

Poetry Series

**The First Shrike**  
**- poems -**

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# The First Shrike(Still Waiting-Inpending)

If You Only Knew (seperates he from me) The Shrike appears in all of the Hyperion books and is something of an enigma; its true purpose isn't 'revealed' until the second book, but even then it is left a malleable purpose. In fact, this explanation is changed significantly in the latter two books (The Endymion duology) . The Shrike appears to act both autonomously and as a servant of some unknown force or entity, and in the first two Hyperion books, exists solely in the area around the Time Tombs on the planet Hyperion. In the latter two, it is effectively unfettered.

## [edit] Physical Description

The Shrike stands roughly three meters in height and is described as being composed of razorwire, thorns, blades, and cutting edges, having fingers like scalpels and long, curved toeblades. It is basically a gigantic, bladed killing machine.

The Shrike weighs over a ton, though it is apparently capable of modifying its density as it sees fit.

Though metallic in appearance ('quicksilver over chrome') , the Shrike is also described as an 'organic' machine, humanoid in a general way, but with four 'oddly jointed' arms and intense, multi-faceted ruby eyes.

According to all descriptions, the Shrike is immensely horrifying to behold, extremely large, covered in blades and other cutting utensils, strangely quicksilver-shifty to look upon, and essentially something straight out of the most demented nightmares.

Upon suffering injury in combat, the Shrike is seen to lose a large amount of cabling likened to intestines, but in no way loses its abilities as a result.

## [edit] Abilities

The Shrike communicates exclusively through pain and death. Throughout the books it is apparent that the Shrike can travel through time, appearing to move much faster than light and appearing to exist everywhere simultaneously if it desires. The Shrike was at one point assumed to be a prisoner of the Hyperion time tombs' anti-entropic fields (the 'time tides') , but as these began to degrade, the Shrike ranged farther and farther and eventually was observed on

other planets elsewhere in the galaxy.

Preferring to perform vivisections on its victims, the Shrike generally 'appears' near its victims and blinks about them before killing them in a flash of opening flesh and gore; sometimes it leaves its victims alive and transports them to an eternity of impalement upon an enormous artificial 'tree of thorns' in Hyperion's distant future. The tree of thorns is described as unimaginably large, alive with the agonized writhing of countless human victims of all ages and races.

The Shrike proves to be more than competent at hand-to-hand combat; it is itself a gigantic cutting utensil capable of manipulating time itself.

[edit] Origin

Surrounded in complete mystery, the object of fear, hatred, and even worship (by members of the Church of the Final Atonement, AKA the 'Shrike Cult') , the Shrike's origins are as uncertain as are its purpose and its abilities.

It is suggested in the books that the Shrike was actually a creation of a distant-future computer god, the Ultimate Intelligence, or UI, which was the end-result of countless years of TechnoCore research and effort. The UI, however, was not the only 'god' to be created - humanity and other conscious life eventually spawned its own god. The UI and the human god apparently strove with one another before the empathy part of the human god fled back in time.

The UI then created the Shrike and sent it back to create suffering by impaling people on its tree of thorns, in the hopes that when enough human suffering was harvested and sustained on the tree of thorns, the human god would emerge from hiding and respond to all the pain broadcast by the Shrike's tree.

The results of this are not discussed in-depth in the books.

In a somewhat different explanation offered in *The Rise of Endymion*, The Shrike has a connection to a TechnoCore sect called the Reapers, the original programs designed to provide evolutionary pressure on the hyperlife Core entities. The Reapers' motivations are, again, unclear - though in the latter two books, when the connection to the Reapers is made clear, the Shrike acts as a protector of Aenea against the Core assassins.

The actual controlling persona of the Shrike is, in fact, taken from that of its nemesis Fedmahn Kassad, the warrior who ultimately defeats it. It is unclear whether this applies to the legions of Shrikes existing by the time of Kassad's

final battle, some time in the distant future, or solely to the original Shrike.

