



**CandleLight & ShadowMagic
and
Gypsy Rain**

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Hello and thank you for taking a chance on this work!

I get the sense that poetry is something of a dying art, and works by new or unknown poets are often greeted with a certain amount of skepticism (even more than works of fiction, from my experience), so that you are reading these words makes you a breed apart!

This work is divided into three sections, CandleLight and ShadowMagic, Gypsy Rain, and The Tequila Verses.

CandleLight and ShadowMagic is an older set of poems, written in my twenties and early thirties, many of them written not long after the death of a loved one.

Mary's death impacted me deeply, and many of the poems in this first collection are dark and brooding, but there is a very definite progression, and by the end of that first work, my hope is that the reader will be able to tell that I was coming out of my long and dark depression, and finally ready to move onto to a new phase in my life.

Gypsy Rain represents that new phase. Written in my mid to late 30's, this set has a decidedly different feel to it. Where "CandleLight" is almost entirely about darkness (at least till toward the end), Gypsy Rain runs the full spectrum of emotions, including another (much shorter) bout of depression I did battle with.

I'm happy to say I won my second round of combat with that particular demon, and he is, I hope, locked away in the dungeon, never to resurface.

We'll see.

Finally, there are the Tequila Verses. These were written in various stages of intoxication for the amusement of friends, and usually scrawled on the backs of napkins.

But you didn't pick up this work to read my rambles. If you're here, then you're here for poetry, so on that note, I'll shut up, and let you get right to it. From here, just turn the page.

**Candle Light
&
Shadow Magic**

Ж§Ж

There is no end or beginning to anything
And nothing is ever set in stone.
The world is filled with people, possibilities,
And most importantly, with Magic.
Lie back and close your eyes. Reach out
To me with your Soul and you will
See what I mean.
In a world such as this,
Everything exists, and anything
Is possible....

So take my hand and walk with me a while,
Inside the chambers of my heart,
And through the vast expanses of my soul....

Ж§Ж

Dreaming.
Listening to an oldies station on the radio,
The sounds of the rain beating down outside
Playing a perfect accompaniment to the music within.
I close my eyes and picture a better, happier, different life,
One with all my dreams fulfilled, all my fantasies come true.
~ Heart and soul rising with the flawless, timeless music,
~ Magic and passion burning in my veins,
~ Romance in my blood
~ I sigh a quiet, thoughtful sigh,
~ And dream....

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

A midnight kiss on a moonlit summer's night,
A carnival of emotions, and a shiver of bliss
As I feel your arms about me.
Not imagined this time, but real. Warm. Sensual.
I cannot make myself stop shivering, and I cannot quite tell
If it is in fear or delight
~ Or perhaps a bit of both.

An eternal moment, a lingering, sultry stare.
The taste of sweet wine on your lips,
Scent of your perfume floating through the air.
If this is a dream then either kill me now or
Never wake me up....But it just can't be a dream.
You feel so real next to me. I can feel your breath on my
~ Neck, feel your heart beating in time with mine.

I hold you close and we dance to the silent music of the
Stars, the majestic sounds of the Universe in
Motion, and you and I moving together in shadow, in
Perfect rhythm with it. Real or imagined, perhaps it
Does not matter, for if nothing else, at least in my
Mind's eye I have seen the possibilities. At least in my
Dreams, I have felt the magic....

Ж§Ж

♪♪♪

Raindrops fall outside my window
And inside my soul.
Drowning my broken heart
In a sea of sorrow.
Conflicting emotions rage
Through the emptiness in me,
And I shed bitter tears as I consider
How utterly wrong my life has been.
So much pain and loneliness
That I feel I can't go on.
~ Then I think of you.

I find myself again, in the
Depth of your loving eyes.
A thousand reasons to live
In your every touch.
In my sleep, I am at peace,
And when I roam awake, just
The sight of you warms my fragile heart.
In a thousand little ways, you do so much
To make me feel alive. How can I not
~ Think of you?...

♪♪♪

Ж§Ж

Do you know the power of your smile,
Or the effect it has on me?
That with one glance in my direction
You can make my heart skip a beat?

Do you know that when I hug you in the early afternoon
I can still feel you, still smell your perfume
Long after midnight?
Or that when I sleep
You come to me in my dreams?

Do you know that when I see the sun rise or set
I only see your eyes?
And at night when I walk
In the company of the moon and stars
I only see your smile?

