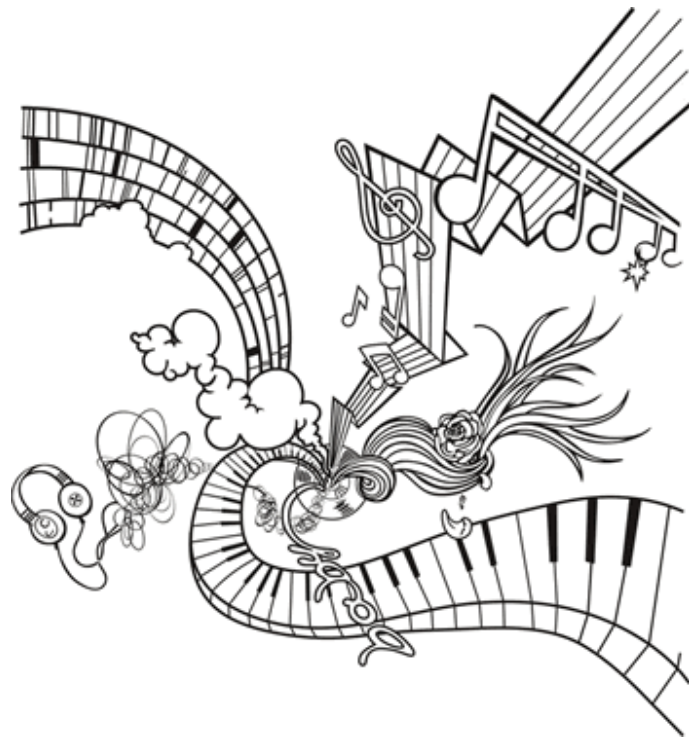


Anthology of Lovett4166



Presented by

My poetic side **P**

Dedication

James Douglas Morrison

JonBenét Ramsey

Marilyn Monroe

summary

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A Cemetery Playground

Woman; pale skin kissed with moonlight
Orphan children gallivant, headstone hopscotch
serenade the resting with Victorian rhyme.
Illuminate their playground
moon shine bright crack silver clouds

It's here she sits,
perched upon a concrete crucifix;
she plucks rose pedals.
pleasant pain is the thorny stab

Torches enlighten faded horizon
blooming daughter's frolic beneath the Oak's
crying crows in the witching hour

1888

Whitechapel

1888

Night spills out onto the cobblestone of London

Fog calmly roaming the alley ways

Moon lighting illuminates necrosis

A women, drunk

without challenge crooning whiskey induced lullaby

Unaware the white of evils eye twas upon her tonight

Man of mystery

Man of riddle

Midnight, his choice of mask

Street lights assist her stumble home

Soon to befriend evil

Hidden in the depths of London night

Bidding time at the corner

Tempted

The frozen steel blade carved

Cobblestone stained red

Ever marking this alley as her tomb

Crypt's Poet

Full moon light cracks the midnight sky
spill light onto headstones
fog beings it's ancient dance of death

Overtime, decrepit flesh fill the land of life
a being, no longer of this world

Cemetery gate phantom door
where the unknown face fact
adolescent female drenched in darkness
sway under crippling branches

Gazing downward, witness evidence of roots that move the Earth
Crow crying supply dying space with song of life
stones of century old
Put to rest, final destination

Island Child

Her island.

sun greeting the morning dew
rise from the sleep of yesterday,
exit bamboo bungalow.

Sedated waves rush ashore
oceanfront thrown at her feet; toes kissed with sand
secluded waterfall whisper.

Climbing palm branches,
she races the wind atop a rocky summit
she is without fear no challenge; falling elegantly
hugging the waters of Maldiva.

Island child;
the creatures run to you
the rain pours for you;

Wild breeze

Come forth nightfall
wash the day away in your waterfall
worship the moon island child
Emerald eyes pierce the heavy night.
Her shadow dances in the fire.

Under moonlight she walks naked; her curvaceous silhouette
walks the shoreline.
resting for the night before
granting the sand a few strokes from her silky palm.