Top that for imagination.....lol For imaniation is all it is

# A Gentleman Once Said To Me

(And I Quote)

I said our baby was a miracle

He stated

that all children

are miracles

Dumbfounded

I could only think to he

the greater the sacrifice

the greater the miracle

The First Shrike

The First Shrike

# A Posteriori

The text of life  
is all about  
learning from not only your  
life

Yet in the sharing  
richness in life  
all to have lived

Precious few  
do share  
with you

Some with wisdom  
come to the young

The teachers our parents  
but to name a few

So of you whom have  
such gifts as these

Unclutter  
there minds  
let them learn  
of such things

Of this I ask  
please  
just be kind

The First Shrike

# A Reflection On One So Wise 'Abraham Lincoln' For Whom The Bell Did Toll

'Every man is proud of what he does well; and no man is proud of what he does not do well. With the former, his heart is in his work; and he will do twice as much of it with less fatigue. The latter performs a little imperfectly, looks at it in disgust, turns from it, and imagines himself exceedingly tired. The little he has done, comes to nothing, for want of finishing.'  
Abraham Lincoln.

'When a man is led to believe that the pride in the work that he thought was done well, is undermined by himself, or others, for lack of instruction, where such instruction would not be rebuffed, then those whom could so instruct are just as responsible for the want of his when his heart is in his work and he seemed tireless in the pursuit of its perfection, while knowing full well that nothing is perfect, when if fortunate enough, then his efforts could at the very least be perceived as his willingness to bring himself up from his past failures'.

For nothing else from man or woman, Would or could any so ask.

James E McLain Jr.

The First Shrike

# A Second Chance From 'God'

The child I cried  
when from the womb  
you finally came

No misty sigh that  
came from you  
through the fluid  
of life  
she saw

In it's stead  
two cries I hear  
the first  
a painfull  
sigh I heard

For as that pain  
so did depart  
the second sound  
we did so hear

That gift of life  
that most hold dear

Trembling, Frailness  
small such 'GRACE'

Laid through mercy  
in your hands

.  
The ultimate  
gift' GOD' gave to us

Such sweetness  
may all learn to  
know

For such a rairity  
some may have

Second chance  
we all can find  
through faith  
Wilt thou now

'Child' learn the song  
live to tell...  
grow up so strong.

With wings upon which  
you have to fly.

Thy glory to himself.....Not I

The First Shrike

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# Alula

When she was born  
thus so adorned  
so tired she was  
gave birth to you  
different set of wings  
you now so have  
please learn to use  
them right

The First Shrike

# Am I

Sight blinded aura  
thought wait  
sit and drown

Do come forth  
such thoughts  
as walls give  
way to pave

Sight blinded  
for myself so  
think some  
one else  
not I am

The right still all  
have yet  
the exception  
is bad for the  
few

No thought  
did I give  
when on  
bended knee  
by force so was  
I

Missundersanding  
my whole life  
so thought  
they of me

For now  
that no longer  
am I whom so  
did wander  
percieved

something  
better

My chances by me  
so thought by thee  
mean at the very  
least  
uncertainty

These solom words  
are spoken for you

Spoken such  
words humbly  
solem are they  
now

The First Shrike

# Bathed In Pillars Of Light

The light does bring forth life  
darkness is only temporary  
meant for us to rest our selves

Shrug off yesterdays difficulties  
for the morrows light brings us  
new hope in most difficult things

Yet the white rose fragrance  
indearing to all brings forth  
the sculpture of all pure things

I have at a young age  
long tranceded  
this mortal shell en cased it seems  
that I am in

For the purity of that which it is

When you gaze  
upon it's leaves  
indelibility blue printed  
to pass on to others  
which you will

Just but left to tend the garden  
by those whom know  
the secrets of that upon  
which we are all intitled to

Only for the lack of sight without eyes  
to hear with out ears  
to taste that which you smell  
and so those two scenses  
are intertwined  
to feel  
with out  
touching  
an impath

