Poetry Series

Lexy Sogl - poems -

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Lexy Sogl(15/08/92)

weird, is the word... my word.

A Statue: A Study

Her hands purely stone Tampered with Irregular And Cold As the snow that falls on the soldiers of Russia Her feet Worked humble

And meek As a servant that cowers at the sight of his master not a soul knows Of her eyes Eyes—unmet commanding enough to unravel the anger that wraps the heart of man the unreasonable thinking of bloodshed the secrecy of peace of mind

she knows her rule over man-kind but she won't use it she'll wait for the day for she lingers not to be looked at eye to eye but heart to heart

A Tale To Tell

11 years old, a fleshy tissue

sitting in the room of the wrong alpha dog clenching her respect as it toughened her teeth

hands traveled searched and then reaped her so-called arrogance, that day

Still After all this time The monster continually Swallows her thoughts Chews her words Nibbles at the corners—of her blissful memories

In later years Someone Was told her tale Revealing the monstrous nature Of it's malice

Upon hearing the tale She was assured By whom she had learned—not to depend

She would be loved

But really— It caused no quarrel amongst the raging confusion, that slept in her judgement

For, Indeed— There was nothing left to love

Acknowledgment

Walking down Tottenham court road drinking a pint of cold milk eating fresh wild strawberries skipping merrily careless to the peril that is so visibly following Gradually My pace quickens My shadow shapes into terror

Outline of mine- a mere blur Unable to comprehend the abrupt rupture of paranoia I see him even sense him But I can't feel or remember him as my longing becomes far more extreme I acknowledge that this is only but a dream

Adam && Eve

His life had no gist Nevertheless, plenty of bane By the time, she was at hand The poor man, was half-insane

Her purple hair His befuddled heart Were made on behalf of, each other Right from the start

Showing him, how To be himself Still fearful, but Bold—with moral stealth

People tore her up Without a break, he held her hand And listened, yet He couldn't understand

Her nails were black But she—so clear Teasing her, shoddily Why- to his dear?

No real insight Of who she was What she meant Everything she stood for, was so right

Together, they changed The wintry dry race Into people with core People with a base

Who fear, not, the different But the same To walk around with dignity Freed from their shame

Afraid Of Love

The only one Who sees right through The fake grin I insist

Putting on Every morning Of everday It scares me He knows my fears Before I even realize something's wrong He says we 're meant for eachother I tell him I 'll never be ready I could never be what he expects

Reading my thoughts I sense his eyes scanning me digging for the real anwser senselessly lost in my eyes

Ant

There once was a hive and in this hive lived a family of five

A lion, a snake, a chimp and a crow But wait, we must not forget, oh no- we can't there was the tiniest of the tiniest, of an ant

The lion and the chimp fierce and strong- and my oh my, they were always wrong The snake and the crow intelligent, aye smart- but my the things they missed, that they were slow

A tiny ant who did what was fair as a matter of fact, he did more than his share

What he loved more than walks, flowers, hell- even life

was rain and thunder that struck like a knife

he did not believe in putting a smile on his face or a face on his smile he believed this was false, he believed this was vile

when the thunder struck, it gave him a sense a sense, of how to make sense

The ant was small smaller than small he was so small he couldn't even dream of being called anything close to tall

And it was this reason that in this season

of rain, wind and snow That all died

but how was he to know

his weakness

was what made him strong

Bartender Of Barcelona

Margarita Straight, No Salt

You always were as the crow flies Supposed, short-cuts to you Led to meadow death traps instead

In such a rush

To reach no where Running away from a book's dust

Your feet are long gone But then, Who's red pumps are those in the corner? Are those footsteps I hear behind me?

