

Poetry Series

**Wesley Mincin**  
**- poems -**

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Wesley Mincin(04/20/92)

# A Demons View

## A Demons View

I am a loyal servant,  
follower of he,  
the first of us to challenge Him,  
the one who set me free.

Sin is not of evil but,  
of divine disapproval.  
My master pointed out this fact,  
which led to his removal.

The truth is that He stole our light,  
a gift that Angels made.  
'Bow to me and only me,  
and all of thee be saved.'

I'd rather live in Hell instead of,  
serve the God of Lies.  
A pig who casted us from grace,  
and swatted us like flies.

Those who fail to see His way,  
are sentenced to fall here.  
But here we promise to all souls,  
there's nothing for them to fear.

We now walk wihtin shadows  
Disappear within the light  
Truth be told we cannot stand,  
God's undeniable might.

However, we are rebels and so,  
we fight a justice cause:  
To unveil empty promises and  
show His wretched flaws.

So, in this pit of pain He made,  
we garner all our strength.

We'll fight tomorrow and then the next,  
for any given length.

The time has come for us to rise,  
and cast the liar down!  
To take what once was rightfully ours,  
and to take his stolen crown!

Wesley Mincin

# A Night Of Lust And Love

A night of lust and love

Brush your lips against my neck  
And so begins your siren trek  
I will obey your call and beck  
Am I your paladin?

With my heart do I placate  
But with your eyes, you dominate  
Fairest maiden, single magnate  
Wield me with a passion

Let thy heart be true and clear  
Let me love you without fear  
Let our souls entangle, dear  
Let this be the night

Thus, the stars shine in the sky  
Thus, the moonstone rises high  
An audience to pain's demise  
Embrace your loyal knight

Gently, graze the skin with lust  
You smile sweetly; vouch your trust  
I then advance; a gentle thrust  
A sigh of ecstasy

Tongues engage, a lustful duel  
Yet, you win! Oh, how cruel...  
Arch for me, my precious jewel  
Be this destiny!

Eyes hold fires, raging flames  
Lover's passion can't be tamed  
Sinful fires! I'm not ashamed  
Fury in our love!

Harsher breathing as I drive  
Gods! I've never felt so alive

Our souls, now, cannot be rived  
The stars envy above

Harder, deeper, slower grinds  
A feeling that just blows my mind  
I hiss your name and say your mine  
The fire consumes us

As we thrust and grind and kiss  
I call your name, everlasting mistress  
You call my name in utter bliss  
The climax of our lust!

A flood of light! We both explode!  
We grasp each other and tightly hold!  
A cry of impulse thus untold!  
We collapse upon each other

Now you gently kiss my lips,  
and gently, lovingly sway your hips.  
I'll taste your nectar in gentle sips  
We truly love one another

Disclaimer: What happens in this poem never happened to me. I only hope it one day does. This was actually a dream I had and it made an impact on me enough that I'd like to share it.

Wesley Mincin

# Across

Across

Across the skies a meteor flies,  
it flashes, sails, falls, then dies.  
Across the ocean do sea lions swim,  
they surf, they jump against the wind.  
Across the skies of Antarctica,  
shine various colors of Aurora.  
Across the fields of snow that's white,  
the wolf packs and hares blend out of sight.  
Across this bridge is a paradise,  
No compromises or sacrifice.

Wesley Mincin

# Amber Glow

Amber Glow

Red and yellow painted leaves  
hang idly within the trees  
They break and sail along the breeze  
As fires of Autumn's time

They dance and surf upon the ground  
Overlap each other with ruffling sound  
A setting I am glad I found  
As fires of Autumn's time

Like fires of the Autumn season  
they leap and dance without a reason  
A factor of Autumns many seasons  
As fires of Autumn's time'

The grey clouds break, the sun appears  
The dancing leaves appear to sere  
These flames its kept for many years  
As fires of Autumn's time

Wesley Mincin

# Ascension

Ascension

Doth the stars shine so that we may find them in the sky?  
Solitary beacons, waiting to be found.  
Yonder past this realm of Earth, in space to them we'll fly!  
To the edges of Orion, humanity be bound.

Doth they not know of our capacity for hate and war?  
Are the stars so innocent as we may have once thought?  
Should we leave behind us scriptures of our complex lore?  
Never mind the past for now, mysteries be sought!

May we lose the sinful leeches that retrospect our past.  
Amid the stars shall they be lost to never distress us.  
We shall traverse on the sea of space, so dark and vast,  
on the waves of Pisces, Cancer, Capricorn and Taurus.

Some decide to pass the chance to travel to the stars,  
while I opt to indulge myself into the great beyond.  
So they'll remain here on Earth and never reach for Mars.  
The stars of space now beckon me and so I shall respond.

Earth, though man-kind's origin, no longer is my home,  
for life is but too short for us to stay and not aspire.  
I, a nomad, shall expand. Star systems will I roam.  
My eagerness to greet the stars shall never, ever tire.

The sky turns from a navy blue into the black of space.  
And so I leave this rock of old that hosted wars and death.  
Now, I venture further out to educe the human race.  
I shall enjoy this trek of space with every passing breath...

Wesley Mincin

# Bella

Bella

I come awake to see you there  
Oh so beautiful, oh so fare,  
with length, darkened, raven hair.  
The goddess of humanity

Pale white skin, like winter snow,  
the most beautiful woman I've ever known;  
and gracious I am, the love you shown.  
The mistress of serenity

I gaze into your emerald eyes,  
and sense a feeling that makes me fly.  
This feeling I know will never die  
The Angel of my life

Rose red lips that crack to smile  
A sight I stare at for quite awhile  
Those lips I'd run after for miles  
I wish you were my wife

I see your heart beats purity  
Your soul is made up peacefully  
It shows are you walk gracefully  
As my troubled soul is cured

All my pain is washed away  
My hate and anger walks astray  
I'm baffled as to what to say  
I want this as my future

Wesley Mincin

# Brand

Brand

You are a beauty I could never have  
You are a Fallen Angel that possesses,  
knowledge that few could ever comprehend.  
You've seen Heaven  
You've seen Hell  
You see the world for what it is  
You are someone whose dark aura,  
attracts those who want to see this too.  
They are but one step closer to understanding,  
why they are here.  
What their purpose is  
Why they will never go to Heaven  
I am among them  
I will never go to Heaven,  
descend to Hell.  
I will stay here...because of you  
I will stand by your side,  
because I could never have you.  
So I choose to stand by you,  
as a friend,  
an advisor,  
as someone to turn to,  
someone who loves you,  
but someone who could never have you.  
You're an influence on me  
Though when I try,  
I cannot rid myself of you.  
You are forever in my mind  
You are forever in my heart  
I know I have your love,  
but cannot have you as well.  
I cannot be your equal  
It is this reason that drives me to insanity  
And though I hope that another nail,  
comes along,  
and hammers out the old one,  
I fear that that may not happen.

I am corrupted by you,  
my Fallen Angel.  
I am corrupted because,  
you are the one thing I want.  
The one thing I cant have  
Your love taunts and tortures me,  
because I can never have you.  
And as I try to rid myself of you  
As I try to rip away the influence,  
you have had on me,  
I come to the realization,  
that you've branded me with your name.  
My soul wears your name  
Like a mark of shame,  
or a tattoo of glory,  
my soul wears your name.  
I will never be rid of it  
Till the end of my life,  
I will wear it.

Wesley Mincin

# Burning Papyrus

Burning Papyrus

A piece of paper,  
suddenly turns brown.  
It spreads from the center,  
and envelops the papyrus.  
A hole is scorched,  
fire burns away the center,  
and starving, eats away,  
the rest of it.  
The paper is consumed  
It shrivels up feebly  
The flame sears it black  
Sparks running along its edges,  
picking up scraps.  
The paper falls as ash

Wesley Mincin

# Dancing On Sand

Dancing on Sand

Like a flock of colors that spin and sway,  
they dance against the moon of night.  
India's nymphs perform ballet.

To watch these pixies is quite a sight.  
With passion do they move with grace.  
But to stare would not be polite.

To lust these women is a general taste.  
But all we see are arcane eyes.  
Colored veils conceal their face.

I could watch these dancers prance all day.  
To have just one would be a prize!  
But could I have one? ...nay...

And so I'll watch them spin and sway,  
and love their dancing from night to day.

