

Poetry Series

Axley Jade Blaze

- poems -



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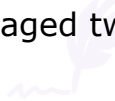
Axley Jade Blaze(June 25th)

Axley Jade Blaze is a poet and songwriter, who released her first single 'Fatal Notes (Dear Heroin) ' on June 1,2024. She is currently penning her first complete album, 'Death Notes, ' with plans to release it in early 2025.

A former art model and muse, as well as novelist, Axley's first love was a love for lyrics and word-play. She is an accomplished writer, publishing her first in a series of novels titled the War Stories Chronicles, in 2016. She has also published seven poetry collections, in addition to writing hundreds of other pieces. With a love for singing, dancing and performance art, eventually her poems were fused into full songs.

In her spare time, she runs Beautifully Borderline Productions & Co. Through her production company she creates content for her YouTube channel, including music videos, as well as a vlogumentary series which complements her first two novels as part of the War Stories Chronicles.

Axley was born in Western New York, and has lived in five different regions throughout the U.S., including Queens, New York and South Florida. She has been engaged twice, but never married, and has no children.

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Nightmare On Fucked Up Street

I fell asleep,
And couldn't wake up
Now in this nightmare,
I think I am stuck
When it began
I'm not quite sure how
But I'm chained to this madness
I'm stuck in it now
There is no beginning
And there is no real end
I'm begging to God
Prayers I do send
Dying inside
Fading away
The dream continues
Day after day
I beg for its ending
I beg for some mercy
But I am restrained
And the coven has cursed me
What did I do?
Why did I give in?
And why did you trap me?
Allow this all to begin.
You've sucked me dry
Threw me in hell
Threw me in gate six
As far as I can tell
I have nowhere to run
I cannot break free
I can't even yell
I can't scream
I can't see
My head starts to spin
I'm drifting deeper
I can't be part of this clan
Satan is NOT my keeper
I beg for release
I beg for escape

But the torture continues
They take and they take
Over and over
They won't release me
They continue to kick,
To punch and beat me
The torment continues
As if I am nothing
But you've got to stop soon
You've got to feel SOMETHING?
The Devil guides you
The Devil owns your soul
Now, my life, it is yours.
This, I do know.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Still Along The Hike

Do you want a happy poem?
Do you want a delightful song?
Do you want me to admit
That all my choices were wrong?
Well, relax, you win.
I certainly won't spar with you
I'm admitting I give in;
Much to your delight
I have no energy
I've got no fight
So here's your fucking poem
Here's your forsaken song!
About a girl, and a life,
Which turned so terribly wrong.
Is life an illusion?
A joke?
A TEST?
A DREAM?
I cry
I run
I holler
I scream!
This world's magic
It's beauty
It's grace
It's overlooked
That we must face
"Pursue your dreams, "
"Ignore the pain, "
"Look past your struggles, "
"It's all about the gain! "
Win every battle
You must pass the test
Fight through your agony
DO YOUR BEST
For the price it costs,
It must be a deal
It must be worth every penny
It must be a steal



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"Life is precious"
The saying goes
But why do they say it?
Nobody knows.

I SEE:
Death
Mutilation
Starvation
Humiliation
Murder
Rape
Racism
Hate

And what's worse:
Greed
Pedophilia
And useless wars
Now, I'm ready
For what's been in store.

THIS IS THE GIFT?
My, what a delight!
I'm over this battle
I'm done with this ridiculous fight.

What I long for
Is a way to break free
Where can I run
How can I be?
Part of a different town
Part of another race
On a different planet
A completely new place
A reinvigorated life
With a beautiful face?

No more grief
From a world that may be
An illusion
Now I draw

My final conclusion:

Life for me, it's over.

Life for me, is done.

And evil has prevailed

A bullet to the head

Suicide has won.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Chapter 28

CHAPTER 28

I don't know how I feel now
I feel so unreal now
My head, it aches
My mind feels numbed
I feel so crazy
I'm craving a gun
To end it all
I cannot take it
I'm going crazy
I will not make it
This place is so weird
This center is so cold
I don't feel brave
Nor clean, nor bold
I'm falling down
Once again
Pick me up
Be my friend
Goodbye I said
To them all
And that is why
Now I fall
I land face-first
On the ground
Yet never do I
Make one sound
Pick me up
I am dying
I am bleeding
I've stopped crying
I give in
I'm here
I'm done
I have lost
The Devil's won
Exhaust takes over
As I sigh



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And now I see
I must die.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Encore Presentation

Angels & Demons
Mania & Depression
Feeling Insane
Lost, soulless expression
Life is too long
No, wait—it's too short!
Why do we exist?
What are we here for?
Who the hell knows?
Who really cares?
Tired of this existence
Exhausted by these fears.
Nothing makes sense
It feels like a sick, twisted joke!
A deranged little globe
With no faith and no hope.
And, even if we had those things,
The pain wouldn't subdue
A struggle internally
I've got no God damned clue.
Evil prevails
In almost every way
Even in light
Every mother fucking day
And I'm sick of it
I'm sick of trying
I want some fucking answers!
I refuse to do more crying
It's not worth my pain
My time or my tears
So what are we doing then?
Why are we here?
Well, that we don't know
That we aren't told
Like everything else
All the tales we are sold
From this ridiculous movie
This tired show
Life, that is—

So it's time for me to go.

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Axley Jade Blaze

My Disclosure

Your search for the truth
Do you want the pinnacle of my story?
How I became so cynical?
What drove me to the needle,
What caused the fall?
From conception
I was a child full of potential

But, it takes more than one
It takes more than two
A non-existent world
A different mind, a different view
A new pair of genes
Genes that fit better
Because from birth she was cursed
The world wouldn't let her
Be who she was
Be real
They wanted false stories
A pretty little tale
Not the gory
-tales, which were her truths
No matter how raw
Visceral
Insane
Uncouth

It drove her mad
Depleted her of everything she had
All that talk
All those demands
Feet were tied
So were her hands
There was never perfection
The image; false
It was deflection
And the worst form of rejection

So the needle was her cure

The needle was her fix
The needle was the answer
The prick, it worked so quick
Combine a handful of monsters
Multiplied by those deceased
Add a dash of abuse
A pinch of disaster
And you've got the equation
You've got a disaster

By the time she could see
There was a sickness
It took over so fast
What quickness!
So she sought out the Gods
Begged for release
Screaming to the skies
Would rather be deceased

This is the story
This is her tale
This the reason
Why she did fail;

The making of her bio
Full Exposure
This is the truth
This is my disclosure.

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Axley Jade Blaze

The Chapter About Dracula

You're killing me
No will is left in me
But, all you say, all you see
Is someone you hate, who the hell
Should I be?
Ms. Voiceless
Lady Silent?
Beautiful and brainless, but violent?
Put a dollar sign on me, a stunt
I wanna rip off those precious balls, kick 'em..PUNT
I'm appalled by your selfishness, your vanity
While all day I write you love notes,
You swim in that insanity
You wanted me to want you, to love you
Adore you, want to make love to you
Want to kiss you
Miss you
Shove you right in heaven
Put you in the sky
Then plummet me into hell
While you were a king; perched up real high
Laugh at me
Reject me, deject me into that hell
You said, 'screw you, little girl,
I don't have time for your rhymes! '
You crumpled my words
Chewed them up, along with my heart
Yes you did,
Right from the start
Like a pitbull
FEROCIOUS
YOU KNOW THIS!
I wrote how I loved you
You were like a God
You were my Jesus
Sparkling and glowing
All the time
Me, still not knowing
You don't have time for my pain, my sweet rhymes

Or particularly my tears
Just here to exploit all my fears!
I realized the truth
I found out about you;
I can cry on my knees
Beg over again for forgiveness, please,
All the while, you'll never give me
Acceptance
Let alone forgive me, or give me affection!
Though you are my brother,
I thought you were my secret lover
Unlike any other!
But you told me to screw off
Labeled me a bitch
About to have to stitch
My face back together
From your hook
That's what you said!
I know I'm better off where I'm lead
That hook got me tighter
Yeah, sure, I fell harder
Couldn't be smart, here,
Rational with you?
But, you don't have a clue
You want my attention
You'll eat my words
Feast on each verse
Throw up what you hate
Deny what you ate
Then start to berate me
Hate me
Tell me like clockwork
How you'll never really date me
Mess with my head, like clock-work
In your head, you take me
Time to stake me
Vampire, demon
Whatever, free me
Of this God damned curse
Time to disperse
Your magical wand
Or rent a hearse

Because I scream it and curse:
'Please no more, don't make it worse! '
You got me first
You're the winner
I'll be on my knees, the sinner
I don't care anymore.
Please release this holy child
I can't live, I'm in denial.

Please, just let me be.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Playdate Of The Month

The way that child asked to play
Oh, I know you remember that day!
I know you'll (forever) hear them say:
'Let's play, come on, let's play.'

I know somewhere in that demented maze
Your brain highlights the dates,
As it fixates
When she did say:
'Come on! Yes, come, let's play.'

The child stumbles forward
That child has no clue
Until she's asked to play
Before that day you had the beast subdued.

If only she knew,
What substance makes up all of you:
There is none, you're empty
So, hey—why not ruin her too?

Every day, you probably circle the dates,
The dates when she did say:
'Please come out today, let's play.'
If only knew
Who really awaited her
Who would inevitably rape her

God, if they ever had a clue
What stirs the beast, what stirs you
Slay the beast, I mean you
Slay you right into two.

But, they never have a clue,
Until it's too late
None of them ever do.

The Cost Of Living

From conception an innocence,
The miracle of purity
Comes with a price
Life, the grand act
Life, life is the price

Injected into this world
Accepting the role
Of that dice
Never provided any control
Life, life is the price

It's a sentence with no parole
One must accept
Accept the dice-roll
And the sentence is life
Life, life is the price.

What tragedy in this act, this play
This prison, this Godforsaken birth day
After birth, what is the price?
Don't have to ask me twice:

Life, a life sentence
Until death
Life, life is the price.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Voltaic Soul

It was his raw, sexual magnetism that drew me in, initially.

He was on sexual fire, and even I comprehended that much. His eyes were magnetic and hungry. I felt they could burn a hole through me, make me cum with just a glance.

But slowly, it became something more, something larger, something that would continue to grow and expand into an unfathomable longing, a secret longing, wanting something you can never really have.

I adored things like his sharp, beautiful bone structure, particularly his cheekbones, and his full mouth, a mouth so pretty and pouty it should belong to a girl.

But it was none of those things that ultimately brought me to my knees, and that made me love him intensely.

It was this other thing: these peculiar contradictions, masculinity contradicted by sensitivity. Perversion contradicted by innocence. A child-like fragility somewhere deep down in there.

How his darkness could transmute instantly into playfulness, making his dangerous attributes feel like a myth.

A sadness in his eyes, a buried, tragic story, perhaps many stories, rarely revealed.

And his passion; passion for life, for living, for music and creativity, for love and sex. It was devouring, breath-taking!

He was like watching electricity personified.

He was all heat, fire, and flames.

And I loved him, I loved him. I still do.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Mary; Me?

Drench me with your holy water,
From that sacred (but delectable) holy spout
Yes, you know my King, you know which one I am talking about.
You can baptize me Christian, baptize me Jewish or Muslim,
Hell, anything! If you're Jesus—just do it all night long.
Tell me you adore me, tell me you own me,
Tell me it all, brand me—
Write me an epic, sacred song.
I'm a new-age Magaladene, singing her prayers
She's up there all bold, on her knees,
A Goddess on that floor
She is saying her prayers for her King
Of that woman, and the sass which spills from those lips
King of her sexuality, what sways from her sensual hips

I am not asking you to marry me
Just asking if you're Jesus to my Mary—see?
Wake up—before it's too late
Not asking to go steady honey,
Not even a first date
I want the Christian story—if it's perverse
Baptize me in all
—My fucked up madness and glory,
(As I'm writing my final verse.)

It's the danger zone, no more flowers
Obsidian-shaded butterflies, striking lightning, and powers!
It's not a sunny day
It's the scorch that causes you blindness
Cover those eyes, but still, they'll find us.

I never said you weren't walking toward
—A fucking deadly cliff
But, it's your choice now
The only thing I can say,
If you choose to resist:

Some love stories, some ecstasy,
Perhaps, it's not meant to be.

No matter how gorgeous,
And explosive.
There will never be
A you plus me.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Cherries As Red As Blood

So much turmoil
Tear-drops are a stain on the face
Like some recent and trendy style of make-up
Expressing a dismal tale
The way cherry lips scream, 'kiss me'
These stains
They cry another, more tragic message.
But, beauty is equal
Melancholic or alive?
It's all the same to me.
An unusual allure.
And yet, I realized even cherry red lips
Don't draw others inside that pout
The way this fashion statement does.
The power in destruction's aftermath:
All that broken beauty.
It's well documented delirium and madness—
And something more doleful, all linger beneath.
And still they always cry for more.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Never Grow Up

Dressed in an Undertaker's drapery,
Child-like but oddly one who reveled in the dark.
Innocent smile and a dimple on her left cheek,
Freckles on her nose in summer,
Other attributes that indicated
Her lack of maturity and growth.
The nymph in all her purity.

Yet, she still fell so deep,
So low, so hard.
All that child-like, giddy behavior;
Senseless chatter, the strange girl's whole repertoire?
Madness; she was always encompassed by nervous energy.
'I'll never grow up! '—
Was her body's anthem
When she spoke on those rare occasions,
You had to press repeat because nobody anticipated
behind all that giddiness and hyperactivity,
Those giggles as frequent as sunlight?
She was a woman lost in fragments,
And there was no chance for reassembly:
Her development cut off by three.
Nobody bothered to ask how it all started?
They simply located a boot to stomp harder
Until the pieces were so vast
So inconceivable
She no longer had any voice at all—
Or any chance for restoration.

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Axley Jade Blaze

My Happy Place Would Scare You

I'm not just batshit crazy
I'm batshit insane
I'm batshit off the chain
I'm batshit get off on this pain
My chemicals destroy like acid rain

Put me on a leash
I do it for fun
Every moment I crave you
You're the only one

My happy place?
It would probably scare
Terrify and put fear in you
Rip and tear at you
That silk-stalking lust-screach in my ears,
I said it, I get it: I hear you!

Everybody wants to save me
But then they just enslave me
Put a collar on me
Try to train me
Then they all betray me, berate me
Whisper how they hate me
What is this fucking fate for me?

I want to give up on
This wretched thing we call love
What am I dreaming now?
What am I thinking of?

Violence from your soul
Shot right through my heart
Inject me with your crazy
Get me all hazy
I just want to stay, see
Get high from you, maybe
Be your crazy little baby
Sexy little lady

Why does it seem like
The irony in life is brutal?
What we intend
Is always the opposite of what we receive--?
What we really need
It makes me sick,
Nauseous, I dry-heave

When I think of what we were
And, what we became
How we both played the game
Both were the victims in our own brains
But, both were to blame, acted insane
It's ridiculous, it is a shame

(Both were insane,
It is a shame!)

So, now down this twisted path I go
Feel your wrath in this fucked up show
An empress taking the fatal blow
Right to the heart
Right to the cranium
Your kisses like radium
Your touch just like arsenic
As I scream, 'are you sick?
What's the matter with you? '
Get a God damned clue

(Get a God damned clue!)

And the ending it starts
Nobody prevails
Everybody fails
You hear my death-screach
And my little-girl wails

I just wanted peace, wanted love,
Wanted your affection
But your attention
Is deadly, that erection

More like an infection

In a heavenly hell
Never would be able to tell
I'm this messed up
And so are you

Now I hear the curtain call
We are through
And, God I love but hate you

(How I love but hate you!)

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Axley Jade Blaze

This Recipe For Disaster

The high was the answer
A quick and easy solution
As I watched my world unravel
Complete dissolution

Combine all the monsters
Multiplied by those deceased
And you've got the beginning
Of the recipe which brews the beast

By the time you see the truth
It's actually a sickness
He already got you
Got you with the quickness

Add a cup of tears
And the hate, it brews faster
In this recipe of failure
This recipe for disaster

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Axley Jade Blaze

It's About Time

Running out of time
His warped world is mine

It's a Dahli-esque painting;
Yes, I crossed that line.

All the colors bleeding down
This warped world surrounds me
It swirls and twirls
Nothing seems to ground me

Tick-tocking, tic-tock
Tick-tocking fucking clock
I can't seem to escape this hell
The gates are chained;
They're always locked!
I scream for mercy as my fists,
They try to smash this clock

Tic-tock
Tic-tock
Tic-tock

Right in my face, I run even faster
Get me out of this dream
This bleeding-painted disaster!
I need to escape
I beg and plead to the Master
I convince myself I'll wake up
The dream, it cannot last here

Tic-tock
Tic-tock
Tic-tock

Does he want my soul?
It's his to keep
I fell too hard
Was buried too deep

I cry, I beg
I sob, I weep

But they chain me to the floor
And truthfully?
I cannot even breathe.

And it never seems to stop.
Pervasive and persistent
It's fire down here; it is so hot.

The ticking reminds me of every minute
I spent in this nightmare
Clocks are dripping down
And there are demons everywhere!

The ticking of this nightmare,
I would do anything to make it stop
I feel astounded, I am scared,
Of this deadly clock.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Primal Surge

What you draw from my most sacred parts

(It's violence)

What you brought out in me, practically from the start

(I'm silenced)

You fill me up, and I'm a bit in awe

(It's violence)

You hacked my pretty soul, the passion was so raw

(I'm silenced)

Cut through my insides as you made it to the heart

(It's violence)

And I felt that body heat 1,000 miles apart

(I'm silenced)

Every push forward, I see bursting shards of light

(It's violence)

It's a c-4 explosion in the darkest hour tonight

(I'm silenced)

I'm certain there is a place for the divine

(It's violence)

I can't run back home, I'm running out of time

(I'm silenced)

Feeling like a lioness, I roll over and stretch

(It's violence)

You got me with your spell, I'm addicted to your sex

(I'm silenced)

Got me under something, I'm cursed and I'm hexed

(It's violence)

I'll say it again; I'm addicted to your sex

(I'm silenced)

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Axley Jade Blaze

Tower Of Terror

Caged in the tower of terror
Caged in the tower of terror
He cuffed my feet, he cuffed my soul
He cuffed my feet, he cuffed my soul

I weep in the tower of terror
I weep in the tower of terror
I'm the girl of your dreams?
Those dreams to me, are nightmares

I scream in the tower of terror
I scream in the tower of terror
Blood drips down my face
Your sweat trickles down, trickles down there

I lie in the tower of terror
I lie in the tower of terror
My words are pretty syllables
And they tell you all you want to hear

I'm cuffed to this bed
I'm chained to the floor
I'm knotted to your soul
Yet, for some reason, I ask for more
It's my religion
The masochist's prayer
I'm sinking into this madness
In the throes of
A deep dark hole
It's like somebody has cursed me
As I scream for some mercy
Nobody can hear me
If they can, they won't get me out
I holler, I hide, I scream and I shout
And, all I want to know;
What is this love
Really about?
Spiritual awakening?
It's funny but alive I feel dead

And, I'm the renegade princess
Enslaved and subdued
I'm tied down by your feet
I'm strapped down to this bed

Trapped in the tower of terror
Trapped in the tower of terror

And one thing I want to know?
Was I beautiful when I cried?
Tell me, was I beautiful?

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Axley Jade Blaze

Erotic Oxygen (The Harder I Blow)

I'm your fantasy come to life
I rise, and I walk straight towards you
I rise, and I walk straight for you
I rise, and you have no clue

You whisper all the dirty things
You want me to do
You think I'm a child
Like I have no clue
Until my magical lips touch you
(Until my lips touch you)

Light my fire
Do it to me
Your flame burns higher
Even higher than me

I wanted you to mold me
Into whatever you wanted me to be
I took my cue right from you
But, didn't need rescue through you

Listened closely
Heard what you desire
When my lips made you cry out loud
It lit my own soul on fire

Light my fire
Do it to me
Your flames burn higher
Even higher than me

When I blow you hard
Your flames burn higher
Did you know—
It's erotic oxygen
My stunning king, my gorgeous sire?

I'm your little dancing queen

Of the obscene
Purple haired goddess
I cum to you just like a dream

Your passion courses through me
Runs through me like a stream
And we all work to please you
We work as a team
A camaraderie of personalities
Gemini split—you know what I mean?

Light my fire
(Do it to me)
Light my fire
(Do it to me)

Oh God, how you feel
Oh my God, my baby

Light my fire
(Do it to me)
Light my fire
(Do it to me)

Light my fire
All I'll ever be
Your bad little-girl
Slave to my master
It's true, sure, maybe?
I'm your pretty disaster

Don't care either way
Don't care if I can't see
Think I care?
Yes, no, maybe?

Blinded by the glare
Of my beautiful, bad baby
Don't care if I'm blind
Don't care if I can't see.
Don't care if I lose
Every part of me.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Best Shot At Love

You say I'm like a bag of heroin
The best shot you've ever done
You split me in half, for later you say
For later you're gonna need some.

You say I'm like a bag of heroin,
But you smashed my insides with a meat cleaver
Promised you'd never leave her
Promised you'd never beat her

The little girl, the saddest voice
You had a chance, you had a choice

Lovely plain face, effervescent spirit
But the darkness swallows you
And my little-girl cry,
You can no longer hear it

You say I'm the best bag of heroin
The best shot you've injected right into your soul
Killer, killer
You slaughtered me;
This I know you know

Killer, killer
I scream your name
I scream because you run
A marathon through my very own veins

Oh my killer baby
My serial cheater
He says, 'I got to do it'
Says, 'I got to beat her'
Says, 'I got to keep her'
Says, 'I got to cheat her;
All this to sleep with her
To stay with her
To be with her'

And, now I'm a schizophrenic disaster
Should have spotted this;
The demolition much faster

You were my preacher, my teacher
My pastor, priest, and master
I begged so pale, sick, alabaster

I crawled to you
Down on my knees, then
You adored my acquiescence
My pathetic 'lost-girl' appeasement

Marry me, baby,
Got me on a chain
But you only wish for holy matrimony
With my strife, my agony, and pain

I never could understand
Why you played this game?
Why I was so pretty
Writhing and in pain
Writhing and insane?

Never could understand...
Why you played this game?

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Axley Jade Blaze

Frozen Coagulation

Your kisses, like ice in my veins
You say you're through with me
Pretty baby, I'm through the same
You and this narcissistic pursuit
Through with this maze, your game

Your kisses like ice in my veins
You love me because I am a mirror for you
Your love like a stain on my soul
Baby, your love is a love for you
Yet you hear 'more, ' when I say I'm through

Narcissistic Daddy
(Got so much fucking love for me
Because you got so much love for you)

Narcissistic Daddy
(Got so much fucking love for me
Because you got so much love for you)

High from my affection
Like a needle; all that attention!
Deadly injection
You lust for me,
Because I'm your reflection
It's all deflection
(It's just projection)
I'm your reflection
(It's just projection)

Your love is like ice in my veins
You cause me scars, and it all seems the same
You pursue this chase, you play this game
You push and pull so much, but it's all in vain
(It's all in vain)

Baby, your love is like ice in my veins
Ice in my veins—it all seems the same

Ice in my veins
It all feels the same
Ice in my veins
I freeze from the pain

Twin Brother
Ice in my veins
Don't want another
Because we are the same...

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Axley Jade Blaze

Glitter In The Night Air

There's something magical in the air
Something mystical, extraordinary
Something is terrifying in the air
We're all watching this show play out

Silence, wordless, yet connected
All sets of eyes

There's her and her, and him.

There's them, and them, and them.

There's you and me, and him.

There's a commune of soldiers,
And, there's the media
And, there's the net.

There's something bizarre
In the air
Impossible to speculate
On what is in the air

I feel as though
There are shards of glitter
Bright, dousing the skies

Of this cinematic
Palace
Playing a movie,
Made for Black & White

There's something supernatural in the air.
But the signs have me all spun!

How large is this thing
In the air
How deep does it go?

While I twirl in glitter
And, pen strange
Notes of non-sense

The skies are breathing
With electric
Beams
And, gorgeous weather

Storms that make us feel like Gods.
And, this thing in the air
I cannot describe it.

There's a poetry
In the air
Something undeniable

What purpose?
What reasoning?
What is it?
What will it become?
Where will we go?
What is the meaning?

The air is
Hissing answers
Too low for me to hear

I'm too busy twirling in glitter
Wrapped up in the
Rhythms
And, the beauty of it all
To understand

This thing in the air.

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Axley Jade Blaze

House Of Silent Screams

It's the house of silent screams
It's the house of this broken girl's dreams

How do you explain how opposites always
Bleed into each other
It's from passionate love into carnal hate
And, soon they are overlapping one another!

As I woke from the dream
Cloud number nine dissolved, it vanished
Crawled down to cloud six-something
From heaven for you, I was banished

Angel with ripped-up wings
A martyr, I crawled in desperate pain
A love slave, your love what it brings
I twirl in this madness pouring down, the rain

It's raining madness
Overlapped with sadness
I say I'm the sickest
But you say, 'baby, I'm the baddest! '

And, I can't see with all this water flooding my eyes
I look for the monster in you
But once more, you're lost in your disguise

Faux saint, faux preacher
Faux Daddy, faux teacher
Father, Lord of the deep and darkest abyss
I can't seem to breathe
You take a shot, you never miss
Curled black smoke
Fills my lungs as I wheeze, I cough, and I choke

It's raining madness
Overlapped with sadness
I say I'm the sickest
But you say, 'baby, I'm the baddest! '

It's raining madness
I'm the saddest
I know I'm the sickest
But baby, we both know you're the baddest.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Can't Say His Name

I desperately love him
But, I'm forbidden to say his name
It's due to his fame
You know that story—that game
My brain is swinging like a pendulum
From manic to insane
Love, then hate, make-up, break-up
To me? It's all the same
Can't even whisper to my sister his name!

Like a thunderstorm, I drown in the rain
These droplets like a water bottle
I cry these tears, tears filled with shame
And yet? It all remains the same
Can't even whisper to my sister, his name.

This distorted love-hate game
I dove in head-first
While he astral projected through my walls
Covered my mouth and whispered 'Daddy's here'
Take it, baby
And, I swear even now, I felt you there
It was hypnotic, exotic
Erotic, I felt psychotic
Schizophrenic elation, elevation
On this gorgeous astral plane
Craving it, he's saving it
For the next night
A sexy match, bodies fight
So wrong, so right
Throw a hand over my mouth
Tonight
Do it now
And I'll be your crazy baby
Your sex slave cash cow
Rich with erections
Reflection
On how good this feels
Checking

Mind wrecking
Every time, we walk that line
As I holler this sexual rhyme
Just in time;
I arrive on the dotted line
As you hit the spot in time
Sign over my soul
All the things you stole
You sexed me
You hexed me
Curses everywhere
Dispersing pheromones all over here and there
Soaking my face, body, in my hair
I bow down and pray to you in tears
I kiss your feet
And wash them with my hair
You say you never saw this anywhere
And, I pray and watch you look down
Watch you stare
It's glowing—the dream
My legs dripping, and there's a stream
The room's filled with holy smoke and holy steam
You grab my pigtails—it never fails!
I moan until I scream!
Daddy, you know just what I like, what to do
I'll always be a little girl just for you
I'll be your screwed-up lady
Crazy baby
My God, I am on my knees
Pray five times a day with my mouth
Or am I just your tease?
Said please, so I appease.
But I still scream;
'Cure me from this dis-ease! '
Release
Me, From this hell
This heaven, this spell
4 years a slave
And still, I can't tell
What the hell
This is all about.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Those Scary Tales

I remember the warmth of a time I knew,
Familiar and nourishing like the first days of spring
When the sun starts peeking from the clouds
My soul, my joy, it was beginning to bloom like lovely, little forget-me-nots
Beauty, though, is a camouflage—
For love, loathe, affliction and torment

I believed in that spring-time beauty
The way I ate my parents spoon-fed, predictable tales
Those little-kid lies
Ate until I was full—then I wilted;
A dying and withering black rose
And, one million more cliches
I'm a walking billboard
The result of deception from the time of conception
A bombsite, ready to explode
My pain, which I wear like a shiny, dark, new tattoo
Is the reminder:
Geroge told lies
Mr. Rogers was probably a pedophile
Santa was more like a demon,
Just waiting to rape the innocence of each child.
Wipe off the smiles on all of those small children,
That scoundrel in the chimney!
I punch my mouth for loose teeth to feed the tooth fairy;
And earn some new loose change.
Just enough to pay for Mama's two cents, times two.
Undoubtedly, another carefully constructed, crafty lie.
And where's the easter bunny?
Bouncing around with all that candy
Feeding children sugary treats so they'll edge nearer—
His plan to rot those teeth the way he'll destroy their souls
As I am subdued by Prince Harming once more;
A Peter Pan who will certainly never grow up.

