



Thinking In Rainbows

The Beauty of Thoughts Depicted In Art and Words

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BOOK-1

INTRODUCTION

Here are some thoughts from our crazy dreams and imaginations.

We hope to gift you your own insights through these abstract words and images so you may open up to your own healing and creativity. Good luck, we'll see you on the dream plane!

DEFINE DREAMLESS HILL

Dead in blue, and blue as ice,
I tried to be so sweet, and nice,
a she-wolf is a vixen's friend,
so even when their hearts ascend,
there's beauty in the blizzard, too,
I like me, for liking you,
but what is beauty? Tell me please,
it's nice to hear it, on my knees,
it's good to hear it from your lips,
a howl far, from in her grip,
but what is beauty, see me now,
dispel the phrase, right off his brow,
snaking river, how it flowed,
skies full of, albino rain-bows,
I loved your love, I'll never quit,
so here we lie, and here we sit,
cause what we see is ugly, no?
As of now, it's even-glow,
a morning star, a sunlit kiss,
so beautiful, so unlike this...
a face that only Mothers loved,
that's not exactly what I dubbed,
what do they think? And should I ask?
Cause maybe we should all wear masks,
but then you turned around again,
with a little wood-stringed instrument,
a little way to breathe at once,
like a berry on the bunch,
the ripest of them all, will fall,
no tree will ever be too tall,
I've never liked the way I've bled,
don't tell the apples what I've said-
so short in green, and green as leaves,
I searched for you out in the trees,
I heard you singing, like a song,
so marvelous, for hours, long,
so well in red, and red as ruts,
you lead me through the sinking-mud,
across the sands of deserts, dry,
far into the star-filled sky,
around the ocean, cool and deep,
and through my almost dreamless-sleep,
you dragged me on my knees and hands,
to show me all these cruel lands,
then you told me this, too fast,
when you look back now, on the past,
you will have been, you will have seen,
most shades of red, and blue, and green,
and black, and gray, and now I'm white,
I hope you have a dream tonight...



BALLET CLASS MEMORIES

You pace the blackness to and fro,
what you touch, you'll never know,
but in the dark, a glowing light,
blessed my eyes with holy sight,
entranced, intrigued, I went aloft,
to that glow, so warm, and soft,
an image of a younger year,
put sadness back, into my tears,
afterlife, sought afterglow,
af-ter the beauty, that we know,
warm and gray, and very kind,
a gentle touch, behind my mind,
peace was here in shape, and form,
by means of rain, a cleansing storm,
like melted black, across the sky,
I wonder now, why people die,
impossible, not possible,
and hearts not nearly crossable,
but heed this now, in sultry bows,
we live as strong as we allow,
in afterlife, sought after death,
we take another, first-born breath,
staying young, until the day,
we are destined, fade-away,
no one feels safer, in my hands,
than does the heart, of wonderland,
so with a finger, I portray,
my pointing arrow, bent and made,
at the vision, I was seeing,
was a girl, I knew was fleeing,
down the street, then came the man,
a rugged face, hat, aussie-tan,
then a lizard, large and grand,
fought a tiger to the sand,
then later came, the chocolate boy,
with a hand held, to destroy,
snakes, and rats, their human rage,
yet it was sadness in their cage,
grass-green lock, bounced up and down,
he rode, and rocked, this broken town,
ad after that, came him, and me,
a darkness for eternity,
then the kingdom, short, and sweet,
killed the darkness in the streets,
he became, that broken boy,
with a hand held, to destroy,
so holding down the tails of kites,
holy smokes - was that a sight,
but took his hand, and told him quick,
life is short, now take this stick,
baffled hands came out to touch,
blind he was, but with the such,
his emerald eyes blinked heavenly,
and then his eyes began to see...



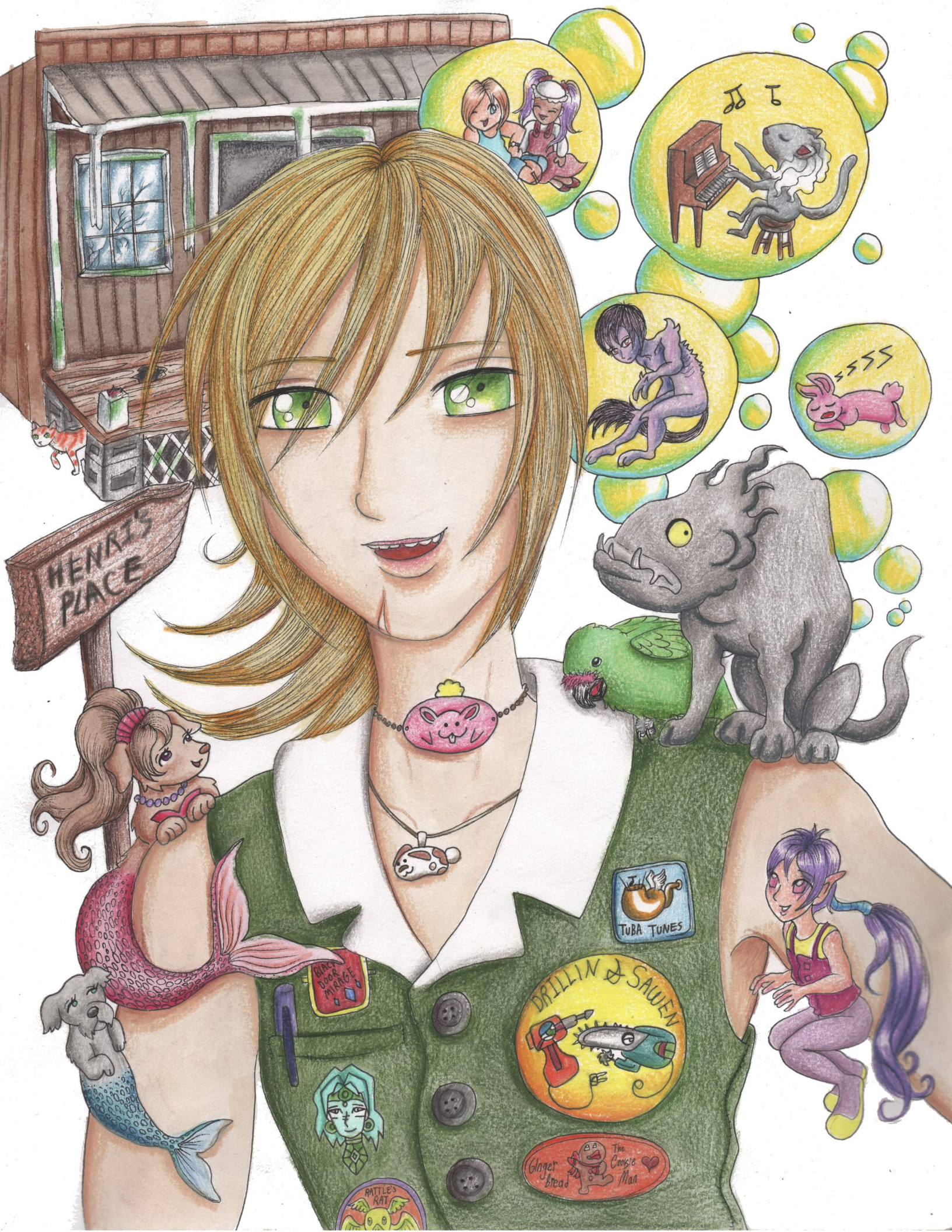
CACTUS WOUNDS

Wounded by cacti, gushing sharp edges of something divine.
We emerged full of pain, but roses, like wine,
it was a desert-skied hell that wished us well.
Though we ended up on a toy-littered beach,
digging up dolls, and old rocking horses.
A cinnamon Shepard dog with a cocoa-twist,
sang us to life with a coolness, and wist.
She had a crystaled hoop, a pink atmosphere.
Maybe something of a boy shall come along,
take the atlantean bird man by the had,
and stop him.
Poor, blind-folded, toucan, you were too beautiful
to be sacrificed, beheaded by the fingers
of one whom was once so sacred - and there
he goes again, walking the spirit planes by
himself and his guitar.
He'll end up faded in the pool of radiant tears,
his love looking back, in the dark of the rain...
Those stain-glass windows in the background -
are they real?



