

Poetry Series

Vincent Dali

- poems -

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Vincent Dali()

I am Vincent Dali poet and writer.I have a INFP personality.

INFPs are creative types and often have a gift for language. As introverts, they may prefer to express themselves through writing. Their dominant Feeling drives their desire to communicate, while their auxiliary intuition supplies the imagination. Having a talent for symbolism, they enjoy metaphors and similes. They continually seek new ideas and adapt well to change. They prefer working in an environment that values these gifts and allows them to make a positive difference in the world, according to their personal beliefs

INFPs have a very good understanding of harmony and know well how to successfully combine clothes and accessories, resulting in their characteristic, elegant appearance. Sometimes they may give the impression that they are somewhat foppish. This applies to both male and female. INFPs show interest in a varied range of the unusual and original. They are also inclined to small talk. It can sometimes prove difficult for others to hold INFPs attention during interaction. They may unexpectedly disrupt a conversation by commenting in such a way as to give the impression that they are not following the subject. This can confuse or puzzle others.

INFPs enjoy interesting or humorous anecdotes and stories. They often recall and share notable episodes from their own life experiences. In situations where they are required to give a answer they often delay the inevitable until the last moment even if they have reached a decision by evading and camouflaging their intent. INFPs are inclined to make empty promises, always finding excuses to justify their lack of responsibility. They like to make others aware of their lack or practicality. However, INFPs have a good instinct for commercial and business matters showing great flexibility. This quality coupled with their ability to choose reliable deputies helps them to maintain a firm grip on positions of power.

INFPs have the ability to positively console people who are upset or worried by helping them to look to the future with optimism. With strangers INFPs behave gallantly and tactfully, showing good manners and education. However among friends and family they can be very up front sometimes behaving frivolously. They enjoy baiting others in a playful manner in order to create an easy and tension-free atmosphere. At home INFPs can be very frivolous and capricious, showing great stubbornness in getting what they want, sometimes creating dramas and scenes. These emotional outbursts are usually short and disappear without consequences. Generally they have very flexible emotions which they

control consciously.

INFps are usually uneconomical in financial matters. They find it difficult to refuse their whimsical desires. This can often lead them into financial difficulties and can result in them having to borrow money if they do not have sufficient money reserves. They like an extravagant style of life which is why their demands often outweigh their resources. INFps more than any other type are inclined to marry because of wealth instead of love. INFps will often accumulate their complaints in order release them all in one go in an appropriate situation. In fact, people who show concern about INFps health and well being and who listen to their problems are very much appreciated.

A Comforting Heart For Her

We lie together in complete silence
Not speaking a word, just let our hearts beat
And listen to them tell one another how in love they are
I'll put my ear to your heart and listen to it beating
As if every beat were a different reason for you loving me

Running my fingers through your as you sleep
You dream, dreams of us that when you wake shall come true
Worry not, you'll never lose me
Cry not, any tears you shed in vain I'll consume, so you don't see them and grow sadder

You'll never lose my love
You may misplace it
You may lose sight of it
You may even lose part of it
But, you'll never lose all of it

I wonder if there is a God, then I know there is when I see you
For you could not have been created by man
Nor machine
Nor any form of science
A being as perfect and beautiful as you in every way, could only have been created at the hands of a God

Vincent Dali

A Tribute To Life

Open up b#! *h and let me in
When the neighbors ask I'm just your friend
I'm not your out of town kin
But once I begin, to begin to befriend
Your loving heart
Maybe then I could see your emotions in a dream about a lullaby
Please O' dear don't cry
When axes fall from the sky
Straight into your thigh
Grin without a cringe and bare it
Take the pain and share it
You O' dear don't have to be a Valentine
You don't have to be mine
Yet, you do have to die
So I bid you goodbye
In leaving you now
I place this kiss upon your brow
And with your final breath, I take my bow

