

Poetry Series

**Peter Madden**  
**- poems -**

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## Peter Madden(23/3/72)

i was Born in the dark ages of 1972 when fashion was scarier than the films of the day, i developed a taste for the weird and unusual at a very young age when i was given at the ripe old age of four a book of hieronymus bosch pictures which used to keep me amused for hours! , shortly later my sister gave me my first book of poetry T.S. Elliots book of practical cats as she had just been made head wardrobe mistress on a new musical in london based it called cats, i loved that book and went onto other things strange and wonderfull and developed a taste for nature, archeaology, history, fantasy novels and collecting pocket watches and keys....

these days im a Published poet, amateur photographer and swords salesman, the creator of the zombie defense league uk, live action role player, founder of the church of garfield and all round general eccentric geek :)

# A Creak Upon The Stairs

Stare into the mirror,  
look into your soul,  
feel the fear within you,  
consuming you whole,

what are you afraid of,  
theres nothing really there,  
it was your imagination,  
that creak upon the stair,

wasn't it?

but what if it wasn't?  
what if it was real?  
maybe there is something,  
a presence you can feel!

your heart pounds!  
the fear begins to rise!  
you start to turn around,  
dreading the suprise,

but theres nothing there....

your palms are sweating,  
and your spine is cold,  
you try to move,  
but the fear has taken hold!

you tell your self it was nothing,  
your mind playing tricks,  
trying stop the shakes,  
and from feeling sick,

you take a deep breath,  
and try to still your heart,  
thinking calm thoughts,  
just for a start,

unclenching your hands,  
breathing out a long sigh,  
relaxing your muscles,  
you feel the fear die,

...what was that? a creak upon the stair? ....

Peter Madden

# A Night In A Haunted House

I sit alone in the dark...  
the clock ticking behind me upon the wall...  
its sound breaking the suffocating silence only just...  
like the beating of times relentless heart..  
and marking the long hours till i see the dawn...

the dark beyond my candle light seems almost alive...  
filled with overactive imagination and unfounded fears....  
conjured monsters of childhood nightmares...  
return to bring their vengence for being forgotten...  
and in the dark the child inside screams in the night...

i sit alone mastering my fears in the dark...  
clutching at reason to dispell the shadows that haunt me...  
the dark is just darkness i tell myself in unsure tones...  
empty filled with nothing not even the light...  
i am alone and i am safe....

was that a creak just beyond the candles light? ...  
a sharp noise cutting through the silences deafening roar...  
the floors wooden bones moaning aloud in protest...  
violated by unseen footsteps in the gloom...  
am i really alone...?

i tell my self its just my childish mind...  
forming irrational fears within the darks domain...  
as i nervously raise my flickering candle light...  
like a holy symbol raised to banish the unholy and unclean..  
the circle of my light penetrates into that shadowy realm...

the room is empty before my sight...  
nothing stirs in the oppressive twilight...  
so i raise the pale flame causing shadows to dance...  
but still i see i am alone in this darkened place..  
my candle flickers once again and i exhale overcoming my fear...

my flame goes out....  
the clock is silent...  
the darkness takes me within its arms...  
the silence overwhelms my senses....  
and in the dark there is a creak.....

Peter Madden

# A Pain Like Fire

a pain like a fire in my blood...  
itching and burning me within..  
consuming all rational thought...  
till i weaken to the sin...

to everyone else im on a high...  
lies spilling through my lips..  
like the blood running down my thigh...  
a testament upon my hips...

patterns of my pain...  
my skin a reddend mesh...  
symbols of my souls torment...  
carved in blood and flesh...

i carry on as normal...  
hiding all my pain...  
silently screaming through my smile..  
slowly going insane...

i hide my wounds and my scars..  
there mine and mine alone...  
tokens of whats wrong inside...  
deep within the bone...

Peter Madden

# A Vampires First Night

satin waves of dark oblivion,  
wash over my fragile shattered form,  
as i shelter in the tabernacle of night,  
a piriah of the waking world,

i let the dark embrace me,  
bestowing me with its unjugding kiss,  
granting me those tenuous moments of solitude,  
before hungers ravenous teeth,  
consume all my reason,

rejected from this mortal life,  
embraced to the bosom of hungers slaves,  
a prisoner of my own unnatural desires,  
i've become a feral revenant, a beast,  
the monster inside me made flesh,

so i await the sanctity of darkness,  
that caresses me as if a lovers touch,  
bringing sweet merciful respite,  
from the conflict consuming me,  
alone i wait in the gentle dark,  
unable to face my demons,  
hiding from my hunger...

Peter Madden

# A Walk In The Dark

The crackle of fire in the distance....  
the smell of smoke in the mist...  
the moon shining on frosty leaves....  
awakening memories of the past....

the shiver down your spine...  
the fog of your breath in the air...  
the deafening silence of the night.....  
awakening the lost from their slumber...

the feeling of being watched....  
the creak of wooden lids.....  
the sound of aged bones stirring once more...  
awakening childhood fears....

the darkness stretches onwards like a blank canvas for the imagination....  
the artist your unspoken fears....  
the paint is your childhood nightmares.....  
awakening the monsters within your mind....

the monsters awaken....  
the dead begin to arise....  
the spectres come out to haunt you....  
awakening the terror in your mind....

the ground is uneven under the pounding of your feet....  
the mist chills you to the core....  
the night surrounds and consumes you...  
awakening you no more.

Peter Madden

# At The End

I stand alone..  
alone in the dark...  
the truth of my soul laid bare..  
even though there is no one to see...

my heart has grown still and cold...  
with only the memory of its beating left behind..  
slowly fading into the velvet realms embrace...  
consumed by the deafening darkness...

im little more than memories now...  
pale reflections of the man i was...  
staring back from the black mirror that i called my soul...  
twisted shadows and echos of a fallen life....

...and yet...

in that darkness a flame burns..  
like a candle in a windless night....  
drawing my eyes relentlessly unto its glare...  
warmth seeping from its flicker...

so now as the end draws ever near...  
as darkness beckons with welcome arms...  
the memory of you burns bright within my heart...  
and i know that even in the dark..

im never alone....