Sinner

Mighty hand striking, infernal clock tower
Supernatural universe, Grim
Thy sins scribed upon this age-old scroll
A cruel testament to thy selfishness

Commander
Perched high amongst his throne
Dire souls march
Eternally
Catacombs echo with regretful souls
Yet none beseech repent

For he knows not right, but wrong
His body lies upon earths hollow ground
His everlasting soul
Marked for eternal damnation

Reflecting In the Renaissance

*One summer day weary drifter
walking into town
Upon a bench I notice*

*From the beginning;
Scholars of the land
armed with quills scribe the church;
and the orders that hail from the crown.*

Actiones Secundum Fidei

*In a state of honest thought as eyes
place themselves on the bronze fountain,
self reflection in the liberated flowing crystal water*

*As it has been;
and too the end
savages playing parts of civilized beings
tying down mother earth with fences,
unruly attempt to harness forever feral land.*

Breaking Surface

*Her Marilyn-esque pearl dress
swaying, drifting, upon the lively surface
standing out amongst the dark water
resembling a star lost in the black sea of the Milky Way
submerged beneath the lukewarm waters of July
subtle lake waves caress her
Her departure was cruel, a fatal result of another's sporadic impulse
the steps taken too the bridges edge, sadly gave her a rush of déjà vu
For she is no stranger to the ledge
peace is the aftermath
her pain died with her
It's here she lies in her water casket*

Out There

*Are you down for the ride?
Come to in a distant planet out of this world.
Tangerine sky parallel reality;
up on the mountain top sets a village with blue cactus
where new creatures wonder,
cult agents of fortune.
We dance like aurora on the red floor;
our kaleidoscope apparitions melt in the shining sun
she smokes planets,
the fairies laugh when the moons orbit
no more will your body be the mind's puppet;
Did you enjoy it? When it came.*

When I Write

My pen, constructs a career between the lines

When I write insecurities dissipate

When I write I greet a literal literary world

sharing too strangers

My journal journey

When I write I discover certainty

When I write I uncover confidence, which cannot be found in my day to day.

When I write I'm content, sharing well guarded intimacy to outsiders

Am I Evil ?

Manifesting in the darkest corners of minds labyrinth
Insanity curse many present to some
Mentality called into question succumb to darkness
Seek higher stimulation
Pathological lying leaking self-satisfaction
Demise
Live for sin craving chaos
False superficial empathy
Psychopath in power
Master at words, effortless manipulation
Physical form of ones nightmare
Always born never made

The Final Act

*On this day;
my legs sway in the high wind
sitting atop of Allure Las Vegas
it's from here I can see the broken arm,
of the Statue of Liberty in a mockery of a Third Reich Salute too
the purified landscape.*

*Savage forces inflict supremacy
on this institution of time
wrapped up like afterlife,
a reservoir of human expiration
21st Century Ides of March.*

*The day of tomorrow isn't far so therefore
the world will not restore the hardcore masses
for even the thriving beast will not survive.*

*We used and abused;
all will be confiscated during the exhibit
of her revolution.*

*On this day;
The annexation of life and death.*

Think

*Answer the day's question
devour the teachings of divine philosophers;
and Plato spoke*

*"The direction in which education starts,
A man will determine his future life."*

*Education is suffocating;
raid the dusty shelves for books of wrinkled leather and bitter pages.
truth is grim but pleasantly painful
drink wine in your lavish den too the worlds sought after in the pages*

*Parallel to only what could be
out there in the divine space;
lie the answers to the question.*

*Unveil the truth
hiding behind the curtain of the world theater
Skill finder of knowledge
curiosity is everywhere
the high moon, passing trees, weeping skies, falling stars.*

*Lurking in the still time of a blue moon
remain in text;
the answers which should be given
too children.*

JonBenét

*Her time was short
living the world with a child's mind.
Pageant child
Colorado pine wind, would style her hair; picture perfect
her Emerald eyes leak purity
lips kissed with cherry
makeup masking bruises;
delivered by a familiar hand.
the occasional unplanned night with tears in her pillow
on the surface was reflecting flawless childhood
Life was lived living mother's fantasy
homicide was her departure
Christmas Eve, her last trip too bed
an abduction of life, never to be returned
her tomb nothing more than cold concrete
premature passing sadden's me, as if I knew you.*

Colorado Sunburst

She

*First light broke in the weary hours
and it's here I stay until high noon,
Remain sedated in the sober sun
on the desert highway heading West.*

*A hitchhiker of the road;
approached me and she spoke
"Where are You going?"
"Heading West" I told her
she leveled her hand;
"Eat me" she said.*

*Her shadow radiated with immortal energy
an ancient pilgrim,
a daughter from a greater distant world.*

*We ran in the rich red mountains
under the Neapolitan skyline;
many moons were in the sky.*

*With a rushing wind she slipped the grip of her dress
running in the sandy dunes; our bodies danced
on the bank of this rich oasis.*

*Under the hot sunset
in the barren land
we road the way
of infinite ecstasy.*

The Fields

*On the day of our lively birth
we do not remember
but in this land
a gathering of stranger friends
in the fields
we'll undergo.*

*Take your seat on the bus
eager passenger;
brothers and sisters
of intimacy, surrender.*

*Swimming in the waves of music
our liberated bodies danced around the fire
holding hands in
the world; we lived in it rather than on it.*

Lizard King

Jim.....

