

**Take My
Hand And
Lead Me
Through The
Fire**

Amelia
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Desertsong

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To my wife, Thomas Slatin, for being a patient, kind, wonderful human being, and helping me to recognize the potential of these verses, urging me to put them into print.

Introduction

A Poet Never and Forever

When I was a child, I fancied myself a folksy songwriter. I remember the first song I ever came up with was a ballad about a sailboat. I can't remember the lyrics, and even if I did, I wouldn't share them here. Regardless, the gist was someone went out on a sailboat on a really big lake, such as Lake Superior I suppose, and got caught in a storm. Against all odds, the sailor made it back to shore, but the sailboat was so badly destroyed it was pretty much firewood at that point.

Still, it showed imagination. As I grew, I turned to writing fan fiction of my favorite shows, many of which are now obscure cartoons, I would misc-mash characters and situations together to create something new. The plots rarely made sense, but these stories did lead me to create original characters. Those characters would feature prominently in my own original works which I began writing in junior high. For awhile, I gave up on songwriting entirely.

In high school, I continued to work on my massive catalog of stories all taking place in the same universe, I started to dabble in lyric writing again. Most of them weren't very good, especially when I tried far too hard to rhyme. Fortunately, I had discovered that I was much better at writing poetry metered by syllable counts rather than rhyme schemes, as well as free verse. A few of these early experiments actually turned into several poems which feature in the very collection you're reading right now.

I Never Thought of Myself as a Poet

While I never thought of myself a poet, others certainly thought I was. In fact, I never really decided to become a poet, not as a serious vocation at least. But, despite the fact that I had some melodies and harmonies devised for a few of my lyrics, I decided they were best left as they were on the page.

When I let people read a few of my poems, some of them went as far to say I should devote my life to poetry. I shared them with my family and teachers, and suddenly, they all seemed at once to decide I was a future Poet Laureate. I never thought that my poetry was that good, and to this day, there are people who still think I made a mistake becoming an essayist instead of a poet.

Although I resisted that advice, it inevitably inspired me to write hundreds of poems. By the end of high school, I began submitting a few to poetry contests and creative writing scholarships. To my surprise, I won a couple contests which totaled a few hundred dollars that would later go towards the purchase of my freshman year schoolbooks.

On that high, I submitted what I thought were my five best poems to the college I'd already been accepted to for their Creative Writing scholarship. Apparently, they were impressed enough to give me a couple thousand dollars towards my tuition. Ironically, I believe only one or two of those poems was suitable for this collection.

At that point, it seemed that my destiny was to be a poet. After all, besides writing quite a few A-plus papers in high school, my poetry getting awards was the most I'd ever been recognized for as a young write. Still, despite others' opinions to the contrary, poetry was very much only just a hobby for me.

If anything, I'd never stopped seeing my poetry as the beginnings of song lyrics. Heck, for years, I still organized many of my early poems into track listings. Writing songs had always been a childhood dream of mine, and I still passionately pursued the idea of being a songwriter. Then again, poetry and lyrics can be one and the same.

When Did the Songwriting End and the Poetry Begin?

Even until very recently, I still had the crazy delusion that a hit song's lyrics was still locked up somewhere within me. But, I actually came to realize after some embarrassing failures with slam poetry that I needed to come to an actual understanding of what poetry meant *to me*, and not to others who wanted me to keep writing it solely for their own enjoyment.

Ever since I was a child who would read dictionaries and pocket encyclopedias from cover to cover, I consulted my handy Merriam-Webster to give me some insight into the true definition of poetry. This is what the dictionary had to say:

“Writing that formulates a concentrated imaginative awareness of experience in language chosen and arranged to create a specific emotional response through meaning, sound, and rhythm.”

Or... *“Something likened to poetry especially in beauty of expression “*

Poetry is more than just rhyming verses. I knew that, but what I hadn't considered is that any form of expression can be made into poetry. What poetry comes down to simply express something in a way that you find beautiful. It doesn't matter what that something actually is. It's also both fortunate and annoying that the English language is funny sometimes with all its many

different meanings of singular words. The wordplay English allows for became one of my most important tools in my poetic toolbox.

Once I realized that I could carry the ideas of my poetry over to prose writing, especially after reading many Beat Generation works in college, my essays began to be written with much more flowery prose. Apparently, many of my college professors took exception to this, stating I was using too much “rhetoric” and the aforementioned “flowery prose.” I decided if I didn’t enjoy writing something, then what was the point? So, despite receiving lower grades than I perhaps enjoyed, spurred on by the few professors who did appreciate me blending poetry with prose, I kept on doing my thing.

Eventually, I decided my problem was that I was majoring in history, where dry, academic style was par for the course. This has changed in years since, thankfully, but my only option seemed to be switching my major to English and taking the literary route. I ended up not gelling with that avenue of academic pursuits, either, floundering my last year and a half of college. Eventually, I gave up on college entirely, taught myself SEO and digital marketing, and decided to throw myself into the workforce head-on.

However, the poetry never stopped being written, especially during my darker days. This is why I have poems that span from 2002 to 2020, many of which have morphed and evolved over time into what they are now. No matter what I was pursuing in my life, my poetry was always a companion for me whenever I was feeling stuck and needed an outlet.

When Do I Choose Poetry Over Prose?

Poetry has always been a way for me to share ideas and concepts that I feel prose alone may not properly capture. This means that I often abandon any rhyme scheme, but not always. I'd sometimes use carefully ordered stanzas, but not always. There isn't one poem I can really look at and say, "that's definitely my poem." I purposely don't have a singular way to write poetry. I write poetry as it suits me at that moment.

For years, I saw my poetry as being scraps "from the pages of spiral notebooks" as that's where most of my poetic work came from. Some poems came from literal scrawls in the margins of various class notes over the years. Many came from literal spiral-bound notebooks dedicated to streams of consciousness and journal writing. Even now as many are input into a phone or typed on a computer in their initial form, my poetry writing still has that free spirit to it.

The art of writing is vitally important to me, even more so than what's actually being said is how it's said. Simply composing articles to inform or quick and dirty stories to entertain isn't all there is. Poetry is about finding the hidden beauties in something, then finding the best way to express them. For me, my prose has become much more like poetry in achieving these aims, which is likely my actual poetic writings have diminished over the years.

It's become much clearer to me over time that writing poetry is both easier and harder than most people think. As most of what I write today comes to me in a form most like prose, I'm no longer the prolific at writing verses as I once was. It's highly unlikely I ever turn to poetry as a full-time venture. As something to dabble in, though, I certainly will engage my poetry writing muscles once again when the time and situation best suits it.

When did I realize that poetry was only going to just be a hobby for me? It's when I looked into finally publishing it. The major

reason that publishers weren't interested wasn't the quality of the work. No, the reason I was rejected was that my poems didn't fit a singular theme, style, or subject. I refused to change, so I simply buried my poetry into multiple subfolders for years. Yet, here and there, I'd still write a new verse or two just as a writing exercise.

Why My Poetry Has No Signature Style

Believe it or not, I've always been quite the contrarian. But, when it comes to poetry, I wasn't trying to be a rebel at all. It's simply that what the paying crowd for poetry wants isn't what I wanted to get out of my poetry or even the very act of writing it. While I'm a bit more set in my prose writing, with poetry I tend to experiment much more wildly.

Whereas many poets adopt signature styles, themes, or motifs, I refuse to do that. There's absolutely nothing wrong with finding a niche as a poet or with anything. It's just that the more poetry I've written, the more I realize that it's more of a language and compositional exercise for me than something I truly sought after as a way to earn a living, even as just a side-hustle.

Also, I didn't really want my poetry to become commercialized. As "refined" as much popular poetry often seems to be, the thing I like most about much of my own poetry is the fact that it's unrefined. I feel what makes the best poetry is raw emotion and unfiltered thinking. Most of my best poems are products of sheer inspiration. Yeah, a lot of them were pretty bad, and in the process of whittling down verses for this collection, many of them were finally scrapped after years of gathering dust going nowhere.

While this made the task of deciding what the best 100 or so of my poems would be for this collection's sake incredibly difficult, I'm glad I don't have one specific theme or style with my poems. To force them to be so for the benefit of perhaps making a couple

bucks here and there misses the entire point of why I write them in the first place. Poetry has always been my sandbox for ideas that I couldn't quite make work in prose. While there are a few I always hoped to turn into actual song lyrics, that likely will never happen. At this point, I'm not all that concerned, and I'm happy with them as they are now.

Of course, even though many of them were written as mere exercises, that doesn't mean I didn't slave over a great many of my poems to perfect every aspect of them to my liking. There are a few poems that I have revised dozens of times; for years, I was most unhappy with those pieces in particular because they just never felt quite right.

However, I've come to feel that no poem is ever truly complete without a reader. I believe that a poem actually completes itself within the reader; I know I'm not alone in this thinking because I'm pretty sure I read that somewhere years back. Most of my poems can have multiple interpretations and are often left open-ended quite intentionally.

Each individual piece I write, whether it's written as poem or prose, has its own voice, its own purpose, and its own personality. They are each blossoms, each with its own DNA and individual spirit. Over the years, I've pruned my garden for poems that lacked flow or essential purpose, but the misfits are usually left alone to eventually grow into works worthy of this collection. The variety is what I appreciate most about my own work. I want it to stay random and spontaneous.

Of course, these are just thoughts on my own poetry. When it comes to others' poetry, my viewpoint is rather different. I fully appreciate the blood, sweat, and tears that go into many poems, how carefully many words are chosen, how the rhythms and meter are so carefully crafted. People should do whatever works

for them. Unfortunately, my approach seemed to go too much against the grain for me to “make it” as a poet; so be it.

Why Did I Create This Poetry Collection?

For many years, I simply posted what I felt were my best poems on whatever website was getting me traffic and views at the time. While I earned something from them being there, my poetry was never a big money maker. But, there were a few that would drive an incredible amount of traffic, especially from Twitter and Tumblr. Many of these are part of this collection.

So, what led me to create the poetry collection you’re about to enjoy here? My biggest issue is that I lacked an editor to simply tell me what was good, and what wasn’t. Obviously, I’m extremely biased. Even pieces I know aren’t objectively good still have good ideas I want to work on. But, when I approached my wife, Thomas, with this unenviable task of having to potentially irritate me by either approving or scrapping my hundreds of surviving poems for this collection, she graciously accepted.

Over the course of some two weeks, her and I would have a reading and sorting session. I’d comb through them first, eliminating ones that I knew weren’t good in the slightest, but being sure to pull them into a file where I may be able to rework them later. It finally dawned on me as we were finishing up the selection process, though, that many of them simply weren’t salvageable for one reason or another. The last twenty or so I didn’t bother to even save, and simply sent them off into digital oblivion. It was an extremely emotional process for me, but I never got angry with Thomas, not even once. If anything, I was mad at myself that I had accumulated eighteen years of work that I finally had to parse and finalize.

As much as I say I like to have an historical record of my writing, I really don't. Truly, I only want my best work to survive. It's fine if my notes survive the ages, but if there is really bad poetry, I just want it gone forever. I also decided before I even committed to this project that this would be my one and only poetry collection. I've written fewer than a dozen poems in the past three years as of this writing, and most of them were scrapped. I greatly prefer developing my ideas in prose, which will be the fate of hundreds of those scrapped poems.

This doesn't exactly mean that I will never again write poetry. But, I have decided that if I do, there will be a future edition of this collection, not a sequel. I came to the difficult but I think very honest decision that I'd much rather give you top quality poetry once than subpar to mediocre poetry on a regular basis.

Actually, I'm pleasantly surprised with how this collection turned out, with over 120 poems that ended up being selected for this one and only poetry volume. There's no particular rhyme or reason to why they were chosen, other than that Thomas, who is an extremely discerning literary critic, thought they were worthy of being published. That's a good enough reason for me. Consider that 4 out of 5 poems didn't make this book and realize that I now have a mountain of ideas to parse through for future essays with too much "flowery prose" and "rhetoric" for professors to yell into the void about.

Even though I'm only thirty-five years old in publishing my "life's work" of poetry, I'm sure other poems will come, in time. But, if they do, they will either come in a future edition of this collection, or be a part of a greater whole that is mostly prose in nature. I felt that it was vital for me to literally close this chapter of my life as a poet so that I can focus my sights on writing essays, which is what I do best.

What Advice Do I Have for Aspiring Poets?

It may surprise you that for someone who has literally published a book of poetry that I actually read very little poetry myself. But, I actually greatly encourage anyone who has any interest in doing so to try their hand at poetry. If you like to rhyme, just do it. Don't worry if it's "good." Whenever it comes to poetry, just let it come. You never know what it may become later.

