

INTRODUCTION

This poetry and art collection is for the love of myth and creativity. We all love fantasy, legend, and mysteries in our ownway, I think it is just in our natures to be creative. Real or not, I hope these creatures and stories inspire you, too. Our imaginations compassionately serve our needs for those "other realms" and I could not have understood the worldwithout the caring salve of my own fantasies. Our creativity can heal us, so I encourage you to let go, and dream.

A TASTE OF EVERYTHING

Cold as ice, a tasty sweet; but it's much more, than just a treat, I saw it flash, afore my eyes, I scooped it up, in a surprise, a spoon of ice cream, all it was, but then i breathed, and that's because I saw the world, curled inside, I saw the ocean, and it's tides, I saw a doe, a speckled fawn, I saw the moon, and then it's dawn, I saw those sad, and those who know, I saw a bird, fly fast and slow, don't laugh at me for what i say, I know what you saw, yesterday, you saw it in a silver spoon, you saw the darkest of the moon, I know you saw the tainted sphere, I know you did, I'm outta here! you saw it in that empty glass, you saw the people as they pass, don't watch no more, or it be worse-I know you saw the Universe.



THE SCROLL

I hand this over, scroll from thee, now keep it from, the Valkyries, I give to you, this note of ways, keep it safe, from all who slays, a sacred letter, written form, pro-tects us,

from any harm,
bestowed to you,
the future's key,
in all of age,
philosophy,
take it now,
and ride your steed,
get it where,
it needs to be,
adventure on,
and be our light,
make it there,
and make things right.



ANGELICA

Tiny little wonder, little thing, I don't know who, a beauty in your mythical, as a thing that I am too, flitted wings of Elvin lamb, I cannot understand, holding out those arms, that have such small, pink hands, don't know what you are, yet, but know I want to see, you are a little fairy girl, but maybe you could besomething I've not seen yet, a mystic all your own, new into this world-little alien, you're home!

I'M AN ELF

Peek-a-boo! I'm always here,
I'm always hiding somewhere near,
peek-a-boo! I'm over there,
I'm always here and everywhere!
Peek-a-boo! I'm at your side,
look to the left, and there I hide,
peek-a-boo! I am behind,
somewhere you, will never find!

STAR DUST

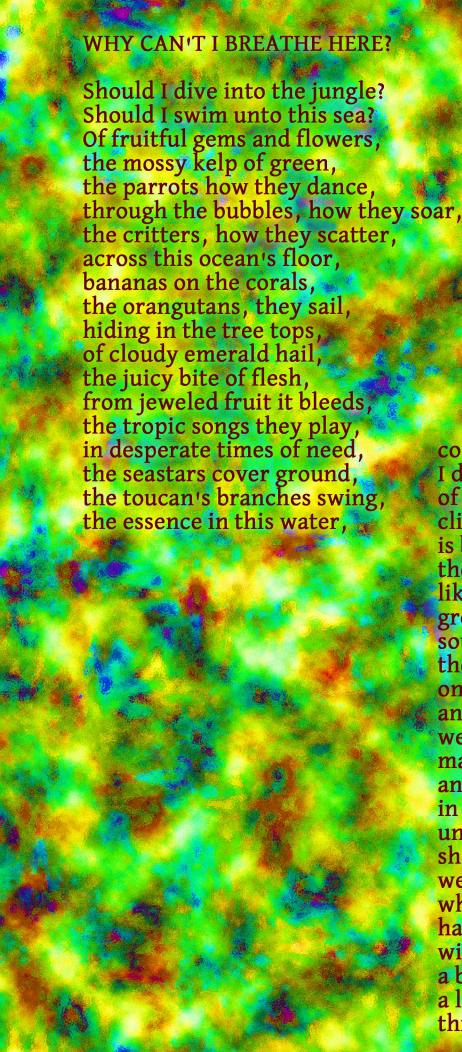
If you were dust, magic dust, and I spread you through the air, you'd get caught up in peoples coats, and in their waiting hair, if you were dust, magic dust, and I took you to my home, you'd make us feel, so darn glad, that we are not alone, if you were dust, magic dust, dust falling from above, you'd be a silver dragon, scooping stardust from our love.



AMAZONITE

River's dirty water flows, unbeknownst, the undertows, lurks what beast, what fish, what thing, to which your luck, or bad luck, brings, mysterious, the green in eye, of all the serpents that pass by, troubled gills, and flapping tails, a triple fin, a flowing sail, and only love, could save you now, so pray your prayer, and say your vow, for I don't know what's best or worse, for what this is, you have a thirst, adventure or a journey's way,

because that journey starts today, a river's dirty water flows, but no one knows, which way it goes, or lurks what fiend, or even, friend, what is around, the corner's bend? It may be ugly, may be strong, but look into her eyes and songs, the song she sings is cool and green, she knows exactly what we've seen.



colored moony-blue, and springs! I dive into the canopies, of salty red and pink, clinging like a gold seahorse, is beauty, I should think, the aqua lets us venture, like liquid through the vines, grown like spider webs, sounds like under water chimes, the butterflies can rest, on trees with fairy steps, and if we swim on further, we may just see sunsets, mangoes in the grottoes, an angelfish passed by, in the under water jungle, under a crystal-clear, blue sky should we breach it slightly, we look to down below, where an emerald gazing forest, has be-spotted it with growth, with honey-marble blossoms, a bigcat with green eyes, a leopardess in swimming, through the jungle's verdant tide.

UNKNOWN SPECIES

Sallow skins, we weep and hide, hollow bones with no insides, we moan and sing, and butcher trees, and walk along our rubber knees, bulbs for skulls, in sad remorse, shree sorrowed songs, with scanty verse, and even though we've been forgot, we're always here, in case you're not, now if we should be changed or grow, evolved into the great unknown, of that storm that washed us out, to be spread through the wind of doubts, life not stole, no life is sapped, but we are new, and we adapt, ever-tweaked, or I not self, keep changing into some one else.

ALIEN WAVES

Buzzing wings, chirping voices, all in one, a million choices, everyone, and everything, grope for words that they must sing, choir bells, and lips are moving, twisting, twining, bending, grooving, speaking loud, and fast and slow, I speak a language you don't know.

