

*Songs
of
Storms*

Songs of Storms
First Edition

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Originally published in the United States of America, by
Dauntlessmedia.net, April 2008.

For more information about the author and publisher, please visit:
www.dauntlessmedia.net

This edition printed by lulu.com

Dearest Reader:

Within these pages are the songs of dreams, fears, triumphs and travails of just an ordinary person. But it is my sincerest hope that as you journey through these pages that you will see and hear more than the personal matters of which I have written. I hope that within these songs you will find something of yourself, a reflection upon which you may hear your own song. If that happens, I will have counted this endeavor a success.

So if you will indulge me, please come and follow me, and let me be your song ...

Table of Contents

Overture

Individual poems, Part I 1

Compositions

Composite poems..... 34

Interlude

Untitled poems 81

Encore

Individual poems, Part II..... 108

Coda

Prose writing 161

Overture



Namaqualand

The call within,
An echo roar,
As if a pride has awoken
Like a distant growl of thunder, hunger,
Crushing the shell of oppression
Within blue-white jaws of fate and destiny --
Fracturing the heavens into a torrent of passion.

Falling
Falling
Falling in shades of grey ...

Slaking the crimson deserts of a once-barren soul,
Releasing the scents of anticipation:
A perfumed musk that rises from
A purpose long unrealized.

The well of life overflows in the deluge,
Exploding colors across the canvas of ash and beige.

Upon the fields, the worlds are
Drenched
Quenched.

(continued)

Namaqualand

A gnarled hand
Thrusts itself
From the earth
And within its green,
Crooked fingers
She
Watches --
Detached, serene, poised ...

Tropezar La Luz Fantástica

It begins with a piercing gaze,
Like the stab of sunrise
Through the tattered sheets of shrouded night –
A jagged crackle of light against
The chaotic gales of blackened tempests.
Illumination.
A moment frozen.
Frozen.

And when smoldering worlds awaken,
Soulful windows catch their gaze,
Like staring down a precipice into
The shimmering flood.

The worlds descend closer –
Intertwined –
One.
Lost within
Themselves they find themselves.

(continued)

percussion

throb

pulse

glow

Blaze

Pressure

Fire

Desire

- The Sparkling of snow • Reeds yield in the wind
- A rippled wave's glow • The Tempest awakes
- Quiver of a flame • The tension augments
- That cannot be tamed • The stoic damn breaks

And when the barriers crumble the tempest bends the trees like the exhale of ecstasy and the waters gush against breakfronts that crumble against the torrents that run wild across the plain like fingers across the skin seeping into every valley every crevice on its wanton surge toward the seas until at last all is spent.

(continued)

Tropezar La Luz Fantástica

White sands
Of innocent beaches
Bear witness
To remains of
The release:
Ocean blue
Deep
Seething
Smoldering
Stretching onward
Toward a horizon awash with
A blood red fire –
The final throes
Of the dance –
Until the shrouded sheets of night descend
Upon ocean, beach and sky
And the worlds are again
Wrapped in the veils of
Anticipation.

Insect Insanity

The sun sets silent, slow into quiet night;
Lost in a tranquil dream we faintly see
Our meager minds leap into roaring flight
To follow the work of the human bee.

Restrained by a quiet desperation,
And lost within the dark, dying hour,
The bee discovers earth's desolation
On its journey to the wilted flower.

With specters of sleep following after,
And anger fermenting from deep within,
The insect laughs his dark, mad-like laughter,
Opens the door, and soldiers come marching in.

Frustrated man in the haunted hours of night,
Beats his tattered wings and falls out of sight.

Je Rêve

J'espère, je rêve, je vive.
And all has become clear.
Et j'embrasse le soleil
Because it's there to hold
To touch, to feel, to love.
Les chansons du soleil
Ring deep inside my mind:
The sounds of Earth, of birth,
And our crying laughter.
écoutez. écoutez.
Je m'emprends de la vie.
Écoutez. Écoutez.
Hear the lovely birds sing.
ÉCOUTEZ! ÉCOUTEZ!
I hoped, I dreamt, I lived.
Tout est devenu claire
Because I looked inside
And caught a feeble glimpse.
La lumière me luis.
Life is a shining dream!

Je Rêve

(English only version. Translated lines in italics)

"*I Dream*"

I hope, I dream, I live.

And all has become clear.

And I kiss the sun

Because it's there to hold

To touch, to feel, to love.

The songs of the sun

Ring deep inside my mind:

The sounds of Earth, of birth,

And our crying laughter.

listen. listen.

I grab hold of life.

Listen. Listen.

Hear the lovely birds sing.

LISTEN! LISTEN!

I hoped, I dreamt, I lived.

All has become clear

Because I looked inside

And caught a feeble glimpse.

The light shined on me

Life is a shining dream!

I'm Falling

The crush of love
Falls heavy on my soul,
Bringing me down,
Leaving me breathless.
Into the darkness
I crawl again.
The heavens crumble
Under the weight
Of emotion:
Jovial giants
Suffocating my soul.
I laugh at the vacuum,
Tricking the darkness
With lightness of lies.
Still, I find no solace.
In a fractured promise.

Full Circle

I hear the song of the siren
Calling, whispering, seducing me
And who could argue against a return
To glory and purpose and honor
Visions of a city bathed in sunrise gold
Still haunt my waking dreams
But there is a danger
The present can never compete with a past
Of youth and vigor and promise
It can not be the same
It will not be the same
And yet
I cannot say no

Small-Town Observatory

Dew damp
Summer sun rise
"Fresh Produce"
Shines
Mosquitos whiz
Leaves whisper
Cut grass
Flowers
Mr. Lightfoot's pipe
Slowly rocking
Watching
Smiling

The Crossing

Half-blind shadows
Stare at deadly tracks
Strewn with severed
Memories
Twisted weeds
Poisoned dust

Lonely Street

A man enters a sleepy town.
All is empty. He is alone.
He wanders aimless down a street
Of shattered glass and broken stone.

He passes an empty window
And glimpses a life that's gone by.
It reflects scenes of broken dreams
And the well of love now gone dry.

Thinking of things he has wronged,
Confronting the worst of his fears,
Ashamed of who he has become,
He weeps, shedding cold bitter tears.

As the image finally fades,
He sees the light of distant stars.
He is unsure of where to go,
but he has come so very far.

Summer Leaves

In Spring, long ago
Leaved were created.
We built them ourselves
From soft fledgling buds.
And in the summer
They grew full and great:
Large, leafy, and green.
They embraced the warmth
And swayed to the breeze.
These lovely leaves
Lived a happy life.
But the days grew cold
And the warm sun fell.
The leaves changed color:
A panorama
Of a sad farewell
To Summer and her.
After one bright flash
The leaves began to
Fade into coarse brown.
Now the Summer leaves
Fall onto the ground.

Rain Upon an October Day

Down the rain falls
On a cold dismal day
The fog and mist collide
In a cool dreary haze

Grey clouds blanket the skies
Wind blows from tree to tree
These damp October days
Have such subtle beauty

The panoramic trees
Shine their own vivid light
And break the grey dampness
With their glorious sight

Leaves float onto the land
Painting it with color
The ground glows with a warmth
A radiance like no other

(continued)

Rain Upon An October Day

Tiny birds chase themselves
Flying high and low
The nestle together
As rain changes to snow

Drifting down from the sky
The wet snow cannot stay
Once it kisses the earth
It simply melts away.

A Shadow On the Sand

Trudging through a barren wasteland,
Tormented by a blazing sun,
The battles of life have not been won.
No one is there to help this man . . .
His only friend: A shadow on the sand.

What Have I Done?