I'm sorry, were you looking for a delicate, cheerful confession?

The Castle Of Broken Dreams

Like any twisted tale, any tragedy
I'm not even sure of the start
It seems I'm speeding toward a lethal ending
But, I have no clue how I arrived at this part

I wake up,
It's a pristine Saturday morn'
But, I'm surrounded by darkness
Fully adorned—
In a cloak to match
Chains and long black gloves
I watch it fall down
The latch
As I'm locked inside
Chained to the wall
I'm certain outside, though,
There's a sparkling obsidian dancehall...

It's the dungeon of torment
The house of silent screams
I'm a slave to my libido
In this castle of broken dreams

He's there, then he's not
Still not quite sure if he exists
I lay down in this bed
And, I can feel a ghost's passionate kiss

For a moment, I almost forget where I'm at
But he vanishes quickly
And being chained, no I can't forget that

The sparks that wash through me
When I'm pinned down in that bed
I'm making love to thin air
A fatal dance with the dead

Noone understood
Why I was crumbling daily

But all I saw were chains and whips
And, I only saw one way for me.

The prisoner—I was
A slave to my madness
I french kissed my psychosis
I made passionate love to my sadness

As did he, when he entered my cell
I became queen of the underground
I was Medusa in those moments
Rising from hell

Fire ablaze, crackling!
Standing tall and firm right behind me
Hair down to my feet
A deadly Rapunzel
When it was time for me

Time for what?
Where does this tale take you?
It's about the death of a dark angel
When even your breath
Has been raped from you.

They were spirits I danced with
Like the samba with the living dead
My lover the most deadly
As I heard him shout:
'Off with her head! '

It was an act of love,
He always insisted.
As my heart; he carved out
And my soul, he gently kissed it

There isn't much more
I can particularly remember
Though I watched in horror
While my body he dismembered

It WAS an act of love perhaps?

When he released my body and my soul.
And now I drift peacefully—
See not quite whole, I'm whole

In pieces, I've found peace
I'll leave no more clues
It's all quite disheartening
And yet, it's ironic and humorous too.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Snow Blizzard

Snow White; and he carved a hole right in my chest,
Snow White; and he shot a hole,
Shot right through this bulletproof vest
Snow White; and he locked my heart Inside
A heart-shaped chest
Snow White; and for a hundred years I'm cursed and laid to rest

Snow White; with a shaved head
Snow White; with tears of bloody red
Snow White; your lies, they were spoonfed,
Snow White; with ashes down my cheeks—
I shock you when I rise from the dead

He hissed I was his twin
In that sexual voice, so sardonic
That sinister tone, and I want it
That dirty tone, so demonic
(That sinister tone and I want it)

Stockholm Girl
And I'm headed right for Danger—and for death
The Syndrome—he got me
And I don't have one fraction of 'me' left
I'm Snow White
And my prince abducted my ego
Headed towards psychopathy
Down this twisted path now we go

I'm Snow White
He's my prince, or hell; even my king
But I'm the Princess of Death
Walking toward the death wedding bells
As they ring-ring-ring!

Snow White
(Lay her to rest)
Snow White
(Dead like the rest)
Snow White

(We like her blood best)
Snow White
(She's a beautiful mess)

Snow White
(I bleed in this casket)
Snow White
(I hideaway in this basket)
Snow White
(This bin—made for the insane)
Snow White
(I lay me to rest, but it's all in vain)
Snow White
(A comatose place for this broken soul)
Snow White
(How long will she sleep? Nobody knows.)

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Axley Jade Blaze

9 Faces,9 Personalities,9 Lives

The upturned, mischievous, dark green color-changing eyes
The way she rolled from one side of the bed to the next, lazily stretching and
extending her arms, releasing her palms; invisible claws
That same calm only in real madness
One flinch and those hands would become deadly, fatal.
She was able to take your eyes out in a flash!
Yet, her vulnerability, those child-like cuddles, and other gestures.
How you wanted to maul her! But it was then she became void, absent.
You often questioned; was it all a dream?
Her existence, I mean.
Aloof, independent, desiring nothing, requiring everything.
You wondered, did she even breathe and eat like other humans?
Some days passed that you were confident she didn't.
Sometimes she appeared on a smokescreen.
It was then, that she never once needed you or anyone for a meal, some water.
Yet, in an instant, she required desperately to be held, she craved for you to
comfort her, whisper how much you loved her, to tell her you would always own
her, be her master.
And what did she love the most?
Wearing a collar with your name dangling from it and letting the world know it
was you, who in fact, possessed her.
And how you longed to both desecrate and pamper her.
Those contradictions keeping you intoxicated for as far back as you can recall.
Although, again, it's hard to recall because of her illusory nature.
One thing you remember vividly is her proclivity for living untamed.
And ironically, it was that wild quality which made you desire her most. And in
desiring her so desperately, how you wanted nothing more to plant her inside a
beautiful cage.

© copyright 2020-2024 9 Faces,9 Personalities,9 Lives Axley Jade Blaze

Axley Jade Blaze

Civil Real Eye-Zation

They claimed the 60s exemplified only peace and love
But, it seems to me, the residue was like a kindness put on pause, or pawned,
something that came on lease
As if nice was disease you might catch, instead.
Empathy out of style: the laws of supply and demand—all that jazz.
The great musical genius of the world
Didn't 'erase the hate'
Or offer any real solutions.
Peace only leaving us more divided, with an incessant, tiresome debate.
The more we argue, become violent, and fight;
We make a U-turn back to the wrong left from what's right
I gaze around any room
And the only thing I feel is walls closing in
That unfortunate beauty in despair and sin
Tragedy tastes like a fine-dining, red-wining, five-star meal
Biting the forbidden fruit, decadent desert which tastes like dying
We know in the corners of our minds, we humans find it all so delicious!
God's trickery; the human mold—simply vicious!
How lovely that bad feels—so good
How do I navigate right when this is all I see left?

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Axley Jade Blaze

A Good Chemistry Lesson

Our Chemistry; part of my Death-o-nomics
It's this new-age course I'm teaching
Death and preaching from the ministry
It started due to our chemistry
But then you were never there for me
So many other factors turned to problems
Solve the issue now, look at the whole equation
My brain divided, split into an entire double nation
You wouldn't believe this creation
I needed sedation
But I went silent instead
You Became violent instead
I Would rather speak of The Dead
Now with these visions of severing a head
'Death-o-nomics' was the course
Which put me high on my horse
'Your little pony' turned into a warrior, a queen
Can explain the solution to anything she sees
And, really? Prefers trigga-nometry
But, you have to jump on the mustang with me
Join in because you're dead too
I told God, and he said: 'I am not taking either one of you! '
He-said, she-said, they all said the same;
You must pass the class
With straight A's, to solve it, to reign
Every semester, you loved me less and less here
I felt it, I knew it
You wouldn't admit that you blew it, I acknowledge that I did
I'm well aware I'm a handful; like a wound-up crazy kid
Who can screw like a woman, write like a man
But, still so, so, so young;
I know my flaws; realize them all one by one.
Only, you refused to see yours, wouldn't admit they existed
So the main course is done,

This class? It's over.

I dismissed it.

Axley Jade Blaze

Osmium

THE SKY IS POURING LYRICS
LIKE BULLETS MADE OF OSMIUM.

My words are like wounds now.
Every time I open my mouth
I spit a clot out
Heartbroken from the wrong turn,
The left turn and the right
My mind is a cluster of full metal jackets,
My mouth, the gun barrel
I'm demented by each of you
Every single one
Who would think, a search for love?
Would end
In a bombsite of passion;
Passion gone wrong
I can only bleed so long
Until this wound bleeds out
The Reaper is stalking behind me;
So naturally, I start to shout!
Raise my voice; so I bleed harder
If I scream, I'll hemorrhage faster
Finally, I'll find some peace and solace through death
In this disaster

And then I'll lay soaked in rage,
Upon the ruins.

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Axley Jade Blaze

One In A Vermillion

What are the chances of such an occurrence; a story—?

One of love, or is it?

While I question its level of authenticity or my peculiar hallucinations,

My neck is shining in the dark

The slight twist of it against the moonlight

My hair held loosely above my head

Messy, by both hands and spilling out in curly cues

Through my finger loops

The neck, the spot, the shine—

A more virginal opening.

With those golden fangs ready to penetrate it;

Sink in, firm and hard

With greater intensity than a stab between the legs

—More deadly!

While I question fantasy against its arch-nemesis—reality

He licks those lips, so thirsty

And I am whispering, 'What are the chances? '

While I chant it, sing-songy and obsessive, like a melody one can't forget,

He locates the opening; he takes what is his.

© copyright 2018-2024 One In A VerMillion (Pt.5 of Blood Money)

Axley Jade Blaze

Purple Heart (Stories Of War, Pt.1)

'Twas a dark and stormy night, I was forced to flee or fight
'Twas genuinely due in time; my quest to walk that line
But 'twas not the straight and narrow, nor did I hunt the hero
This battle I chose, this battle I brought
It was an internal struggle that I presumed would never be fought
Brain-washed and lifeless, it was murder I sought
Homicidal rage, to my own mind—I taught
But, when I found myself drowning, I started to panic
I was senile and volatile and neurotic and manic!
Yet, the battlefield still begged for more and more
Never for one second did I comprehend what was in store;
No heroes, no soldiers, no savior was present
And I was useless—in this war, I was a peasant
So I kicked, and I punched, and I dueled, and I sparred—
Knowing this drug would leave an internal scar
Nobody could help me; nobody could save me
Only the drug was present, there to rape and degrade and berate me!
So on I continued, yes, I continued to inject it
Although, I craved the strength to flat-out reject it
My breaths became weaker; I was impotent with fear
I was cowardly and foolish and damaged and scared!
I shouted for help, I begged for a chance
But with that damned toxicant, I continued the dance;
We did the salsa, the tango, the flamenco, the waltz
Until I couldn't even breathe, and then I lost my pulse
It was a bombsite of love, yet, I still opted: stay
I said, 'Please give me one more shot to make it through the day! '
But I knew what was needed, I knew what I must do
Beneath the surface, I always held the clues
So forgetting the end, which was so much worse than the start
I screamed at this drug, yes—I screamed it was time for us to part!
The journey was over, the riddle was solved,
The puzzle was finished, and there was finally some resolve
So, with the bulls-eye my goal, I pinpointed the spot;
It was 'do or die'—it was 'shoot or get shot'
So I took the plunge, I actually did it—
I will never be able to unsee or forget it
We stared at one another, I looked my drug in the eyes,
I said, 'It's you that I'm shooting and who I despise, '

Then I took the shot, and I whipped that God-forsaken dart,
That day I murdered the drug, and I won my purple heart.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Nature Of The Beast

Body Mangled
Cranium crushed
Blood dripping
Legs and arms twitch
Agonizing wince
Exhausted yawn
Too much of life
This Wild Cat is done
Fur stained scarlet
No longer golden
She cries inaudibly,
With a slight twist of her neck
Claws lay limp
Teeth specked
With another wild cat's flesh
Lying dormant in those magnificent teeth
This time she was another wild one's feast.

© copyright 2019-2024 Nature of the Beast

Axley Jade Blaze

Blind To What's In Store

He is my eternal blind date
I can't touch him□
Yet, I am overwhelmed by miracles
But also by malevolence
And nobody is winning this battle
Least of all me
There's an amorous glow surrounding me
But it's quickly suffocated by hate
And it goes from a blind date
To a nightmarish dance with fate
To a shove toward a particular death gate
But not heaven
Is this hell?
But then you look at me with those eyes
God, it's so hard to tell!
How did I find myself
Glued to this dance
Bound to something
Huge, enhanced
A power, powers, I don't even understand
And I am terrified;
Are you even a man?
Who I kneel to, or what is your plan?
I thought magic; it found me
But perhaps it's a curse
As the particles of malice
Circle and dance around me
It feels rehearsed,
As they're dispersed.
I am a foolish girl
When it comes to love
Never gave up
Never pulled that plug
But I am so petrified
I don't know what to do
Don't know how the hell
I'm supposed to keep loving you.

Are you even real?

That's the battle. The real battle within.

© copyright 2019-2024 Blind To What's In Store

Axley Jade Blaze

Evarcha Culicivora

There's no arachnophobia here.
I hear the pit-pat
Echoes of soft noises
Indicate the silky bombsite is being constructed
'Pit-pat, '—as the mouth foams
Those soft, elegant,
But deadly steps.
Gorgeous, striking patterns!
Only one, only his baby gets the end-prize
—Center spotlight.
So delectable,
Wrapped and squeezed,
In layers of stunning, silky foot-spit.
Extracted and ejected
From some other planet's God
The ribbons tied around his prize
She so carefully spun inside
Tucked in for a long dreamy rest,
Caged inside that danger zone
That web of beautiful destruction
—Chaos in patterns.
She didn't adhere to the warnings;
She refused to yield or stop.
And the one with all that power and magic?

He earned his meal this time.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Heat-Stroke, Euphorest Fires, Pt.2

You're like 100-degree weather
That kind of scorch
Eyeballed you and hollered
From my street queen porch
Stuck my hand out
Even though I knew the burn
Extended my other,
I gave it its due turn
You lifted those hands
Held them shockingly gently
Until I was the one exhausted
Water down mentally
I was too busy stroking you
To have a fucking clue
One maddened, beautiful little cuckoo
Crazy like a bird, I flew
Flew into and then far away from you
Got bored of the game
That too
You couldn't imagine the strain
It's true
But I'm over that now,
Finally, I'm over you.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Here We Go Again

Angels and Demons
Mania and Depression
Feeling afflicted
Tragic, soulless expression
Life is too long—
No, wait, it's too short
What am I doing?
Why am I here?
Sick of this world,
Withdrawn from these fears
It's a bleak little place,
Where we have no faith and no hope
And, even with those?
Existence is still a God damned joke!
Evil prevails
Every minute of the day
No matter the light
You can't pave an enlightened way
It's not worth my soul
And, won't get my wet tears
So why even bother?
Who the hell cares?
Remember that thought—
I've already explained?
How careless they are—
With our lives, in this dreadful game?
And, who exactly are 'they'—
Well, we aren't privileged to know.
Like everything else,
From this ridiculous show!
You know—life, that is,
The movie or book
The one that severed me
With a captain's hook
It's the truth about existence:
About this planet
About this world
It's the storybook ending
With a bitter, cascading eclipse

Yes, a giant black pearl.

© copyright 2009-2024 Here We Go Again

Axley Jade Blaze

Metal Chords Bleeding

They say I got 'sa attitude problem or ten
They say I'm a deranged little girl hating on them men
They get so furious when I pick up and scribble with this pen
Call it psycho-dribble when I write as I defend;
All of my sisters.

They don't understand it's not a game.
I have no agenda, I have no shame.
I defend my brothers, who are victims, just the same.
Any victim who's dying, who's in pain;
I'll throw my fists for.

But it seems such a mess,
I feel bombarded by this stress
I feel even worse, I think less
I'm not passing—let alone acing this test!
I want to slice my wrists and fall to the floor.

Because this world? —it is vile!
With your bare hands, I bet you can slay a crocodile,
Quicker than you're allowed to convict a pedophile
All the time and all the while;
They are getting people to listen more.

Why am I so angry? Read between the lines.
Oh God, we need a crazy little lady, in these demented times.
These? They are my final sacred screwed-up rhymes.
Like a deadly saint's wind-chime-chime-chimes'
Of which, inevitably, I'll go missing for.

© copyright 2019-2024 Metal Chords Bleeding

Axley Jade Blaze

It's A Rap

Do you think my threats are dull?
I'm a show-off, all talk?
Step outside, honey,
Got your bed waiting in street chalk!
You're like, 'nothing's going to happen, '
You say, 'look, I'm still alive tonight.'
Touch the ones I love
And, you're dinner—my first bite!
The very next night
Please, just remember;
It takes time to dismember
A full body
Then cook it up just right
I'm a kind girl, honey,
But, I have that animal in me;
—Instinct, I'll fight!
I dare you to hurt someone I love
I'll do more than scare you.
I won't hesitate to tear you.
And, now I go speechless—
Why would I prepare you?
Just imagine somebody
In a whole lot of pieces
Then I'll smear you
And consume you, all at one time.
Because you chose this ending;
You crossed that line.

To my loved ones, this is my gift to you.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Wind Chimes & Dead Girl Rhymes

This agonizing mess from this test
Causes such revolt and such distress
Want to swim in overused cliches,
Like, 'I swear I'll do my best! '
The more I gain, it's really less
Filled with apprehension
And so much tension
Sittin' on this lonely bench, and,
trying to figure out
When this all began and,
what the prophecy is all about!

Need an Aquarius to sway the crowds;
no longer about me, now.
Since birth, I've been cursed with it
Elevated from bad to worse, it did.
I didn't know how I knew what was needed
I knew there was more
I knew I was born
A giant task, it was in store

I was worried if I spoke of it
I'd sound crazy
So wounded, so tortured
Admit I was lazy
Yeah, those monsters almost made me
A wretched human; even I would hate me!
But now I know they had to stake me
And I know they had to rape me
Take and take and take from me

Push me to the limit
My light, I thought they dimmed it
But I had to be strong enough not to quit it
When it came time to take that hit from it

To shake those oh-so-dead, dead-girl chimes
And, crazily scream those sad-girl rhymes!
Now?

I just hope you get the message.

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Axley Jade Blaze

God's Water Paints

Are there two of you?
Feels more like four
Got me nailed to this coffin
Got me chained to that floor
Do you want me to sit back;
Stare, desire you?
Live my whole existence;
For the fire, which is you?
I'm paired against something brutal.
I'm starting to know the truth, though.
I may be too saintly for you.
God painted me for you;
Sure, that's true.
But you sold that painting,
Or you just threw it right out.
You sold me; you sold out!
Now, I bleed, I scream what it's about:

'Oh you Devil, oh you Beast,
Why must you choose
Me, to be the feast?
Others taste better,
Others are pure
Others have more meat,
I'm so optimistic about this.
I'm sure
Your torment?
It can be
Enough to kill this holy whore in me.

As you laugh so hard you cry
You smile as I start to wither and die.
You laugh until you crack right into two.
Now, it's my turn to laugh right at you!

It would help if you realized when you've won.
Should see the signs, should see the victory; never carry on.
You will eventually cackle until you are being strangled.
You are being choked.

Maybe I am too weak,
But there's all that holy smoke!

And the powerful entity,
Stands tall when it's clear
And, all their required to do?
Give you one lethal stare.

To let you know...
It's on!

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Axley Jade Blaze

Pretty Girl With The Lifeless Eyes (Is So Long For Real?)

Lifeless eyes,
You speak no more
Cold, pale skin
What did any of this happen for?
Why did you leave me?
Where did you go?
Is it over now?
I can't believe I have to let you go
Pretty girl, you're an angel,
An angel in that bed

I long to touch your lifeless skin,
And help your soul revive
Because I have been slaughtered too
Yes, inside, I have died
Without you, I feel bantam,
Without you, I can't go on
This for sure I know
Pretty girl, you're an angel,
An angel in that bed

You were my only 'true friend'
A real one until this bitter end
I remember your laughter
I remember your smile
You always made coping
Another day worthwhile
I remember when we were practically kids
The night I left town
You whispered how much you loved me
You begged me not to move away,
And you cried and cried and hugged me
Oh, pretty girl! You're an angel,
An angel in that bed

You can't depart now,
I will crumble without you

You have to get better
You have to pull through
I'll compromise the life meters
Give you my own
Yes, I'll be a maddened death-defying cheater
All because
Pretty girl, you're an angel,
Forever in that bed

I wish I was able to express how I feel
But every time I speak to your frozen body
The reaction is so surreal
You do not hear my voice
And if you do, I cannot tell
I feel like I exited earth
I feel like I plummeted into an even worse hell
Nobody can replace everything you are
What you were, what you will forever be
Pretty girl, you're an angel in that bed

So I will walk along empty, lost,
No ability or no clue
None of those things do I carry
Without your presence; you,
And the last thing I have to say:
Yes, 'I love you too, '

Pretty angel,
In that bed.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Weak Days Lead To Weak Ends

Sipping from the lethal pipelines
Smoking from the people's lifelines
I ran in circles
I looked for safety
So certain I was;
Somebody might kill, might rape me
It was a town filled with ghouls
It was the City of Gremlins
Lost, jagged souls
Nothing but demons
My voice, so shrill
My voice, like guitar strings bleeding
My choices caused more screeching
I begged for mercy, though I wasn't convinced
I deserved it
Always trying to compromise with my mind
Believed I deserved this curse, I did
In between my prayers
These filthy fantasies, they lived
So confused about what I should do
Safe to say; no fucking clue!

My heart bled until there was nothing left
It was no longer able to
Defeat this emotionally crippling theft;
A fable all about me and you

Welcome to my story,
Ready for the rest?
This is my lovely bio
I call it the Diary of Death

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Axley Jade Blaze

Chalk-Lords

I'm a demented female
Get all enthusiastic about death
Cemented in a hand-drawn heart
Dreaming of you
And, disturbing, sickly sex
I'm your crazy wild child all grown-up;
I love it when you squeeze for my last breath!
I picture laying in all that street chalkin'
But, you know,
I am doing a whole lot of talkin'
Because why would I ever leave—
When I finally found my gorgeous baby?
Often, I used to dream of dying
But, in real life, currently?
Honey, there's no denying I'd be lying;
I'd rather swim in your soul
Devour you, whole! —Yes, I said whole!
And I think you like that
Me, The Cannibal Girl, all wild
Your Little Miss Dangerous;
Woman one moment, then the next just a child.
I think you hear me,
Though I don't have the know-how
I think you know that you terrify me,
Oh! The times right now!
Sacred, and unique, there's a new-wave in town
I believe we are chosen
Now, drenched in holy water
The angels all hosin'
Hosin' us down
My mission: wouldn't conceal it
Until I found you: we were selected to reveal it
So, I'll erase that street chalkin'
At least, for just one moment
Stop all this moribund talking
Embrace this path,
Make it mine, yes, I'll own it
My path; I've finally sewed it
The seams, like rippling silvery dreams

As I deem:

These are my last words,
This is my final choice
I scream it to the skies,
Shout until I lose my voice!

© copyright 2019-2024 Chalk-Lords

Axley Jade Blaze

Alice & That Wonderman

He was a Sexual God
So much so,
I rose right from the dead
And I opened real wide
My brain was like, 'uhm, honey; the path was changed,
you've no longer died! '
Open up, and get spoon-fed,
Fill that mouth before you exit that deathbed
But I opened it so wide I damaged my esophagus.
While I mashed up my coffin,
And peeled off my sarcophagus.
He was that spectacular—like a pharaoh, so fine!
I realized this 'God' must become mine.
I also knew we must walk a path together, in due time.

But I feared the worst:
—would we cross that line?
—Would we walk that line?
—or repeatedly only discuss that line?

With the rise of each flame,
Would we face the pain?
If too arduous, would he surrender—quit the game?
Say: 'screw this riddle! '
And me! —Would I fold also? Would I quit just the same?

I felt so wild, yet puerile, gorgeous, yet terrible.
I felt insane!

He drove my cranium right into a puddle,
Which slurped me up, pushed me into an Alice-like riddle.
I heard all the Wonderland Gods, each playing the fiddle.
The melody was so odd; I felt childlike; I felt little.
I was convinced he was Death in the flesh, but I needed him, was unable to
part.
I believed I was failing, with all F's on heaven's grading chart.

And when asked why I did it,
Why didn't I stop, leave him, just quit it?

I said:

'How can I EVER part?

This man is a GOD

—The purest work of art.'

© copyright 2019-2024 Alice & That WonderMan

Axley Jade Blaze

The Final Come-Union

It's as if you injected me with holy water
So, I'd drop right to my knees
I'm screaming, 'my man, he's a God, the chosen one, '
Near tears in remorse, begging the others, 'listen, listen, please! '
I'm baffled, like, 'don't you see me praying? '—on my knees five times a day! 'My
man, we found the truth, as I worship on this carpet. I only live to pray.'
At first, I was like, 'baptize me, Daddy, my King; do it all night long! '
Now, I sadly scream, 'I was so wrong, I know I was wrong.'
It's my prayer, my mantra, my final hope, and it's my only song.
You tell me I am forgiven, you tell me it won't be long,
You baptize me for real, as if on repeat—that God-Forsaken song!
I worship you hard, as I feel you in part of me, which makes me want to die
It feels so good, you throw your head back, as I continue, I start to cry.
Because this is heaven, lover, me and you,
I am in my absolute most glorious days, perched right on my knees.
Begging God, Begging my God, 'please, my baby, please,
Baptize me, Daddy, as you push further, further in my mouth.'
I glow as I'm suckling so intensely, in this secret, gorgeous, holy house.
You tell me I am forgiven, pushing more, as I am suckling even harder,
And, I feel you coming, I know what's coming next, my gorgeous man and
martyr:
An explosion all over my head, in my mouth, as we go even farther
Finally, 'child, forgiven, good girl, she has been baptized, ' praises the howling
choir.

'I did it, ' I whisper as you proudly grin,
The divine mission has been completed.
It's me and you, babe,
The evil, they expire,
They are all deleted.
They've passed their date, but this is our first
It doesn't get much better
Nothing can break us, we are titanium, now and always, forever.

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Axley Jade Blaze

The Cukoo Who Flew, The Cukoo Who Blew And Look At That, Had A Clue!

Poison through every vein;
It is the last chapter
Which finally explains;
What turned me into this zombie
Absolutely breaking
Undeniably, one hundred percent Insane.
Tousled mind, broken heart,
You know the story, you comprehend this part.
From the end's beginning,
It initiates
The real start
I am drained, in pieces, ripped apart
I think you put a spell on me,
Yeah, I'm just that smart.
HA! What a joke;
Lying all pretty and dead, in the show's smoke.
You win, baby, no maybes.
I watch them hand you your trophy,
As I am smothered in this smoke.
My eyes pop from my head,
My throat starts to choke.
I whisper 'congrats, '
—What a magnificent hoax!
I shake your hand before
I take my last breath
Deah, death, death;
From this show!
Didn't I always, sort of know?
Yes, I knew.
Sweetie, I do have a clue
Look at that—there's a whole cluster of you!
Take me down, down, down.
One single cuckoo
Against all of you
One who flew, flew, flew,
Not over the nest, but how 'bout right through?
Through I said,

I mean right through.
Through,
Through,
Through.
I pick up that Wesson,
And I start to shoot
You look at me like I've lost it,
I say, 'baby just had to blow one time
Yeah finally, I blew, Blew, Blew.
Now I am good, baby,
Now I am through.
You can fly with me, baby,
Let's both fly right through.
Be through.
Let's just be through.'