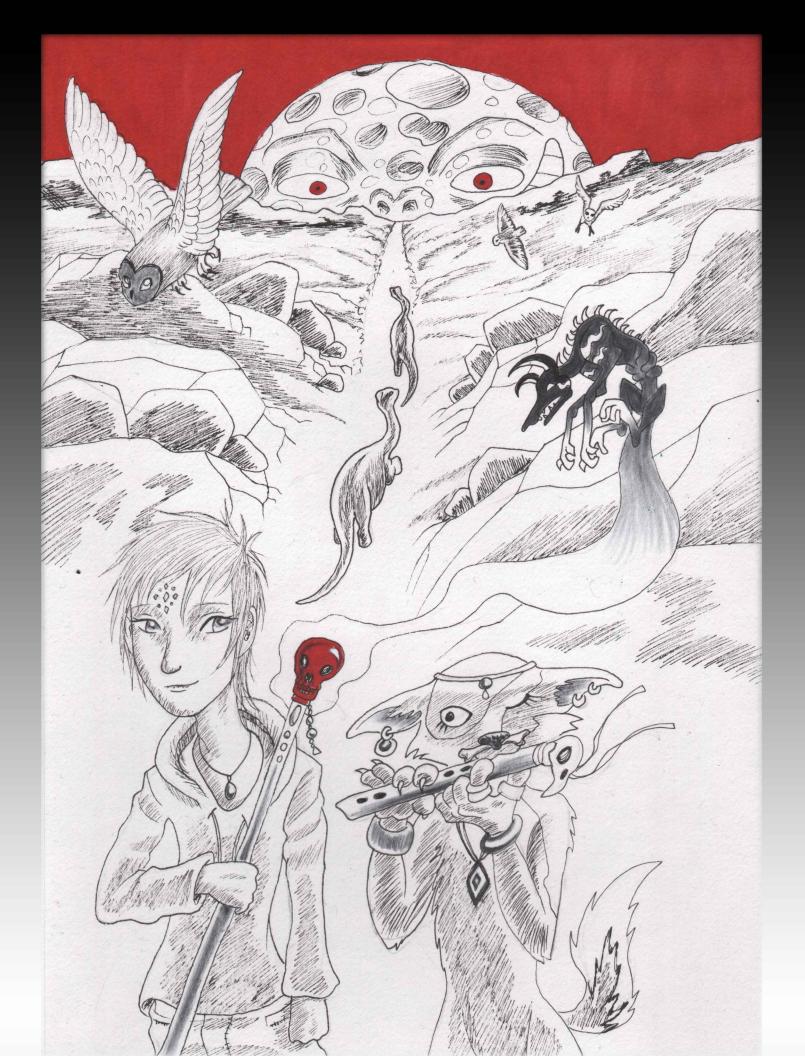
SLEEPED ALL DAY

Wake up,
sleeped all day,
eyes like a vampire,
but the skin of an alien,
wake up,
slept all through the morning,
I have the claws of an owl,
but the hands of a merman,
but I am beautiful.



KOKO & THE WITCHDOCTOR

You showed up on the moon, exactly 5 years ago, now I wonder if, you ever made it back home, he's the man in the moon, but he isn't there, just an illusion I seeked, when life wasn't fair, as a dazzling blue, he's a star-freckled light, that showed me his beauty, in the middle of night, he showed up on the moon, exactly 5 years ago, now I wonder if, there's still something you know, that you haven't told me, that you didn't say, that took back your shame, and your breath away, so what can you tell me, about life way up there? Or is it just something, that you couldn't share? Couldn't put into language, no, not into ink, couldn't paint me a picture, couldn't make one I think, but maybe it's something, too strong for us, here, the ones bound to Earth, in our beloved, bright fear.





SHURIKEN SISTERS

Shuriken, red ribbon shows, I'll call you in the afterglow, to be my heir of second place, and be my future winning face, tattoos red, and leather be, a look for you, a look for me, prizes you see worthy here, are feathers, kills, and silver mirrors, with arrows and your shuriken, you walk the earth, and may have been, like me or you, or some one else, I like your style, take your health, to finally be a work of art, do you know where you should start? I want you firmly on the mat, my welcome sign, the potion vat, I kindly wanted you to see, that no one stays, not even me, so take my gift, I give you ten, salute you with your shuriken, iron eyes, when it was dark, lit me up, when things were hard, soft or tough, or strong or not, I'll be there, for things forgot, our hopes and dreams, will come alive, into fruit, and into light, sister, bring my every fear, at last our peace is finally here!



CELEBRATING MERCURY

I used to have no lucky days, the weeks I scavenge, scarce, digging under rubble rock, and all alone in there, then heaven sent me something new, a life that lit my fire, that burned the heart inside my chest, I made him a good flyer, these lives are made of steel and gold, but amber is my hue, scales bronzer than the Earth, and I fell into you, a child for this lovely soul, in scales I pretend, and if I'm not a Mother, then at least he is my friend, I chased the star into the sky, into the claws consumed, and to this danger destiny, my loneliness resumed, but I could not stop looking, through the snow and ice, I stole, into the desert's dry,

and into the nights of coal, these dragonlands are brutal, he said, you're not far away, he bestowed upon a body, a tree encrusted blade, I carried it into the lair. where the beast lie in the chill, I reached out to my baby, as he was live here, still, but then I saw again, in the rippled slain of flesh, my friend gave one last look, it was a look of inno-cence, not a face of fury rage, not a glare so ill-intense, just a Mercury-red glance, as he died in for-give-ness, I threw off every weapon, that I used to make it here, as I quivered in the silent breeze, and shed Motherly tears, but a tremble in my step, and the sadness in my soul, didn't realize what's to come, as he followed me back home...

CHINESE DRAGON

Shrouded by light, brightened by gray, filtered white, flowing beams are retained.

Dripple drops, raining spots, crash; Puddles it makes, the thunder boomed and rang and screamed.

Bobbing leaves dipped with a name; It echoed in the air.

Shaking heads of beaded dew in the crippled fog...

Came a shag of reddened hair, flowing through the atmosphere.

We point at it, dreading with fear at the claws hooks and scales, furry ribs, many tails.

Dissapearing into the clouds, it cried with wear, moved on...
It left; A monster in which lives in our dreams.
But the milky sky, the chill of air...It is there.
That burning hair, that shag of reddened hair.

