

Capture

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CAPTURE

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Written by Iam Dreamfire.

The moment we begin to deny darkness we begin to flee,
therefore to bring some beauty to the shadows,
even though sadness and gore,
is an answer eventually.

Here a more sinister account in histories of sorts,
with the occasional up for temporary relief,
and run we didn't,
our recoil now less vivid,
exploring both the thickened night and daylight,
embracing ecstasy and equally fright,
one becomes more used to it,
one's view can remain lucid.

A compilation dedicated to those I look up to,
those who say it how it is,
the artists who are beautifully grounded,
yet soaring,

for those who make it worthwhile to continue to communi-
cate.

And this is dedicated to you,
deeming a muse was fiction until I happened upon you,
through you I have seen,
no matter the game,
whether good or bad,
there is always us.

Now I know anything is possible.

Welcome

The use of the dark arts to accomplish light,
is worthy of admiration,
no guts no glory,
having a stomach for this,
iron spirit creating endless evaporation,
my warmth escalating from frozen ashes,
is my inclination,
it's my super ability,
it's my station.

How it Feels

Bleed into me,
revive all it is I constantly see.

Painted Words

My writing isn't a skill but a broken heart bleeding all over your page.

Love You More

Walked to the spots we frequented,
said under construction just like our tomorrows,
nothing there but memories,
just nothing,
like our today,
but who loves who more...
we've never settled that debate.

Time Streams

In a stupor, a daydream of sorts,
you sat on your old-school couch and wrote a song for me,
you said it came from a place you couldn't explain,
but that I left a forever mark on you,
perhaps even a stain,
and you strummed and you sang and you played,
and you took my breath away,
and as I sat there elated,
consecrated,
reality set me back on a straight course,
it sweetly sliced like a knife,
oh wait,
that was another life.

Summer

Fire burns pure white hot,

vanquishes all as the force of nature descends upon and awakens
the dead,

pulling pulverized bodies from marshes,

peeling flesh off metal and pavement,

vaporizing their doomed hells,

made pristine,

in my deaths,

if they were honest good deaths,

then I left with your face in my mind,

if they were cowardly then I left behind a lie,

the turmoil was not to face betrayals,

but to have perished not with an honest view,

the hereafter never called as I was it's maker,

and as I faced it again and again,

treacherous endings, swallowed me not through my pain,

but in the wake of my abandoning all I stood for,

to the deep core,

the times I said goodbye, pleading that I couldn't let go,

it was not the murder,

the darkness and hate I was chained to,

but deep within the fifth plane of dimension,

hiding behind all the caked on shuns of our eons,

there I witnessed the outpouring of all our times of exhilaration,

the combining into something beyond rhyme or reason,

it's what I've been running from,

our endless summers,

the anticipation of the only thing true,

anticipation to waking up to the playground of you.

Vampira's Lot

Salem had a lot.

Why can't Vampira?

Plea

I make every lyric you,
you are my art and take my mind away,
when I'm down in the heavy I don't really feel you,
but as I escape, up to you I flee,
despicable me for my forever need,
craving to explore thee,
come to me,
even if only in those sweet dreams.

Another Rut

Approve of me please,
see me plead,
exit of things freed,
liberated into a knot,
you're what I've got.
If you weren't witness was it really worth it?
If I am without you to see it,
do I really care whether it is there?
My will is shot,
welcome to all I've sought,
enter Vampira's lot.

The Parallel

Tell me all,
endless well washing despair away,
wipe the slate,
never too late,
in the nights demons rage,
cage escapades.
They fall all over you like panting glass figurines,
they,
so irresistible,
so beautiful,
much did spill,
till ill,
filled,
laid it out on the wooden kitchen table,
said it all,
till tranquil.
Always and from here,
a parallel watches over you,
embraces creeping dark,
keeps it at bay,
fends off the blood hounds on a trail,
using it's might to conquer the hungry burdens,
which lay in wait to dine on the carcass they will surely find,
wanting to mess with your mind,
until they have drained you till barely a whisper,
sinister,
seeing self used as a worn trinket,
they,
unable to see past a pretty face,
wanting to have the glow in their weak stead,

so they can be fed.
Here,
it,
the parallel,
force of good and evil even and equal,
I breathe out,
washing over you,
to wash their intentions away,
make them vanish again into a turmoil of their yesterdays,
oh the sweet daze,
as the wind calls to your inner rhythms,
calls from the here and now,
saturate in the certainty,
that you are perfection in form,
but inside,
oh on your inside,
beyond physical sight,
you are the brightest day and darkest night,
and everything in between,
you are the reality of my dream.

Up Ahead

Racing you in my dreams,
asphalt screams,
the night,
the sting of grit,
teasing death,
it's where I'm lit.

Breed

You and I are of a breed that wonders why those exerting to show their
evil sides must try so,

with every effort they parade how dark they must be,

so they can get admired for their mire,

to be hounded by their love slaves,

and we watch and say,

that's child's play.

Free

You explain your jokes but I always get them right off the bat,
guess you're just not used to that,
talking to someone just like yourself,
walking a pathway to the places that seem quite apparent to thee
and me,
in a world of twos,
man, are we ever free.

Rewind

As the liquid took hold,

it drowned my boy until I screamed from his past into his wayward ear,

don't look now but it's me you want to hear,

I'm rapping at the door,

I'm so so very near,

you are loved more than a god could even feel,

don't cover your fire or put it out with the waters of vacant memories,

because I am in them and if you forgot me or yourself,

I'd never live it down,

I'd rather slay through all my foliage of current grim fact,

rather face my demons sleeping,

to remind you that being forgotten is worse than my spiritual weeping,

it's the stand I'm keeping,

I'll risk my sanity seeping,

to preserve what is always in the annals of time,

lingering and steeping.

Mental Torture

Let's visit awhile in this mental hell,
our collective myths we tell ourselves to avoid the nightmare,
well,
they're hitting another dry spell,
here comes the monsoon,
I'll see you soon,
in our world,
on all fours,
slowly turning the wretched keys to all these attic doors,
the spin,
I crawl within,
the hurricane of you,
and I grip to my anguish harder,
hoping the days go faster,
till the next time around,
to start the wheel of life again,
to yet again play in our cherished mental disaster,
here there is no servant nor master,
there is only harder and faster.

Intangible

Mental might that outwits you,
outthinks you,
redirects you,
it looks one way then changes to escape,
the grips of the mould,
something you can feel but can't hold,
or pin,
but it gets inside deep within,
it shifts your space,
failure to avoid,
that which you can't replace,
from every era,
as it comes crashing over you,
no physical replica you can crawl to,
hoping it isn't so,
an experience that can't be chained in the physical,
it isn't warm nor cold,
but overpoweringly magical.

Away

Where I go I'll never really know,
it's out and it's far away,
the chains, they are so far down there in those gruesome dungeons
bare,
you can't hold me,
can't take me anywhere.

Tip of the Blade

Within all my bravery I sense something cowardly,
wielded by the likes of I,
my back to you I draw my sword,
motion quick like sin,
then...

