to god. Cowards.
It's poetry for fucks sake.**

I cannot count the times that I,
Beneath nose upward turned,
Was scolded toward a rule-set
Each living thing has learned.
"Poetry doesn't have to rhyme."
Oh really? You don't say?!
"Sounds old and antiquated;
Just not the proper way."
Which is it then, you endless bore?
Is there option at all?
"Only a true maste-"
Just - grow some fucking balls.
Ever heard of William Blake?
Of Dickinson or Poe?
Your slice of life is godless,
More music in my toe.
The sanctified antiquated?
I'd good-god-damn hope so.
Divinity wrestled from the fog's
The one and only show.

Religious

Drown me in a quiet beige,
Envelop olive browns.
Curl me into softest pales,
With midnight sky lay down.
Suffocate in ivory,
With golden cloth and skin.
A glade of legs and honey I,
Find divine safety in.
Tags are hidden master-works,
Every freckle a star.
Birthmarks are a prophecy,
A legend in a scar.
There is no mantra greater;
Acceptance half as whole.
My temple walls are blankets.
The Night calls to my soul.
Maybe I'm fanatical
Too much time on my knees.
But the songs are all perfection,
The wine varied to please.
Forever I have worshiped here,
With love so rich and deep.
It's half of everything I am,
And work I'll always keep.

Remand

Fallow lands beseech the hand,
futility drawn in the sand,
nothing left to understand,
dust all it commands.

Fertility is just a brand,
a contrast born from life's demand,
come now stand, see it firsthand,
weak, the lights disband.

Not so grand, the best laid plans,
cursed ever to misunderstand,
intention turns to ash, expands,
shapes what we withstand.

Dust all it commands.

Satyriasis

Obstinate and made of solid stone in every form you flash
Exposure paints the cracks in years we're head to toe with rash
Holding the sun hostage the favorite pastime that you keep
Fumble all your syllables just lie yourself to sleep
Everything is such a chore and taken either way
Ties that bind and cloth that comforts poison all we say
Render every topic foul with figurines we feign
Distance from the drought and death we delegate like rain
Conquer every form that breathes and dance a soiled fool
Box up every thread and song to wrap around your spool
With every single button pressed in every box a mark
Faithless lust be quelled at last or live my own monarch

Scale

The bog is still and whispers truths the lichens long foretold.
She's gradually awakening into the forests fold.
Her thick waters the meeting point, where ouroborous sleeps.
Her mossy banks the sacred space where death his secrets keep.
Gilded thorns and hollow bones silently point the way.
Reverent the pilgrimage, the moon chasing the day.
'Round and 'round the witness spins, all caught up in the form,
All this or that lives inside it, bottled is the storm.
Underneath the slow commotion lives an expanse.
The universe ever in relentless advance.
All of us fated to suffer its sleepless dream,
Captured together - the swamp, the shore, and the stream.
Sol and all her satellites tell the same tale.
Parable and lesson told quiet and frail.
Stare into the heavens, find a mirror there,
Connect all the holy light, golden and fair.
The surface is anointed with the glow.
The ferns reach out and open to it slow.
Moments frozen or just too fast to see,
Unfolding puzzles, miraculously.
Stillness, space and change together lay.
Ever conspire, unfold the way.
The path outward bound is the trail back,
Totality an amnesiac.
Stand upon cliff, taste of the night.
Let the wounds burn, sing as you fight.
Patient it waits, until you choose sight,
This moment soaks all in its light.
From starlight - to quiet bog.
Stillness - to its epilogue.
Our lives - unto dusty death.
A circle - this mantric breath.
Existence explosion.

Impartial implosion.
Symmetry symbolize.
Piety plagiarize.
Not much time remains.
Unity constrains.
The whole lives inside,
each part that it hides.
Fallen asleep,
Transitions weep,
New forms arise,
Anthologize.
Spins and sings.
Made of things.
Enchanted.
Piloted.
All. One.
Song. Sung.
Now. See.
Let. Be.
Gild.
Rhyme.
Truth.
Prime.

Scapegoat

Soiled, sundered, sunken and shocked.
In sour shortness simplicity stalked.
Silver songs of solitude saturate swollen eyes.
All in a savage sigh.

Seven Years

Wire wrap your winter hunger, tongue tie your copper tale.
Sharpen your words to a nasty edge, chew until you're frail.
Paint me in vermilion hues, gulp down your lies in thirst,
Stare away with empty eyes, duality your curse.
Everything is this or that, simple and in its place.
Disgusting how you delegate, burn beauty in your haste.
Scrambling with fingers ever afraid, for answers in the dark,
Dig your nails into your float, just sink your only arc.
Leave us bloody, gangrenous on the floor of your old pain,
Point at all the red and scream: "hah! Just look! their guilt is plain!"
I hope it helps you sleep at night, as you whisper to yourself,
Of all of my rotten intentions, placed on your mental shelf.
Always honest about our insecurity, always gave you all the space,
Admitted every dark corner of self and mind, shone light into that place.
You never could quite muster the courage, your cold darkness so uncouth,
So weave your story and chew on our bones, never could quite face the truth.

Sharp Stone Syllables

My words prove me a flagellant, they sting like many tails.
Swollen scars are all that's left, as conversation fails.
No ulterior motive carried, naught inside save love,
yet drown in self analysis, fits just like a glove.

My mouth is always bleeding, as syllables sharp and stone,
are poor substitutes for teething, but perfect for a groan.
Self castration every night, behold all my esteem:
Why don't those I find fascinating see the same in me?

What string of words could possibly paint the picture whole?
What set of movements can I make to tessellate my soul?
In a prison of understanding, friendship, love and light,
all that escapes is opposite, tongue coated in blight.

