

The Book of Past

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THE BOOK OF PAST

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Written by Iam Dreamfire.

This is dedicated to all of the movers and shakers that shape our world and to all the artists that push the envelope so that we may walk more freely into the future.

I Don't Write for You

I don't sit and ponder how you're all going to take it,
before I take the thought and emblazon it,
I don't write for you but to you,
so that you may take it in and look within,
and right then perhaps create a world of your very own,
and I will know that if it touched you,
I have visited your home,
and we have traversed,
over a shared moment of time,
though yours was different than mine,
but we are bound by a sense of a common thread,
though not the same,
we have all bled,
we have exposed ourselves to people,
and on our love they have tread,
we have broken promises,
and wished wicked things on others,
we have regretted much,
but have always boldly carried on,
we have all been demons and lovers,
we have all run and hid under covers,
we have done stellar things though no one cared to watch,
and we were happy to know we did them anyway,
our hearts have broken for someone we didn't meet who met de-
feat,
we have held hands even in times of pestilence,
so as to succor another,
to let him know he still had a brother,
we are the wife,
or the son,

the hero,
the father,
or the friend,
the unspoken of the bunch,
or the ones who holler,
but we are still here side by side,
and we persevere to say we won over our lives yet another day.
That's why I say,
I write not for you,
but to each and every one of you,
so that my breath of life can,
if soothing,
move through you,
harnessed by you,
to explore any place you'll ever care to know,
I wish for you inspiration,
an artistic realization,
that you are not the rooted,
but the flow,
that you may arrive anywhere you have ever chosen to go.

Why I stopped Writing

Here's a little story about me,
about my skill to paint a grim little scene,
to make the mind creak,
to talk of those things which we don't like to speak.
I was a girl of sixteen and I had a dream,
to exist so broken hearted that I would know,
know to the core,
that love was as real as I thought it should have been.
I was dramatic to say the least and wrote poems spanning ages,
wrote of crashed cars and seeing those eyes again later,
feeling that stare,
knowing that though time had passed,
he'd not actually gone anywhere.
English class came,
seemed so lame,
most days in the back with the boys,
getting out of work with the most clever ploys.
Then one day the teacher said,
we could share our writing,
with all the others,
to my inner longings this seemed inviting.
I stood up there looking at my fellow rebels and freaks,
looking at the rave kids and the geeks,
I mustered the courage to spill out the words,
only concepts my inner head had ever previously heard.
I spoke of a guy,
a drug addict on his small cot,
four walls and loneliness were his lot,
if no needle in his veins then it was all for naught,
I painted his sadness and all the hardships he now caught.

As I read in a regular voice,
the room was so quiet I could hear no noise,
I looked up worried and in fear that no attention was near,
then I saw the moist eyes,
I saw the cocky guys with distant downcast eyes,
the rave chick with choking sighs,
I decided this would be the last time I wrote for a very long while,
that I'd need to cause my skill's demise.

Guide

I'd rather evaporate darkness,
than give up on the spaces that light may creep in,
I'd bow to the challenge,
over blending into the blender of "nothing to do with me",
I'll take it or leave it as I see fit,
what I'll take may not be the easy way,
but what I'll take may calm the quakes,
may set the pace,
I'd rather go down trying,
than perish early in my lying,
the path less travelled needs some guiding,
there's no denying.

Tinted Mist

Deep chill in the air swept my fears away,
dense space,
where tinted memories shimmered in the night,
as clear as day,
felt it all again,
while across the lot her voice sang,
and the piano played,
the thumping pulse of the carefree...
Years have passed,
but encapsulated in time,
is a sense of wonder of who we were meant to be,
how special to me you must be,
to still haunt me here and there,
so long ago,
yet between the cracks,
and in the lights,
and amongst the notes,
you go with me almost everywhere.

Long Before

Long before race,
colour or creed,
was a breed,
the essence of spirituality.

Long before opinions,
wars and flesh and blood,
there was something of simplicity,
something devoid of hypocrisy.

Long before you and I became the well behaved versions of ourselves here today,

we lived the freedom of only the brave.

Well before we wrote the script of what was to come,
we had lost integrity along the way,
in the mess we would play,
until we grasped again at the sense of what came before,
out of the physical we transcended,
through the open door,
embracing our spirituality once more.

Drool

You were crueler than a black widow mother,
fluttering them eyes,
a known disguise but wicked emotions fly.
Crawling to you,
so small,
critter on your leash,
no shame,
darkened days,
no one here to blame.
Took me for a long ride, holding on to you,
like a highway superbike, the speed,
my final break,
all of you I wanted,
but no part of you could I take,
my sanity at your brink, couldn't even think.
Pride for sale,
only one buyer but he owns the lot,
may be cute to you,
but here within your grasp,
my innocence is shot.
Charm 'em,
karma 'em,
find 'em and dine on 'em,
oh boy you sure do adorn them.
Standing in line,
I would have stood begging awhile,
pleading for some small scrap,
but you already knew that.

Eddie in Mind

In high school where I did dwell,
stinking in artificial hell,
your words of rebellion rang out clear as a bell.
Let my hair down and knew I had the edge,
knew I was ok by you,
so screw the herd,
screw their blinders too.
Grew up in a rush and followed a call,
damn the rest,
I ain't gonna fall.
Years hence you arrived to this here cityscape,
saw through your view,
heard your thoughts from the sky,
the tower sure resembles our one in Seattle,
yours is more tall and slender,
but over small details we won't battle.
Then September arrived and my first contact live,
during the set you soothed us all a hello,
and always your voice melts even mellow.
Only few words spoken to us that night,
I had thought of this lately,
told us from the sky it seemed to you we looked a lot like your city,
but only that down your way,
your tower was more shapely.

SEVERED

SHOW IS OVER
CURTAIN CALL
ROSES FALL
BREATH SO SMALL
SPOTLIGHT FADES
LIGHTS DIM
ONLY HIM

Slow Burn

I pause,
my face in my mother's handheld mirror,
ghostly beauty steals my own breath,
minutes ticking on,
and our meeting draws much more near.
Going to court can be a dangerous place,
werewolves they do troll,
for skin and body such as mine,
little do they know I would only taste of one flavor of wine.
Sunken hopes drag long behind me,
their eyes trail me,
as I scour for the likes of thee...
you command this place,
and your passions devour all you may likely see.
You don't know me yet,
but soon you might,
if you catch me in your target sight,
if you can stomach all that arrives with such a gift,
devotion,
emotion,
and things that can wipe out or uplift,
depends on where you stand,
which side of the drift.
Torches burn slowly at the entrance of my trust,
I am guarded by skilled mind and sheltered by raging riptide,
to my own master I do abide,
wanting to lay down arms before all that you are.
Do you know how to succor?
To polish even an ancient star?
I caress like water from a dream,

just as it seems you are going under with abandon,
a firm resolve pushes your weight higher,
sun peeks from beneath the ocean surface,
soon you can breathe,
soon you can blink,
and now you can see.

Walk with me from these palaces of broken hope,
find that those cascading hurricanes are at your beck and call,
shine with me,
know what it's like to be loved,
to never fall.

Timeless Endeavor

Some not only protect the weak,
they make them strong.

Little pride to be had in being taught to crawl,
as one could only before fall.

Better yet to let you taste the self for which you long.

An immortal sense washes over me.

Could it be?

Could I really see?

Does it hold true the vision mirrorwise is not a likeness of what I
could be?

Can I debate with the winds and outsmart his seemingly om-
nipresent veil?

Can I take the helm and without even water still set sail?

Some have met up time and again traversing the depths of space,
a heated endeavor beyond just one life,

a trust to care for that which has been missed,

inherent perfection of each being within the human race.

Disturbed

What has gone before,
left in it's own abyss,
sitting in wait for the nurturing that never seems to come,
just keeps living on.
Wading pools for children,
wash over grounded soles,
here no depth but seemingly endless shoals.
Painted smiles hiding something not quite refined,
by you it was defined,
you set the boundaries,
but never arrived.
Fading sentences of words never really said,
faded world in a dry spell,
moisture lost from too much evaporation of truth,
leaving that part writhing in dehydration.

Did you Know?

When you were young did you know you could do anything?

Did you ever want to dance or sing?

Take a rocket far beyond and tell your friends you were going up
and they could come along?

Maybe it was magic you wanted to weave with words,
or with beauty an ability to make angels sigh.

Did you hear a whisper from behind telling you to grasp,
that all that was wondrous has already been done,
so who are you to try?

Well, they were telling you a lie.

Moment of Impact

I'm half asleep,
another gig,
in and out fast,
we've all gotta book.

I've been frequenting shows since my mom could get me past the door,

just another night, nothing more.
Should've seen it coming,
but I was too entranced with my current fave,
then his voice spoke a dedication,
a song called "Grave".

My heart sank and I wondered how the hell?
My elation balled up and into the pit of my core my stomach fell.
The dive we were in took on a purplish hue,
impacted me and I could only stare,
what a thing to behold, what a story to share,
a moment ago it was all fun and games,
now all I can do is care.

We held a vigil for her in the club that night,
almost appropriate to the heinous crime,
her friend spoke her pain for us to see,
sang it like a dark angel so beautifully.

Lagoon

At the lagoon I have a date with treachery,
fog bodes well but maybe not for I,
demons lick their lips, while it is he that will stretch craven finger-
tips,
the lagoon was not a place I would have liked to call home,
and now I will lay me down to rest,
just a ripe sixteen but I guess I'd passed his test.
The trees crawl from above and I sense I will meet impending
doom,
different it is here from my familiar room,
no friends to warn me,
must release tonight from this cocoon.
Why did I come here?
Lured in broad daylight,
lured here by the sight of bluish green of a gaze of cold slate,
frozen memories he uses,
ones to which I will always relate.
To kill and be killed over and over again.
What fetish is this that we can't be civil?
Why can we not meet without becoming rivals?
I saw you then as I see you now here,
I see you like lagoons cast over by a dusty moon,
I see you like me and follow on and on,
the broken record always plays our song,
from days long gone,
you are the undertow,
and I your swan.

Beautiful Regret

Painting these walls,
sadness my downfall,
long since today it was months I did dwell,
frequented those sunlit streets.
Was so near but so far,
was so young with life ahead,
and through open palms
dreams washed,
and from there my visions bled,
into watery cold lakes,
those ideas did grave,
shimmering at first,
and slipping into decay.
What did I know?
What prediction did I have for my fate?
How would I have known I was finally near it?
Here love mixed with hate.
Now I look back and see sinister hounds,
barking at my heels,
in every regret it's like my skin peels.
Sweet regret,
you have a way,
of bringing the dark,
and sucking out the day.

Composed Long Ago

How could I express what couldn't be known or felt or exactly seen?

Much like deciphering the elements to a windswept mote and hoping its view can be pristine.

Wish it could perceive a walkway across the air,
told it to jump,
but even step an inch it won't dare.

It's not me nor trite concerns that beset or tend to scare,
only something lurking deep within cautions to beware.

Shame on me,
shame on you,

to have reached over such odds as though stuck like glue,
to have a chance for the path to the very core,
thrown aside for trinket toys,
don't look twice but oh no, poor shame.

What's in store?

Shame on me for still always believing,
breaks my heart that depth is rare,
really shame on them, who this time win,
roped in a victim fixed into the maze,
echoing trails of deflective cobweb haze.

The Spirit

I can expand beyond even boundaries,

I can extend not only a hand but a thought to you,
for you and on behalf of you.

Some try to say I'm powerless and say only solid things have might,
however when you can only walk or run,

I can take flight.

Forged from creation may be many beautiful things,
forged from energy even blades of steel.

But what of the creator of worlds?

Or the thinker of thoughts?

What of the calm after the storm?

Some try to say I am only created and that I will never be a source,
however when you try to darken someone's day,

I can bring the light of dawn with force.

Limitless and bursting, invigorated and thirsting,

I grab life by the horns and make it hum.

Some try to say I am but a pawn,

but I know better for I am a spirit,

and I play to the beat of my own drum.

Vampires

We flock to you under ebony nights,
beauty cloaked enchantment so black,
yet so light.
Did we give you a fright?
A predator seizes hold of your mind,
let's take you for a little ride.
I'm not sure whether to love you or fear you,
or whether I just need to be you.
How am I made submissive?
My imagination weeps possibility,
eternal life,
no more strife,
his eyes like a knife.
Adrenaline up and I'm gripped in my trance,
outlook lifts,
lights go up in the theatre hall,
I feel a thousand feet tall.
Back to the world of dull waves of sound,
of sight,
back to the routine,
under no cloak of night.
Dreading my boredom I tread slower by graveyards,
dreading the norm,
I keep looking twice to see if there's any such shadowy form.
Willing victim to a romance with horror,
just ask me to knock and I'll pound down that door.

Distant Voices

You mocked me,
socked it to me and left me there pleading,
and I the foolish one who'd ended up believing,
nothing quite so unrelieved in the seeing.
Shrill laughter cackles down corridors of learned shame,
all I absorbed here in the manner of my haunting,
was my defense of self seeming always left wanting.
A moment alone with each,
caught apart from the rest,
I tried to ask some for reason,
begged mercy for their treason,
I tried to do my best.
They fouled the air I breathed and made my sanity scarce,
they pointed up the worst as though I was some monster,
later wishing I had guessed their farce,
equanimity ticked slowly behind me,
had become too sparse.
Burning embers,
emblazoned with venom spits of bile,
oh we have not seen each other in quite awhile,
since you last met me I have grown some teeth,
you can find my name now in the coroner's file.
I lashed out as only someone cowed would,
I used a knife and I used it good,
took all that rage I had for them,
cut my sweet life to the stem.
As the crowd regret and wait their conscience,
I fear I can hear my mother's cries.
Oh she does ask,
"Why?"

In mother's veins anguish does run it's dark course,
the answer you seek speaks of my joy bound up in love,
having slipped through your grasp,
got squashed through certain force.

Obituary of a Vampire

We gather this night to remember her wistful gaze,
her name now lies in the frozen ashes of the long gone,
she the eternal,
the undead and infernal,
lasting in every essence,
forever dwelling across all our severed worlds,
conquering every part,
she finally perished of a broken heart.

Laneway to my Beyond

Music,

nay,

all arts are my form of what may be other's porn,

satisfies more than such games and corn,

mystique steals me day and night,

rides me low and makes me high.

Don't need drugs or hugs as I soak it in,

dirty or pure it goes right in,

vapours streaming from metal vocal chords,

from resonating likeness of all there can be,

the experience they bring,

any other fix just ain't my thing.