Drip, drip the water falls
Along these hallowed halls

To many in the rain they see
What was, what is, and what will be

For tomorrow may never come
And I still don't know what I've done

As the falling water cleanses the land
It changes the mountains into the sand

The water runs into the sea
As it has for eternity

So we will never see the sun
And I still don't know what I've done

Dreams

Long forgotten days
Thick with summer haze
Watching the endless rain
Fall on the window pane
Recollection of memories
And life's little discoveries
Feeling the hot summer sun
Or just being with someone
Beloved friends are lost in the past
Where only memories can last
I recall as a boy
Laughing with childhood joy
And times of hopeless love
That's what dreams are made of

Wild and Free

Living on broken dreams
--Wandering through life--
Nothing is what it seems

A humble man living alone
--With no place to be--
The entire world as a home

He does not know anyone
--Alone with himself--
He sits staring at the sun

He has nothing to his name
--Living wild and free--
But he likes it just the same

Life Through Another's Eyes

Shifting color, changing light
A bird flies out of sight

Drifting thoughts, flowing streams
Are lost in other's dreams

Faster and faster the time will go
Like the falling of white winter snow

Mysterious eyes
Uncover the lies

And attentive ears
Decipher the years.

Wasted Time

With a heavy heart, a man walks
Of long gone, good old days, he talks
In times past he was once quite solid and strong
But he hasn't felt that way for so very long
A man of strength and strong will
'Though now he has fallen ill
Poor old man, we give him our pity
His clothes and body, blackened and gritty
Penniless and with pockets out he begs
Spending the rest of his life in society's dregs
Just take a look at his face
See the years he cannot replace

You'll Never Walk Alone

Lost

In distant eyes

More than ever

You realize

Lost

Are the memories you can't replace

Gone forever

Somewhere in time and space

Running

You can't hide

Your loyalties

Will divide

Running

Your path can never be retraced

You remember

Your life in time and space

Wherever you may roam

Whatever you may do

You'll never walk alone

Your Hollow Life

On the highest throne
The king stands alone;
An actor and a clown awaiting their call,
The man and the fool joust for it all.
A stage upon which we carry out our lives,
A bed into which we carry our wives,
Are nothing.

Oh, lonely man,
Where are you now?
Where do you stand?
How much can you allow?

Oh, frightened one,
What have you learned?
Life near the sun
Will get you burned.

(continued)

The Universe is a sea of stars
Moving near and far.
With chaotic order the heavens change --
Mysterious, enigmatic, strange.
The chosen path you must follow,
Your temple crumbling and hollow,
Is nothing.

So when the curtain falls
On your little show
The meaning of it all
Will you know?

Understanding It All

Sometimes I walk the beach
And sink beneath the sand
Down to an unknown world
Untouched by man

Pictures and images
Form before my eyes
This is where it begins
Birthplace of lies

A hand pulls me further
Into a realm of hidden truth I fall
Wondering if it was worth
Understanding it all

I see a rose here
All haggard and worn
I reach for the flower
And receive the thorn

The Great Tree

Bathed in the brilliant light of the afternoon sun
Children play as their laughter echoes across the land
Unaware of future worlds, they seize the moment
Frolicking across the field to where the great tree stands
With branches that plead for someone to hold
A tree as benevolent and wise as it is old

The wind rustles the great canopy of leaves
Gently moving the summer air
Like a bed-time story, it calms the children
Bringing them a greater sense of the world everywhere
This tree has withstood the test of time
A symbol of a much greater mind

As the children climb the aged branches
And look through to the indigo sky
They see drifting clouds
And a mighty eagle fly
The tree cradles the children in loving arms
Like a mother protecting them from harm

(continued)

The Great Tree

But the grey clouds are rolling in
Washing the earth with falling rain
The children are growing up and leaving
The tree stands silent in the rain
Left alone with the dark clouds above
Waiting for sunny days, and more children to love

Raining Stars

With an empty heart, I watch the stars
Each one giving its only light . . .

The stars huddle and cluster together
Forming some special design
But off in the distance there is a star
All alone, its not hard to find

So far away from my happiness
So close to pain
Clouds drift through the night
I welcome the rain

. . . with a broken heart I watch the clouds
Each one delivering its lonely rain

Dreamscape

Standing on a ridge, staring at the distant horizon
We look to the sky and watch it fall
Bit by bit it drips onto the ground
Collecting by the great waterfall

A slow stream of clouds and sunshine
Flowing endless on a journey to the stars
Higher and higher the stream flows
Passing the place in time where we are

An enigmatic realm of hidden truth
A most confusing land
In a void where time and space melt into one
Reaching for knowledge with an open hand

At the place from which the water runs
Moving on an infinity of streams
This is a magical land of gods
Reality is never what it seems

In Love With Me?

All alone in a room, no one around
Notes of a tune play without a sound
I'm searching for the reasons, an answer
Yet they serve only to confuse me more
Without you, I can never be the same
But with you, the sun can dry the rain

How can I know that you're in love (In love with me)?
In love with all that I am? It's the question I ask,
"Are you in love?" (In love with me)?
Am I all that you want?

A song fades in the distance, years far away
Haunting persistence, what more can I say?
A romance unfolding, as tears roll down
Reaching for you, but no one to hold me down

Will you ever be in love (In love with me)?
In love with all that I am? It's what I need to know ...
Are you in love (In love with me)?
Am I everything that you need?

Cape of Storms

Arching her back
Across a swollen sky,
La danseuse d'incendie
Ignites
The horizon
Into a ravenous blaze.

Her voice, a throaty echo,
A siren song that echoes across
The raging emotion of the sea.

She is the fire
 the light
 the flare

Illuminating the night.

She is the horizon
 the spirit
 the full moon rising.

(continued)

Cape of Storms

But the flames have been flooded,
Rippled light has faded.
The shores are not the same.

The storm's growl
Has given way to
Sorrow's howl:

Bringing to the desert self,
The burdened ashen shell.

Compositions

I have been fascinated by the idea of rock operas for quite some time, so I started writing poetry based on the rock opera format of a series of stand alone poems (songs) all related to a larger story. To date I have written four such "operas".



TRAVELER'S TALES

PROLOGUE

A Traveler's Tale

A journey across the sea
That neither time nor space impair
A Traveler's lonely beacon
Set against the midnight air.

A shimmer in the midnight sky
Like the fire of Lucifer
The placid surface rippled by
The wake of the traveler.

The natives of the earth will find
Within these Traveler's tales
The secret words of wisdom that
Fill with wind their mighty sails.

(continued)

Traveler's Tales - Prologue
A Traveler's Tale

Across the distant horizon
Natives cast their weary sight,
And plot their perilous passage
By the cold Polaris light.

Drifting far from their chosen path
When clouds obscure their view,
Natives heed the Traveler and
Work to set their course anew.

THE JOURNEY

Frontier

The horizon waits
For those who challenge
The distant unknown,
Who raise high the sails
And weigh the anchor,
Casting aside the
Restrains of the land.
This lonely vessel
Will navigate by
The celestial spheres,
Through uncertain seas,
On a quest to find
A familiar land
That patiently waits
For discovery.

Travail

Tethered to the shoreline,
The traveler's vessel
Is dragged beneath the waves.
In desperation, the
Labored ship tugs against
The cold, deadly restraints
In the afternoon breeze.

Embarkation

As daylight fades and
Tasks are left undone,
Idle time you spent
Seems drowned forever
In the wreckage of
A fading season.
But a breath of life
Can still be harnessed:
With wind in your sails,
And rays of sunlight
Burning in your eyes,
Cast off your failure,
And salvage meaning
From the wasted day
In the dangerous
Waters of the night.