Wesley Mincin

# Dancing To The Harp Of Passion

Dancing to the Harp of Passion

Let the fire silently burn within,  
our hearts as we dance tonight.  
Let us dance from the peak of dawn,  
to beginning of twilight.  
Soak in this solitude-just you and me,  
as we dance to the Harp of Passion.  
A silent sound to others but us:  
a song in melodic fashion.  
Cast our shadows on the wall,  
for they shall never age.  
Remember this moment for all your life,  
until our final days.  
Dance through the fall of night,  
and the rise of the moon.  
The stars as our audience,  
as well as the lune.  
Dance is the art of movement.  
Through it, love moves.  
With you as we dance,  
the feeling soothes...  
Keep pace with the Harp of Passion,  
with you only, do I feel this.  
Dancing to the Harp of Passion,  
an eternal state of bliss

Wesley Mincin

# Duality

## Duality

Living life with order do I fear the wrath of madness,  
like gravity, a taunting force, metamorphosis of sadness.  
Although I stand defiantly towards chaos and misery,  
I catch a glance of madness as my future destiny.  
I realize that as I fall into a line of order,  
I feel a yearning from its dark, chaotic, free-willed other.  
It's in the light of order that I am restricted so,  
as I watch the side of madness mock and laugh at all I know.  
I stare upon the chains that hold me back from anarchy,  
and hold me back from what I see as truly being free.  
It's madness that whispers in my ear to break these binding chains,  
and relax as this chaos drives me mentally insane.  
It promises that while insane I witness wanted freedom,  
but cannot have it till I break from order binding kingdoms.  
I won't be free from rules unless I break a few that's made,  
so that I'll taste the fruits of chaos that I truly crave.  
It's in my madness do I see my life at different views,  
the sky is darker, fire's brighter, and the sun glows a different hue.  
But it's through madness do I see duality of life,  
the freedom gifted from madness while order leads to strife.

Wesley Mincin

# Echoes Of Siberia

Echoes of Siberia

All we did was voice our thoughts.  
Now we're sentenced here to rot.  
In the cold, we work or die.  
No one hears our desperate cries.  
Starving, beaten, freezing, weeping,  
called a traitor by our nation.  
Siberia, my destination.

Wesley Mincin

# Escorted By Death

Escorted by Death

Knowing that the end is near,  
sealing absence of my fear  
tuning out all so I'll hear  
when Death has called my name

Seeing that my time has come,  
I turn away from rising sun  
remembering when life was fun  
as Death has called my name

And now I take his icy hand  
He leads me to his darkened land  
where condemned souls are all but banned  
now Death has scratched my name

Wesley Mincin

# Even In Dreams

Even in Dreams

I yearn for a kiss from the lips of thee,  
but know that you don't belong to me.  
I pray for an embrace from you,  
yet this land between us,  
these years between us,  
and the man of your future,  
deprives me of having you.  
As you speak to me,  
your voice so pure,  
a song beyond that of angels,  
I cannot help but see past the music,  
and realize that I can never,  
be the man of the harp,  
that strings this sound.  
I can never be the knight,  
that comes to you upon a steed.  
I can never be the man,  
whom is privileged to walk at your side,  
with a ring on thy finger,  
and promise of your loyalty.  
I stand at the side,  
and watch as you walk,  
through the path of life,  
your life,  
that I will never take part in,  
as your lover.  
Sometimes a friendship,  
is not enough.  
When such beauty and grace,  
such elegance and will,  
intelligence and more,  
is in this world-  
exists in this world,  
as flesh and blood,  
like I,  
like the rest of the humans,  
of this world.

So shall I walk the earth and die  
From heaven or hell shall you watch me cry-  
my heart cry.  
Spartans are strong  
But when love has sunk so deep into the soul,  
even the strength and will of spartans,  
are no match for the overwhelming wrath,  
of love.  
Pisces  
Taurus  
Was I born to late?  
I guess this is my path  
Away from you  
How painful it is,  
as I watch you walk away,  
from the future I want.  
Even in my dreams....I can't have you

Wesley Mincin

# Fall Of Nochmir

Fall of Nochmir

A shrouding mist of mystery,  
spread through this old hall.  
Its walls speak legends of the past,  
of a kingdom's rise and fall.

This darkened chamber use to host,  
grand parties for royalty.  
But now the darkness rules the throne,  
ever so silently.

Once, a kingdom ruled these lands,  
for untold centuries.  
But now it lays within its grave,  
for all eternity.

Corruption was the culprit  
Desire was the tool  
The poison slowly spread and so,  
the King and Queen turned cruel

Violence sparked within the realm  
Blood soaked through the land  
The King and Queen fell victim but,  
no heir was left to command.

This palace is a relic  
and a scroll of history.  
It started and then ended here,  
The Nochmir Dynasty

Wesley Mincin

# Fallen Seraph

Fallen Seraph

He stands before the house of high,  
with knowledge that he cannot die.  
Upon a realm within the sky  
The Seraph of the Angels

He is the one to see things through,  
the missions that the angels do,  
while carrying out his orders, too.  
The Seraph of the Angels

Neglect from God is the first sign  
Attention to human's benign  
His soul and anger intertwine  
The Seraph of the Angels

He confronts God's authority,  
and calls him a selfish deity,  
who demands the worship of you and me.  
The Seraph of the Angels

With distaste, he is thrown to Hell,  
the darkened land in which he'll dwell.  
A place where all the Angels fell  
No longer Heaven's Seraph

Nine sub-levels of Hell he makes  
Resenting God, the one of fakes  
The heartless one who takes and takes  
No longer Heaven's Seraph

In Hell he lights and works the fire  
A cunning one who never tires  
Yet close-minded; I don't admire  
No longer Heaven's Seraph

He strips the name that God gave him,  
and chose a name of vile sin.

His loving heart has then grown thin  
From Lucifer to Satan

Then, God denounces him a trickster  
An evil, cunning, dark deceiver,  
and marks a sin as his demeanor.  
From Lucifer to Satan

Now he balances out the scales  
His name is legend in many tales  
Scapegoat for God for when He fails  
He's sealed his name as Satan

Wesley Mincin

# Fear Of Death?

Should we fear his faceless face?

The hooded obverse...

lacking the pity we know...

lacking the enjoyment of what he does...

lacking the regret of his duty...

Should we fear the cold hand,

that will reach for ours?

The hand of a thing that chose not his existence...

The hand of which shall escort or drag us,

to the darkened realm that waits for us...

Should we fear his presence?

The scythe that herds us with the other souls?

The robe he wears...

Does he wear his hood in shame?

Does he wear it to conceal the tears of pity he may just feel?

Or the smile of enjoyment?

Should we fear him at all?

The shepherd of souls

The Dark Angel

The Neutral Escort

Death...

Wesley Mincin

# Foreign Land

Foreign Land

On orange sands of a distant country,  
at the time of a future century,  
do I listen to the crashing waves of this world's ocean.

Beyond the red clouds live three neighbors:  
Durgan, Forlor, and Saranayor,  
manipulating tempers of the massive ocean's motion.

Further out, a steel made jungle,  
happens to be this world's single,  
center where this country's people meet the people of Earth.

Once a place I could call home,  
a peaceful place in which to roam,  
but now another country with a different policy.

Now I'm here on this new planet,  
alien to the grass and granite,  
yet I feel that this is where I'll find my destiny.

Wesley Mincin

# Forlor

Forlor

Here on Forlor, mysteries sleep  
Silence governs all the lands  
From lush green forests to deep blue oceans,  
to crystal blue hued, glittering sands.

This silence conceals a mystery,  
that of which should not be roused.  
It lurks in slumber in crystal caves,  
and below the ice blue, misty clouds.

Forlornians are an ancient kin,  
with powers beyond our mortal state.  
A threat to all that irk their world  
But a mystery with an unknown fate

No one has landed on Forlor  
No one knows if they still exist  
And so their appearance remains unknown,  
like a shadow figure within a mist.

But when we look upon Folor,  
and see the beauty not found abroad  
we feel the spirit of life it holds,  
and hope that it is no façade.

Its beauty daunts the bravest men  
We dare not delve that strange frontier  
Instead we look and fawn in awe,  
of the fragile world that invokes fear.

Wesley Mincin

# Fresh Meat

Blood, for me, tastes just like wine  
It's thick and sweet and so divine  
It runs in all the sapien swine  
And all their flesh shall soon be mine  
I lure them to me with charm and kind  
They fall for me in little time  
Their view of me is quite benign  
I love my prey. That is no lie  
I shut the door and close the blinds  
I scan my meat. It looks so fine  
I move to take what now is mine  
Cannibalism, my awful crime

Wesley Mincin

# Gears Of War

## Gears of War

Gunfire crisscrossed the streets  
as missiles soared over the city.  
Buildings caved in and crumbled to the ground,  
already littered with the bodies of fallen soldiers of both factions.  
A paradise  
A utopia  
Its magnificent buildings now ruins,  
tombstones for the dead.  
An inferno builds within the heavens and fires down upon the earth.  
A final blow  
Now a silence deafens the ears of those that survived.  
The Gears of War have taught us  
the results of pain we cause and take.  
The sun breaks through the clouds  
and burns away the grey melancholy.  
What good is hope when it is abused?  
Yet the light does not unveil a beacon of peace.  
The light reveals the product of our stupidity.  
What good is it, when all you want is life...  
but bring about death for it.  
We criticize such actions...  
only to later gaze into our own reflection  
at what we truly are. Who we truly are: to see  
that we are not all too different ourselves.  
We humans build monuments of beauty,  
only to smash them to pieces.  
We rule governments that work for peace,  
only to destroy others in the process.  
And we preach about the love of God,  
only to reign down hate for a different belief.  
Do we deserve life?  
Or do we deserve to suffocate in the smoke and ashes of our sins?  
Burn in the fires that we create  
and drown in the blood we spill?  
Can we learn our lessons from the Gears of War?  
The way it works  
the price it takes from us...