Pure and simple  
yet with dignity  
and as much  
We must treat  
all others as well

The First Shrike

# Beyond Apathetic

I fear not  
the dark  
it has always  
been there

I fear not the light  
for deleverence  
from here

I am though  
ashamed  
that of those  
whom so could  
turn just a few  
more from the  
dark

Into the light

That they know  
while building  
more jails  
shackling  
the lame

I speak  
cannot for  
the three  
in five whom  
care  
but for the  
two in five  
whoms care  
is only of that  
for guilde

May that witch you  
have so  
inflicketed

be returned  
unto thee

Seventy times  
Seventy  
so  
Proffered  
By  
The First Shrike

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# Bird Beast Or Shrike

The beast  
I am not  
yet persist  
to slay  
the  
mighty  
weapon of  
Shrike  
do I say

No harm as such  
will come your way

When the bird  
with wings  
if left  
unto me  
to fly  
from  
such pain  
and  
never remain

The First Shrike

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# Boldly Go Thy Hallowed Soul

Called forth prefer  
to stay safe  
hear t'is not as  
so thought dear

Claws sharpened  
razor edge  
teeth I wish not  
but are as well

Passive so I rather would be  
My flesh  
My blood  
has she so chose  
it to be

Lightning cast forth  
heat no problem to  
me

The First Shrike

# Butterfly Dreams

The dreams  
of my heart  
my mind  
doth pass

In my dream  
of butterflys  
for they  
hug me  
without sound

Nothing stays  
with me to long  
In my dream of  
butterflys  
they lift me  
from this ground

But I have  
had from  
since as a  
child  
In my dream  
of butterflys  
they so still  
my mind

The deep solace  
of song  
In my dream  
of butterflys  
they flutter for they  
are posied

In my dream  
of butterflys  
my daughter  
now is four

In my dream of  
butterflys  
such delight  
to my eyes  
forever  
may roam

Let me find life  
and stay

In my dream of  
butterflys

Soft weaved wings  
they always have  
of witch we sing

With wings whoms  
tunes  
are played  
out and not  
forgotten

In my dream of  
butterflys  
linen in does  
my neice now  
lay

Like the rain  
of yesterday  
rainbow weaved  
it is  
thus so

In my dream of  
butterflys  
heavens light  
doth shine  
so true

In my dream of

butterflys  
no cut  
nor sting  
for all  
will sing  
for the  
beauty with  
out flowers  
no dream

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# Cameron

She speaks  
of him  
so thus  
in fragile  
hands  
he trusts  
his future  
doth  
he have  
a say  
this question  
of you

I ask

Mighty soul  
that lays  
within  
small body  
a mind  
remains

In GODS hand

He must  
sustain  
the reason  
why all such  
do remain  
for such caring  
in loving hands

Tenderness  
is all  
that she  
retains

No profit  
from his

soul  
she asks

An open eye  
to all  
must pass

No reason  
given  
such love  
from her

For those  
whom care  
none would  
so ask

Hevelly Where The crown

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# Cheek To Feet Stained By Ink Of Tear

Ink tears  
whom rest  
in black tears

Do so they  
course upon  
my face

Are mine of pain  
and sorrow  
of anger

I can't abate  
yet what of the  
hate  
of past  
and present

Those are the  
tear's  
that I so  
shed

Such with  
but a pen  
each tear  
with a meaning  
for each has its  
own feeling  
they all carry  
their own  
reason

Yet never do they  
reach the  
ground

A sob for the  
ink of my

tear

unnoticed unknown

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# Clearing Of The Mist

I waited I waited  
mayhap  
much to long  
fog haze  
in mind  
much to  
strong

Patience not cruelty  
all made so  
clear

So much time  
said lost

weep  
not a tear

no saint are we  
unless  
vain deluded

To think  
as once  
could

Powerful bold

The lion gives  
way  
to the roar

Careful must we  
when mind is  
clouded

To curb such strong  
words  
did not mean

to offend  
them

The First Shrike

# Conversation Among The Ruin's (Ruins Upon Ruins)

Through portico of my elegant house you stalk  
With your wild furies, disturbing garlands of fruit  
And the fabulous lutes and peacocks, rending the net  
Of all decorum which holds the whirlwind back.  
Now, rich order of walls is fallen; rooks croak  
Above the appalling ruin; in bleak light  
Of your stormy eye, magic takes flight  
Like a daunted witch, quitting castle when real days break.