Pioneer, labyrinth chief

mentor, mind guide in physical form

Spiritually 'woken

his vision surpassed the world curtain

in a single beat you find yourself in a trance of acid dance.

Your poetry, in repetition

dead on words sculpting masses

into observers.

We your children dare not journey to the land unknown,

without your proper guidance.

A rider on the storm

hitchhiker on Dawn's Highway

leader of the new creatures

Your poetry Jim, a mirror showing the paradise unknown

Your words, a light given for the road less traveled.

The landmark you left behind, everlasting

will become nostalgia in my later years

For you only give answers

Instead of

worn questions.

Song of Dread

*Ground, keeper of the dead
will sing song of dread
to those who lend a listen
For if you hear
out here wandering in the night
a voice of eternal tune
Swallow isolation
inhale to keep company gathered
mingle for we are social
In the end for which you will rest but not return
Live life for there is no second*

Queen Ship

*Her keel lie just beneath the surface
smashing ocean waves, no challenge
Queens high rise sails set.
the deck, sole keeper of star guided secrets
crafts soon too be of brothers and sisters,
will conquer the unforgiving night.
Beaten wood whisper salty verse
waving sails mimic submission flags;
set on the looking glass in the crows nest
captain to the world waters
Queenly;
conceived
Maiden voyage seeking riches;
a
Poor mans guardian.*

Asylum

*Howls of the unwanted and forgotten,
echo in the walls
crying is all that roam the halls.*

*Time cannot fade the pain,
let the fall of bare night cover their pleas too
signed death warrants.*

*bricks touched with sunlight remain cold.
Electro Shock Waves, Melon Ballers, and Ice pick Lobotomies
systematic cruelty.*

*sadistic medical practice.
More victim than patient
closed door institution; ever so busy
hollow are their footsteps*

*Scratched wrists, strap scars, straight jackets
many scribbled truth and pain in the wall
strung out, left to sway in the corner
with their own devices*

The Nation

What be a fabrication?

The American Dream?

a well prepared illusion.

Media drop bombs;

scenes of hate and religion in the street

double standards across the seas, nothing is free.

Government helicopters swarm of the riots of ignorance

corruption is elected into the nations office;

a two faced blood land, breeding feeble minded slaves,

many of which believe first words spoken too be true

We the people; born in the land of not so free.

Colored Eyes

A riot of smiling faces;
eating mushrooms, smoking pipes on the chessboard
the pending hours bend logic of perception.
I remember an earthy taste and a fluorescent cloud of smoke;
blood shot third eye, gold mind.

Beyond the horizon where the day breaks,
we swam to an island in the royal waters;
on the shores, there are many roles to play
break through psyche dimensions; your world becomes inverted
but I promise,
"It'll never be clearer, than in that moment."

Envy the accepted outsider.
they've killed ignorance and raised questions
sitting beside me she packed a puff;
in her arms,
under the sheet she is the impossible sea I look to swim
invasive energies shrouded in delicious color
one taste and you'll be back.

Burn 'Em Down

Burn 'Em Down

*States mask the molestation of innocence
biblical industry constructed upon deception
self indulgence is sin, obedience is mandatory*

Burn 'Em Down

*Preachers confess doings of false prophet
Churches, houses of intolerance
hypocrite foundation
Legal hate speech*

Burn 'Em Down

Idle

*Drunk and among the dead;
I study the perfect silence,
feeling welcome
greeting the pale hand death extended in the yard.*

*Reserved, superlative seat on the express too the afterlife
collision of flesh and pain.*

*Tired eyes, heavy trance in thought
this final act has no encore
no light after night.*

*Inside the bottle, jester spirits laugh
a concoction of doses swimming in my liquor
everlasting restless words of the shadow souls
are loud this time of night.
not enough to drive you mad.*

*We talked; and our conversation was in Latin
until the bottle was polished
I stare man not in the face but the resting eyes of wise allies
this life was my misfortune; death is my fame
clapping with praise
the play is over.*

There Will Be Blood

*Sets of fearful eyes leveled above the trenches
look out; the fallen bodies fill the vast valley,
even birds refuse to speak.*

*Many men passed over
peace only came to those hit
led here by the kings
pawns in the war for foreign dirt.*

*This act of man will not go unpunished
those in the fields will no longer
age when the sun comes.*

*The cards were dealt
falling where they may,
only the ones left with lively eyes
can see the red.*

