

Anthology of Joshua Harrison



Presented by

My poetic Side 

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The Stereotypical Escapist

Though stress and depression are chronically mocked,?
I feel like a gun aimed at me has been loaded then cocked.
?The outrage inside is so much to bare,?
That paper is my aid and only it seems to care.
?My friends they mock, their minds unburdened,
?While I think and my mind screams its words are uncertain.
?I am surrounded by idiots 'cept for a few,?
Though for the rest of the youth this statement is true.?
The infection of stupidity has spread beyond our towns,?
The modern world is a circus overflowing with clowns.?
I wish to speak with adults however mature as they are,
?They show no excitement and so I watch from afar.
?As the youth grow thick and awfully round,?
While the adults grow depressed and count every pound.?
The more I hurt, the longer I write,?
Then, as I close my eyes for the night?
A vision of freedom enters my eyes?
But as shadows fade I discover it's lies.?
On Earth lies no freedom, no sanctuary from greed.?
Good job, house, sex life.
That, now, is our creed.?
So stand back and watch as all the good die young,
?Leaving clowns running the circus, and into chaos we're flung.
?But that doesn't matter oh that's small news,?
'Cause I put a selfie on insta and it's had 1000 views!?'
I read to escape this twisted dimension,?
Where the elderly are only cared for if they have a good pension.?
I play games to live in a land where I matter somewhat,?
Where maidens are beautiful not 'fit', 'sexy' or 'hot'.?
Goodnight I say to all that read and close my eyes and begin to dream of a different world much better than this,?
Where 14 year olds don't do more than kiss. ?
The world in which we live is like a twisted fiction,?

Where children are shunned for having better diction.?
Where governments are hated,?
Rappers are praised,
?As the youth don't have a care how their youth are raised.?
Well goodnight I say and await my sleep,
I leave this world where people weep.?
Enter a fantasy more realistic it would seem, ?
As an intelligent person wishes to never leave his dream...

Heroin

She slipped into something more comfortable,?
I slipped into old habits.?
I fell down the rabbit hole,?
Before I started chasing rabbits.?
She walked into my life,?
We had sparkles in our eyes.?
Mine would soon be stolen by her,?
As I took her intravenous lies.
?Drip... Drip... Drip...?
The standard sound of life.
?Little by little you make it through,
?Offering your back to every knife.?
But ever so often life will surge,?
With a ravenous, pulsing torrent.?
In a sudden rush life will attack,?
And your cries will all turn horrent.?
For me it was all a blur,?
I was swept into the storm.?
For she took steps into my life,?
And presented a smile, so warm.?
She crept under my skin,
?Toying with every nerve.?
She planned on adding more pain,?
But for now I was to serve.
?A shoulder to cry on,
?A sponge for her tears.?
A man to defend her,?
From her darkest of fears.
?I stood as her bastion,?
Her steel support.?
But under her pressure,?
I began to contort.?
She had found her love,?

And not inside me.?
I was just a possession,?
For I was not he.?
He made her smile,?
But treated her mean.?
This made her crave him,?
Or as they say 'keen'.
?I was her tool,?
I'd fix her all night.?
My compliments healed her,?
After every fight.?
Between her and her lover,
?Round after round.?
Until a sudden *ring ring*,?
The bell would sound.
?I would answer,?
And she would be there.?
A tear in her eye,?
She knew I would care.?
I grew wise to her ploy,?
The three words she'd lied.
?There was no love,?
Oh Lord how I cried.?
She disowned me afterwards,?
Like a bastard son.?
She turned my 'friends' against me,?
One by one.?
I would love to recall,?
That I did not weep.?
However she'd injected her love,?
And the love ran deep.?
Deep through my flesh,?
Into my veins.?
I suddenly felt internal,?
And external pains.?
Changing in severity,?