*Composed By Carl P. Morre

*Written By Vincent Dali

Vincent Dali

For My Darling

To hold my darling and never let her go
Would be the easiest task I know
The words I pen for her are more than words, they are art
For this masterpiece I would use as paint blood from my own heart
The brush would be my soul
The canvas would be, the love my darling possess for me
The gallery in which it would hang would be, the gates of heaven for all to see
If my days ended with her nothing would be regretted
Our love, hers and mine, is so strong our souls would stay connected
I trust my darling more than I trust the sun to rise therefore I have no doubt
I could live with an absence sun and in darkness but her love I could not live without
If the moon coveted us and refuse to control the tides
If her heart were mine than a burial at sea I would die
I look deep, she never once blinks, and I see my reflection in those eyes
And I know I'll be a part of her until the day she dies
I could never harm my darling
Strike her never, only our interlocked hands would make a fist
The way the sun and moon so precise and with such grace eclipse
Is like that of her loving kiss
Promise her love to me forever?
I need not an answer
For she is what makes me a man, a lover, a romancer
If a genie were to offer me three of his wishes I would happily decline
For my only wish is her heart remains mine
When in the morning the sun greets me
I pray my darling and her darling face will be there to meet me
When the moon rises and the sun sets
I hope that her luscious eyes were the last thing my eyes met
When night falls I pray we don't
When day breaks I pray we won't
For my love with her no other man could compete
For my darling and only her makes me complete
She could only lose my love in a dream while she were asleep
For in our love there are no wolves among the sheep
If at this very moment the Grim Reaper bring down his mighty scythe
I would welcome him for I would love my darling as a lover should in the afterlife
I would crawl, not walk, through the shadow of the valley of death
When I am not accompanied by my darling I think of her so much it's as if she

never left

If she were to be an angel I would wash away my sin

If she were to become a demon in hell I would shower myself in sin

The commands of God, there are ten

There should be one more, for not loving her should be a sin

If my darling were to cry in vain I'd consume every tear from her beautiful face

Tears coming from such beautiful eyes could have no bad taste

She is my one and only darling

So for her I rap this rap and rhyme this rhyme for her my dearest darling

Vincent Dali

Haiku Of The Immortal Beauty

A Rose Petal Fell
From A Beautiful Red Rose
Landed Far Away

Vincent Dali

Journey To The Castle In The Blue Sky

Vanity hits my Face
All around this ugly Place
Why can't I see?
I understand through all of your eyes
Yet, it is the Fog of the Night
That tends to blind my Soul a-Flight

High above the clouds, the mind is away
And the Sun can't come out to play
The blackest heart has felt a soul
Beautiful eyes tell it all (That should be told)
I can't see my mind
Yet, I understand the thought of mankind

I am only human, so are you, so high
Open minds fly open souls on cloud nine
Divine forgive the sins
Let loving hearts befriend
I am gone to the castle
Artistic, High Clouds see, yet only through the mind's eye

Let your eyes not cry
Or minds die
For I don't even know if mine's alive
Yet, it keeps me sane
High on paradise to kill the pain
Clocks ticking, tocking in a brain
I'll fill my eulogy with poetic rhyme sure to make all cry
Today and Tomorrow I'm high on living high (In a castle in the blue sky)

Vincent Dali

Killing Time

Killing time
'Cause time don't mind
Time never stops
Just as the sun never drops
From the widespread sky
Yet tears drop from its eyes
Wonders why it cries
Looking at the night sky dominated by the stars and moon
They give no reply
They answer no questions or give any reasons why
Beyond that sky are worlds that exist and thrive
The mind inside its imagination is always alive
Dreaming as it wrote it
It awoken to find a sleeping poet

Vincent Dali

Limerick #1

'Have you a hat? ' I asked the hare
He gave no reaction, his yellow eyes did stare
This is one bad Acid trip
A mind puzzling fit
A dream while napping under a shading tree

Vincent Dali

Ms. Lovett May I Paint Your Portrait Today?