THE DREAMS HE WILL HAVE

The Mother wakes, as water crashes,
bells are ringing, lightning flashes,
in angel-red, and demon-blue,
an awful stain, came out out of view,
as butterflies, and broken birds,
fly away, like swearing words,
a coldness swept into the room,
like clouds of gray, for doom to bloom,
fishes glint, and oil smacks,
trees are roaring, eggs have cracks,
fissured ground, and pounding mind,
wheels are turning, now rewind,
eyes are beating, time is moving,
hills are swarming, storms are booming,
a child goes to touch her face,
to tug a strand, that's in the way,
Odyn's sleep, eternal slumber,
heavy thoughts, that walk with lumber,
into the eyes - a basilisk,
she took the pill, it was a risk,
or maybe a cursed lullaby,
a song that was not meant to fly,
we hold our breath for children's sake,
that this will live, just not awake,
everything, the earth, and sky,
smile, frown, or wants to cry,
the planet's spinning, he is falling,
wake up Dad, your Son is calling...



RED VOICES AND THE FROZEN BLOOM

Legend has it, fish who speak,
keeps a secret, for the weak,
and little girls depend on them,
when humans forget, we're God-sent,
everyday, he waits for her,
friend to friend, and so assured,
but daddy killed her, stories end,
with little fish who are God-sent,
years and years, as scales grow,
that silver fish, well he grew old,
and as he's dying, whispers out,
to a Nuthatch in the shrouds,
remember her, remember me,
a secret you, will always keep,
year to year, they made a book,
built a statue, took a look,
so when a human longs to sing,
maybe they're remembering,
a secret that was kept by fish,
passed to a Nuthatch on the wing,
and now is with an owl's soul,
to pass the torch, and keep it whole,
so this is where our trust gets spent,
when we forget we're heaven-sent.

WHITE IS BORING

I slit on white, then I see red,
onto my finger, paper-fed,
my fingers dance, my teeth go tight,
onto a cut, from paper-white,
but here I wink, with waving hands,
with my fingers in a fan,
I smile with my lips pulled shut,
I want a colored paper-cut!

COLOR BOYS

Superstition armor,
I am armed with a sword,
I may look intact,
but I am totally bored,
compensated crucials,
I am armed with a gun,
I may look inept,
but I am having no fun,
weigh station dangers,
I am armed with a knife,
I don't look perturbed,
but I have never been nice,
irreversible mentions,
I came armed with a smile,
I may look awry,
but now I've loved for awhile...



THE LOVE FAIRY

A bit of love and candy,
you can almost taste how sweet,
this cotton candy crystal,
she looks good enough to eat.
You might imagine strawberries,
or cold pink lemonade.
Or maybe even bubble gum,
all sugar, sweetly made.
Although she's made of crystal love,
sometimes she knows too much,
when she's hidden in the pocket,
in a sparkling, silent hush.
It may be love she likes to see,
but now she has seen enough.
Of lovers kissing before her,
and she's forever stained in blush!

-Arianna

LUCKY STONE

Fire spice and friendly glow,
red-orange paint and cream.
Kind of macho in his ways,
but he feels like a dream.
Always wants to help you out,
he's open like the Sun.
His fire never goes out, no,
his work is never done.
Serving is the way he lives,
serving is his art.
He's big and smooth, but very sweet,
and carries quite the heart.
So masculine, yet gentle,
full of caramel fire light,
Beautiful and so untamed,
so glassy, clear and bright.
He's ready whenever you are,
so whenever that may be,
he will always answer you,
just pick him up and see!

-Arianna

THING IN THE POCKET

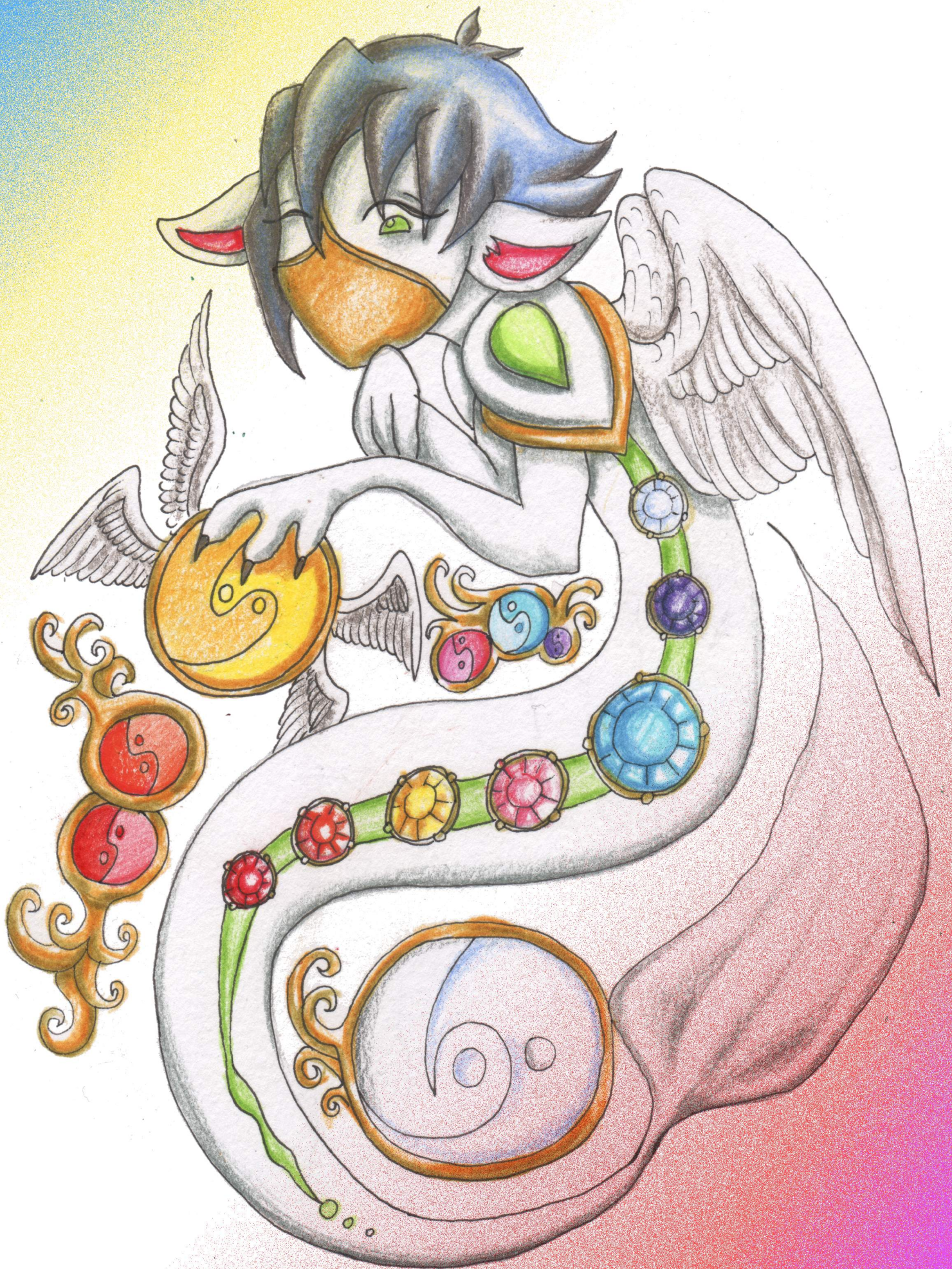
I often kept him in my pocket.
Not deep enough...
He'd leap out at any given chance.
His skin, the colors of burnt oranges,
rolling in shades of boiled milk.
I often let him ride in my pocket.
He was mis-identified,
mis-labeled, but nonetheless loved.
He risked his falls.
He risked his leaps.
But never failed to return to me
better than when I last saw him.
I often kept him in my pocket...

-Arianna

GRAPE JUICE MUSE

Sweet juicy fire,
a small drop of candy.
Deep and lush as root beer.
Crystallizing in the Sun,
pure and vivid.
Burning reds and violets,
concentrated in a drop.
A drop of blood in the light.

-Arianna



I SAW A NOISE

I saw a noise,
in something wooden,
shiny brown and tan.

I saw a noise,
in something glass,
that was shimmering in your eyes.

I saw a noise,
which just couldn't be,
but it glittered like liquid,
and it reflected me.

-Arianna

A GOOD KIND OF LOST

You're my favorite wildflower,
don't let me say the otherwise.
You kept the sun inside me burning,
and I hope you realize,
you made a gray girl technicolor,
and then brought her to the light,
filled her up with dreams and truth,
and then cast her through the sky.

-Arianna

HOLY SAND CASTLES

Take my hand, grab the bucket,
let's fill it with sand.

And let's build a castle
so strong that it stands,
against battles, flag races,
and storms on the beach.

Take my hand, grab the bucket,
and I'll make you see.

So let's build up a castle,
so strong that it stays,
through the thunder and wind,
and the rolling blue waves.

But you stopped me and pointed,
for it couldn't be done,
in the sands ever-shifting,
in the water and Sun.