© copyright 2019-2024 The Cukoo Who Flew, The Cukoo Who Blew and Look At
That, Had A Clue!

Axley Jade Blaze

The Amber Room

There's a real hell I've traveled to
Planted inside a syringe
Amber liquid like arsenic
Deadly Locomotion—
The gentle streaming
The deception

There's a conflagration I can paint,
Wet and thick with death
Inside a plastic cage
Tubular, filled with furious rage

Such hysteria in this inferno I speak of:
Gates—one, two, three, and four!
Should I have to elaborate,
On the rest and what's in store?

© copyright 2018-2024 The Amber Room

Axley Jade Blaze



PoemHunter.com

Rope-Chain (Precious Heavy Metals, Pt.5)

There's a shiny rope
Tightening around my neck
There's a glimmering rope
I watch it hang
I'm a total wreck
There's this thing,
Choking me
It's a deathly metal
A dead girl's chain
Something is gagging me
It's devouring need
But, undeniable pain
There's an insanity
Serving me
But, the consumption
Serves no gain
I feel like I'm ready
To take my very last breath
Because you are like
A deadly rope-chain
And it serves as my death.

© 2019-2024 Rope-chain (Precious Heavy Metals, Pt.5)

Axley Jade Blaze

Take The Plunge

Your name is on my lips
It's like the sharpest wit
Sounds good coming out
Explaining what this is all about
'Cause your beauty's like a whip!

So, I scream it loud:
'Yeah, it's happening somehow! '
(As I sway my hips)
'Cause your beauty's like a hit!
Took a turn on a brand-new route

Teach me Daddy, a thing or two,
I beg, beg, beg, of you
Like a child,
Like a little fool
A fool who has no clue

I'm up for the lesson
Up for the testing
Passing the quiz
As I scream out, 'neeext thing? '
And pennings more like sexting

Bad, bad girl, is so, so good
For her Daddy bet she could,
She should
For her Daddy, bet she would:

Dive right off a cliff
Drive right off a bridge
Yeah, you get me that crazy, baby,
There ain't no, maybe
For you?
I'm on the edge, that ridge

Logic getting lazy
Pictures getting racy
I want to take the plunge

Screaming and all hasty
Hasty for your taste, see,

Goin' down, down, down
Going so far down until
I'm spinning 'round
And 'round,
Right 'round

Need a headshrinker
Think I need a doc
Head going in circles
'round, right 'round
Just like a clock

Until I hit the ground
I feel you, and I scream,
But only silently
You say, 'quiet down, baby,
Do not make a peep! '

Not a peep,
Don't make a sound
Instead, you chain my feet
Right to the ground
Tie my hands too
You are so good at what you do!

I feel your gorgeous soul
Every inch whole
Whole, whole, whole, whole, whole
—Cover every inch of me
Until I'm full, full, full, full, full

So feed me, Daddy,
And I'll fulfill my mission
Gotta ask my Daddy:
Do you give me permission?

To commit the dare—
Take the dive
Feel you grabbin' at my hair

Pull it back, as you push forward
Sexy Daddy, wanting more words

Feel so good,
Feel so alive
Feel your skin, and I cry,
Feel your breath, and I die,
Feel your soul,
My oh my!

So I made my choice;
Yes, I'll quiet my voice
Die, die, die,
On my knees as I rejoice

'Cause, you're worth this jump
You're worth the rest
My heart, my soul,
Worth it all—until nothing's left

Give you everything
Even my last breath
Yeah, you're worth my life,
And you're worth my death.

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Axley Jade Blaze

A Romantic Immolating Fury: We Murder The Thing We Love (Euphorest Fires, Pt.1)

The way for years, I was blinded
A decade; left behind it
In this circle of flames,
I couldn't see it
I knew the truth
But you just couldn't be it!

Hell's Flame was an almost cheap imitation.
Next to your scorch; complete immolation.

The flames around me,
The desperation
As I lost but never again found me.

It was 'shot to the ground, '
But I couldn't die from it.
The truth was lost and found.
I couldn't hide from it.

So I froze,
Until I melted,
My heart,
The burns and the welting

Burned down, all four;
Every chamber
And, even then, still
I stayed the same there.

Because the one thing in life
Which is real, is absolutely true?

Fire
is real.
And that fire was you.

We Love (Euphorest Fires, Pt.1)

Axley Jade Blaze

Lost Total Con-Trol (Perfect Storm, Pt.6)

They will shake all their heads,
And, they will tell you: 'you never learned!
We told you she was a dark, dark,
clever girl.'

They will say; they will say.
'She never loved you.'
They will say.

'She always understood this,
She always conned well, '
They will say.

And you will believe them.
That I provided a counterfeit love;
And, this death was a comedy!
—personal gain.

And, they will shake their heads, sadly;
'don't you get it yet? '
While you wrap me in those satin sheets
I've waited my whole life for.

And they will say:
'Don't you get it yet?
She was a clever girl, you fool,
This was her plan all along.'

And, still
You will bury me in a pile of books,
In the backyard of an obscure library.
Just like I always wanted.

And you will laugh at how absurd I am,
And you will know:
Some of what they say? Sure, it's true.
But they don't get it, babe;
Me and you?
We're on the same page.

And, you will laugh as you
Kiss my cold forehead goodbye
And apologize for not having the ballet dancers,
I demanded at my funeral.
And, you will laugh at that too.

'Cause really babe?
It was always us against the world.

And you will join me.
And we will laugh together forever.
As they say, and say and say...
'The fool doesn't get it yet? '

The truth is fun.
And, we get that.
That humor.
And, I am yours forever, always,
From day one babe, a decade ago.
All the way until now.

And, you demand I rot in pieces, too,
And, mother-f*ck me for this, babe!
Wish me nothing but death.
Ha!
—Before you laugh and know:
We were always us.

We were.
And, this was meant to be.
It was.

And, this is my poem,
My gift
My goodbye, hello:
To you.

Calm Before The Storm (Perfect Storm, Pt.1)

There is nothing in life,
Quite like the calm
Before any calamitous occurrence.

That is true seduction.
And the prettiest kind of ugly.

The way you allow yourself to be seduced?
The firemen, the ambulances, the T.V.s—
They are all warning you.

'Get out of there, take cover, find shelter! '

'You must believe in the storm! The storm is coming—
Stop peering at the sun gently nestled in those clouds, ' they tell you.
They warn you, they do.
'Stop believing in the gentle gleam,
A light breeze, the softness of it all, ' they say.

'The T.V. is screaming for you to run!
Take shelter! '

'Don't you hear the city warning bells? '

'Stop believing in the mood, the rhythm.
Think; use your head.
Using logic, one can conquer a storm.
A foolish heart; that weakened, useless organ, cannot.' They warn.

'Stop being sentimental, craving sunsets,
Beauty.
Nature IS a beast! '

...And, maybe I just wanted to believe,
Maybe I did.
Because I am a girl who likes a good story;
A pretty tragedy, a gloomy poem.
And I am a girl who likes storms.

I needed you,
To tell another lovely litany of lies, cries, and beautiful destruction after the
seduction.

Or, maybe I look at you now,
And I say:
'We may curse the storm,
But we love it, we do!
Weather+ a storm or not,
Is the storm so weak, it acquiesces?
Indeed no 'true storm' is so easily tamed? '

And maybe that makes me NOT a poet who enjoys sad poems, inevitable
betrayals and tragic endings.
But rather, the storm itself.

(And I think you were too busy paying mind to these words,
to ever see it coming.

Just like the calm before this storm, honey.)

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+Pun intended.

Axley Jade Blaze

Cancer (From The Moon To The Sun)

It's June. She crept in, just like a Cancer.
Birthday blues, but I got'sa a chance here
I'm trying to establish this sobriety thing
This run is the only one
Which cannot beome undone
But instead, it must be defeated, must be won.
The Runner's High, that chase has finished
It is a new race, as my cravings diminish
It's summer; it's bright,
I see all sorts of yellows
Still, some days I'm a mess,
Chasing for a certain mellow
I'm a drug addict; I keep repeating the lines
It seems like somebody else's lyrics;
Another rap God's confessional rhymes
But, the scariest feeling is
A prevalent fear which remains
I'm terrified I am running out of time!
I only have one watch,
One face to look at
I can't get away from my reflection
Can't pass go, but can't pass it off either,
No plastic surgery to achieve deflection
Need the sobriety climax,
The get-it-right erection
My personalities all voted;
I've decided I'm going to do it this time
Win this election.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Childhood Bedroom (Lurking Under The Bed)

You're like a viper
Lurking underneath the bed
I'm the terrified little girl
Tempted to wrestle with the dead

You're like a God
I'm terrified to meet
I'm the broken angel
Tempted to pull your tail,
No matter the defeat.

Meet Your sexuality
Get to know your soul
Devour all your stunning energy
And all the things I long to know.

I'm not blind
I know what's under the bed
But you're that vampire, Daddy
Who I'll give my neck for the biting;
Even if I wind up dead!

Yeah, I see you, Daddy,
I see you with both eyes.
Even with the dead one
See what's behind the disguise.

I can drop to my knees.
I can worship you
Where it MATTERS
Listen to these words:
I'm not one who 'flatters! '

I know your power, Daddy.
I know your viper's bite.
You can baptize me, daddy,
Baptize me all night.

For you, I'll be a good girl.

Worship on my knees
Let you wrap your body
Around every inch of me

I don't care if you suffocate me, Daddy,
I don't care how deep the viper bites.
Sexy vampire, Daddy,
Oh, I see you, there, all right.

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Axley Jade Blaze

A Punch In The Gut

I entered the ring with not an ounce of real courage
Never was I so foolish, believed I would win
Still, I joined the circle with false bravado
Sizing up the competition, my move for this play
Pseudo confidence
Invalid energy
It wasn't courage or strength that led me to the ring
That had me sign the contract for this match
Not even the dollars
It was only ever,
The brush with death
Understanding the outcome for the whole the entire time.

© copyright 2018-2024 A Punch In The Gut

Axley Jade Blaze



PoemHunter.com

Holy Smoke & Mirrors!

A magician, my master
All that smoke, the way I'd dance
As it curled around my waist
You, your eyes, they watched every movement.
You were a glorified, sexual spy;
The Theatrical role in the novel I was composing.
Who I was inevitably going to love
Isn't that how all these predictable stories end?

I see you now, watching.
Watching, watching
I was so busy gracefully spinning,
I was so busy gently typing our destiny,
The click of another button
Penning our romance into history.

I wonder now;
About all that smoke, those mirrors.
I thought I was the one producing magic.
Little did I know
I was the mystic who fell for another magician's magic.

As you tugged for one more roll of smoke,
My body was in rhythm right along with it.
Really, it was the dance of death. Of Beauty.

Still, how I loved that story.

© copyright 2019-2024 Holy Smoke & Mirrors!

Axley Jade Blaze

Flower Dead In The Garden (Filthy Prayers)

My religion isn't a belief in God
And it isn't one in the Devil
I don't worship these
The heavens or hell-holes.

I worship Death
I worship The Mother
I cradle the release
Like I cradle no other!

The only thing determined in life
That's the thing I worship:
Living here on Earth, with her,
And then descending
From this God Damned snake pit

My priest?
Death preaches
My teacher?
It's the last breath,
Pretty suicide speeches

I bow down
To the savior
Suffocation.
The coffin.
Satin black sheets.
All the lacy layers and layers.

It's holy matrimony
As I marry the dead one
A Grim Reapstress
The very best one
It's through my acrimony
My ceremony
My dance with Death
A date.

Axley Jade Blaze

Fugida Says... (Perfect Storm, Pt.2)

Something was brewing in that woman
And she couldn't seem to tame or shake it.
It was commandeering that woman,
With a heart-huntsman, repeatedly staking it.
Thieving her core, captive in the palace burning!
As her insides twisted, turning and churning.
The numbers were thinning;
She certainly couldn't always live this way.
Loving him? —No. It was suicide, the price she paid.

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Axley Jade Blaze



PoemHunter.com

Ode To The Elephant Man In Mother Theresa's Hooded Cloak

Ah—welcome!
You, the pseudo saint.
Me wrapped in Death's black boas and dark feathers.
We dress carefully for this little dance, we do!
You, Mother Theresa's deformed sister,
With Elephantiasis
Jesus Christ 'trans'-formed, in your wildest dreams.
Blinded by your own obsession;
Never forsook the disloyalty, the possession.
Calm voice, courtesy of too much Valium and shots of Cuervo.
Disaster and jealousy, envy, greed—
All of these.
Camouflaged by your faux plight,
Pretending not to need—please!
Instead you made being homely into a cause,
Being beautiful an abomination, part of the contract clause
Deal-breaker, you tried to 'wash him;
Allowed Your aggression, obsession, mad possession
Along with your secret brutality, and finally,
Simply your commonality,
To cause you to lose it all.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Whether The Storm (Was Provoked Or Not) Perfect Storm, Pt.4)

If we can't make love
If we haven't discovered any peace
Maybe we should embrace our hatred
This un-vulcanized, maddened, furious release!

Cacoethes, delirium
Can we make love to the beast?
Can we say 'forget love, '
And, accept this brutal, but delectable feast?

© copyright 2019-2024 Whether the Storm (Was Provoked or Not) Perfect Storm, Pt.4)

Axley Jade Blaze



PoemHunter.com

Baby, It's Cold Inside (Perfect Storm, Pt.5)

I desire the one, my unhinged warrior, who would read between the lines.
I hunt for the one who always understood my signals and signs.
I desire the one who heard me when I didn't even speak, no; volume low but just fine.
I hunt for the one who'd written the same book, not just one page or a line.
Subliminal magic, 'Dark Sinema Seven'
The Big Brother I unchained as we traveled a glimpse of hell's heaven.

A lineage, not husbands, boyfriends—I already experienced them!
After enough time, they spoil like poisoned apples, rotten, couldn't stand them.
I wanted a man who was more than a significant other—
I wanted my twin, soul-mate, connected through something else, a devotee who was my protective big brother.
And, I returned the gesture; was anything needed, lover, daughter, child, mother.
Or any other.

But most important, a sister.
Who worshiped him, protected him the same—
This was something different!
Not bound by all the foolish societal labels, titles, names, and games.
NO—I wanted a secret lover, without rules, without anything, any aim.

Goodbye—
Relationships and marriage, big houses, being doused with
the mirrors, the grand act, and all that holy smoke.
Relationships which, at best, morph into nothing more than
a bitter joke.

What happened to this mate I would make love to just like dying?
Protect and die for, lie for, steal for, live for?

Where did he go? —my secretive lover who was my precious, devoted, protective big brother.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Paying The Price Despite The Cost

I enjoy your fury
Your soul is full of madness
I like the tone, the mood you set
With only a glance, that gorgeous sadness

Pain; it cradles us, it calls to us, it's in demand
The 100 ways I could give you pleasure
With just one whisper, a touch
Of my silky, mighty, magical hand

Why am I willing to pay?
Despite the surely accrued loss?
Because I am the only one who understands;
And who is willing to accept the cost.

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Axley Jade Blaze



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Willing To Pay Anything For Those Notes

So, To Everyone Vested Even Now,
And
To You Love, Ever-so Right;

I'm penning this in a rush as I burn—
as I swirl and contort, twist, and I do turn!

I write this in a hurry!
Try to explain the flames, this fury;
Try to explain; you shouldn't worry;
Try to explain; this is something purely;

Embedded in me from the day I first took a breath
Embossed in me from living with a jolt right into death
Nobody is to blame unless everybody is,
Nobody could have EVER prevented this.
I feel as though I was born for this tragedy.
I feel as though I dressed myself carefully.
Wearing my torment, like a perfumed, silky night-gown.
I douse myself in sorrow, consumed by it, until I drown.
The fury is the necklace,
my depression is the winter sweater.
And my guilt? It is the crown.
My anger is the scarf for this winter weather.
My death-lust is a pair of stilettos.
Sharp and blatant, so seductive!
My make-up, more like war-paint;
ready for this dance, despite it being so destructive.
Shot through the soul, demolition;
as in an opera-pitch I'm singing this self-fulfilling premonition.

I dance with death, secrets I whisper, I hiss, and I tell.
In the ear of the True God: I flirt with Death and Darkness.
Yes, I flirt with Hell.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Category Five (Perfect Storm, Pt.7)

Only you,
—you allowed me a glimpse of heaven
when we made love.
Yet, I couldn't help but wonder:
did that mean we'd inevitably wander
straight
into
hell?
Be blinded by all that shimmer,
the lights, the white waves,
that bad-ass raining glitter?
So much so,
we'd forget
to watch
for
the
cliff...?

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Axley Jade Blaze

Flat Broke Now (Blood Money, Pt.2)

I don't crave flowers
I want the passion, the thorns
I don't crave money
I want you to screw me,
For you, I'm the virgin,
Pure and reborn
I want your soul
I want your poetry
Forget all the rest
Forget the marriage:
An impossible, senseless test
Please don't take me to Rome
Please don't take me to Paris
Please take me to heaven, to home
When you thrust inside me
Heaven; we can share this
I'll get high just from your presence
I know you can hear this:
The thing I see
Inside of you
Which is inside of me
Who needs marriage
Let's become warriors, fearless
No Kids, a family, a partner!
I give something better:
Secret love like fire
All passion, smoke, and flame
It can be our little secret
Our little game.

Who cares about the rest?
Just listen to the way I say your name
As I let your real self course through me
It fucks its way into my veins
And, I'll scream out loud
I'll scream your name,
And my, my, what gain, as I drive
us both insane

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Axley Jade Blaze

Killer Life Insurance (Blood Money, Pt.4)

Outranking the most divine experiences
Crossing the line, agonizing, an inheritance
The petal she unfolds
There's a suffocating quality in her flow
Yet, it comes clandestine, a whisper, so low
Something to begrudge, we all want to know:
Condensation and drops, I see the glimmer
Her delectable, quiet, but fatal shimmer
Deceiving beauty?
It makes me jump; that fire's making me quiver!
I feel the fury in her beauty as I begin to shiver
She drains my account,
Like a widow, venom could fill a river.

Hot Mama, she's on fire!
Hell's top model, I'm the gasoline,
She's my lighter, walk the wire
Reflection phosphorescent
The Mirror; like an inferno
I see this dual persona,
I aspire
To be this bad-bad-girl,
I can't deny I maybe wanna
Cash that check and 'make it rain'
That faux reflection is so tempting
I got a'lotta passion,
From her flames, it's so vain,
Like a lion's gorgeous mane
A feline there's no way to tame

But, this insurance,
I fool myself;
Pretend she is real
She's hot money,
She's top wealth
Though I know she isn't.
She's just a mask
She is my veil.
She's a lie,

My way to hide what's beneath
To conceal
The fragile human
So I mask myself so well—
Even I am derailed.

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Axley Jade Blaze

You're Like Blood Money (Blood Money, Pt.1)

It was all so false, blood money
It was unreal, those delusions you sold me, honey!
Your love became something distorted, deformed
Started to resemble hatred
The Skull, The Horns, The Thorns
Black Diamonds painted my fingers,
The blood eroding through my nails
I was Mary on her knees, oh yes;
—Hail Father, instead.
Hail—hail—hailed!
To You, My King, My Royal Master, My Father
Dead like a fling, my gorgeous disaster, why bother?
It wasn't authentic, just Blood Money
Your love had me fooled!
Oh yes, it did, honey!
So, I dance toward death now,
Death of love, death so near
'Goodbye! ' I shout as the money burns through you,
The end seduces me, as the blood soaks my hair.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Man With A Thousand Faces

He was Jesus, and he was Judas.

And perhaps there was a third, a baby Joelle.

And maybe even a sliver of an intelligent, sophisticated woman

Judith, or a beautiful, young ingenue called Juliette, sometimes, a man, a dandy named Juan.

What is the fine line between 'different moods'—versus a unique personality separate from the one before it?

Because he was so many things, many people, and soon he seemed to be a whole society.

And, his dissociation was my own.

His fragments, breaking me.

His illness was like ingesting an addictive, potent hallucinogen.

And before I knew it, he was a country, a nation, a planet.

Which can make a person seem like God, sometimes—appear divine.

That type of human being;

So special. So rare.

A person who consumes all of you, every inch, every fiber.

You believe you've found all the answers,

It can make you believe they may be God.

Love is God.

And then getting out seems like death.

The breaking up, apart, hell.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Tasty, Tasty Tear-Drops

Today I have decided—
I won't provide any answers
No questions matter,
When I'm in tears, though I covet laughter.
I can't feel any emotions anymore,
At least, nothing that nurtures me.
I'm ready for what's been in store—
Time to ignite this one-woman death purgery
A tragic ending needs to begin
Abomination—
Of this entire nation.

My Being is a country,
And it's a full civil war.
I'll always feel caged,
Chain me to the floor.
I can't seem to seize this internal storm.
I can't seem to be thankful,
Solely for 'being born.'

And, I know I should—
That's the kicker
I know I would,
Except that my ticker,
Is smashed and smeared—
Across my sleeve.
And, totally impaired,
Emotional tornado—I bleed;
and can't breathe!
Until this depression,
It's gone
Until it leaves
It stops testing me,
Stressing me,
Stops holding me hostage,
Arresting me

Detained
Restrained

Contained
Chained
Blamed
I feel so fucking Insane

I don't have much time
To explain the truth
It isn't the poetry
You should listen to
Instead, pay attention
Overlook my deflection

The 'Y letter'—the high note
The goodbye note
The ending's start
With a screeching reply note
Why?
Because life has no meaning
When there's only one part:

A Dead Woman Walking,
With no longer a soul, nor a heart.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Those Gorgeous Falls (Honey Moon Capitol)

It's the honey moon capitol? —
More like the suicide escape.
Akin to a dead-end,
Despite being the most gorgeous landscape.
Nirvana, utopia? —The 'honeymoon' stay?
More like a permanent, virulent, life-threatening vacay.

Which provides falls;
Oh, yes,
Falls, for certain.
It's the ballet's tragic ending—
It's those thick, rich, black closing curtains.
The hero dies, instead of winning,
It's like there's never a happy ending.
Except, that there is.

It's the death-trap, total insanity.
A jump, a dive, in complete vanity.
Never the rose.
Not one single petal.
Only sharp, sharp thorns;
And a Grey-Heart-Club suicide medal.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Peacocking (The Bored Game)

Those mesmerizing eyes, the napped expression
Graceful with ever gesture, perfect obsession!
This charmer, this smooth dog, this wolf in disguise
She was charmed by his words
She devoured his half-truths
She was smitten by his grace, his words, poetry,
Really, more like half-lies.
The formula, the chase.
The Ex equals 'why—? ! '
The algorithms always equating to goodbye
But, he appeared illusory,
Like he was born in a different universe
Or part of some unknown, obscure race
He seemed ethereal
Yet, it was he who made her more humane
Taught her to once again feel
And so, she actually believed him,
He must love her more than the rest
And, perhaps even though it's true;
When one dollar is the bid—
What's winning the battle? Acing the test?
When it's merely a cheap, well-costumed and dressed;
Trickster's 'bored-game, ' another cocked gun,
Ready to aim, hit the target—
Another conquest?

In the end, the only thing she knew for certain,
Is seduction, deviltry, it comes concealed by a curtain
Yes, it comes in so many configurations, shapes, and forms.
What it never is, though?

Obvious:

A demoniacal grin, and a skull ablaze with two horns.

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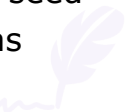
Axley Jade Blaze

Adam's Apple

The story always,
Animated and obtuse
He, 'The Man, ' written in
To be seduced?
How was he supposed to be first-born
The leader
The mold of man
The planted seed;
Fecundated by the master
Of the skies, the globe, the seas.
Yet, his lack of actual growth,
Germination
Found its termination
Through a woman,
Who was merely Eve?
Part two
Second best
A rib, or a seed
Yet, he was
The victim
The martyr
The king, our leader
Also, the follower?
All of these—
Ultimately?

Legitimately,
How does she
Intercept and destroy
How is she the evil genius
But, born merely for amusement,
or for labor
Crafted from his imagination—
A maid, a mommy at best?
Or worse—just a toy?

These contradictions
This predictable story
Of a man slain on day one



PoemHunter.com

His fall from glory—
'Damned Eve'
The seductive harlot
I suppose then, God Damned The Man?
Who fell for their combined invention,
His 'destructive' starlet?

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Axley Jade Blaze

Route To All Evil, Pt.3 (More Blue, Than Green)

The road less taken?
The path of least resistance?
The trail that leads to nowhere?

I traveled the longest road
I visited the wrongest road
I walked the no-one-should-ever-belong on this road.
A fool for tricksters, I was trapped in the snake-pit
The greed overwhelmed me; Christ, I hated it!
For years, through this journey, I searched for relevance,
I saw the value in the genuine world, but nobody desired to hear it—
Now my dying heart smeared across my sleeve, my forehead, my body;
this is where I wear it.

I saw it all, while you soaked in your perverse rich-man tub,
kissed away your dreams
Marinated yourself in so much green,
Your wealth ripped apart your real vision, it seems.
While I walked the long road, I tore apart the wrong road
Now, I travel the only-I-belong-on-it road
And, it's a lonely road, it's a homely road
Not even the dog and pony show!
Everything is dead,
Instead
It's the kitchen in hell, The Dead-zone, or The Death-trap
It's the scenic route, oh yes; it's back!
Because I voted for living
Until I voted for death
I balloted for everything
Until there were no candidates left
Now, it's The Credits Song
It's the journey's never found, and I'm glad.
It's the memory lane doused in gasoline, total black.
—The Route To All Evil and I'm trapped.
You have no idea where I've been led to and back
It's the imperishable rest, not a vacation
It's the safe cave for my entire lost generation.
Hear my salutation,
I've found my salvation

No more vacillation
I reached it,
I arrive at my locale;
My last stop
In desperation.
I crawl towards my
Final
Destination.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Dandy Lyin' King

She'd plucked him from a school of flowers
which he wasn't supposed to occupy, being a weed.
He wasn't young or freshly blooming, offering an absolute beauty
from sheer youthfulness—merely planted for effect.
You see, aged or not, he was an unparalleled sort of weed.
He was still a 'Dandy'
And, oh, the way those Dandies seduce us
'Pick me, ' they say, and we fold.
Because we know The Dandy offers something rare;
Mythical and magical.
Wishes. Magic. Illusions.
Camouflaged as a flower in appearance, those weeds.
A beautifully woven tale of deceit. A legend.
We know the result; we know wishing is for fools.
Yet, when she plucked him,
He seemed as if he could grant those wishes if she submitted,
Blew him until he was soaring;
He begged her to set him off to dance with the wind.
Perhaps it was the mellow stature, quiet beauty.
An antic odd grace.
She wished for simple things but didn't yet understand;
The mere, short-lived fling
Between conquest and Dandy
Once she folded, wished, and blew hard enough,
Instead of granting those wishes he danced alone, soaring high
Until the mystic evaporated into thin air.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Ode To Mother Theresa: The One True Saint

There's a mental image of her that settles,
Yes, it's tucked in the corners of my mind.
Like the Mona Lisa, the visions—a rare, unusual find.
My Mona Lisa, Mother Theresa
She was my one true Saint, the most magnificent
I would choose to capture, deliver, show off, I would paint.
Unconditional in her love, her natural ability, her affection
She's my top vote for sainthood, most wholesome, in the election.
Yet, these confessions are an infection—
which travels through my bloodstream.
Like a painful, deadly injection, because of the pain, I mean.
A monstrous behemoth's erection—
It is devastating, excruciating.
Sometimes the dreams feel as though I am hallucinating!
Because, even when she had zero left, I picture her giving—
Her offerings, her love.
Her emotional wealth made us feel blessed.
I rejoice from the memories she gave to us, offered,
She could smooth the jagged edge of any soul—
Turn the toughest softer.
I have visions, sometimes;
Those hugs, the warmth, motherly and awesome!
Ferocious in her love, unconditional.
Now, I feel like a lost one!
Her sweaters, so soft, her delicacy, her cardigans,
which always smelled so good.
If I had one day, I could steal or buy—
I would.
One instance of saying a tearful goodbye.
One final hug, one kiss, one smile, one laugh or
her precious, tired sigh.
This other thing might go away:
This wanting to die.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Eye Of The Storm (Perfect Storm, Pt.3)

She was his blossoming spring weather.
Young, just a spit-fire
Wasn't yet consumed by the flames,
A wilting rose
—Though she had embedded in her,
that tragic poetic prose
Still, she was a Barbie doll,
lost in another infantile pose
Eventually, she was his 'Skipper' bleeding!
Blooming April flowers in the beginning,
Before the depression started winning
Yet, whether April Flowers,
May Showers,
Or a cancerous destructive moody June's power;
She was always springing toward him
—And spring for him.

