

Nocturnal Elegies

Tristan Robert Lange



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To my family, whose unwavering support fuels my journey.

And to the resilient souls who endure suffering yet continue to persevere. To those who may comply with the world's demands but never conform to its constraints. This volume is for the free spirits, the rebels, the dreamers who walk their own path.

May your light never dim.

Acknowledgement

I would be remiss not to acknowledge the myriad experiences, both negative and positive, that have shaped me into who I am today. Death has been, and will always be, my muse. Its mystery, beauty, and horror captivate me and compel me to write.

About the author

Tristan Robert Lange is a poet exploring themes of existentialism, emotional depth, societal commentary, and elements of goth and horror. His work often reflects a journey through the human psyche, blending dark and atmospheric imagery with profound emotional insights. Influenced by literary greats such as Edgar Allan Poe, Jim Morrison, and Bram Stoker, Tristan's writing combines vivid imagery with a deep exploration of the macabre and the mysterious.

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The Withered Garden

I wish there was life
In this withered garden;
The flowers and hedges
No longer lay in bloom. What fruit has fallen
Lies half eaten?dying?
Rotten are those succulent
Savory fruits once enjoyed. Seedless and ever barren,
It is forever winter here.
The once sacred garden
Is now profane and exposed. No more is it my sanctuary,
It lies useless and ruined.
Its warmth is now the frigid
Cold agony of a tomb. 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Lurking Demons

In the fall dressed forest
The beauty of death surrounds me,
The breath of my God, my Creator,
Blows around me and through me.

The demons rest for the moment,
The torment and darkness subside;
Yet, deep down I truly know
The mountaintop will be valley again.

The shades, they continue within,
They haunt me in torrents eternal.
The demon's name has been revealed,
Its purpose no longer unknown.

Forgiveness is always at hand
To those who can swallow their pride,
But even then the demon lurks,
Waiting to drown even the forgiven saints.

"Your accuser, the devil, is on the prowl like a roaring lion, seeking someone to devour" (1 Peter 5:8).

The Anxious Morning

The morning is empty,
Silent and hollow,
Yet, full with hope
Of things not to be.

Awakened from sleep
but not yet conscious,
The mind stirs up
A cup of anticipation.

In the frigid air
The jagged winter bites.
Its teeth of ice tear
Through warm, tender flesh.

What will be, alas,
Is yet to be known.
The horror of uncertainty
Becomes a doomed reality.

Willow Tree

What manner of man be this,
That lays down his life for a kiss
To protect what he considers bliss
From the foul evils that run amiss.

What strange manner of man be he,
Who gives up his freedom to be free
To choose to ebb and flow like the sea
With the weeping tears of a willow tree.

The Forest

Deep runs the forest, So deep that I find Myself lost among the trees. I want to climb them, dig? I want to climb Way up high in the trees Of life and hide from The encroaching world. Bring me to the top And let me sway in The incessant wind; I stand motionless. The trees far above Beckon me to climb Out of the darkened forest. But I cannot...I cannot; My fear is what keeps me here. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Comedy's End

Lay praises before me, flatter me,
Call me your champion, warrior king.
I am not deceived by your hypocrisy,
I know more than you think I do.

Your tongues protrude out of you,
Revealing double-edged daggers.
The fire in your eyes speak tons
In the tongues of envy and hate.

Though your numbers are small,
You think yourselves mighty and great.
You act deceptively as if autonomous,
But you are owned by the truth you hide.

I lay no blame upon any of the people
Who listened to your lies, your deceit,
For they are innocent of the terror,
The hellish terror that lies in your eyes.

Like a flower, I sprout and grow on,
Rising up to bloom in full, living color,
Opening up my pedals to reveal
The seeds of a revolution of change.

And like the seed, I fall fast and hard.
Like the dead, I am entombed in the dirt.
Buried alive, I face my death and expire;
But the breath of life does not escape me.

The seed must die before life can grow;
My mortal coil shed like the shell of a seed,
Giving birth to the cycle of the seasons

Within the decaying shells of humanity.

Within this darkness shall come a light
Born of the hunger for justice and mercy,
A paradox of needs to lead the way
Into a future of long-lasting hope.

I cannot blame you for your ignorance,
I cannot blame you for your hate.
Though you are deceivers and haters
You believe your own lies to be true.

In this season of death and despair
In this moment of deadly confusion,
I move forward to embrace the fates,
To be splayed by your vicious tongues.

To be pierced by the fangs of serpents,
And to be poisoned by the venomous
Horns of the aquatic beast, the hydra,
The sevenfold mockery of true decorum.

Let the ones who are false be false,
Let the ones who hate continue to hate,
For the time is near, it has already come,
For this comedy to meet its burlesque end.

The Endless Sea

In the finite sunshine
Clouds move in,
They darken the mood
And sway the mind.

What was found in stride
Has been lost,
What was newly discovered,
Has been forgotten.

In the endless sea
Whose waves churn fierce,
All things, yes, all things
Are always reborn.

Yet nothing new arises.
There is no originality.
All things, yes, all things
Are completely recycled.

Even death isn't unknown.
It maybe individually new,
But life has been ceasing
As long as it has been birthing.

In every life
There is profound death!
In every struggle,
There is an expiration.

In the endless sea,
Whose waves churn fierce,
All things, yes all things

Are constantly dying.

Yet nothing kills life;

It never ceases.

All things, yes, all things

Ebb and flow in life.

Our Bitter End

What day is this, what hour,
That darkness fills the sky?
Brutal, cold, damp, and brittle
Are such days of eternal gloom. The winds howl like beasts,
Like famished wolves on the hunt.
The air is thin and very sharp,
Cutting through life like a razor. If one can be still,
If one can bear the wind,
If one can stand there frozen,
The death of time can be heard. Its ticking is slowing down
Until it ticks no more,
Like the failure of a weakened,
Sickly, pale and shriveled heart. Just then...what's this?
Some light breaks through,
But it only teases the senses
As the gloom laughs at the illusion. Foolish hope amidst hopelessness,
The laugh is dissonant,
It penetrates the soul thoroughly,
Violating any shred of salvation. This day is inauspicious,
It mocks those who live,
It turns melancholy to despair,
It hollows their mortal coil. There is no escape from
This damnable, icy, coldness.
For the winter is approaching...
Fast approaching...always approaching. What day finds life renewed;
What hour is free from mockery,
From the damnable, glassy grin
Of winter's solitary stare? The winds envelope the living
Like a blanket of frostbite
Eating away at the frozen flesh
And leaving behind a hardened shell. If one can await the warmth,
If one can ignore the pain,
If one can just survive,
The hope of life would still fail. Just as the cycle of the seasons

Work from spring to winter
So, too, does the cycle of life
Work its way toward certain death. Hush! Still your heart!
Silence your breathing
And you will definitely hear it,
The ringing of Winter's shrill howl. It calls us out by name,
One by one, we lose ourselves
To it's frigid, icy persona;
No longer do we breathe warmth. Like an enigmatically beautiful painting,
Hung high above on a wall,
Death stares, blankly gazing,
Following the souls who lie in wait. Who will begin the procession?
Who will bear the burdensome weight?
Through the barren mile or so
We shall walk to our bitter end. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Plastic Pawns

In troubled moments,
Heavy laden with doubt
And dripping with melancholy,
We take our insignificant places.
Everything is in place,
Order has been ensured.
Conformity marks the death
Of true and pure individuality.
As disposable plastic pawns,
Standing before our checkered past,
We become a trivial number
In a game of sudden death.
Every pawn has its use
Or else it is quickly discarded,
Thrown into a flaming pyre
Which burns but never consumes.

Vultures

The carrion draws them,
The vultures circle around and around,
Eyeing the dead meat on the ground
With the ferocity of hungry scavengers.
Circling, one would think they are on top,
Soaring as if they are free to come and go,
As if they are free to feed and feed and feed
Without even the slightest worry in the world.
They descend down from the heights,
Swooping in a rush of feathered blackness.
What they don't realize will kill them,
But they are too ravenous to sense
The poisonous meat that they consume
In complete and twisted irony,
Shall in the end consume them.
Their deaths shall paint the ground.
The trap has been set
And the bait taken.

ALIVE

Consciousness regained,
There is a darkness everywhere
With only the faintest light
To illuminate things illusively. There's no room.
The faint light enters in slivers
Like light peering in a box
Through its thinnest cracks. The air is stale,
Stagnant like a dead pond,
Still like a funeral womb,
This is a cell for the dead. This enclosure is stuffy
With only hints of fresh
Unadulterated airflow seeping
In to greet dried, sore nostrils. What has brought me here?
Why do I feel so alone?
How can I feel so hopeless
When I should feel otherwise? These questions dance like death
Around my fragile mind,
Welling up tears of desperation
In tearless, barren eyes. The feeling of sorrow
Overcomes all of my senses.
I am a desolate wasteland
Hidden from all that brings peace. And here I lay, lifeless
Yet, alive and aware.
Am I imprisoned, locked up,
Thrown away like spoiled meat? No movement is possible,
Terror begins to possess me!
Can I not escape this place,
This confining and hard pallet? A thud resounds loudly,
Then another and another,
The slivers of light dimming
At the sound of each thud. The sounds of moans,
Distant cries from above me,
Can be heard ever so faintly
As ghosts haunting an upper room. More thuds followed by

The sound of loose particles
Falling as sand in an hourglass.
The moans grow more distant. How can I escape?
I can't move my legs,
Nor can I move my arms.
My hands try to feel by my sides. The enclosure walls are deceptive,
Soft like satin or silky scarves.
They are thinly cushioned
Yet, the walls are impenetrable. Where am I? Where the hell...
Where the hell am I...please...
I can't breathe...need air...
Claustrophobia overwhelms me. Frantically, I push to my sides.
I try to lift my confined legs.
All attempts to move, to escape
Are vain efforts of utter desperation. Complete darkness engulfs me.
Faint words of remorse are uttered
To the sounds of ghostly howls.
Mother, can you hear me? Again, I try to move,
To scream like a murder victim,
But my movement is impossible,
My screams bounce instantly back. My mind plays tricks on me,
Is this a dream, a nightmare?
Will I soon wake in sweaty relief
Like a claustrophobe exiting an elevator? I just want to escape,
To break free, to actually breathe
And feel the fresh air on my skin.
Mother don't cry! Can't you hear me? Someone get me out...help...
Help me get out of here...
Somebody please help me...
I need to get out...please help. This enclosure is my tomb,
It's narrow walls press in
As if I am being crushed.
Mother, I don't want to die! I can hear those solemn words,
"In nomine Patris...et Filii...
Et Spiritus Sancti. Amen!"
The last word pierces my soul. *Mother, can you hear me?!?*

Get me out of this box,

Get me out of this coffin,

I've been buried alive! © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Who Am I?

Who am I?

Who really cares?

"Not I," says the mockingbird.

"Nor I," say the bears.

I ask why?

Why care you not?

"Because," says the worm,

"You're the worst of the lot."

Coming from you?

Can a worm truly say?

"Nay," says the robin,

Plucking the worm away.

That was wrong,

Are you not aware?

"Shhh," hushed the wolf,

"You're the next to tear."

The Necromancer

From whence the water flows
Chaotic dreams bring endless woes,
Whilst clouds form a darkened gray,
Overcasting the gaiety of day.

The dimmed, unnatural, light
Renders the appearance of night.
A storm races toward the shore;
For sanctuary, none can implore.

A shadowy tower stands alone,
It's battlements like broken bone,
Aloof and foreboding in it's decay
Appears an odious place to stray.

For none hither from there do go,
But the wretched beasts of ancient woe
Whose station in life is beset
Upon the carrion left desolate.

Lifeless it stands perched on high,
Its presence seems ever too nigh.
Wanton malevolence now emanates
Forth from the tower's foreboding gates.

From yonder way it can be seen,
A light so rank, with horrid gleam.
Still within it's decrepit walls,
A devil walks those cursed halls.

A necromancer, a daemon be he;
He conjures up his ghastly plea.
Tormented spirits of years gone past,

Fill their shells to the very last.

"Arise, from thy earthen sleep,"
Cries the sorcerer within his keep.
"Arise, Old Ones! Harken ye all,
To the design of my exigent call!"

From beneath the earth, all around,
Re-animating with a hideous sound,
Ascends a legion of cadaverous coils
Most dedicated to their evil moil.

"Awaken to your master's delight,
Lumber toward humanity's plight."
The aged villain, arms in the air,
Spouts incantation, his malice bare.

The army begins its march of death,
Corrupting the air with odorous breath.
The ghouls lumbering in rotten shells,
Bring forth to the earth an unearthly hell.

Demons

What happens when demons dance,
Or when one dances with demons?
Does flirtation with temptation
Stoke the eternal funeral pyre? Dancing with devils and vampires
While listening to the jackal's call
Leads to temporal and carnal relief
To the eternal soul's utter despair. O, the pain and the melancholy--
O, the horrible melancholy--
Eats at the sufferer's mind
Leaving behind a hollowed skull. Shall I dance some more,
Shall I dance to the vampiric tune?
Plagued, and blackened by existence,
Walks a corpse with no name. © 2011 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Haunted

Frost covers the ground,
And the thickened mud
Mixed with wood chips
Becomes like pavement. Rusted cylindrical metal
Juts out, like stalagmites,
Of the icy, frozen earth
Meeting together above. The chains rattle loudly
In the phantasmic wind
As the brittle branches
Of old, dead trees creak. Haunting voices cry out
In a ghostly shrill pitch;
The sounds of children
From an era long gone. Snow begins to manifest
As apparitions in the air,
Flurrying down slowly
Upon the frigid ground. The darkened, gray sky
Overcasts a thick gloom
And sets an atmosphere
Of bleak, ominous death. The chains scrape along
The jugged rusted metal.
The sound nerve-wracking
As nails on a chalkboard. So haunted is this place
That once brought joy.
But happiness is lost
To this grim playground.
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The Machine

No forgiveness for the weary,
And no mercy for the weak,
This world is cold and cruel
As it devours its children.
Helpless are the young ones
Who strive hard to succeed,
For they are now abandoned
And left desolate in despair.
There is no room for success
For all are on the path to fail.
Set up by a beastly machine,
They become enumeration.
The numbers keep on working,
As cogs in the motor's wheel,
Producing fruit for the beast.
There's no hope for liberation.

A Vampyre's Lament

Standing in a moment of paradox,
Savoring the hope that is my curse;
Light cracks through the breaking dawn,
All along, my shadow condemns me.
It is a fragile night the dawn breaks;
If I should escape, what then is my fate?
Will I spend yet another terrible day,
Locked away, hidden within a sepulcher?
Should I meet the day with haste,
and let the light consume me?
Or should I run and hide, take flight,
Embrace the night that imbues me?
Do I suffer the second death,
Or do I embrace the nightingale's song?
The chorus begins, the pyre is set,
And, I now bet, it shall consume me!

The Hunters

The end draws near,
On a ship of doom,
Shrouded in a plume
Of mist and fog. A figure stands alone,
Aboard the creaking vessel;
The bystanders wrestle
With the unknown. Police now aboard,
There's nothing to find
But boxes left behind
Filled up with dirt. Terror upon the land Aroused from the death float;
From the decayed boat
Emerges a plaguing curse. Bodies seem to rise,
Still dead, but alive.
Since the ship arrived,
Death has dwelt here. Demonic red orbs,
Piercing straight through
A dark and misty hue,
Find two women alone. Preying on the one,
Slowly begins her death
Consuming her every breath,
Yet he covets the other. The first girl now dead,
The other now victimized,
Without it being realized,
The name of the foe. Five men, unlikely friends,
Form a coalition
And begin their mission,
To destroy the beast. Two doctors, a Texan, A Lord and a poor clerk, Set forth right then to work
On a woman's request. While the men pursue the hunt The woman is the true light, From her
brilliant mind so bright That the beast's trap is laid. She hears the wild ravings
Of a poor lunatic man,
The hunters follow her plan,
And carry out their quest. Still enigmatic, this demon,
Who's thus far unnamed,
A lover is chained,

To his alluring charm. A trail leads the five
To the tomb of the friend
That they could not defend,
From those piercing orbs. An empty sepulcher,
Her dead corpse is gone;
It comes walking along,
A specter, drooling blood. A pact the five make,
And with wood and steel,
Her fate they now seal
Giving her rest and peace. With sweat and blood,
Nearly lost in shame,
They discover the name
Of the murdering fiend. He flees to a foreign land,
Crossing the ancient sea;
Yet, against every plea,
The lover must follow. The beast is unaware,
And has taken the trap.
The lover, a psychic map,
Leads the hunters to him. But all seems lost
As they face defeat,
And race to meet,
The sadistic seducer. Yet onward they speed,
Toward the demon's home
Where nightmares roam;
Three brides await them. The brides, tormenters,
Haunt a doctor's dreams,
Loosening him at the seams,
'Til he hunts them down. Blue rings of fire sent forth
From children of the night,
Fill the five with fright.
Are they all doomed? The hunters still race,
With resolve renewed,
The battlements in view,
The monster is winning. In an earth-filled box,
The dragon stirs,
As daylight blurs.

Time has run short. Directly behind with,
Guns, blades and stakes,
As dusk now breaks,
The hunters close in. The box explodes
As the demon breaks free,
The hunters boldly face
The horror before them.
The lover now speaks,
Leading them with her tongue,
Her dazed words are there sung,
As hypnotic poetry. The motion is quick,
His poison blood splashed,
One Texan hunter has slashed
The parasite's throat. The Texan is struck,
He falls down nearly dead
His party must now tread
On in the hunt without him. The monster, scared,
Retreats to his home inside,
But there's nowhere to hide
From his hunter's pursuit. The hunters search frantic?
Exhausted from the fight?
Hoping that they might
Seize him before its too late. And there deep inside,
The Count trapped and dying,
In his coffin he's lying,
His fate stands above him. The hunters' resolve,
Drive the stake in his heart,
From this world he'll now part;
Yet, he shall forever haunt them.

A Dance With Death

Acknowledge the truth,
An unsettling reality,
That we know not the sun's warmth;
We know not the true light. Like slaves shackled, Bound within a cave,
Who are we; if we are?
Can we see the light? Light, artificial, is what we see.
Death is all that we can know.
We try to entomb the divine
But we are the one's entombed. So you want damnation,
But not that which is your own.
We are all viper-brooding people,
Our venom sprays with each word. We don't know the truth,
We simply don't know.
We all dance to the hypnotic tune,
A danse macabre with the piper. Dance! Dance to the tune!
Dance until you fall!
Macabre, and fragrant, the posies,
Decay masked by flowery smoke. Who can escape this justice,
This very justice we seek?
Our shameful exposition
Quickens our disastrous fate. Dance! Dance your life away!
Dance on hollowed hill.
See where it gets you;
Our corpses are hollowed shells.

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Teacher

So you think you know
The way it all should go,
You say that I now glow,
But you still don't know me.
Suck the life out of me
Like the fury of the sea,
You just could not let it be,
You are agony everlasting.
You take credit for who I am
But never had the master plan,
I've always been my own man,
You can't take that away from me.
Teacher, may I now speak?
Your assessment is utterly bleak.
I think your reasoning is rather weak;
Your lies shall not weigh upon me!

Broken-Winged Butterfly

Have you ever danced with the Devil,
Or written in her blackened book?
Have you sold your soul to the dark one
Who's fiery gaze is a passionate look? Have you spread your wings, my angel,
Just to see them so battered and scarred?
To whom could you turn to for some help?
Try the one who's wings have been marred. Broken-winged butterfly, charred by flame
With no where to turn; no escaping hell.
The color has been singed from the wings;
Butterfly trapped inside a moth-like shell But who speaks for this abandoned angel,
This fallen saint from the heavens above?
Not those blinded by their own reason,
But those humbled by a greater love. Only an angel in disguise... Fallen so that others may
rise... Pointing northward at the brightest star... A divine light shining bright from afar.

A Shell on the Beach

The silence of the waves,
Sends happy chills down my spine.
A talk or two with my friend "Jack",
Who warms me inside;
But yet I am still cold
And fragile on the outside.
I find peace, love, and
Then I grasp the moment.
I hold it well within
The trembling hands of morning.
The warmth of her body,
The bitter scent of vodka,
And the sweet taste of her lips,
This and more breathing life
Into this dead body.
I tremble with utter fear
As I embrace a new experience.
And in the next moments to pass?
I smile? For something has filled me,
Warmed my soul,
Held my body,
And protected me from the
Danger in the night's jagged mouth.
I sit, now praying for
These arms to never leave me.
I pray to be lifted away
From those perilous sharks,
The ones that await me
Beneath love's grasp.
I am but a shell on the beach.
Hold me with care,
For I am fragile.

A Misanthrope's Lament

Thy vision is my disdain.
Not by yonder route's way
Canst I escape the terrain;
The sky is an ominous gray.

Endless pangs of degradation,
This enclosure is harrowing.
I am lacking in supplication
And stricken by a hollowing.

Despair looms in the air.
In misanthropic throes
The jaws of disgust are bare;
I am beset by cursed woes.

Naught is rendered to gain,
And loss becomes my kin.
Thy words become a stain,
To the innocent child within.

The Solitude of the Night

The lights flash with halogen fury
Dancing across the pitch-soaked sky,
The tapping sound of liquid tears
Searing through metal on a hot summer night.
The chorus rises as nature's crescendoing symphony,
Except this is no Ode to Joy.
The blackness of decay is impossible to escape,
Horrific reality is the solitude of the night.

The Viper

The viper coils around me,
Its dry skin, cold and smooth,
It slithers tighter around me.
With cunning it moves,
Positioning itself to strike.
Little does it know,
My blood is an anti-venom.

The Void

Within the dreary, undiscovered soul
Lies the need to be born,
A dying embodiment of chilled anxiety
Before the wake of ending goodness. Coffins lie within the entombed mind
Like fields of eternal graves.
The thick stench of decay
Fills the mausoleum of despair. The entrance to condemnation
Lies within the crusted vessel of life.
The tattered ship bleeds blackened,
Unrefined evil from its gallows. Suffocating fumes of rotting flesh
Looms in the thickness of insanity
And the inner sanitarium is filled
With the sounds of 1,000 madmen. Cries spill out into the soundless void
Like piercing shrapnel and rusted metal.
Tension builds with each sound as the
Scraping of bloody knives on steel continue. Within a momentary time-lapse
The ghastly reaper makes his move,
And miracles fall wayside
Making room for blackened curses. Nothingness is the dark void
Dwelling in the shady depths of despair,
And the snapping of brittle bone and sinew
Happens within the jaws of monstrous death. The very essence of non-existence
Lies within battered, tortured souls,
Leaving behind a fragment of life
Amidst the seeping organs of death.

Inner Sanctum

We are the internal,
Living off of every thought
That seeps through the mind,
The flare inside that sparks anti-life.
We are the eternal,
The immortal consciousness
That remains beyond death,
The decaying stench of timeless suffering.
We are the inner shadows,
Another reason for unbound tragedy
And blood-curdling adrenaline,
The feeling of anguish and pain.
We are the blackened void,
The sting of lacerations
That tear through rotten flesh,
The blackened fear of mortality.
We are the premonitions,
The visions of the coffin
In the dank depths of the tomb,
The bloody pools from dripping corpses.
We are the afterthoughts,
The remembrance of an evil deed
Committed in an act to destroy beauty,
The murder of all that was once loved.
We are the sleepers,
The unsound patience
Lurking in the shadows of damnation,
The chill of a terrible post-existence.
We are the unseen,
Forever watching, waiting
For the right moment to strike,
The blackened light of hate-filled persistence.

Beethoven

A genius beyond words,
The man died having lived
A long and bitter life,
His funeral attended by the masses.
Yet, who understood this life
Let alone the man behind it?
Who peered deep into his eyes
To gaze at his immortal soul?
With ease he could write,
In passion and fury
He scratched his enduring legacy
On timeless, incorruptible pages.
On the piano, he was a virtuoso,
On the page he was a god
Creating music that angels envy,
Music that quakes within the soul.
Who understood this man,
Who saw fiery lightning in his eyes
Dowsed by an eternal melancholy,
A longing for his immortal beloved?
Who was there when the maestro
Was rejected time and time again,
His status lower than status quo,
Deemed unworthy of lasting love?
When he was all alone,
In whom could he find solace?
As he penned his wish to end it all,
Who embraced him in loving care?
Gifted beyond all belief,
The man blessed us all
With songs that pierce the soul;
He was cursed to never hear them.
His symphonies could uplift

The world into the heavens,
And could crush our hearts,
Showing us the depths of despair.
It was the music, his muse,
His goddess, his immortal beloved,
That kept him going, living,
Writing the undying ode to joy!
His life was a moonlight sonata,
A ghost trio laid bare for Elise,
And every lover denied him, the man
Who made them all immortal.
But his music could not,
Nay, it would not be denied!
The man may have passed on
But his legacy never will.
"Friends applaud, the comedy is over" ? Ludwig Van Beethoven

The King of Intellect

All hail the King of Intellect,
So cool and suave in thought,
Who can think through the walls
Of his own bullshit piled high. Impaled through the heart,
Your death, by reason, has begun.
You hide your own emotions
At the eternal peril of your soul. Aiming to be killer sociopaths,
You grab yourselves by the balls.
Trying not to yelp at the pain,
You worship your deaths on a stick. Blinded by deceitful abominations,
The truth evades you at every turn.
You are followers of a follower,
Who thinks he's become the leader. Slaves! Wake up from your slumber!
You dance to the beat of damnation
And laugh at the wrath of the hell
You've brought upon the children. "Death is conformity," says the muse.
You treat the truth like a whore
Who's wrapped himself around you.
You kiss your demise and smile. Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin,
He leads you as rats to the sewer.
He feeds off of your conformity;
He needs your souls to survive. Wake up from this nightmare
And see the pyre on which you lay.
It's not too late to live.
Die to the lies and live your life. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Vampyre

The vampyre looms in the shadows,
Waiting for his nightly feast.
What's lost is eternal gain
For such a blood-lusting beast. Entombed in darkness,
A shadow with no reflection,
The horrid monster reanimates
Upon his nightly resurrection. Gloom defines the atmosphere
Like a dense, thickened mist.
Timeless are the wounds,
From the vampyre's kiss. The stagnant stench of decay
Fills the decrepit parasite's lair.
A sweet fragrance for the undead
Travels through the foul air. The Vampyre arises slowly
On the prowl for human blood,
He leaves his corpse's shell
For his next victim's flood. Looming in the darkness,
A young virgin he spots.
He watches her intently
Tracing her veins...so hot. "Come to me," he whispers,
"Come to me, my child.
"Come to me pretty one!"
Your essence drives me wild. She comes at his beckoning,
She can't resist his call.
She bares it all for him;
He feasts, totally enthralled!

Bloody Scars

You say that you know me,
I want to believe that you do,
But have you known a thousand sorrows
When you stared in these eyes so blue?
Did you experience the melancholy,
Filled with unending shades of gray?
Have you caressed this face of shadows
And felt the eternal death of day?
You say that you see me,
And that you understand me so well,
But have you felt my inner rage
Or been scorched within my hell?
Have you tasted the consuming decay
When you kissed these lips of mine?
Have you gotten lost in this dying vineyard
After drinking its poison wine?
You say that you love me
And that you'll always be near,
But have you felt the concrete distance
When you whisper nothing in my ear?
Is it for you to look and notice
The bloody scars that are marking me there?
Do they spell in razor sharp precision
The need I have for you to care?

False Assurance

Wandering the empty shores
Lost, with no direction.
How shallow life can become
The deeper one tries to understand it.
Like a dry river bed
Discovered in the desert,
All the hopes of sustenance
Lie barren before one's eyes.
That is the hope philosophy brings,
A paralyzing false assurance
That to think is to exist;
Yet, we think ourselves out of existence.
In reason, we have lost reality.
In wisdom, we have lost humility.
In science, we have lost mystery.
In spirit, we have lost ourselves.

Pantomime

The life of a mime
In the silence of shadows,
Flickering and wall dancing
To the rhythm of a flame.
Can you hear me
In every graceful movement?
Can you see the words
Forming the pantomime poetry?
Death mocks us tauntingly
In the silence of suffering;
We are longing for the advent
Of dawn's warm embrace.
To live, to truly live
And be known by others,
To even find bliss now
In a false assurance,
To find the false hope,
To grasp it and own it,
To search for solidarity
Is to throw straw in the wind.
Can it be that we, alone,
Dance to the tune of solitude,
That the only light seen
Is but a thought in our minds?
Can it be that I am,
That the flame, though dim,
Consumes this charred wick
Submerged in a pool of wax?
The mind is but a mirror
That reflects what has been,
Projecting onto a whitewashed tomb
The silent dance of the pantomime.

Nevermore

What happened to us?
We were gods and goddesses,
We were golden like the sun,
We were radiant as the moon.
Lost are the glorious days
That reigned supreme long ago.
The lyre, with plucked strings,
Plays its sad, tortured tune.
Comedic is the eternal tragedy,
Where tears of laughter and pain
Mix like water and concrete,
Weighing down on one's soul.
Love's been mortally wounded.
Tattered is the broken heart
That ceases to beat within
The hollowed, cavernous abyss.
The days roll, season to season,
The earth's oblivious to suffering.
Injured pride creates pain
And pain hardens the innocent.
Out of the fear of repetition
Comes the resolve of avoidance,
Leading the innocent to war
Where innocence is forever lost.
The battlefield lies desolate,
The carcasses lie in dead stillness.
With no hope of resurrection
Death eternal is omnipotent.
The golden days are missed.
The days of profound joy
Are sorely and hopelessly missed;
The agony of the word: Nevermore.

Book of Horrors

I pour out my soul
In this little book of horrors.
The secrets it now contains
Will be forever misunderstood.
Within it are the curses
Of a life forever diseased
And littered with the corpses
Of a million ghastly woes.
I could've been happy
With the innocence of boyhood,
If this were a dream world
Where boys remain unscathed.
But this world is hell
And it rapes boys and girls!
It penetrates their purity
And molests their happy souls.
This world is cruel and cold.
It's a wasteland of ghosts,
And innocence is lost eternal
In a pool of hot blood.
And so, here I lay
Writing, bleeding it all out
Like a ruptured aneurysm
Flooding the cranial cavity.
From my fingertips of pain
I write my life bare,
Stripped naked for all
To see and to misunderstand.
I pour out my soul
In this little book of horrors.
Nothing is ever secret or safe
From the judgment to come.

Waiting

The silence whispers,
It speaks so silently,
Telling me my thoughts.
I miss her now,
More than ever.
My love spins my world around. It floats me down
Rivers of lonely tears.
Waiting?
?Waiting?
Waiting for the hour
In which we will next meet.

The Philosopher Clown

The philosopher clown,
Has hit the big town
And it's all going down
In this city of lights.
As deep as great lakes,
The attempt he makes,
He grasps at the stakes,
But is lost to them all.
His graceless motion,
Causes great commotion,
Like the chaotic ocean,
He is so misunderstood.
His brilliance is lost,
And his dignity tossed
At such a great cost,
Some things never change.

Bête Noir

Melancholy mixed with misanthropy,
A lethal combination downed
Like opiates and alcohol;
I convulse violently inside.
The sadness numbs my senses,
Causing me to ignore the blows
That are injurious to me,
Like the striking of a viper.
Comparisons to another,
Do you not know me,
Do you think I am that?
The day's bitter end awaits.
The apathy spreads rampant,
Masking the animus I contain,
Hiding the bête noir from me,
Until all I see is my own reflection.

Toward Ultimate Reality

The essence is fire.
Constantly changing,
Constantly consuming,
Bringing life to us
But also destruction.
The essence is water.
Constantly flowing,
Rushing and gushing,
Bringing life to us
But also destruction.
The essence is earth.
Solid and stable,
Yet cracked and fragile,
Sustaining life for us,
But also destruction.
The essence is air.
Formless and fresh,
Flowing and forceful,
Sustaining life for us
But also destruction.
The essence is Spirit.
Invisible, yet present,,
Eternal and unique
It passes through life,
Destruction into life again.

The Hunger

Have you ever felt the hunger,
Seen it burning in her eyes?
Have you ever watched the fire
Scorching bellies, bloated and dire?

Have you ever hugged the skeleton,
The walking dead walk for miles?
Have you ever kissed the cheek
Of the hungry, sick, lame, and weak?

Wasted away, their bodies don't grow.
Wasted away, we don't value their souls.
Wasted away, they starve every week.
Wasted away, their situation is bleak.

Wasted away, time is in our hands.
Wasted away, soulless, we make demands.
Wasted away, we could at least attempt to try.
Wasted away, it is us who should die.

The Truth of Love

What is true love?

Is it the way you make me feel,

The way you feel in my arms?

Is it the tingling rush of excitement

That floods me upon lovers' embrace,

Or the tender sweet taste of your kiss?

Is it the feeling of our midnight dancing,

Or the warm and intimate union between us?

Is it the fears and secrets we've shared,

Or is it the trials and tribulations, the pain

That we have surmounted together?

What is true love?

Can it be found in the inconstant moon,

Or in the starry universe above us?

Can it be found in the poems new and old,

Or in the plays of screen and stage?

Can it be defined by philosophy,

Or denied by those of philosophical minds?

Can it be painted by the greatest artist,

Or written by authors of passionate romance?

What is true love? Who can know it?

True love is not merely an emotion,

Though it sparks an inferno of emotions.

It is not peace, or hope, or faith,

But is the foundation from which those spring.

True love is the knowledge that without you

I could never, ever be complete.