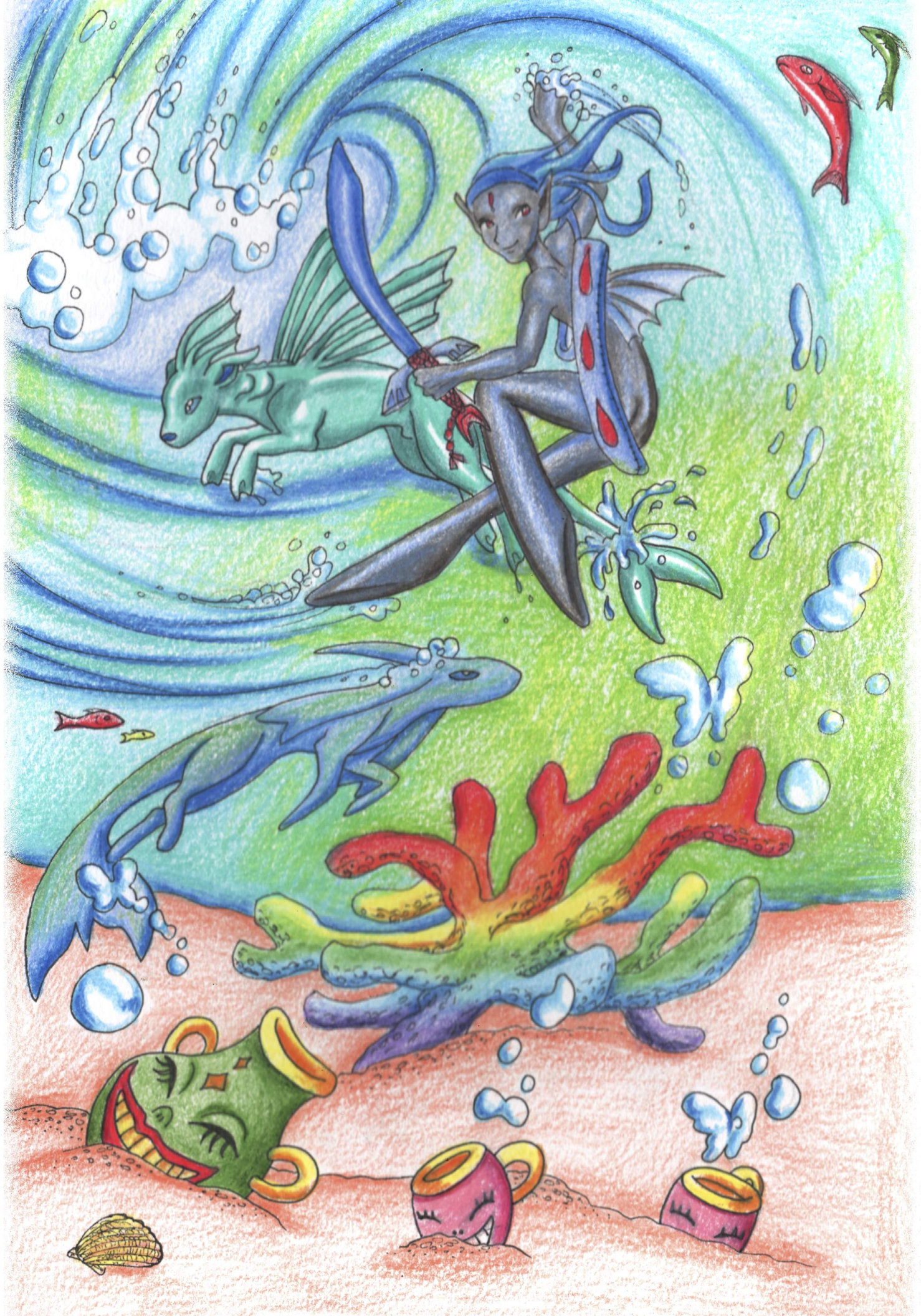
You said, "Here, grab the bucket,
let's fill it with sand,

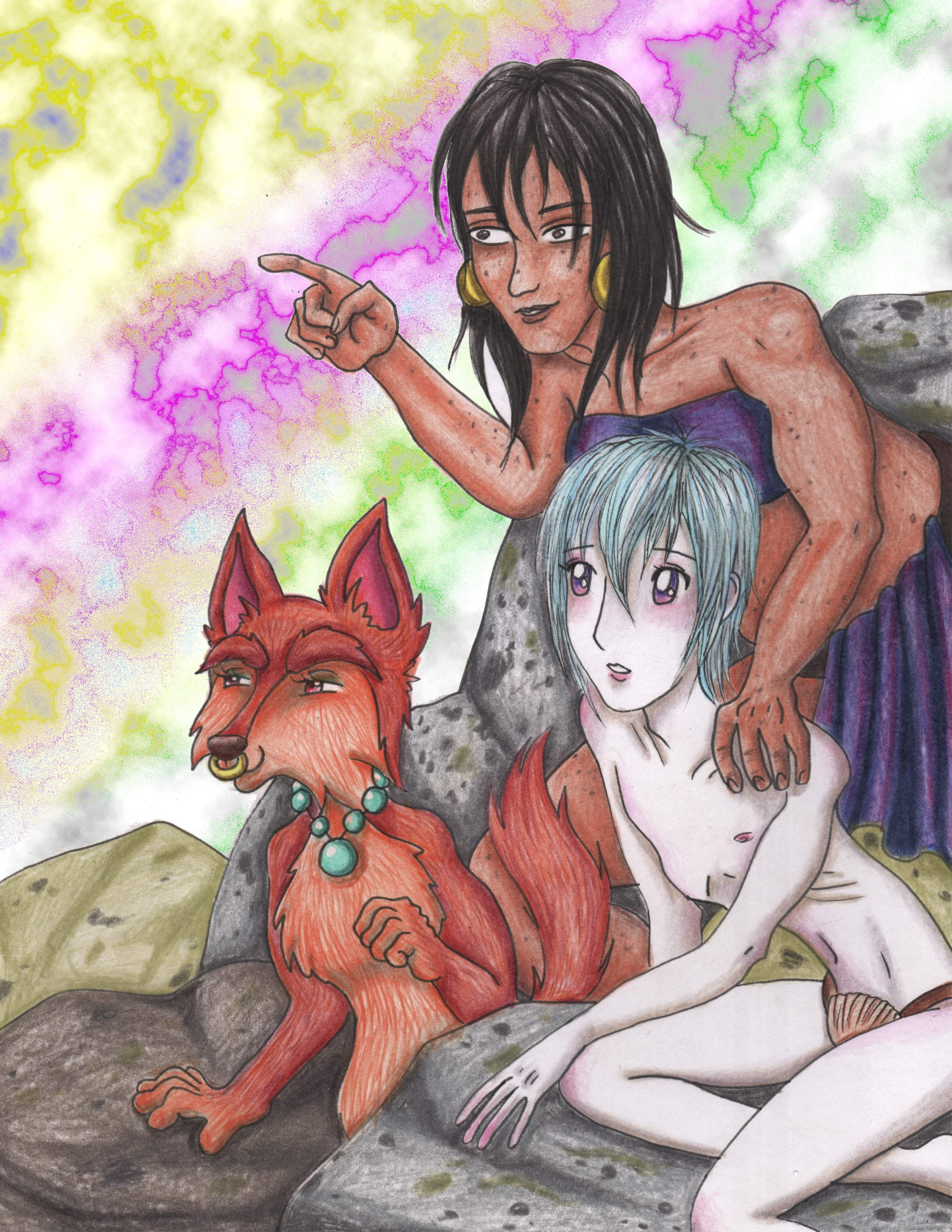
And let's build the castle,
that we'll never have.

We can build it up pretty,
and build it up tall,
but that's not the best reason,
to build it at all.

Let's build it with heart,
and let's build it with love,
so even once it's gone,
that will have been enough."

-Arianna





THE WANDERING STING

Yellow jacket, yellow jacket,
flocking off the hornet's nest.
Spooking off the butterflies,
you're too cool to laugh or jest.
Yellow jacket, yellow jacket,
you sting, you buzz, you fly,
scaring off the ladybugs,
chasing off the dragonflies.
Yellow jacket, yellow jacket,
you don't hang with us no more,
not us caterpillars, nor us moths.
What a wasp! You're such a bore.
Yellow jacket, yellow jacket,
you roll back off to sleep.
Secretly, just too afraid,
to find your destiny...