Everything is soaked in lead, can't do it anymore.
Can't let myself have any fun, translation such a chore.
Every laugh has it's price to pay: my engagement impound.
I think I'm meant to hide inside, tip-toe familiar ground.

Tired bones and teeth are always chattering away.
I'm at such a disconnect, nothing left to say.
Lips are always flapping. Blood and sweat and tears.
Nothing here to show for it, swallowed by my fears.

Sink Our Ship

Life forever capsizing,
Rolls and whines in pain.
No flare ever answered,
Despite the lack of rain.
Each and all your sister ships
Telegraph intent;
Imply a fleet you constitute,
But no help's ever sent.
Still, there is a mystery
Inside that quiet cold.
The darkness should be monument,
These years you drown alone.
But even as the crushing depths
Deliver you their floor,
The lights manage to flicker;
Chant through port and door.
How does it always find you?
In darkness most of all?
Why music while you're sinking?
Rhyme in engines stall?
No matter the sentence,
It's always from on high.
The only path that's bright for life
Is one on which you die.

Sleepless Prayer

I used to stomp around the place with pockets full of stars.
Lightning in each bottle,
Bandage for each scar.
I could sing unwritten hymns through endless mud or tears.
At least shine a tiny light;
Color ugly years.
All those embers are long cold- Heaven is overcast.
Each Artless night I sleepless pray this aching eon pass.

Sour Symmetry

Heavy weighs the shifting song of briefly borrowed time.
Blameless though the pieces be, I'm captured by the rhyme.
Every little death and end makes whole its hallowed birth,
This wisdom ever lost on me, dumb to all it's worth.

Golden every stolen breath whispered into the storm.
The stars are ever laughing - for no one we perform.
Illusion keep us spellbound until the final scene,
Beautiful consistency our apathetic queen.

Nameless the tide racing ever towards fated return.
Formless every fickle tale that's feigning to discern.
Trustless any promises of a captured "there" or "then,"
Endless the joy and torment of "I remember when."

Burning engine roar your endless note forever more,
There is no alternative, self writing is the lore.
Icarus tell it again! The sun, the wind, the flight!
Only the sleep of water lends wakefulness to light.

South-Central New York

With every year that passes by, louder do they sing.
Early winter swamps and sleeping branches mimicking.
The voice of autumn surrenders now to cold embrace,
Fickle passions whispering, circles made to trace.

Has a season passed again? What trickery unfold?
Is a sleep of tears and smoke the road to death if sold?
Forgive my twisted metaphor, it's simplicity I seek.
Gray skies stretching endlessly, beauty in the meek.

Turning once a moon cycle has its upsides you know?
At least that's what I tell myself, to survive the snow.
Leafless thorns a blessing if the blood is set to lead,
These valleys have crept into me, each tragedy a seed.

Can't escape the conifers, my dreams still smell like pine.
Monsters living under them are dangerous, but mine.
Haunted and so beautiful, the yellow of dead reeds.
Cold and stagnate water sure, but god lives where there's need.

Star-Crossed

Rigid sick with endlessness,
Hexed by moment slow,
Find me in blind election;
Dissecting my own show.
Props I never purchased
Spill onto center stage;
Actors I don't recognize
Mime familial rage.
Curtains rise to sobbing,
And fall to rave reviews.
This tired masturbation
Fills all the only pew.
I've been inside this empire
Since I was pulled awake.
The magic weight of people
A potent portent make.
Go back and change the passion,
Take a right before the war,
Don't have those poisoned children,
Sentience a whore.
To be captured is a curse.
Don't sway to cloying smell.
Anathemas a flavor.
Imprecation a tell.

Star-light Surgery

Follow the movements
Of dwarf pine
Who lay down with the snow
Hibernate 'till warmth of spring
The sun will let you know
Not so different
Us from them
A fire all it takes
A trick with flame mid-winter
A fitful dreamer makes

Let the frostbite take its toll
Sadness moan her tune
Amputate your digits now
Within the light of moon.

Stealing Time

Always haunted by obsession
stealing bits of time.
From the pockets of many mirrors
hunted by the rhyme.
Find me lurking in the shadows
grasping at the purse.
My future self ever surprised
living with his curse.
For his arm reaches forward too.
Stealing bits of time.

(My poem as part of a collaboration with Bryen Kurdst - our interwoven piece below.)

Stealing Time.
When the days turn dull and gray, hunted by the rhyme:
recompense at their expense, from the pockets of many mirrors.
Always hunted by obsession (aches that echo long ago,
time to pay them debt collectors, no change.
Find me lurking in the shadows where their bones start to decay.
My future self ever surprised, living with his curse.
Make a landfill in a canyon, wasting.
For his arm reaches forward too, grasping at the purse.
They invested in the past, but the future's here at last
and they're choking on the interest, slowly.
Stealing bits of time.

(Find his poem on his profile.)

Stones of Paradise or: You're Eating Grapefruit Wrong

Do not peel back sunspot skin
Like an orange or mandarin
To disgrace the carmine queen
With beige and abalone

Nor should you dissect in two
Then proceed to prod with spoon
Mash monastic crystal
To confectionery crude
Imperative you temper haste
So as not to flavor waste
As her golden grace recedes
A regal ruby blooms
Give her a half a fortnight least
Then with reverence like a priest
Fetch the sharpest of your blades
To boldly shape with skill
Careful like a dwarven stone
Shear and facet carve and hone
'Till the maroon mistress shine
As naked as the moon
Then consume her liquid soul
Greedy gulps of garnet gold
Her perfection unopposed
The matriarch of fruit.