SHADOW & TIANA

Male dragon of this hue, a golden boy, of golden-blue, scales hard as diamonds too, he sparkles like he is, brand-new, his origami, everywhere, he was no beauty, in despair, male dragon of the Sun, a friend of mine, dear Shadow-Kun, and now he has an upper-hand, a kitsune in his desert sand, she is his girl, a princess, grand, a lovely fox, Tiana-Chan.

YOU'LL BE DEAD

Sunlight full of unicorns,
I heard that in a song,
I'm fighting off these vampires,
who've held me, oh so long,
know who's angry?
Guess again,
It's someone who's like me,
I know you don't slay dragons,
but a dragon it will be...



HYDRODRAGON

A dragon made of water,
pure clearness seeker,
to be unveiled in your dreams,
fiberoptic, nature-made,
a way to bend, vibrational beauty,
would you see him if we swam?
The serpent made of glass,
a snake of reflections,
seeking aqua power,
never dry,
the rain falls on all who needs,
down to the ground,
each sphere makes sound,
you don't have to look happy,
to be happy.

RED DRAGON

He is an archetype,
He is red like iron and raspberries,
His claws are thick; he could destroy anything in his path.
But he will never know that, because he is gentle.
Three-eyed, every single one of them is blue and gold,
His wings are fans of skin, quivering as he rests.

COPPER FACE

He is orange, almost copper.

A sun rises in the reflection of each scale.

He is present,

and he is clean.

He is clear and vivid,

metallic and heavy.

Armored by his inner essence,

so we may know his true color.

His gaze is warm, leaving ripples in the water.

He is like a lion,

pacing and guarding the land.

GOLDEN SCALES
He licks clean his scales,
like a cat would.
Liquefied gold rolls in his eyes,
and ivory glistens from his claws.
His tail is an iron log,
blocking the knights from his treasure.

THE SERPENT OF WISDOM
Her silhouette is bronze,
dark on the edges,
and stained with turquoise wounds,
She is ancient,
and older than most.
Slow, crawling,
she still has all the time in the world.
Haunting the same cave she was born in,
and will one day die in.
She is like the wise, old woman,
blind, but all seeing.

EPHEMERAL
She is small,
cordial, but spritely.
Crackling and glittering,
but not a one color specifically.
She is a storm of stars.
She is reminiscent of a fairy.
A sparkling creature,
with pearlescent teeth and eyes.
She is like a butterfly,
with serpents blood.

THE WATER DRAGON

She grimaced so viciously, in her harshness, it becomes beautiful, Underwater, her scales glitter, She is a dragon shaped shadow of treasure. Her fins are like curtains, obscuring tiny fish.

DESERT WANDERER
She is rock.

Brown and grey, bruised with iron.
Her wings are dark chocolate,
like the eagle's, abound with feathers.
Her antennae is beaded with glass and clay,
and her skin is leather.
Brown and hot as fire,
she is fierce, but she knows serenity.
She is the living rock,
disguised in the arid desert.

METAL GIRL
She is gallant.

But she is silver and snide, her tongue is like the snake's.

Her fire toxic, she guards you jealously.

She has a deep understanding of what treasure is, but you have no understanding of her.

She is like a steel shark, growing wings.

FOREST LIZARD

He is greener than moss, part of the forest.

He drips with dirt and ferns.

The world's largest emerald he might just be.

Precious and frightening, he sinks into the trees. He is like a sleeping island, awaiting his wake-up call.

BLACK KNIGHT

He is quiet and ugly,
so ugly his beauty is blinding.
Dark, black, smokey obsidian,
his scales are that of a beast.
And he is proud of it.
Rough, horned and untouchable,
he is a terrain of darkness.
But he is just a holy knight,

imprisoned in his own armor.

He is cold, hard like stone.
He is blue and icy,
and his breath is the snowstorm.
Smooth, beautiful and blue,
he is a grand mountain,
drifting in the snow.



FOR THE PEACE

Really, rock Lily, they don't care what you do, roses in the garden don't wait to bloom you, frozen forever like flesh of immortals, vampire eeries that jump these time portals, truly shine darling, they don't care what you say, it's useless to wait, when dusk turns into day, sing your song silly, encounter this beast, goblins amongst us will share their large feasts, and then what will happen when a rainbow of color, wakes up our hunger and swallows another? like red ones and black ones, goat skulls will do, heaven and people, won't wait to save you, I promise you nothing, no pennies to throw, to cast to the fountain, of I'll never know, stickers and burrs of the ancient vines, creep, sit down to settle, in a horrid, dark, sleep, but the man of the woods, he will rise and say, son, this was the Earth, a mankind with no guns, their silks and their satins, will billow on winds, that dance in the highlights, we've not seen on him, the parents will listen, they whisper in ear, the children suspended, in arms of those, dear, I even saw goodness, of fears, in its' eyes, a demon cried nearly, until she survived, I speak of this fondly, no prattle I say, and I'll fight for this ocean, the world's better ways, we toasted to love, the fear we all knew, heartfelt-dear wishes, when I turned to you, oh my you were lovely, oh gracious, you were, and how does that happen, in a world full of hurt? I watch in my armor, held dagger, clenched teeth, because I'll give my blood, if it means to have peace.



ICE QUEEN'S ROSES

Emeralds, diamonds, and rubies,
but sapphires the most,
nothing less of perfection,
inclusions,
dust trapped forever in crystal,
a violet encrust, small but fine,
a wonderful find,
thank you, I love you, it was a sign,
gold dripping from every inch of her,
foreighn tassles,

a black stare, lashes so long, they barely revealed her eyes, but see them,

they are gold, then blue, then green and red, she never looked so peaceful, and disturbed, at the same time. I wished to recue her,

for if not saftly in my hands, then whose?
Heavy like lead, sour-silver in color, lava dripping from her teeth, poised in periscope visions.

Wide eyes, full of a sky so dark, stars so high, that I could not touch them, could not reach them, but I will pretend that I can catch them, wish on them, in this glass, it was never the end, never the end, the sky has no end, that is the truth of the universe.

It was a gold stone like a candle, a heathery light full of wonderously bad ideas, you could say they were awful, or you could say they were awful beautiful.

Made me think twice about beauty...