Do you know what you are to me?
Do you know that when I sit in the park writing,
Watching lovers go by hand in hand
My heart breaks into a few more pieces
And my thoughts, as always, find you....

Ж§Ж

♪♪♪

I dream of being stranded somewhere
In the Ocean of your beautiful eyes
And never finding my way home.

I dream of holding you in my arms forever,
Of feeling love and passion pass between us
Like a combination of fire and electricity.

I dream of loving you on sultry summer nights,
Of exciting all your senses as only I can do
And feeling you surrender yourself to me.

Even though I cannot be with you for now,
Know in your heart, and to the depths of your soul
That you are always in my dreams.

~ One day my love,
~ We will be together....

♪♪♪

The Universe unfolds in her deep, mysterious eyes
And all its secrets become crystal clear.
Normally so self-assured, I find a peculiar
Nervousness in my voice, and uncertainty.

My friends all laugh at me, and call me foolish,
But I find myself not caring about their opinions,
Caught up and captivated by something as simple
As her smile; the way her face lights up.

I pray each night to be released from this,
A love which terrifies me to my soul. But instead,
I find my feelings growing stronger, deeper
With each passing day.
I love her....

♪♪♪

Ж§Ж

Candle Light and Shadow Magic,
Saxophone playing midnight blues
And the night filled up with
Stardust and Imagination.
~I take your hand in mine.

Moonbeams and Shadow play,
Tricks of light and darkness,
And you, standing like some
Pagan Goddess before me.
~I Press my lips to yours.

Summer breeze and Midnight mists,
You and I lost in shadows
And in the depths of a hungry kiss.
My soul shatters, willpower crumbles into dust.
~I place my heart in your hands.
~ All that I am, is yours...

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

She comes to me at night
Through the thick mists of my sleep
And from the land of all my dreams.
Dusky skin, sparkling eyes,
A breath-stealing smile which
She reserves only for me.

I draw her to me, wrap my arms
About her and bury my face in
The sea of Raven hair which cascades
Down and across her shoulders.
We move to a music only we two
Can hear. Completely lost in one another.

I shiver as she plants a thousand faint
Butterfly kisses along my neck
Until her lips find mine. My knees weaken
As she draws from me every ounce of
Passion I have ever possessed,
Then looks at me and smiles.

She disappears with the rising sun,
Vanishing much as the early morning fog
When the sun gently kisses it away.
I sigh quietly as I awaken....wishing.
She comes to me at night,
But for now, only in my dreams....

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

I live my life for Poetry,
And surround myself with fragile and beautiful things.
But no mere object can take your place in my heart.
I long for the day that you tell me you love me
And hold me tightly in your arms.

I live my life for Music,
But no matter how sweet and touching the tune,
It will be sweeter still when I can hold you to me
And we can dance together
Until the sun comes up.

I live my life for Reflection,
But more and more each day
I find myself thinking only of you.
You are what ignites my passion,
Melts my heart, and burns my soul.

So now and ever after, I live my life for you....

Ж§Ж

♪§♪

An Autumn Night, A Harvest Moon, and
The scent of lilacs on the air.
Holding hands by the river,
Watching it flow silently by.
In a daze I hold you to me,
Press my lips to your neck.
~I can feel your heart beating,
Racing, as your arms encircle me.

A faint, cool breeze and fireflies
Dancing crazily about,
Forming a shimmering blanket around us.
A look of burning desire in your eyes.
One tender, lingering, promise-filled kiss
And you lead me away from the water's edge
~ Shadows swallowing us up
As we vanish into the Night.

A field of silken clover
And honeysuckle growing wild, untamed.
We walk in silence, you and I,
Fingers laced together, holding hands
Under a clear October sky.
I look into your loving eyes, and come to a decision.
~ After a lifetime spent running,
All I want to do is stop; resting in your arms

Forever....

♪§♪

Ж§Ж

I walk the Night alone,
Surrounded by mists and shadows,
Viewing the world through exotic, wondering eyes,
And walking where no one else dares.

I walk the Night alone,
The luminous moon and his brothers, the stars
My only companions in the darkness.
And my thoughts find you.

I walk the Night alone,
Alone but unafraid.
Becoming one with the shadows,
Inhaling the very essence of the Night,

~ And ever thinking of you....

Ж§Ж

Alone.
Uncertain.
Melancholy. A hurricane of conflicting emotions,
A carnival of delights and possibilities.
But only for others.

