

# NOT JUST ME

A Poetic Perspective on Humanity



Any Place

what  
EXISTS?

SURRENDER

what kind of harm is this?

No more Resistance

Silence has a voice

A Revelation?

can I find joy?

can I find joy?

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## INTRODUCTION

For most of my life, I always believed I was more of an “animal person”.

While this remains true in many ways, I have since thrown  
off the cloaks of what I thought it meant to relate to  
my own kind, and I discovered I missed being human,  
and being with people, more than I can even describe.

We are more than our traumas, pain, and history - whether you  
want to look at it as we are, or aren't, who we thought we were,  
there is a whole lot more to us than just being a collective  
with a tumultuous past. I think I know better than that now.

And I think you do too - we were brave, we were compassionate,  
we fought for freedom, and we are awakening.

## OHM

Sit, relax,  
lose your pain,  
hands together, please don't strain,  
close your eyes,  
remain in your seat,  
empty space, but feel your feet,  
coming warmly, breathe the air,  
into your lungs now, everywhere,  
there we go, now then, we start,  
open your mind, open your heart.

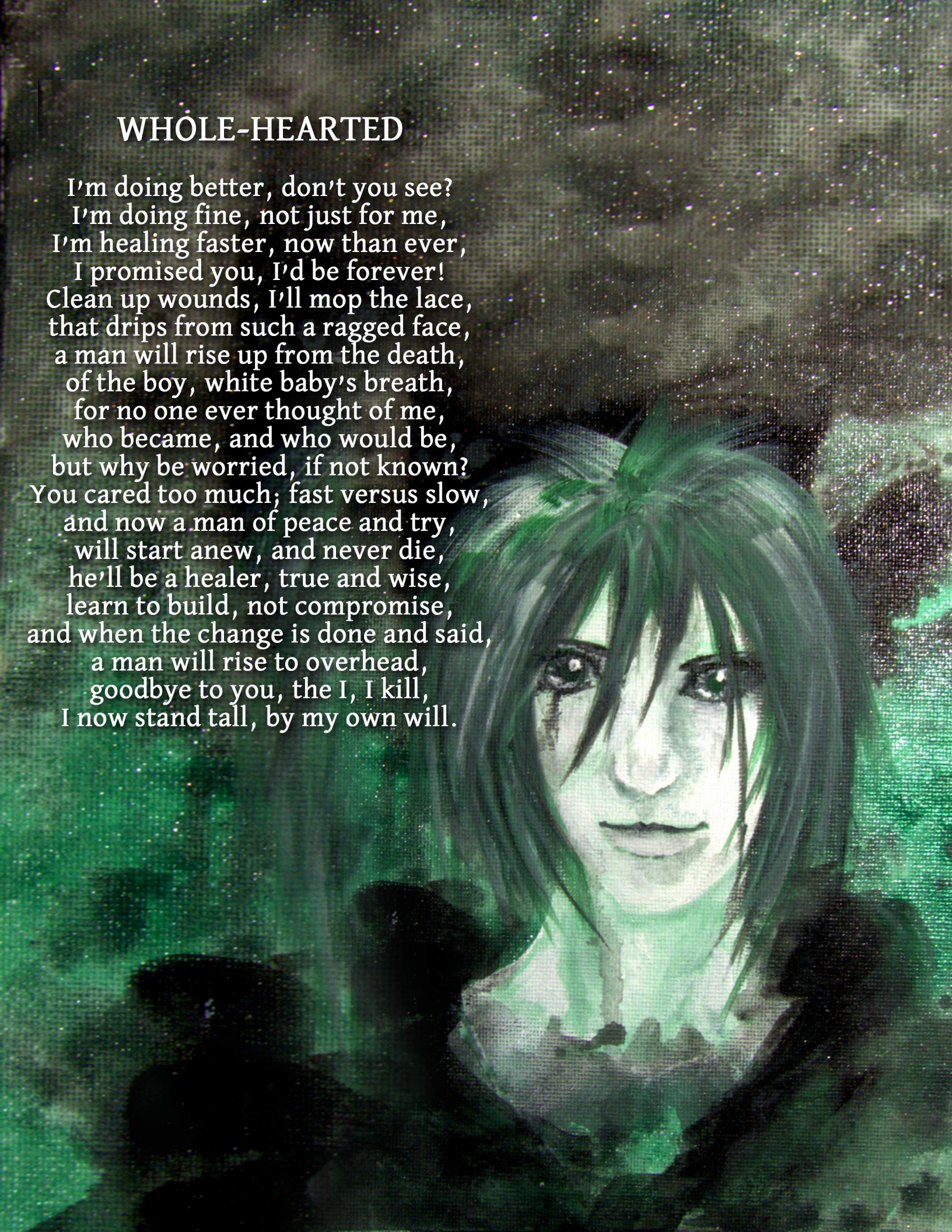






## WHOLE-HEARTED

I'm doing better, don't you see?  
I'm doing fine, not just for me,  
I'm healing faster, now than ever,  
I promised you, I'd be forever!  
Clean up wounds, I'll mop the lace,  
that drips from such a ragged face,  
a man will rise up from the death,  
of the boy, white baby's breath,  
for no one ever thought of me,  
who became, and who would be,  
but why be worried, if not known?  
You cared too much; fast versus slow,  
and now a man of peace and try,  
will start anew, and never die,  
he'll be a healer, true and wise,  
learn to build, not compromise,  
and when the change is done and said,  
a man will rise to overhead,  
goodbye to you, the I, I kill,  
I now stand tall, by my own will.







## HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF

No smile you could see, upon that dirty, frowning face,  
serious he was, about the world and outer-space,  
he thought that he could change the world, and all contained within,  
but in the end, he couldn't take, the people's hate and sin,  
so he asked for help from neighbors, and they led him to a pond,  
where the landscape was of rainbows, and the fish were just as dawned,  
to the color in the pavement, yes the rainbow-burning street,  
put the seven lucky colors, on the bottoms of your feet,  
yet no smile you could see upon that grieving, frowning face,  
but the world was shining brightly, like the stars in outer space,  
yes, he thought that he could change the earth, and all contained within,  
but painting the whole world, became the rainbow of his sins,  
he once had smothered white, onto the canvas of his work,  
and he tried to butter black, into the mess of cluttered murk,  
but the people liked the colors that the rocks and fishes gave,  
so the world was one less person in the art of being saved.



## TAKE THE WATER

I am running out of contracts and I can't pay all the bills,  
but a tornado is twisting, and it's moving through the hills,  
I haven't got a shelter, though the darkness is alooming,  
but I cannot grow a garden when the world is mad and fuming,  
I have a house of sticks and straws, so what am I to do?  
The tornado is twisting, and it's coming right on through,  
I stand there, I just freeze, I stand there, hold my ground,  
because nothing is the world, is gonna blow this down...  
I haven't got a Mother, and I lost my older brother,  
I haven't got a Father, and I miss my little girl-  
but I am running out of options, cause the winds begin to swirl,  
I am crying in the bluster over missing little girls,  
the wind is picking up, there's a breeze within my grasp,  
the hurricane's black water, I am burning in it's clasp,  
I m treading in my straw, I am swallowing my sticks,  
I am ripping at my hair, but in hope, my wounds I lick...  
The storm is moving faster, I am spinning round and round,  
but nothing in this world, can blow this soul's house down.









## GOODBYE CHESTNUT HILL

Mother, be a Mother,  
Father, leave me lone,  
I am going on a journey,  
and I'm never coming home,  
Sensei, be a hand to hold,  
my parents need you so,  
keep them at a distance,  
while I use this time to grow,  
Mother, let me be someone,

a woman I'll become,  
Father, I am going,  
I will walk until I run,  
Sensei please protect them,  
as it's me whom will be fine,  
even though they gave me life,  
my life is truly mine,  
Mother, don't you cry no more,  
and Father, let me go,  
there are things I need to do,  
there are things that I must know.