Peter Madden

# Candles In The Night

when your lost, When your alone,  
and you can see nothing but the darkness,  
when the shadowy fingers of night reach out,  
to envelope you in their icy embrace,  
till every breath only causes you pain,  
and despair is your only loyal companion,

remember....

there are candles in the night,  
flickering souls fighting back the dark,  
these are the angels of the abyss,  
holding back the blackness that consumes us,  
as long as they hold true,  
the night cannot win.....

Peter Madden

# Change

I know that all that has gone before....  
made me who i am today..  
but i ask myself a simple truth...  
can i change? ...

i have been shaped and forged...  
under the heavy hammers of life...  
does that make me unable to bend..  
to weather the storms of life...  
or will i instead break...  
shatter into a thousand pieces...  
never to be whole again...

i must learn to change...

i know we are all happier in routine...  
we know where we stand day by day..  
but does this imprison our souls...  
cause us to decay and wither inside...  
can we really grow this way? ...

i need to change...

i see that i must learn..  
to be open to new ideas...  
not to forget what made me this way...  
and how i came to be...  
just to learn and move onwards...  
becoming something new...

i want to change...

i can change and i can grow...  
just as we all can...  
we cannot live within the past...  
trapped by our regrets and fears...  
we must cast off the crysalis that is our prison..  
and stretch our wings and fly..

i will change....

Peter Madden

# Cherry Blossom

The cherry blossoms  
wind blows and petals fall  
new life begins

Peter Madden

# Choices

Gazing into the water beneath me...  
my reflection distorted by its constant flow...  
i ponder my life and all that i have done...  
the good and the bad...  
the right and the wrong...  
and like my reflection they become distorted too..

i see that there was no black and white...  
no simple concepts of morality...  
i have hurt some in my life that i admit...  
yet if i had not others would have been hurt in their place...  
so it was not about the right and the wrong....  
it was about my choices....

choices....  
a small word with big consequences...  
we make most of them them day to day without thinking...  
and even our smallest one can change the world...  
this is the power we have in this life...  
a power we take for granted...

without thought we can destroy someones life...  
or hurt those we care for...  
when we do we seek to excuse our choices...  
to blame the influence of others...  
but it is our choice and ours alone...  
in the end we must accept our decisions...

there lies the madness of regret...  
in truth we know that all thats has passed is how we chose it to be...  
our choices made us who we are...  
and where we are today...  
we can no more change this than we can stop the rivers flow...  
all we can do is to choose where we go from here...  
i never said choices were easy...

i gaze down into the water beneath me...

Peter Madden

# Curse Of The Werewolf

I look into the mirror,  
gaunt drawn eyes stare back at me,  
tired and rough but still human,  
my reflection belying the feelings within,  
feelings crawling and scratching inside me,  
struggling to be freed...

im me now, well at least to some degree,  
in control of myself once more,  
my body is my own and i walk upon two feet,  
a shower and a shave and strong coffee,  
and i almost feel human again,  
subduing the beast into the darkest corners of my mind,  
for now...

its over...  
i can sleep easy for another month,  
as easy as i can with the thoughts in my head,  
the night time terrors that wrack pain and guilt upon me,  
fractured memories of the atrocities i have committed,  
when the beast was loosened upon this unbelieving world...

many a night it has been worse,  
ive woken in strange unforgiving places,  
my body covered in filth and bile and other things,  
things which belong inside others,  
things that i shouldn't waken with the taste of in my mouth,  
terrible things...

so i have to know,  
is it animal or beast that i become,  
when the moons light burns away my reason,  
can its nature its hunger its rage be apart of me,  
just another form of the beast within us all,  
or is it seperate, a parasite consuming my life...

for if it is seperate from me then maybe i can escape it,  
flee from the madness of what i have become,  
and purge myself of this thing that crawls inside,  
the demon thats eating my soul piece by peice,  
beacause if i cannot escape its hunger,  
then the beast will once again be free.....

Peter Madden

# Do You See Me?

I walk through the cold dark morgue..  
to where you weep over me...  
i walk upon silent feet...  
reaching towards you..  
my heart breaking at your pain...

do you see me? ...

i stand by your side at the grave...  
wishing i could tell you i love you...  
seeking to hold you in my arms...  
making everything right again...  
it hurts watching you suffer so...

do you see me? ...

i lay beside you in our bed..  
watching you hold the picture of us in your arms..  
sobs of grief like rain upon our faces...  
i want to brush away the tears...  
and heal your broken heart...

do you see me? ....

i sit beside you in the early morning light...  
as you stare at the bottle in your hands...  
i feel your despair and your grief...  
so i touch your cheek and you cry once more...

do you see me? ....

is it me that causing you this pain?  
putting you through all this suffering?  
maybe i should let you go...  
let you heal and forget me...  
so you can live once more...  
as the woman i love not this broken shell...

please dont see me.....

Peter Madden

# Do You See Them?

they sit on street corners..  
in the alleys and the gutters...  
hiding in plain sight...  
from an uncaring world..

do you see them...

pale reflections of their past selves..  
broken and abused by the ghosts of former lives..  
addicted to what were once simple joys...  
shadows in our daylight realm...

do you see them...

walked over by unseeing eyes...  
yet their stories are plain to see..  
carved mercilessly upon their faces...  
and tattooed into their shattered souls...

do you see them...

judged by the unworthy...  
and blamed for their own private hell...  
the victims of a million stories...  
they huddle together in despair...

do you see them...

fallen reflections of ourselves...  
like dark mirrors of our lives...  
showing how we could have been...  
if people had us refused to see...

please see them....

by Peter Madden 27/8/12

Peter Madden

# Does The Wolf Wonder?

Does the wolf wonder...  
what the raven said...  
or the mouse ponder...  
the lions roaring head...

and does the eagle cry...  
about the serpents hiss...  
while the tiger smiles...  
the spider grants a kiss..

