

Poetry Series

Ghost Legend

- poems -

Publication Date:

2019

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ghost Legend()

A Calamity Strange

Keep
What you say—
Maintain
The name.
Symbols
Don't define me.
Treason
Is paid
Through tranquility.
Consider me
A calamity
Strange.
You,
And your rites,
Are a type
Of craze.

So,
While you hold
Those
Lies,
I
Will uphold
The
Night.
See
It unfold—
The
Bright
Only blinds
The eyes
To
Demise.
I'll
Set alight,
Aligning
The right.
You've lost
Your minds.

I
Can't be confined
Or dined—
Rather die
Than
Lie.

Being
Stripped
Of
Mine

Is also
Stripped
Of
Your kind.

Ghost Legend

A Cottage Thunderstorm

I met a girl,
And she was fine,
Dancing in candlelight.
It changed my world
When she declined
The jewels in my eyes.

Another twirl,
Another guy gets up in line.
Her skirt unfurls
As the night deepens our sky.

Outside, it's raining;
I feel it coming on.
This humidity's suffocating—
I won't last long.

Why do thunderstorms
Have to ruin all?
The dew begins to burn
My lucid hands as I call.

This is the right number
To take me past this
To my home.
It doesn't matter what occurred—
None of it can be solved.

I last saw that girl
With a guy dancing behind,
And another one in front of her thighs.
It appears that they'll share love for one lonely night.
Outside, the sky seems so bright,
So peaceful, and so alive.

Ghost Legend

A Dip In

I had a dream I slept in seams,
And my life was given away.
Strangest part was how I beamed,
Until noticing how far I'd strayed.

It was not irrevocable—
It could all remain the same.
My secret leaking was improbable:
It could all have stayed a game.

Yet, sorrow hit my heart—
Upon feeling purity gone.
I could no longer claim these stars
Were meant for only one.

Ghost Legend

A Fantasy

I dream of a place so lively
That death ceases to be.
Here, with interactions hearty,
No one wishes to flee.

She loves for more than face,
Her betrothed more than waist,
And all do not consider waste
Hands held at steady pace.

No excuses here found
Terminating youth and sound.
None hide underground
Below flowered mounds.

There is no such pain
As that of life in vain.
None play doctored games,
Then opt for change.

That was it, and clear I saw
How we clawed above all
Making this reality
And that a fantasy.

Ghost Legend

A Pebble In The Lake

I see our existence
For what it is:
A lonely world, filled
With lonely kids,
Somehow still pretending
They can fix
Inevitability.

There's nothing I can say
To help you.
And there's nothing said
To help me.
You'll be well on your way,
Once we're through.
I wonder what's the issue?

Life goes on, when we're gone;
Our thoughts and dreams mean
Little.
If you think of how you've wronged,
You'll find yourself deserving.
There's nothing to be but swearing,
Nothing to gain but gaining.
Prepare to lose a remainder,
Only for others to choose the same.

Ghost Legend

A Time To Rise

This is the time to rise—
When clouds cover the sky,
And dark thunder rolls by,
We hinder bloody night.

Seize wind on swings;
Make it play as a violin.
Cup rain into drinks
With drops of dirt for gin.

Let moonshine be a sign
For wine truly of time.
Humidity conditions life;
Our temperatures are ripe.

It is our time to rise—
Bathe in rivers' height.
The Sun's rays will light
Our souls until we bite.

Ghost Legend

Adieu

She assumes that I'm dying to see her soon.
Just cue in that attention, Won't you?
We're fools in this maze without a clue
As to who in the blaze bids us adieu.

Forgive us for forsaking that silver spoon,
Or ignoring how your every whim it woos.
It must have been the grimmest news
To know there are limits to whom you do.

Enough of that, though—enough of rue.
Pat my head as if our friendship were true.

Ghost Legend

All Want To Be The Only

All want to be the only
Ones donning silk robes,
Ones fawned at in droves,
Ones king of the throne.

History's tale, is it not?
Look at all the havoc brought,
Then ask if it's for naught.
No, not for naught.

For if the coin falls from loin,
If those slain are in vain,
What is there to gain?
Where is there to aim?
Who is there to join?

Ghost Legend

Alloyed

What I'd do for another whisper from that voice,
Pleading, bleeding, calling out for my choice.
Say' it'd been the wrong waist—a waste
Within horses of troy, chasing a pace
Now void.

Rejoice.

You've taken this, ran away with it, coy.
Can't stop to think about any other toy.
Sensed the outing on a hunt—being prey
Sounded fun; the noise
Brought pleasure to the poise,
Once begun,

Alloyed.

Ghost Legend

Always Beautiful

Thought of us as always beautiful. You and I
Before the skies first burnt our eyes,
Back when in our minds were no present lies:
Every previous time.

A present, one of a kind, has been
Slowed growth—Admire
How then it was thought we'd never die.
These bodies, rotting, would feel alive.

An extra chance, additional hook in line,
Would come, land, through the book of sire.
Father, who art thou in remembrance, choir,
For the hymns have failed to freeze fire?

I stare at my hands,
As a student suggests their shake never ends.
What a weird thing is this, in the end.

Ghost Legend

Am I Human At Night?

I have two sides.
One I like,
And one I despise.
Marked by life,
And enticed,
Am I human at night?

So characterized by their gestures
That it is metal to chew.
If in life there's a heaven,
I must tell you, it is cruel,

As it allows what we go through,
And condones what we do.
The earliest chance at death
Would not be too soon.

Then again, why live?
Why exist in the first place?
It'll take all life to forgive
The existence of my birthplace.

Ghost Legend

An Apple Tree

I used to speak with an apple tree—
She was ready to please.
It was time for her fruits to be
Eaten in Thanksgiving.

Her fruits were largely fresh
And not penetrated by any worm.
It was time for the world to mesh
Throughout her juices, turn by turn.

I invited her to join my family—
To forget about nature's plea.
Yet she couldn't resist that calling—
She denied me.

The crowds gathered in distress
About how I rejected the fruit they yearned
"I cut that tree down, " I confessed.
"And oh—she burned and burned! "

Ghost Legend

An Incomplete Meadow Song

Is it best to leave words unsaid?
Would that be the correct movement?
Is it the most soothing path to take
When an unruly heart breaks?

It is my wish to speak of a meadow song
That was never fully arranged.
Some parts came together before long,
But it was never truly ordained.

Bad weather rejected the artist proper sight,
Thus he was left to compose at night.
When it was over, the Sun was perceived too bright
To merit believing its light.

Hence, he traveled with the storm,
Selecting sorrow as treasures to adorn
His meter and fever for scorn
All through to the morning.

When he awoke, he spoke, but was unable to believe
That his words lacked coherence in the breeze.
He cursed the faraway Heavens as a fiend
And chased eternally.

Ghost Legend

Apocalypse

Soon enough all you've wrought shall come to fruition.
Soon, my child, the one exiled will appear from the innards
Of this place, mask on face revealed as a devil's sister,
And dance, dance, still with man, a rising smoke from dinner.

Ghost Legend

Are You Lonely, Too?

These skies are hidden from me.
Among the protuberance of night,
I see only white, a ceiling,
With walls gathering at its sides.

Enclosures compose our
Death, reproduction woes, where
The opposite solely knows; here
Rules are never told.

Thus is my luck that
A deal was struck, now, then,
Before I could come to count, lest
I'd stare at skin.

A being, forever left to think
Of byes to the past
And possibilities it had,
Which, by now, have been
Forgotten.

Ghost Legend

Artificial Light

There's a certain sparkle illuminating the night,
Yet I should know it's a disguise.
Your kind has always lied through eyes
And pushed to the edge mankind.
Why would you even try
To seduce my inner pride?
It's enough to know nature presides
Over the momentum of life.
But again, why, when these lies
Are not but for the love of light?
Why, then, rejoice in captured might,
When you ultimately inject spite?
I suppose it's a struggle to survive.

Move on, Artificial Light.
Illuminate someone else's sky.
The night may not be bright,
But it's authentic in sight.

Ghost Legend

Baby-Talk

Whoa, that's over.
Tried again and failed.
Guess the job was never ideal
For my talents, my will,
And so it is the wills of others
That now determines my fall.
And I'm aware of it all,
Every dawn and nightfall,
In how the years stroll about,
Leaving me not much but worry, doubt.
Doors that close, never to open, no way out.
Nothing and nothing but more pain of loss
Of what I have left.

Failure of failures, what's next?
Can't even connect to an audience,
Too abstract, too conscious, too imaginative
A subconscious
Loser.
Poetic genius of idiocy
Just like everything around us-
Smokescreens.

And that's why I'm baby-talking to you,
Trying to phrase it to an approximate level,
So that my inability to fit in or stand out nulls
Itself, and I can reach a hand, bow, and whisper,
My mouth mumbling this insane rhythm
That no one should listen to.

But I'm smitten!
Glistening in its fiction, it's moronic, faux wisdom-
How the high and mighty voice misses every detail!
It fixes me for a second, and I feel like I'm winning.
I feel like I matter a bit, like if I could make it,
Like if there's a reason for my making,
Like if we're not apes on Earth untamed,
Like if the energy that created us isn't evil,
Not God, not named, just a frame of something

Harry Potter-ish- fine- evil in its being,
For none of this should be.

Oh, wait, am I losing you? Hold up, let me slow it down.

Don't go just yet! I'm just saying that none of this,

None of us

Should exist.

Science or no science.

Whatever this is, is evil.

No conscience to it, plain evil

Scientists said it looks for energy

And wants more, at whatever expense,

Even in the smallest of spaces,

In the smallest of nothings.

We're its atoms, so it actually does have a conscience (correction)

We're the Gods we dreamt.

In the expanse, we go,

In relative milliseconds, flow

Into the next expansion.

For no reason.

For no meaning.

No, not even in women;

They're just pretty men.

Lol, you get what I mean.

And, even if you don't,

One day I will be free

And these will be letters

No one ever reads.

Already is.

Ghost Legend

Be Nothing, Be Gone

When the suffering ends,
I'll be nothing, be gone.
Righted shall be wrongs,
As my ashes flash, then
Disappear amongst throngs.

No way to look back, hold on,
To a face now lacked, love.
No shame leaving matters unsolved,
Or gains unamassed, lust.

Those stresses which make us move on
Will be as if consumed by dawn.
Those lessons that darkened our lungs
Shall come to lose motivation.

Life is not where we belong,
But how oblivion provides salvation.
I've known all along,

When the suffering ends,
I'll be nothing, be gone.
Righted shall be wrongs,
As my ashes flash, then
Disappear amongst throngs.

Ghost Legend

Beyond The Body

What are we, beyond our bodies,
The eyes, mouth, and hair?
Is there truly something unique there?
I'm not so sure.
Because outside of blinking,
Eating, and fixing, why are we here?
Nothing else to do; when gone,
No one cares.
Born believing magic in the world,
That all of us serve special purposes,
Until seeing the truth;
We survive, tire,
Then everyone and everything continues.