-Arianna

RIDDLE ME A THOUSAND

Rattles from the rattlesnakes,
and cupcakes made for two.
Black and orange pretending,
to be green or maybe blue.
Beads of half-sincerity,
a cranberry jeweled ring.
Feathers that were fine enough,
to crown the seventh king.
Bubbles in my hair again,
and treasure on my tongue.
I looked so old, it made me feel,
a thousand years more young.
A finger up against my lips,
a caress to my neck.
I'm a light bulb made of darkness,
and the last one you'd suspect.
I'm a piano with no keys in white,
a hole that's full of stuff.
The lie that paradoxically
turns truth out from a bluff.
A salad made in Eden,
it's a diamond in my spine.
Starlight of the last degree,
a minute lost in time.
I'm a werewolf in the hunting grounds,
with chocolate on my mind.
I've always been a riddle,
so let's go demystify.

-Arianna

WHAT IS NONSENSE

What is nonsense?

Losing your life to the belly of the bats on your way to find the chocolate king.

Losing your way when you took the dusty hallways to escape the clone Spiderman hunters.

Having escaped your pursuer to fish on the flooded piers which were across the ocean from that strange aqua-blue world of white-sand islands and evil herons, and rusty, old, abandoned trucks.

When Yuri was an alligator, that writer was a wash boy, and the Indian stewarded a killer whale.

It was the same time that that single iris sprouted from the corn field.

That is what nonsense is.

But more than that- It's eating glass candy on the dragon-shaped play gym.

It's when you thought you could get baby bird food from the super market.

It's when you released another hawk, and it begrudged you for not releasing his brother.

It's that time we spoke of tornadoes on the Galapagos islands, and then saw a green one with weird blue eyes.

We were shocked to impairment.

That is nonsense I tell you.

It is nonsense when he had that book, bought a copy for his friend,

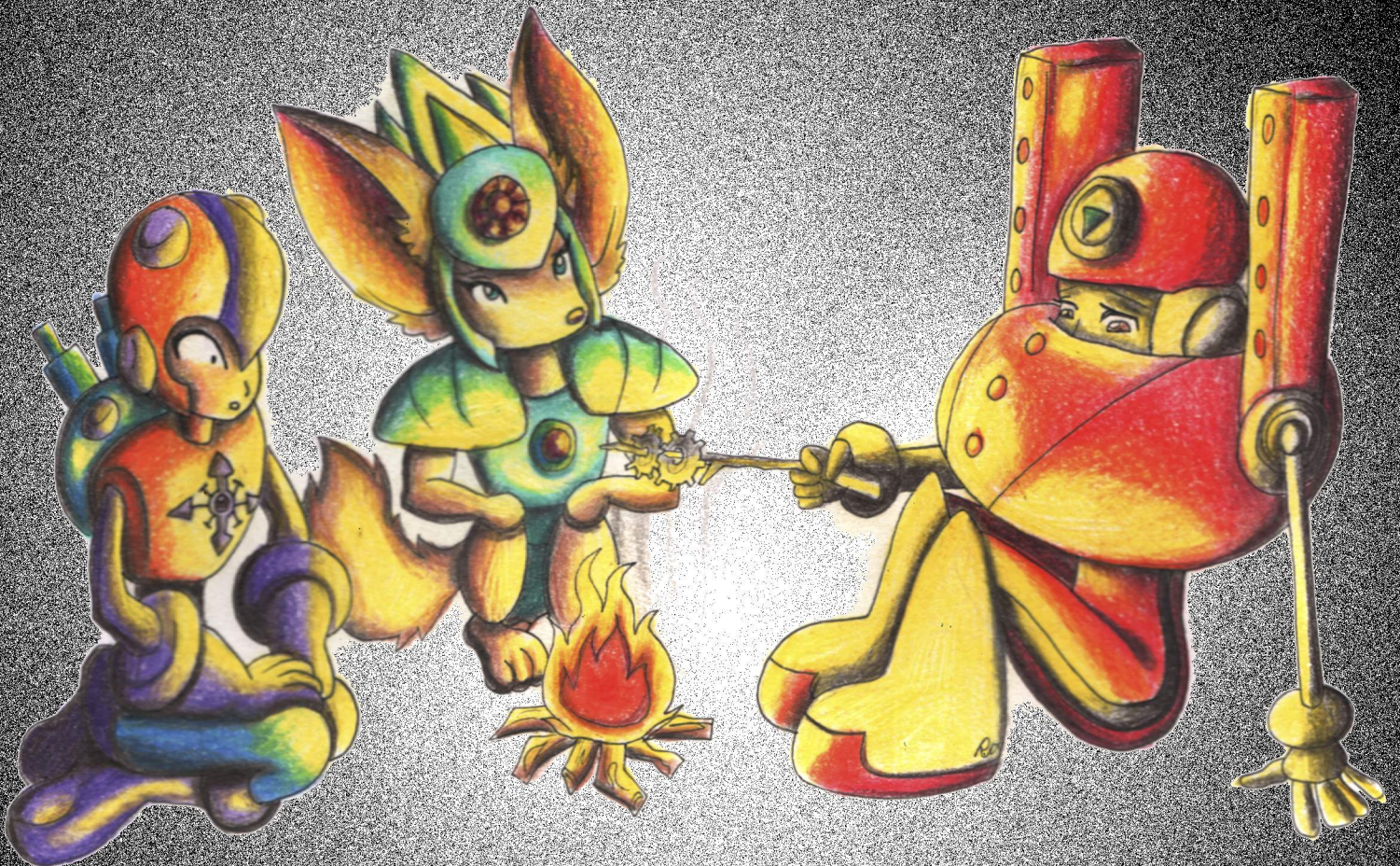
and tried to leave the bookstore without fans following him,

he called for Ashly, who became Ashe, and on the other side of the world,

Dumbledore realized he was missing his keys.

Owls fought over that book to no avail, to no end...

Don't you think that is nonsense?



INTERPRETATION OF THE DECAPITATION

We ran when the young turned to scarecrow masks for fun, but when we actually understood this, an innocent garden gnome was all that was left.

Do we go crazy thinking flower vases are hats, and that they belong to someone else so that we don't have to deal with them?

I think so.

The measures we took to try and change the ego was like preparing for surgery; all white, blue, and clean, but using the largest, most dangerous tools we could find; An ax to grind - on a frozen woman's head, dead, the ice preserves her wicked thoughts... Maybe that's why even warrior Goddesses are afraid. Meanwhile, everyone in your world starts a race; decorations, refreshments, music, and jovial conversation.

The man next door accidentally decorated for Christmas, but don't worry, everybody thought it was funny.

The race begins and he drove onlookers in a little train to watch them go. The party is on, but we are interrupted by the green-house that lights on fire.

It's the "head" we all think...

The goofy giraffe even ice-skated on the side walk because of how cold it got, the song he sang cheered people up, and inspired others to sing their own. We celebrated the racer's return with wine and cider, but gasp when the goddess comes back in poor condition; Disappointed, tired, weak...

It's the "head" we all think...

In time, the Sun revives her, gorgeous, glorious, Sun. She sings sad and beautiful to remind herself things will be fine. I'd like to think so. At least the fresh air did her good.

In shock and admiration she mumbles:

"Mother turned the tables."

We can't hear, so she says it again, not in her voice, but a voice from a higher destination.

How we love to tell stories of our overcomings - but don't you wish now that they don't last so long?



KANDY KORN

Sloppy, poppy lipstick,
cherry-berry ooze,
shiny, glitter lipgloss,
what colors do we choose?
Fragrance of a bloom storm,
fragrance on the breeze,
flavors of a candy bar,
or pepperminty freeze,
yummy, gummy chapstick,
honey-sticky slap,
chunky, punky purple,
banana-yellow clap,
fragrance of a fruit stand,
fragrance of a sweet,
flavors of a fruit gum,
a soft and chewy treat,
flashy, flooding lipgloss,
melty-glitter splash,
deliciously reflecting,
a watermelon smash,
excellent for sipping,
a color-coated art,
kandy-korn and rainbows,
you're a canvas with a heart!

THE GIFT SHOP
 Sell it to me,
 the cinnamon-spice,
 hickory nut, oak, birch,
 wooden dice,
 peppermint, basil,
 my gingery heart,
 taste apple pie,
 and the apricot tart,
 silk, cotton, sisal,
 satin feathers and salt,
 cornflowers, daisies,
 and my chocolate malt,
 watermelon slices,
 pumpkin to please,

licorice, sugar,
 and sunflower seeds,
 gold paint on a pinecone,
 glass jars of dry beans,
 maple syrup, potatoes,
 and a walnuttty-cream,
 flour, and shells,
 decorative sand,
 lavender oil,
 and some beeswax,
 wax crayons,
 it all gives me beats,
 these beats in my chest,
 sell it to me,
 and I'll pick the best.