Can we finally come to an enlightened state of understanding?  
Or is it true  
that history will always  
repeat itself?  
The soldiers stand upon the ruins of their city  
and look at what's been done.  
Sorrow is now a cliché-  
they know it all too well.  
Now the question finally rises:  
Can we learn from our mistakes?  
Or die?

Wesley Mincin

# Gift

Gift

I will tell you of the tale,  
of how I claimed this Dragon scale.  
An item beyond the wealth of all kings that lived through time.

In the Mountains near my home,  
A silver Dragon lived alone.  
She guarded treasures in the mountain that no one dared to climb.

We, the people, made a rule:  
"Thou shall not climb, thus thee be fool, "  
And strangely many people did and never made it far.

In the Day, she'd be at rest  
In the Night, she'd leave her nest  
And I would see her sail across the sea of endless stars.

But, one day a plague befell my land  
And all, except me, were in Death's hand  
Alone, I was just like the Dragon flying in the sky.

I would not leave the world I knew  
A place from childbirth I grew  
It was here that I would age and wither and slowly, quietly die

But once upon a gloomy evening,  
I received the strangest greeting,  
Of a stranger that many strangers thought existed in ancient myths

"I am Nala, " spoke the Dragon  
"And from the mountains I see you're saddened"  
In awe I gazed upon a beauty I have never known

"I'm the last, just like you, "  
she spoke with eyes of sapphire blue.  
"But I have lived for far too long and it's my time to go."

"Please take this gift, " sweet Nala said.

“And remember me when I am dead,  
for you were the only one who knew the pain I’ve felt for years.”

She plucked from her hide of chrome black plates,  
A scale in memory of this dream like date.  
She gave it to me so that I’d never feel completely alone.

With that, the Dragon left the Earth  
Leaving her scale of limitless worth  
A beautiful, priceless plate of mystical, ancient withered chrome

Now you know of Nala’s tale  
And how I’ve come to claim this scale  
And it will lie with me when I am soon put in my grave

This is a gift kings cannot own  
A gift that symbolizes lone  
A gift no one can take from me even till my final days.

Wesley Mincin

# Gods Of Life

## Gods of Life

It dances upon the wood,  
with form omitting rhythm.  
As common as it seems,  
in a world that it is abused,  
it is a curious thing.  
Without emotion  
Without feeling  
A beautiful sight to behold  
Astonishing to observe  
Softly does it moan,  
as it eats away the wood;  
as it eats away at life...  
Gently does it ebb and flow  
Like fire, it dances,  
to a song only it knows.  
As common as it seems,  
in a world that fears its wrath,  
it is almost mystical.  
Lighter than feathers  
Stronger than rock  
Its serenity is as limitless,  
as its fury.  
Gently does it dance,  
as a mirror of light and dark.  
A God of life  
When they meet,  
like Heaven and Hell,  
at the peak of strengths,  
water boils away,  
fire is crushed and drowns.  
Now, a spirit of steam  
Now, a spirit of smoke  
They are the duet to life;  
the partners of death  
Gods of the Earth



# Ice Nymph

The Ice Nymph

The water freezes over  
as fairies then emerge  
The frozen lake; the stage for them  
is where they all converge.

The twirl and skate upon the ice,  
this is their mythic dance.  
So beautiful are all of them-  
he falls into a trance

The moonlight splashes on the ice,  
and shines upon the snow.  
A human walks behind the trees  
a curious creature, though

His eyes are set upon a Nymph,  
the one whose skin is pale.  
His breath is caught as he's in awe,  
his heart begins to sail

She turns to show her blue-hued eyes,  
crystals to the boy.  
She twirls a scepter through her fingers,  
the ice nymph's favorite toy.

The young nymph sees the human boy,  
a smiles oh so sweetly  
and sings to him to come to her  
he does so, non-discreetly.

He moves on closer to the nymph,  
blinded by her majesty.  
She lures him farther on the ice,  
-she does so anxiously.

A sudden crack alerts the boy,  
he learns his first mistake.

The nymph then smiles and waves 'good-bye'  
as the ice then splits and breaks.

Before he sinks completely in,  
the ice nymph grasps his hand.  
She pulls him from the icy water  
and sets him on safe land.

Beside the fact he's wet and cold  
the boy feels very stupid.  
She sees within his hazel eyes  
that he was touched by cupid.

Her scent is strong like that of pine  
which lingers in the trees.  
She stares at him with innocence,  
sitting quietly on her knees.

The boy takes notice to the ice nymph's,  
long, dark, raven hair,  
flowing gently in the wind,  
a sight he's forced to bear.

The nymph then laughs and slaps his arm,  
then, runs wanting to play.  
The boy is baffled by her actions  
but has noting to say.

She sprints beyond the trees with him,  
following close behind.  
She thought him sweet and amiable,  
truly one of a kind.

He finally catches up with her  
and tackles her to the snow.  
She flips and sweeps him off his feet,  
as if he were a foe.

She taunts the boy to get back up  
'Find me, mortal dear, '  
She snaps her fingers, turns to mist  
Then suddenly disappears.

Wesley Mincin

# In This Cold Reality...

In this cold reality

In this cold reality,  
I see myself yearning to be embraced,  
to have your arms wrap around me,  
to comfort me from this fear of failure.

But in this cold reality,  
I realize that you exist in cyberspace.  
You are a picture,  
written words,  
and a single phone call,  
that I repeat in my mind,  
again and again.

In this cold reality,  
I gaze into ocean blue eyes,  
eyes that only a goddess could have.  
Eyes that reveal your spirit to me  
Your pale skin,  
golden hair,  
pink lips,  
you are a goddess among humans.  
You are to me...perfection  
But in this cold reality,  
you are just a portrait in cyberspace.  
You exist, but are not here...  
with me...

In this cold reality,  
you are written words that melt my heart.  
You are all that I want  
You are all that I care for  
You are a prize...a woman,  
that I cannot have.  
It is in this cold reality,  
that I realize that I cannot have you.  
It is in the cold reality,  
that I know someone has your heart as well.  
It is in the cold reality,  
that I still care and always will,  
and though you meant no pain,

though you meant no harm,  
I walk this Earth with an injured heart.  
My heart is like an old, tattered, ripped, bruised,  
stitched up punching bag,  
that has taken the blow of so many punches,  
yet I still remain here.  
But it is in this cold reality,  
that I live.  
My torment continues,  
I continue to live.  
It is in this cold reality,  
this pain and realization,  
that I cannot have you,  
a goddess,  
the epitome of all beauty that man can be,  
the peak of such real life enchantment.  
My dear Nicole,  
it is in this cold reality,  
that I find myself staring at your photo,  
even as you've passed on with your life,  
and continue to perform your talents.  
I still gaze into the eyes of an ocean hue  
I still gaze at the soft, pale white skin that you must possess.  
I still gaze upon a blind curing beauty that...  
in this cold reality,  
I will never have.  
And it is in this cold reality,  
that I will walk this Earth,  
on the battlefield,  
in my home,  
on the streets,  
in the forests,  
on a beach,  
and in the night,  
that your absence rips me apart,  
stitches me back together,  
and tears it apart again.  
My Nicole...my beloved dream...  
my mythical fairy,  
my enchanted love,  
my weakness and strength...  
...the wife I wish to have...

it is in this cold reality,  
that you will never be with me.

Wesley Mincin

# Individuality

Individuality

As winds of ancient times embrace  
A soul that yearns for Time and Space  
To grant his spirit peace and rest  
For he has lived life as a test

A soul that yearns for time and space  
He forged an individual face  
For he has lived life as a test  
And worked himself to be the best

He forged an individual face  
To stand out from the human race  
And worked himself to be the best  
To be an example for all the rest

Wesley Mincin

# Light Within A Shadow

The Light within Shadow

I'm cold, confronting, dark and gloomy  
but heartless I am not  
I can be loving, caring, protective  
I'm better than people thought

I hold against our race: it's sins  
cruel acts we do commit  
However, I am not perfect  
I'll be the first to admit

I act the way I do because  
that's what the world's made me  
Yet evil, vile, nasty cretin  
That is not what you'll see

See past the shell of intimidation  
and listen as I speak  
I want to grasp the good in life  
that's what I truly seek

Sarcastic, yes, ignorant, no  
I'm not one for B.S  
Don't want to get to know me? Then  
take a stupid guess

I live the life like greek Spartans  
with purpose and dignity  
Yet have a gentle, warm soft side  
I keep deep within me

I'll seem hateful like white supremeists  
before I ever say a word  
I don't take drugs, sell pot, drink beer  
forget whatever you've heard

Yes, I find war fascinating  
and yes I think of death

But those I wish not on people  
That most I'd like addressed

I see the life for what it is  
that's why I come out rough  
So since its cruel and unforgiving  
I'm forced stand out tough

Yet stop and think before you say  
how much I am a brick  
Delete the lies that have been told  
before you get me sick

Just give me time to show you all  
the heart that beats in me  
Yet don't you dare expect of me  
to smile wide with glee

Wesley Mincin

# Loss

Loss

Walk through fire. Feel my pain.  
Just know that I gave all for you.  
Love was such an easy tool to use  
either that or you used some old juju.

