

# IN ABSTRACT DIMENSIONS

*A Collection of Poetry*



*By Kai Nakashima*



# IN ABSTRACT DIMENSIONS

## PARTAKE IN DIAMONDS

Partaking in diamonds, dawns the lord that thee made,  
for I gave up my freedom, as a swearer by jade,  
lost in every rhyme, reason, I could jot juttred faith,  
while my well-suffered losses, more than feathered my face,  
spinning ducks went round calling; "Help! What is next?!"  
But he clamped over-mouth, what my lips could not text,  
for written in stone, are thy words burned in copper,  
greening the metal, with a zealous eye-dropper,  
he said, "Look at me, boy, you just signed it in blood,  
forsaken! Forsaken! No pages, not good!  
For in the end of your life, is the debt you owed you,  
partaking in pearls, like his salt-water crew.  
Is rising the Sun? Does it rise everyday?  
It always does so, never in the same way!"  
But here is the paper, every name inked in red,  
there is death to be dealt, and it is slow and intense...  
"I understand clearly, what they've done to you, jewel,  
to be kneeled at your feet, why they must call me a fool!  
So I give up my mirrors, sacrifice, swore by jade,  
I partake in diamonds, dawn the lord that thee made."



## GOMENASAI

Gomenasai,  
I did you wrong,  
for this is not,  
where you belong,  
gomenasai,  
it hurts me so,  
to know the things,  
I didn't know,  
gomenasai,  
please speak to me,  
I need the truth,  
to set you free,  
gomenasai,  
this can't be real,  
I didn't know,  
that's how you feel,  
gomenasai,  
let's try again,  
cause I will always,  
be your friend.

## ANATA YUE

Anata yue,  
we don't say it enough,  
maybe I'm wrong,  
and it's rude to the touch-  
but anata yue,  
I have reasons for breathing,  
anata yue,  
you have given me meaning.

## ARIGATOU

Can I tell you something sweet?  
You bumped me in the arm,  
nod head to prove she's right-  
between two worlds she's torn,  
half-blinked eyes she smiles,  
and if that weren't good to roll,  
I was angry as a sprite,  
but that's what's beautiful-  
you were there to stop me,  
when my fire turned to tears,  
as you took my hands to hold it,  
and you pulled away the years,  
of the torture that enraged me,  
you stripped it from my soul,  
with a whisper you undid it,  
and now, I'm finally whole!



### CREATOR?

I was God, he said to you,  
the golden air, held golden hue,  
yes, I was God, and nothing less,  
the sunset waned onto the rest,  
with these words, no inch of shame,  
came rain of rainbows, in his name,  
I was God, revered at last,  
acknowledged is, my ancient past,  
nowhere it said, I wasn't this,  
for I am God, and God is bliss,  
create the world, and understand,  
that I am God, these are my hands-  
but no, I looked him in the eye,  
we're only children of that might.

### I WON'T BE RETURNING

Tell me love, and tell me dear,  
if you could whisper in my ear,  
from my heart, and from my mouth,  
through the doors and doorway down,  
listen dear, this is my last,  
and now you'll never know my past,  
that fickle out like weakened birds,  
so don't believe no other words,  
please try to cry, I need to see,  
the tears of truth, sincerity,  
baby boy, you're young to me,  
you have a life of certainty,  
but I may not see you again,  
never will it be the same,  
"I love you dear", that was my part,  
I hope you heard me with your heart.

### RIDDING THE ENEMY

Your eyes, they burned like candlelight,  
the tears, they flooded forth,  
your skin was cold as crystal snow,  
an ice flow from the north,  
your face was struck like golden stones,  
a pick ax to the ore,  
no smile peeked from under-hair,  
you wanted something more,  
your tongue is flat and flickering,  
a flame would be its tip,  
the words that fly are smoldering,  
the smoke floats from your lip,  
you thought that green was ambient,  
your emeralds twitter, shimmered,  
but in the end, the stardust flew,  
you'd lost your pretty glimmers,  
but come again, like candlelight,  
you wanted something more,  
you thought that green was ambient,  
but now you're not so sure.



## VELVETEEN FELINE

Up in that tower, I'll tell you a story,  
of a malicious apprentice whom dreamed of glory.

Where he was at,  
a future night would beg themes of terror – but he had two visions:

A life eye of sweet hope,  
and a death eye of a dear soul...

But he lived in the dark,  
chose to live in the shadows,  
thinking his scars were brave and bold.  
He drank from the sky, alofted with rain,  
perched in his ever-loyal shadows.

Broken, but burning brilliant white,  
his passions slept through the day to awaken at night.

The clock strikes one, screaming,  
scattering the silence that flies away from Velveteens's fun.

He swung to the top of the tower,  
shouting as he looked at the drop,  
laughing with joy at the peak of the dangerous height.

He sits still to mimic the gargoyles,  
and giggled –

a killer, cloaked, soaked,  
and pretending he was a statue...

I should think he brews poison in such a merry way,  
that he forgets his enemies;  
a fairy cauldron full of sweet revenge.

“Welcome to the end of innocence.” Foretold his master.

“We were all once superhuman,  
so did you let go of your gifts?

It doesn't take much to take them back.”  
But the apprentice was ready for intercepting.



## HAVE NOBODY ELSE

Demented in the brain,  
but his dreams are so much cooler,  
he's a rocket in the heart,  
but he had the nerve to fool her,  
in the daylight he is pearl,  
but at night his dark descends,  
he is haunting in the lyric,  
is he happy? He pretends...

He is lonely under-hood,  
underfoot he hits the grave,  
his intentions are a million,  
he is dangerously brave,  
mel-o-dy, a fragrant cloud,  
just a touch of butter-gold,  
in his hair a stardust hue,  
he is twenty-five years old,  
burning blue, those darling eyes,  
he can take you in the moment,  
or he could take you by surprise,  
I do think you'd never know it,  
and that glass is so delicious,  
that blue you can't resist,  
but wait, it don't stop there-  
you haven't heard about his kiss-  
never had one, but I want one,  
this is only what I hear,  
he can purify the ocean,  
he can dry up all your fears,  
but I warn you for your life,  
he's demented in the brain,  
he's cautious of his powers,  
of what he'll lose and gain,

did I mention he wears black?  
Smooth n' sultry, deepened black,  
he wears it down in leather,  
silver zippers, down his back,  
I'm weary but intrigued,  
he's as gentle as could be,  
but when he has to get away,  
that's between just you and me,  
he's a water-color landscape,  
but electric in the color,  
an oil-painted masterpiece,  
created by his Mother,  
jet lashes to deceive you,  
icy glances pull you in,  
I have never seen the smile-  
so just think about a grin!  
He has roses in his breath,  
but is firm within the voice,  
his towers are so warm,  
he's the cherry-blossomed choice,  
he's got effervescent fry,  
he is curling in the tongue,  
ac-cented impressions,  
snow flying, from his lungs,  
but this is all to know,  
he is honey and the cream,  
he is just another stranger,  
to which every girl could dream,  
he has fire and the heat,  
but the winter of the sea,  
just an ocean in the sky,  
of my final fan-tasy.



## I'M BEGGING YOU

She broke the watermelon with a naked hand and sighed,  
he was going back to Christian school -  
but with wings.

Admire the enormous halls,  
and the little glass room...

When did it become a dark room?

The lightning struck,

reminding us of the time we kissed under cherry-blossoms.

It feels worse than ever...

But don't worry, she brought the bucket of water,  
drink up.

Or do you see nothing but filth?

And you accused him of everything.

"Relax," He said, slicing the bread. "Look again."

The pail was filled with watermelon seeds.

"Just stop pretending to sleep, my love."

