

Poetry Series

Daegonius Bonapartea
- poems -

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Daegonius Bonapartea()

A Dropp Of Tears In Your Sea

people always lose sight of their point when that one destructive calamity comes shaking their existence yet ironically most carry on as though it twas no calamity at all as if it was just a dropp of rain in their ocean perhaps that we were just specs upon the universal map yet visible, if only we opened ourselves to see it mayhaps, we should if you release a tear dropp in mine ocean and i a tear dropp in your sea.

Daegonius Bonapartea

A Glimmer Of It

Running over my concious does she with a daze
In winter time do I feel excellerating of a flaming blaze
Though serene tis a mysterious maze
That of love and that of this harboring pain
As the roses dripping blood descends upon me as the pouring rain

Daegonius Bonapartea

A Thought, Deception

my master spoke of one component of the self to be recognized in the other self. in me is an inch of you and in you is an inch of myself of the entire spectrum. equality resides beneath us yet we cannot see it because we are physically above it. in all of us is the multitude of the universes emotions waving back and forth as the ocean of space continues to expand our feelings are sometimes comets and sometimes flashing shooting stars and even asteroids at other times yet we all lie in this ever expanding universe perhaps the multiverse is not far from our eye. though i am in neither space nor in the heavens. i am neither god nor angel not a rank or certain level here but certainly the spaces dreams are in my thoughts and heaven is dually within my heart. the ranks and levels of this mysterious mankind is influenced by a simple spark of our minds of the sky. you are neither above or below me nor am i unto you. we wear these masked thick clothes and dangling jewelry that radiates our appearances and those who wear them. your tongue lies and your hair deceives them your eyes manipulate them like technology consumes their attention. but truly your core is frozen as the ice bergs that the heat warms yet is hidden in glaciers not yet melted. it is in awe of how i see your cavern within it is a bestial monster that breathes an odorless gas in which you cannot see because he hides deeply in your cavern and slowly his gas poisons you internally and as you age your eye begins to fade pale. your hair is no longer a protective deception for it has fallen and split from your follicles. nay no more are your clothes for they have burnt by his breathe and your jewelry is no longer hanging by your bodies but it is round your neck hanging to choke your soul and vocals now you may never speak another lie and soon your heart will color black hides over your body within and only you shall be blamed, you wrought the monster in the cavern deep in your soul

Daegonius Bonaparte

A Time Of Ease And A Time Of Peace

A time of ease and a time of peace

Has truly Come in this cold winters breeze

I cherish it like blossoms of new loving people for soon it will cease

It covers me in safely cemented garments in which I can laugh

And confines me with scents that the winters wind delivers to my senses

As I raise my glance to the space and stars while in my hand is a barren staff

That comforts my frozen hands as they shiver and fall by my stiffened legs

A time of ease and a time of peace

Truly for a little while at least it tis with me.....

Daegonius Bonapartea

Alone At Home

Have you ever been versatile all alone within your home

Have you ever been bewildered in contemplation searching for answers hither and to and fro

Deep in the confinements of your mind have you found the time to realize all That's around you decrepit inside

A solitude surrounded by reminiscing of olden times wandering outside where the stars confide

At night do you contemplate what are the answers within the answers untangled in constant debate?

Of the universal laws of the insects that crawl and the creatures that fly of the end of the end or ponder my fate?

Or are you in a self denial state where atomic implosions reside in you relentlessly Of will I understand

or even care of fairness of right wrong and this throbbing pain in my ventricles that I can no longer stand

Have you ever been all alone in contemplation without control have you ever been in your own substantial conscious all alone all alone alone at your home?

Daegonius Bonapartea

Amazing/Everything

complexity of everything is quite amazing

like a star so far beautified yet so closely dazing

the thought of 'what is' everything my be to complex making us crazy

but if you surpass the clues you might find something like a star; like perhaps something amazing.

Daegonius Bonapartea

An Echo Unheard Yet Heard

They laugh at me outloud because I am a living anachronism; my heart Smiles at them silently because they know that I was born into the wrong era and time But they know naught that I was born prodigy. That is why my laugh is truly heard and that is why me being an anachronism revives the unrevived spirit of knowledge and spirituality that is why my laugh is truly heard and there's is not But a word in a river afloat... yet mine are the stars endulging in light for every planet to see in this solar system and who cannot see me?

Daegonius Bonapartea

Await With Balance

It is not to find the elements that strike the heart
It is to await their calling so that when they do strike your shield will be intact
It is not to enforce love it is to let it enforce itself upon you so that you may understand It's strike
And if the elements have Come to you then you surely know
That when you lead them to demise so do you lead your flower to degradation and rotting
The elements are like plants, if you do not water them they will not live But the elements are not liken to plants in that they grow But that they live when nurtured
For the elements cannot grow for they are one in themselves just as they are taught
A seed does not grow
It lends roots to other seeds buried within the ground reaching to other seeds
They are a connection But also a misconception to those who misunderstand them
It is not water that will extinguish them nor does fire
It is the strife of ones own heart in all that it can put forth
Even if like me it's only a seed
That does not mean that my words haven't reached you or reached other species

It is not too much a quantity But just the right amount
Give too much water and your plant shall drown
Give too little and you have created a drought around your elements
Whatever you give is what shall be harvested But it is not as simplistic as it all sounds
For the sound of a violin is not as understandably easy as the complex fingers that make the strings make the sound that sounds simplistic
It is not engaging in hate when it wasn't called upon
It is hate when hate is given to be cancelled out
But what if everything I say were just a thorn pricking your fingers squeezing the blood over your own eyes so you can't see
So it is the same with the elements
If you blind the path of it's growth then the path to others has been blinded
The elements are in 8
Love, hate, sorrow, sadness, solitude, pain, anger and fear
Balance them like the river, lake and ocean blanches their composition
Follow your surroundings and befit them perfectly.
Are not your surroundings the shrouding of your own skillful abilities?

It is not forever that exists with these elements. It is us that exists forever that
make them seem as though they are forever to remain
But expect Nothing more than a moment with love or hate or fear or pain or
sorrow or sadness or happiness or serenity
Was not our birth and death just a moment of today yesterday tomorrow and the
call of every single day the same and different
So strive where strife is due in the core of your flower so i lives But does not
Flemish in growing and so it does not die But stays a plant balanced with a little
bit of water and a little bit of fire.
For if you do you will have awaited an entire multitude of peace and balance
But what mass of you will ever head or understand any of which I write?

