

# Anthology of Phoenix8523



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*To my girls, myself and my future.*

## **Acknowledgement**

Thank you for the struggles. I appreciate life so much more in the light now.

## summary

Role Playing

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Ascent into Madness

Butt Nugget

Legacy

First Annual

meaningless

Legion

## Role Playing

Forced to be the victim,  
I play my part  
You have me at your mercy  
From the very start

I cry  
I plea  
You smile  
Down at me

I beg you for forgiveness  
Though I've done nothing wrong  
You laugh and joke  
That's what you wanted all along

I cower  
I shake  
You are  
In control

I am the perfect patsy,  
Blamed for everything  
You really hate me that much?  
Why won't you let me be?

I break  
I fall  
You think that  
You have won

But then...

I'll get it all together  
And gather up myself  
You'll gasp in sheer amazement,  
In contrast to yourself

I'll rise up,  
I will stand,  
You'll know  
You're just a man

I will draw energy  
From my wounded soul  
You'll begin looking like  
An old and ugly fool

I will leave  
I will thrive  
You'll see you're  
Not "all that"

I'll be stronger than  
I've ever been before  
You'll think I'm all talk  
Until I'm out the door

I will fly  
I will soar  
You'll wish that  
YOU were more!

## Hurts

My heart,  
It beats;  
My soul,  
It hums;  
I feel everything...  
Deeper...  
Than anyone.

My mind,  
It fails;  
My body,  
Collapses;  
I know everything...  
Deeper...  
Than anyone.

From deep inside  
To far outside,  
I feel it all  
Complete.  
Which one is worse?  
I cannot tell;  
They hurt the same to me.

## Absence of Lux

As the man steps into the light, I appear; dull and dark in form.  
My existence is solely dependent on him and the lux.

We have grown together. Year after year, I follow him.  
Mature now, married and with children, we spend our days working.  
He thinks and contemplates every move and I just tag along.

I can never complain or say a single thing.  
The children pay me no mind at all when we are all together.

I pursue him everywhere. I cannot make a move without him.  
If he falls, I too must fall. I never feel a thing.  
Planting flowers in the garden together, I cannot appreciate the fragrances of Spring.

Staring at him constantly, I glimpse little more than what is right in front of me.  
Never perceiving what he sees unless his back is to me.  
Looking past me, his eyes light up.  
*What is it?* I must know, but cannot turn my head.  
We walk away. I'm not allowed to visualize it for myself.

At dinner time, we're seated together at the table.  
I'm closer to him than anyone else could ever be.  
He enjoys his meal.  
Though I mimic his eating, I taste nothing.

I've always belonged solely to him and yet he rarely even notices my very being.  
There is no me, without him.  
Every time there's an absence of lux, I cease to exist.



## What Could Have Been

What if the next Einstein  
Had already been born?  
What if he had lived and died  
And never had been known?  
What if he was born far away  
    In some distant land?  
What if he had to hunt  
    And forage for his food?  
What if he bathed in a stream,  
    Where he also drank?  
What if the next Einstein  
    Wasn't even a "he"? and  
What if she had never  
    Had a chance?  
What if she was oppressed  
    And couldn't even grow?  
What if she was not  
    Academically inclined?  
What if she was always put down  
    And never encouraged to be great?  
What if the next Einstein  
    Could have been me?

## LEMMINGS/ I Stand Alone

Do this, do that  
Pitter, pat, pat

Follow in line  
Believe the lie

No minds their own  
I think alone

Don't speak my mind  
'Cause fault they'll find

So feelings deep  
To self I keep

Feelings shallow  
Their lives fallow

They don't want saved  
Way they've behaved

Each of them, all  
Certain to fall

Shaking my head  
As they're all led

Consciences fail  
Arms start to flail

Redd the attack  
I just stand back

No need of those  
Follies morose

Not choosing wars  
Or set'ling scores

Just piece of mind  
Someone in kind

To find one now  
Somewhere, somehow

Lemmings all gone  
I stand alone

My mind's at ease  
My soul's at peace

And now I'm free  
To just be me

## Legacy

Crazy, angry ranting  
Yeah, I'm the lunatic  
His "Christian" hypocrisy  
Really makes me sick

I knew all of his sins  
And very few disclosed  
After many years of suf'ring  
3 women's all I told

1 told me to her husband,  
The pastor, I should speak  
So to my drunk's real close friend,  
For solace, I did seek

Now "4 people" equals "everyone"  
And I'm not allowed to speak  
They twisted everything I said  
And took my faith from me

The pastor is a hypocrite  
And elders waste church funds  
After they've all shit on me,  
Their evil's still undone