The bombardment ensued.
?I pleaded to my friends but,
Against me they were skewed.
?I looked... Prayed,
To whoever's above?
For a method to cleanse,
This tainted blood?
To wash it away,
Remove the pollution.
?I stuck a needle in my arm;
Called it a solution?
Night after night,
Weep after weep?
Heating that spoon,
Before every sleep?
Then in my dreams:
Me and her on the sand?
Her arm around mine,
Not this damn black band?
Last night, on a walk,
?I saw her with him?
When their lips finally parted,
There was that warm grin?
I ran all the way home,
Bursting at the seam.
?I pushed that plunger,
But too far it would seem?
I lie here now;
Not much left of my veins?
But she still has my heart;
She keeps it in chains?
A simple white robe,
A pen in my hand?
A needle in my arm,
But one that was planned?
The nurses are kind,?

They all do their part;?
Treating an overdose of her love,?
Taken straight to the heart.

Age Gap (One Year)

31,556,926 seconds,?
From me to you?
31 and a half million,?
Stand between two.
?I shan't stop trying,?
Using pick after pick.?
To break down the wall,?
520,000 minutes thick.?
It was built upon preconceptions,?
And the bricks are made of opinion.?
I seek to tear it down,?
And enter your dominion.?
Let the opinions be shattered,?
May what you assumed come tumbling down.?
As I leap across the gap,?
Over a river in which I could drown.?
For I may not be the child,?
About who'm you can not decide.?
The gap is not so gaping,?
It's only 9,000 hours wide.?
To be this close to something so perfect,?
But to have it slightly out of your reach.
?Do I clamber through this huge ravine??
This is a lesson you can not teach.?
Do I try to fight for a flower,?
For which my heart could bloom??
Or do I let the choice be made,?
And let the future enter its tomb??
Together there is a future,?
A path with so many ways.?
But would it be fair to blockade it,?
With a fence of 365 days??
We're merely 52 weeks away,?

From an adventure into the unknown.

?I gift you a heart ripped and broken,?

But with you, the pieces are sewn.?

Join me, hold my hand, and into the depths delve,

?There are merely months between us, of which there are but twelve.

Lights Out (Winter Nights)

Tell me, when does one night end,
?And the new day soon begin??
The days and nights are both as dark,?
As the most hidden part within.?
All is silent in a charcoal sky,?
Morning, noon and night.?
In a world as dark as this one,?
Why do we rely on sight??
If 'seeing is truly believing' then I pity those who are blind,?
Yet you see more with a clouded vision, than those with a clouded mind.?
Matchstick trees on charcoal hills,?
Wait for the world to turn.?
Silhouettes on a charcoal stage,?
And now it's time to burn.?
Fire roars on the horizon,?
Sol blazes in all her glory.?
Giving a new day its birthright,?
Creating a new chapter in Earth's great story.?
Dancing reflections, upon the brook,
?A day of birth, death and mourning.?
But the winter nights take day away,?
They approach on all sides without warning.?
Against the winter, Sol, she fights,?
But darkness has her in its sights,?
As I say on long, lonely nights,?
Last one out... get the lights.

Silent Sonata

Crowded streets with crowded minds,
?Reach in deep and amongst the finds.?
People; notes, of different kinds.?
From the Silent Sonata.??

Tapping fingers to tuneless tunes,?
To pass the time; waste the noons,?
We're curling up in our cocoons.?
As we hear the Silent Sonata??

Notes on the page, feet on the stage,?
Tears of fear, fists of rage,
?Lines of the stave form our cage.?
Trapped in a Silent Sonata.??

The record plays, the Willow sways,?
The puppets dance and we count the days.?
Whispered to us all, as we gaze,?
At the deafening, Silent Sonata.??

You see? Like notes upon a sheet,?
We laugh we cry, we mourn we eat.
?The pipe is blown, the drum is beat,?
Can't you hear the Silent Sonata???

The melody is started and so must play,?
But let it play through you, don't push it away.?
'Go with the flow' that's what they say,?
Life is a Silent Sonata.??

There are many notes in the song,
Many men: right and wrong, ?
But in a soft, sweet melody we all do belong.

We are a Silent Sonata.??

When, next your eyes should meet,?