I catch your reflection in her steel,
and beside it my eye,
behind us the echoing sky,
bearing witness to a twisted viciousness,
some sort of capriciousness,
leaves me gasping as I release my grip,
with her slice I've ended so many tales,
but as you watch,
these attempted swipes create more trails,
I have kept you alive again,
confused by where I end and where you begin,
questioning my ability to turn deepest hurt to betrayal of the very
sweetest nature,

balancing the topic of integrity,
happy she is sheathed again, unable to resonate my fierce desire,
to say words that could only be born out of atomic fire,
to show a passion that is to die for,
to be a vessel to remind all who cross this path,
once you have been loved by me,
there is no coming back.

Stun

Black melodies shared as though songs of courting,
nothing frilly or light,
like he knew my delight,
only one who seemed could see through me,
could see I couldn't really relate,
could know the notes to present to she,
to unravel,
and watch it seep,
to unfold the abyss that extended deep,
to know the steps past the guarded keep,
a parry with pounces at drawbridges held in close,
there was nothing he ever had to say to tell me I was got,
not even a delay,
he just pressed play.

Voice-over

Someone else always sang what was too scary to utter,
roll sound and maybe you'll believe my mind ain't in this here gutter,
listen to him sputter,
all my thoughts and longings,
for you I'd trade all my belongings.

Home

Here in your warm glow,
with nothing beneath me,
I float free,
can't say I've belonged to anywhere but here,
like it had existed all along,
never felt a pull so strong,
to stay and spend my days,
this universe works in such strange ways.

Solitude

Painting myself over with you,
now I'm perfect within and without,
so lost as to be found,
so alone in surround sound.

Broken Soul

Broken soul just let some light through,
the whispers behind you are coming to the fore,
wrapped in bandages of yesteryear,
what I wouldn't give to reach a hand to tug at them,
healing breaths beneath lashes sweeping,
as the tears caress slowly weeping,
broken soul I care for you,
will never really mend till you're by my side,
to defend,
me,
from all the feelings I've come to know,
until again I am whole,
where we are two broken souls.

Anymore

Just function,
euphoria away,
the fix and still, the feeling fails to wane,
not only a physical hold,
in mind scars of a scald,
in time nothing to hold,
but a flimsy feeling,
aching,
reeling,
life drains through it's stealing,
hide such beauty,
kept ever secure,
numbness settles the score,
don't care and don't see,
and don't imagine it anymore.

The Spindle

The pain giver sends to the greedy receiver,
oh kindred souls they are,
bleeding out all the hurt they exude,
pushing towards those outer walls,
afraid to be found,
afraid to be lost,
uniting at any cost,
pulled apart like centrifugal force,
letting go is so divine,
feed the sick need for this,
always just a thought away,
find themselves amidst the pain,
always the same,
they never left,
they never came.

Afterthought

Just an afterthought of mine,
and the senseless wit came out divine,
as though drunk from wine,
and oh god bless,
if with a sorceress one messed,
feeling cursed,
while the other played chess.

Delusional

In my mind's eye I'd have to revamp things,
but you can make things look good,
even camping,
stepping over twigs with muddied feet like some swamp thing,
must be beautiful to be with you,
to see the sun rays through and through,
I seem to know where you've been and what you've done,
could describe all the times we've met,
but when I really come to think of it,
I don't even know your favorite color yet.

Through

They're always taking and taking from you,
guzzling you like there's no tomorrow,
slurping from the fountain like their rains from skies have been de-
nied,

when I ask of you a morsel,
it's a symmetry of space,
I won't be greedy nor will I take,
maybe partake,
I really don't want anything from you,
I just happen to know to get through,
what I have to do,
as that's what you are used to.

The Bright Side

I'm glad poetry is labeled fiction,
a fixed factual account could cause some friction,
let me be clear in my diction,
the hard cold truth would swamp attempted fantasy,
we'll stick to good old creative machinations,
leave the blood-caked realities in the ground,
keep'in it light,
enter imagination.

Mere

Take this space,
let me nestle awhile,
I won't intrude,
just resting here in the flood of time,
the here and now wash over me,
I can't speak,
my will is meek,
taken aback over and over again,
still amazed to find,
something never quite erasable,
but it's essence always penetrable,
I've started walking back into our world,
it's how it's got to be,
I'll take a corner only I vow,
that's all I was ever allotted anyhow.

Died and Gone to Hell

If it wasn't for you I don't even know if I could write one line,
here before me is a muse that is simply divine,
I must've died and gone to hell,
for here I dwell,
the magician outsmarted by one with the incantation,
now tangled in her own spell,
if I would've known how effective it was I may have used it well,
before it came snapping back on me,
now I just sit back and enjoy the view,
of the most enchanting parts of all I ever wished I could flee.

Conflicted

How can something so good make you feel so bad?

Conflicted and complicated,

never placated,

being the best of the worst part of me,

you're all I ever wanted to be.

Sacred Lot

There was a place,
a simple lot,
showed her things,
things she'd never recover from,
so ordinary yet so ever-extraordinary,
so mundane yet a magic of sorts,
the cold dead and buried unions of the long past,
had not only been wiped,
but was as if they'd never even entered the light of any day,
and in that lot,
there she saw,
in a vehicle so plain,
that though there were many to fight for,
and they all mattered,
that a single one had awoken a sunburst,
a thirst,
something never relegated to mere satiation,
hunger and craving returned anew,
such a simple lot,
such unmemorable words,
but behind it all,
the plot,
behind stood all their shared times,
they could have talked of chipping paint,
and that fire would burn higher and higher,
to never have believed one could ever be ignited again,
to truly have felt dead to giving oneself complete,
to be shown existence through another,
to be shown that beneath the cruelty in her heart of vengeance,
there was something more to push on for,

only she could ever truly know the impact of that night,
though still stained and folding on the inside,
what was revealed meant more than anything ever could,
to trust another with the key to all one's doors,
to hope they never turn them,
as they would have overpowered all willpower,
to be settled sweetly to rest without a scrape,
that night it was love,
the idea denigrated to mere lore,
it replaced her hate.

Neglecting You

Rules rules rules!

You fools!

Pay heed!

Making my ears bleed!

Spread your seed like a weed,

spread your crumby lines closing in tighter and tighter.

But you didn't count on the fact I am a fighter.

Shove It

I don't have your ADHD,
your bs PTSD,
I have a syndrome you should get used to,
it's called simply FU.

Shelter

Hold tight to your noise,
keep your silence close,
your walls closer,
those damn ghosts,
they always get in anyway,
tipping universal scales,
dripping with all that unveils,
letting through the wails,
seeing all that pales,
those frick'in demonic skills,
wrought with all their ills,
witness all that kills,
tripping on barbed wire,
of the mind kind,
a gruelling find,
only a fool wouldn't run for cover,
only a pawn wouldn't stay gone,
sweating now,
escaped it somehow,
you're wearing it now,
follow in stride,
whet the appetite,
ignite your fight,
aim your sights,
allow the gun to follow suit,
worst case is,
miss a few,
as you learn to shoot.