Mouth to mouth resuscitation for my inner sanctum,

carries me on it's wings, beyond Earth's mere sights,

I reside where the barriers of sound they do crack,

you can coax,

even beckon to me,

but I'm never coming back.

Clearwater Beach

I'm by myself,
wandering around,
sweltering rays,
today's my day,
here forever I want to stay.
Sitting on the patio at Mickey D's,
they are playing NIN,
it seems just for me,
dreaming of a future you,
someone who'd see the beauty of this day as I do.
So much life and youth,
the shops were made for me,
in the jeeps rolling by,
in the endless blue sky,
only here I truly come alive.
Wish I could get lost here for good,
disappear off the map,
my every compass leads to here,
in my saddest moments of longing,
your flowing warm waters they do appear.
Can you hear my heart cry for you?
Your pier my freedom trail,
leading to my everywhere,
just drop me here for good,
more than happy to go astray,
I don't care,
no one can touch me here,
they'd never dare.

What Could be in Store?

She got strong visuals,
not seeing only what was there,
but to notice what was missing,
she saw couples side by side but saw no one really kissing,
she saw mothers speak to young ones,
softness in their tone there at birth,
now long gone.
There were kids on the streets,
the tough guys,
so roughed up they couldn't even weep,
now they just despise,
dismissed was the luxury of moisture from their eyes.
Omitted feelings,
omitted caring,
squashed away so never daring,
faded and there in the gaps,
all the holes lost,
and things missing perhaps.
She peered through the crevices one side to the next,
she decided the partings made way for the sun to peek through,
the space empty above the baby stem,
was where the rose eventually grew to,
the length yet to travel, was the goal we were yet to unravel.
She felt her own empty tears in her own midst,
she saw if she could fill them with things yet to be completed,
versus the losses of her yesterdays,
maybe she could ask another to jump between the lines too,
to feel out the open spaces,
and maybe come out and play,
in a future empty realm,

of a yet to be explored oasis.

The Beauty of the Net

I'll admit it covers all the shuns,
things worthy to be hidden from young ones,
but at the end of the day it's a blessing in disguise,
and I'll tell you why.

Where else can Rodney get a beating and hours later the world
knocks down corruption's door, harder than any knocking just delivered to the poor?

Where else can remote twisted escapades thought to be kept quiet
amongst the clique,

become part of some news leak,
showing up a profile of a total freak?

The pressures exerted through the media of this electronic receptor,
through peering eyes and shared voices,
evil's word becomes soggy as moist paper,
would make anyone think at least twice,
even Darth Vader.

Loving Someone

Losing

Our

Veritable

Intelligence

Never

Gently

Seemingly

Onerously

Mending

Every

Opening

Never

Eased

Inner City Rituals

Here we may have grown up poor,
knowing our daddy maybe...but not too sure,
but we've got something,
so slide on over,
we are hotter than a supernova.
You can drive your hummer,
you can have all that,
but adversity settles in,
you may try to kick it,
I'll shift it,
rub it good,
tease it and softly lick it.
Wear your Gucci and your Chanel too,
lie all the way to the checkout baby,
I'll put on some sweats,
nah,
a paper bag,
'side me you glitter like a hag,
this type of energy ain't for beginners,
and I'll leave your hot ass in cinders.
I'll put a machine to shame,
industry will be learning how to mechanize,
I'll crawl like a snake and make that boa constrictor glide so tight
he'll fall off any richter,
here sex doesn't really sell,
riding high on bass is the score,
the victor,
that beat is the only whore.
Raw as energy can come,
energy used and ridden till raw,

we don't need to talk and socialize,
you won't need to either,
if a few simplicities of physics are realized.

Pathways

These empty spaces escalate,
till they infuriate,
joined by blood of brotherhood,
thickens as it dominates,
strengthens till it satiates,
left to walk free,
open to sprawl
to forevermore,
lighting the lantern till it radiates,
beauty has become you till all gravitates,
pathways to ocean floors,
wanting it to rain,
it may till your heart's content,
sparkling downpour,
freedom of mind,
greatest joy,
explore caverns of every ploy,
dance with divinity,
making corners one used to turn,
walking into infinity.

The Long Road

Only I know where I've been,
long roads spanning the ages,
they held me like cages,
times of gore,
times with joy,
times of sages.
Where to roam from the here and now is an open question,
open to my suggestion,
jailkeeper broke my every shackle,
broke when I tackled.
There is no destiny to flee,
no looming impending doom seeping like cheap perfume,
I've grown wise in my old old age,
the map to every trap,
erase any cage,
again I am the sage.

Non-conformists

He'll take your life's tragedy,
whip up some kind of alchemy,
he'll turn the sorrow of sheep,
into something meaningful,
you could say even deep.
Off the beaten path,
he's hacked at with the machetes of the mundane,
he's attacked,
endlessly the herd fight with his fact.
If you don't like people free to think,
this one will crawl under your skin,
you'll be so preoccupied salting your own wounds,
he'll eventually win.
They come in all shapes and every size,
but they recognize each other from a mile,
can sense a common ground,
more interested in getting to the truth,
than being led to where no one ever gets found.
If this read made you somewhat uncomfortable,
there's still hope for you,
turn to the left,
or to the right,
there's a non-conformist ready to help you take flight.

Endless

If the world throws you out,
dead ends seem cruel and ungiving,
there's always life here to drink from,
to quench the thirsts of the living.
Picking each other up when we fall,
you know that's the way it's always been with us,
there are no closed doors,
no untended sores,
endless access to a life giving source.
The fountain is full and in times of old,
it was in need of replenishing,
now no need for a via,
we are the supply unending,
abundance without a need never needs tending.
In your darkest times both then and now,
you were never alone,
you thought of the next guy somehow,
if he asked sincerely,
you would have stood by purely,
just as I would do surely.
No matter the road,
no matter the time,
day or night,
fountain flows to places of wonder,
icicle melts to return anew,
we are always brand new.

The Underbrush

Whatever we are rots,
dies,
denied sun,
those summer skies,
rain passes us by,
crackle,
snap,
thirst,
dry.
Blown,
swept,
long past the point of having wept,
never keeping,
only kept,
never wishing,
still placing bets.
Roots extend,
below,
moisture travels,
up the marrow,
we feel it close by,
climbing the ladder,
the other side,
upwards,
on our blindside.
We love the hate,
predictable fate,
nothing left in a graveyard to wound,
to maim,
consequences no longer retain,

keeps us sane.
Our failure was to feel too much,
hurt given forth,
recoiled,
we loved,
we spoiled,
here we lay,
embroiled,
mending nothing,
pointing dull foils.
Forsaken,
bereft,
beauty forgot us,
leaving us to falter,
sorely missing radiance of warmth,
somewhere deep
within,
we long to be akin.

Nightfall

Taken by a gust of nightfall,
ominous breeze reminds us of something better,
simpler,
wiser.
We move on,
testing night's bewitching,
jewelled eyes itching to see,
spread of wind taunts us to recall innocence,
reminding us,
the elements are waiting,
lurking upon encountered mishap.
Nightfall like a drug coursing right beneath the surface,
ready to burst,
as we indulge our senses,
the earth and surf wait and thirst,
for our misstep.
To drink so deeply of the essence of what matter is composed,
without regard nor respect for the forces thus stirred,
thought we were alone but something noticed we arrived,
sent a gust forth to add a pause,
jogging memories of something more benign,
pleading to be heard,
take and use,
wield and work,
but beware those who abuse.

Suspend

So restful beside you asleep all those years ago,
during that long spent night,
I too aware to get a wink,
youth within our veins.
Now becoming what?
Who stole our reigns?
If I could suspend,
cloak all that was,
shelter and enwrap in our world for a few millennia more,
it surely wouldn't be long enough.
See you now a bit withered and older,
enmeshed in adulthood and those types of things,
we've lost the essence of who we were,
now it's just a distant blur.
I remain in protest,
I can't be anything but that sentry,
the warrioress,
I guard our potential youth night and day,
for the time when you let self show again,
it'll be safe for you,
when you choose to.
I never wanted the house,
the babies and the pretty picket fence.
But in my defense,
could you have taken my view?
Maybe gathered also my essence?
We live side by side to this day,
only an invisible wall holds it all at bay,
if you entered back into our space,
all agreements you now hold,

you'd hold in disgrace,
if I crossed over that barrier,
sad to say it'd only get scarier.
If I'd followed you I'd be nothing like that which writes here today,
I'd have you but I'd have sold myself,
put my dreams on some forlorn shelf,
I'd be spent like old coins,
I'd still be longing for what we were then,
but unhappy at best,
at least I can pine from this view overlooking it all,
knowing we were determined to fly,
destined to fall.

The Indian Rope Trick

Ensnared by that premonition,
repeating years before,
best leave it ajar as an appearance raps at the door,
clear as day it does arrive,
an expected name from a location,
yet pain ends up the destination.
Why would anticipation of this occur?
Thus walking self forward on a roped plank.
It was then laced in silk in my vision's eye,
today I wish I wasn't shown it,
wish I didn't know the trick,
don't want to own it.
From where it was born it seemed so pure,
beyond reproach,
walkway to something better.
Today it spells a dying word,
I never thought not to soak up the tides,
nor calm the murky waters,
and here I flee what did arise,
a dead end I fear I'm unable to weather,
yes,
here is more than mere concept,
my arrival gate spells *doomed* to the letter.

The Experiment

True a topic written can help it to sell.

But can a writer take all,
then via language cause it to compel?
Let's experiment shall we?

What the hell!

Let's take something of a somewhat negative impact,
the subject of taxes has maybe come under attack.

Let's test if a writer can make you still read on,
even be interested in it,
really sink your teeth in,
receive it like a hit...

In a society when they appear,
common folk sense an end is near,
the tithes of attendant bloodshed,
the emblem of greed that rides the King's steed,
protection of property becomes the way indeed.

Threats on a mare,
give most of your share,
babies in care,
not of royal veins,
are naught,
you can fight it,
you'll wave farewell to your progeny then,
teaching a lesson you would never have taught,
you'll catch nothing,
but being caught.

Like a disease spread by gutter vermin,
Black Death would feel faster and is more welcome to this,
knowing your cattle are not the only chattel..
you are traded as a trinket,

bought and sold without even knowing it.
Now tell me did those words do their bit?
Did you heed them?
Was this a read befit?
Did it snatch your attention?
Did it make you know apprehension?

Anthem to a Musician

It is here I find disconnection...

severed from mind, body and all that appears to be shown,
drifting into effervescence of escaping vapours only extending out
and away,

I say good day to all my chores,
settled all my scores,
just apart,
here no need for even a beating heart,
dispense of all those agreements,
shed all commitments,
just to be,
here,
within this vast outerness,
answer only to you and me.

Stadiums drift on by,
so many have ridden my wave,
so much sparkling admiration I have given,
delivered freely for others to soar,
so here,
to envelop your gift is such relief,
as you have loved me,
I hear you today too,
only in you I believe.

When we are alone we find shelter in other worlds open on display,
as I have dripped my essential core over you in sound clouds,
so do you appease my longings,
when I hear your paintings for us on loud,
I am caked in the severity of what you outpour,
like vessels of emoted bliss,
something almost to kiss,

if I'd be available to take part,
in the game of lips,
instead I'll catch that wave,
from well beyond the battle fields,
from melted iceberg tips,
from outstretched attention,
like sprawling fingertips.

A Price

I sacrificed a piece of what I am,
so that something could maybe be spared,
slightly crippled from the tears in the fabric of who I was,
it's the price I was willing to pay,
so I could say what I had to say.
Be satisfied any pain you could ever feel,
is a mere shudder,
compared to my own, which makes a mountain reel.
I sensed a price that I may inherit more than I could face,
my integrity to reach anyways,
to arise from where I crouched and knelt,
overcame the weakness I knew I may have felt.
It was not mere lust that flourished like kelp,
more a brotherhood strong,
which like an icicle in the summer fountain it did melt.
Relative harmonics can be mistaken,
mere craving couldn't ever cave me or slay me,
losing trust through an askew vector,
lost more of what's dear than I could have feared.
A ghost of me will be gone for awhile,
it's a small child quivering from the loss of her older other,
her mentor,
her pillar,
she always thought he'd know her,
reality strikes like a boulder.

Read Me When Your Day Sucks

Well just when you thought it couldn't have had a better header,
you're reading this,
so your day just got better.

Got my exact third piece of "good" news today, but who's counting?
With such a plethora of "yippees" I'd swear this can't be pressure
mounting.

Oh no,
it's always great when before you hit the floor it strikes you back,
ya it's all good they only sneered,
'least they saved you a real whack.

Thankful am I for such a bright sunny clime,
too bad I can't look out past all this slime,
I swear everything that could go wrong today did,
the error I made is leaving home,
not having hid.

Days like these make you happy to know,
that if your daddy was "someone",
you could've starred in the show,
or if you were a twig,
you could define a skeleton flashing a slinky smile,
panhandling to starved craving hunger pangs,
feeding your life into vampire fangs.
Ya, guess today met up with where the sun don't shine,
guess it could be worse though,
could worry about it,
instead of flouting it.

Reveal

Go forth into what may come,
strength and vitality becomes you,
be persistence and be brave,
be that which you have longed to be,
never to remain a slave.
Walk forward on a sunlit path,
through the forest,
hit a clearing,
there the universe greets you,
curtains flutter,
welcome you,
parting to show only what you knew to be true.
Hereafter was never there but here,
yesterdays vanish as your attention does vanish,
you can have failure,
can have anguish,
in serenity you could dwell,
no need for definition or for a boundary,
you are the rarity you walked all this way to see.

We Will Meet

When night comes at the end of the day,
we will meet,
we will speak,
I will find you at the gate.
I will share my stories and all I've gained,
I will be happy you have come to see me,
I will know it's not a face or a name that has brought you to this
point,
but a reality that there is more than what it seems,
that maybe where to start is a landing pad above even dreams,
taking us to a state where there are no definable extremes.

I See it Now

I missed everything between the seams,
when vengeance became my chosen mask,
appeared all was really lost,
drowning in my rage,
couldn't face that if you disappeared for real,
I'd want to cease to be,
to erase.
Of greater significance than this life spent apart,
more important than my heart,
was that not having,
I ended up feigning hate,
you knew better and saw the bait,
in my self-sacrifice you cared not participate.
Though I was well versed,
seems you knew the fundamentals better than I,
you knew when I glared at you that inside I did only cry,
you knew the danger zone and that guilt could be indicated,
you stood by anyway letting me soak you in,
never budging to the views of the crowd,
my sanity to keep a part of us was spared,
because though we lead different lives,
you always cared.
I really thought I was the one who was so right and knowing all on
this one,
but I see you never lied to me and never said it didn't matter,
you said it wouldn't work and you spoke the truth,
I didn't want it to be the case,
but you saved our affinity,
and we are still ok,
and we are still in the race.