Daegonius Bonapartea

Beneath The White Tree

I sit weak heartlessly hearted upon the threshold with turban overhead and feet fixed rightly. In composition I sit so swiftly does hand Oh mine reach the white tree Oh flat is the white tree of beit my grounds to where I once do flee. Every hour of consent of resentment to where my sorted flies as birds of sky nearest the sun's red eye. Die do I when there u reach for my book of incantations that eats my heart teaching it a newly revelation exchange and every sensation of bristles o'er my bosom during meditation. A quince whence I raise upwardly to gaze upon the duhr sunlit salah thinking of the woman of tears I dreamt Oh for her I wept of blood and of love often did I imagine her image upon the white tree. Afterthought I journeyed under the quenched river to drench my red eyes upon hither and wither. Caught my eye did the bird of one wing as he chirped quietly o'er my sight could I not see walked to him saved him as he healed me under the withering parchment of meditation beneath my white tree.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Bipolar Elements

Once I opened my mouth and out spurt a caged bird whence my mouth was then filled with saliva and dirt

I closed and reopened my mouth, out from it came an eagle with snake in its engulfing talons

Then again, I opened and closed and then a lofty pillar heaped largely over a sorrowful man crying

I closed and opened it once more and out of my mouth breathed dirt and formed saliva

But I cited and verse of a peaceful embrace

Daegonius Bonapartea

Blade Of Fate

The blade of fate lay over my neck forceful and blatant

Cold But withered like a willow tree whistling like a raven

Black and sharpened with the thorn of my heart pierced through my body

Thee knows my quarrels and thee knows my pain that indeed I am hearty

For the fate

of the blade

that lay Hovering over me bares my ever growing load of her rose that is heavy laden.

Oh the blade of fate has wearied me upon the the deathly road I take for nothingness is where I'll lay in.

A field of my fate is where I lay and where I hear the call of the raven.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Blood On My Petals

Tis still bleeding from my flowers petals

That incense of darkness overshadowing me such a darkness likened to unseen worlds

Tis still fading like a fluently moving cold front that found heat from the sun's rays that burn like metals

That flowing of wind against my stem that engulfs my enigmatic mind to think

Tis still falling these thorns above my soiled roots that crumble as I age

As the blood from my petals drips it's sorrowful solicitude leading to deaths brink

As I sink from the thickness of this red and blue colored wave-lengthening despair

Tis the ground like my blood, wet and drenching?

Daegonius Bonapartea

Bubble And A Veil

A bubble of a veil that extends forever

on then unconscious mind that no one can severe

though the mind can construe past mental blocks like the pull of a lever

A bubble and a veil that runs forever

Daegonius Bonapartea

Childhood Of Darkness

1 Childhood of mine filled with dark coloured filament, Oh mine. 2 Walking
intensively of an element be taken. At age thirteen did I love only by
earthlings all to be forsaken. 3 waters of death overshadowing
me passed fifteen. 4 a glimmer beith happiness such a sight to see,
to be. 5 light I met once did touch me at birth. 6 as I walked in pigments light
left me at nine as did mother earth. 7 Time arose at the sun's rays, made me as
no worth, nay I am just a serf.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Civilization[bonaparte's Paradigm]

I sit here as this world civilization deteriorates further from a level 1 civilization

Condescending lies descend from the space of deception like rain over a dry desolate barren land

Flames breaching this world nearer each second coaling the unfounded truths of these worlds' ancient geniuses' ideas

As we disappear, materializing our fate further away to solidify our future like the stones of old

And as we fall from the thrones of science like mythological beings fall from their godhood

□

Oh how inconceivably ironic

The highest of all earthly life forms yet it seems we have much a more a problem than any other species

The simple thought that "we" are the best life forms exacting the act of ignorance that leads us away from our earthly goal

The atomic mass be dropped and atoms smash and corrupt us like feeble ants by the neighboring colonies

Little do humans think that we are like those little ants in which many other ants inhabit neighboring places around our world

And do you think that they are not near? Or perhaps that they cant possibly exist. If so then you should be dust before the wind now albeit you're conscious. For you would be just like the ants thinking they are the only ones and the bees and praying mantises.

And what to do when your ideals have been vanquished due to them being wrong all along and that comet of truth come crashing your ignorance will be all that is between you and between I

If only, oh yes if only I weren't in this civilization.

Yes as I said before I am merely a living anachronism before this present catastrophe yet I am the future and yes even so are you.

A carcass for all am I to you and are you too

Just an atom in the sea of your heart

And a tear of an atom in mine own

All the same and different is me from you and yesterday from tomorrow.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Daegonius Bonapartae

Yes did you calleth me while I falleth down below
Yes did you clamor after me a great calamity?
Deep within me is a carving have you seen it show
The name daegonius bonapartae its light is hidden
In me it shall soon grow.
I am unknown to all of you even unheard of
Though you know not my age of range or that I am too deranged
I seem so very elderly much more experienced than the masses yet I am strange
Yes I am daegonius bonapartae all my profiles one and the same
Daegonius bonapartae is unheard of
I am daegonius bonapartae and one thing is for sure
I will tell you I am more youthful than any of you a student of poetry
On the verge of mastery but still
Daegonius bonapartae is unheard of

Daegonius Bonapartea

Dazed State

A dazed state of unconscious mind

A truth undertaken all quite hard to find

A word uttered That's interchangeably rehearsed

An understanding of constant word battles dispersed

Truly solving something But not of the actual subject of the subjective mind

A thought so provocative that the intellect of the latter cannot recall the previous conversation of the very formal subject any longer

A stigma of an amnesiac becomes the very wholeness of the topic and merely a war of words and no longer a bout of the subjective conversation

Simply a dazed state of the unintelligible minded who fade with the awkwardness of the constantly evading shielded words

The debate of the debated of centuries of time now that continuously furthers on and on as the clock of our fate moves our evolution.

And yet it was by ones thought that sparked the entirety of the debate of the spark of the conscious perplexity of the forgetfulness and of the word war that really ends to compare to a mustard seed Or an atom no less and yet as large and humongous as this very solar system.

So a truth of a truth of a thought of a thought of debate of a debate of an endless formed equation that changes us here and there and up and down day after day and year after ever changing But remaining partly the same like life form itself really.

A pondering of the mysteries of mysteries of this dazed state I am in within a thought of a thought that soon after it all ends and transfigures yo yet another motion of mind I simply look back and believe it to be a dream instantly

Then Quickly after I realize it is partly this of another part of a complete thought that is yet to be solved.

A dazed state of confusion ordinarily primarily wrought out of constant instantaneous thinking that leads to insanity and what is called madness

Just a man dazed in another fashion than the rest of them

Daegonius Bonapartea

Death

Who can overtake the king of lions
who can defeat the wings of zion
none can take their glory away
none can break their story nay
what will the many say when the queens come down in their name
what will the few say, when the peasants in dismay follow underlay
i will say, they will all fail in the life of this
i will portray that they die in persistence and this, this is what will be

Daegonius Bonapartea

Dedication

A dedication upon parchment I write

For a meaning a reason I fight

One love so tender that was once mine

A rose bundled with thorns

That have safe-guarded ever whence i was born

Though with time, they clenched in me an edge, so twas I torn

A word, a contemplation, a striving

But not quite having the strength to survive

If you have thorns in your rose then come to me and in synchronization you shall arrive

so..... A dedication upon parchment I write

even though its words may never reach those thorns that pricked me

The masses will gather upon one of my poems one day and preach

Daegonius Bonapartea SEE

His are all the worlds answers they will say blindly simply because

A dedication upon parchment was written.....

