

Poetry Series

Louis Cecile
- poems -

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Louis Cecile()

Louis Cecile is but a human
being like everyone, but seeks to discover
the mysteries of life and looks for answers.

I have been writing since a young age and have always had a unique perspective
of the mad world around me.

My poetry is at its best when dark, but I can find moments to be softer.

I simply enjoy writing and hope people can find some poems they like from my
collection.

Check out my blog on:

My first self published book is called 'Thoughts in Rhyme', which is a journey
through life in poetry.

Many of my poems have been selected for publications or competitions.

To read my interview, please visit:

50 Minutes – Interview Style

Psychiatrist: So tell me how you felt when you first met...

Kid: I was dazzled by the selection and constant connection

Psychiatrist: A permanent connection in your life

Kid: My life surrounded by constant quarrels

Psychiatrist: You could only see it spiral, therefore wanting something you could control

Kid: Yes, something to make me feel whole

Psychiatrist: Go on

Kid: Though we don't really talk, it talks to me

Psychiatrist: For you this is real?

Kid: Totally as it listens to me, never conceals

Psychiatrist: You become the big deal?

Kid: It is here just for me, which makes it all seem real

Psychiatrist: How do your parents feel about this relationship?

Kid: Sick and say I am addicted, they are just wicked

Psychiatrist: Making you feel inflicted as they are losing your trust?

Kid: I have only distrust for they longer love each other

Psychiatrist: You have been asked to choose?

Kid: Yes I want to stay with my mother

Psychiatrist: Do you understand why you have been told to see me?

Kid: I am in love with my TV

Louis Cecile

Acceptance

Infectious smile has infected tears
The laughter strikes with spears
I am not dear and they are not sincere
Feeling fear
I must perform
For when I stop the stage is gone

Louis Cecile

Birth

You can never lose that part of you

Our hearts were beating as one

You nourished me made a home for me

When I gazed upon you I cried

For a moment I needed to return inside

Bringing comfort

So much to teach

Longing for speech

You make me stand tall even when I fall

Our lives together

Eternal connection

That cannot be broken even in separation

Not just for set backs

You are my inspiration

Through my creation

Though I fail often to show it

You are my devotion

Louis Cecile

Conditioned

Like demons cast out of souls we are scattered into

the night left with are own misfortune

No longer can we behold

The fortitude of existence mystifies indefinitely

Seeking solitude in body when the truth is spirit

Captured by the physical

The mind justifies this terrain

Higher planes obstructed by a new day

We plan to increase constriction

Narrowing our thought

Pure magic is from where we came

Chaos circle rides to take us back

We create war when our conditioning needs to be attacked

Louis Cecile

Customs

The age of check in

What do we bring today

Past or future

So scared of lost we would rather refrain from leaving the ground

A look inside reveals

Yet we still carry on

Places are people what we bring is not new

Reacting from memories

The feeling remains in a whisper

The years unfold to increase our load

Yet when we check out the return is unwanted

The truth is delayed in the luggage we brought

Louis Cecile

Daily Commute

A daily view both near and far

Awash with emotion a yearly commotion

A sea of upturned smiles

Comfort defiled

Repetition is an updated edition

Enforced is our journey

We travel with haste

Disembarked into a land of waste

Barely able to gaze at another man's face

Footsteps of the damned

Though separated we walk hand in hand

Hypnotic the rhythm as we face indecision

Our hearts sorrowed by the incision

A way of life so cruel

Louis Cecile

Dark Ablution

Translucent movement
What can you see?
Enveloping the city, death and misery
Sub zero reveals your breath
Something in the air to ponder who will die next

Desire takes form
Yet nothing you can see
Though at the end there is a sensation
A cloud gathers releasing precipitation

The storm passes over for those of a colour
They see a new chosen race
The summoner watches hoping for his kind to embrace

Gentle movement, soft is the touch
When victims are seen
They enter the never-ending dream
Hardened and violent
What once was soft now juxtaposed
Though continuous its flow

Crystallisation
Reflects
Becomes blinding
Awake for penetration
Ablution for dark salvation

Entombed the remains of life
Condense an aura of suspense
Nothing can circumvent
It will not relent
Condensation, a revelation
The process starts once again

Louis Cecile

Dark Night Kiss

The mystery of evil

What a life it implores

Deception of reality with instant ramification

Look towards it with no condemnation

A price to pay

Devoured with little delay

Can you touch it to magnify your power

Cometh the storm prepare for an eternal hour

It never searches for it is often found

They say the world has laid down

Enchanting its kiss to reverse our thoughts

The good are weak a fight easily fought

Forever we must resist a touch of infection

To come close to our resurrection

Louis Cecile

Dead Poet On The Wall

As I write my last my poem
For once I have the courage to stand tall
Flashback my career as memory recalls