Read Me Like a Book

These pages turn faster than even I can fathom,
feels kinda good to be overturned,
'least I am far from alone,
not alone even afar,
let's enjoy a jaunt in the dirt,
'least we know too there are neat and tidy places,
but to those who like to hide behind "perma-smile" faces...
you aren't much in our good graces.
Comforting to meet others sorta like me,
laying it on the capsized table,
we all know we're not telling fables,
kinda tense if we think about it much,
so we'll just roll on with a shrug...
Want some mild entertaining?
Well check out such and such.
Someone asks you to dissect what you said,
we all just smirk and may infer,
ya that's "inspired" from a book I once read,
that stuff sure ain't from my head...
Give props to the next guy who doesn't need to ask,
he doesn't have to prod to find out why,
he already gathers,
you wouldn't be hanging out in the library nestled amongst pretty
bookends,
if you were gun-shy.

Never to Sleep Again

Perpetual awareness is a lovely kind of bittersweet,
never to be traded,
no matter the score, never abated,
many long for it hoping it's a vague maundering,
a frail idea of it's existence starts their attention wandering.
Forever alive come what may,
an overwhelming thought to some,
but it is a lit way,
seeing through the dark as one can see through walls,
you are the flashlight from which shadow attempts to hide,
you are the bright by which it must abide.
We've been conned and baited and we've repaid all favors...
and then some.
We've soared and we've been lonesome,
asleep is content to let it all drift,
awake never blinks an eye,
as he uses none,
dulling it all,
becomes almost unthinkable,
like killing a firefly.

Becoming a Captive

Another little word on how things once went this way,
at the ripe age of ten one fine day,
a proposal for betrothal arrived via a desk note,
it was as firmly given as a sacred blood oath,
my boyfriend had turned into a man,
scared as hell,
I ran,
he never quickly recovered again.
In those writhing moments of tragedy,
through weakness or fear or forced rules of society,
our stomachs aren't tough enough to disagree with the norm,
our glitches they do take form.
Before that I took prisoners and threw away the key,
stealthily walked the path of the captor.
After began only begging for captivity,
better to play the victim than cause what I did ever again,
betrayal through cowardice is beyond mere sin,
it deserved what it got,
worthy of being shot.
It took a long while to undo the results of that day,
and what beasts it called forth,
my feigned timidity for years,
and he the poor captive,
unwilling to face his earlier captor rampages,
life has a funny sense of footlights and stages.

In Dreams

To feel nothing at all was the long sought goal,
here now it's arrived,
and it's so absent,
I can hardly recall what has been forgotten,
I don't even quite know how something so strong can vanish into
thin air,
like a magician I swept it all away,
in dreams,
I could only ever start a conversation to have it all yanked away,
you were my evaporating rain,
the night we finished what was never started,
was the day it faded, never to return again.

Tread Lightly

There's one specific thing that transpired,
that left us all unwired and circuits fried,
there's something I did,
it's not hid but without my language,
it's just left to taking a bid.
It was not done lightly,
the stir left was quite unsightly,
was demented slightly,
since shining a little less brightly,
healed now so it'll pass on by,
like ships nightly.
Challenged to show something,
of one who can plumb any depth,
is a brave feat not to be cast aside as a cute fairytale,
before one heads off to bed.
Knowing the curious one is wise,
with not a care at all to lose,
I took the plunge,
didn't even try to tiptoe,
I did answer and it came like a lunge.

The Wall

Some learn history in school,
a watered down version of what was taught to us by you,
while others dined on a lot of nothing to know,
brother dearest parked me in front of a screen,
to take it in and go to the show,
education on the beginnings of how to overthrow.
It served me well indeed,
mom kidding that I had funeral marches on repeat,
replicating intentions of breaking loose of "duty calls",
you busted the facade and exposed all the walls.
We don't need no education,
sure got that right,
we need some *un*conditioning,
to wash off all these silicon renderings.

Undo

Wake to it,

those at play previously unnoticed,
world no longer seems centered around the need of my shadow call,
find self actually the outcast that had thought them to be,
it was self who really had lost touch,
reeling from too much.

Where to go from here?

Rapid,

scan,

no road,

only hope,

blank slate,

lies of fate.

What to make of it all?

Undeniable,

indisputable,

need to grow,

meld again,

learn,

intake,

remake.

But do I want to?

Games,

lame,

no choice,

besides death,

reevaluate,

speculate,

a role...

Takes on the magician that undoes it all.

A Lesser Tale

Distance becomes us,

panders to our degrees of separation,
coasting on spirals echoing,
raining from the exosphere,
fading idea of you,
somehow tasting you,
I'm falling away,
wasting you.

Wrapping pain into ribbons of unknown nature,
stringing beads of yesteryear to decorate the twine,
clasped hands bind,
what went down,
hurt well found.

It's all relative,
sad for you having to have outlived,
watching endlessly as the sun goes down,
broken promises,
not a chance to heal it,
no longer around.

A quiet midwestern home tells our story,
those visits to my room,
twisted sense of doom,
so wrong,
so in love with you.

Lock on my door wasn't enough,
to keep the secret from my eyes,
he would come and go,
each time the pain would grow,
nothing to show for it,
sadly tragic,

only then he grasped it, when oceans drew the line,
a disappearing magic,
a dying time.
Always waiting,
he hears my whispers beneath adolescent blankets,
when the wind screams through cracks,
haunted by desperate passion,
poured down rusted drains,
he hears the clanking of a sweetheart's chains,
she had left but she's been left there,
no one to see their plight,
nor ease her longings when came the night,
no one to sanction it and say it was alright.

Art Gods

Wipe away the despair,
your father figure never intended to leave you there,
a fast tunnel to his youth was carved in your wake,
he remembers all that still needs be done for your sake,
he'll keep letting you know in little ways,
though his body is but a vapour,
your thoughts and rhythms he does today still savour.
To the older a touch of youth,
no matter how torn,
may have come as sweet relief to someone on high,
yet worn,
perhaps though he was all to you,
you were also his saviour,
letting him express all that needed to still be sung,
bringing with you the wild abandon of youth,
where the music is loud,
and the nights always long.

No One's Grip

You,

I,

unhinged,

listlessly drifting away,

in a fervour,

help needed to escape,

never.

Borders,

victims,

stolen rights,

lock down tight,

can't steal from me,

source of giving only sends,

you can't take from him,

forwarding more than you can ever sequester,

you will try to guzzle on your own putrid gluttony,

you choke before I've hardly begun,

your head will have spun,

too much where this is coming from.

Good news,

easier to let go,

than stick to a lie,

it's as simple as try,

little men with vicious pasts,

they flee,

can't ever surpass,

you,

I,

their energy is in coin,

free thinkers thrive on original thought,

it's endless and you'll never run out,
'cause it can't be sold,
nor bought.

Just Dark

Lacy fingers claw sticky grime,
as an angel descends,
becomes the creature,
these vapouring passings,
transcends,
steady slipping,
tears dripping,
cavern mouth consumes,
methodical ticking,
clocks,
drooling fate resumes.
Sickly fondling by spawn of tortured vices,
intricate workings,
shifty devices,
luscious clay yields twisted hatred,
from the lower realm,
all hope here is embalmed,
relax,
staying calm,
but tainted wings can't even run.
Encapsulated emotion here,
carved into intricate mortar,
deep below borders,
shorelines they are not,
we are nonexistent receptors,
surface runoff,
is our only better.
Light dissolves in,
as it emits,
vortex of broken everything,

breaks down the purple ray,
sucked down,
away.

Waiting,
never hesitating,
nothing to fear,
when all is lost,
hoping only to be bought,
at cheap cost.

Wings...

What again are such things?

Something Outlives

What will finally outlast?

The future or the crummy past?
Atomic swelter leaves life decimated,
nothing left pulsing to be animated,
sometime later a sprout pushes up between a brittle rock crevice,
sifts through particles, breathes like a sieve.
Plantation slave watching his peers fare less than well,
when unfettered will move ahead never looking back,
teaching others to stay weary,
to outwit further attack.
Imprisoned man eats nails for breakfast,
head honcho cell block 169,
waning visits from his son leaves him speculating his lot,
ponders how to be brighter for earned respect,
to give his boy any advice he's lived for and got.
Woman survives through Hitler's reign,
did bear witness to humanity's sick stone blindness.
But does she live for vengeance?
She's down at City Hall today preaching kindness.
India hitting the fifty million mark,
it's not a war taking those lives,
it's female infanticide,
over to the West with our own troubles on home turf looming very
real,
we still push and fight for her land's girls,
never letting up,
sensing our neighbour is somehow even worse off,
majority helps on, though we ourselves crippled,
one voice doubled,
then tripled.

A child abandoned yearns to trust again,
that void left unfulfilled,
later has a babe of his own,
swears to do better,
vows won't do that to them,
won't leave them alone.
The Dark Ages occurred,
a mere chess match compared with how far the rabbit hole has ventured wayward,
yet the Renaissance arrives,
the axe laid aside,
men can now choose a bride,
don't need as many guard dogs outside.
Will our sordid past trap us from here until forever?
Something does trespass the laws of matter,
something rebuilds all that is shattered,
something outlives,
no matter the burden,
it never quite gives.

Can I Be Beauty?

Can I capture an essence of those things around me,
make them good to me,
make them beauty?
Could I dissolve where pain and hurt hit,
where aches tend to be, make myself empathy?
Could I immerse in murky waters,
all salty brine to any reception,
only to make beautiful perception?
Am I touched by the tenderness of those I've known,
ones I'll come to know,
enough to have beauty show?
Can I melt hatred,
ease suffering of ridicule and betrayal,
calm emotion incensed,
make space to allow beauty's presence?
Can I grasp loyalty as an honour, show others what is now felt,
perhaps ever-widening, with beauty replace the pelt?

Romance Can't Touch This

Would you pull the sky down for me?

Rock the boat right out of the sea?

I'd make the firmament disappear for you,

so it wouldn't rain on you,

if it ever was going to.

Would you stay fearless and bolster me for real?

I'd never even hesitate or blink till it was over to a done deal.

Would you match my energy and fight through all that may come?

Like I would and then some?

With me it's not delicate, it's just on and on,

to meet me and have a seat with me,

death you do cheat,

sorrow delays as there never comes a day,

when the end transcends,

there is only loyalty that never budges,

never bends.

I am unrecognizable behind the eyes,

I am naught but sheer intensity all the same,

my sights bore through to the scope of what's beyond,

I penetrate all walls,

a laser melting all it oversees,

rocks fall aside,

landslide,

whether I'm there or gone,

from then on,

emancipated you will be.

Venomously Designed

Venom of the sweetest DNA'd nature,
a mental stasis,
a willing prisoner,
traitorous inclinations,
co-conspiratoress,
getting higher,
overpowered like Loch Ness.
The piper has been paid,
already stayed,
staid...
well that's been delayed,
blaming poison drips of sorts,
being slain like sports,
no rhyme or reason,
grab at something we elect as our favourite form of treason,
of our own design,
venomously inclined.
Injection going straight to the jugular,
wince while you help it along,
you could say if the pull is great enough,
if it's worth the toll,
you'd even wait in line,
to get venomously enrolled.
Teaching me what I shouldn't know,
going where I shouldn't go,
this vice slices extra nice,
it's blade comes in on welcome advice,
this thrill will suffice.

Immigrant Song Rewrite

Ah, ah

Down by the river where the water runs red,
my warrior soul he's gone as dead.

My flashback of the odds,
crawls beneath the torn threads,
from these badlands,
a tale I shroud.

Reeper coos,
"Done me proud!"

Down I come with sword and all,
but no one lived to see my own downfall.

Ah, ah

Down by the river where the water runs red,
my warrior soul he's gone as dead.

How sweetly you begged thee,
to spare my evermore,
how you witnessed falling grace,
displaced my sacred role.

Down I come with sword and all,
but no one lived to see my own downfall.

About now it is caught,
points pricking I never got,
I'm the one who's ragged and worn,
despite of all my using.

Learning to Feel

Used to pride yourself on the hard side,

staring at them,

daring them to dare.

Miss Comeback she was dubbed,

freaking them,

eyes showed not even a thing,

not a snake,

not a dove,

not hate,

not love.

Did a job of scaring not only the worst away,

but the warmth left,

leaving self chilled,

sure left alone,

alone and unfulfilled.

A long climb back,

hard walk up the staircase,

admittance that a tear could be shed,

this is what it feels like to not hide in your head,

to not be dead.

When you keep living but you throw the towel in,

you don't really leave,

but secretly you know,

all you are,

is not what is being shown.

Maybe if you hide yourself behind that veil,

you are eased that what they dislike isn't anything real,

their disgust didn't impact through,

fakery on the other end,

so it didn't hit you.

Protected from all that is good and evil,
safe in a temporary way,
until one day,
you entertain the thought,
it'd be nice to know you are respected for all you've got...
The idea breeds and the stairwell lengthens,
you grab your gear,
and start the trek back to something real,
learning to feel.

The It

It is that moment the aesthetic wave hits,
you feel the impact and it's sick,
you want to scream or cry,
it's better than any high,
your cynicism drains and your rush of life spreads through the
mains,

power is on,
full throttle to the deep beyond.

It flushes through like tornadoes that suckle,
so raw like energy blades right from the sky,
all-enveloping,
tasting roots of gods that have walked before,
all deemed fit in harmonic dimensions,
are now it's whore,

it will tame anything from it's velocity inside,
the ride,
don't need streams or hurricane winds,
no need for water,

it,
the might of expression,
has become riptide.

It calls out the demons and angels,
they are on side,
no will have they,
to hide,

they have met their master,
they swoon more rapid then faster,
all that is harm,
ecstasy or fate is the blasted,
it being the blaster,

the oncoming disaster,
if all was painted and coated,
it,
the thing that strikes through,
is the plaster.