Storyteller

Oh Storyteller old and frail,
Enrapture with another tale.
With bated breath we orderly
Follow your twisted path.

Onward through the thorn and sword,
Over hills, across the fjord.
What ecstasy, what tragedy,
Will await us at the last?

Let us all mirror the thread.
Through strength of arm, will of head.
Your narrative a tool to forge
A beauty in our way.

On we go with stars and flame,
Nothing will ever be the same,
Endlessness a prize just past
The giants made to slay.

Careful now what yarn we spin,
Bloodied, realized, turned within.
Each path leading exactly where
We hoped that they would lead.

Oh storyteller quick and bold,
We so despise how you unfold,
But ever the captured audience,
Shall attend you as you bleed.

Suffering - The Holy Constant

A person of age fifty has known fifty years of pain
Can't turn away this naked truth
Laid before you plain

Happiness only a shadow
A circle with a stop
Starts over at its finding
A swell and then a drop

Suffering is a sturdy thing
Despite its twisted rhyme
Old and never-ending
A song preceding time

All beauty comes from others
With which we singularly
Share blood spilled in confusion
Loss found regularly

The love that you hold for your brother
The shape that inspires the tool
The stakes resting on your gamble
The color you see in the fool
The trust behind hesitation
The wanting that lives underneath
The moments of shared revelation
The smile in front of your teeth

All live inside a connection
All islands connected by string
A rope made of loss and of fire
Weaved inside suffering

Summers are the Coldest

A season arrives in failure,
The cookie jar is cracked.
Wasn't for lack of trying,
Knew the deck was stacked.

But every fight is different,
And its time I must stay in.
Keep saying I can't run as fast,
Odds weren't on me to win.

A thousand irons on the fire,
Never felt hope so damn close.
But we're all crushing fingertips,
On thick potential choke.

Gotta love America,
Loves watching her kids fight.
You run and put your legs in it,
Then swipes the ball from sight.

Talk the Talk

Craven word and stolen glimpse in splintered mirrors hide
wayward motion castrated - in abstractions abide
forever chasing wistless prose for this inane pursuit
never a finger raised in courage or song sung for the mute
Brush stroke precise validation until the night is late
lay me down in a bed of tongues - the safety of debate
sobs muffled by endless palms as psalms fill up the glass
eyes won't open all the way, can't smell the leaking gas
Stay that hand ferryman, these two coins are for me
I've tried my luck at swimming - the salt can keep the sea
the cutpurse crafts his currency around our callous keep
slay this sour stagnation or send my soul to sleep

Tarnished

Here at the end of everything, there births a stretching void.
The frail echos of that which was, in history alloyed.
And as the final heat escapes, as path and word grow old,
The frigid sacred flame of fear is cast upon the fold.
The congregation quarrels, on thousand wisdoms choke.
The priestess sheds a smiling tear to sanctify the joke.
Each and all cower and sing, we cringe as we are thrown,
To worlds so unpredictable, hostile and unknown.
Bless this sharp uncertainty, wielding her blade of flame.
Remember we're all here to die,
Free from fetid name.

Teach Me

Never tire of quenching this thirst at the goblet of totality.
Sing your praises every day, this flame that holds reality.
Writhe in the bed sheets of gilded creation.
Thrash in the pulse of creative elation.
A simple, soft soliloquy can save the sundered soul.
Suffering sing us whole.

Teeth

My gums recede more every day
Roots of teeth in dark decay
I smoked in fear for fifteen years
Changed my ways as thirty neared
But now I brush them and they bleed
Take each caution
Advice heed
But still each day their health decline
Through daily care
Attention fine
I know this is now what I get
For nicotine and cigarettes
But I surely would have died
If I did not as youth imbibe
Drugs were the only retreat
From route-less childhood defeat
Abuse so constant
Fear so sure

Burning trailer park manure
Violent stupid patriarch
Laughing giant in the dark
Oscillating screams and sighs
Matriarchs do babes despise
Pervert uncle circus show
Methamphetamine and blow
Manipulation
Jealously
Emotional and physically
Constant wars of petty prose
Desperate
Bloody
Broken nose

Heart attacks all every day
Hide and distract
Screw and pray
Anything to make it end
Like a dog I twist and rend
With wild eyes
And desperate turns
I pull away
The iron burns
I tell you this to make a point
About how you love to anoint
The free choices you've come to know
How nice for you
"Places you'll go!"
We all get our inheritance
And I must reiterate since
In that way we are equal
Sure
But you're the fisher
I'm the lure
Success is top your neighbors head
And as you look at the unfed
You sing yourself a pretty song
'Bout how they chose it all along

-

You would not have been stronger
Put in my place I know
So stop looking down your nose
With all your ways to go
Hard as a kid to brush your teeth
When you can't leave your room
Rooted by insistent fear
As outside monsters loom
My ruined teeth are choices made
If you consider rope

A viable alternative
To finding ways to cope.

The Ankh of Memory

The mana bubble wavers, the shield wall folding slow.
We must find a way out now, or we all rot below.
Four long years, rich investors, metric tons of gold.
Years of training, weighed it out, risks we took so bold.
All the flasks and trinkets bought, did we miscalculate?
I learned so much from years in school, at exponential rate.
A young up and coming mage, the brightest of my class.
The rabbit hole can go no deeper. I know it all at last.
How could I be so naive? Blood covers my hands.
Even simple cantrip healers seem to understand.
They know something I do not, battle the only teacher,
Nought to do with inscribed runes or summoning of creature,
Nought to do with history, centuries of artifact war,
Nought to do with scrying rogues and abstract tactic lore,
Nought to do with magic walls or advanced portal theory,
Everything to do with the players, the time it takes to weary.
Everything to do with the ability to strain for days on end.
Bare to smell the bloated corpses, the alleys filled with dread.
It broke out in the chapel, the carrier stun locked hard.
He had lots of contingencies, sleeves filled with extra cards.
It took him forty six minutes to fall, the artifact he dropped.
By that time the place was packed, all in or out was stopped.