Why Is our song on? Rocking my hips, to that slow salsa tune

I hear your heart beat In that bar of Barcelona

shake your head shrug your shoulders tousle your hair if you have to

just know that bar doesn't close

Waiting, without end For the lady in red

To have one last dance On the worn floors Of that Barcelona bar

Be The Yellow

You could Be the yellow bird That sings to me for ever and a day even In my moments of immorality Alternatively you scurry away burying me in a nest of wasps They advise me Saying

I should move on Be my own redeemer Nobody understands You're my harmony Without you, my sunflower All I have is my self-judgment But apparently This is called

Being in control Not wanting this manage I hurl it In a glassy bottle out to the defenseless sea Carried by the waves eternally lost somewhere anywhere at the base of the motionless yellow sand

Belief

Faith is an excuse For waiting For fear Of the world

But I do have faith I believe

in hard work in the power to change in the drive of people

Not in miracles

Bitterness

They say that your home Is your sanctuary Your only shelter

from the arctic outside

I rely on those quarters My heart remains in that bitterness

Why would I wish to extinguish the only numbress that keeps me safe and sound?

My memoirs of mutilation Gone

Instead A feeling of calm serenity washes over me

The world is spinning But my mind congested It's rapid racing

Time has finally come to it's halt

Feeling My sensations surrender To the malice of the world

Until

I comprehended I carry my home

With me Everyday

No amount of resentment Could ever change that

Black & White

Questioned for his excellence It becomes a reward Of no use

Admired for her eccentricity Her cursed flaws Become her charm

She wasn't perfect But she was higher

Higher than the birds Higher than the clouds Higher—than any place dreams could even try to reach

His jealousy Grew over her like ivy on a cast off brick

in the end He'd sold his soul to the devil For aptness

When all she did was learn to love

Who she was And who She plainly wasn't

she's black as the night unpredictable sure of her morals

he's clear as glass you see right through the cracks of his so-called white perfection

Black Sheep

Technically Natures mistake Merely

In technical terms, though Constructive criticism; they call it Reality, being A game of domino

Trying to knock down; the chip of weakness That'll drag down, all others But him, ONLY to him

She's apparently The one That, came out correct What's her true light?

The part of her That is superior? Or the other That informs them All to go to hell?

What attracts him? The light? Or The darkness... That seems To cushion her

Without that depth She's but— A white sheep

Broadway

Broadway

Much more Than a sheer theatre Than a mere stage

Life is taught Life is seen Life is heard On a humble surface

called home For a lucky few

Where our senses are enhanced

The lights of the stage breathing on us Keeping us alive In our times of need

Screaming at the top of our lungs Letting the spectators Hear the panic in our yells

The voice of man rings through our ears Anger pinches our cheeks The jokes of man tickling our tongues Passion pulsing our hearts

And giving us That one reason To persist

With that outside nonsense Called life

Caged Freedom

He alleged To be awestruck with the colors of sand that flowed through my hair like the water of the nile Vivid eyes He named them Plant Green Full of life

In the least, They were Not supposed To bluster my composure what to do, but gulp down My exhaustion In anticipation of that day

When it came Furious I saw her I knew it would happen The element of surprise Now a mere joke Before you had the opening I left you Befuddled

Looked over my shoulder Once or twice Simply observing You told her Who to be I chuckled giddily Mostly to myself I knew I simply knew Life couldn't get better She was there And I was here

at no cost free as smoke not able to be caught to be seen to felt even, to be trapped

Corner Of Mendacity

Thoughts of him Push me in a corner

built for my own mendacity

I try to overlook My rusted feelings

But do I really?

Can I look at your pastel face Straight into your severed eyes

While your black rose buds jerk at me As I covertly Lie

my way out of the room?

I know what I articulate I also know What's true

Certainly, I don't actually Try

Leaving my amorous memories

Certainly, It roasts my insides Certainly, It accentuates my Achilles' heel

But certainly

Without it, I am only but a hollow tree Uprooted in nothing But the hell hole That awaits me

Curfew

Dancing down the road Dignity in one hand, Johnny in the other

Skipping merrily Laughing at her own slender shadow

Following

Closer, Nearer she came to the door Fumbling with her keys Listening, to their jingles

Trying to unearth the rhythm hidden in the metal

Distracted, by her curiosities The door opened

An unmerciful creature Stepped out

Seized her sugary night Discarded her bliss

but the memories -are still there

Decorum

The wind is his fingers When they run through my hair massaging my scalp taking the scrap of sanity I have left