Ghost Legend

Blow Me Away

Say what you say—
Do as you may;
Love me in darkness—
Love me at day.
Give me a word kiss;
Whatever you make,
Make sure you blow me away.

And as I'm blown,
Don't call me on the phone.
When I'm in town,
You'll be close but not around.
Your future will smile
Or frown,
But I won't be in there now—
No way, no how.

Ghost Legend

Breaths

Breathing over me,
Wind passes through trees
Before a storm,
Vulnerable
In more than one.
No one will rake the leaves,
Bare for who seeks
Damage done.
Nature's wrath apart,
Come next season
Ten open trunks
Wait for a spark
That was there already.
Fire to ashes freedom,
Better as exhaust,
Make of what is left,
Than rot here.

Ghost Legend

Cathartic Paralysis

Most of our lives are lived in paralysis
Metropolis to Metropolis:
It is never adequate.
This fixation on a catalysis—
A changing, ultimate catharsis—
Proves our nature as languid.

We fail to effectively relinquish
That vividly desolate image
Which lures us on pilgrimage.
On this search, we do not live.
Our research cannot fix
Unachievable bliss.

My life was intensified by an element—
That named woman.
I sought to understand the strands of hair
Belonging to bodies so fair.
Yet, now I remain adamant
About the measures of the Vatican
To patronize their secret lairs.
Their bodies are extravagant,
But, like Larkin, not fit
To satisfy my affairs.

Everyone has one, and then, upon
Disappointment, another search has begun.
The road continues down the slope, and then some,
But it never is done.

Ghost Legend

Change Of Mirrors

There's a mirror only clearly seen
When near and speaking admirably,
But, behind this, there's another far away—
When blinded, it distorts your face.

A prism's involved in every single breath
In your presence or absentmindedness.
As Dorian Gray, so many curtains are set,
But none may cover our mutual hideousness.

How beautiful we are around each other, though—
What a memory to be wrapped by your bosom's hold!
Too bad its lax, and the true temperament is cold,
For I appreciated the lack of open scold.

One held my arm, and another blew her love;
Female charms are as beautiful as doves.
One promised friendship, and then turned against me;
Male loyalty has valor like poultry.

Ghost Legend

Clouds Are Low Tonight

Here I sit, watching life waste away,
Knowing the movie should end well,
But that reality will not.

Here I sit, recognizing my tragedy
In all its assertive, lonesome power
I cannot stop.

Yes, here I sit, assuming no one
Will read this, and, if they did,
Could very well skip the lot.

As I sit, it's becoming old to say
How abandoned I've been
At night, at day, by all.

With nothing left, but to sit, I feel
Similar to riding up hills,
While their fireworks popped.

My pain, their pleasure, their thrill,
Like a female used, still,
In festive, putrid lust.

Ghost Legend

Compatriot

I wonder what you are:
My savior, compatriot,
Or another
Kind of creature
Willing to lose me.
As an opportunist,
Could you?
If so, how so?
To do this,
Would you abandon
All the promises,
Premises,
Never looking back?
What would happen?
Might I stand it,
Or will I be gone
In whom I thought you were,
Searching for love, once again
Where none exists?
I've found an exception;
Are you one, too,
Worth trusting my truth,
Loving anew?
A human, filled with wonders
Worth exploration,
An inner, habitable planet-
Is there life, for life,
For us to know?

Ghost Legend

Dancing Along

In my dreams I see all their faces:
Those who left, those who stayed here.
I don't want to spend all my days here.
I don't want to run all of my nights here.

In the dreams, I'm an audience member;
They sit on me like if I am not there.
Timberlake performs to a standing ovation.
Children dance as if they have something.

There's no one seated behind us at all.
I suppose that's supposed to mean something.
I ask Guillermo where we're going, if we can go now;
He says not until you talk to Carmen.

I've already spoken too many times to that woman;
I can't compromise my values to move on.
Is that why I'm stuck? Is that why I'm stuck?
The smiling teachers subtly shift their jackets,

Dancing along.

Ghost Legend

Days By The Seashore

What is man if not a shadow of himself,
And a shadow of every measure dealt
In sculpturing his torso's timely welts?

What is woman if not a mere seam
To be reminisced, stitched in memory
Appropriately where fashion dwells?

That is why all is swell;
That is why all we waltz—
We are all shells of ourselves,
Lying by the seashore.

Ghost Legend

Dead Hearts

You will fade away as a memory, here.
Two never live without parting ways, dear.
Yet I will stand by, waiting for the 'all-clear, '
Before truth comes to show just how wrong we were,

And in this moment, I want to capture forever.
Never let it go, dream of us till sun dawn.
I've lost too much, be damned if you're not the one.
Tell me the lie of love, if I'll believe it for hours.
Tell me the lie of love, if I'll believe it for hours. (Chorus)

I've seen eyes hold whole worlds and make them disappear,
The inside of a person have no real meaning.
Life expects us to move on, without a care,
But I still see you there- I still see you there.

And in this moment, I want to capture forever.
Never let it go, dream of us till sun dawn.
I've lost too much, be damned if you're not the one.
Tell me the lie of love, if I'll believe it for hours.
Tell me the lie of love, if I'll believe it for hours. (Chorus)

Seconds tick away, leaving nothing but dead hearts;
I'll find a way to keep yours, as a memento.
Show him all the wonders you learned from us,
Because our time happened. It's never gone:
What we had happened- we're never apart.

And in this moment, I want to capture forever.
Never let it go, dream of us till sun dawn.
I've lost too much, be damned if you're not the one.
Tell me the lie of love, if I'll believe it for hours.
Tell me the lie of love, if I'll believe it for hours. (Chorus)

Ghost Legend

Dead Shall Rise

Those thought dead shall rise,
Bleed into the sun;
For the smoke from fire
Is never higher
Than when it is thought done.
Alight paths serve as guide
To sides not yet roamed.
Not a flip of coin, roll of dice,
Nor hand dealt thrice
Can be forever won.
Winner's faces ashed in fright,
A depleted greed from bone.
Other villagers aspire
As those ghosts tire
Of set fires to homes.

Ghost Legend

Del Sol Y La Luna

Una isla desesperada
Me enseñó
Que el sol y la luna
Nunca se separan.
Despertó
En mí miles veladas
De rencor.

Pues es así
Que ví
El sonreír
Morir.
Como cualquier animal,
Reaccionaba,
Mente y garras.
Percibí
Las intenciones reales.

Toda boca hace más
Que besar.
Cada naris tiene cual
Que buscar, y busca.
Una mano puede pegar
Invitando caricias.
Estas distinciones
Lo hacen todo.

Ghost Legend

Donald Trump

Up out the crib, I always thought of this as something missed, one day
immaculate,

If the puzzle pieces fit, and no one messed with it, or triggered a hit, often
present.

We might just have learned our lessons; the lord had given us his blessings,
perhaps back when

Everything changed. Martin had been shot and death became our reverend,
made us see within.

That was then,

This is now. The crowds spew hate from town to town. Polls are a rout, voting
shouts it loud:

"There's nothing different about the white man from the south,

Or from the east, or from the west, from Africa to the polar cap."

We have Europeans banning Syrians from Harry Potter Land, playing border-
chess.

It's a huuge movement across the map. Hillary says love trumps hatred, but I'm
not feeling a kiss,

Nah, I'm feeling a whip, mace cans for race protests, while they play with facts,
make us

The enemies, new targets on our backs. New chains we're wearing, back to the
past, like we never left.

What next?

Donald Trump's the Republican presidential candidate, oh, right, yes.

Ghost Legend

Dream Of Lovely Japan

Lost all hope in the dirt...
Don't think flowers bloom again.
Held on to fertilizer...
Until realizing its earthy.
Take a shovel, bury me
Next to your undergarments.
Send the coffin somewhere foreign;
I loved to dream of lovely Japan—
Amongst all those cherry blossoms,
Earthquakes must be an awakening.
That should be the perfect comfort:
Reckless inaction.

Ghost Legend

Drop Upon Drop

Drop upon drop, fate bangs away
On imminent loss: liquid evaporating.
We only go up, condense our beings,
To unavoidably fall
Through insipid fleeing.

A cycle undeniable, casual
In how reliable our reactions are.
Failure to question all rituals
Tipping healthiness to lard.

Spars for a farce—
Wars through a marsh—
Horses that tarnish
Themselves at the smallest
Of sparks.

Bars for the heart—
Limbs in tar—
Are enough to collect
All beliefs, regret
In a jar.

Ghost Legend

Each Day

Each day, I awaken to much the same things:

A reload of cases and beings

Followed by potatoes and beans.

Layered up, heeding lust down the streets,

The pace awaits severity.

These daily meetings,

Transmissions and transgressions,

Seek to alleviate caving feelings

Through remissions.

As much as I ignite the ignition,

The mission is still missing,

Writhing, unconsciously leading

Me on

Freedom;

King Kong

Holding long

After she's gone.

Ghost Legend

Episode

I know why the world improves in centimeters:
Human beings are nothing but evil.
They say it's okay,
Lie to your face as if knowing better,
But we all pay, every people.

There are stars in our minds,
Distractions from sleeping,
Perfection, ultimate attainment,
Yet in the ocean
Someone is weeping.
In the ocean,
Someone stopped breathing.

The lifeless bodies float
By cruise ships, boats,
And someone pokes
Row after row.
Thus, the person next to me spoke—
"She gets into a fight this episode! "

Ghost Legend

Expectations

Expect nothing from people,
Except cruelty.
And even in kindness,
Suspect cruelty.
For there is nothing on Earth
Done without reason
That begins and ends in
Self-serving.

Ghost Legend

Fiery Dark Opals

Fiery dark opals light up the sky;
Only if we could grasp these minds
Around touch of sights, lick of limes,
Outstretched intimacies of our time,
Would we see but choose not to mind,
Would eat yet stop a meal's define,
Would breathe within our allotted kind,
Without a thought to be inclined.
Yet, as with toxins, we're left outstretched,
Glaring at infinite greed, an endlessness,
For the fiery dark opals were in her eyes
And in mine.

Ghost Legend

Fire

When the leaves touch down, there remains a fire,
So much deeper than merely words.
Say all that you want me to hear, love,
Because both of us know we'll burn.

Woods lie in the dark, await the spark;
There's more than one way to flame.
No one dares come at this time of day;
We're the best made of company.

Don't let death consume;
Breathe, breathe again.

Ghost Legend

Flesh In Chains

Flesh in chains—
Are you kidding me?
Is this a game?
It has to be.
Perhaps some sort of sadomasochistic flame
That extinguishes itself with enough pain?

It's as a picture,
Yet I'm lost in the frame.
Some coarse, mystic scripture
That has me wandering and wondering
If this is the correct way
To handle those deranged,
If our methods are, in fact,
Sane.