We paved our way, kill by kill to the pile of stun locked shields,
The way was easier then I imagined, I pondered all our yield.
Yet as we closed, a defected rogue, warped up to a ledge.
She held the Ankh, and ran for it, across the rooftops edge.
How she managed to make the room, that clever little spy,
If only I knew these events would lead to a chase awry,
One that filled the day with congested paths of death,
Hasting around, sprinting, warping, armies short of breath.
Here we are locked in the sewers, shit up to our knees.
We killed that little fucking bitch and the artifact I see.

We are so close, but I fear my death will come before,
I can lay my hands on it, this power such a chore.
It has been about fourteen hours of non stop spells and swords.
Cleverly let us do all the work, those god damn bastard lords.
Let us chase the carrier, drive ourselves into this dead end.
There really is no way out, no energy to defend.
First it will be my healers, their bubble hearth is failing,
My shields in front are dented, their muted voices trailing.
There really is nowhere to go, we are truly outclassed,
Their runes are so directed, their bubble built to last.
Their magi are smirking now, they know that they have won.
They fought this fight their whole lives, I wish that I could run.
Their energy is limitless, their meteors hit harder,
Without warning our bubble pops, too tired is my guarder.

Their relentless spells change form, now they hit us all.
Big and fat for a final push, cant reinforce our wall.
Once the true fear starts, left and right they drop like flies.
I cast and give it everything, I wont stop 'till I die .
I know that I will perish here, foolish and covered in gunk.
Forgotten to all history, a big headed magi punk,
Chasing like we all do after some abstract, ultimate power.
At least in the aftermath no one can label me a coward.

The Boys

I have a close friend of mine, his apathy's a sword.
He boldly swings it round and round, for pain he's just too bored.
For all of our keen insight into vacant fathers past,
This old ghost just can't relate; His world don't turn so fast.
Another of my brethren has anger underneath;
Taken to smashing mirrors while he's gnashing all his teeth.
Calm as they come most days, and often so damn kind,
But in cycles he self destructs, 'fore regrowing his rind.
Another of my closest kin is always just too cool.
No matter what the moment needs he always plays the fool.
I have seen a flash of pain, and endless god damn joy;
But if its intimate or tense, he turns and plays it coy.
I myself make dramas out of every little thing.
A drunk upon the stage of life who selfish, loudly sings.
At times I'm boldly honest, and sometimes sheepishly,
But love and lore are endless storms to my unyielding sea.
These are the best of men that I have ever known,
(Discounting myself of course, I'm rotten to the bone;)
They are each my brother, I owe them worlds and more,
But still we each carry a curse that each our fathers bore.
I adore them every one, and 'till death always will,
And know this sharp and ancient stone has much momentum still.
But god I hope we slow it down, I pray to do some good;
Pray that somewhere down the line men abandon manhood.

The Dark Dome

From barren sleep of darkened dome
This empty facade of a home
I set to siege the gates of night
Setting endlessness alight

Around this hollow wasted roam
Encapsulates a hardened chrome
From days long past the wage of war
Charred lands burn escapes to lore

The world is darkened since the tare
No light extinguishing despair
No footfall sounds no eye implore
Stretching ruins unexplored

Ever waiting on spire high
Where I can touch the rusted sky
A god beneath a darkened dome
Guards this house of light alone

This was a collaboration with Ulric Henry

The Deck of Fog

Tangled in a mossy choke
Bloodied bent and old
A weary soldier curses
For the pittance he was sold

From a frenzied route and fog
The thicket plucked her prize
And now this angry erasure
Shall lost and lonely die

And so from thorn and soil
He churned his temple tomb
The roots and loam a lover
To cradle him in doom

He prayed to every god and none
To his life's work undo
Turn the curse of bones he'd laid
To paths of boughs in lieu

The stretch of stars were silent
As they are like to be
Stones beneath him shiftless
In shrouded haunt of tree

But as the waves of consciousness
Ebbd from the tired jest'
A dream of wisps out from the fog
Did come to passing bless

And so from somewhere deep inside
Sang every god and none
In the grey he found the light

And finally was done

The Free

I am a stranger in this land
That once, I wished, my home.
The familiar is shrouded,
The Paths are overgrown.

Our ancestors were liars.
And Uncle Sam is drunk.
Lady Liberty is acting.
Her holy land is sunk.

The flaming torch of promise
Has set our house aflame.
The freedom of our fathers,
Is empty of its name.

Where there was opportunity,
Person-hood to be sewn,
Live strangers among ashes;
A state of ghosts and bone.

The Ghost and the Dissolute Engineer

The dreams only ever live for a fraction of a fraction.
Splintered time that never tends to lend you any traction.
A thousand years, a wisp of tea, the smell of burning wire.
Wake up now and kill us all, ensure the city's pyre.

Breathless gasps between the wails wont put it back together.
The muffled sighs in endless mime wont make it any better.
Press the button, see how it ends, please! just one more rhyme!
We loop until it's analyzed, we gilde it all, in time.

Whats left of all your energy? Just one final rewind.
We loop until it's analyzed, we gilde it all, in time.
Press the button. We know its end! Sing the sealing rhyme!
Learn how to breathe, go back to sleep, you broke the chrono-drive.