For much of my life, I thought of myself as a writer of silly rhymes which became politely labeled as poetry. Perhaps, I am too harsh a critic of myself. If I've learned anything from writing poetry, it's that while you should be critical of your work, you shouldn't be hard on yourself. The very act of creating a poem, no matter how "good" or "bad" the end result might be, is a creative act. The more creative acts you make, the more creative you become, just as Maya Angelou once famously remarked.

It sort of blows my mind that simply scribbling in college-ruled notebooks over two decades of my existence culminated in a volume with over 100 poems. What's even more amazing is that in this collection, every year I wrote poetry, from 2002 to 2021 is represented with at least one or two poems. Several of these pieces received high praise online over the years, but many of these have never seen the light of day before now.

Truthfully, I've always leaned towards writing prose. My urge to write poetry comes and goes, often sporadically. Still, as much as I appreciate the art of both conventional and unconventional poetry, I've never fully dedicated myself to the craft.

As far as I'm concerned, I'm no professional poet. What exists here are the more fortunate results of scribbles that didn't quite fit into prose. For the most part, I'd say I'm far from a proper and

technically sound poet. After all, I love to play with rhyme schemes, meter, and tone, sometimes all at once. But, even as I would find myself counting syllables and treading dangerously on being horrifically out of rhythm, a few happy accidents would occur.

Maybe I am simply too obsessed with the technicalities of the craft. Then again, such idiosyncrasies are simply a part of who I am. They've made me the writer of prose that I've become. But, whatever you do, don't let details bog you down. Just find your rhythm and flow and go with it. You have to create in order to get something, and even the greatest creative geniuses fail far more often than they succeed.

When you set yourself to any creative endeavor, keep in mind that creativity is a playground. For me, writing poetry and lyrics were my creative playground through many dark and uncertain times. What is included in this collection spans such a great ocean of time, experiences, emotions, and perceptions, so you may need to keep an open mind to truly appreciate the rollercoaster you're about to experience.

Poetry is whatever it is to you. But, more importantly, a poem is at its best when it completes itself in the reader's mind. I sincerely hope that you will take some joy and insight away from at least a few of the hundred-plus poems which follow this introduction. Hopefully they will spark you to create something of your own. After all, the best intention for any writer should be to make others want to create!

A poet both never and forever.

—*Amelia Phoenix Desertson*, April 2023

Aches and Pains

Oh, these Aches and Pains
Anguish takes the reins
Last bits of light feign
And the darkness reigns

No longer can see the marks
The Devil has left upon
My dearest friend, seen the way
She met her assured end

Still I sit here, paralyzed,
Now by kid shows, mesmerized
Aging parents are surprised
Seeing me suddenly digressed

Time to take me to
Another shrink session
But when they try to then
They face strange aggression

This sadness is a
Lethal viral infection
Bred consistently by
Hate's heartless rejections

Objections sent me
In random directions
Still, I can't help but
Now laugh in reflections

All These Things

All I was looking for
Was something to ring true
Through troubles and terrors
There was always a light
Shining in your sweet smile
All these things that you do
Are enough to get me through

If there was perfection
It would have to be you
The most sweetest confection
I can't deny it's true
There's limit-less affection
In my heart for you
And all these things you do

Where did all the time go
The times that we've had
Where are the good times?
Why are you left so sad?
Life's a constant uneven flow
But you'll make it through
With all these things you do

Just need to stay strong
There's still tomorrow
I see all that's wrong
The source of your sorrow
Just keep a smile on
And I'll do my best

To bring us through

All these things you do
Just stay sweet and true
You don't need to say
A word to tell me truth
It can only get better
I'll strive to prove
I have nothing to lose...

...except your humble grace
and all the things you do...

...don't have to say a word
to tell me all the truth I need...

The Ballad of Old Floyd

His creativity's all but spent
Poor Old Floyd's loaned his mind out for rent
And no one's bothered to return it
All that's left's the meager deposit
His family's gone, so are his bonds
Those "get rich quick schemes" are all just cons
When Old Floyd walks by, sharks smell fresh blood
Everyone thinks that he's just a dud
Destined to live in a makeshift tent

Twinkling in and out of existence
Still every day he shows persistence
Running with holes in his worn-through shoes
Trying to burn off his ever-present blues
Poor Old Floyd's life's just blowing away
The wind never seems to blow his way
And he just can't keep up a good pace
He wishes he could launch into space
And off on some distant planetoid
Make friends with some noid droid who loves dance

He's the strange fellow named Poor Old Floyd
With a heart that's been battered and toyed
With a honker instead of a nose
That's coiled up then strung out like a hose
Gaining wisdom through discarded readers
And chatting with burnt out seniors
A hapless wanderer, hopeless dreamer
Living off fattening pig feeders
His dignity's long since been destroyed

The old ones see what he could become
They think he's bashful, but quite handsome
And with a suit, bow, and tie, they say
He could put on a great show one day
You've got stardom written all o'er you
Says the wise old geyser Ernie Lou
Don't let fools incinerate your dreams
You've just been working with the wrong teams
But Floyd felt he'd missed his chance for fun

Old Floyd didn't think himself a star
After all, Hollywood's pretty far
Still he works out some creative themes
That would play out great on silver screens
It's a thousand miles' walk on tar
But it beats wasting away at bars
Halfway to Hollywood, he breaks down crying
"Is this ladder even worth climbing?"
He just sat, defeated, on the tar

At first, Floyd thought his ears were ringing
His nose, like a soft flute, was singing
Serenading his worn, tired soul
Then he realizes, he has a role
His honker sounds like a flute duet
Turns his head just right, a clarinet!
Then he dismisses this discovery
Feeling it's much too late for recovery
So he walks a lil' more 'fore sleeping

A girl with dark, messy curls, Kim Lloyd
Finds Floyd alone, starved, nearly destroyed
In her kind, sweet embrace, he finds grace
Maybe there's yet hope for the human race
His soul enlightened, his mind returned,

His roots in sadness forever upturned
He'll learn to use his honker to play
Kimmy will help him, his friend she'll stay
The future brightened for our Poor Floyd

Floyd soon found music could take him far
After just two songs, now Floyd's a star
He reminds us dreams don't need to die,
They can all be realized, in time
Once left to pout with digging ditches
His story's one of rags to riches
Kimmy's his true love and missing link
Love has power stronger than you think
Whether in a plane, train, or a car...

You'll hear Floyd's songs wherever you are.

Band

She cries along with her steel guitar
Whining through the midnight air
She beats so hard on those drums
And singing sweet hymns without a care
He plucks at his bass, he vibrantly strums
A few simple chords all he knows there
Can be no way his band will become stars

Along came an anthem for the lonely hearts
A simple ballad for a desire to fly away
And just because they all played their parts
The radio played the song that made their heyday
Written by a lonely man tired of the world
Sung by a foolish boy with a heart of gold
A little girl who played the guitar so bold
A band trying to return to the days of old...

Was it just a one hit wonder for a silly band?
Did they really seek a shot for the promised land?

Still, she cries along with her steel guitar
Whining through the midnight air
She beats so hard on those drums
And singing old tunes without a care
He plucks at his bass, he solemnly strums
A few simple chords all he knows there
can be no way his band will become stars

Still, they're just a silly band
That gave us a glimpse of music's Promised Land.

Birth of a Hero

What's the attraction
Between you and I
To only you I've sworn
I look into your eyes
Like their jewels in the sky
After a nuclear reaction
A new star is born

His destiny is set
And not his decision
Without a bit of trying
His task will be carried out
With accuracy and precision
After a major upset
He'll go on a rage undying

The fiery angel will burn
Everything in his path
Nothing will be untouched
By his infernal wrath
Each man in turn
He will judge, by simple math
Not many will be spared

Who is this child
Who will become is
Such a ruthless madman
How will I play a hand
How can we let him exist

Knowing he will come
Embodied passions gone wild

There is one hope
And one only left
To calm this angel of death
A beautiful woman
Prettier than any before
Her work of charity
Will be earth's last hope

Blue Moon

There's a blue moon rising
Raining down her light
Oh so tantalizing
Such a beautiful sight

Luna, my love
Keep me humming
The warmth of your shine
Keeps this heart running

Lost in a memory
Of heartbreak and lust
A soul so tattered
Is it one you can trust?

Luna, my dear
I'll be sincere
I've lost too much
To live in fear

If only I could
If only she would
But she can't be mine
And she never should

Starlight, starbright
My tears flow free tonight
I wish I may, I wish I might
Be unafraid to let it go tonight

There's a blue moon rising
Raining down her light
Oh so tantalizing
Such a beautiful sight

I wish I may
I wish I might
Get another chance
Live another life, tonight

Bright Spotlight

Moonlight dancer in the daylight
No thought of cursed stage fright
It's your cup of tea and just not mine

I don't understand how you could be crying
When your soul takes an artistic flight
From this cursed world of muddled things
From this cursed earth of broken hearts

I'm cursed, I'm cursed, I'm cursed
By your grace, I'm cursed, I'm cursed
By your face, I'm cursed, I'm cursed
I am cursed by your bright spotlight

Shining through my heart
Burned a hole straight thru
I don't know where to start
To get my mind off of you

In your world of make-believe
Why do I live to see you smile?
When all I can get from you
It's a blank empty stare

Call With a Philosopher

O good philosopher
There's a little question I've had
I've been wondering how it's possible
That an average girl like me

Goes and has everything go bad?

This morning in my car
I was listening to my favorite song
Heading to work, only to be stopped by a throng.
Holding rather huge signs

They read "Vote for Me, for Me."

It was for the president, I'm afraid
Not the candidate of my selection
My good philosopher, it seems everyone
Has gone mad about this election

I'm just on to my way to work
And I'm stopped by this collection
Of mad men and women
Fanatically politically inclined

I became quite annoyed
With this roadblock they'd designed
Wondering, where are the police
This morning on Highway 28?

I began to think, maybe
They're only targeting me
But, I spoke to one of them
One of the saner ones, I'm sure

As it turns out,
They were supposed
To get off on Rt. 24

At a place known as the Oak Tree inn
But, their bus driver
Became tired of their
Constant bickering and snickering

For he was the only on the bus
Who for their candidate
Wouldn't vote

The driver became quite livid
In a sea of morons he was afloat
He had to drop them off now
Here in the middle of nowhere

Perhaps hopefully to delay their vote
Because today is the day
I couldn't get to work today
As the crowd only got larger

So I hung my head, and turned around
Only to see and moan
That the traffic was held up behind me
All talking on their cell phones

"Hey, honey, hey, sweetie,"
They were saying, or something to that effect.

“There’s a crowd of mad political fanatics, you see,
Today’s plans this will sadly affect.”

Now why don’t we turn around?
You may ask, well,
That will have no effect

Because there’s an equal crowd of fanatics
Right behind us I’ll bet

And woe, were the cell phoners correct
The fanatics were stopping us all
So I said, leaving my car, forget work,
I’ll just go to the mall

And then I thought, I’d visit you my friend,
Good old philosopher
Come to ask you for your opinion
What advice can you offer?

"I dunno, vote for the other guy."

Candy Heart Hangover

Love me, hug me, kiss me, want me
This candy heart hangover
It's just a crutch

Sugar high, let's stay inside
And drink to our blissful holiday
Get inside my inner space
And make my worries a lie

This candy heart hangover
It's just a lie

I held it close, in my bones
Felt the falseness eat me alive
Somehow even in this sweet escape
I dug my grave and slipped away

This candy heart hangover
It's my way to die

Sugar high, just get outside
And let the chill rust your inside
Lovely lies but they're still fake
This pain don't know what I can take

This candy heart hangover
It's a fatal lie

Mortal wounds take my body
But you still have my heart

My soul it bleeds black and blue
Leaking my favorite colors, longing for you

This candy heart hangover
It's never gone
This candy heart hangover
I won't last for long

Case of Mistaken Identity

Apparently I'm a case of mistaken identity
Obviously, I was originally someone else
In your head full of imaginary faces
All of which you wanted to ascribe to me

I'm not really sure who I'm meant to be
For you, for them, for really anyone
I'm not your shining princess, I guess
I don't think I'm much of a hero to you

You may think otherwise, I don't know
Unsure I might be, a case of mistaken identity
Hopefully someone finds what I am before
Whatever is left of whatever is me is gone

Caught in a Brainstorm

I'm caught in a brainstorm
The lightning and thunder
rumble on whether I want them to
or not, I'm so distracted
Even the simplest task
Becomes an unbearable chore

The thoughts they flow
like a rampaging flood
Do I gate them? Do I dam them?
Or do I let them wash away
what's left of my sanity?
Do I just set them free?
Let them break the walls
built up inside of me

I've always held back
Afraid of my own energies
Once I start, I'll never stop
Where I'll go I can't say
If I let the floodgates go
There may be nothing left
But what does it matter
I'm on empty anyhow

I may as well ride
the torrential ebbs and flows
They may bring me below
or I may wash out to sea

But it's also likely
I wash up on some new shore
With an angel looking down on me

She'll wonder how I got there
But it won't really matter then
Once she takes me in her arms
and her love burns me alive
Even then the epic only begins
This is quite far from the end
But the storm is calming now
Yet the static remains...