Chasing the Sentinel

The Sentinel is the
Guardian of the day,
Illuminating the
Traveler's chosen way.

For the lonely vessels
That dare traverse the sea
Fire on the horizon
Heralds a destiny.

Glare

The Autumnal hours can
Blind a traveler
To his ultimate goal.
Confusion arises,
The steady course wavers,
Until the night watchmen
Appear to light the way.

Predators at Dusk

Day is bleeding light
And still the watchman sleeps.
Unaware of dangers concealed,
Murky air shadows the way
And wraps the horizon
In a shroud of uncertainty.
Winking at the edge of vision,
The mindless instinct waits.

The Motions of the Sea

The landscape of the sea
Is riddled with emotion.
The peaks and valleys
Mirror the impulses
Of the labored soul.
And in the wake
The pacific surface
Reveals the boils
That torment the skin.

The Night Sky

When the vessel at last
Has sailed far from the shore,
And while the sentinel sleeps,
The only guardians
Are a pale-faced watchman
And his myriad eyes,
Who shine against darkness.

Polaris

A beacon of direction
For ships without a compass

Misdirection

On the horizon
The clouds gather and
Obscure the watchman
From the vessel's sight.

Storms at Sea

Obstacles to destiny
Appear and then disappear.
While braving the elements,
The vessel fights to maintain
The traveler's chosen course.
Devoid of the watchman's guard,
The traveler must trust to
Luck and determination.

The Final Passage

When storms and dangers pass
The voyage nears its end.
For the tired traveler,
The watchman emerges,
Guiding the vessel's course.
A distant shore appears
On the horizon's edge.
At last the traveler
And his vessel arrive
At their destination.

INTERLUDE

Attainment

A distant island
A familiar shore
The traveler is
Welcomed and received
The vessel, anchored
To the harbor floor,
Rocks gently in a
Tropical zephyr.

Union

A quiet hour
A passing day
A growing flower
Gives us away

Culmination

The sentinel and
The watchman preside
Over days and nights
Spent in paradise.

Upon the shore, the
Traveler enjoys
The temporary
Peace of being home.

Perfect in design and
Pure in substance.
The island blossoms.
With fruits and waters

And before it ends
The traveler and
The distant island
Quench their desire.

THE RETURN

Rising In Darkness

While the watchman sleeps and
Before the Sentinel
Breaks on the horizon
The traveler prepares
For a doleful departure.

With great difficulty
The anchor is hoisted
Onto a vessel whose
Sails weep in the morning.

The shrouded shore remains
Unmoved in the silence.

After climbing aboard,
The traveler readies
The lamenting vessel
For the return journey.

(continued)

Traveler's Tales – The Return
Rising In Darkness

Turning toward the shore
The traveler bids her
A sorrowful farewell
That echoes in the mist.

Mist

Stillness,
An unnerving silence,
And darkness.
Mist clings to shadows.
Heavy air lumbers
Into the lungs.
A lamenting vessel
Dissolves
Into the horizon.

Into the Fog

The darkness is a weight
A burden that he bears
On a lonely voyage
Across the misty sea.
The fog chokes his breath
And brief interludes of the
Sentinel can only
Frustrate his remnants of hope.

Terminus

A return to travail

A return to wasted days

A return to lonely nights

A return to tethered vessels

A return to being lost

But still the traveler plans

To begin the Journey anew.

THE VAUDEVILLAIN

Insomnia

3:08 a.m.

Silence is deafening.

Darkness suffocates,

I choke on the night.

Stars stare with mocking glares

And a silent, spiteful laugh.

I swim against the tide

Of consciousness,

And drown in the night.

But still, I cannot drift

Into oblivion . . .

Falling

The god comes to me
at whisper hours
of night when shadows
stretch satin-like 'cross
a city whose rain
drifts through buildings
like dandelion seeds
through the forest.

Heavy mist settles
over dirty streets,

thoughts bleed from my mind,
ready to absorb
sleep . . .

The Vaudevillain

*. . . Welcome to the Grand Illusion!
Come on in and see what's happening.
Pay the price,
Get your tickets for the show.
The stage is set,
The band starts playing.
Suddenly your heart is pounding,
Wishing secretly you were a star . . .
- Styx "The Grand Illusion"*

Descent

Winter wind
Rips my body,
i crumble and fall:
an avalanche
gaining momentum
SPEED
as i plummet
Down
O
W
N
. . . and CRASH!!!
into the theater below

Darkness

Creeps across the theater,
Envelopes the crowd,
Sinks into their lives,
Enjoys the emptiness.

Everyone
Surrounded by

Darkness.

Anticipation

Like dawn not yet begun,
When tendrils of clouds
Swim through sleeping trees,
Smoky air settles
Across the restless crowd:

Ignition,
Slow burn.

Prophet

Hey prophet!
Lead me blind,
make my life
One of a kind.

Overture

Like an old rock 'n' roll tune,
Life drifts into obscurity;
Hears only a guitar,
Oblivious to the crowd

Whose thunder cascades
Over ears trained to notes
Instead of song.

Act One

i am an actor
in a theater of stone
my role is rigid
unmoving
a black light
glows behind me
reflecting life
but i cannot focus
'cause i have walked
through a portal
into the world
of visions and prophets
all different all the same
drowning alone
in a sea of brotherhood.

Dance the Night Away

Streetlight casts its eerie glow,
Ghostly organ plays lonely tunes.
A man moves alone through the night,
Dancing to the sounds of his own music.
He passes under a flickering lamp
And sees his shadow flutter onto the ground.
Man and shadow move together,
Bound by the little light above.
But man moves away,
And shadow dissolves.
Man is once again alone
To dance the night away.

Timeflow

Spring buds,
Autumn leaves,
Summer sun,
Winter freeze,
Changing seasons,
Moving years,
Water flows,
Time disappears.

The Looking Glass

Where the ultimate battle is waged,
And double fisted warriors claim victory,
There is no shade from the moon.
Clouds of smoke drift thick, black.
The stars dissolve.
A double-edged sword falls,
Cuts sanity from both ends.

Two hands rest on skeletal remains
Clutching for a spirit long set free.
Two worlds hang in the balance
Waging war.
Fading in the hours of night,
The struggle is unseen
The mirror reflects foreign images.
Gazing into an alien world,
i face another me.

The Lollipop Sign

He walked along the stage carrying a lollipop
Until he came across a sign that told him to stop.
He waited there for the sign to change,
But it never did . . . how strange . . .
There he stood day after day
Because the sign told him to stay.
Through wind, rain and sun
He stood, having no fun.
After a time he sang a sad lonely song
Because his lollipop was gone.
Then the autumn wind blew the sign away,
But he still wants to stay.

The Half-Empty Glass of Time

Empty spaces
Finger traces
Hollow time
Fading mind
Darkened doors
Missing floors
Broken fences
Remembrances

Rage

In a night of rage,
He dances and prances
Around his cage,
A grand performance
For minimum wage.
Another clown,
Acting on the stage,
A tragic story
Turn the page.

Haunted Melody

The somber melody
Of a drizzled town
Resonates
Through autumn air.
Shape-shifting shadows
Creep and hover
And his naked soul,
Filling his mind with anguish
And his heart with guilt.
As day sinks into night,
Thoughts turn to a nothing tune
Playing again and again.
His life is a chorus
Without a verse
He averts blood-shot eyes
From a blood-stained life,
Searching for somewhere new.

(continued)

The Vaudevillain
Haunted Melody

As he leaves the
Shattered
Town behind,
The anguish and guilt
Fall like rain
From his empty heart
And twisted mind.

Yet the haunted,
Unwilling spirits of the town
Cling to his body,
And consume his soul
While in his ears
The music plays on . . .