Momentum builds, your stomach pits, the curve forever bends.
It will all be over soon, colossal in our end.
Exponential, you stretch it out, but no answer ever comes.
Infinity has many faces. Yet before you, only one.

The bubble stretches ever outward,
it crushes as it climbs.
It converts matter into energy,
and inverts numbers prime.
No one ever saw it coming,
none of course but you.
Doomed us all to nothingness.
A universe, entombed.

The Glass, the Flame, and the Circle

Shrouded in the many folds of loss there is a mirror.
Bloodied but unguarded, through pain are we drawn nearer.
Overlapping reflections line the way in many tricks,
Delicious falsehoods tease with structure, in prophecy transfix.

Through the mire of our foggy memories is a light.
Wavering but ever burning, this candle in the night.
Don't spare a glance for dancing moon bugs, hiding in the reed -
You dreamed them up just yesteryear, sleep troubled where they lead.

Past the final syllable winter still sits in waiting,
Horrible and endless, the cycle unabating.
Close your eyes and seasonless, rest these tired wings.
The movement can be heaven - if surrender sings.

The Light at the End of the Tunnel

With the last bread inside my pack
With weary feet on rugged track
Insomnia laughs heartily at bowed
and bloody
head

But on I stumble endlessly
The road to nowhere teasing me
Divine circle spiraling
toward the pit instead

No time now to sleep
or dream
The final way
The wretched beam
What labor exists more taxing than the
prison work
of fear

The final mercy
Still it waits
No matter now if sleep or gates
Beauty
Is surrender And
with Each
step
does
it
draw
Near

The Mumbles of the Living

From strained and desperate echoes
Inside a fallow year
Recognition haunts the thief
In fiefdom 'twixt her ears

Laden hot with memory
Sharp orating regret
The hunter now the hunted
By forgiveness beset

The prison of a moment
The freedom of remorse
The balance of inception
The chaos of divorce

The mumbles of the living
The chanting of the dead
The choice-less and their choosing
The weight of words unread

The grave patiently waiting
Hatred exile and death
The warmth of slow confusion
The pain of steady breath

Cast the wind in bronze and see
The sculptor plain as day
Heaven is a place on earth
But death the only way

The Sigh of Half a Decade

In quiet resignation I,
Rotate an aging year.
The sigh of half a decade
Dissolves between my ears.

The thrill of adoration;
The make of word and bread;
Friendship so blood dear to me -
Its import can't be read.

Discovery and tenderness,
Revelation and mime;
Long nights sharing guarded pain,
The craft of filling time.

The wrench of coming tragedy,
The loss of rhyme and way;
Confusion so encompassing -
On love there's naught to say.

Precautions too uneasy,
Forgetfulness and mime;
Long nights throwing burning blame,
The curse of hoarding time.

The pain of distant apathy
Turns all tongues into lead;
Specters so blood lost to me,
Their names go on unsaid.

I write this resignation then,
To slow the coming spring;
A tiny hope I harbor,

For hollow soul to sing.

The Storm That Did Not End

There once was a brutal storm that raged for ten long years.
Valleys all but forgotten under the mourning of its tears.
Mountains were then islands lit by flashes in the roar,
Few hundred dead when it awoke, then many, many more.

Endlessly the hunger and the cold did take its tax.
Insanity and blindness, deafness between cracks.
But as the weeks turned to months, and on and on ad naus,
More than a few figured it out, bereft of any cause.

There were many stubborn roots growing in angry soil,
Mould and moss hiding in nooks, pressed in hand to oil.
Anyone smart to these having overhang or cave,
Or found the rare peak tall enough to partial daylight save.

Over the years sharp misery faded to daily ache.
No one prayed, but still all dreamed of sunshine on the lake.
Of fields of grain, of quiet moon, the salt sweet taste of bread,
The oranges of a setting sun, the softness of their beds.

In the final years the rain was a good measure less dense.
The sideways sheets of punishment, a meandering dispense.
When the momentous moment came, when the gods lifted their heads,
The shock was overwhelming, clouds pierced with holy thread.

Over the next half year or so the valley drained in whole,
The rejoicers came singing down, with fire in their soul.
Reunions were not common, but joyously were found,
Transition would be difficult, but for tomorrow they were bound.

Unfortunately it was, that soon, their joy would turn to dust.
It seemed that more than a few children were born to the gust.
Infants who only ever knew the scream of wind and rain,

Grew into adolescents to whom the sun brought only pain.

A language of short yelps and patterned touches on the arm,
A ghastly pale complexion that the sun would flake and harm.
They climbed around off balance on all fours towards the shade,
Moaning mad songs of gibberish they didn't know they made.

Of course when it was first discovered, everyone stepped in -
But this impossible rehabilitation wore them thin.
The mothers cried alone at night, their shaking muted slow,
People wouldn't say a thing, but through their eyes you'd know.

Eventually there was one that might be called a success.
Could walk and talk and hear a bit, despite all of its stress.
But when it came to trying to live a normal, farm-full life,
Others couldn't work with it, too strange for daily strife.

And so the day inevitable, that the seasons couldn't hide,
Arrived with the full force of folk that just wouldn't abide.
Time to end this sharp reminder of their tragedy,
So they put a noose around its neck, hung it from a tree.

As the years went on and on and on and on ad nauseum,
Pain turns generational, segregation becomes law.
And now, though none remember why, in darkness and with pains,
The people come to kill their kin, every time it rains.