For me, it seems these things can only
Exist in my mind's eye, and in my
~ Imagination.

I do not wish to die alone,
And for the first time in my life,
I am afraid....

Ж§Ж

♪♪♪

I cannot see or speak
Anything but the truth, and
I cannot sense when you lie to me.
I can only feel the pain when you
Stab me to my soul
With your dagger eyes,
Or when you turn your
Perfect smile from me.

♪♪♪

The sun sinks low, turning the sky molten.
We sit on some distant, grassy hill and
Watch the dying embers of the day
Blaze out into twilight. Timidly I take your hand.
~ You smile....

As the last of the light fades away, surrendering
Itself to the shadows of the Night, we lie
On our backs, side by side and still holding hands,
Gazing breathlessly at the millions of stars above us.

I turn to look at you, and those deep, mysterious eyes
Look back at me, filled with passion and desire.
Gently I touch your cheek and pull you closer
Until our lips meet in that first, uncertain kiss.

As the night deepens, I hold you in my arms.
Two bodies pressed together under the blanket
Of the Milky Way. We lie together, drifting off to
Sleep, our hearts beating as one. In my dreams,
~I smile....

♪♪♪

♪♪♪

A lonely man.
An Endless expanse of winding road;
The only home I know.
A November kiss
And sweet memories to reflect upon
As I ride a black wind to the East.

A slate gray sky
Reflecting my mood; and the tears that fall
As rain from the Heavens, are my own.
As I regard my reflection in a pool of tears
I cannot help but see
The shadow of a lonely man
Looking back at me.

Final good-byes and then
Clenching my pipe between gritted teeth to mask my pain,
I wipe the bitter rain from my face,
And start my wand'ring again.

♪♪♪

A Lesson in Fears

"Why are you the way you are?" The man asked me
Through my drunken haze.
I blinked at him in answer, unsure of what to say.
And after a moment, he asked again,
But all I could do was blink. I knew....deep down I knew the
answer,
But I did not want to speak.
Deathly afraid of voicing my deepest fears, but knowing he
Would not leave until I did.
I steeled my nerves with another shot of courage, then sighed
And began to speak.
~ Words tumbling over one another like
~ Water in a babbling stream.

"All my life, people have relied on me in one way or another. To be
Strong.

To be a shoulder to lean on. Or cry on. To make them happy.
Sometimes to absolve them. To solve their problems and ease their
troubles....and I have always done so willingly...." I faltered.

"Continue." The man insisted.

And I did. "One day, there will come a time when someone will need
me, and I won't be able to help. I won't be quick enough, or smart
enough, or good enough to make a difference....I will fail someone."

I felt tears on my face, but he made me continue.

"And then....and then....I will be all alone...."

My voice died out in a hoarse whisper
And the man was gone.
My bottle as empty as my soul,
I sat
Alone....

Ж§Ж

If the Winter wind is cold, I do not feel it.
If my blood stains the pure white snow, I do not care.
I was happy once, happy in a life with you,
But all that is gone now, and I know in my soul it will never return.

I could not look at you, your lifeless eyes and bloodless lips,
A look of terror frozen on your face.
Winter winds now howl through the vast emptiness of my soul,
As I realize the best part of myself is gone with your passing.

A spark in me died with you that night,
A sense of loss and sadness so deep, so profound
That I shall never be the same again.
I miss you more deeply than words can express.

All alone now, I struggle with my dark apathy
And walk beside the foulest Demons of the Night.
Without you, there is nothing to keep me
From becoming one with them.

Eyes aglow with a dark and empty fury,
Soul filled with despair,
I walk alone....

Ж§Ж

♪♪♪

Familiar ground beneath my feet
Feels foreign now somehow.
I am lost in a place I once knew well,
Uncertain, where I was once so very
Sure of myself and everything around me.

It seems like a thousand years, times ten
Since I walked down these hidden paths.
So much has remained unchanged, and yet,
So much is vastly different. I sigh and
Attempt to rediscover some glimmer of happiness.

A troubled heart, a lonely life,
I feel myself drifting, without
Purpose or direction. Motivation
Flees from me and leaves me to
Dwell on distant but sweet memories.

♪♪♪

✂§✂

Sultry eyes stare at me from across a
Crowded, smoke-filled room,
And by some bewitching form of magick
She glides gracefully towards me.

A raven-haired, savage beauty,
She takes my breath away
With her exotic smile
And her slightest touch.