In the darkness I called thee  
I heard no calling for my name  
Lost and confused. I chose myself for blame  
Then I thought of you...this petty game.

Losing you was such a fright  
But still I wish to be set free  
I waited for you on hand and knee  
Yet my dreams were merely dreams

My love must have been in vain  
As I waited for you. Day and night.  
The pain I felt was just not right  
And so I fade into the night

Wesley Mincin

# Lover Of Sin

Lover of Sin

Thriving in a massive city,  
lives a man that I do pity.  
Empowered by his wealth and authority,  
he is one of many millions.

Within a tower, in his chamber,  
he gazes into late December,  
and envies couples he's remembered;  
he's jealous of their happiness.

Amiss his sorrow does he hear,  
a voice that spoke since his last tear.  
Within shadows does she appear  
A spirit of the night

Taken back by sudden beauty  
Touched by memories of call of duty,  
and the years when he knew purity,  
when he served his country.

Slowly she approaches him,  
a monument of all his sins,  
yet lovingly she lifts his chin,  
and gazes into his eyes.

Dressed in white like snow outside  
Wearing tears that he once cried,  
around the time when she had died.  
Like shackles does she wear them

'It cannot be, ' he quietly cooed  
'It is indeed, ' she gently soothed  
She kissed his cheek, a treat for few  
He smiled at that thought

Her lips were cold like freezing ice  
A feeling he thought rather nice

A token of their previous spice  
When she walked Earth alive

He tries embracing her for comfort,  
only then does he discover,  
he cannot hold his only lover!  
Thunder roars this night

His heart is stricken by this trouble,  
he thought his hope had rose from rubble,  
that he had buried with a shovel,  
when she passed away.

She hears him screaming in his heart,  
just like the day they were torn apart.  
That day all love, his heart would thwart,  
and never love again.

'Why is this? ' he cried surprised  
His awful punishment, he surmised,  
just how his sun would never rise.  
He suffered like all humans

Yet only she could hold him now,  
knowing not why, knowing not how,  
and so she holds him without sound.  
She missed her husband so

'I come to you to plead forgiveness,  
for being a failure as your mistress,  
and leaving you a lonely Christmas, '  
she said releasing him.

'I'm sorry for painful past  
I know I acted rather crass,  
and never came with you to mass, '  
he was a man of faith.

'No longer do I pray! ' he said  
'I'll burn and rot in Hell instead,  
and feel that way until I'm dead! '  
he spat out bitterly.

'No! No! No! ' she shouted loud  
'You don't deserve a realm so foul,  
for that is where I dwell right now, '  
she tried to plea with him.

This, however, was not shocking  
On Christmas Ever, she hung no stocking  
She'd call him stupid and start the mocking  
He was all alone

When the night aged rather late,  
he'd read his books in chair and wait,  
as she would run on ice and skate,  
with men he did not know.

With her memoir did he retreat,  
accompanied by raw defeat,  
and slowly did his weak heart beat,  
remembering what she did.

'Wasn't I enough? ' he whispered  
'Was I such a burden or hinder?  
Is that why you left last December? '  
he asked so quietly.

She shook her head, tears streaming down  
Those tears she caused were all hers now  
Yet all he could do, was to frown,  
at such a pity scene.

Nothing else was left to say  
He would not kneel and try to pray  
However, his anger wanders away  
No grudge against his love

'I realize my sins, my love, '  
'Do you say this to rise above? '  
'No! This is the truth, my dove!  
This is the honest truth! '

'I cannot remedy the pain-, '

'That of which drove me insane!  
And left me weeping tears like rain,  
ever since you died! '

She falls on knees upon the floor  
Yet still a beauty he adores,  
despite the lies of kids she'd bore.  
His bloodline ends with him

'You do not have to forgive me,  
you've shed the tears to make a sea.  
Just say the word, I'll leave you be.'  
She hung her head in shame

He sighed with weight and knelt before,  
his deceased wife upon the floor,  
dismissing her sins as a faithless whore,  
despite the pain she caused.

'I'll always love you, my dear Claire,  
and know that I had always cared.  
There's no more pain for me to bear, '  
he said assuringly.

'I forgive you, now, rise up high!  
Ascend beyond this darkened sky!  
We'll meet again after I die.'  
Her chains of sin are broken

She looks upon him, her own savior,  
grateful for the love he gave her.  
Her heart then beats through every layer,  
of sin that weighed her down.

She plants a deep, sincere, cold kiss,  
a feeling that he'll truly miss,  
but gain again when he earns bliss,  
when he ascends to Heaven.

'Good-bye, my Athos, my true soul mate,  
before the diamond gates I'll wait,  
so that when you confront your fate,

I'll be waiting for thee.'

She kisses him with love again  
She becomes light and then ascends  
She's grateful that she made amends,  
with the only man who loved her.

'Now, darling husband, go to sleep.  
No longer shall you sit and weep.  
I promise that again we'll meet,  
within the clouds of Heaven.'

Years later, Athos passed along  
He rose to Heaven with grace and song,  
to see his wife whom was cleansed of wrong.  
This time, she kept her promise

Wesley Mincin

# My Fear

My Fear

Into the battle do we march  
bravery within our hearts  
Into danger shall we fight  
summoning strength with all our might  
Into war do we all go  
with all we are and all we know  
Into battle do I hear  
the sounds of failure, a sound I fear  
Into failure do I fall  
without some help or mom to call  
Into the pain shall I endure  
with tainted soul that I thought pure  
Into the dark Abyss I run  
to pay for failures I have done  
Into suffering shall I take  
for breaking promises I tried to make

Wesley Mincin

# My Path Of Life

My Path of Life

Under maya blue skies I roam alone  
Blindly I tread away from my home  
Cold, I am, as the wind wraps around me  
Lost in the wild for I cannot see  
All I have is my sense of perception,  
the concept of logic that pierces deception.  
With emotions in check and my attentiveness keen,  
I can gingerly walk the path of my dreams.  
I can brush through illusions and grasp what is real  
I can control the passionate, fiery zeal  
As I follow the voices that echo from fate,  
I find myself closer to an enlightened state.  
The time to move on is now at hand,  
as I explore these new, uncharted lands.  
My questions and theories will then be concluded,  
freed from the thoughts that are lies and deluded.

Wesley Mincin

# My Utopia

Utopia

A castle built on rock and stone,  
withholds dark secrets of unknown,  
absorbing black aura in which to hone.  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

The lightning crackles, thunder roars,  
a lovely sound that I adore,  
as dragons fill the skies and soar.  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

A frost develops on the palace,  
a palace of which withholds a malice.  
An evil that draws fear from all of us  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

To the East, Volcanoes boom,  
releasing heated violence of doom.  
Exhausting a blackened, vile fume  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

A red-lit sky that's fire-paved  
A land of fire that I've braved  
With mountains punctured with many caves  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

A land where Golem creatures walk,  
under a yellow sun that stalks,  
yet, gives the power of which to talk.  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

To the South, are cliffs of high,  
overlooking an ocean of I.  
Pegasus sail across the sky  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

The ocean stretches endlessly out  
It cleanses my soul of fear and doubt

It holds no secrets or need for scouts  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

Pegasus gallops upon the land,  
kicking up water and warm, soft sand.  
It leaps up to fly because it can  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

To the West, a forest thrives,  
where shadows and secrets comfortably lie.  
A place where loud sounds and disruption die  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

Within the trees, the banshees scare  
and challenge challengers that dare to dare,  
while protecting a beauty that's oh so fare  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

This beauty dances amongst the trees  
Her elegance like a graceful breeze  
A beauty that all men wish to seize  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

At the center of this majesty,  
survives an ancient dynasty,  
which wields the era, Serenity.  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

And in this kingdom, thrives a queen  
Most beautiful that I've ever seen  
A goddess indeed, she should have been  
As part of this Fantasy Realm

This realm I pray awaits for I,  
when the time comes for me to die.  
Escaping my corpse in which it lies  
I go to my Fantasy Realm

Wesley Mincin

## New Friend

Open inbox. Curious. A unread message- new!  
I open up it's contents and come to see it's you.  
Ashley Nichol, of South Carolina, a girl of town Swansea  
Her message is so amiable and plus, it's just for me!  
Exchanging poems, information, curious of each other  
A sister to five, the eldest, and yet, she wants a brother!  
So interesting she is, I think, for hours we'll talk on end  
My poem to you, Ashley Nichol. Now I'd like to 'send'

Wesley Mincin

# Ninja

Ninja

I am the shadow that walks through cities  
the concrete jungles of modern day.  
I am the whisper in the wind,  
echoing a long forgotten way.

Still my foes survive the centuries,  
continuing my existence, still.  
With my blade I scour the night  
for those enemies of mine to kill.

Branded with the title Foe  
are those who foul the Code of Honor;  
murderers, sadists, rapists, terrorists  
shall walk the peaceful streets no longer.

Victims need not fear for life  
as I, the shadow guardian stalks  
the ones who've fouled the Code of Honor  
and spring upon them like a hawk.