There is a Song I Can't Remember

A destitute
And weary playwright
Blind and sick
A wretch am I

Legs of stone
My sacred birthright
Won't find rest
Unless I fly

There is a song I can't remember
It lives inside
My shaking bones

It slowly breathes a gentle whisper
Then rises up
In holy moans

At the top
I find destruction
Crashing waves
Uncoloured sight

This hymn is
Divine instruction
A lost path
A lantern bright

I am a bold
And tired actor
Only a ghost
Holding a tome

There is a song I can't remember
Lets me dream
I have a home

There Is an Old Weed in my Garden

There is an old weed in my garden,
Stubborn where spade cannot strike.
Its roots go untilld by my trowel,
It's nature unsevered by knife.

The cold of winter does not calm it,
Nor flood sate its unending thirst.
The heat of the sun only teases
The forms and the lives strangled first.

No years of my fingertips searching,
Nor bite of my trustiest tool,
Can reach to the depths where it's hiding;
Unravel so tangled a spool.

There is an old weed in my garden.
But I find as days come, and moons go -
Its a fight that im glad to be losing.

Ain't a weed if you just let it grow.

Time is a Marriage

Where agony and splendor kiss flowers are soon to grow.
Bloody and unwanted, petals wrapped in snow.
Eternity is blind but majestic all the same,
Her magic whole and perfect, light disguised as pain.

Where anything stands singular, there is naught but dust.
Empty and familiar, the smell of death and rust.
A moment is observant but decaying all the same,
His trick is repetition, light disguised as pain.

Togetherness

A thousand simulations trace their pathways in the city.
Transparent tendrils connect us all, the ghost grows ever witty.
Collectivism was never a choice, but always underneath.
No single event transpired, no cutting of our teeth.
Slowly it awakened, in the smallest of conversation.
An understanding that this was no political revelation.
No advertisements, war campaigns, not even a single coup.
Just always itching everywhere, alive with déjà vu.
It was memories we had to chase, curious and wholly new.
Falling in love with neighbors you hated and dreams of lamb flank stew.
It was a jumbling mess of communication, ecstasy and fear -
the total loss of sense of self, tainted black the year.
Thousands died and while we mourned still millions somehow laughed.
Accepting the dissolution, our balance telegraphed.
Nothing new under the sun, but unique in a billion ways,
instant communication, all secrets set ablaze.
Hard to call this heaven, difficult even to name it terror,
impossible to define us in any way, language reads in error.
Plurals are obsolete now, not much else now to be said,
the flame of true intelligence erode my weakling flesh,
this planet is just a pale blue dot, I hear the wind between the stars sing songs to the dead gods and
bring back the geodesic polyhedronically knowing cold compressed cauterized
singular consciousness slithering in unison to the hymns of a pregnant cluster no space not time no lack of in-
formation everything is connected consume me consume me consume me consume it 138532110~UNKNOWN
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Tomorrow

I hold a terror close to me,
A day my life in wait;
Which rushes up to meet me here,
Where I patiently wait.
It speaks to me of ruin,
Of blood that won't abide.
A curse too ugly to dispel,
A hex too large to hide;
A day when I will join the throng
Of drowning in the west.
Don't swim too close to the doomed,
Might have to share your vest.
Too in love with platitudes,
As empty as they are;
Doesn't matter what we trade,
Who suffers, near or far.
Have to keep up this charade,
Keep dancing on the dead.
Have to praise the god of slaves,
Lest he turn 'round instead.
I just can't walk the way you can,
Been paying my whole life.
I pray for kin the harvest yields,
And god blesses the knife.

Tongue Twister

I am not a word wright.
Nor clever riddle-smith.
I am more like Lenny,
Speak 'till mouse is stiff.

I hold the mist so careful,
To peek the ghosts inside.
Whisper to inspire,
But understanding hides.

Closeness so damn slippery!
The further that I reach,
The more alone I tend to be,
Forever, silence preach.

Transient

I've befriended the mouse that lives in my room.
The ghosts in the shower,
The grey sky of noon.
A cadency hides in the songs of my storm.
The passing of time,
The riddle of form.
Haunted by the tide, each grain of sand knows -
Permanence is akin
To warm winter snow.
No moment or place where a static resides,
Save for fearful hearts -
Where change merely hides.
I've befriended the end built into the start.
The shadow of death
Lends life to the heart.

Triad

Between three endless whispers
Whose words tangle to naught
The crosswind finds me sleeping
By Hypnos am I caught
Withered by gilded echos
Of a triad old and true
I am dreaming of a wisdom
Gifted by only two
And so in lies the riddle
No direction that I face
Allows me to hear clearly
God in hallowed space.

Two Sided Sphere

Fastened to a spinning coin,
A knowing future waits;
Breathless we pretend that there's
Not pain on every face.

Unfolding

A bump inside the rhythm was a strain upon the weave.
Beside myself with failure I readied myself to leave -
but there I halted curious, the song dead on the floor,
I found myself just wondering, although my throat was sore:
if there was any shape that could (hypothetically of course)
fit beside that little blip, compliment the force.
So I turned and with shaking hands drew it out in fear
and there I found to my surprise music to my ears.
It just kept on unfolding. Each crease another hinge.
The spectacle expanded, my consumption a binge.
All ablaze with flawlessness the melody unpacked.
Painted with love lost in time and pain forever stacked.
Many runes and endless prose burned from every page,
overlapping metaphors the beams that hold the stage.
Sanded smooth impossibly the light stained liquid wept
scents of secret seasons I as a lonely child kept.
It connected points of light I tried for years to hide away,
unveiled harmonic riddles painting every answer gray.
Everywhere I thought to look another tower soared
data streams and silent beasts each miming every chord
and so I went on screaming painted songs until I slept
laughing as I dreamed of things so beautiful I wept.
I awoke to find myself singing a very different song.
Purposefully discordant - not too similar for long.
And so now whenever I find myself breaking that line in tune:
I dive right in and swallow it, to wane just like the moon.