No Reboot, No Override

No Reboot, no override,
nowhere to hide,
in your head you reside.
Don't take me there,
I don't want to care,
don't ponder the wake,
as my pyre rising escalates,
covers the stars,
the vapours that choke all in the thick,
you've cut too close to the quick.
The impulse to lower your gaze,
wanting to begin luring the beast away,
from the self-mutilation that will now prevail,
anything to break apart,
but too forward now to rewind,
already encountered so much more,
and oh,
the gore,
but lack of fear is never the sickness,
but fright the only weakness.
Banking on another day in feigned paradise,
but those blood-caked realms,
spawned renderings of a crimson spell,
differed far from,
far apart from,
those you had hoped were painted in your personal hells,
lost wanderers,
my,
what they find,
to enter the mind,

no plump pheasant stew,
just carcasses,
of shattered yesterdays,
on which to have equanimity undo.
Echoing foyers of long ago,
dirty trailers in backwood parts,
slime growing on wardrobes rotting,
family photos smashed into corners,
lichen and moss where a rug once adorned,
witches lurk the empty hopes of the forlorn.
The intense notion to run,
but your journey has already begun,
you can shut your eyes,
try to focus for the laughter,
but you see the darkness
and you know it matters.
Like a nightmare the more you try to scamper,
the more with your sanity it'll tamper,
you try all to cause it to hamper,
another failed reboot,
wishful thinking isn't biting now,
that's not the answer.
Heed,
lack of fear is never the weakness,
fright the only sickness,
stroke the beasts maw, and welcome what may come,
see it through to the end,
and as the fading yesteryears collapse,
quailing with wails from your command to override,
you are moving again,
the future resonates as only it ever could,
you will reflect it,

you aren't now dejected,
with the horrors once resurrected.

The Popularity Sham

What is in?

The popular do chuckle with a wry grin,
as they watch,
some panting to fit a mould,
filling their minds to the brim,
with hot air that will never win.
Please notice,
the wanted never followed or paid heed,
but instead only ever lead.
Arrival of I,
she the new girl around those school grounds,
florescent gear on,
hair not the norm,
makeup she even dared to wear,
dropped into a pool of tomboy sharks,
meal time...
or so they thought...
met by someone unflinching,
they were got,
found themselves following the freak,
and her word they did seek.
Broke them out of their holds,
sanctity of,
freedom of expression is more valuable than gold,
people wait for the fearless to pave their road,
clearing a lit way,
thus we are what we are,
without the slay.
Eminem gave the finger to MTV during his award,
they still clamour for him and beg for a break,

they didn't nag,
they respected he knew,
they'd gotten too fake.

Maybe something fresh and new is what it means to be in,
maybe anything stale and worn was the only sham,
ideas that the popular walk on hallowed ground,
may be an idea generated by the crowd,
but if anyone can step into the forefront,
well...

they could then lead,
they could shed the shroud,
stop worrying so much,
and speak out loud.

It all Fades

I feel so much emotion in me right now that I want to burst,
I'm following you,
taking you,
led by you all the same,
the hatred was supposed to mount but that never came,
just sadness and a haunting longing,
for places long since forgotten,
shells of imagery long since gone,
and for these my depths echo songs,
from a time where I could sing,
like a Goddess from the other side,
where I could play so sweet,
that fruits of nature wanted to drink me.
I'm hurting with Pandora's box,
want to crawl inside and close the lid,
and emote with this and stay hid,
I don't even cry and I don't feel anything,
but there's a constant yearning that just is,
it's not tragic,
it's not bliss,
it takes me like a paper doll in the wind,
calls to me with long fingers,
from the sky,
it answers for me why,
it drives me high and I am drenched in it,
saturated in you,
I feel you all around me,
like ornate tapestry from my illusion world,
the one I made and the one I run to play in,
day out and day in,

like Flowers in the Attic,
where I stay in,
because here I am myself,
and I feel love and glory, and I tell the lights our story,
and ask them to please carry,
for my emotions are so strong I do get weary,
and I lay to rest,
while the fairies that surround me lull me,
and tell me it's almost pretty,
to create so,
I try to lie awake so,
that I may not let this feeling drift away so,
but the reality of daybreak hits so,
and I am mundane again,
and my lights have dulled,
and my urges have quelled,
and I forget you as I move along,
doing what I must,
knowing at least that I have known,
that what I felt,
is what I have been shown.

Trace the Mechanism

Houdini escaped much,
but when I feel the grip,
oh,
he ain't got noth'in on me,
just watch and see,
as I morph into the chains that lock me,
and slither right on free.
Lov'in how society bulldozes us along,
twisting into the vertebrae to paralyze,
hissing in our ear,
just fully realize you receive,
and you,
we know,
like to be deceived.
Come on and try to seduce all my senses.
Think I won't believe it unless I see it on TV?
You'll have to skip me in the grub line,
cuz disappointed you'll surely be.
If your guards have you well secured,
if you are kept cozy and quiet,
locks snug and tight,
become the key,
turn the mechanism,
let it click open,
freak the jailers,
even they'll wonder what it's all about,
and start dreaming of hoping.

The Warmonger Eats the Blade

You dwell in palace walls...
watching the count,
wondering whether tonight you'll have steak for dinner...
while at your hands more children die and suffer.
Elected you were,
twice and sometimes thrice,
but no matter how they start to tremble while you begin to wield
your might,
you are already a goner,
as the population always hates a warmonger.
Government most fears the masses out of their control,
you may have satiated your people's lack of fire to create,
by promising the dole,
you may have told them all sorts of things,
feeding their ingrained oppressions,
but you did truly fade from trust,
the moment you brandished your weapons,
at times that's the only thing that even the blind can easily spot,
then you are caught,
never again sought,
you sold your chance,
because you were bought.
When the people witness the sick heart of bloodshed,
your number is up,
anarchy has already begun,
you are the one who will swallow the blade,
now you will have the vivid glories of war,
to look forward to,
you will henceforth, always fall asleep to haunting screams a world
away,

while your power diminishes,
faster than the sun can warm your day.

Regenerate

Cut me,

make it deep,
before your eyes these cells rejuvenate,
and sew at the seams,
and pain abates,
while even Mother Nature she waits,
she hesitates.

It all goes quiet as the hole is dark,
all in anticipation if she will rise again,
an emergence,
of the unkillable,
echoing what it is to be immortal.

They pour ugliness my way,
tell me how we should all throw the towel in,
as men grow old,
some grow beautiful outside and in,
time streams are left behind,
decision is all there is to find.

Save those who want to race across this space,
with dirty means in mind,
you'll tire and wear,
and be left in concretes of your grinding,
mortal perils are quite binding,
you won't need reminding.

You can torture and anguish with all the ploys,
in caverns hidden,
hoping no one knows enough to care,
but the unchained don't disperse,
nothing effects to enforce,
they were never distraught with the obstacle course.

A slave can only think in terms of stalling deprivation,
feels that all who don't follow,
must surely crave so,
until the subject of *want* is revealed to him,
then he knows it's welcoming to let go.
Outwardly you mock,
but deep within you are soothed,
that there is no true decrepit aging,
only sparkle and youth,
a chance to renew,
we know,
you yearn for it too,
we won't hold your inaction against you.

Born into the Deranged

The things I thought I was,
seem today many grey worlds away,
all goes astray,
in it's own fading circumstances,
draining my lost chances,
I am trapped in the looking glass,
in twisted fates I dwell,
here my home,
just sweetness devoid,
pure shamed morass,
soon I'll make this a thing of my past.
I picked it all apart,
trying to search for the heart,
found the disaster-stricken badlands instead,
and now I lay my dreary doll head,
hoping for the numbness of the calling dead,
helps me to tell if I can still sense,
anything that may come to pass,
my demise at least may hold and last.
Sapping the imagined glories,
turned always to real horror stories,
in due time my memories they will have frozen,
enter here to shatter me,
please,
give me relief,
that it may be over,
quickly.
Exploring the realms of this dire sickness,
I was born and bred into this cultural weakness.
How could we have so digressed?

A magic trick of vanishment is what I dote on,
on what I now obsess.
Any other outcome is sought,
but scratching the edges of the eyes of men's storms,
nothing warms,
any destiny I seek,
is to steer away from this downpour,
of all that is putrid,
from the guts of the unclean.
Hear me,
you will do without me,
off of my flesh and spirit you will have to wean,
for I am the forgotten child who will vanish away,
a willing,
rapid decay,
I haven't managed to outlive this stay,
I prefer it that way.

The Recoil

The laws of energy can make one the victor,
or a tiny shattered splinter.
One can freeze to death
or embrace winter.
One can dehydrate
or beckon the ponds of summer and hydrate.
One can die beyond the range of the meadows
or learn to migrate.
One can sink or swim,
run away,
or learn how to pin.
Eat or be devoured,
drain life to take it or empower.
Is one willing to be bold?
Or just pander to fools and only inward fold?
The laws of energy bend to those who will wield it,
those who never bought that power is a sin,
or that if you use it,
you've had it.
Any who try to convince you otherwise,
are readying your noose before your eyes,
you'll help them tighten the ropes for the choke,
till you realize,
now a smokescreen devoid of smoke.

Taming the Beast

Breath of vapours, crawling across skin so warm,
scaling a wall grasping for the heart,
pulse quickens as the plot thickens,
what will ignite,
is the answer to what he wants to incite.
Causing a riot,
eyes intense,
words so quiet,
she gives over the controls,
she won't deny it.
All that she knows she is,
he sees,
he tells her so,
by aiming to please,
he may have sides that cause men fright,
he'll tame it to raise her on high,
to see she knows,
that though the devil lives within,
he'll chain Lucifer slightly,
to give a wicked pleasure,
to this here found little treasure.
She is well aware,
the fact a gentleness exudes,
that a respect comes forth,
he must have quelled the animal enough,
to express to her,
she was worth enough
for him to love.

Defile Denial

You are never excluded when it comes to me,
just say the words,
my friendship has always been yours,
individuals acting as introverts,
is the curse,
you could be dead,
it could be worse.
Crack the shell down the spine,
let me show you all you never left behind.

Pools of Light

When you cry your eyes are the colour of green forests,
I see you inside, wandering slowly away
and I say good bye,
for to know you is to know myself..
The mirror she speaks tomes,
she says the twinkle of the green,
is the signal light you are free,
fly peacefully now,
you are one with the breeze.

Vacancies

She sits alone

feels kicked to the curb,
hopes for a lift from a crush,
but the car never rounds the bend,
in that romantic swerve.

A guy waits at home by his cell,
wondering if he'll be excluded tonight,
in what's going down,
somehow he knows...
no one is really around.

With what are dubbed friends in this day and age,
we almost seem to prefer it goes this way.

Where has the stretch of sacrifice gone?

When did that dedication disappear?

We feel it in that inspirational song,
at times seek it through words,
in movies acted out to effect,
almost recognizable,
those things within us, for which we so long...

it must have existed once,

or we'd never sense it was gone.

The girl centre circle spewing the latest of gossip,

lip gloss shining and hair flowing,

secretly wonders where her true sense of self has roamed,
off of her integrity,
she's sure she's caromed.

The jock plays his pranks

laughing on all his surfaces,

stares into dead eyes at night,

when no one is peering,

wonders when simple joys of nature he'd had in youth,
left from his hearing.

One day we witness too much pain to bear,
we just can't seem to be blind anymore,
we choose to keep going and still remain in the game,
then,

we notice kids at community centres who never knew a father,
we see pretty girls with swollen eyes,
tissues tucked away,
in case that feeling washes their way,
we can almost sense the inner fights,
we come to realize they cry at nights.

We close our eyes and listen,
through the channels of who we really are,
we are all so close,
yet we act so distant and far,
we are strangers it seems,
yet when one bleeds we tend to want to fill their need,
when a pet is harmed we ache for those involved,
when a loss occurs we tune in,
to help them to live it again.

We have viewed one too many false pictures of what personality is,
we have fallen into the fakery called abyss.
Vacancies of care and attention abound,
we were too busy wanting ours to fill the other cup,
taking their hand to tell them it meant something they were born,
this place is theirs as much as yours,
assuring her she has beauty beyond what she will adorn,
giving of your focus to let them know,
they are truly there,
all your vacancies you fill,
though you never travelled anywhere,

you come to know,
we were never alone,
we share this world we call home,
as much as you have yearned for them,
they have waited for you to reach,
they hoped that you may send,
and thus we slowly begin to mend.

Mindless

I'll bear your burdens,
soak up darkness to evaporate any hellfire,
when you're down to the wire,
I'll calm the storms,
light the candle that warms,
I'll fix all that's bruised and broken,
without even a blink,
show you,
while force fed to guzzle,
how not to drink.
Endless ability to envelop soot,
turning it to white waters,
dripped away into nothingness,
but when I wanna play
you better get outta my way,
enter blindness,
as aware as I can be,
I can also become mindless.
Moving fast or slow,
having not a worry to carry,
on my journeys of careless devotion,
to the notion,
that I am noise or static, between spaces,
I am the granite,
or as I please,
I am the ocean.
Ever mindful but I can let it go,
knowing nothing I know,
what I see will never show,
as I run into fun,

don't crash into me,
with droopy moth-ridden dreams,
don't tinkle on this parade,
of no mind,
no audience is what you'll find,
to the back of the line.

We Could

We open doors which lead to doors within,
the boundaries fold upon themselves,
and we are in,
soaring and never knowing,
where the limits are,
we think we are crawling and notice we have actually gotten far in,
beyond borders,
taken aback by the depth,
never taught this by society,
having known this all along,
from here we drift to there,
from there we can travel anywhere.

The Difference Between You and I

The thorns sink in as the road darkens ahead,
and I dream that one day we can sleep in peaceful beds,
as the air thickens with night's reign,
as fear spreads.

When will yesterday be a forgotten sentence?

We seek calm yet we must meet war head on, without undue pre-
tense.

To put the animal out of it's misery,
to call upon those who seek to civilize,
I yet walk with my dreary head held high,
I float away,
while the greedy drown in their vicious lies.
Some may have sympathized for my plight,
but the awakened souls know who has always won the fight,
now we are millions, spanning all races,
putting those who put skin or body ahead,
through their paces,
my name helped inspire a mounting torch,
your dying legacies of hatred,
are already among the forgotten faces.

The Haunting

Veils of sadness seemed so becoming,
beckoning and crying, for needs which appeared to be running,
to rivers of hopes gone astray,
pooling at shores of her shallow bay,
quelled hatreds there were broiling,
beneath still waters, slathering like an oiling,
to his outstretched arms, and into his pores as the liquid leaked,
till he was saturated with her summer fragrance, that almost
reeked,
of despair and the thoughts that washed up there,
and in his veins pulsed a sense of her eyes,
of her hair..
In his mind he'd heard her sighs,
knowing not who she was,
as he lingered at those shores,
but sensing that these willows had once witnessed much more,
no one had been present to ease that horror,
but perhaps the screams of a heart bleeding through him into the
moist,
had led her to know that to someone she had a voice,
had led her to move beyond this place,
led her to a new vista of choice.