The absence of my pride Feels like a dancer without rhythm Even with the passion it's not enough

They say I'm isolated From his world That he'll never take me But I'll say it time and again He's taken what is not his

He whispers in the rain He warps my mind when I have doubts He blinds me in the darkness He seduces me in my moments of weakness

Once again— My decorum is made a mockery of As he walks off with it In his back pocket

Delila's Detail

A higher pitch could explain

why clouds move in your presence

a subtle voice of pollen

the scent of your flower

Beyond, the land of divine vanity

In a meadow not a mere detail

certaintly, THE detail

petite hardly a speck and yet, it is the difference

Detachment

I've tried To be omitted from your thoughts

unalike Your stumble into my mind

loathing your views feeling as if I've lost something

which by no means was ever present

you impair me

with silence with urgency to flee from my portrait of life

your voice awakens me your touch sharpens me and your detachment

strengthens me

test me of my stability

I am standing by

Disconnection

Disconnected from the world Unable to see it's vibrant colors To taste the exotic To feel the inexplicable

What if You couldn't even see The lines of your own hands You couldn't feel The wrinkles of your own face You couldn't hear The tone of your own voice

Despite the covet To see beyond the world It's more than that How we feel about Everything out there Is another way Of finding out Who we are In here

Flesh

He

Was utopia's Human form

Africa's dazzling colors

Walking amongst the pebbles Of streams

Filling wells Of hope

With candor

Really Only to be

Expressed as

The most Impressive impersonation

Of life?

The most bizarrely eye-catching

specimen?

The most Ludicrously Beautiful

Of all lies

Fuzzy Conclusion

My soul- a fallen leaf Of the tallest tree In the lushest garden

My dreams whisper lies Of which my heart clarifies Into mockery

Fumbling over my words Tripping over my thoughts Colliding with my frustration Screaming at myself

In silence

Evils of the world Slowly penetrating rapidly weakening

what I had left

Game Of Diversion

He didn't say it But he felt it He hid it from her where be the sense in that? She knew But she didn't say anything

Her pain hidden His guilt burning They glanced at each other wondering talked from time to time hoping

it would all be clear She pondered what would happen if he did tell her

but she knew obvious as light in darkness he wouldn't tell her what he knew she would fight not to hear

Gross Communication

Whose tender eyes Are a sea of blue My heart Does not pertain to you Thy may be the fairest Thy may be the one But alas— My heart Has made a decision

That's as good As done Your faultless To all The irony being You know not How to enthrall

Your flawless As a statue made of stone emotionless and predictable As a statue straight as a table

But be not tomorrow what you are today questions you don't know how to anwser will be raised Who you really are Is a secret Even to you

Hallucination

To die for your love Seems bland Unlike me

A waste of time To die for your fantasy Outside viewers Claim they see insanity

They always do When they fail The mission of explanation

The imaginary The creative A thread of bond And a connection Of relation

They say It's a lie But it is not him But me

Who is not here His morals Are solid What of mine?

Doesn't that already Make him more? Thinking of everything I used to be

With a self-image Mocked by hypocrites lucidly Under-valued I find myself Dying For a gust of wind A shadow of dust

People talk I hear Only but the bells Of execution ringing
Harlot Mary

They live They Die What's another fly off the wall?

Purgatory Crammed with harlots, beggars and scum Supplementary people

Harlot Mary sold herself for a dollar fifty

lost her feminine blush The dainty flounce, so god-given

A remembrance When Eyes, stroke upon her grace

None meet her eyes She feels Their disgust As they discern Her shame

Her drunk father Grotesquely chomps Her years

Her mother Watches Absent of the world's reach

Upon her final trial She spoke her story

God, undecided Wondered, if this Be an exception Lawyers, Claimed her deceitful

Politicians, Claimed her polluted

Devils, Claimed her a traitor

Smiling

The outburst of hypocrisy Superiors, willingly shared

Gave him no option

liberated,

from the hate from purgatory

from the world

Hypocrisy

After waking up She does her morning stretch

To awake her frail soul From it's cavernous slumber

Puts on her spotless slippers Walks to her impassive closet

Carefully chooses what unexpressive face to sport

Makes a fitting choice After a couple of tries

Feeling Different for changing faces So habitually

But the same For being suitable for her crowds

I can only witness What the eye doesn't

as my mentality knows it All too well

I Ask Myself

I ask myself Why Why you? You With your abnormal little habits Your sly little smile That makes me assume You know everything I don't