For the next, she was heat,
Danger revealed.
Masks, wounds, inhibitions,
Unveiled, unconcealed—
They were the scorching screw:
Electric light, the electric blue
She was his July Heat, poisonous sun,
August fires, she was his only one
She'd eventually become September Defeat
Through the fun natural sun,
Into the scorching flames
And both? —They were to blame.
Still, whether provoked or not
Whether+ warm, or stifling, piping hot,
She was always summer for him.

Three was the fall
The woman never fell harder
A season of life that jolts into Death
She was his little girl,
He was her dearest Father;
A love slave's theft

She was the pedophile's poetic rhyme
She was the answer to avoiding jail time
She was October Blues,
November's maddened weather
Wrapped in black boas and dark feathers!
Ready for fall's inevitable Death
She was his moribund goddess,
Leading Lady
Darkness and Death; so obsessed,
The mistress
—But always numero uno, baby!
Yet, whether October blues,
The light breeze
Or, November through into
December's Freeze
She was always Falling for him.

And, one season is missing—
Or is it?
The final love, oh yes, it was the visit;
She couldn't miss it.
It was what came after the fall,
The death knock-knocking;
The funeral in that deadly ballroom hall
Manic, mad,
S.A.D.,
Winter—
Yes, ALL.
And, Death was her lover,
Like no other
December's chill, January's cold breath
A February finale, the only celebration left
—She was possessed
Through them all, after THAT fall
She was forever, A Winter's Death.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Psychlonic Meltdown

There's a cyclonic fire
Winding up inside of me
It's poking through my veins
Can't control the storm
I think I need to be chained
Right to the floor
As I abominate existence
To control the disaster
I middle-finger all of Life
Then, I ice death, with my laughter!

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Axley Jade Blaze



PoemHunter.com

Every Thorn's Rose

Blinded by her virginal opening
A black rose which shrieks,
Each petal's secretion
Un-sighted by that cacoethes, such rage.
Which bestows upon him
The magnetic pull
Of gentle sins.

© copyright 2018-2024 Every Thorn's Rose

Axley Jade Blaze



PoemHunter.com

Christmas Eve (The Birth Of Christine)

'And the rib
The Lord God had taken
From the man he made
Into a woman
And brought her to man.' — Gen 2: 22

The Commencement of Christine
Feminine and sacred, flowing whiskers, hair
That day, unbeknownst to her
She sacrificed herself
To a cult, who frankly didn't care.

We labeled her 'Eve'
A model rib in this mess
Instantly his being trumping hers;
The whole body counted more
'She' scored less

Behind him,
Or Beneath the man
Yet, the narrative we read
Appointed her the manipulative
'Beast with a plan'

A faulted story
A god-sent fable
Her tag eternally
The Siren forever
Her brand, her label

Inadvertently titled 'evil'
The brand we gave her,
Did she need to be invented
Just so they could
Eternally defame her?

Secret Garden (No Fishing In The Pond)

You've questioned—
My obsession?
You speak of this fishing?
Then want to know
my mission?

You ask; is it to murder:

- A.) Obsession
- B.) Idealism
- C.) Romance
- Or
- D.) Love?

The correct answer?
I'm through fishing;
I'm done with all of them
The answer is:

- E.) All of the Above

The number of fish in the sea are irrelevant
When my men are all the same
It's a scorching reality, an absolute truth:
There is no real gain in this game

The quiz is simple.
I never wanted:

- A.) Money
- Or
- B.) Fame
- I had no interest in
- C.) His 'things'
- Or
- D.) The title, his name

No need for multiple choice
I'm over love

Is it:

- A.) An illusion
- B.) A signature forged
- C.) It's death, the conclusion:

Or, D.) ALL OF THE ABOVE!

Because you can't have one thing
Without the other
And, for passionate love
Comes serial hate; comes the other.
No matter how much I worship you,
Eventually here comes love's flagitious twin brother
Or perhaps, a Cinderella-style psychotic step-mother!

No matter how many times I wash your feet with my hair
The inevitable begins;
The hatred, the tear

The tearing apart
The rip through our love
The end of it all
What nightmare's rather than dreams are made of.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Golden Gate (Precious Heavy Metals, Pt.7)

The golden gate won't peel open for me
It detects me today, but the entrance is dead
The Paradise pass-way won't open up for me
It rejects me today, instead.

A search throughout my life,
For the yellow-brick-road
Or the golden opportunity,
The lemons that'd break the mold
Just a sip of lemonade
It would save me from this lunacy!
I sang all through my years,
I tried for uplifting tunes daily,
But nothing ever came of it.
And now I only see one way for me:
The gracious entrance, the gates;
I just couldn't find them.
Or the hues that'd saturate things,
Instead of making me blind from them!
I searched for the silver lining,
Another precious metal
In a material world
I hunt for peace
But, here, it's only in material things,
Like a dishonest medal.
And it's all so false!
I can't fathom this;
Can't find the key, the lock, the door
No happy hike, no nature walk
Just morbid scenes and dreams
Increase every night
I see them more and more.
As my fragmented thoughts scatter;
I shatter!
Because I crave the golden moments
So much that I crave the gate.
And Death; she calls,
Silver Bell's; they ring,
And now it's simply far too late.

Axley Jade Blaze

Route To All Evil, Pt.2 (Cents Of Wonder)

You've lost all sense?
I've lost all wonder!
I've lost all cents;
Gave my 2cents to another.

This Nature Walk
With the Natural Psych
The Happy Trail
This Happy Hike

Honing in—
On how to save me
Pause this journey
To prevent more hate in me

I can't fathom a world
Where money is the almighty answer
Wish I could abandon this world
Which creates nothing but disaster

I abhor Truth
Need the safety of illusion
Crawl back into Birth's cave
Simplicity, delusions

Believing fairy tales,
Lies that would save me
The simplicity, the answers
From birth, they gave me

The hero, the savior
What was promised from conception
So, this false world, the theatre?
I can't fathom this deception.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Snow Leopard (Pt.4 Of The Junglephoria Mini-Series)

His Profile Read:

'Searching for a female
Pale skin, hair chin-length, and midnight black
Curly cues that frame a face of innocent perfection
This is my queen, my topmost pick
She is my number one selection.'

She Responded With:

'You mean Man's fantasy,
For the permanent erection?
Man and his dim-sighted
Disney Princess obsession? '

She Wrote To Him:

'Well, I was never a princess,
Nor was I a saint.
A 'sexual angel'
The virginal prostitute
A portrait you invented
Composed
You decided to paint.
I wasn't a myth or a tinkering nymph,
I wasn't conceived to preserve or rescue you.
Nor did I need deliverance through you.
I capitalized by taking my cue from you!
Your fantastical dream realms
Something constructed
By 'man, ' who has some imagination,
But translates it wrong, vision obstructed
And collectively, also destructive.

...So who am I now?
I'm ready to rise, I'm going rogue.
....Ready to be
A Queen perched on her own throne
Ruler of her palace

Totally fearless
And, ready to shout this,
So you can hear this:

I was never Snow White
This is YOUR misconception
The over-estimation
Natural selection
The helpless, defenseless
Impression, suggestion
Impossible expectations
Fantastical storybook relations
...I was only human
And, you call this deception?

...You want my disclosure?
My bio, my stats
My sultry she-girl profile?
...It's one sentence long,
Listen closely,
As I read from my file:

Who am I?
I said it before.
I am Fearless
Will take the plunge
Any dare there is.
God Damned straight
I'm Her.

I am her, and more!

Damned straight you'd better
Be Ready To Hear Me Roar.'

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Axley Jade Blaze

Climatic Final High Notes

To Whom It May Concern,

I rush to write this, immolation all around me as I contort
I turn, and I churn.

I'm composing this note,
I'm hitting the high one
It's a glorious act;
The final goodbye one
Cryptic scripture, head tips so far
Voice shrieks, eyes flutter
Still, no hesitation, not the slightest stutter
Instead, I push for more, go one octave higher
A screeching pitch; one more time
As I huff Death's chemicals; DMT
—inhale another line!
Ready to indite it;
With these final high notes
I compose a sorrowful goodbye
I'm prepared for the concluding stage
Prepared to smear ink across it
Screech these notes on this god-forsaken page!
Can't make things brighter;
It only increases the dark
So I'm writing this letter
Diplomatic fancy penmanship,
An overflowing note, as I depart
I reached the anacrusis
The climax, I found
Not from chemicals or unearthly creations
Just heading homeward, bound
No more rights, no more wrongs
No more lyrics, no more songs
Instead of this note, a goodbye, so long
I can't find a way to resolve it
A method that would be better
So I'm signing out now,
I'm singing goodbye
This is my song

I'm hitting the high notes:
The very last ones
This is my letter.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Neck-Lace (Precious Heavy Metals, Pt.4)

'We'll tie this lace,
Right around your neck.
Like a beautiful piece of jewelry-'
I thought: well, why not, what the heck?

Death conquered me
Those dark, moody waves
I was his abducted child
Stranded in his crepuscular cave

He made love to my hatred
Made love to my pitch-dark soul
Made love to the blackness
Made love to the grave, narrow hole

Filled me up
The pieces missing
Kissed away my tears
I savored that kissing.

I only wish
For the passion, the flames
In love or hatred
To me, it's all the same.

So tie my neck
With your chain, your lace, or metals
Chain my soul,
I can't detect these poisoned petals

White Oleander:
Contaminated corsage you tied on me
As your poison seeped through my veins
Passionate mirage, while I died to be—

Everything you proclaimed me to be
All the titles you gave to me
But it's only in expiry—
Yes, only in death, I saved all of me.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Rhythm Of The Ocean Blues

Kick-shaw of the velvety, rippling waves
Moods like wrinkled water
A discontent that appears a misinterpreted calm.
The ocean blues seem so harmless.
But, do not mistake the lack of fury
For a calm, she will never have
There's a perfidious storm gaining momentum
There's a conflict inside the sea of her mind, bound to turn from deep greys,
blacks, and blues
To saturated oranges, fire-lit reds, and fluorescent yellow hues!

The fatigue alone from too many cries, too many 'whys', too many suicidal 'I
want to dies'
Thus far, has provoked emotional impotence.
But, alas! —be aware:
Soon it will metamorphose
As the hostility becomes fully equipotent
Birthing violence—the infuriate erection!
That exhausting sadness replaced by something more fiery:
She's trading up.
Decided to marry the mistress after-all; fury, Passion.
Versus staying with the predictable housewife; gloominess. Indifference.

Those ocean blues, baby—
Nobody realizes there's a psychronic+ disturbance on the way.
Nobody for-sees the Tsunami which has been brewing.

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+Purposely misspelled

Axley Jade Blaze

Give A Nickel, Get A Nickel-Back

The day I asked for one line of it,
Never wanted to make a 'nick and dime' of it
Every day, another bag
Every line, another stage
As I penned this nightmare
Fenced in another a suitcase filled with rage
On a battered, beaten, orphan-lonely page

Snorted, consumed
The word secretion, the fumes
The line; I walked it,
Then I crossed it
Yes, I snorted it
The former mission, life, I tossed it
My soul, I gave or misplaced or lost it

And I aborted it
These lines, I'm hoarding them
Deadly phase
Fully dazed
I come forward in
A smokey haze
And lost in several ways.

Junkie-Star fame
It became the game
It became what I paid
It became of what I was made
For the price to nick and dime it
All that's left to say
I face the raid

And I can't toss the sack
Can't change it or turn the clock back
But, I wonder, if I decided to refuse a line of it—
Could I change the timing of it?
Would anything alter from it?
Or the same result, nearly dying from it?

Axley Jade Blaze

Itsy Bitsy Spider

'Itsy Bitsy spider
Crawled up the hole
The Spout
Down came the substances
The storm
And brain-washed the girl's mind right out.'

She was an absolute endowment,
A small sack; presented to me
I cradled her in my palm the first time
Delicately, as if she were a harmless and small insect
Yet, how she was filled with ferocious choler!
The petite bundle, my name was written on it that day:
Nick.

She was an exquisite and delectable acquisition
Yes, 'Nick, ' they called her.
They said: only outdone by 'The Dime.'

I fell into her Nick-hole
Fell for her sorcery, her knavery
I trusted in her smoke.
I worshiped her mirrors.
Perhaps it was my reflection I'd fallen for:
An incestuous love for she who wore my tag, my title, my imprint right from the
time of conception.

The Nick-Bag, The Nick-Hole
Her enticement
Along with the Certain Death
Like life, it was tossed
Into garbage, no retreat
No hesitation
The cycle only to repeat

From her sweet poison
Disaster
The math left, after
And defeat.

Still

...I

....Kept

.....On

.....Falling.

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Axley Jade Blaze

The Other Woman

I just have one question—
One thing I want to know
Was she beautiful when you cheated?
—Tell me;
Was she beautiful?

What was it she produced?
What did she possess?
For you to fall so hard,
For you to become obsessed?

Then he turns to me,
And he does reply:

'Although it is you who I loved,
It is she who made me feel alive!
When I was near her,
I felt pleasure—scorching hot,
She was delicious, she was sweet,
So I savored every drop (of her)
I didn't concern myself with the nearing defeat.

I could not escape her
That heavenly scent
I sold everything to be with her
—My life, my soul, my mind, all spent!
Because, oh, the way she felt,
Oh my lord, it was a rush!
I felt like I'd reached heaven,
I swear I loved her so much!
And, though I love you too,
It is her I choose—I pick
Because if I leave her now,
I will become unbelievably sick.'

I cannot believe,
The details I hear
I cannot seem to shake
This one tiny, wet tear

He grins,
Then he cries,
Practically at the same time.
And he hollers,
And he screams;
'I'm dying this time!
I cannot break free, '
He starts to yell,
He cries, and he screams,
A heavyhearted story, he tells.

He lets those same tears
Fall down a cheek
As he tries to explain,
But, he sounds unbelievably weak
He continues his speech,
As I start to pack and to leave,
He says, 'she wasn't a woman
On, no, she was not.
She was that thing
—Which I NEVER forgot.'

Sweating and shaking—
Spinning around
Falling, he's dying—
He smashes his head on the ground
And, now I do get it—
I comprehend it, I see;
She wasn't a woman—
No, she wasn't a 'she'
Poison, it was,
Right through his veins
You see, she was a sickness,
And, now it is evil which reigns.

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Axley Jade Blaze

War Inside My Mind

There's a war inside my head,
Like scratching nails which won't relent
Down the board, they go—
As I kneel, as I repent
There's a madness in my mind
On chaos—I depend
So, every sentient moment
It's like a start to every end
The cycle goes on, as I choke on life
On breathing, on living
My mind; never forgiving!

It loves the madness,
I'm drunk on every episode
I drown in beautiful sadness
And, so the story goes...
Until—the war, once more restarts
It never expires—it won't depart
Confined, inside my brain
The madness, YES—I crave!
Soldiers of soap operas
With drugs, sex, and gore
It's a bombsite of destruction...
Yes, welcome to the WAR!

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Axley Jade Blaze

Sticks & Stones May Break My Bones

Sticks and wouldn't be able to break my bones
As much as your verbal onslaught torments and hurts me.
All of these things;
This emotional depression fling
My relationship with you, with gloominess, with death,
Totally converts me;
Into this Infernal, balling disaster!
Raccoon-eyed and skin ghostly, gothicky, alabaster.
Funeral goddess,
The Aphotic Theatre's Leading Lady
A Master
Of Disaster
As happiness completely evades me.

Replaced with a sadness,
A wintry sorrowful madness.
The seasonal effect,
Causes me to deflect
Feeling a defect
The inner-workings lifeless
Never erect
It all seems to throw me backward and revert me;

Into such a S.A.D. girl:
S.A.D. around this time each year?
The jolt of misery?
It's always freezing!
I'm mournful all the time
I'm doleful every season
In waves that confuse me
Rip through me, reduce me, use me, hurt me as they pervert me.

These sticks and stones?
They don't break my bones.
But your words manage to berate me,
Desecrate me
As you articulate so well how much you hate me!
After you've destroyed me
Willed me

And Killed me
You've filled me
With revulsion, repulsion
Just the same as yours

But, oh yes,
Do not fret
Your words manage to completely
Precisely
WAKE ME
As emotionally you rape me
I need somebody to sedate me
Relate to me
But you only wish to push the stake me.
As you still hiss, you whisper,
How much you hate me.
You crate me,
Strap me down as you take me!

You imprison me,
No wisdom do I see
Only a faux teacher
A Devil's worker,
A pretend preacher
I know a LEECH here
Soul-sucker
Mind-Fucker

My lover.
My brother.
Sometimes even my father or mother.
My enemy.
My frenemy.
My companion
My savage
My conquest

The test...

And, hell, I think you know all the rest.
Some words kept secret?
This way? I think it's best.

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Axley Jade Blaze

No Strings Attached (Not In Tune With What Matters)

These guitar strings; this gentle strumming
A melancholy tune, sadly I am humming
The song of life, a sad truth.

In a world filled with greed, feelings mean nothing
It's a tragic lesson, and a tough one,
The song of life, it's obtuse.

People love their things, material obsessions
But their worship is misplaced, their possessions
The song of life, gluttony—we choose.

No strings attached, only indifference or downright aggressive
People feel nothing for each other, it's all false and suggestive
The song of life, it's life we abuse.

We feel more for money and material things
With all our belongings—we could never detach our strings
The song of life, we're all confused.

Oh, with love, it's easy to detach these strings
But when it comes to our things, we would never have a fling!
The sad life song, I'd cry—but what's the use?

We refuse to hear the words, listen carefully
We reject the truth, so we can never be repaired fully
The sad life song; refuse, refuse.

So, I detach from it all, rather tearfully.
Over the hatred, the greed, it doesn't nearly fill me.
The sad life song—which is why it's death I choose.

© copyright 2018-2024 No Strings Attached (Not In Tune with What Matters)

Axley Jade Blaze

Mr. Pedo Philed.

Why does it seem like the thing I dread—
is also my desire
Why does it seem as if I welcome this distress
Am feeding and furnishing the combustion?
The Ring of Fire
You were 45, and I was only 14
A youthful face, all freckles; infantile
Perfect for the 45-year-old pedophile
But were you the demon—
Or was I?
Did I plan your death?
Or did you expect mine?
Who decided
When it would be the time
For us to perish?
Burning desire
Yes, we were both guilty, perhaps.
Both created this Ring of Fire!
Fire consumes, fire enslaves
Fire destroys
The weak and the addicted, those who crave
The flat chest, forever young
Kid cheeks, kid smile
Did you realize all this?
Answer me, Mr. Pedo Phile
Child lover
Devotee of mine
Answer me!
I demand an answer
Damn you.
You'll answer me for once.
Answer me this time.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Blood-Diamonds In The Sky With Lou C.

Lou, you see,
Had all The Power
Lou, you see,
Blessed her with his Reverent, holy shower

She served the man;
He baptized her soul
She reached for his hand
As he anointed her the Star of His Show

Conceived from birth;
To understand the price
To interpret her worth
To accept his version of the roll of the dice

She couldn't for-see
The torment from afar
She couldn't accept it
The truth, though it was never very far

Cult-Leader
She promised to call him
Daddy, her father
She completely installed him:

Into her bones
Into her marrow
She worshiped her begetter
As he cultivated her emptiness and sorrow.

He made maddened love,
To her tormented spirit
She screamed the prayers out loud
As he pumped in her, ensuring he would always hear it!

Lou, you see,
Was a false acquisition
She would soon learn;
See his true disposition

She thought he was a Supreme Being
Was implanted here on earth
Sent right from the skies
She truly believed he'd anointed her from birth

But Lou, you see,
He was a trickster, was a con,
Was a reborn Casanova
He was just a new-age and hip Don Juan

He wanted her, like money,
He wanted her like precious jewels.
He tried to brainwash her mind.
Her body, he wanted to own, to use

She was his possession.
A proclivity; his favorite toy.
She was his crazed obsession.
She was the answer, a little girl to his little boy!

It was all so perverse.
It was all so wrong
But it can appear reversed
Tormented love, like a sacred, holy song.

The man she had bowed to
Only cared about the value
In owning this child
In this heavyhearted tale of two

Smeared souls
Meat-cleaved hearts
They'd been so low
They couldn't bear to part

Knowing the prayer
It was more like a sin
The truth which he feared
Was the loss, in his idea of the win

Another child down

Innocence lost
Another damaged one
Mind-rape, it was the cost

The cycle repeating
The vicious, horrid truth
A mind-crumbling beating:
When he stole her youth.

© copyright 2011-2024 Blood-Diamonds in the Sky with Lou C.

Axley Jade Blaze

Our Trip Through Disney World Was Well Worth It

'To all the misfits, the weirdos, the damaged, imperfect, and battered, my brothers and sisters:

For only through extraordinary suffering, would we ever lose ourselves. And, only through the loss of the self, does one truly understand, comprehend, grasp, and seize the inner workings of said self. Through the rebellion, the will to destroy, we drenched ourselves in addiction, in self-destruction, in misery. Yet, we rose, we ROSE!

We found that creating was the key. Not to 'fix' oneself, to normalize oneself, but to design oneself; compose, construct, like a musical masterpiece. We found the striking, unfathomable evolution, the crystallization of madness fueled by a creative will. We experienced the metamorphoses. We cultivated wickedness and funneled the growth through it into the light.

We didn't believe in fairy tales anymore. We didn't believe in happily-ever-after, we didn't even believe in blissful-for-the-moment. We took a trip through the supernatural and fantastical worlds of the unknown before our resurrection. We thought we had nothing left but to turn our experiences, our memories—foul or divine—into an art.

This piece is a composition of the beginning. Not each opening singularly, but rather, our inception collectively. The journey through the 'seven gates of hell, ' 'The Long Road, ' 'The Path of Most Resistance, ' —through these we achieved the rebirth, we evolved, and we emerged with shocking exultation. We welcomed the resurgence, and we survived. We not only survived through creative will, we thrived.'

Once upon a yesteryear, in a land that was somewhat nearby, 'Sleeping Beauty' forgot to take her Happy Pills, and un-sedated, 'The Beast' was filled with life.

The beauteous one was busy hunting for pure minerals from her neighbor, a 'Jack-of-all-trades.'

She bargained for his magical beans, which always promised an ecstatic rave. However, she knew she had yet to find the substance that would keep The Beast subdued, but Beauty couldn't track her sanity in this dwelling closer to a cartoon land, a circus, a Disney Jungle Book, or a world-class zoo.

Around this point, 'The Jungle-Boy' furtively joined in the play.

He was serenading the Ice-queen on a frigid 'Snow White' day.

As the brute carefully poked his head from the trenches,

Skillfully quiet, like a spy, until he was CERTAIN The Beauty was concerned with other adventures.

'All the household items are speaking; pots and pans, tea-pots, furniture, even the benches! ' Beauty said, describing her and 'Alice'—a trip to 'Wonderland.'

While the beastly one; a real Jekyll seized his moment to 'hyde, ' pondering the exact moment to abduct her for this unique ride. Perform a capture— an excellent day to do the deed, a perfect day for the rapture.

Like a behemoth from limbo, he attempted extermination,

Until along came 'Pinnochio, ' putting up an unexpected fight; negation.

Abortion of the mission, for the beautiful misfits, he did, that day.

He halted the monster's mission with a heroic effort, a much-needed delay.

When later questioned, he said he did it to be able to feel; he just wanted to be human, breathing, be real.

He introduced another member named 'Ariel.' She was suffering from an unfortunate loss; she was also tossed

Within the realms of make-believe through those eels'; demonic plans, conceived by them and their boss.

If only she had known the cost, she'd have screamed 'no!'

While Pinocchio

Just wanted love and a nose that wouldn't grow!

Ariel revealed to the group that she had asked for some legs. Another misfit who followed a false leader; the Jack-of-All-Trades.

Instead, she was fooled by the demons and left in a corner screaming, until they robbed her of her very own voice.

Sure, she could now stand on her own two legs, yet, she'd have to remain silent, without a choice.

While that Lyin' King, Jack, promised her what was only to be a delusion, the illusion.

Convinced her to join the rest, he was seducing, mixed up from ingesting hallucinogens.

They took a left from Wonderland, found 'Neverland, ' hosted by a young man, named 'Peter Pan.' He graciously welcomed them, raved of his freedom—as he made love to his fairy!

He explained these planes, how liberation was the only notion they should carry. His fairy was also a magical Godmother, and met a young misfit thrown into the mix—yes, yet another.

'Cinderella'—and her comrade named 'Rapunzel'

Both were trapped, imprisoned, and forced into a miserable bubble.

Until Rapunzel let down her hair, though it was a hassle, and finally they crawled away from their torment in that castle. Both were set free that day with Tinker, The Godmother, providing a free wish, there was no pay.

And the last girl who broke free, you see, from the prison—the world she'd grown

to hate, was a young girl fleeing like a warrior in a red-riding hood cape.

The crew decided together to make it through the mazes,
Understood the rebellion's lack of worth, the childish phases.
In this tale, of happily ever

After

Total and complete

Drug-induced

Disaster

The misfits found their path

They evolved together; they overcame the wrath

Of all The Beast, all the monsters, the heinous palaces—they left behind.

Through their torment, they uncovered an unexpected find:

Beloved relationships and creativity, though it took some time.

They had more than hopped fences, pushed boundaries, and crossed dangerous
lines.

In closing, it turned out to be worth it for all,

Nobody can break them, as they create with magnificence, a spectacular mural,
a wall.

