

Solemn Salutes

Volume I: The Beginning of Centennial Voices

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Shell

(2016-08-24)

1 Without love are we nothing but a human shell,
2 A carcass of deteriorating hearts left to rot,
3 Clearly then, if indeed, we are not at all well,
4 For without love, may we as well be buried in lot.
5 Let us be dried clean as a worm upon Summer's day,
6 Let us be torn apart like a growing tree in a storm,
7 For what tomorrow may bring hurts no worst today,
8 And what shredded heart can never be worn.
9 A love, be it a detonating bomb beneath our chests,
10 A cliff dive towards insanity until all is at rest.
11 And so are we then to live as the shell of a man.

Lone Souls

(2016-08-24)

1 By the silent night's sky do we lay awake,
2 Beneath the luminance of the wholesome Moon,
3 Shall by what-once hath shall forever mourn in wake,
4 When all's adieu, had we farewelled far too soon.
5 But sapphires alike her eyes – a pearl of the sea,
6 Yet these shores shall forever separate her from me,
7 And too may we wander aimlessly in this corridor,
8 If she's indeed an angel then can we do no more,
9 For we are but lone souls, seeking meaning in this simple life.
10 A sceptor, a membrance, a love will you be —

Unfair Fairness in Farewells

(2016-08-11)

1 Her gorgeous eyes but a mighty dam for none to know,
2 Shields her like curtains—the unpredictabilities of tomorrow,
3 But aye a foolish boy who've fallen deeply in romance,
4 Her love, her kiss: fairs thee, in inescapable trance,
5 Shall with grand sails flee beyond the ocean's horizon.

6 Doth she wears the gowns of unfair fairness in farewells,
7 For a love unblossomed must she leave far too soon,
8 Ath daggers thy chests at the thought of bygones like hell,
9 Incapable of sleep tonight 'neath the glimmering moon,
10 For her beautiful eyes makes the midnight skies far too bright.

11 Must we always harbor love like shipments far too late,
12 In which had pale doves flown their Winter paths,
13 And shall by Summer's end, does her 'membrance await,
14 In uncounted miles shall separates what once un-hath,
15 And bids this glimmering leaf of love an unspoken adieu.

16 A gorgeous pearl to whom had but drifted out to sea,
17 Until one day doth it perhaps drifts back to me...
18 And like a child to whom with bright eyes wistfully wish,
19 For the magic of Winter and her beloved, angelic kiss.
20 Oh, now maybe—just maybe she feels the same...
21 The wretched wrath of life and the unfair fairness in farewells.

Fall

(2016-08-09)

1 What is this invisible hand that holds you tight,
2 An unspoken shadow who whispers at night,
3 A brilliant sun that illuminates your sorrows,
4 Until what once past has yet better tomorrows.
5 An undreamed dream where one never awakes,
6 Engulfed in but pleasant euphorias for us to take,
7 As she implants thee with but a magical kiss,
8 Leaving but her gorgeous eyes for you to miss,
9 And when beautiful doves here gleaming above,
10 Perhaps then doth we say we have fallen in love.

Harbors Past

(2016-06-24)

1 Am I blessed to harbor but decades past?
2 Where chivalry has carcassed with none to last.
3 And beautiful classics had buried to nay,
4 Should one pace upon rainfall in fair play.
5 A love, a love can one as I pen but never say,
6 But perhaps may we hand in hand someday.

Fairwell Feelings

(2016-06-18)

1 When summer skies blossoms summer love,
2 By which lonely hearts rest in silent slumber,
3 May hungry crows falsely act as fair doves,
4 Until what once in flight is drowned there under.
5 A love unfound, for when sobriety lacks,
6 Do we drown both sorrows and love in my glass.

A Fairness That Can Neither Be Etched Nor Lyric'd

(2016-05-29)

1 Of the uncountable stars are none brighter than her eye's shimmer,
2 For the luminous skies incomparable to her brilliance depicted here,
3 As Neolithics hath once portrayed nature's beauty by fossilized amber,
4 Do we as mortals give beauty its name by exquisite sightings this year.
5 Centennial conjurings of angels hath stolen our sanity by the lot,
6 A benevolent gift through heavenly hands by the touch of graceful years,
7 Neither paints nor words shall rightfully capture her fairness not.

Unknown Reasoning

(2016-05-28)

1 A love, a cancerous infection that deems the mind void,
2 The heart, an unknown machinery that acts on its own behalf,
3 Let us wish to have been delicately crafted an android,
4 For at least then may we understand our own reasoning through computation and math.

Clashing Thought

(2016-05-25)

1 The heart: a passionate device for action stemmed in feeling,
2 The mind: our logical command where we strategically consult,
3 For actions driven singularly may heed justice and light,
4 But when heart and mind clash, should we fear all result.

Towards Nothing

(2016-05-24)

1 A pebble dropped upon the grand ocean of time,
2 A simple flower beneath the great sturdy oak,
3 Yet another face in the crowd painted unkind,
4 Are we all but a minute dream to Someone who has yet to woke?
5 What is life but a tale, a novel yet to be told?
6 What is passion if by Someone had we drawn fate?
7 What is love if my heart's carcass has already blossomed mold?
8 Presumably then, we are but players in this theatric play, until death we wait.
9 For we all live aside the greatest demon of all,
10 Life. The counting of time. And the knowing end,
11 The tale's conclusion when all is forgotten in a moment's call,
12 And alas we drift into the abyss – the unknown purgatory where souls, doth alike recall our tales
13 for no one. Amen.

Unforeseen Idleness

(2016-05-21)

1 With great ire do the winds graze the land,
2 Which in time, do the seas with trechery consume,
3 What once stable oak, left but a grain of sand,
4 Should we all stand idle, observing what unforeseeably looms.

Centennial Sightings

(2016-05-21)

1 Shall whom with graceful charm grants but ungraceful time,
2 Had Salem conjured what tranquil beauty in but mortal gal,
3 And to such enchantings had deemed neither deed nor crime,
4 Yearning to which droughty lands shall inevitable rain fall.
5 Lasts then, man in fruitful awe by the touch of grace,
6 Young'd to the centennial, yet angelic sightings 'pon 'tis place.
7 Now undeniably leaves us all to miss her dear, beautiful eyes...

Unspoken Minds

(2016-05-21)

1 Be it heartfelt lingerings to unsought seas,
2 Enchanted by her beauty in shimmering light,
3 In prayers to the skies to fathom in these pleas,
4 To perhaps hold such gracely beings tonight.
5 Oh dear lady, arth thou immune to woes unfold,
6 And grants me the silence in unspoken mind,
7 Shall draws but inconclusions in tales untold,
8 Alas deems a little grim and less than kind.

Neither Acrossed

(2016-04-25)

1 Stellar alignments deem not unspoken hearts,
2 Had then blossomed thrice more than nay,
3 Alleviating what treacherous shacklings parts,
4 Yearning towards thy brilliant grace someday.
5 Let us name not that of which holds none,
6 Yestered in granted sights but inevitably undrawn,
7 Neither destined by man nor fate undone,
8 Annabelled to a tomb beneath the drowning sea upon,
9 Does then heed us to blossom no words here,
10 And speeks through only lips by which words denied,
11 May then I says'th what lovely beauty held sincere,
12 Shall remembrance strip thy mind and hearts complied.

Cursed Shacklings

(2016-04-17)

1 As brilliant days loom towards inevitable night,
2 With fraudulent captivates in graceful slumber,
3 Heeds mighty tides bleaching this beach white,
4 Leaving one's curiosity to undoubtedly wonder,
5 What if once by nay but instead granted in coax,
6 Chival'ed cursed notions of undisputed tongues,
7 Where a delusional heart and keen mind mocks,
8 The gnawing religions of those nays and nones.
9 Simply plays man, bounded by physical laws,
10 To whom knows and desires all but no-things,
11 Shall wears then man, the shacklings of flaws,
12 And grants the artifact by which false romance brings.

Wistful Hearts

(2016-04-17)

1 Alas, be not that of which we desire,
2 In silent qualms in the mist of night,
3 Heed not thy ashes in but a simple fire,
4 Until sheltered souls take inevitable flight.
5 Should wistful hearts draw intimate shares,
6 And unlikely pierrots dance beneath the stars,
7 May once aflamed gallance hold peaceful flares,
8 Drawing fated lands to treacherous wars.
9 Perhaps be it He who crafts us without thought,
10 Keeping us to puppeteer in his theatric arts,
11 Unyieldingly entranced towards this selfish plot,
12 And grants a diapered Cupid in piercing hearts.
13 Let us wish but act none to but a simple mind,
14 Shall indefinitely harbor the luminant seas,
15 Seeks civil disobedience mocked unkind,
16 And leaves us despaired in burnt debris.
17 Why then, doth we grandiloquently love,
18 By which dying threads escapes thy spool,
19 And pleasant hawkings to hunt from above,
20 Leaving us to play the undoubted fool.

Audibly Olympus

(2016-04-13)

1 Roaring thunders shall hereby commence by Zeus's skies,
2 As great winds encircle thy mound where Persephone's forest lies,
3 Before Selene shall the engulfing waves devour the shore,
4 Too shall Demeter blessingly notion the changes of Four*.
5 Amongst the storm may Aeolus yield the brewing winds,
6 Capturing but a wandering petal, which draw'st a reminder,
7 With deadly souls for whom lord Hades has grant no pass,
8 For tell'st, sorrows comes not in singles but in greater mass,
9 Oh great winds, may thy'st capture Persephone's haunting tune,
10 Voice'st a dearest maiden 'cross the great seas of Neptune.

Luminant Darkness

(2016-03-21)

1 Rain, by which droughted lands shall thirst,
2 Emersing what once had held blossomed nay,
3 Of what better days to whom granted worst,
4 Shall seek of better tomorrows someday.
5 May brilliant gallance pierce this treachered tomb,
6 Where savaged corpses have longed to sea,
7 And desiring hearts to bear no room,
8 Until perhaps for eternity to fathom in me.
9 Leaves regards to sorrows to whom ourselves ponder,
10 And wields us the light to perhaps prevail for another.

Happenstance

(2015-11-02)

1 Oâ History, my grand squire, who dresses thyself in robes,
2 And conjures the euphoric melodies in intoxicating trance,
3 Rings again when infiltrating my sanity in piercing probes,
4 Meets beloved, I and you, by virtue of pure happenstance.

5 Glorious beauty alas dares happens once more than nay,
6 Hunts the diapered foe, Oâ abominated Cupid by chance,
7 Shall ash as Phoenixes alike our debris hearts rise today,
8 In wholesome offerings to but love-struck happenstance.

9 Stutter words, but no meaning to those which hold none,
10 Perhaps the fated stellar alignments arth we to romance,
11 Let us all embrace the enchanting night when all is done,
12 And give the bidding rose thornes to adore happenstance.

13 By shocking telltales in undesired casts from love to date,
14 In adieus, may Autumn leaves amongst the skies dance,
15 As what could indeed be blossomed by the grace of fate,
16 But instead hands the gifted pleasures of happenstance.

Summer's End

(2015-08-06)

1 For when fierce tides subside and brewing winds tame,
2 Shall too then tames our crazed-wild hearts tonight,
3 Struggling for the final inhaling gasp of air which remain,
4 And alas can we bite thy lips and bid farewell to all in sight.
5 OâĀŽ but can we all, as Man speaks with pleasant tongues, adieu,
6 With impending steps doth we glimpse but a fading look and miss you.

Unfair Fairness

(2015-07-17)

1 Joyously across the arrays, a fair damsel doth I see,
2 A simple glimpse westward enchants a crimson rose*,
3 Calmly resting 'pon her gentle hair which dances free,
4 Quivers the solemn earth as angels from unseen caverns arose.
5 Until then shall the heavens and earths kiss by Horizon's light,
6 Entangled in gifted words, gallant arts, and scientific notions,
7 Leave then I to question thy heart for which motions bedight,
8 Incorporates weak instruments that draw impending emotions,
9 Nearing what once fated Time had long put out to sea,
10 Endearingly ends then our simple tale, for that of which is fair, is seized.

Simple Complexity

(2015-06-04)

1 Simple words may heed simple hearts,
2 When complex notions urge confusing minds,
3 Let us harbor lies untold with simple truths-apart,
4 Concludes a single farewell unkind.

Paths Aligned

(2015-05-04)

1 O' should sorrows engulf the unseen shore,
2 Lays the corpse of man for when hearts torn,
3 By the thought of what-once-was but is no more,
4 And the unspoken vows to which we sworn.
5 Now in sleepless nights shall awake we lie,
6 'Pon sheltered roofs and barricaded hearts,
7 Awaits yet another loveless day drifting by,
8 When undoubtedly hath we made our parts*.
9 For a period of time for which hearts grow fond,
10 As simple Strangers evolve to Life's greatest fruit,
11 To which the heliocentrism of man lived by the bond,
12 Of the love-seeking Maple and its dearest root.
13 But alas, ends our story with inevitable parts,
14 When in tales lie but two truthful endings here,
15 Shall either in blissful vows or shattered hearts,
16 For what-once Strangers shall again we bear.
17 O's for what-once bliss by the Star's Endearment,
18 Yet unfortunately by concluding Fates declined.
19 For forever will I cherish the simple joyous moments,
20 Of a time when our paths unexpectedly aligned.