.

do burrowing beetles hear...  
the sound of the hyenas laugh...  
and listen to the singing of deer..  
as they thunder down the path..

so does the catapillar know...  
that one day he will fly...  
or does the owl fear show...  
on its first journey into the sky?

Peter Madden

# Down To The Sea

the river flows down to the sea...  
and i walk along its shores...  
seeing the dawn over the water...  
sunrise reflected upon its surface...  
the river comes ablaze with golden fire...  
and i feel my life stretching before me...

i walk further down the rivers edge...  
my path uneven and unsure before me...  
but still i walk onwards ever onwards...  
under the bright morning light...  
watching the river flow fast and free...  
and i feel alive...

i follow the river to its end...  
as its swallowed up by the mighty sea...  
looking back at the path ive walked...  
from the beginning to where i am this day..  
all the twists and turns i could not predict..  
like the river they have helped to shape me..  
from a boy to a man and through all my life..  
as i followed the river down to the sea..

Peter Madden

# Dragons Breathe

Dragons breathe  
the world turns  
dreams come true

Peter Madden

# Fallen Kingdom

Fallen kingdom, fallen realm  
torn apart by pointless hate,  
the mad and corrupt at the helm,  
morals in tatters, lying in state,

Peter Madden

# Falling

Falling...  
falling into darkness...  
flames surround me...consume me....  
the pain that will never heal..  
filling my mind destroying my thoughts...  
my soul screams into the unforgiving sky...  
i cry but my tears are of fire...  
burning my face searing my flesh...  
yet i cannot stop them..

i fall..

how long have i fallen? ...  
there is no reference of time...  
i try to think to remember...  
but the pain cuts through my reason...  
my scream deafens me...  
the heat of the flames overwhelms me...  
the fire in my eyes blinds me...

and still i fall...

i want the pain to end...  
the flames to begone...  
an end to my suffering..  
i can feel my skin blacken and stiffen..  
my flesh go hard and crack..  
the heat seeping into my bones...  
i am powerless to stop the conflagration devouring me...

down, down i fall....

how did this come to be...  
what has happened to me? ...  
i try to think, to recall...  
as the flames eat at my flesh...  
who am i? ...

through blurred burning eyes i see something before me...  
rushing towards me...  
closer and closer it comes...  
forboding fills my heart..  
driving out the thoughts and questions...  
i brace my flame consumed form...  
as i reach my falls end and meet the world below...

i am fallen....

the flames die...  
the tears stop...  
i am no longer burning...  
i am no longer falling...  
the heat no longer is within me..  
i am alone and cold to my soul...  
i remeber now who i am...

i am the fallen....



# Give In To Temptation

Give in to temptation....  
turn to the dark side....  
theres no fun hiding...  
from the hidden part inside...

you know you want to do...  
what the little voices say...  
making all the angels...  
get upon their knees and pray...

the dark sides not that bad...  
we are just misunderstood..  
its not really true..  
that we want to drink your blood..

so come on lets be wicked...  
let your dark side come out and play..  
i know your really tempted...  
but your a little shy to say...

just sign upon the dotted line...  
and make your mark there...  
give your soul to the darkness...  
come join us in our lair...

Peter Madden

# Haunted

I'm surrounded by ghosts...  
that no one else but i can see,  
restless spirits haunting my twilight world,  
the tormenting echos of my past...  
like shadows at my heel...

ghosts of past loves and the lost,  
reminding me of how i let them go,  
phantoms of people i abandoned in need,  
my own selfish thoughts placed first,  
sacrificing their love of me,  
to the darkness...

revenants of those i've hurt,  
still clinging to their tormentor,  
shades of souls in pain and grief,  
victims of my callous nature,  
condemned to follow me evermore,  
by my own shallow heart...

specters of my family,  
ignored and forgotten relatives,  
people who loved and cared for me,  
not thought of since their passing,  
for to busy was i with trivial things,  
to remember those who deserved to be remembered...

im haunted by these wraiths of my past,  
their faces are ever before me,  
remnants of my guilt and remorse,  
symptoms of the madness dwelling within,  
they are seen in every mirror and reflection,  
and hidden in the faces of the people i meet...

the ghosts are my judgement and justice,  
harrowing me to a much deserved grave,  
but in the end even they will depart from me,  
leaving me as i left them,  
as i deserve to be,

haunted by the madness of regret,  
alone and forgotten,  
a ghost myself...

Peter Madden

# Huntress

The hunt begins...

with lips of fire and heart of ice

shes a huntress prowling softly through the night

a fallen angel of temptations forbidden love

casting subtle enchantments of desires dark reflections

in a world of consuming passions enflamed with consumated lusts...

Peter Madden

# I Am Not Bound By These Walls

I am not bound by these walls  
for they talk to me in the night  
whispered words that drip sweetly into my mind  
showing me things that i should not see  
a liquid ecstasy of crawling madness  
that devours and consumes my fragile reason...

I am not bound by these walls  
even when they try to cloud my world  
with sweet treats that leave a bitter taste in my soul  
leaving me to wonder who stares back at me  
that unknown stranger hidden in the mirrors depths  
the face of some one i think i knew long ago....

I am not bound by these walls  
where echoes of those past and present meet  
screaming in defiance and begging for mercy  
their identities imprisoned and consumed  
broken minds bound in dressings of immobility  
pale drooling shades of formerselves  
left crying in memory of their own souls demise...

I am not bound by these walls  
nor the locks and keys that bind them  
protecting those angels of false mercy  
patrolling like hells relentless guardians  
the dark and crumbling catacombs outside  
hiding in fear behind shuttered doors  
and occassionally stealing glimpses  
into my tormented wonderland within...

I am not bound by these walls

for my mind is free....