Worth

As the status quo slip away unnoticed between the cracks of broken lies,
will we look upon our lives and wonder if the demise,
of those times,
were worth the discomfort it took personally,
to step outside of the rigid claws of moulds so sure,
to question if we have been so pure,
to ponder if it was a good fight,
to wonder if we should have just hid and waited,
for someone else to brave those storms,
to spread the calm over darkness falling,
like cascading doom,
into other's rooms,
while we slept,
while sinister minds crept,
along corridors,
while we locked our hearts and closed our doors,
while we stayed close to the floor,
while babies wept and starved,
and spirits were tinkered with like rag doll toys,
of old yesterdays spent,
we'll wonder if we need repent.
Or we will not need wonder,
for we acted,
knowing self worth and dignity stood tall alone,
taller than any comfort of false premise,
that all would just pan out,
that the shadows we sensed weren't just rumours,
but our compassion for other's personal hells,
and we will pick up our courage and stand along the wall,
to look out at an impending wrath,

and shine lights across of protective warmth,
to say that while we still have energy to stand for something,
that this battle is not done,
and that the dance with darkness has not come to a close,
and that there are more warriors still coming out of the folds,
to say that it matters how the world goes,
to stick a finger up to the dull minds of the already spent,
to never look back or wonder what was right,
to be and to know that one can never die.
So why not spend the time not turning a blind eye,
to the plights?
Why not spend our time here and try?
And one day the broken cracks where the lies would linger dor-
mant,
for any unsuspecting mind,
will have washed away, and in their place,
will be radiance again,
and gallantry,
and bravery.
So why not question this state of slavery?

Capturing the Spell

May we take a stroll through youth with moist fresh eyes?

Looking ever onward to our formations, outstretched over pristine skies.

If it was whispered in our ears that what we'd ventured for was here,
we'd cast away shadows of regret,
as though they'd never crept too near.

Those bottomless wells of vigor,
as sure as the sun does rise,
spelling the end of our demise.

Remaining young,
ever-wise.

Molten

Lock up my fears,
throw away the keys,
your essence calls me with the breeze.
Being lost but there I am found,
I,
so wounded and suspicious,
yet open to you,
hoping for relief,
a bit surprised am I to behold,
you know me and you do soothe me,
you reveal me when you breathe,
you unveil me,
never leave.
Never thought it to be worth it,
only seemed assured of it,
but when you reached me under a surface of reflections,
I caught a subtle glimpse of what you capture in me,
and I like what I see.
We've come full circle from an idea to a reality,
and back through again,
I know we have travelled far,
paths challenging us almost beyond repair,
and then you look into me,
and I see you there,
your smiling stare,
all the wonder buried beneath the earths of time,
expose their roots,
and bloom into the likes of you and I.
You help me to reverse the tired rehearsed lines,
I rewrite the play,

I remake the day,
it's the magic of our shine,
inviting you to stay mine.

Forward Thinkers

Forward we go,
like the icicle,
an idea pierces and melts you,
taken aback but on and on you'll go,
once it's caught you, you'll endure sleet and snow,
you'll claw away at little minds,
wasting precious time,
on honesty you'll yearn to dine,
forward you will think,
pulling along anyone you can behind,
seeking all the future there is to find.

Vein in the Ore

Forged my way,
to make it to this moment,
of today,
to separate the worthless from the willing,
to shake loose of the decay,
having struggled through to know some truth,
to discover that my only wealth,
will never be what I own,
but who I am,
and with that fact,
what I do.

Unfolding the Edges

Those times we don't see eye to eye,
you escape for that fantasy world,
not sure what to know,
but I feel pushed aside,
but if you heard me on the inside,
it very well may be,
in the domes of the enchanted,
I also reside.

When you love me don't you see the sorcery you are engulfed with?
Don't you see it radiates from within me and is not just a mural in
your mind?

I wandered to the edge of the forest,
to greet you,
to ensure you weren't left behind,
maybe the kingdom you have awoken to,
was always there to find.

What if by chance it's not a distant memory of an etching once
meant to replay?

Perhaps you are not ahead of all the dancing summers lagging far
astray.

Could it be that you and I are looking at the world we are conjuring
up day to day?

You thought it was sunk deep into the darkened core,
but for my sake,
call out the magic,
be willing to witness as it enters daybreak,
as it comes to the fore.

No Wish to Write

Her creativity slipped away,
like a shell she found, nothing left to draw from,
the inner radiance was irradiated,
as her throat felt suffocated,
left an abyss full of fallout,
and a wretched taste,
to have felt so complete,
to then mimic all that was waste.
Trying to get the bearings back,
to locate where the wrong turn had taken her,
to struggle to find herself again.
How did such a tragedy occur?
Frozen cities in her scopes,
drowning emotions
devoid of pain,
or hopes,
she pondered where the rise had been,
as she gazed down those vertical slopes.
The fright was really to never fear or care again,
the endless fight within,
to grasp for the sensation of something worth grasping,
to be satisfied to approach something everlasting,
she would never reckon she was really surpassing,
until the sense of flight was as real,
as the pen she was grasping.

The Spiral

She drains him as she fights what's only within her own sights,
he feels meek and chops her energy down,
hand in hand,
side by side,
they slowly drowned.
Creaky metal of the merry-go-round,
hauntingly resolute they push the platform to keep it turning,
the old spindle spins,
the embroiled passions of Father Time continue churning.
In a rut of ever bending never-ending,
tolerating more and more,
egging on the stormy war,
they'd forgotten what they'd once made their lore,
only bullets of criticism in store,
vicious on all planes and surfaces,
but within denying who they were,
eating blades of sacrifices,
now nothing really suffices.
Tolerating more and more...
as the weapons sharpen,
and the cuts deepen,
strolling the path of losing themselves,
all they would ever find
are thickening wounds,
and their dulled minds.

Cheating Death

Radiance irradiated all that was naught,
showering hope to hidden corners of cowering embers of the fallen,
beckoning them to rise again,
leaving death until the morrow,
warmth of compassion emblazoned,
all to shine anew,
they arrived for you and you and you.

Trace the Silence

A son asked his father who were the winners and who were the losers,
in the big game of races,

and a beaten father told him to trace the silence and there he'd find
those put through their paces,

kindness wasn't an arsenal and words of reason couldn't melt a hu-
man heart bleeding treason,

a father shook his head slowly and said where the silence lived there
was oppression,

where the fear festered there was hurt and evasion,

there was no room for change in this human equation,

the dominant wickedness had a sick type of pervasion.

A son answered his father not with words but with deeds,

he answered a sick and dying world with sunlight amongst decay-
ing greeds,

a son left to follow a mould paved by the spent of the earth,

with kindness took it upon himself to unveil the clobbered,

and gave answers he'd never received,

to the children who wondered and paid heed,

the answer to the game of domination,

was to take one's breath of life and to use one's strength to lead.

Canada a Mentor

You may not be a country of perfection,
but you house our words and reflections,
to say what is meant
and mean what is said,
expression forthcoming,
a green garden for change upcoming.
Liberty has not left yet,
the fight rages on
over your lawns of meadow and plains of yellow,
you yet bolster the other fellow,
still adhere to the notion of diversity,
you politely try to improve adversity.

Mist

My imagination causes again those silken machinations...

He entered from the mists bled from the underbelly of the never-angels of beneath,

vulnerable as youth but strength to seek captivation,
intentions of invitation.

The music played,

as the enveloping world darkened in his embrace,
images of centuries past covered with satiated lace,
adorned with the clusters of fallen petals,

outstretched beyond the reaches of any earthly grace.

The sky shined on his eyes as they gazed towards blackened night,
thick was the air but among the long shadows he shone like an
emerald pure,

I would stare at him and inhale my air,
demure.

A dance with a gentleman or a deal with the devil,
not really wanting to find the answer,
he knows what I'm after,
he's all I needed to know,
he quelled all that crouched anxious to feed,
emancipated what beckoned to be freed.

Through

In my skies I frequent the places you land to rest your flight,
blade to water is how we compare,
I ebb or flow to wash away the evidence you had been here,
like a lung breathes in the fume to absorb all that nourishes,
I have found the reviving part of you,
I have visited the inside of you,
I know there are parts of you known to be true,
amongst these landmines of defense,
among a friend or a foe,
there you linger,
the bringer,
I will not draw my sword or be compelled,
amongst a lover or a verdict,
I will love you,
disregard the edict.

You am I

I see through your eyes,
my chest exhales with your sighs,
as you move about all those spaces away,
I feel the sway as you go about your day,
up is down and down is the way,
loss is great as it meant there was much worth having,
I echo the way you are behaving,
as time creeps on,
our path continues in it's paving.

Hope Realized

Seeing the glow,

as reflections off snow,
a sheen dancing from rivers deep,
looking over the pitch tar,
creeping below lit surfaces,
I still see the glint of warmth,
coming home to heart and hearth.

Rock bottom deeds,
the sorrow planted through defective seeds,
murky there amongst tall reeds,
where innocence wanes and where it bleeds,
though I see where the road ends,
I know from where it leads.

Covered over in hatred and hurt,
there drifted life free as a dream left inert,
there did soar a hope, devoid of a way to cope,
but there was scope.

And where lay shadows thick with despair of having left or been
left,

there was the power to find or be found,
to hear or make sound,
to witness his own cowardice or to sway, with certain prowess.
Life may wander astray but there just beneath lies it's goodness,
ever there an enlightenment looking out,
from under the mess.

Mourning the Mortal

The witches are out tonight,
they peel away skin to inner layers,
they seek to find the poison beneath,
below a warlock's flesh,
they burned it down,
needing to know his secrets would stay kept,
as the night sky stirred up cinders of decrepit fear,
there the slinking shadows of weak mortal pawns of prey,
did have their way with the magicians of the day,
but their sorcery was not bound up in primal scars,
this they did not count upon,
and as their bodies did ember,
they escaped from the pain,
they were freed,
senses intact,
and they do remember.

Full Circle

I wind the thread as the fabric of the universe unravels,
my sense of reality travels,
wanting to wish,
wishing for what is wanted,
sense of self lingers like the haunted,
falsity the easy resting place,
with myself,
stepping out of pace,
barriers fog the face,
brought up to look for the actual,
tossing the all-demanding factual,
viewing across the layers of grime,
wiping away clouded skies,
I'd rather see it raw,
I surmise.

Reason

From quiet corners to unswept borders,
leaders came to separate out the mesh of disorder,
they believed in belief itself,
faith not in a thing but in themselves,
shining into cruel cobwebbed caverns of despair,
giving back trust with love to spare,
blinded souls captive in chains of ever-binding,
they heard the whisper from ahead,
son or daughter,
lift your head,
be what you are,
only look back to know why we must work,
there is always an abundance of warmth within,
to vanquish all the hurt.

The Long Road Back

Roads have been paved and existed that were the less travelled ways,
explorers did seek them out and set foot on those epic pathways,
a lot was learned along the way until arrived a day and age,
where there remained no more road but the one the explorer chose
to create...

He looked around and noticed there were only faint prints ahead,
a shadow of a few great wanderers who'd lifted off to a roadbed of
stars,

the tracks then becoming only space that lead to anyplace,
to have arrived at all almost beyond anything even conceived,
to be at the point where one wrote the future was too amazing to
be believed,

yet here were galaxies and distances vast,
here was the only moment that could ever truly last,
enveloping the future, devoid of the past,
it was the road never before travelled on,
was the only road,
in the end,
that surpassed.

Circular

The way I could describe his presence is like vampires of dark youth
where the world ends and where it begins in a sphere of blue flame
where strangers are strange but they know your name and know
where you are going and where you have been
like being lost but found over and over again.

Mirror Me

When ages pass, what will I witness staring back at me?

Will I be proud of what I see peering?

Will it be smiling or leering?

Will it soothe my skin or will the sensation be one of searing?

I crept through a dream of a distant tomorrow,

it folded it's wings around me and whispered sweetly, pulling me
near,

so close it was,

only I could hear,

and it showed me that what I did today would reflect in the unrav-
eling of time,

all I did here today would again be mine,

anything I'd lose I could forever find,

I wasn't going to die,

but I could lie,

I could pretend to subside,

slink and cower with foolish pride,

though in existence I would yet reside,

only with myself by my side.

I washed my blood stained hands,

put my feet to work treading across many lands,

I uplifted the next guy,

showed him he too could fly,

the blood in the river of time ran clear,

the view became pristine,

I think when I am in the future looking ahead,

to meet what stares back at me,

I will face it clean,

I feel it now as I will feel it then,

the rushing away of anxiety,

met only with relief.

Eraser

Brought through to the brink I overtook the threshold,
and I can't feel you anymore,
rushed into a play of my own disastrous making,
my webs were aching,
and the gauze splintered
and I can't see you anymore,
held out till my breaking,
until it was wiped away,
until you were shown no more,
I don't even want you
as I push you afar,
swept away from saddened shores of liquid madness in my skies,
I can't connect us anymore,
only thing I still can experience is the disguise,
I don't feel a person,
I only see eyes.

Real Deal

Don't know who you think you're seeing,
you don't know me,
don't comprehend your lack of comprehension,
but you don't own me,
I'm free as a spirit and move amongst your walls and right on
through,
as you expect the response you'll get,
my eyes tell a different tale,
your view of their famine becomes all that is mine, lush and wet set-
ting sail,
I will hold nothing close and coveted,
I'll give all my assistance to anyone who needs.
Ask yourself the next time you are challenging,
what is really worth avenging?
Your false picture?
Or should you consider cutting through your veil to puncture?

Empty Vapourings

Truth rang free until the day it began to be smothered,
suffocated beneath the stifling air of small talk,
the room chattered about the weather,
about things of no substance,
the gossip of the day,
they sure sold papers, and they sure made air time,
as they swept the truth away.

On The Road

These nights get so long as the horizons bleed away.

Am I real?

Become a fake?

My energy may be drained,

but my sanity they won't take,

as the crowd roars on,

I'm hoarse spitting my truths for their sake.

Dealing blows with devils under the wheels,

the past she haunts me and beckons me forward all the same,

I'm pulled ahead to what may be.

Am I the spectacle to be viewed or is this what it is to lead?