Tapping fingers, tapping feet,?

Is it truly just a tuneless beat??

That he pondered; walking down that street,?

Or is it the song of life and all its sweet:?

The fantastic, Silent...

Weeping Willow (A Halo Poem)

Oh Pillar of Autumn,?
In amber clad.?
I am not evil,?
I am no cad.?
Yet I run forward, unto the dawn,?
With murder in mind and a weapon that's drawn.
?Oh lonely pillar, hold up my sky,?
Let his death be swift, leave no fear in his eye.?
For he may be my enemy,?
While I've vowed to soon kill.?
There is still only man waiting over this hill.?
Send him softly into the night,?
Alleviate him from the gore.?
As I, his angel of death, march into war.?
Past the lonely willow,?
Who's leaves caress the ground.?
For many a final resting place,
?Will soon, by me, be found.?
The bark glistens amber,?
Like the warriors of old.?
With armour made from bronze,?
And medals made from gold.?
Sadness, anger, war, forever in their trinity,?
The cycle never ends; just spins into infinity.?
Just as they say wisdom is found in the seed of ignorance,?
'The creation of a warrior, is sealed within his innocence.'

Words In the Margin

Words are written,
?Meant for two.
For a writer, a reader,?
For me, for you. ?
But have you ever wondered,?
Have you ever heard??
Of a word meant for one??
A lonely word...?
A word created, ?
With no reader in mind.?
A word left unknown,?
To all of mankind.?
Every being on Earth,?
Has been designed.
?To communicate; navigate,?
To call out and to find,?
Another lonely word,?
Scrawled upon a page.
?A word in the margin,?
Fading with age.?
For a word is destined,?
For two to observe.?
The writer the reader,
?To create and preserve.?
Jokes and smiles,
?Times long passed.?
Fires put out,?
Dreams now glassed.?
When smoke rises,?
Both ash and men fall.
?But mere words in the margin,
?Can be the start of it all...

Tears in a Wine Glass

Standing over the kitchen sink,
?Dirt clinging to my fingers like nearly forgotten sins:?
Creeping under my nails,
?Like memories desperate to stay within me.?
There's no room under my skin,
?Ever since you invaded me.?
You entered through enchanted eyes,?
Then a whisper, then a kiss.?
Those red knives with which I danced,?
And listened to the stream of lies pouring from the valley of their peaks.?
Who knew honest eyes could be lies themselves??
I need an exorcist,
I need a surgeon,?
Just let me give birth to this monster you conceived inside of me.
?I feel it's constriction upon my heart,?
I feel it's thumping laughter in my head.
?So water cleanse me, ?
Wash away the evidence of my pain.?
I understand the scars will never heal?
But at least they are internal.?
I would wake in her bed of nails and smile despite my pain,
?For even a coffin cradling her beauty,?
Still looks inviting.?
So water, my counsel,?
Water, my witness,?
Cleanse the evidence,?
Wash away the dirt,?
While I take care of the body.

Can Metal Hands Itch?

Walking alone,
In a field black with crows.
Corpses carpet the ground,
But then the ground arose.
Souls I sent down,
Filled hell to the brim.
So the earthy seal burst,
And hell claimed my limb.
Shredded to pieces,
Eyes faded to grey.
Is it still my body,
If it's three feet away?
Gasping for air,
Like it can fill the hole.
The IV drips,
While pain starts to roll.
I clench my fists,
My arms I heft.
But only the right;
The only one that's left.
I'm half a human,
Five fingers, five toes.
Two limbs and a soul,
Lost to the crows.
The water runs down,
Dripping off steel.
I traded my flesh,
For one that can't feel.
Four years have passed,
Since God left me,
Taking my life,
Leaving PTSD.
I paid your settlement,

I paid by force.
I paid the settlement,
For me and God's divorce.
I fought for these people,
How dare I survive.
It's hard to be human,
When your limbs aren't alive.
I wipe my tears on a steel fist,
Vailed in rain and a street lamp's mist,
The anger builds and the voices scream,
A veteran trapped in a tungsten dream,
They gave me a gun and told me to raid,
But my arm is the steel from which their guns were made,
They told me to run, march and join the parade,
But my leg is the carbon as black as the shade,
They trained me and taught me and told me to kill,
They made me machine so be machine I will,
The neck is snapped by an automaton's grip,
And slowly the world begins to tip,
Amongst the puddles the body is grim,
Blood runs off of a waterproof limb.