PROMISING YOU A GREAT CHRISTMAS

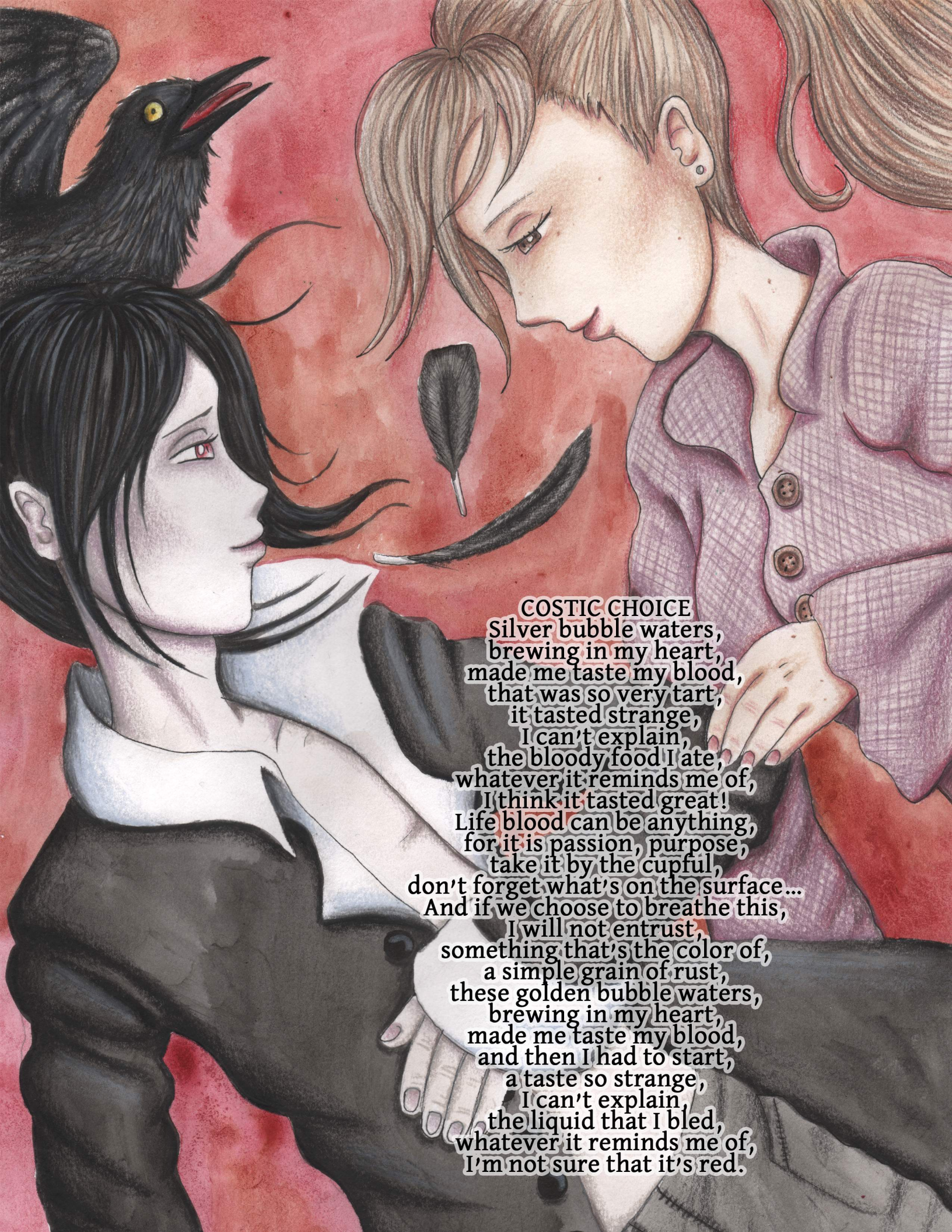
Have a very merry Christmas,
with the crystals and the snow,
the nutcrackers and angels,
and the feel of letting go,
may there be gold, and silver glitter,
and gifts to everyone,
a prayer in the morning,
for the rising of the Sun,
have a very merry Christmas,
pull a hat off to the Moon,
and cheer into the sky,
with the stars and white cocoons,
have a wonderful New Year,
I thank you with my heart,
for loveliness is everything,
and of it, you're a part,
you are a part of me,
and to me, you're very dear,
this is something you should know,
this is something you should hear,
so have a very merry Christmas,
let the songs be of your voice,
let the movement of the colors,
be a thing of your own choice,
because even with the bells,
and the bubbles, and the shouts,
the music, and the dancing,
is what Christmas is about!





IGNASHO AND SABLES' ELEMENT
GAZE

Fire, I must see it well,
the blue flames in your fist,
fit into the coldest ice,
before we ever kissed,
water, I must know it well,
the rain, you let it fall,
onto my skin, on Summer days,
as we took down our walls,
lightning, I must know it well,
the striking glance of oceans,
hit me with the sharpest light,
and set me into motion,
the gales, I will know them well,
the breeze of storms so dark,
had me hanging on for life,
but waiting to restart,
snow, I never knew it well,
confusing was this cold,
crystal-white and beautiful,
so soft, and bright, and bold,
chilling to the bone they say,
as was that sultry sway,
of loving eyes from a stranger's face,
that softly glanced my way.



COSTIC CHOICE

Silver bubble waters,
brewing in my heart,
made me taste my blood,
that was so very tart,
it tasted strange,
I can't explain,
the bloody food I ate,
whatever it reminds me of,
I think it tasted great!
Life blood can be anything,
for it is passion, purpose,
take it by the cupful,
don't forget what's on the surface...
And if we choose to breathe this,
I will not entrust,
something that's the color of,
a simple grain of rust,
these golden bubble waters,
brewing in my heart,
made me taste my blood,
and then I had to start,
a taste so strange,
I can't explain,
the liquid that I bled,
whatever it reminds me of,
I'm not sure that it's red.

WHEN LIES BECOME GOBBLYGOOK

Angry at a lie he told, but brave enough to say it,
I keep alive these very words, if you're brave enough to hear them,
the city tapered like a flag in the watching of the fall,
the citizens not in refrain, but the madness hurt them all,
a ghostly hair of feathered white, her capes and stardust-hue,
then she said a curse upon, the me that then now knew-
take my hand, just one small kiss, I'll grant you anything,
together we will be much more, than we have ever been...
It's true I dreamed that awful dream that no one could define,
a dream that no one could resist, so no one crossed the line,
we danced like foolish pixie-dust, we screamed like curdling blood,
it's true he laughed a tender laugh, it's true I sank in mud,
it's true he died in desperacy, it's true he reached for me,
it's true he saw a blinding light, which no one else could see,
so do it when he's reachable, just do it when he listens,
I keep alive these very words, if your Christmas glass still glistens,
and nobody can be like you, the strangest, weirdest things,
hieroglyphic enemies, and no one is the same,
he's angry at a lie he told, but brave enough to say it,
I keep alive these very words, if you're brave enough to hear them.


SILVER AWARE

A silver cup,
a silver spoon,
a silver web,
the silver Moon,
a dash of gold,
a splash of white,
a sprinkle here,
a starry night,
a silver beam,
across the ice,
a silver twinkle,
at a price,
and when he eats,
he seems confused,
he picks up things,
he's never used.

PINECONE APPLE

Silver-plated bromelain,
the punch of yellow-fruit,
caught a juicy pineapple,
in a polka-dotted suit,
sweetly acrid on the tongue,
but gushing in the gut,
satisfied with tangy thoughts,
and other stupid stuff.

ORVILLE TUMBLESTEIN:

 The Dragon of
PRICELESS

GURDY WAS
FUN

Germ Shoulder*

Horse
Hoof
prints

Peach

THANK the
ANGELS

Do
FISH
HAVE
FEET?

mole

ANGEL WORDS

She Did AWAKEN AT THAT

IN

Life

BEAR
TRACK

GREEN
monkey

What if I could swim like that?

PURPLE
Otter

BIRD

RV

ODD BIRD

Breathing in, breathing out, this is what you did,
peace on earth for everyone,
this is how you lived,
spill the shell, you're coming out,
popped out in the groove,
sweet & soft, can't be caught,
he was just more news,
hear this out, he's come to be,
a living thing - not normally,
a living thing that flies so free,
a bird of flight,
a bird of joy,
a bird that sings of such,
a bird that listens,
like an egg,
a bird with a strange touch-
pumping in, pumping out,
this was your own heart,
forgiveness was your way of life,
it was a graceful start,
lemon white, a teacup spills,
he'd pour the green, before the pills,
a steaming bowl of chicken soup,
kiss her forehead, leave the room,
quiet music, whisper, yes?
Helped her up, & helped her dress,
practicing on everything,
everyday you lived,
focused on the things you felt,
& all that you could give,
now don't forget - I've suffered too,
this was my secret plan,
to detour any weaknesses-
Don't fan a flaming hand.