As does the ringing in my ears
Or is it her voice calling to me?
Let's ride this out together
Let's wash away

Combination

Can I crack the code
Or should I bother
Some combination
Obviously is the solution
A finite set of possibilities
But do I dare take the time
To solve this puzzle

Perhaps the mystery
Of what is within
The imagining of
The contents inside
May not at all match
The treasure expected
Only rumors inform me

The thrill of the cracking
And the mystery of the vault
Can be a deadlier combination
Than any set of numbers
Turns and twists and clicks
This safe will one day be solved
But still the lock remains

The Continuation

Where did we leave off?
When we last left our hero
What peril was she facing
How could we expect
A honestly satisfying conclusion
Her mortal enemy
Why was he nowhere
To be seen?

This is the continuation
Vague and full
Of misdirection
Distractions
Our hero remains
Unsure if she will prevail
Yet she continues

Is it merely existence
After such defeat
All that was left
To fight for, to dream
Has been all but lost
Then why continue
The thread is not ended

What can be stitched
Together from the scraps
Some knots left to be tied
Only to be unraveled
There is a plot

He continues to plan
A foil that must be crafted

Is there to be
An ultimate battle
Of wits or brawn
Who will be
The proxies
In this fight
Or will it come
To final blows

Is this struggle
Ever truly ended?
As the words survive
The long years
The continuation
Of what could have been
Or might still be
This is the stuff of dreams

Crystal Blue

Crystal blue eyes
I do empathize
With every tear
You cry, and I sigh
Wonder if it's all
Going to be worth
All the time you spent

I saw the innocence
Fade away as years
Just ticked away
Too much to do
Too little time
The stress ate away
What was left of your soul

Don't give that
You're not strong
Blind to the truth
That's what's wrong
Do what's best for you
Not what people say
Do what's best for today

The here and now
Matters the most
You can't worry
About the future
The world keeps changing
Perspectives fading
Ignorance breeding

Crystal blue eyes
Where is the joy
Which I most loved
Don't let it go
What makes you alive
The spirit inside
Can't commit suicide

The Cycle of Art

The art flows through ink
It is a world of thought
Portrayed through molecules
That stain the white paper
With the dark colors that
Will imposes on it

Create through destruction
Of the purity of
What was but paper, still
A sheet of dead flesh from
What was once living, yes
Now becomes a template

It was part of life
A breathing live green plant
Taking in the sun's rays
Now but a bare fragment
To fill with marks of ink
Turn thoughts into being

Let the inspired light
Of imagination
Revive this poor dead sheet
As now the dark ink stains
A new portrayal, something
You've never beheld before

Art is often the stuff
Of dreams forgotten then
Returned to then be seen

As new eyes catch glimpses
The dream is brought to life
What once lived does again

Dark Blue Heavens

Is there anyone out there
In the dark blue heavens tonight?
Is there anything that could
Be as lonely as me tonight?

I dream of a place
With crystal fields
A shining castle
Of frosty ice
A gorgeous lovely
Work of art
To be my company

Is there anywhere out there
In the dark blue heavens for me?
Is there anyone that could
Take me away tonight?

When I close my eyes
I see nothing but lies
Beautiful, artful lies
When I drift off to sleep
I'm never counting any sheep
Only the hours passing idly by
And the minutes, the seconds

Since you
My blue-eyed beauty
Said good-bye

Tonight the dark blue heavens
Mock me and leave me wandering
For a new life

Dove

Why must you pass on
So very soon, little Dove
Spared not a moment's peace
Even with the olive branch
Clenched between her teeth
Was it the promise of truce
Between innocence
And unfortunate circumstance

Why must I find you
Drowned in your own tears
Oh little Dove, how could you
Of so very few years
Amassed such pain and sorrow
To melt away, slip away
So tragically so suddenly

This was not the plan
When you were born
But into this you came
A world so undeserving
Of your love, your peace
Taken from you in an instant
No more could you bear

How can justice be found
What punishment fits the crime
Who is truly to blame
For this untimely end
To such a beautiful promise
When life had just begun
Find true peace now, little Dove

Dream Montage

No blood flow to my head
Drowsiness just a way of life
But here comes a thought
That I wish to write about
My dreams are acted out
Like a collage of movie scenes
A dream montage

Keeping my head up
Pretty much impossible
What was that I was dreaming again?
So much like life inside
When my head plays it out
Then I forget so much back here

Dreams can be such a place
Where the rules of nature
Need not apply in any way
Words can be so clumsy
In dream things can be
So much more clearly stated

Drifter

Waiting for a sign, drifting blind
Playing the seasons over in my mind
I feel like I've been drifting for years
Paralyzed by my unexplained fears

I'm a dreamer, I can tell you that
But this spirit in me, I feel it going flat
I need to let the best part of me
Come out, I need to set it free

I'm a drifter, always have been
Always will be, can't help but be romantic
The many words I've written
Would prove that fact
I need to dream, I need to believe
In something much greater

Always giving, not expecting to receive
Ever more, I'm a drifter

Drowned Out by a Whisper

This strange little voice
I should think of a child
But no, it's of a little lady
"You are not welcome here"
Isn't much of a greeting
As she tells me her patience
With my presence is fleeting

How all the voices of the world
Can be drowned out by a single whisper
I drive myself to deafness
On account of a whisper
Wayward child, I pray for you
But I fear my prayer has been
Drowned out by your Whisper

Drowned out by a whisper
Were once my hopes and dreams
The specter of your figure
Melts the stitching of the seams
All that holds my innards together
What is left of my cheer
Has been drowned out by a whisper

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Drunken Genius

Shooting star across the sky
A stroke of genius paints
A gentle display of beauty
That all too quickly fades

Where has gone the inspiration
The creative spark the ignition
The vehicle to drive creation
The fuel needed for motivation

A well disseminated lie
Written clearly on your face
It was pretend all this time
So all that time was a waste

You may have cared out of pity
But what you stole from me
Was the self I no longer see
You may as well have murdered me

My life's become contradiction
The misery a numbing addiction
Foreseeing a downward direction
An obsession with total perfection

The genius is drunk with his own creation
And he can't stray from his own temptation
The lack of perfection is his lamentation
He'll never be happy unless he gives in

Emerald Eyes

Emerald eyes, you turned my blue skies
To black, the ground to scarlet red
Cut my heartstrings, left me for dead
Twice fooled by your vile disguise

Emerald eyes, you became my vice
Squeezing my skull, crushing my mind
Used to say you were such a find
Who knew attraction carried this price

In a city so far away
Your emerald eyes still beckon me
To come your way, join your misery
But your game I'll no longer play

Empty Place

A monument of great beauty
Holds forever true
Immortalized in the snapshot
Of your sweet face

Like cruel Fate you came to me
From the deep blue
With love so deep, I got lost in
Your strong embrace

Suddenly, you up and left me
In a daze lost
In this empty place, all this time
What came of you?

Epic's Entropy

Burdened by unfulfilled promises
A once proud but bloated epic
Now is mostly left unwritten
What remains mildly poetic
Are sins I haven't forgiven
Bridled by guilt harnesses

Built on a mistaken identity
A Protagonist one dimensional
Framing narratives contrived
Most ties to the real unintentional
So little of the scripts survived
Left to suffer a fate of entropy

Equation

Compute, this infinite equation,
How fast can you crunch it?
This is my brain, cogs all rusted
Wasting away from the acid rain.

With this lack of ego
Classed among the insane
No prosperity here for me
Sheltered from the Reality

God didn't put us on this earth
To be left alone with broken hearts
Take off your shoes, move with the beat
Just rocking on the back street

One plus one, a simple equation
The human equation
Love plus love equals peace
It's no special innovation

No computer can ever calculate
The square root of infinity
Compute, they will not listen
To this simple equation

I present this before them
This is my mind, and it is they say
Very sickly and needs a drug
To slow it down a bit

Muddle those thoughts
You're thinking dangerously
This equation of love plus love
It's all there is to calculate

Even Flow

Let the light flow
Let the darkness go
Find it within you
That even flow

I take up this cross
Splintered and worn
Only by sheer Grace
Have I been reborn

The light inside
Was so compromised
But the Light
Exposed the lies

Even flow
Expose your sin
Let it show
This facade is now
Wearing thin

Let the Light
Shine through you
Whether black, white
Beige or royal blue
Green, red, brown
Aquamarine
It's a freakin' rainbow
In the freedom scene

Even flow
Let your human
Being brightly glow
We are made of dust
From the stars
From the dust of earth
We've come this far

But know we need
That even flow
Of his infinite Grace
We need it all
And yet while we
Don't yet deserve it
By the Love of Heaven
You are so worth it!

Farewell to a Friend

Oh, my dearest friend, don't tell me
You'll be leaving my side.
Will it be a short distance or an endless ride?
Will I be graced with your presence again?

Your noble heart seeks a new terrain,
To spread your wings and soar high in the sky,
But do not tell me it's time to say goodbye.

Sometimes life takes us far away,
A part of growing up is finding a new way,
Why must our bond be severed by this change?

As I gaze into your soft, hazel eyes,
My heart aches, for I realize,
Our friendship was nothing but a fleeting guise.

As you climb into your moving van,
Tearing apart the bond we had as friends,
My heart shatters, longing for one more chance.

My soul cries out, painfully alone,
Torn and broken, never fully grown,
Perhaps our friendship was just a stepping stone.

In my dreams, your eyes burn with a fiery light,
A breathtaking yet terrifying sight,
Our voices once harmonized, now hauntingly fight.

Your absence echoes loudly in my mind,

Forced to leave our memories behind,
Forever friendship was not meant for us to find.

I begged you to stay, to keep in touch,
But my words were ignored, it was too much,
Left behind, like a forgotten crutch.

You set off on your quest to be free,
A twisted sense of pride, blinding thee,
How could you leave me in such misery?

"So long," you said, "I'm off to rule the sky,
To be the queen of heaven, to reign high."
I thought you'd never say goodbye.

You took a part of me when you left,
Vanishing into the horizon, leaving me
To pick up the pieces, feeling bereft.

I once dreamt of your distant land,
Of your joys and triumphs, oh so grand,
But those hopeful thoughts were not meant to stand.

Our laughter and joy, once pure and true,
Now just memories, fading from view,
I'll never forget that fateful adieu.

The Firmament

Where the sky meets the water
That is where I want to be
Or is it where the water meets the sky?
The greatest firmament that ever was

I wish to reach for the endless horizon
The great infinity, the indescribable beauty
To reach farther, to dream further, to stretch
My imagination to the highest firmament

I long to dream of a place, a never-ending sea
In which I can dive to find the greatest treasures
The strangest creatures and the darkest depths
A great adventure like none before ever had

I wish to one day break free of all firmaments
To fly free into the starry night through the galaxies
The infinite universe ever expanding in harmony and grace
I wish to explore the infinite sea of the human imagination

That isn't a firmament at all

Flicker

Shimmer and gleam
For a moment's notice
Then the glamour fades
The sparks have flown
But the fire never started
Just a prospect on a loan
Just a flicker in the dead zone

Sing along popular ramble
With all the wrong lyrics
Doin' anything humanly possible
Cheaply raising sunken spirits
Recycle bin's overflowing
Pretty voices of parrots
Spewing copycat lies unending

A flicker in the dead zone
Your life line was on a loan
And now you're all alone

For All the Wrong Reasons

For all the wrong reasons
I dreamt away the seasons
Longing for you, but the whole time
You'd forgotten my face and my voice

To you, I was good as erased
And all the steps I've paced
On all those sleepless nights
I waited for a sign

Just one word from you
To say you loved me
And once I did
You loved me no more

And without a goodbye
You moved on with your life
With mine stuck in reverse
Bring me my hearse

Cause it will be
My new home
'Fore long...

For the Nation of Love

We're fighting for the nation of love
For the chorus of the forgotten souls
And the heavens high above
For truth, a duty to humanity
To combat the hatred, the love depravity

No more war, only peace
The weapon is our melody
The words are our battle cry
Here we are emerging from the valley
Why does the war always end so badly?

