

Poetry Series

Mark Crane
- poems -

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Mark Crane(September 9 1972)

A Mothers Love

There has been but one constant fixture
In a world tumultuous and forever changing
Happiness amid sadness, with wars raging
A mothers love! life's only true elixir

During times when hardship rains through
One voice shines high above the bleakness
And it soothes with a warm, caring caress
'Fear not my son, remember that mother always loves you'

Mark Crane

Appetence

He longed again to see her face
Only if just, for a tender embrace
One sweet smell of attared fragrent skin
Would stem the bleeding heart within

Mark Crane

Deaths Visitation

Violently torn from a rare, blissful dream
By the sound of my name swathed inside a stentorian scream

Shivering against a sudden chill; the room dense with a effluvium stench
Immense fear rendering my entire body, into a fiercely painful clench

Skeletal face set in sepulchral mask draws eerily near
Momentarily muted, i stifle the bitterness of a lone, salted tear

Dead lidless eyeballs boring deep into my soul; an incident horribly indecent
Motionless mouth oozing ferocious whispers through a thick, ancient accent

Your time here is near its end you have been blessed with a long, painful death!
Announced the hideous eidolon; vitriolic words pushed forthed by a decaying
breath

Extending out a repulsive, boned finger it touched my skin which scorched
An instant infestation; a serge of agonizing pain leaving my gapping heart en
touched

Now marks the begining of your end....

Mark Crane

Illuminated Goddess Of The Night

Illuminated goddess of the radiant night
Bathe me gently in your soothing dim light
Brighten the dark; erode the vile spawn
Dazzlingly resplendent against the morrows dawn

Shining face perched in quiescent splendor over land and ocean
Endowed with power to invoke a tide of emotion
Now lunation has arrived i grow mawkish and pale
Retire my celestial love behind your dark, painted veil

Led through the blistering black night by lonelineses callused clutch
Ensanguine drenched dreams imprisoned within societies hutch
To be once again cradled amidst thine comforting, luminary embrace
Is my lugubrious laden hearts only true appetite and grace...

Mark Crane

Lost Out In The Cold

Drifting into the darkness of slumber...

Ah, i hear her now in whispers soft as moonbeams
Carried forth, on the delicate wings of my dreams

Come in from the cold, Come in from the cold,

Face of an angel, alluring, pristine and pure
Beckoning me toward, with eyes of deepest azure

Come in from the cold, Come in from the cold,

Caressing my soul with a voice warm as mid Spring
With arms out stretched, offering of sanctuary and understanding

Come in from the cold, Come in from the cold,

Consciousness with it's abrupt, unwanted intervene
Desperately reaching, as she fades into the black ravine

Destined here to stay, lost out in the cold...

Mark Crane

Miracal Under A Willow

Camouflaged by an age old willow, he wept
Sun scorched tears, stained the squirming ground
Countless, concealed eyes watching without sound
Nestled amongst wilted saddeness, he slept

The bright morrow delivering it's daily, dismal gloom
Desicion made! it's time to kill the pain within!
Carefully fastening twine to the willow's aging limb
Cursing the god's, in muttered final words; (snap! , crack! , boom!)

Awoken by mother nature's golden smile
Cleansing his spirit with her cool fresh breath
Miraculously erraticating his intensions of death
Sweet, songs of the surrounding life, lifting him from the bile

Bleeding heart carressed by mother's healing hand
Smooth, soothing whispers swirling amid autum leaves
Hope once abandoned and lost now he again believes
Be at peace my darling child, gain the knowledge to understand

Mark Crane

Morning's Gift

I adore the sweet fragrances, of freshly fallen rain
Mother nature's remedy for cleansing away the pain

The bright sun piercing through the blackend cloud
Resembling hope, burning down the vile shroud

A brisk, dewy morning gives birth to a new day, spawning happiness
Unveiling beauty's true essence, comfortably wrapped within her warm finesse