Lost

I can't remember the last words I said to you,
But since I can't talk to the dead, those words will have to do.
When the family fell you always carried through,
I hope you're happy with God and that she's happy too.

I know you're up there smiling, I don't need the proof.
Because how can a man like you just disappear: 'poof'.
But now your brothers and sister are all under one roof,
I've had my faith tested and I will tell the truth.

I miss you Marg, 93 and you had to go,
Packed up your bags and smiled, then set off on your own.
I hope that God shakes your hand from atop his throne,
Because you've left your house and gone to his home.

Did you ever see your father cry? With breathe and hands shaking?
As though clenched knuckles could hold a life that God had taken.
But now I don't want to sleep because my fear of waking,
Up to a world without you. My head just starts aching.

With a mother and father split in a broken home,
I never had a house that I could call my own.
But had two families to tell me when I was doing wrong,
And keep me on the right path, to help me grow strong.

But all your teachings have gone because I lie choking,
On tears and cries for the two families now broken.
Broke home split further by the holes left,
Because, you can divorce but you can't leave death.

To tell the truth I miss you both more than I can say,
I've wrote this poem or song 30 times today.
But every line falls apart because I can't show,

How every second feels like I'm moving slow.

How I have to change the scheme to only two lines,
My brain hurts to think of more than just two rhymes.
I'd write a poem about loss, I think I always knew,
I just never figured it would be about you.

I miss you Sean I want to smile but I can't even chuckle,
Because a muscle just stops and there goes an Uncle.
I miss you Marg and I hope you lived a happy life,
I hope you find your husband again and be a happy wife.

I miss you all and while I know I'll see you again,
I'm scared for the people I'll write about between now and then.

RIP Auntie Margaret,
RIP Uncle Sean,
One week took you both but you both gave me so many years.

Child Soldiers

Like a gun with no safety,
I can't find a release.
So I'm writing war poems,
In a time of peace.
Because abroad there are killings,
Over wealth and borders.
But in the streets they are killing,
With or without orders.
Turn on the TV and play a game:
Pray that the anchor doesn't say your name.
The news only shows horrors,
That will generate cash.
Like how people slow down cars,
Just to look at the crash.

Your drug dealer's a cannibal,
It's the weak that he eats.
Because the weed's growing up,
Through the crack in the streets.
The famous try and help,
Say stop getting higher,
But you dose to their songs,
'Cause the beat is fire.
But go ahead ignore me,
Yeah I'm sure it's painless.
When the rich want to see you,
Stoned and brainless.
Dealer's dead in the streets,
You just find another.
But that dealer was a child,
Will *you* help his mother?
She wonders why he ever,
Turned to the bong.

Asking God at the funeral,
What she did wrong?
People thinking they're kings,
But barely in their teens.
Surrounded by kids,
Living Escobar dreams.
Thinking pushing the weight,
Will get them there.
But they can't see their goals;
Too much smoke in the air.

Perhaps the issue starts at home,
Broken homes need repair.
Kids are raised by a phone,
Because Mama's never there.
Then we all get told,
The tech with which we were raised.
Makes us a bad generation,
And that our minds are hazed.
Confidence falls,
And jealousy thrives.
When we're seeing nothing,
But filtered lives.
But then you voice your struggles,
And when you converse.
Everyone starts playing,
'Who's had it worse?'

I want to help this place,
Where it's uncool to try.
For the others fighting on,
Just to get by.
For the child soldiers,
Waging war on the norm.
One dreamer at a time,
The ranks will form.