We're fighting to build the nation of love
Is there some greater force among the stars above?
Meanwhile on earth there is only the coo of a dove
To remind us there is still a winning chance for love

One and all, boys and girls, take up arms
In the form of your own soul songs
Play them long and hard to the throngs
Of the unfortunate souls who live in poverty
Those that have missed on love's opportunity

Here we're fighting for the nation of love
For the chorus of the forgotten souls
And the heavens high above
For truth, a duty to humanity
Together, let's end the tragedy!

Ghostwritten

Once I considered
Being a writer for the ages
But as confidence withered
Producing only scattered pages
As hope in humanity faltered
Gave in to my inner rages
By the bitterness bug twice bitten
Sick and tired of wayward sages
With misery I became smitten
Paying out my sins wages
The rest may as well be ghostwritten

Giraffe

Sing me a Savannah lullaby
The wild's too bitter to-night
Let me ride on your back
So we can spend the night
With our heads in the clouds

I ride your back, run like a cheetah
The pride is on the move, they give us chase
Hide me in the trees, lift me up
Let's find the clearest space
This passion is so true - it's a heart attack

Will you be my long necked beauty?
Be my darling, my giraffe
Make me cry for joy make me laugh
Watch our backs while we twist and curl
Make this savannah romance unfurl

Girl of a Million Dreams

A girl of a million dreams
A million brilliant thoughts
Between the blood curdling screams
Everything she thought would be great
Never quite as good as it seemed
From the dark, birthplace of her schemes
Half-baked, doomed to fail from the start
Who'd ever buy her twisted works of art?

Faded silhouettes with no faces
Nothing else but unfamiliar places
She's got nowhere to roam
A wanderer with no home to miss
She's got dreams of a vision
Black and white decisions
Over what should live on and
What should truly die in this world
To burn us out of the cold

She was a girl of a million dreams
But no place in this life for
Her brilliant though twisted schemes
She's got no place to hang her hat
But her blood-curdling scream
You'd be pressed not to remember that
Silently lurking behind the scenes
She knows where the best of the evil's
Working at - in her heart so empty!

She was just a girl of a million dreams

A thousand million brilliant thoughts
Which melted in violent sunbeams
Between blood curdling screams
As the truth shines thru an open window
Everything she thought would be great
Couldn't quite be as good as it seemed

The Girl with Golden Eyes

She hides her genius
Behind a guise of silly hair
And gaudy makeup
Her heart is black as coal
But her eyes are gold

She was born with a gift
Like no other girl has had
She was born with a melody
Dark and of despair
All her dreams so real to her

No fantasy unknown to her
Reality too cold and dead
For her to ever care about at all
Everyone just seemed so small
Why care about anything at all?

To the Girl with golden eyes
I refrain from confession
That I cannot live without you
For all I can do for you is lie
I do very much love you
But what point is there to tell

You cannot love me back
It's like you never existed at all...

Gold Dusted

Gold dust glowing so bright
 Burning my eyes
 So hot out tonight
 You're shining so bright
Sparkle and glisten, my love
 As this burning passion
 Take us to realms above

 I've been gold dusted
 Showered by your love
 In a life so busted
 I'm burning so alive
In a gold dust downpour
 A fantastic hot surprise

 Please give me an encore
Will you baby, ride with me now?
To the sparkling stars that beckon to us
 On everlasting high
 Cause I'll only shine awhile
Til the sun shines bright again,
 I'll fade away forever
 Into the ever blackest night

 Gold dust leaves me blind
 But I'll be alright
 The last thing I'll ever see
Was the most gorgeous sight
 All the misery left behind
 Just please never leave me
I'm gold dusted for eternity

Greatest of All

I've looked round a long time
Seen a lot of pretty faces
Been caught up in subtle graces
Obsessed with midnight nightmares
And their maddening inkling traces
But the light from your smile
Is the absolute greatest of all

Eyes of blue like the sky
Every time I see you I can't
Help but let off a big sigh
How can I hold an angel
When heaven is really far away
From this mortal existence
There must be a price to pay

Beholding such beauty hurts
The strain, the want, the lust
Especially in a cruel world
Where you're not sure who
You can absolutely trust
The mind is a tool
That thru neglect rusts

But when the heart takes over
And you can't use your brain
A lucky four-leaf clover
Is all the luck you've got
Raging emotion leaves a stain
You don't wash out with anything
But with you, the greatest of all

Her Name Means Love

Mina, lovely twilight princess
Your blue eyes shine like diamonds
Glowing in a darkness seemingly endless
In a long dark tunnel rife with demons

Are you my long lost queen?
Or are you something much less?
Is there treasure in your glorious sheen?
Or are you just a blonde hot mess?

Too many questions I have to ask
Nothing any longer seems too clear
What are you hiding behind your mask?
Why do you make me cower in fear?

Love, you make me shiver inside
For this bliss makes me tremble
These feelings I feel important to hide
That I feel it's a goddess that you resemble

You are my very Love personified
You stand faithful and true in figure
But still I find myself constantly terrified
Even in your presence, anxiety still lingers

If I go, then please take me with you
Because without you I cannot survive
Is this Love I feel forever strong and true?
Or is it simply the fuel keeping me alive?

Her Web

So you're just a common spider
Spinning inspirational messages
The farmer with his cup of cider
Watching the light of dawn
Sparkle on your magnificent
Creations of your spinnerets
How could these words
Hold any meaning for her?

So you wish to open the pen
That we keep him locked up in
Well, well, isn't this strange
What sort of plot is this
Clever creature trying so hard
Through these words, to arrange?
Is this simply a trick
My senses are playing on me
Or is this a recommendation?

Hercules

Our hero has fallen
Authored failures of epic proportions
Who will bow before him now?
All the bleeding hearts have stopped

So grand so strong was he
Our hero or so he seemed
His heroic low rider ways
Beckoned for a higher calling?

Oh so now were he a god
Were he a savior of the masses
Why then did our heavenly lord
Grant him none of His graces?

The corruption has spread like cancer
We've elected ourselves a king
Our nation can't collapse much faster
Shadows of the truth beckon us to sing

Our hero has fallen
Take him away
Our hero was false
He has lead us astray

Our hero is a fool
We've all lost our way
Our hero is no more
Today is our darkest day

For a new hero, we can only pray
He was never our Hercules
Never could win us the day
Bring us a new hero, please...

Heroine

Feeling myself getting higher
Every thought of you
Rekindles an inner fire
In a world full of sin
Heroine, you're a bright
Shining beacon of love
For a world hanging on a wire

Heroine, standing tall
The days aren't always
Bright but you always are
Even when you don't know it
You live life as only
You can and make best of it
Get high on it, don't let it
Bring you down

Overworked, tired, unknown
If you can take tomorrow
I've been all these things
Bogged down by the sorrow
Of memories, past wasted days
Your smile's a hopeful example
For all of us to follow

Heroine, standing tall
The days aren't always
Bright but you always are
Even when you don't know it
You live life as only

You can and make best of it
Get high on it don't let it
Bring you down

It's brought me down
Trying to pick me back up
My heroine
Just a thought of you
Picks me back up

Heroine, standing tall
The days aren't always
Bright but you always are
Even when you don't know it
You live life as only
You can and make best of it
Get high on it don't let it
Bring you down

High Heavens

Our sin's been forgiven
Flying up so high
Into the highest heavens

Blowin' up in the chaos
Lights color the ground
As the storm has subsided

Rainbows glow in the skies
We're blown away by the gales
Escaping the ever morbid

Ever bright starlight
Break the silence into dawn
Rid me clean of any doubt
Whose side we're really on

Moonchild, treat me for heartbreak
Hope and love the only salve
For a weary lonely heart
Lead me to heavens above

High heavens open up
For us this wonder
Has grown too far
Explodes in brilliance

High heavens permit us
To grace your clouds
To behold the greatest
At the center of it all

Hold Onto Me

Hold onto me
If you let go
I may fall
And shatter

But the brown-eyed goddess
Says to me, "If I love you
I must set you free"

I shudder and shake
Unsure why she should
Let me go so soon

Hold onto me
I say to her
Your beauty
Is magic I need

"You have it within you"
She says to me
"To be free and fly"

But I will never forget
The touch of her skin
The soft of her hair
The warmth of her smile

"This is not right"
She says to me
"You will find yourself"

Somehow, someway
I want to believe her
Even still today

I Stand

Here I am pretending to be
Somebody you dream about
I think about it, how vain
That someone could be me

Can I stand?
To be what you want
To be what you need
Two separate things
You can't understand
Can I stand this anymore?

Here I stand
In a foreign land
Who are these?
Strange folks
Staring at me?
Who do you choose to be?
Am I really free?
In this critical land?

Your smile it warms me
And it pains me, too
Why can't I get you?
To love me as I am
The world can be so cruel
I'm no simple fool
You won't tell me what to be

Stand for what you are

Stand for where you are
Today, you've come too far
And why, can't they just
Like you as you are

Here I am covering
Up all these scars
But I'm still standing
As what I've always been

I Wonder

I wonder
If I write
A poem
In this way
Will it be
Something new
Original
And creative
Or will
The exercise
Itself be
A poem
All its own

If I Might

Living my life if I might
With the end clearly in sight
Caught up in hellfire's wake
All the promises break
As pale darkness awaits
Every cold day I awake
I struggle to breathe
Or find guiding light

If I may if I might
Find a path that is right
For my aching bones are weak
And I'm on a mad losing streak
With craven monsters in sight
I'd end them all if it was right
End all the Evil on this plane
If I dared to give up my life

If I Never Wrote Another Word

If I never wrote another word
What would be left unsaid?
What would still be
Misunderstood or unknown?
What if there was no way
To say what needed
To be said?

If I never wrote another word
What could have been
Lost to the darkness
Eternally left mysterious
Would words never written
Actually ever be missed
Or ever longed for again?

Were I never to write
Another word again
Could I intend
To find another way
To tell the truth
Picture it somehow
Draw it out in full color

Could I never write
Another word
Even just one
I find that
Highly unlikely

The words
Are forever

May they be
Mistranslated
Mistrusted
Misguided
These words
Will never end
And can only

Be written

If Only That Could Be

There's a little magic
Floating through the air tonight
I can see the stars
Peering through dark clouds
In the grey night sky

I hold you in my arms
All I feel's the warming
Of your heart and soul
There's nothing else here
There's nothing else there

I close my eyes and see you close to me

If only that could be...
How happy would I be?

If only that could be
How joyful would I be?
I guess I'd only see
If only that could be...

Saying your name's like
Tasting the rarest spice
In infinite quantities
To touch your face's
Like the soft glow of the sun

But right now all I feel's
The burning of my heart

There's no one else here
There's no one else there
I close my eyes and feel you close to me

Your voice is like a chorus
Heard throughout the world
I can hear the sweet melody
Of the words you say
The things you can't convey

The simple things
That make you
What you are
But it's impossible
It's just not possible

When only that could be
If only that could be...

When it could
Ever be just
You and me.

Illusion (In the Beholder's Eye)

If Beauty's in the eye of the beholder
What does the Beholder think?
Of her face, so pretty?
What does the Beholder want to see?

Illusion, illusion, what do you see, love?
Love, makeup distorts the natural grace
Illusion, illusion, what do you want
To see, pretty, love, she is a queen

Royalty, we associate beauty with its name
But as history shows, it can be the ugliest thing
Style and fashion run their course, definite and short

But beauty's not an opinion
It's just a state of mind.

Illusion, illusion, what do you see, now?
Love, the natural grace is hidden
I have a choice to choose between
The model and the poor girl

Is the model is so far prettier?
Or it's just because we give her a label,
If you look again, the poor girl's
So much prettier than you realized

Illusion, illusion, beholder, tell me this
Contests of beauty, I can't relate
I ain't any judge, but I won't
Vote on this made-up airbrushed face

In Death Do We Part

If they're to call our love a sin
Then how can any one of us win?
If our union is doomed to fail
Let's throw love to the wind and sail

In death do we part just the same
As angry mobs have us now do
Life's oft a bitter lonely game
Unless one and one can make two

If the love now between us fails
It won't be from their vain assails
You and I are no different
If only the truth was transparent

In courts our union is declined
As hecklers scream for our demise
I implore them please, open your eyes
To the charm'd bond of love's design

In life we carry on just as
Two hearts in a romance sublime
In death do we part just as
Them and theirs also do in time

In Passing

In passing I wonder
What is lost to the world
What was known of you
And what was not
The balance of what remains
What to make of your legacy
Always some unanswered question

To recall at once
All those times spent
The impressions they left
This was not the whole
Of you at all, of course
But the balance remains
A wonderful mystery

A sort of memorial
To what I'll never know
What you will never know
Of me and what is to be
But is no more future
Truly a loss for you
Much as it is for me

Independence Day

Built a bond, and all was right
Made sweet love, each & every night
But somewhere went wrong
Tender care turned to vicious fights
What once was a perfect love song
Has turned to angry battle cries
But was love true, even all along?