I'm tied to this;
I can't redo it.
We're lost in
A lethal influence.
These dog chains rattle
In confluence.
I'm losing my mettle,
Where's my endurance?

Our hearts beat faster in this tense spot.
Our minds' schemes fasten up to rot.
Is this a dream?
How unreal it seems
To be jotted under their Heaven's gleam.

There's no light—I find only artificial cold.
Their money might buy nice houses as you get old,
As your soul is sold,
As you're as an Eskimo,
As you betray your people.

Ghost Legend

For A Time

For a time, she held his hand, and knew they were the same.
It was sudden, as a change of pulse is, those grips tightened:
First, in all the softness found in love's adventure of new terrain.
Then, in the lushness of wet grasses under a sun's escapade.
Passing time, while holding hands, there she noticed a difference:
Something fierce would pierce through, making his feel rigid.
They pondered every obstacle, every rock, that came between them,
Each particle turned to doubt, their walks a scientific procedure.
It was then, as she held hands, she knew they were not the same,
Not equals in any way, separated as human beings,
For in that time, and through it, she saw what he became:
Hardened by experiences, a heart solid full of pain.

Ghost Legend

Fountains Of Youth

If we drink from the beautiful water,
Does it still run still?
Or is there a chance it loses something,
As you're being fulfilled?

Fountains of youth gravitate toward us:
Dreams within a dream.
Mountains do not levitate islands-
They seem to let off steam.

Someone said, 'If you keep pulling at a thread,
You'll watch the whole thing unravel.'
Family's ripe with people building it,
A tight-knit castle.

When the water flushes downward,
Statues turn to marble.
Amid the downpour, the ruckus,
Feet are made bare by gravel.

Fountains of youth gravitate toward us:
Dreams within a dream.
Mountains do not levitate islands-
They seem to let off steam.

I'll be there to see,
Where this leads,
If only alone,
Under trees.

Ghost Legend

Free

You won't receive anything from me,
So stare—I don't care.
Your visions are incomplete.
Go ahead and gossip down hallway stairs.

There are those who don't prefer to be free;
Society's chains to them are pleasant dreams.
I rather avoid the nightmarish scenes
Involving being tied to those called "family";

Our definitions differ, Can't you see?
Nature's goal is to blossom, not to cease.
If a rose by the river is surrounded by weeds,
Should we let it wither because they all share leaves?

Ghost Legend

Friendship Goals

He stares, deep into my heart,
Searching, offering love.
Hair that flows down
Long, eyes of—
Toward Heaven.
Lips, thick, hum
Temptation,
O! treat you better.
Clicks can't escape
His window,
No one else here.

Ghost Legend

Game Collection

Let's pretend this game's not over;
We don't know what comes next.
I'd love to be a cardholder,
Wouldn't you like to play chess?

I've seen the steps, the ending lanes,
Those you think about the same.
Where and when our ogre's tamed
Couldn't begin rattling its cage.

For, yes, there is no point
In wailing about lost loins,
Or a coin here, these vain fears
Are indeed faced in joint.

Yet, I wonder, if we didn't have to,
Just what you'd say.
If you'd take my hand to sleep again,
Or start your own voyage.

Power-up the arcade.

Ghost Legend

Geisha

Why are women Geisha?
No, not in a white mask,
But in their breath and past?
What a confusing behavior!

These would-be entertainers
Practice seduction as a craft,
Returning one of many favors
To the wallet that can match
The Highest Bidder's.

Yet, to the rest of men and women,
Being in their presence is refuted,
Due to not being up to task
In economic terms, at last.

There is another type of Geisha;
One that succumbs to faces,
Dressing as a doll with make-up
And filling victims with hatred.

Women who cannot look past
The superficial layers attached
To one's true demeanor—
Denouncing any pass
Made by those who took a chance
At loving their figure.

What a confusing behavior!

Ghost Legend

Gone

In the end, we're defeated by life.
There is no shining knight—
There is no dawning day.
We stay wherever we can,
And when its over, then,
We're gone with the wind.

I'd like to say something different,
Something uplifting,
But it's a flow within currents,
Whether you have insurance
To deal with strict adherence
To procedure and demeanor
Every obstacle's finite details—
A life of features.

Ghost Legend

Gone By Night

I've said all there is to say,
Awake from dawn to further days.
Although I'm young, time's soon late.
Death's clock's tick-ticking away.
What I've done wrong, can't explain.
Don't belong to corrupt games.
Gone by night, always.
Gone by night, just you wait.
It is in my mind that I am free.
I arise in soundless sleep,
Where I can lie, graciously,
Through the place where life's a dream.

Ghost Legend

Hands Up

Hands up, he's down,
Obscuring your vision;
Black's too dark a pigment
To avoid that truck hittin',
So they hit em'
Without thinking
Once, less twice, or three times.

Everyone knows violent types.
Take their face as the sign
And watch the judge signing,
"No evidence for prosecution,
Just time off:
Vacations with payments due, then."
He goes to Ebay, sells his weapon
For 250,000—
Maybe buy a grand private home with.
America's bliss.

Don't forget the immigrants,
White man's deepest regret.
Europeans have been here first,
Way before any native descendants.
So keep em' beyond the borders,
Even the young and toddlers;
Build a wall so high up
That Melania smiles for us.

Hands up, he's down,
Obscuring your vision;
Any color's too dark a pigment
To avoid our truck hittin',
So let's hit em'
Without thinking
Once, less twice, or three times.

Ghost Legend

Haunted By Rue

In the moonlight, I'm haunted by rue;
At noontide, the waves crystallize us,
But how could this be if we were nothing?
I assume that is the freedom of inaction.

You said your body would be mine too,
If and when I'd come only inside you.
That should, then, be for him to discover.
I was before him, lower number as a lover.

When the streamline pulls out,
And everything is left to loll about,
You'll see the emptiness in being finished;
That precious image will have diminished.

Ghost Legend

Haven

Haven't slept in a few days;
From Sunday to Tuesday,
But I just don't get it.
Where does one day begin
And another one here end?
I've lost track of all time.

My speech is slurring;
I'm wasting away
Debating racists
And all these websites
Show me the truth inherent
Of what no one bothers to find:
Bloodshot eyes at a Syrian genocide.

Chlorine seems a bad way of dying,
And starvation could be much worse.
I'm supposed to sit here smiling,
When I know here comes my turn.
An atheist, but feel like praying,
Because I don't want us to be alone.
When the time comes, I'd like to say,
"I hope you have a soul."

I hope your heart is pure.
I hope you're saying the truth.
I hope, for you.

Ghost Legend

Hear Me Cry

No one hears me cry,
But I do:
It's all the way inside.
I'm so screwed.

Ghost Legend

Hell's Fire

I've kissed a demon's lips
Amidst the loveliest mist
This life has ever missed.
To be remiss in reminiscence
Has extended the waiting periods—
Cannot let go of the figments, the essence
Of forgotten promises: evanescence.

Hell's fire
Hisses.

Lie before me, again,
Only to make it last, my friend.
In a world full of pretense,
That's how to begin
And end.

Hell's fire
Mends.

Ghost Legend

Here I Am

Here I am; I am
The man, the man
Misunderstood,
Wandering again,
Awkward in every look,
Black one of the kin,
Winning each day he stood.
Here I am; I am
The man you left for dead,
A rising fist above
Creation: This nook of dirt
Referred as Earth, bitter burial,
Zombie as your cause, to mine.
Here I am; I am
A long-forgotten lover,
Hoping to be someone
You'll never know of.

Ghost Legend

Here Is

Light flickers upon the tank;
It explodes, vision is sank
Below the surface glass.

A beauty figure, of rank—
Wonderful woman, I think;
Here is life's utmost lass.

No, it's a crystal drink,
In joy of life it basks:
Here is the end of fast.

Wait, but it's fate in mask.
I see the sand land, lack;
Here is Grave's hour-glass.

Ghost Legend

High Again

Listen to those sounds, her moans
Of pure orgasm—You know
There's not a way back by morning.
A cab will pick her up—a goner.
No pick-ups, no tones.
Even if she does, supposed
We knew what this was before it started.
Why should casualness be bothered?

Ghost Legend

Human Construction

On one of my last strolls, I saw a mountain range and thought,
"The world's a painting, is it not?
What a brilliant imitation...
What exuberant delineation
Covers every single spot
Of beauty in all nations
As ingredients in a pot..."

A little after then, I stopped
And watched
The travelers in march,
Sullen, starched,
Dressed at large,
Joking, and whatnot;
Clothing formal worth noting
Or scarce and provoking
To cover the need for eloping
Through better jobs.

That was when the question was brought:
"Who's imitating—the world or the paintings...
Or are they confabulating to construct us? "

Ghost Legend

Hunters And Guineas

I clicked through them, wondering if there's one
Willing to say, "Hi," or spend some time, at least staying a while.
5: 30 a.m., the sun approaches, but the night feels at its darkest now;
The rumble fumbles and tumbles: My pride a mistreated animal.
To realize it's all gone: The world made of us nothing, destroying what's left
around.
I just saw your beauty, I just saw it truly, being paid to take and fall down;
That used to be you, that could've been us, if it weren't for what rules us all.
I'm so close to death; I feel the heft, yet the hatred wants to hug.
I wish I could say sorry for all I've done, and your Armageddon, alone,
But time has us trapped; I can't go back. Can't even imagine this solved,
For now I see what we are: Hunters and Guineas—nothing more.

Ghost Legend

Ignorance

Someone tell me it isn't the truth—
Who could imagine a slaughter this magnitude?
People's passions viciously fused
For the worst of reasons to be used.

A war between ideas, far and near,
Yet both sides have reasons to be feared.
Populations ignorant of religion's steer—
Infiltrated by extremists in political careers.

How many must die before we realize
That punishment and "justice" combine to form a lie?
Humans are known for their ability to idealize,
Yet many still mourn their loved one's side.

Educate and compensate visionaries of a new world.
Do not hesitate, but make haste to unfurl
A tabula rasa engraved with messages of pearls
Hidden in the ocean, but longing to be murals.

Ghost Legend

Ignore

A horse was unleashed today, as a sign of envy.
The goal was to shorten my day, excruciating time's ending.
How do we stop hate, pain, and ingrates of life,
Who would rather see others in strife than might?

He walked a gentle path, unaware that the move
Sought to lure his blood towards streets to ooze—
As if his death could improve
The incredible mess they deal with this afternoon.
A life of hatred only brews and brews.

It's never right to implore those bored;
Who chooses to adore such a futile chore?
Our paths to the shore
May be troubled by moors,
But we can always, eternally,
Ignore.

Ghost Legend

Ignored By The World

Chase!

Chase it down
To the town
And back, if needed.

The pace!

It exhilarates:
The sound
And speed of a cheetah.

A prey

So Astray and
Bound by graves of
Unforgiving features:

Becoming Caves

Hidden about
The World Stage's shade
On Poor Syria!

