

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.

In 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.

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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 creek. 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.

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,
Horrorific 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 fro 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 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 and 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.

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 mountains,
Rocky and jagged at the very top,
But evergreen and guarded at the base,
The isolation here is breathtaking.
Sadly, there is no such isolation,
Not for me, for I am truly cursed.
To be surrounded by people always,
To be entombed among those who hate me.

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.

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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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Atavistic Apprehension

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 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 Lange. All rights reserved.

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.

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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 Oublette

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

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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.