

Poetry Series

Raven Syke
- poems -

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Raven Syke()

An Afternoon Nap

Summers sun dyes my skin,
Burning rust and warm hair
It lingers like a hot shadow
And refuses not to shine

Clouds of shade bring promises
A slow and persistent stalk
Worries float from me
On the breeze of summers air

Heavy eyelids already dreaming
Of memories too hard to hold
In the palm of one's mind
What's real and what is reality

Raven Syke

Angels In The Stars

Glow like ember
Golden and cold
Seethe like a hiss
Of which i'm told

Fire behind eyes
That see too much
Cold of the coal
Black to the touch

Blues and purples
Pure fire of ice
Angels breath
Sweet smelling spice

There's nothing like
The stars above
Nothing except
An angel's love

Raven Syke

Arguments

All we do is argue
Every night and everyday
Doesn't matter what i do
Doesn't matter what i say

Like a ticking time bomb
We both explode
Where did that come from?
None of us know

In a fit of anger
In a fit of rage
Nothing really matters
For at this stage

Our fists do the talking
The weak do the walking
Our words are lost on the air
What's left is our inner fear

Switch off our humanity
Give in to all that insanity
It doesn't matter who's right
All that matters is who's left to fight

Cuts, bruises, a slash or two
That isn't enough
A kick, a hit, a punch that you threw
That isn't enough

See that grimace screw up your face
A thick red liquid, a familiar taste
See where your smile used to be
Now a broken used to be

Hear the screams
Fear for your life
Our anger seethes
Throughout he night

Raven Syke

Darkest Night

Deep is the shadow of my soul
Against the night of infinity
Creeping as the sound of silence
Is persistent in it's Insanity

Escape is laughable, unwanted
As desperation turns into despair
Liquid loathing seep into my skin
The cold shivers of an internal fear

Frozen in place by my wicked thoughts
Laughing at my dumbfounded glee
Swimming in pools of black liquid fire
And catch something so sacretly free

The night is calling for my attention
Thick wings beg for my body, my skin
Entice and encircle me in soft feathers
Let me embrace in the darkest of sins

Raven Syke

Distant

Fade

Wither

Bloom

Fright

Change

Raven Syke

January Wolf

Crystals hang from burdened boughs
Gems stain the lakes and rivers
Morning fog engulf their fur
Seeping deep despair into their shivers

Linger softly, last night of winter
Be kind to the wary and watchful
Let earth's skin renew at their touch,
Let rainbow hues sing through

Come gently, come softly, come creeping
Care for those ruled by January's moon
Howls of sweet pitiful pain
Full with luminous light they swoon

Hunters of both moon and gather's light
Seekers of both truth and clarity
Beware the first wolf and it's January might
Only they can be both alone and free

Raven Syke

Painful Pleasure

oh tease the foundations
of this burning love
The stinging hiss
I must suffer alone

It's angry red curve
Smiles with maddened glee
And tempts me to scream
The pleasure, the pain.

I dare not listen
To reason's urgent cry
As again it strikes me
Hard and cold like electricity

Dies down, the seething lust
Sooth the marked brow
Rough are the dark skies
And content is that blue fire

Raven Syke

Passionate Crush

Fire humming over a hesitant heart
Creeping quietly over burning cheeks
Tapping that rhythm from the start
Would the other have what you seek?

Burn, it whispers, it smiles, it grows.
Contort your thoughts uncomfortably
Invision, impair, impolite, you know
Steal bonds, you struggle feably.

Listen now, can you hear what i hear?
The quiet hush of breath between you?
Accept what you know, the truth you fear
That overwhelming crush is true.

Raven Syke

Personality

You say classic Beauty
Deep eyes of dark brown
In shades of warm coffee
And black upon my crown

Grace in my cat-like steps
Prowess in my cunning smile
Hypnotic rhythm in my hips
And the charms of a stoic liar

You say a fierce kind of loyalty
With heart made of gold
And a sense of spirituality
Young body homes an old soul

But i have more than one mask
More than one facet to this gem
I am not as boring and quiet
As one might think to assume

Raven Syke

Rain

Tingles of a chill
Runs along your arm
Bumps in its wake
Spots of water
Checkered your skin

Waves and wind
Move in motion
Rhythm to it's own beat
Listen and you'll hear
Nature's earthly music

Replenish, fresh
Breathe in, then out
Clean spring grass
Grey washed concrete
Simple and pure

Feel safe, and held
When you hear it's tapping
On your roof, your window
See it's tears run
It's heart poured

Raven Syke

Red Dusk

Red sweeps the freedom of sky
A relentless flame above the tide
Burning hot, the passion of young
A lingering whisper of the sweet sun

Scales of a beast, ancient and old
Prickles of magic too fathom to behold
It burns it seethes it hurts to watch
It's close enough and eager to scorch

A golden rust so warm of later day
Goodness prays its here to stay
Eyes of rich topaz, hair of dark scarlet
The sun retreats to its warm night bed

Raven Syke

Reincarnation

Shadows of morning
Disperse in the night
A glow on the horizon
Bask in its cold light

Sweet fog on my thirsty tongue
Linger, the smoke of yesterday
Anew and cold, air to my lungs
The sap and dew of bashful may

Bloom like strange spider lilies
Spring birth of autumns end
Fade, wither and die
And then rebirth again

Raven Syke

Senseless Noises

Weakness strengthens my bones,
As cowardice prickles my skin.
You used to be what I called home
The patience I had ran thin

You were what I thought about
Cut short from my nightly dreams
Hope taints reality like a cloud
Nothing is what it seems.