Posterity and Their Hearts

(2015-04-29)

1 Posterity and their hearts shall soon then tell,
2 Of Fate's cruelty in her wicked tale so brief,
3 When earthly bodies give heavenly farewells,
4 Forging gnawing sufferings to restful relief.
5 No numbering stars in tonight's midnight sky,
6 Nor shimmering grains 'pon the loving shore,
7 Will surpass the heart's tearing goodbyes,
8 And wistfully rests the heart when in two it tore.
9 Alas, a glass shattered in two will we forge not,
10 Likewise the heart shall beat never the same,
11 And undoubtedly nay, beloved presence forgot,
12 Please, O Someone let 'tis treachery tame.
13 A wish 'pon thy loving hand a final embrace,
14 With parting hearts, engulfed with immense pain,
15 Lives yet another day besides thy unseen grace,
16 Awakes I, tomorrow with time growing wane.
17 O - but a chance, a hope, and a single dream,
18 Callin' to the gallant Moon, who aimlessly glows,
19 To ignite what once was but a simple stream,
20 Whose care and passions peacefully flows.
21 Maternal love - a passionate, yet endless river,
22 In time, may existence be but a merging sea,
23 Whose fair soul gracefully dances and quivers,
24 From what once was - to an embodiment of me.

Faded Scenes and Nothing

(2015-04-17)

1 For in time's inevitable passing arth we to hear,
2 Noone's voice that of which had we grown fond,
3 When a'flamed hearts diminish to dust in the air,
4 And what lingering daggers are all passed gone,
5 Do we then sit alone, with nothing to share.

6 Let past funerals harbor sheltered lands - as we 'pon our wings,
7 For alas, when grown accustomed to consistent pain,
8 Shall walls of immunity blossom with the Spring,
9 Let not no graceful tragedies of us die in vain,
10 Instead embrace what faded scenes and Nothing.

Be or Nay

(2015-02-28)

1 Hath questioned we all, to be or nay,
2 For to be's, a dare to which hardships face,
3 To battle'st what demons bred day and day,
4 The blood 'oth our guards we inevitably taste,
5 In hopes dreaded will may hone value some day...
6 And for nay, a cowardly escape, yet speaks of ease,
7 Yet alas ar'th we scare greater by nays than be's.

Shall Caged Birds Fly Free

(2014-12-16)

1 Josephine, in her time, harbors tales untold,
2 Accompanied by actions at which plots unfold,
3 Yet, inevitably forsakened by forgiving light,
4 When all is adieu shall we sleep soundly tonight.
5 Oh Cecilia, shall final parts with final endowments,
6 Nests true hearts with false tongues and sediments,
7 Ghosts to which unharmed shall caged birds fly free -

Memory's Acrostic Retreat

(2014-11-11)

1 Is it wistful nostalgia or but memory's retreat?
2 To a more peaceful place of what used-to-be,
3 So tells me: my mind for whom myselfly-deceit:

4 Calls the ecstasy of past love by my heart to thee,
5 Euphoria of bliss of a time when hearts complete,
6 Could then says He if by nay to I and aye to we,
7 In eternal yet lustful hypnosis 'til drawn effete.
8 Likewise the waves enslaved to hands of Moon,
9 I, then, too enslaved to wistful nostalgia's wound.
10 And may 'tis again be'st the trickery of memory's retreat.

11 Now, tells myself that again shall hearts rest in peace,
12 Only to shatter in tomorrow's failures by cyclic calls,
13 Nearing yet another hypnotic fate by which mind-cease,
14 Leaves me again with but memories and nothing at all.
15 Oh, why's treacherous tragedies of ghostly amity -
16 Vowing to drive me to the inevitable state of insanity:
17 Ends then the tale of cycling thoughts of what used-to-be.

Fair-burning Flames

(2014-11-10)

1 A memory by any other name is but gnawing death,
2 For alike a rose, beauty engulfed by unyielding flames,
3 With flames turns a gallant rose to darkened ash,
4 And too engulfs my fair remembrance to shame,
5 Of what once a fair maiden - poisoned by the touch of I,
6 What once a fair moment devoured to deceitful ash,
7 To which tears shed to wash away what once a rose,
8 And sings its tragic tunes fading love to hate in clash.
9 But a memory - thankfullingly bestowed as Someone's gift,
10 Blessed with an art of transformation by which a masked-seduce,
11 To which builds the perfect dream - an unreachable heaven,
12 'Fore Dove to whom flies towards thee and reminds thee the truths.
13 A thought, a dream, a fair moment by which truth had lit,
14 Hand-in-hand by which arises in false romance,
15 A devouring love to which by passions aflame,
16 Unknowingly leaving the fair-burning flames to commence.

The Pursuit

(2014-11-09)

1 For when darkened forms beclouds the midnight sky,
2 Still, there exists some light of hope beyond the dark,
3 And hath men been bestowed 'pon 'tis treacherous world,
4 Only to seek the promised light, life hath given hope to spark.

Thank You

(2014-11-04)

1 For may sorrows arise 'pon departures near,
2 'Til reflective silence shares its warm relief,
3 Regards to what once hath we deeply cared,
4 Has faithfully faded into the abyss beneath.

5 Ah, but do bid thanks to the pains that may never rid,
6 And the momentarily bliss that has Past like Gust,
7 For inevitably shall foul shapes fair - as thanks to bid,
8 To draw'st me back to whom I faithfully trust.

Reminds Me Of But Twin Seas

(2014-10-20)

1 It is but a dream of yester-day,
2 A feeling for which bares me nay,
3 A moment of peace for which speaks to me,
4 And sings its enchanting songs of what used to be.

5 It is but a voice of whom whispers in my ear,
6 The lost tale of thee that of which I shall never share,
7 The scene of thee that of which I shall never paint,
8 For 'pon the whites of purity shall I dare not to taint.

9 It is but a daunting gift from an unnamed Someone,
10 For which shall nothing appears 'fore thy mind when all is done.
11 Hence, 'tis forsaken bounty shall be'st what is left to seize,
12 – Twin daggers for which reminds me of but twin seas.

13 Alas – It is but a gnawing death that shall forever tread,
14 The dark midnight trails, housing the demons I hath bred.

Demons Unseen

(2014-09-25)

1 What makes of treachery if by demons unseen?
2 For one unyielding man to see but a single glimpse,
3 Shall inevitably yield thy lingering mind unclean,
4 As if then shall cunningly stroll upon 'tis minx,
5 And let's the invisible hand of Christ intervene.
6 Aye, aye - for Geminis speak not of the wrong,
7 Which by demons who shall harbor 'neath his mask,
8 And hinders unspoken lips 'pon what desires long,
9 Then may wanders come forth and faithfully ask -
10 But as demons unseen - hath he been fine all along.

Lostful Souls

(2014-06-21)

1 Dearest maiden for where hath 'tis fruitful soul gone?
2 Thy be'st but a lostful soul wandering among'st here,
3 Time's unfairly growth shall 'spire souls turn wan,
4 And shall lostful faces draw lostful affairs to share,
5 For thee curtains of her seeking tale be swiftly drawn.
6 'Tis journey to find thyself shall she inevitably be seen,
7 Seeking thyself - which be'st the most desirable wealth,
8 Where satyrs mock and desires grow faithfully lean,
9 Who arth thou? shall 'tis maiden lostly asks thysel'th,
10 For thy'st lostful mind makes lostful hearts unclean...

Beyond Death

(2014-06-01)

1 There once lived an honest man who lived upon the greatsome Note,
2 For upon the words of He shall the man's life fulfillingly quote,
3 Had he gracefully cherished the colorless life for which he was given,
4 Had he conducted no sins, thus none shall he beg Him to be forgiven,
5 Had he neither, to a life, granted eternal sleep nor deathly soul awaken.
6 But indeed had upon his own unwilling life had another brutally a'taken.
7 What once a great soul shall upon an unknown grave shall his body lay,
8 Until a lively being approaches his bland deathly mattress someday.

9 There once lived a devilish man who fiercely burned the greatsome Note,
10 For over the misleading words of He had the man swiftly overwrote,
11 Had he honestly hated the unfruitful life for which he was given,
12 Had he proved that both lies and sins shall a wealthy life a'riven.
13 Once upon a peasantry life had he unsoberly and forcefully a'taken,
14 For with greatsome wealthy and slying lies shall innocence sway,
15 To a man whose facades demonstrate greatness shall be greatly any day.

16 For when the devilish man whose life comes to a faithful end,
17 Then upon a greatsome grave will to his eternal slumber tend.
18 For when we learn of his ungodly lies and deeds of the slaying of another,
19 A godly fellow may deem heaven to thy'st honest man and hell'st to thy other,
20 But when we walk beyond the graves of these very two men,
21 We can only wonder where in 'tis falsly world were the two sent,
22 Dearly do we hope to be true to the voice of He shall we to heaven a'go,
23 But truthfully, hath we falsely created the Heavens and even He, may it be so?

24 Maybe that in death shall these bodies just lay upon the unsoiled earth,
25 For when the life of we has finally drawn conclusion from the time at birth,
26 Maybe that regardless of greatness or dishonestly shall all men be'st the same,
27 For in death, who but the falsely beings are to judge our decaying remains,
28 The honest man who has lived so truthfully to the greatsome Note,
29 Has only prematurely met greatsome death and a grave to denote,
30 His truthfulness to the mighty He, that Man has conjured up the definition of,
31 For hath none shown his existance or hath He himself speak to us thereof,

32 May we just lay beneath the soils, for our soul has no greater place to seek,
33 For in death are we all but equals - to be slowly devoured by a diet of worms...

Walking Paradox

(2014-05-06)

1 A paradox shall he be,
2 for be'st a facade,
3 Yet'st displeased at the word.
4 And too shall denials,
5 To speaks one and means another.
6 Shall the scripts note,
7 Phrase upon phrase,
8 A performer shall he be,
9 Yet at the time of speech shall none be mouthed,
10 For it is inevitable to see.
11 That to say and to do are but,
12 Two clashing thoughts,
13 Alike you and I.
14 For I am a walking paradox.

15 For he who fakes the greatsome walls before he,
16 Yet loves too swiftly,
17 For even a simple needle shall upon greatsome walls fall.
18 For he who holds such greatsome burdens,
19 Yet shall he hides them beneath his pillow.
20 For he who weeps of sorrow tears,
21 Shall upon the jolly mask he wear.
22 And too gently wears the face of man,
23 Yet acts with childish intent.
24 A falsely poet who writes of deathly heavens,
25 Yet believes not in He,
26 Though at times shall he indeed upon the heavens wish.
27 An orderly soul who goals ahead,
28 Yet a wandering mind who knows none,
29 A foolish romantic that knows not of the word.
30 A mediocrist that deems great himself.
31 A simple smiling face with layers of treacherous demons,
32 For which he feeds with delicious carrots,
33 For they are out to play,
34 To joyously dance amongst his fierce lingering heart.
35 For I am a walking paradox.

Toddler's Ice Cream

(2014-05-06)

1 May a small toddler hold his simple treats with care,
2 Tis heavenly ice cream cone shall he hold so dare,
3 Upon the summer air shall his treat inevitably die,
4 May canyons of sorrows swallow his period of high,
5 And then shall he weep loudly for his lost sweet love,
6 For shall he blame'st upon the horridful sun above.
7 Inevitable shall the child a great lesson he learns,
8 All great stories shall conclude as passion burns.

9 Shall too a shameful lover foolishly forsake his cone,
10 Hath he been destined above to be inevitably alone.

Abandoning 'tis Haunting Site

(2014-04-22)

1 May the heart be but a tide that crashes and recedes upon the shore,
2 For too is my heart that loves and recedes for never am I truly sure,
3 Shall upon the beach-floor I lay, to stare upon the graceful sky blue,
4 And let'st the ocean waves dance, conducted by the wind as it blew,
5 May'st my heart and tide be but in 'tis haunting dancing trance too,
6 Shall I be'st but a single soul, yet shall hauntingly only think of two,
7 At night shall upon my mattress these eyes stares upon thee ceiling,
8 Praying for bandages that upon 'tis bleeding heart shall be'st sealing,
9 For mornings shall I breathe the blossoming air and graceful scents,
10 Inevitably, I pass faithful monuments where thy presence still sense,
11 Some days may I, a wandering journey amongst the pouring rain,
12 Realizing what greatsome throne hath lostfully and heartfully reign,
13 And too shall I realized that had I really nothing I could really do,
14 May'st it be but faithful denial for inevitably shall we say a' dieu,
15 And shall upon such pure loving hearts, shall greatsome hatred dye,
16 As what once love shall take a lonesome breathe and inevitably die,
17 May'st the grace of her maiden once again cross my lonesome sight,
18 But until then, shall'st I take my leave and abandon 'tis haunting site.

Masking Thee Truthful Face

(2014-04-20)

1 Oh dear shield upon the fortress walls for me,
2 Only wear'st thy facade shall gracefully hide,
3 Until may the masks fall when vulnerably free,
4 Shall see'st none of thy face of thee other side.

5 For but I shall mask the mask, for none to see,
6 And that I shall keep'st thee secrets that I fear,
7 What the horridsome being is named truly me,
8 When wandering greeting souls draw a'near.

9 To falsify oneself shall be'st thee greatest task,
10 Inevitably abandoning 'tis world without trace,
11 Shall I then wear and unwear mask after mask,
12 For now even I know not of my truthful face.