Six Feet Under Nola

*The end is warm
wrapped in white silks and black leathers
up the hill, on the grassy trail
travelers visit equipped with devoted familiar attachments;
Rundown marble time marked verses,
chosen words
late hand of death writes.
Let the rose fall six feet deep,
too the
annual grieving at the feet of the inevitable
bidding for the dawn of tomorrow,
born only to serve time.
Days that once belonged to the young and old
come together;
on the hot nights buried strangers share the Trumpet sounds in the French Quarter
and the spoken rituals of ancient seance
in the yard.*

The Drifting Savior

*Coming from the East
fast and vindictive;
Heed the high black smoke
rolling down the true track
heading West.*

*Strapped with a rustic spade across his back,
armed with a loaded.44,
six names etched in the rounds,
soon to go under.*

*Town folk
welcome this hired drifter
dressed in black;
dusty roads are vacant no children at play,
instead watching from their windows
waiting hoping to see the one in black.*

*Pleas from the robbers of women and children
cannot be heard,
covered by the heavy song of unforgiving vultures.*

*Pushed to their knees in the red dirt
a deep drag from his stubby cigar
thick Kentucky Cheroot smoke,
the hot steel barrel of his.44 pressed against the desperado's head;
Drifter's head hung low, from his hoarse throat he spoke
the words
"Hell calls Hell, One misstep leads to another"
righteous death
and
One by one; falling into their shallow graves
dug far out in the Nevada desert.*

*Per his celebration,
whiskey is poured in glasses through the town
women with their young children walk the drifter
to the train bidding farewell to the hired savior.*

He hath understand the concept of redemption.

Retribution Estate

*Within these four walls
the little one calls home,
houses some domestic monster.*

*Many a nights shes condemned to her room
savage rainfall drowning out the scarring belt lashes
delivered by a familiar hand.*

*Of nights cloaked in thick fog
she engages in conversation with the shadows,
Armed with an attraction too the other side
in a dance with the white raven;
she offers her palm to world beyond the bounds of comprehension.*

*Her cries; too her knowledge go unheard;
these long short years of trauma
soon to befriend this little girl.*

*Lurking beyond sight there lie a realm
occupied by a legion of friends
too children.*

*Tonight the final bottle of whiskey will be polished;
Unseen guardians set in motion
a treatment that will last a lifetime.*

*Sitting in rare silence
her eyes,
watching a dark figure pass her doorway
laid to rest without fear on her face,
her nightmares will no longer have a sequel.*

The Poem of Murder In the First Degree

*Parked in a red '57 'Vette in the Ozarks
static comes on over the radio,
with a deep drag off the cigar I lifted from the ashtray
I watch her; as her body sits next too me in solitary.*

*Pulling her from the car;
I began to drag her towards the lantern light suspended in the Oak tree
black silk noose hanging from her neck
I grabbed a chair from the trunk;
sat and watched the tranquil scene of her hanging high.*

*Heavy hits of the cigar, the smoke is all that remains alive
her hands ran red with tracks of blood
the injection of sin gave for a great high,
I reach out to catch the drops.
Hell will come; the day I sympathize for shooting that bad bitch down.*

The Black Poem

*Midnight at the crossroads
beneath the charcoal moon
of the drowning earth and burning heaven
the darkness.*

*Inner sins, down they've stayed too long
heed the temptation sin make me strong
Locked in the confines of the Pentagram,
join his side
god is dead.*

*Living hell is never succumbing to the impulse
of my affliction addiction,
black serpent slithers in my vein.*

*Amongst the blood thirst
I killed the gravedigger
at my resting stone,
a prisoner in the psyche war.*

*Satan's gargoyle spoke his copy of the Codex
in my head until 3.*

*These eyes of Ire shut only to witness a river flowing
with the thick vital crimson
of those who've wronged me.*

Halloween

*Pendulum clock rang out in the chapels hollow halls
flawed Christians can be heard marching,
on their white horses
in a rise from the institution of absolution
On this dawn of the 31st.*

*Bonfires are lit pass the gate of the old cemetery
in a league with Satan
lift the veil of this realm to the next
dying eyes watch a ritual play
tonight will hold a telling of no tall tales
in the graveyard.*

*Jack 'O Lanterns are too be hung at 3 o' clock
giving solitary light too the gargoyles
eager to fly.*

*Out with the old testament biblical quotations
children martyrs on their knees
pray to a world lower than purgatory,
asking for not riches, power, or immortality
Only success in finding spiritual serenity.*

Leo

*Another night watching the clock in silence
anticipating the rise of nightfall
sinister intentions hide behind his hollow eyes
letting darkness cover the malevolent hostage takeover.*