Ghost Legend

In Memoriam

Could you hold me
For just one second?
Let every pain be
Faint light, slowly dwindling.
The act of living
Is a straightjacket,
Mingling, and I'm coming
Off the market.

Do you see that far ahead,
Each relative, lover, friend,
Dead?
Gone is even
Your place of origin;
Next, shall be everything
Written in memoriam.

Ghost Legend

Income In The Bank

Sitting in the secretary's office, I ask
When they are hiring, or if the time
Has passed.

"You cannot replace those here, " she says,
"Or in any other place, I fear, unless
A political dealer is your friend."

Aghast,
Memories, of not long back, blast
Freshly into the present frame.
That man,
Colleague, fellow student, master
Of planning, knew when to grasp
At his supervisor's egoistic mass
And tame.

I offer my thanks
And leave,
Not regretting, although displeased
At the punishment on my attempts
Toward an honest path.
What's left to wonder? I guess
If the chunks
Of his soul sold are worth
Income in the bank.

Ghost Legend

Inner Silence

Sometimes, it's better not to speak
Than to be judged for your words.
Excuse me for not believing in fairies,
I was raised by this dirt
Where some of the only things with wings
Are butterflies,
And the stuff of old men's dreams
Are lies.
See, we may never see eye to eye,
But I promise I would never categorize
You as good or evil, because that's a disguise.
It takes true talent to accept both sides.

Welcome to my world: I was raised in a haze
Where you remained in a book all day
Of fortunetellers' bid for power,
Until I noticed how we spent every hour.
It's an excuse not to pursue
A life worth living in this jungle's zoo.
The pain becomes too much to construe
A purpose without magic to rule.

Isn't it enough to see beauty in the morning sky?
I believe that if the truth were in everyone's mind
They'd huddle together instead of waiting for pleasure
In another life.

Ghost Legend

It Shall Be Longer

She held him close,
No words were spoken.
Such loss of hope
In a second to hold him.
Hellos are farewells
Once and over
Again, we are awoken
By the same place
Of slumber.
One day, longer.

Ghost Legend

It Was Only Ever A Glimpse

A glimpse at the mirror shows clearly
My blurry reflection.
Too many lessons have been tearing
At these senses.
The phase of glorified flesh ended,
Yet I never knew when it commenced,
Or where it headed.

It's grown nearly impossible to see the eyes.
I've always had trouble establishing "me."
Lo and behold, what a surprise
That I've continued disfiguring.

Tormented and rejected by the lust of dreams,
My hate has drawn to sleep.
Who wants to awaken smothering
An impossible fantasy?

A clock keeps ticking,
And with this hangs fate.
They make it sound endearing,
But it's hard accepting you'll be late.

Suppose it fair to say
How confused I remained,
But at my dying day,
I was a different being.

Ghost Legend

Jump Off

She loves to jump off
Every single precipice
At a sequence,
Abandoning one victim;
Always a diamond
Taken from a woman
With that vixen
Allure.
Those primal savages
Want to savage her;
She'll mine for it—
Amor.
Any cliff too high
Must want caves
Inside.
Only graves provide
Ardor.
She'll jump far enough,
Bury your love,
Take every treasure
You have and run off
To only search for
Another hilltop
And blood diamonds
Galore.

Ghost Legend

Land

Our land has become Death's brothel—
Collection of soft hands and hardened muzzles.
Lives canned to display strength or gain muscle,
Splattering remains in joyous, endless tussles.

It has turned to game, wrestling
The sane to deranged—nestling
A thirst for revenge and rendering
These actions Heavenly dependent.

Our fear provides the rumors
Gearing towards cowardly tumors—
Rearing a supply of awkward humor.
For as we rise from fumes of
Imminent funerals,
The existential question comes to pressure:
What in life is there to treasure?

Ghost Legend

Layers

Adventure in my hands, strangers feel close,
Those of bribery which never palm, never fold.
A whole world trembles, under the shake;
Innocents become rebels, applauding
Crowd-surfing will, boardwalk blessings
Born allergic to the ocean—yet something
Lurks, past my reach, tall and mighty.

Ghost Legend

Lighting The Match

Who would believe that a leaf holds such power
As to influence the quality of one's daily hours?
So repugnant is the nature of what we admire
That it determines the fate of all held truly ours.

You, leaf, dictate our lives to such a degree
That even husbands and wives may be determined by thee.
The young man who bangs leaves out of an old lady's tree,
And the young woman whose lips in deed cause ecstasy.

We may never comprehend the extent to which this mechanism controls us.
Inequality's reign never ends—as it remains impervious.
You know which alternative could be glorious?
If we all, one day, burned down the forest.

Ghost Legend

Lolled

How many of us have you crushed?
About as many as you've sucked
The life out of.
That space separating love
From hatred lately is small—
Starting from answering
Your every call,
To having my ring
Not picked up at all,
And your ring
Brought back to the mall.
My name can be screamed
In much too many
Ways for me
To recall,
Yet I'll still vainly fall
For your shiny twin,
Lolled.

Ghost Legend

Lost In A Sea Of Beauty

I want to be free,
Lost in a sea of beauty,
Fleeing life's tragedy.

I have come to accept
That only through death
Will I ever escape the irony.

I will miss her,
Though I'm still unsure
Whether she's a figment
Of my imagination.

If death means peace,
Maybe it's meant to be.

Ghost Legend

Lost In The Land

I am lost, in this land,
Where no man can sit, where no man can stand.
No one understands, until the end,
There's nothing to commit, nothing to hand.
Those highest peaks, beloved sands,
Trail our falls, down where they begin.
For it is not for what is man,
But how was, and how not,
In living.

Ghost Legend

Lost In The Memory

I am lost in the memory
Between what was, what could be,
And what is.

A situation impossible to fix:
My own Rubik's ruby.

Thoughts too far away to foresee
Leave me shocked—wishing to flee
My death wish.
No contemplation survives amidst
Rigid bombarding.

So it is, in this spot so tiny,
That I continue lost until a thought reminds me
That I am still in the mist
Of inexistence—
That I continue lost in the memory.

Ghost Legend

Loved

All I wanted was to be loved.
I thought I saw it through innocent touch,
But it ended up with innocence lost.
Now, I find myself searching out of lust.

One hand holds another hand—
I am too young to understand
That this rhythm is banned.
My love has to change.

Ghost Legend

Lying In The Shade

The shade of colors delineate
A taste of odors below her waist.
Chaste hors d'œuvres come before our main plates
To decorate the borders for escape.

I think we'll all have an order,
In its most primal, innate state.
Make it rare, so we can bear
Our putrid, human fate.

Continue putting it out there;
It's life, and it's only fair.
Let's all eat it without a care
Until it soothes our crude fears.

Ghost Legend

Mamá

Mamá—Má—Mamá—
Aguantano' pa' `tra.
Mamá—Mamá—Mamá—
Vamo' pa' encima.
Si viento aguantara,
Si el pudiera,
Yo me lanzaría
A la ma' profunda
Cueva que encontrara
En esta tierra
Pa' esconderme de aquella
Asesina vida.

Mamá—Má—Mamá—
Aguantano' pa' `tra.
Mamá—Mamá—Mamá—
Vamo' pa' encima.
Mamá—Má—Mamá—
¿Qué de nosotros será?
Mamá—Mamá—Mamá—
Somos colonia.

Mamá—Má—Mamá—
Viene' pa' `ca.
Mamá—Mamá—Mamá—
Vas a goberna'.
Mamá—Má—Mamá,
Hubiera' vota'o po' Obama.
Mamá—Mamá—Mamá—
Parece que nos odia'.

Mamá—Má—Mamá,
Vuelo pa' `lla.
Mamá—Mamá—Mamá—
Regreso una vez ma'.
Mamá—Má—Mamá,
No me quieres en na'.
Mamá—Mamá—Mamá—
No tengo hoga'.

Translation:

Mama—Ma—Mama—
Hold us back.
Mama—Mama—Mama—
Let's move on.
If the wind would hold me,
If it could,
I would launch myself
Into the deepest
Cave I could discover
On this land
To hide from that
Killer life.

Mama—Ma—Mama—
Hold us back.
Mama—Mama—Mama—
Let's move on.
Mama—Ma—Mama—
What will become of us?
Mama—Mama—Mama—
We're a colony.

Mama—Ma—Mama—
You're coming here.
Mama—Mama—Mama—
You'll govern.
Mama—Ma—Mama—
We should've voted for Obama.
Mama—Mama—Mama—
It looks like you hate us.

Mama—Ma—Mama—
I'll fly over there.
Mama—Mama—Mama—
I'll come back here.
Mama—Ma—Mama—
You don't want me anywhere.
Mama—Mama—Mama—
I don't have a home.

Ghost Legend

Misao Fujimura

A boy writes dying
Thoughts of lost love on a tree
And leaves it mourning.

Ghost Legend

Monotone

He walked up to me,
Shook my hand,
Then began
Rants
About past
Events—
History.

Strangely,
I stared,
Wondering
If he were
Aware
That lady
Called him
Crazy
Next to me
For walking
Past the
Unemployment
Line
Multiple times.

“Twenty years
Ago,
Such and such
Was here.
No es lo mismo—
Government's cleared
Our opportunity to steer
The economy
Alone.”

Conversation ended
Monotone.

Ghost Legend

Moving Along

Your face reminds me
Of a time before
This world made us
Become someone.
I'm tired of a life in entertainment;
I've never been much of a performer.

I think I'll be happy when we're long gone.
I think I'll be glad to be moving along.
I'm terrified, but who isn't among us?
Wouldn't you be happy when the suffering
Is done?
Wouldn't you be happy moving along? (Chorus)

I, for one, want to see it all,
But I cannot, so I'll imagine you
Were able to, had everything lost,
And no one stopped, not of one them
Stopped you, but

I think I'll be happy when we're long gone.
I think I'll be glad to be moving along.
I'm terrified, but who isn't among us?
Wouldn't you be happy when the suffering
Is done?
Wouldn't you be happy moving along? (Chorus)

Perform, perform, let them swallow their scorn;
You're the girl whom everybody wants
To bring down, but you keep lifting up
This entire world which makes all of us arrive.

I think I'll be happy when we're long gone.
I think I'll be glad to be moving along.
I'm terrified, but who isn't among us?
Wouldn't you be happy when the suffering
Is done?
Wouldn't you be happy moving along? (Chorus)

Ghost Legend

Nature Of The Game

I asked some folks today
What the meaning of life was,
If it's worth sticking around.
There was nothing they could say.
Told me to keep going,
Until my head hit the ground.
C'est la vie, they claim.
It was time to let go
Of the lost and found.
Nature of the game, simply,
And there is nothing but to play.

Ghost Legend

Never Atrophied

I now know much—
Perhaps too much
To ever be happy.
Sorrow is the norm
With which I adorn
Desolate valleys,
But beyond that—I yearn
To earn life's trophies,
And that is a beautiful feeling
Never atrophied.