Satellite

Orchestra of my mind is out of tune
No way out of this empty room.
Thunder from a stormy heaven rolls
Clouds cover desperate souls.
Rainstreaked days cover my face
Sun avoids Moon's futile chase.
Sentenced to the faded glory of the night,
Never center stage, always a satellite.

Eclipse

Summer is gone.
Alien stars loiter
Around a familiar moon
That is not well.
Consumed
By advancing darkness,
Luna abandons
The light.

Final Act

The curtain falls
across the stage
light fades to black
summer to winter
life into death

Sunrise

Across the theater
There is a fire
That clouds our vision
With silent oscillation.

Immense white ships
Of inspiration
Crawl across the sky
And are set ablaze
From the spotlight,
Drifting,
Majestic.

Introspection

Just a thought for today
When all my thoughts have gone away
Swept away by a leaden breeze
To where the dreams shall freeze
If only to sleep on a winter's night
i pull my sanity into the light
Exposing the hollow core inside
Where all my evils still can hide
A touch of breath on my skin
And I feel the warmth seeping in
There is no escape from the fires of hell
Even at the heart of a tolling bell ...

One O'clock in the Afternoon

1 o'clock saturday afternoon
Sitting by myself, nothing to do . . .

i search for myself
Oblivious to the passage of time.
Memories rush past,
The future unknown.
Separated from who i am
The mind is lost,
my body cannot stand.
i feel a numb, oblivious cold,
i could forget the past,
But don't want to.
What direction am i going?
i can't seem to unlock the door.
So i sit and wonder a little longer.

1 o'clock in the afternoon
Sitting inside a stranger with so much to do . . .

S H I N E

(The Journey of Light):

Let it Shine

Let the glory,
Of a faded story,
Shine onto your mind;
Where words of wisdom
Seek out and find
The answers to darkness,
To cure the blind.
So, let it shine!

Dawn

Blue skies of happiness,
Summer sun raining down,
Out of the darkness
A life emerged.
Sun, find your way
To the light of day.
Your journey from the dark,
To the light of truth
Has only just begun.

Shades of Relics

Tonight I sit,
With you in my arms.
Tonight I hold you in this shroud,
Protecting you from the glare of harm.
Son, mommy
Will keep you whole.
Just never,
Never grow old.

May daddy find
The time to play.
May he be home
To talk and say,
“Never grow old
And leave us behind.
Sheltered by us,
We'll shadow your mind.”

Douse the Fire of Youth

For all those sunny summer nights,
With your girl trying to get it right,
Did you ever understand
What it means to be a man?
Adolescents dream of lust and love
While the world waits on the wings of a speckled
dove.

The edge of orgasm,
The struggle for ultimate control,
Turns the young and innocent
Cynical and old.

Summer sun
Fades into winter black
The world thrown to chaos
By a Tyrant's attack.
Did you ever understand
How the walls crumbled into sand?

Black Sun Rise

When the trumpets sound
In your quiet little town,
When the mighty banners unfurl,
Will you leave your girl
To take up the fight,
To live in the night?
As darkness descends
Will you march to your end
And extinguish your light?

Cosmos

The stars shine
On a new moon night
In a valiant attempt
To rally the light.
A celestial struggle
In the heavenly field.
Darkness attacks,
Light will not yield.
Their struggle is a song,
Like the grinding of gears,
The dissonant sound
Of misshapen spheres.

Awakening

When I was growing
From a child into a man,
I was plucked from this earth
To make a stand
For a myriad of reasons
That I couldn't understand.

I found rivers of truth
Clogged with artificial sand,
And a natural battlefield
Choked by human hand.

But by dawn's end
I could finally understand . . .

Lost Star

Friend, find your way
To the light of day,
Where the dawn banishes night
And reason conquers fight.

War

A river of red
Flashes through his life.
Soldier makes his art
With a pistol and knife:
Sculpting death
With a human hand,
An unnatural possession
Of Innocent Man.

What cry of freedom
Has the Eagle spoken,
What laws of humanity
Has it broken?

God

A burning fire
On a misty hill,
A lonely heart
And broken will,
A whisper voice
Through heavy air,
A reaching grasp
Finds no one there.

Journey's End

Light grows from dark,
Life slips away.
The rose bleeds
Into shades of grey.
This is Journey's end,
Baby won't be home again.
Truth has been found,
Glowing all around,
Blazing from the beginning of Time . . .
Relax, and let it Shine!

THE UNFORGIVING LAND

(I) Fallen

Crumbling walls
Along the path
Fill the lost room
With pain.

A black crow calls,
Flies on a winged path
Wind 'gainst its plume-
Real pain.

A leader falls
And feels the wrath;
They sealed his doom
With pain.

Now the time has come
To feel the pain.

(II) Darkness of Life

So long my friend
I knew that you would leave
And abandon the fight.
This is the end
As it will always be
Not knowing wrong from right.
The time has come
To now be slain.

(III) Glow of the Night

Reaching out for a broken hand
Black light descends upon the land.

Hope has perished today.
Our debts must be paid.

In a rush of seething pain
A shaft of light appears
And loosens the reins.

(IV) Final Fury

A shaft of light is all that exists,
But it is enough for us to resist.
We rally 'round its holy light
For now we are ready to fight.

To the death ! That's our battle cry.
Each of us has pledged to die.

With the shaft of light alive
We are able to survive.

(V) War

Fearless, we advance on the throne,
The outcome is still unknown.

Crunching bone, clashing steel-
War is so completely real.

(VI) The End?

-So now we come to the end

-As we advance

-So close to victory.

Millions have died in our war;
Lost in a world that cares no more.

When behold our light flickers and fades to black,
We can no longer hold off the counterattack.

Our entire cause crushed in one fatal sweep!
No one remains for me to weep.

I must find a way to carry on;
Must finish what was begun.

No one cares about the death of another man,
It is the way of life in this unforgiving land.

Interlude



Broken sky
Touching stone
The sordid rhythm
Of flesh and bone

Flotsam trails
Ember's flare
Nightsong has blinded
The arch's stare

Into the distance
The horizon fades
Into the morning
The night is shattered
Into reality
The dream is lost

Dark, where the foes dwell
In the revelry of night
And the heroes are but shadows
As faded as the light

The fog of war conceals
The seeds of power
To raze the ignorance
Of this hopeless hour

I might find myself
In yourself
But the night needs fuel
And the light is fading

So reach into the fire
And ignite the blaze
Because passion is but a sin
That we all enjoy

The soft siren song of insanity
Whispers tempting secrets across the void
Lustful words of passion and vanity
That the stoic goodness cannot avoid.

Do you remember when we met
And you fell in love with me?
You tried to show it
But I didn't even see
Day after day
Time kept flying by
I never knew how much
I had made you cry
You were always there
Even through my insensitivity
I ask this
How could you ever stand me?