The View

If colour could speak, your gaze changed the way,
the way I view today.
Warmth becomes me as I linger willingly in your wake,
sitting here in a moment of yesterday,
it showed me a way.
An inspiration,
your eyes almost respiration,
leading me to a point of realization,
many tomorrows will beckon.
Begin my trail here,
travel light,
deny those that would deny,
my friend,
we'll meet in the sky.

Starting Over

Beyond borders there exists limitless expanse,
the panting fangs of life's snares,
escapes my essence as I am no longer there,
I thread the needle fine,
weave another tomorrow,
I've been undone and reborn anew,
without form or mold,
all I've become unfolds,
to create the yet untold.

Sweet Victory Dreams

Below my darkest skies and deepest lies,

I scrape through the veneer to pierce through surfaces,
to experience the sun again,

repeatedly I have fallen to awake again but further up,
as my centre of gravity curves towards the ether,

I am not running nor flying,
no neither...

I am released from any experience of the thought of chains it seems,

I just taste sweet victory dreams.

Giant in the Glass

They want you to feel,
bleak,
meek,
a giant armoured behind a facade of flesh-ridden signs of the weak,
the blinking trinkets are blinding you.
Can you just stop and see?
Listen to your stomach quiver,
while falsities pour over brims,
crawl up the glass,
you,
giant,
balance on the rims,
their lies will sicken you,
yet,
being freed is worth facing those that are grim.

Blackstar

Blackstar we know you,
we hear you and likely always will,
as you carry forward playing the tune,
the ever-mending melody of the soothing sense of you.
Take a widened look Blackstar,
for from here it only gets better,
and you'll meet us all again,
in a different form,
but of this I can be sure,
it will be a form of your choosing.

Following Your Lead

The running started to hurt,
the stinging left the stinger inert,
the magic outsmarted the magician,
and their world went silent,
to begin to shun.
Trying to grasp what was once so easy and flowed like streams,
now the sewing of the words was tedious and rigid at the seams,
feeling as though repeating,
what meant something became nothing is what it means,
became dead energy,
zipped up into body bags,
and the future sagged,
but it arrived again to the fore,
here before them,
to unseal the dreams,
here before them,
to awaken the once dying screams,
pushing on,
ever on,
forward on,
being never gone.
What the inhalation meant to one,
like life energy expelled, from an endless vein of ore,
taken in by the weakened,
reminded of what we are all fighting for.
Thank you Razor,
for cutting a path,
you may never stumble on this verse to know of whom this is spoken,
but it is hoped,

as you weave through a web of lies,
you may yet come upon a seamless,
bottomless,
march of words,
that leaves you speechless.

Avoid the Sentence

Sweltering words cut so deep,
wounds thick,
young trust does fast seep,
to the floor,
more in store,
a bolted door,
some wretched whore.
Babe out of arms,
takes up guns,
train them young,
to soldier to dead.
Pander to filth,
lose yourself,
youth born in hell,
wears a third world pelt.
Too gruesome to fathom,
society recipe to enslave them,
hold them,
bullet ricochet drowns out freedom anthem.
Ask yourself of the culprits,
do we need to hate them?
To fuel cruelty only baits them.
Teach the old immortality is true,
that they will answer to me or to you,
or face themselves, when they are born again,
as babes in arms,
raised on guns...
let's skip the puns,
all light of his true nature,
he once chose to shun.

Light Years

Maybe somewhere light years away,
there's another who wakes up to face his day,
maybe we're all at a distance,
yet on the same page.
Maybe our imaginings are lit renderings,
of distant places
we've seen,
or touched,
and friends we have felt,
brought together again in a memory years hence,
from where we'd once together knelt.
That waterfall so familiar though I know in the now
it's never graced me with it's grandeur...
What are these visuals in my mind's eye
that seem so alluring with that splendor?
Maybe,
just maybe,
I have walked amongst the sun and played acrobat games with
moons and meteor showers,
forever ago or forever ahead,
I can sense buried deep within I have these powers.

Dreamfire

He called me Dreamfire.

called by my name,
awoken again.

Crystalline sprinkles of light from glowing orbs,
my love burns through and through,
timeless lust for you.

Where I hid,
your boyish grin did beckon to me,
screamed shameless abandon,
took my heart in the night,
just like a phantom.

Music

Drench my very being with a wave from an outer shell,
evaporates all that is good and hell,
my inner core,
oh music,
you do dispel.
I flow outward and out,
sweetest sound leaves me full,
yet all the same,
without,
without sorrow or joy or fixed mind,
your melody makes me free and devoid of limits of doubt.
A realm where even wizards awe,
a place one dares to test the Reaper,
with my new found swell, I can dance at the tip of a beasts maw,
carried away by a magic beyond flaw.

Duo

I heard your eyes speak to me in a voice from a distant past,
they did sing,
our acquaintance everlasting.
Met up one day and I heard you play.
Didn't you say there'd come a day when I'd see you'd never betray?
And here I glance,
knowing I've taken the chance,
and you've held your stance,
bringing something to this table much deeper than mere romance,
brought triumph over darkened days,
struck with a sidelong lance.
Sure I'll follow anywhere you may turn,
can see rivers of silver up ahead,
and a better ever after,
maybe with friends, maybe we'll enjoy laughter.
Today you'll guide and within each stride,
we'll show the world the outcome,
of two that collide.

Failed to Fail You

I failed to fail you.

Did I shock you?

I failed to change my goodness when you
coaxed me to.

You failed to see how I could stay true,
to illusion beyond strength of brute force,
my pulse runs thick with adversity for a snack,
you lunge and I smirk and don't bother to attack.

And though it may be unspoken,

I sense your relief and settling to rest,
sometimes a sick heart is happy to have failed in it's quest.

Influence

Looked outside my sphere today,
took care of another along the way,
wondered what potential lay,
if such pettiness was kept at bay.
Stepped beyond my bounds tonight,
made sure his fear was made right,
made sure he felt at home,
that he knew no such thing as alone.
Maybe I have kissed the sky,
maybe I have walked on high,
perhaps I could never shed,
blood soaked hands and
sweat stained bed.
This was my dread,
never able to relieve
this hate I'd perceived,
but he forgave me
and I was freed.

I Conquer

The sun and moon is no match for my heart,
for compassion overrides the ability to scorch,
I see evil lurking and demons smirking,
but where my gaze lay there is yet a sunless torch.

We all in fear agree we are sour,
and that hate has devoured,
but when I look into mankind's eyes,
I see warmth and a pillar,
I see a tower.

He loves and he is the breeze,
he cringes at dark needs,
and longs to set even the most wicked and depraved free.
He forgives and wants to belong,
you must burn him out to a cinder,
before he'll turn his back on you,
or say you are not true.

Who is this power of which I speak, that feels these things or has
such a view?

As it is others that come to mind,
so do others know these things are inherent,
in you too.

Note to Self

I'll keep this note by my bed in case I lose my head.

Funny to think I could but a note to self seems not only adequate,
but *good*.

Did I seek revenge too often?

Note to self,

it's my end of the problem I may have forgotten.

Did I lash out and leave someone dumbfounded?

Note to self,

if I feel hunted maybe I need to get more grounded.

Did I worry what that group of kids thought of me?

Note to self,

if I actually cared so much maybe I'd work on being fearless versus
hiding,

perhaps I'd do something worthy of honour,

so for others my good graces become more inviting.

Did I shy away though I knew I could change it?

Note to self,

that if I didn't even try then of course I'll blame it.

Did I believe the lie that took the wind out of my sails?

Note to self,

that perhaps I need to review whether my brilliance ever really fails.

My last note to self being,

that only lacking my faith in my own view,

is where sanity derails.

Too Real

Keep'in it real in a world too real for my liking...

Where is she now?

Got matters to discuss...

She's gone hiking,

maybe biking but something better than this stone setting which is starting to get frightening...

Feel I'm slipping away,

as cheap and worn as a used clothing store's racks,
copy what I see and feel the life drain'in out of me.

Take your malls and your street lights and arrows
and look past those buildings and walls and just try to see....

Anything further there other than another thing mocking me?

Highways and roads and planes do carry us up high,
but if I can see it maybe I could just ride the sky...

See inner fighting like ants on the ground,
wars and strife such tiny pebbles amongst the seas...

Why do we give such force,
thee and me,

to silly toy soldier games,
cash passed through dirty hands?

We question it,
though only you or I could finally understand.

We press on looking for a soothing balm to cloak us,
so we'll forget the children left behind,

we press on down the ages only to come to find,
that within the realm of our willingness to change,
it is all that was ever there to find.

Elf Tales

We ride deep in mountain ranges,
where your life is but your own,
not even destiny will decide whether you arrive home.
Hooves thumping, boiling blood pumping,
each drowns the other,
my fears I do smother,
meet my death or if I brave it,
my lover.
Saving you from certain fate,
makes me paint another day,
keeping the good from certain evil fate has become the way,
towards you,
my dance with darkness...
I will swirl doom till it knows not it's wicked thrust,
send it off out of my way, so it may parry with another in it's lust.
While I yet forge ahead, my heroic intents they do transcend,
only the road beyond in my sights,
until that sweet day where my tale's writer,
will spell those epic words,
"The End".

Public Enemy

Our words either sooth you or unsettle you,
depending which side you're on.
Our might and sound makes you wonder,
and you love us or hope we go under.
If you are scared better run now,
because we'll call it anyhow,
we do plow,
forward and do not bow,
telling it straight anyhow.
Hall of Fame in our back pockets,
and we've got stars in our sights ahead,
better to offend,
say it like it is,
than be a sheep in the herd,
never heard,
that's as good as dead.

A Third World Reality

She took a walk to the stream with her feet bare
and her hair embracing her there,
a day like no other as though nature were mother,
whispers of the past,
fleeing through dark waters falling into lather,
her senses she must gather,
for to be found would be to be battered.
A woman's life in this place of scum...
How does such rural beauty envelop such treachery on these
grounds?

Who is righteous here and who really lasts?
Not in my own glory could little I,
ever bask.
I resolve between myself and I,
the victor here is only one such as the eagle, who can fly away in the
sky.

The Grim Reaper

Glimpsed southward, sun kissed my eye,
nostalgia began her flow.
Where went those days?
I'm desiring old ways.
Used to hear children's voices at play,
like echoes through chapels long,
here today emptiness and traffic,
sentient finesse far gone.
Where to find self..
where to look..
I've worn my compass thin,
the Grim Reaper he does grin so,
chucks me cheerily under my chin.
"Oh child" he says, "my you have sinned."
Path laid bare,
no fruit on the trees,
no earth to stand my ground,
swirling in stormy seas..
Though his scope he had vividly shown,
I saw the hole,
he wanted my rush of life for his very own,
nameless he stayed, though I knew him well,
he had the idea I would live in hell.
The future rushed on and I blossomed again, and there began to
help,
now that rumour of hell, has all but dispelled.

To Eddie

Your voice carries my life higher,
youth returns,
an inner cinder becomes a crackling fire.
It does caress airwaves with smooth glass of vibe,
if you were to lead I'd follow that tribe,
imbibe,
many senses your emotion does override,
I am on your side.
Some say a soul marked for death is already gone,
but none could dispel the heart of rebellion of song,
for your whispers breathed until breathless,
the population does long.

Leaders

One whose artistic expression guides others right,
is the seat of any power that could exist,
makes evil desist.

Descent

Dusty long road is ahead,
fighting the heat and leaving my home,
oh yes,
I must roam.
Liquid rush between my thighs as adventure pulls up behind,
I'm not a good girl,
no not I.
Stopped caring what they thought of me long ago,
take your shack and one corner store and shove it where the sun
don't go.
I'm young and I'm free and don't you try to put a shackle onto me,
I'll tie you with my wiles and you'll find yourself confused and hard
for miles.
Got Zeppelin in my ears and Robert he does speak to me,
and I've got glimpses of the future road in sight,
catch up to me,
you couldn't even if you tried.
Attitude I think not,
if you've got it then flaunt it,
it's hot,
if you want it you'll be waiting in line,
unless you got a pathway to the lights,
a road for me to crawl, till I can overtake ya'll.
Budding youth could do anything.
Gluttony has youth trapped to only one thing...
feeling that sting...
concrete does settle in.

My Enchanting Hungary

Oh you country do beguile me,
throbbing in my veins,
from my earliest days, your heritage grabbed my reigns,
spoke your tongue before I had even grasped my native land,
rushed to your people here and sang,
hymned on stages for your country men,
in red and gold adorned places,
bible camp for weeks, just to be soothed by all your graces.
I recall amongst lush evergreens,
I dreamt I was a faraway
girl with braided hair,
like my mother and grandma before her, soaking up all your em-
bracing swanlike arms had to share.

They escaped you, darkness in wicked storms,
turned merry gypsy songs into pools of draining blood,
Danube ran a crimson hue,
as Nazi swine began to rule,
they did flee from your sweet tenderness,
your bosom so true,
here I did find them,
they gave me all that could be of your beauty,
oh I do miss you surely.
When I tire of all the tinsel and fakery,
I have my early days,
my fibre that twines through my very being,
a child of your descent, longing for fields of rolling grass,
a quaint village small,
tasting young love with fair skin blushing,
oh Hungary,
I often hear your ethereal call.

European this life I will always sway,
never change,
only grow,
the longing I feel to bathe in your waters,
you may truly never know.

Black Eddie

MTV didn't know what hit them,
a usual day and then your voice carried them away,
to the pain,
the strain,
our memories they do fast stack,
there you painted it black.
Feeling drips from each word you say,
your heart you share and comb our worries away,
for now we're ok and we'll go on another day.
Mentor so humble yet so much grace,
we're all blessed to have you in our space.

From Here

What I do from here will come to pass,
where I've been will last,
I want to get where I'm going fast.
Running to catch up with myself,
never quick enough,
I hope it's pressing,
and maybe even tough.
Winds challenge me and I flow forward,
nothing excused or untoward,
nowhere but onward.
Colours touch retina,
pale greens and blues,
yellow whizzes through,
this is feeling really new.

Childhood

Awoken from crystalline sleep,

eyes part open,

whilst a flood of light pours over my own created distant shores,

we walk in the rain,

you and I,

so angered you seem,

yet heaven quenching dirt's insatiate thirsts are such a puddle
game!

I unfaithfully fail to see eye to eye and wish to have you know,

there is a place where fairies chirp and where lollipops do glow.

Animals can talk and trees may whisper,

but if you deny their truth you're invited no longer.

Show me the ropes but don't tie me,

blissful disregard may lose a game or three,

but heck I ain't flinch'in,

I play in a world where the wicked will lose every time,

where good witches rule, with the best of the sublime.

Devoid

A void but no need to avoid.