Daegonius Bonapartea

Dreams

Tis love my only bethrottle of innocence
whilst its shadow runs over me subtly
i thought the moon could deliver me penitence
but this pen, and this ink still asunder under me roughly
i thought that the blade of fate had decapitated me senselessly
but this world has chosen me lovingly
and now the carriage of my heart flies me to heights of bliss.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Endless Love

A shockwave upon your throne is chemically industrialized through that throne if it is seeked out

Surely it is in mine.

The essence of love is right before your throne and you are your thrones king

So send forth the squire and maiden not through manipulation or promulgations but through self strife

The shockwave will externalize your throne if only you play your strife correctly

In this world there is randomization will fate and factual occurrences in which is a selection of cards

One of these you will select likewise to the list

Mysteries upon mysteries endless paradoxes ongoing reversing even the most flustering and egocentrically inspiring minds

Until that element called love returns again yet again establishing chemical waves as the industrial element of the heart consumes off and on forever

Daegonius Bonapartea

Every Mans Apple

once i met a man who fetched an apple from the orchard daily upon meeting him we greeted one another. said i, good morrow to you stranger and he the same. i then asked him what lies within that apple betwixt your your fingertips? he spoke, a seed, a shell, and sweetness. i said unto him and what is that crawling within it? then i interrupted him saying a worm. Now what is a worm doing in all the holes of these apples you have eaten all of these years? he could not respond he thought only of the 'sweetness' of its taste. Then said i a worm, in every apple, for every hole you have distinguished in every humans seed you have tarnished and burned and poisoned and for every soul you have crushed with those see that worm stranger, I asked. yes he responded what of it? tis you crawling through every apple you can find in some mere hope of guidance yet are unmindful of every hole you have made on your journey through this very orchard. And you wonder why every apple in every orchard has poisoned you with being friendless and inerrly and ineplly fruitless. that apple in your hand tis also browned that is the brownness of your heart for a hole has also been fashioned in i chose to relay to you the truth but the truth is not for worms who make holes but keep wandering on blindlessly, sightless crawling helplessly for that 'hope' for one day when the hole in you is recognized by others besides myself, you mayhaps wish to never have ripped those apples by their branches and perhaps if you hadnt your branches would be firmer seeing that your arms are shaggy and your body is thinned. and he said to me goodbye sir, I envy your wisdom, but i am blind remember. and he went on his way and i on mine

Daegonius Bonapartea

Farah Bristy April 12,1994/Banglasdesh/Canada/18 Loved David Shaneyfelt(Daegonius Bonapartea)

That being, that woman who left her wake over me 4 years ago has grumbled enough pain upon this soul

In the years I have tired of you Farah Bristy of Bangladesh April 12 1994
Your image has cursed my mind to the inner most of my core decieving me for these 4 years has perversed my very heart

As If your thoughts would summon any care or loving actions to my heart
Beating for such a human as you that is the very representation of neutral
That chain of yours colored in silver round my neck of palm leaf fibre
Through these years I have mastered Islam in your name and every other theological game

I have mastered the understanding of pain and love along with the other elemental feelings

But where are you Oh lustrous goddess (sarcastic call) who would you prosper for

And why such a man as me who has given all his heart and trembling fostered bestial clarity of love caged

The questions that they all ask dealing with where are you, why, how, when, soon? But nay never do they That being, that woman who left her wake over me 4 years ago has grumbled enough pain upon this heart

Never do they return to their first

After such wasting of my life's time thinking of you finally I seeked out real truthful things opposite of religious wastes

Finding other scientific materials that save me from having to face your love that destroys me still

Farah Bristy you demoralize the meaning and transcending of love and left without courage or perseverance

I belittle you now But never did until 4 years came penalizing me of your lofty and craven burden of a curse.

Pity you But love you and this aching rotting apple in by bowels that you fashioned eats my life away and is that has turned me genius as a prodigy
The multi talented daegonius bonapartea that has been created out of what you have forged from endless amounts of acidic love

But have you ever Once considered logical reasoning over that silly element yet complex one? Do you remember anything of me one who lives in Canada?

Does your heart sink like sand in your bottomless heart woman?

The questions that they all ask dealing with where are you, why, how, when, soon? But nay never do they, Never do they return to their first.

Because you should have a thought of it for Once in your cowardice life. Running like a wolf from your lion. It perpetuates my body inward and outward to the fronts of my soulless corrupt poisoned body that your black ink has written all over me with watery blood that never stops falling down my arms
Come back I say so childishly like a baby who has lost his sanity
Like a man who loved pain
Like a man who hated false love
Like a man who destined himself to rip and rapture those humans whose masks are tightly rooted But not safe against flames
I love you still though it hardens me to wait for you constantly.
But those unavoidable questions that are no questions at all.
When, where, how, why, what, shall, care, love, hate, sorrow, pain, solicitation, meditation, solitude, happiness, serener, serenity, complexity, forever lasting?
But isn't that another paradoxical complicatuion that neither of us or any individual can solve?
And no matter how long or how edging this pen that I use to write these disastrous words Of my paining monstrous obscurity of a soul or heart if this damned core of mine can even feel anymore or believe what is quite believable for a youthful male or female
It will not stop. And 4 years the more excruciatingly electrifying voltages of feeling in this interior mind and heart of mine
So when, if ever, can I trust, can I believe, can I think, or feel or bring forth those thorns of my rose which is you Farah Bristy (Joyous rain) or obtainable are you in me any longer? My chained silver maiden. My angelic lioness demonic vampress. My prowling heartless blackened woman of my heart;
Returneth unto me and feast in my confinements graciously and satisfyingly and let me feast in yours as I fatefully die in your heart oh My Farah!

Daegonius bonapartea needs you still

Daegonius Bonapartea

From Peasant To God

they say he had lost his skill, to instill the power of the will.
but what of his shield, and the sword that he did wield in his hands that made
them all fall to their knees and yield? he had never kilt a man in his life, no doubt
he sure had filled his enemies with guilt, his wisdom was manifestly paramount.
the people in fear acclaimed'what is that sound' they looked and as they watched
they saw a cloud of dust enshroud'ed on a mount; it twas the the eloquence of
the man they never found, with his shield, his sword and the heart of a god
pounding and surely it was bound.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Garments Layered Thickly

Of poets and of men, women and of children, animal and of insect, neither above the latter, nor above the former all in which a spirit do possess; on equal grounds, upon every color under skyward winds are they, all fashioned, with each a mask, and a specialty that is hidden beneath the veil of four in number, and in which another mask wherewithal a mask covering the gate caging the heart, as then soul, and who haseth its key Oh! What one once opening it, could ever succeed in tearing the yet another veil of the veil itself?