It's time for our independence day

Love turned to war, we built our stores
Start with clever lies and cheap tricks
Sharp insults infect like spores
And we threw lots of stones and sticks
In the middle, little ones we adore
Are prizes to win, it's all so sick

Past time for our independence day

What has become of you and myself?
What have you done, others say, to yourselves
It's like we have left our true selves
Up so high on unreachable shelves
They just really have, they say, lost themselves
Deeper into hate we delve and delve
Our sins revealed by sevens then twelves

Well beyond the point of independence day

Even as we tear ourselves quite apart

We are not truly, ever from another free
There is never really, an actual fresh start
Consequences of battle become plainer to see
One of us will suffer, more than the other
It's cruel and unfair, especially to me
But we both had roles, yet I am smothered

I will never get my independence day
We will forever be locked in this cold war
You will never get your independence day
Even as I grow, more weak and more sore
One day I will rise, bring justice, I pray
I still will find strength, somewhere in my core
One day we will find, some compromise day

But never quite an independence day

Infernity

Her bobbed black hair
So perfectly trimmed
Just above her earlobes
From which dangle
Pretty silver beads
Short choppy bangs
Play across her forehead
And her grey face
Neither plain nor pretty
Her neck long and smooth
And bare, her shirt
Collar open and low-cut
Her humble breasts
Are nearly invisible
Beneath her dark blue gown

She glides across the ballroom
To a grand white piano
Almost floats atop the bench
Her pointed shoes prime the pedals
The tune she plays is haunting
Heavy on bass and dissonance
The room freezes and then
There are the stares
But not of anger, they are blank
Awed at her hollow expression
Her eyes are coal black
No whites in them at all
She reads no music
It comes from her soul

Tortured but brilliant
The audience falls
Into a helpless trance
And without any thought or clue
They begin an infernal dance

Infernity is her name
She is not a demon nor a devil
She is a nether being
Neither here nor there
Yet omnipresent and cold
Yet the air comes to a boil
Whenever she plays
The music is loud
And composed from agony
Bitterness, bloody tears
And sweaty bones
They are the woes of the damned

She reminds us
Of where we're headed
Without a care
She drifts along
To another place
Where affluent gather
And their tickets are punched
On a one-way tour
Down the River Styx
To Hades Eternal

Insecure

I hear a little puppy whimper
Crying for its mother in vain
I can hear demons whisper
 "At least she's alive
What's she got to complain?"
 We're all lonely sometimes
 We all gotta learn to survive
Guardian angel hovers overhead
 But watches with indifference
She's seen pathetic sights a million times over
 Nothing any where's much different
 We all feel the same emotions
 It's just how we handle it
 Inside too many of us are insecure
 In little better spirits
Than the puppy that won't get his cure

Invisible Me

When you look
What do you see
A shell of someone
Or the invisible me
The one no one
Else seems to see
How am I such
A beautiful sight
For you to behold
I cannot say
But I do not care
As long as you
Love and adore
The invisible me

The Invisible Tour Guide

Thoughts wandering
Concepts pondering
A purpose fleeting
Compassion bleeding
Time is racing,
Speeding along undeterred
And unannounced
Growing older by the second
Am I one bit wiser
Or is it better to
Be a penny richer?
A style of life
Is just another
Road we take
Free spirits wander
Never we're really alone
Someone is always beside us
That companion we may not
Always see
But the company
Is always there

Lacuna

Starting with the definition of nothing
And moving onto to something less
Feeling emptiness is only the beginning
There's a feeling even worse

I hear her purr, but it's not for me
Jealousy boils within, but that's not for me
There is far more to her than any eye can see
Even when she looks inside herself
The shadows and silhouettes of demons
Are all that she ever sees

Doing her best to satisfy her demons
Sate their appetites of lust
On her own after years of shattered trust
There is so much beauty amazing
Under that blackened emotional rust

Her mysterious, curious gaze
A light about her slender frame
Cutting through the thickest haze
Her precious brown locks
Frame her pretty face

You see on her face a smile
But behind it is confusion and haste
Always in a hurry to figure out what
She is supposed to do next

I've read her eyes

Seen no life in them
Her body may be warm
But her soul is cold
And her heart is stone
Her pheromones contagious
Men are heartbreak prone
To her wild emotions outrageous

Animal passions
No place for compassion
What you'd expect
You got the opposite reaction
Feeling ignored, truly so
Critical analytical mind
Picking out all your flaws
Spitting them back at you
Without any true remorse

Always deeply affected
No one can forget her face
She is a scar on the memory
And a scar on the heart
Once you discover how deep she is
You never really pull yourself back out

Like the Fish and the Bird

The man works the hard, cold ground
As the woman stares at the hard, cold stars
Dimly lighting the vast field around
There is a river and there is a tree
The river flowing through the hard, cold ground
And the tree standing below the hard, cold stars
The man's arms hardened as the ground he works.
The woman's stare cold as the night sky
And while man and woman look on life in despise
A bird avoiding the hard, cold ground
Lays her eggs in the tree
As a fish leaps unnetted in sunrise
On her treacherous way upstream
The man, and the woman,
Sit on their front porch
Looking at the tree and the river
Wondering why they can't live their lives
So much easier and simpler
As do the Fish and the Bird

Little Black Heart

Black, it's all she wears
Her only contact with me
Only through her icy stares
So what did I see?
In her face, in her eyes
What I was expecting?
Can't you tell she hates me?
Wants me to stay away?

White, I'm staring into the sun
Trying to get her image
Those shades of black
Out of my mind, out of my brain
What I would say, I must contain
To say even a hello to her
Somehow is the worst I could do

Grey, the skies were pretty
But now they grow ever cold
There goes the warm & the light
Dark night, not at all
What I wanted to think she was
She represents the dark
Inside the deepest parts of me

She is forever
In my mind's eye
Dressed in black
Guarding what's left
Of the ashes of my heart

Little Dark Ones

I hear the whispers
When no one else
Can hear a thing
Night turns into day
And they hide away
Scared of what the
Sun will bring

They hide
Deep inside
Of themselves
Never to come out
Until the night
Comes back, the darkness
They can't do without

Squeals and squeaks
Dancing on little feet
They chant softly
But I can hear
Doom is near
At midnight they cry
They look into the sky

They hide
Deep inside
Of themselves
Never to come out
Until the night
Comes back, the darkness
They can't do without

The stars die out
The flame burns out
The cold wins out
But that day has

Not yet come
They wait for the end
For them there is no hope

They hide
Deep inside
Of themselves
Never to come out
Until the night
Comes back, the darkness
They can't do without

Onto another place
They hope their souls
Can transcend
They wish they could ascend
Right now
Pining long and hard
The gaps they cannot fill
Leaning out, perched upon
A floor 24 windowsill
As if waiting for a push

Don't hide your face
You still have some grace
There are those that still care
Most of us need another chance
To find a compassionate embrace
There's still a little hope
For the human race

Don't give up on this life
Little dark ones

Looking Glass

Alice, take me to your wonderland
Between the skies of night and day
Your reflection right in front of me
In these troubled times, my tired eyes
On you they prey, the precious sway
Of your hips, the joining of our lips
Through a glass the world can't see
Let me look through your looking glass
And see true beauty, the girl I want to be

Lost in Love

Keep this with you
Never lose it for me
Can't lose this love
Whatever might be

When tragedy strikes
Once and again
This cannot end
My best friend

Lost in love
Whirled around
Spun down

Round about

Dizzy and disoriented
Streets that don't cross
Yet go on endlessly
A concrete jungle maze

It's not the last trip
By a long shot
But we've come up
To a dead stop

If romance dies here
What will be left
To relieve the fear
Overcome the depths

Keep it with us
Never lose this love
As if preordained
From up above

Love Interrupted

This interrupted love's
Just so unproductive
This love interrupted
So sweetly destructive

It's an eye for an eye
Our souls are bleeding out
Torn to shreds, you and I
Our blood is flowing south

No time to wait and sit
Enough senseless pouting
My lackluster lover
It's showtime, my darling

Maddening Frustration

Draped in black
She owns what you lack
Don't be fooled by
What's behind the lies
The fear holds back
The beautiful soul within
Only visible with a smile
I know the good in there
But with so little patience
That I now have left to spare
It's too painful for me to care

Imprisoned by metal bars
Surrounded by concrete walls
From the positions of the stars
You've been here far too long
Can't any longer ignore

The sweet sound of Nature's calls
Your feet are greatly sore
Because you tried stomping the wrong
Ones to blame for your malaise

The dreams which we chase
Seem to lead in very separate ways
Don't be fooled by
The mask over that handsome face
Blocking the lights within
Only visible thru toil and trial
A past so ugly and vile
Armed with so little confidence
Without any motivation to inspire
Never sure if love is really what you desire

Master of Illusion

A philosophical inequality
A physical impossibility
Such mental confusion
Who is this master of illusion
Tricking with my mind
Finding beauty in such random finds?

A more than unusual quality
This twisting and bending of time
Observing the absurd things of the past
History is unchangeable, but time
The present you can make last
Much longer than it naturally should

Million of a Million

A million years ago I said
The only thought inside my head

My heart bled as you turned away
This soul zombified, left me grey

You were one in a million
Million of a million
A billion souls could never
Hope to ever match you, oh no

Out of a trillion faces
You're the most unforgettable
And in all infinity, yeah
Nothing's more terrible, oh no

Moonlight

I stand beside
In the moonlight's glaze
A girl with ashen curls
At first I could not say
With what I was most amazed
How she could hold the world
In such contempt each day
As if I am not here
Standing beside her
An ignored one, I fear
There is something serious
Wrong with the moon tonight

The Muse Never Seen

This stranger
She is beautiful
Though you don't see
You'd recognize her
Walking down the street

You somehow can feel
Her presence, although
You have never met
For real, in the flesh
She is there with you

Embracing the best
That's inside of you
Bringing into light
The prettier things
Locked up in your mind

The muse never seen
Living without flesh
Mortal our bodies
Are in just themselves
Yet also vessels
For beautiful souls

My Little Marilyn

She was so far from home
Never quite sure where that was
Made herself a statue of false virtue
One look would seize your heart
A second look would break you
She had a beauty veiled with lies
Her true beauty would blind your eyes

My little Marilyn
Here is a verse to you
You seized me with a smile
Broke me with a frown
And though you're dead and gone
You'll forever haunt this town
My little Marilyn

You took your life in a minute
But you were years in the dying
All used up and fizzled out
There was no use for trying
I was just an average Joe
Tried to keep you for myself
But the wounds left deep in your soul
Were too much for me to help
I had no way to plug the hole

So, my little Marilyn
This is my verse to you
Your smile still lies on your lips
But I know it isn't true

I once had you at my fingertips
But now I must let you go
My little angel I can't forget

The beauty who stole my soul
And took it with you to the casket

My Own Religion

My old religion taught me not to hate
No matter how much fools will infuriate
My old religion taught me to compromise
My dreams, my feelings and my pride
In a world with broken families and tragedies
Our social comedy full of travesties
My old religion taught me not to dream
But listen to the words you cannot hear
To always close your mind and live in fear

My parents taught me how to dream
To look inside myself and see what I could be
There is so much they will never understand
How this curious child became so lost in this land
I have seen so much pain and strife and lonesome life
So many lies that cover up the pain inside
I have tried to warn you of the coming days
Where there will be little but the tears you hold inside

I've never had a dream of brotherhood
and peaceful coexistence
I've never bothered to rid myself of doubt
for its all I have

It's all I know and care to hold onto it's what I have to do
All the optimists will cry in vain and all the pessimists
Will have their judgment day, they'll all be blown away

All the cynics just like me will stand
atop the unholy precipice
Of educated concern for the less fortunate
who never had a chance

My own religion taught me how to save mankind
My beating heart will never stop until I'm done
My injured soul will never silence till I'm dead
The chronicles of my exploits will not be left unread

My best friend taught me how to love
To believe in something more above
My own religion taught me how to pray
My love for justice taught me how to save the day
And now they'll take me away, far away
To conform and comply with their foolish lies
I will not ever bring myself to step aside
Whatever is up above told me to stay alive

My Princess No Longer

You are no longer my princess
As I am no prince
Far from royal, anything but
I could still pretend

The backyard was our vast kingdom
In it, we stood tall
We were safe and invincible
Impervious from harm

But outside it, we stood apart
We weren't meant to be
With a sudden bitter farewell
I still am in shock

The two-seat swing was our escape
Our sanctuary
A holy pendulum above
The cold, cracked, hard ground

Suspending us both in the air
But you're now long gone
My heart's still on that two-seater
After all this time

It will never stop swinging
In the back of my mind
You're my princess no longer
I couldn't be your prince

Not So Adventurous

You've lost a little spark, my friend
Not so adventurous as you once were
Was it all just fantasy, a finely crafted lie?
Or was it just grim reality in disguise?