Nothing here but what's seeing you.

Throw anything,

it'll go right through.

Devoid of good or bad or big or tiny.

Nothing loud or quiet or dull or shiny.

Nothing but light and force.

Even those mere energies,

they are my choice.

No Comfort

I made up a term I'm sure you may recall,
you liked it well,
it stroked your inner ploys,
tickled your fancy,
you cackled at these mere docile toys.
I saw you,
became you and shackled I remained,
took a powerful booster to set me unchained.
Always longed for your heart to be virtue,
knew to the core it couldn't be true,
our time always ended up kind of untenable,
you could call it,
almost,
somewhat,
uncomfortable.

Searching for Sugarman

Met a man through a movie who took life to the next level,
appears only some in the world had forgotten him, but he had always arrived.

Like Aladdin on a carpet of magic,
he was swept to the South of Africa to say hello to his friends,
his voice helped ease many of a nation,
from suppression of humanity deep within,
now the movies have made him more famous, but to him all that's
for naught,

if he can't be happy with what he's got.
Humble artist who spoke to millions,
with not an image in sight,
no solidity to see or touch of him,
but he was always there to say good night,
and to mention that within the world,
one day things could be right.

Yet again an artist has paved the way to the future,
to remind decayed souls in walls with locks and barricades,
a spirit can communicate through the darkest fog and most solid
mortar,

can turn cinders into sunlight ripe,
can repair the worst loss or hurt through any medium,
whether it be a record,
a whisper,
a thought,
or even a stadium.

Marilyn Monroe

Some would call you...

despaired beauty,
eyes of covered darkened days,
wilting willow in windy ways.

Some may say...

you were to be feared and shunned,
they were to be awed and stunned,
someone like a white crest,
yet seeking shelter in the sun.

Marilyn you may say...

Where did my innocence go?

Why don't birds sing to me like they used to?

Why do I not long for Christmas snow?

I say...

a new jewel at times can't view it's own glitter,
but can reflect it's surroundings.

I'm War Torn

I had forgotten you friend,
the war came to an end,
life went on however much unlived.
How does one really go on?
Such a different view,
no curtains,
no veneer,
more real I am as those memories nearer drew.
I've seen the worst there is to offer,
seen how lies can fill a coffer.
Were we victims or the cause?
Did we set the rules or were we breaking laws?
Hindsight tells the tale,
it made me stronger,
yet made recovery much longer,
I'll choose next time,
to skip the line.

The Holocaust Warrior

Beyond power of mere foresight you saved our lives seven times,
love still oozing from you despite receiving those heinous crimes,
I am honoured in your midst,
through loss and death you fought,
to yet again,
bathe in the sweet morning mist.
I see your progeny here with me,
each so stellar and beyond normal reach,
each so special,
they see so deep.
Without your triumph they may have known great strife,
may not have touched and emulated true courage in this life.
Surely would not be the group alive here before me,
in each of their hearts I see a sparkle,
of where you Sir warrior, touched them below all surfaces,
gentle warm breeze across a stormy sea,
a freedom walker,
you are obviously.

The Crow

Menace is under my skin,

I try to crawl free as I see what takes place in front of me,
anguish,

bottomless faithless horror,

demon men lurking behind every door.

I *am* rage and now let me uncage,

precious lips mine to kiss no more,

vanquish all as I lay down before thee,

you are my grounding and I your sprawling tree.

My sacrifice was what you sacrificed it all for,

those who harmed you, they know not what's in store,

I will drip with night and slay them along the way,

rising up away from the fray.

I can taste their blood and I let it dry to remind,
myself,

loving you,

forever and more,

they will never know all in store,

I will meet you my love on distant shores,

till then wait for me and know I am not mere lore.

Round We Go

So many have touched hearts in ways never dreamed,
sewing through the fabric of every being leaving no seams.
This world we live in did enough right to deserve all of you,
whispers in air,
tenderness in your stares,
far from anything to compare.
Vigor's rush takes life and rides high,
beneath the ground more wait for another day,
to cycle through birth and decay,
refreshed and smarter now to face another future day.
We all want to make brotherhood the way,
but we can sway and cause shame,
we hurt those we try to send forwards,
it's sometimes hard to detach,
and let the water's rush of freedom move onwards.

THE SHEIK

DESERT SNOW I DRINK
IMAGINATION MUST COAX
FACULTY TO DARE

The Coming of Peace

Out of dark we unite,
crystalline persuasion,
settles over the land,
mother of peace,
extends her hand,
dreaming not I,
a flutter of joy only ever now felt,
the spirit does release,
warmonger propaganda no longer a centrepiece.
Like the core of a sun I get back up again,
one only be slain who had lost their own counsel and way,
treachery and hell hounds at his feet,
sense of space up ahead,
yet omnipresent gloom does seem to loom.
Favoured...or not?
Followed...caught.
Restless waking moments trying to please,
a status quo that would never dispel their disease.
Breaking these mock shackles...
my first beginnings of ease,
persist to my vision,
in awe of such cowardly derision,
I am free of those bounds and will never again bend t'ward,
artful persuasion.

Gravity

I corrupt your space,
your movements I do lace.
Dare you to disgrace?
Step down boy,
I'll whip you like a toy.
Sphere below yawns open,
sun glints,
his tattoos they are so cool,
for adrenaline he's such a fool,
we all drool,
endless air but he ain't scared,
come on gravity,
let me get you ensnared.
Skateboard out,
knee pads on,
all his girls on the side,
he does ride,
air,
space,
purest blissless emptiness,
like the surfer on his break,
gravity he does innately caress.

Trip Till the Bitter End

Poison in my veins,
taking all my good senses away,
here I dwell counting,
excitement's mounting,
endless streams of dull time,
screams in my head,
fury of hell in my blood,
wanting to liven up my neighbourhood.
Medication drip took on a new disease,
I was rare before
but now I'm really aiming to please.
You got something for me?
Sure I'll have some,
tomorrow I'll be smarter and not quite so dumb.
The throbbing juice inside,
mind melt extraordinaire,
darker than my LSD,
lick'in my lips as my bullets catch air.
Parties and love all very cherished things,
those aren't any of my current flings,
don't know whether to die or die trying,
all I know is pulse and aggression is flying.
That one who giggled at my advance,
didn't let me into her pants,
she'll be first to go,
followed by my second fave,
what a babe.
Why all the terror?
You said it'd make me behave.
Felt something before,

now I just hate,
and you will sell it to the masses,
you'll cover up your pusher tendencies and say,
you got to me too late.

I Can Feel

One may say I am a happy girl,
spikes still pierce and I can feel.
Some could say that I fair well,
blades are still cold and they are real.
Ya I get back up again,
not to mention the ordeal that left a stain.
I still laugh more than cry,
still feel the pain of the other guy.
One may say I'm pretty strong,
with strength comes the ability to also see my own wrongs.
Ya I may appear the winner,
if others still lose,
my chances for happiness become dimmer.
You could say I can separate and see from afar,
only makes me see how many of my friends are also stars.
I may routinely come out on top,
without everyone else there by my side,
I'd rather just close up shop.

Dance with the Unknown

'Twas an eve like no other,
rambling willow mists draped onto the path,
even the break of dawn was afraid to reckon,
with the likes of the stealthy hooves of his Majesty's steeds,
fire brought to bear upon the court's misdeeds,
a certain one would lay bleeding amidst swampy weeds.
He did beckon his seer,
"Old woman of breadth, don't be frightened at my haste, please do
come near."

"There is a traitor amongst you, my King, I do fear. If you wait
steady and calm and ease all that you feel,
to my mind's eye their face shall appear."
A child they were after,
son of a Lord spoken of, only in tempered whispers,
a demon in lore,
must murder the boy,
or know not what's in store.
The dark young warrior knight had weaved amongst the common,
rags adorned his agile bronze physique,
yet still his entrance rather stirred mystique.
The crowned,
nearing the murky grounds,
tracked villain's prodigy as though a hound,
glints of light flecked from between blades of spun gold,
he could hear panting breath gasping for fuel,
then before his eyes the boy turned into a ghoul.
The King stood frozen with mouth agape,
as the sickening creature escaped,
it was now a certainty the end of his reign drew near,
for the King now knew the true taste of fear.

Nothing could bring his bravery back,
taken down not through brutish lack,
but by the most vicious kind of attack.

Chambers of Tomorrow

In a space we walk across distances spanning light years,
dependent on nothing,
but what we know,
opening to everything,
shut to none,
eyes sparkle bewilderment for the magic done.
Let my emotions cascade upwards,
towards rafters of elation,
solid logic lost,
and senses of inner sight in the equation,
I am reborn into this new view,
devoid of trepidation or hesitation.
Welcome to all yesterdays that have passed,
celebrating unending forward vector to certainties,
running to catch up with my racing worlds,
I'm the driver and the track now a speck below,
I have arrived with awe,
I could only show it,
words couldn't ever express all I saw.

A lot of Nothing

No words to express fullness of emptiness,
revolving door to the outside while looking in,
a lot of nothing going strong,
power devoid of concepts,
things put where a vacuum does belong.
Trying to express what never was,
holding fast to invisibilities,
letting go of restraint,
throwing away possibilities.
I had nothing too important to communicate,
here was a test if you'd read me to the end,
how strongly to the clear thinking,
can complexity dominate.

Sometimes

No one likes to be left,
surely not you or I,
we fall hard when the warmth of reach is taken away,
we don't know if we want to live to see another day.
We assume we've done wrong or harmed beyond repair,
we figure we were forsaken because we weren't all that should have
been,

sometimes it's the case,
it can be that another never again wants to see our face.
Sometimes it's the exact reverse,
a compliment of sorts that can't be compared,
that a great fortune of meeting was happenstance,
maybe what needed be undone was only the timing and unfortu-
nate circumstance.

Sometimes one can shine so brightly they beckon others very near,
making things somewhat happily alarming,
perhaps even disarming,
maybe the glow can be even blinding,
sometimes letting someone go is the resolution which must be,
but is the one that showed that there was in fact,
binding.

The Key

He was torn from her way too soon,
his deathbed reeked of opportunities also passing,
her firstborn he'd never meet,
all she could do was try to warm his cooling feet.
I spoke to him,
just two of us alone,
asked him where was his favourite place to roam,
he told me Hollywood,
he and my mom were once gonna be stars,
told him when he wanted he could go there in the now,
his debts were paid here anyhow.
Grew up with him,
long summers of pleasure and sun,
never truly connected,
till his body this time was almost done.
He'd never cared to hear of the spiritual side of this life.
Who cares and who really knows?
It became precious when the tests started to show,
not very long to go.
Cancer was eating it's way through his cells,
told him he's not his flesh,
though here he currently dwelled,
such relief in a sweet uncle's face,
he saw he was more than this wilting flower,
this hospital room of dim hopes,
he knew he'd go on to again learn the ropes.
She'd never fully approached what really came next for us all,
but that day she asked of I,
if I knew that he'd surely be ok,
I saw then that she had sensed all along,

that there was really hope for him,
he as a spirit would go on.
In our darkest hours,
when sadness and loss devours,
only one thing could ever even vaguely empower,
the truth that forevermore,
there will never come to be,
the fact that it's one's final hour.

Winner Takes All

It's gone quiet now,
left here lightless,
flightless,
eons of loss pile onto me,
in the form of you,
so blackened,
I've become sightless.
All I do know,
tormenting listless desperation,
to turn back the hands of Father Time,
to not have tasted of what could have been mine.
When the art takes it's course,
I fall upwards into a different sphere,
everything hums serenity,
all that is far seeming very near.
These phrases are some natural high,
I'm aching to write them across the sky,
to mend all hearts and pain,
that we could forgive for once,
that we could feel again.
Tonight if I could,
I'd hide amongst the most ultraviolet hues,
the ones that reflect all my times long gone,
I had thought I'd already paid my dues.
Though mine was the last word,
I sense I am the victim,
I am actually the cause,
that's what I've been scared to face,
thus only my footsteps, echo through this deserted place.

Raven

The raven was caught in the spell of her making,
hair so jet black,
eyes hauntingly blue,
perfect world of nothing,
greenest meadows hold no hue.
Rural paradise,
she wanders forests in search of peace,
rivers edge,
so dark and inviting,
like woolen fleece.
Peppered with specks of the things she resists,
charcoal now becomes a bird of prey,
taunting to draw forbidden treasure,
taking every calculated measure.
She watches him at tables,
at rest and at play,
she knows not why God has made her feel this way,
things she'll never be able to say.
Break of day amongst skies so true,
he caught her there,
contemplating the end of all lies,
should she tell the truth,
as though to honey would descend the flies.
To spill the goods or be tortured for life,
to bleed it away with stroke of crafted knife,
the truth would terrify you dear boy,
this is acid,
this is not a toy.
She'll remain silent,
torment under blue-rimmed lashes,

she'd rather be burdened by this plot,
than soak up the townspeople and their thrashes.
Everywhere she goes,
she sees a way out,
only one thing gives her the doubt,
she would acquaint with him not ever again,
for her it's not an option,
not a way out.

Let it be Said

I see my happiness bothers you,
it's a shame as I am to blame,
I admit I have played every move,
grooved every groove.
A game one plays with an enemy,
turned onto someone who stood for good,
the pitiful downfall of this race,
in the end ourselves we only disgrace.
In this world it seems nothing turns to gold,
the criminal seems to win,
it does appear so,
not actually the case I happen to know,
but for right now it'll suffice,
to tell you I'd rather have lice,
than to pretend I've tried to do anything nice.
I used what I know to show,
to prove that I'm a step ahead,
that there is nothing unknown in that head,
but it's left me feeling like lead,
it's left any trust from your end *dead*.
I enjoy this place here but again I'm reminded,
the liability of the art of vent,
sometimes you throw up scenery no one can circumvent,
I must relent,
unclean time spent,
repent.
I know I annoy and my being here rubs it in hard,
like a ghost I'll disappear,
only in times to come I'll have an upper hand,
I'll have someone to pick me up again.

You can know you took a dynamo,
an old dog,
and you taught it new tricks,
to learn true humility and to never overstep,
never to play like the pricks.
You are not crazy,
all of it was real,
like an architect of guidance,
yet devised before realization,
only to arrive to a planned out station.
The big secret here,
dear old friend,
is I knew exactly what you'd been reaching into,
I overstepped to see if further you'd look,
and see that you were being read,
like a book.
I'm glad it doesn't scare you,
I have faith in you,
I know I have betrayed you,
the illusion I've created here,
I will unmake in you.
Again like I have done ten or more years into the past,
I need to set this creation thing aside and just let it rest,
until it is healed and relieved of,
through skilled hands,
it's like dynamite turning into hurricanes across the lands.
Power can be used for good or wrong,
it depends on how and in what matter,
well you have experienced the latter,
so let's quit the chatter,
you have met someone who would rather,
own up than leave messy blood splatter.