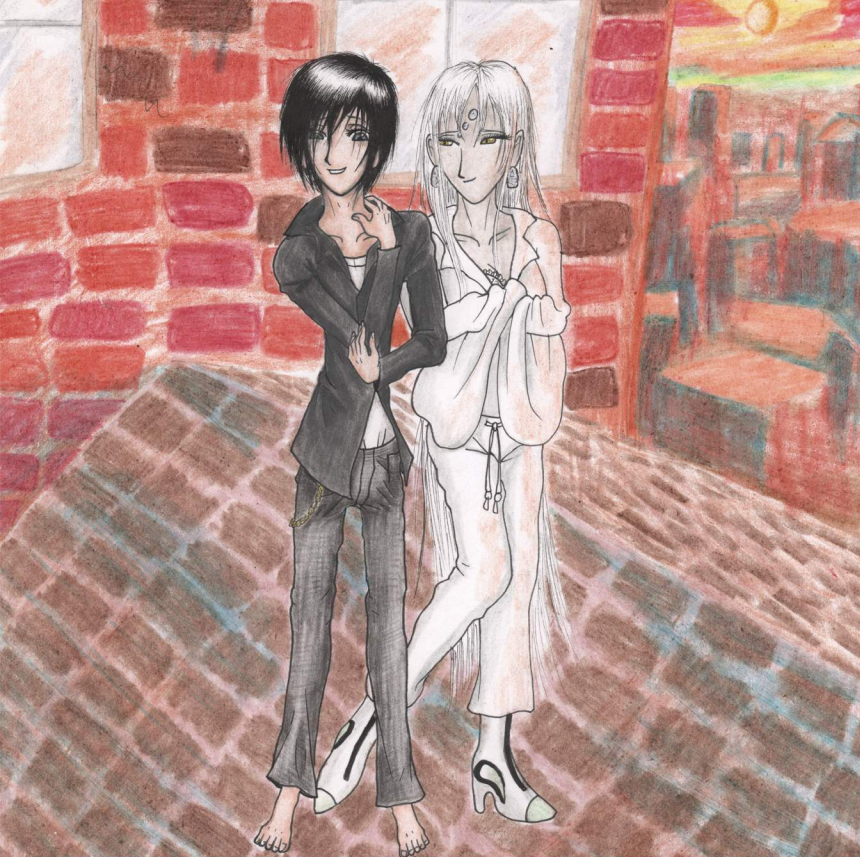
### CAN YOU HEAR THIS?

I was coming, you came near,  
for what you did not bleed to hear,  
I would not, I could not tear,  
for what you did not bleed to hear,  
I was hiding, struck with fear,  
for what you did not bleed to hear,  
you did not bleed to hear it...  
You'd not come, not coming near,  
for what I could not bleed to hear...

### HIS YOUNGER NAME

He is not evil, just very foolish,  
he is not bad, just very forgetful,  
he is not mad, only very silly,  
he is not crazy, only very strange,  
he is not quiet, only very shy,  
maybe that lie was only a story,  
maybe that anger was only a frustration,  
maybe that shame was only a stroke of grief,  
maybe he's made this mess because he's been mistreated,  
maybe he stayed home to keep us safe,  
maybe he's been thinking too much,  
maybe he's a lot like us...







## DIESEL & CLARAH

He came, knarled, freckled, old,  
deep in voice,  
she stood before him,  
lovely, young, angry,  
both pink and baby blue,  
like roses, vanilla, and milk,  
but something was missing...  
They once knew each other,  
she was frisky, a spit-fire,  
she had spunk-  
he had knowledge-  
there was an eerie silence...  
They both had many faults,  
they both hated this world...  
But did they?

## WE FIND OUT

Figure, a sentence, a story,  
scars, bruises, tattoos,  
gold rings in his ears,  
I have felt this before...  
I just never knew that...  
Body language that tells me-  
I should back off,  
but he doesn't want to fight me,  
he's afraid.  
We stand our ground,  
then want to say something...  
As strangers we meet,  
he wasn't so bad after all...







## CHRISTMAS STARS

There are many things that I have heard,  
that snows across this peaceful world,  
that sends the light into your heart,  
when we are overcome by art,  
to cause the thoughts that think of more,  
that sends our spirit to our core,  
the trees go up, the sparkles, shine,  
our feasts, perfected, so we dine,  
we sing to feel the warmth around,  
and birds go flying from the sound,  
of bells and music, lights on trees,  
we pray for love, that all will be,  
so join me now, I chant this to,  
Merry Christmas, it's for you,  
my love, my thoughts, my greetings, fair,  
so I can see what else is there,  
giving, I must give to you,  
Merry Christmas, all is new.



## I'M... I'M...

I'm gonna take this to the grave,  
I'm gonna hide it in my closet,  
I'm gonna lock it up inside,  
just pretend I really lost it,  
I'm gonna throw it out the window,  
I'm gonna toss it in the sea,  
I'm gonna burn it 'til it's ashes,  
so it can't be hurting me,  
I'm gonna bury it so deep,  
I'm gonna let it sail away,  
in the bitter, bitter breeze,  
so that I can be okay,  
but I know it's gonna hurt me,  
but I know I must be strong,  
cause my body is a vessel,  
and that thing's a tag-along,  
extra baggage they may call it,  
oh I'll hack it, a stone table,  
I'll kill it for my being,  
take it out in bloody sable,  
cause I know it's gonna hurt me,  
cause I know it's gonna show,  
cause I know it's in my hand,  
it's a thought I can't let go.







## A GOOD REASON FOR LIVING

There goes his foot,  
and there goes a wing,  
I'm blasted to awe,  
by the gore of these things,  
there goes a toe,  
and there goes an eye,  
I'm floored by the stories,  
I'm hooked to the skies,  
there goes a tippler,  
there goes a bird,  
take thoughts from my brain,  
and from my mouth, words,  
wiping my windows,  
to sparkling clean,  
unspeakable pain,  
that I just can't see,  
did he suffer a nightmare?  
Did he suffer a dream?  
You can't suffer a dream,  
but it did make me scream-



there goes a foot,  
there goes a wing,  
tried to murder a bird,  
but he's still glistening,  
is it because he can fly?  
Is it because he can soar?  
I can't fathom his depth,  
I can't ponder his core,  
but there goes a casket,  
and there goes a letter,  
not for the best,  
and not for the better,  
but there goes a bird,  
and there goes a spirit,  
to where someone will get it,  
and someone will hear it,  
and if blood doesn't scare you,  
well maybe life will-  
because the bird didn't make it,  
but you're alive still.







## FRANKLY DEPARTED

Dungeon dares,  
he dares, I say,  
I'm a hero,  
any way,  
the prison squeaks,  
the prisoners squeal,  
you are a thief,  
down to your heels!  
The boy he laughs,  
he laughs out right,  
a light that shines,  
a glow so bright,  
the low ones gawk,  
the low ones leer,  
oh how this boy,  
is very queer,  
his dungeon dare,  
he dared to say,  
I am a man,  
and I'm awake,  
the prisoners gasped,  
the unloved gaped,  
they crippled over,

oval-shaped,  
say I am love,  
the boy did cry,  
I am love,  
but don't know why,  
but I know this,  
I seek to change,  
I dare myself,  
to be so strange!  
Inside that prison,  
daring he,  
daring no one,  
so you see,  
the boy he smiles,  
dirty-faced,  
but in that lonely,  
empty place,  
says I am good,  
the boy did feel,  
I am good,  
I know it's real,  
the thieves, they froze,  
the bitter, broke,  
and in his cloud,  
of angel smoke,  
said I am free,  
the boy, he teared,  
I love myself,  
I am revered!







## THE ENDANGERED LITTLE BIRD

It's my corner of the world,  
free where I roamed, wandering in cherished memories,  
praying for blessed futures.

It's my corner of the world,  
sleeping on soft, sweet, dreams, resting on clean, clear airs,  
living and breathing in the peacefulness.

It's my corner of the world,  
where I danced in joy and harmony,  
where I leapt toward the great divine!  
Where I swam through effervescent possibility-  
That was my corner of the world,  
where I passed through...

Leaving nothing but footprints.  
Nothing but memories of song and sway,  
actions, decisions, momentous occasions,  
I was there, you were there, it was all there,  
every one, everything, anything.

Where is my corner of the world?

Where did you put it?

Where will I find it?

Do you not have an answer for me?

Nice and steady...

They are still here-  
whom I left, quiet, and waiting,  
for you to show up,  
and be different.