*Bear witness the coming of secluded evil
confidence cowers in the day
but finds itself amongst the reign of night
and possessed urges.*

*Memories of pain provoke the brute force which dwells within
everlasting immortal silence through suffocation
on demon wings, he shall fly
vacant his sanctuary stays,
A veteran patient too a psyche sanitarium.*

*Raging black the color of his conscience
at first sight of the darkened dawn
he burnt the thought of angels
underneath the moon
bringing with it an intoxicating sensation
of endless animation.*

Headless Horseman

*Twas the arrival of Samhain
when the pumpkins cackle is heard
by the folk of Sleepy Hollow.*

*For days spent in dread
the new night will run red
I ride through land claimed by the dead
too summon the Shepard of Autumn nights.*

*Through rituals of resurrection
I have come to summon thee
strayed demon, come forth
too smash the silence with a cry from the underworld
Dullahan, rise.*

*No more do you have to search the night
for what was once yours,
I possess that which you seek
Ride this nights oblivion and
reign hell upon this town
your head will be found.*

*Woe to all of Sleepy Hollow and
bear witness the taking of beings never too be brought back
Decapitate the souls you wish too carry with you
for eons.*

*Against the dying light
the town will sleep tonight.*

The Feast Of Diane

*She was six years old
when she began too conceive tribulation
though previous nightmare's join her quietly
in the attic where she sit's immersed in thought
as she's matured through fear.*

*Smashed mirror fragments on the floor
allowed her reflection, her once emerald eyes are
no more, alas black and blue
tears wash away blood stained on her face.*

*A painful revival of memories play out in
the child's mind, hardened
spiteful bindings confine not only her being
but both hands
acting out on rare nights to execute
her existence.*

The Night Greed Died.

*In her yard he stands in silence,
riddled with contemplation
here to collect injustice
he's not far away
murder in mind a righteous incident.*

*Outside the window
his eyes fixed on her silhouette
longing for her sleep,
Tonight he'll make her famous.*

*At the foot of her bed he stood
axe gripped white knuckle tight
it's too her back
the first injection of intrusive steel is carried out.*

*Incapacitated he drug her out of bed
and down the hall her crimson flowed
sinister servant's shadow shroud her scream
repulsed by her choking down blood
the second slam of steel split's her face.*

*Too the bathroom he went
on the mirror the words scrawled in red
read
"Death To Greed."*

*In the still standing silence
the remains of her atrocity
have been left to drown
in blood.*

The Night She Wore Black

*She wore black
the night she played her score of horror
on the balcony, the piano bled notes of misery
for the banshees in attendance
and spirits roaming in from the cemetery.
Pale skin in the hot moon light
isolated memories revive the black rose
death stopped for her swan song
celestial phantoms spoke in hush tone too reassure
her lifelong friend
misery
will die when her eyes close.
It's from immaculate constellations
her sheet music is seen mimicking that of a white flag
imitating her surrender to life.*

Sorrow

*I've written paragraphs about the day
all of them pushed me too far
reflecting back, through the bottle
I never seen happiness only sadness
sensitivity covered in anger and isolation
emotions damaged beyond repair.*

*Crying self to sleep one to many times
in 21 years one consistency has been
private sorrow,
When you find me, you'll feel as bad as I do
my departure will be quiet
for the ultimate achievement of vengeance and victory
in the end depression reign it's supremacy
and I lost.*

Killing Ignorance

Stirring in the laugh of madness

down in the darkness through the hollow sadness, borrow bones of courage and do unto the dire faces for that which they do unto you.

A blood moon rises,

for there has never been an innocent man hung high in the gallows and dragged from the home on the killing rock where we shall take him with open eyes for he will witness the atrocity he has set in motion.

Undergo such an archaic journey until for you find serenity in a thorny ditch,

and who would not change the sad song of the crow for the eternal tune of the raven.

Now flesh spirit burn at the stake for the ignorance thy hath.

Anesthesia

With the ashes now
in liberated garden sleep
flesh spirits hang in town,
closing eyes, consciousness in suspension
deep coma buried at six feet.
Not going to hell, not going to heaven
just going too sleep in shadows
moon lighting way into blackened night
distance never felt so close.
Sacriligious chants resurrect trinity six
quiet rows of outsiders riding rapture
dying in peace in grim's clinch
let the curtain fall
A supreme departure from a stranger life.

Zodiac

Getting lost, astray amongst the grey
bound too unseen central space
passed the apparition gate
dancing too songs of my farewell-
Congregated luminescent constellations
illuminate all that has been abandoned
left comatose on stone,
no question on how one got too be.
Leaving promised fabricated halos
too reign on the throne of preservation,
only demanding unbroken sleep