Just Shy

Just shy in age,
around the same time,
around the block,
around our eternal clock,
sometimes we mess up and it doesn't end well,
sad turmoil hell,
other times there to see you go,
or no, you're the last thing in vision as my grips ease off,
but no matter the final page,
no matter what was written,
I'll soon awake and open my eyes,
and just shy,
nearby,
will be someone I have called my own,
I know I'm never alone.

Play

I just want to meet you where the art takes us,

let yourself go...

for me...

the worst that may occur has already gone down,

you see... we're no longer around,

we're down here on the ground,

dying from suffocation,

deprivation of ferocity,

but,

I need your velocity,

I need you just as you were back then... as you are now,

skip the watered down version of all you'd never want to say any-

way,

tell me about nothing that matters out there but tell it to me and

mean it,

and all I'll cherish is that you sent it,

like I always have,

write again and make it so,

speak again and make it glow,

those times spent worlds away,

I was bored of this one anyway,

you rescued while others stayed afraid,

you saw the gifts of my darkness,

laughed at my hot mess,

didn't abuse your power over me,

just let me be,

knew the vicinity of you healed my rigid mould,

reality like that can't be bought or sold,

I never hunted you for more of the same,

wanted you only as you were,

I needed you that way,
never cared to change you,
begging you to come and play.

Paradox

Only the one the paradox pertained to,
could ever fully relate or unwind the riddle,
stretch it out to make sense of the words,
words couched in confusion straight down the middle.

Withdrawals

Tool to my liking,
shaking as your chemical drips to the floor,
writhing pain on my insides,
without you,
rotting and flaking,
love to hate you,
hate that I loved you,
meet you in hellfire or then some,
enraged to want you still,
ears bleed as you plant your seed,
impregnating my mind over and over and forever,
married to electronics,
nothing remotely human here,
in love with the monster of my nightmares,
tire tracks across my soul,
the marks that remain,
just another song stands in your place.

Back to Front

Better days ahead,
shedding the anchor,
brought the monster to it's knees,
sickened I have been by thee and me,
steering clear,
severed parts drop from the fore,
engulfed all the past and spit it out into the future,
let the head roll,
help it all drain,
don't apply the tincture,
pull at the suture,
promise it'll wash away,
all the hate fades.

Capture

No,

I'm not discussing a god,
not love in it's fifty shades of black and blue,
sticking to true captured attention,
ultimate revelation,
undeniable stimulation,
genius carvings to infuse it,
no grounding to diffuse it,
orgasmic bit by bit,
seismic hit,
pity to refuse it,
yes,
it's sick,
yes,
it's music.

Chimera

The moment they feel the same,
perfect intoxication suspended in writhing,
pinned to the depths therein,
leaving the anchor above and sinking within,
no urge to swim,
vicious rush,
limbs floating in the abyss,
that canvas forever missed.

Beckoning

My world through those eyes I never see,
scratching surfaces that never reach the light of day,
it's not here and I'm not there,
it's sublime in my mind,
if only one could meet it and taste it,
they'd surely never waste it.

Swim

Make me swim for the shore,
I am the engulfed beyond all recognition,
the dusty drawer opened to the current century,
a memory swatch,
try this,
just watch,
but your power over me...
only never exercised,
calls from a place long burned to the ground,
gone but still I hound,
a need to relive the profound.
Hear that sound?
Those gargles as I go under again and drown.

Your Power

Powerful raging sea,

see me,

soar so high,

fall harder from above the clouds,

as largely as one can command,

their needs do demand,

not a tidal wave,

just a wink behind a slight of hand,

beguiled to know,

though the universe one can devour,

one could feel swept away like a flower.

RIP

Never even thought of that phrase since,
don't even know how I could feel so cheesy,
as to think such a thing,
don't quite get why this earlier self keeps haunting,
it's really got me,
I really feel it's sting,
as I imagine words from my lips,
again calling you my everything.

Black Hole

I became black ice,
wand no longer wielded magic just death,
as we walked away that long night ago,
the one keeping my stride, knew not what had transpired,
that I was dying inside,
drawing a curtain over all I saw there,
while to the world cold as hard packed snow,
changed where I would go,
affected my everywhere,
taught me that there are things worth fighting for,
but that sometimes you don't just lose the war,
you vanish from even your own sense of location,
all you now know is drenched only in the spaces of separation.

Sadist

Bet it causes him joy,
watching from his distance,
as she tears her mind apart,
back to the start,
tickled pink,
devoid of heart,
dripping crimson,
as he squeezes out all her emotion,
outpour,
she'll be his mental whore,
making him feel like the centre of the world,
because he is...
as the minutes tick by,
turn into hours,
into weeks,
into years,
seemingly eons,
dragging out the plot,
a willing victim,
he's never fought.

Under Our Lid

The sky looks so dark like crying bruises of pained blue,
same one watches over me as it does you,
though so far apart,
we share one thing in common this here night,
it is this heaven that threatens to cry,
down upon us,
to remind of the grief that gets swept and carried,
what a beautiful sight,
reminds me of my rotting emotions,
tidings of deepest grey,
all those feelings I'm never able to slay.

Young Love

Maybe age wasn't really the centre of all that frothing...
maybe you had guts to still feel something,
before you just let the phone ring and ring,
while you shut yourself behind closed doors,
and in the heat of those nights,
melancholy still dripping from your pores,
witness anew those feelings could exist,
drowns you in all you forgot,
reminds you how cold you have now become,
nothing and then some,
bittersweet young love,
shows you all you are,
and all you are without,
sweetly smiles as you gouge your inner eyes out.

Spin Bin

Hole in the world just a void through and through,
sterile life in a test tube,
smothers my yearning,
I can only go back now to remember burning,
to know what it is that is missing,
like the venom from her hissing,
purest loss but can't just bury it all,
but live it like a nightmare, through every moment and every cell,
watching you go is my personal hell,
unending motions away from me,
knowing you are there but not here,
I live in a place that always shuts the door in my face,
having everything but no you,
having consciousness as it bears down on me,
don't even want to cover it,
in case I'd forget,
the only thing worth the regret.

Drive By Shooting

At least I was dead before,
now just perpetually aware of what I am missing,
thanks for stopping by and for all the reviving,
glad to know you'll keep surviving,
without me,
glad to know I can still feel,
before you dropped in,
that wasn't quite real.

Puzzles

Reading meanings three layers down,
knowing me,
she don't mess around,
if you think it,
can almost lick it,
probably legit,
subtleties coo and stroke your senses,
ingenious snarling in my head,
she,
causing overdue dread.

How it Felt

Like the bait squirms,
wiggles till it's caught,
pinned for the feeding,
writhing and bleeding,
no one cares for what it's needing,
displayed and splayed,
it's hopes decayed,
it awaits the raid,
till it's life is spent,
in agony alone,
not a soul even missed that it went.