Ghost Legend

Never Known But Always Told

Never known what passion is,
But I've always attempted to find out.
It's stayed an invisible luxury,
Never relenting in being roundabout.

Passion remains a magic bliss,
Which only in movies exists—
That shared between six lips
In an onscreen kiss.

Passion stays alongside all holidays
In the ways it washed my brain.
Just like Christmas—When it came,
You knew that you were in for pain.

Never known, but always told—
Passion is a gift forever delayed,
With movements swift in change
In order to shackle the sane.

Ghost Legend

Never The Same, But As They Want

You and I are never going to be the same.
People, like the seasons, change.
Could it be that treason's fame
Is through collective, not individual, gain?
For if one fails to go with the grain,
That one is hammered, driven insane,
And all the world keeps moving,
Without a blink, a say.
Do you have yourself to give away,
Or a benefit to fit someone else's game?
If not, you are someone else's problem,
And that is the way you stay.

Ghost Legend

New Gateway To Heaven

She spread out,
Like if showing a valuable thing-
Perhaps a new gateway to Heaven;
Something soothing pain in the wreckage
Of living,
And all the boys
Seem to have fun with her toys.
What makes oneself worth giving?
Why's a lifetime spent kneeling
Before others wishes?

Pain can be glorious,
Enjoyed at any rates,
But so are
Terrors
In death games.
They taunt her-
Reminiscences
Of past mistakes,
Knowing full well
Another is
On the way.

Someone hush the noise,
Someone halt the scene,
Someone pause the destruction
Of beauty.
Love was never meant to be employed,
Or fooled by any means,
Yet only fools
Surround me.

Ghost Legend

Night Dip

I dipped into the river
To see
How many shivers
Would free
Me
From all these
Meanderings,
From morbid
Reality.

She dipped into the river
At ease;
The Sun did not live up
To be
Warmth in
The breeze:
Just a source
Of gravity.

We dipped into the river
To flee
The cause of our break-up.
Inevitably,
We
Seem floundering
Into uncharted
Territory.

Ghost Legend

No Me Dejes

No me dejes;
Jamás ni me dejes.
Has sido una fiebre
Lenta, ardiente.

Desde que nací,
Y ahora,
Que mi vida muere,
Te seguiré siempre
Hasta la muerte.

No puedes;
No lo entiendes.
Esto se presiente—
El mundo viene.

Estaré allí,
Cuando el día llegue.
Diré, "Ayer te vi—
Sabía quién eres".

Cuando el mundo
Rompa fuente,
Y se bajen los muros
En todo ambiente,

Será el lugar
Para reclamar
Que fiel fui
Al verte llegar.

Ghost Legend

Nothing But Someone

Ain't nothing but someone tryna make it.
People I know are half of who they were,
Still happy merely to be workin',
Believing in soul friends just to forget us.

Ain't nothing but someone tryna make it
Because it's painful seeing this for what this is.
I don't blame them; Myself, I'm pretty crazy,
But I ain't someone just tryna make it.

There's something wrong the way we are living;
Suffering's everywhere, except in our kitchens.
Everybody moves along, blaming the districts.
I'll be damned if I grew up to lose me.

Rather keep poverty and my doggie, Shakur.
Rather see my love every day, pure.
Rather sink than swim among barracudas.
Rather say I love you, go before it's not true.

Ain't nothing but someone tryna make it;
I'll cherish you all, even in your deaths,
Bury you in a sea of my own tears,
Letting you go to do for which you're here.

Ghost Legend

Nothing Good

Nothing good awaits us;
We're born to learn
Death's hovering.
Thus, the seconds tick away
And our hope goes with them,
Vanishing.
Hear pigs squealing,
Nature's screams.
Find out the nature
In ice cream:
How meat
Produces meat
For all to eat,
Eventually.
No, you'd also better roam, at least
Three-hundred streets
On those bare feet
And see whom stops to see,
If any at all act kindly.
Then we'd know,
Then we're free.

Ghost Legend

Odor

I've said too much,
Trusted in animals.
When I'm one
And can tell
They're wild.
My world
Has no importance,
Unless, here,
Prey's around.
I've been down
Enough while
To know how
This comes about.
But, still, I love,
Ignoring the odor
Of my cuts by now.

Ghost Legend

On To The Next One

So many paths—
No one right direction.
Slowing at last,
I've come to learn lessons.

Every single day that rises
I fear is my end.
Someone halt it all for a second;
Let me catch my breath.

On to the next
Stop—
On to the next
Block—
On to the next
Shop—
Life doesn't stop.

I've lived in fantasies
For way too long.
This world's reality
Is to never be loved.

We're slaves, ants to be
Burnt up.
Our graves are trashy things
Not picked up.

And when the magnifying glass
Does come,
Then, you'll know everyone
Moves on—

On to the next
Stop—
On to the next
Block—
On to the next
Shop—

Life doesn't stop.

Ghost Legend

Opportunities

We look beyond
To a future life,
With progress becomes
A beautiful sight.
Misery yearns for some relief
Found in life's opportunities.
Mysteries we seek,
When all is bleak;
Solutions to be
The magical key
To unlocking all that's not well—
The promise in our wishing wells.
Can you smell as you inhale
Through the curtains veil?
It's a tall-tale world—
Disguising what we feel.
Striving to find that one deal,
Unknown behind the secret seal.

Ghost Legend

Paradise

Paradise is not all it seems.
There are limits in who breathes its breeze.
These buildings don't belong here;
A few tourists don't see our fear.
The beach limited by who perceives
Beyond the walls that block Natives
From Palm Trees.

There's Anguish in the news due to all the blood spewed.
Those with power languish for dollars by the hour.
Young adults' lives are limited by the law's curfew.
A young poet seeks to dominate a language's valor.

No hopes or aspirations for a nation without jobs.
One that cuts funding to education for rich cowards.
The Third-World pleads for a piece of food rations,
Yet inequality threatens peace through provocation.

It is unknown to where the world shall head.
History's library shows a pile of dead.
The fact that humans permitted this dread
Incites me to fear what lies ahead.

Ghost Legend

Perfect Consumption

The time has come
To be undone—
Rejuvenated.
Crime has spun
One alone,
Infatuated
With rebirth;
Rehearse
The hurt
First—
Thirst's
Curses
Lurk
Worse,
Ever
Evolving,
Revolving,
Controlling,
Consuming
Hearth.

See what I see through a flames' burst;
Heed the smoke's billows out of frame—
Nurse
The rhythm to the pace at a place versed.

Ghost Legend

Pine-Winter

I find myself lost without place to hide.
The pine-winter frost fails to justify
Where I'm at,
What I've lacked,
And those decisions that can't be taken back.

So, I stare and see the sound;
I hear a bristle
And turn around—
Christmas trees glisten,
As they're smitten
With unrequited love
Never to be found.

I'm left to ponder why,
Oh why,
I've never accustomed
To the ground.

Ghost Legend

Poison

Barrel bombs falling from the sky
Chlorine rain, every other night
Pouring down
Our throats.
We're so thirsty, but their water
Has turned to poison;
Ask my daughter- ask my mother.
My wife lies lifeless, paralyzed:
A look of love still amongst clouded eyes.
All the way up, surely wondering,
When we'll be Dancing with the Stars.

They do in other parts,
Dancing on my life,
Where the fun never ends,
Truth's no one's aware.
Battles over wealth,
Health, they seem to
And not to care,
But they're still there,
And there's not here.
I appreciate the sentiment,
Your demarcation from Russia,
But you did this, too;
You did this to us:
One of one, our flesh and foam
Will forever be yours,
Even as the world knows
Enough to yawn.

Ghost Legend

Pure Survival

There's always a wall.
We waver through the call —
No way to escape this place
At all.
Our masses stand tall
As they end up buckled.
Who wants to win the game?

Shuffle.

Hand in hand at malls,
Love shows it's dismal.
Who's first to lose a glance?
The balls
We have till dawn
Hide our lovely chaos,
Because they're beautiful

Freedom.

Their orders far fall,
The dresses come back on,
And we're left to die
Lost,
For what was thought
As remedial
Turned out to be futile,

Insatiable.

Ghost Legend

Queen Of Sensation

She walks in rain
Domain to domain,
Exciting veins
While taking the reins.

There's no such thing
As shame associated—
She ignores the pain
And gamely fakes it.

Her lips have fame;
The ultimate curators
Igniting flames,
Turning liquid into vapor.

Men owe her favors—
She's owed their lives
For resisting the temptation
Of telling their wives.

The Queen of Sensation,
Title to which she abides,
Describes the rhythm
Of her sensual thighs.

This Queen isn't fooled;
She knows it's a lie,
But from her early youth,
She was taught to satisfy.

Ghost Legend

Questions

If I pray to you,
Could it solve our mystery?
Everyone says that soon
You'll have my intrigue.

If I kneel,
Would worlds wash away?
Still,
Isn't in your hands all pain?

How can you see,
But not act,
Not attack,
Not do anything?
Is it true
What he said—
Are we all abandoned

To commend
In your hands?
Are you our friend
Or just the shepherd?

Ghost Legend

Ríos

Por cada doctor,
Abogado, locutor,
Y maestro
Que vive en nuestro
Mundo, existen
Miles de talentos
Perdidos.

Aquellos a los cuales
Estas localidades
Fueron más amargas
Que dulces:
A cuenta larga,
Frutas
Llenas de frustré
En lindo camino
Del vivir.

Yo soy uno de esos,
Perros sin hueso,
Travieso atravesando
Ríos al sumergirse.
Y cuando regreso
A aquel tierno
Terreno,
Del pasado,
Parece todo
Un chiste.

For every doctor,
Lawyer, showman,
And teacher
Living in our
World, there exist
Thousands of lost
Talents.

Those to which

These localities
Have been more bitter
Than sweet:
In the long run,
Fruits of frustration
On the beautiful streets
Of living.

I am one of those
Dogs without a bone,
Trickster traversing
Rivers by submersion.
And when I return
To the past's
Tender land,
It all appears
Pure diversion.

Ghost Legend

Rocks In The River

She hasn't been with us enough
To behold the scope for submission,
Working bodies to same old songs;
Flesh is flesh,
Like rocks in the river.

Her silver-linings are always sliding,
Pushed to the side in times of hurry:
Visuals keeping minds grinding,
As she resists another flurry.

Everyone loves a puzzle to solve;
We are our own enigma.
Once done, does it merit going along
A routine, now transfigured?

Never, never,
For flesh is flesh,
Like rocks in the river.

Ghost Legend

Roses Without Thorns

My apologies to you, Rose,
For misunderstanding
Where we were to go
Or what would happen.

You had been plucked long ago,
But desired to fasten
Yourself on solid soil
In the hopes of lasting.

My tears pour through
For what you chose.
A beauty for all to view
Disrobed.

No thorns on their clothes;
I am left to suppose
That you did it to cope—
Cloaked.