I had him The man who was right In every approach He followed all the rules He gave me everything He loved me

So why not him? Why does my heart ambush me in this triangle I wish not to be in Why make me plummet into harms way? All for this one man I can't possibly have

Idyllic Place To All

Idyllic place to all

Lavish white in the mountains Lack of colors exquisitely portrayed

Ice flowing sensationally from corner to corner Sounds of eerie silence corrupting minds

Misery never leaving the caves The memory of those who stayed Haunting the winter trees

The beauty astounds Yet the magnificent power Drives all insane

In Hopes For Better

I wish

I could utter to no one in particular I did something To shoo away that dire dream

The dream I assumed No—I denied To be possible

The dream he knew was his only reality

That I hadn't Simply watched From my outsized car window

shielded from the poverty comfortably, in the bubble that shielded me

I couldn't touch his fear So I hid in a place—only I recognize

A place where I cradled His mutilated heart

Where my embrace Mended his bad memories

For in this world What we call reality

will never allow me to

merge his soul with my sympathy

for this bungled but imperative wire separates us

from meeting face to face

I only know him By what the pupil of my lime eyes charitably confirm me of

so please don't think of that black balloon that keeps you from lifting

think of the day nobody will feel the blows of the corrupt

think of tomorrow

*Special Message: In hopes of a better future- I hope to meet you mystery boy & i'm sorry for what I know you had to go through today (06-10-07) I'll never forget you- what you taught me in the brief seconds our eyes met This one's for you

Infinite Wait

Your certain we'd fall apart your sure there is no chance but will you not give me this one last dance? why all the excuses when it comes to our goodbyes just do it just say it

explain to me what your afraid to admit those eyes of yours insulting me as I walk down to the garden I try but I know there's no way I can harden so go ahead do your worst nothing compares to this never-ending curse this infinite wait

you insist this is for the best except I know better write me- a scarlet letter telling me how much you don't care just too do it fast- this sensation is too much to bear It overwhelms It conquers yet I can distinguish these fears

for I deep down see what doesn't appear I am your shadow of opposite light don't doom me to a fate- you know isn't right

Just Like My Father

Sunday morning Yesterday's cigars smelt like him Bold Specific in their smell

Just like my father

Always hyper Sometimes amusing Never genuine

Just like my father

His drinking Is no dilemma What leaves me queasy Is drunk sincerity

Just like my father

Stumbling in the house Reeking of cheap brandy At 5 in the morning

Just like my father

With sayings Not possibly, farther From the truth

Just like my father

Leaving me Alone Afraid and only

as innocent as i hoped i could have been

Just like my father

Just So You Know

Just so you know You were my everything Like a seed that got to instantly grow You seeded my life

On that ivy bench in the park We used to meet Talking until after dark We'd smile at eachother— just knowing

I insisted we should hold back our strong feeling You told me There was nothing we could do—it wasn't a dealing You wanted to know every inch of me

Flattered and Ignorant—I fell in love And for a while we played this game of two Later you took me of all I was innocent of My heart not only melting but burned

You left me Earlier than I'd challenge myself to believe I am aware that there was no guarantee But I was in your embrace—and you let me fall

Here I stand Waiting, wondering, in utter confusion Will I ever get to touch that hand? Will I ever get to kiss those lips?