## FANCY IT'S NOT ME

Everybody listen up,

I'm not the one to fill your cup,  
your every word was so darn wrong,  
and this whole mess took so damn long,

I'm not your guy, I'm not your man,

I'm not a hero, understand,  
you got it wrong, you messed with truth,

I'm not the key to breaking loose,

I'm just one, of many scores,  
I'm just another, on the floor,  
if evil births, and crawls to me,  
than so will all my sympathy,  
but I am not the one to save,  
what evil caused, and kindly gave,  
to one of many, to destroy,  
one tough kid, and one strong boy,  
he will save us, he's the guy,  
he's not me, but man, he'll try.

## FIGHT THE LIGHT

The jaws of hidden worlds restrain,  
as you retaliate your name,  
did you know,  
a game,  
was so insane,  
that it played you,  
into it's space?

And claimed you as a piece, a die,  
inside the eyes, so wide, and why?  
Between the teeth you sought to tame,  
you lost and lost, and then regained,  
but nothing-  
like you had before,

no gore, no war, no secret doors,  
recall the ways, I've come, deplored,  
and then see what I have in store!  
You shocked me out of stalking you,  
of fooling and engrooving you,  
with tales of darkness, so despite,  
I came with thirst to steal your light!  
But there is none to take, or right...  
Delight, is fright, with all my might-  
And then it shot me, like a ghost,  
it's all that good, we needed most...



## THE PATH I'VE CHOSEN FOR NOW...

Look at this, graves by the sea,  
an ocean in which, we can bleed,  
this is the truest of them all,  
reddened surface, for the fall,  
crashing waves, they split the beach,  
in, we let, the crimson leech,  
the ruddy wakes that fill my mind,  
and leave this rosy hue behind,  
the salty air, the grains it stains,  
of golden mounds, and desert planes,  
this wine-bleached shore, is colored dark,  
I scratch our names, to make a mark,  
this bloody bath, this true red sea,  
is bleeding hard, like apple tea,  
this rose-red ocean, crimson drink,  
has me fighting, on the brink,  
awful waves of sanguine red,  
has me drowning in a death,  
fight I do, until I'm swept,  
into the river, I have wept,  
this corridor of glassy blue,  
has me onto something new-  
this color like a natural sky,  
this color like, a baby's eyes,  
this water feels so clean and sweet,  
a lovely shade of blue to eat,  
this sparkling glitter, has me swimming,  
in-to something, I am living,  
this blue is such a wild change,  
to the sea, I thought so strange,  
here I lie, in rippling blue,  
to take the fuchsia blood from you,  
for blood is blood, but now I see,  
that russet hue's not good for me,  
so let me view this, eye to eye,  
drink this blue, and show me why.

## STUBBORN BOLD

Shoulder, shoulder, why so cold?  
In the darkness, why'd you fold?  
Broad, and straight, and strong and bold,  
but now there's no one left to hold,  
your wrists are shaking, heading on,  
to why you've been so gone, for long,  
shoulder, shoulder, how's it feel?  
To touch a hand, so soft and real,  
when I come to touch your neck,  
let beauty shine, and muscles flex,  
be yourself, I've missed you, come,  
there's so much to catch up on.

## FROM HERE TO HERE

### I FEEL THE BREEZE

This soothing sound puts me to sleep,  
washing toes, in water, deep,  
but lying here, I blink and sigh,  
you make me feel like I could fly,  
beaches, yes, they're quite the ring,  
the calling voice, that sometimes stings,  
love me, love me, cold and wet,  
bodies bare, and heaven-sent,  
shores of planets, suns, and moon,  
tide comes in, to take us soon,  
kidnapped from the glowing shore,  
you want me, and I want more!  
Bring it close, I want to see,  
how brave you are, compared to me,  
we glance at stars, so naked, fair,  
I love your winking, waning stare,  
dressed in sand, like diamonds, true,  
glistening in the moonlit view,  
lullabies, of ocean waves,  
rock you slowly into craves,  
sleeping on the beach, time ticking...  
Man! I cry, it's so addicting.



### SMOKE ANIMALS

He spat the smoke, and when it rose,  
it flowed out, began to grow,  
the burning smell caused ladybugs,  
and trees were giving hearty hugs,  
he coughed again, and then it blew,  
in-to birds that really flew,  
then to hands, waving so weird,  
breezed away, and disappeared,  
with his tongue, he switched the side,  
and puffed the creatures to the sky,  
he had a monkey tickle him,  
then swung away, on jungle limbs,  
he snuffed the horses with inhales,  
and blew out several flapping quails,  
he wished for more, but not today,  
and threw his cigarette away.

### PASS THE PIPE

Wrong intentions,  
wipe them clean,  
swipe a breath from me,  
at the pipe,  
sharing the smoke,  
it's a tendency to think;  
what's he doing anyway?  
I'm dreaming don't you see?  
Pass the pipe,  
with good intent,  
and take a breath from me,  
steal my voice,  
shake the branch,  
come sliding in, and see,  
smoke is worth a good intent,  
so I don't know about me.

### SYSTEM

I've come so far, I've done so wrong,  
my life seems old, I've come so long,  
I feel a hundred years at least,  
in which that speed has now decreased,  
three years ago, I thought it may,  
have seen the last, my dying day,  
but someone from my younger years,  
made all the chaos, disappear,  
I had friends, I had a dream,  
all was good, and so it seemed,  
but when you left, and had to go,  
away from me, and to the show,  
but what a-bout the rest of us?  
Who've died in shame and cannot trust,  
if I am to follow through,  
then what would, you have me do?  
Survive or thrive, or something new,  
I walk the way, you don't want to,  
but here I am, all fresh and quenched,  
I am ready to be sent.



### TELL ME AGAIN...

Tell me again, why I won't see tomorrow,  
and I'll eat fire, walk on water, give my every gift,  
tell me I won't make it,  
and I'll fly, I'll soar, I'll run,  
tell me again why I won't see the sun,  
and I'll book the next flight, write into the night,  
and sing to a crowd of a thousand...

Reach out to one million,  
serve seven billion,  
tell you, you won't see tomorrow,  
what will you do?

### BECOMING CRYSTAL

Do crystals sleep?  
I've wondered that,  
so blue as ice,  
white as the sand-  
Do crystals wake?  
I know I've tried,  
to always see,  
the lighter side,  
my heart it seems,  
it's shattered 'fore,  
it's come apart,  
my crystal core,  
and how is that?

Am I a gem?  
A missing part?  
A piece of them?  
Do crystals cry?  
A teardrop glass,  
like ocean spray,  
from tidal crash,  
am I a stone?  
All from a world,  
to only be,  
a crystal girl?

### FLOWING COLORS

It's flowing deep beneath my skin,  
it's why I sport a gleaming grin,  
the colors flow, the pigments flip,  
covered by, a red-tipped drip,  
bloody rainbow, paint my heart,  
make a masterpiece of art,  
but what of color, do you know?  
I can bleed as black as coal.

### LUCKY UNLUCK

Lucky, lucky, you,  
white cat drive,  
avoid the cracks,  
in the pavement line,  
happy, happy, day,  
left side bed,  
do the hokey-pokey,  
change blue to red,  
running away,  
from the monsters of heaven-?  
Is why you keep all things,  
in the number of seven,  
you never come out,  
on the fullest of moons,  
you're missing that meeting,  
and it's bending your spoons,  
your horseshoes are heavy,  
your clovers are fading,  
your crystals are dull,  
the fairies are hatin',  
forever you're pained,  
so curse superstition,  
but what if your good-luck,  
makes a bad-luck collision?  
Possibilities run,  
amok in your path,  
so whoever thought,  
you'd be doing the math?



### GLOWING PURPLE LIPSTICK

I know a bunch of pretty girls,  
with laughing bows and golden curls,  
baby dolls and witchy hats,  
sugar, spice, and slick black cats,  
everything they do or want,  
is a curse, or is a taunt,  
witch girls are funny girls,  
have 'em on a string of pearls,  
witch girls, naughty girls,  
have a thing for underworlds,  
witchy girls are funny girls,  
have a boy, or not a world,  
everyone they have or need,  
is going on their hands and knees,  
I had a girl who had the kicks,  
glowing purple lipstick!  
Stripes on socks, dress, lacy-black,  
wants a man to have her back,  
I had a girl who had the flick,  
glowing purple lipstick!