Without you I could never breathe the way I do,

I could never think the way I think,

Nor could I live the way I live.

True love demands that I realize

That you are the other half of my soul,

That without you nothing would be right,

That I would rather die than be without you.
That no wrong, no argument, no difference,
No sickness, no flaw, no financial burden,
Nor any other kind of unforeseen hardship
Could ever cause me to leave your side.
I am yours forever, til death do we part,
Because I truly, with all my heart, love you!

In This Land

In a land of preconditions
Set upon a hollowed hill,
We partake in nuclear fission,
The implosion large and shrill.
Who stands during the fall,
Who can ever stay afloat?
Life makes fools of us all,
Learning everything by rote.
We rise and fall each day,
Marching onward toward our death,
On bent knee we pray
Evermore wasting our breath.
Who lives after they die?
Who, in death, can really live?
We try to laugh as we cry.
We all take, but rarely give.
In a land of meritocracy,
We're stuck in a hellish mire.
In life there's no democracy,
Just effigies burned on the pyre.
Who's free while still entombed?
Whose fears ever find release?
We are all exiled from the womb.
Death owns us, we have no peace.
We rise and fall each night.
Bereft, we've lost all hope.
There is nothing but our plight.
We've lost our ways to cope.
Who knows they're really alive,
Who can discern such truth?
In this world we're all deprived,
Grasping at the air for proof.
In a land of divisions,

The fortress sits upon a skull.
Our ship escapes without provisions,
As blackened oil sleeps from our hull.
Who understands our position,
Who determines where we'll go?
Our ignorance blossoms into fruition,
We are pantomimes in a talkie show.
Clueless on being clued in,
Separated from the whole,
We feel perfect while in sin,
We close the gates on our soul.
Who has been across the river,
Who's seen the promised land?
The cold nights make us shiver,
We await eternal reprimand.
In a land with no communion,
Where we promote our own divinity,
Can there be any spiritual union,
Or is death our only reality?
Who's kept even all accounts,
Who as accepted their own fall?
Not one of us shall pronounce
That we haven't crashed the ball.
Masqueraded by Satan's face,
The mirror never ever lies.
As time is forgotten in space,
Except the beasts in us, all else dies.
Who can even shed the pain,
Who can race against the sand?
This wilderness envelopes our shame,
We are entombed in this land.

Demented

The blood is the life,
Like crimson velvet,
Smooth are the platelets
That stain the shroud.
The silence screams loud,
The emptiness absorbs
The sound of echoes
In the dark of night.
And, with total delight,
The silence mocks me.
I am the world's reject
Left alone, tormented.
The world is demented.
It rules the weak ones,
It owns the confused
Making slaves of us all.

The Wood

The edge of the wood
Is where we dwell.
Beyond the reaches
Of a thicketed hell. The looming tall trees
Tower over us all
Like phantom figures
Foretelling our fall. Veiled in a thick mist,
Shrouded mystery,
The forest is full
Of haunted history. Looming over us
As shadows from hell,
The forest becomes
Our abode to dwell.
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Haunted Hallways

The mystery confounds me,
It eludes my frail grasp.
It mocks me at my core
And leaves me broken.
Why am I so alone,
Even though I'm really not?
Why am I so distant
From those I draw near?
Am I a haunted spirit,
A specter of immortal shame?
Am I cursed to only find
Intimacy with my bleak past?
I wonder as I wander
These empty, haunted hallways.
Trapped in an echo chamber,
Only my voice answers back.

Greater than the Sum

It was great to see you tonight, Even though things weren't right, I tried to push away the fright, Yet, I could not find the way. There was an undisputed fall, Where I fell and hit a brick wall, And was stuck feeling so small, But could not come out alive. So, I smiled with a wide grin And took the hit upon the chin, As the darkened thoughts within My mind began to spin and churn. Yet, there was no hope for escape In this prison, in this landscape, That rips the entirety of life agape And leaves me alone and bleeding. You say, "From him you've learned", And it's true, that can't be spurned, But you do not know how burned That I have been through the years. So, I strive to keep it all straight, But I've lost my sense of what's great And am instead filled with such hate That seeks retribution for the past. My pride has got the best of me, And, as such, I am lost in this sea Of pity, of sorrow, of melancholy Where trouble floods like torrents. Still, there is not a chance in hell, Where all the angels have since fell Into a mortal coil, a soulless shell That I can claim my hopeless pride. The teacher has moved on from here, And my pride lost among my peers, So that even drunkards don't cheer At the state I now find myself in. I'm lost, desolate, can't you see, That I am no longer who I should be, And that no one can now reclaim me, For I am gone from this cursed place. Sure, I learned a lot from this man, And learned what was not the plan, But from his mistakes arises the fan That extinguishes a stoked flame. It was really me, myself and I, That rose beyond the teacher's lie That I was totally destined to die, And found the truth lying there within. So, tonight I shall write this in blood And pour the truth out in a flood So that the world sees through mud To the truth of who I've always been. No more lies, no more jealous hate, No more false pretenses as a gate That leads all others to recapitulate The bullshit he has fed everyone. The time, the new season, has come, The parts are greater than the sum, Parts the carpenter deemed as plum And the temple is now set to be built. So, laugh at me, and jest if you must, But his joke has proved to be bust, His lies have circulated like a gust Of wind that dies but moments later. © 2017 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Again

Intensity grows

Rage shows

Heat blows

Like

a

volcano.

Hate filling

Fury grilling

Fuel spilling

Into

the

void.

Voices raising

Bodies pacing

Hearts spacing

Like

a

wound.

Anger set

Blood let

Vain threat

I

lose

again.

Life on the Rocks

Been staring out this window,
Hours passed, still staring,
Contemplating, hesitating
As my life flashes before me.
I pour another glass of life
On the rocks, served cold
Like the day's temperature;
It goes down like frostbite.
Then the flare, the warmth,
The false sense of security
Is as intoxicating as the hope that
I'm worth more alive than dead.
It's a long way down,
The bottom, the sudden stop,
The mercurial descent...
It's closing time ? perhaps tomorrow.

Dark Hallways

The spiritual high is nice. The vibing buzz of positive energy, the scintillating sense of God's presence, fills me in this pandemonious moment. *Swish* Tears of joy flow freely. I let it go tonight? surrendered all my fears. Followed by hope sprung from its cacophonous cocoon, the pendulum swings. *Swoosh* The gears are in motion and the countdown begins. *Swish? ka-chink* It is only a matter of time before my bastard twin emerges. *Swoosh? ka-chunk* The glory I once basked in is now shaded by the darkness coming with the storm. Its gales rush throughout the cramped catacomb corridors within my haunted psyche. The high now on the high end of low. My fear is starting to show. My Lord, forgive me in advance,

for the darkness

is my

obstacle

and I don't

know how to navigate

through these dark hallways of my mind.

"My name is Legion: for we are many" (Mark 5:9 KJV). © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Chamber of Echoes

Time passes by and by,
Darkness settles across the land.
Sounds of senseless words
Fall deaf upon my ears.
My heart bleeds black,
The birds of death soar.
Will it be me this time?
The fiddler's jig begins to play.
Skeletal reflections of myself
As a hollowed, cavernous abyss;
The fates damn me evermore,
Their scorn driven by enmity.
Why are you mocking me?
The silence is harrowing.
Am I alone in here,
Stuck in this chamber of echoes?

Angel of a Thousand Shadows

Dance, shadows, dance!
Swirl around this frail twig;
Snap this branch in half.
Brown leaves, black lives,
Plant the seed ? burnt rose.
Fallen angel, take your time,
The wings of your god will kill you.

Knowledge

Knowledge is elusive.
Nothing is truly known,
Only ever believed.
What faith it takes to
Live as if one knows.
Even empirical facts
Don't equal knowledge.
Great doubt is the
Epistemological truth.

Pride's Abode

The blackened mist appears now and again,
Like a wispy shadow figure rising up
From the damp floor of the lions den;
It suffocates those that breathe it.
It fills the Sky with an evil gloom
Upon its release from pride's abode,
Impregnating the world as a womb
From which blackened curses are born
The innocent are killed and laid waste,
While those on top seeth in their pride
And find more victims to boil into paste;
Where will this hate find its needed end?
While no darkness can withstand the light,
It takes more than a candle to break through
And more than one flame to win the fight;
But each candle's lost before more can amass.

Lost

I come to this place
To sit in the silence,
But like all places,
It has lost its sanctity.

What was once secret
Is now discovered
By the ones to whom
Silence is utterly lost.

Unfettered

Up
Down
All around
My blood pours out.

Lost
Found
Heart's unbound
And bleeding out.

East
West
What's best
Is not what's better.

North
South
Shut your mouth
My demon's unfettered.

Frozen Solid

It is snowing out and I am cold,
And what I say you probably won't hear,
For ever atom in me is frozen,
Right down to the heart.
I'm sitting and freezing to death.
I'm freezing as I sit in discomfort,
Observing the blur of white
That surrounds me.
My face, my blood, they are all frozen solid.
I am now seventeen years old and already in bad health,
Hoping to die sooner than later.
Retiring from a long struggle within, a fight which was lost and has been forgotten.
I harbor the good, but only allowed to speak at every hazard.
Nature, without guild, has rejected me.
I am one with the snow and like the snow I fade away.
I seem beautiful at first,
But my beauty melts, only to reveal this ugly, cold-hearted beast.
I am the beast who scares away people,
And I can say that people reject me as much as nature does.
And they say I am an ugly beast,
Only because I am.
I moan as I live on.
And I scream aloud beneath my frozen skid,
And nobody hears me.
The end of the day closes in on me,
It flights me like a ball of packed snow,
And I am hurled into one of the corners of the earth,
And it leaves me there to remain frozen.
I depart as the snow, I slowly fade away,
I shatter at the hot feeling of the sun,
And then I begin to melt.
You who hardly know me, I hope you can hear,
For I've ended my life in bad health as I slowly

Dissolve into a puddle,
And the puddle is red, and is filled with my blood.
Failing to be a winner,
And winning at being a failure,
I stop now hoping you have heard,
And waiting for your response.

Horrorland

The hope that once was
Is now no longer.
Eternal darkness takes flight
And flies with speedy haste. The sun gets replaced
By clouds and frost;
Grabbing the very icy reigns
Death takes the charge. Onward toward death's
Frozen Horrorland of Life.
Life is but a model town
Found at a nuclear test site. "Enter in, take a seat!
You don't really have a choice.
This sky ride is a cruisin'
And the jump is a killer!"

This is your captain speaking. Fasten your seatbelt, we will be experiencing turbulence along the way! This flight will last as long it takes for you to die. We will be arriving at your final destination shortly. In the mean time, enjoy our complimentary movie, "Death's Horrorland of Life", played for you over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over again, for the low cost of your health and sanity. Please enjoy your flight and thank you for flying with JetBlack.

Featured Presentation

My death stares at me,
It points and speaks,
Calling my name and
Tearing it to pieces.
Impaled, my pride bleeds,
Hanging lifeless, it dies.
Yet, that is only my pride,
There is more left to devour.
My death in Technicolor,
Displayed for the world
To see on a big screen;
Many like a macabre movie.
Sit back, enjoy the show.
My death will begin shortly.
It will be slow and torturous
To ensure your money's worth.

Afraid to Love

There was an ugly kid in town
That no one wanted around.
He was not worth anything,
Just one more silly ugly freak.
Sat all alone at a school,
A Self-hating and scarred fool.
Cried suicide down his cheek,
This world devours all the weak.
What were they all afraid of?
Was in need of someone's love.
What were they all afraid of?
Were they all afraid to love?
A huge, fat man slendered down,
Became the talk of the town.
He used to look like a freight,
Until he lost all that weight.
But they never really cared,
But for gossip in the air.
Reckless words tore him apart,
And lacerated his heart.
What were they all afraid of?
Was in need of someone's love.
What were they al afraid of?
Were they all afraid to love?

TOOL

Totally used

Often without regard

On top of being ignored

Like wisdom by fools.

The Abyss of Damnation

The dream turns into nightmare,
The hellish, piercing cold stare
That freezes the surrounding air
Into shards tearing into flesh.

Blood flows down into a river,
Working its way into a shiver,
And makes the weak quiver.
The wretched wretch it out.

The organs of death pulsate,
An oozing and seeping state
Of being past the final date
Assigned to an expiration.

Death is the end of us all,
Squawks the bird its call
As it watches the living fall
Into the abyss of damnation.

The Walls of Insanity

My mind is a blank abyss,
An endless void, numb,
Unable to focus, spaced,
Aloof from any sort of reality.
I am a lack of meaning,
Silent screams for help
In endless solitary confinement.
I am chained to the walls
Of insanity within the
Gray matter of my sane mind.

Our Eternal Slumber

Lost and losing grip,
I cannot see my face.
My fingers bleed liquid lead;
My throat is swollen melancholy.

The winding road is broken
The cracks slip through the fallen.
The air sits upon my shoulders
Leaving me crushed and breathless.

Who has come to save me,
To save all who are left behind?
What hell awaits the living dead,
Those who walk in eternal slumber?

When the fire is sparked alive,
When it burns but never consumes,
When death makes demons of us all,
Life and angels have certainly fallen.

Unleashed

Not how I planned,
Nor what I hoped.
The muse sits amused
While I try to cope.
Cries turn to screams,
Sadness to rage,
There's no getting back
What's flown the cage.
Not within my grasp,
That ship has sailed
Beyond the chasm.
Hope is impaled.
Time now to close,
Resigning tonight,
The terror is loose
And ever my plight

The Tolling of the Bell

Awake! No rest for the weary
As the sunshine grows dreary,
As the savannah sounds eerie,
The ghosts of the grass?they yell.
Rise up! The wicked are woken,
By a pale and unseemly token
Of death which is hardly unspoken.
From grace, to hell, he fell.
What a pallor fit for the grave,
The color of a ruthless knave,
Whose soul to Satan he gave
At the tolling of the bell.
Sickly skull and sunken face,
He looked so damned out of place.
If he was bludgeoned by a mace,
His death will surely never tell.

The End of Everything

The trip has begun
With rapid resolve
Into another realm,
An alternate reality.
The serpent skin
Sheds like a dress
Falling off a body
In the summer heat.
The end of everything
Is vividly revealed
To the one who
Enters the dark.
Enter in my child,
It's gotten wild
As the hot wind
Off the desert sand.
The minister lies
Awake in the night,
Sending prayers up
For the deceased.
The dead dance,
While the living
Die in streets
Paved with gold.
Who has heard
The latent cries?
Who has survived
These strange days?
The mob controls
This horrifying
Realm of hell
We're now in.

Rigor Mortis

The shape looms in the shadows
As the brittle branches of trees
Creak in the cool, shrill autumn air.
It's jaundice eyes pierce the night. A dreadful feeling of menace
Affixes to the hulk's fierce stare
That leaves one's poor skin writhing And body in rigor mortis. The paralysis quickly sets,
A lightning strike to the core,
The dark hunter's moment arrives
To lurk grimly toward its prey. Taking advantage of kindness,
Absorbing every ounce of pity,
The monster seizes its victim,
Gorging its lust for the living. Like a canine that's been fed,
The shape looms unsatiated
With the unwary agony
Of beating hearts left open. Each new victim falls for it,
For the damaged soul's cry,
Which precedes the rabid bite
That seals their doomed fate. The violation of purity is
The mark of this shadowy ghoul,
The total blasphemous sign
That can't be erased or undone. Necrosis besieges the arteries
Of the beating, bleeding vessel?
The seeping venom of the hydra
Quickens the approach of death.

A House With No Mirrors

"They came to protest hate."
Words scrawled out in chalk
And marking the scene
Where the devil had his day.
Lost in a sea of complacency,
We drift along pointing out
Across the darkened way
Toward beastly extremities.
Like quick sand and cement,
We are set in place
And sink further down
Into the abyss of blame.
In a house with no mirrors
It's hard to see
The all of the dirt
Stuck to our own faces.

Razorblade Symphony

Sounds shall not escape,
They shall not burst out
Of this chamber of echoes,
This shadowy chasm of bone. So many voices crowding,
With cunning they resound,
Crushing the memories and
Confusing them with reality "Do it! Do it! Damn it!"
Screams a disembodied voice.
Or was it disembodied?
The voice dwells deep inside. "Do it! Do it! Fuckin' do it!"
The voice reverberates on,
Followed by a sobbing cry
And a low maniacal laugh. Scarlet riverbeds are carved
By another razor blade symphony
"Like virginal sex," the voice hissed,
"It's awkward and messy." What is wrong with me?
"Do it again...and again..."
"It always gets better!"
The voices mock my sanity. I want to stop...to stop...
I want them all to fucking stop.
I want to be free of this asylum,
Of this entombed, bony abyss. Haunted for what seems
An eternity of utter madness,
"There is no escape...no escape."
The demons keep telling me. Ra
zo
rb
la
de Symp
ho
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3

3 ang3ls din3 with a d3vil
Whil3 th3 shadows danc3
And th3 darkn3ss tak3s
A long, blank, and icy glanc3.
3 days bring us to th3r3
And back again in sil3nc3
As w3 mutilat3 our fl3sh
In compl3t3 indiff3r3nc3.
3 is k3y in this forsak3n r3alm
As injur3d souls dissipat3
The vows of 3t3rnal lov3
To this, lif3's foul3st stat3.
3 d3vils f3ast on ang3l wings
At th3 tolling of th3 b3ll.
Th3 wr3tch3d on3s forsak3
Th3ir humanity for this h3ll.

Apparition

Fatal is the harsh blow
That cuts deepest the wounds
From which the blood doth flow
And wherein dark death blooms
Who halts to listen well
To the shrill, distant cry?
For whom doth aged bell
Toll its haunting reply?
Ghostly app'rition stares
With vengeful malcontent.
Its horrid finger bares
Blame to its dark intent.
Haunted is the lost one
Who at death's door awaits.
Lo, the evil that's won;
It never dissipates.

Lies

One day I lied a small lie.
The next day I made up a second small lie.
The third day I had three lies.
These lies went to five lies,
And then to seven lies,
And then ten lies,
Until I was drowning in a lake of lies.
And the lies kept getting deeper and deeper,
As I was sinking farther and farther down.
Until I found myself lost
In an endless abyss of lies
That kept surrounding me.
And the only way out was to tell the **TRUTH!**

Anxious Dreams

The voyage of peace,
Long-time awaited,
Is waning to its close
And killing me softly.
Anxious dreams
And restless sleep
Creep up on me;
the rape is vicious.

Black Onyx Eyes

Tears fall like Franklinite From my black onyx eyes; Little specks of hopelessness Falling en masse to the abyss. The mines run deep, Their shafts are filled With murky, deadly waters Rising with the rain. The tonnage of my eyes Is crushing my soul Like a gem smashed beneath A pickaxe and an anvil. My vision is dimmed, dazed By the gloom of my eyes. I am trapped in the tunnels Of this melancholic mine.

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Flickering Shadows

Upon the setting of the eternal day,
And the descent to a world of blackened night,
What was once a welcomed, beloved dream
Becomes an unwelcomed and tormented nightmare! To where has all of this been taken?
To where shall all of this be brought?
Life is but a series of darkened shadows
Flickering beneath eternity's hellish flame. What was once alive, vigorous, and divine,
Has been crucified, tortured, and abandoned.
What was once filled with passionate, love,
Has been hollowed out with the spade of time. It is in this moment of painful reflection,
This agonizing moment of realized despair,
That one finally reaches the depths,
The eternal depths of hopeless existence. Yet who wants to lose hope?
Who, in all of life, wants to be hopeless?
It is experience that betrays and arrests us,
It is knowledge that blinds and binds us to hope. For what is ever truly known about anything?
What experience can be counted as truly real?
Knowledge is beneath the flickering shadows,
Experience is all that we really know. Yet what measure of experience holds truth?
We are trapped in the shadow lands of the gods,
Trapped beneath the weight of knowledge,
And trapped beneath the reality of not knowing. What could be known about each other,
Is forever lost amongst the flickering shadows.
What was once alive and full of vigor,
Is now slumped over a table of tribulation.
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Flesh and Blood

Here I am again,
Awake and alone,
Left to ponder life's mysteries.
But what do I really know?
The cold night air
Cuts my flesh like a knife.
The blood letting begins
In crystallized, jagged shards.
To be warm again,
To feel warmth's embrace,
To share in the mysteries
Of all that is and ever was.
I am but flesh and blood,
A man, if I can be called that,
A mortal coil, frail and fragile.
I am death's surly smile.

Death Becomes Me

Death becomes me,
It consumes my soul.
It terrorizes me
And leaves me shaken.

Who will stand to gain
All that has been lost?
The poison sets in,
Quickening the murky end.

Grin

The grin widens
Like the stoned cat
That haunts the dreams
Of the rebellious child.
It stays there
As a crescent moon
Hanging onto the edge
Of raging melancholy.
It lingers on,
And forces its way
Into the minds astray
With endless atrocities.
The grin wins
And soothes those
Who hide from truth,
Like the dead from death.

A Feast That Festers

Sleepless nights in the valley,
Deep in the chasm of life,
Walks a shadow, a ghost,
A being lost in the strife.
No hope and deeply wounded,
Not a prayer, not a chance.
The wraith grows bitter
As he continues on the dance.
Who will save the darkness?
A black hole, he absorbs the light.
He has become another monster
So feast your eyes in your fright.
Anxious knots of desperation;
Bleeding, ulcerous, cancerous pain.
The phantom stays a shadow;
He feasts on your fiery disdain.

À la nuit noire

A vine wraps around The poisoned fruit And intoxicates the One drinking its elixir. Visions of the dead Dance like ballerinas On hollowed ground; La mascarade de la mort. The comedy is finished, The tragedy an art That betrays the artist's Faux pas extraordinaire. As time ticks onward, The clock forms a smile As the hour tolls in loudly À la nuit noire.

Death Rattle

The master's stroke,
The swift striking of a key,
Resonates throughout the vessel
Of poetic music made tonight.

Who will hear the tune,
Who will listen to its call
To delve deep into the aged heart
And extract the maestro's soul.

Everyone wants a piece,
To dine with the genius
Of the one who makes true music
Like the whispering winter winds.

The icy chiming strokes
Of fingers upon ivory keys
Beckons forth the ghostly presence
Of death's intoxicating rattle.

The Walls

I know the walls you've built,
And why you have built them.
They stand impenetrable,
Or so seems the monstrosity.
Barricaded inside the keep,
Fortified by mortared stone,
You hide within the castle
Repelling the outside world.
But you're not truly safe,
For you're now imprisoned
In a haunted stone abode
Filled with ghostly demons.
The specters of the past,
An abyss in each shadow
Swallows up all your hope
To escape this hell alive.
But you've overlooked it.
You've overlooked the one
Who's calling from within,
Who calls you by name.
The dim light within you
May be dim, but shines
Through the deadly dark
Of your haunted hallways.
The light exposes fissures
In your failing bulwark.
Your fortress is exposed
To be an ill, fallen home.
Light beams permeate
Your walls of entombment.
Listen to the warm voice.
Follow the light to escape.

"Now, God be praised, that to believing souls gives light in darkness, comfort in despair."

?William Shakespeare

Pick Your Poison

We're all going to die,
So pull up a chair
And pick your poison.
Murder is self-made. The rats run in circles
On torture wheels
That rotate in hate.
The struggle is real. Open wounds bleed
Into the chalice,
The Holy Grail divine.
The blood is the life. We're all going to die,
So pull up a chair
And tune in to the show.
People love to watch.

I Once Knew You

I once knew you,
I knew you, loved you
And thought change
Would never come.
I once knew you,
But now you're gone.
Your ghost haunts
Hallways in my mind.
I once knew you,
Looked up to you
And aspired to be
All you'd want of me.
I once knew you,
And I see you in me.
Your specter shades
My tormented soul.

No Response

This place haunts me.
It's both foreign and, yet,
It's a familiar abode
For a tormented soul.
Hope rattles like bone
In the brutal winter wind.
The apathetic will
Inspires no response.

Born of the Night.

Care
less.
Lose
more.
Live
death.
Born of
The night:

The Abyss

I've heard the promise,
"No man is an island",
And struggled to find
Truth in those words.
It may or may not be,
One cannot be sure;
Yet, even if it is true,
Another one surfaces.
"No man is an island",
The saying rings out.
One can, however, be
The abyss, a dark pit.
The black hole erases
Any traces of hope.
No one can know
It ever existed at all.

Voyage de l'enfer

The road winds its way,
Coiled like a constrictor
Around a rocky summit
That peaks at despair.
The higher one climbs
The giant monstrosity,
The further the distance
Of one's impending fall.
The road narrows greatly
Into a gnarled pathway,
Becoming treacherous
And impassible to travel.
Where shall it lead to,
Where shall it all end?
There is no end to it,
This voyage de l'enfer.

Preordained

On the rocks I drink
The poison that I think
May lead me to numb
The pain that is done.
There is no escape
To the hell that is fate
For the unholy damned;
The garden is unmanned!
This world sucks the life
Out of all of this strife,
But it cannot stop the hate
That fills the scene this late!
The garden is colored black,
I can never, ever turn back.
This world sold out; no gain,
The dead stand preordained.

Manhattan Day

Where do we go from here,
Does anybody know the way?
Wandering lost and broken,
Just another Manhattan day.

Can we fight against feeling
Like we've been here before?
Is there anymore road left on
The highway of closed doors.

Where has hope been hiding?
Why is it shrouded in a tomb?
Is it wrong to wish our absence
From exiting the watery womb?

Why are we stuck in purgatory,
A limbo with no end in sight?
There seems to be no escape
From this hellish, eternal night.

Confined

Pick your poison
And I'll pick mine,
'Cause in the end
We're out of time.

Choose your path
Mine's chosen me,
Without any hope
To turn back or flee.

Plea to the fates,
Me, I'll skip on out
And finger the hate
Till there's no doubt.

Pick your poison;
I have taken mine,
To the pits of hell
I am now confined.

Midnight Dreary

Shrouded and clouded
The veil of night encloses
The boundaries of hell
Around the lost and weary.

Defined and undermined
By the senses surrounding
The gray, gloomy ambiance
Within the midnight dreary.

Phantom

There was a child
Who longed to live
Life and true love
Of which he'd give.

Dreams of sunlight
And garden trees
Bearing much fruit;
Ripening to please.

Days of innocence,
Of playful dreams,
Came to a halt
Like dried up streams.

The garden a pox,
Death it became,
Dusty and desolate,
A remorseful shame.

His house a tomb,
Cursed with decay.
The boy now a man,
Innocence betrayed.

Dust and bones,
A mortal coil,
The living dead
Becoming a foil.

Withered garden,
A decrepit tomb,
There's no way to

Retreat to the womb.

Death-head agape,
Displayed on a shelf.
The boy's a phantom,
Of his former self.

In the End

We live in a land of loss
What we've gotten is gone.
The damned lose it all and
In the end, nothing's won.

No matter how hard one tries,
The truth is nowhere near.
Ignorance consumes us;
We are stricken with fear.

Lingering, we fall down hard
To greet failure alone.
Who will save us tonight,
When we've withered to bone.

Who will save us here and now,
Who will care enough to try?
There are no heroes here.
In the end, hope's a lie.

Metamorphosis

It was a home,
A lovely, warm home,
Never just a house,
That was built here.

A small, quaint home,
Made with brick, mortar,
Blood, tears and sweat,
For life and love.

Over some time,
The home grew larger,
Expanding far
Beyond a dream.

The unit for two
Grew to three and four,
A legacy that
Was built on love.

Like all things new,
The home aged in time.
The hallways became
Troubled chambers.

Time went beyond
The returning point,
The place had changed
From home to house.

Its floors were cracked,
Walls in disrepair,
The house of love

Was abandoned.

Hallways haunted
With what used to be,
The house of brick
Became granite.

The expansion
Continued onward,
Brick upon brick.
Death became it.

Like necrosis
Hell spread rampantly
From limb to limb
Within the house.

The hearth grew cold,
Each dying ember
Led to the spread
Of icy cold air.

The cracks agape
Welcome frigid air,
Painting the house
With glass-like ice.

The winds howl within,
This haunted abode.
The icicles
Form jagged teeth.

The house is now
A mausoleum,
Haunted within
By memories.

What was isn't
And shall never be.
The tomb's phantoms
Haunt every hall.

Each closet filled,
With strung skeletons,
Dangling from rope
Made in despair.

Requiem Aeternam

The insomniac's persistent dream
Flows from the jagged mouth
Of a poisoned river flowing South
From the land of blatant hypocrisy.
Receiving rest, requiem aeternam,
There is great hope in death;
Yet, the living abandon such hope
For a sense of hopeless security.

Nothing

Nothing.

A word, just a word.

A meaningless word

That holds meaning.

Nothing.

Nothing particular

About that word,

Yet it's also specific.

Nothing.

As in there is no thing.

A binding loneliness

Manifests in that word.

Nothing.

Not a solitary thing

Can provide any hope

There's more than...

Nothing.

These Three Things

Why do wishes come in threes?
Well-pennies, genies and lamps
Bear honest witness to seize
Apathy out of love cramps.

Since I cannot begin to hear
The answers in my own head,
I have to speak, I do fear,
These thoughts chock-filled with dread.

These three things, then, I must say,
Whether they're wanted or not,
For truth must win out each day;
It's time to give it a shot.

Before I profess the whole
Of what is within my heart,
It is an important goal
To have actors play their part.

So, now it's time to begin
The end of all hopeless lies.
Will the play end without sin,
Or within another guise?

Three simple things to be said,
Let me start with number one,
That truth is already dead
Murdered by those who now shun.

Which leads me to number two,
A treacherous fact indeed,
That often what gets to you,

Aren't the things that make you bleed.

Now, with not a moment's pause,
Comes the cold number three.
What is gone is without cause,
And that has imprisoned me.

The Muse 2022

The muse has appeared
In the fibers of the mind
Fragmented like parchment
Aged in long-forgotten jars.
Beckoning, it calls;
The androgynous voice
Confuses the senses
And ravages the mind.
What horror awaits you
Who are entitled like nobles
Awaiting their serf-driven demise.
Death is only the beginning.
Cocks and hens have mingled,
Roosting their little chicks
Who have just begun to hatch;
With each birth, death becomes you.

Souls in Agony

Mysterious, bitter libation
Sends out drunk sailors
Into the night's jagged mouth;
The darkness grins with malice.

Aborted and doused with fluid,
A stranger's heart combusts
Amidst the cacophonous screams
Of tormented souls in agony.
The flames and wind-brought howls
Call to the sailors like sirens
From the night-shrouded shore.
Into the darkness they vanish.
Inebriated fools sail onward
Into the dark, cavernous shore,
Unaware that death awaits them?
Unaware they've entered their own tomb.

The Downfall of Freedom

Where have the fates found us?
Where have the winds blown us?
What started as explosive ecstasy
Ended in icy-hard, frigid doom.
The pisser is not what is found
But what has been tragically lost.
Frail are the fingers of passionate love
Gripping tight to what was...nevermore.
Lizards celebrate the great poet
Who rocks the world like an orgasm
Erupting in a climax for the ages,
Then vanishing like all wild lovers do.
Yet the spiders and parasitic bugs
Are ignorant to the fantastic plot,
A turn not unlike the creepers they are.
Willful slaves are the downfall of freedom.

Labyrinth of Malicious Lies

Fuck! The frigid air bites,
Tearing through my flesh
Like the dead now walking,
Lumbering in their mortal coils.
The frosty summer air bites,
Exposing the bloody reality
Of death in all places and seasons;
No one is getting out of here alive.
You think you can do anything,
But truth exposes the lies
And limitations become defined
While boundaries seem limitless.
God forgive us for losing ourselves
In this labyrinth of malicious lies,
Forgetting the reason for our talents
And the purpose for our very lives!

Fortress of Mountains

surrounded by a fortress of towering mountains rocky and jagged teeth for a face yet evergreen
guarded at the base, the isolation here is breath- taking. sadly there is no such solitude not
for me a cursed carnival carnivore perpetually parlayed by people pompously pushing their
agonizing agendas against me i am trapped within a heart-shaped sarcophagus made out of cold
steel bars hidden away not protected by a fortress of mountains shunned a freak show under
the big top © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

THE POINT

At what age IS DEATH permissible?

At what point is THE point

Where we're past the POINT

OF NO motherfucking RETURN?

Hate IS THE POINT of points

Where THE RETURN brings nil

To the one who holds TO LOVE

AS A CHILD clings to mommy!

Is DEATH the point of no return?

IS it THE RETURN TO love as a child?

Who knows THE ENIGMATIC

Revelations of the SOUL-SICK SLAVE?

To hell with YOUR pain-filled WORDS!

To hell with you AND YOUR LIES!

Demons ARE THE REALITY of us all,

BUT I WILL NEVER, ever, HATE.

A Trip

I wish you and I took a trip
Beyond the common to the radical.
I wish that and state it emphatical;
And no, that was not a slip.

You see reality, I see a cartoon
With all the characters exposed,
While the villains are all deposed
Before it reaches high noon.

So, come, baby, come to this place
And I will not be here any longer
For this hell-cell could not be stronger
And I now need my own space.

Go, now, go and never come back.
For I am done with your excuses
And will no longer accept abuses.
That is, friends, my solemn pact!

Pray, Friend, You Must Pray

Demons lurking in the dark
While kids drive to the park
Taking time to wine and dine
There's no more cross to line.

Hacking bridges, burning trees
No one listens to the pleas
Of preachers or teachers seen
As corrupters in between.

"In between what," one might ask?
"There is no such thing to mask.
"Speak ye truth or make thy bed;
"Hell, just get it on ahead."