We leave together to escape the
Loud music and liquor,
Wind up walking along the beach for hours
And watching the sun come up together.

I hold her, and as the sun rises from the ocean
Our lips meet in a hungry kiss.
We say a tender, lingering good-bye,
And she walks away.

I bow my head and sigh,
Never even to know her name....

✂§✂

Ж§Ж

Starlight burning like fire in your eyes.
Passion in your gentle yet sure caresses.
I find myself powerless and trembling
In your embrace. A willing prisoner.

With a single glance you make me open up my heart
And bare my; soul to you. It leaves me
Weak-kneed and frightened, but not so
Frightened that I do not come back for more....

Ж§Ж

A moonlit walk in a field of clover,
My hand timidly finds yours
As we float like shadows through the Night.
A clearing where starlight is reflected brilliantly
By the sparkling waters of a winding stream.
I hold you close to me, feeling us both shiver.
A lingering stare which leads to a timid kiss,
But as passion feeds the hungry flame,
We lose ourselves in the magic of

~ The Moment....

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

Pain.

Clouding my eyes like a shroud of
Blackest Death. A pit of Gloom,
Consuming all of me.
Making even the act of drawing my next breath
Immeasurably difficult.
I cannot think. I cannot see.
I cannot....

A sense of panic, a chill
Deep down in my bones.
So severe, so very deep is this unnamed despair
That I wish to die. No, to simply
Cease to exist.
To end all that I am, and all I ever shall be.
I cannot....

No matter what, I shall never be
Good enough. All that I ever become
Will never be enough.
Never enough....

Pain.

Loneliness.

Sorrow.

A world of regret. It is too much.
It is far too much.

~I surrender....

Ж§Ж

♪♪♪

Shadows caress my soul,
Invading all that I am.
I step away from the edge
And become one with the night.

A blood moon rises through
A midnight sky and a
Sea of twinkling, frozen stars,
And I become one with the Night.

Cool and gentle breeze on my face,
My thoughts find you, and
Linger again on our time together
As I become one with the Night...

♪♪♪

Shadows dance before my eyes
As I walk under a silvery moon
And a blanket of breath-taking stars,
My ebony cloak flowing in the Autumn breeze.

I light my pipe, and a tendril of smoke drifts towards
Heaven as I wrap myself in darkness and walk on.
I inhale the Night,

Feel the velvet caresses of the ever-deepening shadows
~ Which only remind me of your touch.
I sigh and bow my head,

Eyes glistening with tears of sorrow and regret,
Knowing that I shall never feel
Your arms about me again....

♪♪♪

♪§♪

My whole life, people have depended on me.
~ To provide Strength.
~ Courage.
~ Support.
To be a Rock.
A Pillar of Truth.
A Safe Haven to run to.
~ But no longer.

Now, for the first time in my life, I am alone.
Not needed by anyone
For any purpose.
I am Outdated.
A Relic.
Out of Place.
Out of Time.
~ No purpose or direction.

To be needed is to be loved.
To be loved is to be alive.
So what can I conclude except:
I am no longer needed, so I am no longer wanted.
I am no longer wanted, so I am no longer loved.
I am no longer loved, so I am no longer alive.
So what is the point to any of this?
~ If loneliness is Death,

~ Then I surrender....

♪§♪

The Moon she intently listens
To the mournful music of my breaking heart,
And on a field, countless dew drops glisten;
The tears of the Earth matching those in my eyes
As I walk among them, all alone....

♪§♪

Ж§Ж

Dreaming of tomorrow,
The memories of a sad and bitter past
Still with me, lurking in the darker chambers
Of my soul. I have learned the lessons of my
Yesterdays well, and they cannot be forgotten,
But a strange new hope dwells in me now,
A kind of quiet strength I did not know I possessed,
And it will lift me beyond the sorrows of the
Past, and onward to tomorrow.

~ Strength through hardship endures,
When everything else falls apart.

Ж§Ж

A voice in the night; distant, yet warm.
Words caress me gently, like phantom fingers;
I feel them more than hear,
Drawn to their source for reasons beyond all
Comprehension.

I picture you, sitting in a room so many miles away
And wondering with curious eyes and
A faint smile playing across your lips,
Wondering at this stranger from afar;
~ Like you, a voice in the night...

Ж§Ж

⌘§⌘

I am a Devil in the Night
And the full, blood-moon above me
Is my Demon lover.