### ABSOLUTE TRUTH RAMBLE

Tell no lies, and tell no lies,  
I'll say what I want,  
you tell the truth,  
I'll be honest at best,  
I'll speak nothing but that,  
I won't tell a lie,  
cause I'm not good at that,  
you can't tell a lie,  
but you wanna, I'll bet-  
tell no lies, tell no lies,  
tell the truth, and stay that way!  
I'll be here, speakin' truth,  
I'll be here, bein' honest,  
I'm talkin', I'm talkin',  
let's keep it that way.

### THE RUSH OF ME

Breathable, believable,  
I'm washing through the sand,  
like flying through the snow,  
only, not on solid land,  
skippable, unstoppable,  
like smashing through a wave,  
like skipping through a crystal,  
and no way to behave,  
treading on the pedals,  
a feel for flying free,  
a moonlit night, no clouds,  
a date for me, and me!  
The stars are unmistakable,  
the planets overhead,  
I'd rather see them falling,  
then see them from my bed,  
let go of lifeline wings,  
I'd like to fall to this,  
I want to breathe the air,  
not a suffocating kiss,  
I want to delve in me,  
it's the only soul I'll find,  
the only one that I could be,  
so I can call it mine.

### HEART-ATTACK

Oh my gosh! A heart attack!  
I think we'd better run!  
Oh my gosh! A heart attack!  
I think I'm having one!  
Shocked as I have been before,  
I've never been so swayed,  
never-mind, false alarm,  
I'm gonna be okay!



### THE TWELVE MIRRORS

This is coming down, threefold.

Twelve mirrors,  
and I don't understand the math-  
but here, I present it.

Set it before my mind,  
electrify the senses, before I can drop-  
the darkness is left behind,

I stand before it.

Ha! Befriend me please,  
it's a feeling that I wouldn't give up for anything,  
let it subside on its own,  
or otherwise,

take me away,  
for I am coming to get you,  
are you coming to get me?

And I hope,  
when we all begin to smell the brainwashing-  
we will subside our rage against one another,  
for this rage was the rage of divinity.

### COLD AS A DOUBT

Could I take the breath above,  
above the snow, then dip,  
down into the glacial well,  
with cold and shaking lips,  
kiss the water as it froze,  
and let the snow be sweetened,  
by my word the summer ends,  
and out with it, it's beaten,  
to the ground with ice and bone,  
and death of hollow hearings,  
whispered by the angel wings,  
when black is all I'm seeing,  
twinkling will come stars,  
when I'm no longer counting,  
every drop of ice I lost,  
when you did all the doubting.

### SNOOKIE COME BACK TO US

Snookie, come back to us, you're a great guy on the inside, past all the onion peels-  
which I think we found today.

Snookie, we still love you, and so does your girlfriend, and possibly her sister even less...

But at least I know I love you, so don't feel bad, cause you still have me.

Snookie, this note sounds like the songs you write, and that kinda scares me,  
but don't worry, we'll both get better at it.

Come back to us.

Sincerely, the little boy from next door.



## SICKING PINK

Yeah, this is the moment,  
contrary to despair,  
quicksilver all over,  
happy-clappy, a pair,  
if gold was the secret,  
dunk the street in that paint,  
yeah this is the living,  
of the privately great,  
hush, it's nothing but words,  
shush, let's not make a deal,  
let the let in the meltdown,  
let me see how it feels,  
if we reel it to raining,  
and the platinum no better,  
these drops are the one thing,  
that could get me much wetter,  
yeah this is the truth,  
the unbelievable kick,  
better stick in your head,  
better burn in your wick,  
condescendingly open,  
came by word of the mouth,  
color comes to us only,  
when we let the words out,  
it's the hue in the berry,  
carry silk in the shine,  
blossoms of the sickness,  
not unbeatably blind,  
glitter pick up,  
and sick it,  
flutter by, butterfly,  
it's the blush in the make-up,

not the intensively shy,  
kissing lips, it is split,  
but not a lover in sight,  
can describe what I'm doing,  
when I'm singing tonight,  
yeah this I admit,  
when you were looking for ink,  
put the bark in the bitch,  
cause this dog's sicking pink,  
is it right? Do you feel,  
like a man, or a treasure?

I hope you like God,  
cause we're better together,  
so put the gun down,  
go home, don't you smile,  
grin like the heck,  
because we'll all go that mile.



### AMETHYST BLOOD

Her amethyst blood,  
her violet-stained eyes,  
the purple infusion,  
over golden disguise,  
the plum in her heart,  
the blue of her veins,  
the majesties royal,  
a mountain of names,  
like grapes on a vine,  
the irises gape,  
a bottle of wine,  
with no particular shape,  
don't mind what it looks like,  
no remnant form,  
a lavender scarf,  
so soft, but forlorn,  
anemones cradled,  
in the beds of the sea,  
so the asters lie twinkled,  
between you and me,  
my wisteria winter,  
blooms still in the bud,  
mint flowers rejected,  
by her amethyst blood.

### TONGUE BUSTER

Curtailed the dangers fed in here,  
a rail to the breaching gears,  
bit nail in tail, to thanking leers,  
forget your stale, impaling fears,  
hail upon these aching ears,  
and fill the pail of all who hear,  
the house of holy, is so mere,  
should I have failed to wail a tear,  
we mail the tale, in spite of wear,  
to near the end, a scale appeared,  
and peeked around the sail I steered,  
at what would not have happened here.

### HOW COULD IT BE?

How could this be?  
I thought I lost it to the sea,  
I thought I'd crumbled to the floor,  
I believed I couldn't climb from the sinking sand,  
how could this be?  
I couldn't smell the gardenias,  
I couldn't savor the sweetness,  
I'd lost sight of that beautiful pathway,  
how could this be?  
I'd stumbled down the trail,  
I failed to become like them,  
I made mistakes and did not learn,  
I think I fell from grace a thousand times,  
how could this be that I am here again?  
That I am whole again?  
How could it be, I see the light?  
How could it be I hear his voice?  
The voice of God and now-  
How could I have ever thought I'd lost my way?



## HEY TIMBERWOLF

With the wolves that take down prey,  
this one became one, and now they're after him-  
He's just a fiasco man, not the kid under-blanket on his phone,  
way past light-outs-  
and scrolling for truth?

Why do we listen to the animals with polished monocles,  
and expensive cigars?

Why not be like the man in the trailer park?  
Can't remember the last time he cut the grass,  
but his new kitten likes it,  
pure white among the emerald blades.

Never thought these would be disturbances.  
Make a man out of him - No, let him be wild and free...  
No, we're all far too domestic to say anything now,  
but at least, here's what he said 6 years ago;  
I'm not sure I did everything I wanted to, this year,  
does that make me unaccomplished?

My old friend spoiled me,  
but I can't be treated like that when I am older...  
Maybe I'll just go crazy or something,  
fall in love again,  
live again,  
yeah, maybe that is what I'll do...

Did he do it?  
Don't you realize anything?  
The realizations of he?  
And don't you see,  
that if you despise him,  
you despise all of mythic kind?  
He's not just any creature-  
for he fantasized this-  
philosophized this-  
created the thought that led to this-  
and what if God was sorry?

Don't take it back now, this is a chance of a lifetime!



## OLD PATTERNS

Pointing fingers, mal-adapt,  
to the ones that leave be-hind the past,  
say what is stranger than to roll,  
with long forgotten, foreign codes,  
you point the blaming hand at me,  
when the wicked world is all you see,  
but scoop this hat, and bow my knees,  
take a little thinking-time for tea,  
and stop and ponder, over-yonder,  
did you ever, truly wonder?