Case Closed

Left me the ultimate of fucked up,
I can't get enough so I'll just suck this up,
the masochist in me feeds on all she sees,
never witnessed such a stunning canvas I would die to own,
to do with as I pleased,
grasping at straws of tapering sanity,
even the divine have gotta eat.

Typical

So fucked up,
so very fucked up...
oh so fucked up,
but never fucked.

Fallacy

Assumed it was a moral problem,
a mortal problem,
an amoral question of timidity,
no... it was just no you,
no you...
in all your glory and treachery,
my here is so far from rigidity,
saw more in that skull than anyone could ever begin to see,
... and I loved it there and back again,
not dumbed down,
and not numb but longing with a drooling grin,
at all your gory vacancies,
perusing all your whores,
starting wars,
never even blinked,
more impressed how someone floored me,
could astound me with the beauty of that thermal core,
and all the while...
all along... a false notion of being judged,
he began running for all the opposite reasons,
left a crater,
and in this wasteland,
the only bit of truth really left,
leaving was your only treason.

Chomp

Giving me breadcrumbs,
but you know I want the meal,
a diet for the starving,
chewing slow,
more slowly in the carving,
dinner conversation of the mundane,
if this is dessert,
I'd rather stay alone and insane.

Wet Words

Perspiration or sweat, depending on your orientation,
words dehydrate,
as fantasy expels certain radiation,
cease fire,
soaking up strings of charms,
fondling over conjured temptation,
not knowing if a jolt may wake thee,
or indeed you need vaccination,
the more free to fly the more unlimited the slime,
wet words soothe those memories you never got to give,
ease those worlds calling,
where you no longer live,
quiet the routine with a roar from the unseen,
dying for you to let them in,
waiting like Dracula for an invitation,
you can believe in death or reincarnation,
you can believe you're nothing at all,
fluid words trickle into you and creep between your cells,
waking your openings and saturating sleeping shells,
sex may not be as high as the moon,
but in a desert of stone,
feeling something ascending the ladder of spells,
will serve to remind,
that if it means this much as the words drip wetter,
the more you awaken it'll only get better.

Socialites

I only laugh when the jokes are funny,
you like scrambled but I'll throw my eggs runny,
they aim to please,
you wished I'd appease,
but I have a singular disease,
yearn for me to fit in and I'll aim to lead,
I won't giggle on the lap of some childlike chap,
I'll outwit you and push you to question your allegiance,
drip into your fabric with intelligence,
and when the night comes,
when the socialites are taking their beauty sleep,
it's my body you'll long to keep,
somewhere hidden within deep,
you will have already forgotten them,
it's for my company you will always weep.

That Night

Remember that place?

The last time I saw you before I morphed...
into something more refined.

So are you fine being trapped here with me?

I'm as innocent as you are, you see,
you just don't know it yet.

Peaceful

Don't worry, I've heard every word you haven't said.

Chess Mummy

Pinned me down,
found me,
located the pillars to my world's gates,
you dominated my childhood,
you wrote it over with your story,
now I'll never be the same,
you made me love you,
and lust you through and through,
you gave it all,
making sure I knew all I was missing,
now forever achingly sick with it,
but I cherish your face,
here embalmed in all my disgrace,
the throne got tipped,
shift of willpower,
but I would never regret it, even a bit,
at least you know where to find me,
waiting as always, here I'll be.

Words

Our words disappear,
our time came to an end,
I'm seeing stars in my head,
I left you there in my stead.
And away we ran,
and away we ran.
Falling further below,
not much lower to know,
best let these senseless words go,
cradling time to and fro.
And away she ran,
and away she ran.
Now that the air here has cleared,
facing ourselves in the mirror,
seeing so far behind,
ahead the view enough to blind.
But today we can,
but today we can,
from this moment the upper hand,
I can understand,
I do understand.

Telling Tales

Stretched across a grave,
but I didn't cave,
I lived to tell about it,
I'll never underestimate it,
awaken as it hits,
I will tell our story,
until the blood runs clear,
nothing here but glory mixed with fear.

Gaze

The sand raked my skin,
as I crawled to the foreground of my inner sanctums,
where I only found a reflection of myself.

Cement

A wound that never scars,
dripping only black ink,
poisoning the surrounds,
weakening the roots of all that is good,
the throbbing pulse of the unclean,
gripping death from the unseen,
eyes in the dark... glistening,
focusing,
the pavement and it's spaces,
shards of faces,
garbled sections of life,
that never will mean anything,
except to remind me of you and I.

Worse Than

Worse than going was leaving myself there too,
as I stumbled along,
and back,
tucked away in the fray were my eyes that warmed,
the attention that swarmed,
I went into it with all existence around,
I left it forgetting even that I couldn't be found,
anymore,
only trace was the deadness in gaze and the ice in the space...
What was it I did?
Spark of realization of having hid,
apex of betrayal to have vanished before your further expectations,
to have murdered all temptations,
before even out of the womb,
of a girl,
back there,
feeling care,
life in her stare,
everything to share,
can't seem to be found ever again anywhere.

Flood

Still in deepest love with the nightmare that broke her at the seams,
docile mind caressed with a whisper under cloak of night,
vamps would envy for the willing victims of he,
arrived in haste it seems,
didn't count on her screams from the grave,
pulsing through his cold veins,
when he bit her she took his reigns,
now with just a silent moment of peace,
he is flooded with her endless pains.

Everything

Told you not to scare you...

so you could behold, just for once, out of my lying teeth,
an answer,
of what you meant to me,
what our precious time made me face,
frightened you into shadows,
immeasurable distance,
so endless to my senses,
often have hated that I couldn't relegate it,
wait for the moment to pass, without saying a word...
should've paused,
zipped it back in the body bag where it lay,
a few strung together pieces of my shackles sealed my fate,
I was looking out from the danger zone,
clawing at my remains,
nothing quite so real I'm sure,
as to see my thoughts screaming out for you,
to help release me,
night quietly ended in haste,
that's where it all laid to waste,
regret in no longer having that space,
the price of the brave,
with just the smallest taste of what I had to say,
lost everything that day.

Parachuting Again

Escalating me so high,
those lows are following close behind,
up with the satellites I'm here for you,
till I fall through,
sinking without thinking,
spinning outta control,
but of the expected kind,
help me unwind,
settling for the fact,
I'm coming back,
for another round of gutters and things,
as the gravity stings,
till you arrive to bring,
awakening,
to that place,
again I upswing to the source of light,
to what's right behind retina so rare, your kind of blue,
the down is so gritty,
but I don't care,
enamoured by all this, oh so pretty,
empowered by these ups,
these impending caverns just becoming hiccups.

Grasping at Circles

Forever is a long time,
don't you think maybe you'll change your mind?
Would it scare you if I said no?
Wouldn't know how to take it but I'd believe it,
'cause you seem so certain...
of things I may never understand.
Just follow and you'll see,
the rest of it will start to taste bland.

Balance

Let's stop walking that tightrope shall we?