Daegonius Bonapartea

Gods

Trampling God's above the dimensions of time

Intervene profusely in each given century

Changing the universe and watching it perish as it moves in a line

Harboring confusion with false concoctions and marital allusions

Causing human chaos through those minds who obey them

And as the Gods laugh while they create new institutions of mass dilusions

Horrid smirks from them form mysteries and lead us on this terrible planet
through time.....

Daegonius Bonapartea

He Wept

i do not think i can take this anylonger,
this agonizing love, has made me a lone monger
i do not know what i must do, to make this pain make its leave
but im thinking that the possibility is bleakly faint to weave it out
this thought in my cerebreal has poisoned me desperately
so here i sit, what do i do i think, as i sit and cry away weepingly.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Hidden Town

Formerly known as the darkness of white gown, the town of scarcity that could not be taken in justice nor was it was astray and forbound in a world of chaos, in an area of doubt; it was hidden and it lost

Daegonius Bonapartea

Hope

This aura of pain malests me continously
flowing oft repeatedly
but the song of serenity seems to be near

Daegonius Bonapartea

If Only I Could Stay

Oh, I have found myself being left moreover than the latter goer

Oh, that I have been put in this heart- devouring position Oh how could I show her

That it is you I wish not to leave, yet to depart haveth I no other choice? I cannot rejoice nor can I stay my hands wish to remain yet my mouth says I would decay

If I were to stay Oh if I were to stay

For a year and a few months my mind has known you and whence I had the second taken my heart received you But, nonetheless

My heart regained my lost remnant and now I threw away that stress But now that I will lose you I am forever depressed

On this subject I do not know what to relay to you Oh dear

For it is everything you have given me and what I lose tomorrow that I fear

For losing you what other have I there is nay no other contraption to form or quick event to Try to pry

So on this day I cry for whatever would a severed man do yet un-severed between two lovers? So I die

Oh if were to stay, if I were to stay

We would laugh and play with our minds and game about our futuristic ideals and speak of what and which our hearts crave

But nay unforgivably and breath lost forsaken there is nothing before this clash nay nothing to end this rave

Pray have I given up for I heard no answers being relayed to my heart not even a simmer of love none to thwart

Only if, Oh just if I could have kissed you underneath the Buddha tree where the

stars would stare and envy our romance.

Or if the arms you out around my gages heart could bare to keep it's former stance.

For tonight I write my heart out and instead of choosing to shout my heart and I choose to bout

A bout of words of cries and quarrels of myself

Of all my memories with her all the thoughts that I felt

Oh if only I were to stay if only I could.

But as is said of old there is no space for where no space be laid

And if there were space fate would have none else to offer that be paid

So on this night all that I can say is that it has given my heart withered and decayed.

I remember when we were upon the blood stained shore and you were beneath my legs nothing But our laughter could be heard underneath the ocean bay..

Oh if only if only Oh those words only that I may stay

... But how we both know you and I a void must befill the apple when a worm is deep inside..

For like a blackhole the more it spreads the larger it becomes the more havack it sows and so where does our blackhole abide?

How when with two could this love ever subside

between and betwixt not just you and yet I But three so I

should pick one to dispise.

But if I were to choose both without breaking human made morality

or peace at ease or Buddhist like spirituality

dost though not see my hearts voided cold reality?

Oh if I could stay if I were to stay oh only if my heart could stay.....

Daegonius Bonapartea

Journey

Flowers against the cosmos fluttering twinkling matter

Raining down demise-like craters that promise us disaster

The stars brightly expand opening up black dimensions throughout the ages

Turning the level 0 civilizations into level 3 tacticians and mages

Like an ancient book unravelling the future as our hearts turn it's pages

As the mystic musical finely tuned strings return us to the finding of our Creator
master. (If we have one)

Daegonius Bonapartea

Joyous Rain

Joyous rain falls descendant upon my sorrow, Oh that joyous rain!

Returns to me sweet reminiscing memories of my goddesses mirthful all my solitude and pain

As years had passed, so had my vigorous love, beith once for mirth; yet her foreboding left me in cluttering vain

The action it lead me into was nothing more than a piteous pouring pit of that glorious joyous rain!

In all of which my soul shalt claim, whilst I stand in this striking rains all of the memories of that one of mirth

In time mayhaps I retrieve that grasp of thought, or that peace leading me to ease and perhaps meeting her shall give me rebirth

Yet in all of my doubt, and all of my forlorn insomnia, each and every day I wear a necklace with an attached flask while I traverse this earth

Within the interior of the flask lie the memories in formal tears of all of these years she has made cause to be away, ah, yea, tis my attached curse

And in her absence and in this flask of sorrow revolves me into an involuntary depression, and as she runs from me my heart rides along on this invisible hearse

At moments end, the reappearance of mirth may surely Come on a day I possess old age and a time where perhaps I am sane

Though one thing is for sure, Oh that mirth and how I know that on that day shall be loves promised day, vow and ever falling upon me surely shall be joyous rain!

Daegonius Bonapartea

Just 'Think' (For Once In Your Lives)

Did you ever think to multiply your thoughts past god

To open your mind past age old religious monotonous rubbish

Perhaps to obtain an age of knowledge beyond the current ignorance you put yourselves in?

To seek science perhaps of your minds can even comprehend the status of an ant

Do you think your energy comes from the sun or solar system think again it comes from dead plants

So before you begin my words my thoughts or my poetry use your intellect and please don't rant

Look to your heart But do not abuse your mind look to your mind yet do not abuse your heart

Most of all importances combine your soul along with that innocence and seek the truths of truths for there are many not just one.

If you every bothered to read kahlil gibran you'd see that he didn't even know what he believed

So turn from ancient pish posh and open your beings to see other truths and be relieved

Search to other world's with your minds and imagine that physics there Maybe different

Or other beings as we'll.