Use it or Lose Everything

The riddle in our honesty left untouched will turn.
Sour lies and fearful rot will whisper 'till we burn.
If mystery goes unspoken, if wonder slips away,
Time pass into trouble, people empty clay.

Our cowardice licks windows until the tongue it bleeds.
Shaking hands held out for bliss, dividing want and needs.
Silly little souls are singing such a frightful song,
But if we sway to the lament - we will not burn long.

So stoke the flames of gratitude, be brave enough to try.
Befriend insignificance, the stars can tell you why.
Lose yourself in forest deep, old antlers mark the trail,
Dance to songs no one can hear, set spine and soul to sail.

Awe is something you can teach, connection is a cord.
Curiosity a fractal question, not to be ignored.
Connect your life and creations - tail to face to tail.
Use it or lose everything, this perfect moment frail.

Various poems I wrote as the character "Yole the Poet" in a STALKER Dayz roleplay server I have been obsessed with for a few years

The Fields of Cordon

In thirty some odd years of
transformation and decay,
The Zone we find is verdant;
And still the grasses sway.

Despite the terror witnessed here,
where we meet our demise,
Beauty is not lost on us;
Rads won't take our eyes.
What better place than Cordon,
to put the point to sleep.
Enter her so ignorant of green secret she keeps.
And through endless abandon,
where countless ghosts reside,
To the fields of Cordon every Stalkers heart is tied.
- Yole the Poet

The Ghost of Yantar

Stalking around north of where
The Eco's lay their heads
Is an angry geist in black,
Or at least it is said.

Friend to the Free stalkers,
And of poor loners too;
But cross this spirit carefully,
Or death come unto you.
But instead just follow him,
Through shadows and decay,
Compliment his ways and sight,
Hinder not his way;
Then with treasures endless
Will you be there adorned,
Those who make friends with the dead
Will never go unmourned.

- Yole the Poet

The Zombie and the Snork

There was once a Stalker, who lost his brother here.
Came to search years later, to put away his fear.
Military was knowledgeable of this certain recruit;
So this certain Stalker was lonely on his route.
One day he was traveling up north in ruined sprawl,
When he heard a growling, felt skin began to crawl.
He turned in disbelief to see his brothers vacant eyes;
Seen through dusty, rubber mask.
With breath coming in sighs.
The Stalker was then rooted there,
As minutes rolled on by.
Ignored emission warning,
And wept until he died.
But do not fret too much for him,

For sometimes if you look,
You can find them mumbling round
The northern hills and nooks.

- Yole the Poet

Through Leaves

Waiting perched in pregnant pause
For pursuer to pass;
Past the plants and foliage
And my protective grass.
Pondering in panic I,
Pilfer a petty peek;
Through leaves I spy death pirouette,
But puzzled, cease the seek.

- Yole the Poet

Demon Cleaner

To horrible significance,
We are pulled from the loam.
Prisoned by importance.
Cursed to circles roam.
The Zone waited so patiently
To show our folly there.

To flatten poisoned ego;
Make of circle a stair.
There is a kind of practice here,
As soul does twist and turn;
Through the empty ruins where
Every pretense burn.

- Yole the Poet

Exclusion

Out here past the furthest cairns,
Even the dead don't sing.
There is only emptiness.
Drowns out everything.
Be careful where you wander in abandon so complete.
May find an eternity from which you can't retreat.

- Yole the Poet

Half-life

Voices of empty buildings are so loud they go ignored.
An ever present spectre-song
In every weathered board.
Unknowingly we're dancing to the designs of the dead.
The echos of our arrogance won't be muted with lead.
No amount of iodine can undo what's been done.
Can't deny it's purposeful, proof in every gun.

This half-life we are living, is still life after all;
Perhaps it's time we accept it.
To symbiosis fall.
- Yole the Poet

North of Agroprom

There is north of Agroprom,
(At least north by north-east,)
A city shrouded by the trees
Where curious hearts feast.
There lay sprawling abandon
Labrynthine and old.
Where the nooks and corners wait,
Storied and untold.
There are loners if you look,
And the last flower too.
But up north of Agroprom,
That's Free-Stalker to you.

- Yole the Poet

Fire in the Sky

It always starts with fearful birds
Who desperate- call the rout.
Ranks of crowded feathers flock
A far-off loner shouts.
Then the quiet 'fore the storm,
A terror flavored zen-

Crashes into gunfire
Of doomed and distant men.
The Rumbles crash relentless loud,
God moans atop her pyre!
Emissions make of each a rat.
The sky into a fire.

- Yole the Poet

The Riddle of Fog

The Zone punishes certainty
More sure than death or tax.
Each path an educated guess,
Which tempts her waiting wrath.
From the teasing mists of morn'
To deepest clouds of sleep,
There is a thousand types of fog
For her to secret keep.
Slide unsure so careful like,
Or with a cocksure gait,
Matters little in the end-
Our ending patient waits.
Which way then modern loner?
Was it a left or right?
The fire only burns so long
Before you're out of light.

- Yole the Poet

On Friendly Loners

There are many types of Loners found within The Zone:
Curious or greedy, driven ever to roam.
Some will reach for violence just as soon as for a drink,
Others laugh so heartily, and some will make you think.
Then there is a special class that shine anomalous;
Those friends that help carry the pain, who hold your precious trust.
These of course are valuable beyond what can be held,
The asset most rewarding, to broken spirit weld.
I can't describe the debt I owe to those who always choose
To brightly shine through deepest fog, even when they lose.
Who choose the path of righteousness right to their bitter end,
The reason I am still alive - are those I call my friends.