I thought once you were a goddess
The center of all I could ever dream
But you never truly seemed to notice
As you never once seemed to know this

The color of your eyes still haunts me
And whenever I see it I fall ill once more
Something in the grey corners of the mind
Awakens the memory of you inside

I found a light in the eyes of another
The very same color as yours, in fact
But it wasn't the face that reminded me
It was the song, so sweetly, that she sang

The lyrics could've been written for us
I still feel you in my bones, the loss of you
Still kills inside my sore and sunken chest
Please take my broken heart away

I just don't need it anymore
The dream is over, dead and gone
And neither of us is so adventurous
Our voyage together is no more

Oh What Foolish Creatures

Oh what foolish creatures
Of dumb habit are we?
In death, let there be passion
But never lost in tears!
For eventual death was
Never among her great fears
Let there be so much joy
As a soul passes on
To be among angels
With she long desired
For her mortal body
Was tired and worn
But now she has her cloud
To set and rest upon

Ode to Luna

My darling sweet Princess
You are my day in my darkest night
You are my Luna, my Starlight
Shining so bright, my angel Starbright
Every curve of your being tells a story
Of how the perfect woman was borne

From the shadows of a dying world
Your light brings warmth to my heart
You have brought rebirth to my spirit
Luna, your smile brings me eternal hope
Your voice springs eternal peace
Never has a sweeter thing been made

So perfectly molded in the image of God
You were made for only one purpose, Luna
To shine bright, to be my Luna Starlight
My Luna, my Starlight, keep glowing bright
And bring forever love and peace to my nights

Overwhelming Duty

I am a wandering soul,
Continuing to slowly patrol
This world ever changing.
Looking to the sky,
Seeing patterns in the stars,
To explain Life by.

Every day I find
I have such serendipity,
Finding such beauty
Always boggling my mind
In such random places.

I feel overwhelming duty
To offer my pity
To those who can't find peace.

Photographic Memory

Inside's a maddening collage
Of vivid mental photography
Some of it dearly beautiful
But a lot of it pitiful
Sad stories repeat and proliferate
As all the tears flood around me
Find it increasingly hard to concentrate

Seeing those sad faces over and over
Always the best friend to the pushover
Trying to wake the sleeping children
From under their thick ignorance cover
Too much bullcrap that's been fed
Into their innocent little heads
But truly they understand more
Than is expected and accepted

Cursed photographic memory
Forgettable scenes of the nobodies
Unforgettable thru unique perspective
With a mind well cognizant of
The fact we're far more than bodies
Run by chemical action and reaction
Inside an album of the forgotten
My photographic memory's a curse
Has me often living in reverse
My only comfort is that things
As they are - could be far worse

Pretty Dream

Sunny skies, what a surprise
These warm days & sun rays
That we can share
As we turn away
From life's gripping vices
We're left to our own
Merry making devices

We lock ourselves away
Exist in a parallel universe
Throw our lives into reverse
Go back to when everything was pure
At the beach building sand castles
Until reality's tide tore apart
And washed away our dreams

Pretty dream, why didn't you last?
I know I'll find another road
To bring me right back here
Into this pretty dream
With the girl of my dreams
In the center of this
Beautiful moon-lit scene

And we dance to the melody
Of youthfulness and happiness
In perpetual bliss, we kiss
Losing ourselves eternally
In unconscious bliss!

A Pretty Poem

I dream in living color
A cacophony of rainbows
Seldom do I see
Only white spots
Against a jet black backdrop
I see a whole spectrum
Of beautiful shades and hues
Of living vibrant colors
The stuff that makes us
Colorful is all I see

Princess and the Pupil

I am a student
We each are a student
Of some kind, to some degree
One can never stop learning
Or risk withering away
Knowledge is a power
That can also be a curse

I once studied
Causes and effects
Saw many effects
Seemingly without causes

And had to dig deeper
For more of a meaning
Searching for hidden answers

I fancied myself a historian
Trying to uncover a mystery
Seeing what effects I may cause
What was my special place in all this
The fantastic chaos we call life
I wanted to learn from the darkness
To bring the world a new light

But then I fell in love
With a blue-eyed princess
Her voice brought me joy
Her face an omnipresent smile
To my life that felt empty
Missing something, I was
Ever incomplete without her

I learned all I could
About this beautiful creature
The more I learned
The more I fell in love
But all I could do was study
To observe from a distance
To never truly feel her love

I became obsessed
To create a world for her
Something to amaze her
Bring her to me
Just for her to see me
To recognize me for something
Just to know I brought her joy

She brought me joy
In my darkest hours
I wanted to return the favor
Even if it wasn't meant for me
The rest of my life is empty
My future dark and uncertain
Without her light to guide me

My Luna Starlight
The light of my dreams
Without you by my side
My nights are lonely and cold
What can I do to find a way
To bring me into your world
Only there will I feel at peace

Purpose

Finding purpose for the words
Can be so hard to do
Even when they flow
What do they stand for?

So many topics
Pique my interests
But which are most valuable?
Where should I focus?

Is there a right answer
To what a writer should do?
Be dedicated to something
Or plan nothing at all?

It is a curious thing
The mind of a writer
Constantly creating
Forever rewriting

They say a writer's work
Will never be finished
But simply abandoned
And so much of it is

For the practice
And for the sanity
I write what I will
I plan no more

Rainmaker

Sweet blue earth, won't you weep for me?
Nothing's now left to do, but the crying
So many tears to fall, saltier than the sea
But my eyes are dry, why's the rainmaker lying?
Need to wash away the memory of her so ugly

Rainmaker, rainmaker, drown me right now
Before remembrance takes too much hold
'Fore I remember what, where, and how
I was tricked into her vile demonic fold
'Fore I forget I was pure 'fore I was fouled

The monkey's been let loose from her cage
All the wanton destruction of her lusts
Heartless violence of her limitless rage
No one in this world that she ever trusts
Only in Sodom, she'll always find her stage

Remainder

Do we truly ever know
What it is we have left?
How do we figure the remainder
Of our limits, God-given
Or just self imposed?
The energy or lack thereof
Spiritual, physical, mental
The remainder of these
We are left to figure

Are we all doomed
To eventual entropy?
Will we prove
Truly finite
Outside of the presence of Grace
Real or imagined our destiny
The most mundane events
Prove to have effects
Seemingly inconsistent
With their causes

What remains of the day
An hour here and there
Is it wasted in silence?
Are there moments
We could use better
To even our advantage?
Why do we even ask
The difficult question
Of what remains

The fragmentary nature
Of human memory
On the Balance
The imperfections
That exist in our mind's eye
Were they only put there
As the final result
Of the various flaws
In our reasoning?

Resurgence

Finding new life in this spring
What will these bright new days bring?
The warmth has made its way to my soul
Now each day, I cannot help but sing
The child within me has awoken
Trapped for so very long inside
With feelings and desires unspoken

It has long been within me dead cold
The youth inside of me, it's rarely smiled
As it's so often conflicting with the old
To combine this beautiful child's heart
With wisdom gained through the years past
Will be more valuable than the purest gold
A wondrous resurgence of joy has come to pass

Salty Tears

Do you salt your hearts
Before you swallow them whole?
Cause it stings a little
Every time I talk to you

I hear a tear in your voice
Put there to garner my sympathy
Perfect bait for the crushing of me
Feast on my blood long as you can

One day I will pull away
I will forget you but never the pain
Of pulling my heart out of your throat
The marks of your fangs remain

The scars tissue reminds me
Of mistakes I'll never make again
The man trap catches no more
My brand new life can begin

No more victims to feed your lust
Here I stand a victim of your broken trust
That you never should have
Leaving me to rust

Savior in Satin

I may be no economist
But we've all gone broke
Everything's gone amiss
Murder is all she wrote
Too many slashing wrists
Sex is the only antidote
Drenched in carnal bliss

Think I'll go for a swim
In your ocean I'm gonna soak
My little savior in satin
What have I done to evoke
Your succulent candy kiss
When you stroll on in
Nothing's as good as this

Smooth as silk, hot as fire
Break down my icy stare
Fill my soul with desire
Coal-fired lust for you bare
Can't help but perspire
Sitting cold as you prepare
To dredge me from this mire

Sweet savior in satin
Loving with reckless abandon
In these moments, we're free
Wrap yourself around me
Burn me alive, set me aflame
Our sin is all that we need

Too in love to feel any shame

My savior in satin
Oh, sweet alluring dove
Let us both imagine
A world with only our love
Floating free in ecstasy
Among the stars above
Let it be no fantasy

Our lives are a catastrophe
But in this space, we're free
Eternal rapture of intimacy
But we're only mortals, you see
Doomed to eternal agony
At least in the deepest hells
It'll still be you and me

Savoring Every Moment

I walked my walk
To the bus stop this morning
Savoring every split-second of it
As if it would be my last

But, I'm well aware
I will traverse so many
More miles on my own two feet
Still, today I bask
In the comfortable warmth
Of splendid sunshine.

It's as if overnight
I've been given the key
To access some
Sacred vault of the mind.

Now it is as if
The words and I
Will never again part
Perhaps I now have
Truthfully found a way
To skillfully merge the cold,
Hard intelligence and wisdom

With the burning passion
So overpowering in me.

It's as if I have
Been chosen to be

The narrator of something grand
A story not entirely my own

I'm such a small object
In the grand scheme
Of All Things. In me,
I feel the ability to log
The Rhythms of this World
In elegant prose and verse

I'm witnessing a story
Of epic proportions
And now I must once
Again try to go about
The Everyday and not
Let it affect me in
Any negative way.

In the hope for peace
In our times, I recess.

Scriptures

Lost in the sands of forgotten times
Lies a treasure from a distant past
Fellows, we must recapture this trinket
Of lost passions and intellect
From long buried centuries passed
We still have so little to teach
And infinitely too much to learn

O Fortune's wheel! It has turned!
The princely one's reign has ended
Days of hell-bent fury and rage
Have only now just begun
Here the poet writes oh so solemnly
On the bloodstained pages of his diary
"Lest we forget the humble beginnings
From which we all once began!"

A Sea of Color

A sea of blue, a sea of green
Her marvelous beauty with all its great sheen
Her face constantly features in my dreams
As if it is simply thinking of her that keeps
My heart's seams from snapping apart
This little love, a light that forever gleams

In my sky
The orange and reds
Of a stranger
Strange melody
A galactic ranger
My head up among the stars

A sea of deep purple
As the sun sets on the horizon
A spirit so strong and true
Oh, what it must be to be you

So beautiful and pure
That I can be sure
Can be so much more a burden
Than a gift

A sea of white
And bright light
The golden glow of heaven
In this strange yellow
It seems any poor fellow
Can be wrapped up in this light
Without wings take flight
Over the sea of color this love creates

Second Chance

Junkies hang outside the window
Broken glass carpets the sidewalk
Sorrowful tears flood the hallways
What's left in these corridors
But, the feeling of letting go?

You can talk all you want
But, your pretty words
Won't save me now
Lie through your teeth
Saying you care as you shove
A fallen angel to the floor

Drag her through a garden of thorns
Bleed her dry of life and hope I walk
A tightrope between hate and despair
See you in hell, I'll be waiting there

You look dreadful, dear,
But, a little makeup
Won't hide the tears
Or mask that overwhelming fear

I've got no tomorrow
But, yesterday she says,
Proceeds to declare herself
Dead to the world
That could've turned
Its back on both of us
But, the light shone
On me instead

Shania

All the color's drained from your face
O Shania, why do you hide
In such a cold, dark, empty space?
Bring your talents of words out here
To no doubt a far better place

Bullcrap, she'll cry, this is my time
That I can spend alone, you know
My isolation is no crime

Shania, you can't hide away
'Cause of the horrific events
Of one disturbing, fateful day
You're so pretty when no one else
Can tell, 'cause they don't take the time
To look at how you can light up
When you flash that delicate smile

Shania, share with me your words
No, I have no plans of submitting them
For some literary awards
Such recognition's useless, really
Your imagination I'll defend

Yes, seems I've found some special gift
In finding you here, 'cause of you
These wild thoughts I can now sift through
See naked truths we so oft miss

She Isn't Something

Crowds' eyes fill up with stars
As she stands in the raised platform
A model of beauty in supposedly its purest form
Walking proudly through the city of sin
She's been places you can't begin
To even imagine, taking the world
In a media frenzy by storm

Isn't she something
She isn't something
She's no more than you are
Given the chance
One of us could do better
But the chances are few
And far between
And as much as I gaze
Much as I think
I may be amazed
She isn't something

I've seen somebody
Who really is something
So few know
The talent waiting to be discovered
Is she something
If she doesn't let the pressure
Flatten her to a dull lollypop sugar deadbeat
Then she'll be something
We'll be waiting

All too soon the names begin to all have the same ring
Soon enough they change the rules of being something
Still flash and glamour capture the brains of fools

Making them dumbly ask
Isn't she something?