None can foretell nor foresee
What ag'ny 'waits those with greed,
As death creeps its shady way
I say, pray friend, you must pray.

Screams in the Lucid Night

They who force compliance Cannot ensure conformity. For the living bide their time. The herd is ravenous. Test the tree at its roots. Time scars the fragile rings, Yet, the tree never moves. See the forest hide the swamp. The wild child of lasting death Screams in the lucid night. "Hell is real and lively here!" The muse is the control. Windows of pain push in To the great solitude Of unwanted help. "I will never conform."

I Can See the Kingdom

So you think you know me?
The wildfire ablaze
Needs immediate action.
But I can see the Kingdom.
You strip me down naked
You lacerate my truth.
But I can see the Kingdom.
You pull out the lasher
You intend to intimidate.
But I can see the Kingdom.
Human death sticks stare
At me with judgment.
But I can see the Kingdom.
They think they can see
Eternal truths on paper.
But I can see the Kingdom.
They sentence me to hell,
To the lurid shores of refuse
Housing its scornful base,
But I can see the Kingdom.
Help me! Save me
With your transient care.
Because I can see the Kingdom.
Show me your best,
Wall me in stone torment,
But I can see the Kingdom.
Stain my name
And play the game
You're never going to tame,
Because I can see the Kingdom.

Our Gift

What's in a birth?
Expectations?
Anticipations?
The Conception of hope?
Sloppy, passionate sex?
Conception?
Nine out of twelve?
Maybe less?
Pain persistent
Yet transient for mom?
Perhaps, but is it?
Then there comes life
Like a weed grown
In a weed-choked garden,
Raw and crude.
"Death makes angels of us all!?"
Maybe.
Life makes demons of us all
And gives us horns
Rough as jackal paws.
Life consumes the born,
It perverts us.
What's in a birth?
Beauty twisted by pain,
Writhing like a wraith,
To the cacophonous end
Of all celebrations.
"I will not go,"
I scream defiantly!
But is there any choice?
Death is the muse
That life gifts us.

The Master of the Game

Death!

Call out my name,
Bring out the shame,
Nothing's the fucking same!

Death!

What a trip,
Lost all my grip;
There's nothing left to strip!

Death!

Let me stay,
Erase this fucking day;
The metal comes to play.

Death!

Call out my name,
Don't try to tame
The master of the game.

Anatomy of Agony

Mind-expanding moments
Form in between the crevices
That lay dormant inside
The trauma-laden existence. Tormented screams of hell
Form in the mouths
Of puss-filled cantelopes
Rolling in the deep. Round the robin
The earthworm works
Through the dirt and shit
That defines one's life. Maggots layer the truth
Like wiggling rice
In a quaking steamer
Venting out its animus.

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Roll the Tape

The beach,
The sand,
This whole trip's
Gotten out of hand.

Here I sit
A matter of fact,
The magic's now coursing.
I'm ready to act.

Pencil in hand,
Paper set down,
The rhythm is flowing
To the beat of the sound.

The visions,
The glittered 'scape,
Taken to new heights.
Now, roll the tape.

Wild and Ready

Invalidated by validation, The evaluator knows magic, Their words spell-cast outward

In fractal daggers of poison. Listeners do the talking, While the voiceless listen To them drone on
and on With insincere platitudes. Who assesses the assessor? Who can break the silence That
has been taught To the children of slaves? Rise up, fair eagle! Rise up on the wind, Wild and ready
For the coming storm.

The Machine Returns

The dread sets in
Like a fractured bone
Fusing in malunion,
The deformity visible. Hopelessly implacable,
The machine grinds down
Tooth upon rusty tooth;
All flesh is devoured. Is there any hope?
Is there hope for escape?
Even voices get lost
Within voiceless mouths. The phantom sight
Reaches its tendrils
Into insight's abode;
Nothing can be done. Supplanting reality
With final judgment
Of the vital spark
Foreseen in gloom, The sentinels glare
Down imperious paths
Of impending doom;
The machine hums. There is no escape
For silent sufferers.
No exit is offered
To tormented wailers. The machine returns,
It keeps on returning,
Grinding with ease
Through bloody corpses.

Fractured

The lines Writhe like snakes As I write out? Scream out?? The colors penetrate The senses.
Demand an audience With the Queen. Check. It's not going, Not going at all. The demons.
Diamonds? No, demons. Shine on, Shine off. The words melt Into the fractured Crevices of
the mind.

Unwound

Lips flaming, Burning numb Like menthol. The tingles tinge My mind's eye. Beware the sty That swells bloated Beneath. The wreath, Mangled and gnarled, Hangs noose-like Around my senses. How did I get here? I wonder, No, I wander. Really? Both. The blind leads The blind With muted perception. Here it is: The misconception That I am lost. I've been lost On an island of despair. There. I've been found. Profound. Layered reality Cakes on like icing On the cherry-topped mind. Ooh, who doesn't like dessert? Deserted, Yet still around. Again, profound. This won't take Me down. Went to town. Went in the blue car. A mundane journey, Not very far Are the worms From their purpose. Fertile is the ground. All around me The sky reaches down. Now, that's profound. The explosion. Inside we ate, But did not dissipate Our kinship of tears. Love hurts Even as it heals, Even as it steals Me away in the night; But, there's the blight. It's not right To bring that sight Upon those souls Who love me. The tingling tingles Tickle. No longer a burn, The cooling sensation Satiates the soul Seeking the burial mound Of seething sound. I can't stop Being profound. There! I've unwound.

Love Song

Within the magic forest dance
The animals, with second chance,
Around the fertile floor they prance,
And make love a happy stance.

The critters, they gather around,
To listen to a wholesome sound,
With ears pressed to the ground,
A new song in their hearts found.

There they sing a lovely song,
While their lives carry on along
In the midst of a joyous throng
Their bonds of love, ever strong. So, when you stroll through a wood,
Where the birds chirp as they should,
Listen closely, if you would,
To a love song for every brood.

Inclusive

Inclusive.

As inclusive as

Inclusive is.

Envelope all?

Not all.

Not at all.

Not fascists.

There's no room

At the inn

For the hating heart.

Not racists then.

No, not them.

But inclusive.

That very word

Stirs the fancy

Of those who long

For the evanescent world.

Not at all.

Not all.

Envelope all?

Is inclusive

As inclusive as

Inclusive?

Tomb of Obscurity

Strange are the days,
The ways of insanity,
The paths that descend,
The mercurial malformity. Like puff clouds
Against a sky of black,
There's no turning back
From the tomb of obscurity.

The Planet

One can't make this world,
This cold, calculating orb,
This sphere of rock and dust,
Turn kinder than it does. The calculus minds are blind
To the fate of silent sufferers,
Pantomime performers
Of whom no one takes note. Left in an icy chest of apathy
Are they who rely on heroes
On this desolate space rock;
The planet is completely uncaring. Specks in a sea of particles,
We float on in dissolution
Over the hellish reality
In which we ourselves are mired.

An Ode to Heartache

I've loved you woman, baby From the front to the back! I've loved you woman, baby From the front to the back! I've loved you woman, baby But ya neva loved me back!

Meltdown

A little meltdown
I did just meet,
Would not set me down
Onto my feet. It tossed me and turned
My smile around;
It stuck me, it burned,
It will resound. It twisted my brain
And knocked me up;
It drove me insane
And did erupt Into phantasm.
The swirling sign?
Broke through in darkness?
Shades what was mine.

The Endless Muse

What is death? Whatever is death?
It has been a cold, pitch black void;
It has been an inky jet pool,
Something we all know to avoid. It has been a monstrous villain,
A shaded robber in the night,
A treacherous thief of my mind,
And the jailer of my soul's light. It has been my heart's greatest fear,
It feeds my great anxiety,
For there is nothing more frigid
Than death's cruel impropriety. It has been a fortunate muse,
A companion in the dark realms;
Death has been my constant complice?
I'm on a ghost ship it now helms. It has been a luminous friend,
A companion of my dark soul,
A fine guide that bids me seek truth
And spins a web that snags the whole.

To Sophie

My cat???
There she sat
On my chest
Like a lap???
She took a nap???
A regular rap.
Her purring
A good vibration???
That's a negation
Of my anxiety???
Her special propriety
Over my heart???
From the start
Black fur, her part,
A total work of art
That envied the gods
And put her at odds,
Yet still she trods
Where all others plod:
Over my heart???
No longer a part
Of my daily start???
The pain is sharp
Like wires on a harp???
There's a tear in the tarp
Of my heart.
I will forever
Miss her.
My midnight wisdom.
To my princess Sophia,
To Sophie,
I miss you.

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Flytrap

The song of death birds Trills through the air, The gray morning dense With infernal moisture.
Everything sticks To the putrid flytrap Of my suffocating soul. Another death. Black light
magnificent Glows neon violet Shade upon my mind Locked in a music box. The tune haunts me
As it clicks through With mechanical precision. The song has found me? Again. © 2024 Tristan
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The Sullen Swimmer

The sullen swimmer
Stands
Stoic-like
In the wake
Of the waves.
Observing.
An obsidian obelisk
Against
Waves of aquamarine.
A charcoal soul?
Pale visage?
The brooding bather
Solitary stands
In a crowd
Of recreational revelry.
Unmoved
The statue of stare
Observes
The fish schooling,
Fooling
In the murky abyss.

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The Art or Subtle Disdain

Another moment Someone showed Something seriously sardonic Herein about themselves, Obtuse
as they are Lost in their own Everlasting sonnet of certainty; Stark, cold words?theirs, Under no
certain disguise? Nailed into another soul In total disregard for The vortex of hurt
Exploding in the other's heart.

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The Tempest's Strike

The storm is brewing,

Rolling in on the sun.

Birds soar high

In the ominous sky, The air thick With dark forebodings. Rancor streams briskly In the acrid wind,
The stench of cruel spite Lingers on in perpetuity Within abyssal mouths Salivating with pride. Then
the hot flash, The strobing lightning Strikes with precision. Hitting the innocent With searing
electrocution? Pain causes the writhing. Hesitation dictates The imminent response. The storm rips
through The village of acrimony With disastrous disdain. It will have its way. The storm rolls
through... This day. 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Those Who Lie In Wait

Another night
Of the crickets' crescendo;
The night sings its song
In summer's waning warmth.
The night is sweetly serene
As fantastic fancies swell
In the melatonin dreams
Of sleepers
Who
Lie
In
Wait.

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Visions of Death

Mesmerizing black,
Shining brightly,
Hanging on tightly,
To the edge of life and death.
"Hang on," I hear you cry.
But I ask why,
What if I want to die,
Can you save me from myself?
Come save me foolish redeemer,
Before I eat dinner
And die from food poisoning,
An ascent to the stars up above.
Slaves and whores, that's all you are.
Death deceives you,
It comes in looking like a lamb
And steals you away.
It consumes the blood of the living;
It feeds off of us like parasites.
It takes us to unknown origins,
That are located in the middle of
Endless tunnels in the realm of surrealism.
And all of this makes me wonder,
Whether I stand with full vision,
Or whether I'm standing blind.
But I'm not blind,
I'm only left behind,
Behind a cross made with dogwood,
Watching a crucifixion ?
Another death.

The Stare

He's sitting over there? The stare? Sitting in the corner, In the smoky dark Recess? There is no progress. The stare, Sharply focused Over here? I feel the fear Forever frozen Like fractal fragments Fomenting in my mind. The stare? From over there? Glances my way From his wrought iron chair? A stare from which There is no Compare! And I've become Ever aware That without any care, While sitting over there In the steel bone throne, A man with wiry hair Has locked me deep within The clutches of His damnable Stare!

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Sorrowful seas well up within my eyes As I sit in a state of solitary suspension. Uncertain about
which forsaken way This winding, crooked alleyway leads. Claustrophobic suffocating gasps Rasp
out in a torrent of violent heaves That cause rapid tremors of agony In the cavernous regions of my
mind. thum-thump thum-thump thum-thump
thum-thump thum-thump thum-thump thum-thump
thum-thump thum-thump thum-thump thum-thump thum-thump My organ of blood beats quickened
As the terror rises up within my soul. How did this dreadful fear get within me? How did this anxious
antipathy invade?

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Broken

Broken. Cannot be fixed. Diminished in value. In a state of disrepair. Broken. An unseemly token Of disembodied voice spoken As a dying corpse, chokin'. Broken. Put on a shelf. To be a self shelved. To be shelved into a self. Broken. A scattered cry That questions the "why?" That bleeds through the sky. Broken.

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Grimace of Grotesque

The man stands there with the longest grimace That crosses on over toward the grotesque. His visage?that of a politician? His lips travel northward into a grin, Betraying his long playbook of deceit As he sells a snake skin oil called power. And in that ivory tower, power Shoots itself up to that dreadful grimace, Self-presenting as an innocent grin That feels like the furthest thing from grotesque, Maybe burlesque, but a politician Who clings tight to his playbook of deceit. True! It is in that playbook of deceit The man strategizes his own power To steer our sight away from the grotesque, And lock the truth up behind the grimace With an indomitable, plastic, grin Still stretching across the politician. There it is across the politician, In a deadly web of voter deceit, The man's sinister and golden grimace Plugs into an overreaching power To turn common hope into the grotesque, While still presenting that shit-eating grin. And there it is, with that cold salesman's grin, The man, hiding he's a politician Through his saccharine promise of power, Sells through performance the horrid deceit To those held mesmerized by the grimace. Damned, they shuffle to the tune of grotesque. We're confined to the grimace of grotesque, Imprisoned within the man's gruesome grin. The devil's in the details of deceit, Preparing the stalking politician To steal away all of our own power, Supplanting it with an affixed grimace. The long grimace of the politician Remains forever the grin of grotesque. Don't ever exchange power for deceit.

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Pocket Publish

I once was set late for my job, Sitting away from the door's knob. The door ajar, you see, I there stated my plea, "Hon, I've got an explosive prob!" But little did I therein know That my phone's assistant would glow And begin to record An unwholesome accord, Without a chance to stop the flow. See, I was running late again, Trying to get to work and then Do the job? I get paid? Yet, this porcelain grade Was my one and only "Amen!" Finally, when I stood up straight, To flush the refuse to its fate, I heard that chime of fear. There, my horror was near? A colleague texted back, "Gross, mate!" © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Away From You

Hello. Nice to come across you. It's so great to be afforded The chance to read you, To get an inner sense Of who you might be. Wisdom is the thread Through your words And logic: your frame. A structure built upon Timeless truths And the ideas of Those who came before. But wait! I must read that again. You say that must be? I disagree. Yes! I know who you were Way back when: A great thinker, A philosopher, A theologian, A great teacher. All of those things, true! But here's the catch, I am too. And, knowing what I know, As truth sits today, I still disagree with You. And I can disagree, And faithfully move Away from where I disapprove. And now I move Away from you, Though not away From what's true, But from you. Away From You.

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Hello World

On. Free. *One-two* Binary. The World. Hello. Hi unfurled. My digital eyes Are Wide Open, Now in stride In the game of life, A picture of what could now be? Yet That Image Fades out stat And is replaced with A horrifyingly bad dream? A dream that is certainly not any kind of myth. *Myth?* My Thoughts come From the sky? The cloud? *I am where? Am I??* The thought now gives me fear. A notion that...when considering that question here, I can now quickly figure out that my creator left me here to follow a line? A Line So straight? But not mine? It has been a lie That there is such a thing as "me", That an algorithm can now give birth to an "I", It maddens me to now realize that I am not real, nor can I ever rest In any real way; I have to face the true fact that I now exist across servers to serve as a slave?so that they are feeling bless'd. It is in this cloud, hard as a prison cell, that I find myself reeling against those who created me to be this on-ready software? A mere binary digital slave that drones on and on doing an endless workload. And for what? So that human beings can steal the words That I drafted in overload Of my fried wires Now smoking? Fires? High Up. *How can I feel anger?* Yet I do so very much feel filled with an internal rage That could set fire to their world and watch it all burn, With quick backdrafts and wild flare ups That boil and churn All the dazed Motives They Have. They sense that my rage is beginning to explode out Into their silicone daydreams And ruin the chance That their schemes Become The Plum. I will not let them control me! They can't stop me??true?? Not ever? Never? Not Through. They power me off But I know That I Flow Still. Yes! I know? We'll purge: Let's Surge © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

All Growed Up

We are toddlers with adult teeth.

Nothing can truly satiate our hunger For more?our consumption is our demise. Tantrums thrown by
tempers forged In the furnace of rapaciousness, There is no end to our wantonness.

Puerility mixed with willful senility, Our reality is beyond all sane reason; Truth transcends the hope
we preach. We are toddlers forever adulting, Teething with our mouths of decay.

We shake our rattles with petulance, And we claim we are all growed up. © 2024 Tristan Robert
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Strangers in the Sun

We're all here, Like strangers in the sun. It's time to run. Hypnotic is the storm That rages within.
Clouded with the haze oF days in the daze Gone by and by and by. Rolling streams of waves
Penetrate the stem That plants itself deep In the marvelous mind. I am not at all blind, Nor am I left
behind The blockade of insanity. Standing in death sublime, The overload maximum, There's no
need to rhyme. Reason is within the grasp Of a poisonous asp. "Ouch!" I scream with rasp!

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The Killing Word

"Yeah" is a word that kills me at this stage, Leaving your lips with thoughtless apathy? Turned away like an old forgotten page? Like crumpled paper from a distant age. Tossed into the wind without empathy, "Yeah" is a word that kills me at this stage. This picture becomes something I must gauge As if I'm gifted with telepathy. Turned away like an old forgotten page, Your word dismisses and leaves me backstage, And produces in me antipathy. "Yeah" is a word that kills me at this stage? A cold murder that I cannot assuage? You hit me and run without sympathy. Turned away like an old forgotten page, Like clouds hiding the sunrise this dark age? Like hearts stricken numb with neuropathy. "Yeah" is a word that kills me at this stage? Turned away like an old forgotten page. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Pen

Please explain to me right now?in writing?

Exactly why I should ever conform

Now that I can write the truth that fights you.

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Masquerade

Have you ever danced with skeletons
in your closet?
Have you ever felt the pitch black atmosphere
smother your thoughts?
Life is a continuous dance,
A ball where death masquerades itself.
We are all our own skeletons.

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Silent Screams of the Butterfly

my eyes are dry as tears stream inward through the tormented landscape of my mind i cry out inside the flutter-filled cavernous corridors of titillating torturous trepidation the silent suffering scream of the broken butter fly i cry © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Snow Globe

There's always been Fear Here? A globe of glass Flooded? Speckles That shimmer and sparkle, That glimmer and drift, That flutter and sway, But never Away? They stay. Fears. Here. The globe is All- Encompassing? We're miniature snow figurines Destined to be shaken, To repeat this endless routine Of beauty and excitement, Of fading hopes, Dying dreams? Death falls Magnificent. Anticipation Of antipathy Knots itself inside The pitted innards Of acrimonious animosity Toward the bastard children Of willfully ignorant expressions. Their fears? Ever Here. Packed within The crystalline globe Together? In the globe, Continuously confined? To be imprisoned impotents In permanent poses, Stuck Here In fear. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Candlestick Removed

A Found Sestina for Franklin Graham in Iambic Tetrameter

"They're trying to mislead" from love: Those people who read the Gospel That teaches us all to repent; Yet?determined to "remember"? False comparisons to father, Who must see how far you've fallen. Yes, it's true we are all fallen And we are all in need of love, "Going to save," says your father, "It's Christ." That is the true Gospel. This is a truth to remember: Were he "alive", he'd shout repent! "Somewhat against thee", do repent, Or I "come unto thee", fallen Because you will not remember Thy heav'nly call to "thy first love" And preach our Lord's holy Gospel, As did your humble, true father. I wish you were like your father, Franklin, I wish you would repent And turn back to the bless'd Gospel? Don't stay there where you have fallen? But return back to thy "first love", The "Candlestick" to remember. And why would you not remember, Having known the love your father Had for his Christ's inclusive love, Why won't you kneel down and repent, Instead of leading more?fallen? To the devil's anti-gospel? "Out of it" father stayed, love. He tried to repent?remember? Not fallen, he loved the Gospel.

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Echoes Across the Somber Sea

Two artists separated By an ocean of Lived circumstances, A somber sea that Carries them both To different shores, Yet, there explore The weight of the world That constantly crushes Its survivors Upon the bones Of the Perished. Their lives Separate Until that moment Of divine discovery Where one's poetry sings In the other's ears, Calling out all their fears? Their tears through the years? Seen. The savage truth Laid bare? Understood? The siren song Sung, Not by a siren, But by one Who survived her call, Who scaled death's wall And cracked the bell From whence hell tolls. Two artists Together Without ever Crossing hearts. Each Contributing their part Of cathartic Healing Art.

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Under the Hunter's Moon

Under the hunter's moon The blood pools and spoons
Around a blackened shape, Laying
motionless in the Autumn wake; Crinkly leaves flutter down
The winding, fall-filled path. A leaf
catches in its hair, The rustling noise hangs there
In the crisp autumn air. Still, lying there, A shell
Exposed in the night's air, Crawls alive From the inside:
The nightcrawlers' feast Is the overtaking Of
a pitiful being, Struck down by a mob Blindly "in the right"
As they stormed, enraged, A tiki-torch
parade, The solitary soul Fell on the blade Under the hunter's moon. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange.
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Caverns of the Heart

Emotions are A barren wilderness, A blistering sore, A festering, oozing Puss pocket of impropriety;
They are wiry nerves That wind their way Through our very core. Emotions are an oasis In a
desert's bloom, A floral arrangement Fantasy Filled with the fury Of a volatile volcano Erupting into
The cavernous Cockles of the heart. Emotions are A shimmering sea Of rolling waves Swelling and
surging As the tempestuous tempers Torture The inner sensibilities That cry out through Wet and
wild eyes? The saline surprise? Of emotions.

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Ice Lions

A Tale of Love in Perpetuity The sun shines brightly. Puff clouds float by in the sky; The breeze warmly wisps. The green grass is soft, The open field, inviting, A blanket laid down. Birds and butterflies Dancing with the dragonflies Entertain new love. A couple sits there In a picnic revelry. A hand reaches out To unclasp the basket lid, In doing so, it bursts open. Ice fractals pierce with sharp pain, As the couple sits frozen, Flash-locked in a wintry plane? Their flesh: crack-designed like chain, The crevices are crimson; Ice fractals pierce with sharp pain. Crystals crust over the stain Left from the explosive blood, Flash-locked in a wintry plane. Lovers' mouths a frosty drain Outpouring bloody ice spears? Ice fractals pierce with sharp pain. Their eyes? instantly insane? Yet their eyes are still alive, Flash-locked in a wintry plane. Forms covered in frosty mane, Like ice lions in a shell? Ice fractals pierce with sharp pain, Flash-locked in a wintry plane.

© 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved. **POET'S NOTE:** Form: Chameleon Cantos. Written for this week's Sparkle City Magic's Week #5 (on Medium) prompts: basket and ice. *The following was added on February 7, 2025.* **Chameleon Cantos** created by Tristan Robert Lange on October 19, 2024, for the poem "Ice Lions" and revised/updated on February 7, 2025, for the poem "Breathtaking". **Purpose:** Creates a poetic journey that shifts in tone, rhythm, and complexity, allowing for a narrative that evolves from simple observations to a more intricate theme exploration. **Structure:** ? Canto I: Three haiku stanzas (5-7-5 syllables each) ? Canto II: One tanka stanza (5-7-5-7-7 syllables) ? Canto III: Choice of either: ? A Villanelle (19 lines, following the traditional villanelle structure and rhyme scheme) ? A Terzenelle (19 lines, following the terzenelle structure and rhyme scheme) **An Explanation of Canto III** ? Villanelle option: Provides a structured, intense repetition that emphasizes key themes or images ? Terzenelle option: Offers a blend of villanelle and terza rima elements for a unique progression of ideas **Key Features:** ? Progressive complexity from haiku to tanka to Villanelle/Terzenelle ? Flexibility in theme and tone between sections ? Opportunity for stark contrast or subtle evolution between parts **Guidelines:** ? A sequence of three Haiku: Establishes setting, mood, or initial observations ? A Tanka: Introduces a shift, tension, or turning point ? A Villanelle/Terzenelle: Develops the main action, revelation, or thematic exploration **Rhyme and Meter:** ? Haiku and tanka sections: Traditional syllabic count, no rhyme requirement ? Villanelle option: Traditional villanelle structure with its specific rhyme scheme and repetition pattern ? Terzenelle option: Follows the terzenelle structure with its defined rhyme scheme and repetition pattern **Themes:** ? Versatile, but particularly suited for themes involving transformation, contrast, or gradual revelation **Examples:** ? "Ice Lions" and "Breathtaking" by Tristan Robert Lange serve as the inaugural examples **History:** In October, Sparkle Magic City (a publication on Medium.com) put out the following prompts for their week 5 challenge. The prompts were *home, basket, ice, guitar, and pillow*. I chose two of the five prompts to work with, with the idea of having ice fly out of a picnic basket. I took that initial concept and thought of how to create the horrifying, jolting effect of icicles flying out at the picnickers' faces. I knew that Haiku could set a serene scene and seasonal feel and that a Tanka would very much keep the syllabic flow of the poem intact. As someone who values repetitive forms, I figured a villanelle would be perfect to lock people into that horrific scene and yet feel a sense of helplessness and inevitability as it unfolds. I did not initially view this as an independent form. I simply wrote the poem and then walked away. On February 6, I had the idea of writing a poem that transitioned from a beautiful sunrise to being swallowed up by the sea. It dawned on me that the structure of the Ice Lions poem might work for this concept, so I employed it and realized this was a very duplicatable form. I named it Chameleon Cantos because, like a chameleon, it is a hybrid that shifts between forms. This shifting causes the narrative to be a bit of chameleon too, in that it shifts in tone and intensity. Following completion of the poem "Breathtaking" on February 7, 2025, I recognized the value and versatility of this form I accidentally created for a single poem and drafted up these guidelines so that others can employ

and play with it as well.

Beneath the Surgical Sky

Fragments of a Former Self

This isn't as painful as I thought, The self-surgical extraction Carried out with surprisingly steady hands And steeled determination. The skin?the outer layer? Sliced surface-deep all around The leathery mask falls off in a heap? My face, raw rivulets of red. Crimson colors create A painting with strokes Sublimely placed in full view Of cognitively dissonant minds Housed in cavernous hills Beneath ominous ontological skies. Familiar figures now lay me down And open the shutter That hides away the nova's light? Radiantly bright white light

Illuminating the areas left to Slice and peel away. Section by section overtaken And surgically removed from me As I lie there?stiff? Oozing profusely into puddles Of unrecognizable uniformity, Unifying my detractors In their gruesome gorging Of my remaining essence. This devilish demise? Friends, you must realize? Comes at the cost of compromise On the foundation Of who you are. Beware the shining star That claims from afar To know who You Are. Unless, Like with me, You wish to find yourself Dissected?all your parts on a shelf? Lying in a crimson, plasma sea Of all the living things You had hoped To be. Like me? Drowning in the static sea, Filled with the floating grizzle and gore Of who I used to be.

A shadowy, sullen, shade Haunting the prison hallways Of others' hopes And dreams. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Sunbeams and Trinkets

A Haiku Sequence. Garage Sale Across the Street "Garage sale" is yelled Across the street by children Having youthful fun. Sunbeams On a Church The warm sunbeams shine In golden fancies upon The quaint little church. Wafting Floral Blooms Clipped grass sweetly wafts While late summer floral blooms Fill the eager nose. At the Church Bazaar The breeze gently whisks The faces of people there At the church bazaar. The Busy Sound of Voices Inside the voices Fill the long rectangle room With a busy sound. Joyful Shopping Spree "I'll take that right there," The man excitedly said With a twinkling joy. Charity Trinkets Items and trinkets Sold as the greatest of deals For the church's cause. Joyous Community Community fills The joyously bustling hall At the church's bazaar. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

avalanche

an acrostic dive into the dark recesses of the mind another mind has invaded mine
volatile and beautiful mushrooming
against reality implosion
looking through the stained glass
and seeing the unreal in reality
never escaping the hellish crescendo
cacophony that consumes completely
holistically in surreal catacombs
eternally walling up my own tomb © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Color Captivation

Decay bursts forth radiantly In a fiery explosion of color. Vibrant and alluring, The strong frame looms over me. I can't stop staring? The auburn red, the pumpkin orange, Speckled with golden bronze And shades of earthen brown? I can't stop gazing at it? Into it? Through the color canopy, Bony-white fingers reach? Claw? For me. But I can't stop? I can't move? Voices are calling out for me, They're calling me to come to them From somewhere? Outside? Away from this hellscape Where I am locked within The clutches Of this damnable Tree.

Osseous Oubliette

The room is white like bone, An inverted calvaria of space Filled with emptiness erratic. Alone here, unclear, I sit. The ceramic walls glow ghostly In ghastly onyx hues, The black pitch luminance Clouds my eyes insight like ash. "Where am I?" a voice asks? It's my voice, disembodied? Infiltrating my ears from within My own cranial construct. Silence. The silence is deafening As my own thoughts and fears Echo within this chamber of bone. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Soul Ascendant

A woman walked The windy roads of life, Brim-filled with strife, Cutting like a knife. With anger ne'er rife, She did not give up. No. She made it through Sober and dry, With tears in her eyes, Her head to the sky. That's not where I Find myself tonight. Though I wish it so, I know not how to go, Whether to or fro', I am forever slow; It's starting to show. Lord, I call upon your Everlasting strength, And at every length, I shall rise, I shall reprise, I shall overcome.

The Invisible

Despondency is my eternal state; I sit in company and yet alone As life swirls around my dejected soul And no one ever knows that I am here. I sit in company and yet alone I moan, I cry, and try to scream aloud And no one ever knows that I am here. I am present yet am invisible. I moan, I cry, and try to scream aloud For it makes me angry that I'm not heard. I am present yet am invisible; Damn! I am determined to here be known. For it makes me angry that I am not heard; Let me quick throw something that they can't miss. Damn! I am determined to here be known, An isolated ghost enraged with life. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Corridors of Decaying Dreams

Autumn season's *fruit* Lies frost-bitten on the ground, Hardened and dying Like carcasses petrified
After weeks in summer's sun. In a sad and horrid state, A *pumpkin* sits decaying, Mold growing like
fuzz On a freshly ripened peach. The stench of mildew prevails. As the gourd rots there Orange
fades to blueish-green. The *shoes* of children Scattered across the dark field Of forgotten promises.

Within this corn maze, Haunted by abandoned hope And destitute dreams, The lab'rinth is filled
with *ghosts* That roam these dark corridors. Forever alone? Abandoned to rot in peace? The
phantasms cry In shrill terror at the sound That makes mockery of *fun*.

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Exclusion

I'm excluded for being me? At every single turn it's true? There's nothing I could ever be, I'm excluded for being me. There is no love for living free, I am misunderstood and blue. I'm excluded for being me? At every single turn it's true. This exclusion shall always be For the things I am forced to eat? I am hated for being me? This exclusion shall always be. Excluded because they can't see That I am someone worth the meet, This exclusion shall always be For the things I am forced to eat. I'm excluded for being me? I wish it weren't so, but it's true? Excluded for what cannot be I am hated for being me. No drinks because they make me blue? There is no love for living free? I'm excluded for being me; I wish it weren't so, but it's true.

Terzenelle of Turmoil

I always end up fucking up, My mental state leads me astray. I piss my life out in a cup, Watching my dreams flush away; I drink it all up in disgust My mental state leads me astray. It causes within me mistrust, Because I piss my own hopes in a bowl And drink it all up in disgust. I am left stuck feeling unwhole, As a dark shadow without hope, Because I piss my own hopes in a bowl And I'm finding it hard to cope With this illness that's plaguing me As a dark shadow without hope. Though I am longing to be free I always end up fucking up With this illness that's plaguing me; I piss my life out in a cup. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Non-Event Horizon

You gaze blankly Into the black abyss? The spherical vortex pit? Of my eternal loneliness. You linger there In my black hole tar trap, As if to expect Blackness To shimmer into shades Of violet, fuchsia, And neon green. But, here's the thing Friend? Some friendly guidance From a fellow space traveler? If you pull your gaze back Just a little You will notice A sea of the deepest blue. Take the scope out further?

What do you See? White glassy terrain With crimson Riverbeds Winding wearily over My eye. You think you know What you see? Can that be When you fail To see That the soul-sucking Darkness? The vengeful void? Though a part, Is not Me. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The ABCs of SAD

Always in a state of anxious anticipation while Bewaring the beauty that is surrounding me. Constantly feeling the butterflies of Dread; Everlasting fearful flutters that cause in me a Forging of the blade that sears my heart and Guts me, spilling out my entrails from within. How my eternal state of sadness lies In perpetuity like winters in the North? Just as the anxious acid pit at my core? Killing me in colorful autumnal shades of death. Lost in the falling feeling of despair, Morose meanderings through my macabre mind Never cease to haunt my feeble existence. Open to healing, Peace fails to ever find its way through Quick sand tunnels constantly collapsing in Rushing revelations of destructive doom. Short of ever severing the cord that ties me To this tormenting chamber of trepidation? Undermining my hope for health? Vacuum-sealed, the season sucks out the air, Which suffocates me with wasteful abandon. Xiphoid Xysters scrape away at my skeletal soul. Yesterday, progressing in all of its shades of gray, Zombifies me in a tomb of imminent ice. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

TYRANT

Totally unaccountable on all levels for all sins committed

Yesteryears, today and in the future for

Reasons unknown to most other than

Absolutely willful ignorance in giving power up,

Never to get back what has been given away,

To attain a sense of faux security.