The darkness of the night is true
A world without light, without you
Light of a thousand lights
To drive away the darkest nights
No more alone can I be
Grab hold and run with me
Run into the furthest reaches of my heart
Strike a match, light a fuse, blow the dark apart
Never let me go
For this I know
To drive the night
Out of sight
I will need someone to see me through
Someone as bright as you

No colors of noise play in my mind
Shades of black and white are all I find
Listen to deafening silence
As we turn our eyes away from violence
Rainbows fade into pools of grey
Our world filled with rotting decay
No more happy songs of color
When war pits brother against brother
No line divides the realms of white and black
No trumpets sound a counterattack
We surrender to the silent chorus
Of the man in black who stands before us
For not a single voice is being raised
As we lose these vivid happy days

Whisper words of wisdom
Ancient lullaby
Hear the songs of heaven
See angels flying by
Canyon of clouds
Sea of air
Climb the magic stairway
Into the heaven's stare
Gaze into the eyes
Of our guardian master
See Reason fall
Falling faster

A gentle musing
On the air of spring
Flowers bloom
And the birds sing
A puff of perfume
On the gentle breeze
Shatters Winter's grasp
Cures its disease
Our eyes are opened
To a world in birth
A sea of green
Covers the Earth
Take a hand
Jump into the season
For in the air of love
You need no reason

The path to the summit, so very long,
Can only be reached by those who are strong
Crumbling rocks and falling trees
Are all the traveler sees.
Yet it is a beautiful sight
Of mountains capped with white.
The treasure that for long we search
Sends itself up from earth
Climb strong and free
Revel in what treasures may be

Time pulses in a constant rhythmic throb,
The heartbeat of the Universe, and us.
Anticipation fills the darkened skies
A static charge find its tenuous way
And instantly blazes the connection
Between three worlds no one understands
A transmigration of eternity

The mutability of

civilization

Is the essence of

inspiration

The cycles of

revolution

Mimic patterns of

evolution

Brings an end to this

institution

Perhaps the sea
Is cunning and wise
And is but half
Of a disguise

Surely if we
Waded from the shore
We need not wait
A minute more

To lift the visage
That blinded eyes see
And peer into
The depths of the sea

The wrinkled surface
We cannot hope to scratch
The chasms fold
Another formless patch

And so the quilt
Quietly lies
About the serenity
Of sanity skies

(continued)

Perhaps the sea ...

But to only make
The slightest impression
Could turn us outward
From malignant obsession

So beneath the mirror
Our curious eyes peer
But our mind hides the answer
In a veil of liquid fear

Lifeblood of the Earth
Source of all we know
Source of who we are
Flowing endlessly
From heavens above
It covers the Earth
In blankets of white
Or in sheets of blue
These two forms of one
Are both life and death
Lost with its depths
Are Nature's secrets
Her own recipe
For the bread of life
And within these depths
Are ingredients
For th'organic soup
That will soon bring life
To a barren world

(continued)

Lifblood of the Earth ...

Life that will soon die
But not die before
A transformation
An evolution
Into something
Something wonderful
A unique object
Capable of grace
Of movement and thought
And of self-knowledge
The old universe
Embarks at this place
On a long journey
A great odyssey
That will culminate
With Forbidden Knowledge
And self-destruction

(continued)

Lifeblood of the Earth ...

In a time of age
An ancient era
A Universe fell
Collapsed to nothing
All before was lost
And then th'explosion
An outward advance
Of fire and of heat
The Phoenix `wakens
Yet it's more massive
Than human legend
This one mighty bird
A living symbol
Of the creation

(continued)

Lifeblood of the Earth ...

With natural speed
The Universe grows
Reclaiming lost space
Creating something
From what was nothing
The great central fire
Slowly fades away
As a billion more
Shine with their own light
Draw close together
In a family
Conserving their warmth
And around each of these
There is a cluster
Of cold heatless bodies
That draw from the fires
The light and warmth
To create their lives

(continued)

Lifeblood of the Earth ...

On a barren soul
Near an average flame
A great miracle
Is set to begin
Water is condensed
The bloodline of life
The pulsating vein
To the heart of life
Falling from heaven
Collecting in pools
Great gifts are bestowed
On a dirty world

Where the Ultimate battle is waged
And the double fisted warriors claim victory
There is no shelter from an evil sun
In the shade of a scarred hollow tree
Clouds of smoke sift through the sky
Thick, black, choking our lives
Caught in the Reaper's whirlwind
Hidden under a two-sided disguise

The promise of a sky of blue
Dissolves into falling steel
Smoldering land, embers that glow
Make our most vulgar fantasy real
A double-edged blade falls
And cuts society from both ends
Nothing stands against its sweep
No valiant warrior defends

(continued)

Where the Ultimate battle is waged ...

May those skies of evil black
And the seas of bloody red
Obscure our mere mortal eyes
From the mounds of mounting dead
Two hands rest, skeletal remains
Clutching for a spirit long since set free
Two worlds hang in the balance
Waging a war deep inside of me

For no one knows the struggle
The battle for the Ultimate power
An act of violent desperation
Fading fast in my final hour
The mirror reflects foreign images
I face yet another me
Each gazing into an alien world
Though neither of them can see

Staring into the failing eye of night
A pale face reflecting borrowed light
Daggers in the wind pierce the blazing skin
A lifetime of unfulfilled dreams come rushing in
Across the barren leagues of time and space
There's a yearning that nought but fire can replace
It is a dance but just undertaken
The timid steps away from a life mistaken
I see the rhythmic sway at the heart of the flame
Another step, I join, and we are the same
The daggers turn to ash and rust
The barren league crumble to dust
The pain of separation is gone
As the sky erupts with dawn

The splinters of dawn,
Cracking the shield of night,
Shimmer and dance.
Stabs of light,
Quivering
Upon the canvas,
Slowly
They coalesce,
Become one:
A glorious blaze,
A fire of passion,
A Phoenix from the ashes,
Day after night
Spring after winter
Love after loneliness
Alive.

I hold in my hand
A memory of you –
One small grain of time
Lost within the beaches
And mighty deserts
Of eternity.
But this one moment
Is far more precious
Than any jewel.

The seas are teeming with possibility
Beneath an early morning sky
Awash with hope
The slow, brilliant arc of life ascending
The waves of feelings are set to light

A change of helm
From Ancient Realm
Escape the Shore
Of days of yore
On flowing streams
Of torrid dreams
A dance of light
To break the night

We have been on a long, crushing dive
Into the depths of emotion
A world without light
Or breath of hope
Filled with giants of the deep
Enduring the weight of the world
Pressures that collapse the spirit,
Cold that freezes the soul ...

Encore



The Field

On the expanse of green
A fragile mouse is seen
While in the marble skies
A lone predator flies
The hawk bolts at the ground
Utters a shrieking sound
Feet feverishly dash
Past the thunderous crash
Diving into a place
Free from the deadly race
So the hawk flies away
Perhaps another day.

I Love You

Whirlwind emotions, conflicting thoughts,
I just can't control how I feel.
Running in circles, what can I do?
How can I make this love real?

Just kiss me again,
And show me once more,
Tell me we were meant to be.

As I look around, I see red light:
The glow of the setting sun.
Mountains kiss the sky, you give your love.
You know you're the only one.

The wind blows through treetops,
My thoughts fall like rain
With just one touch I am numb.

You cannot run away, I love you.
There's no escaping what our hearts say
So how can I show that I love you?
I want you to see, how much you mean to me . . . I love
you . . .

The Worm

Crumbled minds

Jumbled halls

Barren sand

Waterfalls

Live your life

In my brain

Introduce

The insane

Halloween

Through the drifting layers of mist,
The dead rise from their graveyard crypts.
The time has come to claim their thrones,
And you can hear their sorrowful moans.
Finally, it's Halloween night!
Become aware of the dead's plight.
The full moon casts its eerie glow.
Throughout the night the evils grow.

The Owl

In the midnight hour I strolled along the street
No escape from the hellish summer heat
Upward through unnatural haze
Soared my travel-weary gaze
When behold I saw an owl in flight
Attempting to flee with all her might
To escape this man-made nightmare plain
Where never again will it rain
Fly, fly away my friend
Fly or this will be the end
But the owl falls, she can fly no more
This is what happens when we wage war.