Peter Madden

# I Close My Eyes

I close my eyes...

the teasing fickle flames of my imagination  
illuminate glimpses of nights tattooed canvas of dreams  
where incubi and succubi hungrily swarm to devour  
the echos and reflections of the passing day  
like ravenous carrion birds feasting upon the fallen

deep within the labyrinth of the minds eye  
my passions and nightmares are the temprenal artists  
surrealists constantly creating a panorama of delusions  
who's paint is the life blood of my angels and deamons  
given form in this black mirror of my twisted soul

here seductive icons of hidden desire fight for my attention  
while envisioned ideals are torn apart by the madness of regrets  
and fear consumes me as it whispers relentlessly in my ear  
all bound within ghost like memories of torment and anguish  
as random illustrations painted upon the walls of my mind

i close my eyes...but i can still see...

Peter Madden

# I Gaze

seemingly without care for times pendulous fall  
into deep dark mirrors hidden within your tear filled eyes  
the heat of my devotion burning my scarred and tired flesh  
like a moth consumed by the flickering candles unforgiving flame  
and yet like the gentle fluttering carrier of lost souls  
i too am still drawn unto your naked light  
helpless at the fury and tempest of passions hunger  
i surrender to the all embracing conflagration  
that is my endless love for you...

Peter Madden

# I Hear The Screams

I tell you i hear the screams,  
echoing silently throughout my mind,  
i plead for you to hear their words,  
as they whisper in my ear,

can you hear the voices?

i tell you i see people,  
standing watching in the corners,  
lidless eyes stare relentlessly,  
burrowing into my soul,

can you see them?

i tell you i feel it,  
the itching burning in my blood,  
a feeling skin is but a prison,  
redness within crying out to be free,

can you feel the pain inside?

dont leave me in the dark,  
screaming in the night,  
trying to be free,  
alone lost to madness.

can you even hear me? .....

Peter Madden

# I Want To Go Where Dragons Fly

I want to go where dragons fly,  
where the unicorns run free,  
to follow the griffins in the sky,  
all the way down the the sea,

but im here in the corner crying,  
praying my tears wont distub his sleep,  
inside i feel my soul dying,  
i lay filthy cold and still i weep,

i want to sail the seven seas,  
to go in search of distant lands,  
to roam free wherever i please,  
and tread barefoot upon the sands,

instead theres pain from his drunken rage,  
bruises are tokens of his affections,  
my lifes an open page,  
broken and shattered in all directions,

i yearn to seek the pirate king,  
finding his treasure on my way,  
so a fortune i could home bring,  
saving it for a rainy day,

the rain falls on my window,  
as my tears fall down my face,  
is hate the only emotion he can show?  
as he puts me in my place,

i want to see the fairy queen,  
to see all her magic and her charm,  
for her to show me a world unseen,

and keep me always safe from harm,

why does he hate me so?  
why does he inside tear me apart?  
is it because she left him long ago,  
and broke his only heart...

ive escaped now he cannot hurt me again,  
for i fly with griffins down to the sea,  
and he cannot cause me any more pain,  
my body is broken yet my soul is now free...

Peter Madden

# Into The Labyrinth

Come into the labyrinth  
a riddle of the mind made surreal  
where overgrown entangled paths  
hide in primal darkness...

twilight home of nightmares outcast offspring  
where breadcrumbs of logic are cast behind unsure steps  
only to be consumed by ravenous scavengers of despair  
agents of chaos who's fickle twisted parody of humor  
composes dark symphonies within your imagination  
a pandemonium of indecision that drives out all reason  
seeking to ensnare souls already lost...

within this enigma of enshrouded chambers  
a myriad of dark possibilities await  
trapped in forgotten catacombs a hidden realm  
where brooding shadows hungryly skulk  
here choices of random chance  
decide your humble fate

come into the labyrinth

we hope you can find your own way out...

Peter Madden

# Leave Me Not This Night Alone

'Leave me not this night alone'...  
is the last i heard her say  
to me that summers night...  
as i turned and walked away..

never to see her smile...  
or hold her close to me..  
that little sparkle in her eyes..  
now again would never be...

i walked away from her...  
when i should have really stayed...  
i shouldnt have left her by herself..  
it was me who trust betrayed...

if only i had stayed with her..  
and held her once again..  
if id only seen how much she hurt...  
i could have stopped her pain..

i left her there that night...  
abandoned and alone...  
the fact she took her life...  
is the reason i must atone...

Peter Madden

# Life And Death

Death..

why do death we fear...  
when it seems unjustly so...  
for he welcomes us with open arms...  
judging us not for our lives or our sins...

hes the fallen angel who ends all suffering...  
he heals our wounds and takes away our pain...  
removing fears that have tormented us so....  
as he welcomes unto his enternal embrace...

so why do we fear him...  
why do we cling to our painful lives...  
where misery still holds dominion...  
why do we fear the reapers kiss..  
when he alone can set us free...

the answer is life...

for without life there is no death...  
without a beginning there can be no end...  
if we did not struggle between their worlds...  
could we even know we were alive inside...  
more than just these bodies of flesh and blood...

how could we enter his kingdom realm...  
and partake of his grace and mercy...  
if we had not experianced life..  
in all its different forms...

and would death welcome us so...  
if we had not fought to live...

Peter Madden

# Masks

Masks...

we all wear a mask...

we all are scared of getting hurt...

we all hide...

whether we wear a mask of paint and pen...

or whether we wear a mask of pride...

we catch glimpse beneath now and then..

of the child that within us hides...

we put on a brave face..

covering what is real...

to save our egos from disgrace...

to hide how we really feel...

what if we could take the masks away..

all of us as one together...

exposing our trueselves to the light of day..

so we wouldnt have to hide forever...

would we be shocked or afraid..

at what we saw in each others eyes..

our souls bare to everyone laid..

or would it be a pleasant suprise..

Peter Madden

# Moonlight

Heart of glass  
shattered into a thousand pieces  
reflecting the moonlight

Peter Madden

# Morningstar

The pain i feel from my wounds hurts not,  
when compared to the pain in my soul...  
To be cast from my father, my creator, my reason to be...  
To be cast down amongst the savages who doubt his very existance..  
with only dispair to keep me company i gaze up into the sky  
and the rain upon my face falls like tears.....

I am fallen, wings burnt and charred, never to see again the glories of the  
divine....