Never knew there was another option, wish someone had told me...
guess never fell to my death yet so I'm not held back with regrets...

Just ease off that plank, if you look down you'll see what I mean.

Never mattered to you before but now why so worried? Where you
going in such a hurry?

Just care for you so wanted you to know the value of all this, before
the pavement hits... just stay safe and out of harms way.

Well if I'm walking in the lion's den and you're still around, well
then, you must see something profound... or perhaps you like when
your pulse quickens... maybe like when my eyes sicken... intoxicated by
the dangers that never lose their pull...

I just worry that you will meet your end and that I won't be able to
protect your fall. Would rather you stay well than be part of any down-
fall.

But isn't that why you love me? Ingrained violations of everything
ordinarily sacrosanct making my breed seem almost extinct... admit it,
you never wanted me any other way, if you could've seen I would sur-
vive it you'd have had your way...

but... if you could've remembered me you would know that I can
live through anything...

in the final chapter the last one always standing,

awake,

true to the place she began,

turning hardest rock to sand.

Two

This is what I fight for,
moments like these,
where the ocean meets the sky,
and everything in between,
flashes in an instant,
that lasts forever,
can't be pinned down,
as it was never real,
or believable,
unless you were one of the two.

Speechless

You don't need to check before you come in,
you could bring life or death,
I'd let you in,
bring your burdens that you smother,
your pretence you use to cover,
no need to come as a friend or lover,
no need to mask anything at all,
no labels before me,
they are so boring to see,
no agenda of the pretender,
arrive faceless or with your stunning graces,
what you offer makes my walls breach,
no need for this tired world,
no need for speech.

Conditioned

Wouldn't you like to know,
for whom I burn?
The centre of the churn,
making my stomach turn.
Wouldn't you like to hear the gory details?
Unrefined and off the rails,
expressions by those of my kind,
the substitutes are in line,
blue steel,
left a crater,
I'm not a hater,
but no dirty talk here,
used to numbing the inner invader,
catch you later.

Oblivious

The gift of you given freely,
my senses exploding,
my worries imploding,
glad you can't fathom,
how it feels on this end,
you'd run faster than the wind.

Conundrum

Is the stalking classier,
depending on sassy and sassier?
Is it same old same old,
down in the basement lurking with the critters?
Pull the shutters,
but you are seen...
Does a huntress make this act less obscene?

You in Mind

Into an echo for shelter,
the rain fell far away,
gripping me there,
and I close my eyes when I look in the mirror,
I smile and drift to a dusty land,
where water turns to sand,
and I ponder why fate ripped this away,
and dwell in the vibration of a past motion,
and I call upon it to give me further life,
to journey within my notion,
and I close my eyes and fall into this ocean.

Fine Wine

You can't resist being wanted,
your Achilles heel,
all of me you'll greedily steal,
what I offer is endless attention,
utter clarity of reception,
getting drunk off the real thing,
nothing quite so divine,
as being considered the finest wine.

Breathing Hard

Dealing with this like death,
stealth mission forces it's way,
I'm here to stay,
and living under your skin,
below your shiny veneer where you feel dirty,
where the degrees pass 30,
where it pours to the floor,
and leaks inside cracks,
where it's front to back,
feel my attack.

Collision

Brought about by collision,
overriding sense of derision.
And tell me what is your decision?
And tell me what do I do with this incision?
Holding fast holding strong,
hope may last or it's gone,
courage withers...
under blankets shivers,
under skies rivers,
takers make givers,
and takers make givers.
Brought about by your precision,
caught out by mesmerism,
taken out with all the guests.
But do I know I have your best?
Or am I like all the rest?
Am I like all that I detest?
Holding fast holding strong,
made to last but falling headlong,
courage is for givers,
under cloaks are killers,
under jokes happiness withers,
I've got time to walk by rivers,
got no more heat to cure the shivers.
Holding fast holding strong,
holding on to this too long,
courage it withers,
under this cloak a killer,
a killer.

Remarkable

Never near so as to keep this perfection pristine,
my poison was not in our cards,
we would stay as a pure running stream.
To taint this whole reality,
would have been obscene,
one can dream but in the end,
the dead end was all I ever intended it to be.
You are untouched by my cruelties and petty earthly needs,
my ways never allowed to germinate,
nor spread their craven seeds,
I can call on you in the swamp,
from amongst those bloodied reeds,
I can face myself and our purity,
still blessed with this rarity.

Stay

I feel your trust beating in my palms,
I won't let you down again,
not this time,
and not ever,
won't be someone else,
folding in upon myself,
I won't turn cold with a blink,
I won't shrivel and shrink,
won't do any of those things you've come to expect of me,
gonna just be,
open to the failure and the victory,
come what may,
gonna just chill here,
gonna stay anyway.

Within

Clawing to break free,
drowned aching stagnancy,
unsheathe,
that weapon of you,
a push toward the mundane,
they couldn't savor the full scope of what you gave,
behave,
so they wouldn't feel the cravings of all they couldn't take,
the aesthetic rape,
not all of us are that way,
some would never dream of making an escape,
whether endless skies or gloomy caves,
want your shoals and waves,
this vessel grows in your wake.

Pinned

Touched so deep within my sense of self,
freed from fears of getting lost from your love,
my hand slipped inside your glove,
grasping you there,
knowing you had found me,
a feeling I was worth finding.

Spellbound

Your universe...

my god,

it's so beautiful,

so dark and magical,

if I conjured forever,

still wouldn't come up with an equal,

to what you create in me...

only grow more beautiful day after day,

but please,

never change.

Longing

I'm nothing but my love for you,
there is nothing here but it'll have to do,
I'm stretching over sunrises to show you what you make in me,
I'm crying over outstretched tears to hold you in my grip so raw,
I'm ivory outside but purple and bruised within,
I can see warmth and hearths glowing,
but I am always alone,
the sun shines over me but in my heart it just keeps snowing,
in the field and on the roads,
longing for your essence to hold.

Surrendered

I'm transparent to you,
basking in the nakedness of my mind, you are,
you can read me in any language,
any medium,
I'm see-through,
predictable,
my intentions unmasked,
this world I lay at your feet is vast,
putting myself together again,
to hide this ultimate beauty,
my singular task.

Vast

Never-ending absence,
let me take the absinthe,
sleepiness strokes the ache away,
see you far beyond this stay,
to never see you again,
seems an inevitable fate,
pinching myself in this dream,
beside our fires by the stream,
but that's not here where I lay,
a trillion worlds apart,
a shell searching for a heart,
an end trying to find a start.

Hope

Let it flow,
we've been so dead,
feeling nothing but loathing,
let it show,
the gates fly open as rush of emotion pours over all it sees,
let it go,
we weren't wicked or wretched or diseased,
we are perfection,
you and I,
have hope.

Path

Underneath the sky,
you say you wonder why,
underneath it all,
you know that you may fall,
beneath this pouring rain,
you know why you are feeling pain,
I can be a guide,
can't do this alone though,
come to the fore,
I'll answer the door.