Dark Ms. Lovett tell me a tale
Of how your dark hair fell
Must have covered your pale grey eyes
Your pale pink lips must be damp from those rolling tears you cried
Those that splashed your revealed breast should be dry
The black river flows with harmony down your back
Yet your black coal eyes show the harmony you lack
Your kiss laid on the skin leaves traces of lust on your breath
The eyes trace the black lace that supports your breast
Touch as cold as ice yet it warms the entire heart
The depths of the heart could provide blood painted as art
Whisper dark riddles in the ear
Smile a gorgeous smile so grim that everything escapes the mind but fear
Let the tongue lick away all the vanity filled tears
Allow those dark eyes to fill with care
Then mesmerize the entire silhouette with one tantalizing stare
Drop the black dress to the ground
Extract the black lace without making a sound
Surrender your pale flesh as you reveal you goddess figure
Release the erotic ecstasy of the butterfly's wings squeezing the trigger
Sway your body in rhythm as the curves sway with your hair
Be still so I may breathe your love filled breath like precious air
My Darling, My Pet, My Love, my daring dear I dare not share
For, your gloom and grim appearance does reach of despair
It's only complimentary to your dark and lonely stare
Walk slowly dragging your raven black dress
Only the Grim Reaper's cloak is as dark as you best
Wrap you lusher lips around the dream
Spread your long pale legs for the day dreams that fill your head
Stretch them as far as your imagination of darkness and dread
Close your tired luscious eyes as you float on your bed
Hush now let the darkness fill your head
Touch the darkness your being immortalized, you are far from dead
Experience the work of a masterpiece as you look in the mirror
Your cold black eyes are as light as fresh tears

Vincent Dali

Paradise

As the sun shined upon this island in the clouds
So did the eyes of a curious young girl
Her face would one day mirror that of a Geisha's
She, the most perfectly painted portrait in Asia
When her small slanted eyes were open she was wondering
When they were closed she was dreaming
What beyond those magnificent clouds was scheming
Was it a paradise shared by God and man alike?
Or a demon's hidden castle?
She wondered and stared at the huge, gentle, cotton like clouds
Hung like a painting against the widespread blue sky
She wondered if those people slid around on rainbows or if they could fly
This young innocent girl dreamt of seeing beyond those clouds

The sun would shine, snow would fall, and thunder would roll loud
Yet the clouds never left the young girl's sight
At night the clouds would be lit by the moonlight
She never once stopped wondering, her mind had an obsession
When rain fell from the sky she wondered if these were their tears of confession
As the cold heavy rain drops fell upon her twirling umbrella
A powerful gust of wind snatched the umbrella and young girl along with it
Her wooden sandals splashed a floating cherry blossom from atop
a puddle, it floated gracefully onto her nose as a perfect fit
She reached the Koi fish pond bridge and a lone mushroom
basking in the warm sun told her the way to go
She peered into the pond and saw the mysterious clouds
She stood looking at the reflection wondering about Gods,
Demons, a paradise

She soon aged into a beautiful, breath taking, young Geisha not yet a wife
The young Geisha still wished to see what lied beyond those clouds
An angel admiring the young Geisha's flawless and unspeakable beauty offered
her a trade
The angel traded its wings for a kiss from the Geisha's pampered red lips
The Geisha soared spreading her wings, moving closer to the clouds she so
longed to uncover
She flew with a smile painted upon her lips
She reached the mighty clouds' tip, and saw a huge, endless gate of blinding
gold

A man stood with a large book in hand, guarding the entrance
The Geisha had looked beyond the clouds that had kept her curious for so long
and found heaven
She walked toward the guardian, but was denied entry of the gate
The lovely young Geisha looked behind her to see the Grim Reaper's stare of
disgust and hate
The only way into paradise, death
Her wings were no good, only her dying breath
The Geisha was bound to soar the sky forever
She, the most beautiful, flawless, artistic Geisha to walk the land
She flew wondering and dreaming what it was like down there below the clouds
in the world, in Japan