I walk amongst you silently and unseen...  
Listening to you call my name....  
seeking justification for all your sins...  
making me the one you seek to blame....  
to escape the justice of my father...  
and to enter his kingdom blessed and guilt free....

i scream unto the heavens that i am innocent....  
i pound my fist upon the doors of my fathers house....  
i cry into the night begging for my sire to hear my plea...

My pain in my heart cleaves my soul, my wounds do not heal....  
I pray for forgiveness knowing it can never be....

I am fallen....

Peter Madden

# Mother Nature

The giant awakens from fitful slumber  
a dormant beauty stiring once more  
roused by the prince of springs gentle kiss  
she arises to the seasons warming embrace

her arms are the branches of mighty trees  
stretching into the brightening sky  
with exploring fingers of new grown green  
tentatively reaching towards the light

while frozen rivers thaw and melt  
setting free lifes blood to flow again  
carrying suns warmth to her frost covered heart  
whos beat echoes in the undulating waters

mother nature rises victorious once more alive  
shaking off the last vestiges of winters icy touch  
once more the struggle of life begins anew  
and the cycle of seasons begins once again..

Peter Madden

# My Crime

i walk the streets...  
my face a parody of normality..  
the reality is im a prisoner...  
screaming within this tainted shell...  
restrained by my relentless fears..  
that twist my perceptions...

every person i see is not themselves...  
but instead appear to me as monsters..  
no longer hiding beneath my bed...  
childhood nightmares wearing familiar faces...  
chasing me through the waking world..

they all look at me as unclean and corrupted im sure...  
the apple fallen far from the tree...  
my filth and my sin evident for all to witness...  
unworthy i walk amongst them...  
poisoning their perfect world...

i pretend to be one of them..  
working, smiling, fitting in as best i can..  
hiding my shame, my curse...  
trying to escape from my past...  
from the night my world broke apart..  
the night i fell from grace....

it was my fault it must have been...  
even though they tell me it was not...  
it must have been the evil that was in my heart..  
that caused him to do those things to me...  
i corrupted him, i am the guilty and impure one...

for if it was not me that drove him to this...  
then i am the victim..  
a helpless thrall in the face hell..  
vulnerable to all the horrors of humanity...  
and that is a reality i cannot face...  
so it must be my fault my crime...  
mustn't it?

29/8/12

Peter Madden

# Poetry

Poetry...

Is the mind in a constant eclectic flow  
a victim of violation of the innocent senses  
creating an eloquent versatility of verse  
composed of honey soaked succulent words  
a palpatable delight of virtue and vice  
those little slices of orders tounge  
singing within the heart of chaos...

Peter Madden

# Rainbow

Child of Sunlight  
daughter of the falling rain  
Rainbow is born

Peter Madden

# Redemption

life...

its not about what we have done...  
or what mistakes we have made..  
the hurts we have given..  
we all do these things..  
from time to time..

shall we be judged only from our pasts?  
should there be no hope for redemption..  
can we not make amends for our fickle heart...  
like a soldier whos killed in defense of the realm..  
cannot he be allowed to bring joy and hope to others...  
or is he condemend in his own heavy heart..  
by the guilt he carries...

or is the very fact he bares his burden..  
proof that hes good soul inside..  
a child hurt in an adults nightmare...  
crying alone in the hours before the dawn..  
unable to look his own children in their eyes..  
how does he tell them part of daddys gone..  
it died upon a distant mountain side..

to easy is it for us to judge..  
but let him without sin cast his stone..  
we are who we are at this moment..  
never to late to walk a different path..  
to find a new destiny...  
and seek redemption...

Peter Madden

# Reflections Of Myself

Who am i?

it a question ive often asked myself...  
as i wander down the narrow streets...  
in sickness and decaying health...  
trying to avoid his gaze..

alone i walk through falling light..  
in crowded streets i hide..  
dreading a glimpse or sight of him...  
walking there by my side..

he follows me relentlessly day or night...  
my tormenter my demon my bane..  
i cannot be rid of him try as i might...  
always reminding me of my shame..

he whispers softly in my ear..  
showing all my sins to me..  
saying words i dont want to hear...  
why wont he leave me be? ..

i think i had a family...  
maybe long ago..  
till he came to torment me..  
my soul to me to show...

when will i be free of him...  
why does he haunt me this way...  
will he be there as the world grows dim..  
i can but hope and pray...

Peter Madden

# Regrets Of A Fallen Soul

I stand at the end looking back....  
seeing all that has gone before like shadows upon my mind...  
alone in the dark my hands red with the mark of my guilt...  
i stand there the madness of regret consuming me...  
and i think of what could have been...

its easy now with hindsight to chose a differnet path...  
knowing what will be...  
and yet it cannot be undone...  
my choices cannot be unmade...  
i did what i did and so i must pay...  
it might not mean much to those i have wronged...  
but i would make amends...  
if i could..

pride caused me to fall...  
and i have been falling ever since...  
a sinner in the eyes of man and god i have become...  
yet my heart did not want this to be....  
how could i have done this...

i gaze upon my hands..  
rubbing them as if to wash away my crime...  
but i am not worthy of redemption now....  
for proud and willful was i...  
so forgiveness is forever beyond my reach...  
not that i deserve it...

i attempted to hide from what i had done  
i tried to pass the responsability...  
to make others to blame for my choice...

and to free me from my sin...

in reality though i cannot escape...

my fate is deserved and eternal...

i will pay for my crimes...

in the heart of all men forever...

Peter Madden

# Tears Fall

Tears fall in the night  
like cascading waters of lament  
this soundless river of regrets  
glistens in the candles light  
a requiem for the soul of the world

Peter Madden

# The Asylum

Do you feel it?  
as you walk slowly through the dark,  
in this fallen neglected labyrinth of the mind,  
where mold and filth fester upon crumbling walls,  
and rainwater seeps and falls like tears of the damned,  
this once great building now diseased and decaying,  
a parody of the minds once entombed within,

can you hear the echoes of the screams?  
from trapped helpless souls that once resided here,  
lost wandering in a world they could not perceive,  
inmates confined within a prison of imagined normality,  
told that the very thoughts that defined them,  
violated the normal and the sane,

did you see the shadows move and flicker?  
showing glimpses into the realms of the tormented,  
a world of cruel kindness and healing tortures,  
where madness and sanity walked hand in hand,  
and the doctors purging guiding light,  
burned with a bright blue crackling flame...

welcome to the asylum.....