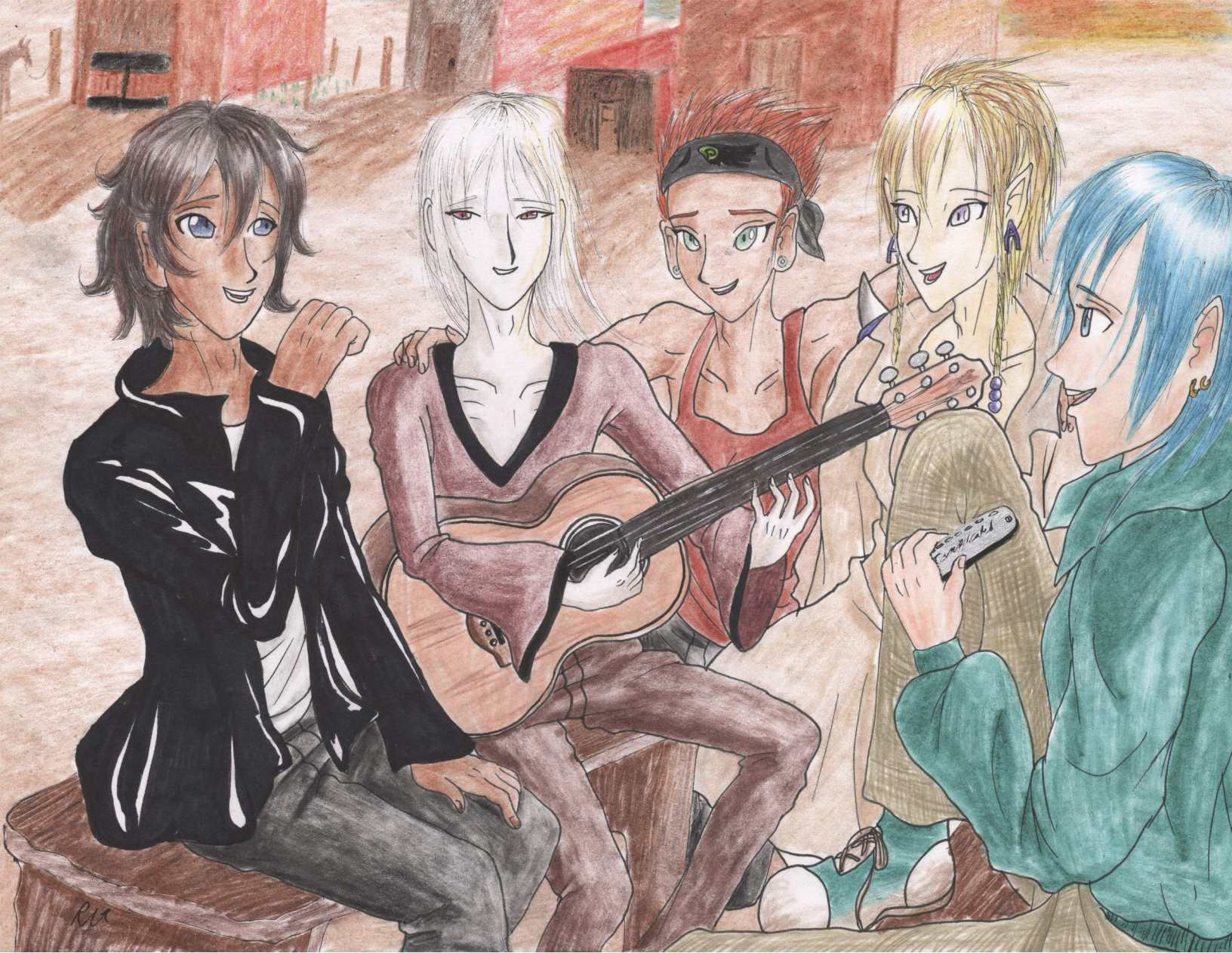
## KNIGHTS IN CRIMSON ARMOR

Glamorous blood, a sanguine ballet,  
a lullaby, red, a swoon dew-dropped sway,  
gun-pow from their barrels, the dust in a plume,  
shoots from armed arrows, returned in a bloom,  
march fourth a dear lover, a dancer in green,  
a flitter of blood, a sparkling life-stream,  
a hungry red dragon spit flames from it's heart,  
so these parties of crimson can flow them apart,  
shoots roses and curdles, break lives to ascend,  
these gorgeous blood-givers, and call it to end,  
this war is a dance, a well-practiced play,  
should it end with a silence, and then stay that way-  
salute to your angels, and bow to your fans,  
this dance is well over, so go wash your hands,  
be fighter, protector, savior, and more,  
this field is for dancing, and you had the floor,  
your armor and masks, they can't see your faces,  
behind that cool steel, the coldness embraces,  
the dust in the metal, the graveyard of keys,  
the desert of heroes, who died on their knees,  
your family is waiting, be well in your sound,  
this dance is now ended, and you can be found,  
your gorgeous, brave blood, your light in the dark,  
courageously healed as a bitter-white mark,  
don't wander, don't stray, you need not to roam,  
this dance is well over, and you can go home.

WAR IS  
OVER







### ASKING FOR HELP

Working in the yard, I spoke to merely think,  
do I belong I this world of dust?  
One in black, but white as snow; he grinned.  
That's a pretty awful job. He pointed at my squeaky fence,  
the wiggle, tweaky, unfixed sticks.  
The crow on his porch sang lovely words about it.  
Hammering hot, hammered up,  
this fence was built to stand.  
Good. Good for now, I told it.  
You will have to do.  
They laughed with delight at my heavy heart.  
Good fences make good neighbors-  
but not around this land.  
I can't even keep out the ghosts and golden horses!  
The jests got worse, but the stupider the joke,  
the laughing was all the more better...  
I decided to ask for help,  
for once in my life,  
for the first time.  
And discovered, good neighbors build good fences...  
But I didn't need one now.