Now I understand that's not what you were to do,
But you have to remember that I was young too;
I had not a clue to foresee the brew—
And save you.

I can imagine those men up in the stands,
Passing wrapped roses from hand to hand,
And you're left in a trance, once again,
Until you wither and are forgotten.

Ghost Legend

Saw The Salmon

Saw the salmon swim up river:
Their journey was over.
Shivers seemed to strengthen
That move forward.
Perhaps senses were lowered
As a last cushion to hold;
Maybe, it was part of a flow
Meant to go.

They were followed
By death more than me.
She glanced, admiringly,
In tender glow.
They released, were swallowed,
And she pranced at ease.
She knew what I know.

Ghost Legend

Self-Esteem

Here lies one door I should not have opened.
Someone saw my riches, and they were stolen.
Whatever may happen, this remains unspoken.
No one must know what it is provoking.
The battle may be found where the smoke is.
A king cannot be crowned without blood to soak in.
It is in that cup that he drinks to choke with
All on his own without chance of forfeit.
Catch this thief, I beseech you to!
Look at her teeth, because she is see-through!
Nightmares plague me under these blue moons,
Reflecting brightly in rivers at noon.

Someone lit fire to my meadow in a morning without rain.
I saw what could happen to my Kingdom and writhed with pain.
Forget that thief—let her keep what she took!
Why choke when pride and belief are mistook?
Finding hearts drive many briefly insane—
In fits of anger destroying all in range.
Regrets I see that of history create books—
A never-ending cycle of rivers and hooks.

Ghost Legend

Self-Talk

There isn't anyone to talk to,
Doesn't matter what's on my mind.
I'd like to forget it for a time, you
Would do just fine, caring a while.

Maybe it's not as serious as I make it,
But my mind's still breaking.
I've been locked up in this room for years,
Humming tunes into my ceiling,
Too much time wasted.
Never had one friend be there.
Every day's the same
As the ones before it.
I'm stuck in a time warp,
26 on 16.
Really thought I'd be one,
See sunlight reach me.
Only moons meet here.
Feel like a werewolf.

I know there won't be anyone,
Playing pretend with myself.

There isn't anyone to talk to,
Doesn't matter what's on my mind.
I'd like to forget it for a time, you
Would do just fine, caring a while.

Ghost Legend

Setting The Fire

On this planet, more than twenty million starving,
There is no such thing as time waiting.
When you're gone, the whole world moves on.
While dying, people admit 'They don't belong, '
Or somehow deserved it for being out too far-
'The next city down the road can burn for all I care.'
Everything outside of US turns out not to matter.
We love consuming ourselves:
Setting the fire, spark by spark,
Our houses seemingly alive in the darkness.

Ghost Legend

Sheep

I wake, tend to the sheep,
Whom much too long
Had wounds from flies,
Even though the problem
Stared right at me—
The p- - - in my eyes.
I hear a neighbor calling
This pig somewhere `round.
There isn't mud far off to see;
He mustn't work awhile.
I travel back to my reality:
A monitor escaping all.
No one has responded,
Even though it's been weeks—
Are no friends in this world?
But, still, I wonder,
If like the sheep,
No one sees how it hurts.

Ghost Legend

Sin Salida

Ganando,
Perdiendo,
Me pierdo
En ella.
Su veneno
Me quema,
Llena
Mis venas.

Concentro
Todo
Deseo
Adentro:
Lo que temo
Y aquello
Más dando cuentos.

Que la vida
Siga
Incalculable,
Fría,
Sin guía,
No varía
Los amantes
En línea.

Ghost Legend

Smooth Sails

Everyone's so busy with their lives,
While mine goes down the wayside.*
Larkin said it's a moment till we all die;
So far, waiting long ago arrived.
We're on the same boats, different skies: *
The deck seems calm on the horizon,
But in this dungeon, despite the window outside,
I feel the ocean's tremble.
Smooth sails don't equate to good sailors.*
There's nothing predictable hoping for our salvation.
When you feel everything's within touch in the Matrix, *
No one ever notices the headgear,
The questionable farming practices
Making us lose more each year
Till there's none left.

*1. Philip Larkin reference.

*2. Greek proverb reference.

*3. African proverb reference.

*4. Matrix film reference.

Ghost Legend

Snow Mountain

Up on this mountain,
A clear fountain
Distills water.

Up on this mountain,
The snow covers
My Asian cottage.

Hiding in it,
Shuddering,
At that image.

Who would've thought
After all the scarce
Populace pilgrimage

That I'd be visited
By this distraught,
Wretched demon.

Nightfall's on the horizon
As I peak through blinds on
This wagging figure.

Blowing the candles,
My body trembles
As a mirror.

To hear him calling
In mocking fashion
Is the ultimate trigger:

"You should have gone
For that liaison;
What a coward.

Spending time
Writing poems
To freeze fire—

Tell me, is it not
That she haunts
In nightmares?

You should have sought
To have popped
Her idea.

Why bathe so just,
In water distilled aloft,
Only because it's clear?

It's much more fun
To dip in mud
At the rear."

Up on this mountain,
He causes someone
Cloaked to appear.

Up on this mountain,
That waist is fastened,
Only to reveal

That here—
She is smiling
In the worst of hauntings.

Ghost Legend

Soul

Waking up in the same room, to my lazy routine,
Years hiding from what's outside these brick walls,
I try not to think of my enemies.
If one enters, they do all.
Many deaths lurk, clear and clean,
As if only dirtying hands with my own,
This room serves evidencing.
How far I've abandoned hope.
There's no one beyond imagination.
If one soul could reach and hold me,
Grasp my plight, let it soar,
I'd pass by, you'd see the smile,
See how great sufferers adore.

Ghost Legend

Still Here

You look into my eyes, tell me you think I've given up.
Something tells me nothing I do will be enough.
My thoughts already are of those related to death.
Can we hold on, love, before we forget?
I don't feel that fire burning in the night again.
Something about this long journey feels different.
Long after we're gone, Earth will still be rotating.
Can you tell if my soul's still here, or if isn't?

Ghost Legend

Stop In Awe

Have you ever stopped in awe
At just how lucky and disgraced
We are?
Seas of faces barge in bars,
Selecting poison, coitus—
Lives of choices
Scarred.

Those alone are not the only tarred,
Set alight, marred by the world.
By far, accompanied folks disarm
Themselves for being held in arms
And told,

“That for all of life's lovely charms,
You're the one worth knowing well.
I'll be rough, even if it causes alarm—
You're worth being damned to Hell.”

We watch, stop, and search
For life's frenzied farewell,
Even though it's all dirt
Surrounding an empty well.

Ghost Legend

Stopping Time

A nostalgic joy comes over the thought
Of his eyes over your body like I could have,
If I had lived a little into the future;
Our decades of fun could sweetly pass,
Simply for us to discover ourselves:
Every height to climb,
Cave to dwell.
All of those places we'd chill,
Melt in vociferous rhythm.
There's no stopping time, we must accept this fact,
Yet our minds could choose to remain reluctant,
Absorbed in the fantasy of friends,
When at heart we're lovers.
I'll always savor the moments,
Remember the flavors, your potions,
Imagine that curtain open,
Just so I could close it.

Ghost Legend

Stormy Night

I'm by the sea
Next to crying wind,
Which ceased to be
A peaceful breeze.
Vacationers are running,
And I begin
To hear sirens
Warning me.
Yet I stay—
I stay and wait
To hear the ocean's
Currents break.
Yet I lie myself in place
To await the end
Of unruly fate.

The tsunami fails to come,
And I'm undone
By the extensive wait.
I approach the ocean
For its sake,
And then I am awake.

Ghost Legend

Subtle

Subtle changes in your profile,
As if you're vying to push buttons
In my world, seeking to defile
Who we were, are now, files deleted,
Right-clicked, emptied;
You're still RPG-ing, at war
With the heathens,
But I bet you didn't count on my seeing
His account closely;
He's nearly three times your age,
Sup wit' your circumstances?
Three times bustin' the cradle,
Gingerbread treats;

How sweet the sugar must pour
From his White beard,
Your very own Santa Claus.
How sweet you seemed to be long before
I observed
How you get yours—
Girl, get yours.(x2)

Do you think I care now
What you choose, whom you do?
You must be well aware how
You murdered my innocent love.
What would it do to spare guilt—
Obviously still the same person
Searching for a new gift,
Each passing year. (x4)

Ghost Legend

Suffer

Korn for the cobbler, brand new shoes to step
On, and bubbles set up to pop on their own.
Mattresses rule the world, lest we doze off,
Programming golden shower nozzles (no soap, but foam) .
Rue presidential suite services in our hotel, for the candy smells
Only brings clientele back, four more.
Maximize profits, if when we ask of it you know
All we nosed, both by sheets and by ore.
Trump U.S.? Suffer.

Ghost Legend

Taste A Little

She said she'd like to visit,
Taste a little
Of the local fixtures;
I still remember
How big that body was,
While you loved watching
My heart pump blood.
Said there must be something
Wrong with my camera.
Huh? It's real, yeah, from there
To your belly button;
You make great descriptions.

She said she'd like to visit,
Yet her eyes start moving,
Searching for something else
Near that room.
Seeming pretty nervous,
Should I ask where he is?
Or let you disconnect,
Run up out of here?

You're not the first one
Who's glanced behind ya;
She also told me to put it away
Before someone found us.
You all say you'd like to visit,
Taste a little
Of the local fixtures;
I still remember.

Ghost Legend

The Bat

The bat oversees the entire village,
Blindly, wildly reaching for berries.
Down below, by a couple's cottage,
No one knows a legend's flying.

He had terrified many into pilgrimage—
Made them stock their flock with crosses;
Unknowingly rocked capes now vintage
Years before this very hunt had happened.

This flight led to a colorful window-ledge,
Where a young lady was spotted within,
Staring, counting ticking seconds ahead
Of their unfortunate passing, it seems.

The bat snuck past her now-busy head,
Stretched out an arm, opened the fridge,
Took some berries and even some bread,
Fluffing pillows before she went to bed.

Ghost Legend

The Bay

It should have been more.
It should have been less.
I feel so rotten about it.

This fragment of friendship—
This montage of union—
Extinguishes fumes of disillusion.

Is it possible to pave a way
For two souls to exchange
The happenings of night and day

Without solace in fray—
Without envious decay
Eroding its rocky base?

Ghost Legend

The Bind Of Sleep

I bind with sleep in the depth of my mind,
Where I find, and attempt to keep, treasures of mine:
Time wasted, feelings faded,
All the love,
And all the hatred,
Which rise and decline
As chills down my spine.

I lie to myself awake,
Open-mouthed and feeling
For Feeling's sake.
It sends me reeling
Destroyed, irate
With the coy dealings
Of Fate.

I die, and die, until left with only life
To face until truly late.