The shadows surrounding me as I walk in
Her Eerie half-light are her gift to me,
~A treasure.

I wrap myself in Darkness
Moving silently through a field
Of dew-covered clover.

My thoughts find you
And your image fills my mind.
~I smile.

I wonder if the moon knows
That I am thinking of you?
I shake my head, not caring at all.

Your dark, sultry eyes and
Intoxicating smile are irresistible
~ And enchanting.

I am a Devil in the Night
Walking in deepest shadow
And thinking only of you.

I hold your image captive,
A frozen prisoner in my
~ Mind's eye....

⌘§⌘

♪♪♪

Chameleon.

Cheap disguises, varied guises
To hide my truest, frightened self.

Masks.

So many choices, various voices
Am I versatile or a common liar?

Darkness.

Shadows to hide in, velvet to glide in
The comforting embrace of the Night.

♪♪♪

Tendrils of sorrow wrap themselves
Gently around my heart and soul.
Thinking of what might have been
And what may yet be.

Barely able to contain the
Passion Fires burning in me.
A ray of hope with time's sweet
Passage keeps me moving onward.

One timid step at a time
I move through these shadows
Which I have called home for so very long now,
And towards the light: Towards you.

My pipe clenched between my teeth,
I pull my ebony cloak more tightly
About me and walk the Night.

As smoke rings rise gently into Heaven
I bow my head and picture a future
Where loneliness is but a fading
~ Memory....

♪♪♪

starshine and moon glow
four in the morning
a rambling stroll by the lake.
berated, belittled
beguiling sublime

loosing sense of time and self
an aimless stroll past midnight
wanderlust seizing it's warm outside
but inside i'm freezing

chills of terror and delight
mixing, intermingled
off the cuff and on the shelf
whoring my soul
eyes shining in the darkness
bleeding and crying
suffering dying

seething, still breathing
steam cuts the night
my breath mingling with the
evening fog

shards of this heart
rip my aching soul apart
confusion
remaking myself on the fly
don't know why
terror

trembling
nightsweats and leering
mindless arrays of darkness and light
can't stop the chills
reeling

spinningdlskjfsadljasd;lfkjsadl;fkjsal;dfjldsajfl;dsajfl;dsaj;lasdj;lfds
kf

Ж§Ж

The night weaves out a subtle, whispered spell as I
Walk with sure-footed confidence through her shadows,
Inhaling the mixed scent of Jasmine and Lilac,
Slipping once more into the mask I wear so easily;
A denizen of the dark.

Close my eyes and let my feet carry me where they will,
And why not? In this, destination and destiny are one and the
same.

It is that knowledge which puts a faint smile upon my face
And sends a curious, delicious hunger coursing through me
As I draw closer to you.

Through a thicket of oak and birch, and past an iron gate,
Your window springs into view, light on and
Glowing warmly. I allow myself a smile,
And this strange ritual begins to unfold anew.
I sigh, content, and wait.

Ж§Ж

♪♪

It was well past midnight when I saw your face,
Held up one finger to caress your cheek,
And whispered poetry out into the night,
Hoping against hope that in your dreams
You might hear....that in your sleep, you might
~smile.

We are, each one of us, as tiny ships,
Lost on a shallow, fog-laden sea.
And now and then, happenstance and
The most amazing string of coincidences
Cause two ships to gently collide,
And a new hello is born.

It was well past midnight, when I saw your face,
And dreamed a tiny, waking dream.

~Hello....

♪♪

I had not realized how much diminished
I had allowed this life to make me.
How much erosion of mind, body and spirit can occur so quickly.
With an insidious stealth, the monsters can
strike and be gone, making off with the
most important parts of you before it can even register on your
~Senses.

I had forgotten the quiet power of the muse;
The way it can soothe the body and restore the mind.
Even when reduced to faint embers...
Even when near death, half buried and forgotten
Beneath the debris of our modern, chaotic lives,
It can flare suddenly, unexpectedly
Back to life...perhaps not to the fullness
Of its former brilliance in the blinking of an eye,
But enough to shock ~ enough to pleasantly
~ Surprise.

I had not realized how empty I had become.
A barren wasteland of deep-rooted agonies,
Covered over by candied masks that fooled
Almost everyone...even me.
I may have fallen into the abyss...slipped into the
Seductively sweet lie that is the embrace of Oblivion,
But for a happy twist of fate.
The mask cracked, the pain was exposed,
Festering and raw
~Searing.