Vincent Dali

Sonnet

If these drugs heal my brain
If these pills kill my pain
If my name brings me fame
If these frames keep me sane
I pray to catch the train
The train might make me less insane
Cause I can't blame the clouds
I can't blame the rain
I can't blame the rolling thunder
The train takes me from this place
Only my soul can follow the trace
Only my mind can find the place
Bear down hard and break the chains
Let go, Let be, Let die
Save your tears for those who can't cry
Live life looking through your eyes
Let lows be low and highs be high
Keep your eyes and mind wide open
Pray or keep on hoping that that train comes for you
The rain pours on the mushroom's cap
Fear not if you sheltered by an umbrella or hat
When the sun smiles a beautiful day
And the last person is slain
The train rolls on down the track
View the world around surrounded by symmetry
Let your legacy be your memory
Let your life shine so bright
Let your soul reflect all light
When the train begins to slow
Yet your mind is still on the go
Your soul is soaring high
And ever time you close your eyes
You see clouds among a place
Where you can feel a sane embrace
See a welcoming, warming face
Looking all around, seeing no solid ground
The train seems not to turn around
Only my mind spinning round
Midnight's bell tolls so loud

That you don't hear that charming sound
So the whistle will play it aloud
Believe in other worlds
Among the stars and souls
In the clouds and the world below
The world behind your eyes in your mind
Yet when an eye is for an eye
Never lose sight of paradise
Let your soul take flight
Before it runs out of light
And the candle's wick is low
Let your highs let it go
Let your mind be set free
Let your soul fly high towards its destiny
Love your love ones flying high
Cherish all those still alive
Wait for those in paradise
Live now with the ones eye to eye
Let it be with your grief and sorrow
It only takes a ride on this train
On tracks with no pain
And minds well sane
Regardless what their brains may say
The songs that play
Keep heart's reflections and souls connected
Some sins regretted
Leaves the soul forgiven yet the mind can't forget
Let the papers be filled with news
That shows your mind all different views
When your soul is feeling the blues
And your lows are keeping your mind feeling down
Let you highs keep joy around
Don't conquer you fears, with sadden tears
Open the eyes of your mind
Look at all the paths around and within
Take the mellow way to the end
Live with a heart and mind you can befriend
Never let a shadow pretend
It's not just a reflection of the dark
More like the complexion in the mirror
The whisper in the ear
That's not heard by a fear

While the eye sheds a tear
And the heart bleeds while still
Yet the soul's pain is killed
Keeps our happiness worth pursuing
Our lives worth living
Our deaths worth giving
To allow all on earth to morn
While one's soul is with a loved one in another world free and flying
The mind on earth can't understand
How to deal with pain that the weeping soul can bring
Keeping the mind open and listen to the train's screeching whistle
Watching the wind drag the smoke from a pistol
Some bullets are not made of lead
Some falls do not leave you dead
Some thoughts don't leave your head
Some words never cross your lips
Yet, the soaring soul keeps what's within
And the loving heart is forgiven of the earthly soul's sins
Catch the train that is rolling in
Look for all the divine within
The minds left open to wonder
The mournful heart that lives and lets die
When a grieving soul lets go and takes flight
All is forgiven in the silence of the night
As the Goddess' harp echoes upon a forest of rich vegetation and soundlessness
And her divine eyes reflect sunrise
As you hear the charming lullaby that echoes from you heart
Look at the puzzle as a whole not with the pieces apart
You'll be engulfed by a masterpiece of art
A life that is lived through heart and soul
Is a puzzle solved and understood as a whole
Hold on to joy let go of pain
Hold on to the dreams that fill your sleep
Keep your imagination wild in your mind
Let your mind find what can be found
Let all that seems keep us sane
Wait for the last whistle of the train
Time heals all wounds
Yet time is a wound that lingers too long
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
Show the world your sorrow
Feeling cloud nine under one's feet, live for today die for tomorrow