I began writing for fun
A melody of rhyme highlighted me gifted
When aroused by a concept my words became spirited

This label of talent, unfortunately does not feature
Aimed to get respect from my peers, words of encouragement flattered
Though to make a sale the public really mattered

I am one of the same like a black tie event
This mental pressure to create causes solitude pain
A few loyal followers and still no fame

In this creative pool
I write a poem at 10.52
Another writes better in a time zone of 8.52

Contacting publishers they say poetry will not increase their figure
This man in a suit cannot even write poem
In my mind I believe I have to disown him

I sense I am writing into the wind
Thankful comments no longer stir me
A stereotypical poet my facial features are surly

Social media profile closes down as I hate looking in the mirror
Tweeps message out of care
When offline then reality stares

No longer dictated by stanzas
I join the dead poets on the wall
Rest in peace as my pen falls

Louis Cecile

Death Touch

Embraced by death the world had fallen

Nothing around

Tears bringing thunder the ground

Pierced with precision by the samurai's blade

Inscriptions appearing on an unknown grave

Temporal disfigurement relives moments that brings a wish

A second chance for negativity to be dismissed

Death has a power to bring life to the living dead

Rebirth from the pit dissolution

Arise now is not the time to die

Louis Cecile

Dream State

I live in a world of dreams

Unseen not been

My thoughts provide a place to hide unseen

From the world become I light

Remain in light the eagle takes flight

I am the world to increase my might

What is real, who can reveal

Confusion decrease my sight

Do I wake up each day or dream in dismay

Are real people walking my way

Totally lost the purpose is done

Life and my dreams are now one

Louis Cecile

Eternal

From birth we are laid in a hearse,

Death unites life, unseen is our curse

Fallen dreams as above become below

Unaware of what waits to taint the soul

Mysteries forgotten, hypnotic awaken

I am taken cyclical, chaos bound

Lessons not learnt, never ending continuing round

Born yet I am born again

I reach divinity though cannot muster speech

I seek in present, a spiritual time

Yet inside I am many, but divided in two

One side won't relent until it rules

The planet is a crossroad, existence a test

The end brings failure, so continues the test

Once taught I am lost, the demon awakens

Living life, wondering, who am I?

In silence it creeps, disturbing one's sleep

Words not mine, behaviour untrue

By the power of light, be gone into the night

Hormones erupt, therefore easily corrupt

From knowledge, there is only survival

Words from the bible bide me time

Even if freed, this world hinders me

One so fallen, descends humanity

Looking back with age, naïve my path

Symbols of math, dictated the path

The number two, rendered me a fool

I am the demon's tool

The truth of Eden, is we are the fallen

No memory, in death we remember

Then transcend again

Touching the left, restarts our breath

The test starts again

Exorcised demon, yet around are more seeds

Life to death is the purpose I seek

I am Adam eternally weak

A puzzle of confusion

Life of delusion

A wrong conclusion

New birth, new illusion

Louis Cecile

Eyes Of A Thief - Diamante Style

Glare,

contemptuous, focused,
watching, wanting, squinting
dazed, value, hidden, lost
unseeing, seeking, sensing
perceptive, unsightly
Blind

Louis Cecile

Fast Women

Fast women

Your movement is untrue

Entice

Do represent all things nice

A female form shaped to perfection

Subconsciously and automatically

Your vision rules

Hypnotic

Tricking men as our thoughts turn quick to erotic

Romance has not a chance

We camber in packs to ask for a dance

Casting money for you be a wishing well

You know the game

You know we look

Manipulating our simple psyche does not let us of the hook

The chase continues into future times

Fast women move too quick for eyes to see

Blinded by what I believe you can offer me

Slowing down I visualize a glimmer of your distortion

Quite twisted

Though I still remain eternally addicted

Louis Cecile

Fear Of Alternate Realities

Misty eyes shocked have no patience for tears
Faded in own world illusion
Interrupted steps cast outside fears
A sudden stop fails peace, bringing only intrusion

These moments dissolve all learned dishonesty
Unforeseen attack, awakens past life flashback
Invited into a brutal world, for unrequited honesty
A vision of death makes existence backtrack

Disruption invades and increases as a water droplet
A spectral invasion disturbs your beliefs
Beneath your amazement a shadow covets
Similar to the reasoning of a thief's