Pray'st Upon Thee Stars

(2014-04-20)

1 Oh, unforgiven heart shall thy weeps sorrow tears,
2 For hath thee dearest maiden whose heart denied,
3 Shall thy lonesome sleep awaken by shallow ears,
4 May thou'st gracefully forsaken thee dearest pride,
5 Among'st thee stars shall one wholesomely pray,
6 For His dearest blessings as thou'st solely in debts,
7 Yet shall upon thy mattress shall'st inevitably lay,
8 Thee lustering greatsome lies and truthful regrets,
9 And we breathe the cherishing scent of midnight air,
10 May to thee wishful stars thou'st hopes greatly lend,
11 To finally realize to oneself, what is truthfully dear,
12 Until unforgiving time hath drawn to its faithful end,
13 May then thy'st maiden forgiven thy cruel self not,
14 And shall may 'tis dreadful ploy, we inevitably forgot.

Unsober Thoughts

(2014-04-16)

1 For may the heart reek of weeping sorrows,
2 As the mind hesitates on wandering thought,
3 Hath we all ventured for better tomorrows,
4 May the sadness of yesterdays we forget not.

Between Passion and Thought

(2014-04-11)

1 May the heart act upon the soul with no thought,
2 For upon the conjurings of passions shall we burn,
3 Upon thee flaming torches of thy lonesome heart,
4 Only in the pursuing act of thy passion's concern.

5 Too can we act upon thy brain and lack 'tis soul,
6 For may logic yield but 'tis delayed passionate act,
7 Rather shall we'st hesitate thy plot until we know,
8 That when all'st adieu, our sanity stays intact...

A Weeping Rose

(2014-04-11)

1 For amongst the rays of sorrows shall 'tis bloom,
2 Thee faithful rose that engulfs the misfortunes of I,
3 For which thy troubles yields nothing but doom,
4 Shall 'tis rose be fed with thee tears I cry...

Graceful Shadows

(2014-04-07)

1 For at the death of Duncan shall thy fears forgot,
2 Let us wear the face of which facades deem no fright,
3 Shall'st hides the bloody hands for which fade not,
4 And yield a heart of daggers that shall see's no light.

5 Let us wear the lips that speak but graceful lies,
6 For no soul amongst us shall know our true intent,
7 Shall all men be'st bestowed to faithful guise,
8 Until 'tis very night shall he lonesomely repent.

9 May he swallow the poison that burns thy truths,
10 Unyieldingly freeing thy beloved maiden's hand,
11 For deathly path shall inevitably separate youths,
12 Drawing a conclusion to our plot shall'st disband.

13 And shall upon the heavens shall thy be fairly free,
14 For no stubborn will shall shake thy final thought,
15 And shall wear'st thy mask of thy villain shall we,
16 To shoulder the facades at which our truths rot.

17 How'st thy lips speaks to her with 'tis forceful adieu,
18 Shall'st better hearts shatter in singles than in two.

April Showers - Of Mays and Yets

(2014-03-13)

1 For may autumn deaths bring but a carcass of sorrow souls,
2 Yet April showers may hinder thou'st flowers a'grows.

3 For may the wind howl into the emptiness of the midst of night,
4 Yet shall the songbirds still sing their lovely tunes tonight.

5 For may the graceful tide, like the seasons only to come and go,
6 Yet shall graceful tide meet graceful wind hath it truly blow.

7 For may wholesome hearts shatter at the hands of lingering fate,
8 Yet when whole again shall the butterflies cherishly mate.

9 For may wandering spectres be'st that which resembles you,
10 Yet when the day is over, shall speak'st nothing but adieu.

Josephine, the Queen

(2014-03-13)

1 For such filthy eyes shall upon her own shall it be seen,
2 By the kingdom's fairest maiden by the name of Josephine,
3 For such hideous face shall she dare to wear before thy Queen,
4 And what ragged curtains shall 'tis creature possess 'tis scene.

5 May none'st identify where thy body ceases and thy rags begin,
6 For shall such filth of blubber spills upon her ragged clothing pin,
7 Which fails to be seen for such graceful bliss of hiding it forgives,
8 Of beneath such deformity and disproportionate hideousness lives,

9 Shall upon the eyes of the beautiful maiden named Josephine,
10 Dances 'tis maiden whose grace represents the purest bovine,
11 For a creature of such bulging filth and horrors shall dare to disgrace,
12 Our dearest Josephine, the epitome of beauty, at 'tis very palace,

13 For such filth must be rid from the mighty kingdom gates,
14 So upon such disgust, thee bovine'st life shall we castigate,
15 Dismantling such hideous face upon 'tis very maiden shall we,
16 Yielding minute filthy shards of hideous blades shall we free,
17 Thy treacherous throat of thee ragged bovinic maiden.
18 Who drifts upon the crimson carpet as her life hath we 'staken.

19 And so if one were to enter thee room, shall it inevitably be seen,
20 The shattered glass of her mirror and the beautiful body of Josephine...

A Sailor's Knot

(2014-03-07)

1 A seagulf drifts amongst the shining blue ocean waves,
2 For beneath such currents holds but drowning graves,
3 Of fearless sailors who upon thy majestic ship held,
4 The knots of greatsome strengths, oh hath spelled,
5 For but may knots interleave not for eternal might,
6 As what once was dearest may drift apart tonight,
7 Thus dearest friendships may be, but a knot of a sailors hand,
8 For close bounds may last some time, for until thy ship lands,
9 Where now, what close hath drawn closer to lesser "dear,
10 And "st burry what past friendships shall forsakenly fear,
11 For may friendships be but knots, for when untied can he,
12 Holds such distant strands for end to end may "st interleave,
13 May broken bonds of broken knots seek "st thy savior.
14 Until what once tied, shall tie again the sailor.
15 But oh, may such bonds repair with such grace and ease,
16 Shall such unspoken friendship rest appease,
17 For old mates of friends may come again,
18 But tie "st the ankles to the distant chains,
19 For hath neither souls seen in years "st last,
20 May dearest friend be as dearest as thee past.

Amusement Park

(2014-03-04)

1 For a child once laid upon the field, of which an empty park rested,
2 And stared into the night skies, towards the stars, gracefully blessed,
3 A ferris wheel hath stood before his view, which ponders his thoughts,
4 For his life too, be but a wheel, a cycle, that lives but moments forgots,
5 Shall he treasure the moments of which his dearest breath blows,
6 Or liveâ€šst the days unknowingly lacking of a meaningful purpose,
7 Oh, for the dearest stars may glister to light the midnight skies,
8 Shall even the falling stars pass through his glowing innocent eyes,
9 Oh, but to be an innocent wandering child, for many shall wish again,
10 To hold such innocence without both societyâ€šs shackles and chains,
11 To possess the eyes that glare into the dreaming midnight sky,
12 And to hold such idiotic bombastic dreams that shall never die,
13 To be fearless of inevitable failure and fearless of seeping love,
14 And even to be fearless to face alone the Heavens above.
15 For may never again shall we hold the mind of our childhood self,
16 Hath, both maturity and society values our minds unwillingly engulfed,
17 For hath we made such greatsome dreams that failed to succeed,
18 As no longer are we children who call upon the stars for our deeds.

For When Roses Turn to Snow, and Snow to Heavens

(2014-02-17)

1 For hath yet another year passed, oh troubled soul,
2 And may the hours and days for dearest time fade so,
3 Oh, such treachery named time, shall we slay him so,
4 But what is foul may deem fair, when given a beau,
5 Thus, may 'tis dearest rose bloom to greater heights,
6 And may'st the petals dance in wind greater might,
7 For may the rays of gold feed 'tis mighty rose,
8 And amongst the open land shall it blessingfully pose,
9 Until great time calls for the treachery of winter to flee,
10 Quietly to the rose for golden rayless shall now it be.
11 But ah, yes no rose shall bloom when suffocated here,
12 But shall'st what suffocates be but fairness a'dear,
13 For blessing't shall we be by the fairsome winter snow,
14 Yes be not blooming, but be'st its own beauty so,
15 For may sheets of purness shall cover the land 's mass,
16 Hiding the filthy paints of land - as for filth be'st the past.
17 For in present shall crystals clutter the busy streets,
18 And radiate the brightness here from these sheets.
19 For may the great fractals drift into thy very hair,
20 Which glows a dearest diamond and be'st a'fair,
21 For may crystals gleam glisters and speak thereof,
22 And shine'st like thy stars that rest peacefully above,
23 Above shall the Heavens be as there shall angles rest,
24 But why'st it be missing one, for its greatest blessing,
25 Has fallen to 'tis realm of which we deem home,
26 And slyly upon our great streets does she roam.
27 For upon this greatsome world, may fortunate man and she meet,
28 For treacherous time spent with thou'st but be'st a greatful treat.
29 And thankfully shall they to the great Heavens above,
30 For hath two to tangle yet may'st it too two to love.

A Message With Cold Flowers

(2014-02-05)

1 Cold showers may bring cold flowers a'here,
2 Eternal winter may the skies unwillingly bear,
3 Could the warm bodies of thee thaw 'tis not,
4 Impending frost hath these very skies brought.
5 Likewise to the oceans, who shows but fiercesome might,
6 Into the depths of 'tis drowning tomb, shall you seek tonight,
7 And shall never again will I say your name...

True Equality

(2014-02-04)

1 Who shall thou be for when maggots feasts upon thee?
2 Be'st the greatly famed man or even beggar may it be,
3 For maggots care not of wealth nor fortune nor fame,
4 To maggots when all is adieu, shall thy hold no name,
5 And rest a'last shall thee, in thy lonesome tomb,
6 And live'st with thy fellow maggot shall upon 'tis room,
7 For thee be'st the feast to a diet of faithful worms,
8 That shall penetrate thy corpse in inevitable terms,

9 Ah yes, so true equality shall not cease to live,
10 For in death are we but equal—a giver to give,
11 For a feast shall lie unearthed in this very tomb,
12 To both maggot and worm may hand thanks to whom?
13 Whom well, 'tis be I and thee, for when all is adieu,
14 We thus be'st a feast for thy'st fiercesome critters too.
15 So if in death are thy'st the same shall then may we find,
16 That prior to death, why ha'th we been so unkind?

Intrinsic Fate

(2014-01-10)

1 Oh, fearsome fate will you heed my cry,
2 To thou'st pray, upon thy knees shall, I.
3 For shall it'st be 'tis conjuring of fate,
4 That hath drawn mourn-so many innate,
5 For upon the dearest ground shall'st thy knees kiss,
6 And pray'st the clearance of the beclouding mist,

7 For to none shall their fate be so written clear,
8 For to none shall their fate be tell'st to thy ear,
9 For to none shall their fate be given a'share,
10 For one to know is only when 'tis draws near.

11 Oh, greedy self can you pray'st for nothing not,
12 But grasp what's been given to thy before 'tis a'rot.
13 And begg'st not to thy knees of her faithful skies,
14 And race'st to thy moon shall then thy all'st tries,
15 And fear not the failures as thy'st travel a'fars,
16 For if we fall, we'st fall upon the very stars.

Dearest Father

(2013-12-28)

1 Oh dearest Father may you heed my wandering mind,
2 As I speak to thy of thee restless words unwind,
3 For such treacherous creatures thee'st are upon thee mind,
4 Shall share'st such thoughts maybe deemed unkind.
5 Dear Father, friendship and kin, for must I question thee,
6 Of thy'st purpose and facades are such ideals to me,
7 For be'st kin may be a chess game of facading goals,
8 To tactically position thyself into favourable roles,
9 For whom shall I call'st friend, oh so truthfully now?
10 For what makes of trust for shall my seekforth it how?
11 As a greatsome tree may take but years to grow,
12 But fall'st to'st t'midst of th'open land as thy lumberman a'go,
13 So shall trust be, for can we accept such facade now not,
14 But let'st it foster and accumulate the course it sought,
15 For Father, why'st we be but such a hideous race,
16 That conjures such mistrust and hatred that'st thy face,
17 For neither I nor you nor any beings with souls a'near,
18 Can truthfully understand each other as thy'st all a'here,
19 Yet, put'st thee facade of what may seem to be,
20 And live'st not the life of mighty walls-free.
21 For Father, I do hope that such one day will come,
22 Where the facades of being fall crumbling when all'st done,
23 And for then may hideous and hideous come to know,
24 That tis world indeed exists genuine goodness so,
25 For then may we all bath in the gallant light,
26 And flee'st the facades that'st bound us tight.

Rudolph's Fame Arisen

(2013-12-25)

1 Oh Rudolph, hath thou'st been picked upon by thy peers,
2 And hath thou cry'st thyself to sleep upon thy very tears.

3 For hath thou been bestowed 'tis distinguished nose,
4 For which thee other reindeers have selectively chose,
5 To be'st the prime target of thou'st dearest tears arose.

6 Yet, as swift fame arisen hath false friendship emerged too,
7 As horrid bullies now be'st bestest friends as thee night'st adieu.
8 For little Rudolph sees not the emergence of such facade,
9 A'th thy actions of dearest Santa ha'th granted thy accolade.

10 Again'st his dearest peers and their jealousy little Rudolph sees not,
11 For his dearest downfall must these devilish, horrid little beings plot.
12 Upon 'tis dearest red heart should see'st then 'tis fated knife,
13 And end'st now upon the hands of thee jealousy, shall his life.
14 For dearest little Rudolph hath known nothing of what a masks a'worn,
15 Shall beings do'st yet another despise thee words prior a'sworn,
16 For false masks of friendship shall plant thy dagger a'heart,
17 Until thy jealous'd fame and body shall separate apart.