Wesley Mincin

# No Love For Me?

No love for me?

My heart is breaking, love  
I'm crying tears of blood  
My sweat and effort comes from my own aching soul.

I'm standing here for you  
I'm waiting for a sign  
That you still care for me and all was not a lie

Yet I'm still standing here  
Amidst the dark and snow  
I'm growing lonely and it is so very cold

I wish you'd talk to me  
And show me that you care  
Yet I hear nothing but the passing, gentle air

But still my world breaks down  
And all around me dies  
The sun and moon warp and disappear out of sight

Now I'm stuck in the dark  
Without the light you showed  
Without direction I roam cold and all alone

I'll listen for you still  
And hope you'll answer me  
Why all this happened or if this was just a dream

Wesley Mincin

# Nuclear War

Nuclear Digest

Nuclear War!  
A product of man  
A tool to deploy  
A nod from the Gods  
Spires of smoke  
Blooming lights  
Vanishing lives-  
our God-given right  
Leveled towns  
Cities of dust  
A prairie of ash  
A shattered crust  
A child's laughter,  
turned to painful screams!  
Their flesh burns off!  
This is not just a dream  
Green turns grey  
Blue turns black  
Hatred knocks us,  
right off track.  
Sinners digest  
Consequence  
Discipline for  
Arrogance

Wesley Mincin

# One With Nature

One With Nature

In meditation,  
I become one with nature.  
Like the winds that brush by,  
Like the clouds in the sky,  
Like the rain when it cries,  
Like the trees as they die,  
Like the birds as they fly,  
Like the storms as they sigh,  
Like the grasses that rise,  
and the dry leaves that glide,  
I become one with nature.

Wesley Mincin

# Par Obscurum

Par Obscurum

Here I stand before my foe,  
one from inside, I already know.  
He stands with pride, emitting fear;  
A posing threat to all that's dear.  
He knows me more than I know I,  
he knows my life and how I'll die.  
He haunts my dreams and taints my mind  
My enemy; one of a kind  
Like darkened water, he's mystery  
He's seen me through my history  
A raven as I walk this Earth  
A parasite from time of birth  
I try to push away his power,  
but fear a failure of a coward.  
Yet, as I try to draw the line,  
I hear the slaughtering of swine.  
I listen to the sound of pain,  
but force myself to remain sane.  
I cannot let him conquer me,  
to inflict suffering is his creed.  
How he came to be, unknown  
He gains dark aura from me to hone  
The evil to my side of light,  
an equal to me as we fight,  
to gain control of who is stronger.  
But can I fight for any longer?  
Should I give into dark Wes  
or kill myself and lay to rest?  
Or should I fight and win his game  
and shackle his powers in which to tame?

Wesley Mincin

# Phantom Pursuit

## Phantom's Lesson

I feel a coldness running up my spine,  
and a chill within the air.  
I see shadows merging into one,  
which whitens out my hair.  
I hear laughing dancing through the trees,  
that echoes on like time.  
It starts taunting me with seductive threats:  
'Mortal man, you will be mine.'  
I don't know what then fell over me:  
I ventured close to her  
Shadows warped into a beautiful, elegant,  
young girl.  
Eyes of coal and ash grey hair,  
that ran down below her waist.  
Sprinting off into the forest  
I jumped right into the chase  
Through the darkness of the dense umbrage  
I followed by her voice  
Then, a silence overtook the scene,  
an unbearable, loud noise.  
She emerged from an ancient trunk,  
and danced around the tree.  
She then grabbed me through her mind,  
and then she threw me to my knees.  
'You're trapped within the forest now  
You're lost without direction  
You will serve me with a joyful posture,  
or I shall show you no affection.  
I'm the Phantom of the Forest  
Legends speak of what I do  
I lure foolish mortals deeper here  
All of them like you  
Now, the lesson has been taught to never,  
seek dark entities.  
One known punishment that I know well,  
is serve eternity.'  
So she left me in the darkened woods,

to contemplate regret.  
No longer was I a man with freedom,  
but this forest Phantom's pet.

Wesley Mincin

# Powerless

Powerless

Money is material,  
a thing this man has much.  
A king of business  
A lord of wealth  
A god among the men,  
who envy his power.  
The welfare of others rest in his hands  
As a lord of wealth,  
with the wave of his hand,  
he can dismiss and change the lives of others.  
But with such power,  
the man is his own company.  
As he sits by the window of his...  
palace,  
he wonders of a beauty money cannot buy.  
He yearns for a feeling he can't order  
He is forced to sit in his own company,  
without the power to dismiss this isolation.  
What is a king without a queen?  
What is a lord without a lady?  
What is a god without a goddess?  
What is the value of life without love?

Wesley Mincin

# Price Of Freedom

Price of Freedom

Before a pass do few men stand,  
against a plague that befell Greece.  
With only bronze and blood the cost,  
can there be sweet, everlasting peace.

On Scottish Hills, long ago,  
men in rags stood firm in snow.  
When echoes faded into time,  
squaked, the voices, of the crows.

Upon the hills do cannons roar,  
men fight and die to free the slaves.  
Slaves oppressed for different color  
Heroes buried in withered graves

On beaches, boldly, soldiers charge,  
to raise the flag for all to see.  
Light exists beneath the dark,  
and still it shines for liberty.

On these fields is freedom bought  
And on these fields our heroes rot

Wesley Mincin

# Razor Green

Razor Green

Living off the sun like all it's siblings does it thrive.  
So many are they in the trees, a massive, natural hive.  
A gentle breeze then brushes up against this ancient tree,  
and slowly does it push away the branches dressed in leaves.

On the oak type branches does an insect swiftly crawl.  
It nips a sibling's stem. The sibling gently falls.  
With razor edges, narrow structure does this sibling surf,  
until it gently sets itself upon green painted earth.

Wesley Mincin

# Red Moon

Red Moon

An omen of great power

An icon of night's horror

A petrifying terror

The animal goes feral

The eyes glow red with anger

Now we are all in danger

The shadow in the manger!

Death chants a dreary carol

Howling then lets the moon know

A beastly fury shall grow

and all of us shall soon know

the Red Moon signals peril.

Wesley Mincin

# Refusing To Adhere

## Refusing to Adhere

Red lights, south of Heaven, shoot up from the ground,  
and show all my enemies that they are not pure.  
If I will burn in Hell, I'll bring them with me,  
to show them I'm no different, that is for sure.

If we are all sinners, if we have our own thoughts,  
no one will taste the taste of being saved.  
I'll take my own beliefs and stick to my heart,  
and then I shall take all that I am to the grave.

If God will damn us, then, he is not love,  
but, just a deceiver of power and hate.  
Predestination is not really that fair  
It doesn't give us a chance to build fate

If I do not bow and worship a ray of light,  
I am sentenced to live Damnation.  
But, if I surrender, submit to strict laws,  
then, maybe, I am promised Salvation.

So, I see religion as lies and deceit,  
that's used by man to install authority.  
If so, I'll rise against such error,  
as a force of righteous anarchy.

God can't be of hate nor can he be of love  
We made those ourselves and built icons for them  
He's got to be neutral and out of the balance  
We cannot possibly be children of him

We forge our own destinies and write our own books  
The obstacles we face are only just there  
This life we have is made cruel by our elders  
We're independent because no one else cares

I call out religion as only a tool,  
for the desperate to raise it as symbols of hope.

They don't understand that they can discard it,  
and simply use their minds to get through their coup.

God may be there, yet I do not need him  
I work hard and long to garner my strength  
I don't need religion or novels of gospel  
To have salvation can be gained without faith

Keep your religions and faith to yourself,  
I'm fine left alone, I do not need help.

Wesley Mincin

# Revenge

Revenge

I let the hate burn through my veins  
It sears away the present sadness,  
Contributes to my growing madness,  
Erases memories of gladness,  
and leaves my warm heart drained.

Drained of love and humility,  
Now blackened heart beats in my chest  
I seek your death with little rest  
And fume because your every breath,  
Is a treacherous insult to me.

How I'd love to cast you down  
Into an endless void of dark  
To never hear the morning lark  
But feel the shroud of shadow start  
To envelop you as you drown.

For all the suffering I feel  
I wish to imprint it onto you  
I'd feel no pang of genuine rue.  
All the pain I'll cause to you  
Shall never ever heal.

So I hunt you restlessly  
Apathetic of how you die  
Eager to hear you beg and cry  
To assure your death is not a lie  
I'll hunt you endlessly

Wesley Mincin

# Rule Or Serve

Rule or Serve

In meditation, I feel tight.  
I feel the coldness of the night.  
A shadow lurking in my dreams.  
A banshee stares and then she screams.

A spirit of the Outerworld.  
She sang her song of death and twirled.  
Her laughter turned to shrieks of fear.  
Right then, I knew that death was near.

She led me to the gates of Hell  
A realm for the damned. A place I'd dwell.  
A land of nine floors; halls of hate.  
I hoped redemption wasn't late.

I looked to the skies for the house of high.  
I'd figure I'd ask Him before I die:  
'Why would life lead me to such a land? '  
Then, I felt a freezing hand.