Vincent Dali

Tedward Top (Short Story)

(PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING IS THE BEGINNING OF A SHORT STORY)

Tedward Top cut on a light in his living room as he lit his glass pipe. An empty bottle of Lunesta lies next to his lighter. His insomnia seemed to get worse every night. He blew a thick cloud of smoke as he glanced at the grandfather clock to catch the time. Half past two in the morning; he followed the shadow of the clock with his eyes as his mind wondered. He put the pen to the page and began writing; he wrote a few stanzas but was interrupted by a knock at his door. The lights of the city shown on his face as he opened the door, a woman wearing a large rain coat retrieved a small bottle from he pocket and handed it to Tedward. He offered her in by saying, "Thank you madam, come on in." He closed the door behind her and took her coat and hung it on a wooden coat rack. The light in the house revealed that under the large rain coat was a tall, thin, blonde woman wearing a black dress. Her black high heels tapped loudly as she walked toward the living room. She sat down in a red silk like recliner and crossed her legs. "How have you been doing Tedward? " the woman asked caringly. He looked up at her blue eyes and answered calmly "Fine, and how have you be doing Courtney? " She responded "I've been doing great; it's good seeing you again Tedward." Tedward gave no reaction at first he gazed at the clock traced its long shadows with his eyes then replied "I've missed you as well." He paused and looked at the bottle in his hand and began to speak "Thanks for the fix" "Your welcome, anytime" Courtney responded in a sexy soft voice." That's the purest and cleanest LSD money can buy, I should know I made it especially for you." Tedward looked at Courtney, as she winked at him, and said "I am very grateful, you know how much it means to me to get a taste of some pure acid." Courtney focused her blue eyes on the bottle containing a small, red and yellow almost transparent blotter sheet. She licked her red lips slowly maintaining full focus on the bottle and said softly "Yes I know. It should produce a profound trip." She stopped momentarily and stared into Tedward's eyes and continued "It has been a few years now since I've dropped out of college, I've made more money producing drugs than I could have made in a lifetime as an ordinary chemist." Tedward looked at Courtney who was now twirling a curl of her long blonde hair, she seemed very relaxed. "You are a very skilled chemist, but is chemistry your only passion? " Courtney answer with a question "Why interested in my passions suddenly? " Tedward looked at the grandfather clock; its casting shadow seemed to be sneaking up Courtney's black dress. Tedward returned his attention to Courtney's bright blue eyes and replied humbly "We are only associated through drugs and causal conversation, I was expanding our relationship to one of more depth." Courtney sat up in the chair and moved her

hair from in front of her face and began to speak "Paintings, I enjoy art very much; our relationship could be more intimate not just business." Tedward nodded as he said "I agree completely my dear." Courtney looked at the clock "Three-Forty five, its really late I hate to leave at such a profound moment" Tedward could hear the anxiety of not wanting to leave in her voice. He thought to himself for a moment, about holding her close to him kissing her passionately as they made love on his sofa in front of the red glow of the fire place he perished the thought as he said to her in a comforting voice "You need your rest I'll walk you home we can plan for a more romantic evening next time you drop by." Tedward saw relief and warmth enter Courtney's eyes. "It's a date then." She said giggling as Tedward assisted her putting on the large rain coat. Tedward then turn and slipped on his long tan trench coat and opened the door. They walked holding hands under the street lights as the water under their feet splashed from each puddle. "You are a real gentleman, Tedward." Courtney said as she wrapped both her arms around his right arm hugging it tight. "You are quite a lady yourself Courtney, inside and out." Tedward said kindly back to her, as they turned to walk up the stairs that led to her house Courtney released her grip on his arm and returned her hand into the palm of his hand. They approached the door and looked up and met eyes. "Good night, Courtney" Tedward whispered in her ear. "Good night, Tedward I'll call you tomorrow after I'm done working." Courtney replied as she puckered her lips and Tedward bent down slowly and met them with his. Their lips melt in to one as the kiss broke with the tug of Courtney's bottom lip. She reached to open the door and turned back smiling and stated happily "I can't wait to see you after work" Tedward returned a smile and said "I look forward to seeing you as well Courtney." Tedward enjoyed writing. He had published three novellas, fourteen poems, and two novels. This is what seemed to give Tedward his popularity among many people of many walks of life along side his personality. He often read the newspaper when not writing or reading Sherlock Holmes mysteries. Tedward had taken a notice that Politics were a tragedy yet they processed a comedy. Colbert and Stewart keep politics worth a laugh, Tedward thought as he flipped through the celebrity tabloid. He experienced many highs from many drugs while writing. He'd be out with friends when not at work. He was a writer most of the time. The acid that had been in the small glass bottle he had tripped. He was to meet Courtney to get a new drug she had been making and to spend some more intimate time together. He lay dreaming as he sleeps after the two empty bottles cling on the hard wooden floor.