Peter Madden

# The Banshee

It was upon a dark autumn night...  
my breath steaming in the air...  
as i walked down the lonely path...  
that i first saw her standing there...

a pale figure glowing in the night..  
her face hidden in the gloom...  
could this vision of ghostly beauty...  
really fortell my future doom? ...

a sinking feeling within me..  
made even colder the freezing night...  
as i watched her walk closer...  
i was gripped by the hands of fright..

my heart was pounding a dreadful beat..  
as i waited for her mornful cry...  
her wail that spelt my frightful end...  
fortelling soon i would surely die..

as she glided close to me..  
like to the candle does the moth...  
the light shone down upon her face...  
revealing no ghost but a bloody goth!

happy halloween she said...  
as she slowly passed me by..  
amused by the look of fear...  
that showed within my eye...

Peter Madden

# The Devil And God Went Walking

The devil and god went walking  
one fine summers day...  
a picnic they brought...  
so they could stop upon their way...

looking for a perfect spot...  
they wandered near and far....  
and found it down near hebden bridge...  
by what is called the devils scar..

they opened up their wine...  
upacked their meat and cheese...  
started eating up their picnic...  
enjoying the gentle summer breeze..

'look down there' god did say...  
gazing upon the pleasant little town...  
'their running through the streets naked'  
he exclaimed with a troubled frown..

the devil laughed but then he stopped..  
and mightly confused was he...  
he said'for all their decadence'  
i cant work out if they belong to me?

'nor can i' god exclaimed..  
their good in soul and heart...  
as far as judging them..  
i really dont know where to start..

the devil and god began to argue..  
over all those souls at play..  
and who would they belong to..  
come the firey judgement day...

in the end they agreed...  
to a contest of some skill...  
the devil was challenged..  
to step from hill to hill..

step from here to the other side..  
of this little country vale...  
and then step back to me again...  
their souls be mine if you fail!

the devil took a step across..  
and cleared it just about..  
so when he reached the other side...  
he gave tremendous shout...

but god was watching him....  
as the devil prepared to return...  
and he thought to him self...  
these good souls dont deserve to burn..

so he took the rock in his hands..  
the one we now call devils scar..  
and he pulled it a little backwards..  
making it for the devil just to far...

the devil didnt see this...  
and took a mighty stride...  
stretching his long hairy legs...  
all way to the other side...

but his hoof only just reached the rock...  
clipping it at the top...  
as he lost his precious balance...  
cursing he began his drop...

god picked him up and apologised..  
between fits of godly laughter...  
and said im sorry devil..  
but these folk deserve the hereafter...

so the devil and god left...  
and went upon their way...  
the stone was called the devils scar..  
it still is to this day...

Peter Madden

# The Faces Within The Flames

In the dark i stare into the fire....  
images of my past seen in flickering lights...  
subtle shapes given form by imagination...  
teasing glimpses of my hidden heart....  
im haunted by the faces within the flames...

my muses...

ladies of my inspiration...  
the three graces and loves of my life...  
one whom i hold close to my heart my beloved wife...  
her light strong and burning bright warming me inside..  
then one who i may never hold for i am already taken...  
her fire always alluding me at the edge of my vision..  
and one who i betrayed and deserted when she needed me most...  
her rage consuming my soul justly so...  
their faces dance within the fickle flames..

my familiar...

a reflected heart tied to mine...  
my soulmate in sickness and in health...  
feeling my pain and the inferno within...  
eyes gazing out of the twisting tongues of fire...  
her face hiding within the shifting flames...

my furies....

the souls that torment me so...  
awakening my passions and my fears...  
undermining my world with simple words...  
inflaming my desires and my lusts...  
symbols of my darkest rage...  
contorted faces within the deepest flames...

i stare into the fire...  
all my life passes me by...  
in a conflagration of the senses...  
my friends my loves my muses...  
seen as faces within the flames...

Peter Madden

# The Grandfather Clock

Tick...tock...

a sound like the endless beating of a heart  
an echoing rythum of a pendulums cresent fall  
little scythe like slices of times unobserved passing  
forgotten moments forever lost in a single swing

tick...tock...

the constant ebb and flow of times lifeblood  
creeping through the night on relentless fingers  
sentinels of cronos taking us on an endless journey  
a finate descent into an infinite realm

tick...tock...

the guardian timekeeper standing resolute  
like a relentless auditor of a moments eclipse  
counting down the passage of times gentle kiss  
one precious beat at a time...

tick...tock...

Peter Madden

# The Graveyard

a timeless place of the restless and fallen  
watched over by unseeing angels  
who cry heartless tears for the forgotten dead

here creeping ivy hungrily consumes all memories  
hiding the past in nature's own woven shroud  
and the blue bells ring a mournful dirge  
in remembrance of the abandoned and lost...

within this overgrown realm of nameless souls  
deep beneath the crumbling symbols of our own mortality  
they lie in rotting caskets all alone in the dark  
their boney skulls silently screaming in despair  
as insects feast upon a morbid banquet  
tormented ghosts resting in pieces....

Peter Madden

# The Key

a twisted shape of metal,  
the guardian of between,  
this fang toothed beast,  
sinks unto the caged darkness,  
its bite causing sweet release,  
as it enters darkened places,  
only to set us free....

Peter Madden

# The Love Sick Zombie

I used be a big man..  
but now ive lost a bit of weight...  
not to mention a few fingers..  
about three so far to date...

its hard to get the ladies...  
when all they do is run and hide...  
i haven't even had girlfriend..  
ever since the day i died...

maybe its the rotten stench...  
and my deep long guttral moan...  
or could it even be my lust for flesh..  
that means the girls dont call me on the phone...

could it be my putrid skin..  
all coming off in flakes and bits...  
or the maggots crawling in my veins...  
that scares them out of their wits..

all i want is a girl to call my own...  
who will see past my deformity and pains...  
one who will love me for who i am...  
and has some really tasty brains!