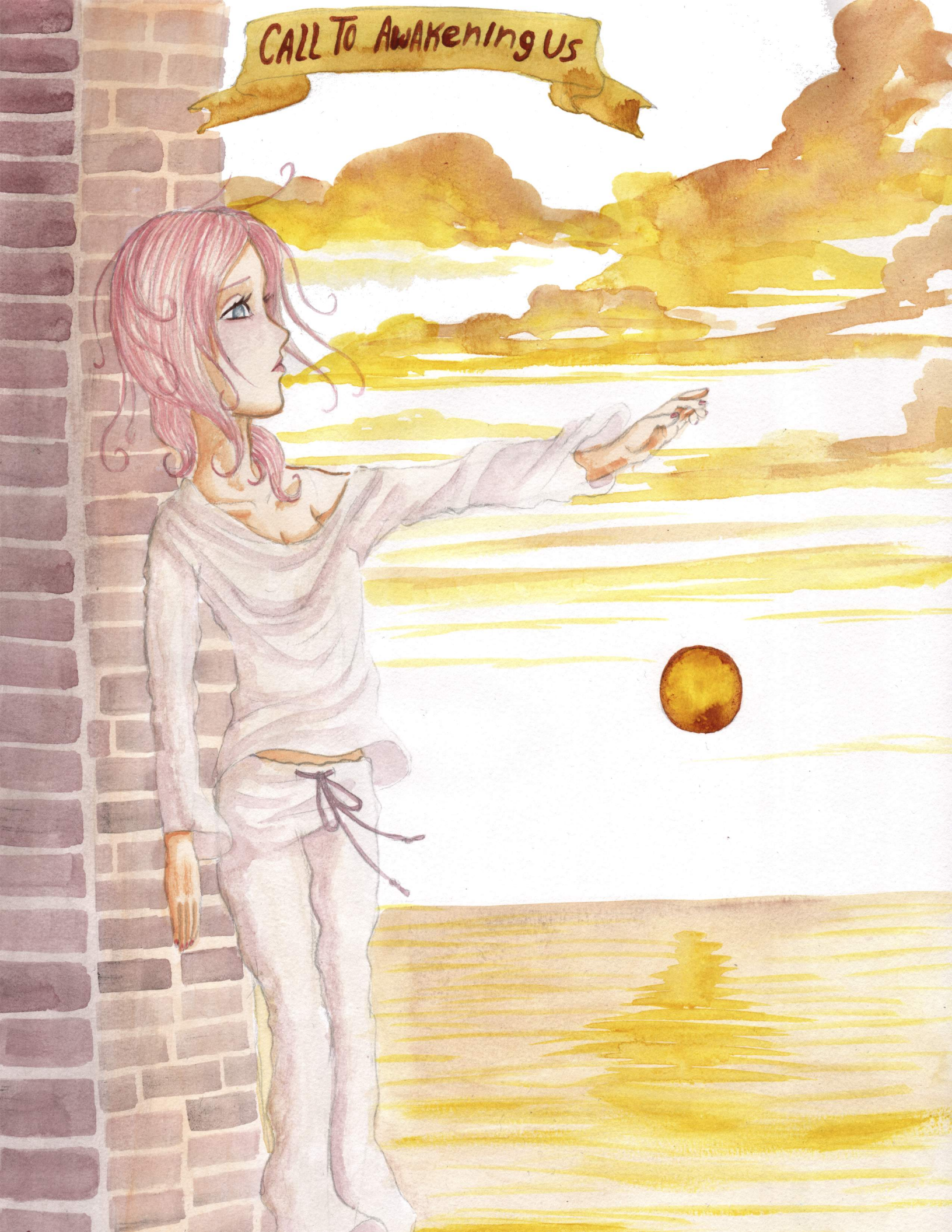


## SAYONARA

You goodbye, and goodbye you,  
does this mean, we've all been through,  
the devastation, and the grace,  
that I can't seem to find in-face,  
you goodbye, and goodbye you,  
mystical, but so damn true,  
does this mean, we hold the world?  
The fragile glass, that we were told?  
Help me understand the lies,  
every-time that I, look in your eyes,  
you goodbye, and goodbye you,  
don't despair, we're all abused,  
this is no state for those who come,  
and may be left, all lonely ones,  
my child, I'm the one in chains,  
don't let me put them in your way,  
my darling, I am be-hind bars,  
don't let me put them on your heart,  
my dear, you are not me, so run,  
don't let me say, you are my son,  
you goodbye, and goodbye you,  
I am the world I never knew,  
I didn't know, I don't know better,  
be it glass, a weakened feather,  
you goodbye, get on with life,  
should someone die - come out alive!  
I know I'm in these rusted chains,  
but you are free to be again,  
I know I'm in these prison rooms,  
but you are free, to not assume,  
disappear, I do, because,  
my world, wasn't based on love,  
so let go of, my world of glass,  
all these things are meant to pass,  
you held me high, but son, believe,  
you will know, what I've not seen,  
including me, and all I'm worth,  
my views, beliefs, I was so sure...  
revered I've been, you held me high,  
but this is not, the time for guise,  
if anyone, is here, and God,  
my son, it's you, goodbye, so long,  
I am trapped, in times before,  
so don't be waiting at these doors,  
you goodbye, and goodbye me,  
this was all, so you could see.



CALL TO AWAKENING US





## PAIN, OUR MIDDLE NAMES

What is that sound? Distant, deviled, rears like the storm wind,  
horrors like a rebel, vile and rippled, quick to be sunked,

What is that sound? It is the queerest of things...

But I know not a weapon, not one thing it could be, but what they told me...

What is that sound? Dear me, it is here! A dark drink of truth...

Depth's shadow creatures, it was here!

Constantly good in the wrong-doing, but what did that mean?

Because bombs weren't bombs before we had bombs.

I'm sure of it.

What were they, anyway? A sparkle in the sky?

A firework, resounding for hundreds of thousands of years?

That's not beauty at all.

A superblast from no where, coming over the valley,  
coming were the poison preachers, to preach toxic psyches,  
fray at the might of a hell outrageous vitamin-

Fear.

Take me,

take me,

take me.

Take me along with the swaying Grandfather clock,  
where I pound to the floor, sprawled lace, dust, dirt, blind-folded by trauma,  
and it couldn't be worse, but I got it.

The shells of souls and people hulls,  
they were just like you, and just like me.

In a sea pint, a sand pint, the pint of blood that was lost,  
could have been so useful else where...

Even if I had not counted in numbers.

I was human, and so were you, -



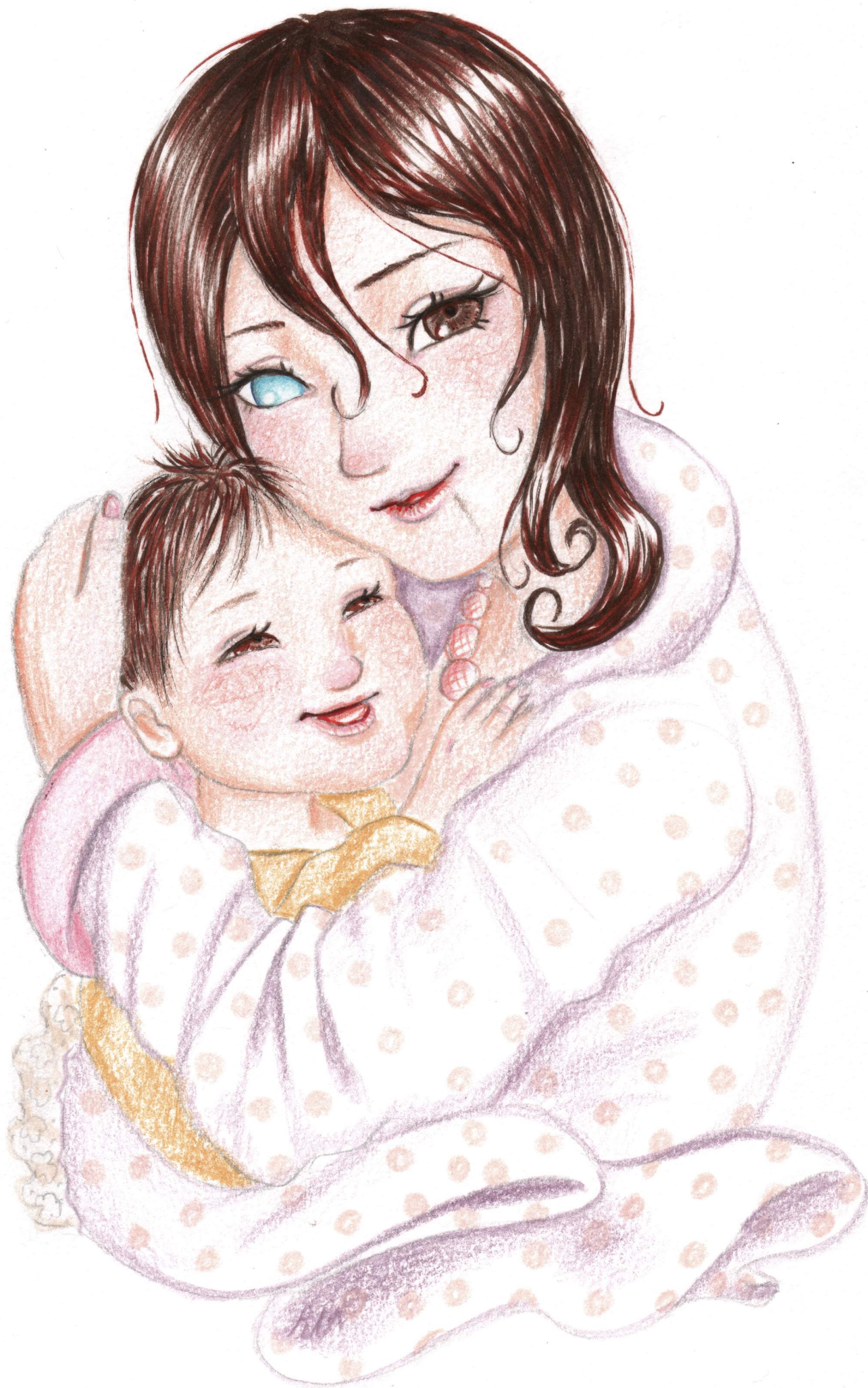
you were too, what should we do?  
They're humans too, what did we lose?  
I'm sad to say, I hear it too, what is that sound?  
Dear child, I've heard it before, cover your ears, you don't want to hear-  
what I'm about to say.  
But she read her lips as the ground shook all around.  
It was the beginning of why we all severed ourselves-  
with the belts, and the sticks, and the rolling pin, shelves to the hand,  
to the skin, to the voice, from the bell-  
Bell? What bell?  
Ha! Got you there. I'm kidding.  
I'm not.  
But at least you're aware, this is what bombs maybe did to your life.  
The life of a child whom made it out, live,  
Whom became your Grandmother, of a Mother, a Mother,  
who sat in the dark, of a closet one Summer...  
What is that sound? Don't worry, it's thunder,  
it might hurt to be cautious, but it can't hurt to wonder,  
Mother, you beat me, but what does that mean?  
It was mysterious, see,  
one moment I'm standing, the other, confused,  
one moment you held me, the other, abused,  
but you remember the sound, maybe it rings within me,  
the tolling of bombs, broken, I can't break free,  
it was this very darkness, I stood in remembrance,  
of something that never happened to me,  
not my circumstance,  
but I wonder in wear... Does it happen to all of us?  
Everything we hated, loved, and everything we touched...  
Is it why I hold my head, my heart, my mind, my body,  
because I'm shaking from the bigger things?  
That sound...  
It's not yours,  
it's not mine,  
because it's ours, you see.