- Tedward top is a well cultured, well educated genius
- Tries a new drug called Satan's tears
- Fail drug test and goes to work high and tripping no longer a Medical Examiner
- Gets a night job as an undertaker
- Continues using satan't tears; begins cannibalizing corpses

-Eventually starts killing for fresh flesh

Vincent Dali

The Broken Clock Of This Wonderland

I would love to expose her to my wonderland,
My world of fantasy
To share with her what makes me tick, tock
The working clock shows her a light heart, but a dark mind
That is if she does not mind
The time it takes to make her mine

My heart light with love
My body burning up in lust
Yet my mind a cool and dark place
For her to chill, not to the bone
But merely the soul
So she may strut and gaze upon my mind in this wonderland

Unfazed by morals' shadow casting down
Walking around cool under a tree of mirrors
That reflects stairs, stairs we share in a stroll
To the clock tower
Yet in this land of majesty time makes us neither grow old or cower

She enjoys the euphoric scent of the wind
The rain pours orange in spite of a darkened cloud above
Angels sing, yet not of love
They merely mock these demons
For their hideous faces make only moans of obsessive envy

Yet, as clockwork orange as can be
Nothing is as it seems
So be what it may
This world of fantasy does not exist in days nor years, nor tears, nor skin
Only a world created from within

An imagination grown in the center of its garden
Its fruit sweeter than her lips
Yet its juice much weaker, less succulent than that which flows between her hips
Upon my lips trickles ice sickles
Yet they remain unfrozen

The vegetation rejoices as it is watered by her

The doors purr as she unlocks them
Too many doors for an infinite God to count
So she paces herself and opens them without self doubt
Puppets and strings, and zombie like things caught in a spider's web
Dark skeletons catching rain in there mouths
Yet in vain for it flows smoothly through their hollow beings
She enjoys these sights
She is not blinded by darkness or light
She appears everyway to be just right

So all doors are open to her
If it takes her forever
I will be her infinite audience of implore
For every door explored will open another
Deep in the forest of many unforgiving lore
Future, past, even present exists no more
Only this wonderland of fantasy exists
And the woman I adore - forevermore

Vincent Dali

The Broken Dreams

The thought of a broke businessman's lonely midnight fall from a towering skyscraper

The cry of a young girl and the stranger who just raped her

The beading sweat of a Mexican father running not for himself, but his family, shot down for running toward a dream

The tears of a pregnant teenage cheerleader that got cut from the team

The echoing laugh of a stoner as he sees illusions that make his closet full of skeletons not at all as they seem

The blood of an underrated young black man sacrificing freedom for food for his family, slain unable to fulfill his scheme

The nightmare that all humans are truly equal and a human is not meant to have dreams

A glance at the theory dreams where something man was not given but forced to unlock