Stop waiting on corners,
Craving medication.
Start reading up and,
Craving education.
Be whoever you like,
Don't just go with the crowd.
I just want to walk home,
And be able to feel proud.
So please save your money,
For the town is an investment.
It's been diagnosed before,
This has been my reassessment.

The World Behind My Eyes

There's a world behind my eyes,
You won't believe me, it's true.
I'd go but I struggle to fit,
There's only room there for you.
I need a doctor to come,
And cut the optical nerve.
So I'll ignore the world outside,
And just sit back and observe.
The world behind my eyes,
No need for shelter from cold.
There is a house with a garden,
Where we can live and grow old,
Live like a pair of lost souls,
Who don't want to be found.
And this world isn't quiet,
No it's filled with the sound.
Of your laugh so sweet,
It makes a deaf man grin.
Of rivers of words,
Rolling down your chin.
I put my hands to my head,
To hold this place I can't go to.
Resting my head in my hands:
The only way I can hold you.
I open my eyes,
Back to this crushing existence.
The only gift I can give you,
Is a thousand miles of distance.
Never knowing what to do,
What should happen next.
Why do I only feel warmth,
When I read your text?
You must be magic,

For nobody else can resurrect.
You must be a goddess,
For nobody else can cure death.
If my heart never stopped,
Why do I feel it just starting?
When you raise your hand,
I feel the seas of doubt parting.
God would put us on the Ark,
For we are two of a kind.
King and Queen of a kingdom,
That nobody will ever find.
With these words you are coronated,
From your knees you shall rise.
With my love you are inundated,
Queen of the world behind my eyes.

Box

The best gifts,
Come in cracked packages.
I'm a frail thing,
But frailty comes with advantages.
Don't open me, Pandora,
There's darkness within me.
I am the cracking twig,
Within the great Oak tree.
Too much wind and I may snap,
Too much heat and I may burn.
But you just see the tree,
Not the quivering inner fern.
My box is nigh unbreakable,
My latch has held secure.
The twig I keep within,
Protected in my core.
I am made of palest Ivory,
With a warning on the top.
'What is held within this box,
You will not be able to stop'.
So let curiosity draw you in,
Gravitational and true.
But keep your fingers off the latch,
For from me they shall spew.
Oh fountain of insecurity,
Cornucopia of sin.
A geyser bursting upwards,
Heated by fear within.
I was made to hold these evils,
Clasped shut by the Gods above.
I did not wish to be opened,
Not by you, Pandora, my love.
Despite my heart being yours,

There simply isn't room.
For a heart to fit inside me,
Due to my swelling Devil's womb.
I know what I contain,
The frail twig within the tree.
The fears of humankind,
Condensed to fit in me.
I love you my Pandora,
And thus, to keep evil at bay.
To keep my box locked,
I must forever, push my love, away.

Enigmatic Talk Show Host

Better the devil you know,
Than the one you don't.
Better the devil you don't,
Than a TV host.
I am dripping in disguise,
Deception negates loathing.
I've gorged on your attention,
I've outgrown my sheep's clothing.
I am the devil in your doors,
Welcomed to your screen.
A cuckoo in the nest,
If only you knew the unseen.
Think of me as a friend,
A champion of the pariah.
Engineered smile and scripted laugh,
Let me be your morning messiah.
And I shall unto thee depart my views,
Or a pile of profitable lies.
Why bother with honesty and trust?
When lights and camera hypnotise.
My palms are a nations plates,
They dare not bite the hand that feeds.
I am stood with bread and fish,
They are pigeons to my seeds.
Comes the night, the camera dies,
My inhibitions start to rise,
My sheeplly skin slowly rips,
The money pours in, the facade slips.
No man, nor beast, nor woman, nor gheist,
Would recognise the cocaine christ.
I'm a gorgeous vessel sin-filled to the top,
Pink balloon of tar, about to pop.
My home is my castle,

King of drugs, women and dreams.
Up at 6am for preaching,
Through your TV screens.