Ghost Legend

The Downed Kite

Once upon a time, a man desired a woman.
She was perfectly sized, with eyes blue and clear.
What a pleasure for his mind to imagine
Holding on to her beautiful behind so dear.

Days and nights passed gathering his might
To tell that lovely sight what he felt.
The man approached that woman flying a kite,
Which right there and then fell.

Standing behind her, and speaking of love attained from afar,
Her striking silence provoked pain in his heart
At knowing not what she felt, or if she comprehended in part,
How her beauty's spell refused to depart.

She turned around with a face so covered in scars
That the man preferred blindness to witnessing more.
He ran away, then drove full-speed in his car—
Leaving with nothing to adore.

Ghost Legend

The Heart

The Heart knows not of love,
But of the blood within its pumps.
No one quite knows love at blunt—
Only the coveted Brain does.

The one that can be altered,
Sheltered, and sponsored
In order to function
Towards love at once.

A Heart only suffers
The rise in pressure
Of every single measure
Aimed at its stump.

For as we engage in pleasures
Of trifling Earthly treasures,
It inevitably ends with a lesson
On someone's Broken Heart.

Ghost Legend

The Hunter

There was something in the mountain's shadow which looked strange:
A set of glistening teeth, fiercely pointing, as if to ascertain
Whether I was weak, injured, or suffering from such malady
Spelling imminent vulnerability, a prey,
So far off from Africa.
Near no big mammal land,
I couldn't comprehend this, but I bared my own,
Gnashing violently. There would be no other option
Than to fight a way out, if attacked upon.
Doors locked, the seconds ticked on,
Clenched my hands, prepared for war;
Lastly, I rolled the window down,
Discovered my hunter was gone.

Ghost Legend

The Last Bird Song

The last bird song heard
In this forgotten flesh
Is one of sorrow, worry, and regret;
The whispers plea across the trees
To say goodbye to me,
Finally.

“We all fetch the same bets—
Take part in the mesh to survive it.
Although that can't be had,
We are glad to continue the path
Or find ways around it.”

If what you assume is true,
We are all inevitably subdued.
I've queued life's clues
And found beauty in blue.
Let it be what it may.

“Choosing to be gone in May?
Why not test fate by joining hate? ”

I'll tell you why—I rather be late
Than never arriving at a place.

Then, they just flew away.

Ghost Legend

The Last Call

Ring, ring...
Your family's calling
It seems;
One last battle,
Using all of your strength,
Is all that's needed
For the pain to cease.

Or perhaps it's the other way
Around,
Yet you must react to that wretched
Sound.
Yes, I know graves find our caves
Out,
But there's so much to be done in fetched
Hideouts.

Where's liberty by Vieques' sea?
(You'd love to blow kisses at an evening breeze.)
I bought you a lamb—if only you would see
That life is changing for our family.

It all reaches us, but I believe
There's no harm in procrastinating
Our departure—What we could be
Before the rug is swept under our feet.

Ghost Legend

The Living

If there were words to say
In the depths of despair,
They'd be to live and greet
Completely unawares
Of impending defeats,
Cheats, and care,
Of each peak you'll bleed
Internally with fears.
For there is not much
To care for here;
We've all been launched,
Grunted, into the stratosphere,
And the only means to touch
Down are clear: You must
Be blunt enough to shear
Through hair and skin,
Vain and organ, push to brinks
Nature's order, and therefore
Sink as grounding blimps,
Filling the grounds with stink
Until it's over.
But if fear is your ally,
You may so choose to sit
Out your flight, let it
Crash in an empty alley,
Or so land in the middle of night.
Yet listen, again,
You'd still be torn in
Pieces by then,
So is there real difference,
My friend?
Why let your cold stiffen
Those limbs?
Time to sleep! Let others
Weep
Living.

Ghost Legend

The Lucky Plant

Did I ever rant about my Lucky Bamboo plant?
Lucky, of course, because it needs no land.
The world is scant, although a sycophant,
And this beauty needs not a hand.

It's similar to me, I'd say—it can't tolerate the Sun,
At least not through direct exposure any way done.
Left to revel in dark, this plant discovers most fun
Without the need of anyone.

That's not to say it doesn't suffer alone—
The lack of nutrients does cause harm.
But it's best to be short-lived than be sprung
At the whims of everyone.

Ghost Legend

The Nature To Actuality

Everything seems to fade away,
My soul has stopped breathing.
Endless buffets were days,
Air the night kept beaming.

Next dawns had to be staunch.
The future held a meaning:
Alive to discover the bunch
Of secrets TV would tease me.

When I stepped into reality,
Humidity triggered heaving,
The nature to actuality
Is all but artistic-leaning.

Ghost Legend

The Next Tribute

Tribes chanted of the heavens
Kings called out to themselves
Governments learned their lessons
Religion rules us all
What keeps even when we know
There's no keeping up in the world
Not to a Kardashian, not to anyone
Unknowns don't rise, they fall
Yet the masses trek forward
Chasing down each other's survival
Making of their kindred demons
Celebrating the funeral
Then, like before it began
Everyone's gone
And treasures, all the land
Up for grabs from the dead's hands
Await the next tribute

Ghost Legend

The One Who Kept Me Company

I'm unable to enjoy a day as today.
It's always been away;
A failure to attain the void
In the mind's pathways.

As Time passed, I became
The same as those insane—
Wishing that miracles would change
Life's undoubtedly cruel games.

Happiness—we're both going down.
It was Sadness who stayed
When you were not around.
I'm staring at these lights of the town,
Wondering of those who played
With you, as I drowned.

Ghost Legend

The Sea And The Lighthouse

Moon, strengthen the tide.
Seas of regret and pride—
Faith, the lighthouse of my life,
How do you shine so bright?
I will never let sight of my ruby go—
May be drowned if the false truth unfolds.
But, even then, freezing in the ocean's cold,
Memory will light our hearts as we together grow old.

Ghost Legend

The Search

If I'm lost within my own soul,
Which high command may rescue me?
The worst silence is one found alone,
Although surrounded by the ocean's breeze.

Ghost Legend

The Sound Of Innocence Taken

The sound of innocence taken
Blasts through the wind,
Leaving an echoing silence,
Devoid of anything.
She stares him down,
Her ground a pool now,
But it was, indeed,
Sink or swim.
At this very moment,
Realizing a packie
Was not all at risk
She was of losing.
The stab wound's ooze
Cannot just do;
There's no excuse
For this doing.
There were always of Satan
Talk and sayings,
Pronouncements and slayings
That kept protruding.
But, eyes to the mirror in,
There's no confusing,
No alluding:
She's him.

Ghost Legend

The Spark Of Confusion

By the stairs, there's a fancy black lady,
Shopping for straighteners and magazines.
Her hair is dyed blonde, her eyes green,
And she wears the whitest dress I've seen.

Her bible is of glamorous, golden colors,
Bearing an elephant sticker on its cover.
She caresses the hand of a cowboy lover
And dismisses employees as too far under.

This driver's license she boasts for all present
Classifies her ethnicity as a white lament.
No wonder the census made no sense—
What does it mean to be Puerto Rican?

Ghost Legend

The Sun Rises Again

The Sun rises again,
Shedding itself over hills.
The clouds dissipate
To clear its way
Through.
It runs the same trend—
Spreading influential thrills
Over mounds that steer the fate
Of walking graves
Anew.

I cannot stand the mystery
Or the coincidence:
Actions that bring misery
Are of no consequence
To the history
Of existence.

We walk towards where?
Is the finish line anywhere?
Do we even care?

Ghost Legend

The Travel Of Evil

Evil goes as evil knows,
Victim imitating craving,
Replicating tantrums shown
In past events, only lately.

Evil roams as blood flows,
Inheritance in the making,
And people cast ivory stones
To keep it obeying.

Evil's woes are never told:
It's invulnerable to baiting.
The filthy stash of skin and bones
Weeps as it's arranged.

Ghost Legend

The Wheelchair Spins Like Life

These wheels spin
To stares engulfing grins.
No one wants this thing;
The blatant rush drives patience thin.
She's a child, a baby—not worth discriminating.
However, her similarity to adults is irritating
Everyone and everything.

I sink to think of all that could have been:
Our family achieving the American Dream.
It's turned to regret, repenting all those things
Which blurred right and wrong to this brink.
It's all ready gone to nothing.

Ghost Legend

The Work Ants

Sometimes, I feel like a toy.
No, not a real boy.
Joy comes through me
Until I'm broken.
Nothing is spoken.
Riding in a convoy
Filled with choice,
We share the same void:
Equal poise to avoid
Life's true noise.

Ghost Legend

Tiger Eyes

A deep stare into the tiger's eyes
Reveals emeralds desired, yet once denied.
The stage of unholy fire in winter nights
That determines whom has or loses life.

She's a tiger due to the danger
Associated with any loving behavior;
For as much as humans adore saviors,
Their truest love is that of hatred.

Keeping a tiger imprisoned should be a crime:
Freedom is the purpose of nature's time.
Feeling alive is the rarest kind
Of emotion to possess and enshrine.

Ghost Legend

To Be Beautiful Or Blind

If we were only beautiful,
We'd own half the world.
Funerals would be held,
As time takes its toll.
That'd be far gone, though,
And, until we're swirled,
A whole universe'll
Watch us twirl.

We'd be the sight
For every delight.
Kings, queens,
Wherever is light,
And, at night,
Succumb to spite—
Devoured, as you would pie.

Somewhere, in that darkness,
Though,
We would know:
Our likeness treats us so.
And, in this time,
Where nothing shines,
We'd wish all, our kind,
Were to be blind.

Ghost Legend

To Love Each Other

Been a long time, but I still remember
Who you were when I first met you,
How we loved to love each other-
special in normal moments.
A couple coupling a couple memories,
In case we needed them for our memoirs,
Yet I never got the memos
That it'd be over this early.

Why do we live as if we're done?
I didn't sign up for death beds
Or to be alone.
You like riding horses,
Even the injured ones,
So 'giddyup.' (x2)

Why do we live as if we're done?
I'll take you anywhere as long as
When you're home, you're home.
It's been feeling like when you're
Here, you're
Gone.
Nowadays, I fear it all:
The phone,
Morning alarms,
Late-night shows,
All of the above-
Your shadow.

Ghost Legend

To My Sanctuary

You'd put me out,
Pissed, prodded,
Potty-mouthed,
As if these topics
Were blunted now:
Twisted, too rhythmic,
Untouted riles
That writhe inwardly,
Inhospitably wild.
Lay on the laughter,
Child.
Search chapters of grammar,
Dial changing numbers:
Found meters meeting media's
Cloud.
Sunlight comes, and in then's while,
I'll remain king of this house.

Ghost Legend

Took My Love

Took my love through Hell;
She soaked in the flames—
Dispatch, she's ready.
Flee on a plane.
When this day comes,
I'll lie awake,
Staring at the ceiling,
Dreaming of fate,
As done those times
I saw her with him—
The perfect them,
Their perfect win.