Blind eyes are no form of solution
Amplified senses connect all realities
To walk unaware can lead to soul execution
Remembering each day ends with fatalities

Many moments where the world finds no speech

Louis Cecile

Flauros Enters In Kuro

Moments of true harmony come when eyes are closed
Witnessing the abyss like the opening of the black mamba's mouth
I shall not cry out!
A sense of bliss, eyes open with endearment of Kuro
Reveal my destination that surrounds
An altar of shadow, entered from a depth that is hollow
Chants of Aquerra, envelop the lair
Red curtains flow down the stairs, resembling blood
Not divine though it flows from above
Each step draws a creek
In darkness one is bound
I am in awe to appreciate the scene, yet try to delude in thinking it's a dream
I touch broken glass; feel the warmth as plasma trickles fast
Engraved like a tattoo, not simple art but work of dark arts
Darkness brings cover and light full exposure
No longer have I walked on a road to nowhere
Visions of Cemetery Lane re-enter the brain
For from under this place lies sacred ground
Black pupils reflect blackness from a priest's hooded robe
One glimpse turns the body cold
Yet bold, I join to congregate in Kuro
Disciples with no faces smile and lure me to mimic their chants
Behind, naked women start to dance
The rhythm leads to trance
Such devotion, a limitless power
The one who is fallen has the Earth to rule
My mind a collective, hypnotic the thoughts
My eyes turn to the one who is caught
Paraded to the altar, the shadows embrace
The light from a dagger reflects the wonder of those without face
Celebration for the release of spiritual power
I am led, empowered by the dead
Anointed with a mysterious potion
I to succumb to chant with devotion
Loyal to the captured inferno, behold the nocturnal mass

Louis Cecile

Flower On The Wall

Flower on the Wall

What is your story

I can guess

Blessed be by thy name

Holy is the ground

What has fallen

What is left

Only a flower

That fades with every coming hour

Life walks by

The flower dies

Symbolic is the sight

For those connected it brings fright

Flower on the wall

You bring meaning

A chance for reflection

A beauty that dies

This is nature

To gaze upon you makes me cry

Fortune Teller

Vision spirals as a rainbow to your soul
Reflected memories make a past touched
The journey to the present ignites in time as charcoal
Similar gaze for the future to be clutched

A mystic moment that weakens my stand
Can we evolve our reality?
I take thee, trying to decipher your hand
Awaiting an answer to enhance my vitality

A party of words dance side by side with my thoughts
Behind our eyes, spirits remotely view
Searching for the moment for our essence to be caught
Laid together in a field to witness the sky is blue

Light catches your diamond for colour to race
Momentous pause a synergy for telepathy
Loving suggestion to brighten your face
A desire to be yours indefinitely

One moment where I find no speech

Louis Cecile

Freefall – Tanka Style

Spiral cirriform
gravity releases in air
fetal in soft curl
momentarily I be afloat
earthly kiss descent to touch the world.

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Friend Or Foe - Nonet Style

Sunshine reflects my soul behind with ease
Do you stand by me as I witness two
A foe stands in my dark reflection
Befriending up so close
A friend keeps apart
Distance to start
Measured
To feel
Real

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Ghost

When you are dismissed from at an early age

It feels like being put in a cage

No nourishment leads to rot

You dream as child a sleep in the cot

Spirit flies high spirit flies low

Wandering where to go

The whole of me left with no boast

Dismissed I remain a ghost

Louis Cecile

Global Warming - Name Style

Global Warming

The name forces me to cry

The earth sheds increased tears, though when toughened becomes barren

Dry soil threatens nature to recoil

Humanity unaware of the nature of its soul

Care for cash

Space exploration brings envy

Our every small step, merely shifts planetary plates

With no skills as a catcher, we bring a downfall

Global Warming

Inherently mankind has a complex to no longer exist

We stand like William Tell

What story does this tell

Man willing to kill himself or nature

When the arrow pierced the apple and the tree

Red symbolised how nature bleeds

The name leads expectancy for heat

A winter never ending brings only defeat

A reflection of our defeat

The world canvassed in white wanting to start again

Let humanity freeze as it gave birth to disease

Global Warming signifies the earth's anger

Pubescent extreme emotion for one so old

Will your children live on for this story to be told?

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Gravity Ride

Omnipotent desires frozen in traction
Heavy the world, forces escape from gravity
Yearning absorbs all powers to regain satisfaction
To conquer science and the divine my audacity

Potential energy rises like the Tower of Babel
Soaring as free as a bird from the clutches of death
Ecstasy ejects kinetic down a linear cable
The thrill of the ride relinquishes ones breath

Spirals and loops jump-start the heart
Orbiting the air
Hypnotized by greed as a miner in a gold cart
Is this fun or fair?