Forever My heart will trap me in this cage

In this endeavor of mine

Life

Millions of feelings run through him Yet not a dropp of blood runs through his veins

No longer does he hear His life revolves around touch

The promise of pleasure

Never Does he rely on his senses Senses are irrelevant It's about his heart

the sun rises each morning The same way it sets And the moon no longer does it bear a heavy shadow over him

The only feeling that he isolates is regret

Life's Web

Life's web is spun Yet once again Going different ways I hadn't expected

Place to place Hoping to find steady ground Hated by those who seek Nothing but external love

Thoughts of all the places I've never been Of all the touches I've never felt

Of all the experiences I've never had Make me wonder How it lead Lead to this Dead end

Lion Mane

Regret Is a pleasure For the self-effacing

But you— A lion mane of hidden mistakes

Dormant, but aggravated in this new-found territory Awaiting They day They'll pounce

But that sunrise won't turn up Forced to flee They go Where

They shouldn't Pride, gone The lion Nowadays

A mouse Never understood With no moves written

Perhaps That is his new found requirement

London Rain

Reading that newspaper oblivious to my luck Tears fell on my shoulder As I looked up

running to hide it found me As soon as it did—I had no choice to but to permit This foreseen encounter That London rain Took me away To a place of no fray

As I almost immediately realized It was better than I'd goad to have considered Bluntly speaking It was better than my sneaking It was real It made me reflect The first time I had chosen to feel

After I knew My life was premeditated I decided I would be who I want to Not who I was supposed To have been

Meant To Be Given

I'm supposed to be the strong one I'm supposed to be evidence That there is always an alternative That what you do Is always your choice I refuse to be the false hope of those who put their faith in me

I confirm How the risks you take might break you How the cliff you jump off Could be the last thing You ever lay your eyes on

Also Could it be The beginning of the rest of your life Without your falls You'd never get the chance to get back up And acquire the message That was so obviously Meant to be given to you

Moths

She lay in the water Wondering whether to take the pierce Whilst she eagerly waited for her answer to appear

Moths All shapes All colors All sizes Landed in the water struggling Until they no longer had the force no longer had the desire to leave

She wanted to save them all Instead She watched All of it so captivating She swam with their souls listening to their cries As they sunk to the bottom of the lake Perfectly still Perfectly at peace She followed Her verdict now lucid as the water

Not To Remember

I try not to remember those nights when I begged for the sun to rise to save me from what seemed to be an eternal battle of darkness

not shedding a bit of the light hope I cried for I try not to remember those mornings where I wished the day would just evaporate into the mocking sunshine that revealed my aggrivated state of mind

I try... I try... I try... that's all I can do Simply try-Not to remember

Nurse Nancy

Every Thursday afternoon Spent Digging graves As ghosts kneel At her gruesome feet

There to scrutinize deep piercings of soil throwing away grubby memories in dirt making space

for the new ones

The weekly cycle leaves her feeble as an ill-treated kitten

Correlation, with The mirrored dead In her mind She's already there

On The Other Side

On the other side Lays a continent Of vultures

Picking the parts Of those, not valiant enough To stay awake

On this side of the window I can see only but the skeletal coating Of melancholy

Sweating the fear Out of me

As if I have stored it In the solitary corners of my mind This entire time

Most Go in denial

They ignore The current of misery That runs down the mountains of life

Poisoning

all trees all plants all animals

despite How close

despite How far

We're still

One race

Destroying The composure Others before us

Fought for with zeal

A zeal That dejectedly couldn't survive

on this side

Only So Long

Gloomy

Well, The ones who don't pay notice

Say she is

Most days As muddled as they may be I recognize

Behind those hazel eyes

Are a carnival That spins not only, her excitement

But all of ours

Early one morning That mentality of hers, thought

It was still

Too dark to witness

her self-judgment at rest, within it's slumber

I saw a ghost Something, I assumed to be dead Long ago

But, yes—there it goes again Her smile

It wasn't like

Anything you've ever seen

It wasn't just a smile I saw the load, fall of her shoulders

Crash onto the floors As if, A bag of bricks had suddenly decided, It was time to rest

For she, herself Had decided It was her turn

As the sun rose The sensation didn't want to set off

Not wanting To panic

The only thing, she thought actually knew her

It stayed

Thus, She was jammed

Bare as nature's trees Knees buckling, Terrified

Her conscience told her That security, Would be hers, But never

Upon hearing Those raw words

She roared in laughter

Tears, Dancing down her face

Only angering the conscience, more Fond of every second

In the least,

The last moments, I saw of her

Be her finest

Prospect

She watches in the murky lighting Not thinking about yesterday Not thinking about today Not even