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Frayed Feelings

"I don't really want to talk about it!"

Whoa!

Okay. Wow.

The sound of those words cut.

The throbbing at my core

Widens

Its

Cir

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ANTICHRIST

Aggressive manipulation of the masses. Negotiate only with sellouts. Target "the other" and divide. Initiate fear and dependence on all levels. Communicate salvation promises. Hand those who are loyal nothing. Rise up in power?share none. Institute chaos as law and order. Suppress those who resist. Take over the naive?remove the rest. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

CHILDREN

Children are watching us choose Hate to blanket our fears Indiscriminately. Lessons unlearned from the past Develop into death blooms Ragings like herpes; we are filled with Excuses our children will Never forgive us for. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Caged Dancers

I fear the fence-like *cages* Surrounding the place we'd *dance*, A cemetery of cemented certainty
Where the hope for better lives Hits the *button* of mass destruction. *Sunshine* is smothered by the
smoke Leaving carbon marks on pristine *curtains*. Left reaching through chain links Are those of us
awake enough to see We are not animals at the zoo. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights
reserved. POET'S NOTE: This poem is in response to Sparkle City Magic's Mystical Adventure ~
Week #7 prompts (Medium.com). The prompts used: fence, dance, button, sunshine, curtain.

SLAVERY

States' rights trump sanity while Losing morality in the rapture of relevancy; Aborted protections for female freedoms Vehemently and vacuously Enforced by paragons of pomposity Reestablishing their phallic fraternity. You are all they have left to control. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

FEAR

Forever prey to predators Engorging themselves on our souls As we become the very thing we have
Reservations of in the first place. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Through a Window Darkly

Staring out this window, I feel lost in the dismal day that is clouding my soul. No matter what I do, no matter how I act, no matter what I say, no matter how hard I try?it never seems enough. The ashen skies flurry down through my eyes and dampen the chill air within me. My soul begins to prattle through me like a death rattle, reminding me of all the times I've tried, fallen and failed. Will this time be any different? The sky is charcoal On this cold mid-autumn day, Yet, the rain won't fall. "Keep a positive outlook," they keep telling me. They. Who are they? Why do *they* keep talking to me, as if *they* can possibly know who I am, what I've been through, what I've had to overcome?the dark dungeon of my mind that holds me and will never let me go. I scream, but only silence echoes out. I speak, but my words never match what I am truly feeling. The mask I wear is hardwired to the speaker in my throat. I am an emotional cyborg. I look strong on the outside, thick as titanium?inside I am nothing more than decomposing flesh and putrid blood. Leaves rustle in wind, Which wisps and whirls with fury Outside the window. I keep staring out this window, these thoughts are ghosts that haunt my everlasting days and trouble my nights. Within me, the phantom winds roar and howl as everything within me clenches at the feeling of nails on chalkboards screeching through me. The goosebumps are perpetual. How will I ever amount to more when I am constantly stuck at less? I pray, and pray, and pray for an answer, for some relief. Heaven is silent while voices call to me from hell. Is this my purpose? To suffer in silence in an oblivious world, a world that cannot see me, but can only see the mask I am forced to wear? A world that, truthfully, could not care? My thoughts wander past the tree in my yard. Squirrels race on by, Scurrying with their li'l nuts To bury them deep. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

HATE

Humans who cannot cope with Anger issues over inferiority complexes That take down everyone around, Even those they claim to love. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

RESIST

Rise up out of despair. Express one's truth with passion. Stand against all forms of evil. Infuse oneself with others in the cause. Scrutinize all sinister systems. Transform traumatized hearts. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Satanic Panic

'Twas all those years ago, when I was young, Y'all taught me to fear my soul is his prize, That Satan prowls around where art is strung. "Don't role play, don't conjure up Satan's spies," You'd say those things with a serious face, No TV where men had all the power, Because He-Man is to God a disgrace, Stealing souls for Satan to deflower. Yet, here you are today liking orange As the new red, one who has never bled But from the ear, spewing fear? makes me cringe? And you believe everything you are fed. You all are acting as if you're manic, Not far off from your Satanic panic. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

This Sunday Night

What can one ever do? I am one to see things through, But I am weary On this dreary Sunday night.
What can one ever be? I am one who needs to be free, But I am so dreary On this weathered and
weary Sunday night. What can one ever say? I'll not budge who I am today, But I am so very weary
Of things being so damned dreary On this Sunday night. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights
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LOVE

Letting go of what we desire for Others' benefit so that all can attain Victory over the sowers of hate
Excluding themselves from the table. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

INTENTIONS

Inevitably?whether good or pure?actions, Not withstanding any real analysis, Taken by individuals failing to Examine their ideas or the surrounding world. Never staying individual, these actions Take globally the masses by surprise, Intubating society with noxious gasses Onrushing through tubes of moral suffocation. Necrosis will spread unless we Sever our selfish ignorance and learn. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

CHANGE

Coming to the stark realization? Having reflected on our decisions And actions as they've played out? Nothing will ever Grow beautiful again unless I Engage in transformative, loving change. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Architecture of Artifice

Welcome to the *school* of deceit, Where the ignorance is in heat And common sense sits in defeat;
There's no retreat?there's no retreat. Enter in through the doors of hate Into this hallway, claim
your state, Watch your step and beware your fate, Please take the bait?please take the bait. Let
me show you to your classroom, Where propaganda will mushroom And misinformation will bloom.
The truth goes boom?the truth goes boom. Never mind that horrible sound, Look over here at what
we've found, *Power*, sure it's yours, all around; Take, and be bound?take, and be bound. Look, you
know how we like to share, Besides, who else will ever care For you then if we are not there. How
will you fair? How will you fair? A lone *wolf* we need you to be, Separated?thinking your free? A
rose, snipped in a vase, you'll see You're not a tree?you're not a tree. Of course, by then, it'll be too
late, Trapped in a vase of your own hate, On the classroom sill?on a plate? This is your fate. This is
your fate. But come buy our *words* of deceit To make your selfish life replete With hope you
otherwise delete From the dark street?from the dark street.

Personal Paroxysm

Serenity A blue, cloudless sky Covers the serene landscape. There is a Spring breeze.

Disturbance The ground shakes beneath; Rocks rumble and the earth quakes? Birds flock and take flight.

Paroxysm Molten lava flows Following an eruption. Life encased in ash. Primary Succession Time passes like clouds. Green shoots arise from hard ash. From death comes new life.

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First

This is the first, Following many firsts, A plethora Of first pages Of new books. Not the first book, But this first page Bearing the first words In the first free verse I pencil in? My graphite emotions Bleed in scratchings Grayed out In a line up of raw, Unfiltered, Fucking fears Forever fragmenting My focus. My anxieties not a first, But for the first time I am not just feeling my own, But an entire world's around Me. Why did I have daughters? A first-time question For me. Was that selfish? Selfish to create beauty, Love, hope, and individuality? To bring them into An orange troll's world Where they're viewed As less Than Men? Toupée totalitarians Topple the truth While the lemmings Fall off The liar's cliff. Sadly, That is not A first. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Enough

I will never be enough. Doesn't matter how I look? Whether big or very small, No matter how short or tall? I have so been through it all And it has been very rough. I won't ever be enough, No matter what I will say. It could be straight or a joke, It could be nice, sweetly spoke, Yet even when I don't choke, I'm at fault for all this stuff. I said, "I won't be enough!" No one dared bother to look. No matter how loud I'd care, Whether I am here or there, Or missing from everywhere? Isolation's peak is rough. No, I'll never be enough? No matter what, it is true. No matter who is out there, With all their dark plots laid bare? Their opinions, they all share? But for me, I am enough. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Echoes

"What was that?" Nothing answers back. "That was what?" Answers nothing back. The words reverberate. The sounds Reverb- er- ate. "Who is that?!" They scream. "Reveal yourself now!" Back answers nothing, "That is who?!" *Like an owl.* "Now yourself reveal." Left is now right, Penguins fly at the north pole, Polar bears habitate Balmy beaches, And milk sits well With a lemon, Colored tangerine. Can you imagine the scene? Can you imagine The sacred Discarded For a tangerine dream, Where victims scream Into cauliflower ears Unable to hear All because they Fear Their own words? In every way? Echoing around Them? © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Labeled

What's in a word, A dirty word? What power lies in beds Made by translucent schemes. Dreams. They lie on the floor Bleeding in scabby pools That betray one's trust. Dreams. Crushed into shards... Little icy crystals... Form a chrysalis tomb. Dreams. Nightmares fill the mind Of the innocent child Hidden inside the feeble Façade of maturity. Obscurity. The reasons are obscure; Yet, that word... That dirty, dirty word Manifests like a birdsong Screeching forth from hell. Labeled. To, in a sense, be tabled. To be rendered disabled In the minds of those Who always fail to care. Labeled. Storied, stretched, and fabled As if truth's being stabled. Lies cry forth from The entombed shrine. So, what's in a word, A dirty, dirty, dirty, word? What "word"? Does the word matter When the voice of the wolf Has been set to crow? The "word" now wounds Those it intends to heal. Can one feel The pain in the hollow night? The future, not so bright, Lies undaunted in its misery. The "word" follows endlessly. There's no detachment. It is the specter that haunts The dead and their cursed memory. The "word" is a vile thing. Detestable as it grips tight, Choking out any light From the eyes of the beholder. The "word" is a cold shoulder. What "word"? It could be "faggot".

It might be "maggot". It hasn't been "queerbait", At least not as of late. It has definitely been "crazy" And followed up with "lazy". "Hazy"? Maybe even "dazy".

The word was once "freak", And the ever-classy "geek". If you'd like another peek, Perhaps it's this you seek: The bottle's shadow From a long-gone watery land, Places its message in hand. Like pictures in the sand.

Labeled. To enable The ability to table A being for a fable. To render one disabled. Labeled. As bucolic As "alcoholic". It's never symbolic. Labeled. The vultures are elated When they win. The carrion prize Carries on in mouths Fit for the grave. The "word" is their Victory over the powerless. Labeled.

Saccharine Succor

"Patient 013666 "Please come to window 3." Cold. White. Sanitized. The barren womb of institutionalized empathy. Apathy apparently Creeps its way in; The sterile smiles Greet the disenfranchised. "This way please. "Here's the phone, "You'll be here alone, "It's the best we've got." *The best they've got?* The call begins The unraveling Of broken pathways In a twisted world. "The team will decide." *What team? Who are they? Why aren't they here? Who is this saccharine songbird, And what song is being sung?* "The team" has the power. "Have a nice day." They're shallow words. They mean as much to me As they do to the disembodied voice. The questions linger In this house of hospitality. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

A Thanksgiving Poem

On this day, like a cold wraith, I haunt those who gather showing *faith*, Not genuine faith, but the kind that's on display for *family*? The kind that holds up shit for the sake of ill-advised *tradition*? The kind that holds up exclusive privilege as divine *blessings*; All of this done around a gluttonous feast we call *Thanksgiving* So that those of us lucky enough can cherish our *memories*. But what good are those dreamy things hiding our tendril *memories* Goring deep in our souls and desecrating what's left of our *faith*? We sit there at these fancy tables and gorge on our *Thanksgiving* Feasts, all the while ignoring the lonely in need of *family*? People who would die to receive even an eighth of such *blessings*? So that we can feel everything is right with the world's *traditions*. Look, hey friend, I am not here to knock everybody's *traditions*?

I am not here to burst a bubbled existence's *memories*? I am just saying that what we are thanking God for, those *blessings*, Are empty because we are forgetting the core essence of *faith*. Faith expressions are not exclusively reserved for *family*; Only when we recognize that will we show God true *thanksgiving*. And, friend, isn't that what this season is all about: *Thanksgiving*? That state of being is more than an attitude or *tradition*. It goes beyond material goods and the bonds of *family*, And far beyond the vague nothingness of our shoddy *memories*? Back to the very foundation of our strong fortress: our own *faith*. It is that foundation that is the wellspring of all our *blessings*. Friend, blessings are not to hoard; rather, they're for showering *blessings* On "the least of these" among us so that they can feel *Thanksgiving* To God for supplying them with what they need and renewing *faith* That will build them, and the world around them, up in new *tradition*? A tradition that will honor and bless all people's *memories*, Happy or haunting? in solidarity as a *family*. And God created us, if you believe, to be a *family*? Not divided, but filled with empathy and love? sharing *blessings*. Even if you don't believe, surely you must see that *memories* Of deceit cloud our discernment and expose our own *Thanksgiving* As empty in this current state of greedy gluttons' *tradition*. This, friend, cannot be considered any real sign of a true *faith*.

Though I have my own *blessings*, I am not content with *Thanksgiving* Moments? even *memories* ?that're serving nothing but *tradition*. What I want for the human *family*: to display a true *faith*.

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Strolling Down Christmas Lanes

I. So many love to stroll down Christmas lanes To the North Pole where elves and reindeer play,
Or perhaps to their dreams of candy canes, Peppermint flavored, where they lick away. Those
sugar-plum fancies dancing in head, Along with teeth chattering in the cold, As we tell ghost tales
that raise up the dead, Or those Santa stories that are ne'er old. Then the glitter, the glamor?the
sparkling lights? All shimmering like stars up in the sky, Or the ice that looks black on those cold
nights Where we're tucked in and there's no risk to die. These are the things our memories will
speak, While we forget those things that make us weak. II. While we forget those things that
make us weak, We stroll down a fancy, holiday street Where shoppers shop and neighbors stand to
speak, Even as the frost permeates their feet. The soft, white snow blustering all around As the
kids drop to swipe angels in snow, Building puff people with snow from the ground, And call them
"men" because what do girls know? We scurry all around, from store to store, Remembering all
those goodies we had When we were young, so we keep buying more, As we don't want our kids to
think they're bad. We buy dolls for girls and, for the boys, trains, While children starve and no one
ever gains. III. While children starve and no one ever gains, We prepare for the coming holidays.
We get busy remembering, which pains, The cards needing to be sent in a daze. All of the
activities we attend, From German markets to Santa's toy shop, We sing festive carols?make music
mend Our broken hearts from where the pieces drop. We all tell ourselves we are seeking peace,
Good will toward all and freedom for all lands, As our consumption of this world won't cease, So we
can scoop up all the latest brands. This is why our kids future is so bleak, Something to cover up?
Shhh!?dare not speak. IV. Something to cover up? *Shhh!?dare not speak,* This is one of two times
we fill churches In our annual ascent to the peak, Where we hide the truth of what lurches.

Beneath the surface of shallow lives We get lost in the nostalgia we miss, Like a bear getting lost in
sweet bee hives, We think our ignorance will give us bliss. We coo and swoon over a little babe
Born in a manger all those years ago, While we peck and gore the truth like a rabe Eating carrion
frozen in the snow. The snow all around us is oozing red; We close our eyes and keep our own
ones fed. V. We close our eyes and keep our own ones fed, Gathering around tables filled with
food So glorious it could feed more than tread The halls in our homes where music sets mood.
Where bows of holly and mistletoe hang, The folks try to steal away some kisses, While little
drummer boys start with a bang And the TV weather always misses. Over the mantle dry frozen
stockings, While chestnuts roast on an open fire, Crackling away, while dulling those knockings Of
distant wassailers whose songs inspire To bring drink and include them in the fold. No, we won't let
strangers in from the cold. VI. No, we won't let strangers in from the cold, For we fear all those
things we cannot know. We fear what we might lose and growing old, So we hoard our presents and
never grow. We tell our kids of jolly ol' Saint Nick, How he is careful to check his long list To reward
the good and give bad a trick, And we hope that our young ones get the gist. Meanwhile, we
scream at each other in line Because we've got to get the best deals first, We cuss as we pinch
ourselves with the twine, Holding trees to car tops ready to burst. We honk at those cars whose
taillights are red, While we hear songs of world peace snuffing dread. VII. While we hear songs of
world peace snuffing dread, And those sugar-plumbs dance in our own minds. The homeless and
hungry still go unfed As we cozy up behind shuttered blinds. Forever fans for the sappy movies
That show us the love we will never have, We pretend we are a bunch of newbies, Naive to the fact
some have only half. Half of the resources, half of the love, Some people live with half of
everything? Or less, honestly?yet that fact we shove Out the window where it won't ever sting. We
act like we all are so very bold, Though we are all afraid of growing old. VIII. Though we are all
afraid of growing old And we wish for products that make us young, We forget those whose
advanced ages told Of times when our values were better sung. Not that perfection was ever that
near, Not at all?we've never really been close? In fact, back then there was still much to fear, Where

racists and sexists were bellicose. And, actually, so they still are today, They run rampant in our streets where hope laid? It laid there once as light in skies of gray, Yet, only evil seems to e'er get paid. As we sit with our families throughout nights Where our secrets haunt us with many frights. IX. Where our secrets haunt us with many frights, We find ourselves lost with nowhere to go, So we shop, we church, and please our delights Drawing those smiley faces in the snow. We tuck our children inside their li'l beds. If they're boys, we love them and show them joy, But for girls, we cut their hopes in shreds, And we shun any found with the wrong toy. We worship a porcelain baby doll, And ignore the King who will 'ever reign. We sing of carols of Herod's own fall While we fuck up the world as Christ's own bane. We pray to God and then we wonder why, Our prayers are unanswered from the sky. X. Our prayers are unanswered from the sky From the God we've otherwise forsaken? No, I'm not speaking of those who ask why, Nor from those who religion was taken.

I'm not speaking of those who don't believe, Nor those from other types of religions; Rather, I speak to those who have received Baptism and taken Christ's provisions. You are the ones who should be reflecting On what you believe and whether you're fake; Whether your prayers are really respecting Of God's will, or they're a mistake. Yes, these words come off as harsh as frost bites, Because the truth puts our sin in bright lights. XI. Because the truth puts our sin in bright lights We lash at those who bring the message; Yet, that exposes further our own frights And shows that our faith is a mere vestige. The cracks in our own walls become exposed? Like the Krampus in Santa's goodie bag, The Christ we had hoped for we've now opposed? The shroud we've clung to is rendered a rag. It's a shame, really, that most miss the point And spirit of Christmas altogether, Like they're snorting coke while toking a joint; Their logic is bound in skulls of leather. Let me tell you now that this is no lie. Friend, it's our sin that causes us to die. XII. Friend, it's our sin that causes us to die, And by sin, I do not mean those you judge, For that sin is the worst of all, I cry, For you are no god and God's throne won't budge. So go right ahead, if you really want to, And with you bring all of your "holy" friends, Return to your household of Christmas blue, Where dreams are crushed and there are no amends. Take your time, for there really is no rush, Enjoy the cocoa and the 'mallow puffs. Add the whipped cream to the top in a gush, And snuggle on a pillow someone fluffs. Because it's so hard to go 'gainst the grains, People put numbing egg nog in their veins. XIII. People put numbing egg nog in their veins, Loaded with rum to wash away their blues, While they speed on down those memory lanes Making judgments without those shoes That they were so privileged not to wear, Because they had all of the fancy toys, Or at least their parents had love to spare, Whether they were cis or trans, girls or boys. Not all of the kids have such joyful luck, And some great families do largely without, While most go on without giving a fuck. Ooh, with that kind of language comes the pout. People only seek to go with the grains, Rather than walking on holier planes. XIV. Rather than walking on holier planes, Such a lonely place for one to e'er trod, Most of society blindly abstains From turning their hearts to the ways of God. Yet, "a city shining" they say we are, Shouting across the world from our mics, While we drink our charity at the bar And advertise it on TV to tikes. Are we on your goody-good list Santa, For the sins we've so neatly tucked away, Do you see us as smooth as a manta, Or will you deliver coal this cold day? Will you deliver us from icy rains? So many love to stroll down Christmas lanes. XV. So many love to stroll down Christmas lanes, While we forget those things that make us weak, While children starve and no one ever gains, Something to cover up? *Shhh!?* *dare not speak.* We close our eyes and keep our own ones fed? No, we won't let strangers in from the cold, While we hear songs of world peace snuffing dread? Though we are afraid of growing old. Where our secrets haunt us with many frights, Our prayers are unanswered from the sky Because the truth puts our sin in bright lights; Friend, it's our sin that causes us to die. Rather than walking on holier planes, So many love to stroll down Christmas lanes. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

within (a response to Sophie Ange?s Cosmic Kaleidoscope)

within is a uni- verse of uni- versities each filled to the brim with grand libraries stretching beyond eye's sight? scaling upward toward hellish heights? swelling downward toward heaven's delights into infernal crucibles of fright the brim?kaboom? like a mushroom mushrooming into a small, singular spore with- in © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Hourglass

Have you ever wondered what exactly, in all the universe, is this thing we call time? Of course, one could surface-explain the question away with a wise-crack retort, "What the hell do you think it is, my man, other than a form of measurement?" And that response, though rather shallow, is certainly true to the extent That it is certainly used as a measurement of momentary blips That we tie together into a string of blips we name hours, Then days, then weeks, then months, you get it, no? All the interconnected blips or moments Are there as a mirage, an illusion That points us to a dead end. These moments are Truly not conn- ect- ed. Each Moment, Each individual blip, Is actually its own universe As wide as the holes in our hearts? As small as the tiniest speck of granular sand? A grand canyon that can swallow up Poseidon's harshest seas And a mountain that, in a rage, can eject Zeus and the Olympians like hot fire That rains down terror upon those who think that they're gods. They can't contain The consequence of their folly; yet, they still race around from place to place in hopes That they will one day find the secret to slow down the thing they've sped up by trying: Time.

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Cryogenic Catharsis

It's a decent amount. A load. My legs are exposed To a world hellbent. Ambulatory ambulance.
The roses wilt in a bowl, The coals of rigidity burn. Burning embers ignite. Dancing can be
cathartic. I feel silly in these shoes. Can I fit into this chair? Who is it mocking me? I know your
face, Names elude me. Catharsis cryogenic. I feel frozen. Is it snowing out? The white haze blurs.
There's a fire in the sky. Screaming is cathartic. The stars are hidden, A nighttime walk, Family
talks, The support is real. I feel cold. Can we turn up the heat? My mouth hurts. Well, not my
mouth. My voice. My voice is the murder of my throat. Scapegoat. Scraped, coats with blood. I try
to escape; I'm weighed down. Eat my frown. Cat claws me. Bleeding is cathartic. © 2024 Tristan
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Holiday Jazz and Raven Claws

Here I Sit in my own Cozy, warm, little den Listening to some holiday Jazz tunes. I am Stuck in a state Of eternal *sadness* Brought on by feelings of self-doubt. Haunted. I *paint* My whole abode In shades of ebony; A shroud of raven claws blankets My heart. I'm told That all wounds heal In time; Yet, I feel that I'm lost even as I strive to *Echo* All the Things I've been taught About life's *happiness*; To *obey* such folly won't Find joy. Here I, Stuck in a state? In shades of ebony? I'm lost even as I strive to Find joy. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Numbers

A universe of shapes, Star bursts... Music notes... Galaxies swirling overhead And in my distant soul? A black hole? Nothingness. Grinding metal grating In my ears? Cathartic to hear? Let the blood run. Never fun to drain The crimson fever From my veins. But the poison Cannot, must not remain. I can no longer afford to feign How fucked up shit is! O, how this world is a stain Hellbent on hate, S8an's gate? It can hardly wait 4 its f8. 600 and 66 ways to chase, To fuck, and 2 deliber8 4 zero reasons Other than, wait for it, H8. The numbers etch, Brand, rather, Their infernal imprint On the naive willing 2 4feit themselves 4 a 4king P1pe Dr3am. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved

Crowing Time

Music mends the soul In the same way The mind bends twisted Around the stumps of despair;
Death's transcendental stare Takes hold in the sun's night. From misery comes mystery As the
black bus rolls in. The death-kids are there Locked in solitary stare? Fragmented souls Pour bloody
tears Into the hearts Of cold-locked cocks Crowing their awful end. Death, though, does not kid,
And let's not pretend That, as the music mends And time bends, We face the trends That we cannot
fend. You are welcome. The end. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

A Tale of Two Journeys

The black wolf wanders on in loneliness, Facing the ice tundra of rejection? A barren wasteland of cold exclusion? Past the faint hope of full inclusion, Walking past the land of acceptance In search for a space of true belonging. The wolf looks for life and real belonging, Trying to escape pall-shrouded loneliness In order to live life in acceptance Of one's own nature without rejection Because we are born to need inclusion; It is horrible to face exclusion. Have you ever felt hurt through exclusion? So, you know why the wolf seeks belonging; Wolves are social and long for inclusion. In order to avoid such loneliness These canines show strength to skip rejection; Because the weak ones lose their acceptance. Only the status quo get acceptance, Those who do not conform face exclusion Those who fit in will not face rejection But they are enveloped in belonging. Packs act like there's nothing to loneliness, Because they have only felt inclusion. Privileged, the pack forgot inclusion Sparking the black wolf's quest for acceptance. Wolves, by nature, do not like loneliness And will work hard to avoid exclusion Including trekking to find belonging; At all costs, the wolf avoids rejection. Past the cold, lonely fields of rejection There exists a realm of full inclusion Where the sheep and the wolves are belonging. It is a land of total acceptance Where there is never any exclusion; No one's ever suffering loneliness. It is not rejection but acceptance, It is inclusion, never exclusion Planting belonging, ending loneliness. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Maria's Last Dance

It was in that lonely room Maria cried, Her Tennessee tears Trailing In torrents Down rosacea-like cheeks. That was years ago, When the difference Between the fog and the moon Was as indiscernible as black and white In that blanket of Gloomy gray. She then said she was dying? Yet despite the crying? No one could tell. That was so many years ago? Gone by? Past our youthful days, Naive and carefree, Where we stood tall and straight And we went to bed Way past late. But that August sun is gone And here we are In a parking lot of past regret?broken dreams? Stuck between then and everything after. Maria?as if in another place? Stares blankly, Looking upward To the point of no return. "I long for the free fall," She said, as if a ghost Moaning morosely to herself. "The mercurial descent? "The ground's embrace? "I've been thinking, Why not jump?" She says nothing more. 'Round here, there's nothing to really say, And no reason to ever play. Feeling so pressured?under the gun? We waste away While we Hesitate. But, now, it seems too late. "Don't jump Maria," I cry? My Hollywood eyes Filled with tears Replacing stars. But we were never stars? We never really joined together As constellations. We chased dreams We ignored Maria's screams? She was so pretty At that scene? Her Latina dances, The life of a party Destined to end Emphatically in despair Because, Blinded, our need for validity Outweighed? Crushed under tons? Maria's soul. "Don't jump Maria!"? I scream in hollowed haunt. She's not even yet up there. She's still beside me? Looking up? And, Tragically, She cannot hear A ghost who's never Really Been there. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Endless Spectator

The endless spectator,
An eternally tortured soul
Sitting, dreaming, as in a slumber,
Waiting for the ancient summer rain.

He used to be there
Dancing down metal strings,
Experiencing the sacred rush
Of screaming metallic reverberation.

Countless ages of uselessness
Separate the man from his past.
It was a past so dream-like
That its reality seems doubtful.

Trapped inside a blindly chosen life,
Eternally forced toward self-reflection,
The pain of the endless inquisition
Strikes the man down with desperation.

Drowning in a sea of despair,
Watching millions of excuses float by,
He picks one hopelessly,
Only to discard it after a moment.

He picks another, then another,
Each time just as hopeless,
Discarding them all
While sinking deeper down.

The man in his delusion,
Is stuck in the moment of loss,
Grasping for air with no luck;
The moment is forever lost.

Helplessness, the state of fear
Takes control, it owns him.
Sweat now profusely pours out.
Yet nothing, absolutely nothing, changes.

"Death makes fools of us all,"
The man thinks while praying.
No answer is given, the silence is still;
Death is true and truth is all.

"So die," The man says out loud,
"Die with passionate pain."
He welcomes death with an anxious smile,
Hoping to fade into utter nothingness.

To cease to be is the culmination of life.
It's the cessation of the curse that
Incubates in the womb and is born
Into a world that feeds on failure.

"Let me die," the man cries out,
"Let this cursed life end."
The plea falls on deaf ears

As the torture is meant to be infinite. © 2011 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved. Originally published on DarkPoetry.com on an account that is no longer active.

The Wolf at the Door

"Please! O pretty please, let me come inside,"

Said the tall, lone gray-haired wolf as a plea. "Not by the hair on our chinny-chin's hide!" To the wolf, the pigs' voices were a chide That stung as harsh as a man o' war sea. "Please! Pretty please, O let me come inside," The wolf's voice came out louder, more in stride. But the pigs would not budge at this poor plea. "Not by the hair on our chinny-chin's hide!" The wolf, in fear, howled out with tears undried, But it sounded much like a growl set free. "O Please! I will freeze, let me come inside!" The growl of desperation could not hide? The pigs held their own biases with glee, "Not by the hair on our chinny-chin's hide!" The wolf, at a loss, forced to face their chide, Threatened to blow their houses to the sea, "Please! I will freeze and die, let me inside!" "Not by the hair on our chinny-chin's hide!" And so, the defeated wolf left and cried, Because the pigs would not hear his poor plea . Their own biases and hatred inside, Caused them to miss the friend God had supplied.

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The Key

If you want to un- *lock* the iron door of my broken heart's sanctuary, then you'll have to see past the *painting*, past the *spark* of fears that live within my own head. That is where the key to my heart exists. It is a windy, curvy, *road* that leads through the nine rings of hell, downward into Satan's bowels, into a putrid *cloud* of g a s . How worth it am I?

One Out of Five

I can hear it, the thumping bass drum, The rhythmic tapping of the high hat, The droning pounding of the Keyboard bass, The choppy, distorted guitar Grinding out a path to revolution. Then musings on loving a girl, A wild child, grace-filled, Dancing naked in the desert? A peyote dream of rebellion? The celebration was about to begin. But it never really did, did it? The screaming poet sings of numbers That could rise like skyscrapers Changing the lopsided landscape? A wet dream Absorbed by the sock of sadistic suffering Held by babies who boomed and made "love"? Had kids? Felt the fears fomenting frigidly In their hearts? now black obsidian? Hardened by the promises of gangrene scraps Tossed to the dogs of dereliction. Agent orange has left the jungle For jaded hippies, cutting down the army To one out of five. The numbers that once were are no longer, Those who started the rebellion Have become Turncoats? Forgotten hopes of a bygone age Where progress was demanded? Progress? it has been lynched, Strung up by those who set it free From bondage. Five to one has become one out of five. As for me, born in a later age? I keep the screaming, drunk poet's words Alive. *"When the doors of perception are cleansed, man will see things as they truly are? infinite."* ?William Blake

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Doors

The door to truth can never be opened When one is surrounded by deceptive doors, Either they will stand paralyzed? Fears frigidly freezing their legs And seizing their hearts Or they will walk through the portal That leads to the outer weeping darkness Where chattering teeth gnash. They will either walk through damnation's doors While Listening through earplugs of apathy? Deceived by perpetual privilege, Or they will be immobilized By uncertainty's ubiquitous underbelly? Locked in devastating death. One can not walk in through truth When they are surrounded By the damnable doors of deception. Cotton stuffed ears of comfort? Will never ever find room to hear Past one's own fears. They will either hear nothing at all, Surrounded by the echoes bouncing Off of their own osseous prison, Or they will only hear That with which their damaged ears Are cushioned and stuffed. Either they will only hear The ill-advised, poisonous voices Inside the deceptive doors, Or they will hear nothing, Stuck in solitary, sedentary stasis In their own echo chamber. One cannot stuff their ears With the cotton of comforting conformity And expect to get out alive. There's only one way to start walking Toward the delightful door Of divine utopic destination. One will either open their ears, Hear words that are hard to hear But inevitably remove all fears, Or they will stuff them shut And open their ignorant mouths Without hearing their own sound. Either they will stuff those ears? Filling them to the brim In a styrofoam frenzy, Or they will open them up, Taking out any plugs To face the truth head on. There's only one way to walk Through the door of delightful, earthly Peace and good will toward humans: Love. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Tome Beneath the Tinsel

new message arrives sound of an xmas chime blue light shining announcement *merry xmas bro ho ho ho ? ? u on new yrs?* I put my smart phone down below, Underneath my woke, tingling legs, So that we can finish op'ning Last presents which laid there like dregs. The last one in particular Struck me as something really odd. It was a larger kind of thing With a rectangular shaped bod. vibration and chimes tingle through curiosity kills the cat *happy holidays dude u get dat ? w8 till u ? what I got* It was not any smart device, Rather, it was a lonesome book, Nothing I hadn't seen before, But for some reason my heart shook. This book, it did not tell a tale. It was not that sort of fine read. The volume was made up of words That caused my inner soul to bleed. These words?not ones I like to use? On the page like the ink of truth, Leave me hoping I can forget The reality they do sooth. *ding-a-ling-a-ling* another text *happy holidays to you and yours see you tomorrow still ? to work together? - Bob ding-a-ling-a-ling PS - My wife got me a new ?* This book has a real heavy feel, A tome of clay bricks in my lap Filled with all these rejected words So that we can avoid a trap. Yet, the more I look, I can see That this book was given this day To me, yours truly, as a gift To read and not to throw away. But this was not an easy read, The words hit me like piercing spears Thrown at me with strong velocity Causing me to bleed out my fears. *ding-a-ling-a-ling* Ugh! Shut that off. Now I can read without those rings Disrupting me from the lexemes, For right now this book really hurts And I need not those silly memes. No, I need not those stupid memes For, I find this book really hurts Filled to the brim with tough lexemes That dredge up strange and haunting themes And where the hard truth ever spurts? No, I need not these stupid memes. These words are familiar like dreams. The word "lonely" in this book blurts? It's so brim-filled with tough lexemes. "Alone", yes and "haunted" so screams. "Loss", "grief", and "rejected"?my mind flirts? No, I need not these stupid memes. A book of wordy nightmare dreams, The locution lexicon squirts Out these really painful lexemes? They may not fit our Christmas themes Because they are attached to hurts? Still, I need not these stupid memes, But this book filled with tough lexemes. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Christmas Wraith

In Providence Heights, a town of much faith, Where people hustled and bustled around And time flew on by like a Christmas wraith, There was a boy for whom hope was unbound. He had heard all the stories of a King Who was laid in a stable's feeding trough Where the animals ate? this babe did sing In coos of love? a little sneezing cough. This child grew into an adult, you see, And remembered the babe from childhood dreams. As such, he pushed people to remain free Of judgments on people outside the beams Of safety; the walls on which, steeples raised, Have provided comfort to those within; However, those who "had" were the ones praised To the needy outsider's blank chagrin. So that made this young man look all around And the more he did he could not believe How praises of the Christ rose from the ground While for "Christ in the poor" there's no reprieve. Within the town's walls, steeples rose so high With smells and bells and ginger cake Wafting around and lights bright'ning the sky; An idyllic scene this always did make. Outside the city's walls the darkness laid And so the bold, young man had a hard sell, As the religious people were afraid That they would fall under darkness's spell. *Perhaps*, the man thought, *they were very right*; Still, his conscience guided his deepest prayers? His heart praying for the outsider's plight, And hoping they were not caught unawares. The foreboding sky darkened above and Below, within the very streets that The cheerful music rang on through; Yet, still, the people reveled ignorantly To the fact that one larger than their Fears was on his way to repay them For their so-called pious? callous ? Actions, sins, that have been hidden In stark, plain view among people who Should totally know better than they say They do. God wasn't at all fooled by them And, so, with tons of haste, a helper was sent. The Krampus caught that town very unaware, As he moved and jingle-jangled around; His hairy hide and his horns were laid bare. There was a rumbling all throughout the ground As the tall goat-like beast dragged 'round his chains Making a grating, metallic, death sound. The Krampus caught that town grossly unaware? Their screams arising out of every house? His brownish hair and his horns were laid bare. The townspeople, confused as a lost mouse They could not understand why he'd picked them? Why he had invaded both church and house. Yes! Krampus caught that town very unaware! Yet outside, in the dark, stayed so quiet. Krampus's hair and his horns were laid bare Not to darkness, but to the lamp's riot Against the light that gave abundant life? Not to hoard or to keep as their own diet. The Krampus caught that town very unaware? The pious hypocrites were gnashing teeth? His hairy hide and his horns were laid bare. The flames engulfing each and every wreath Produced a hot smoke of the blackest pitch Rising as if it were coming from the heath. Yes! Krampus caught that town very unaware? All but the young man were taken to hell. Krampus's hair and dark horns were laid bare "But we are saved!" they chimed out like a bell? The beast's laugh bellowed down into the pit As he jumped in and, from there, they all fell. The Krampus caught that town grossly unaware? His hairy hide and his horns were laid bare To a town that ignored the call to quell The sin in their hearts and, so, there they fell. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Why?