Exponential glee unravels the soul
Momentary control forms a sudden stop
Gravity laughs as we cannot achieve our goal
Yet an exclamation is always heard when the roller-coaster drops

One moment where I find no speech

Louis Cecile

Honey - Refrain Style

Like an abstract painter, a wry smile as the honey drips
Sensitive touch too much is ticklish
Soft strokes on the inner thigh unleashes the wild

Mmmm...I like that
From head to toe
Makes my sexual energy flow
I want more

Flicks from my tongue on the back of your knee
Eyelids lower gazing at me
Honey melts as your body gets hot

Mmmm...I like that
From head to toe
Makes my sexual energy flow
I want more

Your glutes raise up when tapped
I lay my face on them, not taking a nap
A little squeeze, eyes surprised when honey flows inside

Mmmm...I like that
From head to toe
Makes my sexual energy flow
I want more

Whisper to your neck
Do you feel wet?
Caress, where will I touch next?

Mmmm...I like that
From head to toe
Makes my sexual energy flow
I want more

Massaging your ears
Nibbling your ears
Saying I love you to hear

Mmmm...I like that
From head to toe
Makes my sexual energy flow
I want more

Your fetish dictates that I do not neglect your feet
Honey drizzled make your nipples peak
Sucking your toes turns your body weak

Mmmm...I like that
From head to toe
Makes my sexual energy flow
I want more

I clasp your wrist, your ready as your eyes close
Though I have not finished this ride
I lick your wrist, making your eyes gently rise

Mmmm...I like that
From head to toe
Makes my sexual energy flow
I want more

As you have already peaked, I can commence to suckle
My tongue encircles and swirls
Each one precious like a pearl
Mmmm...I like that
From head to toe
Makes my sexual energy flow
I want more

You shake as my hands goes down from your navel
Honey from the top, I lick every drop
Your inner thighs release heat, awakening a fountain

Mmmm...I like that
From head to toe
Makes my sexual energy flow
I want more

A gentle kiss grows to passion

You tease by biting my lip
Tasting pure honey

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How Was Your Day? - Free Verse Style

Greater good
Sentiments force a smile
Short-sighted when he comes closer, my vision impaired
He stares at me wanting instant affection
A glimpse at the dinner table states what is due
I reflect wondering if I have become a fool
Seeking clues with questions of his day
The mystery remains, privately contained
Two strangers with connecting hearts

We grow apart each day
Though I welcome his cause
The need for law
I touch myself till I am sore, just to feel adored
Bored as self entertainment is difficult when there is two
His castle, my prison
Too easy to make a legal decision

Constantly connected, his life is on edge
One day he will find his wife on a ledge
So the whole world can look me
People to notice me, visually he might finally see

My profile status switches from married to single
I do not mean harm, but seeking to mingle
Demanding attention from sources so fake
Though there smooth words I intake
A sex to be fair
Good sex becoming rare

Sometimes we see straight through each other
I merely act automatically as a mother
Surrounded by chores
You dare condemn it as leisure

We fight against our world's everyday
When united we should blossom as lovers
Different from any other couple
Stuck because of the greater good

Louis Cecile

Ikiru Chikara - Acrostic Style

Powerfully my repertoire leaves many disconnected
Omnipotent in wish, my blush betrays the disguise
Wary of judging eyes
Escape the feeling as power decreases
Revealing a state of demise

Forgetful discourse
Overwhelms many caught in the spin
Rotation will only lead me to return to begin

Laughter a tool
Involuntary faux pas
Vicious in the eye
Ikiru Chikara
No explanation
Guided by letters on the left side

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Intoxicating

Multicoloured delicious

Turns me from kind to vicious

I cannot escape this artificial high

My eyes hurt and I turn from the sky

A flavour intense

I lose common sense

Dispense my age

Pure fun I engage

Unnatural yet natural effect

I have no regrets a moment of insanity

To skittle down like gravity

Louis Cecile

Is This The Last Kiss?

Closed eyes see only the past
An automatic reflex enticed by a kiss
Though in tender moments the world reverses fast
Vision now disturbed searching for what I missed

Heartbeat skips like a childhood game
Your blush ignites my bulls eye
Memories remain trapped in a picture frame
Is our love eternal or will you now lie?