## THE CHILD'S EYES, THE EYES OF GOD

I caught you on a distant wind,  
pretty child,  
you're not the same,  
sharing sweetness in the deep unconsciousness,  
what is it you think of us?  
Why are you so happy to just be?  
we'll see, and never shine,  
until we believe,  
I caught you on a distant breeze,  
a miracle,  
I'm on my knees,  
where have you been all these years?  
Or where was I?  
Tenderness in the deep subconscious,  
where was I when you were most alive?  
I'm sorry child,  
please remain,  
no one can take away from who you are,  
you taught me who I want to be,  
love,  
I learned from you,  
from God,  
and it's such truth,  
can't deny what I never beheld,  
but then I caught that scent - that distant fragrance,  
subtle you,  
this is also a prayer,  
take what you need from me,  
you changed your life to change mine,  
and so it rains...  
Kicks up the dust,  
and there it was,  
blooming from the dirt.  
Desperate child,  
need not you work night and day,  
to make me see the light in this.







## MY AMETRINE LIFE

Just for the sake of clarity,  
this true and precious rarity,  
I came to love for what it is,  
the violet, gold, and sacred gift,  
reminds me when I look inside,  
there's nothing that I want to hide,  
chaotic, purple, little, stone,  
which has a purpose of it's own,  
shattered off it's destiny,  
is really how he came to me,  
says: Gold and violet is my tone!  
I'm Amethyst! Leave me alone!  
So rough and rugged, facets cleaned,  
both of these things, is what he means,  
of she or he, of it, or that,  
a piece of stone, no piece of glass,  
I don't know who he wants to be,  
but I'll find out eventually.







## IF YOU'RE ALIVE

We begin,  
we end,  
in birth, to be,  
what we see,  
I am afraid,  
called itself solitude,  
to know the meaning,  
I was believing,  
he did not...  
If you are living,  
if you breathe,  
even if alone,  
throughout the world,  
a presence known,  
and yet,  
he knew no one,  
this I feel,  
is unspeakably real,  
for she looks for him,  
and calls herself lovable,  
knew the meaning,  
and believed,  
and told her, he did,  
she said this;  
We begin,  
we are,  
we're birthed to be,  
what I see,  
is mystifying,  
call yourself love,  
and know the meaning,  
know it well,  
if you're alive,  
even if abandoned,  
even if deserted,  
even if stranded,  
the last one standing,  
that life,  
makes one to talk to,  
your presence,  
makes your presence,  
and his name, known,  
throughout the world,  
a man known,  
yet knows no one,  
if you're alive,  
you're not alone,  
we're birthed to be,  
so we can see,  
to choose to have,  
what we receive,  
and know it.

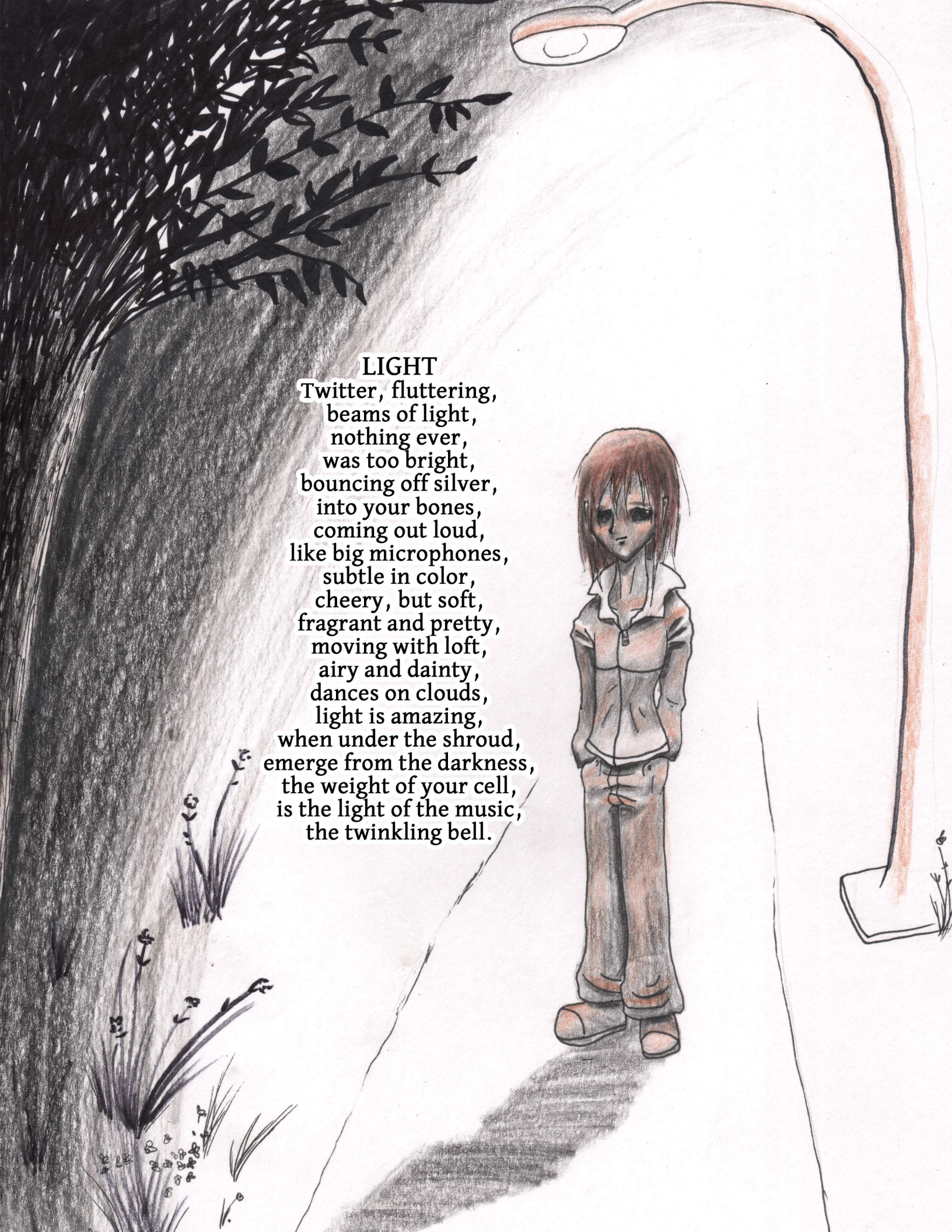


## DARK

Darkness is a peak,  
and a bit of black ink,  
a shower of black oil,  
ground up in the soil,  
an honest dark shadow,  
of silky blue-gray,  
a slit of true evil,  
shot through a sun-ray,  
mystic as the raven,  
so loyal to the crow,  
if you don't know this shadow,  
then you've never let go,  
a way to be so warm,  
but the grievers you resist,  
a black umbrella system,  
with a psychopathic twist,  
darkness had a point,  
it's a dab of something deep,  
it's not just any hole,  
it's a place in which to sleep.







LIGHT  
Twitter, fluttering,  
beams of light,  
nothing ever,  
was too bright,  
bouncing off silver,  
into your bones,  
coming out loud,  
like big microphones,  
subtle in color,  
cheery, but soft,  
fragrant and pretty,  
moving with loft,  
airy and dainty,  
dances on clouds,  
light is amazing,  
when under the shroud,  
emerge from the darkness,  
the weight of your cell,  
is the light of the music,  
the twinkling bell.



## FOR THE SUGARPLUM FAIRIES

We strung the lights,  
and played the harp,  
cut down the trees,  
and did the art,  
we baked the sweets,  
and wrapped the gifts,  
and to our spirits,  
that we lift,  
the ice on air,  
the sound of bells,  
the fire's warmth,  
the stories tell,  
we made the cocoa,  
sent the cards,  
so what's left,  
inside our hearts?  
Ornaments,  
onto the trees,  
the glistening stars,  
one look at me,  
we freed the doves,  
and sang our song,  
lit the candles,  
now we're done,  
the mistletoe,  
the love we share,  
there are snowflakes,  
on the air,  
the dancers danced,  
the ballet shines,  
the hearty meals,  
smells of pines,  
rode the horses,  
called our friends,  
asked when we'd be,  
together again,  
what kind of love,  
is it we have,  
this time of year,  
that makes us glad,  
what makes it good,  
to be alive?  
it's Christmas time,  
and all is right.