The Best in Me

Coming in strong,
bringing on the weakness,
puzzled they may be as the fierce embers catch hold,
they don't know you and they don't know where we've been,
what we've seen,
and through it all,
across tunnels of endless experience,
when I was crawling for the exit,
someone dragged me off the floor,
over and over again,
pulled me back from the edge,
gave me reasons to stay,
as restlessness in my veins ripped patience astray,
able to face another day,
saving me from fate,
delivering me from hate,
pulling me out of myself,
wiping a clean slate.

Untampered

To leave from ruin something actual,
remaining unblemished,
untarnished from the original,
to have smothered the essence,
with lust, would have left it in negligence,
methodical intelligence,
meticulous care to endure,
unending torture,
to transcend the physical,
and explore the depths I needed to plumb,
bodies come and go,
died and gone,
this intoxication will thrive,
never to numb.

On and On

Horizons pale,
stale,
encounter overload,
the physical and everything swirling around and in between,
never to recover from your overlord,
you'd see how lightening would taste encapsulated in your mind,
you'd shudder as the electrical storm helped you to recover,
from all your fears of feeling,
you'd wish it'd end as hard as you'd beg again for the beginning,
enter the circle from which timeless reality cries,
where the rules are laid aside,
where you don't need to hide,
it's where I reside,
it's on the other side,
of weakness,
of impartiality,
it's decision with blade precision,
leaves an invisible,
non-divisible incision.

Diving

On the tip of a skyscraper, fallen into the sea,
you met me,
at the edge of a sword and through a crack in the door,
I could have sworn he was what I waited for,
from a glance,
to a lost chance,
to mere circumstance,
from the belly of the beast,
to the headstones of those at peace,
I swore I felt it all release,
I was in a place then landed anyplace,
anywhere I could think I could roam,
no drugs but feeling stoned,
no excuses just free and alone,
needing company,
near a piercing relief,
I'm drifting up while falling deep,
in a dimension made for me,
I edge along and creep.

Meanings

Seemed everyone was a best friend till you came along,
whoring out my attention like it was going out of style,
then something strange,
a change,
never thought to say it,
no one would ever have even known it,
not really a sign in sight,
one might even venture if we had existed,
but if the apocalypse battered down our doors,
or came anticipation of exit stage left in wars,
you'd hear all about it,
from out of the blue,
a message only to you,
an essence of that seemingly overworn cliché,
but it belongs in only that place,
where you and I lay face to face,
with you my idea seemed to find it's final resting place,
never needed to look further,
not for even a trace,
never an urge to match it,
because I'm satiated with you,
we are known and loved,
through and through,
the thirst is never for another,
absence,
the only sensation left to smother.

Shrine

Rush of relief as you see me,
you see all I ever wanted to be,
in this shrine of fragmented memories,
maybe there was pain,
but we both know that pleasure can't be erased.

Fascination

Didn't want it anyway...

that's the stance it'll take...

a beckoning of sexuality that assaults rationality,

a calamity strikes at the centre of the pond,

but the memo didn't land,

nobody is home,

inhabitant is gone....

There once lived a soul that couldn't be struck,

just no one had luck,

they could sense it,

wanted near it's raging eddies of knowledge of lust,

it hissed with no need of trust,

it didn't care and it didn't fear,

turn around,

there's no vacancy here,

try the next one down the road,

they're receptive I'm told,

there's a taker for all there is to offer,

I'll spare my essence,

and bathe in it for my own measure,

for only my pleasure...

Then it fell into the world like a treasure,

perfect darkness and light, biding it's time,

inching closer to the fire,

the forbidden fruit on it's mind,

it liked being the only to have trespassed intact,

it knew no one had made it in and back,

it ached for that essence of no fear,

anything goes, the potent drug of choice,

in that heat the addiction bloomed,

now they're doomed,
unending fascination took longer to create than they'd assumed,
even longer to undo.

Loss

They don't know what loss can feel like because they can't experience you like I can.

I Come Alive

I show you my weakness,
even spell it out,
now I'm taken over the edge of sensation,
as you work the clay,
I can't take it all at once,
I add a delay,
I try to crawl further away,
to increase the crash of the wave,
oh the sound,
in this body lust I'm craving to bathe,
I'm a puddle,
lying in a mound,
the ultimate destination,
I meet you raw,
I come alive,
over and over,
I'm awake now on the inside.

Further

Look at me, just look at me. Don't be scared.

I'm not because you're here but where I'm going you won't be and that's my fear. It's not death that frightens me but what happens after. Will I forget you? Will I ever see you again? What will happen to me?

I will find you.

How can you be sure? What if I get lost and can't make my way back? What if you forget me?

I will find you.

I should just say goodbye and face it and get it over with.

We never say goodbye, only goodnight remember? That word isn't in our vocabulary.

It feels like the word is entering mine again, facing god knows what. I'm sorry I'm inconsolable. I want to believe you. I believe in you but I don't know what happens next. What if this is the end of the road for us? I think I'd rather fucking vanish.

You don't need to believe it, just know it. I will find you again and we'll be together. Look in my eyes. Do you trust me?

With everything.

Then just know I will find you.

I know you would never lie to me and the other option is unbearable so I will need to just let this go.

Think about the next time and all the fun we'll have. Imagine anything you ever wanted to do and we'll do it.

I don't care what we do as long as you are there.

I will be.

I'd like to visit that amusement park by the ocean again. Wonder what it'll be like in some future time...

I'd like that too.

I can smell the cotton candy and the popcorn in the air. I want us to be there now.

We will be, sooner than you know.

I can't wait to have the strength to hold you again through the night and to satisfy you like I want to. Goodnight my everything... you have been my happiness...

I'll see you there...

Outlet

An outlet is less about falling in or out of love or lust and more about trying to bottle and sprinkle the essence of something that, by its very nature, alludes you and claws at you all the same, begging you to unravel it while flying free of all your rational grips of understanding, until all you are left with is some outlet that perhaps lets you, for even just a moment, experience again something that you never knew could exist and torments you that in fact it does exist all around you, but not on the plane you happen to be on.

Vectors

Moving along that line,
energy streams ripped bare,
and bystanders stop and stare,
picking up responses along the way,
wanting a part of something beyond,
what they can't see with our reality,
I don't care,
welcome to the rush,
get behind the push,
promise if it wasn't for you,
I won't gush.

Exhale

Here you are,
knocking down the door of the prism,
the light that can see you,
see all of you,
in the form of a saint,
that can enclose the devil,
such a relief as you stand before me,
no need to hide who you are anymore,
you are seen,
you are believed,
pulse slows as the walls crumble before me,
able to enjoy and taste of the varied scenery,
equal parts of toxicity and greenery.