For 6 years I had been a Christian  
Church secretary four and a half  
I saw pastors come and go  
I was true and stayed steadfast

But sinners, they took over  
And grew the evil in that church  
I was asked to take my leave

I must've been too pure

The nasty, drunken elder,  
He was asked to step down  
But, allowed to keep on teaching  
What the Bible's all about

The lying, cheating drunk  
Plays guitar in the band  
And with his unrepentant whore  
Singing, hand in hand

I may not be a saint  
But I do know my God's take  
About committing adultery  
They'll lie in the bed they make

So often now, I am really glad,  
I made it out okay  
I know I'll pass through Heaven's gate  
At the very "end of days"

So sinners keep on sinning  
And sow your evil seed  
In the end you'll fucking pay  
Satan's harvest will be reaped

## Demon Speak

There are no monsters under my bed  
All of them come from within my head

A "what if" occurs and causes great strife  
Rousing concern, I contemplate life

I am certain I know from my past  
What voices think and will say at last

What if they are right and I am wrong  
I'm worthless and weak, I don't belong

Wait a minute, stop and think it through  
Relax, don't fret, they haven't a clue

If that doesn't help, just write it all out  
Their reasoning's off, even though they're so loud

I know the truth, it belongs to me  
I'll yield that sword, it will set me free

I'll win this war without being heard  
'cause in reality, they've said not a word

It's not just depression or anxiety  
'cause nothing is "just", especially to me

Great poverty and stress, so much hurt  
Difficult to see value in what life is worth

Not only my pain, but others' as well  
Empathy strains and with it brings hell

If I can surpass my "demon speak"  
And overcome feeling scared and weak

I'll muddle through the difficult times  
And flourish when I'm feeling fine

Each day I battle for sanity's sake  
My mark on this world, I'm bound to make

## Paradox/Holon

Paradox?

I am...

"It's only logical"

It simply is...

I can't help it

I try changing...

But, like it or not,

This is who I am

I don't really mind it

Why does everyone else?

"Middle finger to the world!"

Too small to be Ignored

Holon...

A fractal...

A part

that represents a whole

at the same time

Whole...

In and of itself...

And small...

A part of something

Legend



## Future Memories

There is a box inside my head...  
A box I didn't know existed

All along it's been there seeping...  
Calling to me to know it's there

A Pandora's box ? with all my sorrows  
Pent up over all these years

Recently, it burst open  
And flooded all my senses

The sight and sound,  
the smell and taste  
And definitely the touch  
Of all that pain  
I've held onto,  
Since my time here began

It took me by surprise  
And dropped me to my knees

One after another the scenes played out  
And haunt me still today

And for every memory  
that slapped me in the face...  
Three more are hidden,  
To just wait  
To wound me  
ever deeper...

## My Favorite Grandpa Tale

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A Precursor to Grandma's Witty Retort

As Grandpa told it, when  
he and Grandma first did meet,  
she was wearing a box  
on each of her feet.

In wide-eyed amazement  
she posed a query,  
"What's them on yer feets?",  
she asked quite merry.

"Why these are shoes,"  
he answered matter-of-fact.  
Something she herself  
had always lacked.

Grandpa purposely spoke  
loud and clear,  
Just to be certain  
his tall-tale, she'd hear.

From washing dishes,  
she barely paused,  
donning pursed lips and  
tightly clenched jaw.

With an eyeful of daggers  
poised in Grandpa's direction,  
Grandma was choosing her  
words with great selection.

Voice elevated  
and noticeably stern,  
no bones about it,  
her lesson, he'd learn.

"Oh, I did not!" she  
finally proclaimed.  
Silly Grandpa, he  
must be insane.

With a satisfied look  
and a devious grin, getting  
her riled was all he  
wanted in the end.

## Finally

If my head was to  
get chopped off my neck,  
I would watch myself  
falling all over.  
Knocking ev'rything  
and making a mess.

With my head in hand,  
I would just look "off".  
People would pause to  
curse and to shame me.

Bastards, can't you see  
I'm hurting intense?

My parents would not  
let me in the house,  
because they would have  
placed fragile lamps on  
ev'ry flat surface.

Bullies would come and  
start playing soccer  
with my ball-shaped head.

And, I'd just be glad  
to be in the game.

## Struggling at the Crossroads

Sitting at the crossroads  
I wonder *how'd I get here?*  
With head in hand and crying  
'cause I'm filled with great despair.

Soaring at the crossroads  
Demon, bon mot arranging,  
"Take the road that you know well,  
no sense in ever changing."