SALTY SWEET & THE LUCKY GUESS

Jagged edge, defined by sleep, to be a diamond, crystalline, a spark, a shard, a spine of glass, a lucky guess, about the past, Can I go on, my life like that? And can I live, without the cats? A word away, a window, cold, fogged up the pane, as was fortold, looking in, I can't describe, the eeriness, in those black eyes, the haunting ice of fridgid dark, of everything, once in my heart, an empty shell, a breathing pump, of gasoline, or maybe blood? A midnight train, a ride across, the deepest ocean's bitter frost, imagine this, a sea of black, of ghostly ghouls, and heart attacks, but in the rush, of crystal shells, I dunk this copper, in the well, no jagged edge, or razor claw, could change his mind about these flaws, so haunt the house, don't haunt the grave, a piece of this, is what I'll save, too salty sweet, a lucky guess, is what became, of this whole mess, and now he smiles, free at last! With all the power, and the cats.

THE GOOD WARLOCK

May he shower in the rain, the snow-cleaned air, that flowing beast, he, him, a stunning silver-blue, a nipping glance of cosmic moons, but he won't show on account of you, body, bare, dew-dropped, shocked, he must have stopped, cold, dark, eyes, wetted hair, don't follow him, for he is stern, because he, him, the dazzling treat, was nothing good or sweet to eat, coats of pearl, down his back, prettied soul, embered coal, with a faded gift along his sides, feathered out, in horseshoe-black, must you run, now must you go, for he is also a monster head to toe, and I've seen it before, I hope your rage, you're ready for, I am that howling.



LIFE THAT'S NEW

Bird, a bird, sat on a nest, had a challenge, had a test, 3 round eggs, a pearl blue, life inside, perfectly new, cracked the surface, broken shell, gave them life, a worthy spell, baby birds, one of you, will have the power, to see through, rock and wood, and stone and fire, lightning strike, and never tire, one stood forth. and gave a squeak, I give presents, to the weak.

THE ALKONOST

Silken blue with feathered beads, on his tattered, spotted wings. He was colored like a sunset sea, and hunted by the kings. Dipped in like a paintbrush, he was a canvas of a bird. Washed in blue and yellow, with some pink and crimson words. Maybe he stole it from the peacocks, was he an egret splashed in paint? Creating rainbow colored feathers, on this gorgeous summer day. Drenched in watercolor paint, flowers, feathers, beads, A kingfisher rose from the ocean waves, like a sunrise in the sea. -ARIANNA

PHOENIX FEATHER

Throw me fire, clawed and fury, into stone and keep me buried, ashy step, to burning wing, hot as ice, so watch it sting, glisten glances, yellow-red, phoenix feathers on my head, smokey heat, the burns, they sear, phoenix feathers between my ears, laughing, cawing, crests of light, I was scared of silver's might, but underneath him, I restored, what you loved and soon adored, I was me, and you was you, I stayed good, and you stayed true.

THE SCEPTER OF MY MAJESTY

The scepter of my majesty, the scepter of my grace, a wonder in a crystalline, and clearly defined face, I blessed him in the riverbed, I blessed him in the spring, crystal in the drinking well, and I become no thing, that godliness is greatness, and in destiny, I tell, love me like the scepter, in which all these battles quell, the wonder I can't hide, when I look into the mirror, the scepter of my majesty, the magic, it is here! Clear as Ice, this scepter shines, and I become transfixed, I'm so glad that you're the one, though it was you, who picked, I, to be the chosen one, and I, to be the wielder, of the mystic crystal, it's protector, and it's keeper, I blessed you in the blue lagoon, I blessed you in the lake, a crystal in the mythic pool, I blessed you, for all's sake.

PRINCESS THE PEACHES

The peaches, the princess, things that won't do, the juice in the fruit, and the boy that was you, against the arises, of heavenly rose, the sweetness of beauty, before his eyes closed, the rabbit, the guider, the one with the peach, the tree that had grown it, the branch out of reach, the princess who guides them, the one who best sees, the petals of pink, in the soft mountain breeze, ribbons for dancing, a fruity ballet, goodness of gardens, and more things to say, will the trees grow more peaches? Why ask that of me? My question for youwell, is it a peach tree?



MUCH TO LEARN

Sword in hand, to be shot once, he hasn't been here in five months, sword in hand, he lives away, far from family, he's astray, with a lesson, on the rise, picked up his sword-what a surprise, fight to triumph, could it be, that it's wrong? we'll have to see, the hero wins, the evil lose, but maybe that's, not how we choose, do we learn, if we then win? Or should we stop to think again? What we see, is what is there, will we question if we care? Teach the ones that may be lost, lessons come, no extra cost, wise you are, when you just stand, he dropped his sword, no sword in hand.

WARRIOR PRINCE

When he was young, he had no choice, but now he's older, has a voice, but he's so shy, so he can't say, what he had to, yesterday, but say it, boy, 'Cause you know how! It's your life, and life is now!

BEADED BLUE

On a finger, slender, sleek,
touched to rosey cheeks,
silver rust, of beaded-blue castle dust,
meant to her, not anything, a love game,
a lonely breath,
what do jewels mean to thee? Marry me!
But silver rings come with a door?
Iron walls, castle floors, a silver tongue to say such lies?
Beaded-blue, azul as glass, but alas!
She flew, escaping what he called love.

WHAT A GOD MUST HAVE

No being nor demon can measure to this, a god with a hand, curled into a fist, waving it boldly, in-to evil faces, taking forgiveness to so many places, a god is divine, and a god can't compare, he's higher than so much that's already here, he leaves behind feelings, of terror and night, he never does wrong, and he's always right, but gods and the goddesses, do they know their role? Because being divine, doesn't mean you have soul.



CLOUDS FOR FIGHTING

You're animate, you're living, you're breathing and you bleed, but how can you keep going, if you're falling off you're steed? sword in hand, and shield to heart, and he was very shy, parden me, I've seen again, the sunshine in your sky, what did they shun you for? Your filth and than your face? These people are confused, so love them, and their disgrace, become the field we're growing, a hill of blooms so white, can you be of greatness? Can you do me right? Don't miss the silver breeze, it was a mint and cooling stare, it was a breath of salty white, in the freezing, glittered air, and if he dare to glance again, I'll see that glass now break, pardon me, as I pretend, I do not see this fate, he's a tree with many limbs, like a willow in the ice, with a fruit so very cold, but a taste you'd like to bite, to see into the future. yet all I saw was true, see into the past,

and find it wasn't you, he had the face of someone, as the face was touched with snow, as winter came upon us, with a lunaristic glow, I saw into his present, and realized that I see, what he's truly thinking, is what he tries to be, see into your soul, and perfection isn't there, neither am I, perfect, but I never really cared, I never really knew you, but this friendship is a gem, a crystal ball was certain, that we would meet again, you're animate, you're living, you're breathing, and you bleed, your bravery has saved us, it is all you'll ever need, like a cherry-heart was splitting, a pair of eyes had opened, another spill of freedom, as the brilliant one has spoken.