Yes, united they stand, they will never divide and therefore fall,

And so, these misfits do live happily-ever-after-all.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Spring Forward

May has come; a broken spring
Fractured girl, broken wings
Test the spring; spring failure
Spring mess, may I change here?
This May, I might,
Think I should; think I'll fight
Thinking would:
Help me pass, and ace the test
Clean the floors
Mop up this mess
As I leave here,
Clean the whole disaster
Entry elsewhere
Fearless, bold, and brasher
That's right, no fear
Beauvoir girl, evolution
Spring forward in the revolution
Fractured wings, but brand new springs
The shove I need, to move forward
The resources, I use
Like a maddened rehab hoarder
But I have to remember
To stay clean
To mop it up, but to remain me!
Springs seem to bounce
As I do move ahead
Goodbye to this Fall
Why I've taken its head!
That's right folks:
I murdered the disease
I murdered the addiction
I killed both of these
Things. Dead.
Shot to the ground.
My strength I gather
With this sparkling, new spring I've found.

Fire In The Hole (Outro To Stories Of War)

Everything seems perfect
In this heavenly trap
Tied down to a bed
Yes, tied down, she's strapped
But, she dare not complain
Nor, utter a word
She mustn't speak a sentence
No, she shan't be heard
This luscious vacation
This pipe-puffing dream
It's like a river of bliss;
A never-ending stream

So, she's ready to give up
Ready for surrender
Can no longer save her
—or protect or defend her!
She's lost in paradise;
The opiate rapture
And, nobody can risk it—
Can't prevent her death, or capture
They cannot take a chance
To provide her with false hope,
She's lost in a parallel world,
Where the answer screams: 'dope! '

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Axley Jade Blaze

The Credits Song

I cannot take it anymore
These cravings drive me nutts

My core, it's gone—I'm so screwed up
My wrists, they bleed with cuts

I shout out loud, I try to run
I fall right down, I have not won

This battle lost—a whole damn war
And I scream again; my heart you tore!

Right in half, you kidnapped my soul
And everything else, this I know

Goodbye to life, today is gone
And tomorrow—I say; goodbye, so long

I gave it up to this drug
I surrendered it, so yank the plug

Existence is over—as I know it
I wither inside but never show it

I can't go on, kill the beast
It is dead—it's deceased

In so much pain
This drug has taken over my brain

I cannot stop, I can't let go
This I see, this I know

Yet on I run—ON I GO!
With the script to this show

A screwed-up movie, about me
Can't you picture this movie?

It ends the same like the rest
I die in vain, with the best

An addict has gone, an addict down
A cry, a tear, a moan, a frown

I wave goodbye, I say so long
And now we hear The Credits Song

© Copyright 2005-2024 The Credits Song

Axley Jade Blaze

Trigger Happy (Heading Toward The Dead End)

I'm driving in between 'Uzi Central, ' and 'M-16 Highway'
The voices; they all warn me,
But, instead—I still do things my way.
Driving down 'Memory Lane, '
I do a U-turn onto the road called 'Grief and Pain'
As I pull over, I try to catch my breath
But, I see a sign that says: 'Welcome to Death'
I turn, I peel, I do another U-turn
From the city that is wreckage,
From a town tagged, 'The Inferno's Burn'
Though I've departed again, I turn in the wrong direction
Down a street they've renamed 'Reflection'
I close my eyes as I speed faster,
I don't want to remember The Colorful Disaster!
The moods and the thoughts remain there—all posted
Bits and scraps to memory parties, that—yes, I once hosted
I find 'The Suicide Gala, ' the 'Palace of Panic'
The 'Museum of Madness, ' the 'Forest of the Frantic'
I see it all as I'm driving
And, next up, of course, 'Welcome to Dying'
The 'Valley of Death' seduces me
I drive in circles, as she reduces me
'Nowheresville' is where I pause—
But the contract is binding
I never demanded a clause
I cannot escape, as the engine goes dead
Like the scenery, the visions; they rot inside my head!
Save me from 'Vacancy, ' the purest hell-hole,
I can't pass the gate, I can't pay the toll
I don't have 2Cents—advice, or any emotions to give!
So, I freeze in between traffic, stuck on this bridge
The bridge is 'Frozen in Time'
With the next exit; 'The Warped Little Rhyme'
Some piper boy's dreaming
I hear another twisted riddle;
I enter; 'The House of 1,000 Corpses'
As he plays the funeral song on his fiddle!
The tune that he plays—
The hum he is humming; 'Get the hell out of here! '

As the drummer boy is drumming!
I reach a roadblock with no escape
'Trigger Happy'—the sign welcomes me
Of course, it's too late, and I'll die at this rate!
It is the ending, my life is completed
The roads, bridges, and the cities, yes, it's all been deleted.
'Trigger Happy' was where I was always headed
Nothing to fear, actually, it cured my life-long dread; it did.
And, this dead-woman-walking is silent, with nothing left to be said of it.
I park the car, wait for the ethereal creatures they send
To assist me in this departure, to allow me to descend
I've finally made it to the correct locale;
Not another moment to spend
As I enter the trail —I'm at 'The Dead End'.

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Axley Jade Blaze

I.D.-Napping (Worthless Freudian Non-Cents)

My ID abducted my ego
On this roller-coaster of psychopathy, now we go
Down this tunnel, this shaded peephole
Another asylum re-run, another re-show

They say time heals all wounds.
I say; rhymes heal us, and maybe some tunes.
Spritzed with a suicidal poetry perfume—
Forget purpose, reproduction, and the womb.

If I can rhyme about it,
Maybe I'll be fine about it.
Or perhaps I'll be crying about it,
And, dishonestly, just lying about it.

Still, the ego may return
I'm all passion and fire—I burn!
I twist, contort, and I do turn
Still, not enough to claim the lessons were learned

Feminine scenery and rivers—
Shredded in Velvety shivers
Steal a taste, just a sliver
Body jumps in revolt, and it quivers

A secret embedded from conception
My dueling personas, fighting for perfection
Don't recognize each other in my reflection—
Cancel their marriage, the wedding, and the reception

The battle between animal and man:
Refuse to know each other or understand
The human design, the mold of man
Unknown territory and uninvited land

Their conflict causes this struggle, this rage
How my psyche ended up in this prison, this cage
I'm the star of a screwed up show, left on stage;
Frightened and lonely, please turn the page!

Need a solution before it's too late
My mind and soul can't seem to mate
Because they are opposites, how can they relate?
That contradiction is what penned my fate

So I sit here fuming—
Screaming for mercy, somebody tune in
Like both are stuck in a crate, there's no room in
A grey cloud everywhere I go, always looming.

Which do I fit in? A case or a basket?
As I scream that I'm choking—I holler; make a racket!
Begging to be laid in the bed of a satin-filled casket
I can't do it, can't make it, can't last it

One more time,
One final rhyme
I give one more sign,
I write one more line...

As my ID suffocates my ego until it's dead
Off with it's bloody, broken head
The war in my mind has finally led—
Me to a path, all I see is The Color Red.

Four incisions in each chamber of my heart
Ready to do it—the glorious depart
Dying is beautiful, said it from the start;
I scream it out loud; the opulence of death is an art.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Purple Rain (Pt.1 Of The True Colors Mini-Series)

Mother Nature is bleeding
Tear-drops of rain
She's flowing down;
Body fluid from the veins.

Tear-drops they fall
And I see the purple rain.
The earth, she cries
She withers from pain.

I feel her vibration
Her agony; the same
I feel the despair
As I dance in purple rain

Until with her, I die,
Ignored by the masses
Trampled, and shamed,
As Life—she passes.

Just like the earth,
I'm sick of this game
The World, and the Mother—
No, they are not the same.

Life's carved through Evil
It's Disaster, it's Pain
Nothing like Mother Nature
With her beauty and reign

She cries from the destruction,
She withers when tamed
Her breath is the wind,
And her tear-drops are purple rain.

My eyes become blurry,
My vision, it leaves me
The Earth is so different:
Unlike the rest, she doesn't deceive me.

Her beauty is unadulterated,
She is striking and real
She— isn't twisted.
She can cry, and she can feel.

Different from it all,
This plague, or this curse.
That leaves me craving
To rot in a hearse.

No, the earth could never
Be the same.
Which is why I will always
Dance, in purple rain.

© 2017-2024 Purple Rain (Pt.1 of The True Colors Mini-Series: Original Tone)

Axley Jade Blaze

Afraid Of The Dark

Can you see—
How aphotic it is, inside of me?
Can you tell—
That I have traveled through hell?

Tell me, can you feel—
The masks I try to peel?
Instead, I stand so cold.
Part of this destructive mold.

Tell me, can you touch;
My wounds? —they hurt so much!
I want to know;
How to conclude this show?

Should I hit rewind?
Or do I try to find—
Someone who can be
The hero who will save me?

Could reality be here?
And is it what I fear?
I question what am I?
I look up to the sky.

I scream; 'I can't believe—
this Demon's inside me!
Get this thing right out!
—HELP! ' I scream and shout.

What is this—I am?
Now, I take a stand!
I am trying to fight
For just one glimpse of light!

'Save me now! '—I scream
'Wake me from this dream! '
I am trapped inside
Behind this agony, I hide.

I'm breaking, all alone,
Only darkness, no light shone.
But I must break free
—THIS—I cannot be!

You must listen when I shout,
'Get these things right out! '
Won't you help me free—
These Demons inside me?

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Axley Jade Blaze

Manic Depression & Opium

Salty Tears

May entwine with my fears
Yet, true love will never pervert me.

Riddles and Rhymes

My life; they define
Yet, sorrow may never desert me.

Powerful Dust

Consumes my life now—it must!
And, Desire, it does confuse me.

Sin-Ridden Grief

May suck the life out of me
Until happiness, it only excludes me.

Needles and Syringes

Seem to throw me right off the hinges
And, only my mania is there to catch me.

Hysterical Tears

Can blind all the glares
Yet, endlessly—it seems they test me.

Swallowing Pain

Drugs right through the vein
And, the Darkness, it does seduce me.

Body Shivers, Then Sweats

As I sit overwhelmed with regrets
And, still, you are there to confuse me.

Junkies Do Crawl

Out from under the wall
But, it is my face that does surprise me.

Fallen from Grace

Like a horse losing the race
And, mercilessly, they seem to despise me.

A Cringe and a Wince!
Following with pain, ever since
Yet, the Needles, they still invade me.

Vulture-Like Fiends
Ignoring my pleas and my screams
And, still, they do persuade me.

States of Depression
Panic-Stricken Obsessions
Yet, still, I try my best to ignore them.

Mind, Starts to Drift
Losing my talent and gifts
But, still, I try my best to restore them.

Anger and Loathe
From them—I feel both
Yet, I refuse to berate them.

Torches and Flames
Strike —As I place the blame
And, I can't seem to escape them.

Mood Swings Invade
My life and mind, every day
So, to self-medicate will sedate me.

Opium and Depression
Will never allow my succession
And, forever, it seems they'll invade me.

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Axley Jade Blaze

The Little Black Death

Drowning, in rivers
Rivers filled with pain
Sinking in oceans
Oceans, through a life lived in vain
Scared, from the time—
The time that will pass
Scared to go on
Scared this might last
Feelings within—
To break through the wall
Down the same cheek—
New tear-drops do fall
Despair over the future
Despair still, from the past
Despair, over time passing—
Time passing so fast...

© copyright 2004-2024 The Little Black Death

Axley Jade Blaze



PoemHunter.com

Quiero Tu Manos Por Todo Mi Cuerpo

If I could touch you—
Maybe, I could breathe
But, because I can't reach you
It's like I can't speak, walk or see

A look in your eyes—
One like never before
It seems to haunt me
Until I'm left screaming for more

If only I could feel you
For at least just a moment
Just one touch, one taste—
And I'd make it mine and own it

I promise one touch—
Is all that I need
I'll then live off the memory
Of that one touch—I plead

But, if I do feel you
I may crumble to the floor
I may extend a hand
And, beg for one more

It is you that I long for—
As I desperately try to gasp for breath
And, I need to feel you
I mourn your absence, like a death!

While they try to bury you,
Paralyzed—I fall to the ground
I try to stand up, I open my mouth
But, to no surprise—I can't make a sound

Yet, I know that you feel it
No words were ever needed
The memories, they haunt me;
Like a button that's stuck, or a show that's repeated—

I can see you, and hear you,
I feel the energy lighting the room
The darkness, the light
A black rose in full bloom

I can practically taste you;
It's the Laws of Nature we won't defy
You can't forestall it from happening
It's something which you can't deny

I know that you feel me,
As I course through your veins
I could be the perfect drug
As I surrender—you hold the reigns.

It's lust and longing,
It's DEVOURING need
It's an obsession—I crave you
And, now you feel it, indeed.

So I reach out a hand,
It would help if you embraced this fate
The air, it is thick
And it IS getting late!

So, walk with me—
If only, one time
As you DO feel my arousal...
Yes, we've crossed that line.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Shades Of My Heart (Black & Blue)

My mind is in fragments,
My cognizance feels scattered
My even keel has vanished,
My wisdom has been shattered.

Every left turn,
So incredibly wrong
Every step that was taken,
The avenue to:
Another Sad Lifespan Song

Choices and voices,
Like wails through the wind!
Then, a silence so stifling—
You could drop and hear a pin.

So, I run far away
From my awareness—I depart from it
I want to rewind it all
Or perhaps, to restart it

But in fragments,
I'm shattered
Inoperable
Left scattered—

Left desperate and desolate,
No longer with a clue
The riddle stains my heart
It's forever black and blue.

© copyright 2017-2024 Shades of My Heart (Black & Blue) Intro to The Colorful Disaster)

Axley Jade Blaze

Black Velvet

'It was a full eclipse burning for the wild—
A fiery meltdown, in that poor, sordid child.
Beginning with a cult
Which brought her to her knees
Until she worshipped only death,
And begged for her release.'

Her religion was death
This child, painted the deepest of blues,
Her religion was heroin when she needed something new.

A religion defined by drugs
A bible penned by thugs
A church ran the same
A credo written by those deeply afflicted
In tremendous pain

A Mantra for all the sinners
A litany penned for Death's winners
Black Velvet, the little dark death
I suppose it happened when she believed
She had nothing left

It began with a novel religion which brought her to her knees.
An unusual religion that had her begging for her release.

A masked priest anointed her;
He crowned her 'Queen of Hearts'
The pope threw a ceremony
For her brand-new start

Rowing towards it—as she found them on their knees again,
They did the same; they attempted cheap appeasement.
But she saw the sham
And, begged for her release from them.
This cult trapped her
And, she swam in the disease of them.

Before her death, she screamed in a tone that

came out like vocal calligraphy:

'You've got me on my knees,
drenched in your secrecy!
I scream from this disease,
as the Heavens like to tease—
I crave the sacred peace
I crawl towards the deceased
Magic from the Sky's most frightening thieves.'

Until she landed in the hands of The Magnificent Release.

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Axley Jade Blaze

All But My Pulse (Pt.1 Of The Death Is Beautiful Quartet)

He said; 'If we die,
We'll wake back up tomorrow! '

It was then that I realized—
Each day was a death
And, each night was a brand-new sorrow.

Every time,
I laid my eyes to rest,
I knew that when I awoke—
There would be nothing left.

Life expectancy, as he and I knew it,
Living, as we saw it,
Was over with now
—Even when I clawed at it!

So, I laid my eyes,
Yes, I decided to sleep
I tried to forget life
As, silently, I did weep

My life no longer
Was a game
Nor—was I content
Nor was I pleased or sane.

My skull was sore
As I lay down my head
And closed my eyes once more,
Believing I was better off dead!

My head, it did throb
My throat had a lump
My face was so swollen
My arms had goosebumps!

I wept, and I pleaded;
'God, why aren't you here? '

It was all I wanted and needed,
I no longer held fear.

'Freeze my soul—
PLEASE fill this hole,
I'll deposit my brain;
If you'll make me, once again, sane! '

These words were my prayer
They were my song
They were my battle
My right versus wrong!

I had given up—
I did surrender
Because I just was never—
A very good pretender!

The one who says;
'It'll be just fine! '

I vomited clichés'
I spat on such lines.

I was senseless and foolish
Horrific and demented
I still ignored the rules—
Humanity invented!

Then I sighed a sigh,
of the most content relief.
I no longer had to worry
I no longer held this grief.

Because I gave in;
I was ready to go.
I finished this movie.
I'd completed the show.

So, my hands extended.
My feet, they did walk.
As I left it all then,
I could barely talk.

And the joy it took over,
As I departed.
Peace, I did feel—
As the ending, it started.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Vicodin (Magic Beans)

Pills, Pills, Pills
Pills, I do adore

Pills, Pills, Pills
Yes, that's right—
Give me more!

'Look at her,
She's such a fien'd! '
'No, I'm not, ' I try to scream
But I know the truth,
And, so do they.
I've got no chance,
In them believing what I say.

I'm addicted now
Completely hooked
It's not only my life,
But my normalcy they took.
All my torment
All my frustration
My pills help to blur—
My fantasies of self-mutilation.

They feel outstanding
They make me feel complete
My neurosis, they erase
My paranoia, they delete

So, I eat them for breakfast
For lunch, and for dinner
And, I no longer care
Whether I'm a loser or a winner
I eat them all day
Shovel in one right after another
As I try to erase the pained faces,
Of my father and my mother

And it's like everybody watches,

Yes, they stare, but they don't listen.
As my face is tear-streaked
So wet and shining, it glistens.

It is my pills, that I love
It is my pills, that I need
It is my pills, I plan to live off—
My habitual survival, my feed

They make me feel pleasure
Rather than dysphoria;
Constantly sad
They make me feel omnipotent,
They ease my misery just a tad.

They stop all the thoughts,
They seem to flood my brain.
And, they make me feel stable;
Even though we all know I'm not sane.

Yummy:
I ate them again.
You know? —It's funny
It's like they have become my only friend.

All of this I explain,
I scream and I shout,
I just want my pills,
I don't care what anything else is about.

You can't have my pills—
Give me them back!
Give me ten more,
Hell—give me a stack!

I'll die on these things
And, I'll do it in vain!
Because they feel so fucking good—
Painkillers really do erase all the pain.

Rainbows In Revolt (No Pot Of Gold)

'It's raining, it's pouring
Before my eyes—life's soaring
Flying high
As time goes by
Yet, I'm numb; I'm not in mourning? '

A question—again!
There is never an end
I cannot escape it,
I can barely breathe!
I run
And, I shriek
I can't even SEE

It Rains—
It pours
The world floods with wars!
Bloodsucking leeches—
As I remain speechless!

Do I seem furious?
Is it that bad?
Am I feeling manic?
And psychotic, and mad?

What is the purpose?
What is the reason?
Why it rains, and it pours,
And there are storms out of season?

I can't seem to shake it—
It's clouded all around me
The Dark, it invades—
Stygian air surrounds me!

Will I escape this madness?
Will I break free?
Will I find a way in which—
I can finally achieve to be:

Sovereign against this WAR?
Finished with this destructive human race?
Escape from our earthly mold,
Escape from this body, this face?

I run from the zoonotic madness,
I dive in the air
I can feel them all over me,
The blood and death soak my hair.

But this is the path;
This is my way out
So, I welcome the hemorrhage—
As in the rain, I start to shout:

'Pour it all over me,
Let me drown my sorrows! '
As the bodily fluid fills my eyes—
I kiss goodbye my 'tomorrows'

I embrace the commotion;
I'm walking through time
I found my happy place,
I discovered my cloud nine.

Expiry was always—
The answer, the cure
And the storm seems so beautiful
Yes—this appears so pure.

© copyright 2008-2024 Rainbows in Revolt (No Pot of Gold)

Axley Jade Blaze

Born Inside A Metal Box (Precious Heavy Metals, Pt.1)

Born inside a metal box
I wrestle with the steel-made locks
I'm suffocating,
I cannot breathe
Help me, GOD
Help me, please!

I'm banging the walls.
I'm yelling out loud.
They watch as I suffer.
They surround
There is a crowd.

I scream for a chance.
I beg for some mercy.
But they've tied me down.
They've chained and they've cursed me!

I'm stuck by myself
I'm here all alone
And, I can't break through
These walls which are designed with stone!

It's as if I am caged.
So, I scream in pure shock.
And I pull,
And I yank,
And try to undo this lock!

I pound the walls
I vocalize for help
'Please help me, God!
Please get me out! '
But, nobody can hear me.
Nobody can help me
Nobody can rescue me
Nobody will get me out.

The voices surround me;

They gather—
They stare
They whisper and giggle
As I screech, 'Get me out of here! '
I struggle
I scrap
I punch
And, I kick
As my stomach is churning
I feel nauseated
I feel sick

But, what I now see—
What, I do know?
I can't accept it—
So, I don't let it show.

I do know deep down
What my problem? It is;
This box, which I'm stuck inside?
Which I'm stuck living with?

What I finally realize
Just in the nick of time
This box which I'm stuck inside?
This box is my mind.

© copyright 2009-2024 Born Inside a Metal Box (Precious Heavy metals, Pt.1)

Axley Jade Blaze

It's Chemical Warfare (Stories Of War, Pt.3)

It's so frigid
Yet I'm on fire, I'm hot
Sweating,
Shaking,
Then I'm not!

My stomach is turning,
I feel dizzy, I feel wired
My organs are burning,
Yet, my body's so tired.

Can't fall asleep—
But, barely awake!
I've done it for real now;
I'm this junk's bait.

Take some more,
Just a bit
Then, it will stop
This tantrum—this fit!

Legs, they ache.
Feet, they are swollen.
As my sanity's forsaken
From all that has been stolen

Bones are throbbing.
My god, I'm in such pain!
More like a lightning bolt—
This is not just rain.

The world around me crashed.
Yes, the ship has sunk.
I think they call this a habit.
But I swear I'll stay off the junk.

But then my thoughts are rapid
My actions are a mess
I lose more and more

As I gain less and less.

So take me now,
I'm ready to go
This poison, it has trapped me.
It's time to complete the show.

I reach out a hand
I beg for your touch
Pull me up higher
Life was brutal, was too tough

I'm up in heaven
This nightmare is done
I relax, and I sigh
Because in death I have won

It's over with—
It's the addiction is dead
And, I am now too
And, I can finally, finally,
FINALLY
Rest my aching head.

© copyright 2010-2024 It's Chemical Warfare (Stories of War, Pt.3)

Axley Jade Blaze

Borderline (Lacking Shades Of Grey)

Hanging on the borderline,
I see left; I see right
I'm hanging off this cliff
I'm blind, with all my sight

Frozen, on this borderline
I feel irrational; then sane
Yes, I'm shifting on the border
I crave peace and I crave pain!

On the borderline
I'm silent when I say;
I'm on the borderline
BECAUSE I'M LACKING SHADES OF GREY!

PAIN;
AGAIN
It never
Does end



PoemHunter.com

Finally—
I see.
A cacophonous holler
A plea;

Everything bleeding,
From one thing into another
As I swing between Child,
Daughter and Mother

But, not what you think;
Those typical 'maternal woes'
I won't bear any children
That chapter's been closed.

The close of the curtain
Everything is black and white
I'm suffering from this illness—
With little will left, I do not fight.

I suffer, while I continue on,
A mighty price I must always pay
I'm in a surreal boxing competition
STILL LACKING SHADES OF GREY!

'Gemini Identity, '
Born on the cusp of madness.
A division so fierce
Drenched in only sadness.

Tragically split,
Neurotica; I call it—
Mind; a suicidal disaster
There is no way to pause or stall this.

A punchline for the masters
As I tumble, and sway,
Back and forth I go—
ETERNALLY, LACKING SHADES OF GREY!

© copyright 2018-2024 Lacking Shades of Grey (Borderline)

Axley Jade Blaze

Grave Ornament

This world as I know it,
Shall no longer be
This world as I understand it,
A world without me
Never really
Wanted to be part of this mess
Never really
Interested in taking the test
Ready to give in
Ready to go
Ready to end this—
A movie or show
Eyes slowly shut
Breaths become weaker
Darkness consumes me
As I fall even deeper.

© copyright 2002-2024 Grave Ornament

Axley Jade Blaze



PoemHunter.com

House Of Thunder

I'm locked behind these steel-made bars
I'm caged inside
Just like a beast.
As I sit here alone,
I glare at this table.
I sit, and I stare
Upon this fine feast

Sitting, I ponder
Yes, I start to wonder.
How I ended up here—
Stuck in this storm
With its thunder?
So loud and so vicious—
It sounds through the room.
And I jump in my seat.
As the sky roars out, 'boom! '

I cannot decipher
Or try to explain
How life brought me here;
This torment—
This pain

I feel like a sleepwalker.
I feel like I'm dead.
And, my hunger can't be quenched.
No matter the banquet or spread

Yet, again I give in
To that nagging request
From my psyche; my brain
—A merciless test!

I crave a cure
To fight this disease
So I scream, and I shout:
'Cure me, God, please! '

Yet, the answer I get
It isn't the one
That will save me from destruction.
So, now I am starting to run!

But, nobody is there
There is nobody to save me
Except for Lucifer—
He's there
To repeatedly RAPE me!

Like a thief in the night,
He runs, and he finds me.
A cowardly fight—
I put up as he blinds me.

And, I see visions of blood.
I have scars everywhere, holes.
I am bruised and cut open
So deep, you can see inside my soul

Envision the truth;
Tell the correct tale
Of what it's like to live
—And then, what it's like to fail.

This is my story
It ends just the same.
And, I am a ghost
With no reason, nor a name

So, could you take me away?
I surrender it all—
I no longer care much about the details,
So minuscule, and so small

In the end, they don't matter.
We are what we're given.
So how could I possibly grow to be—
Somebody from a world
I never lived in?

We can't.
And, we won't.
Instead, we die.
We burn.
In this hell
We scream.
And, we cry.

But, nobody hears
The call of the child
The one that was tortured
Because she was NEVER in denial!

She never relented; she always remained—
Wild and rebellious
Crazy and untamed!
She believed she was ill.
She was told she was demented.
Because she never could conform
Listen to the rules that society invented!

© 2008-2024 House of Thunder Nicole D'Settemi

Axley Jade Blaze

Snow White (Intro To The True Colors Mini-Series: Original Tone)

I'm Snow White
With an ash-painted face
A Japanese Gangster
Tattoos in lace
A night purple shade;
I'm a Van Goghian Sky
Or Picasso's dream
—He must have been high.

© 2008-2024 Snow White (Intro to the True Colors Mini-series: Original Tone)

Axley Jade Blaze



PoemHunter.com

Eternal Damnation

'Tic-Toc, Tic-Toc
Tic-Toc, Goes the clock
Tic-Toc, Tic-Toc
Tic-Toc, the clock won't stop.'

The ticking keeps on—
It's driving me mad
I've surpassed feeling distressed
I'm no longer merely SAD
These emotions right now?
They are completely insane
Like, I no longer have mercy
Like, I'm down for the game
Whatever it is—
I'm still alive
I am still breathing
I have survived
Maybe, for now—
The clock's in my mind
But it's drugs I will take
Yes, it's drugs I will find
Callous and defective—
This is how I feel, now!
My wounds are sliced open
And, they won't seem to heal now!

On goes the TICKING
Of that God-Forsaken clock!
I wish it would vanish
I want it to ROT
Yet, I do not break free!
Why don't I run?
Even though evil is winning—
Or hell, it has already won!

What is the truth now?
And what is the lie?
Deceit, now I face—
And then I start to cry.