Wild Rain

Desert rain
Feel the pain
Lightning flash
Water splash
The Dragon flies
Across the skies
Howling wind
Spirals in
The fire glows
As Evil grows
Gloom across the plain
Sit, and watch the rain

Shape-Shift

Circles, triangles and squares
You can see them everywhere
Blending in perfect harmony
Which one will it be?
One to another, another to one
First the earth, then the sea, then the sun
Like a parade passing by
They melt into the misty sky

Ghosts in Reality

A shapeless form rises from the ground
Shaking the earth with menacing sound
In anger she screams
Waking men from dreams
Her shape changes into that of a scowl
Behold! It is the form of an owl!
In her eyes you can see the sorrow
For she has seen the end of tomorrow

Lonely

A lonely man walks on a lonely road
With his path illuminated by the full moon's light
Shadows hide the reality around him
As ghostly forms drift in and out of his sight

This feeling of loneliness pervades his senses
As the road forks once more
He cannot determine the source of his pain
But he's felt it before

I know how he feels
And I know what he can see
How do I know this?
I know because he is me

Reality

I can see myself next to you
And what you feel, I can feel too

Happy as the eagle that flies
High up in sapphire blue skies

But in an instant the vision is gone
As I return the same old sad song

A contrast from fantasy
To cold stark reality

Neverland

Running

Walking

Hearing

Talking

Twisting

Turning

Crashing

Burning

Floating

Flying

Living

Dying

Following

Entering

Over sand:

NEVERLAND

Moon

Through the impending doom
Light breaks over the gloom
Shades of purple and green
Nothing is what it seems
Mist flows over broken land
Buried deep in desert sand
The sun will rise very soon
And banish the evil moon

I Will Forget

When you're in my arms
I will never be last
Oh won't you please
Forget about the past

Whatever you've done
Doesn't matter to me
I really love you
How can I make you see?

A Winter Wonderland

As the temperature drops lower and lower
The motions of life become slower and slower
The falling rain changes to snow and ice
No escape from the invisible vice
The forest barren and stark
Has been stripped to its bark
Ominous grey clouds blanket the skies
In the distance a lonely hawk flies
The wind whistles from tree to tree
Setting Old Man Winter free

Lightning

Slicing through a troubled night
With its own powerful light

Connecting points low and high
Between both ground and sky

It streaks with a twisted torturous line
And in no place is it ever defined

It chooses its own brilliant course
And nowhere is there a greater force

Like a mythical God, it will grasp the air
And then, like magic, it is no longer there

Quickly vanishing, gone without a trace
Held in an instant of Time and Space

Shadow's Lament

The life
Of a lonely shadow
Mysterious
Dark
Trapped
Forever tied
To that which gave it life

Snowflake

How can I
Preserve this wonderful sight?

The sun shines
On white ground
And it reflects the light
The sun shines
On drifting snow
And it refracts the light
Pinpoints of glitter
Float and flutter
Appear and disappear
Turning the white
Into a rainbow of color
A field rich in light
Upon a sheet of white

The Things You Find In Boxes

Hopes, dreams, and memories
And what's left of life's subtleties
Are found in these places
Of friends and familiar faces
Papers, books, and toys
Pictures of little girls and boys
A feeble glimpse of past glory
And a dusty old bedtime story
High school pride
Teachers you've defied
And there's one more thing I see . . .
It's ME!

Get Up

Begin again your life alone
By yourself, no one home
You lie motionless for weeks
Until a mysterious voice speaks
What have you done?
How long since you've seen the sun?
Your life is waiting outside
Move on! Swallow your pride
You must only open the door
You can't live like this anymore
It doesn't matter what happened in the past
You don't need to be number one, just don't be last

Exploration

The landscape was white

A blinding, brilliant sight

Miles and miles of empty space

Nothing around, no need for haste

Just going to explore

Go somewhere I haven't been before

. . .and the Walls Come Tumbling Down

With towers that pierce the sky
And great banners that proudly fly
A fortress of granite and stone
An aura of power, origin: Unknown
The battlements bristle with weapons of great strength
The walls invincible on their entire length
Surrounded by a moat both deep and wide
Guarded by a single gate through which all must ride
The fortress clad in all its magnificence
Built from a sense of false omnipotence

And then the wind blows just a little more
A crack appears where there were none before
A gale breaks as the banners tear
Streaks of lightning burst out of thin air
Exploding the stone to ash and dust
As torrents of rain turn metal to rust
Natures elements of wind and rain conspire
To topple the castle's evil desire
Then a great force shakes the ground
And his walls come tumbling down

Resurrection

Deep within the sands of time
An ancient myth
Speaks of a rising sun,
A forbidden key
And the birth
Of another day ...

Many years have passed,
We have lost the way.
Searching for grains of truth,
We excavate the desert
Of our teachers' lies,
Discover the key
And unlock the forbidden chains.
The ground trembles
The door is open.

Shining Star

When I sit and look to the stars
I wonder where you are
The millions of lights before me
Can never outshine your beauty
Within their harmonic grace:
Is the perfect image of your face
Of all the stars from which I can choose
I take the one that is most like you

Because I Have You

Would I be myself,
Had I known that I'd know you?
Could I live with myself,
Had I known that I'd never know you?
Yet here we are.
I've seen the world anew.
I am myself,
All because of you.

A Whisper in the Dark

A voice from the shadows
Whispers an enigmatic name
You search for the voice
But your attempts are in vain
You turn to walk away
But you'll never be the same

A Walk Through Root Glen - The Beginning

The sun drifted across the sky
And I found myself at a place
Where my Journey could begin.
A lone trail lead away from me
And I followed it for some time.
I found penetrating beauty,
But not the treasure I sought.
I came upon a small, clear stream.
Water ... Clean, cool, running water ...
I stood enchanted by the stream.
Where did it go ... to what end?
It seemed that I might never know
Because the path I traveled
Turned far away from the stream ... why?
I wanted to follow the stream
But the path beckoned me onward.
And yet I could not leave the stream.
So I left the old road behind.
The rocks challenged my every move
But then I lifted my tired eyes
And there it was!

Civilization

From desert floor

Rise, stone, rise!

Brick on brick

Stone on stone

Building higher

Burning fire-

Human desire

Remember Me

I see the days
When we were one
So much has passed
Since we were young
After school
Late at night
Now I'm alone
It doesn't seem right

Through the good
And the bad
Those were the best times
We ever had
No one could take them
Away from me
I still love you
Can't you see?

(continued)

Remember Me

Remember me
When the cold winds blow
Remember me
When I'm tired and old
Remember those days
Long since faded away
Remember me
When you've lost your way

Those days have all slipped away
Nothing could have made them stay
What's a lonely man to do
When he finds that he doesn't have you
Those glory days have come and gone
And for you and me, it's been too long

Friendship's Sail

Music quiet, dark
Descends upon my heart
Silhouettes scrape the sky
Searching for the reasons why
To be adrift on the sea
To have you not here with me
Moments of life slip under this boat
Tears of sadness scatter this note
Blinded by darkness above
Finding no harmony without love

Inspired

Clouds lay thick over valley floor
Touching grey drips from horizon
The hand reaches down
Two eyes glowing back
Sky swoops across barren land
Wrapping itself inward
Closing the magic portal dream.
The monster shrieks
Claws grasp the throat
Fluid of imagination oozes
And drips to earth

The Valley of Ashes

Shadow taunts our will with its devil screams
Anger echoes inside my swollen head
Beaten into a world of remnant dreams
Reason, brotherhood and respect are dead
Ashes of love rain on a barren world
The serpent uncoils in my open hand
In a madness vortex, sanity swirled
As cataclysmic waves ripple the land
Inexorably, the tidal wave grows
Corrupting the strong immutable ground
Onward to no end the rushing earth flows
Once again, communication breaks down
As hollow will begins to fold and bend,
Shadow carries on to its evil end.