Deluded like working a 9 to 5 until I die
A passionate kiss awakens ones life
Tension arises from an emotional high
Cupid's arrow strikes my heart like a knife

The world reversing backwards reveals elements of truth
Penetrating lips make the environment become a blur
This act of love I witness requires endless proof
She whispers her name is angina, I turn to the light and no longer see her

One moment where I find no speech

Louis Cecile

Lone Wolf

I rely on myself as a lone wolf

Pleasure of my company

Who can understand accept self

Born alone

Raised to pass these trials

I deny reliance for it weakens the soul

To truly awaken requires ultimate self control

Placing others ahead means I stay backwards

Patrolling shadows

Adaptation for what lies ahead

Instincts enhance to circumvent the game of chance

Cosmic survival

Led to denial

Centuries of pain

Age of independence

Selfish lone wolf starts a revolution to restart prehistoric evolution

Louis Cecile

Meaning Of Life

A meaning of life

The eternal search

Can be seen out the window on a perch

Nature thinks little

The flow of the spirit is simple

A mind not reclined

Is unable to seek divine

Selfish without self

Disturbs our health

Often mistaken as a cure our need for wealth

Forever seeking

External our need

Internal love is what we need to receive

Louis Cecile

Memories

I replay to remember

A gift of joy that also brings sorrow

We as humans wonder so much

It seems so close to feel the dream

Sensual sensors awaken the touch

Am I here or over there

Can I revert the hands of time

Remember good times and become encased

Is this reality

I can remain in this wondrous place

Why not it feels sane to remain

Refrain the present

Future can recall

The past is mine until I fall

Louis Cecile

Mind Recess – Quinzaine Style

Learning in a hypnotic state
Who truly benefits?
Is it my life?

We are slaves to business
Militarily trained?
Just for cash?

Fail to be called inhuman
Why do late learners cry so?
Value result?

Labelled by many test results
Is this scientific?
Biased trial?

My mind is not developed
Where do I begin?
Why can we not play?

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My Smile

I can't smile anymore

I look around waiting for the sound

True nature surrounds a moment for bliss

I still look around waiting for a sound

I can't smile anymore

A story told in prism reveals the same omega

Striving through this saga realising we have yet to reach potential

I can't smile anymore

Repetitive strain

Daily repetition

I seek a new high where is the astral plane

Same faces seeking new places

I can't smile anymore

Where is the respect

They cannot see regret

Attain for what

Look for meaning when permanently forgot

I can't smile anymore

God save me

Spirit cleanse me

Split faces reside on holy ground

Commandments of choice

Do we really listen to the voice

I can't smile anymore

Look for happiness

Look for wealth

Look of love

We look below continue a search where there is nowhere to go

I can't smile anymore

They are better

She is fatter

Oh you really care and ask what is the matter

I can afford

Yet still we are bored

Seek the umbilical cord

We don't really smile anymore

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Ocean Current Of Devotion

I land face down in the sand
Stranded on this island
My first thought is only of you

My journey afar
Embraced a lifetime connection
Though I returned home alone

Sentiments float in a message in a bottle
One day you will touch
When opened you will feel touched

My first glimpse of you realised light
I understood what it meant to feel whole
Connected like a coral reef
A sweet valentine brings peace

Washed ashore
I reminisce
They say my continued affection is delusional

I searched for other fish in this sea
Though fate brought others
They never last as it always returns you to me

The tears of lovers make the ocean
Leaving me transfixed on the seashore
I open my mouth to take in your precious breath

I kiss you on your forehead to let you know my devotion
I kiss you on your lips for love is the emotion
I kiss you on your belly to welcome our child
Closing and reopening my eyes
Hoping this not to be a dream

The name Valentina makes my heart grow fonder
It gives me strength
Though it appears we are separated by the ocean
If I am truly honest

There is something I need to tell you
You make my world true
I am an ocean current of devotion
Forever bringing my love to you

Louis Cecile

One Night Man

Hey babe what's your name?

Should I ask what is your name?

Do you even know my name?

I get up and stand by the window frame

I peep out the window

Survey the streets, in case a jealous lover creeps

The sudden fear makes me erect

Inspect the bed, she lies

Who are you?

Who am I?

Sex binds us

The only thought that I have

You awake and I am ready to be gone

So long, maybe a next time with the one night man

False names on motel registers

We pretend together

A short night that will seem like forever

Laughing down the corridor

Lust the feeling as I throw you on the floor

Unprotected, common sense disconnected

People banging on the wall

Our sounds disturb their sleep

The woman weeps, professing love

There is no love for the one night man

Sexual needs from the look feed the one night man

Unconditional yet with a condition

No ties, no calls and no in-laws!