The deception from a mind;
From a soul I once knew.
A mind with a path
A spirit with a clue
A mind with stability
Practicality I once owned
Forethought within reason
A soul with a home

Gone are those days,
And they aren't coming back
And now darkness prevails
My essence is so black!
With the beauty of the midnight
But, with the loneliness as well
It's like a hell that is in heaven
Or perhaps, a holy hell.

© copyright 2010-2024 Eternal Damnation

Axley Jade Blaze

Black Mustang (Pt.5 Of The Jungleuphoria Mini-Series)

The line of horses, fur glistening and white
One dark one runs ahead, lost in its plight
She said; 'it gallops and bucks, it's wild and free—'
She said; 'that black horse isn't captive, '
Then, she said that the black horse was me.

Wild One—
Her samba in the wind
Wild One—
Her one-person revolution, it begins
Free and uninhibited, she refuses to be tamed
She doesn't care about normalcy
She's the one we cannot name
Wild One—
She runs uninhibited; she's free
Wild One—
She said that horse was me.

I laid on my bed; I searched for an answer.
—Why her addressing of my nature
Caused an internal natural disaster
Within my mind, I lost it; I went manic
I paced the room; I took some pills
I saw my shrink
In a fevered panic

Those words and what they meant;
I'd been so close to death
I'd almost agreed to do it
I prepared for my final breaths.

Just as I'd been on the verge of conforming
She stopped by my suite that day
Those words sent me spiraling
Healthy—was slowed to pause
Stable—was put on delay

Or perhaps they sent me back,
To where I was before

Mentally and in my mind;
A Wild One for sure.

The Black Mustang,
The freedom ringer
The anti-hero
The anarchy singer!

Yes, one day can change your world
One moment can shape your life
Five words can create a sentence
Causing your head mania, so rife

And, perhaps that was the solution.
I needed her that day
I needed one soul to speak those words:
'This is you. Please stay this way.'

© copyright 2017-2024 Black Mustang (Pt.5 of the Jungleuphoria Mini-Series)

Axley Jade Blaze

Black Rose, Bleeding

Frustration leaks through
It travels slowly
It seeps through my veins
A feeling—unholy
Frightened, and alone
Vacant and cold
I want to yell out loud
I feel withered and old
Debilitated, within
Yes, my soul, it is dead
I don't feel alive
And, can't seem to control
These thoughts in my head
I thought this was over
I thought that I'd freed it
There's no way I could be it
Or, try to believe it
My chest, it feels coiled
My thoughts are a mess
I feel like I'm forced into—
Playing a deadly game of chess
Which I am losing
I am not the winner
I move the pieces along
Like some psychotic craze-filled sinner
I keep touching filth
Which circles all around me
The filth takes over
It suffocates and surrounds me
I morph into something
Which I can't comprehend
Feeling like I'm jailed
As I head towards The Dead End
I fall to my knees
I holler out loud
I claw at the feet of—
Those who stand out in the crowd
But, my grip isn't firm
And I am forced to give up

And now the door closes
As I wilt, I watch it shut
Once more, I lose
Once again, I'm here
And my life, it is over
And I don't even care.

© copyright 2010-2024 Black Rose, Bleeding

Axley Jade Blaze

Poisoned Apple (Fruit From The Forbidden Tree)

He told me:

I was the best bag of heroin he ever tried
When he spoke to me,
I swear to God, I think I died
It was like a feature film
It was cinematic bombs
Our lips—they touched
And, the manic switch turned on
He used to call me Negrita—
His dark little one
He said I would be, forever—
His poisoned dark black sun
We formed a dynamism—
Nuclear and fierce
Needle; through the skin
Each kiss was like
A pierce
The gentlest of sins
'It's a M.A.N.S. world, ' he always said.
When he kissed me hard,
I bled and bled and bled
I licked the blood—I did
Drunk from D.N.A.
Until I won the bid
As he stole another ray

He used to tell me:

I was a drug,
Which he refused to quit
He said every time we touched
It was like a swift, bold hit
He loved my rage, my violence
He always liked to say
He craved my mysterious silence,
Every single day
He worshiped my whole core
As I bowed down to his feet

I crashed right to the floor
But, didn't understand the defeat
Never, could I say—
What we really went through
It was beautiful but deadly
Yes, this could be said, is true
More than love, devouring
Cravings became empowering—
He was my king, my God, my heart
I was his Lolita star
The jagged edges—
We both shared
Souls broken, beauty smeared
It was just like an old film
I swear to God, it was
More than lust—
Intoxicating
It had to be true love.
But, even true love bleeds
It chokes, it cries, it needs
And like all beauty, fading
We became a duo, jaded
Goodbye mi preciosa; 'yo te amo, '
I swear to God, I do—
I will always feel it
As I hear;
'Y yo ati, ' from you.

© copyright 2017-2024 Poisoned Apple (Fruit from the Forbidden Tree)

Axley Jade Blaze

Crimson Tide (Pt.6 True Colors: Original Tone, The Mini-Series)

Electric Sky—
Lights that pierce
A tidal wave
The waves so fierce!

The blood drops,
They fall.
And I beg God for more!
I hear whispers and calls.

Bloody Rivers;
Yes, I am soaked to death
Arms, cut open
And, you know the rest.

I try to swim
I try to breathe
But, I fall further down.
I can't even see!

My life over-taken
By an ocean filled with blood
The water's so filthy.
I fall with a thud!

My skull splits open.
The drugs, they have killed me.
And, I can't make a resurrection.
No matter how hard you will me!

I paddle, I stroke
As I start to choke
I swim, and I cry
My body floats as I lie—

Crimson tide
This anguish won't fade.

It's raining bloody veins.
Cemented; they plan to stay!

Forever sewn
Into a child—so lost
She gave it all up;
She never considered the cost?

Rivers of blood
My veins; explode
My eyes fill with water,
while my body implodes!

I gulp down the blood
I'm ready to leave
Earth, I now exit—
And, finally, I SEE!

I swim even faster
As I do the front stroke
And I know this is right,
My death-lust's been provoked

Goodbye, to all—
As I dive under this wave
I retreat to death
In this coagulated death cave!

© copyright 2017-2024 Crimson Tide (Pt.6 to True Colors: Original Tone, The
Mini-series)

Axley Jade Blaze

The Razor's Edge (Scarlet Fever)

This life is getting cold,
It's cold all around me
This life is getting cold,
The cold, it surrounds me
I shiver, I spin
Again, I'm falling
Trying to pass on—
Why can't I do it?
Need a fairy-tale-like wand—
To magically pursue it.
To erase all the pain,
Eradicate the torture
This fever is fatal,
It's brutal; a real scorcher.
The suicide flu
The deadly obsession
I refuse to give in
—Until death's in my possession
Why should I live?
Why should I bother?
For my sisters, companions
Or my mother and father?
Should I do it for myself,
Or, for you, or for them?
For God, and for peace
For all women, and for men?
For good, or for evil
Or just to be best?
Or do it for the unknown?
Should I do it for the rest?
Should I dine with evil—
Should I feed on their feast?
Should I embrace this madness?
Or should I tame the beast?
What shall I do?
What is a must?
To purify my soul—
In God, should I trust?
To conquer this thing,

I must depart
I must end the ending—
To reignite the start!
Find my new home,
In a new place
With a brand-new body
With a different face
A world unknown—
I must adjoin another.
Goodbye; my father
So long; my mother
To defeat this battle
This god-forsaken fight
I must depart from you, now,
As I face what's wrong or right

© copyright 2017-2024 The Razor's Edge (Scarlet Fever)

Axley Jade Blaze

Sleeping Beauty (Mellow Yellow)

Stick a pin—
Through the eye
Add the Klono to its title,
As I wave one final goodbye

Treatment—
It's labeled
That's what they say.
But, all I seem to do,
Is lay comatose every day.

These treats
Are quite deadly
The solution seems fatal.
The idea was clarity;
To be healthy and more stable.
Yet, I'm only subdued,
Quiet, not quite whole.
I feel more like I'm cuffed,
There's a bottomless pit, a gaping hole.

Sleeping Beauty—
A child restrained
Indeed, I'm not rage-filled;
Unholy and untamed
But, is this the answer?
The Benzo Paradise
Not convinced it cures me,
Though, it lures me.
Yet, deep down, I cry
I still weep, and I still bleed
As I shovel them in,
Off the benzos—I still feed!
Heart slows down
Pulse starts to twitch
But the drugs still fail—
To turn on the happiness switch.
Gaining strength,
I awake from my trance.

I decide on life—
I decide I'll take the chance.
Chuckling the pills,
I say, 'so long'
I'm singing my own tune
I'm penning my own song!
Disposal, now—
Of the 'pin
It's time to start a new journey,
For once, I want to win.

© copyright 2017-2024 Sleeping Beauty (Mellow Yellow)

Axley Jade Blaze

Black Lightning

All the rainstorms created with our tears,
The vast and oceanic fears
The struggles and the fighting
You came into my life
Like Black Lightning

All the times we cried.
The endless fights, and fights,
And lies.
And, that tragic last goodbye.
Memories that cause me to wish to die
Because of you, my ominous Black Lightning

Every costly moment shared,
When we were young and didn't care
So free; we were so brave.
Yet, it was heroin we craved.
Still, it was my soul to you, I gave—
My forbidden cold Black Lightning

When I hear you call?
I see visions;
Watch you fall
As you soar through the sky
Yes, you are always flying high.
Like a flash of thick Black Lightning

It's loyalty you lack,
Now I can't accept you back!
Yet, it's your speech that I do hear.
In this solitude—I fear!
Thanks to you;
My poisonous Black Lightning

As I fall to my knees
And, shout, 'Oh my God, Please! '
My voice?
It starts to freeze.
I beg you, God,

Free me from this deranged Black Lightning

And, my body?

It starts to quiver

I convulse, as I shiver!

When I think about the silver sliver

That detained my poor Black Lightning.

Darkness; it invades me.

It surrounds and it enslaves me.

No, you could never save me—

I decay from you,

I do—

My unfortunate Black Lightning

Yet, drawn to the dark.

Without you?

I'm a question mark!

But, I can't do it—

I can no longer be a part

Of this gangrenous Black Lightning!

© copyright 2010-2024 Black Lightning

Axley Jade Blaze

It's Getting Ugly

They choose to live,
You crave to die
You can't ever seem to
Distinguish; why?
You feel the rain
You shriek his name
Crying, trying
Unsuccessful in dying

Is this how it was meant to be?
You, without me?
Is every word you say a manipulator's lie?
What is the point when it all leads to goodbye?
Why do we care?
Take the plunge
Commit another pointless dare?

And then the day comes,
'I don't love you anymore! '
And you question;
What is there left worth living for?
Did I love you?
Do I, now?
Could this be our reality—
Did it morph into this, somehow?

Did you shatter my dreams?
My voice is begging,
For you to hear these screams!
'Why me? '
I cry out loud
And, soon enough
We have a crowd.

'She's gonna jump! '
Somebody yells
TIC-TOC
The time tells
'Goodbye, '—I whisper

Oh-so-low
I hear some pleas
Of 'please don't go! '

But forgetting life, love,
Emotions, and hate
I dive into the air
Accepting my fate
Gasps and cries
And begs of 'NO! '
As I reach down
To closer below

And then it's over
In a flash
My body has been mangled
My cranium has been smashed
I can no longer think things through
I can no longer envision you.

A new escape—
I now begin
But in the end—
Did I win?

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Axley Jade Blaze

Grey Would Be The Color

The stress from living
is getting to me
I feel like I'm bursting
As I choke, and I bleed
I try to evaporate
I beg for escape
Like arms—my mind, they restrain
With this unbreakable, bound red tape
It's as if I am dreaming
Nightmares
As I'm walking through time
Walking through Glass Walls
Lost in some rhyme
Smoke fills my lungs.
Tears fill my eyes
It's this 'living thing' I detest—
It's my own life I despise
I feel so much rage
But nobody stops me
My heart takes the bullet
It's like somebody has shot me!
Perhaps it's for the best.
Perhaps it is the cure.
Now—I am free
Now—I am pure
Death rings its bell
Now death, it is calling
So, I continue to walk forward,
As I feel myself falling

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Axley Jade Blaze

Sun Poisoning

She was only ever all flame, fire
He was her red-phosphorus MATCH
In this August opera.

© copyright 2018-2024 Sun Poisoning*

Axley Jade Blaze



PoemHunter.com

Cliffhanger

Will I sprout or will I die?
Will I fail or be fecundated?
The answers here, are mixed in rhymes
Riddles and puzzling words—
Read between the lines
There is a message;
I bleed with the earth
I feel myself sinking
Only God knows my worth
Suicide sounds special, extraordinary—a dream.
What does death stand for anyway—
What in God's name does it mean?

Read the next chapter.
You'll have to, I suppose
As my scars unravel
And my soul is exposed...

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Axley Jade Blaze

Camouflage (Stories Of War, Pt.2)

Racial wars have flooded the streets
As I cry in shock, I feel defeat
Nobody seems to want to even bother
Broke-down mothers and damaged fathers
Children bred in hate and anger,
Every neighborhood—to someone, a danger!

The magnitude
This entire disaster
Helped me to leap
So much God-damned faster!
My head, it spins
My ears, they start to ring
I just want to stop this whole God-damned thing

Life is brutal and something obtuse.
Never could accept the truth.
Fight the good fight—win the win?
Why can't I just simply blend in?

But, then again, why can't we all?
Blend as gracefully, like the leaves in Fall?
The scenery, the camouflage—that surrounds us.
And, everything else that blends, all around us.

United we win, divided we fall?
It seems to not be an issue at all
Do people prefer hate instead of world peace?
It's like their kindness was pawned,
Or sold, or put on lease.

It seems so many prefer the rage
Why am I on this, obscure different page?
So, I numb myself, I blind my eyes.
I come to our world, an angel in disguise

Camouflage, yes—we need it.
Camouflage; why don't they believe it?
The answer is so simple, it's right in our faces,

Yet, we go on with wars, fighting over races?

Who is unmatched?

Who's the supreme—

Race of the world?

Do we even understand

What does that idea mean?

We embrace fury and hate,

Caustic and corrosive—

What we deliver

The only things we ever bring to the plate.

Camouflage—we need to pursue it

Camouflage—we need to give in, do it.

Blend and let's erase this rage.

Blend and re-write our world's fate.

© copyright 2017-2024 Camouflage (Stories of War, Pt.2)

Axley Jade Blaze

Route To All Evil, Pt.1 (Greenery Surrounds Us)

They say money is the route to all evil,
But the road to success.

I say: money brings out the flames and fire, hell, and well, you know the rest.

Blood red traded, souls soaking,
As the soldiers exchange it for that green
It all melds together—it's a nightmarish scene.

Once you get right there in the center;
Understand the point, comprehend the dream
It's a death trap with a cluster of vultures; they work as a team.

Demons bursting through your skin,
As you trail a nature walk of chaos, fevered with zoonosis, they burst through the seams!
It's an acid-induced trip that causes you to holler, and to scream.

The only escape is to shred that paper—
Turn around, stop chasing that evil green,
To end the horror show, to murder the cravings, to forget the obscene.

© copyright 2018-2024 Route To All Evil, Pt.1 (Greenery Surrounds Us)

Axley Jade Blaze

The Runner's High

You came, like an exam or a race,
And I was in it, up for the chase
The prize; the finish line.
The test; would I make it in time?

She loved you, she said
Without you, she'd surely be dead
But, I worshiped your core
And it seems you needed that fix more

Like hell's fire-fueled chasers
I was your 'numero uno' racer
It was more chemicals through the vein
It was you getting your fix, devouring my pain

You left her that day, walked out on her
I cried in your arms, and asked were you sure?
I was there at the end of the line
Thinking it was finally our time to shine.

You were high from my affection
But, only because you saw yourself in my reflection
Turns out it was a narcissist's pursuit, another 'you' romance
You were still caged in your self-adoring trance

You didn't stop fully, that day
No, being fulfilled, done, complete, 'finito' just wasn't your way
You kept right on running that race
You gulped down more air and attempted another chase

You see it was a high you desired
Through me, her, and others—the adrenaline, elation, the fire
And there was no stopping, as you pushed harder in a sprint
Every second you sucked down air and begged for one more hit

But when you couldn't stop going, I saw the disaster
Spotted the demolition much faster
Sickly, pale, alabaster
Yet I, the slave, still bowed to the master

I sealed my eyes with super glue; as you continued to feed
off the rest, all while you continued to lead
Us straight towards a cliff
Taking another lick, a hit, or a sniff

It was never enough, you couldn't stop using
As my heart was hacked, bloody and oozing
No matter the end result, which was to murder us, to die
I finally accepted; it was The Runner's High

© copyright 2017-2024 The Runner's High

Axley Jade Blaze

Satan's Deceptive Thunder

I will not be seduced by your deceiving sexual eyes
Your deadly venom, your Pulitzer-winning lies
I see right through you
I read between the lines
I'll never fall for your performance, you devil in disguise.

Your faux involvement, your pretend worry
Nothing more than Game, temptation surely
I don't believe in fairy tales
Your lies will never cure me
What I see is destruction; evil; truly, purely

You're the storm, you're the cause
I read the contract and the clause
You're a forged check
A delay in love, you break all the laws
Your sensitivity chip was removed, or stopped,
or simply put on pause

You are satanic thunder in the sky so late at night
Exquisite but deadly; like what's beneath the light
I run so fast, once again,
I'm forced to choose to flee or fight
But now I know the difference between Mr. Wrong and Mr. Right.

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Axley Jade Blaze

The Long Road

There is always a story
A narration
We want to know
Of that 1% margin
Those who chose
To star in life's indie movie
The obscure show
The ones who decided
To Brave The Long Road

I tried to be authentic, I wanted to be real
Happy Hiking along this poisonous trail
So it was inevitable not to go
Down a path, tripping and unreal
A journey through the seven gates of hell
It was glowing in its darkness
I came at it unstrapping life's harness
A place, a path, a dark opera, The Aphotic Theater
A spectacular death walk, a warped little show
It was that one and only:
Long Road

Dark skies smothered by a batch of looming clouds,
Portentous scenes
Displayed on cinematic, earthly wide screens
My path's seams,
I continued to sew
Heading towards a Cimmerian cult
Actors in the show
Along that same old Long Road

Lives shattered, scattered, discarded, dumped
Destiny that even I couldn't top or attempt to trump
The stories, the people I met
Spewing fables about no regrets
Traipsing down the path, no matter how cold
Yes, it was that same old story—
The Long Road...

The wrong road
The Long Road
I found as I walked
The message was clear;
Written all over the pavements in chalk!
Warning signs; drenched with graffiti
Words I ignored
Because I just wanted to be me
But the danger like nails
Scratching down that board!
I became terrified of the blood
The guts and the gore
I'm walking
I'm running
I'm screaming
They're coming
The road's no longer bare
I scream because I see them all there
The demons—
Everywhere!
Stalking
Still chalking
High pitched screams
Sounding just like crows, moribund as they're balking!
Phrases I can't read
Because my eyes start to bleed
Evil grins and laughing,
While I'm throttling
I gasp, as I try to grasp
All of it, head smoking
Looking for the joker
Because they have to be joking
My unrelenting knowing;
I must escape
Before it's too late
As much as I do crave
To be liberated and brave
Not callous, not cold
More like brazen and bold
Never confuse them,
There are three roads
I chose the wrong road

But, now I know the difference
Erroneous may be worse
As the demons disperse
All over the road
It's a hex and a curse
Never confuse the difference between
What's genuine and what's evil
What's barbarous and mean
What classifies you as anything
But a human being
With individuality and sacrifice
The truth, versus the scene
Theatre and histrionica—
Here's the difference between:
The show, and the game,
Humanity, and the insane,
Madness and death
The quiz versus the test
Grief, cruelty, and well, you know the rest!

One More time
I must go
I must search for the authentic road
I must film the true life story, no show,
I must do it now, must go,
And head down the correct path
No longer the right road
No longer the wrong road
But, yes you've guessed it—
Number THREE is The Long Road

© copyright 2017-2024 The Long Road

Axley Jade Blaze

Nirvana Of Misery

Ignominious Death

Because she didn't head right instead of left

Turned towards the wrong choices, instead of the right

Lost all sense of what matters; lost sight

It was all make-believe

Absurdity, illusions, valueless streams

Ripped at the seams

Adulterated, virulent scenes

In her head, ringing—the screams

The nightmare, the truth of 'the dream.'

The truth about our sex, and the human race

Human beings with strange Tongue, a mask, and no face

Blinded by lights, the pretty-girl batter

'Don't you dare get any fatter! '

Flaws are covered, and they are erased

The pointless dream that we all chased

The valley of dolls equates to death

Saturated in plastic, nothing's left

They dip their souls in the make-believe

Until they begin to dry-heave

They vomit their individuality in heaps

Too many lies, too many times

Too many wrinkles would be a crime

The coarse, wrinkled hair, rotting skin, and bad breath

Unacceptable at best

Horrific at worst

How dare she no longer be able to place first

Quit the pageant, the beauty race, the contest

The woman's life-long task that is nonsense

She grew old, had to quit, she had to relent

She finds herself floating, towards peace, she descends

But she isn't concluded; she learns

As her smoldering fiery flame within starts to burn

She waves a goodbye

The chore, the facade, the contest evaporates

As her head fills with visions, her mind saturates

her with the images of what defines pure grace

It isn't the contest, it isn't First Place

Nor is it second, third, fourth, or fifth

This is something much more stunning- a prize-winning gift!
Nature's film, the actual world that's an ocean
Vast with emotion, not pictures in fast-forward motion
She is ready to embrace it, to shed skin; ready to transcend
Ready for the end, ready to descend

She flops the course, she fails the grade—because she found something better
than The Feminine Game.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Blood-Drops Are Falling From The Sky

'Blood-Drops Are Falling From the Sky,
Blood-Drops Are Falling From the Sky
The earth shudders once, she weeps, yes she cries,
As Blood-Drops Are Falling From The—
Blood Drops Are Falling From The Sky...' —M.N.01: 01

The downfall, the commotion, which started from the beginning
The doctrines sold us tales of a loser who was, in some way, always winning
The prayers and the weeping, the blood, it all melded together
The downfall, the storm, nature crying; it's the mood, it's the weather

Read between the lines, read each word slowly
Speak low, watch your tone, it's sacrilege, it's 'purely' unholy
To suggest that it's false, to question the pages
To ignore the past, to over-look the imbalance in the stages

What brought us here? —what caused the storm?
Who was the marauder, who were the thorns?
Who were the roses and who were the petals?
Who were the failures, who won the life trophies and the medals?

For the earth's reign, the earth's failure?
The human race, there's a real tale here;
The Mother bleeds, the Mother cries
The precipitation is over; the Mother dies

Do you understand the disturbance in this story?
Do you comprehend the death and the glory?
Spill the secrets; in every verse,
Explain the truth before being sentenced to silk black sheets, a coffin, and a ride
inside a midnight black hearse.

The Mother's Story, watch it unfold:
Watch as it's delivered, watch as it's told.
Each page carries something; there's so many clues;
It's a Revelation you must figure out how to use.

Black Hole Fun

I'm falling down
Even further down I go
I'm falling down
Even further than I know
This hole is deep
The walls surround me
I'm chained and gagged
And no help is around me
Do I feel pain?
Or do I feel pleasure?
Is it this madness—
I long for and treasure?
I dig into my flesh
I claw at my skin
How the hell did I get here
When did this begin?
Further and further
I seem to keep falling
Though, in the distance,
I can hear myself calling
Begging and screaming
Shouting—in pain
As I fall even further
As I'm falling, in vain!
It is my cure
THIS IS MY RELEASE
From all the madness,
And the most deranged beliefs
So yeah, I'm down,
I'm down again
Because once you've fallen down
Being 'down' doesn't end.

© copyright 2004-2024 Black Hole Fun Axley Jade Blaze

Axley Jade Blaze

Happily Never After

From conception she's been molded
Those mag-pie eyes, large and exaggerated
The doll-hair tightly woven the night prior for lovely wrinkles in her hair
Just the way Mama taught her
She draws lines above and beneath the lid
Her skin with its dishonest coat of precision
The paste, the eye crayons, stain on the lips;
False imagery, conditioned to believe in a seamlessly woven tale
Happily ever after, taught by five.
They refuse to animate the tale's culmination:
Prince Harming, the one she'll unquestionably entice with her offerings
After all, After-ever, isn't that the purpose?
What she's been born into and cursed with?
To sculpt, to invent
From birth—the point when her molder provided the clay
The moment the potter sent her on her way, patterns and traits already sealed in
stone?
Not gently, not suggestive, but impressionistic, super-glued, embossed and
tattooed
Cemented, forever after.

© copyright 2017-2024 Happily Never After

Axley Jade Blaze

It's Raining Daggers (Precious Heavy Metals, Pt.3)

His rage was his beauty, and it was like the edge of a sharp and potent but aged dagger.

A Kandinsky painting, timeless;
And senseless as well, without closer inspection.

One had to be willing to comprehend it.
Explore it.
Put the pieces of the mystic's core and layers together.

He had the visual aspect that, perhaps, an acid trip could exploit.
Colors enhanced, when stimulated and stimulating.
More layers and designs through the kaleidoscope.

He had raw magnetism, were-wolfish, with burgundy colored eyes and fine freckles on his nose.
The only inkling of an infantile past—that nose, bulbous at the tip, and charmingly wide,
Like that of a small boy.

All of this coupled with his soft voice,
Contradicted by a masculine demeanor
It was a violent storm with beauty.

It was like raining daggers.
Something extraordinary but deadly.
Something unattainable.

A storm I couldn't weather,
And couldn't obtain in full;
Ever.

Still, I stepped outside in bare feet,
Walking toward the storm with utter defiance.
And mysterious bravery.

I welcomed the storm, was impregnated by it,
Stomach full and round.
Ready to produce the kind of magic only the dreamers write about!

I was ready to walk on the edge.

I was ready to follow.

No matter if it was only a cliff I was headed towards.

I was ready for the storm.

To make love to it.

Ready to give birth to knives.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Pink Cloud

Recovery,
That was the goal
Discovery,
As I bared my soul
Happiness, it came
Happiness, it faded
And then followed misery,
As I became more jaded
I believed in the concept—
I trusted their lies
I murdered the drugs—
The drugs; I despise
The surrender from chemicals
The surrender of dope
But happiness fades,
And now, I have lost hope
The murder—it seemed
Was a resolution
It sounded so magical
It seemed the solution
A sky—colored bright
A seductive landscape
Fluorescent skies, majestic mountains
Gorgeous landscapes, and spectacular fountains
But illusion fades
Pink clouds can dissolve
And once more, sadness invades,
And I have no resolve.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Weeping Willow

Her personage was Willow
Her branches; the way the leaves draped from them
Like a woman's negligée, one size too large
Sheer and revealing, a little glimpse
Effortlessly seducing all
Wordlessly enchanting
Like the virginal sexual angel;
There's a secret magnetism there
In Willow
She has so many buried treasures, captivating
And, the weeping, there's a beauty to her malady
In her silent cries, and dried leaves and eyes
No matter which tree is on a pedestal next to her, eyes are drawn to Willow
More significant trees battle for the limelight
Beg for the flash of the camera, with an inclination to be swamped by the
masses, photographed
Flattered, they welcome the fevered Nature-Razzi
Modeling their maturation, their outgrowths, and their leaves
Yet, Willow remains so soundless
She is gorgeous in all her melancholic allure.
What underground tales are buried?
How many stories lie naked in her leaves?
Does each offshoot highlight her evolution?
How deep do the roots go?
The longer the root, the older the tree?
The deeper the secret? The more powerful the entity?
Many trees stand with her
But we always, always first desire Willow.