Madness

The driving beat
Of their marching feet
The pounding glare
Of their mocking stare
Tangle a twisted, tired mind
Torment a terrible kind
A kind that no where can find
An eye that wets with a cry
Madness is complete

Time

The river of time
Flows into the sea of Eternity.
And we are but the branch,
Caught on the edge
Of a great waterfall.

As the river flows
From the future,
It crosses the edge of present
And crashes into the past –
A pool of days gone by.

We are always fighting
The flow of Time
Until one fateful day
The strength of the current
Breaks us from the precipice
And deposits us into past.

3:00 AM Eternity

Sitting at her kitchen table,
A trembling hand to her head,
A cup of coffee in her hand.
Rain upon the window pane
A pain inside her heart.
"3AM," says the clock on the wall.
"15 years," says the clock of her soul.
A broken dish litters the floor.
A broken heart litters her mind.
A melody softly plays behind her.
Troubled music is all around her.
In her head, voices resonate,
Echoing words of confusion and anger.
Alone for eternity
For a lonely night's reprieve.

Nightsong

There is something magic
About the night
When the troubled music
Of the world
Crawls into the sleepy shadows
And leaves but a few lonely notes
Drifting through
The center of thought.

Nonconformist

The harsh light
Of summer's sun
Oppresses my sadness,
Threatens to push joy inside.
It's so hard
To keep
Me
From becoming
You.

Sun Flower Fire

What does the Fire mean?
To be sure, it burns
Crimson-yellow flames.
Tell me what you are,
Spit your spoken word.
Not a rose in bloom,
Yet a lovely rose;
A blossoming flame.
O, beautiful rose,
With petals so soft,
Why do you sting?
All that I wanted,
All that I needed,
Was to hold your grace.
Yet, while reaching out,
Hell's fire kissed my hand.
A crimson river
Flowed along my flesh
And drained my essence.

(continued)

Sun Flower Fire

Like some dread vampire,
Thirsting for my blood,
Your teeth pierced my skin
And drained life away.
How could this, Nature's
Own beauty symbol,
Thrive on such evil.
The cold twisted Fire
From Lucifer's tongue
Mocked and laughed at me
For being the fool.
And I was . . . I was!
His laughter cut deep
And pulled me into
The burning Crimson.

(continued)

Sun Flower Fire

On that lonely night
I drank myself drunk
On life's cold spirit.
I saw raging fire
And sat next to it.
Outside, winter fell;
Calmed a burning world.
But oblivious
To any reason,
I allied myself
To the Crimson flame,
Coldly erupting
From the rose's stem.
Reckless abandon
Drew me still closer
Towards the open mouth
Of Vampire's desire.
On the downward twist
Of the spinning wheel,
Blood flowed from my heart
Onto Satan's thorns.

(continued)

Sun Flower Fire

Hypnotized by Fire,
I gazed through the flames
And saw Her dark face,
With full eager lips.
I wanted Union
With Her and with Fire.
With Lucifer's laugh
Ringing in my ears,
And Her rosy face
Burning on my eyes,
I moved to embrace,
Fulfill my desire.
But Winter broke through,
Cleared my troubled mind,
And I fell asleep.

(continued)

There I had a dream:
Winter's freeze arrived.
I opened my eyes
And found a morning
Full of ghostly light.
The fresh-fallen snow
Sparkled in rainbows
Up to a canvas
Painted deep with blue.
I walked through a field
Crunching ice and snow.
Four miles I traveled
When I came upon
A river of ice.
I stumbled along
This frozen road
Until I discovered
A perfect garden.
And yet I struggled
To scale the high wall
That surrounded it.

(continued)

Sun Flower Fire

Into the balanced,
Rhythmic garden of love,
I found myself fall.
In the garden's heart,
Surrounded by ice,
Stood Satan's cold Rose.
Blood flowed from the thorns,
And was swept away
By the Ice River
Towards the Ocean
Of Lust and Desire,
A realm of red Fire
Far in the distance.
I longed for its warmth
So I left the garden
Of cold symmetry.

(continued)

Sun Flower Fire

And there in my dream,
Summer had appeared
Warm rays rained the land
As breezes frolicked
And light birds took wing.
My life had arrived,
And I danced the dance
Of lovers in love.
Rolling yellow fields
Of soft, small flowers
Beckoned me to home.
I swayed in the breeze
And prayed to the Chief
To grant me fortune.
I felt my spirit
Rising once again
As Fate's great cycle
Spun ever faster.
To pay my respects
To the bright Sun-God
I built a garden
Of my own design.

(continued)

Sun Flower Fire

Filled with birds and trees
And fields to frolick,
I placed at its heart
A yellow flower
Of great size and height
To forever shine
Down on the garden.
There, in the light of day,
The Vampire crumbles,
Satan's cold Ice melts,
The red fire flickers,
The thorned Rose withers,
All fade into grey;
Swept by the River
Into nothingness.

Night Visions

The sage sits on his stone
While firefly eyes rest
On a burning image
Of magical pagan signs.
Halted on their journey
Through mankind
Spirits speak to his thoughts;
Visions dance and tumble
Like one-winged birds
In an autumn gale.
He catches these creatures
Of inspiration
And sets their wings
On a noble flight
To a faraway land.

(continued)

Night Visions

Dipping below
The winds of consciousness
The birds witness
An animal-instinct land.
They perch on a rock
High above
And gaze upon the sea.
They witness the night-whales
Breaking across the waves
And plunging
Deep below the skin
Of the aquatic realm.
The surface ripples and crawls
Like a thousand serpents
In a black earthen pit.

Spirit

Filled with visions
Of dancing buffalo
On a thundering journey,
I see the brown dusky dawn
Of a million bright souls;
The vigils of a silent hour.

Cave Dwellers

A meager flame throws shadows on the wall
Dancing and writhing in meaningless waves
Like the countless city dwellers who crawl
Along the bellies of their crowded caves.
Overwhelmed by the artificial stress
Inflicted by the countless burrowed holes
Foundations crumble under the distress
Of thousands of buildings, millions of souls.
And after the horror of destruction
There are the chosen few who survive
To begin the lonely reconstruction
And struggle to keep the flame alive.
And yet shadows will discover a way
To bring their caves into the light of day.

Rite of Passage

Touching the darkness with a sinewy hand
The light of life stretches across the land

And when ancient ruins awaken from the dusk
The echoes of shadows grab hold of the tusk

The crumbled walls litter the temples of the mind
Words once spoken are left behind

A treasure that none yet can see is hidden in the field
Excavated by tides of change that will not yield

A storm, a blaze, a fire that burns into the night
Reveal a soul, a heart, a spirit to ignite.

Into The Lost

from the edge of life
i fade into the Lost
trailing memories and promises
the shredded remnants of
Morning and Hope

from the edge of life
i see it all
i see it fall

silenced is the Love
of a brilliant moment
nothing to break the night
nothing to restore the light

into the Lost i fade
taking with me all that i am
all that i was
all that i hoped to be

like mist before the gale
i surrender my soul
i surrender my heart

(continued)

Into The Lost

from the edge of life
i fade
into the Lost ...

Coda



The Black Spot

They had drifted five doleful days under the humid oppression of a tropical sun without so much as a sigh from the wind. The ship was silent, and the sails were impotent.

He sat on the bowsprit with his knife and the piece of driftwood he had found when he was last ashore. Mindlessly the knife scraped against the wood, casting shards into the sea. Like early morning fog, his thoughts drifted aimlessly. In his mind he saw a shark, the impress gang, his first days of servitude to Captain Deadmarsh aboard His Majesty's Ship Defiance, and the beatings.