Pitch Black

Listening to that song,

I know I don't belong,
between you and her.

Why can't I just leave,
do what's right?

But in this mirror I continue this fight.

Why won't you push me away?

Tell me to go to hell?

Why does she put up with my presence as well?

In your darkest shadows I do dwell.

Every day my strength grows,
yes we're keeping her on her toes,

I don't want foes,

I'm just love sick,
sick in the dying throes.

Sickened by myself,
but I'm by myself,
a foreigner looking in,
all I can see,

is the place I think I should be.

Even if I got you,
maybe it's the chase,

maybe once all is in ruin,

for me it'd just erase,

this is a possibility I might have to face.

So now she's gone,

here we sit,

car all dark,

parked in the thick of the forest road,

playing chicken,

for the next one over the hill to ram us apart,
but here's the saddest part,
more my thrill,
was the possibility,
that we'd take one final ride,
together,
to the other side.

Model Prototype Blah Blah

I love you!

I feel like I've tried to mould you,
or put something overtop of you,
and now I just want to get to know you.
I'm so done with trying to build a guy,
maybe I'm missing all the best parts,
the ones that would be there if it weren't for me...
if I could stop the big *try*.

Give

I will gently clasp it but only to hold,
give me your life,
I will softly nurture it,
but only if it's freely offered,
give me your dreams,
I will kindly live up to them,
until our end of days this life,
then I will set you free,
to be somewhere new, whatever you want to be.

We Surmount

That bully around is actually not insurmountable,
if he's made accountable.
He's afraid of something I'm sure.
But what would he fear if it was in store?
What would slow his pace and make him think a little more?
When one is singled out,
the ring leader chants,
ritual example,
others watch and think...
it's out of their hands.
It's an answer consisting of numbers,
not outsmarted,
but overpowered,
it's there the bully blunders.
When you see it,
get a few,
who,
care more for their personal pride,
than keeping waters calm,
I guarantee your problem would be gone,
the light of truth gets shone.

I Don't Belong

I don't belong,
have it,
consume it,
every little juicy bit.
I don't belong,
this fact makes me strong,
your cookie cutter mentality,
gives you only limited reality.
You can laugh,
in fact you are invited,
go for it,
only you end up feeling hit.
Coward stance,
on your tiny view I may prance,
most likely won't get to it,
too busy experiencing things that don't fit.
If you fall out of the groove,
you have nothing to fall to,
you're a fool,
should have picked your friends closer,
now you're just a poser.

Riding Hot Air Currents

Your voice drips sweet surrender,
takes this icy heart and makes it swelter,
I can feel the longing,
in your vice grip I am belonging.
Hot air currents we do ride,
from you this night I can't hide,
you've caught me on my blind side,
missing you like suicide.
Distance toys with my mind,
my fingertips walk over cloud clusters,
stretching to where you are,
your words burn so deep they are leaving a scar.
Don't let up,
don't shut up,
just know that this torture is welcome,
just know I'm the air below you my falcon.

Replica

Substance does increase,
as my mind does decrease,
make a duplicate,
as good as I am,
maybe better and smarter,
no flaws for a starter.
How does a neuron compare,
to life that is actually aware?
The man behind dirty billions may not want you to compare,
he only wants to horde his share.
Wield the matter through life's creative jaws,
only perfection itself could conceive and make,
any machine which can take data and debate.
Machine is only a replica of life,
a mirror of something much greater,
shows the vision before,
the ultimate of all,
the breath injected,
it's the creator.

Forward

Humbled by your honesty,
saying it how you see it,
such resolve,
a set pace,
a sullen mask to cover a worn out face.
He'd pull you through hell and back if you'd asked,
he'd bear the weight of any burden,
hurting but loyal to the marrow,
he'd nurse the tiniest sparrow.
Giants can get mad,
rage is all that is left,
universe of betrayal,
storms can get brewing,
darkness spewing.
Two faces of an angel a wise man once said,
one the depths of hate,
other sheer force of love beyond this place,
either comfortably worn with utter aplomb,
and utter grace.
Perfect balance of the duel between rise and fall,
digging through those trenches,
heart so brave,
you're so beautiful, whether glorious or depraved.

Morph Me

Your influence roams my worlds,
beckons me from crypt and bog,
shyness dissipates and I am here before you,
take the dark,
soak up my light,
give me cloak of night.
Timidity is not my thing,
reasons I may repel may not be,
as your conclusions do dispel,
maybe I've been waiting,
for a good enough reason,
to respond to some baiting.
I'll morph before your eyes,
I am nowhere and everywhere,
but all you know is you feel free,
all you sense is I'm here, before thee.
Spaceless,
faceless,
I can be so many things,
beauty and ugliness,
it can ease while it stings,
ability to shift,
and the hope it brings.
You make me want to open the box in which I reside,
musty air escapes,
sending dust towards the sky,
there before you and all,
it's the dawn of the butterfly.

Chained

Chained to my own despair,
man, I just don't care,
excuse me while I stare,
into voids no one can share,
I should beware,
endless dragging minutes,
I'm going nowhere,
don't know how I'll fare.
Will I be spared?
Tapered off to the point of no return,
cobwebs making it hard to breathe,
numbness does put my mind at ease,
being dumb my only release.
Way too smart,
too much heart,
always checking out every turn,
wishing not to spurn,
my imaginings are so much more than any possible renderings.
Tell me, do we get any happy endings?
Rat maze,
got us all in a craze,
one spits suicidal tendencies,
while the other drowns in a quicksand haze,
I'm bleeding over here,
it's as real as if you were all near,
want to soak it into the dire fire,
let it burn away until the stench of rot expires.
I'd lay my life down for any one of you,
bodies are frail and that ain't life anyway,
work my fingers to the bone,

toil and pull on you hard, before the pit consumes,
trick destiny before he resumes,
I'd walk hell to understand and open up any piece of you,
spirit thus freed,
there my own life force does get exhumed.

Lift Off

Outer space beckons me,
it chants it's eerie pulse through my very threads,
tonight I lift off,
touch worlds only written of,
venture to corners so dark,
anything even implied,
is sucked away into a billion year old remark.
Lift off,
tonight I'm unburdened,
astral sentinels wave hello as I sail through,
one day by my side,
there will be more than a few.

Jealousy

Girls can be so cruel,
so insecure,
trying to feign so pure,
word as good as manure.
You were a true friend,
I cut you down slowly,
dicing and slicing,
you never returned the favour,
though I was enticing.
When he left me,
turned to your warmth,
it reminded me of all the things I lacked,
it sickened me,
I sickened myself,
made me forget the times we'd laughed.
You were my life and I couldn't afford,
to lose your sweet soul,
your gentle ways,
so jealous barbs became the nature of my days.
Rather cut down the wheat than burn the field,
I needed to feed off the crops it did yield,
such vengeance in one finger,
could have been yours to wield,
but you have a softness that is made of steel.
I love you now as I loved you then,
my best friend,
you are a godsend,
and you showed me that people are worth fighting for,
when you accepted my apology to you,
only for you,

of you,
you know who you are, and you will always be benevolent,
and do what you naturally do.

Just a Teeny Tiny Play on Today

A play on today,
welcome to another longwinded,
quartered and drawn out chapter of your society.
So many forms of help along the way,
it's a wonder we've even arrived to today.
The restrictions we put to our youth,
yet they are hooked up before they even get off the boob.
Put the parental filters on,
little Johnny walks out the door and clicks a link,
all the mainline gore,
in this ever-mighty glorious world,
knocks like a boxer at his door.
Mary is cute,
as long as we don't know what she's really up to,
maybe if it was fine,
to share her errors before her prime,
she may be cool staying off the steady diet of crime.
You little dude,
stay clean and don't touch that blow,
yet your meds on the shelf are passed around
in the playground now...
Didn't you know?
Makes the high you had to The Doors,
look like kindergarten level wars.
Your stance could be disbelief,
ya,
some temporary relief,
then the commercial plays...
letting you know to be alert,
to the new drugs that *you* actually supply,

they don't really mind,
but lawsuits are a waste of their money and time,
they've got places to be,
people to handshake and greet,
just keep Johnny safe till he gets a little older,
and gets a taste of his own special brand of heat.
Send him to school,
a few hours for you to finally spare,
don't bother to ask him now what he knows,
because all those ringleader cliques are having a heyday,
we want to take the surface overpass,
the answer,
for our schedule,
is far too profound and vast.
We tried,
maybe it wasn't us who only lied,
society ills do find the weak,
and they do dine,
open your eyes,
open his,
he'll still run into it,
but will walk more proud,
judge a little better,
he'll even teach others what he now was taught,
later his judgement is all we old folks got.

A Little Ditty about Giddy

If you slung garbage into neat orderly piles day in and day out,
getting sludge on you through and through,
you would,
I'm sure,
need a sense of humour too.

Lost in Never

Turmoil brews,
our drenched skies cry to meet makers,
in this place there are no saviours,
only takers.
Encapsulated segments of cut up times,
no reason,
no rhyme,
frostbitten memories,
I'm paling as I grow cold,
so young in form yet oh, so old.
Banshee does wail so and she slowly follows me,
strokes my hair and licks red sensual lips,
whispering tales of forests thick,
the chants,
trickling innocence out of the wounds,
I've played so good and been so bad,
she knows so well I've been had.
I want to be a good man,
ritual wrenches my guts,
guess just another one of my occult ruts,
I didn't ask to grow here but now I'm rooted,
like the oak that never goes,
times bend forward,
but there I sit looking at dark spots from behind me,
there in my blackest personal throes,
seems not even my Satan may atone.
I'm enchanted by all the joy I don't have to take for granted,
animal rites,
twisted fates,
abstaining from the freely given honey,

just plunder the lost souls of those who have now become nobody.
I'm the funeral procession in human form,
witness the ghosts that haunt me,
a long trail of never agains,
raw force of nature,
if only I could shut the flow of this artery puncture,
where my compassions seep out towards the ground,
the deepest nights where I cry for the happiness I never gave,
sobs the only dispelled sound,
for the sadness in meeting me,
that others have repeatedly found.

We Can Rape Adversity

Hollow souls of diversity
of which I am but another cast shadow,
vindicated by nothing,
whipped right and left,
rag dolls just trying to get by,
two steps forward,
more steps back,
not knowing why.
We all feel it within us,
we are the mentor,
the warrior,
the crowned,
the glory,
each of us know it, though looking around us,
we may not see such a story.
Adversity cackles letting us know,
we should feel weak,
bend to it's might,
by the end of our duel with the elements,
not even a starting bell,
let alone a fair fight.
We can grow our spiritual size,
open wide our dull pain-caked eyes,
open them up so far that,
witness things without the need of eyes anymore,
even to use those mere orbs for vision again,
comparatively they are quite poor.
We can be so huge,
adversity comes in,
we do not flinch,

we may only grin,
we could even rape adversity,
and put it to shame,
but we let it on it's sad stealthy way,
we have bigger games to play.
We are all the legends that we have read of,
we are the might of yesterday we strive to emulate,
we have it right here with us always,
it is us,
to embrace the truth of where we have been,
is to wash away the disabilities,
the adversities,
that have added into all things,
a false spin,
such a twisted travesty,
that it has become lost to us,
that we are our own Majesty.

Till Dawn

Sometimes I wonder where you are,
yanked me out of those dreary halls into a darker vibe,
pressure would mount as the after hours called,
for my low spirits this is all I ever needed prescribed.
I see them lining the walls waiting for their fills,
you and me girl we had our own thrills,
the house music would play on into the dawn,
lights would go up and we'd still carry on.
I miss you girl,
you and your slew of out-of-schoolers,
we'd shrug off the weird and chuckle at droolers,
we knew what we needed like parched desert sands,
that beat taking us away to those faraway lands.
So many car rides through random back streets,
my favorite was still Halloween,
how we made it out of that time alive,
that's between us and the crew by our sides.
Years gone by,
still wonder what became of you,
hope you are well,
with a family too,
you showed me it was alright to give the middle finger,
in my charmed memories of youth,
your carefree heart will always linger.

Exit

Crawling ever so carefully to find the exit wound,
scraping up this invisible realm to see where the path may lead,
feels so good to wash away,
to bleed.

I am a vapour that cannot be defined,
this feeling leaves me knowing,
I can never be confined,
the exit signs flash all around,
but you are nowhere to be found.

I wonder time and again,
is this love a myth of my own creating?
When I look over it, never less and never abating,
just saturating.

If this feeling is just my generation...
Why lie?

Why give this power to another?

This aesthetic vector is mine to ride to the furthest shores of light.
Why should I put up a fight?

I receive what only I can give,
I keep looking up and down,
the essence of you is nowhere to be found,
unless I am around.

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Did you love *The Book of Past*? Then you should read *The Watcher* by
Iam Dreamfire!



The Watcher leads us into the dark existence of Device, given a singular role at an early age due to his super abilities to pierce others and see through facades with uncanny accuracy. His job title, The Watcher, created by his handlers, the ancient rulers of the Lazeran Quadrant calling themselves The Vision, was an attempt to get order into an old system they cherished at the expense of anyone not like them or willing to submit. Device, was bred for the duty and relied upon as the leading method of attack across a mental and physical plane to counteract the problems of technology advancing whilst insanity and dissension loomed larger, where people, it seemed, were harder to control and keep track of.

The Watcher, trusted implicitly by his employers, questioned the system he answered to, almost daily. On a remote outpost he would

hear of a woman unlike any that had walked before, who would come to incite an awakening carrying him into another dimension overlooking it all where one could see even without the use of eyes. Like an echo of the sheer force of nature itself, it would fly into the teeth of all things mechanistic, all things deemed forever lost and unbending.

Across severed worlds a healing of sorts would attempt to thrust it's might upwards but not without the grueling task of finding out how deep the caverns of evil had sunk to. An intimate walk through the eyes of one granted free reign to control all things in their path, alongside the eyes of one who would undo it all through different methods. It's a journey from the very core of desperation and determination towards the breaking of chains that might very well open a road to a new tomorrow.

Could that future dawn open it's rays of warmth wide to them? Could they reach true glory? Their path was uncertain but as long as they could taste it they would not give up.

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Also by Iam Dreamfire

The Book of Past
Capture
The Watcher

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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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