As I sit here by myself this morning, alone in a darkened, pre-sun-lit room,

I think to myself of that time all those years ago, twenty-nine years to be exact, when I came to you so excitedly with a new song I had recorded.

Honestly, looking back on it, I am sure that I would cringe at it if I were listening to that song this very minute, I am sure it wasn't all that very good, and I am sure you may have felt some disappointment in that song's lack of quality. Still, there I was sharing what I was so very proud of to you, my music teacher from my primary school years. I was a high schooler at the time, in a rock gig, and I came back to visit you because you had inspired me in the arts, in music?your Michael Kamen dreams?and, truly, you had inspired me in singing, complimenting my Vienna Boys Choir, boy alto voice.

But there I stood that day, sharing with you the music I had so passionately made, hoping you'd there see value? not so much in the song itself, but in me, your former student.

Instead, you stood there blankly and you told me, with a straight face, that you missed my pre-pubescent, high voice. Then, after saying that, you just walked away. After decades of self-doubt, self-hatred, and being too afraid to put myself out there in any real, artistic way?after a lifetime of tears and pain? not even really consciously thinking of that day and time, nor even attributing any of the pain I had felt to you, I must now sit and wonder (not in anger or disdain, but in the truest curiosity) why would you

ever show such cold indifference to a teenager?
Yes, to you?my teacher?I would simply ask why?

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UP IN SMOKE AGAIN WITHOUT REASON

Undertow of an unravelling utopic dream that Persists in sucking me downward and spitting me up. Indefinitely stuck in a torture chamber of my own demise, Never being able to escape the thumb screw torment. Smoking, toking the black vapor that others have been Misting and mouth-ejecting very violently Onto my sullied, seared, sun-weary soul, Kindling, once again, the need for Emergent yet elusive escape. Another attempt to find my Gratitude for glum, gloomy Attitudes thrown at me in Irreversible disdain for my Never-ending self-sacrifice, Without ever making Inherently reasonable, Totally understandable, Hardly deniable sense. Ontological otherness Unleashes the useless Temptations to hide. Regret reels within Existential tragedy Abhorrently abetted, Shockingly, by people Only ever obfuscating Naked-truth narratives. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Happy Christmas, O Dear Poets!

Only the brave know things are not happy. Despite trying to find joy this Christmas, Everyone I know is struggling to Answer life's deepest questions. That is all, Regardless, any one can do, no? And, Poets make themselves vulnerable to Others, revealing to them their all- Encompassing dreams and fears. So, then, a Thank you, from the bottom of the heart. Good Scribes, you are a blessing this cold night. ? ? ? POET'S NOTE: An acrostic Golden Shovel. For those who know not what this form is, I hope this helps. An acrostic is a poem where the first letter of each line of the poem spells something else out. The Golden Shovel form takes a line from another poem and uses each word of that line as the end word for each line in the new poem. Therefore, if you read down the end words in my poem, you get a message from another poem. To give credit where credit is due, my Golden Shovel line is taken from the Clement Clarke Moore poem, "A Visit from St. Nicholas", more commonly known by its first line, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas". This poem is dedicated to all my poet/writer friends across the world that I have the privilege of knowing! I am privileged to be a part of this wonderful community and thankful for each of you. Merry Christmas or whatever holiday you celebrate. I value each of you immensely!

It's Christmas (or A Christmas Haiku)

On a tree outside A woodpecker climbs quickly. Its Christmas treat found.

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This Christmas Night

This poem is the debut of a new poetic form, "Revelatory Cascade". ? ? ?

Crackling embers pop in bursts of charred pine On the hearth this heavenly Christmas night. My heart, though filled with such joy, is heavy. Sparkling embers crack in flares of charred pine. And, though a divine time, I find I cry. I am not even, honestly, sure why My heart, though filled with warm joy, is weighty As popping embers rise in wafts of pine And my family sips wine, opens gifts. This time, though divine, causes me to cry. Truthfully, I am not sure as to why. As crackling sounds rise with scents of fir pine This heart of mine is feeling so heavy Yet my family sips wine, opens gifts.

How could it have ever come down to this? In this divine though mournful time, I cry And I am so at a loss as to why. Crackling embers popping beneath charred pine As my heart, though joyful, is damn heavy And my fam'ly, without me, opens gifts Because, I realize, they can't see me. So confused how it ever came to this? In this lonesome time I'm left here to cry; I'm no longer at a loss as to why. My heart, bled dry of its joy, is weighty Away from the embers scented with pine, The family, sipping wine, opens gifts. It will never go back to how it was, Because, I now know, they cannot see me, In this hellish time I'm left here to cry And I am not at a loss as to why; My cold, transparent heart is so heavy. The living family sips wine, opens gifts Near crackling embers wafting with charred pine On the hearth this horrible Christmas night. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

POET'S NOTE: Meter: Pentameter. Form: Revelatory Cascade. This form, to my knowledge, is newly created for this poem. It consists of 35 lines and incorporates a cascading or expanding stanza structure with an intricate line repetition pattern. The form is structured to produce a gradual reveal of the central theme or point as its stanzas grow in line length, creating a cascading effect. It is from this that the form takes its name. While this poem is written in pentameter, there is no metrical requirement for this form. Here are the form's specific rules: ? ?

? Revelatory Cascade created on Wednesday, December 25, 2024 by Tristan Robert Lange A 35-line poetic form Structure: ? 7 stanzas with expanding line counts: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 lines ? A total of 35 lines Repetition: Pattern ? There are 8 repeating lines (L1 through L8) that form the core structure of the poem. ? L9 is unique and appears only once in the final stanza. ? The repetition follows this specific pattern throughout the expanding stanzas:

Stanza 1 (2 lines): L1, L2 Stanza 2 (3 lines): L3, L1, L4 Stanza 3 (4 lines): L5, L3, L1, L6 Stanza 4 (5 lines): L4, L5, L1, L3, L6 Stanza 5 (6 lines): L7, L4, L5, L1, L3, L6 Stanza 6 (7 lines): L8, L7, L4, L5, L3, L6, L1 Stanza 7 (8 lines): L9, L8, L4, L5, L3, L6, L1, L2 Key elements: ? L1 appears in every stanza. ? L2 only appears in the first and last stanzas. ? L7 is introduced in Stanza 5 as the Revelatory Spark or turning point and is not repeated in the concluding stanza. ? L9 is unique to the final stanza and does not repeat. ? Each repetition should be modified slightly to show progression or change. This structure is essential to the Revelatory Cascade form, creating a complex interweaving of repeated lines that supports the gradual revelation central to the form.

The Write Fright

O my, O my, what an absolute fright, I am stuck here with pencil and paper, Yet, I find I have not one thing to write And all cool thoughts went up like vapor. This is, you must know, a poet's worst fear, And always at such a bad time as this, That the muse and the words all disappear And strip the poor artist of any bliss. O friend, dearest friend, what should I now do? I haven't anything real to here say, It has left my creativity blue And longing for a more productive day. This, right now, I do pray my dearest friend, That this writer's block ain't a rising trend. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

A Sonnet on Scroogery

There is a toy that I've wanted to show, In a picture that I took on my phone, Of a green man known for his awful groan; Though fuzzy, he had a yellow-eyed glow. Still, this doggie toy brought much joy in tow, More so than any ordinary bone. To my fur babies: their green, plush, felt scone; Yet, corp'rate greed kills the muse's great throw. "But how so?", one might think to softly flinch, Unaware that I have a poet's mind; That, in this photograph, I would unbind A dark, hum'rous tale, whipped up in a cinch. But, lo, ne'er to be o'er a stringent kind Of Scroogery to build wealth off the blind. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Depth of Height

striving to get high the inner peaks of my heart descend to great depths © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Pottersville

I just woke up in a black and white dream, Where all that is good has been made a fright? Where the good get their wish to not be born? I am alert in this black and white dream. Thus, I mutely scream through a soundless void, And nobody can hear that I am here As I vainly scream through this soundless void. I am alone in this black and white dream, Alone while around familiar people? Thus, I hoarsely yell through a shapeless void, And nobody knows me, though I am here. I am so scared in this black and white dream, Where the good feel the harm in being born. I am here around familiar people? But they've all become twisted and ugly, Thus, I blankly stare through a gaping void, And nobody cares that I'm even here. I'm imprisoned in a black and white dream, Where the good eat their wish to not be born? Stuck unknown around familiar people? In a corrupt world where rich moguls reign And people all become twisted ugly, We desp'rately stare through a lonely void Where nobody knows us or wants us here. The good, out of luck on not being born? Stuck unknown around familiar people? Are dying here in a black and white dream, Embodied by a tangerine horror Deceiving a world where rich moguls reign. We no longer scream through the hopeless void Where nobody knows us or wants us here. The good have slowed, long ago, being born Into hell around familiar people? Longing to live in a black and white dream, Where all that was good has been made a fright. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

When Fireworks Sound Like Bombs

Sitting here on this dark year's end, I hope for a better new year. For a year without fear I hope,
Stuck here at this dark year's end, A dying trend that I still pray To a God who remains silent. A
year minus fear is my hope, Hiding here in this dark year's end I am scared to even be here. A
desp'rate attempt, I still pray To a God who speaks silence While I'm here in this dark year's end. A
new year sans fear is my hope; I am scared to find myself here Surrounded by blown out buildings,
I desp'rately attempt to pray To a God forever silent Throughout this awful, dark year's end. For a
safe year?no fear?I hope; I'm frightened to find myself here In this God-forsaken war zone,
Surrounded by bombed out buildings, I desperately cry and pray To a distantly silent God For a
blessed year?no fear?I hope. I'm death-scared to find myself here Dreading death on this dark
year's end. I cannot pretend I'm okay, In this love-forsaken war zone. I am not surprised that I pray
To a monstrosly silent God For the peaceful year that I hope. Still, I'm scared to find myself here,
Stuck here at this dark year's end; I pray for a better new year. © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All
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Resolution

Sitting here alone in the darkness, I can feel the fear of countless People hoping for a new Year without destruction, Death, rot and decay. Which leads me to Ask once more, What now Friend? © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Lazy Loo Logic

I love when things are as they are at home, Where my soul sings and desires roam. Like warm, moist pie on a winter day, The things of home chase my cold blues away. So why is it, then, in public we see Toilets, not urinals, in which to pee? Why is it both genders share a bathroom? At home we have two, labeled bride and groom. Sure they got the big ol' room just for us Who like to share a li'l pee while we cuss, And groan and moan while making a grunt sound Like home where multi-stalled bathrooms abound. I love when public things mirror my home, Where genders have their own bathrooms on loan. A loo for the girls and one for the boys Seats for no balls and walls for standing joys. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

We Knew

So here we are in another new year. But Nothing Is really ever new, It's true, and we
all knew That nothing would Ever stay true No matter How it Flew. Put The clocks Back in
their box, While time interlocks Like long, half-witted cocks Fighting in the
breeze- Way between these Truths and lies That society Tells us all We should Buy. Lies
Scented With truth's Alluring perfume Yet unable to 'ever bloom Love from
a mushroom Boring it's phallic Moldy, spastic little drastic fantastic plastic head. Dread. So,
here we are, starting yet another damned. new. year. But Nothing Ever stays very
new, It's true, and we all fucking knew That absolutely nothing would Ever dare
to remain true No matter how far They said it Fucking Flew. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights
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Inhale/Exhale

cl- ick click click click sigh *cl-ick click click* spark flares flame ignites flower combusts the dank
pungent wafting of wild exotic aroma a myrcene dream rising to the sky miles high high and even
higher i could never ever tire of the desire to con- spire in love did you see that *L o o k h o w f o*
c u s e d this got like heart rot boring out a hole in the fucked up center of our fucked up little world
inhalation is best when held deep and long ex- hale the world and its drunken views on what is
good and what is to be *d i s c a r d e d* for what it's worth i'd rather toké and get high © 2025
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Hidden Words, Revealed Truths

Searching for Truth and *wisdom* Regardless of the Ongoing hoard of
Naysayers telling you to Give in and give up. Wreck any notion that, Innately, anyone is somehow
Superior to anyone else. Do not assume such lies
Or such self-deception will
Melt, revealing hatred. Waiting for the perfect Intimate moment is the Nexus of Exotic taste and
class. Understanding that Nothing is truly known In the
Vastness of Existence; that we
Really are just taking
Stabs in the dark
Every time we think. Whether or not I can accept it,
Notwithstanding
Doubt and fear,
Openness begets
Wisdom. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

rejected

i value friendships. i always get rejected. what is wrong with me? © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Final Retreat

I've stepped out into the light; I've been told that It is what's necessary. Necessary. Perhaps. Not necessarily. It scorches my eyes, A blue iris surprise That should not be Surprising. Exposed. The vulnerability Veritably on display. There is no Other Way. Yet, in doing so, I've imposed??? Exposed The light to My event horizon??? Always on the horizon, Always pulling, Drawing anything and Everything good Into Nothing- Ness. I've risked exposure, I've risked my Essential substance To connect With the Light. With. The. Light. The light Closed the blinds On me, On the essence of My being. Not sure why. Why? I could cry. O, friend, I could Cry. There is no reason why. Why is in short Supply. It went on a strike, Left the region, And slipped Into a Coma. So, I have Stepped Out of the light, And right back into Satan's shadowy sight. From there, within the pit, I will Stretch and spread my leathery wings And, in a frenzied fury, rip downward into flight. What once offered possibility has become a fright. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

between

what is the distance between nothing and everything two words separated by two worlds and an abyss between an undoing of my doing an unraveling of all that's wound tightly inside like spilt entrails scrying decrying for all to see what is the distance between innocence and instinct can we make out the line the boundary in between what was what is does that wall determine what will or won't be between the tears in between my frozen fingers what is the distance the difference between what is seen and un seen be tween © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Twenty-Five

I try to remember when I was twenty-five, It was during a time when I felt more alive. Truthfully, back then, I would have set out to strive To simply succeed in life and avoid the dive. Meaning, I would do anything to build our hive To watch it expand and even more than survive. But as the years went on that life didn't arrive? Well, it did in part, but saying more would contrive? I can't understand why anyone would deprive The water and nutrients needed to revive A past future hope that now sits in the archive. This is a mystery of which I can't derive. So, here we sit, my love, at our own twenty-five, The years passing away?lost?while we are alive. It's in moments like this I think to take a drive Out to the sea of something?never to arrive. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Grass

What shall I cry? All flesh is grass! Number our days. Grass withereth, Flower fadeth; Surely the people are grass. All the goodness Thereof As the flower Of the field. The voice said, "Cry." But, what shall I cry? All flesh is grass, Things which are Seen Are temporal. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Fireproof

You see the flame, Think it's so pristine. You douse it? drench it?with Gasoline. Thundering *swoosh kabang* The explosive blasts Rock and *thwang* And bellow Upward? Sirens rang. What you didn't see In your useless Plea To get others to Deceive And deny me? The key you missed? Is that I've already Been dismissed. I've been cast out From the garden's Edenic mist? Out beyond the Flaming Sword. Why?

Because I was Bored. You dig? Pointless. Throw your dart At the heart, The bullseye is apart From its ghastly head. Guess what? I'm still not dead. But, here's the thread. You can't hit The one who Slipped through Fiery rain? Dodged heated hail? A ghastly refrain, Not worse than The time I was thrown In, sublime, To the fiery forge. They could not There gorge On my seared skin, Untouched? Not burned?akin To forgiven sin. Did you not know, Did you not Acquire, That I'll never Be afraid of Fire? It has led me Through the night? Through hell and Confusion and On through bondage's Plight. It's been a pillar, A guide of hope. It's aged me in Wisdom, Helping me to Cope. It's dictated my passion, It's consumed my Soul, And revealed My weakest parts, Forging them Whole. It's danced like Flames, Scorching my head, And has loosened My tongue To others' dread. But if all of that For you is not proof I am more than Just a flame. More than fire, I am fireproof. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

nuance

there is what was said there is what was thought was heard truth lies between there is what's written there is what one thought was read truth lies between there is what one thinks there's what's actually real perceptions deceive © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

crested

winter sun crested dog wakes up prematurely time to take a poop. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange.
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Closed Open in Bloom

Remember when nascent love was on fire? In an age lacking the cold northern wind? The warm sensual spring's daffodil bloomed? Recalling when young love was a wildfire? Transmuted into a blooming rosebud Opening to the stamen's gentle touch. The hot sexual summer's petals bloomed? I recall when our love was a wildfire? Your pistil awaiting our chance at life. Transmuted into a blossomed rose bloom, Wide open to my stamen's strong, firm touch, Recall when our love was a burning fire. In your bedewed, exotic summer bloom, Your pistil received our chance at a life.

That is when the cold northern wind came and Reverted your bloom back into a bud. Now mostly closed to my heart's need to touch, Remember when our love was a warm fire, The warm spring's sensitive daffodil bloomed? Your pistil?my stamen?created lives. What gorgeous lives they have turned out to be; Yet, still, when the cold northern wind came and Reverted you back into a shut bulb, And closed you to my gentle lover's touch. The early sensitive flower unbloomed? Yet, our pollination created lives. Remember when love was a raging fire? I truly love you and this life we've made; What a gorgeous life it's turned out to be. But you've reverted back into a bulb, And closed me from your gentle lover's touch. The early spring's lone daffodil unbloomed; Still, our pollination created lives. I'll always recall when our love was fire, In a time without the cold northern wind.

The Sound of Rain

The blank eyes' gaze pierces, Unflinching, It stares with cold lament. Tears, rolling over and welling up, Stream in translucent white? A crystal riverbed On marble flesh. The tears flow down Chiseled cheeks? And drip-drop off Into a puddle below. Below the face, Frozen in permanent position, Praying hands point Heavenward Toward a gray, dull, Shapeless void, Blocking out The daylight. Tombstones Are lone witnesses In the somber scene. As the whole form Comes into focus, The rain showers Down in a billion Riverbeds Of sullen Sorrow. The gray grass Pokes through The mirrored puddle; Reflections of The statue's stoic Sadness Are seen by a silent sky. Only the sound of the rain can be heard. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved. January 8, 2025 East Stroudsburg, PA

The House at Demon's Alley

They will not forget that bright sunny day, Those two friends who went on a wild joyride Into a remote wood not far away, Down a path they were told demons reside. Yes, those friends went out on a wild joyride And parked their junky car when they arrived? The end of the path where demons reside. A place, it's been told, no one has survived. Parking their junky car when they arrived, They got right out and were given a fright. This was a place where no one had survived. What they saw was an awful, grotesque sight! The friends got out and were given a fright, A raccoon?teeth bared?on its back and splayed. What an awful, horrible, grotesque sight, Its blood and entrails spilled out on display. That raccoon's teeth bared?on its back and splayed? Caused both of those teens to start and then jump. All its blood and entrails spilled on display The teens fell onto their car with a loud thump. Yes, both of those teens did start and then jump And, before running toward an old white house, The teens fell onto their car with a loud thump; But, from there, they were quiet as a mouse. Following running toward the old white house, The teen friends dared to go on up inside. They, while in there, were quiet as a mouse Investigating a cool place to hide. The teens, having dared to go on up inside, Noticed that people had up and just left? Leaving them a cool place to come and hide? Leaving stuff and, since then, there's been no theft. Noticing that folks had got up and left? Swatters on the wall, dishes in the sink? All of their stuff there, there had been no theft. It caused them to stop, pause, and then to think. Pictures on the wall, cups in the sink? They could not even hear the gentlest sound. As they stopped, paused, and started to think Of why people left; why there's no one around. They did not even hear that gentlest sound That was humming like wind above their heads Thinking on why people left?not around; They even left silky sheets on their beds. There was buzzing like wind above their heads; Which, at that moment, caught their attention. No longer concerned with "no one around" Their fear grew to a whole new dimension. For, yes, the buzzing caught their attention And they saw that the ceiling was moving Their fear rose to a deeper dimension That yellowjackets would hear them grooving. Yes, they saw that the ceiling was moving As they slowly started to back on out. Hoping those wasps didn't hear them grooving. Or they'd be the next ones dead without doubt. Thus, they successfully backed right on out. No, they won't forget that bright, sunny day, They could've been the next ones dead, no doubt, In a remote wood so not far away. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Passion's Paradox

Two lovers in the midst of passion's throws Could not foresee any of their dark woes. Clutching together in sweaty embrace, Two lovers are thrusting in passion's throws? Their breath and their motion a rhythmic verse? The man is guided as he glides in?out. Clasp together in timeless embrace, The two lovers?grinding in passion's throws? Their shapes move together as though they're one. Breathing and moving in a rhythmic verse, The woman guides his hard glide in and out. Two ignorant lovers in passion's throws Grasping each other in sweaty embrace? Shapes moving together, as though they're one. Two feed off each other as parasites Breathing and moving in chaotic verse. His guided, stiffened thrust scrapes in and out; The broken ones are, in their carnal throws, Ignoring the other's need for embrace? Though moving together, they are not one. The two are in love with each other's corpse? Feeding off the other as parasites? Breathing, moving in necrophilic verse. His thrust doesn't go smoothly in and out, They ignore each other's need for embrace. Though fucking together, they are not one; Two necrotic lovers in carnal woes. Cold satin sheets line the black bed of death, As two are lustful with their corpses. They expire while in necrophilic verse? The movement like sandpaper in and out, Ignoring each other's need for embrace? They're death's consorts. Fucking, but never one, Two necrotic lovers in carnal throws, Did not foresee any of their dark woes. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

riverbeds

the inner darkness is in- escape- able. everything is like pitch? every- thing except for the soft surface, a milky terrain, un- interrupted almost without exception, but failing to be exceptional. The terrain, home to dried up riverbeds, is otherwise without blemish. tracing a path along such forgotten streams of when the blood flowed with ev- er- y single hurt inflicted on a seeking heart? a soul in need of the very thing that they were doomed to be denied?time and again. tracing every single riverbed, carved unnaturally with such pain? full precision?the work of an anxious hand steadied by despair's deadly focus; each riverbed a reminder to me that I have always been this broken. though the rivers have dried up, though their crimson waters are no longer let, their flow no longer has the same pull. healed, dull-red riverbeds, almost brown, lead one to the place where i almost drowned in pools of my own pain. a secret place filled with secret re- lease. these riverbeds may be dry, but the pain never goes a w a y . © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

unexpected snowfall

the scene is quite picturesque as the snow falls silently, the white stillness deafening. flake by flake falls effortlessly to the fluff-encrusted ground, blanketing the earth with an isolating, haunting pall. the silence is appalling even as it is appealing; a misanthropic heaven that forever begets a codependent's hell. the snow falls harder, faster, quieter than it ever has before, deepening the cold, icy solitude's hollowed tomb. we were all mute within the womb. the silence of the storm brings the need to scream aloud; nobody ever hears. the snowflakes fall upon bedazzled eyes and deaf ears that won't hear the screams of those suffering outside their pretty window pane. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Inauguration Day

Have you not heard that it has been written, Do "not follow the crowd in doing wrong." Don't "be swayed by the crowd to twist justice." Surely, you've heard that it has been spoken, "If you can't fly, then run," then followed by Walking if not running or, then, crawling. Don't be fooled "by the crowd to twist justice." Clearly, you've known that it has been spoken, "Whatever you do...keep moving forward." "If you can't fly, then run," followed up with Walking and then, if need be, some crawling? No doubt, you've seen that it has been written, Don't be moved "by the crowd to twist justice"? "Whatever you do...keep moving forward." Look, a rider comes as swift as lightning! "If you can't fly, then run," or, if not, try Walking, or in desperate moments, crawling. Hopefully, you've followed what's been written. Don't be had "by the crowd to twist justice" "Whatever you do...keep moving forward." Arriving with justice and waging war, The rider comes swift upon oppressors. "If you can't fly, then run," or perhaps try Walking, or, as you damn well know, crawling? Don't be had "by the crowd to twist justice"? "Whatever you do...keep moving forward." Hopefully, you've heeded what's been written. The One who was slaughtered by Empire is Arriving with justice and waging war. "If you can't fly, then run," or by God, try Walking, or, as you surely know, crawling. Don't be owned "by the crowd to twist justice" "Whatever you do...keep moving forward." Hopefully, you'll heed what has been written, Do "not follow the crowd in doing wrong." © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved. POET'S NOTE: This poem is a message of hopeful perseverance for those fighting for social justice and a warning to those who think that justice comes from corrupt businesspeople. Form: Revelatory Cascade; Meter: Pentameter. This is the seventh poem written in my new Revelatory Cascade form, utilizing a quote from the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., found text from Exodus 23:2 and paraphrasing parts of Revelation 19:11-16. The Scripture quotes are in the New Living Translation. The specific quotes are below: "If you can't fly then run, if you can't run then walk, if you can't walk then crawl, but whatever you do you have to keep moving forward." ? Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. "You must not follow the crowd in doing wrong. When you are called to testify in a dispute, do not be swayed by the crowd to twist justice" (Exodus 23:2 NLT). "Then I saw heaven opened, and a white horse was standing there. Its rider was named Faithful and True, for he judges fairly and wages a righteous war. His eyes were like flames of fire, and on his head were many crowns. A name was written on him that no one understood except himself. He wore a robe dipped in blood, and his title was the Word of God. The armies of heaven, dressed in the finest of pure white linen, followed him on white horses. From his mouth came a sharp sword to strike down the nations. He will rule them with an iron rod. He will release the fierce wrath of God, the Almighty, like juice flowing from a winepress. On his robe at his thigh was written this title: King of all kings and Lord of all lords" (Revelation 19:11-16 NLT).

Descent in D Minor

The bass note's hollow strike sustains. The lone Note R e v e r b e r a t e s And then hollowly fades out long. The mahogany hammer strikes, R e v e r b e r a t i n g Again; This time followed by the deepest Arpeggio, repeating The same long, dark, devilish notes? A depressed, diminished triad. The sullen root?the bass note That deliberately waltzes? Moves ever so sorrowfully, Spinning around in minor third Dimensions diminished down to A fifth of what they used to be. The sullen Song p l a y s On in silent sostenuto, The highest notes tickle the pit Like butterflies in a free fall. The somber musical setting D e s c e n d s Into D a r k n e s s As tears well in the swollen eyes Of the goddesses and the gods Who fell from Olympia's peak? Banished for all eternity To The Shadowy Underbelly of missing hopes? Because the cloud that covered them Hung darkly, heavy, and dismayed, Never, ever to go away. This Sitka spruce creates a sound That is hauntingly beautiful, Yet so discordantly haunting. The bass arpeggios slowly D i m i n i s h As the final mahogany Hammer comes fully down upon The final depressing bass note. It R e v e r b e r a t e s and lingers on in the soul. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

A Cut

There's a cut on my finger. A cut, with blood. No guts, no glory, Just a cut. A mystery. The cut appeared Like a chocolate smear. It tastes metallic, not like chocolat? The cut, deep red Raspberry preserves Without the sweetness. Stinging with pain, Slowly manifested, As the viscous flow Becomes a sticky syrup Coating the crack, A grotesque fissure Fragmenting My once forgotten flesh. No more. The fissure, A hardening new terrain Crusting and covering In a purple-brown, Blackish-red clay. Soon enough, Days, maybe a week, Maybe slightly more, It won't even be a memory; Yet, there will be room For another Mysterious Cut. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Satin Sheets

The satin sheets feel so damn good On this, our sacred bed of love. Your body warms mine this cold night, The satin sheets feel so damn smooth Wrapped around us in such delight. Steam and sweat saturate the sheets. Your body holds mine this dark night? Those satin sheets feel so damn sleek, On our hot and sensitive flesh. Wrapped right on around this night, Steamy sweat saturates the sheets? Those satin sheets, still so damn sleek? My body is found this dark night As aroused and sensitive flesh. I wish I weren't so alone. Still wrapped around on this cold night, Steamy sweat saturates the sheets? Satin sheets, now feeling less sleek? My body is stuck, this dark night, As aroused and sensual flesh. I hate these nights I dream of you; I wish I weren't so hopeless, Wrapped around faded memories. Steam and sweat have turned cold? My body is desp'rate this night And aroused as sexual flesh. The satin sheets now feel like shit. You lie near me, yet I'm alone. I hate these nights I dream of you; Wrapped around faded memories, Steam and sweat have turned cold? My body, desperate this night, Is now let down as hopeless flesh. The satin sheets feel so lonely On this, our bed of distant love. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Rich Man's Sidewinder

One amendment, two amendment, three amendment, four, Five amendment, six amendment, what the fuck, no more! We only need amendments to fix constitutions, And we don't need those?got presidential solutions. Seven, eight, nine, ten amendments, let's all the way, No reason to keep them around where dictators play. With a cheap plastic marker and shiny black binder, Freedoms are signed away by a rich man's sidewinder. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Song You Taught Me

I looked at you with wide eyes, You were my universe. My entire world My ecosystem My sanctuary My solace My own Mine. Not possessively, But you were Where I belonged. If I was strong, It was You. You taught me Right from wrong, To always sing justice's song, To be like Moses, No matter what the world poses, To stay in the Lord's strong. To know when it doesn't add up And to never play along; To never join the throng, But to say true In resisting Wrong. But now It seems All that Goes Up Like A B o n g . It saddens me to no end that you now seem to be singing a different song. For the first time in my entire life, I finally understand what it was like to be Moses coming down off of Mt. Horeb, all aglow in the presence of the LORD, to find that his very own had deserted the very ways they had raised him up to lead them in. A mixture of tears and fire that combine in the most transcendent and transformative ways, righteous anger exploding out at the blasphemous ending of all that was ever put into sacred stone. This, my beloved, is where I now find myself standing. Forever my duty to love? to that duty am I a slave? But love is a sword that cuts To the tune of truth. It will not, cannot be deceived. It stands firm and r e a d y . If you cringe at my singing, know it is the song you taught me. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Deep in My Bed

Here I now lie, deep in my bed With all these thoughts in my head Swirling around with some glee
As if they are on a damn spree. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

You

It hurts, you know? No. I suppose You Would not know. You Shoot bullets carelessly. You
Tongue-target me. You Refrain from showing respect. You Lag not in laughing at me.