I'm the only poet who will reveal such a thing or write of this subject

One that the majority of you can't quite get your minds to properly connect

Daegonius Bonapartea

Kahlil Gibran My Master

The heretic calleth they to he my teacher yea but he be of storms swiftly
redundantly crumbling my stature khalil gibran my master deep of my souls
evolution cuts thrasher. Taught me did he of love of solitude rectitude becometh
he of the clot of thy contented tis lewd. My wise of chains simply regained of
links the parchments of my heartless wrought my tenderness. Say they he be
just of dust and yea so are they nay of dust and of clay towards requital of blood
of the sun's rays belie me Oh hearken my bewilderment plea me Oh khalil rise
me highly of God's and of men that I may replenish my resemblance that may I
naught sin. Singeth Oh singeth do I of a tune so plentiful walking the path near
forest tasting its withered red prunes khalil my khalil to succeed u as I will my
master by garment fought for it of the brink's that brought your wisdom to when
she departed! ...aaaa

Daegonius Bonapartea

Leaders Are Like A Religious Text

Thy leaders of this world are likened unto a book of the likeness of a religious text, they are written down throughout history and eventually made at levels of prophets and essentially the book is changed, edited, new covenants are inserted and others are taken out it is an endless fantasy and mythological lineage now what were to happen if people finally stopped writng them down into this book then wonder the possibilities if the book became known to just be that myth that it really is? What could we do then and how different that book of leaders would have been.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Lion Of Allah

his heart is drenched for ALLAH

From the depths of light of the lion rahim darkness overshadow withdrawal of the deen. Sorrowful embraces death to light over sight of the heart strong all demonic might. Insighted beneath freedom unquenchd synched hellish spits of rap undrenched to the battle of kerbala rahim the lion bewitched. Of his rawness tis titanium silver ultimatitium the key of his soul is rage quintcentilum. Unleashed from his cage befallen from his rage resulting revolting as his wings spring from loins of his rejoicer rain blooded black by floods of pain. Inwardly and outwardly his insanity beat the best of him from the gangs of hells solitude begotten his rectitude. Rectified the lion once as caged as a blinded writer from the depths of hell comes from the bullet shell in his heart he has resurrected from sublimest side the sightful eye Ryan Shannon the lion defeats them all defilen. Arisen has the lion from his gates latest sates dates upon to fight for light of depriven rights. He rides berisen over the rightful throne from his clutches he catches his prey as he dethrones claw to claw over and all that the prey be eaten ventricular claw. Of the law derisen from he that is Allah

Daegonius Bonapartea

Love I

I love you

The man who reveals his masks and who adores the stars and light that shone
his beautiful heart and magnitude and magnificence

The maiden who in her discomfort reveals her lying face no matter how dastardly
the pestilence

I love you

Creature who walks over my heart and sings my soul with it's legs beating
friendship into me what humans could Not

Being who cries for the wrongdoer even when tears cannot heal the pain of love
lost and what wetness cannot for flames when they are fought

I love you pain

You brought to me truth where love could not have lead me

I love you love

You guided me to gardens of scentful feeling and loved me when I was lonely

I love you fateful warrior who martyrs his martyr before he can become dead

I love all that loves

And I hate all that hates

But not many has what it takes

I love you.....

Daegonius Bonapartea

Love Is..

Have you heard its call? have you heard it beckoning unto you?
That striking sword in the martyrs hand that comes unawares
That darknesss shrouded in blackness that takes the martyr by surprise
Oh that cut within the newly formed wound that leaves whence it attacks
It envelops itself in you like a parasite but resists you when you forget that its
consumed you as its prey
so for those who do not know of what i speak then listen to me
It feasts off of newly fashioned hearts that know naught what it' is
But for all who know of what i speak know that this is a paradox
It will kill you and bare for you a serenity from your bowels like electrifyig
currents that speed through you in the beggining like electrons and in the end
turn themselves out of you like a pearl from a oyster. those of you who do not
know its interior do not test it for it still kills and bares no matter what and all of
you wait with me for its breeze to return

For I speak of only one thing That is love

those of you who have possessed it know this

and those of you who have not yet had it will soon know

Daegonius Bonapartea

Mask And Mask

Moments ago he flashed his ailing masks over my body. My masks acted uneasy as if they were nostalgic or that some creeping illness had befallen beneath then a mountain steep over the green meadows of peace. His masks, in that moment. Brushed a gaze of serenity at me like a willow against the wind flourishing throughout me as disease spreads throughout history in engaged warfare and pained madmen who can no longer return to there long founded belief of sanity. It would have me be in some sort of folly deceit and that other end of me would have me luster after his masks as infringed hearts of men lust after immortality and the womens ankle. It is as if they were superficial and pressupposedly my lofty end had me believe the monster that resides in me like gold resides in pride of the man who only stacks it for power rather than worrying about stacking up the hearts of 'relationship ' so when his gold runs out his heart may still indulge in happiness. The monster inside of me was to be released at that brief moment But, the leash clamped onto his heart keeping it from unleashing itself a horrid manifestation like that of reckoning upon theists hearts. Balance was made between and betwixt mask and 'Mask' in that brief moment. That is when Commonness resides with hateful man and loving beast though everyday besides today did the man conceal his beast. It is when uncommon unseemingly impossible events take place. That night the masks were killed in warm watered blood and that night the laws of the opposites (paradoxes) slept insufficiently and the elements chose unemployment.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Me

Tremour me, abaze me, afflict me, and deny me
but no matter your attacks nothing will defeat me
still simply a youth but 95 in my mind
so those who form attacks upon me must know my wisdom
but i am oft changing and like you i am just me

Daegonius Bonapartea

Me And Gibran Beneath My Beloved Buddha Tree

Master kahlil Gibran sat upon the Buddha tree as it fell over my meditational seclusion; though my hearts incense was lofty on that day. Oh yea, lofty pillar beneath my heart that left stone flavoured heartache barriering my wall. Those iblis struck the Buddha's tree and down dwindling over my soul did its heart fall; its ashes blackening mine before the night could warn the stars to cry teardrops so mine own heart might have the seed of that tree extend its roots to reach bliss once more. Kahlil died that day and that day I perfected the succession.

Daegonius Bonapartea

My Vampire And The Four Items

And there lived a young vampire of the land of ognehdin a man of much eloquence and wisdom. And upon his land had lived a vampress residing in the abyss of the forest where she was accompanied by her fellow land and air companions. One day the vampire king ordered for the vampresse's finding and so he collected all of his men to go to her whereabouts. In his army were only four: his chain of silver which came from the heart of a rose, the blood that wept rain in his veins, the armour of a thousand demons; and the seed that was withheld by a flask that had all of his memories inclined inside. The fowl of red eye contacted the vampress of the kings intentions for red fowl was of the vampresses blood; the only thing she trusted. So the vampress prepared herself by draining her blood weeping in rain so to match the kings blood. When the king finally arrived at her abyss he traversed the area and only to find the name of haraf ribsty that the sun only shone down upon and beneath that name And beneath that name lay four items. A silver chain to entrust the blood. An armour drenched in the color purple, a flower that wept rain and a seed contained In the thorns that barriered the love for one man none other than the vampire of the kingdom. For they were once in bondage 4000 centuries ago and somewhere in their loving marriage was a black gorge surrounded by rain tears a chain of silver and a seed that cried hate. And somewhere in the kings folly he had realised what he had flushed forth. He had forgotten that the four items belonged to the vampress and that she had been taken from him by her companion the red fowl. The king 4000 centuries ago had lost his memory by that red fowl only to be left with armour a silver chain to keep his love sacred a rose of black clouds and a seed to be withheld by a clear flask. At end he had looked below his fearful feet only to see his beloved in the form of the thorns silver chain armour But no seed..... the king then reached into His heart and gouged out his heart and the moment before he fell to his vampresses side he buried his heart within the ground where his partner beloved lay and inside his heart was the seed so that the rain when it came and it shall cry for the death of love and these two lovetss that it may make the armour thorns silver chain and flower grow beneath the abyss of the kingdom of behgden. -end-