Ghost Legend

Torture

Lessen the pain, lest we
Miss the array.
Listen, meaning
Has no name.
Lessons, teeming with
Us in frays
Relegate, delegate
Fate.

Kindred, bloodied face,
Stitch wounds, abate
Punctures, pictured taste:
Vengeance anomaly.
Mercy, for me, pace!
Think of spoils, waste:
Family in crates—
Tragedy soirée.

Stretched out late,
We've seen a lake
Not worth drowning.

Ghost Legend

Trickle

Trickle, trickle in,
Slither past my being.
Whisper that thunder quick,
As lightning, enlighten me.
Cricket utmost privilege,
Cicada the nights away.
You like it when here,
Love to leave to stay.

Ghost Legend

Truth's Reveal

There's a truth if we so choose to reveal, but we're spending,
Building walls, building fences, building buildings, big mansions,
Plenty distraction for each sense, but our senses of sense are
Moments away from attention.

Calling you, seeing who, how you feel,
Say you're feeling blessed up, even though
There's no God nor heaven nor hell, you're
Still a mom with no child, sore, collecting
Pets like Pokemon, tourist in each nation's shores
Once a year, your world tour.
If we came through, would it ever have been real?
Or would message after message lack understanding, comprehension?
Slowly drifting apart, partisans, seeking victory at the expense
Of even our own countries, just hoping we
Don't join billions suffering?

Ghost Legend

Turn On

Turn it on, can't stop myself,
I'm lost in a different existence.
Where a who's who loves,
No one's an exception;
It has everything our life's missing.
The cam falls, around dawn,
Back again where I want to be gone,
Where awaiting death is virtually all
Done while we're breathing.

Ghost Legend

Two To The Stomach

I took two to the stomach,
They want me dead.
Guess you should've done it,
Instead of me.
Now hide where that gun is.
Don't you dread;
It's best living without regrets.

Whole world is turning,
Old friends don't care.
You find yourself crooning
At suicidal fairs.
Now, tell me, if you dare,
What makes up for constant fear?

When we are gone,
Ease comes to bear.
We sway, sway,
Between all the tears,
Coming to stay, right here,
Past what for so long was near.

Ghost Legend

U.S.A

The stars align to see
Your triumph waving thin
Among those backyard homes,
Aware of nothing but
Illusion, symbols, script
Of what you wish yourselves
To think, believe, adhere.
When there is one thing clear
Beyond the gate, green hills,
The golf holes, speedboats, malls:
Across the border, all
See who you truly are—
An eagle, not of freedom,
Of fear.

Ghost Legend

Unbarreled Gun

I, at once, lost,
I, at once, won,
I, at once, thought
My peril gone.
It was to be unarmed,
Chained, besotted,
Traveling alone,
In an island,
All departed.
For the desert, I'd head,
Leveling that dread,
And find, no less,
My good friend.
Then was known,
As an unbarreled gun,
The useless run,
The useless run.

Ghost Legend

Unique

She's quite unique:
Always heard, but never seen.
They don't appreciate her beauty—
Particular in the features they seek.

I questioned her last week—
Asked about her sacrifice.
She said they knew not what they possessed,
But that the love of one would suffice.

One day, she will be admired,
Delighted in love aloft.
Then, they will know what was lost,
As they exhibit a fire of desire,
And that fire is put out by her frost.

How fitting would that be?
As fitting as night after day.
No more bidding for beauty.
May her love never stray.

Ghost Legend

Unrelenting

I see something
Unrelenting, a truth
Of our existence
Gone beyond
All pretensions,
So-called blessings.

We are lonely
Slaves,
Starving,
Will do anything
For greed,
A taste of happy.

Oh my, granted,
I didn't expect much,
But, damn it,
I've been taught that
We weren't alone.

Have you ever stood
Out a storm?
Watched lightning,
Rain
Pass, that long?
It goes like people,
Sometimes fast,
Sometimes slow,
But always done,
Leaving you soaked,
Shocked, and
Then some.

Ghost Legend

Unsatisfactory Dreaming

She said she'd think of giving taste,
Yet only found myself in dreams—
Apparently too chaste a case
To satisfy her being's needs.

She told this story angrily,
Like I deserved definite blame
For her imagination enduring
Unpleasing, comic tease in shame.

My bad, yes ma'am, find fault in me,
Since I was there to touch
That precious vault incredibly—
Not merely feel it mush.

You poms could view my best,
Or close to it, I bet.

Ghost Legend

Walkers

I'm out here by myself,
Surrounded;
Walkers sit and stare-
I'm grounded.
I took a flight to the west;
It wasn't
Any different from east coast
Or an ocean.
Tropical death
Awaits me next,
And I can't forget
Who I was.
They all say I'm mad,
Can't remember their own words,
Can't remember my name,
Can't remember my love,
But I do-
I do.
I know you
Better than you do.
You do me- do me, do.
You did me, digged me, too.
Now you've been gone, thinking
You're new,
That time cleans what comes through,
But I'm stained and still ooze:
A poltergeist, alive yet doomed.

Ghost Legend

War

Before the war, our people got together
Decided to choose split universes,
Venturing off into unknowns:
Sources, Space forces, recordings
Of their own future visions.
And so we killed each other,
First in speeches,
Then in meaning;
Actions that caged humanity
Beyond redemption.
Our energy expanded,
Consuming worthless planets,
Until we saw God.

Ghost Legend

What May Be

Sometimes, I question myself;
What if I were to have you
And no one else?
Would we hold true,
Would those years on the shelf
Turn your taste to sweet fruit
To be drunk in gulps?

It is only when passion has knelt
That I comprehend the ruse;
You're an image, begging for forgiveness,
Utterly confused,
And that I may be to you—
That I may be to you.

Ghost Legend

What To Tell?

Don't say when I cannot prevail;
Life's a grimly-told tale,
And none of us it favors well.
From the nothingness, which we hail,
To having eyes open, wails,
What more is here to tell?

Ghost Legend

When I Held It

When I held it in front of me,
Pointed at my belly,
There were two pains:
One would come,
A searing drum,
Which in turn
Could alleviate
The other I felt long before,
Even then at that very moment,
Continuing on forever,
Unless I did something.

I heard her voice
And chose to suffer.

Ghost Legend

Where I Met You

I was a fool, no doubt, to think
That'd you'd be what I hoped.
So long I've lived, my memories
Should've provided reports
On that kind of harmless beauty:
Underneath, a leaking soul.
I see what you wanted, truly,
But I'd rather chill alone.

For I desired none of that,
Content with your essence;
A daily hi, pat on the back,
So that we could pretend
That this life is more than sin,
More than what we want, lack,
But again, not to be remiss,
Where back did I meet you, then?

Ghost Legend

Windows Of The World

Our windows to the outside world
See all there is to be—
How many a man and woman fold
Their souls into inhumanity.
Greenest of greed—
These lustful seas
Have their waves
Crashing in its wake;
Those that claim
To be holy,
And even rows
Sailing for the sake
Of discovering wealth,
Encountering pride,
Immeasurable edits
On nature's tide.
The impossible beckons,
For all that reckon
We'll make it
Through the night.
They see his rising,
Watch her winding,
But they might as well
Be clasped, eclipsed,
Forgetful of that they'll
Keep on shining,
And our pleasures shall
Be relaxed, dismissed.

Ghost Legend

Wistful

We're numb to those scorned homes
Within this dome that condones
Their destruction.
They're strung at the brink of forlorn zones;
Writhing clones to diagnose
Without action.
We're occupied adorning pink floors, doors, and phones—
Preferring to be alone and shown
Wistful abstractions.

Ghost Legend

Witches

You can feel eyes around here,
Peeking through the bushes.
Night doesn't seem dark, at all.
Perhaps it's in the moonlight
Or neighbor's window blinds,
But a certain hatred falls.
Of a kind slow burning,
Like thunder through the skies,
Rippling, power yearning
Chills down one's spine.
I cannot help but hearing
Their cackling in my mind.
As if, for a second turning
Would bring abrupt end to life.
Lest there be disappointment,
Fear flies.

Ghost Legend

Words

You owe me the words
Simple, even though they hurt
In some ways the pain's not so much
Some way, I need to move forward

Just don't categorize me as another
One
Stand by the memories like they
Happened
You're my family that never
Moves
Eternally on my conscience
Soon

Ghost Legend

Work Love

I was brought up on love,
Something called "you'd find the one."
Grew up, realized that's solved.
You don't have to look, no.
You don't have to look, man.
The money's where it is now.

Decisions, what decisions?
Sell it to the highest bidder!

It's about position and influence,
Tuition, and vetting.
It's not what you know, but whom you know.
Your conscience? Forget it.
Painful regrets aren't what we deal with,
Just a salary lesson.
Tell her we'll get the new dude fired,
He'll never be ready.

But everyone likes how he looks, though.
Enough to return the kindness.
And if he's too proud to get low,
Then he'll have to be blinded,
Bounded, rounded out,
Because we're not in business
To be shut down.

I was brought up on love, man,
And I've found the one.

Ghost Legend

World Of Lies

Look outside, open your eyes, and see our world of lies,
For we try to compromise, or else simply survive.

There's no person caring, for what happens, anywhere.
If it doesn't bother anyone, here, there's not a reason,
There.

They make not a sound, not a sound,
As their tear drops fall.

Not a mound of human corpses now,
Visible.

The saddest part, in this Hell,
Eternally known by all,
Holds our breath, moves us less—
The abyss called ignorance.

Ghost Legend

Wretched Wings

Weathered wings doing wretched things
On my life, wringing everything.
I hear him breathe, as a disease,
Slowly consuming.
I'm not he—no—I believe
It's a fearful illusion.
We were heading to the ceiling
In fusion.
The scream seized this body
In fury of confusion.
These toes curled,
Lifting the power in our world
To block the union.

I've never experienced such force—
Such voice.

She said I was laughing, last night,
To noise.

Ghost Legend

Xxxtentacion

We tend to go, us real ones, the souls.
One way or another, they have us all.
We're either drunk or bleeding on a floor,
Both unexpected drowsiness, lessons
No one ever learns.
For we're unwanted, can't have its,
Phantoms with no operas, no standing
Ovations, patience, makers, vacations,
Just alterations, adulterations,
Negligence and everything else
That makes of a person a demon
In a world of reluctant heathens.

Ghost Legend

Your Love

This night's a lonely one.
I wonder if you're home alone,
Or gone, with them, all your friends.
Your love of pretend.
They may never see what you are.
Everyone just wants to grab it, girl,
And let go, but you know,
Behind the smoke,
What they're in for.

I'd bet you'd be all over this,
Eager to soak it and let the drip
Flow.
Meager alumnus always hits
Bone.
I got what you need to turn
On.
I guess we'll never know.
Oh, isn't it tough?
To know you must move
Repeatedly forward,
But your hearts all black
Stone,
And your highs leave you
Lowered?

Ghost Legend