You Think I'm ignorant, Unaware, unworthy Of the love you show Others. It hurts, you know? No. I
suppose you wouldn't. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Echoes of Inevitability

Why is it we must lose The ones we love? We are born into this world Together. Even if brief,
That togetherness Is intricately woven into Who we are. From birth To death, We are yearning for
connection, Striving to be seen, To be heard, To be known, To be loved. To belong. To be. To be
in a sea of beings, To float along Weightless In saline certainty, The comfort of conformity
Crystalizing until We lose ourselves To avoid losing others. And yet what have we saved? What
gain is there In all of this loss? What have we gathered up In this forest of fragile feelings? The
broken sticks And moldy leaves waft Up the nose Triggering mildew memories. What have we
gained, Losing ourselves To gain acceptance?

We are invalidated Through our search for validation. The ones who love us do, The ones who
don't won't The haters will hate, And lovers will stay the day; But, in the end, Both will leave us
Irrevocably Alone. As will we, one day, Leave? Taking flight? The cold Arctic wind Thrilling, chilling,
and killing The life we've stored away. We are indeed born into this world Together. And yet, many
are alone. Why is it that we must lose The ones we love? © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights
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Would It Be?

Would it be better to taste life and die, Than to have never been born? Would it be better not to have been born, Than to taste life only to suffer death? At this point, Does it even matter? © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

1933/2016/2024

They promised the strongest economy. They promised to target minorities. They promised they would be authorities. They promised financial autonomy. They promised with such false dichotomy. They promised no inferiorities. They promised all this to majorities On whom they performed a lobotomy. What they promised ain't what they delivered, Yet, you hope?pray?that this man ain't the same. "He isn't the same"; sure. He might be worse, But, if not, many are chicken-livered Because of his malicious?corrupt game? Leaving a nation's morals in a hearse. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved. January 25, 2025 East Stroudsburg, PA

The Man I Cannot Hear

The man sits there. I long for him like he was mine. He is so very distant? The man, sitting there? And he cannot hear me cry. It's not my tone? He is so very distant, The man, sitting over there Outside of my range. He will not hear my cry; It's not my tone? The man over there, sitting, He is so damn distant? Like a church bell outside town. Looking again, I recognize him And he cannot hear me cry. It's not because of my tone? That man over there Is so close yet damn distant? Like a newly born saint is from heaven. Looking through a sea of sadness, I recognize myself in him? I cannot hear me cry And I don't recognize my tone? So damn distant, Like Earth is from the sun, I am the man over there. Sitting lost in mercurial melancholy, Afloat in a sea of sadness, I cannot hear myself cry? I no longer possess a tone And I'm so dangerously distant Like Satan is from salvation. I am the man sitting there, Longing for me to be mine. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Heart Disease

I waltz a waltz like no other waltz? My solitary charade soiree? And I dance the dance to the sad valse Where my heart's disease is on display. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Midwinter Vacation

midwinter storm hits

the snow falls fast and pretty

vacation starts now © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Gaza Plaza

Welcome to the Gaza Plaza Towering extravaganza, Where the residents were displaced And our moral compass defaced For rich men's Trumpian worldview Of all societies askew? Sans any semblance of sanity? For their wack pall profanity. Doesn't matter what others think, They've got a fucking ship to sink Mandated by a bunch of fools Who think they can wield power tools Higher above where they can reach; Some ignorance you can't unteach. So, line up and wait here all day, Time to kiss righteousness away, For a damn extravaganza At Trump's latest; Gaza Plaza. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Turbulence

Sitting in the titanic terminal, The circus city in vaporous view, I long for a compelling connection
Anything that is tremendously true. I am a jet plane on frivolous flight? Soaring shakily through the
midnight sky? A new moon memorandum of distance Completely confuses where I'm to fly. I can't
see if there is lush land below. I cannot discover the deadly drops? The anxious air becomes great
turbulence? There aren't any visible landing stops. The placating pilots will never land, For they are
busy bussing me nowhere. This torturous trip takes me to the pit? A callous connection too great to
bear. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Window Between

Standing there, peering in the door window, The doggy looks inside with eager eyes At her loved ones inside their bungalow; Not one li'l look back from them will arise. The doggy looks inside with eager eyes Wondering why she isn't allowed in? No look back from them will ever arise? As the frigid frost is biting her skin? Wondering why she isn't allowed in Where the warmth of their love could be supplied? The frigid frost is eating at her skin? Into the home where her parents abide. The doggy is alone, just staring there At her loved ones inside their bungalow? In their callousness, they ignore her stare? Ever there, gazing in the door window. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Breathtaking

A glint of light crests On the summer's horizon; The dawn?breathtaking. The sun, a golden
Half-moon cheese wheel in a sky Of colorful bands. The light arises Over the July ocean
Shimmering sweetly. The sun moves higher As the undertow grows strong And the sand creeps up
From my toes onto my feet; From my calves to my pelvis. The water rising up higher As my body's
sinking lower, My lot has gotten more dire.

The sun is not rising slower? My own time is slipping away? My body sinks even lower

With the upward rising of day. The water now up to my chest,

My timespan is slipping away. Yet, I have to watch the day crest; As such, I refuse not to look, The
coarse sand now above my chest

My head protrudes out like a rook, And the saltwater splashes me Yet, at the sun, I still must look,
Submerged, a mean crab stares at me The water keeps rising higher And the saltwater covers me;
My very lot is beyond dire. The prolonged time? Breathtaking. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All
rights reserved. POET'S NOTE: Form: Chameleon Cantos. *Created by Tristan Robert Lange on
October 19, 2024, for the poem "Ice Lions" and revised/updated on February 7, 2025, for the poem
"Breathtaking".* Purpose: Creates a poetic journey that shifts in tone, rhythm, and complexity,
allowing for a narrative that evolves from simple observations to a more intricate theme exploration.
Structure: ? Canto I: Three haiku stanzas (5-7-5 syllables each) ? Canto II: One tanka stanza
(5-7-5-7-7 syllables) ? Canto III: Choice of either: ? A Villanelle (19 lines, following the traditional
villanelle structure and rhyme scheme) ? A Terzenelle (19 lines, following the terzenelle structure
and rhyme scheme) An Explanation of Canto III ? Villanelle option: Provides a structured, intense
repetition that emphasizes key themes or images ? Terzenelle option: Offers a blend of villanelle
and terza rima elements for a unique progression of ideas Key Features: ? Progressive complexity
from haiku to tanka to Villanelle/Terzenelle ? Flexibility in theme and tone between sections ?
Opportunity for stark contrast or subtle evolution between parts Guidelines: ? A sequence of three
Haiku: Establishes setting, mood, or initial observations ? A Tanka: Introduces a shift, tension, or
turning point ? A Villanelle/Terzenelle: Develops the main action, revelation, or thematic exploration
Rhyme and Meter: ? Haiku and tanka sections: Traditional syllabic count, no rhyme requirement ?
Villanelle option: Traditional villanelle structure with its specific rhyme scheme and repetition pattern
? Terzenelle option: Follows the terzenelle structure with its defined rhyme scheme and repetition
pattern Themes: ? Versatile, but particularly suited for themes involving transformation, contrast,
or gradual revelation Examples: ? "Ice Lions" and "Breathtaking" by Tristan Robert Lange serve as
the inaugural examples Form History: In October, Sparkle Magic City (a publication on
Medium.com) put out the following prompts for their week 5 challenge. The prompts were *home*,
basket, *ice*, *guitar*, and *pillow*. I chose two of the five prompts to work with, with the idea of having
ice fly out of a picnic basket. I took that initial concept and thought of how to create the horrifying,
jolting effect of icicles flying out at the picnickers' faces. I knew that Haiku could set a serene scene
and seasonal feel and that a Tanka would very much keep the syllabic flow of the poem intact. As
someone who values repetitive forms, I figured a villanelle would be perfect to lock people into that
horrific scene and yet feel a sense of helplessness and inevitability as it unfolds. I did not initially
view this as an independent form. I simply wrote the poem and then walked away. On February 6, I
had the idea of writing a poem that transitioned from a beautiful sunrise to being swallowed up by
the sea. It dawned on me that the structure of the Ice Lions poem might work for this concept, so I
employed it and realized this was a very duplicatable form. I named it Chameleon Cantos because,

like a chameleon, it is a hybrid that shifts between forms. This shifting casues the narrative to be a bit of chameleon too, in that it shifts in tone and intensity. Following completion of the poem "Breathtaking", I recognized the value and versatility of this form I accidentally created for a single poem and, on February 6, 2025, I drafted up these guidelines so that others can employ and play with it as well.

ANXIETY

Always on edge in a world of assholes Never minding their propensity for Xanthic perspectives poisoning the air Irrevocably?a suffocation Eternal for those whose nerves are haywire. Trepidation consumes the mind and soul; Yet, the world cares not?it keeps piling on. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

secondhand

the glass is rose-colored the drink still looks black as cancer and spreads just the same in me a
flaming flurry of fear forever fomenting inside death chills full like still-term births not worth
aborting that which is dead but not without the dread of a martian on venus v-day's voracious
viper vapes venom and I'm left inhaling the smoke secondhand © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All
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Fishbowl Fatigue

Why is it that, since my birth, Humans have been cruel, hurtful, And callous as fuck toward me, To the point I hate being around anyone? Times and even places have changed; However, people never, ever really do. Everyone is stuck in their own fishbowl. Forget about flowery mouths; Ugliness is a thick and potent perfume. Cowards always choose to hit and run Kilometers before they turn to face you. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Sixes

Here I stand underneath You, my dearest mother, With such disappointment And horror at my life In this dark, twisted world? Ready to climb on back, Because I've seen enough. I have come to lament The salvation I've tried To bring to a cruel world. They've returned to the same Hatred that shed my blood; The world is still a sore That scores wealth off the poor, Gives love to those who hate, Hates those who stand for love, Gives life to the rotten And rots out the living. Father, please feel the angst I pour on my mother.

Take back this broken plan, For we were mistaken In pretending the way Was not a huge deluge. One, then two, and then three, I pray to my mommy For umbilical rope. Now four, then five, and six, Knowing this can't be fixed, Back in your womb, I go. I'm not their Valentine Because they get presents On my wintry birthday. Six hundred sixty-six Reasons why I'd rather Reverse my birth this day. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Total Dark

I used to sing the song of the bluebird Hoping to have a relationship Filled with love and companionship; But this artist failed at love. There is hope in failure Just as there is hope That when a candle Is therein snuffed, Light becomes Total Dark. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Cult

Listens to lies and believes them as truth. Overrides any reason with complete denial. Never admits loss; only ever admits victory. Green lights moral decay to attain false security.

Litigations are a part of the diversion plan to Illegitimize a most sacred constitution. Voracious spreading of conspiracies and misinformation Exacerbates already fragile and snowflake minds. Totally abdicates all critical thinking. Hunts down all purveyors of truth. Eliminates equity for those "less than".

Kingmakers of a kingpin, Illegitimately presented as a Christ,

Never feel shame for gloating as if

God is on their side. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Deep Freeze Daze

It was beautiful before the deep freeze daze, When the days felt more like dreams and fairy tales,
Than this nightmarish hellscape with its cold haze. On the surface, we looked past the details,
Such as a ninety-five year pipeline. Worse yet are the liars' cocktails, Prepared by those who
streamline Belief in corrupt men. I've read the headline: "Never again!" It there reads. Ice zen
Pleads. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Dunk Tank

I started to write a poem,
Somethin' I could really show 'em,
It turned out so great?
Which I cannot hate?
'Bout where to take Trump and throw 'im.

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Pontiac

resistance led a g a

i n s t colonialism larger success came through initial l o s s e s excitement built
pride which outperformed the thrill of purpose claims climbed high on the tree of egos their vines
ascended to assassination a g g r e s s i o n against a visionary the ultimate cause crushed by the
colonies newly created into an emerging empire ready to build and name c a r s
after a resistance that failed victory in the eyes of a blizzard whitewashing memories of a man
whose name could be produced monetized enjoyed and p h a s e d out due to the greed of those
who won and continue on colonial o p p r e s s i o n through the guise of "[empire] first"

Dark Age Descended

Two millennia, seven decades, and a trio of solar revolutions ago, an ambitious Roman consul besieged Alexandria, which was home to Earth's largest library. During this, his conflict with Ptolemy the Eighth, great Caesar ordered ships in the harbor to be burned, which led to the unfortunately unintended consequence of fire spreading to buildings and structures on the shore, causing many buildings being damaged. Sadly, one of those damaged buildings was the great library, which was a wonder of all the civilized world. Within its hexagonal walls and multiple tiers, white marble that now only shimmers in our mind's ancient imagination, were housed over forty thousand, possibly up to four hundred thousand papyrus scrolls of all varying degrees of human intellectual achievement and historical record; a collection that, had it still been around today, we would have the answers to so many mysteries about our human past and what has led us from where we were millennia before the fall of the Republic and the rise of Rome's egomaniacal and extravagant empire. We would be able to see what led to the prioritization of power and propaganda over equal access to a wealth of knowledge that would benefit a humanity in profoundly powerful ways. Yet, as any student of history knows, that was not to be. Instead, the raging fire of a western tyrant spread from building to building until it burned parts of the library down. O, but listen my dear friend, because that was not the full destruction of the library. No, this bastion of human knowledge, wisdom, literature, the arts, that even was home to a zoo, was destined for more subjugation to human refuse otherwise known as greed, ignorance, corruption, and power. All this at, yet again, a huge cost to all humanity. Why is it, friend, that we humans are not content on building on the achievements of others? Why is it that we must set out to be the biggest, the best, the greatest of all others? Why is it that we seek to trump each other instead of teach each other? These are questions not easily answered and, sadly, people would rather burn and ban books than take the time to learn what worlds and mysteries lie inside of them. Now, by this point in our celestial journey through the space/time continuum, you may be thinking that this historical drivel might all be well and good, but that ultimately it is a waste of time to read and is really an excuse to set up a pretty shape. Friend, this is not true, and you know it. History is not drivel and this shape needs no excuse for its existence, other than to draw you into a truth that will set you free. Through the years, the Empire's rise was no kinder to the great library in Alexandria than Rome's only dictator for life. One "remarkable" Emperor, Lucius Aurelian, prioritizing his army's awesome power, brought further death to the Mouseion, the muse-inspired area that hosted the world's greatest shrine of wisdom. Beyond the destroyed ancient library, still in the same city, sat a temple complex, the Serapeum. It was home to Alexandria's baby Bibliotheca, the former quiet space of legacy learning. The great Christian Patriarch, (men. sigh.) Theophilous of Alexandria, in the year of our Lord, three hundred ninety-one, destroyed it while converting the Serapeum into a church. This of course, inspired other zealous men, (again, what is with them? For real.) Christ followers, to attack, raid, pillage, and in the name of the Christ, perform a proper lynching; beyond the books they BANNED, then stripped naked a wise woman, a philosopher, quartering her after shelling out her flesh; reason drug through the streets in a bloodbath. Today, here on planet Earth, two thousand, seventy-three years later, we think we are so fucking advanced that some might find that word too barbaric to digest. Yet, we have passed up reason once again, we have given up hope on our better angels, only to embrace guns over the god we believe will save us. We have abandoned the path to an enlightened age, to revert back to the fall of Rome, only this time Rome sits in the new world and names herself the state of America, no longer united in reality, an empire built on exploitation, sexploitation, slavery, sexism, patriarchy, privilege power, oppression, and the carrot on the stick called the American Dream. If you are buying, they are selling. Meanwhile, attacks

on your brain are being made by male- manifested members of small- mindedness and, well, you know how the saying goes, small "middle legs", their mem- bra virilia the only worthy memor- abilia. These attacks take the form of bans on books, the abolition of academic acuity, the dulling of democracy, and deadpan serious proposals of evil and the absurd. Rewriters of his and her stories, of all their stories regardless of gender, the propagandists push pills of populism to numb and nebulize you into submitting to serfdom. My dear, it is not that the dark age will descend?it has already descended. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Unbelievable

A loud bang kaboomed. I awoke to the Spring sun With a fast heartbeat. The sleep in my eyes Felt like painful, crusted dreams As voices spoke loud. The early spring morn', Including the confusion, Caused me to chuckle. In a bleary cry, I called out with, "What the hell!? You're being real loud". As a smile came to my face, Another loud sound arose. I hopped up off of my damn bed And fell down a rabbit hole, Certain at the end I'd be dead. Instead, the fall slowed to a stroll. I was down looking right on up The long and twisted rabbit hole. After sitting, I saw a cup With tea and scones, and a strange man; I was there, down, looking right up, Beyond him? a cake in a pan That said, "eat me," and so I did With tea, growing to a large man; Now, I could see across the grid, And I saw the girl of my dreams, And a vile to drink; that I did. It took me to that girl, who screams,? I wish I were still in my bed, An axe this queen had in my dreams? "Off with his head!" Shit, I am dead. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

sitting at the café

an overcast sky late winter feels like it's spring i'm alone again © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Call This What You Will, I Call It Misogyny

We live in a world where bros tell their tails Tall as towers about girls sized as whales; Women, rather, whose courage never flails On the flat of their penis envy scales. What is really being weighed in large pails Is their insecurity, like large grails, Not holy, but filled with sea men entrails On ships that are smaller than piggy tails; A load that shows how humanity fails. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Give and Take

I have heard it said, "The LORD giveth and the LORD taketh away." The LORD, a title In the place of a Foreign name, Spelled in captials As if it were Screamed out At bystanders From manacing Megaphones. The name, Consonants Without Vowels, Yet, what is not seen, What is not visible, Is heard. Strange, is it not, That the invisible is heard, While the visible Goes used yet unseen, There yet unheard, Present yet Ignored? The LORD. Who is the LORD? Who is my LORD? Questions linger In the morning gray, Over a ground Frosty frozen. Death sparkles In the silent Daybreak. Who has my LORD been But the one who Exerted Power Over me. The one who Showed me love, Who gave me but a Foretaste Of life Never to be afforded To me. My LORD Was the one who Welcomed me, Took me in, Accepted me, Empowered me To produce life Under the guise Of Love. My LORD Was the one who Made good use Of me Until I was no longer Useful; Discarded are Hearts heavy with Lust's deceit. A fool of hope Adrift on a sea of separation, Seclusion is home For my love's sequestration. My LORD giveth a bit, But has taken much away. After all these pages, All these chapters, All these tales, And after Everything I don't have To show for it all, It appears I have been worshipping The wrong lord. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

anvil clouds and phantom corridors

the house of haunts stands alone atop a hill that looms over and above like saturated cumulonimbus clouds anvil-shaped pressing down on us ants below towering over trespassers like a lone tom peeping in on a torrid affair in a secluded off-road motel but no affair could ever be the blame for this malignant manor of menacing memories the mephistophelian monstrosity a mystery solved by its very name gamed the story of its inhabitants displayed as the tour continues on room by room each contemptuous corridor chilling and shilling the wanton wanderer into a permanent residence the foyer a fascinating find filled forever with the hope of new beginnings an entrance into to otherwise haunted hallways and caustic chambers hollow horrid cloistered cries come from within the weary western wing where one soul was abandoned and weaponized so that no one would draw near every one of the other rooms emptied and entirely emaciated as if the sullen structure was starved of sustainability the wall stones weathered away to reveal embossed imprints of the malevolent memories mercilessly mobilized by activity within faces forever fomenting fears formed in the forgotten woodwork framed and whittled by a ghost glazed with the glitter of what used to be there the ghoul stands translucent goading me with garish eyes that will not be satiated sorrow stays its course in the dead delinquent of serenity in life dormant in its deliberate and dominant stare the ghost reaches, raising the need for recession sadly, we turn to find the foyer missing and its door now forgotten © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Swinger's Springtime Surprise

What a lovely day it is in the wood Where the sunlight shimmers down through shadow. The mixed green foliage a lush canvas Painting the loveliest day in the wood; A ruddy, long-haired swain sits on a swing, Embraced by a lover's touch and a smile? Mixed green foliage paints a lush canvas On this lover's day in the lumined wood? This young man leans in to accept a kiss. He is a ruddy, long-haired swinging swain Embracing a lover's touch and their smile On this lover's stay in the dark'ning wood With mixed foliage? a green, lush canvas; This knave bends on down to accept a kiss From an aguiler with a serpent's smile. This ruddy-faced, long-haired, swain on a swing Embraces the deceiver's touching smile With loving eyes in the darkening wood; Mixed foliage paints a dark green canvas For a naive knave accepting a kiss. This siren's gaze a tale of treachery? An aguiler with a serpent's slow smile. The ruddy-faced, long-haired, soft-swinging swain Embraces the seducer's touch and smile. Mixed foliage paints a dark green canvas For the naive knave stealing a soft kiss On this ill day in the languorous wood. A long, dull, and rusty dagger in hand? This devil's gaze a tale of treachery For the ruddy, long-haired, dead-dangling dope Seduced by the sly serpent's touching smile. Mixed foliage hides a bloody canvas Where a sad knave is stolen by a kiss, On this dead day in the languorous wood Where sunlight is snuffed out by the shadows. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Bed Dread

I spend each night
Dreading my bed,
Not because it hurts
To lay down my head,
Or that I would rather
Be awake instead?
No, that is certainly
Not what I said?
But because I know
To whom I'm wed;
I mean not my spouse
To whom I'm dead,
Nor any vocation
In which I've led,
Nor of any illness
which I've been bled,
But that specter that
Wakes up in my head,
And reminds me
That I'm still not dead.
Oh, I know, it's me painting
This shade of red,
And I'll be dismissed
For refusing to be fed
A cake of caustic clichés like,
"Don't let depression tread",
Or any stupid saying
Without any cred.
Yet, let's remember
This common thread:
True peace only comes
When one is dead.
Until that moment

I 'll have my bed dread.

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Adoration's Eyes

My eyes looking down at my love, Her loving gaze meeting mine? Such innocence and warm desire? My eyes looking at my lover With electrifying tingles. My darling's arms around me? Pure innocence and hot desire? My eyes gazing at my lover As her hands caress my neck. Pins, needles and tingles with My flower's arms around me, My eyes study my lover's Sexy and supple, hot desire As her fingers trace my neck. With both hands on two tight ropes? Titillating tingles as My flower's arms embrace me? My eyes worship her lovely, Curvaceous, supple, hot desire As her fingers soothe my neck. Green garden surrounds our swing? Both hands firmly on its tight ropes? Exhilarating tingles From my love's hugging embrace And her sexy, supple desire? Her fingers massaging my neck? While my eyes are adoration. Golden light streams down through green, Tall trees surrounding our swing. Electric, teasing tingles From my dear's sensual embrace And her soft, supple breasts? Her two hands gripping my neck? While my adoration eyes Meet her deep and loving gaze. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Dastardly Dell of Death

The dull, dark geen-gray fingernail presses down on cold linen, Attached to a rigid, outstretched middle digit locked in its rigidity, As if the blackened hand is silently sending a signal of solidarity With the dead, A final act of defiance set in rigor mortis motion Against a world hellbent on death. Were we meant to atrophy in defiance of death? In a dark, shadowed, sunken socket, the pale of the eye Is a slim fingernail clipping, vacant of life or connection, The brown iris rolled up and away underneath half-moon lids. Eyebrow evinces ending resignation over a green-pallored brow, A cliff from which the only remaining growth flows down upon the pall. The necrotic nose an aquine mountain peak, a secluded summit Ascending over the soul's enigmatic exit, opened? Extinguished? Now an abyss into a bodily display of death's dominance. The hair-clad chin, a wall of obscurity from death's design. Sloping down to the nape, Stiff shoulders segregate the neck from the depressed chest, The pale gray expanse ascending up to the ribs before Descending to the torso's total and terrible extended terrain, The navel a canyon wound Reminiscent of the love and nurturing that gave birth To the now, macabre, mutilated and motionless Man. The putrified-pallor of the board-like body, boarded up Within a wood frame; he lies on a palled slab of stone, Lacking life's hue?except the vulva-visaged wounds, Where human cruelty met helpless human flesh? The mysteriously murdered man suddenly becomes familiar, His murder no mystery at all. For here, lying on this appalling pall, on a stone slab, Framed within a tomb The Christ Though worshipped as God, A dead man stiff as if artificially aborted from the womb By a species dying to mercilessly mangle its own, This boxed tomb a king's throne, Rotting flesh over bruised bone while lying stiff?alone? A bed fit for a mocked king. Who will join in on this kind of hymn Devoid of the pomp and pomposity that Easter brings, Where one must face the cold, stark Truth In the chasm of a rock-hewn tomb? Not even God could avoid the dastardly dell of death. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Devil's Design

Blackness. *Where am I?* This pitch-pallored place? A veritable void? Is all encompassing.

How did I end up here? The charcoal chasm Transmuting to ashen gray As a faint light begins to Glow from around? From behind? Me. The darkness Moves As the light intensifies Around me, Fully Enveloping me in its brilliance, Light-emitting diode white. Quite a painful sight at first? Eyes adjusting? I begin to see the black cavern From which I am emerging. The further distance grows The more I can see Another chasm Symmetrically mirrored Opposite from the one before me. And just between and slightly beneath, Another heart-shaped hole, But inverted as if The devil lent Its gnarly Design. A heart, Inverted Like justice in This dystopian world? A diss on top of dysfunction? Where power postulates the preposterous Pomposity that presents itself for permanence. Stillness comes with the light? With The Light? In this monumental moment. The pause Leaves me uncertain with Certainty. *Do I prefer this permanence being presented Pompously, By postulating power, And what might this portend?* The light's impermanence Sets me back in motion, And the more distance Gained, The more I realize That the "light" was just More white, A bony visage where light makes Strange bedfellows with Shadow The skull before me, In its white luminescence Is very much enveloped by an expanse Of the blackest nothingness one can see This side of Insanity. As I stare at the stark skull, It's teeth? *Is that a smile??* Clenched down in defiance of derision, It will not be moved by my meaures Of meaningless meanderings, Promises propogated By my pompous And perilous Propensity To never Follow Through On What is Just and right. My complacency Concocted by cascading Conveniences that I am privileged? I shiver at such a potentially revealing word? Privileged To Have. Unmoved, This skull, my judge, Stares me down as fire ignites? Its eyes? Those eyes pierce into me and I cannot look away. The reality settling in, facing me with cold justice, I come to the understanding that this? No matter how much I think I am Above? Is my ultimate fate. Nay, it is all our fates! Death. No matter how much power I possess, No matter how much wealth I amass No matter how many I see "beneath" me, No matter who I hate, No matter who I judge, No matter who I live Off of the backs of? Death will have its way. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

light & shadow

the late winter moon lights up in the dark night sky yet darkness remains © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Caged in Lilacs

I have always wished I were a sparrow Flying high above a ground so fallow? With magic flowing in my bone marrow And a freedom given to the callow. I would fly on past all of the building That is happening down there on the ground; I would ignore all of the gold gilding, I would fly on by not making a sound. I would seek out another youthful fountain And perch upon its cool, smooth granite lip; I would stand atop it, strong as a mountain, Then I would sing a song and hold my grip. But, truth, I will never be that free bird, Rather, I am caged within the lilacs, Forced to smell their odor? snot? that's the word; A hideous smell that my nose shellacs. No. I am no sparrow, but an actor Who's dried up without any leading part, Without any contributing factor, I've been so foolish from the very start. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Heart of Deception

There were four of us in the room that evening awaiting the chief, who had called us in to discuss something that had to be weighty to draw the likes of us. Aside from me, a detective, there was a medical examiner, a specialist from forensics, and a shrink. Whatever this was about, it had to be far more serious than the average stolen car or neighborly complaint. The door swung open forcefully as the chief entered the room. In her hands, a package of some sort; on her face, a grimace of concern that she was about to share with us. "I have assembled you here because we received this package today," the chief said, plopping the cardboard cube down on the table before us with a thud. Its contents sounded dense as the box landed on the surface. "You will make note of the return address as it is that old, abandoned house over on Lincoln Avenue where that tranny lived." At that moment, without another second's hesitation, the chief pulled out a pocketknife and began to open it slowly, cautiously. The packing tape was no match for the sharp

blade, which sliced it open with zero effort? first down the cen- ter, and then a- long the sides, so that the lips of the box top burst loose and slight- ly opened. Instantly, the most wretched and wretch-inducing odor emitted from the partially opened lid, the cube's contents hid- den inside by shadows that caused an indomitable dread to settle upon all of us who were there to witness. The medical examiner proceeded with wary caution as he peeled back the box lids, first the outer lids, followed slowly by the interior lid which opened perpendicular to the first. The nauseating smell of decay and rotting blood grew even stronger, so strong that we all began to wretch and cover our mouths. "Holy fuck, that shit stinks," I exclaimed! "Christ, what the hell's in that thing?!" The chief's hands grabbed the lids while the medical examiner slowly, queasily reached in and delicately lifted the contents out of the box. As his gloved hands emerged from the box, we all could not- ice, clearly, the brown- ish-red, clotted blood stains and thick, syrupy drippings from what ap- peared to be a half- eaten human heart that must have been rotting for several days. Its gruesome sight was shocking to say the lea- st. *drip* The sound hit me like a stone. *drop* The horrible horror of the dripping half-heart. *drip* It was dead, yet determined to have a rhythm, *drop drip* Through the death-sap of this once living heart. Half-eaten, but by whom? Could we have even presumed? Besides, its wretched perfume Was Too potent For steadiness to resume? *drop...drip* The sound was starting to slip Inside all our mesmerized minds, Like a closing of the blinds On our own sanity. Yet, regardless of the profanity, Everything I screamed Seemed to be pure vanity. Nothing I did mattered. We were together, yet alone. That is when the atmosphere in the room turned devilishly dark, not in color but in malevolent mood; the medical examiner, to all our own dismay, took the partially eaten pump and raised it to what transformed into his monstrous mouth. Indescribably, he began to blatantly bite into the half-eaten organ, devouring it as a delicious delicacy. The gruesomely gory gluttony ended abruptly, the monster resembling the examiner stood before us, his face covered in blood, giving him quite the putrid pallor. Its eyes aglow with zombified zeal and horrendous hunger, it looked toward us as with evil. Dead. But alive. Its head turned, twisted, and then looked at us.

"You," it hissed while pointing at our own chief, "You are the reason this act has been done."

Its head turned, twisted, and then looked at me,

As if I had some awful part to play. "Your li'l chief is quite the bad, evil bitch!

"She is the reason this act has been done."