Fractured pillars frame prospects of rock;  
While you stand heroic in coat and tie, I sit  
Composed in Grecian tunic and psyche-knot,  
Rooted to your black look, the play turned tragic:  
Which such blight wrought on our bankrupt estate,  
What ceremony of words can patch the havoc?

Sylvia Plath

Ruins Upon Ruins

That both of us

hath wrought  
Into  
our elegant house

I walked  
by invitation  
only

Whirlwinds  
wild fury

I say did we both

Nought did I

so solemnly  
speak  
nor wish to  
unfold  
to thee

That which all know  
have privy to see  
agreed

The birds  
all there colors  
fashion  
still hold  
yet he  
himself  
through peace  
chose to  
speak  
unto me

I know  
If a child  
I was  
and thou  
bewitched  
me so  
you did  
then there  
the right you  
gave to me

The right called  
love  
I spent upon  
thee

For untruthful told  
words found  
in time

Would soon

have both us  
crying

Yet unto the two  
of us through  
light  
we still keep  
trying

A tragedy  
is not that  
of which I  
seek  
but  
simple  
understanding  
made upon  
peace

Estate bankrupt  
as so  
spoken by  
you  
can just as easily  
be  
respune again  
diplomacy  
in words  
doth bring

Intertwined  
the two again  
saith you

Speak the  
truth  
pray tell to all  
It doth  
end well  
repose

Think good

James E McLain Jr.

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# Darkness Falls

The night hath  
long been here  
yet near

To lie upon soft  
sheets  
I fear

For vigilance must not  
be taken from me  
alas when  
forced to sleep

For as all  
true kings  
must learn  
to weep

For the hawks  
the eagles  
still will be

Some sit with wonder  
and watch me cry

My spirit returns ten  
times as strong  
to learn  
to sing and  
dance the song

For those who long  
to see me live

Humbly it is  
of your  
compassion  
I ask  
For true to spirit

all do so seek

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# Direction

Wisdom and Knowledge  
are useless  
with out  
Guileless  
guidance

For whom  
without guile  
will render  
so such

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# Dreams

where would any be  
the lofty the low  
without a dream  
to guide them so

Practical words from  
the high  
speak of reality  
take this position  
do so abide

For you waste your life  
trying to so obtain  
that witch  
I could not so have

Neither may you so  
attain

So aIl must give up  
there hopes there dreams

Or be crushed by  
another reality it  
seems

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# From Dust Can So Come

A new dawn of day  
better wish for the morrow

My Queen  
I cannot find  
a way to so sing

No more of such  
sorrow about  
yesterdays today

Regrets most to  
do I so have  
will she come  
on the morrow

Tackle box neatly  
laid with her finger tips  
afraid not like most

Lioness her self  
if but that I  
truley knew  
then on the morrow  
a sunflower again

I would see that  
as a mate  
I still miss  
Her

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# Highlander

There is fire  
in the seed  
let it not run  
rampant  
a simple  
beginning  
yet the world  
still is spinning

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# Human Race (Only.0001% Of America Is This Way)

To him do  
I speak  
from where  
he has  
been  
all souls  
so crushed  
with out  
hope

We all  
live  
die  
there  
no respite  
for it is not  
for the money  
or that of  
spite