I had forgotten a sacred promise made to myself.
First and foremost, to live.
And for that act of forgetfulness, I am
~Sorry.

Ж§Ж

Behind the biggest, brightest smile
Are hid the deepest agonies.
But take my hand and walk with me.
Do not trouble your heart and mind with these
Long and shadow-kissed thoughts.
Just let me feel the warmth of your hand in mine
And bask for a while in the kindness of your eyes.
That will chase the shadows away.

Ж§Ж

Once, I was so sure of myself.
Arrogant, really, and convinced that I could
Overcome any obstacle.
That everything could be reduced to
Plans and schedules
And managed out to the Nth degree.
It was a beautiful lie I told myself,
And when it came crashing
Down around me
I was left scrambling to reinvent myself.
To find a new center; a place of peace.
What I discovered in the wreckage
Was that the schedules and plans
Didn't matter so much.
The fat paycheck was more than offset
By the brutal hours, and
In pursuing the good life, I had, tragically,
Forgotten how to live.

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

I thought I had it beat.
Thought all the big battles had been fought.
That the demons had all been defeated;
Either chained to my will or locked in the
Iron tower of my mind.
~I was mistaken...mised.

One got out, but all it takes is one, right?
It mucked up my thinking and
Fucked up my head
To the point that swallowing the
Business end of a .45 started looking
Damned attractive.

It's banished again...returned to the
Darkest recesses of my mind, and
Once more locked securely away, but
The lesson is well learned. I cannot
Let my guard down.
It is a luxury I cannot afford.

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

Sometimes even on the best of days,
When there's nothing tangibly wrong
I find myself in the grip of a
Strange and unnamed sadness,
A sorrow with no source that is
Both deep and pervasive.

There is once more enough strength
In me that I do not fear I might
Shatter or break,
Or be consumed by the darkness
And act on my own worst impulses,
But when the shadows invade too far,
I yearn for a lingering, warm embrace.

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

The forest is deep; the smell of pine
And wild flowers gently invades my senses
As I walk the Night, alone with
The memories of my past, both near and far.

I think back on all the miles I have
Traveled, all the strange and wonderful places
I have been, and it brings a certain sense
Of satisfaction, which puts a slight smile on my face.

I have stood at the rim of the Grand Canyon,
Wandered awe-struck through the Valley of the Gods,
Seen the sparkling mysterious shores of two oceans,
And crossed mountains of unsurpassed beauty.

I have explored the Painted Desert, and slept under the stars,
Played in the peaceful forests of the Blue Ridge Mountains,
Traveled through the trackless Louisiana Bayous,
And sat at the shores of the Great Salt Lake.

I have climbed to the summit of Devil's Mountain
Under a sweltering July sun,
Waded through sparkling, nameless streams,
And spent starry nights on barren, dusty plains.

I have traveled through Dead-Man pass
In the midst of a winter storm,
And touched the face of God
At the great Continental Divide.

But those memories come bittersweet
As I recall that everywhere I have been,
All the places I have roamed,
I have always been alone.

I sigh a heavy sigh, and walk....

Alone.

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

A new day dawns through storms of hardship and pain.
The clouds break with the rising of the sun,
And a cool morning breeze wipes away my tears,
Cleanses my soul. For the first time in years
I feel the gentle hand of forgiveness touching my soul,
~ Filling me with hope and strength.

So many years of struggle that I had almost lost myself,
Almost forgotten what the fight was for. Beaten and
Pounded by every force in the Universe until
I thought I might break, or simply cease to exist.
But instead, with each attack, I felt myself
~ Growing stronger, even through the weariness.

A newfound sense of direction, and a quiet, inner peace
Filling me with a constant, steady strength,
An unshakable will, and an air of confidence
Which can never be weakened or shattered.
Finally, the fury has gone from my eyes
~ And is vanished from my soul.

So long a time spent combating my own private demons
And living out my life beneath the crushing shadows of despair,
And now, to be freed, unchained from the worst side of myself,
To be given a chance at the ultimate redemption,
To be reborn in every sense of the word....
This is my reward for surviving the pain,

~ And it is more wonderful than I ever dared imagine....

Ж§Ж

Gypsy Rain

Ж§Ж

A primitive drumbeat
Sounding loud, heavy
Inside my soul as I drive.
An unwavering, arrow-straight
Stretch of highway lain out
Across a barren, dusty plain,
Its desolate secrets revealed to me
One lonely mile at a time.