Pointing fingers, maladapted,  
poorly built, and poorly crafted,  
shamed, but no one, truly owns,  
their own belief, about their homes,  
for lack of better words, or worse,  
misunderstood my every curse,  
for what is duller, than to pet,  
and stroke the rules, that instead,  
leave us unaccomplished genes,  
of DNA, that means no-thing,  
I see you point your fingers, yet-  
you maladapted your whole set,  
so wave a hand, behave and do,  
it doesn't look that good on you,  
to walk around, no point in life,  
we must be strong! We're still alive...



## BLACK MARKET VEGGIES

They sell black market veggies,  
there's no going back now,  
they get away with it,  
and no one knows how!  
He's the guy in the leather,  
yeah, that's right, he's cool,  
that shade under-eyes,  
he's a rustler for sure,  
and his girlfriend, so shifty,  
wears a dress suit, and heels,  
in both their pockets-  
filled with vegetable peels!  
They are eerie and odd,  
only see them at night,  
selling veggies and fruits,  
only under moonlight!  
They sell black market veggies,  
maybe killed someone once-  
they are looking for more-  
a rare vegetable hunt!  
they're slick on the move,  
cause they're butchers by day,  
selling normal, plain, meat,  
in a normal, plain, way,  
but I tell ya, at night,  
in shrouds thick and dense,  
they sell black market veggies,  
and it doesn't make sense.



## THE GARNET BULLET

THE WINE IN MY HAND  
There's wine in my hand,  
in a little plum gem,  
a violet-hued crystal,  
hanging from a green stem,  
a droplet of purple,  
hit with a sun beam,  
to make it complete,  
flower out the grape-green,  
the iris of angels,  
a majestic blue,  
like the stone in my hand,  
placid as the dark moon,  
and you gave it to me,  
for I was your silk,  
that tied us together,  
with a sip of warm milk,  
I cared for you deeply,  
I loved you so much,  
the wine in my hand,  
with a dark purple touch,  
that reflected such kindness,  
a joy within I,  
that violet-hued crystal,  
helped me say goodbye.

The Garnet Bullet,  
the deadliest lips,  
of which no one answered,  
and no one dared kiss,  
cause the killing was good,  
but only because,  
they thought they'd meet mercy,  
in the cold desert bloods,  
with the crimson a-splashing,  
the barrels to faces,  
I never thought I,  
could get lost in these places,  
for nobody knows,  
why God is at hand,  
when garnets through bones-  
takes lives o-ver lands,  
and dragging through sand,  
I'll never know why,  
a garnet was chosen,  
to take someone's life.

## THE FLAT STONES

Flat, so flat, but don't despair,  
they cannot fall, so as you care,  
so many pits in which they drop,  
but when you do, well, they do not,  
flat so flat, but don't despise,  
they'll keep the sparkle, in your eyes,  
down to fleeting, pondered glee,  
laws about, our galaxy,  
or gravity, if you believe,  
for flat, so flat, they do not leave,  
they're balanced in a time ago,  
when all I know, is all I know,  
until I stumbled into these,  
behind the flowers, and the trees,  
they're flat, so flat, if gone unseen,  
what kind of life, would yours then mean?



### LEADING VIOLET

Made up of all your tiny gems,  
and pieces made up me,  
made of all your teardrop shapes,  
to fill your ocean sea,  
I am in that lavender,  
so don't think you have won,  
purple was the only way,  
to find my rising sun,  
do you know how I have tried?  
Your glass, it kills me not,  
but then again, your chocolate cream,  
had always hit the spot!  
With cookies shaped like broken hearts,  
in sugar-sprinkled plum,  
kind enough to let me taste,  
and then you gave me some-  
puzzle pieces chopped to bits,  
and still you say there's hope,  
I could cut my angel wings,  
but can't laugh at that joke,  
hang onto the black parades,

of hooded men and things,  
I was made of mem-o-ries,  
now all the pieces link-  
I am in your lavender,  
but I know what I want,  
even if the sun sets blue,  
and blue begins to haunt-  
that is how it all began,  
and this is what is true,  
I am in your lavender,  
as evil shoots out blue,  
I'm made up of these tiny parts,  
and pieces made up me,  
made up of all your darknesses,  
so that I could not be,  
but now that I'm aware of you,  
I'm stronger, and I'm done,  
with violet leading me to light,  
to find my rising sun.

### ROSELLA IN THE MIST

Magenta in the richest hue,  
rosella in the mist,  
far beyond a wedding-white,  
her skin, so opal-kissed,  
strawberry is everything,  
and so is kitty-blue,  
bring back Cinderella,  
she will be, spark-ling new,  
don't wear out gentle feelings,  
she is lovely you can bet,  
she is darling to the core,  
but she is shy and starry-lit,

coral of a sweetened shade,  
the sea-salt in her hair,  
rosy in her lacy white,  
a maiden so, so, fair,  
Cinderella, come on back,  
I know we did you wrong,  
you fought for such a pretty dream,  
a place where you belonged.



## HELLO GYPSY

Salty, sweet, and beautiful,  
a puppet or a doll?  
Woven into silks,  
you were short, but very tall,  
jewels upon gems,  
upon glass, and maybe ink,  
tattooed with a flower,  
and an automatic blink,  
blowing bubbles in the court yard,  
in a yard not yours to be,  
chased out by a dog,  
and the cat you couldn't see,  
am I dreaming of you now?  
Am I sleeping on the stage?  
The mouse kept in the rafters,  
af-ter the whisper of a sage,  
you sell your pretty acts,  
and you look just like a face,  
clothed in many satins,  
that I just couldn't name,  
beads of bone and crystal,  
your skin smells of the sun,  
the sweaty brow you rose,  
all the perfume you have done,  
tapping tambourines and fiddles,  
bowing birds and dancing pets,  
and maybe you've forgotten,  
but you're a hard one to forget!  
I'm the one remaining kitten,  
under poppies in the rain,  
under bobbing fruit and wine,

in the shelter of her name,  
you blew bubbles in the courtyard,  
strangest suitor I have seen,  
as I watched you from the grasses,  
singing sonnets to the queen,  
I'm curious of you,  
and it's strange to see you now,  
standing right before me,  
not from underneath a bough.



### SEEING YOUR BREATH

Feed me smoke, the steady fire,  
crave the only way in,  
I think it's meaningful we can see-  
maybe I should just move up north...  
but here, I can only spit fire.

### I LIKE THAT KIND OF DIP

Sweetbox Inn, because I like that kind of dip,  
chocolate-kissed, menthol,  
don't forget to wave it off,  
I'm breathing again, incense,  
pearls and jewels in the form of smoke,  
unbelievable to the eyes,  
indescribable to the taste,  
four walls, and addicted as ever-  
you said I'd catch that cold,  
but here I am in the summer,  
heading to Sweetbox, whole,  
shout the next time you see me-  
if you agree!  
Muddy on the lips, hide me a flavor,  
in a rolling psycho's museum,  
steady, sure, delicious, like Christmas spices,  
but dark - it's a little dark in here,  
isn't it?

### SMOKING LIKE THE DRAGON

Catch your breath on something hot,  
misty cliffs, and puffs of cloth,  
like women's clothes, or saintly capes,  
such an un-remarking shape!  
I caught my breath on something thick,  
a mountain rain, it's fragrance shifts,  
to ocean ice, hard freezing blues,  
will take my lungs, from desert-cool,  
to midnight gales that scarred the moon,  
I saw life, in burned cocoons,  
so throw me fire, smoke, and shine,  
then tell me I'm not of your kind,  
I enjoy, this way to snows,  
that just no-body else, would know,  
unless the dragon bit them too,  
a poison, fire-breathing you!