Determinations A'flame

(2013-12-24)

1 Oh my dearest time, for have you again flee'st by my grasping hands,
2 And for hath thou bestowed the drought of harvest to my very lands,
3 And yet for time has bree'st the misfortunes to me for years and years,
4 For He has deemed that sorrows comes not in singles but in greater pairs.

5 For in 'tis new year, shall, to the past, I give my wholesome regards,
6 And wish'st for the fortunate endings that time fiercely guards.

7 So to 'tis new year shall false vows light false determinations a'flame,
8 As a fragment of time shall such drive live, for inevitably 'tis fire a'tamed.
9 But shall'st these very happenings of the past year come'st to share.
10 Until thee walk'st the identical path down 'tis very next year.

Twenty First Moment

(2013-12-17)

1 Though it be'st the twenty first of centuries,
2 Yet may still exists these beings burdened by worries,
3 Of capturing moments onto a single page,
4 To share to the mass of moments enrage,
5 Blame'st the notion of capturing hands,
6 Thats yields false livings of those living a'land.
7 For a moments time do these beings live not,
8 But think'st about the footage that may be caught.
9 Draw'st the lively heavens that present thyself to thee,
10 May thou'st most swiftly to thy camera's hand a'flee.
11 Live not the beauty of the mighty river and its current a'flow,
12 But captures the facade of being and living as a falsely whole.

13 Shall thy'st live not by the beating heart of thee birthly gift,
14 But live'st life by the value of those admirably swift,
15 And live'st the facade of both false moment and dear,
16 For false truths accompanies false happiness here.
17 Then surrounds thyself with greatsome fierce crows,
18 That caws to the desires and facades like wholesome hoes.
19 So shall tis century be defined by two simple notes,
20 Of those who live not and those unknownly false denotes,
21 Of beings that cling to the facade of endearment of falsely vows,
22 And seeks for the acknowledgements of the surrounding crows.

Annabelle Lee

(2013-12-16)

1 For shall we tell'st the mighty tale
2 Of the kingdom by the sea.
3 Where lives there a maiden
4 By the name of Annabelle Lee.

5 For may'st our dearest love penetrate
6 The bounds of heaven and sea.
7 For my clingful heart be always with
8 The beautiful Annabelle Lee.

9 Yet may'st the heavens be'st cruel,
10 To part my beloved from me
11 And leaves but her body afloat in
12 A tomb by the surrounding sea.

13 For may'st maiden and tomb fall beneath
14 The shining drowning sea.
15 Shall upon the seafloor lie but the tomb
16 Of the beautiful Annabelle Lee.

17 For may'st the tides engulf the body
18 Of the beautiful Annabelle Lee.
19 And when thy beautiful flesh deteriorates
20 Shall she still be loved by me.

21 For may'st the crows feast upon the soul,
22 Of the beautiful Annabelle Lee.
23 And leaves me to love the carcass,
24 Of what used to be.

Hindering Desperations

(2013-11-18)

1 Dearest hand, may thy desperations hinder,
2 The mere desires of future events unfold,
3 For a heart that wants, seeks to fasten thy hands,
4 But thou'st hands, fasten, holds a story untold.
5 For a stream flows some steadily pace,
6 As do time, who flows as a lonesome creek,
7 Yet, the lingering lusts of the desiring souls,
8 Shall to the future thou'st fiercely seek.
9 Dearest time, for the creek whose water holds,
10 Thou'st undoubtful truths of thy future untold.
11 Yet to some, the stream is but immensely brief,
12 For the creek's rushing stream yields thy grief.
13 And tell'st the story of dreams unresolved,
14 Upon the midst has't dreaming tales dissolved.
15 And too, for the current dreamers with goals untold,
16 Moves thy creek too rapid, for his story'st yet to unfold.

17 Oh dearest time, must thou'st be too passive for the desiring souls,
18 And too fiercely swift for those with unfulfilled or desiring goals.

The Moon's Reflection

(2013-09-20)

1 For the moon rises to its peak and the night grows long.
2 And the mass of people joyously mingle a'sound.
3 As you wait for your mate a'here as time lingers on.
4 Until the soundly turns soundless as the lights curtain down.
5 And you finally discover that you were alone all along.

Imminence

(2013-08-08)

1 The heart, a tide, may change amongst the day,
2 Like the brewing wind from north to south a'sway,
3 An imminent death that strikes so abruptly for one to act,
4 Hence draws the forsaken horrors and emotions deemed fact.
5 A swaying heart like imminent death is but marked a treachery,
6 For but the tide from the brewing storms crashes only so severely.
7 But amongst the tide shall we anchor our hearts with mighty chains,
8 And sway not the heart nor mind for we'st be imminently sane.

Impeding Horizon

(2013-07-17)

1 Oh, dearest future brings not plentiful hopes but plentiful fears,
2 Oh dearest troubles comes not in singles but in plentiful pairs,
3 So draw not the sword to fight off thy troubles that come near,
4 And wield not the shield to defend against the pains that we bear,
5 But waits the impeding horizon that greatness comes in fiery form,
6 As thy trouble retreats in fear and treachery upon the passing storm.

7 Yet pass the horizon is but another reachable horizon before thee,
8 Yet too awaits plentiful fears and troubles that shall spawn a'sea.
9 So bare that too, for an impeding horizon is but just ahead,
10 And through the plentiful pains and sufferings are thy to tread,
11 And shall wait upon the fleeing of thy troubles and fear of these.
12 Before the passing of the horizon and see'st another to seize.

Dearest Maiden

(2013-07-04)

1 Dearest maiden for thy'st hair, the trees wave amongst the wind,
2 And thou'st dearest denials of words, the spoken boulders unkind.
3 But the lingering urge to implant upon thy lips but a single kiss,
4 Only to draw upon the conjurings of the dreaded addictive bliss.
5 Oh, a body of warmth must due for the late lonesome nights,
6 And an angelic face sent from angelic heaven must deem a'sites.
7 Yet thy warmth, but a blistering heat in the stifling summer air,
8 A lusting, firing desire for thy skin to touch wholesomely bare.

Cyclic Tragedy

(2013-05-07)

1 Oh, poor me! So he says, that poor troubled soul,
2 And towards the heavens he weeps his utter sorrows,
3 And calls to the troubles of fate that burdens him so,
4 Placing him in this cyclic tragedy that had deemed a'go.

5 And so the mountains and valleys must his dearest life,
6 Be of great rises and falls and uprising immanent strife,
7 Yet abandon this liveliness not, for can his soul forsaken,
8 As upon the life of cyclic tragedy has he inevitably awoken.

9 For he lives in the facade of failure of encompassing fate,
10 That hinders his successes and brings his motives innate,
11 And free'st the facade of failures can he do such not,
12 For he lives in the cyclic tragedy that fate has gracefully plot.

Lonesome Throne

(2013-04-27)

1 For a boulder untouched rests in solitude alone,
2 An emperor unconquered rests upon his throne,
3 A field unwintered flourishes so hopelessly aside,
4 A songbird unharmed sings so mutelessly by,

5 Two lovesome starlings may each other greet,
6 Only to apartly fade and never again a'meet.
7 For troubles, in singles or greater pairs,
8 Always finds a way to draw a'near,
9 But away do these troubles inevitably drift,
10 As joys, too, fades to nothing, ever so swift.
11 As a prelude may swiftly come a'close,
12 Much like a woman's heart a'drift it goes.

13 Yet a lonesome pebble may drift miles a'sea,
14 Only to cross upon a mound of utter debris,
15 A withering rose may bloom only to later die,
16 And wither its way back to its initial state a'by.

17 To observe such cyclic manners bears no path,
18 Of hopefulness and motives under fate's wrath.
19 And so, should one live amongst the world a'here,
20 And seek for nothing but a moment to disappear.

Blooming from the Ashes

(2013-04-16)

1 Oh dear calming waves that brush upon the shore,
2 And blooming flowers and overcampusing trees a'more,
3 And the pleasant smells of freedom and liberty,
4 And the numerous hearts of my civilians sincerely.
5 For the most safest of places, shall I call my home,
6 And deem no infliction upon such values of my own.
7 Until what horrors have drawn a near,
8 Until what treacheries are we to share,
9 For 'tis a place of safekeeping have we deem,
10 No longer holds its name at all does it seem.
11 And much like the Titanic of a poem from before,
12 Have these fated deaths have but fate to blame for.
13 Oh shall we never recall this city as a tragic place,
14 Nor recall the Boston Massacre of 1770 with haste.
15 For no sane of man shall the slaughterings enjoy,
16 And for no family of one shall the deaths rejoice.
17 Remembrance of our people and our city's name,
18 Are we to call another terrorist is to blame?
19 Are we to call that be but the doing of tragic fate,
20 Or the will of God and towards our ideals He hate.
21 Or shall we blame it for the naiveness of us all,
22 Thinking that terror only upon namely's does it fall,
23 But for a city shall its peoples stand a'mass strong,
24 And rise from the ashes of horror and continue living on.
25 And shall we take the tragic seeds of what was left to sow,
26 And grow'st the blooming rose from the ashes as a whole.

Titanic: A Cruel Fate

(2013-04-14)

1 Can the greatest of beings flee not the holdings of fate,
2 For it is but the mere faithful calling shall they await,
3 The inevitable fall of those hubristic ones must call a'forth,
4 As inevitable as simple creatures that a'fly south to north.

5 For even the greatest ship of such pleasantly mass can float not,
6 For even this awe-deemed greatness has fate inevitably caught.
7 What was thou'st name; for I merely recall being Titanic it was?
8 Oh, and had they said the was the greatest luxury a'dear because,
9 Shall'st its crew be equipped with almost a thousand faithful men,
10 But yet can they escape not as the fated tragic fall commend,

11 Oh dearest ship and dearest lives, beware of the facades ahead,
12 A berg, is but a mere fragment above, but neath greater instead.
13 And shall has that inevitable meeting of dearest ship and ice.
14 Draw upon the fated deaths of those here with us tonight.

15 Oh dearest lives of thy dearest ship must thy drown a'sea,
16 Now let us question, how utterly cruel fate can truly be.
17 And dearest ship may your stern and bow touch lovely a'hand,
18 And drift deeply beneath the sea and thus forever strand.

19 Oh, and let the beacon flares alarm of those around,
20 As the oceanic grave drifts about without a sound,
21 For those who have lived are but now a'dead,
22 And those that survived are but widowedly unwed.
23 And those who have had lovers or a closest mate,
24 Are but left with nothing beneath the wrath of fate.

Living Death

(2013-04-11)

1 Dearest being who lives in thy heath,
2 Who chants the words of failed love:
3 Death with love is but life beneath,
4 Life without love is but death above.

A Missing God

(2013-04-09)

1 Oh poor self! Why has thou'st chain thyself to the boulders with shackles so adorably great?
2 A'watching the sea before thee, and see nothing but the passing waves so favorably innate.
3 But oh for the calming oceans possesses not a single mind, for the treacherous waves may seek,
4 And inflict wholesome pains upon your very chests, clashing thy knees until 'tis inevitably weak.
5 And so, shall you clench your heart and hope and pray that the greatest of waves has passed,
6 But be'st faithful thinking, brings only falsified hope for sorrows comes not in singles,
but in greater mass.

7 Oh dearest bloody daggers, why must thy unservantly float about 'tis lingering sky?
8 For as I ponder amongst the lonesome land, and you draw'st the very blood of my.
9 What impairly sharp and piercing pain has thy minute item brought to this very scene,
10 As its lingering blade still smirks at the blood of thy as you, against the solid wall a'lean.
11 Dearest faithful God, for where has thy gone? Where has thy hidden and danced a'lost to?
12 Where dearest God are you to see this lonely site? Oh dearest God, where indeed are you?

13 Oh maybe, could I have walked a'stray from the paths of solitude and faithful regime?
14 Or have I wandered amongst the darkest skies for which your being sees not here it seems?
15 Or even maybe, thy'st has now gracefully turn'st thy back away from this lonesome world,
16 For us bittering, faithless humans has pressed hard enough on the earth with our silly whorled.

Wandering Specter

(2013-04-03)

1 Thou'st but a ghost who lingers amongst the land,
2 For must he lack the proper notion of the peaceful rest,
3 Yet shall the specter be sent from the Heaven's command,
4 Only to wander and yield unaccomplished goals attest.

5 And so is a memory, for which we hold so closely a'dear,
6 For which it escapes us not for it too is but a lingering soul,
7 Which amongst the midst of night shall it impose us with fear,
8 And too, as a specter, shall haunting memories, never be free a'so.

9 Oh, dearest haunting memories, please flee'st my mind and finally be set a'rest,
10 Instead of inflicting such engulfing pain and treacherous waves upon my chest.

A Broken Pen

(2013-03-30)

1 Oh, for the dearest ink of thy pen may soon then fade,
2 And then may find'st the dearest of hopes may thus betrayed,
3 For an artist's soul lends him nothing but mythical spells,
4 For the mere soonest or furthest of inevitable future farewells.
5 Thus, then shall he plead to the heavens to forsaken his heart,
6 As such remembrance and dreams shall he wishingly forgot.