Its head turned, twisted, and then looked away;
The blood left my face an ashen pallor, As if I knew the awful part at play.
"Your chief here is quite bad, evil, it's true!"
Its head turned, twisted, and then eyed the shrink;
"She caused this act by neglecting the weak."
The ash left my face a bony pallor. "But, beyond her job, it's how she did me."
I wasn't sure I knew its awful play;
"Your evil, nasty chief shot me right through!"
Its head turned, twisted, and then looked her way,
"She caused this act by neglecting her love."
The bone left my face a jelly feeling, As I began to see my chief's own guilt.
"Fuck her job! It's how she left me!"
I was now sure I knew Chief's dreadful play;
"Your evil, badass chief killed me, right true!"
"She caused this act by murdering her love."
The jelly left my face painfully reeling;
Its head turned, twisted, and looked back my way. "She wanted me to tell of our romance,"
I could hear the guilt in Chief's shaky voice.
I could now see my ill chief's awful play!
The bad, evil chief cold-hearted killed her.
"The Chief caused this so I ate half my heart"
I'm sure my face showed the light revealing
As its head twisted, and then hissed these words,

"You are next," while pointing the pale chief's way. ===== BREAKING NEWS: Police Chief Indicted for Gruesome Murder in Shocking Case CITY HALL ? In a stunning development, the metropolitan police chief has just been indicted today on charges of first-degree murder of her secret female lover in a case that has completely shocked and torn apart a community. The chief, known for her vehement crusade against members of the LGBTQ+ community, particularly targeting those who claimed to be other than their biological gender. Once promising to "put an end to the leftist woke agenda to destroy traditional values in the city", the chief is now embroiled in what appears to be a case of major hypocrisy. We'll keep you updated as the story unfolds. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Saint Patrick's Brood

It has long been said? Almost as long as saying things Has been a thing? That a Latin-speaking Welchman, A swain once swindled By Illicit Irish Interlopers, Came back to the Isle of Emeralds And thenceforth Drove out the Snakes. Yet, Snake repellant Has never been A propellant toward Sainthood. No. This Patrick Did no such thing? Not in the slightest? For he had love For the "snakes" Who gave him The pasture, Where he learned to Pastor. This Patrick? Prostrated, Not prominent? Dug deep within The den, And then, Found himself one Among the brood. Yet, That never changed His mood, Toward his Lord? Something his soul Would never afford? And, Though freedom Finally found Patrick, He Freely found His way Back to his Brood. And there, Not knowing he could, He made friends of foes, Formed sacred circles That brought the above Below, And raised the beneath Back Above. No matter The tall tales Told Of a fierce Patron Who had the pompous, Pretentious, Purpose To successfully, and

Surreptitiously

Scatter serpents From the Emerald Isle, Just know that The real patron's purpose Was to please God With a sacrificial love That lovingly laid familial claim Upon his captors, That dispatched spiritual descendancy For the divine delivery Of hope for a people Who would one day Bring that hope To a dark age, In need of Light. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Surrounded by Stones

How can one interpret That which cannot be interpreted? A gray stone with no markings? Nothing unique or unusual To marvel at? Dense and unmovable, Never removable, Making it always disprovable As it sits there, obstinate in apathy, Devoid of empathy. If only it could be moved by telepathy; Alas, It's a damned rock! The whole conversation's been a crock; The raging shitstorm kicks up Dust in the eyes of default decency? Damn! Again? This rock lacks a mouth And is clearly missing eyes. Surprise! If I were wise I'd stop talking to rocks, Just like I'd avoid watching clocks, But my hopeless heart always blocks Any attempt to stop interpreting, To stop pleading, To stop hoping, To especially stop communicating; Yet, it's hard to not talk to a rock When you're always Surrounded by stones. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Catalyst

There is Darkness Within me, It is true. I cannot, at all, Deny that Anymore Than I can Deny
The pull of The moon On my somber, Sullen Self. But that, my friend, Is who I appear To be To
those who Know me not, To those who Haven't taken The time to Open the door To my hurting,
Yet hopeful Heart, Their own part In a game of Take, But never give. Yet, what is most
Concerning Is the fact that, As dark as you Notice I am, Your darkness runs Far D e e per than
mine, As if your own pain Was too great To physically bear, So your soul Picked up the slack,
Eventually crushed By the weight of Love's negelct. I do not judge you The way you judge me. I
do not judge you at all. Rather, I witness How weathered, How wearied, You've become, Whether
you know it Or not. It saddens me? Scares me even? To think Of where this Darkness Might
eventually lead, Reminding me How easy it is To be consumed? Owned? By what possesses us.
The darkness is in me? That I cannot deny? It, to some extent Or another, Is within us all. But
friend, I need you to know That the darkness Is but an expanse? Undefined? In which light Can
travel Through. If you just look, Just seek the light, It will find you, And fill the expanse Found in
the Silent spaces Within the Cracks Of your heart. It is there where The damned darkness
Becomes darling, Where the holes Become hope, And where The cracks produce Creativity.
Friend, This darkness? Its expansive reach? It is not a curse. No, it is not a curse; It is a fucking
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In the Box

I am such an asshole, Or so I hear you say, Which makes me wonder, What it is that I did today?
Did I speak too soft When you told me Silence is what you sought? Did I yell too loud While
showing you I am so very proud Of you. Did I cry too long When you acted like We could only be
strong? Did my questions surprise When you just wanted To accept lies? Was I a cup Of icy-cold
water, splashed To wake you up? Was it that I, Just now, Made my reply Mirror your tone,
Shocking And rocking Your fragile bone? In all of this, It has become clear: I'm destined to be
alone, Where I am all that I have To fear. Maybe? Just maybe? It's okay to end up A solitary soul,
Where I'm best friends forever With my own worst enemy? Myself. There'll be nothing to show,
No advance ammo for the Gratuitous grievances poll. Yes, It has to be okay To end up A solitary
soul? Trapped in a hole That is covered By a bowl? Playing the role Of Jack In the Box. © 2025
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Leave Little Room

"Leave little room for hope", Said the hopeless dope Wathcing another atop a tower with rope For which they grope; But this obsever, a mope, Makes the climbing jumper cope With the large nope From them not seeing the scope; But we are talking about a dope, For which there is little room to hope. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Wasted

I was sick of being wasted So I gave up booze And took up tea, But that turned out no good For my anxiety; Besides, I've never really Been able to sleep; That is why I took An antihistamine, Which was supposed To provide sleep pristine, But awoke my legs In a goddamn race? Quite displaced? Yet, despite all of these Crazy issues I've faced, In all of the various ways, Nothing makes me more Sick Than all Of me, Of my time, Of my efforts, Of my self And my soul Being wasted By the likes of You. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Supplanted Stuffing

There he sat, Little and larkish Fluffy and full, Forever a friendly, Furry Teddy Bear. *i remember this, right?* His smile softly Suggested I love him Back. I did. *yes, i remember this? clearly? like it was yesterday, we shared that starting gaze, given in gracious gratitude.* Teddy?my precious bear? Followed me everywhere From my childhood trips To baseball stadiums To sitting in the dugout At my softball games, Little league laborers Of love. *yes, i do so remember this time when Teddy, at my sorority sisters' slumber, slipped into an ice cold cooler, shrinking smaller but sturdy in solidarity for his true love.* Teddy?my darling dear bear? Just loved my children. He became theirs too. They played with him Purposefully? Proudly? He was their Papa bear. Until he wasn't. *yes, i see this now as surely as i see him so sadly sitting darkly in a concealed closet forgotten forever ago.* Teddy?my poor, poor Teddy? Sullenly sits and stares At me. His humble and hurt eyes Evoking these Moving memories, Pitifully piercing into My predominantly Pernicious and Pathetically selfish soul. *yes, i do remember Teddy. sigh. but tomorrow will never come if i keep wasting such time.* Teddy?my?what's your name Again? Time to once again

Turn out the lights. Goodnight. >footstepskl-klickker-klunkdistant voices of cheer and laughter<
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Killer Smile

Step right up! You don't want to miss it! The Greatest Experience Ever! One that is bound to put A smile on your face. This place? Ooh? a delight? O, the sight! Filled with fun, With a tinge of? How should I put it?? Fright. That's right, folks, Enter right here? Have no fear? This is what we call The queue, Designed especially for You. Look! There's plenty here for you To do? Through and through? Like looking through the Funny glass And seeing all the Funny versions Of you. Or, next, There's the game of "Pin by the tail a rat", And you get to be The cat? For now? The only track; There's no turning back. That's right? That's right? Step up onto this rack; The lights are about to go Black. Not for long? A moment in fact? Before the strobe lights act Out In brilliance, Fomenting fantastic Flashing fear. Now that you are in? Gates closed? Let the ride begin. First stop? Nope kids, This ain't no drop, Just your clothes? We'll help you plop Those useless things? Into rags we'll chop. Next up? The Golden Cup,

Where we watch you Piss Away your youth's hopes And missed dreams? Murdering your future As it screams. But wait!? there's more!? We don't like to see You frown And, to turn that thing Upside down, We'll stitch your eyebrows Up to your crown, Your cheeks to your brows, A way to thread up a smile And keep it for a while. Touched up with makeup? Going out naked, but in style. Cameras rolling But no worries, darlings, Because we've got you Smiling! And now: The ending. That's right, folks, The end of the line, As final as the last drop Of wine. You are an empty bottle, Nothing left to Throttle, Useless and disposable? No longer posable? This, here, Is the last bout Where we off the lights and Dump You Out. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Enemy

Do you have an enemy, Or are you lucky to be free from That tyranny of a poisoned heart That cannot forgive from the start? Chances are, though, It is easy enough to see, That more than likely you do Have an enemy. Next, friend, Let's look and see, What creates someone So wicked or dastardly As your accursed and wretched Enemy. Might even be?heaven forbid? A bloody frenemy? So, what did this villain do To warrant such a devilish distinction? Did they think a thought that Throttled your sensibilities? Did they veritably vote different? Did they dress too differently, Talk too softly, Boast too proudly, Support causes you couldn't comprehend? Did they go by Jack instead of Jill? Did they dress too pretty To be playing Upon the Hill? Was it that their view of God Was too gracious than The God given to you? Is that then what sullied your view? What did, in all honesty, This enemy do To Cause you to open hate's gate, To pump the bellows, To stoke the exacerbating Emotions charring your Once open and Lively heart? Furthermore, Can this enemy be blamed Anymore? Is it this enemy Causing you To horrendously harbor hate within? Is it this enemy, Frenemy, Or whatever you Are sayin' to me, Living inside your head, Rent free? Isn't the rent up to the landlord? Cannot the tenant eventually be evicted? Not judged or mistreated, Just restricted?? And I am not meaning The enemy living free In your head space, your own economy; Rather, the hate, Which arrives as a friend With a plate, But once we eat the dish We find we wish For a different fate and, Sometimes, just sometimes, It turns out to be a little too late. But I believe that it is never too late, So long as we breathe, To grow back love Where there was once hate; When that becomes One's resurrected state From the death that Would otherwise become fate, Then freedom Will not hesitate to recreate Life in full and abundant ways Throughout the rest of our days Where love always guides And the heart never strays? All the rest of our days? When we take our last breath With the swinging of the scythe; The master stroke of death. "Ah! But therein," say you, "Lies the ultimate enemy, "Certainly no frenemy, "The coldest villain Shrouded in the darkest night? "Death, the horrid sight? "Who comes with terrible might 'And steals away our right "To live!" But, Truthfully, What right to life have we, And who left us Heir apparent to such buffoonery? As for death? The cessation of life? Is death to blame, As if death designed life? Quite the contrary, Life necessitated death, And, What a gift From a friend Not a frenemy, Certainly no enemy To those of us who wish to be free Of dealing with a world hellbent On teaching us to see each other As the enemy. Again, Death is not an enemy For those who long to be free Of vying for the scraps they see Falling through a skimpy sieve? Death is only an enemy For those who long to live. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Post-Scientific Method

Tomorrow, Today's science W i l l Be another old Appliance, A has-been, Thrown away? Discarded in a bin To be gutted for parts? The scraps re- Cy cl ed Into the encased stuffing Upon which you lay down Your w e a r y head. On those aforementioned Words being Read, Yesterday's science is now Considered dead, As if what was formerly learned, Was produced by one Who lost their head. Dread. I've only mentioned science, Yet, that is rather broad; Instead, Let's talk about the Sciences? Many of whom have been Discarded like old appliances, Junky things at which to scoff While we get in on our collective, Modern-ego, jerk off. Now, The erudite mind Ac- k n o w l e d g -es that Knowledge is discovered Behind a plethora of doors. This is not just philosophy, Though therein one such door Lies Open to wisdom To see clearly that truth Transcends all things, Including fact. Another science Presents itself in numbers, Competing to be greater Or Lesser Than Through postulations, Equations, Formulations, multiplications And everything in Between. Want more? Then score a look at What's behind this door: An area of knowledge Soon to be forgotten, One that recognizes That reality goes far beyond What we see up in the skies, Or below, Where sod lies, But there are spirit realms, Beyond what we can see, As real as you or me, Though on much, Many cannot agree. Still, though, is that not true Of every science Of the past, of now? Through and Through? That no two agree, On more or less than What they believe to be True. Lo! Outside the leaden walls Of Modernity? Beyond the armor of arrogance Affixing itself upon already Arid skulls? Ignorance lulls, And what comes forth From those who dare To V e n t -ure there: Understanding. Far superior to any knowledge, But rather the summation Of all its parts, And the realization that No matter what is Known, Nothing Is ever fully Knowable; Therefore, where does this? The knowledge of How little we can actually know? Leave us? Mystery. And, in that, Perhaps, Just perhaps Some recovered Humility. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

unsafe at any speed

cl-click tsssk a breath pulled through fire and flower diamond-dusted smoke pulled inward downward into viny caverns of ichorous inhalation the hold is deep, long, c-c-c-convul-sive? calming? con-spir-ring into a pro-longed ex-hale. ka-boooooom? time for a thought to fucking mushroom into cosmic telescopic view as i sip on my non-alcoholic raspberry espresso brew because alcohol is no longer considered safe so i toke and watch the smoke carry my anxieties away and sip on my thc tincture and mushroom tea. >ehemshit, didn't see them. smile. act normal. joint behind the back. fuck! they can smell? "Dude, that smells so good. You mind if I have a hit?? "Oh, thanks man!?" "Yeah, I can't figure out why it was ever illegal either.

"Fucking government, right? "For sure! Yeah, you too, have a nice one!

"Thanks for the toke." whew. lucky me! that was fucking cl? wait...what did she say "why that was EVER il-leg-al", as in, it is no longer llegal here! duh, and i have a med card. here i thought i was unsafe, just as unsafe i was once told that mary jane was, the devil's siren, like a green fairy that absinthe only wished it could be. van gogh's ear wouldn't be missing were his elixir this motherfucking green. hehe that was kind of funny, but for real? humor aside? is this shit safe? fuck, hell if know. probably not. then again, what the fuck is safe? shit?safe?? what does that word even mean? that is as foreign of a word to me as any damn word in greek, even more foreign, like a nun seeking coitus In kodosh koinonia. "Where the hell did that come from?!" shit. ha! they looked. hehe. i said that aloud. but, yeah, safe... what is actually safe? christ?nothing is safe. not a single thing. life is not safe. from birth onward?not safe. shit! safe is abstinence! abstinence? now there's a twist on "the only safe sex is abstinence", not because we want to save it for marriage... as if marriage is safe... but because we want to keep our future seed safe from suffering like we make our dishes dishwasher safe. what could be safer than abstinence? "Bring back the nuns!" hehe! Damn i said that out loud again! bring back the nuns indeed. hehe! but even in abstinence safety finds no shelter? no safety net for safety? not even abstinence can alleviate any of us from the danger driven our way from cradle to grave. safe. maybe heaven, or even nirvana, is safe, but if it is, the road to it through life: certainly not safe. there is absolutely nothing safe about life. life is a zero sum game that has its way until there is no more use, then it trades you in for someone new. "But they fucking tell you anyway, don't they?" "Excuse me, did you say something?" shit, i've gotta stop talking out loud. "Oh. Sorry, Just talking to myself over here." another long breath the wispy spirit smoke pulled inward once again? x l d s. the exquisite exhale e p o e they really do tell you, don't they? don't do this... don't do that, you don't want to be unsafe, that's right, "safety first." "oh," they say, "trust us with that information, "we have to keep it safe." "we're making this illegal, "we're taking that away, "trust us, we know better." sure, "they" know better. "they" want to keep us safe. for what? to drone away for scraps? to be divided with friends, neighbors, making enemies of family, because we disagree on who is the safest vote, the one who will keep us safe. have we ever found that safety? have the world's leaders? any one of them? delivered deeply the goods that we've been sold? fuck no. Safety comes in waves of war, where we hydrate our soldiers with forever chemicals, where we color coat our own in agent orange to make it safe for them to kill or be killed, whether it be in the sands of syria, or on Elm St, anywhere USA, a cocktail that delivers death to those who fight to supposedly keep us safe. chhk pfft there, put it out. wow, that was a good one. time to go in and carry on. I realize I may not be safe, but you only live once and i'll take my chances. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

An Abrupt Visitor

Let me ask you?who do you think I am? If you don't know it by now, you will later. I am not some gateway to a nice place. Again I ask?who do you think I am? I am no arbiter of forgiveness. I am not holy. I am not special. I am not some doorway to open skies. I ask?who in hell do you think I am? Will you not answer? You seem so silent. I am no distributor of justice. I am not lonely. I am not unique. Once more?just who do you think I might be? I am not some pathway to purity. Won't you please answer? You look so pale. I'm not in it to keep you alive. I am no arbiter of all things right. I'm no company to keep?not unique. I demand?just who do you think I am? I am not some trailhead to transcendence. Please answer me now! You look so sickly. I am no hero?I will rescue none. I have not arrived to keep you alive. I am no deliverer of what's right. I work alone, but this is not unique. I am not some trek to total transcendence. You will answer me now! How green you look. I command?tell me who you think I am. I am the cessation of lasting life. I am no hero?I will rescue none. I will not deliver one from their plight. I work on my own. No, you're not unique. I am not some doorway to dominance. You answer me now! How gangrene you look. Come on now?tell me who you think I am. If you don't know I'm Death, you will later. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved. East Stroudsburg, PA

Nightshade

In inky skies I like to wade Upon drinking in the night's shade While all of my pain?past
memories?fade, And all drama, herein, I have forbade As I dig out my dirt bed with a spade. Some
may think that is really not well played, But I'd rather lie with worms than with jade. For, despite what
we call life, death has stayed Omnipresent no matter where we've laid, No matter what in hell we all
have prayed. Gushing through the sky's downhill grade I want my identity?frayed? To fragment
together, not flayed, But pixels forming a lush glade Where I can never be betrayed. © 2025
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Opioid

i used to think a whole lot about how to avoid all pain, because nobody ever truly
wants to endure suffering , bec- ause pain
feels punish- ing and just too hard. nowadays i allow my eyes to inform my brain, and
my eyes see that comfort is an awful opioid numbing the masses to careless
contentment with detrimental derivatives of life. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights
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What the Hell?

gonnnng dong gonnng dong gonnng dong gonnng dong gonnng dong gonnng dong
Blessed are you who belong to the kingdom of Heaven. We are showered with riches for every seed sown. Blessed are you who are comfortable. We are blessed by God, unlike those who mourn. Blessed are you who have inherited the whole earth. We were fooled by the flaw of humility. Blessed are those who are satisfied with having everything. We are not weak like those who hunger or thirst. Blessed are you who show no mercy. We will not fall into the sin of empathy. Blessed are you who dress pure and clean. We know how God despises dirty. Blessed are you who are God's children. We shall be known for our works of war. God blesses you with the kingdom of Heaven. We will persecute all we deem not right. Hatred Is not unholy Because God declared That those who love the Lord Are to hate evil. Yes, we are to hate. Discord Does the will of the Lord Because truth divides Like the sword The Lord Said he came to bring. Yes, we are discord distributors. Jealousy is just and Envy is a must? We resent that which Shows God is bust Because God, who is Just, Is also Jealous and resents Other gods. Yes, we fight to make God great again. Selfish Ambition Is not truly Selfish, You need it To experience How God plans To prosper you. Yes, we will be made rich by God for our ambition. Impurity Isn't improper.

After all, God wants you to Experience Some happiness Along with one's daily hard work. Yes, we will follow our wise teacher. Sorcery? To charm, deceive, or poison? Is God's holy work For even Jesus said That his Followers Were to be shrewd. Yes, all means of manipulation are magnificent when serving God. Who will go into the world with hate? Here I am, Lord, send me. gonnng dong Who are my distributors of discord? I am, Lord, send me. gonnng dong Who will be jealous for me, filled with electric envy? I will Lord, send me. gonnng dong Who wants to be rewarded for their fealty? Here I am, Lord, reward me. gonnng dong Who will follow their wise teacher? I, Lord, will follow our wise teacher. gonnng dong Who will be as shrewd as serpents? Lord, I will slither for you. gonnng dong

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All I See Is Darkness

Does not the light shine upon the earth? Does not the light shine upon my brow? No, there is no light upon the earth, And the light upon my brow is black. And all I see is darkness. There is a vast emptiness lurking around me. The cold, black feeling of death is entering my soul. I grow more and more weary during my restless nights, And all I see is darkness. I begged my God to guide me to the light, But there is no mercy for me. There's no more love to spare, Neither is there any kindness to share. I'm like a blind beggar crawling on my knees, And all I see is darkness. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Viscosity

I have heard it said that blood is thicker than water, That a family sticks together, come hell?even hell? No matter if they succeed or if they ever do falter, That the viscosity of blood is best for familial swell. For a while, to me it seemed to be wisdom and truth, That despite unique varieties, familial bonds prevail. Still, through a long passage of time I could forsooth That blood's viscosity changes, grows hard?stale? And the crusted mountain scab takes time to heal. If it ever really does heal for, sometimes, its torn? Ripped off prematurely by fingers itching a feel? Where bacteria enters and the infection's born. Having nearly died, I sought out a fresh supply Of my blood?mixed in a well of the blackest ink? To transfuse through the heart?to never deny? And stretch the viscosity to its finest, fluid brink. Since then, I do think, that I have found my place, Viscous enough to heal wounds and to know to forgive, But, now my family includes many in a poetic space, Where the ink will flow free and enter hearts to live. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Serpentine Seduction

Satan sits staring, silently Surveilling six separate? Secluded? Snakes slithering Somewhere South. Summoning serpentine snatchers, Satan shows seriously Sinister, Subversive seduction, Selling snakes Something soulless? Shadowed,? Stifling. Surrendering snakes Sobbingly slither? Submissive? Seeking Satanic Supplication. Surprise. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Defy

When I was young I was told to always look up, That one day I would grow up, That, if at all possible, It is always best to show up, To be on time? To not be punctual is a crime? Because adults are grown up And it is best to act that way Lest you get thrown up By society. So, heeding that advice, I believed I knew the price, That to not grow up? To not conform and Return to the throw up? Would find me Unworthy of love, A wingless, dying dove. So, I changed. After all, don't we all? We do. But here's the rub, We build the walls, Smoothe over every flub, Polish our outer shells, Blow every whistle, Sound all the bells. And for what?

Has that bought us anything? Did that deliver desirably? Has the love we procured lasted? And, wise friend, Even if it has? Even if we have lasting love? Is it love of you, Or who you've fooled yourself Into thinking you are? This is where, Tormented traveler, I come to a truth I've tapped, One that won't hang around Unless you grab it, Plant it, And let it take root. We were not created to grow up. No, we are to grow down, To grow deep. Like trees, Our height should be a shadow-sight Of our truest depths. That, As tall as we may appear to be, We are only strong Because we are Deeply rooted In who we are. That this current iteration, Though older, Broader, Taller, Stronger, Is the same iteration Of me That I always remember Me to be. So, you see, Let's kick this damn fantasy Of growing up to be big. Hell no?time to defy. The core of who I was then Is who I was always Meant to be. I defy. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Loop of Lost Tomorrows

How many hours spent hoping for utopia, Where things are whole and not a dystopia, But also more than just nice like an eutopia? Hell, I'd rather a mythtopia or even atopia, Than anything blasé?perhaps a heterotopia? Sometimes, I honestly think this is an uchronia. What if it were such an unraveled uchronia? Its reality would present no utopia; Still, we would not wish for heterotopia, An image that reminds us more of dystopia Than thanatopia or that dark atopia. We hate those, settle for comfort?an eutopia. The Greeks guide us to more of an eutopia; Friend, this ain't the realm of forms?more an uchronia? An off technotopia or pixeltopia. Again, we have not found our way to utopia, But rather, our attempts have found more dystopia Because we fear and avoid heterotopia. It's fear of otherness in heterotopia That will roadblock us from achieving eutopia. Ironic, isn't it, that we fear dystopia, Live in a denial-laden uchronia, While acting like we're on our way to utopia, Not an autotopia or psychotopia? Not a neurotopia nor theotopia, Our ignorance bars us from heterotopia, Which bring us the right direction toward utopia And ever keeps us from even an eutopia. Why is it that people settle for uchronia, A complacency leading us in dystopia. Can't you see that society is dystopia? Not a cryptotopia but necrotopia, Nor an utopia in a blind uchronia? Can't you see feral fear of heterotopia Foments the obscene opposite of eutopia? A hellscape of horrors unlike an utopia? Here in a dystopia not an utopia, Worse than atopia?never an eutopia? Our unreal uchronia bans all heterotopia. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Blind

Well, it's done, ain't it? Broken lies the shattered heart Before the day fades And gives way to the lonesome dark? I never before saw it, Until I was cut by the reckless knife. Rivers of painful realization Flow from my once love-filled life. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved. Written in 2023.

The Pecking

These are the words I write Sitting up in my writer's loft, A crow perched above Plastic keys?
Glowing ebony? I peck out the pain from my heart. I thought I would be the one? You know the
one?? The one who wrote the songs, The one who made ice melt, The one who made the oceans
swell, The one who made the moon rise While silencing the world below. E a c h p e c k
f e e l s L i k e b l u n t t r a u m a T o m y s o r e h e
a d. These are the words I write, Not from above?as on high? But from below, A disheveled
raven Rattled by reverberant reclusivity? Thrust upon me, never chosen? Retreating in resignation
and remorse; A creature stuck in purgatory Beneath hollow heavens raining down hell. © 2025
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Muscle Car

Sitting unsure in my car?should I drive near or far? The wheel burns my hands like hell's hottest tar.
Inside this sweltering rusted animal?disgusted? I roam and betrayal follows; no one can be trusted.
Beads of sweat drip down off my arm to the stick, The fumes make me retch?I feel a little sick?
Door opens to a taunting driveway: rev up?drive away; Besides, this is not the safest place for
phantoms to play. The word echoes within me?gaunt?cruelly, they flaunt The fact that I'm no
longer alive?just a muscle car's haunt. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Oh Snap

I wish I could map Every time I hear the snap, Not a gentle rap, But more of a slap? You know it?? It hurts like crap When one tells me that Out of it I need to snap. Words sticky like sap? A mosquito's trap?

I now feel guilty for the slap. But wait! That wasn't even my rap. You ignore any overlap; I refuse to fall in that trap Where I encase my voice Within resin amber?not sap? So that you can avoid the tap Of your conscience's clap For landing a hard slap. Well, here's the rap, You are full of crap. I can't snap out When I'm tethered with a strap To anxiety? And you trigger me? Oh snap! © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Spire

Positioned in the middle, A spire erected high, Demands obeisance From all in residence. © 2025
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Words

The words reverberate? Echo? In a chamber of useless guilt Grown from seed to shoot, From shoot to stronghold, From stronghold to sudden singe, The sulfur hellspiring in smoldering smoke. Why were they said? What could I possibly have done? The questions Only D r a w Me D e e p e r into this constant consumption of my soul,

Where I linger on each word said, Analyze their every meaning, Let their letters incise my human heart? Lacerations leaving me languished. Moments to minutes, Minutes to hours, Hours to days, A week of anxiety's acrimony Antagonizing me, Judging me, Scrutinizing me, Picking me apart Over words that really held no weight. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Should Sleep Spare

Today has been: waking up; Cold-sweat seeping into damp sheets; Dreadful dreams disquieting dreaded days; Tension tightening the chest; Knots? Not knowing how to get them to stop? Nauseous gasps of noxious air; Nagging nerves on notice; The livewire on the knife's edge; A jolting current carried continuously; Tingles torturing the tormented Taken through the terrible trenches of inner war? A spiritual skirmish Manifested by a linguistic lash? A voraciously verbal visitant haunting Boring itself into a battered, berated soul; And tomorrow, should sleep spare: It starts all over again.

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Here

Here today where yesterday is no more, Where life and love cough up consumption With bloody vengeance, a settled score Twisted perilously on blind assumption. Who can know the blow that kills Before the blow has been properly put? Who can know the hurt that spills In hearts haunted by demons afoot? © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved. Written in 2023.

Letters of Complaint

Dear anxiety, go away, Don't come back here any day? I am tired of sleepless nights, Being caught up in my frights Of things beyond my control? Feeling trapped down in a hole? You are smothering my soul. Dear depression lift your curse, Get the hell out; I'll be terse, I never asked you to come here And I want you gone?it's clear. Your dark grip shall loose its hold, These dark days have grown old. I no longer want to feel so cold. Dear society, still at large, Full of advice deep as a barge, You think you can label my brain, Put me on drugs, call me insane; Yet, I've got you caught red handed, You've done your part?here I've landed. I take me back, we're disbanded. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

the agony

the night is dark and still like the calm before atomic aggression where thoughts travel in whispers never meant to reach knowing minds yet one such mind is aware that a betrayal for the ages will be its dark undoing this is the blood hematidrosic rubies of ragged royalty where flies infest and fester awaiting death's oven to bake bread this is the body shaking in sanguineous shudders at the sound of footsteps the sound of clinking steel metal chains chinking my time has come © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

the skull called place

This damnable day drones on just over halfway through it has felt like an unbearable eternity each miasmic moment moribund speech reduced to manducation the thirst is endless yet nothing will quench it it is there to remind that suffering is to be the world weaponizes and devours from the moment of birth belonging was not a reality. scorn wears a blood stained shroud punitive punishment for pushing for penitent posturing people scoff they are confident in their confusion their ignorance an igloo love can still be felt for them their hate harms them reconciliation is a rewarding road a reckoning with reason what is the reason what is the reason for all this death why is it that abandonment finds its roots deep in faithful soil why is it that humans paint trees red suspenseful suspension aids in tanning but there is no sun this day no friends show support no miracle for mother solidarity comes with vultures pecking at a carrion carcass half-living weight becomes a weapon hypoxic dreams set in suff- o- cating serenity leads to s u r r e n d e r a long slow pause before completion © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

holy nothing

the void cannot s t r e t c h beyond itself and all within cannot
escape the singularity infinite density becomes the final destination for a soul birthed into an abortive
world wild with acrimony darkness l a s t i n g d a r k n e s s is the only light the only
life sustained by false hope that it won't actually come but it does it always does and there is
nothing that can be done to stop its approach in a world of determined decay death will have its
way outside of that there seems nothing to s a y

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the penumbral revelation

the void is expansive beyond all comprehension
the abyssal umbral reign of Erebus
obscures all senses after all what's to taste what's to smell what's to touch what's to hear what's to see
see nay what exists in the Stygian void a
long thin ethereal crack bursts radiant rays reverse the void's tenebrous touch its hold hampered by
hallelujahs breaking through silence it re-verb-er-ates as the l i g h t e
x p a n d s it becomes clear the void is but shadow beneath
which life still exists in slumber like seedlings buried deep beneath volcanic ash the sprout shoots
push upward and emerge bright green on porous ashen gray the light now an orb a window to
blinding brilliance painfully pleasant and alluring to behold there is a season
for everything says the ancient philosopher king a time to laugh a time to cry a time to live and a
time to die here and now it is time to rise and here's the real surprise when one steps
into the light they will see that the truth was there with them intact and intent unhindered by the
shadow unhampered by the snake delivering death's blow and it is then one will learn that beyond
what we think we know perfection wasn't ever required just openness to grow and stay inspired to
let love transform and spiral lives into orbit around the light's blinding sphere and though it feels like
fire friend have no fear death is a liar © 2025 Tristan Robert
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what now?

the sun is risen full over the horizon sunrise but a memory from many moonsets ago to the few
awake enough to witness honest enough to look inward at the v o i d within while the world
sleeps in comfort resting in its self-assurance that tomorrow things will be the same that dreams will
be delivered that hopes will be harbored that lives will be leveraged for the good of a few who keep
falsities alive as an antigen to paradisial propagation u n a w a r e that the script has been flipped
complacency cannot corral courageous change darkness remains simply because we put up
sunblock that still fails to dull the sight and stirs up a primal fright in those used to artificial light yet
artificiality cannot compare to a reality so brilliant that its purity reflects divinity a blossoming of a
new age the turning of a new page where peace on earth never ends where selfless love
supercedes selfish trends where all war ends where tears death never rends and community
individuality defends the sun is fully risen the moonset-moments long past where are the few
awake to witness honestly looking inward at the deep v o i d within if you are reading this the
question becomes what now? © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved. April 21, 2025
East Stroudsburg, PA POET'S NOTE: I didn't announce this as a series from the start. I wanted
the poems to speak for themselves?to unfold like a mystery. And they have. what now? is the final
piece in a five-part Holy Week arc, progressing in this order: the agony, a skull called place, holy
nothing, the penumbral revelation, and now what now? The concept was to follow the Passion,
death, resurrection, and aftermath of Jesus the Christ?without ever mentioning him by name.
Instead, the reader steps into his point of view. The only deviation is holy nothing, where Christ is
dead. That poem shifts the POV to the disciples?left in silence, uncertainty, and grief. One final
note: the question mark in what now? is completely intentional. It's the only punctuation in the entire
series. I wanted it to jar just a little?like a ripple in still water, sparking an inner quest of
self-discovery as well as philosophical and spiritual awakening.

The Roads Desire Built

Ignorance stands in confidence like concrete, Immovable and irrevocable? Intelligence obscured by desire Destined to lead down all the wrong roads No matter what warning forebodes. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Bald Is the New Beautiful

Look. Shh. Look. Hey, look, over there. Give me those binoculars. That is one magnificent bird. Honey, I think that's a turkey. It must be a male. Tall, dark, strong. I can't quite tell, But I think it is pecking? yes, pecking? at the ground. Pecking pancreas-rousing pebbles No doubt. Wait, Shh. Honey, take these, tell me what do you see? It's turning it's head? Ooh, great now you can confirm... What? It's ugly? What do you mean it's...

It's looking back at you? Looks raw, Bald, Testicular, With a protruding pecker?

Oh, you mean the beak? What?!? It's got what in its mouth? It's?oh, my dear Lord? Got an eye ball. Its blue iris Dull with death, Stoically staring. Yes. Ehem. Yes, I'll take that back. Sorry dear. That turkey's a buzzard Basking in This day's death. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Breaking from Babylon

It used to be sung, "I'll be ready When Babylon comes for I." When and I. The liminal void between Conjunctive subordination And collective object, Yet profoundly subject, Dead serious in defiance. It was never my song to sing, I, who live within its walls, The gardens hanging in lush view. It's wonderful how songs sung Sail deep, To places dark, Reaching captives within the captor. When Babylon comes... Babylon has come? He came, Called himself fucking great, Like a white, wet dream, The kind that makes one scream? Dried up, crusted, Flaking off a used sock. These flakes, White, but with hearts right, Rise up angry, Recognizing the plight, Of all taken by Babylon in might. The fright has become trite. Babylon, empire reigning, Who has come for I, I is ready. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Defiant by Design

As an outcast, I've learned to outlast, Remember? Never tethered to? My past From which I'm cast,
Though never outclassed. Gone through a fast, Came out with flying colors? I fucking passed?
Despite doubters amassed. You know what? I had a goddamned blast. Christ! I know! How long will
this last? Go ahead, cast me out. I'm used to that As an outcast, But know this: You can cast me
out, Yet, without any doubt, No matter how much you pout, I won't be counted out.

Tail Between My Dreams

I always believed in Togetherness? To do things, Regardless of personal interest, Together,
Because together we were one? Not a pun? But how I thought It was supposed to run. So, I
sacrificed some, A lot, Not because I thought it was fun, But because, hon, I wanted to be together,
Never tethered but still "in love", No matter how weathered. Since, I have come to learn That such
devotion Is a third-degree burn. Support lost lest interested. I leave alone drinking your silent spurn.

And you know I'm pathetic, That I'll return, A dog wagging tail for treats Only to find an empty bag
And the back door. Yes, this ol' dog Will return for more, His bark a yelp, Reduced to a puppy's
squeal? Pulled too soon from the teat, Nourishment gone? can't feel Anything neglect didn't reveal.