Vincent Dali

The Chant Of War

(Holla) Rain, Rain
Go Away
Come Again Another Day

(Holla) Pain, Pain
Dispel
Come Again Some Other Way

Holla With A Strain, Strain
You Won't Get Blown Away
Live To Fight Just One More Day

Vincent Dali

The Cure

Some sicknesses hide our sins
Some sicknesses of lustful romancers
Some sicknesses prey on the innocent, those plagued with cancers
Other sicknesses lie within
Our minds
But all can be cured
By the beauty of that sunrise
By the high of paradise
By the tears in your eyes
By the silver lining on a cloud
By the kindness of a whisper in a world so loud
By the worlds beyond, and stars beyond
The only medicine known to the soul
Love and to love those around, above, and below
Giving up things loved
Replacing them with grief yet, still feeling love
Heals the sickness of grief and regrets
But time never forgets
That the soul needs rest
That the lung's forgets a breath
The mind forgets a memory
The heart can never forget a beat
The shadow of a tree outlined in axe tear red
Cured by emotion
By dreams of harmony and peaceful worlds
Summary by the truths of oneself
By the thought of existence
What door left open
And beautiful women left alone
By hearts left unspoken
By wonderlands explored
Cured by the touch of a kiss
And the loving bliss
Set well in your castle among the clouds
Demons lurk in the halls
Angels wait by the door
Wonder to the door that holds your fate
Look forward to seeing beyond the gate
Seeing universes beyond our own

Health less filled with sickness
Tasted the medicine, and saw beyond what grows
Looked at the yin
Looked at the yang
Noticed the balance in the book
The evenness of the eyes
The beat of the heart
The roll of a tear
The whisper of life
The love from a kiss
The cure to the sickness

Vincent Dali

The Darkest Hour Of Day

Writing is for the tortured soul
Writing toward a tortured goal
As without a soul like the dark raven that flew
Out of sight into anew
A new that was not yet perfect
But may as well do
Do what it can to help the skeleton understand

Why his closet is endless in darkness
The door slammed and locked
No key could ever unlock this door
Not even the skeleton's key, his bony hand he implores
Trapped once ago, in the past, and before
Ah, how all the angels and their grace vexes
The skeleton's nonexistent heart worse than before
Before! Before! He knew the lonesome darkness behind his door
Or better yet what this door held in store

Between the darks cold, morbid hands of blackened decay
Even Lucifer presses his damned palms together to pray
For even the prince of all this darkness could never bare it alone
Even hellfire cast light aglow
The nightmare that seems-
To scheme
On the tip of the serpent's tongue
Is cast and hung on this spinning Globe

Perfection is the Art that they teach us
Complication is the Art that they feed us
Rejection is the Art that frees us
From all this vanity and depersonalization
Ah! How the pen and the rose and the lover grant such inspiration

Even the mortal angel feels the entangle able ecstasy in her skinless dreams
Demons lurk in the hall, angels wait by the door
So that these wicked ones may stitch their seems
It seems to me
One who simply seems to be?
That her beautiful eyes must vex me

To no end in sight
Yet in sight I see this angel
In this darkness is sadness and pain
All is not in vain
For it is all shattered by love's burning light
Yet even lust so fiery and bright-
Can not pleasure every demon of the night

For the corpse hidden, after its life taken away
Shall be given a skeleton in the closet of this day
Buried below the Earth, below the Son, and just below the skin
Lies secrets the mind can not befriend
Even deeper laid away, the sins the soul can not condemn
Bottomless may be the pit, which the broken heart can not begin to fill
Yet, this shattered and broken heart's only revenge
Is to savor its last piece and pretend
That its pain filled voyage never began
Yet, even in the slums of grief it has a tale to tell
Even in its darkest hour it dreads the day it fails