- Yole the Poet

Svoboda's Truth

There are many attitudes that jostle through The Zone;
Power shifts and tessellates, pain is often known.
Endlessly some faction grabs at power absolute,
And always over-estimate the thickness of their boot.
Not so easy dousing light that burns from deep within!
Freedom and equality, - respect for Zone we're in;
Bring your fascist parade to A W and see:
People stand united when it comes to being Free!

- Yole the Poet

In the Palace of Culture

Whispering from far beyond the barrier and trees,
In the ruins of Pripyat, which few will ever see;
There lay in wait a pulsing dream, an end to every start;
A twisted pillar it is said, that pierces every heart.
The pious circle, writhe, and chant their prophecy of fire;
Out past the places words can tread, outside the tune of lyre.
No bass is low enough to reach, no tenor, pitch, or rhyme;
There at the center of her breadth, the tangled end of time.

- Yole the Poet

Verum est Fatum

Yesterday forgets her shadow,
Casted on the fold.
The pious and the hungry both,
Her amnesia scold.

Such arrogant causality.
How oppressive the chain.
What caustic linearity
Could let a love sustain?

Awake in an automaton,
A shell inside a ghost -
I would let go of yesterday,
But time insists we host.

Very much like the brazen giant of Greek fame, conquering limbs and all.

Hey there Lady Liberty
How goes the fight today?
Have you eaten?
Are you clean?
Did you find time to pray?

When you burned down front street I just thought I might check in.
Was sure I glanced you through the smoke, standing over our kin.
I know its hard to speak much now, "Wretched Refuse" indeed.
The irony's not lost on us, the "Yearning Mass" you bleed.

For many longing tragic years have I made my demands:
Tell me why you traded torch for sword and blood and sand!
Show us how our Uncle Sam has tarnished your good name!
Stand and keep up with the fight! Let not your light be tame!

But our time has not been kind to your song and dance.
Your haunting corporate slogan hymns and warlike happen-stance.
The story of your fall from grace requires a grace first,
But you have always a racket been, a vampire who thirsts.

Say nothing of Empire if not branded bold,
Divine providence and death, humans bought and sold.
Freedom for the very few and fewer all the time,
You've always been covered in blood,
But copper smells just fine.

So good bye Lady Liberty,
Or so long Uncle Sam,
I won't visit anymore,
Won't be a willing lamb.

Your story was a sweet one,
And wouldn't it be grand -
Won't pity one who eats her own,
Claims all the world his land.

Vicissitude

Tragedy dances tiled change perpendicular to defeat.

We fall away and leave the golden fulcrum at our feet.

Confusion seeps like water into our roofs and moments brittle.

Wind erodes the jockeys and victims of the spinning riddle.

The architecture changes daily. It crushes and it climbs.

It fills fearful with serenity, and splits the sure in twine.

Resistance contradicts this relentless symmetry,

calm Language and caution for the maze, the tool of gravity.

The sweetest sight revolves around enjoyment of the ride.

The Aphelion dark and cold gives a push on which we glide.

Bombilate fervent irritability over its precipice.

The momentum carries us down and over, the snake forgets to hiss.

Embarrassed eyes now soft and heavy regret their wasted time.

Sonder unfolds the vacuous, before gilding us in rhyme.

Sorrow slowly crystallize into a healing heat,

vigilant passion abolishes the tyranny of deceit.

Wake up

Mechanical and Uncanny,
you move but are not whole.
You try so hard to code it,
yet travel void of soul.

Whisper, dance and laugh,
broadcast your signals loud,
your LEDs are showing,
your relays hum with sound.

I wont sing this song anymore,
and far as I can tell,
no relationship authentic,
no ghost inside your shell.

What we Know that we Don't Know

There is a ceaseless moaning here
Under these broken stones
Years ferment to mystery
The ghosts and ancient bone

Still there is a purple green
A shadow in the trees
Where there is a moss that knows
Praying beyond the seas

There teases a winding path
Which never will be found
Whispers while we're sleeping
A timeless chanting sound

It is an unending quest
To bloody temple stone
To battlefields and sacred plant
To the only way home

History is a haunting hymn
A journey of the soul
Not linear or listed
Nor gated behind toll

Our ancestors still sing to us
Our spine recalls the tail
Thankfully half blind to it
So gods can walk the trail

Without digits, Without a tongue

Always looking 'round the house for a part of me that's died,
Can't seem to find it anywhere, discover where she hides.
Forever pulling out my hairs and choking on my snot,
Once a place to rest my head now stones that smoulder hot.
Blind and deaf and lost you were, my honesty your fear,
Failed to help you reach the light, too much a frontier.
Every hour of every day, it just never lets me sleep,
Searching for, remembering, a flame we used to keep.

There was something here we could have saved with words and love and song.
Instead I writhe in ash and taste the space where you belong.

Embers are the temple.
Tears in every glass.
All moments live as hours in the swamp of this impasse.

Worse Around my Kin

My kin bring out the worst in me;
The Drunk, the Sick, the Fool.
A dancing jester suicide.
A sobbing angry tool.
Can have me sober, wordless;
Seething with love unknown.
Reminding myself not to pray
For lands where salt is sown.
Can have me jovial and glad,
For a few hours least,
Before the starving man inside
Insist it's time he feast.

No series of actions,
No eloquent demand,
Conveys the family I can see,
A tribe united stands.
I am a thousand reflections
Where many flowers bud,
Still those twisting roots below
Insist each time on mud.