A harsh and unforgiving wind
Buffets my car, howling
About me as I speed on
Through the darkness,
Shrieking like a savage,
Wounded beast, trying to get in.
Tires humming, singing their tortured
Song against the pavement
~ The chase is on.

Stalking some unknown quarry,
I am both predator and prey,
Seeking a happiness I have
Never known even as I flee from
The invisible foe, baying at my heels.
Jaw clenching in an angry defiance,
I all but fly through the night
Praying to find you before I am consumed.

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

I dreamt of holding you last night.
My arms wrapped around you,
My hands in your hair, moving
With careful and practiced tenderness,
Brushing against your cheek,
Then across your shoulders
And lightly down your back,
Making you shiver, smile, and
Hold me more tightly in your sleep.
The lingering scent of your perfume
In your hair and on your skin.
I inhale deeply, drawing your very essence
Into myself, feeling it mingle with my soul.

~ I dreamt of holding you last night,
And the memory of that imagined feeling
Lingers with me still. Bringing a smile
To my face, and making me shiver....

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

A Saxophone Moon,
Breeze blowing softly through my hair
And the intoxicating scent of you
Mingles with a hint of lilac
Hanging sweetly, floating lazily on the air.

Magic and Wanderlust,
Consuming every part of me
As I walk in the foggy evening air,
Guided by some inner force which
Takes me back to where I want to be.

Moonbeams and Shadow play,
Dancing before me as I wander through
This wonderland of Night, moving closer,
Ever closer back to the warmth of
Your loving arms, My destiny....You....

Ж§Ж

♪♪

Rain.

Pounding out a nameless, ancient rhythm
Against my car as I drive through this endless night.
Combining with the thumping of the windshield wipers
To create a soft and sultry brand of music that
Only I can hear. It brings a faint smile to my lips
~And makes me think of you....

I fight back a shiver as I play back your sensuous
Voice over and over again in my mind. Bite back a
Sigh as my thirst for you grows unchecked.
I begin to feel dizzy, drunk....almost out of control.

My mind becomes fevered, and in the furnace of
My imagination, I forge an image of you and I.
A fantasy in my Mind's Eye, an image more searing
Than even the hottest furnace flame.

I close my eyes for as long as I dare, floating on
The warm, delicious feelings coursing through my body,
Aching to touch you....to quench this
Savage, endless thirst....I smile and sigh
~ And Drive....

♪♪

Ж§Ж

Sitting in a candle-darkened, shadow-laden room,
Your back to me, fingers in your silken hair playing.
They find your neck and begin gently stroking,
The touch alone making you slightly dizzy, and
Magnified by my whispering voice as I create a
Poem for you. A poem filled with hints and promises
Sultry enough to melt you....

You flow, almost liquid against me and my lips
Replace my fingers at your neck, kissing hungrily,
Passionately, making you shiver in uncontrolled delight.
I smile, and my hands begin to move. Tantalizing....
Exploring....teasing and exciting you....gently
Introducing you to levels of ecstasy and desire you
Never imagined, or even knew existed, turning you
Into an insatiable creature of purest desire....

The tension builds inside you with a delicious
Intensity that threatens to wash you away and
Completely overwhelm your senses. You cannot keep
Still, beneath these gently exploring hands. Then,
A final shiver, and a gasp which says more than a
Thousand days of conversation ever could, and the
Sweet release you thought you would never attain
Crashes into you with the force of a savage hurricane....
You float then, into my arms,
~ And into blissful sleep....

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

Solitude.

There is a peace in it.

Sitting here bleeding onto this

Stark white page,

Dying by degrees with every word I write.

Slowly fading into sweet oblivion

All alone by candle light.

A delicate melody playing in the background,

Watching over me as I perform this

Sacrificial rite of creativity,

Hoping to leave some tangible evidence behind.

A tiny bit of proof that I existed

Before the art itself claims the last bit of me

And I am simply no more....

Ж§Ж

ЖЖЖ

Two-Thirty on a Tuesday morning,
A comfortable, familiar restlessness
 Burning in my blood
 Leading me out into the night.

I walk without thinking on my destination.
 A route so much a part of me
That I could make the trip by feel alone.
 I arrive and inhale my surroundings.

 Wind on my face and in my hair,
 The smell of metal and oil hanging heavy.
 A series of tracks with the
Rusting hulks of trains sitting quietly upon them.