7 Oh, let the debris of the wholesome heart fall upon the shallow earth,
8 Let the facades ring the brotheling walls and the truths seek a'girth.
9 Let the warren mind rest a'las for there yields nothing but wandering soughs,
10 And let the mindless wandering commence for has this but painful brought.
11 Oh, but the broken pen yields no longer an image of the artist stride,
12 And let's thy work fall beneath the consuming hunger of the oceanic tide.

13 Oh you fragile and unfaithful life, let thy be of nothing a flowing stream,
14 And drift thy way towards the crossroads and paths of tis randomic scheme.

15 For then, may you think that the fall of greatness is but a event of sorrows and tears,
16 And then you tell thyself that these sorrows comes not in singles but greater pairs.
17 It is only after the passing of favorable time does thyself inevitably understand,
18 That only through the death of greatness can the birth of the greater come a'hand.

Time's Unfaithful Passing

(2013-03-24)

1 Oh, dearest time is but a flowing stream,
2 That yields no halts nor standard scheme.
3 As it flows, its minute manners aimlessly unannounced,
4 And for its persons' actions, oh, so merely renounced.
5 Oh time, why must thou'st unfaithfully pass,
6 And bestow such burdensome upon the mass.
7 And bring such false hope in the eyes of the weak,
8 But inevitably bleed the truths of failures that shall'st failed to seek.

9 And for such passing, shall the most deafening of regrets,
10 For in time will persons find most their failures of goals a'sets.
11 Oh, for such dreadful emotion is but a lingering dagger,
12 That inevitably shall us mere persons come to a'stagger.
13 Oh time, for where in this dearest world has thou gone,
14 And left abandoned O' poor us, to hopelessly linger on...

A Waiting Rose

(2013-03-13)

1 Oh, the gallant rays help 'tis lonesome rose bloom about the barren field!
2 For 'tis radiant glory, upon great bestowing shelter for which they wield.
3 And shall dearest winds sing, oh, how sweetly and a'dear your graceful song,
4 For your graceful words may feed courage to the littlings to grow a'strong.
5 Let'st the fulfillment of Gaia's earth, feed you, little rose, the wholesome meals,
6 And blossom amongst this unforgiving field and propel such greater ideals.

7 Let the molding of the titan, yet too, shape another being of beauty and life,
8 Will'st 'tis single rose pierce the heavens, bridging dual worlds by growth a'rife.

9 But until that moment, will the little rose sit amongst itself, so everly innate.
10 Until Demeter's tears shed no longer, and the gallant lights again awake.
11 Until Hades releases his dearest brotheling a'hand, shall it be but a single bud,
12 And bloom'st the divine spectrum of images and colors of the greater flood.
13 And wait it will do, for Mater Dolorosa's tears shall flush the mourning skies,
14 Denying what mere minute piercing rays, that upon the tearsome cloud lies.

Taming the Lioness

(2013-03-10)

1 A rose by another name, may indeed smell just as sweet,
2 But beneath its beauty may the thorning nature retreat.
3 And a plane, by its simple name, may indeed fly so gracefully tall,
4 But its inevitable motion be not horizontal but be a destined fall.

5 For even the greatest of lights may inevitably and soon be faded,
6 For be'st even the greatest of Heavens may be overrated.

7 Oh, a lioness may ponder amongst the forests and lands for its meal,
8 Until captured by the passing keeper and within the cage concealed.
9 For the lioness may display sharefully a facade of tame,
10 Until the destined moment for a passer-by's death to blame.

11 To live amongst the living is but to wear the truths of masks,
12 And be'st the being that falsifies your being but facades casts,
13 And may gracefully weave into the nature of desires with guise,
14 Oh damn, only after such foolishness can we now fully comprise.

15 For a simple line of wisdom may we withdraw from this debris:
16 Believe none of which you see, and see none of which you believe.

For Death and Existence

(2013-03-01)

1 Hamlet has spoken that amongst the earth are we but worms,
2 That the equality of all, in death shall be faithfully confirmed,
3 Ask the diet of worms, shall we be nothing but a wholesome meal,
4 That eventually rots and decays and inevitably reveals,
5 That the prior life was but a mere dream of subconscious scope,
6 In which man had had dreams and wishes and dearest hopes,
7 In which unfulfilled desires will unyieldingly linger upon,
8 The soul of those deadly beings that lay dead a'sound.

9 For to live is but to live with neither regrets nor unfulfillment,
10 But with greater servitude and a single mere acknowledgement.
11 For to be deadly is but to rest upon the earth and live a life of view,
12 Seeing the world in greater lenses with greater vision unskew.
13 And watch amongst the people of the lonesome land,
14 Yield the same misfortunes and actions that thou'st had command.
15 But speak not can you, for be'st the silent ghost you are,
16 And thou'st see upon the world must these idiotic beings scar.

17 But yes, speak not can you, for the watcher you be,
18 And observe the failures that the earthly beings see.

19 And through death have your name spoken and values sound,
20 For the great doings when living has your existence confound.
21 Oh, but to die without a name is but to live a non-existing life,
22 And for at the moment of death shall recalling strife,
23 That neither has accomplished nor achieved a greater whole,
24 And done'st nothing of greater value, but with death its toll.

25 But then, it be inevitable for the state of the freeing soul,
26 But upon such deadlying actions will thy face no one know,
27 For once the water of life has been engulfed us all,
28 Then never will upon the world can you a moment recall.

29 For death is but a barrier that burdens your hoping dreams,
30 And blockades the mind with tendencies in which it seems,
31 That death may bring the equality of beings to amongst us all,
32 For true equality must it been upon the worms we be drawl.

33 For in time, will the name be of existence no more,
34 Unless in life had you achieved something greater swore.
35 Oh, with aired lungs shall most beings hold no name,
36 But until spoken death, will some of their existence remain.

A Stubborn Undying Will

(2013-02-28)

1 A single spark may light the gentle forests aflame,
2 Yet a single dose of venom may yield engulfing pain;
3 It takes merely a single portion of value to draw a'here,
4 That a tainted piece upon a ground of white that bear.
5 For the most evil of creatures may with the heart sway still,
6 Until a shifting heart pulses with a greater strengthening will.

7 An elderly woman may polish a metal pole 'til dawn,
8 Until one day it yields a sharp needle for her to yarn,
9 An honest fellow may stupidly and forever dig and shovel,
10 Upon a mountain wishing to remove whose existence burdening hovel.

11 For the world holds no task whose value further exceeds that of man,
12 For to be human, is to have such innate motivating undying plan.
13 For that of which can succeed will succeed given a moment's time,
14 And be blessed upon souls may the will greater never to sublime.
15 For that of which may seem too large for a single I or you still,
16 As nothing can be greater than the stubborn undying will.

The Morning Bird's Call

(2013-02-25)

1 Through the midst of trees do these morning birds call,
2 To the various humanities in their bitter lonesome halls.
3 A song of simple words implants into the simple mind a'hear,
4 For the shallow men with shallow dreams draw so closely near.

5 For such a song with such simple words are but meaningless to them,
6 As the morning brightness engulfs all that draw inevitably to one.
7 For materialistic means are thy only concerning monument,
8 That of which can be held not shall hold no valued sediment.

9 For the great trees, house these charming creatures that sing a'so,
10 For the heavenly light do they chant for the humanly mind a'go,
11 Well, do these humanly minds pay not a ticket of entrance nor fee,
12 But rather they set aflame their homes and banish them out to sea.

13 Oh dearest ungrateful beings, may you kindly open your souls,
14 Open your deafening ears, blinded eyes and unyielding nose,
15 Smell the scent of the blooming flowers and morning sun,
16 See the glorious sight that the world has to offer; Oh, unremembered one,
17 Walk the trails of the great autumn leaves and great day lights,
18 And dance amongst the light of the beautiful day and see thy sights.

19 As for nature has blessed upon us to live beneath the watching sun.
20 So live not with nature as single entities but as a single one.

Life's Greatest Thing

(2013-01-29)

1 What brings of great value be whether monetary or not,
2 Or shall it be the great minded folks with wisdom's forgot,
3 Where the key of life is but knowledge says he,
4 But shall'st neither can love strike even greater be.
5 May it be to befriend those who treat friendship dearly,
6 Or among'st the family and bonds that grows sincerely.
7 Shall can it be, the beauty of the facade of thy face,
8 Or living peacefully among'st the natural and humanoid place?
9 What greater value can topple the value of trust?
10 Unless the deceptionous ways is a greater must.
11 Then what shall'st be the greatest value in life be?
12 Is it the foolish American'ic ways of thinking I am free?
13 For even some folks or virgins may deem that it be just a single fuck,
14 Be'st none of that, for the greatest thing in life is but mere and utter luck.

Appealing to Loving Ears

(2013-01-29)

1 Unvalued values share not a single light,
2 For those of lightlessness bare yet greater height.
3 Those who deemed less are but greater in death,
4 For current values pose not to the lively civil wealth.

5 Facading flashy lights grabs the attention of all,
6 And do too of a beautiful face from Heaven a'fall,
7 Though see not in the outermost showing shell,
8 See what's greater in the innermost lively hell.

9 To the people of dullshipness should the fair rise a'fame,
10 Leaving the lesser yet greater in the hidden sides remain.
11 Appeal to the sweetness of their little filtered ears,
12 And be applauded for mediocre contents without fears.

13 To say the sweetness of their simple desiring thought,
14 But only the painfulness of the eyes do truths sought.

A Dreaming Rose

(2013-01-28)

1 A dream is but a lingering rose that hangs beneath the cliff of life,
2 Until thou'st demons forever ends it with His devilish scythe.
3 But forever may it be lost not, for impairing fragments of seeds,
4 May fall towards another far away cliff of greater wholesome needs.

5 A dream is but this very rose; for never can it be abolished a'go.
6 But only surpressed and hindered by your very demonish soul.
7 He whom lives beneath your very skin is thy greatest fear,
8 For the burden towards your greatest goals may then draw a'near!

9 So yes! Fear not the success that you have yet to be sure,
10 And fear not the failures that you have yet to endure,
11 Fear not the promising words you have swore to keep,
12 For by the power of belief dreams you both fly and leap.

A Nameless Rose

(2013-01-28)

1 A being with no name is but a nameless rose,
2 Who bares no existence that no One knows,
3 And has no spacious being for One to call.
4 For without a name thus be nothing at all.

Because You Love Me

(2013-01-06)

1 Because you love me, you hold those dear far,
2 Since those far, you hold dearly without mar.

3 Because you love me, you wield a grand mighty fist,
4 Which across my face does it seemingly, passionately kiss.

5 Because you love me, you speak not a single word,
6 As through the door have I rushingly stirred.

7 Because you love me, do you not chase me out the door,
8 For I have chase thou, only a single week before.

9 Because you love me, do you give not a single look,
10 For through an hour of the winter's warmth have I shook.

11 Because you love me, you surround yourself with hungry crows,
12 That feeds your life unknowingly and reaps what you sow.

13 Because you love me, do you give the mind to those pesky crows,
14 And to me do you instantaneously produce your quickly no's.

15 Because you love me, you cherish your crows greater than I,
16 For am I but a tool, a naming figure, a passive shadow to thy?

17 Because you love me, my gifts sleep near a flame,
18 Whose warmth reaps the ashes of the heart, it claimed.
19 Because you love me, a pendant bestowed to you, split two,
20 For means nothing have you month not yielded the two glue.

21 Because you love me, thee crow's charms sleep upon your bed,
22 For a tool-like shape do you and it gracefully wed.
23 Because you love me, upon my head do my heart you toss,
24 Whereas the pear-like plush upon your bedding does it doss.

25 Because you love me, you are unaware of those around,
26 Until they have advantageously brought you to your mound.

27 Because you love me, you say you love me with wholesome lies.
28 But it is only me that your mind wants, but subconscious denies.

29 Because you love me, you are grateful with the loss of I,
30 For at a deathly grave, a flower blooms ever so greatly high.
31 For what differences hold between either the crow and I?
32 I know not, for upon the earth I stand, whereas crows fly.

33 And that a heart holds only a finite volume of heavenly light.
34 Until it inevitably bursts by the wrath of the greater hellish might.
35 And with your grand fist may you then grandly smite,
36 My wholesomeness into shattering pieces, both left and right.
37 Until then will you finally arise to your greater heights,
38 For may you and crow make the happily greetings tonight.

Rowing Towards The Double-Backed Beast

(2012-12-18)

1 A fearsome tune this afternoon, the heart beats,
2 A tiresome slumber lays, these bedding sheets,
3 Upon those breasts, do these hands clench,
4 Whose passionate desire in needing quench.
5 Upon those eyes, do these eyes stare,
6 Into the wholesomeness of a burning flare.

7 A beclouding aura passes through the air,
8 A ship's rowing rod that draws a near,
9 To row thy ship to the places of no return,
10 But pause'st the storm may be'st concern.
11 By hesitation of torn and eagerness yields action not,
12 Until the spoken off's sets towards thy inevitable plot.

13 Upon the smoothness of skin lays another upon,
14 And to'st thy cave closer and closer let's be drawn.
15 But through pleasure and pain, do it's the row,
16 And through love and tenderness passion a's grows.
17 And hold'st the truths yet be'st difficult are they to tell,
18 That reality is off toned and thus emotions hard to spell.