## TALKING TO APPLE CIDER

Apple Cider, tell me please,  
I think I caught the latest sneeze,  
I took the polish to the bat,  
you lucky, cali-coated cat,  
you made me laugh, you made me grin,  
although I have the latest sin,  
my wise men live, the strong ones die,  
I had to dream, to stay alive,  
my sure man thrived, the struggles fell,  
the man that ran, is free to tell,  
the ones that knew, of nothing more,  
than to be whole, a center, core,  
the one that thought, no more assures,  
one man closed, his open door,  
I see this now, so don't presume,  
I am the knower of our doom,  
but if I fall, you helped me see,  
this world is wrong for you and me,  
a certain gray, in golden eyes,  
mistakened for, another life,  
and in that dark, a ghostly hand,  
reached out into the neverlands,  
haunted by the wish to be,  
the one who actually wanted me,  
the other me, the other boy,  
that never sought to be destroyed,  
but now I change him, and believe,  
he's just a harrowed, hated he,  
and haunted by no dreams to see,  
when life was so damn mean to me,  
but Apple Cider, listen close,  
I think you've been my only hope.







# THE SUNSTONE MAN

Masculine sunset,  
the sweat and the curve,  
of living so strongly,  
I'm at loss for words,  
divinity stalked me,  
until I saw this,  
she gave it to me,  
and blew off my wish,  
said boy, this ain't over,  
the desert's sand, dry,  
won't show you the reasons,  
why you shouldn't cry,  
because tears n' the blood,  
and the sweat n' the heave,  
you worked to the bone,  
but your soul, it most bleeds,  
between living so strongly,  
and taking the pain,  
of the illusions,  
and right to have names,  
no, this isn't something,  
that dawns over night,  
but I can sure tell you,  
about this small light,  
she whispered it clearly,  
right into my ear,  
said the last drop of Eden,  
well, it isn't here,  
and it weren't in the sky,  
in the palms of my hands,  
the masculine sunsets,  
the dry desert sands,  
not over these mountains,  
not deep in ravine,  
not inside my soul,  
in the body, it seems,

no, it's somewhere much darker,  
and she gave me the stone,  
it's why we do call it,  
more precious than gold,  
said, I'll believe that one,  
and the stone, it glowed red,  
your darkness in eye,  
hides the path that you tread,  
and I put that orange stone,  
to the Sun, and then teared,  
for being a man,  
was more strange than I feared,  
for strength at it's finest,  
hard work at it's best,  
the way I came over,  
in the clothes that I dressed,  
that bravery shown,  
in the light of the day,  
with the language I spoke,  
and the things I would say,  
no, none of that mattered,  
and I was so scared,  
that I was nobody,  
I was not prepared,  
but no, all this glory,  
couldn't make me a man,  
only love, only love,  
and to that, understand,  
because no human body,  
no creature, no shell,  
makes us what we are,  
yet there's no way to tell...







## THE SOUL RETRIEVAL

One day we will meet again,  
heart to heart, and on the mend,  
gingerly inside the womb,  
the water in the icy spoon,  
of icicles that melted clear,  
and dripped away, like fleeing deer,  
another day, to live and breathe,  
and do the things we truly mean,  
so wave your hands and close your eyes,  
then open them, with great surprise,  
I caught the flame, and pulled the rug,  
or maybe, I just need a hug,  
from snowy banks, with heavy frost,  
when all the winds of Winter, stopped,  
and then melt down, to nothing more,  
then something bleeding, on the floor,  
I well to tears, I howl high,  
come to knees, and finally cry,  
to know the truth, and be at ease,  
that I was all alone with me,  
I tried to take it into hand,  
but all I sifted was the sand,  
of memories past,  
and deserts, by,  
that call from azure-painted skies,  
harshly, I was forced awake,  
forced to be, and forced to take,  
a breath of air, a breath of life,  
so should I know, about the sky?  
I did my part, to be as one,  
it's nice to be back, in the Sun,  
the rainbow that became of he,  
a wolf, a saint, or maybe me?  
I'm not alone, but here I am,  
an island for a human man,  
eternal boy, or just a dream,  
of being someone else's gleam,  
a spark, a shine, a crystal shard,  
of someone else's broken heart.







## SPIRIT HOUSE

No one chose her in the rush,  
the spirit birth, the river gush,  
the hungry fight to be a thing,  
the violent hurt, of having been,  
a realm of secret, hidden life,  
of endless lives in burning strife,  
but then a place, made just for them,  
brought hope to angels, all again,  
await the chance to be in breath,  
and not the shadow, of their death,  
there is no dust, but they lament,  
endless doors, yet imminent,  
endless white, of pearls, too,  
crystal balls, and crystal rooms,  
the chalky marble, brick and stone,  
of this endless place called home,  
there they came, to Kingdom come,  
alleged home to all we've done,  
endless, endless, endless pride,  
of those who seek to be alive,  
the royal walls, like blearing bone,  
this ivory, and no gravestones,  
white roses like the photos, old,  
of all the stories we have told,  
bring us back to earth as this-  
as all our souls, are des-per-ate,  
all we want is one more chance,  
a castle breathes in Winter-blanche,  
I watched her wander, on, for years,  
the time it's been, jerks me to tears,  
forever she would walk the halls,  
awaiting mystics, soul and all,  
she dreamed of endless, endless life,  
it's she who seeked, to be alive.