This is my movie

Random encounters

Ruled by pleasure

Let's not get together

But enjoy each other

The one night man aka Steve Scott

Louis Cecile

Pressure Performance

On the Astral field from above

I gaze with a stare mimicked across the boundary

Written is perfection

The lost in spoken is contrite

Surreal environment supposed to entice

Judgement on my pose

My performance relies on verbal prose

Can there not be a better way to test

Louis Cecile

Psilocybin Awakening To Enter A New World

Two by two they enter leaving a taste so foul
Though they satisfy that eternal hunger
The two of us united to go on a journey to unify our souls
Married in a strange world we sort another
To redefine our essence as lovers
Physic abilities remained distance
Enhancement would allow us to embrace ourselves
Feeling nausea we touch our hearts
Becoming unwell though more well than ever
That sensation of first witnessing soap lather
The foam and the way it seems heavenly as it disables
Resembles the now translucent walls of the room
We stretch to touch
Though touch seems unnecessary in this new reality
Colours dance before our eyes
Golden rays, crimson reds
Unite to become an orange haze
We see our eyes look back at us
Have we left our bodies and moved to another world?
We inhale to become light
Eyelashes flutter like a bird in flight
Exhaling we hold each other's hands and soar
Joined by a majestic dove
We glide in the air
The world is afar
Unknown be this planet
Enveloped in a place with no land
We try to focus, though stay perplexed
This glory where we communicate in mind
Move like data through cables
We appreciate without understanding
Simply being
Primordial world that has taken no shape
It remains spontaneous in movement
Leading us to be together and fly
The dove perches on a cloud
Wingspan open
We enter to be embraced
A trickle dances down our spine

Expanded mind
Entwined love
This mystery
Brings you next to me
How can we return to that world?
Now that we are awoken
A vision can be our reality

Louis Cecile

Reflets Dans L'Eau

Rouse
Aloud

Instant sentiment of raptures
I endeavour for natural vitality
Morning monologue as nudity flatters
Each droplet mirrors false majesty

Warmth releases a tear duct surprise
A shimmer from my mask
An aqua erosion of internal lies
Brainwashing a foregone task

Crying stream, combines
to reveal the true date of my time

Bared in true reality
Gazing out of falsehood
A vigorous shake of frivolity
Washing away me, being now understood

My darkness drains away
Are spirits waiting to play?
Entranced by the clockwise spiral
My skin covered by a veil that is viral

Though cleansed, I need for nourishment
Innocence seeking encouragement
In the shower I stare
At a skin once fair