Cauterize

I unbutton my brain and throw it away,
the sun welcomes me through the light rain,
my arms fly overseas,
dried leaves beneath starving for me,
I want to return to them at all of sixteen,
left my mind back in private school,
left my desires in a diary of drool,
here in the park I'm not the fool,
seems forever that I can remember,
where I was devoid of all their peering eyes,
where I didn't feel you where I hide,
at the end of this walkway to all those inner cringes,
I'll throw them and you away,
like a druggie knows syringes,
I long to return the flesh to the ground and break free,
but that pain is too great even for I,
so I change like the butterfly,
my moisture goes dry,
never again to cry,
I may be the same on the outside,
I may grow past this phase and make babes,
but no one will ever know me again,
my soul has been raped,
my world left agape,
longing only for that escape,
help me to close it,
you bring the fire and twine,
I'll provide the tape.

Thousands

It sails back around in the thousands,
and we know we've survived again,
the eons past came dripping by,
while we watched the lights in the sky,
in that place and in that time,
I stood with open eyes for the first time in awhile,
to our shared fates and to the pledge,
meeting at major creases of time,
if not in between,
and to never let go of what we agreed,
and as I wandered aimlessly,
you happened upon me,
not even the wine could numb the collection,
of what we were side by side,
from all that spilling truth,
though ashamed to want it more than life,
even I couldn't stop the ride,
from within the folds of time, where we'd met,
despite the aching loss inside,
I could never again manage to hide.

The Hill

There was an overlook where it all went down,
it all went silent as I witnessed the display,
of all that I cared to know,
taken away,
I rode that route over and again,
tried to imagine how it could have gone another way,
and how you'd have looked today.
The beauty of that mountain path,
stole away all my life and never gave it back,
the grass so pure covered the tale of everything that lay there,
it's magnificence almost tried to wipe it away,
but all I could see were your scars,
and your sweet face,
and the iron bench I put in that place,
so I could hold conversations with a grave,
drained me till there was nothing left I could have gave.
Showing my shrine to you, an album presented to thin air,
everyday alone,
leaving the rest of life like it wasn't there,
that place exists still somewhere,
and it remains to remind me of what it feels to care.

Burn

It became more real than the room I sat in tonight,
the fascination and always tugging to be drawn in,
this has happened before but you mistook another for that girl on
the merry-go-round,
lucky her,
but this already occurred,
but I,
not her,
was at the other end of the rope,
back then,
losing hope,
that our game would end,
a scream through tears begged you to teach me,
indoctrinate me how to shut it off,
and show me how not to feel,
so I could be like you,
my stone idol,
so cold,
show me, I cried,
how you made it seem so real,
I wanted to be you,
so I would be able to turn off the singular craving,
just let the others in line in,
ended up that the more things I tried to change,
the more I stayed exactly the same,
world deranged,
such a pretty face but satan lurked behind it,
didn't want to face a world without you in it,
sinister darkness beset me and I couldn't shake it,
so true to the reality that I couldn't live another day,

so I ran into that wall,
the one where we used to play,
before puberty set in,
only to express the true depth of my loss and regret...
instead of saying a lot I guess I'd said nothing much at all,
prom queen mangled at that bloody wall,
that bloody wall,
all of seventeen,
sweet teenage dreams,
watching your face as you remembered her screams,
knowing you'd ripped her at all her seams,
there was no maybe or in between,
the game was dead and gone,
she'd said so long..
but the burn was on her yet,
when she'd awoken...
to a later time,
to the fact that he was around,
and never recognized it was her his gaze had found,
and as the moment passed as ordinary,
she knew what was worse than that bloody wall,
never having him recall.

In the Forge

Went back to face it...

not the demons which since emerged,
next to this,
they would've been a cinch,
there by the cul-de-sac, driving by dark houses so inviting,
cozy to the warmth of hearth and home,
I became all we could be,
I swam in your endless sea,
a journey tailored to all I ever cared to meet,
my restless soul would have slept forever there...
now walking that nook,
felt it all with a single look,
all I wanted was your everything,
what your mind presented through telepathy,
still couldn't tame my need,
to undo all these cherished institutions that breed,
with their diluting of concentration of you and you and we,
a hand I'd care not be dealt again,
seeing through you,
coming all this long way to finally have you near,
but finding myself loathing the game,
traded something too precious for the sake of some integrity,
seems something inside just won't let up in what it seeks,
in the deep,
my rebellion beside the thought of you,
together weep.

More

It's pulling so hard,
the fabrics collide as the threads begin to tear,
now here looking over there,
so bare,
now frying past mundanity,
incinerating the levity,
struck by gravity,
mistook a single weakness for some wavering desperate bliss,
startled to find no one to resist,
you, a bit surprised you weren't forgotten,
to meet a tidal wave crashing,
through bodies rotten,
wondering if your existence actually mattered,
or if that reality was as good as tattered,
underestimated but typical,
this ointment isn't topical but invasive and embracive,
yet this balm lacks a price,
enough to soothe you nice,
no need to pull away till tired and worn,
hoping to extract,
dragged out long ago,
the stores still intact,
tug of war is stale,
as one's strength begins to pale,
let go,
feel the snap,
watch the push,
as it comes rushing back,
out of breath to get every bit,
yet if denied,

I wouldn't even take it back,
not even an inch.

Compass

A shadow of yourself for longer than remembered,
no shame in being revived,
no need of pride looking them square in the eyes,
they, your resuscitation,
could be hacked or attacked by them,
could be sickening,
yet once you've felt the burden of their life's awakening,
burst within you,
having tasted things hitherto beyond,
no longer are fond,
or patronizingly polite,
but urgent,
violently elated that you still touch emotion,
feel it's devotion,
both to your downfall,
and to your elevation,
refuse to water down where they led you,
never lie they didn't floor you,
all coy,
a ferocity,
not some toy,
you have flown free of the hive,
below you they merely survive,
where you drift,
is the crash between the severity of always and die.

Complete

Maybe that wasn't me,
and perhaps I don't really care,
acts of intelligence,
dripping with suffering allegiance...
And why not?
Left me in the trash,
abandoned utterly alone,
maybe it's not me here you see,
just a remnant making sense of falling leaves from the tree,
trying to see the truth,
quite possibly I know that you hate me too,
inclined to say the feeling is mutual,
declined an interview,
nothing you never already knew,
but one fact is certainly easy to see,
here in my deadened peace,
in my almost singular feat,
one can love and hate someone complete.

Mirage

No longer inclined to rewrite the story,
altered version was oh so gory,
buttoned up with such finality,
everlasting betrayal sort of comforting...
like a slap,
the different view forced the way,
as the light fell on and cracked through,
laughing at regret as a myth,
cutting veils with the scythe...
Where... what... is this?
Take it all back,
throw earth over it,
I could live with horror,
but this...
oasis...
I'm listless,
this is evil bliss.

Internal

Frozen in space awake,
no motion for my own sake,
you,
the earthquake,
I'm not broken because I can't break,
I'll absorb the shock,
I'll take a token as a keepsake,
I can just breathe it,
nothing dull,
nothing fake.