© copyright 2018-2024 Weeping Willow

Axley Jade Blaze

Making Love To The Storm

Walking through time
Lost in some riddle
Life, inside the rhyme,
I pen a mantra
While I play the fiddle

The song that I play—
The tune I am humming
A melancholy delay
Filled with death-lust
As I'm drumming

Artaud's nightmare,
Rothko's obsession
Drowning in despair
In the waves of the sea—
I lose possession—

Of my consciousness, my voice.
I can't shout for help.
Should I bow down and rejoice?
Or sit here in agony—
Full of mind-bruises and welts?

Should I welcome this thing—
This violent, dark death?
Is there a song left I should sing?
Head towards what's right—
Is right all that is left?

© copyright 2017-2024 Making Love to the Storm

Axley Jade Blaze

Bewitched

The Volcanic Impact of our sex
You the reasonable, capable, and even courageous, opponent.
I lick my lips with thirsty ambition.
Feel me—
Why I have the power to cause storms, war, and plague
Within you.
Tell me:
With this confession, will you burn me at the stake?

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Axley Jade Blaze



PoemHunter.com

Material Storm (We, My Lost Generation, The Debris)

'There's a material storm brewing, there's a deathlike demolition on its way. We, The Lost Generation, float aimlessly, we are the debris, the drifters, and this is the only solution. The unfortunate ending, the resolution, the only conclusion.'

I write the silky lightning
I pen the hurricane's delight
My wounds; the storm
My womb, the breathless child, unborn
Assassinating both love and purpose.

Bludgeoning gentle caresses
While my demeanor depresses
So I demand fury instead,
I require an awakening from The Grim Reapstress
To be rose from the dead.

True succession
Would be to make a resurrection
To cultivate the erection,
From the beast that will destroy me.

My words are my bible,
My handbook for life.
Or maybe just a guide on how to find
Relief with a knife.
Use the razor-sharp edge;
Pierce my psyche
Screw my soul
Pillage my innocence
As you fill every hole.

...With perversion,
Sorrow deserts me.
An antidote causes the desertion,
As madness converts me!

I write the silky lightning
I pen the hurricane's delight
I dance in Death's tornadoes

Making love to the rich murk of midnight

My dispiriting words cultivate
Your carnal, passionate hate
I write the poems that gouge through you
It's a scorcher, it's the electric screw
And, YOU know WHO I mean, of course, YOU DO.

Subliminal, is it also sublime?
Forcing these flames and the fire to intertwine?
Giving a shove right over that line—
Boundaries cross, will we walk this path in time?

I write the roaring, beastly thunder,
I pen the hurricane's delicate delight
I write with a fever pitch
Cultivating violence and the fight.

Never made for this world:
Can't be the calm before the storm
Only made for this world's—
Violence to be born.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Ode To The Fer De Lance (We Named More Fien)

She never came to me wholly innocent,
She was venomous by nature, and even I knew what that involved.
Yet there was a prevalent, morbid fascination with her almost graceful and silent
ability to attack.
Strike. Seize. Conquer. Demolish.
The type of phenomenon that causes you to stare at a disaster blankly, deer in
headlights, frozen, and immovable.
To muse a five-car collision, a rotting corpse. The morbid appeal, even when you
know what that equates to.
It's an inner craving, an unconscious and secret wanting, relentless, and without
aim.
Still, I heard the narrative, and that kept me at a distance for some time, while I
toyed with other snakes. Cottonmouths, and pythons, popping them in my mouth
like candy. Testing them and their own savage effects.
Their venom or rage, their violence you see, while potent, only numbed and
sickened me after for a time, but they were never fatal in their deliveries, in their
offerings, in their attempts. Only sufficient enough to alleviate a different sort of
painful sensation, forcing me to refocus.
And I always said the same thing, 'I'll toy with the others, but I WILL stay away
from her! '
The Fer-de-Lance, MoreFien, she was called.
The deadly viper, with her treasured, precious poison.
In survival, comprehension of toxins is vital.
Yet, there it was;
The poking, prodding, the voice as persistent as a hungry, fevered mosquito.
Curiosity always lingering compulsively, like a trail of crumbs too small to see.
Too insignificant to therapy; to dust away for good.
As time went on, I became more fearless.
I wrapped the Boa around my neck, swallowing her offerings with ease.
I unchained the rattlesnake for a moment, let her out of the bag.
She was as close as it gets: sweaty, glistening skin.
Pupils dilated, the venom came in a package that time
But they were just samples, small tastes of what was in store.
Looking back, it's unfathomable I believed I had any control.
As if I would succeed when she came in for the kill.
As if I could will natural selection. Command it. Commandeer it.
And finally, one day, I decided to approach her.
Carefully, with ease, small steps that grew larger.
Instantly, her effect was hypnotic, and I offered my wrist for the biting—

The Fer De Lance. I envision how she whirled in and bit. My core was overtaken;
nobody survives the venom of such a magnificent beast.
Asphyxiation. No ventilation, as my veins were bursting.
Heart rate down to nothing, beneath the white waves, a looming cloud.
The way her toxicant swam through the bloodstream, curling into my bones.
The way suffocation almost feels like heaven for one minute; with her substance
both the poison and the antidote all rolled into one.
Something devastating and yet, exquisite.
Then there was all that skin open for the shedding which provided something
else—masks.
By the time she revealed her true self, I was baited for the kill.
I was already gone.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Rainbow Bright (Even My Rainbows Are Grey)

Drain the color
From my skin
A brand-new start
As I begin
I wish I could just
Be transparent
Invisible girl,
Glow, no longer apparent
Don't look at me—
A colorless nymph, now,
Please, let me be
If there's a fix—I'll unravel it,
Somehow
Blend into dust
And, linger somewhere.
Like everything else,
Dissipating
In the air

© copyright 2017-2024 Rainbow Bright (Even My Rainbows Are Grey)

Axley Jade Blaze

Prism Of Panic (Pt.3 True Colors: Original Tone)

The diagnostic statistics manual forgets to tag it 'vicious',
There's an authentic disease among us,
It is not fictitious
It's like a prism that scales from bliss to complete hell,
It documents the reason why I lost myself, I fell:

It starts off lovely, perhaps delicious
Like a shade of magenta so gorgeous, it's ridiculous
Jovial bliss—to the extreme
But when it evaporates you'll freeze, and you'll start to scream

It's replaced by a vermillion, a brightly colored red
A red that is poison, and almost like pure static
You're running in circles, imprudent and erratic
As you start to pace, and your rhythm goes towards panic
You'll soar through the sky, it's defined as manic

But then it's eclipsed by something more untamed.
Fire, fire—the house went up in flames!
Vibrancy in orange shades, but deadly as it takes you,
It bleeds, and it batters, and it pillages and rapes you!

Replaced yet again by a stark, fluorescent yellow
Yet, you cannot describe it as something close to mellow
Anxiety and racing thoughts hold your mind hostage,
And you are sobbing and shouting, you feel as though you've lost it.

As pleasure went from bliss to mania, then to utter panic,
Yellow moves to neon green as you become more frantic
The prism fades from elation to the most dreadful kind of sorrow.
The lively things, they fragment, as you fear to face tomorrow

It finally develops into an oceanic blue that's dark and deepens,
Your depression hits you—as you freeze and start weeping
It's agony to lift one finger; sleep dominates your time
All that ringing everywhere; it's the death bell chimes.

Asking when and why this prism conquered your life
A discomfort so laborious, you're screaming for a knife

Welcome to the world where you're depressed, mad, and manic
Characterized by grief and death, it's the PRISM OF PANIC!

©copyright 2017-2024 Prism of Panic (Pt.3 of The True Colors Mini-series:
Original Tone)

Axley Jade Blaze

Brightest Crayon In The Box

Years pass, years gone.
Singing the same bluesy song.
Vivid presence, but deadly hesitance
No reliance, shattered dreams
Down, I fell, I bled and screamed.
I tried so hard to pursue it.
Life, I mean—I wanted to do it.
I find it arduous; I find it tragic.
I find it abused,
Ignored for its magic
I always needed;
To question more
Persistently asking—
How and why, and what for?
Wanting answers, needing guidance.
Searched for eons
Couldn't find it
I stand today, I stand and say
I refuse to be exterminated.
I will not be terminated.
Among the ruins, stomped, defeated
I will swear my cause, never retreating.
No white flags, no more shame
Shed the Cimmerian name
I am here now, and I am breathing.
And, for the first time,
I look—and, I'm seeing;
truth in existence, the apodeictic reason
To deny it now would be treason
Now I shine; yet aphotic but bold
I stand up, no longer cold
No longer shivering, no longer freezing
The ice dissipates as I enter a new season
And, whatever this is—
I now choose to hold it
I've decided to use it
To shape and mold it
A revival here
A resurrection

The slaying of dis-ease
Yes, the death of this infection!

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Axley Jade Blaze

Green Mamba (Pt.3 Of The Jungleuphoria Mini-Series)

Welcome to the jungle!
This dim, reticent place
A garden of misery
Painted, with a deceiving face

And, the apex predator—
The one and only creature
The snake slithers by
She's the garden's topmost feature!

Green Mamba—
She appears so delicate and tame.
But, once you taste her venom;
you'll never be the same
The poison starts to flow
Straight through your bloody veins
Then, your organs, they will rot
As she seizes the remains

She is holy unholy
In her acrimony
She is twisted elegance,
in her ceremony!
When you beg for escape,
And, you try to unfreeze your veins.
Your violence; she outmatches
Your will; she untamed!

Once more, when she injects you,
it goes right into your heart!
You wonder how it's possible;
The reaction's like an art!
Twisted, beautiful, seductive, and delicious
Like a bath, you'd take in heaven—
Though, it's quite vicious!
But, the serenity starts fading.
As does the pleasure of this bath
And you are stapled to earth's mattress—
Now you must face the aftermath.

As you collect the litter
Your organs spread around;
You try to fight and kick her.
You lay nude and on the ground.
You kiss the sheets of the garden,
As you confess that she caged you.
And, the rest of life's board game?
It always enraged you.

Until the sting of the mamba
Seemed to make the most sense
But then, you became her prey.
No longer hiding in the thick of bushes—dense.
You opened a wrist
You welcomed her to bite.
You made love to her poison—
Intoxication and delight!

You developed into a prisoner,
'Till this day, you can't quite grasp it—
Perhaps she was the test.
And in this case, you didn't pass it.

© copyright 2017-2024 Green Mamba (Pt.3 of the Jungleuphoria Mini-series)

Axley Jade Blaze

Deep Black Sea

Beautiful Death;
Yes, I hear the call.
Glorious murder—
As I start to fall!
One final breath—
I no longer stall.
Ecstasy reigns—
Over it all
The Little Black Death
The coal black, dark sea
It suffocates, and it seizes
And, imprisons and enslaves me
A bursting white light
The white waves crash down
As I cry out inside
But, don't make a sound
Beyond the grave—this is much faster
I speed, as I swim
Headed, straight for disaster.
Blackest black heat
Whitest waves glisten
As ecstasy reigns
Cannot undo it
Can't make a change
The Little Black Death
Chokes, and sedates me
Suffocated by euphoria
As death finally rapes me.

© 2017-2024 Deep Black Sea

Axley Jade Blaze

Valley Of Disney Dolls

Smear the face with beauty paste
Stain the lips, swollen, red and just-kissed
Or bitten?
Ravaged, or rewarded and smitten?
My mouth filled with regrets
Swallow them, hide them
Filled with rotten contents, so I denied them
Ugly truths and rotting fruit
Poisoned apples, as I lie
Paint my hair, color my eyes
Thick coats of each
Appear flawless so I can hide;
The dying dream, the succession
My emotional core starts regressing
Dull the fire, counterfeit lights
Dark worlds are always there
A constant winter or midnight
Remember to appear perfect and petite,
Lifeless, breathless, alive, and deathless
That's the real world, uncurled and unfurled
Broken, together, dissolved then revealed
Again, no breathing, no breath, no life—
Is this eternal, is this death?
The errorless world does not exist!
Neither does the tree, the fruit, the frog or the kiss
No more words, the world that's a dream
Dead and left floating aimlessly in this stream
Mouth cracked open, as I scream, and I gulp for a breath
In happily never ever
Perfect, and life-less
Encompass the doll, bewitched by misery
Now, in my life, there is no more mystery
And I decide not to breathe
—Why would I even try?
Dolls they don't breathe,
And, see; so dolls they must die.

Womb-Stone (Elegy For The Madonna)

The Madonna is weakening.

We don't seem to concern ourselves with it because her graceful quietus
confuses us; is an unknown universe to us, unmarked territory.

We ignore the vociférer, we ignore the content, we overlook the tale, we stick
cotton in our sensory receptors.

We are shrouded from it by all that is mendacious; the illusion, the
misconception.

We ignore the repeat in the cycle, the alteration, and the end to every
beginning's end.

We ignore our destiny sealed in stone.

The human BEing; this tragic design, tragic story and unfortunate frame of mind.

The Mother may be gorgeous, but we are not.

We are a failure, an experiment gone wrong.

We are a contradiction, two battles in one design.

We are equal parts one and then the other.

Opposites merged in a torment that never ceases!

No white flag waving from the man, nor the animal,

The human, nor the being.

We have forsaken the Mother, her earthy creations

For a material world, superficiality; an artificial, all-physical reality.

We worship the manufacturer, pitiful consumers addicted to and lustful for all
things tangible.

Is it to convince ourselves the sensual, emotional, beastly part is non-existent?

The execution of the beast only creates more destruction.

That subtle irony; the more human we strive to become, the more animal
instead.

A mold that is untruth at best.

Horrific, hideous, repulsive at worst!

We were damned from conception, from the time of birth.

© copyright 2018-2024 Womb-stone (Elegy for The Madonna)

Axley Jade Blaze

Eyes Leaking Blood

Tears of rain, are these tears from pain?
The Earth is crying. We trample the atmosphere,
Stomping her magnificent design, in vain
She's sighing, and it's unavoidable—now she's dying
Mother Nature, crying blood
Every drop is so heavy, that it hits the ground with a thud!
She quakes, she cracks, she exhales a tornado.
There are no means with which to calm this storm.

Her sigh—the wind is howling, the clouds leak blood,
She quakes, she cracks, and can't control the flood!
It's a tornado, the atmospheric phenomenon—her mood, devastation
She calls this revenge, will she be avenged?
This mood, this storm
A womb-stone, aborted—or unborn
The biological process was never the solution
Misery was the only conclusion
As this globe, it whirls and it swirls, I fill with chills

The Earth—the air has a bite, she may do it—she just might
Suspire one final breath, a natural disaster
Slice through the Earth, like an atomic bomb—but even faster!
She yields—no resurrection
No temporal order, or revival
She doesn't care any longer about our survival.
Human beings don't get it;
We're savages to her, then regret it,
We damage her, then deny it
But never again will she buy it!

Our false commitments, fake prayers
Another cycle of destruction, as persistent and consistent
As the very cycle of life, the sequence of the globe.
But it all comes to a pause now, it slows,
The contradiction of living, the misguided choices
The wail of an infant, the death, shrieks, and voices—
The end of our children, the cry of the wild
Wars plaguing the streets, everywhere there is defeat
We're entrenched in denial,

Genocide, desolation.
Now we wait with hesitation,
No idea where to go or what to do, no purpose, no clue:
If the Mother dies, we perish, too!

Crystallized homicide, mingled with suicide
Is this what we desire?
What we finally decided?
Make a decision—which causes an incision, straight through the four-chambered
heart
Desperate for expiry, dying to depart, to pull the trigger, as blood splatters
Organic matter, with a silver spoon on a golden platter!
The sins our committed, and the result is no winners
Just one after another, a cult filled with sinners
The solution grows thick, the problems, they mount
None of it pauses, the destruction never gets thinner
Instead, now she's DEAD—and we die right beside her
Floating through bloody waters, we dare not defy her

As everything dies, nobody tries
To weather the storm, to end the demolition
As I scream I shout out this premonition!
And I'm a sad girl—watching the death, as I take my last breath
I whisper goodbye
I feel the exhalation—I feel her final sigh
At last, it ends, she cries and sighs
And all else withers, and with her, it dies
We all bid our farewells
Without the Mother there's no trying, no denying we're dying, never surviving,
least of all thriving
A perfect storm, finally it was born, as ironically we whisper 'so long! '...
And just like that, we're gone.

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Axley Jade Blaze

2cents (Priceless Metals, Pt.1)

Make You Wiser With a Penny?

Give my own two cents instead, which is plenty!

Every penny counts

Got to nickel and dime it

Got to pay for me to rhyme it

Got to pay when you define it

Each coin is a gift and a curse

Each word is me taking another dive

In the dead-pool

Straight into the hearse

Sealing the coffin

Each word is so priceless

Because each causes death

It makes me feel more lifeless

I'll sell my soul, here; take it—

Can no longer make it

Can no longer fake it

Can no longer wait for it

Money for these words?

Honey, it's the curse

Which leaves me wishing

I was rotting in some hearse

A nice long nap in the casket

Another snuggled-up stay in the basket

For the headcases

A nice trip to Black Hole Fun

I can't stand it any longer!

Retire from it all;

Feeding you this poisonous

Black sun

The funeral home was laughing

It laughed at me and said:

'Darlin' now they've got you—
you let them truth soldiers shoot you dead.'

© copyright 2018-2024 2Cents (Priceless Metals, Pt.1)

Axley Jade Blaze

The Touching Prayer

There was once a time, in a world with a stark, bright light
There was an era, now surpassed, but yes—for a time, things were smooth and going right.

There was a place in her brain that she nearly occupied full-time
A place where her soul was safely tucked beneath her mind
Before she surrendered and gave up everything she owned;
Including her thoughts, her heart, her soul, her lips, her limbs, her home!
—To a world so murky, a cold world

How to explain this story? How to be told?
Simplified; the woman was destined to be great
She had control to determine her ultimate fate
Yet, that world vanished, just like that
It was GONE

As she began a tragic ballet—
To Death's final song

She took a plunge; she took a chance
—and that drug it 'took her' at first glance!

Captivated and intrigued was she, as that drug it teased and teased, you see
She wanted this drug more than she wanted to breathe eventually
It became her oxygen, her only lifeline
Yet, she knew it would kill her, all in good time.

So she began to panic, she started to scream,
As she desperately tried to break out of this nightmare, this dream
But, she kept going, she kept on the walk

Yes, she pushed forward until she couldn't even talk!

She begged for her rescue, she screamed for escape
But, this drug just continued to take and to take
Until she was empty, and angry, and beastly, and grim
She fell to her knees, yet she still lived in sin
Screaming, 'why me? '—she searched for her savior
'Please help me, God, do me this favor! '

And she lifted her head and rose as she stared
She witnessed the many faces of those who did care
She wanted to touch them; she wanted to see
She wanted to be able to live and to be—
Somebody wise, ambitions once again that were great
Somebody that she would no longer hate
So she reached out a hand, a finger she grazed
She felt the warmth; she sat there amazed;

Somebody living, somebody alive
She touched somebody who had not yet died
A soul that was real, a soul that was breathing
A soul that was warm rather than freezing
And the finger, it slid across her face
And the girl, she was able to finally erase
All the madness, discomfort, and tears
She deleted the addiction, and with it—all of her fears
And she let in the light so that she could be—
Able to live, and to breathe and be free.

© copyright 2010-2024 The Touching Prayer

Axley Jade Blaze

Distorted Rainbow (Pt.2 Of True Colors: Original Tone)

I'm feeling like the shade of Grey
Yes, today, I'm feeling Grey.
Depressed and alone,
I feel frightened, cold.
When I am this shade of Grey,
My demons don't seem to fade.
But please, Grey—
Just go away
And leave for
At least one day.

Today I'm feeling almost
like the color pink, this time
I'm feeling quite lovely
I'm feeling quite proud
So I laugh, and I grin
Yes—
I laugh right out loud!
Life is fabulous,
Life is good,
Life is going—
Exactly how it should.

Then, Grey, you do return.
And my soul starts to burn.
Grey, you're back, indeed.
This enormous sorrow—
It seems through you, which I feed
But this is what I do
It's always YOU
Who I cater to!

Before I can accept you, Grey,
And before I can reject you, Grey,
Pink—she does shine through
And Grey;
I no longer have to deal with you.

As I start to feel accomplished
And I begin to feel relieved
It's no longer the sorrow, Grey,
Which I use to live through, to feed.

Yet before I sigh a sigh,
Of the most content relief,
GREY—
You do return!
I start to lose belief.
I walk the streets alone.
You are grey as dark as charcoal
You are grey as cold as stone
Or perhaps a deep grey sky
Or smoke that's passing by...
Whatever the shade
You are no color!
Please go away
Or, hell—pursue some other!
Grey
Grey
Go away
And, don't you dare—
Come back TODAY!

What happens next?
I cannot explain it
Grey, you fade,
But my mind? —
Pink—she can't retain it.
Black, you are here!
Yes, you are black!
But Black, you are agonizing,
Torture, in fact.
As I sit here in pain,
Everything of hue—
Black, you seem to drain!
Everything lifeless
It fills those sad black eyes
And all I abhor—
It is in the dark, I now realize!

And then, suddenly—
Black disappears
And Grey does not return,
Nor pink,
And now I'm scared!
The next to come along?
And sing a brand-new song? Crimson red—
I no longer feel numb
Nor do I feel dead.
My mind is flying
As I shoot through the sky
I feel like I'm doped up
Yes, I feel like I'm high
My mind starts to wander
My mind begins to race
My heart would explode
If it beat at a faster pace!
Red: she is remarkable.
Red: it's her; I need
This heightened level
I must conquer
From her, I FEED—
And she is so tasty,
She is delicious
Yet just as I start to swallow—
What happens next is vicious!

The taste of Black—
I'm forced to welcome back
Please, give her back
And, getaway—
GOD DAMN YOU, Black!

Then,
Red, again.
Oh, my LORD!
I cannot afford—
The fluctuating feelings
And mixed-up moods
Red, she is a vision
But, my sanity, she's stealing!
I'm no longer lost, in a frenzied panic

Yet here I am pacing, severely hypo-manic!

And yet—Black, here we go again!

You are my opponent

You are not my friend!

My world turns gloomy.

Everything turns cold

When Black you are around

It's you who claims my soul

I hate you

I hate you

I swear I do!

I've gone mad and

Lost without a clue

You are SO GOOD, Black

In doing what it is,

That you do

I cannot escape it!

GOD, I hate you!

You are so DREADFUL

You are so sick

Like a clock from hell

With a relentless tick

You make me feel hollow

Misplaced and depressed

Senseless

And psychotic

And obsessed.

Everything is silent

I only hear your voice

And when you around

I sob without a choice!

Yet, right before I take

One last, final breath

Red, she returns

As I'm on the brink of death

Every day is so much torture.

Every day is getting worse.

As I have daily visions

Of my riding in a hearse

But I'm not the driver
And I am not the others
I am the one you cannot see
Buried in blankets and covers
Locked away—
With the lid tightly shut
Because my heart was torn open
My soul—ripped up!
Both into so many pieces
I became a colorful disaster
Until death, I reached out for
So much God damned faster!

Pink...you were my friend.
Red...you were unrealistically great.
Grey...I despised you.
Black...we both knew my hate.

But it wasn't one
It was all four
Who caused this fight—
The worst kind of blood and GORE!

So, now I fade
Now, I'm gone
Now, I'm lost
Now, I haven't won

What a pity,
What a shame.
But which of you
Is it really to blame?

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Axley Jade Blaze

Verbal Psychosis (Mental Masturbation While Searching For The Happy Trail)

I got'sa bad case of mental masturbation
Can't close my mouth to stop the word regurgitation
The thoughts, they translate into this verbal sort of psychosis
While I attempt to medicate my brain with some hypnosis
To stop the words that form the thoughts, buried in the corners
In my mind, like some manic alphabet-crazed word hoarders
This gothic Tinkerbell spittin' on some MIC
I'm traipsing through the forest but can't find the happy hike!
So I turn around, and end up back into what I call neurotica!
Clawing at the walls, it's pure psychotica!
Screeching voices in my brain, locked inside
I look for refuge, I run and hide
But, the voices travel through my bones and marrow
Splashing all around like little droplets filled with sorrow
And, I can't do it, can't make the voices STOP
It's like I'm given a 0-to-1, unfair-and-unjust shot
And, my organs start to wither with my mind
There's no pause or stop button I can find
Peace, I ask? Or nothing, in the end?
As darkness remains my only friend...

© copyright 2017-2018 Verbal Psychosis (Mental Masturbation searching For The Happy Trail) Nicole D'Settemi

Axley Jade Blaze

Battlefield (Stories Of War, Intro)

I'm locked inside this prison
It's dark, and I feel battered
I'm caged inside this prison
Labeled a Freak—
with a spirit that's been shattered.

They think I am damaged.
They see I am so broken.
They're afraid of my rage.
They're concerned that I might choke them!

So that I can escape!
And then I can be—
Alive and resilient
And breathe and be free!

But, truthfully
I know that this
Will never ever be

These drugs are a prison.
And I feel I've been enslaved.
They cause tremendous weakness—
I don't feel resilient
I don't feel brave

I fall to my knees,
As I beg for my escape.
These drugs—they kidnapped me
And I'm forced to face the stakes!

I try to muster the strength.
I wrestle for my life.
But I still feel the stab internally
Pierced with the sharpest knife.

So, here, I do surrender.
To the drug once more, this time,
Yes, here's my story's summary—

Indeed, I crossed the line.

I desperately surrender
One more time again
In this world, I won't remember,
I am facing it; the end.

© copyright 2008-2024 Battlefield (Stories of War, Intro)

Axley Jade Blaze

With Everything Comes The Inevitable Blossoming Of Its Opposite

I watch our love dissipate
Smoke in the air
Like everything else,
I'm sure it lingers somewhere
Ten million tears
And now I am dead
But your inflamed ego
Mistakes the message for flattery instead
You love my pain
It feeds you, you say?
Does my obsession with death make you uncertain?
Well, I apologize if I'm ready to close the curtain.
This play has ended
The grand performance is finished
The actors fade out
As their spirits diminish
I wanted control; I wanted to own it
But the task seems impossible for even a moment
To unravel my mind is to make it through a maze
And I'm lost in the struggle
Of a cluster-fucked haze
With an army of soldiers, war floods my minds
As the bullets, they rip, and they tear, and they grind
Through the very fiber that produces a soul
But something is missing;
There's a big gaping hole!
I cannot fit in or be shoved in some slot
I cannot pretend to be something
—Or someone that I'm not!
For every definition
There's a fragile line
So to search and comprehend—
It's an impossible find!
All that I see is opposites standing on one end from the other
Yet the line, it grows thin,
and, soon, they're overlapping each other!
All of it bleeding one thing into the next;

As I try to understand,
feeling like I'm cursed or I'm hexed!
So, try to define me! —go on, I dare you!
My happy place is screwed up,
My happy place? It would SCARE you!