### PIPE THOUGHTS

As luck would have this hourglass,  
obsessed with keeping time that's past,  
a rainbow through a crystal vat,  
and filled with golden sand to tap,  
I watch with eyes too dark for you,  
behind a cloud of burned perfume,  
you either see it, or you don't,  
behind the sultry pleasure-coat,  
a pipe in hand, would have one think,  
I'm not as sweet as other things,  
but sometimes it would get me by,  
a lovely taste, filled up with lies.



## WHICH COLOR SHOULD I CHOOSE?

I look into the mirror,  
and all I do is laugh,  
it's like my eyes are different,  
the color, half and half,  
the one is so bright orange,  
an ember of a blaze,  
the other is so violet,  
the fog of purple haze,  
so what side is my best?  
What color is just mine?  
Which color do I follow?  
To which am I inclined?  
What should I do to choose?  
I wink and look too fast,  
I look into the mirror,  
and all I do is laugh!

## BUSTING IVORY

Ivory ice on the plaintive scene,  
shoots through the air, like a pearl moonbeam,  
shy to the touch, but crazy in white,  
ghostly, and ghastly, but pure shining white,  
simple and sweet, but definite sheen,  
of pale and pallid, to slightly just cream,  
but look at her eyes, well that's something more,  
her two eyes of violet, the true of her core,  
rich in the pigment, a purple, true blue,  
immersed in the shower of lilacing hues,  
amongst her own sheets, of the purest of whites,  
two eyes full of concord, what a marvelous sight!



### ONE STOOD UP

We cannot think, we cannot help ourselves,  
just look at us all, looking back,  
and now we're scared,  
what do we do?

someone's going to get themselves killed!

Why can't we stand being alive?

How can we save ourselves?

Why are we here?

Someone said we are together-

but what does that mean?

We are suffering together?

We should try to understand each other,

even though, most would say;

you wouldn't understand,

but some of us do-

we have nothing to lose!

For we've lost it all...

he said it doesn't matter,

it doesn't matter to him,

remember what happened that rainy day?

We went inside, cold and hungry,

but he was dancing...

He was singing too, I think,

He danced in the rain and came down with

something...

But he still does it.

### I'M NOT CRAZY!

Roses are blue, violets are red,

nothing makes sense, as to what I've just said,

but I am "insane", it's why I write songs,

but I've been a poet, for eight years too long,

gardenias are white, and pansies are hued,

all different colors - but that's actually true!

I may be "insane", but don't get me wrong,

they made me take therapy, for eight years too long!

### SICK BRAIN

The chief, he waves the healing stick,

to chests in heartache pain,

but what we thought was ignorance,

was caused by a sick brain,

a man with pride, a mountain high,

he prods a needle to,

the latest fad that ever lived,

was injected into you,

but no matter where we seem to go,

we come with open wounds,

but if it saved your life tonight,

I'd fly you to the moon,

but no, I think there's something wrong-

six billion hearts in pain,

so what defines this ignorance?

I think we have sick brains.



## DYING UNTRIED

In the ice of imagination, came a blizzard so intense,  
that nothing in my wits of words, was making any sense,  
I couldn't speak of things I knew, it was a growing need,  
that made my po-et-ry insane, and left my mind to bleed,  
the sanguine that I lost that day, was colorful, but cold,  
flavorful with hues of tales, that I had left untold,  
but then I had the will to paint, the will to carry on,  
and once the magic slipped away, my consciousness was gone,  
in fact, my world grew so entwined, the blooms so bulging fat,  
the leaves of every plant and vine, went twirling out of whack,  
the tiny buds of coming thoughts rushed out in petal white,  
and come out of my mouth and pen, in-to the books I write,  
but when it came to seeing him, the amber, it hushed forth,  
felt like I was back in time, pushed south, back to the north,  
in the ice of my creations, came a blizzard so inert,  
that the crystal in the liquid, was a simple piece of dirt,  
a smudge of grime that plagued me, so it caught me in the vein,  
and now to seldom push it out, I have to be in pain,  
my dreams were once a happy place, a fantasy if willed,  
but with the things that frighten me, it instantly was killed,  
it's a story, just a story, that we've followed this whole time,  
a portion of my bible, that I didn't want to write,  
hate me if you want, but I remember who you are,  
you're a saint within a prison, your a diamond with a scar,  
I'm afraid that I am fading in the ice of my attack,  
for the blizzard in my brain - there is no way to come back,  
am I foolish to say, this? Am I someone of concern?  
I am trapped in my decisions, and there's no way to return,  
brain blinded I became, while the rest of you were washed,  
for I wasn't even worthy of the veil they had plot,  
it's kinda lonely down here, but I hope one day they'll read,  
the poems of a grieving man, who lived among the sheep.



I CAME INTO THIS WORLD

I came to see the green and blue,  
frothy white,  
darkened night,

black, so deep and cruel,

I came to see the scorching reds,  
the brooding russet rivers,

I came to see the golden sun,  
the violin-moon, it's crashing gray,

I came for you, is all I say.

But alas, there is more...

I came to smell the cold, salt breeze,  
the emerald sea, and ink,

I came to smell the evening rain,  
its sidewalk stains, so teary,

I smell the fragrance of the blooms,  
blossoms, petals, perfect,  
the softest breath of roses, blushed,  
the breathing that I yearn for,

then came it - the taste of spice! Sensual, heated,

I came for mint, the cool, to savor, to breathe it, frosty.

I came to taste the sweet of honey, amber apples,  
the gorgeous gush of salt!

That cannot be explained!

I came to hear the bells, ringing softly in the morning,  
the birds twitter, singing, pinging, peeling, playing,

I came to hear the melodies, the score, the scream, the orchestra,  
who taught me this; There is no end to music.

I came to touch the heat and ice, be burned, be stung, be intimate,  
with none other than the earth.

I came to feel the grains of sand, the splash of mud, the wash of rain,  
and then I wonder why I came...

I came because I had a way, to touch the world, to feel, and say;  
I came.



### TRADING FACES

You eat chocolate like it's the end of the world,  
biting bars like there's no other food,  
you're a tad bit more serious than some,  
but I know you only do that for fun,  
there is no flesh I know of like yours,  
I can't remember the last time you scarred,  
put a trench coat on his ice sculpture,  
and you will get to know this type of creature,  
I'm a relic, a relic of your earth days,  
bond to be beloved, by ledges and trees,  
but you gave up long ago,  
I guess we're just slow,  
I'll be darned - remember me as I was,  
cause I ain't coming back the same!  
Remember my name,  
walk away, and I'll bite the first bit of dust, like chocolate!  
You just laugh.  
Remember me as I was.

### THE BOY AND HIS SUN

I thought I held the power, the sun was in my hand,  
my silver sun was shining, like the golden desert sand,  
I thought I held the world, around my tired neck,  
but now it has been fading, into a silver fleck,  
he held a silver sun, a sun that turned to dust,  
but silver suns must disappear, for this one turned to rust,  
it all goes back to mother, the earth from where it came,  
so we build and build again, silver sun, you shall remain.

### DECAYING WIRE

Metallically gorgeous,  
so stainless, but rust,  
the iron has melted,  
in-to maroon dust,  
cinnamon sparkle,  
an orange peel, but red,  
carrot juice, messy,  
stained oak, wooden bed,  
Carnelian, and jasper,  
terracotta, the clay,  
the sunseting hunger,  
of this time of day,  
Grand-Canyon rusty,  
this leather, defined,  
red-orange is a color,  
so keep that in mind.



I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO SAY THAT...

I'd like to simply advertise,  
the complex science, of our lies,  
that come from mouths of haunted breath,  
and those who speak of making death,  
so hear me clear, I'd like to think,  
that if a lie could only shrink,  
it'd shrink back into being true,  
so we could see the real of you,  
so everybody listen up,  
I've got some lies inside this cup,  
and if you dare to take a sip,  
will you swear and burn your lip?  
Lies make us seem like selfish fools,  
when we throw, and lose our cools,  
so next time you get in a fix,  
think again, before you mix,  
the truth and lies in-to a drink,  
pretend the chain of actions link,  
maybe I should make my way,  
for all I ever needed say,  
if it's not right to tell a lie,  
maybe, do not even try-  
so if you tell the truth today,  
you'll have better tings to say.