Peter Madden

# The Path

I wander down the path....  
my life the uncharted way before me...  
each step i take anew...  
is upon virgin territory...

yet i walk alone...

it is a new dawn i awake to each day...  
bringing a hope yet to be fulfilled....  
what i search for i do not know...  
but always onward i seek and yearn....

yet still i walk alone...

others sometimes walk with me...  
sharing there hopes and their fears....  
opening my eyes and my mind...  
to things i would never have seen...  
showing me just what i could truley be..  
supporting me through the years..

yet even then i walk alone...

the land changes under my feet...  
time passes and seasons change...  
life begins for some....  
their first steps unsure and usteady...

they walk before me on my path...  
making it their own..  
but for others it brings a welcome end...  
a rest from a long journey...

yet once more i walk alone...

i have walked this world all my life...  
i have lived and loved and dreamed...  
i've learned to see through other eyes...  
and shared all that i have seen...

yet i deserve to walk alone...

so now at last at the journeys end...  
i look back and i realise...  
no matter what i have done...  
that i have always known...  
you were always with me...

and i never walked alone.

Peter Madden

# The Seas Wrath

I stand by the seas edge gazing to the horizon..  
full moon is high and the tide is wild and fierce..  
unrelenting waves break down upon the rocks...  
as if to drive back the very land beneath my feet.....  
punishing it for its defiance in the face of its fury...  
till the sea its self has dominion over all...

With each thunderous blow of its rage...  
the moon reflected upon this tempest of torment...  
is shattered into a myriad of light...  
mimicking the the stars in the sky above...  
like lost souls they flicker and disapear...  
swallowed by the unforgiving abyss...

i stand with the land at my feet...  
braced against the wrath of the ocean storm...  
a forceful wind taring at exposed flesh...  
the sound of its voice howling its rage down upon me...  
yet still i scream into its depths...  
as if to deny its power and its majesty...  
and in the face of all its might...

i feel alive...

Peter Madden

# The Train Journey

the train is crowded as always...  
strangers talking way to loud...  
trying to compete to be heard...  
like a dark olympics of spoken words....  
a discordant symphony of different languages...  
distorted by the subtleties of the local tounge...

tickets please...

in the backgroud the trains theme tune plays...  
unidentifiable music draining from damaged ears...  
vaguely known almost familiar nagging at your memmory...  
all quality and rhythm filtered from the endless beat...  
till only a twisted parody of your heartbeat remains...

tickets please....

the air is filled with an uncharming boquet...  
a mixture of the scents of the powder room...  
broken and rotting at the trains heart...  
and the cigarettes surreptitiously smoked...  
behind the guards unwatching and uncaring eye...

tickets please.....

the seats are cramped and small...  
discarded chewing gum welding you to your chair...

holding you in uncomfortable bondage...  
almost as if designed not for human occupation...  
but as a punishment for condemned souls...  
to be ferried down to the underworld...

tickets please.....

the train pulls up at the station...  
you fight to be released from your fellow inmates...  
the jailor guard calls out your destination...  
and through the noise and the filth you seek escape...

tickets please....

pressing the button with a passionate fervour...  
your worried that they wont open and you will be trapped..  
carried off to unknown places far from where you belong...  
but the doors open and you step out onto the welcoming platform...  
you are home the night air refreshing and cleansing your soul.....

Peter Madden

# The Waiting Room

i sit in the waiting room...  
my train is late and night is falling...  
and darkness covers the world outside..  
reflections of the room fill the window panes...  
scenes of time passing by...  
wasted moments lost while waiting in that room...

my train is late...

the room is hot and stuffy...  
smells of musty carpet and wet dog linger...  
people come and go trying not to catch each others gaze....  
using the false distractions of watches and phones...  
and hiding behind their books and magazines...  
ignoring each other as time ticks mercessly away...

my train is late...

i watch them come and go in the mirror of the windows...  
detached silent reflections of lost time...  
sitting and standing like souls at the gates of hell...  
while the tannoy apologises in unconvincing tones...  
the excuses served in cold inhuman voices...

my train is late..

i let my gaze fall upon my own reflection...  
and see myself but its not me i see...  
for im not alone im sitting beside another...  
im smiling and the woman at my side smiles back...  
our children play together and i look happy....  
while we wait...

my train is late...

i gaze around the room but nothings changed...  
im still alone surrounded by distant strangers...  
the room still smells of dampness and old paint...  
i still sit on my bench waiting by myself...

being ignored by my fellow travellers..  
but in the window my family that could have been waits to...

my train is late...

i recognise the woman in the other waiting room...

part of my past forgotten untill now...

a stark reminder of the choices i made..

how much of my life have i wasted...

waiting in that room...

and the family in the window wait with me....

the train to that life long since departed...

Peter Madden

# The Wolf

Hunter of night  
gentle paws on forest path  
shadow in moonlight

Peter Madden

# The Wolf Was In The Pantry

The wolf was in the pantry...  
so the little robin said...  
to the owl and the pussy cat...  
as they both went to their bed...

the wolf was in the pantry...  
the robin did declare...  
to the cows in the field...  
who really didnt care...

the wolf was in the pantry...  
the poor robin really cried...  
to the horses eating hay...  
who asked how did he get inside? ...

the wolf was in the pantry..  
the robin did loudly shout...  
to the deer who said in fear...  
we had better not let him out! ...

the wolf was in the pantry...  
the robin moaned out loud...  
to all his fellow animals...  
who had gathered in a crowd..

the wolf was in the pantry...  
the little robin looked shocked...  
as he realised the pantry..  
wasnt really locked...

the wolfs not in the pantry...  
the robins flown away...  
the animals should have learnt...  
to listen to what robins say...!