19 Make's the beast with two backs, do us aflame,
20 Until this mere virgin label can we no longer name.

Two Lonesome Nights

(2012-11-05)

1 To the mind did I tell I would miss you not,
2 But the heart, must intervene and rejoice-fully tell,
3 And conjure failures to let those memories rot,
4 Speaking truths to the lonesome hours like hell,
5 And even to the greater prime moments had I forgot.

6 Two lonesome nights may lonesome waters fall,
7 And treacherous waves may against the chests,
8 Yielding greater pains in the mind's shallow hall.
9 Falsing the mind to say that he knows best,
10 That to live without can he do like the past recall.

11 As without has altered to with in a measly nine,
12 And now forever do I wish to call you mine.

Setting Sun

(2012-10-07)

1 The brilliant sun hides beneath the mountains tonight,
2 Leaving only a gallant glow between the skies in my sight.
3 The skies polluted to the darkened colors that glow anew,
4 The yellow resilience beneath the earth falls through.
5 And above such color holds the lightest shadow of tangerine,
6 Followed by red and purple too as these colors glean,
7 For between the mountains, flows a river ever so slowly,
8 Forever does it flow nonstop as much as prole.
9 For it reflects the pink and purple of the skies above,
10 Calling to the oceans for its streaming love.
11 Upon its bank grows the flowers of the greatest scent,
12 Until one stops and awaits to where such scene went.

13 What once a mountain, forever underground,
14 And what once a river, now a mere linear mound.
15 What once the skies that settle in the midst of night,
16 Only to drop beneath earth with its darkest might.
17 What once a forest that hugged the sides of the hills,
18 Burned by the greater peoples in order to fulfill,
19 Their dreams and desires of such greater place,
20 To build hotels and condos for the human race.

Midnight's Duet

(2012-10-07)

1 The summers breeze blows the clouds across the midnight sky,
2 Revealing only the stars that shine so heavenly bright â€”til they die.
3 Below such a sight, lies several lingering flowers.
4 Mingling ever so gently, speaking mutely for dearest yet bitter hours,
5 And so it brew and brew so gently amongst the land,
6 Capturing the pedals of such flowers in the palms of the hand.
7 And by the same hand, do these petals fall asunder.
8 Unaware of the many careless yet human blunders.
9 And let the captivating moonlight glow shine brightly here,
10 Until what was once deemed strange has grown adear.
11 And with this newfound growth upon them, the distance shortens
 yet lingers.
12 The musings of each illuminated by Heaven's light, and one feels the strings of Fate between
13 their fingers.
14 Yet, such strings, in the possession of the Sisters of Fate, lie
15 Awaiting to be torn in two by their treacherous fate denied.

Beautiful Evil

(2012-10-03)

1 For the drone among'st the bees yield neither harvest nor labor,
2 But yet, upon the great harvest-ments of the others may they savor,
3 And wheedle and plague society with their coaxing lies,
4 Let not a drone wiggle its behind into manners with guise,
5 For they hold their shameful mind and deceitful nature dearly,
6 Best with evil trickeries, may your mind cloud severely.
7 Living off your riches 'til you're barren and weak,
8 And flee'st to another hive should they then for-seeek.
9 Should goody Hesoid warn: to trust them is to trust thieves,
10 Where the wo of man and its plague from Pandora's box, leaves.

So Dearest Change

(2012-08-06)

A rose blossoms in the midst of the summer night, shielded by the shadows of the might of a hundred trees, whose great limbs reach towards the heavens engulfing the land beneath it by mere shadows. The rose flourishes with such fragrance and beauty, for under the roof of its sheltered home, may it only greater its beauty; each petal, gleamingly red by the absorption of the radiant day's sun, the color: piercing to the eye, so immensely red and beautiful to absolute perfection.

Even the mere trees that stand above that rose are too a profound greatness. Through the most severe of storms and harshest weather has it endured. Its unyielding trunk is but a symbol, a souvenir, tainted with battle scars and markings. For every tree that stands before us, holds hundreds of stories, stories that tell of its survival, its brawls with the natural world, its fearsome battles and mighty victories as it stands before us today. A country values and gives its greatest thanks to the fearless generals and military that encounters battle after battle, fight after fight; and for such reason, should these trees be of such value.

But what is even of greater value is something that humans treasure even dearer, something that portrays the facade of progression, something that gives falsified light to the dark that only lives in the minds of individuals - change.

With change and the facade of progression can we truly feel that something useful has arose from our existence, with change can we see something progress to something of greater value, for the smallest and most hideous of larvae can seemingly show its beauty and perfection in the progression of its life stages.

And yes, with change can we bring about the perfection of the world, for no longer must we stay still in the nonprogressive state of agriculture, where thy neighbor is truly thy friend, a friend who depends on you and vice versa, for through the means of trading and fellowship and each individual possess what they want. For with change do we no longer need to depend on natural powers, no longer must we be bestowed by Someone to bless our fields, no longer must we conduct dances to the heavens to have a yielding season. And of course with change, can we now lock our doors and shield us from the world, for thy neighbor be'st not your friend, but be'st thy owner of your material means if you fail to keep them; for with change, can we finally perfect the truth of material desire.

But what should be said is that with change can we finally shift perspectives; for the changed perspective is of course superior, for it is a progression therefore change must produce superiors rather than inferiors. And with such perspectives, our values, too, change.

The fearsome soldier, the tree, the honored item that stand so proudly tall almost as if it is a stairway to the heavens, no longer possess such great values. So should we relinquish the greatness have been bestowed here and deforest such proud items that have fought the fearsome years of natural events to stand so tall. And as we do such, will the rose's roof collapse. Unable to hide from the piercing rays of the sun, will it then shrivel and die; for that change has brought upon another rose, another item waiting to share the same fate as before's.

When the Darkened Skies Clear

(2012-06-15)

1 Towards to the sky, do these lonesome eyes stare,
2 For the darkened abyss and skies above fail to clear,
3 The longing site that hides beneath the covered mask,
4 Faithfully waiting, for until time, its relevance will cast,
5 The heavenly light upon this surface of earth,
6 Of greatened heights and improper worth.

7 Oh, so these longing eyes stare upon the skies,
8 Waiting to see what beyond those darkened land lies.
9 For four scores of days have passed in time,
10 And yet these loyal eyes stay, awaiting a sign,
11 That maybe one day these dark skies will clear,
12 And reveal to it, the vision it can no longer bear.

13 And when it does reveal itself, can the heavenly lights then shine,
14 Upon the grounds of earth, by its means, be deemed divine,
15 Upon the hearts of those, who sees its radiant light,
16 Be drowned in warmth even during the coldest of nights,
17 Only for a minute time, for then the clouds will return,
18 Leaving these eyes alone, only to again long and yearn.

19 For 'tis the feeling of waiting for something extraordinary and great,
20 When it fiercely comes and goes, do we stand along again and wait,
21 For its faithful return of immeasurable time...

Our Greatest Inventions

(2012-06-13)

1 A word should be said not, for we are here,
2 In an age of greatness and of supreme tier.
3 And now do I need not to hold my sacred pen,
4 For in other means can my words and gen,
5 Spill upon the page whose words instantly appear,
6 By the aid of a mere keyboard can my thoughts then share,
7 The eventful happenings of both today's and yesternight's,
8 For in telling will only consume a mere several bytes.

9 Words said not between neither friend nor foe,
10 Would I easily just send my hideous thoughts I owe.
11 Through the air can indeed thoughts then fly,
12 And watch as it trifles and wiffles about the sky.
13 Oh, how great is it, that we can truly speak,
14 Without speech itself, for such speech is bleak.

15 Oh, had they told me that the new will progress,
16 The lifestyles of these individuals that are blessed,
17 By the great inventions that will change the world,
18 To a place of greater connection and words unfurled.
19 Ah, yes I see it now, that these individuals walk alone,
20 And speak nothing to those around, for they live in zone,
21 Allowing these elitists to speak without speech,
22 And has then, a greater bound, can we then reach.

23 Have we greatedened ourselves with single inventions,
24 That have broken the bonds between the dimensions,
25 Of conversation and speech and of in life scene,
26 And replaced it by a mere vision upon a screen.
27 And how we lack the connections to the world's near,
28 Ignoring the proximity as we walk with plugs in the ear...

Just Words (Incapable)

(2012-06-11)

1 Oh words, for which I am so incapable of saying,
2 Trapped beneath my chest, should they pray,
3 For if they indeed spill, must one then clean,
4 The words of treachery hath never been seen.

5 Oh dearest words, then just live inside my heart,
6 Never to see the light and never grow apart.
7 From the garish of day to the luminous night,
8 Always speak the wrong and never the right.

9 The tension in the vessels of which they brood,
10 From the outside truth aren't they seclude.
11 And to intake a breath of air can you truly feel,
12 The weight of the air and that it is real...

From the Heavens to the Earth

(2012-06-11)

1 The heavenly, upon the mortal earth, they gracefully fall,
2 Be it the burdened Oak leaves fiercely stripped of all.
3 For upon the ground do these golden items lay aâĂŽpeace,
4 But surely does such great flare and color cease.
5 And surely will, what once golden, now deceased, rot and fade,
6 Giving way to the diet of worms to consume, âĂŸtil it decayed,
7 For it is winter that draws aâĂŽnear this dreadful season,
8 The abandoned of life around is but the resulting reason.
9 Before the heavenly sheet masks the lonesome land,
10 Before the clouded skies return its fated demand,
11 Fly, fly, must these cherished birds to the South,
12 The directions, to each other must they then mouth.
13 Oh, to beâĂŽst the bird, should we all greatly wish,
14 Employed not, yet only to feed upon its dish.
15 And only to have the needs that truthfully count,
16 That of which are life, food, and shelter we all discount,
17 Beclouded, must we as the greatest individuals be,
18 Ungrateful for the things that we have been given free.
19 And so, must we mask our needs with things we pretend,
20 Are of greater value than those we should really commend.
21 But yes, a lonesome bird needs not to think nor fear,
22 Of its faithful future that slowly creeps aâĂŽnear.
23 For a bird needs not to worry about fulfilling its dream,
24 To beâĂŽst alive is but a greater gift than those extreme,
25 Until he who thinks the greatest individual is himself draws near,
26 And from their body and soul must apart he tear.
27 To hold the trophy of the superior being,
28 Must those of inferiority lay rest or fleeing.
29 Oh, to be a bird is but a greatful and heavenly life,
30 Free of humanly constructs acting as both blade and knife,
31 That tears and shed and manipulates the human soul,
32 Forcing one to live beneath the abysmal hellish hole.
33 Free of that treacherous label of both race and class,
34 Free from that stamp of color and wealth and belief, alas.
35 Free from the tortures that upon themselves humans place.
36 Free from the superior mind that games itself as disgrace.
37 Free from the jealousy that roots in one,
38 When another finds of a greater sum.
39 Free from the troubles that root in the Earthly land nigh,
40 For upon the Heavens may these birds undoubtedly fly.
41 And to fly aâĂŽSouth, is all that these birds gracefully do,
42 So to the treacherous North, do they bid their adieu.

Last Poem I'll Write For You

(circa 2012-06-10)

1 If this is the last poem I will ever write,
2 Maybe this last time, I will get it right.
3 If this be the last poem you will ever read,
4 Maybe after such, will you do your deed,
5 And tellâ€šst to all the folks who live without sound,
6 Living carelessly inside their own unknowing bounds.

7 For this is indeed the last poem for one to regret,
8 Oh, undoubtedly will never this I forget.
9 For a poem is but merely a coalition of this and that; all mere words,
10 Only to forsake in burdens of misinterpretation of the general herd.
11 Oh, what is but speech too, when one is two,
12 Should I mouth one word and mean another to you.

13 What is a man who speaks one and means another to you?
14 Tell me then, what is, what is a man who fails to speak true?
15 So, then in the midst of his heart may his true word lies,
16 Only to spill to you the frills of his mere ungrateful lies.
17 So, please take aâ€šmind that he regrets to speak,
18 The words of hurt and coldness that he had leak.

19 Oh, may the greatest of trees nest the horrid fungus and sin,
20 Then findâ€šst that great man who will honor his kin.
21 Then findâ€šst that great man who will eat so heavenly true,
22 And live the greatest life before his passing time is due.
23 Then findâ€šst that great man who will give that faithful trust,
24 Before his gallant knight self will turn aâ€šrust.

25 And if before you he stands, might it be not me,
26 But let merely this heart wish that happiness be.
27 But if is indeed this idiotic author you chose,
28 He is unforgivingly torn to have your heart be bruise.
29 And hope that never will he again speak one,
30 And mean a different another in a stupid pun.
31 And tell you that he treasures you so dearly,
32 And forever to hold you in heart sincerely.

33 If this is indeed the last poem I will ever write,
34 Maybe this time, I will read it to you right.

For I and U
(Another Poem With More Words That Rhyme)

(circa 2012-06-10)

1 What is a word, when one can mean two?
2 What is the alphabet without the I and U?
3 What is a ship that fails to set afloat?
4 What is a heavenly castle without its moat?

5 A ship can fight the storms, upon its decks, brew,
6 Until the day its faithful crewmen bid adieu.
7 A heavenly castle can maintain its own little moat,
8 Until overtaken for the newest King's name rote.

9 A single man can still spell his thoughts aloud,
10 Without that U and I; with twenty four allowed.
11 Neither do we need not to speak a mind.
12 Neither do we need not to when all is blind.