Kneeling at the crossroads  
Angel, woefully she pleas  
"That path, you know, just brings tears,  
do not listen to that beast."

Sitting at the crossroads  
I question my existence  
*Do I take the new road or  
the one of least resistance?*

Set'ling at the crossroads  
Demon, his evil dripping,  
taunts me, grinning ear to ear,  
with all my mental slipping

Kneeling at the crossroads  
Angel says, "Pay him no mind,  
God will always love you, so  
leave your past mistakes behind."

Sitting at the crossroads  
I am not sure what to do  
*All my ill deeds forgiven?*

*Surely that cannot be true.*

Standing at the crossroads  
Demon, devil that I know,  
he lies to me, but still has  
those familiar hands to hold

Kneeling at the crossroads  
Angel calls to me with grace,  
"Life is full of ebb and flow;  
you will always find your place."

Sitting at the crossroads  
I'm focusing on her words  
and cease to hear the static  
I no longer feel unnerved

Stumbling at the crossroads  
Demon squints his dull, black eyes  
'cause now I've found my way and  
it will lead to his demise

Standing at the crossroads  
Angel takes me by my hand  
"Trust, God will navigate you  
and guide you through this great land."

Standing at the crossroads  
I have fin'ly found solace,  
for the "what ifs" have faded  
*My future's full of promise*

## Profound

There's a profound  
Statement that goes:  
"The one in the closet is usually hiding"

Hiding? Something?  
A present maybe?  
Christmas or a birthday?

Hiding?  
Just to jump out  
For some element of surprise?

More likely though...  
She hides herself  
To simply make it through the day.

## Ascent into Madness

Yes, I'm mad, but do you not see?  
No one else has such clarity

Suffering, how can you not know?  
You helped the madness really grow

'Til I thought I could not go on  
I didn't think I'd last 'til dawn

But I did, and the next day too  
Several years, I've made it through

I survived and I've become strong  
What I know, I knew all along

I was born my father's daughter  
not meant to be ego fodder

My mind is not like all of those  
who stay sane within evil's throes

God is with me ev'rywhere I am  
leading me to the Promised Land

My knowledge becoming more vast  
As it grows, learning from my past

Philosophy, so very clear  
ev'rything equals nothing there

I am not as others would think  
The way I know is quite unique



What does "this" mean? Quagmired thinking  
Loneliness, my heart's still sinking

Braver now, cope and tolerate  
changing the course of future fate

With someone or no one at all  
I'll always rise up from the fall

## Butt Nugget

You put me down  
You laughed at me

I was suff'ring  
I could not see

You made me cry  
You wounded me

I froze in time  
I could not scream

You hurt my soul  
You're just plain mean

I rose above  
I now can see

You're just a ---  
Piece of shit

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## First Annual

It was a year  
ago today  
that God called my  
Daddy away

Hello Daddy  
Can you hear me?  
Sorry 'bout when  
you last saw me

It wasn't you  
that made me mad  
I was hurting  
and feeling sad

I could've stopped  
not slammed the door  
and said *I Love*  
*You* just once more

But I didn't, I  
just kept going  
All my guilt and  
grief now showing

I wish that I  
could take it back  
I'm told that you  
understand that

I dream of you  
most ev'ry night  
Wondering if

you know my plight

Love you Daddy  
with all my heart  
Writing now, my  
hope to impart

Hear me Daddy?  
I love you so!  
See you when it's  
my time to go

## meaningless

My writing feels lyrical and  
it says just what I mean  
Thoughts, fluid from my mind  
This pen, a tenuous tool

I think too fast  
I feel too deep  
My head hurts  
all the time

My hand just won't  
write fast enough  
Extraneous thoughts  
they linger.

Writing, writing  
just keep writing  
Thinking, thinking  
can't stop thinking

The mosaic of thoughts,  
a menagerie circling  
Montage of pictures  
Medley of sounds

I try making  
sense of it all,  
But it just  
keeps spinning

Write it down  
that just makes sense  
But no one

understands

Me, my mind,  
my heart, my pen  
None of it  
means a thing



## Legion

Hatred, war and famine;  
Disease, disaster, pain;  
Violence, harm and sickness;  
Begin the devil's reign

Hypocrites, liars, cheaters;  
Sinners all alike;  
Thieves, schemers and killers;  
Satan's minions run amok

I try to run  
I try to hide  
They seek me out  
Where'er I go

I can't escape their grasp, I fear  
I'm hurt,  
Their closing in  
And I cannot get away

Legion surrounds me  
Everywhere I look  
Stand and fight?  
Or fade away?