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Remember Me

Do you know who I am

Laid to rest is the forgotten man

Attention that most sought word

One day like any other

There is no cover

Transparent without mention

I holler to no avail

As they hammer another nail

This crucifixion leads to my sad diction

To disappear

Will anyone interfere

Louis Cecile

Repent

Can you forgive

Not me

I mean you

What have you done to be so low

Are you so bad you need a life sentence

When I look at you should you turn away

When I give love

Does it bring life or decay

Hollow your soul

The echo is your own condemnation

How can you live

How can you love

When you torture yourself as if rejected by God above

Louis Cecile

Reverse

Going backwards

In the opposite direction

Long from the right path

Cannot see where to go

An alternate reality in reverse

May be a curse

Or does it provide an insight to an overlooked vision

Louis Cecile

Shimmer

I am replaceable as a glass vase

If it shatters would it matter

A look at the reflection

Casts a shadow

Hollow is the sound

Glass is not unique

New shapes and colours the identity remains weak

Recycled once broken

Fragile glass remains forgotten

Louis Cecile

Slave Master

Why chase the master

Because in his status he will fall

Enslaved I maybe

But life to death the human soul will always be free

My spirit though down

Awakens

In reality the master is his own slave

And I am truly awakened

To conquer is to find a bigger place to hide

The fear inside only brings you closer to judgment

My master my slave

What lies beneath the grave

Louis Cecile

Suicide

I live my life in yesterday

The torment brings tomorrow

My sorrow plays a melody

Why I cry

Walk by the river I want to die

Sigh because I am weary

Can anyone hear me

I flee to a new world

A dream a galaxy

It relaxes me and taxes me

What a price to pay

My astral body floats in the bay

My spirit I can't hear it

What have I done

Life is hard when you mentally die young

Louis Cecile

The Boy

Free as a boy playing by a well

Danger and excitement to him it is joy

No fear the entrapment of risk

Weighs not on his mind

Tomorrow is today

He lives simple no pausing

The cause of decision is not precise like a medical incision

Full of creativity often dismissed as a wild child

He laughs at adults afraid once they step outside

What mysteries can he tell

Let us look inside the well

A velocity transponds

The young boy did fell

What of life can past by

As he surely will die

Does he have regret or follow the ride

Young in spirit

He rejoices to live then to die

Louis Cecile

The Fear Of Love

Does the world understand love or is it simply looking above

Tell me what do you see a void in our souls

We journey not knowing where to go

Listen

Why listen to what others say

Are they going my way

Never

Why do we bother to exist like this

When the point of life is missed

Our thoughts eclipse revelation

Can mankind reveal salvation or go forth into damnation

Commercials saying I am lost

The humiliation is done so I pay a cost

Working lives where we struggle to survive

Pretending we are alive

Inside we have died living a lie

Stop and look at weekends desperation of an entire generation

Born in a fluxed conception on the streets with no discretion

Well it has been played in many songs on TV everyday

Books and once a year in a shop window display

We know but keep it forgotten

Something must be wrong

When the answer has been said

Yet still we struggle with thoughts tormenting us in bed

Superego for the living dead

Remember in the beginning what I said

Does the world understand love

Is it looking for intervention

Why are we so afraid to love again

Louis Cecile

The First Touch

Time stands still

Stars come out at daylight

For a moment I have a vision

Homeostasis flows through the body

A glow divine

I am now weakened

Yet I endure marvelled on this magical tour

A tour where my eyes cannot be opened

I can feel visualization

When released

I have found peace

Louis Cecile

The Flower

A radiant flower that needs to bloom

Life is cyclical from the womb to the tomb

Receptive to love from above and around

Lay the seeds to nurture the ground

The sound to hear is a blossom awakening

The scent is so captivating

Olfactory note ancient in mind

The noose on the stem can now unwind

Finally set free please can we gather

To look upon this glorious flower

Louis Cecile

The Meaning Of Indecision

Unaware of future tense

The predicament of a moments decision

Guidance is forked like lines in hand

One single second

Destiny a month a year or century

So cruel this faculty

Does it hinder me

Is this a play for He

Everything must have a reason

There is no such thing as indecision

Louis Cecile

The Painter

A blank canvas for frustrated perceptions
How forgotten the teachings for neutral tone
By my side I carry the brush of misconceptions
A reversed aesthetic eye means art is disowned

Equality dissolves when creating a spectrum
Yet division is a celebration of multiple beauty
Rapid brushstrokes become my sudden welcome
To paint is to label my sworn duty

Repeated design is admired pop art
Though humble the weak afraid to critique
A controversy of paintings enflames and sparks
Those untouched reinforce the profiling technique

To label as you paint implies a hidden agenda
Ensuring your collection is no longer unique
Such bravado merely insults the orenda
If you were stopped and discoloured, you would lose all power to speak

One moment where I find no speech

Louis Cecile

The Rainbow That Frees

A rainbow people think is fantasy

It exists

Where I go to indulge in fantasy

I know it is false

The reason I am here for some paid affection

Erected thoughts

They know my heart so in their web I am caught

Hypnotic is the vibe

In here we are all alive

Sense of belonging

United purpose

In trance raising spirits by dance

There is something youthful almost freeing

For one night I increase my well being

We gather

Bathed by the lather

Your false looks easily hook

I cannot touch yet still feel

A surreal dream

When I leave I hide afraid to be seen

Some will be disgusted

For what shame

Inside I am free feeding false joy

Men like their toys and ladies know to

A rainbow is sought to make dreams come true

Louis Cecile

The Window

Just looking out of the window

As night becomes day

People look up to see my dismay

What can I say what can I do

Day after day wandering what to do

Simply a ghost imaginary host

I need the most

Surviving on toast

Brings me no cheer

Oh please let me not have another year

I wanted so much now left out of touch

Look how young do I be

These four walls are killing

I need two as one is hurting me

Louis Cecile

The Window 2

Stop and stare at the journey you unwittingly share

The pain in the eyes of the boy who intensely stares

Will the world let him in

Though he shuts himself in

He grins at a couple struggling in the wind

This is nature beginning to end

What does he see

Life passing him by

The realisation brings a tear to the eye

Can he open the window and yell out hi

Tomorrow he will watch more people walking on by

Louis Cecile

To Care

Three dimensional care is the only way for spiritual consideration

Anything less causes denial

The direction the right path

Be humble though fortune may crumble

Empathic scheme is not a plan

Listen and understand

Lack of merit returns blessed grace

We care

Do we know how

In a dimension affinity is not bound

So we should inspire to reach a higher plane of thought

Rather than to rely on the morals we are taught

To care far beyond and accept things to be gone

To be deemed alternate and tragically go on

You have shown the true meaning of the word care

Louis Cecile

Torture 1

Striking a match releases a flame
Cutting flesh is not solely for the insane
Each slice a rhythm to release a sea of crimson
I cover your face as you once did to the child
You shall realise your disgrace
My calmness revokes belief in revenge
I smile as I cut again