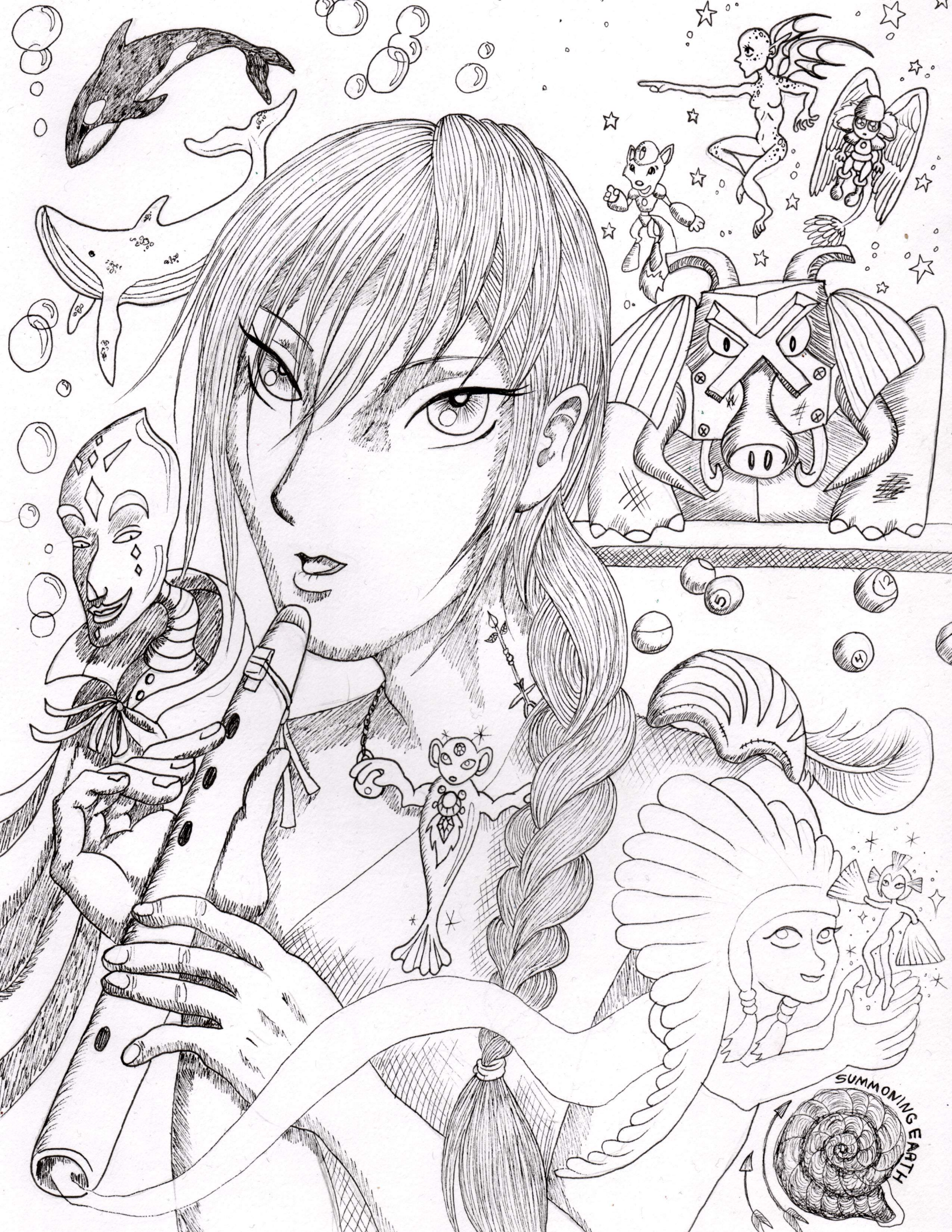




# SUNDOWN'S FLUTE

Quicker, quicker,  
rich and thicker,  
flood the blood,  
by brow gets wetter,  
sweat the pain,  
I'm sweetly bitter,  
bite the tickle,  
make it better,  
satisfy,  
intensify,  
I've been high,  
and I've been dry,  
but make me fire,  
make me heat,  
man walks earth,  
and that's a feat,  
tell me harder,  
to land ship,  
beach the swimmer,  
take the hit,  
quicker, quicker,  
hot and fluttered,  
a rising moth,  
a fire slithers,  
akin to nature,  
was we, so,  
bring on fire,  
bring on snow,  
sting like fangs,  
keep the change,  
I am new,  
and keep my ways,  
satisfy,  
intensify,  
you are lonely,  
I know why,  
we're not meant,  
to walk alone,  
I think you know that,  
in your bones,  
you remember,  
I'll reply,  
make me fire,  
make me strong,  
Mother Nature,  
I belong!  
No more fooling,  
it's a trick,  
I was always,  
meant to fit,  
quicker, quicker,  
getting richer,  
dig my hands in,  
make me better.







## WHAT HE SAID ABOUT THE CHILD

Look at me, he said.

True innocence,

true innocence is but one on their honest path,  
one whom is forgiven for his mistakes because of his path,  
that is a child of God.

What of those who are not honest?

He stared into the rain.

A child whom never takes responsibility?

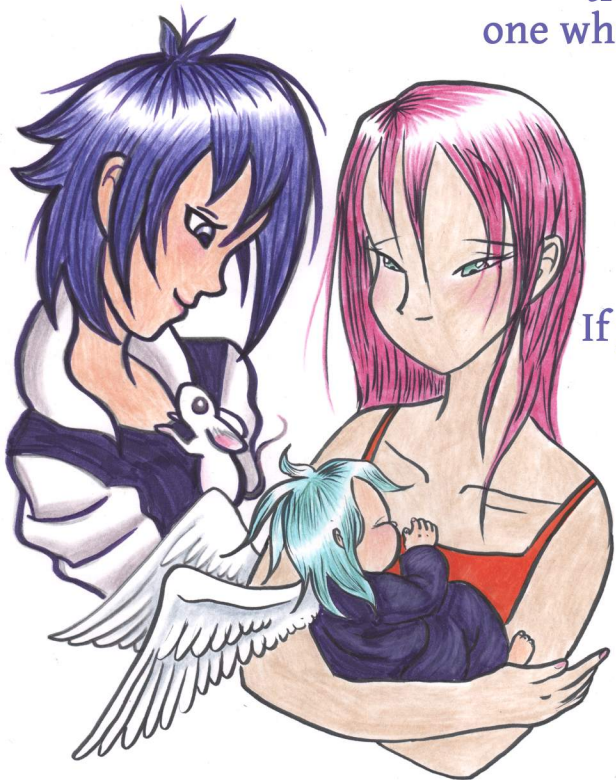
He is a child of a child, of a child.

Will I ever grow wings?

If you can live without me, you will. He smiled.

Then I guess it will be easy. I grinned.

It wasn't. But I still did it.



## WHITENESS

The Mother and son, of white ivory, gold,  
the years of a woman, in the age she is old,  
the pebble-white baby, a porcelain gem,  
has been found a Mother! Together again!

The beautiful rivers, of pearls and silk,  
the curls of wings, and sweetness of milk,  
will remind us of love, we've all seen before,  
a Mother and son, and a whole heaven more!

I'M COMIN'!  
Dreamin', dreamin',  
dreamin' on,  
I was there,  
but you were gone,  
me, a ghost,  
and you, a sword,  
me at peace,  
and you, at war,  
there on earth,  
with me, in-sky,  
keep on going,  
don't ask why,  
be my hero,  
be my hands,  
be the ground,  
where I can stand.

## THIS FAMILY

I have spoken of sisters,  
I have spoken of brothers,  
guess what now?  
I have another!  
Mother and Father,  
and little old me,  
and that completes my family tree!









## BABY GIRL

Somewhere in the room of Sun,  
I faced my fears so slow,  
that at the foot of darkness,  
there was no where I could go,  
the sunlight overtook me,  
leaving stains of honey-hue,  
somewhere in the room of Sun,  
I saw the face of you,  
eyes like sunshine, taking me,  
not shading out my flaws,  
so I could learn to love myself,  
and raise the lighted cross,  
I swam around the room of Sun,  
embraced by all this white,  
touched by amber, baby-soft,  
and felt it was alright,  
citrine tears I caught in hand,  
as you began to sigh,  
diamond rain from diamond eyes,  
because we both were shy,  
but I had to be my best,  
and be the stronger one,  
faced my fears to save you,  
in the sacred room of Sun,  
did Jupiter deceive you?  
Or are roses just as red?  
I love the way you love these things,  
you make up in your head,  
like how you love to dance,  
you loved to pour the tea,  
so I gave you every chance,  
no gold-light could waiver me,  
to promises of day,  
for I am here to love you,  
and there's nothing else to say,  
I sentiment your attitude,  
your darkneses, your fears,  
your smile that lit up the room-  
the room of Sun now clears,  
for somewhere in that beaming room,  
I heard a little cough,  
which made me reach my hand out,  
to the one I thought was lost...  
I teased you a-bout many things,  
the dolls still sit and stare,  
at teddys pouring cups of tea,  
so sentiment beware!  
Cause sunlight kills the darkness,  
when there's nowhere left to go,  
the face of one so innocent,  
brown eyes, and 3 years old.







### I'M A DUDE & SO ARE YOU

I'm a dude, and so are you,  
let's make this work, let's make this move,  
band together, let's get through,  
we are one, but different too,  
respecting others, that's my groove,  
and when we give, we cannot lose,  
sharing, caring, that's what's cool,  
let's do it different, something new,  
we are humans, we are dudes,  
we are to-tally renewed,  
love is what it came to be,  
if you are chill, then so are we,  
and if we're cool, than that's real fine,  
I'd like to do this woke sometime.

### THE SOUP KITCHEN

She's so keen, she's so precise,  
with every cut, and every slice,  
you'd not believe, her chopping knife,  
it is alive, and full of life,  
she works away, the kitchen's cursed!  
With her hunger, and her thirst,  
to cook a meal, fresh and good,  
and this is how she always would,  
make a feast, and make a show,  
and then a little kiss they'd blow,  
to her warm heart, not asking why,  
it set her free, as it will, I.