Background Noise

Silent steel,
Unfeeling in its geometry.
Should nature be the work of benevolent God,
Cities are that of deified sociopaths.
Minimalism, industrialism, utilitarianism in holy trinity,
Capitalism becomes creationism with the first cause being profit.
Buildings poured into being from avaricious moulds,
Lustful for the molten metal pumped vigorously into their open bellies.
Though born into this world through fire and cacophony,
These buildings lay silent.
This cave of steel,
Silent.

Without me, that is.

One-Hundred million people,
Two-Hundred million ears.
Yet not one has begun to notice:
Rain only ever caresses;
Never besieges you in your home,
Yet never lets you forget its presence as it embraces your steel shelter.
Hounds only bark at the gentle pull of twilight;
Never so late as to cause a fitful sleep,
Yet never so early as to disrupt daily duty.
The wind only whispers so as to be remembered;
Never quiet enough to be forgotten,
Yet never intimidating or encircling your home.
Birds in the trees only sing;
Never screech or squawk,
Despite this steel forest being like their cages of old.

One human in your world,
Two ears are all you have,

So of course you never notice:
It cannot rain in a sheltered city,
Decades have passed since the last dog was born,
Wind dare not penetrate our steel cave,
There are no trees.
There are no birds.

Without me, that is.

Microscopic speakers weave your world,
Pouring an environment of my creation.
I am the Mozart of atmosphere,
Noise accepted, blind to hesitation.
My weary hands fill your day,
With sounds outside of comprehension.
My work complete in your belief,
Your compliment: your lack of mention.
Post-Mortem voice for a world deceased,
Listened, unheard and hence:
Talent that, like the air you breathe,
Is only noticed, in its absence.

A Rock and a Hard Faith

The birds chirp anxiously,
Nature's drumroll to my decision.
Reluctant eyes open,
As again, death, I envision.
Legs swinging off the bed,
Pendulums for unwanted time.
The irony of belief in a God,
That taking yourself to meet is a crime.
It is not the thought of dying,
That makes fearful tears fall.
It is my decision to live each day,
The fact there's a decision at all.
I am so entrenched in this dirt,
That it lusts deeply for my flesh.
Having built my wall of anxieties,
That even sleep will not refresh.
Yet my only escape,
Into kingdoms up higher.
Scares me even more so,
My escape door is on fire.
My love for this God is unending,
He gave me every smile I ever held.
And yet I read his scripture,
And the hate for my being swelled.
If I die, before I wake,
It will be his, my soul to take.
And yet how can I,
Pastor of sin.
Be carried to him?
With this hatred within.
So I wake up and strive in fear,
I survive in fear of strife.
Angel scared of heaven because,

Do the suicidal get an afterlife?
I plant those dangling feet,
Carpet between my toes.
This angel's trapped on Earth,
Their soul's wings black like crows.
Down the stairs I tread,
Arms stretched, not coffin-bound.
Just as your son walked on water,
Fear keeps me above ground.
Stood on a stony earth,
Can a muddied soul ever be safe?
I choose to stay trapped here,
Between a rock and a hard faith.

Switch

My gentle tsunami,
Drown me in your perfume.
Choke the words from my lungs with a glance,
A soundless, soaked mess left in your wake.

Kissed by a tornado,
What is this hurricane but hot breath and lipstick?
To claw at my walls, grasp at my roots,
And tear me from my foundations.

Earth splits at your name,
Command my balance with your tremors.
Leave no logic unturned in your shaking violence,
I am buried in the rubble of my man-made peace.

As your waves break,
On the shores of my island.
I do too shatter on the rocks,
Carried by a current I do not resist.

Beat me,
Choke the life from my eyes with your strangling words.
Drown me,
Gasping for sense under the depth of your spell.
Sweep me,
Leave my feet flailing for common ground in your tempest.
Shake me,
Erupt my steady foundation with your wavering judgment.

Do unto me all this,
Burn me alive with a glint of a smile.
And yet I will wonder,
Can one tame a storm?