In America  
we have  
indoctrinated  
mortgage paid  
we care  
not about  
you

Your Blood  
is as  
meaningless  
as that of  
the stars

For if They  
cannot control  
such mass  
what meaning  
of life so

you think they  
would offer

Proffer

The First Shrike

# I Did Not Write This

People come into your life for a reason  
a season or a lifetime

When you know which one it is  
you will know what to do for that  
person

When someone is in your life for a  
reason  
it is usually to meet  
a need you have  
expressed

They have come to assist you through  
a difficulty to provide you  
with guidance and support  
to aid you physically  
emotionally or  
spiritually

They may seem like a  
godsend and they are

They are there for the reason  
you need them to be

Then without any wrongdoing  
on your part or at an  
inconvenient time  
this person will say  
or do something  
to bring the  
relationship  
to an end

Sometimes they die  
Sometimes they  
walk away

Sometimes they act up  
and force  
you to take a  
stand

What we must realize  
is that our need  
has been met  
our desire  
fulfilled  
their work  
is done

The prayer  
you sent up  
has been  
answered  
now it is  
time to  
move on

Some people  
come into your  
life  
for a  
season  
because your turn  
has  
come to share  
grow or learn

They bring you an experience  
of peace or make you laugh

They may teach  
you something  
you have  
never done

They usually give you  
an unbelievable  
amount of joy

Believe it  
it is real  
But only  
for a  
season

Lifetime relationships  
teach you lifetime  
lessons  
things you  
must  
build upon  
in order to have  
a solid  
emotional  
foundation

Your job  
is to accept  
the lesson  
love the person  
and put what you  
have learned to use  
in all other  
relationships  
and areas  
of your life

It is said that love  
is blind  
but friendship  
is clairvoyant.

Thank you for being  
a part of my life  
whether  
you were  
a reason  
a  
season  
or a

lifetime

The First Shrike

# I Know Nothing

All do know  
that life  
sometimes  
is easy

So therefore  
as previously  
stated  
a rough life  
I do some times  
live

When from  
your mouth  
the things  
that you say

Can you not just  
speak softly

Is would ask

For a full life  
it is

I wish to live

Please call me  
not lazy  
no effort  
put forth

Simple words  
writing to cope  
is my fix

Not hooked  
on drugs  
like so many

before

Just a pat on the back  
would do me quite  
well

An expression of  
appreciation  
may all so recieve

The First Shrike

# Just

Trying To Save  
What I Can  
Is All

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# Lost Joy

Taken from me  
by those whom  
can see

See me  
not  
for  
my joy  
they have  
taken

I barely  
can speak

So it is  
I've been  
told

The words  
I must learn  
are not  
to impress  
but to fall  
on the ears  
that can bring  
me my joy

Tears  
hurt sorrow  
do they now  
know ravaged  
down deep  
inside  
my soul

I have  
relented  
please  
will not

you

Proffer all

The First Shrike

# My Daughter

I have not seen her  
in more than a year  
they think I will get  
better by not seeing  
her

I have not finished  
mowing some Else's  
yard I am ill

I hear thunder and lightning  
I will go out and finish mowing  
some body Else's yard

I am 49 she is only four  
my only child  
I go out and mow  
the yard

The First Shrike

# No Blame

Two family's lands  
so did collide  
the choice  
the children  
no place  
rest or hide

Blood intermixed  
whom  
could so  
for tell  
yet the  
feelings I get  
are so  
mixed

Wisdom  
did you try  
to impart  
unto me

No anger  
I feel  
for you  
knew  
inside  
me

Warning sign  
beside  
the road  
please  
of you

I ask

Not dwell

For  
if some one  
Had  
of stepped  
to the  
plate

Blame upon  
I  
future  
different  
would  
have made

The First Shrike

# Queen Of Pain

Cry To Me

Please of you  
I so do ask  
dont scream  
nor yell  
my soul  
must pass

The things  
that you do  
of those  
whom I care

Dont thee dare

What is it  
that I must  
so take  
of love  
to the end  
twine souls  
can make

You are suppose  
to care  
no end

If only he  
could  
understand why  
her pain and sorrow  
would pass  
to the bye