Peter Madden

# The Devils Lament

I am alone now as i deserve to be...  
the path behind me a trail of broken promises...  
of shattered dreams crushed beneath unrelenting feet...  
tangled with the twisted branches of pointless lies...  
choked with the filth of betrayal...

i was selfish placing my needs above all...  
no care or thought placed for those i met upon my way..  
using them all over countless years for my own ends...  
slaking my lusts and my hungers upon them without remorse..  
i devoured their minds, their bodies and their souls...  
like a ravenous wolf upon a helpless deer...  
i feasted...

i could have helped them become so much more..  
to rise out of the mire and the darkness...  
releasing themselves from their prisons of flesh..  
shedding the shackles of hate that weigh so much...  
and poison their very souls with bile...

i could have helped them shine in the darkness...  
like a candle in a starless night burning clear and true...  
filling the dark with their light as they ascended...  
becoming what their creator had ment to be..  
beacons of pure souls, perfect reflections of the divine...

but i was jealous...  
why were they choosen above all of this wonderous creation...  
given the gifts we all struggled to even comprehend...  
they had the power to choose not just to obey...  
and were truley free not just slaves to his random designs...

so i chose to take my revenge upon them..  
to drive them away from him beyond his sight and thought....  
letting him see they were not worthy of his love or his mercy...  
so he could instead love us who had been so loyal and true....  
we who were his first children forsaken cast into the shadows..  
like an older sibling jealous of the newborn...

i know now that i was wrong and i deserve to be cast down...  
down into the darkness so far from his grace and form...  
to be denied his love and forgiveness...  
i poisoned his world his creation his dream...  
im worthy now only of lies and hate...  
to be alone without him evermore...

Peter Madden

# They Called Her Succubus

Succubus

she was seen as the Spawn of liliths dark divinity  
this innocent child born unto this world of abuse  
an outcast and pariah thrown far from the tree  
the methuselah of mans unsaitable lusts  
now tarnished with the stain of their weakness  
and blamed for the fall of those already fallen

her father little more than a beast  
a devil hidden behind insincere smiles  
spouting self righteous praise and judging others  
unable to see the worm feasting upon a rotten heart  
hiding from his own evil at the bottom of a bottle  
the poison of his unholy desire tainting all he touches

she's a lost soul  
a forgotten victim of neglectful obsession  
taught dark corruptions instead of childhood dreams  
tainted defiled and broken crying in the night  
innocence forever beyond her straining reach  
and condemned to her own personal hell..

a fallen angel...

Peter Madden

# Upon The Borders Of Hell

Lost..

lost upon the borders of hell..  
neither angel or demon am i...  
but a shadow of a man...  
fallen but not beyond redemption...

shall i seek salvation...  
and the glories of the divine...  
or shall i accept my sins...  
taking my punishment for my crimes...  
in the world below..

to rise or to fall...  
to enter the kingdom of heaven...  
while i carry the burden of my guilt...  
or to fall into azraels realm..  
when i still can make amends...

not an easy choice i have to make...  
maybe others i should ask...  
the ones ive loved in my life...  
as well as the ones i have wronged...  
where would they send me....

or would the leave me to my fate...

Peter Madden

# War

War..

day after day,  
it once again begins anew,  
the struggle against the unseen foes,  
a relentless contest of misplaced ideals,  
fuelled by an endless supply of the self righteous,  
and the lost...

brave souls championing fallen causes,  
each fighting against a falsely perceived oppression,  
and seeking to demonize each others beliefs,  
while glorifying their own,

forever driven by the greed of the uncaring and the faceless,  
who shed crocodile tears from unseeing eyes,  
over the dead and the forgotten,  
teaching their children to seek revenge,  
to take up arms and start the cycle once more,

and once again it begins anew....

Peter Madden

# We Live In This World

We live in this world..

a world where wisdom is second to success  
and morals like a flag lie torn and tattered  
waving feebly in the shallow path of progress  
crushed mercilessly beneath endless marching feet

a world where people cry and starve  
and hunger sits upon his rotting mountain throne  
where wasted food decays before malnourished eyes  
greatful for each rancid morsel thrown their way  
like scavengers left to feast upon the scraps

a world where free will has a hidden price tag  
and our chosen servants are now our secret masters  
where we are told the desires within our own fickle hearts  
willing slaves to faceless and unforgiving lords  
forever bound in invisible chains of our own creation

we live in this world....

only we can change it

Peter Madden

# We Must Learn

confined within a gilded cage of imagined freedoms  
the beating wings of hope flutter feably  
as they taste the bitter sweet flavour of despair  
its gentle kiss like a subtle poison within

we must learn to hope once more....

a heart of love drowned in a world of lust  
lost and forlorn consumed by desires hunger  
leaving souls surrounded yet eternally alone  
prisoners of decadent passions insatiable greed

we must learn to love again...

compassions children torn apart by hates dark grace  
the abused victims of mankinds blood bound rage  
left bleeding and forgotten in far off lands  
captured forever in a prison forged from revenge

we must learn to forgive....

Peter Madden

## With A Kiss

Sanguine tears of forbidden joy,  
Cascade over searing fields of sacrosanct flesh,  
as forbidden desires and hungers enflame the senses,  
dark temptations succulent and surreal,  
consume petty morals and instinctive reason,  
till only the madness of lusts eager embrace remains,  
and your doom is sealed...

with a kiss....

Peter Madden

# Wolf Song

Like a ghost of smoke and fur  
this child of luna's nocturnal silver light  
wanders through the myst draped wild lands  
a patient hunter watching unwary prey

it's the silent death within the shadows  
whos eyes stare bright hidden in the dark  
a gentle predator within its fallen realm  
misunderstood symbol of nature's wrath

with a bitter sweet tounge's howl  
their voices raise in a serene chorus  
giving praise to the velvet darkness  
crying a lament unto the night....

Peter Madden

# Yet Still I Dream

At my feet lie my dreams  
twisted and torn mercilessly asunder  
by cold unforgiving claws of reality's wrath  
the once comforting illusions of reassurance  
now shattered into a myriad of broken promises  
leaving nightmares and despair to rule in their stead

yet still i dream...

Peter Madden