

Erupt

And as I stretch my hand
Towards the sky,
The static fades from my fingertips.
The wind ceases to beckon.
Life fades
From each star's eye.
As a deafening silence
Threatens to consume me.
My spirit splits
From the pressure of the void.
I feel no one take my hand.
I see nothing but all time.
My heart erupts
And I'm alive

Coffin Nail

Walk the line of death and drought
where most of man takes heed.
The bitter taste you live without
but deep in night you need.
You watch yourself as time erodes
the past a rearview tale
The same mistakes, the seeds you've sown,
another coffin nail.

Elder's Folly

Tell us all how tall we know
our waking tale to be.
Let it drip from mouth to ear
for every man to see.
Passed on to our brothers
armed red and to the teeth.
They have not forgot the lot
a dying man's decree.
Aged and weary tell us all
our marbled story true.
We know not how our path was veered
we also know you do.
Take your time with detail
let it sink into our skin.
Show us old man's folly
and the passage to begin.

Waking Dream (early draft)

I saw you where the sky had split
Where star-crossed eyes can't see
I looked at my reflection
but I'm sure it wasn't me.
Have you shown your colors
to a vagrant of the night?
Why then are you not compelled
to join me in my plight?
Nothing more I wish for man
his soul has but to scream
A taste of utter certainty
of waking to a dream.

Mundane

I live mundane it
hurts my head,

hurts my brain.
Where did you come from?
Was it by boat?
Was it by train?
Do we end up knowing
where we end, where we start?
Illusions of growing
big and strong
we fall apart.

Waving goodbye. I see your face
recede from view.
A subtle smile, and aging sign
a fading hue.
Where did the sun go?
Left my eyes, from me to you.
Staring in wonder
Did I show up?
I'll never know.
Where did you come from?
Was it by train?
Was it by boat?

And I'll be waiting,
waiting for you.
Contemplating
I never knew.
Yes, I'll be waiting.
Waiting for news
It's not yet blinding
recede from view.

I'll leave no footprints in the snow
no trace of where I used to be.
I'll leave no breath on my window
It fades away like you and me.

Where did you go?
Where did you go?
Inside a cloud?

or in the rain?

Where did you go?

Where did you go?

It hurts my head.

It hurts my brain.

Fair and Flawless

Fair and Flawless, she stood to scream

An array of Billowing cumulus

Cushions her Wrath

Until this moment

She

Had been silent

A Peaceful existence of

The Mundane

Her sanctuary

Her only Vibe

Love

And I

Once residing in

Her deepest and

Most Graceful recesses

Stood Rusted

Owner of

The same Limerance

Old, yet

Always

Fluctuating

Before her infinite eyes
The cosmic Resonance
Faded

Like a lost Euphemism
I was Becoming
A shadow
At sunset

Where at a time
We wore the same skin
Now sat
A ghost

Floating over memories
Laid to rest
In a Field of Crosses

She began to Cerebrate
And see through my perforations
Where on the other side
Was nothing
But a Schlemiel
Completely Foreign

The wake of such an occurrence
Left only
Death
Devastation

Being shortchanged
By
A Best Friend
Left both parties
In a new world

One in which
What came from
The next breath

Neither could
Imagine.

Waiting for Work

Speaking of suddenly
It's too late for scurried scribbles.
Though the sun can peak his face
through spring-time showers
Makes you wonder what's so wrong with
being early by an hour.
Rain on me spring.
Reign over me.
Show that like the Phoenix grows
from the ashes of his former self,
the New Year brings a summer tear
to salute the cheers of wasted health.
The tide of apprehension will roll away once more.
Leaving riddled residue collected at the shore.
No more, no more, he cried.
Peering through the moon.
Watching new arrivals seeping through the gust and gloom.
Waiting, always waiting
Hoping, anticipating
temporary satisfaction.
Guiltless guts
turned away from invisible slaughter.
Out of sight, out of mind,
they say without a falter.
Take what you deserve,
and live with what you earn.
Leave the line of struggle
patiently waiting to eat your turn.
Is it too hard to learn?
Should it be my concern?
Am I so out of place to want not what others yearn?
Dreaming of a different day.
A different day for hope.
Seemingly coming in pint-sized portions

for influential dopes.
We all need a way to cope...

Smiling In My Sleep

I'm up so late again.
I'm up too late again.
Brains are racing rampant
it's becoming its own trend.
I'm up too late again
Up without a friend.
Pen and pad are empty
No single word to lend.

Waiting for the dawn,
familiar it will seem.
The haze of rain reminds me
of a would be subtle dream.
These eyes fixating on a void awaiting me
Waiting for the light to dim
so I can rest with ease.

Feel it coming closer now.
Feel it gaining on me.
It's filling up my slipping sight
A barrage of random fantasy.

Waves of sudden ecstasy roll up and down my spine.
Now it's just too fun to want to leave it all behind.
It's there to mold but for mere moments
The universe is mine.

It's all too real to throw away
So cut the cable,
forget the day.
Leave my body rotting gray
for mesmerizing astral planes.

Feel it coming closer now.

Feel it gaining on me.

The leash is pulling me

down,

down,

down.

Away from all the bliss I've found.

The kingdom of my every need

Fading to reality,

bound.

The room is softly lit again

Commotion fills the street.

But it's okay,

my cheeks are sore

from smiling in my sleep.