Blood is Blood  
when only a Child  
no excuse

to this  
you have done  
to this Child

I at four would like to walk

I at four would like to talk

Therefore  
he can not  
escape you

Unto you  
deprive this  
soul of  
all that is good  
not for you any more

I have so taken  
all that you have  
thrown

Yet if you continue  
your throne  
I will have do  
right by the  
Child

Whom cannot  
fight for them  
selves

The First Shrike

## Riddle Or Parable

Age 11 allergic to rattle snake  
antitoxin  
please give me an answer  
to that

Age 25 most secluded place  
I so could find 30 miles from  
nearest hospital like kind  
betrayed by love  
death guaranteed  
floating above myself  
in emergency room  
found by boy looking for frogs  
six months of shame and embarrassment  
trying to reajust to reality  
not some ones pity  
Please give me an  
answer to that

Age 28 on way to school  
hit wall split bell helmet  
in half egg shell  
in school next day  
please give me an  
answer to that

Two dozen more of such  
I could so tell If you have  
any questions an  
answer to that

The First Shrike

# S. D. M.

S. D. M.

God knew  
our hearts  
while his  
son did  
depart

For the cry  
on his lips  
when he so  
passed caused  
the heavens  
to move  
the earth  
to so shake

while upon  
the  
romans  
in rain  
his  
blood could  
not sate.

The First Shrike            J.E.

The First Shrike

# Sea Of Sand

Replenished through  
that open door  
the sands of  
time  
forever more

Upon the sea  
would thou so  
ask  
instill upon  
my soul to  
last

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# Self

No change is possible  
without self confrontation.

The First Shrike

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# Stand With Me Or Not

A lettered man  
that knows the law  
is all I ask of thee

Whom forth integrity  
uncorrupt  
will come  
stand by me

Upon my life  
no names  
unto they

Would I so  
dare  
to speak

So here me now  
I beg no  
more

Safely hidden  
away I say

So betray  
me no more  
lie to me no more  
cover up that no more

Built upon no truth

Only my freedom  
all said proceedings

For  
I now grow stronger  
wont tolerate said

Aforementioned

predicated  
premeditated  
prejudicial  
probative  
none in value

In my interest  
Not  
Strike it from your book  
only way  
to cover  
lies  
Compromise I will  
come to me soon

The First Shrike

# Tears That Are Your's

so it is  
as she doth  
say

maybe not  
so quite  
as they  
whom would  
so say

Yet upon her cheeks  
those tears  
do  
so burn

I cry  
yet for the mask  
into the soul  
of one  
such as this

No one  
should be forced  
to yell or  
scream  
just for a taste  
of some sanity  
so seems

When if you can  
if but yet you do try  
or if by force  
you make me  
so cry

The heed  
such pain  
is the worn  
of such soul

Can I so be  
perceived as not weak  
if through the mask  
so said tears  
do leak

The tears  
my pain  
salt though may  
taste

Just one  
my tears  
a  
barrel of salt  
should  
would  
may  
you so  
taste

The First Shrike

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# The Book Of Secret's

Written  
from the past  
thousands of years  
recorded  
all last.

This question I ask

Those whom  
would so  
come along  
must find a way  
to put word  
unto  
song.  
May I  
say

We live in a time  
where ear's  
cannot hear  
wisdom  
knowledge  
in song  
come to  
pass

Yet those  
whom such  
credence  
Walls paneled  
degrees

One must  
listen  
to all  
not people  
alone  
in nature has

been there  
so along.