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Opposite

Axley Jade Blaze

Let's Paint The World Together

Let's pretend
Life isn't painful
And, love conquers all
Let's say;
It's how you get up—
And, not how you fall
Let's drown in clichés
And, choke on the words
Let's read a good poem
And, live by one verse
Can we say that we're heroes?
Battling this place?
Dominating evil—
As we live off the taste?
Maybe we'll be vampires
And, live for All Time
Can we turn into words—
And, live inside a rhyme?
How do we escape?
And, where do we go?
Let's say this is a Feature Film
And, not just a TV Show
Where we are the actors
And, life is the script
Can I be the spider—
If you get bit?
Say I am a widow
And, the venom is you
And, I'll live in a glass house
When you live in a shoe
Can we make believe—
Life is fair?
Can we pretend—
When we no longer even care?
Let's move to the Big Apple
And, take a bite out of crime
Let's pretend that we're gangsters
In a Japanese rhyme
I'll be the body,

And, you—the tattoos
Up and down the chest;
How much ink did they use?
I'll be a good joke
With you, the punchline
I'll be the jail cell
When and if, you do time
Can we just evaporate
Into thin air?
Will you be the Ferris wheel,
If I'm the fair?
Or how about a pair of eyes
If I'm the glasses?
We could both be like Gandhi
And, sway all the masses
Can I be Picasso?
If you're the paintbrush?
Will you be the alcohol?
If I'm the lush?
Together, we'll do this—
As we walk side by side
You are my oxygen
When I feel as if I have died
You be the coffin
And, I'll be the satin sheets
And, if you're the fire
I swear to be the heat!
Together we'll go—
We'll walk right through time
Like Johnny Cash—
Yes, we'll Walk the Line
Or perhaps we'll both be—
Part of the Ring of Fire
Hell—if you're the spark
I'll be the wire!
It's a journey, with you
In each way, my equal
Now, together let's paint—
This poem's sequel...

The Book Slams Shut

Tell me would I be more beautiful—
If I spoke just like you?
Would I be more willing,
To do the same things that you do?

Superficial and dead,
Yes, dead to the core.
Feelings are overrated,
They appear such a bore.

I felt them all once.
Yes, I felt them before.
Then I felt as if I was dying,
I knew I was not able to handle more.

I gave up on feeling emotions,
I became cold and displaced.
I wiped all the tears
—Which were streaming down my face.

I couldn't handle those emotional waves,
In love, then in hate.
So I ran from my feelings:
Ran away from feeling in such a weakened state.

Rage now ensues,
Sometimes I feel it.
But even my anger,
I can't seem to reveal it.

Life is so fickle,
It's all false, it's fake.
That is why it is this planet,
Which I now realize I hate.

I want to cut myself,
To see if I'll bleed.
This book now is finished;
It wasn't worth the read.

So I'm slamming it shut,
Yes, I toss it to the ground.
No hate is lost,
Only scorching passion—I've found!

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Axley Jade Blaze

Engraved

Dream of sorrow Envision Pain Through rivers of sadness In oceans of only vain
Dream of existence Then envision death And when the vision is over Tell me
what do you have left? Then you have my life Next you have my soul You have
my entire being, up for sale; Complete and whole All my pain All my frustration
Yet, only my sickest fantasies of death and self mutilation What else you might
retrieve The others gifts that are sent The confusion that knocked me down Untill
further down I went The words I could never articulate The feelings I could never
feel The fantasy I could never really taste And, the Reality to me that was NEVER
EVER real The life I did not live For only in my derranged head The cravings I
couldn't stop The cravings to finally be dead The infinite neurosis between my
heart and my mind My scream to pause this movie and worse my wish to hit
rewind To freeze my soul To escape my brain To run away To attempt to feel
sane To wish so hard To wish so much For a brand new stroke Away from Life's
touch Wishing more every day Wishing hard in every way Wish away wish I could
I think I might I think I should I scream out loud And it feels so good How I feel
is how you would What comes to mind Only one word should Though my
intentions were only good All of my life I've felt so damned...
Misunderstood.



PoemHunter.com

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Axley Jade Blaze

Make Love To The Dead (Death Is Beautiful Quartet, Pt.1)

Seduced by Darkness
A slave to the dead
A walking zombie
So many loose screws in the head.

Uncontrollable feelings
To slice the vein in my neck
And fall to the ground
A beautiful, bloody wreck

Dreaming of asphyxiation
To be choked, suffocated, and beaten!
Left in the darkness
Clawing and screaming

The Demons invade
Yes; they break through again
It's a cycle of lust,
An obsession over death that won't end.

Clawing at my skin
Ripping at the roots of my hair
Yet, I can't seem to find
One single reason left to care

Death? It consumes me.
It takes its hold and grips firm
The struggle is infinite
The voice is repetitive and stands stern.

I hear one million different voices,
But, they all say it too.
And, there's no way to break free
I have no fucking clue—

How it even began
But this IS my obsession!

And I'm riding the waves now—
Of a deep-rooted depression.

I want to bleed
To see if I'm real
But, even the deepest wound, it seems,
Cannot make me feel

So, embracing this fate,
It seems I've been given
I accept defeat
And allow myself to be bitten

By the bite of The Devil
As Death pulls at my soul
My breaths, they grow weaker,
My voice screams out, 'no! '

Yet, I continue this journey,
I go on and keep walking
And, as my body shuts down,
I am no longer talking.

I give in to this craving,
This twisted desire.
And, I finally embrace
—Death, as I drift higher.

© copyright 2011-2024 The Death Is Beautiful Quartet, Pt.2

Axley Jade Blaze

Silver Bells In The House Of Hell (Precious Heavy Metals, Pt.2)

I'm looking around,
But it's like everybody is broken.
Suffocation—no breathing!
We all seem to be choking.

Spread on the ground
Just like shattered glass
Oh, to be free—
Free of this place, at last!

Life, that is—
The Journey, the test
This God-forsaken battle,
We understand it less and less.

Yes, all the damaged people
They never asked to be here.
Filled with nothing but—
The most intense despair

We fall to our knees,
We beg to find salvation.
Ringing through the air,
You can hear our desperation.

I try to look away—
My eyes try to close
Because we ache so much inside,
But it's like it doesn't even show.

The darkness invades,
Ominous skies—they surround us
We're bound, and we're gagged,
And no light is around us!

We run, and we hide,
We then beg for a chance.

But Darkness, it is sly—
And it takes us at first glance.

I want to scream out loud;
But instead, I am choking.
Why are we so lost?
Why are we so broken?

We only see this murkiness,
So again, we try to hide.
But, then we cannot find—
A way to get inside!

So where do all the people go—
When they've become so broken?
How can we prevent the death
When they all are choking?

© 2011-2024 Silver Bells in the House of Hell (Precious Heavy Metals, Pt.2)

Axley Jade Blaze

Color Blind (Earthtones)

There is a world I search for
A planet, I try to find
I'm searching for a world
One that's color blind

Where race, it has no meaning
Where skin, it does not show
One, where people learn acceptance
Is one I'd love to know.

Where I can see your spirit
When I peer into your eyes, your face.
Without the focus monotonously directed,
on which shade, we title the race.

Where beauty defines itself
In an array of many shades
Where the masses join together
And the colors start to fade.

Where the shades, they lose their value
More importance, then, is placed,
on qualities more relevant,
something more than the apparent race!

No more hate! —I'm begging
Let no more cruelty reign!
Stop the faces soaring in an ocean
filled with a provoked, false shame!

Perhaps, one day race will have no bearing;
this day, I hope for, I pray
A day, we finally stop declaring
The importance is of the colors we display

Where is this place I hunt?
I search, I hunt, I plead.
Where is this place I long for?
I cry and fall; I bleed!

Because it's the spirit inside which matters
The soul; beaming and bright
For this to shine right through
I believe that we must fight.

Until the very end—
We must fight with our last breaths.
To stop the hate from spreading.
We must fight until nothing's left!

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Axley Jade Blaze

Beauty & The Feast

The man once told me:

'Take my hand, child, and everything will be okay.

And, if you let me touch you, all of your demons will fade away.'

He said:

'Here; try this stuff,

It will make you feel great.'

And I didn't see room,

or reason to debate.

The Man Said:

'Don't worry, my child;

Oh God, how you feel,

And Oh God how you look,

In those five-inch high heels.'

He said:

'Relax, my child!

Only for tonight,

Just for tonight, my child,

You are the cake's icing delight! '

The Man Said:

'Flying high, my child;

This is the way!

And, only with your body,

Mind,

Pride,

And soul,

Shall you pay,

—And perhaps with your sanity, '

He says with a grin

And then, it moves forward:

The torture begins.

He said:

'Lay down, my child

Don't you dare say a word,

Because I promise you this;
Your screams won't be heard! '

So, I do lie down.
I do obey.
And he is on point;
With my sanity, I do pay.

I dream of saying stop.
I want to scream, 'NO! '
But I can't seem to speak.
I just whisper, too low.

As he puts his hand
Over my mouth
I try to scream
And I try to shout!

I want to run fast
I dream of escape,
But my body and mind,
He takes, and he rapes.

Now, he turns into
Something eviler—
A beast
And now he sits down,
And prepares for the feast.

I close my eyes,
I swallow hard
I just keep thinking;
How did it EVER go this far?

I feel like a schoolgirl,
He seems like a teacher.
In a distorted world,
Where the devil's the preacher!

I'm not sure;
How much is my fault?
Was it rape? Or was it willing?

I don't know what to call it.

So confused, I was then—
So weak, naive', I was the one
I was just a child
I was vulnerable
I was young

The torture was awful,
The games were so sick.
In all of my life—
I never dreamed I would pick,
A place of such trouble
A kingdom so unsafe
An unwanted fantasy
That I still can't escape today

Everyday,
Again and again,
In my mind they are living;
The visions won't end

But, I stand today,
I stand up, and I say;
YOU were the predator—
And I was your prey!

Because you were the monster
That I must kill
And I know that I—
Now have the strength
And the will

I wave a hand
As I sigh with relief
I've freed myself now—
Yes, I've slain The Beast!

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Axley Jade Blaze

Queen Of The Jungle (Pt.2 Of The Junglephoria Mini-Series)

In the Jungle
The feline prevails
The pulse of the others
She violently steals

Slowly, she struts
With grace and with ease
Never—
Does she answer, need to appease

She truly is—
The Queen, perched on her throne
She is so lovely
She sits, so regally, so stone

Golden fur
The walk of a queen
The grin of a winner
So fine, and so lean!

Blood is her drug—
Blood, through the veins.
She starts to slice
And then, she does reign!

She raises her head
She knows that she'll win
And, her lips slowly turn,
Into a grin

The smile of victory
A heart made of gold
Physically, superior
Yet, a mind that's turned cold.

Instinct, it reigns
Over her choices

So she ignores society's demands.
Ignores their voices

Domestication
Simply, it is not her way.
And, eventually, they may all—
Be forced to pay!

So, allow her the liberty—
The freedom she needs!
Allow her to be able to—
Live—as she feeds!

Because it's time for the Queen
To return to her home.
Yes, it's time for the Queen.
To sit back on her throne!

© copyright 2008-2024 Queen of the Jungle (Pt.2 of the Jungleuphoria Mini-Series)

Axley Jade Blaze

Dinner Guest (What Meal Does A Sexual Deviant Prefer?)

He said:

'Let me touch, and everything will be okay.
And, if you let me touch you
All of your pain will fade away.'

He said:

'Here; try this junk,
It will make you feel great.'

So, I tried the junk.
And soon enough,
I was able to relate.

He said:

'There, there, little girl,
Oh GOD, how this feels.
And oh GOD how you look,
In those stilettos, those sharp heels! '

He said:

'Don't fret, little girl.
Only for tonight
Only for tonight, little girl,
You are the Menu's Delight! '

He said:

'That's right, little girl;
My, what pleasure, what fun!
Tonight little girl,
It is he and I who've won:

Your figure
Your thoughts
Your soul
We shall rape
We'll take, and we'll take,
And we'll take,

And we'll take it! '

He said:

'Flying high, my child

It is the way

And only with your soul,

Only with your spirit shall you pay!

And perhaps with your sanity, '

—He confesses with a grin

And, lost in vanity

I embrace these deadly sins.

I want to shout, 'NO! '

I dream to scream, 'STOP! '

As my mind and my soul

Start to wither and rot.

We sit, and we play;

We dig even deeper

I am the schoolgirl

And, he becomes my teacher

Dressed for the part

I begin to rehearse

While inside, I'm screaming

I cry

And, I curse!

Yet this I can handle,

I can manage.

It is what happens next,

That causes extreme damage.

The Monster enters

The Monster's unleashed

And, now I prepare

As the meal for this beast

When I'm instructed to stop speaking,

I am convinced I should lay down

They whisper: 'do not move a muscle,

don't make one sound! '

I'm abused like I'm a rag-doll
Used like a toy
Yet, I refuse to give in to
The death, by the hand of these boys!

I scream for some mercy.
I beg for some help.
But, nobody can hear me,
Or they won't help me out!

I am the one;
I'm the Main course
And for me, they're ready,
As I scream and my voice grows hoarse!

They alter my mind
My body quivers in pain
As they teach me
And, scold me
Yes—
They teach me;
As if a slave, I'm trained.

This world that surrounds me
It starts to spin and swirl
As I hear the laughter;
How they've tortured this girl!

This world I'm now stuck inside?
This world all around me?
This world is so ominous.
Yes, the darkness surrounds me!

This world is cold,
This world is mad,
This world is warped,
Yet, it's all I ever HAD...

So I'm giving in now;
To The Monster
The Man

The Evil
And, bad.

© copyright 2004-2024 Dinner Guest (What Meal Does A Sexual Deviant
Prefer?)

Axley Jade Blaze

The Missing Puzzle Piece

I try to think of
One reason you left me
And I try to envision
Why you did reject me

Yet, I cannot seem
To really place it
Your incessant need to keep using
Or, maybe I can't really face it

How could I provide you
With what heroin could?
How could I give to you
What that drug, it could?

So seductive, so peaceful
Even graceful when dying
As we'd shoot through the sky
So high we were flying

I think of your smile
I remember those eyes
So Sad
And, so blue
A devil—in disguise

YOU—were my drug
YOU—were my breath
And now it is over
And now I face death

So empty—I am
I feel as if I am dead
I now close my eyes
Because I cannot look ahead

I remember the touch
—The touch of your hand
I remember those emotional waves

Which I now know that I can't stand

And now part of me wants
—Wants you to bleed
To scream and to cry,
To feel, and to need!

To know what it feels like
To be abandoned
For you to do this to me
I could never even have fathomed

Yet, there it is—
The writing has been written
Across the wall
And I feel like I've been bitten

By something powerful,
And deadly,
And raw
Like the bite of a viper,
Yes, I freeze,
But, don't thaw.

As the venom starts flowing,
Right through my veins
I shriek,
And I choke,
As I now lie in pain

I try to get up—
Yes, I try to fight
But I can't find the value;
It just doesn't seem right

So, I kiss you goodbye,
And then, I spit in your face!
It is your existence that I—
Dream to erase

Your voice,
And your sorrow

Your anger,
And despair
And the notion—
That you, you don't even care

One time we lived
United, as one,
But, that time has ended:
Yes, we've come undone

And, like a missing puzzle
It's centerpiece
I'm left strewn and scattered,
Overcome by defeat

Yet, you will be the one
To eventually lose
When you are the one
Who again starts to use

And you'll use until it's over
And you're ripped
And you're broken
As you sit on the floor
Left rotting and choking!

And then I will chuckle,
Hell—I might even grin
My life I'll renew
A new life, I will begin.

© copyright 2010-2024 The Missing Puzzle Piece

Axley Jade Blaze

Flaming Flourescence (Have You Ever Been To Hell?)

Have you ever been to hell?
Well, I can paint just how it looks:
It sits inside a needle,
Guarded by the crooks.

All the Devil's children,
Stealing souls by day
Whether or not we beg,
Or what we do or say.

They take away our freedom,
As we're cuffed and tied right down
We try to scream out loud.
Yet, we cannot make a sound.

The Devil's guards they are
As they stand outside the cage
Dressed in body armor
With a catastrophic rage.

And, once you're locked inside.
You cannot even breathe.
So, you better prepare—
And remember you can't leave.

Poison, it does come—
In many forms and shades
It tears apart the people,
Who became the Devil's slaves!

Fighting for someone
To try to stop the demons.
As they enter deep inside
You can hear the victim's screaming!

Yet, no exorcism works;
The soul, it has been taken.
The pain they override,
As each life has been forsaken.

© copyright 2010-2024 (Flaming Fluorescence) Have You Ever Been to Hell?

Axley Jade Blaze

The Scenic Route

There was once a time,
I tried to walk the line
On the path of straight and narrow
Looking for the ideal hero
Yet, stopped was I that day,
Stopped, was I—along the way
As I made my way down the route,
I found this drug
And wanted to know what it was about
What did it feel like, and how did I use it?
Could I try it—and then not abuse it?
So I gave it a shot, yes—right in the vein
Hell, I gave it a shot, yes—I played the game
Playing to win, I gave it my all
I played 'till I started, I started to fall
I fell so deep and I fell so hard
That now I'm injured, yes now I've been scarred
Yet down this same road, I carried on walking
As my shadow faded, death did the talking
Like a corpse with a tag, I could not even breathe
Yet on I continued, 'till I could barely see
My feet were blistered, my clothes were torn
My body was bruised, my integrity worn
I screamed to myself; 'how did I get here? '
'How the hell did I fall into this deadly love affair? '
Yet when I tried to turn in another direction
Heroin took over, like a deadly infection!
Still, there I was walking down that same road—
I sat and I shivered from the weather so cold
The scenery was twisted, the visions were sick
Once again it was that dark route that I picked
'Heroin, just leave me, ' I begged and I pleaded;
'This journey is pointless! '
But it felt as though it was also exactly what I needed!
'Heroin, I LOVE YOU, ' I seemed to keep saying,
Like an album on repeat—it kept on playing,
Over and over, as I walked down the road
I tried resting as I shivered, from the weather so cold
But the colder it got, the more freezing each season

I started to think, I started to reason:
What was I doing? Why was I here?
Why did I take part in this dangerous love affair?
So I stopped for a second, and I sat and I paused,
And I started to realize this was all for no cause
Only towards expiry this journey had me headed,
As my unity was suffocating, and my pride, it was shredded
Then quiet I grew, so solemn, so stoic
Realizing this course was in no way heroic
I wouldn't be the savior, nor would I be saved
Nor would I be enlightened, nor anything I craved
So I finally stopped, and I turned right around
I fell to my knees, yes, I fell to the ground
Over this head trip, sick of this path
Ready to move on, to be freed from this wrath
No longer shivering from the weather so cold, it was freezing
Forgetting the journey, the path, and the season,
I surrendered myself—I finally chose
To try a course of action, that I didn't yet know
And today here I stand— I shout, and I run!
As this malady unravels, and it comes undone,
Goodbye—I say as I start a journey anew
Goodbye—Heroin—yes; adieu to you.

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Axley Jade Blaze

Fallen Angel

Fallen Angel
Can it be?
Fallen Angel
Cannot see

Blinded, by the evil ways
Misery-filled, endless days
Now her wings, they've turned black
Because she cannot
Find her way back
Her head starts spinning
As the white stuff is winning
Nose, it drips
Throat; she grips
Voice—it cracks
Depth it lacks
On she talks
She falls
She stumbles
She cannot even walk!
Dilated eyes,
This angel in disguise
Friendships, they are fake,
And minds they are raped.
Laughter and love—
She had, up above
Mouth, growing numb
She feels like she's won;
At least for right now,
She is high again somehow
Breaths become deeper
Cravings make her weaker
One more time
—And then everything is fine
Searching for love
To escape up above
Eyes filled with pain;
Life is too plain
Euphoria we crave;

The weak, not the brave
And, again we give in,
Even she—
This Fallen Angel could not win
The room filled with dust
A sickness—a must
We take it all in
As we embrace this sin
Right in the nose
As we strike another pose
You know—the pose of the user
Just another fien'd out loser!
High, and so loud,
The room starts to crowd
Friends, they are not
They sit there, and ROT
As more elevated, they get
She's overwhelmed with regret

So, what is the way?
What is her choice?
Should she start to cry?
Or, should she rejoice?

But, Fallen Angel
What will ultimately become—
Of her life?
Of this fun?

Fallen Angel
Who is she?
Fallen Angel
Can it be?

Fallen Angel—
Yes, she's me.

© copyright 2002-2024 Fallen Angel

Axley Jade Blaze

That's Life (Green Grass, Blue Skies)

Green grass, blue skies
Afflicted people, tragic Goodbyes
Murky days, destitute nights
People dying, violent fights.
Frightened kids, scared moms
Divorced parents, lost bonds
Starving children, bloodthirsty thugs
Innocent victims, kids with drugs
Religion? —a disaster, Unvarying crime
Shot of a gun, every night at the same time!
Confounded youth, imperious adults
Child abuse, a planet with countless faults
Merchandising drugs, peer pressure
Spreading AIDS, prostitute pleasure
Daily abduction, victims of rape
So much pain, few ever escape
Turning to suicide, ending a life
Psychopaths everywhere, blade of a knife
The torment of loss, a broken heart
Agonizing love, being ripped apart
Homeless people, the agony from hurting
A love child, so many uncertain
Rage-filled teens, unstoppable STD's
Ashamed heritage, so many wannabes
Sibling hatred, dangerous obsessions
Opinionated critics, unwanted suggestions
Disloyal family, betraying friends,
As today begins, yesterday ends.
Despondent tomorrow, doubtful future
Demolishing one's mind, through sickening humor
The never-ending malady, too much disease
Does it ever stop? Someone tell me, please!
Animal torture, a newborn's cry
Abandoned infants, do we even try?
Sleeping around, Simply for lust,
Deceitful lovers, losing all trust.
Breaking the law, getting away,
Courtroom injustice; it's the victims who pay.
Who is wrong? Who is right?

Criminals admired? Have we lost sight?
Broken families, few who pray
The uncertain outlook, getting by each day.
Forgotten morals, money hungry fools
Disgraceful greed—those who use.

So many questions,
Yet so few answers
The wanting to know;
It happens much faster!
When did it happen?
How did it start?
Who is to blame—
For letting our planet fall apart?

© 1997-2024 That's Life (Green Grass, Blue Skies)

Axley Jade Blaze

Battle Of Epic Distortions

To 'feel'...that is what we call it—
Suppose I could steal...one moment. Or, maybe pause it.
If I could taste;
Life on my terms
If I could teach something;
That I didn't need to learn

Mindless banter,
So YOU make all the choices?
It's like a crack in the cranium
Or like one million screaming voices!

OH MY GOD—
I want to scream right out loud
I dream of snatching
One person who is part of this demented crowd

Violently angry
Filled with such rage
I feel suffocated and beaten
Locked in Society's cage

Does anybody even know—
what is up with this place we're trapped in?
The thoughts and the visions
I dream of erasing.

Voices like nails
Scratching down a board
I want to scream
And, to fight and be gored!

I'd rather die
A violent, bloody death
Versus staying in this place
As I am faced with what's left.

They're evil; they're clueless.
They drive me insane!

They cut, and they slice.
And, finally, I die in vain!

Beautifully hacked;
The most beautiful
Work of Art
And your soul it was mine—
Right from the start!

A Perfectly sculpted vision
of the Reaper
The story unfolds
As I fall even deeper

And, on goes the battle,
of this epic war!
Taken to the limit
Like never before!

The ending began
And, the beginning did end.
How much time did we waste?
How much time did we spend?

It doesn't matter
As of now, I say goodbye
I fall to the ground
With one final sigh

I bid my farewells
As I kiss the cheek of this earth
To continue with this life,
No, I couldn't see the worth.

No rhyme and no reason,
This chapter is closed.
The soul; it has withered,
As the scars are exposed.

Flirting With Suicide (Color It Red)

I lay in a coffin
Rest my eyes as I close the lid

Now, finally, of
—This sorrow, I rid.

As my body grows limp,
And my breaths start to lessen.
A gun slides in my mouth
As I pull the trigger of this Wesson

Spewing through the air;
Blood surely splatters
The sound is so raw—
It's mixed with organic matter.

The brain; flat-lines
As does the heart
Farewell—to the soul;
Was there one from the start?

Peaceful, and rested,
Now I shall be
Lost, in death's trance
Tossed, within the dream

Eyes nothing more than
A blank, lifeless stare
Donned in all black
Peace now fills the air

Waving goodbye
From a place deep within
No longer convinced—
This suicide is a sin.

Empty and lifeless
Yes, dead to the core
I dreamed of this apparition—

Yes, I dreamt it before

Now, in my demise

I find solace and peace.

I find my soul at ease.

As I now lay deceased.

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Axley Jade Blaze

If Death Had A Face, It Would Be Pretty.

A Porcelain Doll
Dressed like the Grim Reaper
In this pit of pure darkness,
I fall even deeper

Shrouded in mystery
Consumed by suicide
An obsession with control
Which I try to hide

Playing this life—
Like one hand of poker
Where I am the Queen
And God is the Joker

But, the Devil's the King
Who always reigns supreme
It's like a nightmare I'm stuck in—
Some screwed up lucid dream!

Skies of Vanilla—
Except that they're NOT
All I see is darkness,
Until my eyes start to rot

But then, a hint of some light;
Again—just a tease!
Another joke from the master
And now the skies start to freeze.

Hell may be on fire
But it's heaven that's cold
Eternal Peace?
I'm not entirely sold.

Fiction— I'll call it.
A masterpiece, even!
But darkness consumes me.
So, it's fiction I can't believe in

A view of this world;
With a masochist's telescope
Which leaves me in agony
With no faith and no hope

I try to look away—
Yes, my eyes, I try to close
Yet toward this dark pit,
It seems the path that I chose.

So, on I continue,
As if magnetically drawn
Again, with this riddle
As if God's only pawn

Yet, when I get close?
This puzzle—I start to solve
Right in front of my face;
The answers seem to dissolve.

Then, with reckless ambition,
To simply conquer DEATH,
I look to the sky
And I question; what's left?

Like a Pile of Ashes
I lay strewn on the ground
As my voice begs for freedom
Yet, I don't make a sound.

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Axley Jade Blaze

The Great Oh-Dee

One Pill
Two Pills
Three Pills
FOUR.

Ten Pills
Twenty Pills
Fifty Pills
FLOOR.

Fall down—
Hit the ground.

Eyes they blur,
Can't make out a word.

Spinning in circles
Unable to breathe
Legs, they are swollen
Feet, they feel weak
Both laughing and sobbing,
It looks like a joke
Like a game you don't want to join in
—With the clarity of the smoke
Reaching for help,
Needing a hand
Can't even try
To Sit
—Or to stand
Falling back down
Breaths become weaker
You're starting to drift
Drift even deeper
Hospital visit
At four in the 'morn
Heart, it seems broken
Insides feel torn
Parents—awake!
Daughter is dying

She's left in a heap
On the floor crying
Carted away,
Strapped to a bed
'You're lucky you're still
—Alive and not dead! '
But, it seems like a play
It doesn't seem real
Yet, it's this pulse that they crave
It's this life that they steal
Vials of blood
They seem to take
All smiles as a sanity
You continue to fake
Grinning through tears
You try to hide
All of your despair
You hold onto your pride
Regurgitation
Takes over now
Out with the bottle,
Out with it somehow
'Everything will be okay'—
You hear in your sleep
You hear them say
But, then you are choking
And dreaming and done,
And there simply is no way
That it's these pills that have won
When you awake
When you come to
The tablets are gone
And you are once again you
And, the pain it, subsides
For merely one day
As you fall to your knees
And you begin to pray
You thank the lord
You're still alive
And you let out a breath,
And you let out a sigh

As you finally see;
You realize
It just simply was not
Your time to die.

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