

Poetry Series

**Kris Rozz**  
**- poems -**

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## Kris Rozz()

I'm a spiritual person in a beautiful landscape. Nature inspires my words.  
Sometimes reading others poetry inspires images that reach to my poetic side.  
Touching the mystical.

# Awakening Kiss

Senses drained my plain,  
of shallow water  
into darker heavens.

Drowning  
in the sky's song  
that once held me aloof.

Above life's unforgiving mist  
until,  
the haunting beckoned to me  
shrouded as a predator,  
falling earth bound  
as my soul trembled  
in the wake of his anguished cry.

A Vineyard of Tears  
could not contain my loves voice,  
nor  
burning hemlock remove the whisper  
from my memory  
of his silent awakening kiss.

I will wield these shapes and dreams  
of him to me,  
for I  
am the missing part he seeks.  
Sealed  
by eternal love  
beneath the wanton moon.

Rozz 98

Kris Rozz

# Between Breath & Touch

Between Breath & Touch  
strides a whispered Caress  
Across endless plains  
of Dream time  
past the blind husks of the awake

Driven by powers so ancient  
yet pulsing with life  
I run without tiring  
my feet beat the rhythm  
I feel in my soul  
forever I'd wander  
to follow your glow

Beyond the seasons  
of a thousands lives  
There lays a corridor  
where true love  
lives and breathes

No miles can elude  
No hand of man  
Can destroy

Across a million miles,  
You hold my heartbeat  
In your hand....

Rozz © June 1998

Kris Rozz

# Ephemeral Moment

I lay in darkened beauty  
against the golden dawn  
where I feel you,  
for only a brief perfect moment,  
just a whisper past a sky of fire  
your breath against my skin.

We move within the tides of ecstasy,  
your hands the warmth of the sea  
a voice I've know for eternity.

Mingled within our passions,  
I drink you deep  
melting within your glow  
you live within my heart  
a whispered memory not yet lived.

We are the fire of unknown dreams,  
the wish and hope of love unseen.  
Kiss away my fears,  
lay your heartbeat on mine  
in this perfect ephemeral  
moment in time....

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Kris Rozz

# Falling Free

Had we touched  
the blue sea  
at indigo dusk, entwined  
faded moonlight's decree,  
shaded from sunlight  
our stars falling free.

Kris Rozz

# Into The Quiet

Its kind and quiet here with only  
the night humming lullabies,  
and the silence is eloquent  
well placed it vibrates through  
the hollows of the autumn air, sends  
huddled flocks of line sitting sparrows

clawing for the clouds of ceiling,  
wings whipping as they beat against  
the glimpse of blue sky  
trapped, they are.

Lingering and forlorn,  
like wood smoke echos  
in the hollows of life.

Every vision a testament to itself  
and a hundred different voices  
are silent, for once.

I know these things.

I have caught them hiding among the  
bramble of my thoughts;  
they are there, and I know you are  
there, but I don't know if I will ever  
know you.

At every turn, the whitewash  
retreats into the background for that  
split second, and I can see you then,  
staring back at me  
with the quiet confidence of stark,  
ravaged nudity; saying this is what I  
am, you have found me, now  
will you accept me.

Rozz Jan 2002

Kris Rozz

# Of Sea & Wind

On the shore;  
He felt her breath  
on winds of her horizon  
He, the ocean moaning,  
tossing gently, back and forth  
in her delicate caress.

She whispers to her lover;  
the dance of wind and sea,  
calling him in oceans waves  
breathlessly singing his name.

Waiting where blackened pools rise,  
deeper then the depths of mortal soul's  
she slips down within the tides,  
swaying to his ancient song

Sinking into the ebony waves  
of his succumbing eyes,  
moon whispers of his fragile darkness  
lull her to deep sleep  
she, his heartbeat of soul  
together the embrace  
of fate.

Rozz © March.2001

Kris Rozz

# Prolong The Night

Hold back from us the golden sandal dawn,  
already on the sea the fading light of dreams  
and then you're gone.

Prolong the night,  
make it seem an eternity,  
forgotten life that peels our soul  
sorrow cannot find us now,  
In night our gentle cover folds.

Prolong the night,  
of rapture pending, warmth of kiss  
with dusk, the last bird's cry  
and the flap of bat's low flight,  
trees that go black against the sky,  
of pounding hearts do seek.

We live forever in just this day,  
the wine of darkness our field of play  
and with the dawn, our bridge  
of wind that carries our hearts away,  
how soon the night will end.

Rozz © February 99

Kris Rozz

# Songs On Wind

It's the kind of night where  
you hear the ghost songs  
of a lonely saxophone drift.

Where stained-glass lovers  
dare to whisper a language  
seldom spoken.

Their mouths full of opium words and ocean foam,  
trading ink and light for skin and bone.

Rozz © 2004

Kris Rozz

# Sudden's Of Awakening

Those that have awakened  
watching from afar  
Sliding in the wind,  
hidden in the scream  
of current brisk  
The soft sound of breath  
across the surface of sight,  
Approaching life now  
as if it were a tent,  
We listen for the rustle  
as the flap catches the wind.

Rozz 2002

Kris Rozz

# Unraveled Canvas

An artist's fingers to trace my skin,  
mold my soul share this sin  
flesh pressed against mine,  
lips of dark desire entwine.

A caress of voice so deep  
secrets of promise while in sleep,  
through the clouds a fleeting face,  
a poets soul, a human embrace.

Haunting visions from dreams unfold,  
your bleeding into my very soul  
easing agony through my veins,  
until every lingering fear is drained  
only now simple truth remains.

Rozz © 1997

Kris Rozz

# Wind Spun Eye Of The Moon.

Lingering like delicate webs  
in a lavender twilight, on the west side  
of night down back alleys, a mendicant,

A scarfed pale beauty with silver looped earrings,  
waiting on a windowless corner  
with breeze ballets of old paper  
and cigarette butts dancing,  
dancing in the wind-spun eye of the moon.

Rozz 2001

Kris Rozz