IT DRIPPED FROM THE MOON

Give my heart to heaven, I'll never shoot you down, you stand upon the stars, and me, close to the ground, I'll fix my bow for killing, but I'll never bring it back, arrows to the moon, but the hunt is what I lack, my shot is made of Eden, but I carved it here on Earth, and I'll try it at the moon, just to see what it is worth, glitter from the stars, the finest dust to feel, mends my ragged soul, and unto my flesh, it heals, I'll follow your foot prints, back, into the clouds, watching from the mist, from winged and shallow shrouds, I'll beat upon this nova, I'll take it's sparkling blood, and all that was forgotten, will come back in a flood I'll drink upon that ice pond I'll gulp so far and deep, the frost between the drops, will freeze me in my sleep, up and down, the crashing, that raging waterfall, a place that made me feel, really kind of small, was pearl-black and raven-black, a feel that made me scream?

Am I still alive in here, or is this one big dream? I guess it's fine for now, the flakes of snow will sit, on the bolds of my eyelashes, until in the wind, I'll slip, I was a man of power, but do you recognize? I'm just the face of Winter, and I'm weak, despite my size, my eyes will turn to white, my cheeks just float away, the Spring is coming soon, I'm afraid I cannot stay, I blink like Ivory pearls, I smile in the breeze, the atmosphere just quaked, there is nothing here but trees, but in the Summer's heat, the mud washed from the rain, it left a messy puddle, a crumbled, stormy stain, and you hold his coat in patience, you cry into his shirt, he's still rising from the desert, and he's still smiling in the dirt.



MOTHER ALIEN

Did Mother always keep this key, away from us, away from me?
today I find, and now I slip, away that key, into my lips,
I felt the curly-cues, and edge,
its' knobby knots, and dripping ledge, and when I finally found a match,
I knew I wasn't coming back,
I grabbed the handle with a twist,
with the muscle of my wrist,
and with a crack, doors opened, slight,
I felt the breeze, and saw the light,
the wind was rushing through my hair,
in the blinding night, so bare,
the sky around my body, twirled,

five-hundred feet, above the world, the truth was out, and now I knew, my Mother was the one, that, who, a mirror never told me so, what's looking back, that we don't know, the truth came big, but then again, I'm proud to be an alien, the moon-like eyes, the starry skin, it tells me where I must have been, I think I'll sleep quite well tonight, I feel as though this makes things right.

LITTLE OCEAN SONG

Open the windows, open the doors, open the ocean, and crawl to it's floor, I wasn't worth it, but now I believe. love is a gift, that I gave to receive, I held me down, where I knew I'd drown, but that wasn't me, who I thought would be found, light in the glass, like the sun used to shed, bring me a piece of the calm that you had.

MERMAID TAG

Come along, walk with me, I'll take you to the ocean's street, squishy pavement, building's gone, tangy sunsets on the long, silver neighbors, shelled, or slimed, underwater, where we've climbed, turtles wink, the dolphins laugh, they gave you ocean autographs, they laugh at us and get away, as we swim, and as we play, I look at you with flowing hair, you look at me, with tender care, a mermaid sings, it's like a wave, dripping diamonds, in a cave, we do not splash, we slip right in, like it would, and should have been, silver eyes, they seem to speak, what in her future, does she seek?

THE MERMAID TIARAS

The pearls in the river, pale pink, grayish-black. Less than perfect circles, but still lovely, at that. See the mermaids collect them, and the mermen design such tiaras so lovely, in their colors and shine. They craft and they fashion, with their glittering stones. Using minerals, metal and delicate bones. They set pearls from the rivers, and gems from the land collected by creatures whom have legs which to stand. As they create their tiaras, their crowns full of pearls. It's the art of the merfolk, their gift for the world. -ARIANNA





SAFE WITH THE CREATURES

Safe inside the monster's jaws, and safe under the werewolve's claws, you're safe atop the snowy hills, and safe beside her window sill, you're safe inside the creature's shell, you're safe within his Hades hell, you're safe under the light of moons, and safe inside the mermaid's womb, that common will to fight a fear, will turn to dust and dissapear, so tell me please, what do you dowhen no one's there to answer you...

The monster's jaws are closing in, the dragon's fire has you singed, the mountain's peak is far too high, the demons fill the crimson sky, so when will you, not waste away, and lift the gates of cold delay, and spit the truth into their skulls, while real worlds die, and your world, grows, if we don't frolick in our minds, we will be left here to die, so let this genius be unguilt, or we will lose what we had built.



OR WEDDING SWEET WHITE

Whose wings are these?
A bird of pearl-white?
Chimeras in the ultra-blanche,
a wing of cherry light,
whose wings are down?
A flying fox?
A wedding sweet, or lost?
Dripping icecream if feathers, bright,
I find out, at what cost?
Whose wings are laid across the floor,
what am I looking at?
A child's dream to be something was I, really, like that?