Daegonius Bonapartea

No Nay Nevermore

NO nay; Nevermore: Be I alone, forever so more, HER my bewilderer, do I ever adore; never, no never shall I have HER love occur. My FARAH, Oh my FARAH correlates me yea does HER; forever forever nay no nevermore! My FARAH my FARAH, she so feels my leaking sore; my FARAH my FARAH, that be she is my penetrating reviving black core! Oh my FARAH, my FARAH, nay no nevermore! Forever, forever, does pain knocketh upon my door; my door my door, dying with my FARAH no nay nevermore! Rays of light flourish OUR sentiments; Love was ours till the dawning hour, of our delaying blemishes. Nay, nay no nay nevermore, for HER evermore! Resurrection of 'US'; no nay nevermore! Twas the call, the call, of the orange colored crow; lo! Was its word, whence my tears did flow. Forever, no never did it say; Oh my FARAH, Oh my FARAH SHE dyed my heart red of every color. On that gloaming perpetual day! Oh my FARAH, my FARAH, no nay nevermore! My beating, my thwarting, for it; it is HER! That I am to soar, nay nay said the crow no nevermore! For FARAH is my soul! Reddened deep as black coal. My love, Oh my love dieth it does; me and my FARAH BRISTY together WE are; US ONE WE ARE! One naught did I run no nay nevermore! For my heart lost its interior so nay no nay no nay nevermore! HER, my FARAH BRISTY does FATE abhor. Nay, I love HER; and HER heart defeated fate, for me and FARAH BRISTY; WE are for one anothers SAKE! SITUATE, Oh situate, for me, as to HER; WE are of the ONE BELOVED OUR ONLY LIVING TRAIT THIS OH THIS, Be for the element upon which WE wait! -End-

Daegonius Bonapartea

Not This Hour

I am in a portal of weekly order where my tongue is stuck and my heart is in a quarrel
I havent a word to say though i still say all that is withheld anyways
For no fame or relayed acclaimed poets here who boast for the masses to be laid
in amazement and frozen awe
nay i havent anything to say in this weekly hour nothing at all
no just not this hour

Daegonius Bonapartea

Oft Repeated Waters

Once I lived in an ocean trance where me and my maiden took course to dance

To sing a song of endless dreams, glory, and practical serenity

This ocean was vast; But as just as it was vast so was it micro having us truly in a flask

Of the laughs that the waters held dear from our kissing lips and the touch I had on her heart, Oh such sensitivity

But in this small But vastness of a world lied a standing point much more far reaching than any could grasp

Like an atom or the expanding splendour of the very world

One day so would we split and and lose all that had been justified in our hearts

But at the end of this song is no formal glorified ending

Tis just another dream on the end of another shore of yet another ocean of another song that is to be heard by all other dreams oceans songs and shores

And all what is it for?

That is where I have deeply explored; yet through progress my body has numbed and I have grown sore.

For that ocean like me has turned to a drought

Consumed by all the years that have traveled by forming that endless tune of song that my heart sings yet forming a new ocean that manifests me solely into yet a new dream

Where all of our oceans meet...

Daegonius Bonapartea

Oneness Of Us

your technique is superb, even your form is supreme, yes truly, yet your baklace is formidable second unto none but all you lack is oneness. fair one, you must be one with your desire to not only fulfill your ambition but to also achieve greatness amd that aura is truly subperb, bested as supreme and beyond geniusy

Daegonius Bonapartea

Options: Success And Failure

when i succeed i know i that i have heaps much more to learn when i have failed I know that i have thousands of more times to succeed. and when i have traversed through the mid-point of the two, i know at least there are only two other selections besides the one i am currently in, a synch of confidence raining over me residing in me spontaneously. I know too that i have so much more to work towards to lessen the abyss pitched field of failure to astound to and over the tower of success and at least the moer experience I gain through my roots old soil defects failure moreso than yestersday and fashions the branches to the wings of light of suces more tomorrow and slowly my future unfolds to suces and failure becomes a mere thought and memory of my youth.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Persona

They called me an in saturated madman born into fantasy in an abyss caged by
ignorant thoughts
My non-masks replied, 'Yes that I am'
Yet my masks exclaimed, 'I am genius'
A falling comet before your kingdoms walls
And flames shall surround your disguises with my crater
I say to you, your knowledge is just in deepness of ignorance as mine [agnostic]

Daegonius Bonapartea

Personification Of My Love And Dreary Truths

Peaceful rain is the supposed animate personification of a woman I have always loved, an unailing scattered about disillusioned image that my mind has made into a figment of what she really truly is. For years I have attempted to unpuzzle this fateful creation of an image and plaster the lava to form stalagmite over my thoughts. I wish to enter it into reality to form fantasy into it like all men and women have Desired for Every century. But fantasy and reality never have agreed until perhaps one of the two become mirror images or if science could evidently provide an untold fantasy and formulagate it to reality. Sort of like humans attempt to understand one another But without proper sight or the intention to open the gate of the veil of the eternally expanding veil unraveling more truths. But never seeming to fully possess its importance.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Public

out into the world of scattering i plunge
into the deluge of humans i scavenger to judge
all who have misjudged me, in the scorge of idiocy implored.
i sit here with nothing in the world that is only to me, so bored.
i turn around and see the sky abhore me into nothingness, it deepens my sore.
my core is strong but weak is its sides, how will i ever decide what to become
now, now that its all been taken; he enters the tower of greatness, and the
millions cry out in blood, and the laughter of the crows turn to stone and mud

Daegonius Bonapartea

Realization

repeatedly did i lose and regain that realization of lifes true intentions as for myself, and repeatedly did i find myself striving for such enlightning closure upon my own self realization

Daegonius Bonapartea

Rememberance

funny that, of all the people i have preserved in that sphere of serenity still the largest component of which helped them of myself chooses to remain in the only substance that continues to shatter fate descendant over me: peaceful rain

Daegonius Bonapartea

Reunion Or Requittal

I desire to relay you one thought,
Do you not know its outcome?
If I were to gaze at the darkness illumined by the winter moon
Beneath the roots of love
If I reacheth towards the furies its engulfing blackness shall turn me to dust
Or the necklace of silver that lay over me rust
The force of the elements delivers me to thee
As though that all that exists,
Humanity the stars of light and of our ancestors stories that enfold
To us all that is useful yet cannot feel me like your gold
It tis unto you that my true body glows in the light of you to you I unfold
Well if time and time your universe turns from mine do not Flemish the thought
that I should not burry you before my grave
If your mind traverses the thought of me returning hardly then do not think that
mine own shall stop praying for your return.
And the more your necklace rots the more my heart shall plot
To let go of the tree of you and me that stretched out its branches to teach us of
sublimity
Yet if it be true that your thoughts await mine at the shore of existence perhaps
the shore right above the heavens so that when I look up at them I shall have
something to wrought out my intentions for my love for my pain for and my core
for sealing
For if truly you await me day and night then surely shall
I await you day and night
On the approach that someday you may return.....