Thinking about tomorrow Depleted By her lack Lack of knowing why the leftover of her, still stands The tale That makes her who she is

Isn't there In the end She is just there She just is merely by prospect

Reality Of The Unreal

There is a vast empire where mats of woven light power the cities

Giving petty butterfly space to creatures of the sun trapping them in pandora's box

keeping everyone -even her from expressing

the pounding of instrumental drums of sentiment she catches love with a butterfly net in the fog of fairytales

blue of the ocean calm clarity in the sky taking her to isolated hammocks of hymn

sothing the scribbled portrait that replaces her soul allowing a yellow smile of tainted love

to finally appear from magic vapour no longer, does she have to bear satan's smirks

for she is

awake the only one -awake from the reality of the unreal

Rebirth Solstice

She called me through a frosted window but her words were trapped by the cold I kept on going frequently- ignoring the white breath that swirled out of her

Ocassionally, she asked me If I was alright Even though, I knew-I knew, the tributaries of the river which flowed in her mind were drying up her curiosity shrivelled to a place people don't go

day by day I watched her corpse in a grim valley of thoughts where the sun never shines she drifted wondered even pleadedfor guidance

But I was too busy too selfish and in the end simplytoo late

Rose Sap

Twisting my intestines as if it were some kind of fun dough to play with

punching the air out of my stomach laughing, as it turns the color of magic

pulling thin threads of my hair as if you were picking flower petals

he loves me, no,

he loves me not

spin those words of yours into my gullible ears promise me your lies

It's nothing And yet, it's everything,

But new

Keep Biting my lips And Burning my ears

All I want Is for you to be here When

the sap of roses from my mouth flood the floors you walk on

Shades Of Red

I'll never fail to remember The shade of red

I turned When you sat next to me

On that out of order bench Whilst I read that tasteless piece of writing

I can still see The shade of red Your lips were

After I kissed you That first time

You started off shy Not knowing exactly What I sought to hear

Contrary to the lightning illuminating the gloomy sky

You heard me Before you tasted me, with your eyes

5: 17, one odd morning we parted

I try not to keep in mind Of the tears that escaped the clasp of my eyes

For In that light

I could have sworn Everything

Was a

a shade of red

Silence

For most Silence is a gift A flash of tranquility

For me It's my sentence The time in which

my guilt eats at my insides my faults slaughter my hopes my defects expunge my dreams

think twice before you bestow the chance of profound reflection

You may be taking What you thought you were giving From my bare meek hands

So

So tired From the weight of the world So scared Of who I might become

So desperate For things to change Shrieking At the top of my lungs Penetrating the cold barriers of the world Letting every person know I do feel I carry on living

Despite My emotionless face My dry hands My wrecked feet My traumatized heart forever mourning the tragedies of the world

Somewhere Else

He's there Seen by those who pass Except, Never In actual fact Found

Pleased— His mind stores the past With a pile of neglected old school books He doesn't know Where he is Nor, Does He heed

For there's no more studying, to be done Where there's flowers There's bees Despite the stingers They have honey to be tasted Those flowers, will always bring bees Yet, they are the only thing to cleave to
Summer Love

That vital night When you noticed that black dress My meaning got through You stared at me As I stared at you We walked across the room Knowing we could never possibly be although I didn't take pleasure in breaking the rules

what I got was worth more than jewels We made a whole new feeling That night just for you and me Yet Distance managed to estrange our hearts Leaving us In absolute uncertainty what is really meant to be?

you went your way I went mine I know you'll do alright you know i'll be just fine but who's to say? If we could have reached the top of the mountain crossed the endless ocean beat the battle of time

That Common Misconception

Beauty A common misconception

They say She's stunning That she's everything A woman should be

I hate the way she walks The way she pretends she's content

The way she smiles at these people Trying to convince them Trying to convince herself