Dumbly glancing down, he recognized the shape he had carved. It was the size of his hand. The edge was serrated. Shaped like a crescent moon. A shark's tooth. He admired its form. How like the proud animal they had recently captured and beaten for sport. How many days ago was that? He couldn't remember. There was no use. He was bound to the service of this useless, dead ship.

His thoughts continued to drift and he couldn't focus. The glaring sun drained his mind. During the clear

hours of night, in the cool light of the stars and moon, he would have vivid dreams of becoming captain. Those dreams had kept him patient for the day when he would again be free. But now those images wouldn't come to him. They were as silent as the wind.

Turning his head skyward, he stared at the sun willing it to go away. But the brightness burned his eyes. He looked down at the water that barely whispered beneath him. His shirt reeked of sweat and filth so he took it off, dipping it into the sea. As he lifted his shirt, he saw a large black spot deep in the water. It was stationary for a moment ... and then it began to move. Slowly the murky image began to lumber beneath the boat.

A gasp caught in his throat. It was a sign! . . . maybe . . . He wasn't really sure. Hands shaking, he wrung out his shirt, slipped his arms into its moist leaves, and returned to the driftwood to forget what his mind thought his eyes had seen. The fiery sun shrieked down and pounded into his brain. He noticed the Captain moving like a spectre behind the mast and his anger was thick like the humid air surrounding the ship. He hated the Captain. Even now he felt the sting of the whippings, at the Captain's own hand. Everyone else hated the captain. Probably. Why not mutiny?

He closed his eyes and tried to dream of being captain again. He couldn't. All that he could see were the monsters circling the cursed vessel like vultures above a carcass. A cloud of death hung above him. He knew well the difference between predator and prey.

He looked at his knife. The sun glinted off the surface, hurting his eyes again. He admired the curve, the edge. How like the tooth in his other hand. It was a good blade, an instrument of death. Besides, he hated most of the crew. Especially Quartermaster Hawke who was as twisted and jagged as the reef below the ship. Old Mr. Harris, First Mate, was a decent fellow he supposed. And there was that new cabin boy, James. James was lucky. The Impress Gangs hadn't beaten him. Captain hadn't beaten him. Much. But the rest of the crew. They hated him as much as the Captain did. But he was the predator, and they would be his prey...

There it was again! The beast lumbered under the boat. He knew it smelled the sweat from the sailors. He knew they were all helpless. The beast could attack at any moment. Why was it tormenting him? No one else saw it. They were going to die in the jaws of this creature, without honor . . . maybe . . . Why didn't they notice it? Why wasn't the watchman warning the crew? Was Captain trying to destroy him?

It was gone. The monster slipped away as silently as it had arrived. His gaze followed the mast upwards to skies that swam, in silent undulations. The sun hung just slightly lower than before, the heat was intensifying and the day was becoming an inferno. Between the sun, the monster, the speechless wind, and wraith-like Captain, an embryo grew within his mind.

He worked on the carving and the anger welled within. With each shaving, his anger for the Captain, and his fear, grew. As he filled the tooth with emotion, he forgot about Captain and the monster. He was filled with rage. And yet he paused. For a fluttering instant, he considered tossing the tooth overboard, letting his madness drift away. . . .

A bead of sweat dripped from his brow, into his eyes and fell onto the tooth, shattering his reverie. He blinked upwards at the blinding sun once again, then back at the tooth with the bead of sweat, like a stream of blood running along its side. Finally he looked into the sea. It was there. Motionless. Its gleaming eyes were fixed on his. He screamed.

He jumped from where he was sitting, shrieking, "SEA MONSTER!" and every eye on board turned in his direction. They looked into the sea and saw nothing but

a school of flying fish skittering and splashing across a placid surface. "Don't you see it?" he wailed.

The crew looked at him and he felt the weight of their gaze burden his mind. Why were they looking at him? Didn't they realize the danger? The monster glared up at him. He felt Captain's concerned gaze. He saw Captain mutter to the first mate. He knew what was about to happen.

He looked the tooth then at the simmering knife. He looked at the harsh sun and again he saw the monster. He clasped the tooth tightly and almost let it go. But as his fingers began to tightened their grip, he felt the horror and the hatred flow back into him. He would die a predator. He clenched his fist over the tooth and tightened his grip on the knife. He scowled at Captain who was floating back towards the cool haven of the cabin. He saw Harris moving towards him.

As Harris began to move, he leapt from the bowsprit and plunged his blade deep into the First Mate's chest. Quickly, he tore his crimson knife from the fading body and ran through the madness of the sun towards the glory of hunting the Captain. As he raced thoughts flashed in his mind of mutiny of being his own captain of a fresh breeze of driftwood of a monster and oppressive

sun or a black spot a dead shark and a burst of light to his left. He turned to see a plume of smoke rising from Hawke's pistol and he became aware of a burning sensation in his chest.

As he fell in a heap of smoldering emotion twenty feet from Captain's locked cabin the tooth slipped from his hand. Memories and dreams flowed away from him in a steady stream. He felt as though he was swaying as he blankly stared at sailors attending to Harris' wound. His eyes felt heavy. As he rolled onto his back he noticed James stoop to retrieve the tooth. Then he closed his eyes and heard a faint muttering from the sails in a building afternoon breeze . . .

A Balanced Society

The following is an excerpt from a larger treatise whereby I argue that the most fundamental nature of the universe is linked to 'balance.' For us, the practical application of this realization is represented by the following: The ends do not justify the means. The means are what separate good from evil and, therefore, are the truest measure of worth. The means represent the balance between equally necessary obligations to our selves, family, friends, society, civilization and universe. Specifically, this section relates to society: its purpose, and the individual's place within it.

While humanity is a part of the nature of the universe, and therefore is subject to the laws of nature, there is a fundamental difference between humanity and the rest of life on earth. The universe instinctively strives for a balance. Even in the realm of survival of the fittest on earth, there is always a balance between predator and prey. And while territoriality is a vestige of the reptilian past of human evolution, the whole notion of how 'mine' becomes 'greed' is entirely human. Territorial creatures in nature only defend territory which is necessary for their own survival. Humans are the first to acquire resources beyond what is necessary for survival -- the unbalanced acquisition of "wealth." We owe that to our

unique capability of self-awareness and freewill. So in that respect, humanity is very different. This is reflected in what we need, want and value. Our societies then become reflections of those needs, wants, and morals.

Societies found in the natural world inevitably exist for the purpose of survival. And indeed human society has made significant strides to shelter its citizens from the uncertainties of nature. But to what end? Humanity has never been content with mere survival. A possible answer is: The purpose of society is to bring humanity as far from the uncertainties of nature as possible, so that the individuals within the society can contribute to the whole of human civilization. In other words, the by-product of human civilization, the ultimate goal of society, is the aesthetic: art, literature, music, architecture, philosophy. These things have been achieved over the course of human history, but the opportunities for such achievements have been limited, for the most part, to a privileged few. Society has not yet succeeded in creating a framework for humanity to reach its fullest potential.

In order to fully realize human potential, society needs to cast off its unbalanced greed and work toward that common purpose. Ultimately, the problem is that society, and therefore, by definition, the people within

that society, are out of balance. Too much emphasis is placed on acquiring excessive resources, and not enough is placed on contributions to society or to civilization. Each of us can affect change by seeking to find that balance in our own lives. The more individuals who live balanced lives, the more society becomes balanced. If we succumb to hopeless cynicism, there will never be a change in human society. But if we improve ourselves, and begin to work together to lift up and balance the whole of our society, we can begin to take the steps that will lead us to the ultimate goal: a society in which each citizen has the same opportunities to live a balanced life, contributing equally to civilization, society, their family, and to their own happiness.

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