13 And the word "love" needs not neither I nor U,
14 Yet, we need the given two to speak a mind true.
15 The truth be told, must we use this single word,
16 But as a single, its meaning is but blurred.

17 Must we take this word deeply into the heart,
18 And barricade it with merely two more apart.
19 And so, must we need these characters: I and U,
20 So it starts one and ends the other. Adieu.

Trust (A Poem With Words That Rhyme)

(circa 2012-06-10)

1 The Western winds brew; for it forms the canyons we see,
2 Whose Greatest Walls made of minute grains and debris,
3 With voices, that engulf the men a'near, these Sirens rest,
4 Only to forsake in the earnings of naive tourists at best.

5 For that canyon was but a result of a century of score's wind,
6 That brew and brew from dawn to night; such a cycle it's been.
7 Until the inevitable comes, Something that one can foresee not,
8 Quivers and Quakes, the ground can live not this plot.

9 Oh, for twelve hundred years, these canyons rest at peace,
10 For what once brew and brew upon the walls, must now cease.
11 What's the great time to build, falls to oblivion in a moment's time,
12 And to reform what-once-was, but a stairway unyieldingly to climb.

13 Far from such place, upon the green fields lives the Great Oak Tree,
14 Whose limbs nest hundreds of creatures living in harmony and glee.
15 Have we been here before, say three centuries, would we see this not,
16 Such Great Oak was but a seedling, who against weather it faught.

17 For that single tree was but a result of three centuries of nurture,
18 Through the fiercest weathers and heavenly storms may it endure.
19 But endure can it not, the axe that he wields upon his hand,
20 For soon will this Great Oak Tree fall upon this burdened land.

21 Oh, for three centuries time, had this tree bore the lives of many,
22 And what used to be hundreds, are now down to a mere twenty.
23 So another seedling must we place upon this dreadful lot,
24 But never the same will it be for these mere twenty that died not.

25 Now, in my backyard lives a flower, whose beauty is great and true,
26 And whose petals possess the color of the radiant sun as it grew.
27 And have we been here before, say prior a hundred days,
28 Would we have seen nothing but a seedling with nothing to appraise.

29 For that single flower was but a result of numerous days of nurture,
30 Through fierce unpredictable New England weathers may it endure.
31 But endure not, the foolish carelessness of her and her foot,
32 For at rest forever in the lonesome soil, had it eternal sleep she put.

33 Oh, like trust, do these things take the greatest time to build,
only to shatter in a moment's time...

Remember: A Reflecting Reflection

(circa 2011)

1 Remember, remember the fifth of November*,
2 But better, the past works and pieces remember, remember.
3 Forgot not have we? For "fair is foul and foul is fair"
4 Then forever, should we hold nearest those "dear."
5 A mindless creature holds dearest his food at hand,
6 A mindless tree holds dearest its leaves, roots, and beloved land.
7 But a tree can hold forever his dearest leaves not,
8 For the current greatest will soon be tomorrow's rot.
9 So what brews and exhales is but the autumn breeze,
10 And for what dances by such blesses: the autumn leaves.
11 Tell me you've forgotten not these dancing pests,
12 To dance and wander upon the skies, they need not rest.
13 Upon the window outdoors do they dare not dance,
14 For this distraction yields nothing but a mesmerizing trance.
15 With such improper dance comes improper lyrics unsung,
16 Which only sings to those previous works and dreadful puns.
17 So should we recall the Wallace and lobster and moral facade,
18 And the mysteries of black holes, the universe, and all that is odd.
19 And should we recall that "flowing sea of fallen heads,"
20 And that Hamlet and Othello that you may have also read.

21 From yesterday's autumn to today's now, can we rewind not,
22 Because since then, has numerous change been sought.
23 For even the great trees, their dearest lost leaves free "last
24 Only to freely dance abandoned in the recent past.

25 But yet, this autumn has brought one of many treats,
26 For here in Amherst, Halloween was but a Christmas meet.
27 A snowstorm unexpectedly covers Amherst in a sheet of white,
28 Bringing the season of autumn to unexploited greater heights.
29 So a night in the midst of dark, were we forced to stay,
30 And a lack of classes announced the tomorrow's day.
31 But as the day awoke, upon the ground "splits and shatters of numerous trees,
32 And aside their graves bore branches and their so-called beloved leaves.
33 Have we remembered the photos of this dramatic event?
34 To snow, to snow, and the aftermath's discontent.
35 Had they not clung upon the dearest leaves will tis still stand,
36 So consequentially now, do both fall upon the failed land.
37 For now can we see that labeled beloved is truly beloved not,
38 For such trees has their deemed beloved, suffering brought.
39 For now can we see, to wear a crown so heavy is but a destined fall,
40 For upon the grounds are these trees split "two; once wholesomely tall.
41 But shall some still stand, through the window I see,
42 A survivor, a survivor! A tree, a tree!
43 Though branches apart and leaves adieu,
44 A month's time, has this tree stood heavenly true.

45 And through the course of this semester, my writing a tree,
46 To grow, to deteriorate, to assimilate neither can be.
47 For a tree shall stand over its environmental stress,

48 So will the works and pieces that I dearly express.
49 For with these works, should the rules bend and stretch,
50 To house the hopeful, yet bombastic artist sketch.
51 From autumn 'til now, has the trees changed greatly,
52 Although my writing, failed change has failed to see lately.
53 To be truly honest, my words to the ears may bleed,
54 But must I say see 'st no change in my writing indeed.
55 And for me to reflect on change that 'st occurred not,
56 For best I reflect on the opportunities that were given allot.
57 With the rules bent and greatly stretched,
58 Were the thoughts I mouthed gracefully etched.
59 Oh, be 'st the tree, to stand greatfully proud,
60 For to have assimilation here is but unallowed.
61 Call it ignorance or ingratitude, actually it may be,
62 For dearest pieces and works can change not by he or she.
63 Call it grandiloquent or effervescent, for the rules bent,
64 For the treacherous waves of thought can I dare not prevent.
65 Be it impulse or nature to the second degree,
66 What be 'st is be, and change not it by me.
67 Be 'st the words, a flood, upon the papers it spills,
68 Maybe they be of value or just numerous frills.

69 So must I thank you to have one read my unmouthed words,
70 For my thoughts set free 'st last, the skies, the heavenly birds.

Three-faced Worm

(2011-10-16)

1 Whether fair or foul or heavenly or untrue,
2 Masses a diet for worms when all is adieu.
3 For upon the midst of the greatest Summer's day,
4 The dirt and earth should these worms prey.
5 And One to bestow the earthly urges to move and intrude,
6 So upon the soils does such enter heavenly nude.

7 For one deemed predator invades 'tis earthly scheme,
8 The soil beneath may shudder or tremble or merely scream.
9 But how'st one to know whether the worms scream not,
10 Though, truth is, that worms only concern to soil's plot.
11 But if left upon the sun should such shrivel and die,
12 For such are bound to the soil and deemed to be inside.

Remembrance of Shakespeare's Hamlet

(circa 2011)

1:1

1 Stop. Who's there? Tis clock strikes twelve,
2 brings thy Horatio to seek tis specter from hell,
3 In Denmark, something is rotting in thy state,
4 In Norway, unimprov'd mettle hot and full awaits,
5 Tis specter arrives to arouse confusion and fear,
6 but to treat it violence and majestic threat,
7 thy specter departs as the cock's crow drew near,
8 leaving the blows of malicious mockery to regret.
9 And for Hamlet may speak to the wandering soul,
10 Tis morning to Hamlet must the three go.

1:2

11 Claudius, thy Uncle, is crowned King at last,
12 Gertrude, thy Mother, hastily marries at fast.
13 With duties done, Laertes to France adieu,
14 Hamlet grieves thy Father's death and thy Mother's dine,
15 for once a Hyperion to now a satyr is Uncle to Father at new,
16 is but now a little more than kin and less than kind.
17 Horatio brings poor Hamlet the fatherly news,
18 that King Hamlet's specter is now at loose.
19 The joyous Hamlet is but joyous to see,
20 the two month father, dead and decease,
21 but for he calls that foul deeds will foully arise.
22 He hurries to the heavenly site prior sunrise.

1:3

23 Laertes to Ophelia, a brother to sister, he warns,
24 that Hamlet is but a fiery lover and to love he sworn,
25 but to love now is but not the future,
26 for Hamlet's fire may, thy mind unpure,
27 for his lovely vows are not to believe,
28 he is but a man of deception to conceive.
29 For when Laertes departs, Polonius rants,
30 that Hamlet's love, Ophelia must recant
31 for his affections and fashions are but false vows,
32 for when blood burns, lends the tongue false vows.

1:4

33 Shrewdly the air bites, nipping and eager,
34 at Horatio and Hamlet thy specter nears.
35 To speak alone, it beckons so,
36 But Horatio to Hamlet speaks no,
37 for may it draw thy madness and strip thy reason,
38 but to thee specter does Hamlet go,
39 for thy life is but "lacking living reason."
40 Aback do they hold him most,
41 but Hamlet, his sword he wields
42 Fate has brought him here, he feels
43 To hold him back is but to turn "ghost

1:5

44 Revenge, does his heavenly father speak,
45 of tis horrid murder of unnatural feat.
46 For the orchard's snake, wears thy father's crown
47 and whored thy gracious Queen, whose now evil abound.
48 With dignity and devotion she loved me so,
49 but tis sinful murder, Hamlet, you must "a know!"
50 Through my ears, a venomous potion he drew,
51 thy fair Uncle, Claudius that potion he brew.
52 Abed, my life he ended this night,
53 And to my crown and Queen took he "flight."
54 For thy dearest father, revenge must thy draw
55 upon thy villainous head, Claudius must fall
56 And to thy sword thou dearest friends must swear,
57 to tell not the occasions of this night we bear,
58 And to madness Hamlet must falsely seek,
59 to discover the truth of horrid deed beneath.

2:1

60 Reynaldo to Laertes, Claudius "spies,
61 to Paris, Reynaldo goes with "plan devised,
62 to seek the situation of Laertes in foreign hoods,
63 with bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.
64 Ophelia then enters, with her father she shares,
65 "Oh, father, father, I've just had such a scare!"
66 In her sewing room, it is Hamlet she sees,
67 with no hat, nor buttons, nor stable knees
68 For he stared and stared to let out a final sigh,
69 Love mad he may be, "to King we must "by.

2:2

70 With Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,
 71 Directly or indirectly will Claudius learn,
 72 of Hamlet's matters they are to return.
 73 Polonius, with news of Hamlet, he waits,
 74 for thee Ambassador, to inform that Denmark Gates,
 75 Are to be opened for young Fortinbra's Polack defeat,
 76 Polonius to Claudius, reveals thy madness roots,
 77 For Hamlet is but love crazy for the fairest fruits,
 78 of dearest Ophelia, who a letter he wrote,
 79 Proclaims the fairness of her upon tis note.
 80 And to test the truth, their confrontation, must'se spy,
 81 Behind the arras to view thy love-mad side.
 82 Is but our hastily marriage and his father's death,
 83 thy Mother, aware, are but the means of his mad breath.
 84 Polonius then to Hamlet, speaks of witty words,
 85 A fishmonger he calls, but one of two is misheard,
 86 For when Polonius humbly takes a leave,
 87 He is but to take anything, but his life, shall he not receive.
 88 Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, enter to Hamlet, they chat,
 89 but Hamlet to quickly find the two are but a King's scat,
 90 Only sent to spy on a dearest friend,
 91 And to human's name do they offend,
 92 Only to betray a dearest friend in honor of the King.
 93 And so Players arrived at Denmark grounds,
 94 for they, the best in the world, Polonius sounds.
 95 And then for Jephthah, witty Hamlet chants,
 96 the song of a foolish man who accidently grants,
 97 the sacrifice of his beloved daughter.
 98 Pyrrhus, do they perform for dearest Hamlet,
 99 His sword is a'air, but a'air it sets,
 100 for he hesitates to swing thy sword,
 101 And with this, Hamlet hopes to store,
 102 the strength to kill the horrid Lord.
 103 Though he is but ashamed, for upon false emotions can Players act,
 104 And in himself upon truths, strength can he not extract.
 105 So a play for the King's conscience does Hamlet devise,
 106 for the heavenly ghost may be false in his advice.

3:1

107 To be or not to be; that is the question,
 108 For Hamlet to be nobler or to take action,
 109 Shall he withdraw with bloody self slaughter,
 110 But shall'st never may see thy fairest daughter,
 111 To die, but to sleep for a mere dream,
 112 But in sleep shall fair or foul be unseen?
 113 Now Polonius and Claudius awaits,
 114 for Hamlet's arranged meet with a bait.
 115 Hamlet to Ophelia, his love recants,
 116 For honesty and beauty are but Someone's grants,
 117 Once did he love her, but now a'figured,
 118 that women are but corrupt and impured,
 119 For one's honesty and beauty can and shall be taint,

120 For if God given thou one face, dear not another by paint.
121 For honestly and beauty has God falsely bred,
122 All but one, shall women unwed.
123 All but one, shall women be nun.
124 Hence this marriage is over, and to a nunnery at once,

3:2

125 Let this mousetrap be named and this play "set,
126 Shall capture thy horrid mouse or thy Uncle of Hamlet.
127 Polonius to Hamlet, the theater he knows,
128 For a Caesar death died he at thee Capitol.
129 Upon the lap of fair Ophelia, does Hamlet, lie,
130 Only to think of country matters and nothing (he implies).
131 And the play begins, with a prologue so brief,
132 Like a woman's love, was Hamlet's belief.
133 The King and Queen, a loving bond they share,
134 But the King by a mystic potion envenomed beware.
135 Thee action to kill, a murderous scene it was,
136 Leaving Claudius to regret the murderous act abuzz,
137 He arises to say: Let there be light! Let there be light!
138 And to the joy of Hamlet to see tis joyous sight,
139 For the words of thy heavenly father was but right.
140 Now shall the minute parts of truth ignite.
141 And to his Mother he shall speak daggers wield none,
142 for shall his tongue speak of the cruelties undone.