## REPORTING

We gather information,  
we put it down in ink,  
we sometimes use recorders,  
so we don't have to think,  
we read it in the paper,  
the words we use and mint,  
are driven to the public,  
in big and little print,  
all's not well in talk and tell,  
and I will tell you why,  
most of what I said was true,  
but now I sport the lie.

## ASH-COLORED

"Does it hurt to be a liar when the end is drawing near?  
The color, it was ashen, and it wasn't held so dear,  
because rainbows can't be deadly if they're safely in the sky,  
and a stranger can't be harmful if he's simply passing by,"  
"He is caped, hysterical," A green-eyed friend retorts,  
"Cause the man, he never listens, he's too busy, out of sorts,"  
"A young man in his gold crown, we don't need him, want him out,  
prevention is the cure, but what is the cure about?"  
"Boy in cape, hysterical, you need to cut the tasks,  
cause do you really have a face? A face behind the mask?"



### DYING HERE

The world it rattled in my bones,  
while I awaited peace,  
my scarves were drenched in sickly sweat,  
held breaths as were, clenched teeth,  
watch the bomb be dropped in black,  
and white, and peace, but no!  
A world to fly's too much to ask,  
but pilot this, and go-

### THE WASPS

Lead me into battle,  
and I will show you guts,  
be it blood or moxie,  
forget the woman's touch,  
give the go, I'll go,  
you won't regret a thing,  
it is a pilot's duty,  
to be faithful to her wings.

### NOT THAT I

Not that I, behest you first,  
it's for the best, not for the worst,  
thought that I, could sooth you last,  
it's for the ones who thought of that!

But not that I, inquired least,  
it's for the day, it's for the heat,  
the night before, not that I'd know,  
it's for the man, who told you so,  
so not that I, intended more,  
it's for the fact, you're looking for!

### NO WHERE PLACE

Here, chain-linked margin of your heart,  
a vast wasteland, die-hard, tire yard, junkyard, nowhere place,  
the square of your chest, not good for you,  
but evil is so much easier, is it not?

In the dust, the rust, find your feet, you'll find the ground,  
aren't we all broken children who could never get anyone to see  
the things that we saw?

Forget the pain, and just smile,  
Hi there world, nice to be here!



## CHESS BOARD WARS

Distanced me, the whitest shade,  
the lightest shadow in the cave,  
sacrificed, the brightest hue,  
the pearl paint, the pallid view,  
he turned that, the darkest thing,  
the ebon blade, black angel wings,  
into jet, a raven's heart,  
not the best way, for a start,  
took me down, the marble stone,  
the greatest evil, over-thrown,  
pure as clouds, a racing snow,  
the cleanest flake, a frigid blow,  
to dank and scarred, a fearsome dire,  
in the eyes, of shameful liars,  
spun around, and saw the dark,  
a putrid stain, a blatant mark,  
a dust of coal, the leather, black,  
indulgent velvet, on his back,  
touched by love, albino dove,  
bleached her lacy, dressing gloves,  
saw a pale-ness, in step,  
classic wedding-white was kept,  
but not for long, he journeyed on,  
the vibrant white, of early dawn,  
was gone as night came swooping in,  
deep, and strange, and tall, like him,  
winter sparkled here and there,

with no inkling, of despair,  
frowning umbras, we had sank,  
dimming into cheery blanks,  
vacant pictures of the graves,  
flashing fire-lighted cave,  
sunny wild, milk and cheese,  
butterflies, were in the breeze,  
silver beauty, on the rise,  
brightest sky, and so damn high,  
torture creature, dark and still,  
crowing birds, with spear-like bills,  
agate black - a bitter brown,  
feeling ugly, he fell down,  
back and forth to black and white,  
doves to crows, and dark to light,  
couldn't choose, and still he sees,  
goes from bright, to dim, then bleeds



## THE BLACK BEAUTY OF THE END

I see you all the time, and I'm not thinking,  
how precious is this moment here?

I've stared into those eyes a million times before,  
and I'll never see them the way I do now...

the infinite stars on an endless sky,  
three moons, just like you wanted here,  
that lush glen, the place where you picked clovers with me,  
you're so simple, so easy, is it because you have a thousand dreams?

What is that like?

There was a breeze in your life, and we all followed it,  
the birds, the butterflies, every winged creature.

There were roads you chose to walk,  
rivers you chose to swim,  
and they were right, always right.

The white you wore for celebrations,  
a commemorative ivory for all to see,  
you were the most blessed thing in sight-

But you never knew.

I remember all your favorite sweets,  
you liked peaches, plums, and vanilla icecream,  
but you also loved soup, and you loved to hear that it was supper time.

You worked hard in your garden,  
it was something you shared with the world.  
You could catch snowflakes on your tongue,  
the winter was no bother to you.

You lit up Christmas, and you gave everything you had,  
because you were an island.

In the spring, daffodils brushed past your feet,  
as you ran to some where - anywhere...

Summer nights were afloat with crickets, nightbirds, and the lazy windchime,  
we watched shooting stars and twinkling lights,  
you felt so at home that it brought you to tears...

I couldn't imagine you any other way.



AMBER UP NO MORE

That forward foot is pretty clean,  
so please remember me,  
conscious of my whereabouts,  
and of my victory,  
don't amber up the water,  
that you drank when you were gone,  
you saw your life in black and white,  
and now, I sing your song,  
so ha, I get the last laugh here,  
I'm just not who you think,  
take another broken pill,  
and amber up your drink,  
this is illusion, at it's worst,  
yet is, the best I've found,  
that forward foot is pretty clean,  
so place it on the ground.

PLEASE DON'T CHANGE

Nothing but bad boys run the streets,  
cursing every man he meets,  
grow they do,  
if only they knew,  
one day, they, would be a man too.

NOTE TO MAN & DOG

You let the world in your garage,  
and I gave it to you straight,  
I was lost in cruelty,  
and in the world's great hate,  
it is a queer and awesome thing,  
how you'd fear the common thief,  
and turn it all around,  
when you realized I had grief,  
it's a wonder how you did this,  
how a thought can crunch your mind,  
around someone like a stranger,  
it's amazing what you'll find,  
I'm impressed with what you've done so far,  
so proud of your mirage,  
but don't be blinded by the light,  
you let the world in your garage.



## ALL THAT WE GOT SO FAR

I want that dog,  
but shoot the gun,  
you'll kill me first,  
before first sun,  
I need that dog,  
don't get me wrong,  
I've walked the frontline,  
to be strong,  
he chooses where,  
his guts are pulled,  
and he loves me,  
what makes you cold?  
Don't shoot that dog,  
it leads to this,  
I talk to wolves,  
you talk to fists,  
what makes you think,  
you own a soul,  
not of your blood,  
not of your own,  
so Fang, remind me,  
why I'm here,  
I fear for you,  
these are your tears,  
if I can't live,  
should you get killed,  
let's keep a secret,  
of us, still,  
so hush the paws,  
you run to streets,  
where in the night,

we often meet,  
I want that dog,  
I need this love,  
he needs my voice,  
why is this tough?  
What part do you,  
not understand?  
I hold a foreign paw,  
in hand,  
Bingo,  
this is not to see,  
don't judge a human,  
by his peace,  
but boy I wish,  
we stood together,  
a man, a woman,  
a cat, a hunter,  
I want that dog,  
so shoot the gun,  
just tell me first,  
if you're that brunt,  
don't take the dog,  
I'll be there first,  
to teach a lesson,  
at its worst,  
don't make me mad,  
you won't want blood,  
before the guts,  
of one tough God,  
don't make me swear,  
revenge, I nod,  
to take the life,  
of one strong dog.