Metaphorically each slice reveals your wounds
Repeated incisions forces you to mentally debate a decision
Do you choose to live or die?
Death has no place here, neither am I promoting fear

Your senses flinch as I grasp the knife
Perspiration naturally relieves, though causes you stress
Your mind contemplating, where I will pierce next

Blood drips slowly onto the floor
You are required to learn more, so I cut open wounds
The deeper the cut, the deeper the understanding

Is that a tear or sweat rolling down your cheek?
I pause, hoping to see meaning
Should I cut your eyes as you have failed to see?

Dismayed by my anger, I repeat my teaching
A punishment to be kind
Saving your soul and mine

Louis Cecile

Two Definitions Of Trustless - Cinquain Style

Trustless

Mental State
Reverbed past life
Cautious of the world
Daily

Trustless
Peacock tail
No real beauty
Fear of many eyes
Lies

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Louis Cecile

Visual Journey

Seeking space and time, thoughts to awaken my mind
Time to walk in my wake, insight for the journey
Fate to spark, reveal what lies beneath the bark
Distracted by the roots of a tree

Show me your meaning
Am I dreaming?
A hillside descending down
I continue on foot, I take a look

From the branch of the tree, second sight
A leaf takes flight, caught in the wind

It moves to the right, spinning in circular motion
Free as waves in the ocean, rhythmic and illicit as an accordion
Terminal velocity brings the leaf lower, inhuman it raises in updraft
Predestined, unknown is its path

The sun lows, where now for it to go
Constant revolution, a dance in the sky
Like a bee, I wonder how it flies
Its journey free willed or has it let loose its free will?

Does it lead or is it led?
Winding low, it spirals lower
Lost for power, the end of its hour
Returned to the earth, laid to rest

I confess, this has a meaning to be seen
I pause, my journey is done, lowered is the sun
Am I dreaming?
Random steps walk over the brittle leaf, no utterance of speech

Visual intake for my walk in wake
Time for the direction of fate
A gust of wind let it begin
Reanimation sends it to the left
I pause again and inhale a deep breath

Visual Mirror

I want the woman in a picture

The one who stays close

Someone I can adore

Who listens with me

Never leaves or tries to deceive

Her vision astounds our moments stay precious

Her life is for us others come second

Nothing I say brings a strain

If lost on a plane our hearts would find each other

Connected like a homing beacon

To feel totally at ease with no need to appease

I remain me and she is a picture

Each day brings a memory

I can reach out and be transfixed by the trust forever

Unified we live in our own special reality

Louis Cecile

Wake Up

I wake up and see her

Nonchalantly viewing her beauty

I turn to her

Her eyes barely flutter

Failing to meet mine I gaze and sit there

I kiss her lips know warmth truly

Who is the beauty

I can't touch her cheek

For her face is woven

The material is weak

How fooled the adolescent

Louis Cecile

Water Runs Free

Spiral into a stream

The barometer of self esteem

Into the whirlpool

Getting lower

The destination is nowhere

Duly sunken

Intoxicated yet not drunken

Let life pass through your eyes

As you gently rise

To your surprise you are free from your prison

To remain afloat you cannot be the unforgiven

Louis Cecile

What Can You See

We mainly realize it when were alone with it

Everyday it remains atmospheric

Easily forgotten

It naturally rises

Serendipity to appreciate often is too late

When it falls down

Do we look to help it

Continue on and so it continues

It needs no support yet appears for us to gaze

We are blinded in the maze of our opportunity

What a task in our lives to panoramically focus

Louis Cecile

Which Love

Two loves different

Yet they remain indifferent

I can't stand in the way

The way they react ready to attack

Me in the middle now in the back

Torn between the two

What am I to do

Take one side the other calls me a fool

If I sacrifice one what have I become

This situation has left me feeling so numb

I am young and dumb

Chose the wrong one

On the Day of Judgment my punishment will come

Louis Cecile

Winter Flame

Winter Flame brings new essence

Don't leave effervescent

Surround my favourite pronoun enflame

Your tongue releases words showing much pain

Take flight and soar

I love you ever more

The beauty that nurtures free

Future I can see

Spring arrives you seek to depart

Summer's here broken hearts

A winter flame must diminish

Am I duly finished

Winter comes I am frozen

A love so blind my heart is broken

Louis Cecile