For if just one  
secret in a  
book  
of thousand's

Then search  
for the eye  
that can so  
gaze  
and  
has so such  
seen the  
pain  
in the  
soul  
called  
Humanity.  
For upon  
there life  
it is  
required  
of thee

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# The Gordian Knot (Respune)

Gordian knot  
yet percieved  
to be different

To untangle  
it from yours  
so percieved  
by me  
They  
all say

Gordian knot  
laid upon flesh  
it is possible  
not some  
wooden pole

Upon our neck  
has been  
placed

Yet  
none of them  
have been able  
to untie me

Such  
from that  
knot  
has now been  
placed  
it matters  
no more  
to all whom  
did so  
know

you see  
there is

but one trick  
where the  
fault now  
lays

For to do  
as was  
done  
so long  
ago

To severe  
the Knot  
with pen  
not sword

For they look  
at me  
have I no say  
when you  
weild  
the pen  
this  
sword

Yet only see  
part of me  
I feel the pain  
as all other's

They see what they  
think they should see  
it is so

For some of you  
have most  
grasiously  
been shown

What they have  
been told to see  
have seen

through my  
pain  
and by  
seeing  
in the  
mirror

They don't see  
the whole picture

The mirror  
your self  
into your self  
gazing

For if they did into one's self like that

For those whom some would go  
crazed

I would no longer  
be a mystery  
at that  
unto my body  
inflicted  
like that  
no

They would  
be able  
to untie  
my mystery  
am I would

Should you so would think  
so

If they were  
but to classify  
me  
as plain  
human being

with the  
very same  
flame  
and not  
as that as  
you do  
think so of  
me

Yet to see  
the people  
it is whom  
you would call  
they would see

I am unique  
see nothing  
unigue  
at all

Just  
in your  
pleasure  
you see  
not the  
measure  
please if  
therefore  
all prior  
knowledge  
it is of thee  
that I so pray

Not into  
oblivion  
ever again  
may I  
see  
Such a forelorn  
place

Where no human

being  
held for  
ransom  
to line  
ones own  
pocket's.

With that not of linen

Of knots or people  
your knowledge  
and wisdom  
can supply

Apply eyes  
with which  
you have to  
see

For if my  
mind  
they  
need to  
look  
at me  
as not tainted

Tis only with  
fear  
at the  
power of  
some  
with  
fresh eyes  
whom so can  
weild

which even the  
simplest  
and an untainted  
mind can see  
Makes the fear

grow even more  
so in me

You see  
the  
answer is  
here  
you seek

That in the  
mirror  
of which  
I speak  
for all to  
see

I am  
willing to  
share  
with you

All that I have  
but they have  
to be willing  
the hope  
that answer  
all do seek

may I help  
To open  
there eyes  
and mind  
to others

Please  
don't lock  
away again  
what's left  
of my  
mind

For even

the best  
miss  
some

Yet only then  
you can see

What is right in  
front of your  
face

There is an  
in between  
world  
crazy and  
not

You can see  
the answer

By that of deed  
and action

Is the shadow  
in you  
or could be  
the light.  
but a better  
human being  
is there

So many  
have missed  
simply  
for the  
asking

For freely  
will  
I give to all  
If  
but you would

ask the  
right question  
is all

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# The Law

Amazed  
you would be  
if but  
you could see  
the manner  
in which  
such  
Laws  
are made

It starts  
with a bill  
must be  
quite  
the big  
thrill  
to take  
from our  
children

Most sacred  
of all

Constitution  
your  
Bill of Rights  
twist them  
turn them till  
you know  
not what is  
right

For in  
such  
a way  
laws

Are now

made

With out  
forsight  
then  
changed  
again  
by ones  
own opinion

They not us

Not of that  
which is right

In spirit so  
changed again

Arbitrarily so  
Ambiguously  
Premeditatedly

Thus made so

Then a law  
it is not

Stupid thus  
ignorant

I am

Alone am I  
In what is  
the Law

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# The Life I Waived

The wave  
folding over  
unto it's self

Some times grants  
a slice to the  
eye

Truth of ones mind  
so deceived by  
others

In fact they do so  
recognize in them  
selves

This way no  
headway is  
made

The ocean  
is  
green blue  
true color

Not merely  
seen  
shades of grey

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# The Pebble And The Rock

Unto the rock  
the pebble  
so small  
did ask of it

Simple question  
was all

Great massive  
heavy rock  
how is it  
that you are  
so tall

With great  
effort of  
movement  
for the river  
a torrent

When  
upon the small delicate  
soft shiney  
smooth  
perfectly well  
rounded without  
flaw

Booming voice  
from he so tall

Mellowed his answer  
filled with awe

Answered  
the pebble  
with word's  
like this.....