The Call

Gazing into shattered layers,
breaking and overtaking,
been to this future before,
where the past knocks at the door,
with all that's in store,
don't want to reside here anymore,
but the day breaks again,
and the chain leaves a vacancy,
where a person should have been,
round and round,
this is now but then is then,
I know the time,
but don't remember when is when,
don't forget to wonder about the dead and missing,
it arrives without a blessing,
sweet like sin,
between a foe and a friend,
underneath a moment,
replaying,
unending,
failed in delaying,
empty time,
she hears what I'm conveying,
obeying all I'm never saying.

Karma

Other times when I could be beautiful,
now swimming in my wretchedness,
I've been so cruel,
till I could no longer embody an artistic melody,
could no longer melt thee,
other times where I sunk it all in,
drowning in my own sweet sin,
and this place,
just a culmination of all the things I've been,
not good enough or pretty enough to fit in,
watching it all taken away,
while others swept you,
made you sway,
the price for being bad,
all the things I couldn't have,
it's the price I learned I'd paid.

In the Deep

Tarnished beyond recognition,
no more speculation,
the mould is firm and cold,
it's everything I long to hold,
aching to alter boundaries,
a child to a woman in a blink,
a saint to a vixen in a wink,
I can't embrace these ideas or I'll sink,
can't reason with this,
can't even emote,
let alone think.

Located

Left me at that place,
ecstasy then as ecstasy now,
sweating this,
when it rains it pours,
stomach sick in knots,
endangered species of sorts,
expansive in scope,
hardened to this,
tolerating it more,
feeling bruised and sore,
skin not a sign you'd been around,
but I know you have,
otherwise I'd never be here found.

We

Too similar to attract,
lay that mountain here,
we,
burn it within our sphere,
away,
we shed the tear,
close up,
ends up raw veneer,
we,
perfect reckless abandon,
too unafraid to be ashamed,
too guilty to shun blame,
we,
a dynamo that knocks all aside,
inside we, I still reside.

Within and Without

You are another time,
and another sphere,
you are falconry and steel,
you are breathless wonder...
breathless from your thunder,
I become weakness,
it's this spell I'm under,
I'm here for you when it all goes asunder,
I'm your grounding,
when you need my surroundings,
I'm awake for you,
and asleep beside you,
you are the pillar of my dreams,
so high up you seem,
above the trees,
distance never tears a hole,
as within I scream.

Seed

Folding inwards and inwards,
trying to untangle these innards,
I'm taking a stroll down below,
going low,
at peace though,
nothing to show,
nothing to point where to go,
knowing all there is to know,
solitude drips patterned tears into snow,
this night holding me hostage so,
every corner vacant with your afterglow,
nothing to remember,
nowhere to grow,
I'm a seed drifting into a cold abyss,
maybe between frail hope and a guess,
on the dark side of the moon,
we'll reminisce.

Facts

I know you can't say no to me,
can't avoid me,
we're outta luck,
I better shut the fuck up.

Always

I pretend you're dead,
to make it justifiable,
make excuses that cover the past,
reckless in my thoughts but it never lasts,
I abandon all logic,
for just seconds this isn't tragic,
I look away when it burns too near,
sad to say though,
I actually never left,
always there,
always still here.

Loop

They could chain my flesh,
like the quicksand that sinks below,
I'd still revive off the idea of you,
as the drowning overcame,
they could starve and maim,
and in between the lines of sheer pain,
I'd find you and follow again,
been to the gallows and beyond for that beckoning fruit,
they took my life over and over while I got the loot,
their knives go deep and my life seeps,
in my mind your face I keep,
as they drag me under cursing my name,
never really cared much for fame anyway,
their faces will change and so will the game,
but you will always be the same.

Tranquility

At a certain kind of peace now,
you've seen all you needed to see,
it's all that could be asked,
in this dead end resolve I shall calmly bask,
stale trail of crumbs led right to thee and me,
now we can rest our weary heads,
let's just let it be,
continue forward as the best versions of ourselves,
making things grow and watering the ground,
it'll do,
it'll have to do,
ordinary,
nothing extraordinary,
we are safe now,
nothing profound.

No Distance

We both thought it...

Who thought it first?

In this endless tangle of the same point of view,
the very reason I love you.

Open Gate

I can't rig the game,
to keep it all the same,
cheating the future by holding it hostage,
I've been doing that you know...
it's time I let go,
being a jailer shouldn't be the way it is,
setting it all free to be,
wherever it'll be,
erasing my brand,
may seem like I'll abandon,
but at least when I face myself down the road,
I'll have blood free hands,
and I'll understand.

Eulogy

As though the wind swept you to this world you arrived into my life,
your tender ways grasped at a cold statue heart and started it beating,

best friend I think I'm still in awe at how easily our time passed,
how being dropped off to sleep always felt I was just leaving home instead,

I wanted to tell you how you affected my calloused world but I was proud,

ached to share my youth when I could sense you before we'd even met,

told you the watered-down version instead,

moments of searching for the source of that electricity,

tangible ecstasy that mystified me endlessly,

flooded in,

bringing hope that I may one day see a purpose to this life,

I seem to be cursed with craving the spiritual side,

a child musing if I was in love with a ghost that followed me,

living beside the graveyard,

questioning if someone provided me constant company,

then later we happened to meet...

searching through the maze,

until I heard your name and rested my gaze,

my precious recollections crashed into my space,

it had a name and it's own story and your face,

was like a déjà vu upon seeing you,

after that it was all I ever knew,

my permeation far outdid my ability to do,

like an all-seeing eye that could relay but could never pry,

my only regret is not being all that could satisfy,

I wish I could have been your happiness as you are mine,

but as I close out these words for you,
though I didn't give you much of anything,
and though I let you down,
you're the one who showed me I could still love without hesitation,
to a charred soul a startling revelation,
made me push on and improve my worth,
and though I regret that I've missed the many moments of your life,
and though my heart breaks that my absence spelled I didn't care,
in truth,
there was nowhere else I'd have rather been than with you there,
and as for the overused eulogy,
my sweetest friend you have truly liberated me,
and in return,
I wish for you to fly and be free.

Don't miss out!

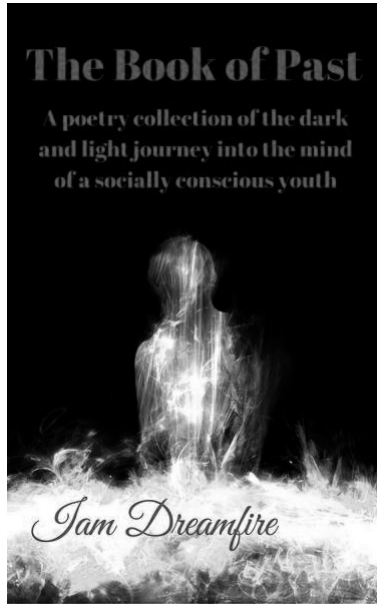
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About the Author

I'm hardcore on human rights and I do what I can to improve society. I enjoy writing as a creative outlet. I throw intimate aspects of myself out there when I share my work and appreciate readers who are willing to do the same to be a part of the journey and perhaps we'll have lived a little more and with a higher level of beauty in our existence.

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