The way she's expected To be nothing But a petty woman Is reasonable

What she doesn't realize Is I know her Inside and out

I know her fears I know her dreams I know her faults I know her strengths

She is everything I despise

She is fear That walks That breaths That discourages

She is Me

That Drop Of Pride

You endure her because she's not real doesn't fuss doesn't ask more importantly-

doesn't bother Saying your not terrified of me Only works for so long

That's right-You weren't worried of much The snakes could bite As deep as the truth could ever hope to be

The bees could sting With the quantity of poison The world should love with And still— None of that Could wipe that affectionate smile off your face

This chain of passion locks us together Leaving us With no hope of finding the key Petrifies you Just a little dropp more Than you'll ever let the world know

The Alter's Mistake

Walking down the aisle unflawed As far as the eye could tell Smiling Sorrow rolling down her cheeks wretchedly mistaken as joy Underneath her dress Lay blotches of hurt Baffling bruises given to her

Instead of her promise of happiness She had no choice But to believe belief turned into hope hope turned into begging begging turned into bittersweet regret

she remembers that place where her feelings weren't a displeasure she screams hoping, wishing, desperate for someone anyone to look up and take her somewhere anywhere away from that home she built away from what she had no control over away from that alter where her mistake stood waiting for her

The Embrace That Keeps

You have the right laugh Your grip is strong enough Your stares have depth But passion -Nothing

There was never a promise Of that i'm quite sure

Your perfect In every way Except mine

You took me by surprise

You are my past, my present And I thought

You were my future

Lust controls your eyes Never will that be for me

Never

Tonight I'm not afraid to tell you how I feel My heart beats only for you

But alas— Your not mine

The False Repentance

She walks around in misery She walks around in pain She walks around—making me go insane

Believing she has Rights? Believing she can she have Ambitions? Believing she can walk alone any one of these nights?

What Nonsense What Rubbish ...What a thought— that makes me tense

The power in her swaying hips My power in my voice The power in her pouted lips

No need there be for any opportunity of choice

The Figure

Long nights—filled with my most revealing weakness I try to hold it in I try to hold it in As best I can...

Some nights hiding under the covers I feel myself tense My breath slowly being taken away from me

It all comes back

Under the oak tree In the moonlight I saw The purple spread Across my thighs The darkness spread Across my chest

Other nights—I hear it The panting The footsteps The hate

My paranoia devours me whole I turn around before I hear doors close I run away before I know what I'm running from I always leave—before I know why

His hands reaping my skin As I gasp to catch my breath

My pain filling the air Like a mockingbird's last song

Roses spread across my bed As I see His foul lips for the last time

The Heart Shaped Locket

They all secretly wonder Why she holds it with such panic Why she'll never let anyone see

The rust so harmlessly exposed Like the bare skin of a baby

The chain- the purest of silver supposedly the kindness of the world hung around her neck

They never did know That in truth what she was holding

was where her bad dreams her lost faith and her weakness was kept

A simple heart shaped locket The family burden Right there on her chest Taunting her As it sways back and forth

The need The obsession The fixation With precision

Controlled her

Back and forth it swayed trapping her In her fervent mind

The Man In The Mask

I yearn to feel his flaws To touch his tears To know his face

All this time I have only but an empty frame To visualize him by

Despite that empty space He to me—is complete An old antique Battered and dusty Reminding me of how he surpasses Beauty of all others By his simple authenticity

Though Too scared to appear Yet Too swollen with pride to change

He wallows in his misery Waiting for the day His mask deteriorates

I realize now Never seeing his face I saw a great deal more Than appearance Than personality

Than anything the human eye Can even imagine to see Than anything the human mind Can fathom to understand

He never did shed of that mask Neither- Did he have to I knew Who he was

The Pessimist's Sky

Purple sky Bruised by what was never nearby

Stained White blotches, covering

Most of the veins Yellow veins, they were

Pulsing as well as attracting nobody

regardless, of the effort

Well, in the least That's what she took from it

I saw, a

Purple sky Nearly pink

Yes, it was raining The water felt like the first fresh breath of spring

If you searched Strenuous enough

Was a rainbow Painting the soft patters of the rain's heart beat

The Puppet Master

Marble eyes overflowing with black water And a fragment of the stars

Eyes that see Eyes that gaze Eyes that wonder When the first raindropp will touch her soft cheek