Terminal

I don't know what this is,
But it's the best that I can manage.
This jotting down of words,
Just a symptom or the bandage?

Well no matter what, you see,
When you gaze upon my face,
When the light's disappeared,
And I'm gone without a trace.
No matter what I say,
No matter how much ink I spill.
Know, husband, I love you,
I've just been a little ill.

No cough rests on my chest,
But my lungs don't work the same.
I've been choking on our air,
Just trying to say your name.
My temperature is fine,
But when I'm lying in your bed,
Shivers course down my spine,
Fear. We're hanging by a thread.

In truth I love you all,
In ways I cannot express.
My arrows, they fly but fall,
Carrying love I cannot profess.
I wish I wasn't so enthralled,
By whom I'm destined to depress.
And so I never make that call,
For fear your love will just regress.

But on safe pages I can scrawl,

Slowly starting to undress.

Such that you might see my all:

My loving hands, bound by illness.

Grow as I Row

The high tides won't stop rolling in,
Storm clouds are blowing overhead.
Cold wind dances across my skin,
The lightning paints a picture of your silhouette.

Ropes cut, sails unfurl,
And the wind carries me out into the dark.
Carried towards the girl...

I don't know if I'll survive,
If I'll leave this storm alive,
But for you I will try.
Waves will rise and I will fall,
To my feet, for you I'll crawl,
And though winds may blow,
I'll grow as I row,
Grow as I row.

Shivers race across my spine,
The wind's kiss freezes, I just keep you on my mind.
At the end, don't know what I'll find,
But I'll bruise these weary hands so that ours can intertwine.

Wood moans, lanterns burn,
And I wonder if I should not have set sail,
But if this storm leads me to you...

I don't know if I'll survive,
If I'll leave this storm alive,
But for you I will try.
Waves will rise and I will fall,
To my feet, for you I'll crawl,
And though winds may blow,

I'll grow as I row,
Grow as I row.

I don't know if I can stay,
I can't promise, this boat won't make it through the night.
But I believe I'll find a way,
To a land that feels much better,
And I will sail us there together.

I hold hope that I'll survive,
That I'll leave this storm alive,
And for you I will try.
Waves will rise and I will fall,
To my feet, for you I'll crawl,
And though winds may blow,
I'll grow as I row,
Grow as I row.

L?appel du vide

On those days, where limbs are weighed down by the anchoring grasp of the despair,
Clutched so, I am a wealthy widow's hand in a room of eager Batchelors.
On such days, the sombre tsunami trapped in the bottle of my mind,
Takes not the form of wronged lovers, disappointed faces or chances never took,
Instead, my raven sings only of sorrow, for the lack of excuses to which I may cling.
As the sailor gasps for air in an ocean void of driftwood,
So too, does the cold embrace of torpor overpower the buoyancy of my mood.
The knowledge that casts me to the jaws of this livid liquid Cerberus? That I am in control.
That in spite of my agency over this body, this environment, this is the circumstance in
which I lie,
Sheets a silken prison enforcing rigor mortis upon a mind mustering movement.
I have no excuse,
For this is the world I have made.
And no excuse,
For my hatred of it to remain.

Subverse

Youth's essence beads on the brows of lovers,
Snares and bass the herald of sweat's sweet salt.
As river meets sea, her heat pools upon the midnight floor,
Her answer to the night's lingering question.

As whiskey drinks it's barrel's flavour,
We draw upon the endorphins of these walls.
Slick with trance-induced euphoria,
Seen by pupils gaped in thirst for one another.

For a moment all are one,
Flesh, sweat and appendages amassed into the tribe.
Chests vibrating, we throb with an invisible ebb and flow,
Putrid heat pleasantly perverse.

Basal senses attune to climaxing tempos,
Caligulan miasma fresher than the cold air of civility.
I long only to sway under your instruction,
Muscles ache to do your will.

Part of me will never leave this place,
Where body's sweet stench incenses,
Where crushing pressure is a lover's embrace,
Where hips roll over waves seen only by euphoric ears,
And we drown in humanity.