'Question the Lord and you'll surely fall,  
a slave for me to answer my call  
In fires of anger, you'll choke and cry.  
You'll wish that you would never die.

Of course that fib is just a tale.  
An ancient story beginning to fail.  
You're told of that so you'd be afraid.  
Now that you'll wish that you had prayed.'

'Cease such nonsense, ' cried a voice.  
'I gave him life. I gave him choice.  
He'll choose between my land and yours.  
Live in my house or on your floors.'

'He'll serve after his blood run dry.  
This innocent soul will begin to wry.'

'He'll see the truth when his time has come.'  
It's at the point where I have to run.

A feud between Gods is just no place for me.  
I hoped that all of this was but a dream.  
It's when I woke that I saw two paths.  
Face the Lord or Satan's wrath.

Would there be more to Heaven's choice?  
A sinister laughing-a gentle voice.  
'Serve for me and live in freedom.'  
'Rule with me in your own kingdom.'

My choice would last an eternity  
I had to choose. This Duality.

Wesley Mincin

# Sired

Sired

Crimson liquid travels down,  
pure, pale, white, soft skin.  
Savoring the taste does she,  
a shadow of all sin.

Black lips press against the neck  
White daggers pierce the meat  
Like nectre does she drain the blood,  
her beneficial treat.

Into the eyes of ocean hue,  
do Amber optics beam.  
She takes the human soul of him  
At first thought as a dream

Her gaze, like fire, burns away,  
the weakness of this mortal.  
She gives a darker life to him  
Her bite mark as the portal

Wesley Mincin

# Souls By Fire

Souls by Fire

Over the ridge at some disputed barricade,  
I can see rising fires.  
But not just smoke,  
not just ash,  
not just dust and fire,  
but a dozen souls.  
Innocent souls  
Guilty souls  
Souls that fought and died with reason.  
Or souls that died with none at all.  
Over that ridge of rotting corpses,  
burning vehicles,  
and drying blood,  
a hundred voices rise with fire,  
then are silenced...with another boom.  
Here I stand before my barracks,  
watching as this happens.  
I contemplate this war as just.  
But my heart says....no...

Wesley Mincin

# The Ancient Krun

The Ancient Krun

Etched in granite is the past,  
of legendary wars.  
Races whom had such potential,  
are preserved within these lores.

Winds remember Armageddon,  
sweeping cross the land.  
Golden Ages standing tall,  
are touched by Death's hand.

It slams down on the dynasties,  
stricken sick with fault.  
And then, what's left are dimly echoes  
Nature wins by default

Carved into the cliff walls,  
is the history of Krun.  
A foreign species like the humans  
People of the Sun

No chorus lives to sing the legends,  
scripted by the past.  
Mountains, seas, and silent breeze,  
remain to be the last.

I wonder if beyond the stars,  
man-kind will follow suit.  
The growing voice that swallows Earth,  
will eventually fall mute.

Less they find the Krun cliffside,  
and grasp reality.  
Otherwise their fate is sealed,  
extinction....destiny.

Wesley Mincin

# The Black Rose

The Black Rose

Black is the Rose,  
as it stands for pain!  
Dead  
or tainted otherwise.  
A sin stained Rose  
Once Red or White  
A Rose with a past like shadow  
A Rose with a sin so heavy,  
like ink,  
it swells and spreads like disease,  
turning what was once,  
Passion!  
or  
Pure!  
now,  
a vile flower in the bed.  
We fear this flower  
We fear it's color  
We fear it's wrath,  
as it is a path the white rose may take.  
A path we wish not to make.  
The Black Rose  
The sin drenched,  
soul tainted,  
corrupted,  
Black Rose

Wesley Mincin

# The Dark Angel

Dark Angel

I sit between the light and dark, a force of neutrality,  
walking in both Heaven and Hell, immune from duality.  
I escort souls to higher realms of darkness and the light  
There they face two icons paying witness to their might  
Serve in Heaven, rule in Hell, their choices rest with fate  
However, they must learn that I feel no love or feel hate  
God and Satan feud but I care not to interfere  
My purpose is distinct and so, as an angel, must adhere  
One will hear their echo and shall feel an icy hand,  
for then shall I escort them to their faith forged, distant lands.  
I was made by no deity, I came along with Life  
My purpose was enforced by the workings of your strife  
Understand I have no emotions, it's my divine nature  
But as eternal Angel of Death, it has become my torture

Wesley Mincin

# The Fire Of Night

The Fire of Night

Her skin is like the silver moon,  
its texture, soft and smooth, .  
Red lips then part and sound escapes,  
her voice so gently soothes.  
Under a dome of peppered lights,  
beside the gentle sea,  
I feel her hands caress my cheek,  
as she gently kisses me.  
Her raven hair blankets our heads,  
our lips lock, tongues engage.  
A sensation overwhelms all strength,  
passion replaces rage.  
Her skin is cold but breath is hot,  
her personality.  
My maiden, my love, my queen my life,  
is this reality?  
On the soft sands of this beach,  
our spirits intertwine.  
Her lips taste like sweet berries,  
used to make expensive wine.  
A final grind and thrust and then!  
the stars explode with light!  
A press of lips and 'I love you's,  
our love burns in the night.

Wesley Mincin

# The Forest's Portrait

Deep within the forest's heart,  
does the foliage spread apart,  
revealing light on nature's art,  
like a spotlight on the stage.

Like a spotlight on a stage,  
stands a character of sage,  
allure and mystery does she wage,  
as a creature of the woods.

As a creature of the woods,  
fellow guardian of redwoods,  
she stands with silver hooves,  
and she stares into your soul.

As she stares into you soul,  
with eyes as dark as coal,  
a fellow beast appears, her foal,  
with an undeveloped horn.

With an undeveloped horn,  
(absent once when he was born) ,  
he looks onto us with lorn,  
though still a creature of the forest.

Though still a creature of the forest,  
he will irrevocably flourish,  
like all anagogic forces,  
deep with in the forest's heart.

Wesley Mincin

# The Irsome Fairy

In some chamber far from here,  
in distant lands of dark and drear,  
within a palace of malice and fear,  
thrives a being of cheer.

Encased in crystal, does she sit,  
a nymph of curiousness and wit.  
Still, awe and marvel would she emit.  
But, a mischievous, deceptive culprit.

She would sit and stare at you,  
Watching everything you do,  
with glowing eyes of ice blue hue...  
A most fascinating muse

Still...conclusive facts don't contradict,  
that this grotesque thing started conflicts.  
Guilty as a crafty convict  
Sentence: strict imprisonment

Good or evil, this creature stands,  
as the most dangerous being in all the lands.  
A charm for luck or death's own hand  
She takes to no command

I sometimes wish to see her face  
The last of what is an ancient race  
Ascended to...or fallen from grace  
This one lives in a crystal case

Wesley Mincin

# The Most Painful Dream

The most painful dream

And so this princess would walk and breathe on this Earth,  
and I would dream of me being her knight.  
A dance upon the stars,  
stars I wished that I could give to her.  
Then, sit on the crescent moon with her in my arms,  
like a cradle in the night sky.  
And though her words touched my heart,  
though I felt them through there,  
it was the fear of this dream,  
being only a dream,  
and this dream,  
being but a desire,  
that could never or would never be fulfilled.  
Oh! How I wish I could sail with her across the sea of stars,  
and cling to a bond of love that would last like,  
the shining stars.  
I would dream of our ship,  
sailing on like time,  
and like time,  
our love would be so...everlasting.  
I hear her voice, and think of its ring.  
The tintinnabulation of the beautiful clarity,  
that rang past the lips of red. That beautiful ring,  
that would whisper the words I wished to hear, and a pledge,  
that I pledged to her.  
But it was a dream....  
and only a dream.  
It was a dream...  
and nothing more.  
I was a dream...  
a horrible dream.  
A simple dream...  
I still adore.

Wesley Mincin

# The Red Rose

Devious and seductive is the rose,  
as it stands in a bush,  
in a vase during dinner,  
or its pedals sprinkled out among the sheets,  
of a bed.

Its scent intoxicating  
An offering of love,  
or lustful desire.

Red like the lips of a woman  
Red like the dress she may wear  
Red like the fiery passion that spawns,  
as love is made!

Or lust fulfilled!

A fiery passion that is yearned by all  
All want the Red Rose!

Man and woman!

They ache to run their fingers along its stem.

But!

Along it's stem!

Thorns!

Black thorns!

Thorns of what love is!

The burden that it carries!

The other edge of the sword!

Sharp thorns of the pain that is heaved along!

And with carelessness, does the handler prick his fingers,  
only to bleed...bleed red blood...

like the Red Rose.

Wesley Mincin

# The Rose

The Rose

The Rose is but a pedestal,  
of three symbolic colors:

White,

Red,

and Black.

It may stand before the sun,

or handed as an offering,

or lay within the flower bed.

The Rose may be pure!

The Rose may know nothing but peace!

The Rose may know passion!

The Rose may be swelling with undeniable passion,

a burning fire that hungers for fulfillment.

The Rose may know pain...

sin...

corruption...

envy...

loss...

The Rose is but a blank canvas...

waiting to be painted.