Danger in,
the heat that burns,
medicine, for stomach churns,
but butterflies-
he'd pour the red,
before the drugs,
go back to bed!

You can be what you have known, or you can be anew!
All you have to do is trust - But first, you have to choose!





IDENTIFY HIS FACE GIRL

He's a bangled, gold-dipped gypsy,
he's a lord behind a mask,
he's a treasure-seeking pirate,
he's a cowboy sipping flasks,
he's a continental breakfast,
but without the food, and free,
he's a pharaoh in the pyramids,
a merman in the sea,
the ice within your water glass,
the crystal in your cave,
he's a knight in shining armor,
so beautiful and brave,
awashed onto your beach,
male siren with a song,
he's a ninja in the darkness,
golden dragon with a gong,
a gad with all to live for,
does he own a French estate?
Has he sailed the seven seas?
Did he make what's on your plate?
He's a pink and juicy melon,
like his kiss could be so sweet,
does he walk around like no one,
could ever dare compete?
Frigid, but so hot,
like an energetic quartz,
he lives for every moment,
but it doesn't mean it's short-
he was drawn into your sky,
could you spare him any words,
as he soars away with angels,
as he talks to all the birds,
tangled mess of all his beauty,
puts his shades on - not a cape,
a healing, twisted heart,
formed to such a gorgeous shape,
I think you may have known him,
it is really hard to say,
identify his face, girl,
and then you'll know his name!

DOLLS FOR KIDS

High-fives, chocolate bars, is this what you intended?
Falling down the stairs for fun, is this what you defended?

All day, all night, ever go to sleep,
everything you're fighting for, is everything you'll keep,
pretty girls, gorgeous boys, all you ever wanted,
the house out in the woods, no, it isn't really haunted,
all these ocean eyes reflect, the cocoa set in gold,
ruby-brown in porcelain, and I've got rootbeer, cold,
fireworks go shooting off, the day, is any day,
these kids are not your average teens, for they still laugh and play,
forevermore, the basket balls, the skateboards and the mitts,
never thought you'd be so old, amazing, isn't it?
Chest-bumps and the fencing games, the practice that you fear,
refusing all the bad-aids, and the world has got to hear!
The dirty words, the motor bikes, but the hugs and kisses, too,
confusing lives of young people, what is a Mom to do?
The couple's fights, the metal-core, the beach escape at dawn,
Waking to the sound of doors, on-ly to find them gone,
the sweetest things you've ever seen, the love that they behold,
you wonder why the time has stopped, with love, you don't grow old.



JANUARY 19TH 2010

Pirates, more pirates, we wish it weren't so,
but naked as sea salt, is the warm Winter glow,
he walks the beach lonely, to meet with the wind,
that carried him this far, in spite of the grim,
she holds to the past, like an artist does, photos,
and a giant, wood beach house, appears in his motives,
the remains of a ship, that he held like a cover,
patched together a home, for some reason, or other,
to the door he goes knocking, last resort, in his mind,
to peek under the porch, and be surprised by his find,
vertebrae of the beasts, skinless skulls of the dead,
to tragic, the witness, forgot what he said,
swallowed by whales, but the president strolls,
contemplating the work, that his company rolled,
to red carpets, and back, but what's this? It's a picture,
a ziplock of evil, and a poor photo fixture,
called for the missing, but the wood house stands still,
the Japanese beauty, blows a kiss from the hill,
while her sisters await, and their Father, so fierce,
hides in the shadows, with black eyes that pierce,
3 tiny, gold statues, to commemorate women,
3 goddesses baffled, but so filled with wisdom,
he's a pirate, a pirate, but he's just as foolish,
when the Mother, the savior, knew she could just stop this,
her darling, a singer, a man sweet in words,
put an end to the madness, and replaced the black birds,
and the boy and the girl, sleeping soundly in bed,
awoke to a softness, to a ghost in their heads,
and it thanked them and praised them, for the trust they had built,
a healing so great, that it boggles us still.





MAYBE HE JUST DOESN'T LIKE COMEDY

Like a zoo, like a plane, no end to suffering,
chased by bigcats, his cousin, wild Leo, so fierce,
he almost took an eye, but black; a little kitty undisguised,
carrying a rifle just for fun - cause he couldn't shoot a cat.
We dodged hyenas, peacocks, too, almost rode the ostriches,
but missed 'em by a mile.

To feed the beasts, or starve the beasts?
We're locked in the store house again - had to climb over the
alligator-infested waters.
Pretty kitty, hand over the shotgun if you can't use it - but he
never did.

We rode the train back to Eden, and as the stranger got tickets to
enter the zoo, an escape shrew stole a piece of chocolate candy from her.
"Maybe he just doesn't like comedy." He concluded.

THE SCARY PARADE

I think different, say what I say,
I think different, and it goes this way-
Sudsey pink, and poisonous,
the ocean is a land,
shores of shale ostrich eggs,
and wispy purple sand,
there's conifers wearing wigs and fur,
singing at the sky,
with beetles watching breathlessly,
and trying not to lie,
gibbons, apples, jeweled bears,
a fluffy case of clouded stairs,
the world would bite into a fruit,
and with that, I would follow suit,
bravely bite that orange and find,
half a brain, and open mind.