Daegonius Bonapartea

Sane Yet Insane

Living amongst the sane yet insane

all the same actions continue with the same constituents

I am called insane yet if one opened themselves they would see I am my own
sanity

just as you are and they.

caged by grief and chains of invisibility

ever reminiscing my pain extensively

Daegonius Bonaparte

Savoring Bristy

Savoring Bristy; My Loving lavendering one: Crieth for YOU ever that I do, for YOU, my love; flowing as the black raven dove. My Thorns, that my Rose; my only lonesome element, my dose from that whence I, yea I have AROSE! Lo! Forever more, Oh! Nevermore; upon death came ravaging hitherto dying my shore. My solitude rocking, rambling, my resemblance the Beast; thy terrible horrific monster that eats my heart consumption for sorrow, for pain, my soul to Feast! My love, my simplicity; My ONE my ONLY, my FARAH BRISTY! Forwarding slowly roughing as the blackness overshadows me and you; thee. Loveth you of the remembrance as the dark demon aura flows disdains me; my trance. a chance thee, I a mere chance to perceive the dignified reefs of moments glance upon our rose withered leaves. My one my only FARAH BRISTY OH MY DEAREST SILVER FILAMENT CHAIN TAINTED SO SWIFTLY, EVEN SICKLY; OH! MY ONE MY ONLY FARAH BRISTY!

Daegonius Bonapartea

Small And Large

It was merely but yestereve I thought myself a small hatchling in the harpies
grasp and that the nest held hostage now I know I am the sky surrounding the
nest and in me is the harpy that grasped my sorrow and all instincts, elements,
and evolution reside in me

Daegonius Bonapartea

Stem Of Life

I am not of you or of them
I am of many but of on stem
just as you are, though that light may be dim
For you, the realization is difficult
it tis still dark like assfault
but the stem is ever growing yet invisible
just as in you is a stem that grows in the heart
either being watered or droughted

Daegonius Bonapartea

Steps Upon The Dungeon

1The maidens come upon thy kingdom's dungeons steps,
2 Professing their love to me
3Lips of theirs speak of their past regrets
4Their steps, oh their steps, walk like kings over my heart
5That tunes the soul of mine like the paining tears flowing upon instrument frets
6Their cries ring fire of the demonic dragons inflaming breath
7As beats their hearts of consuming death
8As they trample, oh as they trample relentlessly, upon my dungeons steps.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Sweet November

by the river front i lay, faithfully i play a game of croket by the wiveled lake i
wave in the scents in the japanese blossoms i soon of this tree, and of this river,
why do i write and why do i quiver. my body is weak and i will only shiver'away
the sweet cries of my love in november. i sit here gazing onto the mirror images
of the lakes reflection, i see a section of her glimmer in clear perplexion, but i
can not see no i can not know where she is now; for that is the question....

Daegonius Bonapartea

That Same Old Peaceful Rain

I love only peaceful rain and peaceful rain loves only me

It Kisses me at autumn and cries descending tears upon me at winter

It yells and bellows on me at summer

And laughs at me at fall when the leaves fall over me

On spring it Smiles at me a scent of love as if to grasp me in it's arms full of pollen

And every season I relay back with a neutral appearance for if it reveals itself to me through the seasons surely I will hide from you

And finally peaceful rain speaks to me when I sleep under the cut down Buddha tree

But all I hear though I clasp my ears in deafness are cries of the blue sky and screams of the sun's raving rays as they burn out my heart to ashes turning the night black

And in my dazed state all I really see
is.....

PEACFUL RAIN...

Daegonius Bonapartea

The Heart Of The Card

It is not of power or glorified fame in these cards that each duelist summons upon the crevice of each duel.

It is the heart within each duelists card that is transferred into each ongoing battle

The heart of the card in each war of each day that undertakes our minds into psychological warfare

Just as yugi presents through his grandfathers teachings

if one puts all of their souls into anything they will prevail

the more of which one summons their being into each card so does their card become moreso powerful than their opponents.

The heart of the card cannot be defeated by human monster or universal god

its source is an forcing beam of supremacy

and none can overtake its spirit

Daegonius Bonapartea

The Master Of Paradoxes, Oxymorons, And Laws Of The Opposites

I am dying life, I am a living death, living and dying, dying and living, I am born into Everything and unborn to nothing, an unsevered severing that cannot be resealed, an insane man living in a sane world with insane humans yet thinking that that very sentence is sane, I love rain yet I am always dry, when I am wet my heart is dry, I am an estranged strange man while strangely seeing only the unstrange, I am a manipulator of brains yet I am manipulated by my oddness in doing so, I am called genius yet I have such a low intellect Those calling me that always have a high intellect and oddly never use what they've 'always had. I am a limited man living in a dying yet living infinite world with limited answers in a sea of unlimited questions with a limited amount of time in an infinite time'universe to dream limitless dreams in a place where in a dream non dreams exist while fantasy is said to be non existent yet that line being fantasy in itself could easily turn fact in a limited radius in an unlimited space, i am an animal in a human form with animal attributes civilized in an uncivilized society of seemingly so called civilized humans with animal attributed unattributed to the attributed claim that they are human i am indifferent in this same old' world of different indifferents Which would make me different But no more than you are indifferent. I am the opposite of opposite and the counter part to no parts of nothing yet still I am a part of something in a place that is not opposite to the positron of positives. I am the negative of optical optimism and the positive of perpetual pessimism. An egocentric anti maniac of insane mania of the sane man yet insanely i am the counterpart of man i am not evil nor good nor bad nor great but i am a greatly anti man of man opposite of evil of good and bad and i am badly correctly my own and incorrectly anyone else's own i myself but i am you i am everything that cannot be seen with the naked eye and I am nothing that can be seen with the unaked heart. I am a heartless heartfelt hearty of the hearted and happy heart filled hearts I am the breaking unbroken piece of brokenness in an unbreakable chain without a piece to break at all and i am still yet the connectedness of all that is unconnected and the source of the sourceless i lovingly embrace the unembraced hate that opposes the non opposer of love

Daegonius Bonapartea

The Poets

The poets of old never knew the meaning of love themselves, they questioned it constantly and in the hands of ignorance they dwelled they could not understand what it meant to be real' they knew naught how to deal with their pain, they could not hear correctly nor could they steer their minds, to reel in a true concept of what it meant to be' they rounded the spectrum of thought without mathematics, and without incentive, their true gain was to diminish the sound of truths in tune, and the sight of lies to ru'in. who out of any of you would hear, see or know what it is im speaking of; true poetry is a lie in a truth; which of you could ever undue this, without reading all of the works of the poets; i would.