The Ship of Death

The towering rocks the ship has hit
The masts have fallen
The bow has been split
The Scene becomes so dark and sullen
And not a single candle is lit.

A woman searches for her ring
Given to her so very long ago
And while the song of death sings
As the ripped sails blow to and fro
Cold and sickness, the weather brings

She remains the last one living
Her ring her only chance of life
The Angel of Death is slowly coming
If only her man would save his wife
But alas, he is gone, she is humming

In his cloak, the grim figure watches
The woman whose eyes turn dull
Her long white hair all caught in bunches

This miserable time, all she can do is mull
And below the deck comes the sound of crunches

All are dead, save her alone
Death approaches with an evil groan
In her resistance, the Reaper still waits
He knows she can't deny her fate
She won't realize that, until it's too late.

Shiver, Slither, Wither

Sometimes I wonder
That love at first sight
Seeing you at first light
I can't help but ponder
How could it go right?
You just tore me asunder

Shiver, slither, wither
Shiver, slither, wither

You made me shiver
When you shoved me down
You made me quiver
As you tore me open
When you drove me downtown
So you could catch me, groping
Just to get in and slither

Shiver, slither, wither
Shiver, slither, wither

As you leave I wither
You burned me out
Tore my guts about
I'm empty, cold, murdered
Can't help but shiver
All I can remember
Is how you slithered

Shiver, slither, wither
Shiver, slither, wither

The Shred-Along

Are you ready for the shred-along?
Frayed emotions are the backdrop
For our ruthless shred along
I tear you and you tear me
Is the pain and agony simply destiny?

I've grown tired of our run-along
Fixing to work towards a goal
That we never would make our own
I shred my skin just to bleed
I'm no longer afraid to fall down

For the flowing crimson rivers
Mean I still have life to beat
While you stumble and drag
Your feet along this street
One-way and unlit, you lag

You've fallen behind my friend
In our so epic shred-along
I've got a tale to tell no doubt
You've got sad stories to tell
But I got no more to figure out

Sadly, dear, you've lost the shred along
You're broken and battered and shattered
I'm beat and bloodied but I still stand
And you taught me the ending never matters
It's how I take the hits that make me who I am

Sickening Madness

Thoughts they spin round my mind
Leaving me dizzy and nauseous
Constant bursts of creativity
Gone as quickly as they come
Promising a bright new future
But only leaving me wanting
Dazed, befuddled, and heartbroken

I see vast landscapes
Creatures of imagination
Beautiful beyond description
But I cannot draw them for you
I cannot tell you in words
What they mean to me
These characters of mine

This creative concoction
Brings me down so far
Into a sickening madness
Hours upon hours I lay
Trying to calm the storm
But I cannot find a peace
Until I can right my mind

Crashing and burning
My dreams constantly churning
Passions seems to come and go
Suddenly and urgently to and fro
But there is only one constant
The moonlight beckons me to a calm
The sickening madness to subside

Still I fall into darkness
Time after time for hours
Laying in a dreary mood
Wondering if I'll ever succeed
In sharing my world with others
Will it ever make sense
What is it I must share?

There are too many details
Too many worlds to explore
Too many stories to tell
Too many secrets to bare
It all exists inside my head
And now I have become lost
And sick with a trembling madness

Sinners

Once we were sinners
With heads full of steam
Cruising down the boulevard
Paved with beer-battered broken dreams

We were drifters
Without a clue
We were dumb sinners
With nothing left to lose

Always on the lookout
For poor waving thumbs
To join our wandering brigade
A choir of forgotten souls

And I know, I know, I know that we're still damned
I know, yeah, I know, nothing works as planned

But I know, I know, we're always on the move
We're still sinners with nothing else to prove

And you know, you know, what's there to save?
Who are you to judge me, to keep me from an early grave?
You don't know, don't know, how we'll make our final stand
You'll never get how the journey's our dearest promised land

We were once sinners, drinking up the juice
Tears of sorrow and the last drops of our youth
We live a twisted fairy tale that you'll never understand
We've become forgotten souls with a pretty kickass band

And we know, we know, that we're free
Of pointless debts, lies, and meritocracy
The road is our home, and that's just fine with me
We are still sinners, but that's just how it has to be

We were once sinners
And perhaps we'll always be
But at least I can stand and say
"At least I get to be me"

Don't even think of trying to tell us
What it is that we should do
Our caravan is just dandy without you
We are sinners, in this we trust

Never, never perfect
Never, never what you'd like
But always true to me
And we're all true to us

Song of the Desert

I was left to wander alone

In this desert, hair windblown
I'm a dry, hot, beautiful mess
Written off, but not distressed
Finding peace and company
In these wide open spaces
I now sing my desert song

Still a mess, but lovely in it
Hot by day, too cool at night
Friends with the desert fox
And with the lizards and hawks
I'm never alone out here
In nature I let go of fear
I'm singing my desert song

Song of the Sky

Colors vibrant, air warm and tasty
Sweet aromas, bitter memories
Of what I've left behind
Nothing here can ever remind me
Of the despair I've wallowed in
For far too long a time

There's a sweet song I hear in your voice
Takes me to a place of your choice
A beautiful world of imagination
A paradise free of any aggravation
A way to free my spirit's reservations

Now I know I'll never be alone
As long as your voice
Still sings to me
No way can I ever cry
Long as I can hear
The song of the sky

Spells

Words are like little magic spells
You cast them by the tongue or the pen
Or by swipe of a finger or stroke of key

Words of anger and hate
Are like black magic
They can make things
Wither and die
Spirits crumble
And beauty waste away

Words of kindness and love
Are like the whitest magic
Make life and all in it bloom
Grow and flourish
Heals the wounds
And rights the wrongs

Cast so freely
And often
With so little thought
We must not forget
That words are magic
We are all wizards
And witches of wit

The Starlight Beckons

Oh, sweet babe with the bluest eyes
Borne to me, a gorgeous surprise
When I saw you first, my heart stopped
My lungs so full, they almost popped

Right from the start, you began to rise
You look up to the skies, mesmerized
The starlight beckons you to the highest skies
I could tell you heard the angels' cries

I left you all too soon, I'm afraid
For where you came from was forbade
You were the last thing I ever saw
You took my last breaths with you, Luna Dawn

Stiletto

You moved like a comet
Across a pitch black sky
Almost frozen in time
Gleaming so very bright
In the dark, absolute
Deep blue cold still of night

Stiletto, you thrust in
To my chest and stabbed
My ever slowing heart
The chill burst into me
New life even as I died
From heat of spilled blood

“Stiletto, may I have
This last dance?”
I still asked.

Before you soon return
To your dark paradise
Of heartless, burning ice
Then you stabbed me in back

Stop the Tape

The screen goes black.
The heart just stops beating.
Midnight has come and gone.
There isn't a sound in the world.
The eyes can't see a thing.
The tongue can't taste the air.
The tape's stopped rolling.
Why start it up again?
Passion, it's all around.
It's what we're living in.
So deep we can drown.
Baby, just for a while.
Let's take a little dive.
Let's make time stop moving.
Let's stop the tape.

The air is gone.
The lungs can't breathe.
Morning has come and gone.
There isn't a sound in the galaxy.
But there's something wrong.
The heart starts up again.
The head tells what happened.
The face can't show itself again.
The tape kept rolling.
Why did it have to start again?

The pain grows strong.
The soul comes to life.
Nine months have come and gone.

There isn't a sound in the universe.
Two innocent eyes see a new world.
The tongue tastes the air.
And the tape kept rolling
It never stopped

The air's now shared.
By you and I.
And the brand new life.
We brought around.
What can we do?
What can we say?
Let's leave it on
The cutting room floor.
I don't think so.
It's the price of passion.
Or is it a gift in disguise?

Eighteen years have come and gone.
The eyes see the road ahead.
The tongue tastes a kiss.
And the tape keeps on rolling.
It never stops. It starts all over again.

Strings

Strung up too tight
Stretched too far
Coiled up, thrown away
And shown the door
Pulled my strings
Left them in knots
Then let them go

Pulled in all directions.
My heartbeat stops
My skin goes cold
And my head goes blank

Pulled my strings
Threw me in a corner
The dunce hat on my head
You and all your friends
Threw rotten scraps to me
They were all stale and cold

I reached for you.
But you were far away
The Chains were too tight.
You showed me the floor
You yanked my heart
Then squeezed it tight
You made it burst

Chained up so tight
Stretched too far

Coiled up, thrown away
And shown the door
Pulled my chains
Tied them in knots
Then let them go

My Eyes so blind
I see a bridge too far
I, torn up, bashed aside
My life flashed, before my eyes

I somehow crossed that bridge
Was shown the love of a pure heart
You're forgiven now, the past is gone
I lay wrapped up in a new love.

I have found the deliverance
From that elusive significant other
And you're left alone with your own chains
Dragging you down to your deserving hell

Sweet Nothingness

This sweet nothingness I taste
Should be the air that I breathe
But I know that it isn't
I sing out your name
Without so much as a thought
I can link such future fame
To your name right on the spot

Maybe this sweet nothingness
Simply is just love

Those sweet, tender words
You speak lies to me
Lost chances haunting me
You're always off again
To live your stressful life
I sit here, the dreamer
Maybe that's all I am
All I'm meant to do

Maybe this sweet nothingness
Simply is just love

But it's much more than wanting
You need something a bit more
Just let me love you is all that I ask
Make this sweet nothingness
Something I won't just dream to
Turn this nothingness
Into something that will last!

Sweet Venom

Let me lick your wounds, you said
As your sweet venom seeped in
Through my bloodstream, I became addicted
To your delicious mind-bending poison

Trick me into loving you, lonely one
Thought your venom would paralyze me
Gave up on trying, you thought you'd won
But to keep me, you never had it, hon.

Your sweet venom grew bitter with time
Couldn't keep me in your teeth
Grinding me down and chewing me up
I broke free, battered, bruised, but alive

It's only a matter of time, now, dear
I know you'll tweak your recipe
But I won't be home for dinner, see
I've found a new poison sweet as honey

This one's strong enough to kill me
But in the dying, it makes me stronger
Knowing I won't need you any longer
A new sweet honey venom paralyzes me

What else do I need?

The 11th

The screen was too small.
I couldn't see the whole picture
But, the bank of fear was growing richer

We all cried, so many petrified
By what we had just seen
Nothing that could be justified

Then we all prayed and held hands
Now, we're all back to this selfish crap
Our own dislikes and petty demands

As terror still lurks in our backyard
So many Americans still
Go and act like total retards

Terror breeds hate, terror breeds anger
And just reminds us of a worldly hunger
Why am I here? How can I face the danger?

So, we fight fire with bigger fires
From their holy war, they cannot retire
They call us the bullies, the big liars

For freedom, they have no desire.
We kick ass, and they run
Yet the stakes only run higher

Besides the evil lurking over there
While we weren't looking

Now we've got terror here

When I see red, white, and blue
I think of the blood shed
For peace & freedom meant for you

We're all free to disagree
Let's strive to be our very best
Let's go and be all we can be

The Drill

You know the drill
Go ahead, take the pill
Calm the demons in your head
Drug them till they're dead
Drown the passion that builds
Steer you toward good will
The straight line is drawn
You're meant to follow
Stay on course so life's
Made simpler, easier swallowed
Just take the damned pill
You know the drill

The Lacquer

Buried beneath the lacquer
The liquor stole your beautiful sight
Inside you suck on your inhaler
Searching for some inner light

What's left within for right
Is there any purpose to fight
You're fading even paler
The days are growing ever staler

This is a stage of fright
Darkened by eternal night
Hate pervades the valleys
And slips through the broken levees

Watch the cities wash away
As the citizens all pray
To their false idols of plastic
The end will be so fantastic!