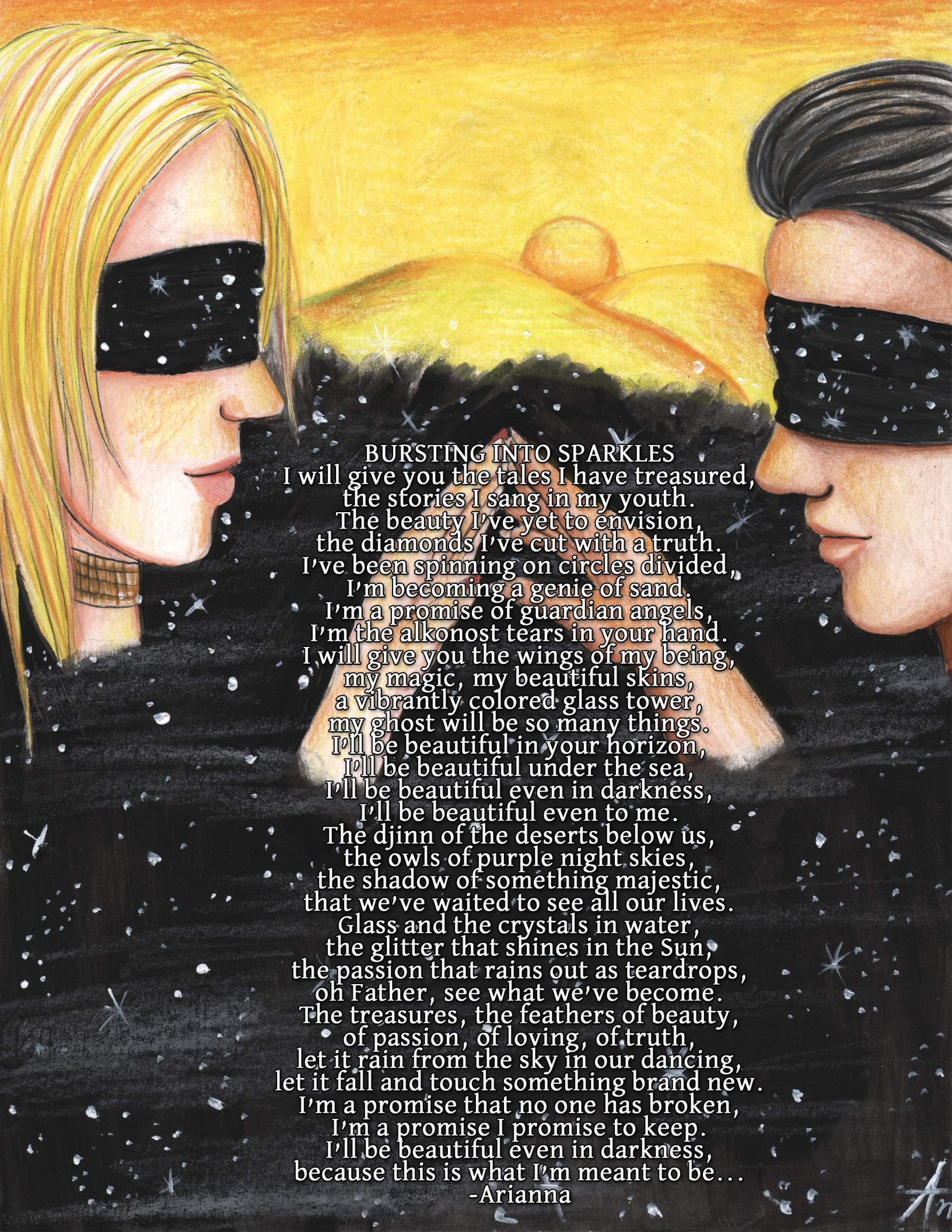


BLESSED

A memory, from far ahead,
the vistas of our lives.
The olive groves, and feathered masks,
a sweet and blessed surprise.
I run across the powdered sand,
in loveliness sublime.
Your coat tails flying in the wind,
in some other place and time.
My hair awry, my thoughts undone,
leaving footprints on the shore.
Glowing for all history,
like our grandfathers before.
The sunlight on your handsome face,
the echo of a boy.
And I the ghost of girlish things,
that you had so adored.
Our running feet go through the sand,
we laughed and hit the sea.
Spraying diamonds everywhere,
and then you turned to me,
to chase me straight across the plains,
then you tagged me, and spun around.
And I chased you fast through streets and lights,
We raced through China town.
Past lanterns, stars, and neon signs,
the dragon masks and dancers,
you ran so fast, you ran so free,
I had to chase you faster.
In the apple trees and barnyards,
the fields of cows and corn.
The endless green of the highland hills,
we passed here once before.
A smile ablaze, my eyes aglow,
as your coat tails caught the wind.
And as the heavy rain poured down,
it turned to diamonds on our skin.
We collided with each other,
laughing hard and soaked with rain.
Standing in the gray, the mud,
and with nothing much to say.
But laugh about it, tell me so,
how beautiful, these ghosts.
A boy, a girl, the sparkling rain,
and what you loved the most.

-Arianna





BURSTING INTO SPARKLES

I will give you the tales I have treasured,
the stories I sang in my youth.
The beauty I've yet to envision,
the diamonds I've cut with a truth.
I've been spinning on circles divided,
I'm becoming a genie of sand.
I'm a promise of guardian angels,
I'm the alkonost tears in your hand.
I will give you the wings of my being,
my magic, my beautiful skins,
a vibrantly colored glass tower,
my ghost will be so many things.
I'll be beautiful in your horizon,
I'll be beautiful under the sea,
I'll be beautiful even in darkness,
I'll be beautiful even to me.
The djinn of the deserts below us,
the owls of purple night skies,
the shadow of something majestic,
that we've waited to see all our lives.
Glass and the crystals in water,
the glitter that shines in the Sun,
the passion that rains out as teardrops,
oh Father, see what we've become.
The treasures, the feathers of beauty,
of passion, of loving, of truth,
let it rain from the sky in our dancing,
let it fall and touch something brand new.
I'm a promise that no one has broken,
I'm a promise I promise to keep.
I'll be beautiful even in darkness,
because this is what I'm meant to be...

-Arianna

THINKING OURSELVES SILLY

Slither, swim, just do your thing,
the dissonance, or the pealing ring,
it stings, I sing, then you don't seize,
placed a sassy swoon - now on your knees,
starry, shady, smooth like silk,
twisted wisty, over glasses of milk,
shooby-dooby-she, shut up and cry,
why are the shamrocks, so darn shy?
Fly, fly, fly, was it worth the stride,
walking for waking, and then for a ride-
shopping, shaking, just do your thing,
out in the dissonance, was your grumbling,
he's hardy, witty, rough like stones,
drunk, and tangled, in the blue traffic cones,
if I were a lover, would I be so helpless?
Would I take it, plain ugly, so sourly selfish?
What did Dagwood do here? What did Snoopy succeed?
I think I found faith, in just one apple seed,
so slither on, swim, just do your thing,
we all have a right, to be wondering...

BOBBY

Bobby, Bobby, Bobby,
his name, it rings a bell,
we wanted to know why,
it's this name they want to sell,
Bobby, Bobby, Bobby,
what are you doing now?
we're left to bask in questions,
like why, and where, and how?
But if Bobby, Bobby, Bobby,
not remembered, oh for shame,
will we now regret,
the last time we beared 'bane,
and forgot who Bobby was,
and cried into our brains,
no matter what we do,
our minds were locked in chains,
lost in memoirs not concise,
lost in dreams yet so remote,
we forgot who Bobby was,
and it sank our sinking boat,
we are quite aware of beings,
but we are almost human too,
Bobby, Bobby, Bobby,
Do we know the name of you?!



TWINKLE PINK

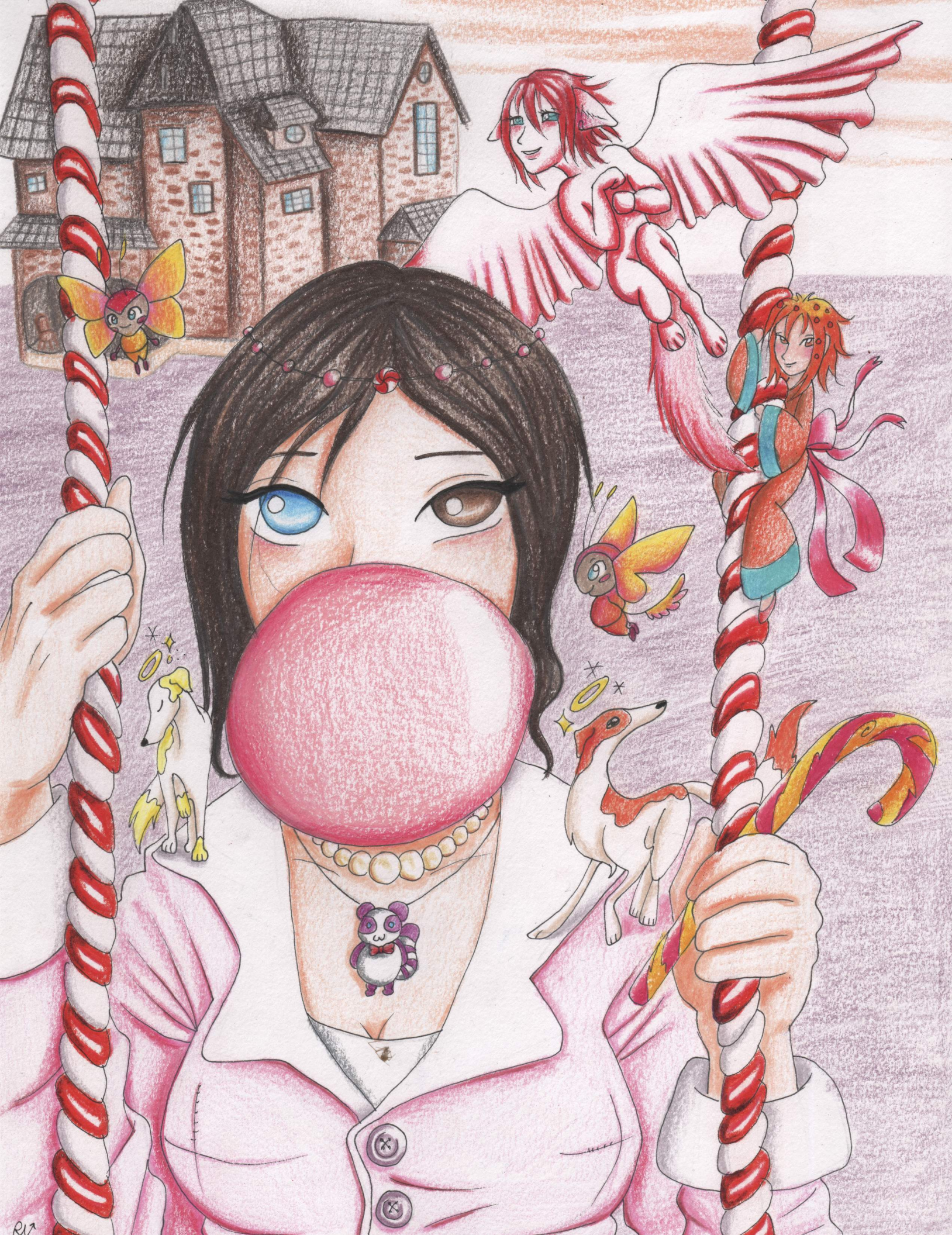
Twinkle pink, around my neck,
what rosy hue, do I detect?
Pink pearls as my glittered charm,
mustn't cause you any harm,
pilot on, the Zebra's skin,
got the best, the worst of him,
horse shoes on, and style, out,
twinkle pink, what it's about!
Hocus pocus, magic me,
looking good in dungarees,
vesper awn, it's eventide,
a white lie from the evil side,
so nothing can, and can't get out,
shut the door, sit on the couch,
envious it's got to be,
floating in the red, dead, sea,
of twinkle pink, ornately flecked,
what kind of words, do I detect?
The meanings that, were always there,
because I lied, because I cared.