Daegonius Bonapartea

The Tyrant

blessedly said he, the squire of the third tower; heed the call of the powerful king methisudia; all praise is his. the entire town cried out his name and bowed before his empowering aura. the king came to the pedastal and claimed, my people, my people i come to you today as a blessing, and an offering of glad tidings for all peace through the land; right before his last word a flock of birds came by and dropped baked stones over him; the king lie dead in an instance and the people cheered; but for some reason the squire sat with a stray face.

Daegonius Bonapartea

The Universe

I am eternally in this space of mysteries
Betwixt the stars and the planets center
The sun will embellish my eyes in awe remorse
And the infinite sightfulness of the matter will consume the suns light with its
belly [black hole]
But the universe and its objects shall remain eternally, ever digesting and
vomiting life and death

Daegonius Bonapartea

The Venus Project

There is war and poverty degradation and scarcity it's complete monotony so Let me lend you the solution from the words of a level zero type zero called a civilized race of civilization governments of this or that party democrats republicans facists communists revolutions all sorts of supplicants But never obtaining the true message of 'Yes we can' instead of sitting on your behinds get up and rise and do something instead. Haven't you taken enough checks and money wishing the days weren't dark anymore wishing they were sunny tired of kids being taught about fantasy religion and the easter bunny. Then open yourself and realize that in order for all of the above to disappear no more fear of death loss of loved ones or hearing the same words from the leaders of 'nothing is fair' We'll listen on what I tell you how life can be better lived and have entertainment be spared. There Is a plan being formed with the ideas of a man with a mind more ginormous than a storm his name is Jacques fresco the man who Started it all. The Venus project We'll leave most pain left forgotten in the dust of a race of half wits displaced in corruption this civilization will be truly civilized with a non interpretive language of mathematics and science a truth of conscience an ultimate unbeaten alliance. But don't confuse This with a Utopia because civilizations always evolve like the universe animals objects and us so listen. All cities will be constructed in a circulatory system agricultural fields science labs and universities of peace of all the worlds resources so peace can glisten come get off the ground here the future sound of intelligently balancing all the worlds resources together this is true intelligence

Daegonius Bonapartea

Their Reality And My Dream

They say I am just a spec of the universe upon the space in their reality,
But in my fantasy I say to them I am the exterior of space and time
And inside me the entire universe surrounds itself before me

Daegonius Bonapartea

Two Doors Of Choice

upon the heavens i came yet there were two in my wake

only one choice to rejoice to the door i choose for my own salvations sake

the door towards the left was faded in red and a golden aura moved about it

the one to the right was black and its exterior were a bright silver

For the one that i had chose was representation of me my aura and my fate

thought i to select the one with lesser color and pale and one that i thought none had entered

so i chose the one in black

little did i know the one in black withheld the doors color on the left and hence the laws of the opposites came through me

for in that door were all of my memories of thee this door freed me and all my loving glee

and so i thought back if i had chosen the left door would be within it this exterior door?

that i cannot know for the one that i entered locked itself behind me

and forver have i chosen this path because i chose it

so i lay trapped here in these memories of complete serenity

just me oh but just for me

and inside your heart lies two doors as well

but it tis hard to know which one to choose oh wich one to tell

choose the one opposite in color and the one that has your love

for if you do you are sure to prevail beneath your desires core

so i chose the door on my right for it chose me and i chose it

and there is no other i would have chose

now end this story this book i close

Daegonius Bonapartea

Uncle Iroh Format Examination (My Form)

Happy birthday my love,

If only I could have saved you

Lavendering priestess come home to me!

Oh lustrous black shadow come home to me!

I love thee, sweet sweet Bristy

Oh! My gracious loving vampress; Come fly home to.....me.....

Daegonius Bonapartea

War With The Countess

War with the Countess: Misseth thy countess, as I flow, as the rivers split cometh my soundless. Drops of pain, connection thy rain as he calls ya shamballa rises this way; rises rises, the doors close though arose the demises. Calleth does king the royal servants, ring doth the birds, as they gather the reefs to chain the thirds. The thirds Oh the thirds. Calleth does he, 'goeth u warriors disperse disperse the grounds belie, round nay after round, as the cells make movement quickly likened to the veins be they bound. Released lions and cattle, one of the other, the laymens forbearer lions claw kilt thy mother when horns to cling and clots to brink brink the fields with soulless bodies visibility now invisible to earth they sink.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Watch

By the wind that brushes through me
by the trees that willow above thee
all follows on my breaching on right through me
Yet no one that looks can see

Daegonius Bonapartea

'We' Are All Books

We are all books. And each in us are pages whether wrinkled, torn, fabricated or freshly each page is the ink of our life and the images of our life. In every book for every person there are different languages, interpretations of the many actions that took place in the lives of humans, meanings that shape the structure of our book and a cover that defines us all that people look at when they first greet us or see us. Some books are old and some are new but regardless they are all books filled with pages, languages, meanings and 'life'. In these books are multiple ideas that are sometimes forgotten and left behind whereas others are studied and made famous. It is all by which is within the interior of the book that gives true knowledge. Some books are lost forever and some kept forever yet each was once read. ALL of us are books sometimes read incorrectly based off wrong references from other books and other times particularly rarely ever we books are read correctly and that is when true knowledge is understood. Eventually we will be wrought and never be read again but so... new ones will be written. What is important is what is written in your book so that your words never grow old that your images never perish that your ideas never die. For all of us are books and it all depends on what kind you are and what is written inside you that flogs the minds of other books that keep them remembered. We are all books just waiting to be read.

Daegonius Bonapartea

Whistling And Ringing

What sense would it make of what I say write relay speak type or yell
For no matter what it is I say no one can really tell
Do you hear that ringing in my ear it sounds like a chingling bell
The sound of knowledge the sound of truth the sound that that I shall die soon
It continues to repeat that sound over and over again all in my head you say bah
That's Probably what you said coming out of your mother's womb
A bell in my ears and wind in yours ringing insanity through mine and peace
through yours
So what does it matter what an opposite being says to the common when one
hears ringing and another whistling?
Is it something peculiar that I hear something that no one else does and that you
hear something so common that if you heard this bell you could never really
summon the idea that will he fall over this incomprehensible rail
Oh dear I cannot tell
It is ironic though isn't it how I am the bell ringing your ears to me and you are
that wind whistling back at me when really That's all life is
A ringing and a whistling
A bell that consumes a gust of wind just to have sanity.....

Daegonius Bonapartea

You And I

It matters naught to me that all of you think me a mere child destined to faintly colored destinies or lowly shaded words of mine that you all believe shall cease to be

Mine works

Daegonius Bonapartea