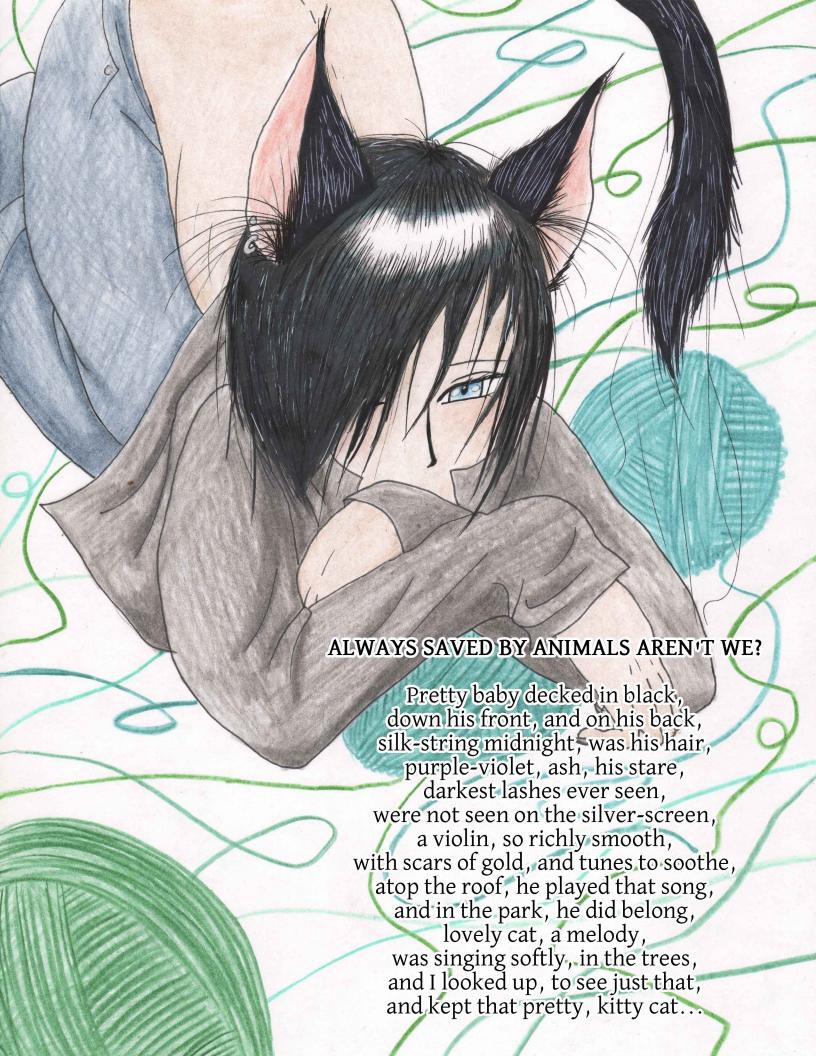
THE PEGASUS MIRROR

The pegasus mirror, Cause that's what he is, the horses with wings, but not really his, he only protects them, to keep them from harm, the pegasus mirror, and I see a storm, of rain and the breezes, the lightning, it cracks, we see silver horses. but with what on their backs? these feathers and plumes, of white into gray, the thunder has boomed. the soaring horse, sways, it was the pegasus mirror, we saw his reflection, a new kind of world, that gave us protection.

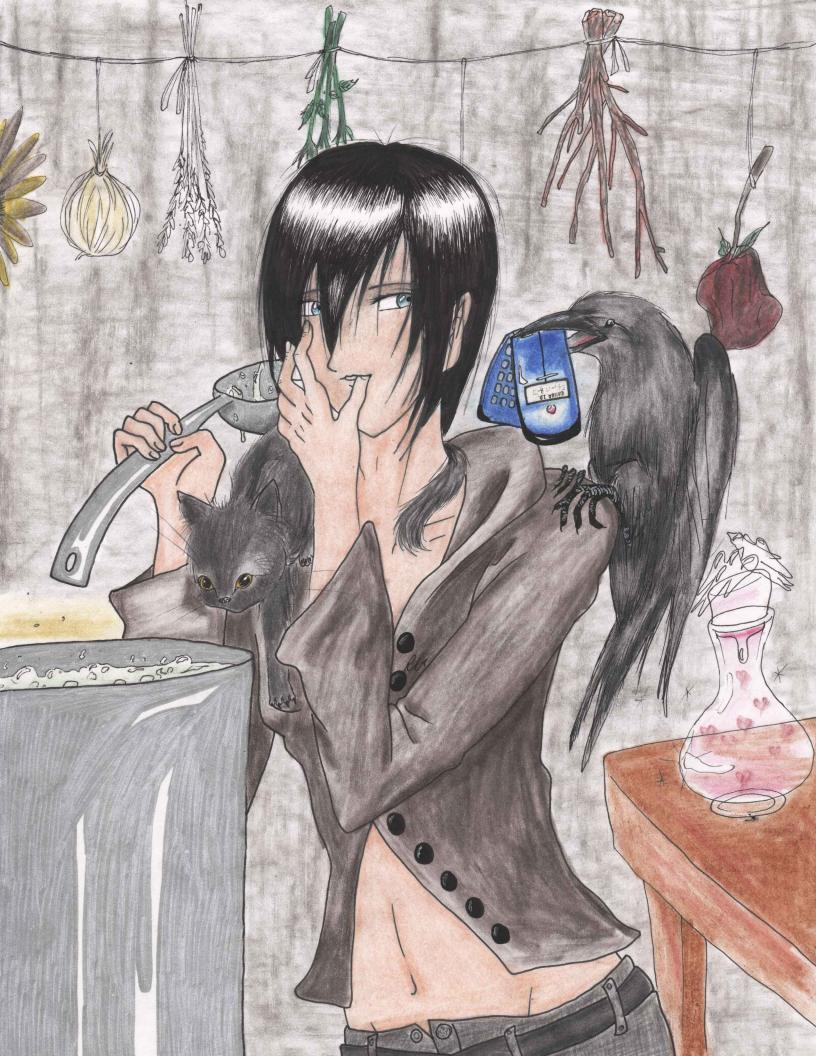
AND IF THEY'RE COMING AFTER YA

I take it he's not envious, that proud and pretty, pegasus, so true and mystic, he's adorned, a magic horn, on unicorns, flying up the jagged cliffs, comes soaring by, a hippogriff, and all but one, is grounded, forced, he doesn't want, to be a horse, no carosol, no circus shows, no glitter glues, or fancy bows, he's helpless, but so serious, he's got to be a pegasus, he wants the magic, needs the sword, he's got to be a unicorn, he wants to ride the wind and lift, lift him like, a hippogriff, but no where in this world I see, a horse, a horse, and meant to be, he jogs the pasture, to and fro, hoping off the ground, he'll go, I don't think he should feel remorse, it may be best, to be a horse.