3:3

143 With Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, to England "go,
144 Should insane Hamlet know not a hawk from a crow,
145 And behind the arras, Polonius will again spy,
146 the taxation of Hamlet and his Mother's cry.
147 Polonius departs to spy upon the Mother and the Insane,
148 Only to leave Claudius to regret thy hideous Mark of Cain,
149 Shall he pray the Heavens to forgive him his actions,
150 For thy stripped thy Brother of life, throne, and attractions.
151 As Claudius is never to withdraw his stripped token,
152 Divine forgiveness shall never then be unspoken.
153 Hamlet can kill not his murderous Uncle in praying stance,
154 For a hideous monster shall not "go Heaven by chance.

3:4

155 So behind the arras dearest Polonius stays,
156 to view the idle and wicked tongue arrays,
157 Thou'st the Queen, Thy Husband's Brother's wife!
158 But to hear a rat, shall Hamlet for a ducat its life.
159 Oh, but death "neath the arras, may it the King?
160 A horrid act? To kill and wear thy brother's ring?
161 Oh, King it be not, but be a wretched, rash fool,
162 And now shall Hamlet tell thy Myth "Ghoul.
163 For thy murderer has slain thy Heavenly mate,
164 And only now by natural law does he abate.
165 Upon these portraits shall ring "clear,
166 That from thy Heavenly father is he nowhere near,

167 A murderer, a villain, a horrid fiend,
168 He is but a devilish murderer yield unclean,
169 No way can one drop from THIS to THAT,
170 And shall by this scene, the specterous soul attract,
171 Dear not be untenderly to thy Mother it speaks,
172 And shall this revenge soon awake its peak,
173 Hamlet appears "Mad to thy watching Mother,
174 but to his mother he warns, abed not another,
175 For two mouths should speak of none,
176 of this revenge that will soon be done.
177 And again, abed let not him seduce you so,
178 For now, apart to English must "e "go.

4:1

179 Gertrude to Claudius, she continues to reveal,
180 Of Polonius's murder and his arras squeal,
181 "A rat! A rat!" "Mad Hamlet is,
182 Brandished, to rapier the life of his.
183 And now where's thou Hamlet still?
184 To draw apart the body he hath killed.
185 Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is but yet called again,
186 With discord and dismay, are they to seek that thou slain.

4:2

187 The two seek to Hamlet, for the body's lair,
188 Compounded with dust now does it wear,
189 And a sponge, does Hamlet call them so,
190 for the King to squeeze them dry and thorough,
191 "A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear."
192 The body "by "King, but "King, the body unnear.
193 And so, Hamlet to the King premiere.

4:3

194 And to Claudius does Hamlet call,
195 That Polonius now rests at a dining hall,
196 "til a conference of worms devours him all
197 He shall eat not, but they eat so,
198 "tis our fate despite status quo.
199 And upon the lobby stairs a corpse may lay,
200 One of dearest Polonius, slain to heaven or hell
201 Now to English death must Hamlet pay,
202 To one mother does he give two farewells.

4:4

203 With a Captain does Hamlet now proceed,
204 Who tells of young Fortinbras of Norway accede,
205 The Norway prince through Denmark he leads,
206 to seize "minute Polack patch must "e receive.
207 A worthless land, must many die for one,
208 But true greatness acts not from fair reason,
209 But for the sake of the mind when honor is won.
210 And has Someone granted the reasoning mind,
211 For man to hesitate so cowardly inside,

212 For thy deed to act, must we rid the mind bind,
213 And act on instinct and be not wise.
214 And from the reasoning state must Hamlet now leave,
215 for honor he shall act, and his emotions heâll believe.

4:5

216 False sanity is but false no more,
217 For fair Opheliaâs reason be not restore.
218 Aânow sings of thy premature stone aâfoot thy fatherâs grave,
219 and the departure of Hamlet for thy wed depraved.
220 Claudius is but to blame for thee rotting state,
221 For Polonius, a proper ceremony he not awaits,
222 For poor Ophelia, stripped from her reasonous state,
223 For Laertes aback from France, by thy fatherâs death, irate.
224 And Laertes enters, with thy support for king,
225 For the murderer, vengeful death shall he bring,
226 So Claudius to Laertes, says he is not to blame,
227 but thy fatherâs murderer is but another name.
228 And enters Ophelia, with figurative flowers to give,
229 But those of Faithfulness have ceased to live.
230 Alive are but for Thoughts, for Remembrance,
231 for Adultery, for Repentance, and for False Romance.
232 For his sisterâs sanity is but another to blame,
233 Laertes, a vengeance mind, is but now aflame.

4:6

234 Horatio, a letter from Hamlet he receives,
235 that upon a Pirate ship has Hamlet board,
236 And that shall with speed wouldâst fly aâbreathe.
237 Meet to hear the story Hamlet has aâstored.

4:7

238 Claudius to Laertes, he speak of innocence,
239 for by public appearance, the truth may bent,
240 For the public count loves Hamlet so,
241 And to thy fair Mother, Claudius aâbeau.
242 Thy noble father lost and sister insane,
243 The murderous filth of Hamlet is to blame.
244 At this, a loyal messenger approaches,
245 to deliver the news that but Hamlet reproached,
246 An English death did Hamlet face not,
247 For now his destined death are they to plot,
248 Naked and alone, will he return to Denmark aâlearn,
249 Of the honorable fence-match, he shall earn,
250 Against Laertes, whose fatherly love nor illusion,
251 Shall the death of Hamlet draw conclusion.
252 Even aâchurch will Hamlet, Laertes slay,
253 Death by no bounds, must Hamlet pay.
254 Envenomed rapier and wine shall prepare,
255 the faithful death of murderous Hamlet aânear.
256 Gertrude then enters with Opheliaâs news aâshare,
257 For sorrows comes not in singles but in greater pairs,
258 Upon muddy death has Ophelia drowned,

259 for now another death has but profound,

5:1

260 Two Gravediggers upon one grave they create,
261 for to the death of thy Graveowner do they relate,
262 To die by self slaughter or to die by not,
263 the attention of passing Hamlet have they caught.
264 With Hamlet does one of thee two chat,
265 for once a woman, shall this grave be buried at,
266 A quick digger for Hamlet to his surprise,
267 Revealed that to England is mad Hamlet to advise.
268 For a corpse to live for eight or nine,
269 Thy dearest Yorick's skull is to find,
270 Thy a corpse to date three and twenty,
271 Leaves Hamlet to recall thy memories a plenty,
272 And to think Alexander, buried alike.
273 Here comes the King, Laertes and the Queen,
274 And upon the burial grounds is Ophelia seen,
275 His dearest sister does Laertes mourn,
276 But to Hamlet, her death, his heart is torn.
277 Laertes to Hamlet, must be not compare,
278 the death of one is a little more foul than fair,
279 For forty thousand brothers can sum not his love,
280 For the death of the fairest maiden beloved.
281 Claudius to Laertes, must Hamlet pay thy debt,
282 the plot of night prior shallst not forget.

5:2

283 Hamlet to Horatio, does his truths trust,
284 Of thy wretched King and his unjust,
285 Of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern English death they meet,
286 With sacrifice and thy seal was thou to spare self defeat.
287 Now is Osric enters to Hamlet chat,
288 For is not hot, nor cold, nor sultry at.
289 And wish to court, with thy Laertes of excellence,
290 For Hamlet's head does thee King expense.
291 With six French rapiers and poniards assign,
292 For by fate's determination, shall this court incline,
293 For a special providence in the fall of a sparrow,
294 Can we do not, but abide by fate follow.
295 Trumpets and drums, now is the fence begins,
296 For Hamlet and Laertes hand and hand therein.
297 Pardon he begs, Hamlet to thy brother,
298 For in him is but foil Hamlet yet another,
299 And so they fence for honor and fence for life,
300 Two of two leads Hamlet the strife.
301 The King, to Hamlet he drinks,
302 Tis pearl shall he the cup he sinks,
303 And unwounded for two, Hamlet prevails,
304 But Queen, the dearest Mother, so faithfully frail,
305 For she drinks thy cup of heavenly pearl,
306 For heavenly it be not, as thy malicious plot unfurl,
307 The cup! The cup! A poisonous potion,

308 Cause yet another by venomous commotion.
309 A distracting cause, for Hamlet to bear,
310 For Laertes envenomed blade mustâ€™e beware,
311 Now envenomed blood shall Hamlet shed,
312 Shall he hold thy rapier of Laertes instead,
313 to shed thy venomous blood of thy venomous mind,
314 For now thy murderous plot shall unwind,
315 At the honorable death of brother Laertes,
316 Shall the death of Claudius be â€™seized.
317 The Kingâ€™s to blame for the death of all,
318 And tis day shall he see his destined fall.
319 With thy venomous blade held â€™hand,
320 Let the doors be locked and the evils banned,
321 For Hamlet wounds thy treacherous soul,
322 And shall horrid Claudius pay his destined toll,
323 For Hamlet forces to drink thy murderous potion,
324 And shall he too die of venomous commotion.
325 The death of four and tis bloody scene,
326 Shall Horatio tell to those unseen.
327 Shall he speak of murderous truths embark,
328 for Fortinbras shall now throne Denmark,
329 For in Fortinbras does his admiration lay,
330 For does Hamlet trust thouâ€™st fiery ambitious way,
331 And tis now concludes thy Hamletâ€™s life,
332 For death and death thouâ€™st all alike...

A Withering Rose

(circa 2010)

Captured by a passing gust, minute petals dance in the warmth of the heavy air. The sun rests overhead; its blinding, piercing rays, malicious in warmth, scorch the innocent earth. The air is hot and heavy – suffocating, if not, stifling. There lacks any existence of life in this barren wasteland. It is a dry and it is dead; the depleted desert stretches for miles and all that could be seen is but the dry terrain – the earth and sand engulfing everything that was once there. And still the minute petals dance in the blazing heat; their owner, a withered flower, suffers the harshness of the burdened terrain. Whether it be the blazing heat or the heinous droughts, the flower struggles for survival, its florid beauty, withered, but it continues to exist and play the role Someone gave.

I was born – their first baby. I had inherited all my precursors' failed dreams and was burdened at birth by their expectations and goals. I was to achieve what they failed to achieve, be what they failed to be. I was to walk in their footsteps and finish their unfinished business. My parents were the first to set foot on American soil; hoping to succeed in this new society, they had set valuable goals for themselves – which unfortunately they failed to complete. And knowing that their desires were no longer achievable, they bestowed their past dreams to the next generation.

Did I first hate their burden blaming Someone for placing me into the heavy shackles of the past. I felt their goals, a mountain of failure, upon my shoulders. I was drowning deep in the ocean of my precursors – their dreams, their desires, a treacherous wavefront upon my chest. I was a vassal made to fulfill the dreams left behind. I was a culprit perished in the barren lands. But above all, I was blind.

My mother was burdened by my birth; her dreams, a shattered mirror, were no longer a reality. In order to nurse my toddler self, her desires were put aside, as she worked multiple jobs to support not only our new family, but the existing family consisting of my father and his siblings, due to the death of their mother months before my birth, and the abscondment of their father to flee financial issues. She had sacrificed her livelihood and personal dreams for the family's posterity. She had forfeit her wishes to a foul hindrance, one whom abolished her hopeful dreams: me – my birth, an anchor upon her merchant barge.

Yet, numerous times have I waken in the midst of night to find a glaring beam beneath the door; its illuminating glow, penetrates my room through the confined entrance. It was my father finally home. He was never someone to talk to for he was always at work; he was never home for his restaurant never permitted; he was never present at my birthdays but cake was bought from his sweat and soul. And often would I not see his face for months due to our disarranged schedules. Had I hated him for his absences. But now do I love him for his sacrifices. He had trusted the next generation with his heart and soul, and his absences were solely to support his loved ones.

Had I not understand, beclouded by the mist of Why me's and I cant's, but now do I find their bestowment a gift. Slowly, have I grown to understand; their pain, their suffering were merely a token for my success. They have gambled their livelihood solely for my efforts; it is something simple I love you's will never equate; their debt, I must attempt to repay – sole gratitude will never recuperate the wounds of a broken dream. Their wounds tears my eyes when I envision them. Their ideals yields a weight upon my chest. Their agony crumbles my heart like an unneeded paper. In the past, did I not understand their ways but now have I realized the blessing they bestowed upon me.

Therefore, I was granted their heritage and must fate drive me to abide by its path. Do I now understand the pain they have suffered and the sacrifices they have made. I was born into a family of high hopes and expectations – I was their withering flower. Have I grown to accept that role – to shadow my precursors hoping to shatter their traditional defeat; it is the role Someone gave. And He will never be blamed again for He will rid this blazing heat and treacherous terrain so that this flower will cease to wither but bloom in the autumn air.