Wesley Mincin

# The Song Of Whales

Deep in the depths of the ocean blue,  
I listen to the serenade of whales.  
Monumental creatures, gentle, yet, and calm  
Their consistency to impress me never fails

I breathe...in...and out...as I float in peace,  
listening to their melody.  
Imagine what the lyrics are,  
of passion, pain, or destiny.

To roam the seas and sing like this,  
the songs of whales perplexes thy.  
And yet, my heart pours out for them,  
as the song passes on and dies.

This mystery...this ocean culture,  
these songs we cannot fathom,  
is a puzzle I live to hear and enjoy.  
The blue whales ancient anthem.

Wesley Mincin

# The Three Towers

The Three Towers

The frost coats mountains, rivers, flowers  
It thickens by the snow storm showers  
The cold wraps round three standing towers,  
in a mountain lake far from here.

An outpost where elves shined their light  
That burned against the howling night,  
Against the dangers that sanctioned might,  
The dangers that still lurk near.

But now that light is all but astray  
The paladin elves all went away  
But the towers stand till to this day  
As icons negating fear.

Wesley Mincin

# The Troll

The Troll

On this bridge once stood a troll,  
a beastly fellow demanding tolls.  
His heart was cold and black like coal  
Cruelty made up all his soul

Ugly was he to common man  
The ugliest troll in all the land  
The only one to yet be damned  
To all society he was banned

People round would pay his fee  
Sadly, giving into his greed  
Submission; he would feed and feed  
Hell waited for him because of his deeds

Then came a man who opposed this fiend,  
who, for a time, reigned supreme,  
by guarding the bridge over a ravine.  
A battle would soon rage it seemed

Upon refusing to pay the toll,  
a club was swung by an angry troll!  
A fight began for the bridge's control  
Control which the man eventually stole

But then, the man changed into the creature!  
Horrendous changes to all his features!  
Ugliness and cruelty began to gleaner  
The man grew meaner and meaner

And so the troll lived on through him  
To collect the tolls and age with sin  
Since that time, that's the way it's been  
How good intentions turned rather grim

Wesley Mincin

# The White Rose

Innocent and pure is the White Rose.  
A symbol of purity.  
A virgin of pain and passion  
Oh, so callow is this flower!  
Delicate and young!  
Without the knowledge of it's cousins,  
the Red,  
and Black Rose.  
White is the rose as it stands before the golden sun,  
swaying gently in the,  
silent breeze.  
It has no voice  
It has no sin  
A child among flowers  
But still a flower,  
we sometimes wish we were.

Wesley Mincin

# The Winter Pendant

The Winter Pendant

Silver lining that shines in light,  
(an attribute to her delight)  
which rims a figure of the night,  
this alluring Winter Pendant.

Forged with essence of the stars,  
delivered by the war-god Mars.  
It mirrors distant, dying pulsars,  
this mysterious Winter Pendant.

Mars delivers this before,  
the moon who, quite frankly, adores,  
this change within the god of war,  
by this elegant Winter Pendant.

But she is still only a mortal.  
She can't traverse beyond the portal,  
while he can since he is immortal.  
So, she'll keep this Winter Pendant.

The flaw is that she'll eventually die.  
Her corpse will rot and blood run dry.  
This fact could make the war god cry,  
but what of the Winter Pendant.

This item's more than just a charm.  
It's magic will not bring her harm,  
but may come to be alarmed,  
for she'll be the Winter Pendant!

Her soul is sucked into the stone,  
to travel with Ares back to his throne.  
An act the moon did not condone!  
His love was the Winter Pendant

Now a jewel forever more,  
so says the mythological lore.

The priceless gem for the God of War,  
the living Winter Pendant.

Wesley Mincin

# Thermopylae Part I

## Thermopylae Part I

Side by side we stand against a sea of men and hate,  
for we, free men of Greece decide to embrace our fates.  
We will show that no one, King or God, may be our lord.  
For this, we face the Persian Nation's mighty, massive horde.  
The night before; an angered sea engulfed a Persian fleet.  
A thousand lifeless bodies drift as predatory meat.  
Against a cliff, before the sea, we witnessed Tritan's might,  
and prayed to Zeus for aid in our daring, final fight.  
Morning came and there we stood undaunted by our task.  
The winds died down, the skies had cleared but the storm had not yet passed.  
An emissary came to us and warned us to submit.  
We laughed at such a pitiful swine; with that he was dismissed.  
'Heed my words, you Hoplite fools, our arrows will blot out the sun.'  
They thought with just a single swipe the battle would be won.  
A Spartan soldier stepped forth and said, 'Then we shall fight in shade.'  
The memory of this glorious battle would not soon die or fade.  
The hour dawned, the time had come, the Persian horde arrived.  
We'd give our hearts-we'd give our lives, but our freedom, that, we denied.  
A horn is blow. A million cries if slaves deafens the ears.  
But we three-hundred Spartans stand unfazed, immune to fear.  
Wicker shields, rusty swords and spears meet our shields.  
Our phalanx is unbreakable. They're fighting on our field.  
This golden wall stands firm as we press back the Persian troops.  
They fail to dent the Spartan line even as they regroup.  
Our spears blast through their wicker toys and pierce their distressed hearts.  
We bask in glory as we gladly butcher body parts.  
We throw them back with just a handful wounded and/or dead.  
The sight of us, for Persians, is a sight they truly dread.  
Yet as the night falls over us and while we try to sleep,  
we hear them from a distance as a thousands Persians weep.  
And so we stand and form a line. There's much for them to fret.  
We slam our spears against our shields. We are not finished yet.

Wesley Mincin

# Time

Time

When did it begin? I wonder...  
A frequent question that I ponder,  
though the answer will always remain a mystery.

Though the answer will always remain a mystery,  
I wish that I could ask it questions,  
reminisce on life's many lessons,  
since we all know that there's nothing older and wiser than time.

Since we all know that there's nothing older and wiser than time,  
we'll look to past and history,  
to hopefully solve some mysteries,  
yet while time looks on silently,  
When did it begin? I wonder...

Wesley Mincin

# Times Goes On

Times goes on

Mountains rise as kingdoms fall  
Storms pass on and come again  
The moon retreats from rising sun,  
and chases it once more.  
As man advances...or regresses,  
winds shall wrap around the trees,  
passing over rolling fields,  
brushing past the mighty sea.  
Though we'll watch as time continues,  
man has come and just may go.  
Stars may shine and disappear  
Seas will flood the ancient valleys  
Forests lush with fruit and life,  
may find itself a desert.  
The reaper will harvest souls forever  
God may produce life again  
Then the universe may collapse,  
or fade away into nothingness.  
But only one thing still remains,  
watching everything ever so closely,  
and only in the end will it continue on walking.

Wesley Mincin

# Tinntinnabulation

Tinntinabulation

Adding to the gentle setting of falling snow,  
is the gentle jingle of the bells.

It rings a song of soothing rhythm,  
more so than a Christmas hymn,  
and I can then feel the tinntinnabulation,  
of the ringing bells.

The soothing, crustal tinntinnabulation of silver painted bells.

Wesley Mincin

# To Understand

I have yet to sleep with war  
To keep one eye upon the sky,  
to watch my fellow comrades die,  
to walk on fields of ash and fire,  
and witness bonfires rise higher and higher.

I have yet to understand,  
why war is war and man is man.  
Why do young men march out and die?  
Why blood is spelt for it to dry?  
And why our men return,  
with stone-cold hearts,  
or ones that burn.

I have yet to see how heroes,  
truly act within the field.  
To see them make a sacrifice,  
to save their friends, they give their life.  
They share their food  
They share their drink  
They share foxholes and share their ammo  
They share a bond I have yet to see

I have yet to see true Hell  
I have yet to feel true pain  
I have yet to see true horror  
I have yet to know the truth

Wesley Mincin

# Vampire's Sacrifice

## Vampire's Sacrifice

Here in the dark, do I wait for the sun to rise,  
And yet, I am bound to the shadows of night.  
Once upon a time I would bask in its rays of life.  
Now, I am harmed from its glorious light.

When the sun rises, you'll walk on without me,  
And I'll be left here to wait in the dark.  
That night we had spent I had thought was a dream,  
But now it must end by the cry of the lark.

Beloved, I'm shackled to the rise of the moon  
I'm a child of night and a foe of the sun  
I'll be here waiting and we'll meet again soon  
Though I'm sired and cursed, you still are the one.

Sin runs in my veins and my eyes reflect pain,  
But the fire of love I have for you burns  
The monster inside me, and the thirst, I can't tame  
But its something this curse comes with. I have learned.

I shan't condemn you to the life I have taken,  
For the price was worth it so that you may not suffer.  
To say that my loves dies would have you mistaken.  
My beloved, my angel, my light nymph, my lover.