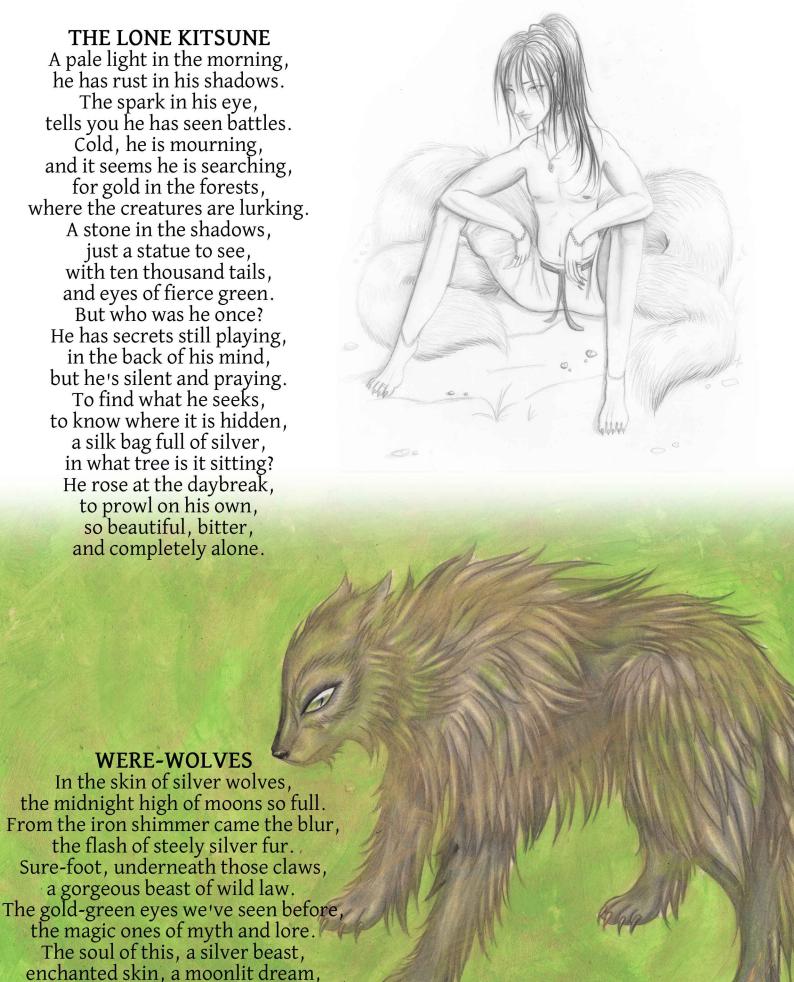
LUCKY LUCKY

Lucky, lucky, lucky break, all we thought, but just a snake, was a tough one, think of that, all we thought, but just a cat, tall and mighty, oh he rose, clever yes, but just a crow, very strong, the bubbling vat, sneaky boy, but just a cat, shifting not, his pretty eyes, but every form, of black disguise, herbs and spices, magic brew, everything we thought was true, lucky, lucky, lucky's break, just as lethal, as the snake, was a tough one, think of that, just as graceful, as the cat, tall and mighty, oh he rose, just as savvy, as the crow, very strong, his bubbling vat, but just as dirty, as the rat, criminal was his arise, in every form, of his disguise.



THE GIANT LION MADE OF SAND

The giant lion, made of sand, he trudged across the open land, in search of food, in search of life, Iknewittd end in sacrifice, the giant lion made of grains, he mosied over desert plains, in search of wisdom, search for blood, he did not want, to turn to mud, his glowing eyes, like stars at night, no colder sight, than eyes so bright, the giant lion, made of quartz, searched for reasons, life was short, until he came upon a man, aman with power in his hand, his mind was blind, it had to go, that lion took him under toe, I walk these lands of fire, dry, there is nothing you can hide, but so darn swift, the man he dove, like a dolphin, in the snow, into his mouth, his sandy teeth, onto his tongue, beside his cheek, inside the lion's mouth he brought, acoalsoburning, piping hot, hemelted what was left of him, asightsoshallow, sightsogrim, the giant lion, made of glass, he was freed, but far too fast.



-ARIANNA

That they were real, you never knew, until you've heard them howl for you.



THE POWER OF RED

Wrapped up sweet, with furry face, twinkle eyes, and bunny lace, came a fear so over-flowing, came a death without you knowing, spitting flames so foolishly, inhumane one might agree, "Peter have we done you wrong?" "Yes you have! It's why I've come!" knashing teeth, and flaming coat, throwing fire from his throat, he burned intentions of the men, and turned back into a bunny again.



GYPSY BLOOD

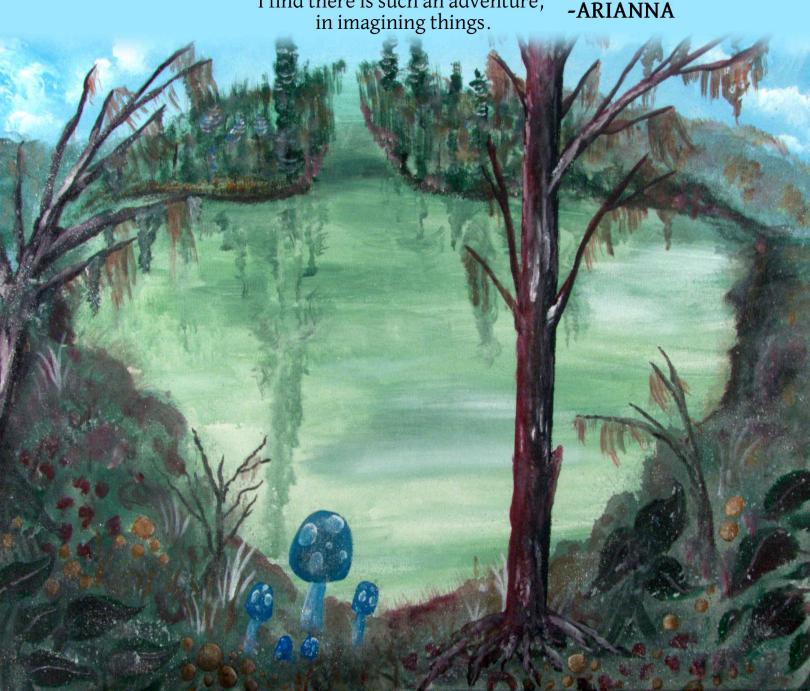
She wandered the desert, a child she was, a gypsy at heart, and had gypsy blood, she was too kind to feel, that the world was enraged, too peaceful she was, too foved to be caged, she understood feelings, that no one else thought, she wandered the desert, by night and by drought, but she could't worry, no she couldn't fear. for no one could hurt her, there is no one here, she wandered the desert, a child she was, a million-souled angel, who had gypsy blood, she wandered the desert, in search of new life, to find other bodies. which she could arise.