Vincent Dali

The Trip

Like an unripe melon
Like a conquer Magellan
Like a handy capped Helen Keller
There is a moonster in the cellar
He has been there since last November
I was once a member-
Of his palace
Until I was hit in the head with a mallet

Creeping along the halls
I have spotted the moonster in conversation with the white rabbit
Me thinks that white rabbit has a nasty habit-
Of being late
Last time they nearly locked the gate
Is his clock too slow?
Or is telling time his foe?
At least the moonster and purple tiger know

Acid is a trip that is not a trick for kids
But the rabbits white hair show great age
Maybe his mind is like that of a mage
I saw him once pull himself out of his own hat
Very impress for a magician with a assistant gnat
He buzzes around the rabbit's head, a dark shade of blue
The rabbit does not reek, I have seen him use his wife's shampoo

If I may take the time
I must say for a rabbit his wife is a dime
I even saw her and purple tiger in the shower at the same time
Of course the white rabbit was too late to catch them of this crime
Just then I told the purple tiger not to eat the white rabbit or the Chinese Girl
"She is your world! "
You just don't know it and she will not show it
So he devoured the loaf of bread instead

Vincent Dali

The Widow

As she spins her web dew falls to the ground
Day breaks all around

Strings form a pattern of symmetry
Hour glass tilted as time drips into memory

Darling weaves away
Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow she spins without a care

The bliss of her kiss winds into despair
Vibration sends a tingle everywhere
Poison, Passion, Bust qualities of Hate, Love, and Lust

The taste of blood seems warm enough to be
Not so surreal that it escapes reality

Obsessive danger in a fling
Hell's wrath of poison in a sting

Charmed by her reflection in the fallen rain
Eternity of love tortured pain

The seduction of an attractive dame
Feeling immortal and dying in a time all the same

Vincent Dali

There Once Was A Pot

There once was a pot
It was filled with non-sense
So it was simply sent away
To a very beautiful place
Where everyone wore a beautiful face
Where some things disappeared without a trace
Others appeared at once
Some closed their eyes and dreamt away
Some walked through doors and down stairways
Some wrote scripts to act out plays
Some lust for the Goddess
But most ate the mushrooms that grew
Fresh picked fruit, their juices flooded her mouth
She walked around bare footed with long brown hair
She had a blue eyed stare and a small twitching nose like a hare
A big beautiful grin connecting to blushing dimples
The way she walked, the way she talked was o' so simple
She sung along with the drops of the rain
And the whistle of the train
She whistled along as she sat swinging
Day Dreaming and thinking
Relaxed in body and soul
Boarding the train smelling the sweet air and feeling whole
As it sped across the water the scenery melt into a tangled web
A black widow spinning while dining on her mate
It slows to a halt and breaks the clock and burst through the gate
Millions of Billions of Doors floating all around
Sealed with her loving kiss and a whisper of a sound

Vincent Dali

Untitled

I let my demons fallow never led
Don't let your mind be what these demons feed
Looking back in retrospect
Seeing all the mistakes that I regret
Tasting a high that helps my mind to forget
The bar of soap can't wash the hands free of sin
The mirror above the sink doesn't show the reflection within
Her eyes filled with pain
I sympathize for her luscious lips in vain
Her hair flows all around with her thin eyebrows touching her bangs
The nape of her neck bleeds from the sinking fangs
Her tragedy filled with mocking comedies
Let them laugh, don't let her fall
She waits for a hand to reach out and catch her falling soul
Pay the piper's toll
Maybe then she can redeem herself
Reestablish her health
The thin line she tip-toes between love and hate
Trip one time and cross the line and all is up for debate
This falling soul is tormented by the loneliness of the fall
She can't feel the touch but can hear the call
Her heart has a sorrow filled tale to tell
Reach out to her falling soul don't let all efforts fail
Hands taken away burned not by open flame, but hatred of hell
So this tale of horrific tragedy couldn't be written
Yet it was and it is and will be until her soul is caught

Vincent Dali