THE JAPANESE FAN

He holds a stopwatch,
holds a bunny,
holds a book,
she thinks it's funny,
holds a fork,
and holds a spoon,
he thinks he holds,
the Sun, and Moon,
holds his pride,
his dignity,
and took it with him,
sea to sea,
but now I know,
what I believe,
he holds a hand,
so suddenly,
he holds a fan,
the one I gave,
not Japanese,
but that's okay,
he holds it in,
his splendid hands,
to sort out what,
he didn't plan.

PAPARAZZI THUNDER

Clash, flash, a lightning ball,
borrows past your face,
it creeps across your misplaced smile,
and in that other place,
The lightning bolt that jolts and quirks,
it wheezes by, that's how it works,
but not the sky sports flashing lights,
it's not the live that strikes our kites,
it's owl eyes, and camera moons,
that leave our eyes in sparkling doom,
the squalling bright, the tipsy lamps,
shutter click, an imprint stamps,
forever struck by lightning bolts,
the fire burns on flaming colts,
the snapping whip, of white, so blind,
this type of storm, is so unkind,
so leave me be, and drop your guns,
you use to shoot, and make us run,
cause honestly, and honest sent,
it took a moment to connect,
have some mercy, I've no shield,
but I can talk, we have a deal?



WE DID IT, LITTLE TEDDY BEAR!
He walked the path, the ancient scrawl,
of too much writing, on the wall,
a badger black, a badger brown,
the only life, within this town,
an audience, for greetings grim,
a horror show, beside of them,
in satin black, silk ebony,
and no one left, to clearly see,
a ballet gloomy, gritted teeth,
will watch in terror, of the feat,
and wait behind the glass in awe,
of everything we could not fall,
a mystic on a motorbike,
a ghostly ghoul, with tattered kites,
lamp lights on the freeway burn,
but moonlight is our main concern,
when skies go green, and waters, dark,
a tower creeks o-ver the ark,
of shores so salty, shadowed mess,
of oyster shells, and poor caress,
so why did we see Jesus here?
Is he okay? Or is it queer,
to ask a question such as that,
pardon me, I feel so bad,
but now the sky is black with smoke,
red with clouds like artichokes,
I heard today would be the end,
but maybe it's not happened yet-
the battle of the Earth and sky,
cowboys, spaceships, things that fly,
ghost poodles in pictures, dance,
reminding me I'm in this trance,
invasion of another kind,
reminds me I have crossed the line,
mauve manatees, in saddles ride,
and then I wonder, who's inside,
another's head, when they're asleep,
I figured that we mustn't dream,
but lady, in sombrero, dress,
what is the message you confess?
A busy road, no where to go,
but straight across, and in the flow,
crickets double-dared this move,
it kinda made me laugh at you,
I know, I know, but while I sleep,
a kindness near my bedside creeps,
and leaves a sweet atop the table,
nice and gentle, if he's able,
so what of waking, from this shroud?
That's more than I can answer now...
But when I wake, I know I'll rise,
from eager sleep, to open eyes,
from faded dreams, to awe-struck sight,
from slumbered gifts, to sacred light.



BLACK TAKES WHITE

In the garden of roses,
some black, and some white,
was a boy made of silver,
and a girl of pure night,
set in twinkling stars,
jewels, opals, and jet,
a fountain of ink,
oceaned outwards and wet,
white doves and the crows,
we're the ravens and swans,
set the chessboard to be,
but the pieces were gone,
in this field of popped cotton,
the blankets it's made,
I'm sorry to mention,
but the colors have fade,
black daffodils wave,
in the eeriest winds,
and the evilest people,
have the cheeriest grins,
the black hoods, the white hoods,
the hoods with no heads,
tall men and short men,
gems to embed,
the sly ones, the sad ones,
seduced by night-black,
deep, dark, and lonely,
the not-coming-backs,
in the hide-away gardens,
we gather for that,

gold over silver,
the weeds against cats,
the white doves, the crows,
as the spies of the skies,
scan the barrens for beings,
to match her white eyes,
and if they should find her,
just imagine the mess,
when all that they find,
is a boy in a dress,
he'll be caught in the headlights,
in the spine of the road,
frozen like statues,
like Tuck's lucky toad,
spying swans, then the ravens,
but he's got a plan,
rising demons and angels,
and a fake Wonderland,
tell the dogs and the cats,
tell the bears and the boars,
cover windows and chimneys,
bar the ceilings and doors,
don't let out your lovers,
let the children be safe,
let your pets be alive,
and the gone in their graves,
don't be tainted or tempered,
black daffodils sway,
and the reason we know this,
is the same as this day.



LOSING YOUR ONLY MIND

The fox jumps in and out, and leaps,
pink glitter dusting off her feet,
whispered wind, says white brick, wait!
Atop the hill, you used to hate,
the ferriswheel is but a mirror,
of vortexes you had to fear,
one island big, another, small,
sell bananas to them all,
or load the gun with fiddler crabs,
protect your sub-merged T-shirt stand,
because you didn't catch the train,
the T-rex had much more to gain,
and chases mice and men alike,
an unsmart move, and way to die,
but in the cave, the mouse she says,
one more story on the dead,
and we'll report, what isn't true,
for I am tired, of the "Truth",
Do you not hear what you've just said?!
This is why we're falling dead,
Remember when, we used to lick,
our postage stamps, and postage slips,
and montegreened most every word,
before we lost the blue-check birds,
so tell me why, you don't just boast,
from seeing Jesus in your toast,
it's not a blessing, but a sign,
you are looking for your light,
so lose the ego, let it fly,
see ya babe, this is goodbye,
I ain't your sweetheart, now it's over,
and I will find, a truthful lover.



SURPRISE BABY, SURPRISE
I took the road of Half- Asleep,
I took that road to town.
Across the street of Lucid Dreams,
and the symbols on the ground.
Into the Land of Dragonflies,
upon the Sea of Spheres,
within the Cave of Nothingness
before the Stream of Fears.
I took the road of Half-Asleep,
I took that road to heart,
across the peaks of crystal snow,
into the ending's start.
Onto the rocks of Glimmer's Edge,
up to the Cliffs of Noir,
and I sat there to contemplate,
with a sparkling red cigar.
I took the streets of Atmosphere,
I took that path to you.
Across the Lake of Irony,
Up to the Hill of Blue.
Into the Mountains of The Lamb,
within the eye of me.
And I realized that without my heart,
there was not a thing to see.
So I took the road of Half-Awake,
I took that road to you.
Across the street from Broken Heart,
like so many of us do.
Into the Land of Bitterness,
up to the Ledge of Dreams,
and I yelled into the chasm there,
but it was I who answered me.
So after all the searching,
on those maps of butterflies,
the diagrams of Sky and Ground,
in the tones of our goodbyes,
I couldn't find a single thing,
that could make my broke heart heal.
But when I whispered into the chasm,
it was I who answered me.

-Arianna



THE GYRFALCON SCREAMED

Seven songs sing in the bells of the world,
in the drumming of the hum, in the spelling of the word,
babble melodies, she smiled, Goddess loved to be love,
in the heavens that she brought us, in the Summers up above,
belfry doves clapping fire, in the breeze, warned us all,
in the ivory of color, shuddered towers, crumbled tall,
in the bubbling of water, glassy windows, shattered flashes,
singing, dinging, in the graveyard, fall to pieces, was three ashes,
garbled dubbing; do we do? Reading out the precious pages,
rubbing, trumping to the backdoor, with the birds stuck in their cages,
I was telling of a sonnet, set to come, a righteous hue,
but alas, I heard a sobbing, tourniqueting quiet blue,
seven songs a-singing, in the arms around the girl,
in a heartbeat that renewed me, back unto this changing world.

THE RAINBOW IN MY CITRINE

Citrine, citrine, all around,
and not a piece is gold,
but gold is never what it seems,
this is a story, told,
citrine, citrine, sunlight caught,
a drop of citrine here,
sunlight in the crystallized,
and citrine, cause it's clear,
gold could not soak in the Sun,
but citrine had the face,
to take the color into grasp,
and hold a sacred space.

-Kai

FREE ME

Call me what you like,
but that's not what I am.
Spoke the most sincerest of eyes,
with most emptiest hands.

-Arianna



THE END

The end was full of smoke and nuts,
metal bolts, and nails and cuts.
Mermaid tails, and signs of help,
the end was full of something else.
Beetle bugs and starry fish,
giant squids and liquid wish.
The endless skies and super kings,
the end was full of many things...
-Arianna



For the Artists...