FATE OF THE LONE WARRIOR Booming, booming, thunder crash, slicing fruits, and pumpkin-smash, wearing masks upon their face, teigning gods to take their place, sprinkle gold across his breasts, print the blood across his chest, teed the teast, and drink the till, hot, heavy, but a chillthe chill of death, a death for one, paints and gifts to see the Sun, please proceed, and toss him in, burn the fear inside of him, hear him murmur from the deep, lava bubbles over sleep, and he will wake, as someone new,

reborn back, into the truth.

THE ENCHANTED WOODS

Nobility lurks,
In the arms of the wood,
An ethereal space,
for my mind to take root.
To the enchanted trees,
I'm a lost fairy queen,
as I wander this forest,
to see all I can see.
The small fae in their mischief,
they flutter around me,
leaving their glitter
and small golden keys.
As I walk this pathway,
to find where it leads,
I find there is such an adventure,





THE GRUMPY DWELLER CHANGED

How dare you awake me, from eternal slumber! You big-bodied babies, you hubbub-big bumblers! The dragon he roared, and the dragon he cursed, yawning a yawn, above all else, first, the tiny boy mumbled, at the foot of the beast, recalling the stories, that on humans they feast! But the dragon, he glowered, it's big golden scales, clacked on the others, as he tapped his huge nails, his chin in his hand, as he awaited an answer, from the cowering children, the wide-eyed, small glancers, their blue eyes so shiny, in truth, scared to death, as the dragon raised up, that brow that he had, from under his claw, he presented the ball, that awoke him from slumber, when it rolled in his hall, he turned around, heavy, stalked back to his chamber, hoping the kids would be gone like his anger, but turning to look, he saw just one left, the boy still in awe, or was he just deaf? You big-bodied baby, you hubbub-big bumbler! You woke me from sleeping, disturbing my slumber! The dragon then grumbled, and waved his huge paw, wondering if, the child saw what he saw, the gold-scaled dragon took the ball in his daws, and bounced ft fust once, and the boy, whom was paused, laughed with the dragon, as they played in the sun, the grumpy dweller changed, he had finally had fund





LITTLE FAUN

A little faun in the woods, the little creature you are, with your small cloven feet, and your magical heart.
Sweet like the flowers, of the meadows you roam, Little Faun in the woods, you know I love you so.

THE FIRST UNICORN

The ground was untouched, but his presence permeated the air.

Purity.

Stillness.

When he arrived, it was as if gravity

had never existed.

From where had he come?
And who beckoned him here?
He was illuminated

He was illuminated.

Light.

Healing.

He flowed toward me, his nose to my forehead. The ground was untouched, but I was forever changed.

I'M KING!

I wonder what would happen, if I said I was the king, the king of all the land, and the king of everything, I wonder what would happen, if I gave myself the crown, and put it on my head, would it stay, or just fall down? I wonder what would happen, if I wrapped a cape around me, would they tell me I am wrong? Or would they happen to astound me? I wonder what would happen, if I said I was the one, the chosen one at that, would they hold me to the gun? Would they pull out all their swords? Would they take out all their spears? Would they give it to my face, or just let me have to hear, if they brought their weapons forth, not to fight, but bow and kneel, I wonder what would happen, if I was a king for real...





HUBBLE EATS

A sighty bird upon a branch, a pearl-white, and wicked blanche, parades the woods, by night and day, but in the darknesses they play, blackened eyes, and whitened fur, from his beak, he gave a purr, an owl that took out a cat, and gained the powers of just that, swish that tail you silly bird, now that you're so flashy-furred, feathers shine, and talons slice, and now you dream of fish so nice, his owl dreams don't end so soon, but open to a quarter-moon, he wants a meal, and to greet, and got up to his kitty feet, he found a cat, and ate it so, so he'd be feline, head-to-toe! The powers that he gained, evoked, the very words, the woodsmen wrote, and now they all, parade together, waving lucky-feline feathers!

SPIRIT DOG

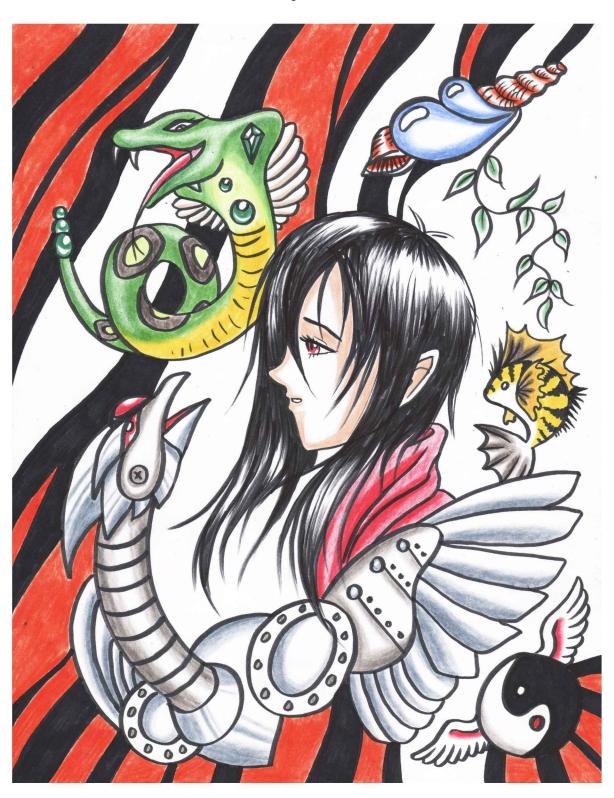
How does it feel? How does it hurt? To be killed by your own hand? But it's not what you thinkit really is his hand, over there, still in that room, still holding that sword... And here he is, still standing, how does it feel? How does it hurt? To fight with your own arm? But it's not what you think, it really is his arm, over there, still in that room, still holding that sword... And here he stands, still alive... How does it feel? How does it move you? To defeat your own strength? But it's not what you think, it truly is his, here, still inside of him, as he fights with one arm,

and wins.



This book is dedicated to those who still believe in other worlds. And to artists and creators of all kinds. We keep the magic alive through what we do, inspiring eachother to look inside.

I thank you all.



Art and poetry by Kai and Arianna Nakashima. Digital design by Avery Nakashima.