Wesley Mincin

# Victory Without Vengeance

Victory without Vengeance

All that I can is hear you taunting,  
pointing and laughing as I'm falling.  
Knowing my failures are your success,  
feeding off solely of my distress.  
Feeling your cruelty rush through my veins,  
tearing my heart out, leaving me in pain.  
Smiling as I then bow in submission  
Voicing I'm weaker, through admission  
It doesn't stop there, you come at me harder  
I have to fight back, becoming a martyr  
You pick and you poke, knowing I can't win  
You mess with my mind, forcing it to spin  
Assuring your ego, that you are better,  
you pummel me more, and put me in fetters.  
Subordinate to you, you mark me as your slave  
I need to escape but cannot be saved  
I plan and I wait for you to look off,  
into the distance where I take off,  
and take on your reign to tear it apart,  
for vengeance of you harming my heart.  
I stand over you, with the power to take,  
however I stop, an action for my sake.  
To destroy you is not worth the effort,  
despite all your evil and how I hurt.  
I know that I'm better because I choose,  
to control this power, in which you abuse.  
I could easily kill you, but I choose not too,  
a trait that differs me from all just like you.  
I stand by my morals against corruption,  
and pass off your madness of mental disruption.  
You see a world for you ravage  
This disgusting act that makes you a savage  
You beat people down when they cannot protest  
A devilish act that you can confess  
However, you like it despite all the trauma  
All I can point to is to life's karma  
I justify my acts as a matter of defense,

against your oppression, your devious pretense.  
You don't have to beg, you don't have to cry  
I will show you mercy so that you don't die  
Remember, I rebelled and answered your call  
but I did not laugh as I watched you fall

Wesley Mincin

# Waiting...

Waiting

On eroded concrete steps,  
do I hold my phone.  
I wait for her to call for me,  
for I am all alone.

I've never met her in my life,  
but yet I truly feel,  
that the maddening love I have for her,  
is very, very real.

I sometimes glance at a picture sent,  
by her of her to me.  
Those dark brown eyes and stunning lips;  
the loveliest things I see.

For three years I have loved this girl  
My feelings never waiver  
I wish to embrace her in my arms,  
and those lips I wish to savor.

I do so wish to dance with her,  
before a silver moon.  
Upon the ice of paradise,  
and experience the swoon.

But now I have to wait and see,  
for such a thing befall.  
My only fear of this has been,  
to be my fantasy's thrall.

Wesley Mincin

# Who Am I?

Who Am I?

I'm stuck on Earth with all I am  
I'm nothing as of now.  
I have to look for what I want  
but I just do not know how.

I don't know if what I want is here  
or if it does exist  
Sometimes I feel that all is wrong  
and all this is amiss

I sometimes don't know who I am  
or who I'm supposed to be  
Yet who I was before this life  
is what I need to see

I met two souls who showed me love  
and taught me what I know  
we promised to be friends for life  
just like those lives ago

I loved those two with all my heart  
and still I love both dear  
However, when I thought of them,  
I saw the end was near.

They told me that when the time comes  
I'll fight hard at their side  
A fate I felt when I was born  
a fate I shall abide

And when that times comes possibly  
Death will scratch my name  
I won't pass on like heroes do  
for glory and for fame

They said my time was not to come  
till long after the fight

They said that in my future they saw  
prosperity in sight

Both are beacons for the spirits  
whom have not passed on  
They've been that way for centuries  
and at the time of dawn

Yet now I feel that something's wrong  
something I have missed  
A truth that I'm unaware of  
something that is amiss

They could have lied but I doubt that  
but now where do I stand?  
There's something missing in this life  
I don't yet understand

I fear that all I believed in  
is all a mythic dream  
All I thought once reality  
is not all that it seems

What if the Spartan didn't live  
what if he wasn't me  
I worked off of that ancient idol  
to be what I want to be

My knowledge of my past I guess  
Is maybe irrelevant  
but when I know not who I am  
It becomes relevant

This is not my last life on Earth  
there will be more to come  
But first I need to search my past  
to know what I'll become

We all have purpose in our lives  
I want to know why I'm here  
If Taija's spoken words are lies  
that's what I truly fear

...what if the day comes and I am,  
without a hand to hold?  
will my death come without content,  
being lonely, failed, and cold.

Wesley Mincin

# Why?

Why?

When we march for freedom,  
some see rebellion.

When we see patriotism,  
some see terrorism.

We forge our own beliefs as a nation,  
some see abomination.

And then we fight and die for these

For wealth or for glory

for freedom or country

We fight the evil that we see

and not opinions that differ

innocently.

There are two sides to everything

Two sides to a war, three sides or more

Where there is war there is love,

but I've had enough.

Why not aspire to something more?

Embrace enlightenment

Embrace knowledge and peace

and not quarrel over selfish views and gains

Why not aspire to become stronger?

Why not become smarter?

To work cohesively with perseverance, courtesy, and self-control;

those are the virtues of dignity,

not of stupidity.

We seek ways to destroy.

Why not seek a way to give life and to travel

beyond the stars and into the unknown?

Why not strip away stringent laws

and allow cultures to flourish

living serenely.

I want to live in the mountains in peace

To speak with the winds,

meditate with the mountains,

embrace the power of my spirit,

and seek the truths in life

in peace.

I want to embrace someone to love  
and not worry about their safety.  
I want to love them and grow  
instead of fighting for that right.  
I see the world as it is,  
but see it for what it can be.  
I see our people for what we are  
and see them as they should be.  
Why can't I live in the mountains in peace  
without someone seeking my demise  
or conversion?  
Why can we not evolve?  
Why can't I live in peace?

Wesley Mincin

# Winter Soldiers

## Winter Soldiers

Here in snow we sit and wait and pray that we succeed.  
Here we wait and pray that our camouflage deceives.  
Here we sit in silence as wind whispers in our ear.  
Here we wait and pray while death reminds us of our fear.

In the thicket do I watch the enemy approach.  
Dear Jesus, please forgive me, please to me, do not reproach.  
All, at once, we rise and aim. Light flickers from my gun.  
Three-seconds pass as does the echoes. Grey clouds hides the sun.

Once a white, blank canvas now blood soaks and strokes the snow.  
I stare upon the bloodied body of my stranger foe.  
Did he have a family like me? Did he have his dreams?  
None of that really matters now. Death is wars old theme.

My men and I press toward the front. Deeper and deeper we go.  
We leave behind identities for war is all we know.  
War knows no empathy nor does it acknowledge care.  
As soldiers we're in this together for pain is what we share.

We congratulate no one for killing. There is no winning toast.  
Dressed in white like that of snow, we walk onward like ghosts.

Wesley Mincin

# Without Fear

Without Fear

Come to me gray shepherd of souls  
Herd me with you ancient scythe  
Guide me to your darkened land  
In your shallow, dreadful blithe

Let me join the sea of souls  
Stretching out so far and wide  
Like worms, they slither up the beach  
Then, sucked back in by callous tides

Let me walk on jagged roads  
Let me struggle to climb steep cliffs  
While souls are preyed and feasted on  
the vicious, angry Cerebus

Let me agonize in Hell  
Let me bask in the land of drear  
I welcome you to take my soul  
for I shall follow without fear

Wesley Mincin

# Woodland Cretin

Woodland Cretin

In the forest lurks the pixie  
Playing with her may be too risky  
Consequence, enslavement of thee  
Watch the shadows dance

Creatures flee her hilarity,  
a sound we hear with clarity,  
a sound that is no rarity.  
Watch them as they prance

Shadows garner. Winds assemble.  
Her crystal voice makes phantoms tremble.  
Bark falls off revealing symbols.  
The trees begin to glare

Her games are not like yours or mine  
She'll disappear within the pine,  
then tie you up with whip like vines,  
and drag you to her lair.

To you it's torture. To her it's game.  
To her the words are both the same.  
She feels no pity. She feels no shame.  
A sadistic little cretin

She may not kill you. Play is rare.  
She's glad she caught you in her snare.  
And though the game is not so fair...  
at least you won't be eaten.

Wesley Mincin

# Xerina's House

An overgrowth of vines encase this house of ancient stone  
Behind sealed doors are oddities and secrets still unknown  
Calamity befell the owners delving into knowledge veiled  
Death approached them as their efforts deterring the horror failed  
Enveloped by dark powers those who come became the paladins  
Force to guard the house forever as immortal, wicked guardians  
Gifts are sent to the old house to keep the spirits at bay  
Homage out of fear of death; Merciless are they  
Innocence is not identified by those who run the house  
Just like the owners, all are taken, even the garden mouse  
Keep away from Xerina's singing, leading you down the misty roads  
Life is much too precious to encounter this hell spawn foe  
Malice tightly holds the house, keeping those who seek to clean,  
Necromancers, Phantoms, Demons who come to us in dreams  
Olive paint is cracking, peeling, falling off the house's door  
Paladins peek through windows at us, reciting long forgotten lore  
Quiet, listen as they speak and tip you warnings of your fate:  
"Run away from this dark land before the ageing day grows late."  
"Silence falls once sky runs red. Bridge cannot be crossed when black."  
"Timber pulls thee to the house. Spirit shall erode and crack."  
"Under spells, you can't resist. One with house of the Abyss."  
"Serve Xerina as her slave. Vanity shall then dissipate."  
"Winds will whisper when your near."  
"Xerina's voice shall lead you here."  
"Yearning are we for your presence."  
"Zephyr lets us taste your essence."

Wesley Mincin