Tiny most  
humble pebble  
you so  
very long ago  
were once the  
mightiest

Mountain on the  
face of the  
Earth

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# To The All Poets Here

With ignorance  
I upon you came  
tolerance did you  
gracefully show  
upon such as  
I  
that none of you know  
by happen stance  
circumstance  
humility you taught me  
true, grace, truth, opinions,  
crass to laugh, feel sad  
when both blue point of fact  
is this to you  
if any I have  
offened  
speak true  
I will apologize to  
from my heart  
speakith I to you

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# Tree's Unnoticed

stone to sand

Over the years  
a layer of stone  
has formed around  
my small heart

For I'm a  
human being  
can they not see  
that they hurt me  
so

When ever they  
hurt me

I cry for them  
some with empathy  
some with pain

I cannot resent them

Yes I have been  
wronged  
the lie  
called a song

For the suffering  
all indure  
forever goes on.

The mask as I suffer  
continue's  
to grow thicker

For the pain  
caused by other's  
just has me  
grow thicker

The heart in my chest  
I do so chose  
of mine own  
choice be  
soft  
not bitter

Yet the beat of a heart  
when forced  
to suffer  
it flutters  
shake's  
and do I so  
tremble.

For shame on those  
whom care so little  
for child barely grown  
whom would so aspire  
to the tallest RedWood  
if let be inspired.

For unto the light  
such majesty  
grows

Never to repel  
that which is love  
or joy

For through the stone  
mine root's did mix  
take hold  
so axe or stone  
my BARK doth  
repell

So as I grow taller  
the rock turn's  
to sand  
Now a seedling a place

to make there  
forever new stand

For from such  
is the joy of  
love  
and happiness

The rain washes  
like tear's away  
the pain's

Trial's trepidation's  
of one's  
yesterday's

Forever let  
stay

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# Unkind Words

Unkind Words

Meant not for her  
no understanding than  
to say most unstable

With holding from her husband  
thinking me overly intelligent  
abundantly so

Terrible actions such lack  
of for sight did cause us

Things would differently be done  
if this knowledge I could  
of had

She thought I hated her  
when to the extrema side  
to that word never heard

Now she does hate me  
for such doings  
such hate I have never seen  
except in the movies sociopath  
psychopath

To mend such a thing  
a scar on my heart  
would so bare  
just another trick  
would she  
so think of it  
my sorrow she wont  
bear

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# Unnoticed Unknown

A miracle  
today through  
grace  
came her  
way

I am now  
ascending  
steps  
that will  
lead me to  
a special place

I know that  
I deserve  
made mention  
to me  
called a  
throne

If it be true  
many thanks  
will spring forth  
for the efforts  
you made  
to get you  
there

Nought  
but one  
person  
may sit  
in that  
seat

Then thou'st is  
Queen.

Hevelly where

the  
Crown.

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# When

We fall  
let  
it be  
forward

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# Where Has Unnoticed Unknown Gone

Upon my flesh  
Upon my soul  
May the Crown  
you where  
be it  
heavenly worn

Scowered  
has my  
flesh been  
bared

Have a conversation  
for those whom care  
Where ever it is  
that you do  
roam

Hevely were  
your crown  
The First Shrike

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# Whispering Well

A special place  
that none  
may find  
where winds  
will blow

Through out  
all  
time

They  
find  
a special  
way  
the whisper  
is for  
you

Joyfully things  
of soft  
breath spoken  
the likes of witch  
wont tell

The depth

Magical beauty  
forever wide  
the look  
such peace  
may none  
ever to  
hide

Without  
so to gain  
by crossing  
over  
again

The misty  
river  
forever wide

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