Judgement overrules judgement.
Thoughts swim with eerie voices
My emotions show only a fragment
My words are senseless noises

Raven Syke

Silver Fields

Whispers of bright silver,
sing to me your song
Through fields of moonlight
the greys of right and wrong

Silence is golden,
cold and resounding
Give to me your heart,
Endless and pounding

Stand here, exposed
In a world of our own
Stand here and wonder
There is no other we've known

A wind picks up your thoughts
And carries them to my ears
Be calm my gentle soulmate
Here, there is no room for fear

Settle your clouded spirit,
be calm, be cool, be still
Your back is exposed,
and so is your silver will

Hush now my darling
Be a feather in a breeze
Float gently on the soft wind
Take with it a care and ease

Rest your mind and sleep
Ignore the doubt you yield
Close your eyes and think of me
In the grass of silver fields

Raven Syke

Soul

Like the sky above,
expression in its clouds,
Untouched by human hands,
Unbound by mortal frames.

It is human in its insight,
Also ruled by emotion
Whether cloudless and blue
Or exciting and wicked

Read from its open face,
Listen to its parted lips
Long for its cascading rain
Along your bare shoulders.

Eyelids closed with wonder
How if dreams were like this
Everything would be perfect,
Until the setting sun

Raven Syke

The Foretold

Black stone beneath sore feet
Journey's end, at last we meet
Taunting walk in anguished eyes
Starlight hue, in midnight skies

Night is young, and ancients old
Hear the story, of which foretold
Burning mist of dawns cold flame
Beseech the world of new age fame

Yet old world's charm linger near
So cold to touch, of what i fear
Linger softly, o kiss of death
Eyes asleep with morning breath

Jaded eyes burn with lighted glow
Skin as pale as brightest snow
What once it was and was it once
Arise the new, and in abundance

Raven Syke

The Journey Of Beaten Men

Silent road trip
To which there is no end
No sway in your hip
No crease in the bend

Straight ahead
The old road leads
Dragged are my feet of lead
As I plant my flower seeds

Blossom in my wake
As I turn my back
Bloom, crackle, break
Sorrow and despair it doesn't lack

Whethered and dead,
This old country road,
Best watch your head
And your burdenous load

Dark are the shadows
On either side
So are the hollows
Underneath your eyes

Each step is swallowed
By this lone dirt path
Each painful breath borrowed
As you hear death laugh

No hope for the wicked
No end to agony
No cure for the sickened
This journey is Eternity

Raven Syke

Til Midnight

Strike
Til midnight
The pangs of your love
Hear
The fear
Of what is not reflected.

Seize
The moment
Of which you are given
Saw
The door
Open and left empty.

Lose
The goose
That chased you in circles
Hear
The tear
That shredded your heart

From morning
Til night
The clock ticks on
From then,
Til now,
When will midnight come?

Raven Syke

Vain Freedom

My words mean nothing,
it's just paper to burn
Freedom gained vainly,
isn't justly earned

Is it mean to feel nothing?
Or do I offend?
Should I take back those words?
Should I make a mends?

Grey is the situation,
No right, no wrong.
Disregard the trust
As doubts are born

I refuse to feel
What my heart is made for
Regret burns through me
As your heart I tore

I cannot think straight
I cannot sleep at night.
My pretty words
You throw to one side

You have surely gone
Far beyond my reach
Though I am connected to you
Like a blood-thirsty leech.

You will not tell me
What it is you feel
Though I want to know more,
I doubt what is real

I am found lost,
Wondering the streets of my mind
Though ties I leave severed
To you, my thoughts will bind.

Raven Syke

When Fear Comes Dancing

When night wanders in
From the depths of the dim
When eyes watch keenly,
The shadows that spread.

Twist the fire of anger
Around the skin of a beggar.
Carve me a smile
Onto the mouth of the dead.

Dust that lick up and coat your arms
Teeth that bite, and sing of harm
Trust I know, fight or flight
Come feed me wine and bread.

Lavish the pleasure of sin and soul
Burn thick tar with ice and coal
Oh the contradiction of names I see
Watch in which shadows you tread.

Raven Syke

Whisper

Linger softly, kiss my ear
Velvet voice in the frigid air
Breathless, taunting, and restrain
Against the bitter despair

With that feathery touch
Your voice is loud and clear
Never can there be such
A most deserving pair

With your eyes are wanting
Your liquid smile convulsing
My deep heartbeat pulsing
Whisper in my midnight ear

Your angel feathers are molting
Conform to this human fear
In your eyes, a frozen lake
Behold, the whisper in my ear

Raven Syke

Will It Be Enough?

Submit to me
Your darkest dreams
When the world you knew
Did not exist.

Crawling over
Graves of cold stone
Left buried there
Are memories missed.

Sick with spite
The need to fight
Come drag me kicking
And raise a fist

Teeth bared
And shadows scared
Of what I have
Drunk in mist

Make sense the words
Of flight in birds?
Sky of thunder
And lips to kiss.

Small trouble
Left in rubble
Condemned to be
A liquor-wish twist

Raven Syke