The Poet

The poem is my strength
This verse is my refuge
Sweet music salves my soul

Good tunes I can't refuse
Yet my tongue's desert-dry
And won't hit a sweet note

But the words never die
Melody lives on in
This broken, bleeding heart

The best poets never doubt
Their truths will make you cry

Whether it's in laughter
Or in sudden despair

The Warrior Princess Creed

Starlight, starbright
Under midnight stars
I prowl the night
Hunting evil
Wherever it lies
Catch wrongdoers
By full surprise

Lurking, stalking
A judge for right
Hunting, creeping
In the shadows
I seek to fight
From highs and lows
The vile by moonlight

Both judge and jury
I have become
Know my fury
My wrath's begun
A warrior
Princess I am
Your end has come

The Withering

They say she came and went with the seasons
Never quite sure why, but she had her reasons
The flowers would bloom and she'd run free
But, when the cold came to usher in winter,
Miserable with perpetual illness was all she'd be
She'd only live half the year truly free

Trying to find a cure, jumping town to town
Any doctor they'd get to check her out
Would just say "it's a nasty cold" or thereabouts
Soon enough, they'd say, she'll come around
Went to see my little friend, they all just frowned
She was terribly ill, there could be no turnaround

I witnessed the withering of an innocent soul
I held her hand, as she passed away, air so cold
All too often, a death such as this occurs
A sickly little girl frolicking playfully and bold
In the warm of sunny days, adventures galore
After the withering, nothing seems bright anymore

The World Builder Rests

I built a world
But it crumbled
Beneath my feet
As my heroes rose
And fell so quickly
My villains triumphed
Enjoyed their victories
Celebrating wildly

The words didn't come
Did not ebb and flow
The way they were
Meant to, at first
But perhaps
The heroes were
Meant to fall
The way they did

Why is it
That my villains
Rule the day
They are, of course
Writer's block
And creative
Dissonance

My ideas
Seldom agree
With each other
Constantly arguing

Superiority
Priority
Confusion ensues
No one takes a stand
Except for chaos
Who rules the day

This world builder
Tired and frustrated
Will take a little break
To rest and refuel
On some sweet iced tea
And healthy snack food

The heroes
Persistence
And Dedication
Will one day
Rise again
To prevail

The Young Poets

Words can be mysteries
They can be foreign sounds
That bewilder the mind
Yet, are how we best can share
The wishes and dreams
That we keep deep down
To tell lies we wished
And dreamed could be true

The young poets among us
Seek for freedom to say
What needs to be said
Even if that was not
The original purpose
Just to create and breathe
Life into the mundane
To fill the empty moments

I wish to free myself
As many others have
To use this voice
Forgetting rhyme and meter
Set aside conventions
From what I may write
Believe what you may
It can be what you want it to be

All the young poets
Must unite in purpose
Unique voices

Even considering
The same themes
To let go of fear
Of misunderstanding
And of judgment

To the young poets
I have to say
Never lose
The innocence
The wonder
Keep wishing
Keep dreaming
And, the poems will come

This Morning

All this morning
I spent all this time to rectify
These imperfections of mine
Here I am, tried to replicate
The smile on your face
To take me back to that place
Where and when I felt so alive

This morning I'm floundering
While you lay round wondering
If I'll ever react
To your panicked attack
Have we lost all the love?
Are we losing the fight?
Was last night our final flight?

This morning I spent
Keeping your memory warm
Spared no expense to not be alone
You called me out in violent tones
Look at your self, kid
You've let yourself go
Now you've got nothing for me

All this morning
I've drifted far away
To a place of dreaming
Trying to burn you away
All I've got is our song
A tired old melody
To remind me of all...

That went wrong

The Top Pampered Champs

In these hallowed spaces we celebrate the whimsical
In these eminent pages we recognize the nonsensical
With our ever darkening world we need more than ever
To recognize truly exceptional and wonderful endeavors
We call the best of the best our top pampered champs.

Their work's carefully scrutinized under high powered
Scrutinization Lamps
Our champion subjects range from the lost
and untold stories of Zeus
To super silly songs and really just about
anything by Dr Seuss

Traces of You

Wicked places
Ugly faces
Yet everywhere I look
I've seen traces of you
I could write a book
Outlining what you took
My heart, my soul, my pride
I've locked your memory up deep inside

Familiar faces
Bring back happy places
I could've run the races
But I just walked on the side
No one in which to confide
My deepest secret, this divide
What tears me apart inside
Are these traces of you

Memories of your face
And ongoing fruitlessly
To be locked in your embrace
I just can't provide
The reasons that I hide
As my love and hate collide
Just can't let you see that I've cried
Over traces of you

Twenty Eight

Twenty eight. Eighty two.

They're just numbers

Age is just a number

Reverse them

Add, subtract them

Multiply and divide

Basic arithmetic

Decimal places

Fractions and powers

Coefficients and pi

Universal constants

Counting forwards

And backwards too

Mathematical equations

Time is a constant

It can't be math'd

Add years here

Take away there

Is it only a state

Of mind or being

Or something more

Vibes

Singing the soundtrack of my life
Giving off those precious vibes
Takes my mind away from strife
Whilst media goes off on diatribes

She's the empress of song
Stripping away all the wrong
Left my heart out to bear
As her vibes help me repair

Wasted Pity

Pity is wasted on the unworthy
Far too often, disadvantage of empathy
Then you find someone especially
Most certainly deserving sympathy
Becoming so attached emotionally
And getting involved so intimately
Pouring out unmitigated sympathy

So it is when you've felt so much...
Wasted pity... emotions overwhelm
You use the weak spirited as a crutch
But who is really at the helm
Of this life you despise so much
Who is handling the clutch?
Who's director of your life's film?

What is Destiny?

Destiny does not define
Who I am or who I'll be
It's born of my own making
That's what I'm led to believe
Pondering what's told to me
To be the absolute truth
So then I must ask myself

Who am I? What will I be?
Where is it that I belong?
All I know's where I came from
What am I supposed to do?
And then where could I end up?
Asked myself many questions
I really should just shut up

Life simply does not reveal
Why or how some things happen
Some things just simply can't be
There's no guessing Destiny
Things just happen as they do
Sometimes you must stop and see
The hard truth can set you free

Destiny meanders 'round
Often shrouded in darkness
Revealed only if and when
It's then far too late to change
Sad it's only in the last
Few moments and breaths we have
That we have answers at last

What Makes Me Come Alive?

What will make me come alive?
How will I burn ever bright?
With this constant overdrive
Bathing in Creation's light

From nights of innocent bliss
Blood, sweat, tears, passionate cries
The throes that follow'd tenderness
Products of love's sweetest lies

Through dark hours I'd still sing
And still I fought the good fight
Hung on restless hopes to bring
Birth to a brand new day's light

Pursuing true happiness
Undeterred in its method
Create at any and all costs
Even if you end up dead

What Must Go

Too many things
Which should stay?
Which should go?
Property is a curious thing
All I want to own is my words
But, once they are read
They are yours, as well

Collected so much
In my years on this earth
Too much sentiment tied
To many simple trinkets
Bits, bobs, odds, and ends
Gathering dust in neglect
What value do they have left?

There are things of utility
That are useful to own
These we seem to part
With more easily than these
Intrinsically useless things
Why is this exactly?
I'm guilty of it myself

I only want to own
Whatever I need most
I must leave so much behind
But, what am I truly leaving?
I must realize want vs need
It's an important skill to learn
So many things must go

When You Wake

The stars light up in your eyes
As you rise from a long night's sleep
Foggy vision as you step to the mirror
And ponder your beautiful reflection
Sometimes you wonder if you are
The only one to know the inside
It's never simple to see the real

You wonder if you're really awake
Cause everybody's moving too fast
You can't seem to catch up
You're always stuck in the past
Dragging your feet along
Trying to play along alright
Worried you'll wake up too late

Have you missed your sunrise?
The stars blanket your sky
Even when they're not to be seen
You're a spectacle by night
As you dance to the unheard tune
Your grace is unseen by the masses
And no one's there when you wake

The Wire Man

An incredible work of art
Formed from cold steel
But when made to resemble
Human Form
When it's seen
It feels warm
So much planning
Twisting, bending
To achieve desired form
The creator decreed
The work a failure
But those sharp edges
And rough corners
Are only human
The true form
Of a man

With the Lights Down Low

Little drummer boy
All he knows is the beat
Of his broken heart
Surrounded by his toys
His silent but loyal friends
Never able to forget
The love that tore him apart

Little harlequin girl
Always flirting as a tease
They should see the demon
But lust blinds their eyes
As she always aims to please
She's really nothing but ugly
Her mask's a wondrous disguise

The little drummer boy
Once enamored by her act
Realized that it was just so
Given no time to react
He just froze in place
Forever locked in a trance
Drumming the same ole beat

Little boys and girls
Wandering about
The underworld beckons
As the chaos erupts
Hades can only smile
As blind desire corrupts
The once innocent souls
Can be pure no more

Withering Dream

Time takes its toll
On a withered dream
The love couldn't hold
Another failure tale told

It is a page
Full of regrets
Untested tests
Knees buckled
Eyes couldn't stop crying

No method of apology
Just reflections in an anthology
Turned my back on the past
Solemnly, it is no longer welcome

Expression of depression
Lacked in certain direction
Stricken by unusual infection
Not allowed to feel such affection

Found the deepest hole
Burying my dream
No time for lies untold
Nothing more is to unfold

The truth's unfeeling and cold
No room to show emotion
No formula for the magic love potion
Can no longer maintain this backward motion

Withering away
This love is depleted
Withering dream
Horribly misled
Withering love
Rapidly retreated

Time takes its toll
On a withered dream
The love wasn't meant to hold
Another sad story told

Wooden Faces

Wooden faces
Hide all expression
Showing no emotion
But you cannot fool me
With your false impressions
Your decorated masks
Aren't clever inventions

Crooked smiles
Only visible every
So once and a while
Broken frowns
Reflect a broken heart
Strolling lonely
Thru this old town
A wooden face tells all
Too much pain
Too much to show
That should not
Ever be shown
Emotional overflow
No stitches can be sown
To tie these wounds

Wooden faces
Hide the expression
But not the emotion
You cannot fool me
With false attempts
Your silly masks
Are unoriginal inventions

Work of Art

Should I wait and stare
Ponder your image for awhile
Is it simply impolite or
Are you art to be admired?

Is there such a thing
As perfection as we'd like
Not in this reality, no
It is more than unlikely

Some would be bored
With the thought of perfection
Each day too alike
But believe me, there is
Always more to wonder

You are the proof that there's
Depth that doesn't meet the eye
To know you is to love you
You fill me up with such
Happiness that I cry

There are thoughts up here
In my mind that words are
Inadequate to relay, it's true
In my mind, your beauty so
Infinite beyond the skin
In my mind's eye so consistently appears

The verse seems out of rhythm
Sometimes, but you can blend the tune

Just when everything seems out of place
You walk in and liven up the room

The eye is so stupid and dumb
There is so much more to see
Just an outer shell is so admired
But for the whole, most don't see
This beauty infinite inside I most desire

This is a fire you've lit inside of me
Once upon a time, I thought one like you
Could only exist as my own fantasy
But it's true, it is, that you are true

You are here, among us,
And I will seem
To do any thing
To make you notice me

As awkward and clumsy
As I come off to be
I hope that there is something
That you can love in me

About the Author

Amelia Phoenix Desertson is a prolific poet whose passion for weaving words into captivating verse has spanned over two decades. Born and raised on the South Shore of the Boston metro in Massachusetts, Amelia's love for the written word was ignited by her obsession with all sorts of literature.

Her keen eye for beauty and appreciation for the natural world are deeply ingrained in her poetry, as she masterfully captures the essence of the human experience through her evocative writing. Amelia began her poetic journey in her late teens, as she penned her first verses in the margins of her school notebooks. Over the years, her collection of poems grew, drawing inspiration from the likes of Emily Dickinson, Maya Angelou, and Langston Hughes, as well as her own life experiences.

A deeply introspective writer, Amelia's poetry reflects her personal growth, spiritual journey, and a profound understanding of the complexities of the human heart. Her debut poetry collection spans over 125 poems in various styles, a testament to her unwavering dedication to her craft.

From powerful free verse to more traditional poetic forms, Amelia's collection showcases her diverse and profound talent, seamlessly weaving emotion and thought into each line.

Amelia lives in Vermont with her wife Thomas, where they enjoy frequent road trips exploring the small town life and historic places of Northern New England. She's a major Trekkie, voracious reader, and an extreme nerd.