O let us dance amid the wild orchids, my love, my sacred one
Bathe me in your alluring glow, hopelessly held captive by your passion

For the morrow may bring with it my death! Take my soul as this morning's gift
Your love, is the air this soul breathes, lost without it, meandering adrift

Mark Crane

Morrow's Angel

Slender figure draped dourly in sable
perched in awkwardness

Casting forth triste laden crystals to the ebb
of the morning tide

True vision of benevolent spende, r hidden beneath
the cold grey veil of melancholy

Sunshines ray's dancing joyfully upon dark,
rich, aurburn locks

Emerald colored eyes tainted bye salted tears
blazed by fury

Oh morrow's angel break free from your spintered pillory
grace this day with your smile

Heed no longer the profane taunts of demons
serving lugubriousness

Cleans this sullen shroud of contrite sadness with the
power of forgiveness

Bathe in the warm comforting glow of the morning sun
rejoice in acceptance

Embrace reality; for it brings with it honesty its
parting gift, is wisdom

Mark Crane

Nomadic Fool

Weary wonderer hobbling down life's cobbled path
Bruised and torn; ambling toward the aftermath
His once shining smile now yellowed and broken
Hopelessly lost; skin scared from life's brutal token
Inane being with olden bones withered and raw
Right down to marrows hollowed core
Finding it harder with each new dawn for something to give
Constantly cajoling his will to live
But alas! his time here is nearing its end
Not far now just round the bend...

Mark Crane

Realm Of Morpheus

Meandering through the realm of Morpheus; blissfully lost
Ahead lay vast fields of cinnamon scented sunflowers
Standing juxtaposed facing an almond colored, afternoon sky
Familiar figure comfortably crouched at the foot of an odd shaped knoll

Strange, ephemeral conversation with a long passed loved one
Felt sad to gaze again upon his blue, lifeless face
Warmed by cherished memories long since thought of
See you soon, were his eerily parting words; don't be late now

We have prepared the feast for your long awaited arrival they'll all be there
Disappearing into the thorned wilderness with his characteristic cackle
Off in the squinting distance a storm black as hate is forming
A prediction of things to come perhaps? Or something much more sinister?

Awake...

Mark Crane

Subconsciousness Corrupted

Spawned within decaying carcasses of dying flies
Feasting upon the fetid flesh of the obstinate
Lubricious, slithering, sly force ever obdurate
Devouring innocence with poignant, pernicious lies
- Wake up! -
Stare unyielding deep into your fear's decree
Inhale it's reeking breath; feel it's acid etched caress
Foul vitriolic tongue poisoning subconsciousness
Crawl inside the vile depths of it's inane soul; what is it you see?
- Stand up! -
Dare to pierce the horrid monsters blackend heart
Claim emancipation; shed thine corrupted, riddled skin
For the morrow brings with it a new dawn; time to begin
What will thy do with the precious rare gift of a fresh start?

Mark Crane

The Death Of Her Longing

By the golden hue of dying candle light
Tear sodden pages, stifle the feathered quill

A desperate yearning to share it all, her passions, her plight
Delicate hand held fast by hearts anguished sorrow

Shadows dancing joyfully upon decaying walls
Baring final witness to the death of her longing

Slain by trust devoured, bright spirit imprisoned within a dismal gloom
Lost in lifes thorned wilderness, the path ahead lay in ruin

Bleakness surrounds in eerie silence, finding sanctuary beside her pain
Soul's voiceless screams sturing amid the black winter night

As the lingering sadness drifts towards tainted dreams
The dark shroud of slumber, descends upon emptiness...

Mark Crane

Winter Rose

Morning blessed us with your tender grace
A white winter rose in bloom, with an angels face

In an instant, we fell hopelessly in love
Benevolent spirit, now your free as a dove

Resplendant bundle of innocent beauty
Forever will you remain a sacred part of me

Eternally shall you live as a shining beacon in my heart
For as long does this body draw breath, never shall we part

Mark Crane