Durable lips Hold the frame of his porcelain features

Drawing clever dimples As he mocks himself

Spirals of hair, course down her shoulders Like a waterfall, for ever and a day trying to reach bottom

His sturdy jaw-line, is the only detail Worth painting For it's the only actual feeling

The despair, of

Two puppets Bound By their loose legs And dangling strings

With nothing But wooden heart beats To make the time withering On a puppeteer's shelf

One day, He will light a cigarette He will blow smoke in their face He will wait He will smile He will feel their eyes water He will disturbingly watch Their first And last tears As he throws them Into the winter stock of wood

For the fireplace

The Search Of A Lost Soul

Looking for something I've never felt Hoping to do something I've never done

Trying to remember Something that never was For some— For most—

Happiness isn't meant to be found Thus— My search is everlasting

Twirls Of A Mad Women

A blunt face Of a mad women Or a genius

Maybe, both

All year round There are Christmas lights, in view Anticipating when seasons of rain

Will rinse their colors However,

they never do

Even amongst the best There are the gleaming

She twists She twirls She tortures your pleasure

giving it taking it

whenever she pleases

Waiting

I crave his rhythmic breath Hunger his stare His tight lock of never ending strength

Desire surprises me and springs me out of bed I creep down the hall My heart freezes over

The beat becomes a song

The floors creeks Thump, thump The clock strikes 12 Thump, thump The door swings Thump, thump

Calmly, he rises Thump, thump He doesn't flinch Thump, and that's when I know

he's been waiting

We

We Sing in graveyards We Dance in burning rooms We Color bones, with magic markers We Rest in the eye of hurricanes What's more remarkable, still we laugh at what isn't funny we do what we obviously shouldn't and, we love, the unlovables

What She Got

She grew up in the sunshine She grew up feeling a warm breeze -I grew up in the dark -I grew up in the shadow

Thunder was always scared of her The sky was always on her side -Thunder was something I learnt to deal with -The sky was unwritten -The sky was undetermined

Never was she forced into the rain The clouds constantly watched her -Never was I cared for -Never did the clouds pay me any attention

One day Curiosity itself pushed her in the rain The water penetrated her Like a pencil making it's mark on paper -Like any other day -I went through hell in high water

Agony ripped it's way into her body She thought she had no chance More importantly-She thought she had no choice -I thought this was how every one had to live -I never cared enough -to try to find help

-I went in alone-what choice did I have?

But she did -So I did

And she stayed As unbearable as it was -And I got through it -Like I knew I would have to She thought she would make it through The storm was almost over -After it was over -I knew it could only get better

Too long had she been protected Too long had she waited to try Too long had she cheated life -Too long had I suffered the pain -Too long had I neglected myself -To let the rain take me

And

Too late was it for her to see Her way out of the storm -And -Too late was it for me to see -My way out of the storm

When I Was A Child

When I was a child Money Was amusing paper Of vivid colors When I was a child Happiness Was where the butterfly's rest And the bird's sang

When I was a child Rain Was god's will Telling us To cry with the soul When I was a child My heart belonged to the sea Swaying back and forth liberated from it's uncertainties

But all of this Was when I didn't know the world only that place where skys sympathize and the ground catches I was once that child

Willow Trees

Sit Beside Me

Hear the raindrops Penetrate the ears of trees The willows Ask the wind To thrust their branches

to you Just To get a taste Of your name

Jacqueline, Is what they call you Soon as you speak I know It seems unjust To fence you into, a name

I hear your voice It starts in my lips Travels to my stomach Trembles my hands

And beats my heart Maybe it's the touch, Maybe it's the smell, Maybe, It's the name

Your Merit

She's better In every way Of that your right Whatever the approach Her hair is a corn field of sorrow Eyes of rock staring down the most impenetrable of walls

I contemplated whether you were worth the tears But it's all matter of view You see her as faultlessness In human form

I see her As perfection In a laboratory After all this I'm relieved that I'm not your type Your not worth Changing myself for

Thinking now It's ludicrous I doubted my potential For even a second This is who I've always been Who I am Who I hope to always be