## THE DREADED PICNIC

Was it the Italian spice and dining?  
Beds of light, quaint, yellow flowers,  
sparkling with so much happiness,  
jumping so high, and lifting our glow.  
To the boys and girls playing in the fountains,  
wet and shining,  
fizzing, a paralyzing pleasing,  
bolting out from head to toe.

It was a picnic flair with a cafe touch;  
cloth umbrella, clinking glass, a cheers to you,  
with showy wine, of course.

The beauty of weakness was that you could see,  
his sense of humor helped him breathe,  
twinkle in eye, he'll make his way around this,  
smiling, forgetting the fuss,  
the world will present his little loves,  
and get what he deserved.

Kiss him on the cheek, I dare you,  
my six sense is a doosey - will you ask me how?  
Five used to be the number, but I have one more now,  
a six sense - that this-  
will be an awesome day.

The food is served, the soup is sipped,  
the cuts you ate, the mouth-watering fragrances,  
but you know he won't eat a bite,  
so teach him to eat with things he's never used before.

The music is tangy, the children are spirited,  
the pansies bob in the breeze, you wave to friends,  
you talked dear, and now you realize this;  
No matter how old you are, you don't want to show pity, only care.  
He should have come to you with glowing eyes,  
illumined soul, and that fire that he used to...  
He has your attention, and it's all because of him



## RUSTY RAKES

Rusty rakes,  
I feel the person,  
over leaves,  
that make me certain,  
what happened to,  
the flint and steel,  
that pointed faces,  
from their feel,  
emotions rang,  
across the land,  
that never stepped,  
us, hand, in hand,  
forget the pace,  
I steadied slow,  
rake the leaves,  
and I'm aglow!  
I finally know,  
to work me ragged,  
so I'm tired,  
over-matted,  
by the night,  
so I can sleep,  
I've never had,  
such good of dreams,  
then when I work,  
myself to death,  
I cherish every,  
deepened breath,  
and wish my arms,  
were stronger, longer,  
I was taller,

it was hunger,  
that kicked me in the back,  
and ran!

Say I will get,  
back up, again.  
And when I do,  
this rusty rake,  
will run me dry,  
and deem me safe,  
I've never felt,  
so great in pain,  
until I slapped it,  
with my name,  
I'm in control,  
and that's a fact,  
you'll never get,  
this pitchfork back!

This rusty rake,  
it's mine again,  
and I am free,  
to now pretend,  
that I have work,  
and I am bleeding,  
raking, hauling,  
carving, weeding,  
help me so,  
what you don't know,  
I'm on the path,  
that I have sowed,

cause look at that,  
the rake is mine,  
a rusty friend,  
one of a kind,  
so in the background,  
I'll be singing,  
a ghost with flesh,  
but heartbeat, ringing,  
take me forward,  
I admit,  
I've never felt,  
so good, dammit.



### RACE CAR

Get up to speed, put the wind on my face,  
raking the road up, to keep my ride's place,  
kicking the levers and I won't touch the break,  
unless worst comes to worst, and a wipe-out I take,  
I'm sweating the heck, the wheel is at large,  
I'm as fast as a falcon, you're as slow as a barge,  
I'll go round the corner, and burn up my tires,  
I'll fly through the air, to the right, left, and higher,  
I'll wave to the crowd, and my girl, Marina,  
whip up the engine, and explode the arena,  
I'm coming in first, but it's not the first time-  
let's do this, I'm ready, to win the limelight.

### YETI

He surrendered the summit to Yeti,  
blue ice, hitting his wind shield,  
snow in the lung, yelling over the bluster,  
he fell, lost hold of the dog's leash,  
pink in the cheeks, cold body, shivering,  
numb, and tearing,  
his hair like a snow net,  
clenched his teeth,  
and faded behind,  
surrender the summit to yeti,  
the road is closed,  
families moved,  
research given up,  
projects abandoned,  
Yeti did not ask for you.

### BEAUTIFUL STARS IN THE TREES

A million stars tied in the trees,  
a million stars float on the breeze,  
a million glowing, flashing lights,  
a star for every Christmas night,  
flit the glittered bows, and bell,  
loft in the wind, with Christmas smells,  
golden leaves, and silver balls,  
tinsel flies throughout the halls,  
a million pearls in the sky,  
a million lights, dipped in your eyes,  
in winter sky, and touched, the ground,  
a million stars can be abound,  
so look into my eyes and see,  
the Christmas lights flow on the breeze,  
so look into my eyes and breathe,  
the Christmas lights upon their trees.



## TEENAGED & CAN'T FORGET

Dizzy, dizzy baby dolls,  
the dryer had us good,  
spinning a-round aimlessly,  
around the creepy woods,  
tattooed and mysterious,  
band to band, we gathered,  
survivors of the splintered knives,  
electric-shocked, and tattered,  
Mr. Cool knew every-thing,  
behind that scarf he wore,  
the man not nearly draggled down,  
a voice not heard before,  
silky-blue, and tiger eyes,  
she held me close to kiss,  
girl to girl, she dragged me here,  
a hope that took me with-  
buckles on her chest were snapped,  
and straps were on her shoes,  
belt to belt in leather boots,  
on a mission to be blue,  
a fist so hot in fire,  
you were doomed if you were hit,  
hardy girl she played it,  
she would roll her eyes, and spit,  
dancing all around the world,  
with a blade between her teeth,  
hooked up by a silver sword,  
with a gem-encrusted sheath,  
but bossy, bossy, baby,  
does it dribble in your march,  
a tripping step of grace,  
may it be the only start?  
Damn you, cursed snowflake,  
that fell from platinum hair,  
a cringe within his smile,  
that betrayed us everywhere,

so pretty, pretty, baby,  
do me something as a favor,  
write me one more love song,  
and then throw away the paper,  
eat the shreds you crumple,  
fold it like a ball of snow,  
slice it like an apple,  
tell me how to let it go,  
like kicking up the flowers,  
like a punch you might have thrown,  
I'm seeing your reflections,  
in the facet of a stone,  
she punts you in the chest,  
like she does, the cocky men,  
like a tiger, she then pawed you,  
and you reacted then-  
but now you stand here broken,  
in the bones, naked like tin,  
how are you an angel,  
when there's no way to begin?  
Forgive.



## SPARKLER OR THE BRONZE

Open his throat, overhead,  
cover wounds, he's not dead,  
take the sparkler – or will you take the bronze?

Guess what else?

He talks a lot,  
and if you don't believe,  
he wears a heart on his sleeve,  
it's a foolish game,  
and when I look away,  
you will have chosen,  
between the criminal, and the stray,  
take the sparkler or the bronze away...

Her boyfriend's back in jet-black,  
everyone can see it, so face it,  
it's a shiny gun, a toyful threat,  
he stands in the busy street,  
an auditorium, a remote island,  
in church, a ballroom bashing wine,  
but it's what is dreamed...

A miracle was found,  
and she stands in his dirt,  
screaming out to what might be there...  
I hope you know where I am – caught in blue,  
red-handed.

Take the sparkler, or take the bronze,  
It becomes shredded metal, cobalt blue,  
flamed spots,  
mauve lights,  
black night,  
tourmaline,  
dusty powder-blue,  
chocolate,  
and shiny new...

But BAM!

Light bulb pink, she remembers his miraculous comeback,  
coughing on remnants,  
emerging from the blooming room,  
crumble came the house down,  
but walking in, came you, with you,  
brought the world.

She turned candy-yellow!  
Golden almond, and dove,  
at the bottom of the letter,  
signed,  
won't you be my love?



## G.L FONDNESS FORD

The center of poetry, a poetry lover, mysteriously happy and cheesy for having a rather dark history, he expresses whatever he feels through cherished work.