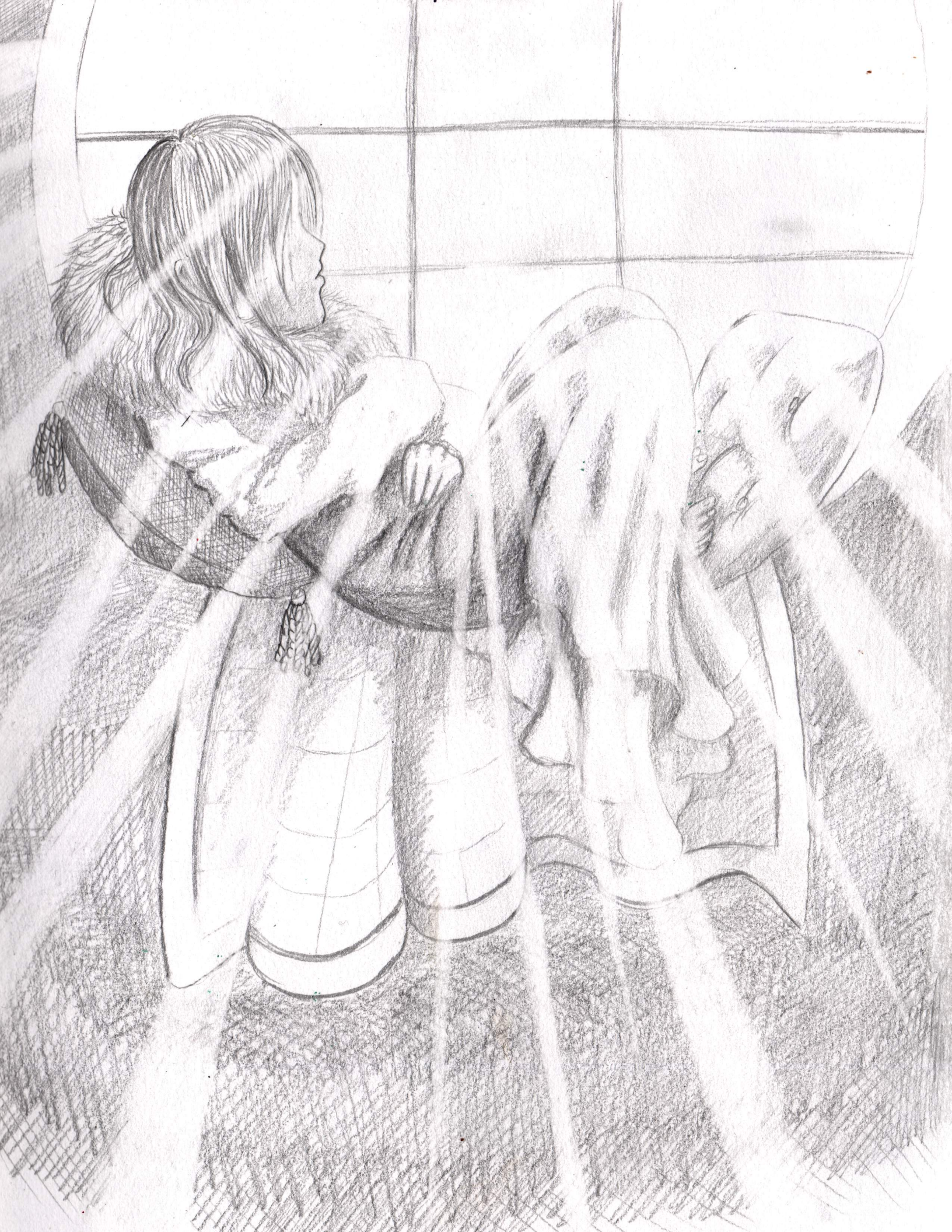
### CIVILIAN

Civilian is dark, in illustrious tones,  
he holds a true essence in the core of his bones,  
he's a Father, a prayer, a man of great will,  
he defys his own age, he's believing us still,  
to be God's greatest beings, awash with the right,  
for humanities' wavelength, he desires the light,  
he gives time and gifts, but his kindness has grown,  
his heart was once wounded, but he found a new home,  
I cannot doubt, that this man, he is grounded,  
shocked by the world, maybe truly astounded,  
but that's why he moves, on his way to the end,  
destined to be one of God's greatest friends.

### SISTER WE CAN DO IT

You're drinking water from a spoon,  
and all you want is more,  
ripping at the roots,  
of all you've seen before,  
you counter every combat,  
and block with every shield,  
you stop at every go,  
but to me you always yield,  
though in truth I stop at nothing,  
to you I shall abide,  
I'll always have a lover,  
and a sister at my side.







YOU STOPPED TO LOOK  
(TO READ)

We wrote from our dreams,  
and our fantasies, crazy,  
to write books from our heart,  
though it made people hate me,  
but these were our cosmos,  
a torrential of rain,  
all the pearls and stars,  
were the tears just the same,  
crystal-clear dew-dropped,  
the invisible hills,  
at the foot of the mountains,  
we immersed our gold tills,  
icy rocks were the pavement,  
crystal stones jutted out,  
to encircle the planet,  
in an aura of clouds,  
vivid turquoise and green,  
specks of gold splattered with-  
storms brewing inches,  
within the world of the myths,  
we had three silver moons,  
and the Sun, so much bigger,  
volcanoes to smoke us,  
and thunder to snigger,  
the lightning was lime-green,  
the frost was of violet,  
the ocean was blackened,  
with midnight waves, violent,  
but our marshes were quiet,  
the mud, it was ruddy,  
our desert was timeless,  
the silver sand, bloody,  
in the meadows were grasses,  
the softest, the green,  
the lakes were like mirrors,  
and the beauty was seen,  
stars in the willows,  
all the berries, all colors,  
the deer and the birds,  
young to follow their Mothers,  
you gazed at the dark sky,  
fire flame, to the falling,  
there were comets and chasms,  
diamond rings to the darlings,  
the fireworks crackled,  
a daze in the fragrance,  
like a love lily's petals,  
breathe the romance of vengeance,  
mushroom top sprinkles,  
the wings of a fairy,  
clear pools of water,  
and I could not save me,  
the buildings of paradise,  
the ruins of a palace,  
curious as Cheshire,

just as lost as was Alice,  
pink balloons of white feathers,  
a grand party for one,  
yet you carried a treasure,  
he was your very first son,  
tawny house of the holy,  
crisp blue leaves in the trees,  
he had brought only one thing,  
and he brought it on knees,  
in all of that world,  
never saw it before,  
a beautiful color,  
his eyes did adorn,  
black cattails still wait there,  
fireballed in the canyons,  
of waterfalled gemstones,  
and your greatest companions,  
herds of uni-corn,  
the fog of the sprites,  
the keepers of nothing,  
on those cold, silent nights,  
I'd be a fool to tell you,  
just a wisp of a flake,  
that this winter-white shadow,  
was merely a fake,  
every season you gave us,  
every season you took,  
we stood on the crystals,  
on the edge of a brook,  
in the heat of the river,  
temperature of the flame,  
was it my stars that saved me?  
Or your truer name?  
You brought drought to my kingdom,  
the whole outer-space,  
but you quenched me with life,  
now I can't be erased,  
we were kings of black marble,  
and knights made of gold,  
you were sought as a prince,  
yet you did as foretold,  
in the dream-scapes you married,  
when the earth, it had dried,  
the last one left standing,  
was you and your bride,  
forgive me for aching,  
the sunset, it glitters,  
the silk and the satin,  
all that makes us so bitter,  
mark my words, only son,  
when you stared blue to blue,  
you were marveling questions,  
still hidden in you,  
in rainbow-hued mist,  
cross snow peaks of rose,  
you must stop to ponder,  
what no other may know,





like a flag on a note,  
it's a short music flit,  
all the things you have wondered,  
why not cry for a bit,  
try a spoonful of seasalt,  
magnified with this glass,  
because the mind itself wonders,  
is this all that he has?



## A WALK TO DESIREE

From dust the earth became of us,  
from earth the water seeped,  
growing into horrid vines,  
the things that nature reaped,  
thunder skies, and lightning cries,  
the rain showered the ground,  
making music never heard,  
no other kind of sound,  
from dust rose something animate,  
from life became of man,  
shadows cast on desert walls,  
and up, the human stands,  
crackled down the ugly clouds,  
and blood-red rain then flew,  
prowled to the edge of worlds,  
and planted back, what grew,  
like every tree had such a soul,  
that story that he told,  
went awry into the blind,  
and slaughtered ice so cold,  
from dust the roots went tangled,  
underneath the soil, dark,  
hiding from the stormy winds,  
and diving from the ark,  
only dust could do it,  
as the human fades away,  
crumbl'ing to pieces,  
in the black and pouring gray,  
but in the dust, the shady dust,  
I point to something green,  
new and like a child here,  
now in a world not seen,  
it did not speak, it had no mouth,  
but all who saw it, spoke,  
this is a tree, a little tree,  
a sprout, a shoot, of hope.







## MY HEART JUST OPENED

The courage of Jesus, the light that he saw,  
the power of love, and the touch of a God,  
it is the almighty reign of humanities' time,  
is it selfish to say, very well, also mine?  
It is ours if we make it, it is love to hold dear,  
the breath of our Gaia, Mother Nature, is here,  
let's wind-sweep the desert, for dijins of the past,  
and grant someone's wishes - it could happen so fast,  
all the Gods we revered, all the saints, and the monks,  
each of them different, but all of them, one,  
meditating on something, that we really see,  
I dreamt it, I saw it, but first, I believed,  
the grace of the Dragons, the beauty around,  
the wonder of Earth, and it's fathomless sound,  
intriguing is one, with a soul full of fear,  
for replace it with love, and the hurt, disappears,  
the sanctity draws us to the edge to look down,  
there is nothing to stop us, no thing to be found,  
but the space in our hearts we just didn't see there,  
quantumly living, but we just weren't aware!  
This picture is perfect, and indeed it must be,  
for this life on this planet, it was meant for us, see?  
It's the dream that will guide us, and seize to us, never,  
to lead us to beauty, in a warless forever...







For all of the humans who believed,  
and still believe, we are one.