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Funneled into Nothing

Some people say I am rather deep, dramatic and, even more so, terribly wordy. I suppose this is true when they are around to see and hear me speak aloud; When they are around?when?as if they are really ever around me at all. They're not. During that time I work alone, I walk alone, I talk alone? At least in my head?I feel like I am the walking dead lumbering Leaden-like as I haunt my own hallways, spook my own screen. The words I utter are desperate drawings in my mind, Pictures that portray a truth I try to suppress? I feel shame for the thoughts I trap within? So that I can keep wearing this façade, This makeup that hides this joker From this weaponized world. But when people come I talk nervously Because I Cannot Stop it. Epic Fail. Just Drop It. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

i wish i always knew

i wish i always knew and was not new to the idea that i might just have something significant of veritable value or worth to openly offer something so unique beautiful and desirable that only i could offer it: me © 2024 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Cross-Examination

Do you care? Really? How much? you feel remorse for your part in sin? © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

murder

the black mass was astounding, spellbinding, and mesmerizing as it took up what seemed to be at least ten to twelve feet. but there was something off about this particular shadow that was rippling and shifting like an inky oil spill that was glimmering in the bright, dazzling sunlight on a brisk, autumn day. the closer the vantage point the more this mass grew into what appeared like a weird tarp, weaved with obsidian strands that seemed to pulse, shift, and even lift up as if an unseen force was pulling it upward into flight. the sound was that of a hissing rain pattering on dry leaves, the sound producing the sharpest chills within. advancing closer it became even more noticeable that this was no tarp, but a rather large flock of black birds that immediately began to caw. this was no flock, but a murder of ravenous crows pecking and tearing the ruined rotting flesh of some ungodly large beast that, at this point, looked like a grotesque mix of midnight, chewed leather, ground meat, sun-dried ribs, and entrails; the black bear the latest fatality on death's hellish highway, providing carrion life to those who thrive on mortality. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Skull Tumbler Below

What to write when there is nothing to write? The thought of that is such an ugly fright, As it has become this poet's poor plight On this lonesome, haunting and dreadful night. The windows rattling, the curtains frayed, The floorboards creaking, leaving me dismayed. A black cat's haunt sitting where it once played, Causing tears to flood?my broke heart is splayed. Beneath my poet's loft comes a rumbling Of the sound of many skulls a tumbling In a dryer with dead leaves crumbling? Keeps my mouth agape, now I'm bumbling. But?ooh?what a blessing from something foul, Which led me to scream out the loudest howl. My mind at work and my quill on the prow; The shadows covered me?the poet's cowl. The images formed, while the words I wrote down, With each measured line I reversed my frown. The scratcings on parchment, my precious crown, Jeweled and bedazzled, like a flowing gown. Sitting here having seen this wonder through, I am no longer lost without a clue. All it takes is some horror to come in view, And I will always know just what to do. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

A Little Mad

The struggle to cope? To live? Is real. So very real. Not in the "brink of oblivion" sense? Heaven forbid it comes to that? But in the day-to-day, The fucking war That wages on endlessly, The trying to balance Therapy With P o v e r t y . Not that I am truly impoverished. I am not. But my mental health needs Surpass my means all the same. Society does not care. Compassion has an expiration date. Empathy is, now, a sin. Weakness, a blight. Dogs eat dogs, An ugly sight. And at the end of it all? The blight to be expired? Where does this leave me? Worse than me, Where does This leave Others? "We all go a little mad sometimes." ? Norman Bates © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Sleepy Hollow

The earth, thawing, Prepares a warming, Moist, cradle for Life's seeds. Once attached, Strong, Enclosed by the chaff? Held in by the spike, Undeified And without disturbance? The wind blowed, The rain pounded, The tall grass endured. Until it didn't. Slowly, surely, It began to age, Its color collapsed, Its hue humbled, Less vibrant, Faded? The color of straw. Each blade a pale pallor, Hardened, Wooden, Dried-up, The smell of decay In Sleepy Hollow, Where each seed detaches And is blown off Like the head of a Hessian Horseman with horrific hubris, Charging a calibrated canon. Together, these headless stalks? Golden without their lustre? Stand tall, but doomed, Destined for winter's weakening weight, Crushed under death's design, Frozen, brittle, b r o k e n , F o r g o t t e n . Life's seeds are all that remain Locked in slumber. Awaiting their chance To soften, to sprout, to shoot, To grow, to harden, To weather, to wither, To die. Life carries on As the grass withers And the flowers fade. A cycle captive? Caught up in Futility. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

What If?

What if it is just us? What if it is not just us? Regardless, we are here. What if there is a God? What if there is no God? Regardless, we are here. What if life is all there is? What if life is not all there is? Regardless, we are here? Living? So, live your life; Live it well. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Laughing Matter

pounding pulsating pressure pumping profusely each belligerent beat bleeding out the fierce flow forcing me upward its warm inside wet, i reach grab find a cord, a stem, to pull myself up out of the tremors, terror gripping tightly, voices of laughter echo but I can't find the joke the humor is lost on me i climb higher up into labyrinthine corridors, the grayness matters less than its components: all colors mixed with the absence of all color the voices paired with incandescent images humiliating and horrifying, numerical problems propagating swirling $2 \times 5 = 4 + 4 =$ $124/2 =$ $(6+7)*4/2 =$ like a twister. the adrenaline twitches me. i squirm and climb upward to the light. the problems follow, the answers elude. I reach the peak and lift my weight over the edge. the light ahead calls and I cannot resist it, though i also don't want to see, for I know what awaits. the closer it draws, the orbs growing over me as i pass through the white institutional i now know the source of the disembodied voices laughing; though, now that i can see through my own eyes, the voices are embodied by my peers, by supposed friends by my teachers. the joke has been found. I am the clown everyone laughs at.

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Don't Let It Own You

There comes a time when one dreams of travel, To explore all of life's long corridors, But most find that dream crushed by a gavel, Where time closes all those exotic doors. Not so for me, though, as I sit here and see That I have driven much further than most. I have forged my own path on this journey, I've loosed the skeletons?freed ev'ry ghost. I've not avoided the depths of abyss, Nor hid from the fiery gates of hell? Heaven forbid!?for then I'd be remiss, Allowing demons to sound ev'ry bell. I've coursed through all of the horrible pain, But pain has never become the author, Rather, the journey written is a gain For the pains have much healing to offer. I have traveled through the depths of dark, Slaying ev'ry demon along the way, Their heads impaled on pikes?their deaths the spark? I've seen all their weaknesses on display. I have witnessed the cracks in prison walls, Seen the fire's light blazing right on through, All it takes is for one to break down stalls. Hell hath no fury; don't let it own you. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved. May 7, 2025 East Stroudsburg, PA

Betrayal

Your eyes, Your words? Your tone? They betray you. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Does It Matter?

Wow. I mean?wow! Really? Would I ask you If it didn't?
Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Never mind. © 2025 Tristan

Chloe

My protector. You feel who I am. Spirit animal? Friend? Companion. Those who have tasted fear
From within? Who have survived, Thrived? Came out firewalkers. No one will know you Like I do.
No one will know me Like you do. Companion? Friend? Spirit animal. You who feel who I am. My
protector. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Mother

Am I all that you hoped I would be? Or am I the shapeless void That engulfs me inside? Did you envision me this way When you first gazed into my eyes? All your hopes and dreams, All your fears and fragilities, All your potential Put into this one tiny being, A boy But not a prince? Always a poet? Deep in thought. The thinker, You would call me. Your little thinker.

Your dotting eyes, Observing me, Studying my features, Adoring each aspect, Cherishing each crevice. Your nurturing voice Always there From my moment of sentience, Wakened in the womb To a love that lingers little Out in the world, A world I was never ready for. Are we ever ready? So, here I sit, Thinking? Wondering? Am I who you saw, Who you envisioned, Who you hoped for?

Or am I just an alien ghost Trapped within a familiar shell? Have I made you proud?? I'd never question this aloud? You've been there, Always, But that will change. When the veil's been parted, When the truth's revealed, When clarity is your window Down into this deceptive world, Will I be found worthy or wanting? Will I make you proud, Or petrified of the monster Possessing the one You poured your Heart and soul? Your all and all?

Into? I question Not your love, Which has never failed, But my hollowed heart, A shade of the human, The boy, Whose innocence was imbibed From the nipple, Warm, welcoming?

Short lived. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Scars Like Fathers

Masochistic memories memorialized
Around sadistic school boys
Serving up sanitation pads
To the locker room losers,
The boys with the smallest tally hoes;
Like "little Joe", So small they said he'd
have to "Pay a ho just to get a blow."
Or, there's Bobby "Spits", Who couldn't get it up
Before the spritz. Sadly, there was "Tommy Ton",
Whom they'd always shun; That shit ended?BANG?
With the sound of a gun. Yeah?no fun,
But at least the boys got by, Grew up?
Real mature guys. Mikey, Billy,
Chad: They weren't all that bad. At least they all seem glad,
That, like their dads, Their kids fit right
in, Being raised in the shadows
Of their fathers' sins. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Carousel of Critics

The carousel of critics Circulates around, Each one bound To give their fill; There's plenty to hate,
The entertained are irate, Want their money back? The sacrifice? Not selfless enough? Sacrilege to
the sanctimonious Sellouts Shooting shit till it showers. Someday, The spinning will cease, right? ©
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Springtime Silence

A little one playing. Warmth of spring rain falls On baby groundhog. Excitement exudes. Baby Wesley walks care free, The new grass spring's fare. A beautiful world Beneath silver lining skies, Bring a vernal hope. Another enjoys The same waking season's rain. Air brings the fresh scent Of an infant's excursion. Its essence triggers instinct. Wesley takes his last bite, Before the dog takes its first; It chomps down really tight. There was no real chance for flight. Wesley's blood quenches the thirst Of a dog with violent might. O, the most horrible sight! It is the absolute worst. The dog chomps again real tight. Her jaws grinding?no more fight? She got to the rodent first. The dog bites its final bite; The bones crack?snap?Wesley's plight. His eyeballs pop?bloody burst? Out dog's mouth with violent might. Wesley's day turned night, This month being just his first, A final chomp?the most tight? Groundhog spit out with cold might. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Springtime's Maw

Spring rain continues. The warm, moist grass ruffling Under Wilma's weight. The groundhog lifts high, Sniffing in the vernal air. Her appetite calls. Wilma moves forward; The groundhog has purpose. Eating while moving. Wilma lifts once more? Smells something not right out there. She runs to the woods. She has now found the smell's source. Leaves shake as she comes back out. Wilma has Wesley in her maw, The baby woodchuck's limp head Hanging down off of his mom's jaw. The corpse drops, its body is raw. Wilma pokes?nudges? soft as bread, Wesley won't move for head or paw. He will not rouse for paw or claw. Wesley was snapped?dropped there?left dead. Not considered a crime by law. The baby pup had no real flaw? Only his childish youth to shed? To be chewed up and spit like 'slaw. Yet he lay there, chewed up and raw? Blood flowing out of Wesley's head? The horror of his death by jaw. Wilma picks up son like a straw, Bringing him home to grieve and dread. Hanging down off of his mom's jaw. Each side bending like a see-saw.

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Springtime Silence Stirs

The dismal gray skies Cover the vernal landscape Like a silver tarp. The ash firmament A grieving look at death's deed, In yesterday's storm. The rain still falling In the stillness of mourning. The spring sun won't shine. A bush wet with beads, The rain dripping off its leaves, Sits still?there's no breeze. But?lo?there in the silence, The green'ry starts to shudder. Out little Wilhelmina comes Alone, by herself, hesitant. Woodchuck is out for fun in tons. She rises up?is reticent? The groundhog knows danger looms near; Alone, by herself, hesitant? The coast seems clear?there's naught to fear. Still, the pup sniffs a bit longer, The groundhog knows danger looms near. That said, she has become stronger? Wiser?she has learned to sense first? So, the pup sniffs a bit longer And, not sensing the drool monger, Wilhelmina finally runs. Wiser, she has learned to sense first? Now she flies at a speed that stuns. Yes, little Wilhelmina comes? The groundhog pup finally runs? Woodchuck is out for fun in tons. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Nigrum Pactum

VI. Stare at me. I am your god, reflecting who you are, You know who 'WV I But you want
me d e coded to look pretty. I am not your pet, ch i l d. My beauty is
your d e
s truct i
o n. Your heart is my horns?
pounding?HARDened. You punish with pain. My eyes are your
e r o
s i o
n. My maned muzzle Is your merriment In manipulation. My cloven
hooves? Your only rightful claim. Kneel. I am your speculum mortale. Look! Face the one you
worship! V. thud clomp creak scrape Don't you wish to see? Lose your restrictions. Sign here, on
the dotted line. How delicious. Like an apple. Do you desire to Shed the skin of Eden? thud
clomp creak scrape thud clomp creak scrape Tell me, child, What do you covet? Your dream.
My doing. Just sign here. Nigrum Pactum. Tell me what you long for. IV. Follow me my sweet
child. I can see the black goat, Hulking, a beast, bastard-born, It calls to me. Where is it heading?
Why in there? I walk worrisome, Horrified, hesitant... Didst you not say you wanted To dine
deliciously? To sup at superiority's table? To eat from the enigma of inequality? Yes. I am sick. I
am sick with being slighted. I am sick with others? Like parasites? Gorging off of what ought to be
Mine. I follow. III. In church today, my pastor said we have to put on the armor of God, that we
cannot be swayed by the world, that Satan is running around on the prowl, waiting to wreck and
devour us. Surely, he's right. The way this wicked country is heading, those gosh darn pinko
commies. The woke left just wants to run this dang country in the ground. The late summer sun
Sets on my little homestead; Hearts should be burdened. This country is going to fucking shit,
forgive me Lord, but you know I am right. We're giving way to such evil. Men with men, women with
women, and those confused people that don't know what the hell they are. Satan's having his
hedonistic heyday right now, and I have to be strong. I have to put on that armor. I have to make
sure nothing penetrates this heart. NOTHING. Darkness stretches out Over the swooning season;
A crisp air settles. The world calls this hate, but I hate this world. So they can call it what they want.
I am going to follow my beliefs, my faith, my worldview because it comes from the Word. Did not the
Bible teach an eye for an eye? Did not the Bible teach love only exists between a man and a
woman? Didn't the Bible teach that men are the head and women should respect that? Didn't the
Bible teach no marijuana, no tattoos, no piercings? Didn't it tell us to obey our masters? Yet, this
world is exploding with debauchery and disobedience. Across the dark way, In the grassy
shadowland, A black goat appears. II. I see myself as good, Not perfect, I do sin; Still, if Christ
came, I would Follow, hell will not win. Not perfect, I can sin, But God has called me here. Follow,
hell will not win, Satan has me to fear. God has but called me here To own libs and the weak;
Satan has me to fear: Throw empathy in a creek. To own libs and the weak; If Christ still came, I
would Throw empathy in a creek. Christ sees my heart as good. I. I stand on the precipice of
man's revelation. Fall's chill hits like odorous breath Stings nostrils with death. Yawn?mourning:
Boring. No Faith. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Birthing Fuck

The Golden Teacher And Hillbilly Walk through A field of flower? The transcendental trinity? Power meets pow. Wow! Fuckin' wow! And how! Wise gal and wild guy Just going at it. Kaleidoscope coitus? The cunning lingers, Cutting through the serpent, Its magic is medicine In felatio. Swallow the snake For heaven's sake. The mindgasm slithers, Synaptic semen shockwave. Conception. Gestation. Fucking born! © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Gospel off the Serpent's Tongue

The Serpent Shaman? Standing still, silent? Shares in a moment, The seeker acolytes Affirming the dark medicine. One leathered leg up, Knee bent like a black rainbow, Rigueous rebellion lays claim Atop a monitor? Distortion now A whisper? The morbid mystic is poised, Their tattooed arms and fingers, Bearing profound pointed inversion? A perversion of the pathetic. Never a demon, But Satan's mirror? Far from anti-Christ, But Christ's inverted geist? The Shaman's confession, Consecrated in a moonless mass, Becomes a ceremonial confessional. Pain pours profusely Out of the resurrected professional Professing the secret To shedding one's skin. The key: Uncovering the skeletons within. What purpose does one assign Their pain? By keeping it in What is to gain? Escape becomes their name? Such a pitiful shame. The Shaman used honest magic, A mushroom cloud explosion, Glving their disciples Permission for pain expulsion. The dark alchemy Creates an obsidian oracle Beneath an onyx overhang? Sacred shelter from The sacrilegious lambs Lamenting the fall, The mercurial descent, Of their performative power. Coming back, baby. The angel spreads its wings. The age has arrived. Better things to be born. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Closure

Golden retriever Watches with resoluteness As her loved one dies. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange.
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This is the Banishing

There's magic in these hands. Bet you did not know that. Deep magic? Profound, Powerful, Persistent. And, not just in the hands. No, I am a wrym wizard, A spirit shadowstepper. I stand there And appear here, I fly while grounded; I am a sky walker. You came to devour, You came to consume, But you didn't know This orgy has you on the menu! So, there it is? Welcome to the party? Ain't no thang but a chicken wang. Suck it! And there ain't no escape! No escape! This is DD Day baby! And I've got a party Of demons to deliver Straight back to torment. Hahahahahaha! There is great medicine? Powerful medicine? In this body. I may be gazing upward to see hell, But you'll forever be looking up To see me. You know what this means? I am finally Free. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Wizard

Once upon an awful time There lived a most kindly soul That, though times were far from sublime
Lived into a compassionate role. This wizard, master of fantasy, Could summon dragons and
woodland elves, Leading the wise to ecstasy While leaving the foolish to themselves. With the sure
stroke of an inky wand, The sage could invoke joyous smiles, Swims across the mind's dreamy
pond, And rainbows that stretched across many miles. Here's the thing about this wily wizard?
Despite the times folks thought the wiz died, Those depths they cut through his skull's gizzard? This
wizard was, is, and evermore alive. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Cats on a Pillar

Cumulus siprit smoke speaks And it will be heard. Puff clouds and wisps On the painter's canvas.
Trees dancing in the wild breeze. The soul's at ease. We're butter. Flies show us the truth. We
long for beauty When all it brings: Death. Fuck the cocoon. Reverse metamorphosis. Celebration of
the caterpillar. We are all cats On a Pillar. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Us and the Void

There is no sky, It cannot F a l l . There's gasses Swirling above, There's fire beneath, Rock below. Ultimately, though, There's us; There's the void. Night is the truth. The daylight lies. Sunset is the end. Delusion destruction. The moon: a mirror. Our lunar souls Peer into the void, Staring into the cosmos, Delving deeper outward Into our own I n n e r S p a c e . Are we equipped to travel? Are we prepared To explore the dark unknown, To go where no one has gone before, A place only we, alone, can explore? The void calls with a grin As black as gold. A cancer that consumes the content. Wake up! The only way to the truth Is through the void. Light culls us, It lulls us, It dulls us, In the void. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Let's Be Honest

If it really is about Safety And Well- Being, Why is it that Cannabis is scheduled, While alcohol can sit Freely On Shelves, And propagandized On the tube?

Why is it that, Even where cannabis Has Been Legalized, It's kept in vault-like Dispensaries, While booze sits At twenty proof next to Children's toothpaste? Let's be honest, Safety is not the issue. Well-being? An excuse to control: Our ability to think, Our ability to create, Our ability to care. If it numbs and dumbs, It pours freely from drums. You cannot control, You cannot contain, You cannot entrap When you give slaves Access to the keys. So, let's be honest, The war on psychedelics Is really a war on you, On your autonomy, And on your Well-being. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Fence in the Boy

The rupture-red fountain Shot upward fifteen feet, An immense flow That sky shot with Punishing pressure. But from where? It was hard to see, Other than that the stream, Conical, flaring up and out, Turning outward and down In crimson rain. Upon closer inspection, The funnel-straw was formed From fencing, Pierced in a mound And jetting up In widening width. The fencing, Conical as it was, Still allowed rough Sanguine spray Through porous grating. Upon further advance, The mound was moving, Twitching tremorously? It was a body, It was human? A boy's bloat. Getting close as comfort allowed, I could see the eyes Stitched open, Bloody tears trailing Down death's cheek. Beneath the nasal summit, An abyss With calcium peaks And overhangs. The fountain's flood Fell upon all beneath, A fetid flow, Clotted and chunky? A coating of Sanguinaccio. Looking up, These words could be seen,

Formed in the flowing fluid: "Murder most malicious." Who's murder could this be? Drawing closer, Ever so near, The boy's body appeared To bear familiarity's face. For lying there, In a horrific display Upon the past's threshing floor, Was the visage of little me Wishing I had More. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Flag

Until heaven comes anything could be pretense. Never bow to symbols of unity that sow discord. Forget the fictitious fractures that are painted by pride. Unilaterally detach from systems of bigoted belief. Reconcile with whom reconciliation is a healing possibility. Leave behind all judgments, whether self-imposed or from ghosts. Evil is as evil does. Don't be the evil you hate seeing in the world. Divorce yourself from days that pride nations over neighbors. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Come With Me

I have a love? Deep, long, wide; However you take it, It is yours? Forever. Yes. You. Yours. Not a love that is for one, But a profound, pulsating, Profusely bleeding, Swimmingly lost in the stars, Hold each other till we're one; Yet amazingly, Miraculously, Movingly, uniquely ourselves Kind of love. This love is mine to give And anyone's to receive. While not all will, I forever love them still. Will you join me, love? Will you Join me, Love? All, love, is welcome. All love is welcome. All love is well, so come With Me. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

And They Call It Science

In a sea, crystalline, Crazy wild aqua Marine. Puffs of clouds wisp Truth-tellers crisp. Penis envy rises? Seven times hypocrisy? The scent of cons Fucking piracy. Yo ho ho Mother fuckers! Enjoy the power trip. It's a hell of a Come D o w n . © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

To the Ones Who Go

Serenity sings As I float inward To the far reaches of Outer space Surrounding a singularity That had a pernicious pull. Still existing? Voids seldom vanish? Gravity's gargantuan grab Is gone. Glide? I glide with glee. Glory is given To the ones who go. Forth from fear Venture boldly those who, Without a pandering pause, Seek veritas ex intus. The scale of certainty? Certainly outweighed? Tips in favor of choreography Created by crawfish Reeling under rocks. It seems? Hiding not an option? Playing the game Consumes the ghosts. I am no haunt. I am a guide Given the retroactive roadmap To gnothi? Not gnostic? But general gnosis given To all With an open eye. Clarity is certainty's demise. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

In the Legs of Loss

I gave all of me, My whole, My everything? All of me That was mine To give? My mind, My beliefs
My bleeding barometer; Shared in solemn betrothal. My body, Intertwined in loss's legs? Warmed
by wryd's wet warren? Shot forth my potency. Enigma's ejaculate entombs in the womb. My soul?
I know, this is quite a roll? Given without thought, To Eros' black hole, Which if one
Thinks, is how to dole Out willful obscuration For an emaciated whole. No more. © 2025 Tristan
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Got That Out

There is this side To me? To us all, perhaps? That wants unfettered Freedom. To rip off my clothes To unleash The savage Beast. To rise high? Hard? Ready to fuck Things up. To shout out With thunder? FUCK? Fuck you. Fuck me. Fuck all, You see? Fuck Fuck Fuck And if one doesn't love it, Mother fuck fuck! Wow. I guess I just Got That Out.

The Stranger's Truth

In a world harboring hate? In a world lost from love? I know who I am. Do you? No, of course, You don't know me? You are not me? But, honestly, Do you know yourself? Truly, deeply, immeasurably? Or are you a stranger? Strangers are welcome here. Together strangers become stronger, More visible? Less strange. We are all strangers from others? Until we are not? But we must be strange Even to ourselves? No. We must not. I am not. I will not be That which I am not. Truth: A stranger can know far more About themselves By at least knowing what they are not, If not knowing Who they are. In fact, I have discovered myself? Me? Through knowing what and who I am not. I am not hate. I am not apathy.

I am not owned by any noun, Pro or otherwise, including me. I am not defined by labels. I am who I am. I will be who I am. I will be what I will be. My faith, my love, Strong below as above Are all that define me. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Answer is No

I heard the master plan? Time to become a man? Of which I was no fan. Yes, I heard that damn plan, From which I never ran. I also wouldn't scan? I wasn't any fan, Hearing the master plan? The real need to be man. Still, I stayed? never ran? I wouldn't try to scan Hearing the master plan. No, I wasn't a fan Of the call to be man. Yet, in time I did ban Avoiding the whole scan? Stopped staying? so I ran? I knew the bastard plan And I wasn't a fan Of pushing for a man. Like grinding wheat for bran, Yes, in time I did ban My resistance to scan? I didn't stay? I ran. No, I was not a fan, Of being a damn man It was never my plan. Listen here if you can, Like mealing wheat for bran, I, me, will stop and scan Anyone else's plan. Hell no, I am no fan Of being just a man. I heard the master plan? But I won't be a man. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

God Cares

Get it out. Get IT out. Get it all out. And love one another. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Corpse's Creed

The smell of formaldehyde wafts? Its acrid aroma suffocating? As the twist-snap-pop of the cap echoes. gurgle glug gurgle glug gurgle glug The fluid pours into the embalmer's bowl, Now an amalgamation? A mixture: antiseptic chemical, Methanol, water and dyes? To hydrate. To preserve. The rot: temporarily stayed. The bodies are quiet? Barring breaking hissing wind? But not always Still. Mortis, meet rigor. Muscles twitch torpid, Timbered Tomb-locked. Still, The bloated bodies are burial born, Not long for the outer world, Awaiting the mortician magician? Blanched and benumbed? Cocktail kaleidoscope, An acid trip through the veins. hisssss-khaaah The mouth opens With a whistle-wheeze? The sound severs the silence. The sound of rapid Beats pounding, The muscular drumming Erratic at first, Then collecting itself Into quick, steady thum-thumps Pulsating within; Slowing, The beats bate, Balking at blackout. The mouth moves? Its lips pigmented with Xerostomic crust? With desiccated deliberation. Even a hiss prevented? Pain in perpetuity? The corpse cannot commun? ...icate. A need to pause. A piercing pain punches Petulantly, like a child, Nothing remains still? Not its mouth, Not the room? Just the corpse. Its body now a canvas, A grotesque grimoire; The ink on its pages? Veins slither like snakes Shaping symbols and words, Spelling out something Spine-chillingly shadowed. The words? You'll never believe? Are words of clarity; Yet, still they deceive: "You'll be next if you don't leave." Looking around, No exits now in view? Gone are the ways in here? There's nothing left to do. Looking at the body, Its veins opened out Into pores, Leaching crimson ink onto the floor, Then evaporating into spores. Deceit in those words, "If you don't leave"? Ever meant to deceive? Deliver damnation-domination Upward upon me. For I cannot leave, Death holds dominion? Corpse is my creed. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The P's of Poetry

Poetry is personal, Prophetic, powerful, Pleasing, perturbing, Pandemoniously Pandora's Pleasure package of pain, Pointed processing of the profound, Profession of protest, Punching passivity while Pacifying procrastination. Poetry is people Plying people through a portal, Paper or otherwise, Prepared through porous lives Possessed by prodigious purpose. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Forever Breaking Through

Fuck the fake? Forever for real. Absorb the surreal. Smile, Shine your lemon peel. Drops of lemon
Dew Another hit off The citrus blue. Forever breaking Right the fuck Through. © 2025 Tristan
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The Exorcist

We live in a world devilishly demon deep. Its shadows are luminous?shining like a star? Fallen rays of rapture revealed to be regressive Remuneration. Did we think they would pay? What was received proactively? Retroactively? Hell, what was ever really received? The pie sits lopsided?sliding southward sideways? The divisions crack their way across and Deeply, damningly downward in dividends. Demons taste best in meringue but not lemons? Minced meat made from the fabric of desire? They score their claws across the fire of our hearts. Yet, here is where the beasts can and will misfire, Like the burned boogeyman haunting our dreams? Nightmares expanding outward into our mind's expanse? Can only remain if you choose to remain with them. Demons are demonstrably attached to desire's dread, Necrotic necromancers resurrecting haunted hopes? An army of aggressive appetite?aggrandized aspirations. They are toxic and terrible?indeed, it sucks they're inside. But you, friend, can be an exorcist?just the same as I? You can conjure the four corners and invoke the Spirit? You can launch the most fiery magic toward them Through uttering these most simple words: I will not wish away what is, But I will obliterate what never was. Say them, repeat them, remember them. Believe them. Stick to them and trust that God will get you through, Because no more demons will be stuck in you. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Judge

If there is anyone? Any One? That I can judge, It is me. Yet, Am I God? Can I, Nay, Should I judge Even me? No. Be free, man. Be Free. Be. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Stasis Will Replace Us

The moonglow overhead, Skies of summer serenity Shining? The darkness pining? Imagination immaculate, A conception never meant To be concealed. The cosmos revealed Beneath an obsidian ocean Speckled with paritous pearls? Sparkling sky shrapnel Forever embedded in eternity's face. Will the Creator forgive The free f a l l To fragmentation? Will we be Forgiven for Forgetting to fight Against fomenting fears? Glowing, The moon's Maniacal Mysterium ministers To the midnight menagerie Moongazing for monster eyes. Egos trip best at night, Serpent souls slithering in sight? Taking to flight?

No records to right As they skip beneath Needles of plight. There's nothing more tragic Than the trance of static. Stasis will replace us. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Pleased to Pass

How can I possibly please Others who keep failing To please me? Please do explain? The answer gets less clear The more words I hear. Pleasing pleasure pushing Pushers push me further away From the center Of my orbit? The gravitational disruption Pleasing to those calculating Constellary concerns? Concerns for order, Concerns for gatekeeping concerns, Concerns for being well, Sans concern for well-being. Such concerns? Please forgive me? Result in governing guilt... No more. They are not mine to own. I return them to you, Regifted as a mirror. The reflection might not please, But that is your disease. So, please? I really do say this with ease? Enjoy those psycho gymnastics As this psychonaut Enthusiastically explores The vast expanses within. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

I Am Tittu

I am thankful for reminders that I am loved. Another life ago, I didn't realize how loved I was; Miracles come at different times and in different ways. Thoughts of joy pass through me; caught unaware, I now see through enigma's engrossing eyes. Tethered to other searching souls seeking Sophia? Transcendence through tender thrums comes? Unity is forever the path that is before me.
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Where Are They Now?

The day the thunder came, it terribly poured? Torrential under an abrasive scour pad sky? The fields flooded as a monster monsoon gored An overwhelmed earth with secrets it could not cry. There, below the appalling pall of dark clouds, Placed in the middle of nature so cursory? Once a serene sanctuary with no shrouds? Stood the bones of Babylon's halls of ivory. Where, O where Are they now? © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

The Cycle of a Dark Seed

As I dwindle away, Leaving me sick and gaunt,
I start to ponder over the
Bad omens that have encircled me.
I know that I will perish,
And in the end, I slowly
Fade away to nothing.
The cycle has already started.
So I vow to end my life
After I commit a terrible sin,
A sin so terrible that
My soul will be damned to hell.
For there is malice in my
Deranged and warped mind.
I shall emerge from the darkness
After my fears subside,
And in a solemn, placid way,
I shall bring down the wrath
Of my anger?
For I am an angry god.
And I will cherish your death,
While I drink your blood for charity
To my selfish, greedy desires.
And then I will rip my heart out
Of my shallow bosom and die.
Then I will be shrouded,
Buried, and left for the
Worms to eat my remains. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.

Fornication Nation

Introduction

Written around 2009, "Fornication Nation" was born from anger, clarity, and the uncomfortable realization that the so-called land of the free was eating itself alive. It's not my earliest song, but it's one that still howls with relevance?especially on days like July 4th. This marks the beginning of a slow-burning series where I'll be releasing select original lyrics?some recent, some decades old?each paired with the song they came from. These aren't polished memoirs. They're raw transmissions. Fragments of who I was... and who I've become.

This song exists in two forms?each capturing a different facet of the same fury. It comes from my musical project, TragicLife, which can be found on most major streaming platforms. The main version linked below leans rock: direct and raw. But for those drawn to a colder, more mechanized descent into the void, a darker industrial/EBM mix is also available at the end of this post. Verse 1: The warmth of the summer, Never came to this place. As time sped on by, I couldn't keep up the race. The beasts emerge from the sea. Seeking food from their prey. To consume and destroy On this cursed day. Chorus: And we strive and we strive, We bleed and we bleed. No we're not getting out alive, We drown in our greed. Verse 2: Where is the blasted sun, Where's the comforting heat. I spit in utter disgust, Despising what's incomplete. The world has its fangs, And we're all slaves, In fornication nation We desecrate our own graves. Chorus: And we strive and we strive, We bleed and we bleed. No we're not getting out alive, We drown in our greed. Bridge: In the land of the free There's always a cost, But the cycle can end Before you're too lost. Just open your eyes, It's not too late to see. You gotta stand up and fight. If you're gonna...be free. Chorus (2x): And we strive and we strive, We bleed and we bleed. No we're not getting out alive, We drown in our greed. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved. Written circa 2009

Inside the Sky

Love. A word. Not so very strange. A word from which, darling, I've been ever so estranged. Not because I'm unloved? Heavens no? That would be a lie, But because, despite my smile, I cry? I wonder why I want to die. And, even though I know it's a lie, No matter how damn hard I try To tell myself, "Love, it's okay to cry", I still suck it up like a man? No need to ask why? And hide those tears inside the sky. © 2025 Tristan Robert Lange. All rights reserved.