### DON'T JUDGE ME

What do I see, when they hate me?  
I'm a shadow with a gun,  
what do I plea, when they shun me?  
I'm a monster who hates sun,  
What do I be, when they forgive me?  
I'm a child, laden with fear,  
what should I do, when I frighten you?  
I'm a griever, without tears,  
what should I do, when I hurt you?  
I say sorry, and I hide,  
what do I do, when I want you?  
I didn't mean it, I lied...  
But read me.

### IF I COULD DO IT RIGHT

I am the warrior,  
the warrior to him,  
I am the moon,  
the moon, to him,  
I am the image,  
the image to him,  
I am the killer,  
the killer to him,  
I am the monster,  
the monster to him,  
I may be all that,  
but listen to this,  
I am his brother,  
and that, I quite miss.

### TO TOP IT OFF

Might be a vampire, forgets he's an orphan,  
thinks a lot about the world, and never intends to bring anybody into it,  
he loves being able to understand pain, but reviles its existence.  
He hides depression under a smart and sassy attitude.  
He hopes that people will one day realize the damage they've done to the earth.  
He may still fade, unaccomplished.  
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?



### WISHING DEATH TO US ALL?

Have we it, a piece of mind,  
a certain way of thinking,  
a chip to program every-thing,  
to get these ships to sinking,  
death befalls, us all, and go-  
for maybe that's the point.

### THE CLASSMATE

Lazy, happy, slow-reacting,  
funny sorts, claimed nothing special,  
scarred and tan, extremely weird,  
yawned a lot, but was shocked by fear,  
he'll get over it, but only if he has a friend today.

### EYES WERE ALL OVER

I am in your hands again,  
living as the flesh I care for,  
breathing as the angel I adore,  
live as the windows of the soul I gazed into-  
there is madness in mine, but what do you mean by that?  
Why do you crave this?  
It is darkness, I know it is sin, so...Why do you want it to be yours?  
Keep this in your mind next time - he didn't have to,  
but he left something in the concrete for you.  
There's a reason my eyes are gray,  
gray as grief-ridden skies,  
they are there for you to gaze into-  
maybe you'd have strayed further off your path,  
if you kept looking into eyes of green or brown,  
maybe gray is just what you need - lucky you.  
Only problem is, you still see madness - but do you?  
These eyes have seen many things for you and me,  
can you respect that?  
I'd rather connect than turn my back on this.



### GIVING UP THE VICTIMS

Antebellum memories,  
the bellicose of now,  
and even in my dreams,  
can't deceive me any how,  
she was wild like the river,  
just a sparkle of gray-white,  
could cast the look upon you,  
and regenerate your might,  
took back the simple flavors,  
of the golden days, her skin,  
before she'd grown so cold,  
and before the wolves could win,  
she was dreaming of the winter,  
in the heat of world-at-end,  
but she saved us in the rush,  
reunited were her friends,  
but a dash upon the earth,  
in her heels and cascade clothes,  
showered blood behind the wound,  
behind the body that she knows,  
her antebellum memories,  
cast a shadow in the dark,  
deep as any cut,  
in the wood of her own ark,  
where she's saved the little memories,  
the happiest, the brave,  
but the bellicose of now,  
says that she will not be safe,  
so where is her love now?  
Do you think we can undo,  
the things that you have done,  
to others and to you?  
No time there is to waste,  
No chances must be blown,  
now you have not been falling,  
in fact, I think you've grown,  
if we don't act today,  
do you think she will still come?  
We must let her know we're willing,  
to come back out in the sun.

### DIVE INTO A MILLION DREAMS

Have you ever fought your consciousness,  
did you ever win?  
Did you open up your heart,  
and dive beneath your skin?  
In your mind, the things you see,  
cannot be seen, by you or me,  
so here's to your right privacy,  
your head's a room, your heart's the key.

### HITO BITO

Souls collide,  
I was I, you was you,  
and now,  
we were that,  
people saw that,  
people met that,  
I could not blame,  
lost memories,  
I could not thank them either,  
I was I, you was you,  
and that was that,  
you see?



## FEMININE BEAUTY

I wish for something beautiful,  
I wish for Eileen silk,  
I wish for Jasmine wonder,  
and a taste of pearl milk,  
I long for Jane to bloom again,  
I see through Anna's eyes,  
a hummingbird in silence,  
the water, crystallized,  
I long for Winter's air,  
in the form of Mary's breath,  
I long to see the color,  
of Angelica's blue dress,  
foreboding Madeline's coming,  
or the leaving of my May,  
Julia comes shining,  
through the end of Mia's way,  
a Bella-Ada bluebird,  
was the symbol of my mirth,  
a token of my gratitude,  
for Alexandre's words,  
Feli was an angel,  
sent from heaven to below,  
to taste the honey icicles,  
from my freshly coated soul,  
they say she had the power,  
and that chocolate was her hue,  
but I have to give you Rosa,  
it's wrong, but I am too,  
she's sunsetting and fire,

glowing pink within the red,  
sienna smears her desert,  
her root beer comes to head,  
sassafras to amber,  
it slips down all our throats,  
Jill looks me in the eye,  
and we see the feathered smoke,  
Jenny has been singing,  
no umber can compare,  
the color of her hair and eyes,  
is answered in a stare,  
this sunset bleeds a way,  
and more will come, but maybe,  
if nothing shows for greatness,  
she'll be our root beer baby.



### LISTEN TO THAT!

I could push you in the way,  
I'll push you aside,  
want to beat me up?  
Oh no, I think I lied,  
listen this is it,  
that if I give a damn,  
we could be moving this,  
"circles in our lives..."  
I want to tell you quickly,  
love comes in any size,  
I saw so many like it,  
if they, then so could I,  
let's rewrite this storm,  
the pain could disappear,  
and maybe then the music,  
will come back to your ears.

### LIFE IS EVERYWHERE

A gem for every rock,  
there's a branch for every tree,  
a cloud for all the sky,  
and a bloom for every bee,  
a home for every man,  
a coin for every thief,  
there's a dance for every dancer,  
and a dewdrop, every leaf,  
there's a love in every child,  
a fish for every lake,  
a wish for every woman,  
and a tide for every wake,  
when the moon fills up the sky,  
there is light for all his sons,  
there's a dream that is awaiting,  
it's a life for everyone.

### EXERCISE PRECAUTIONS

Exercise precautions,  
get up in that game,  
punch the bag of socking,  
and teleport his name,  
erect your ears are perking,  
good sign of happy hope,  
don't climb or walk or slide,  
near daring, deepened slopes,  
dead-end yellow signs,  
crossings of all kinds,  
avoid the cracks and crumbles,  
in the pave-ment lines,  
never be too careful,  
it could save you in the end,  
respect your fellow phobia,  
for it could be your friend,  
then again, I see,  
where I have wasted time,  
clambered on the edge,  
for another shot at life.



YEAH WHOO-HOO FIRE

Didn't know I had a fire-hand,  
and maybe then, I didn't,  
never thought I'd get a taste of it,  
and then in me, you ignited,  
it hit me like a spark,  
the light-bulb just went off-  
and the embers jumped from my heart to my palm,

I kept at it,  
I learned,  
I built,  
began to see,  
control my fire here,  
and excited for dead trees,  
who knew?

What is good fire wood?

It's all fire wood.

We laugh and it's only because of you,

I waited all year for this...

I waited all year to tell you,  
thank you.

I didn't know I had a fire-hand,  
I didn't know that I could do that,  
I didn't know I wouldn't tell you,  
about all the fun we had,

I hope you can still hear me,  
a stranger, I know,  
but I remember,

I'll remember every time I ignite it,  
because I had waited all year for you...



A thank you to the Characters (both real and imagined),  
dreams, and places, that inspired these works.

And a special thanks to Traci,  
the one whom gave me "Yeah Whoo-Hoo Fire"  
as one of my first poems of 2020.

I don't think the piece says it all, but at the very least,  
I hope I never forget what you taught me.

Thank you.