 A critic's eye would find innumerable flaws,
 But this place suits me; it is my sanctuary.
 And on certain nights when I am
Overcome by these nameless, restless urgings,

I come here alone; glass of wine in my hand,
 Saxophone strapped to my back
 Find a comfortable spot atop a rail car
 And let the Magic of the Night
 ~ Posses the Music I create....

ЖЖЖ

Ж§Ж

Darkness falls,
And Romance rises,
Welling up inside my soul
As evening descends over the city.

Restless stirrings in my blood
Compel me to drive through the shadows.
I step into the night, and then
Drive into an even deeper darkness.

Oldies playing on the radio,
Windshield wipers sounding out
Their soothing back beat,
Bringing a faint smile to my face.

The road rolls on, the shadows
And the magic of the night
Overwhelming all my senses
~ I lose myself in it....

Ж§Ж

✂✂✂

I fear becoming lost
In the hustle and bustle that is
The Modern World,
This Brave New Era in which we live.

I have known and touched
So many souls, so many people
Who make grand plans
To visit far off places, to see and
Touch and do so much.
They sit home at night and plan
For the fine day when they can
Start to live out their dreams.
Only to find that when that day
Arrives, they are too old, or
Too set in their ways
To take the risks
That come with the dreaming.
I will never
Fall so deeply under the spell
Of this fast-paced world
That I forget what
Matters most.
I will climb the mountain,
Explore the forest,
Smell the field of wild flowers.
As long as there is blood in my veins
And life in these eyes,
I will live the dream
And become the poetry...

✂✂✂

♪♪♪

Whispers....
Wind in the trees,
Fingers of darkness running
Through my hair and
Caressing my soul.
I imagine your touch,
Close my eyes and shiver
As my imagination
Carries me away,
Back to that magical place
You and I share in
The deepest part of the night.
Back to you and
~ Your loving embrace....

♪♪♪

I dream a waking dream
Every time I look into the depths
Of your beautiful, passion filled eyes.
See in them a multitude of unspoken promises;
~ Twin seas of desire....

I can feel you looking at me in
That special way....that gaze you
Reserve for me and me alone, and it never
Fails to bring a smile to these weary eyes of mine
~ Color rising in my cheeks....

How can it be? I ask myself,
That someone I have known such a very
Short time can have this effect on me?
But I know the answer does not matter;
~ I am for you....

♪♪♪

Ж§Ж

Paradox.

Contradiction.

I do not mean to confuse you so;

Please do not leave me all alone.

I would change if I but knew

Where to start.

Mold and shape myself and my soul

Into that which you want me to be.

Understand that this is all I know,

All I am.

A lonely poet who does not know himself.

Either take me as I am or

Show me how to be

~ But please do not leave me all alone....

Ж§Ж

♪♪♪

A little bit of magic....

Thirty-one and restless.
Looking back on my life, I give myself a
Nod of quiet satisfaction as I survey the
List of things I've seen and done.

Slight smile playing at the
Corners of my mouth, as I look back on the
Wondrous journeys, the hardships overcome,
The wisdom gained by fire. A good life so far.

Still, I am left with a
Twinge of some mix between doubt and regret.
For all the life and living, for all the miles traveled,
I am still very much alone, and it tugs at my soul.

Thirty-one and restless,
I can do nothing less than meet each day with
Shoulders squared against life's wind, and
Continue marching down this endless road.

~Ever seeking that little bit of magic....

♪♪♪

✂✂

Borderlands

Somewhere between the light and the darkness,
Under a silvery harvest moon,
Legs carry me with long-striding confidence
To destinations unknown.

Hollowed out by a life lived at too driven a pace,
Fast and furious with no rest
No peace, I find myself at a peculiar crossroads

Restless energy crackling at my fingertips,
No outlet, no direction
I seek solace in the quiet of approaching shadow
My most familiar home.

Flirtations with the light have made my soul
Comfortable with the warmth therein
But when trouble brews and storm clouds gather,
I seek out the comfort of Night.

Soul howling out in rage and not-so-quiet frustration,
Anger without focus

Unaccustomed to feeling powerless,
Unable to voice my fears,
Restless energy crackling at my fingertips,
No outlet but that primal scream

✂✂

Ж§Ж

Poet's Magick

Waxing philosophic, I wonder
At why I am so alone.
With a thought, I can create a
Universe for you to explore.
Feel it wrap itself tenderly around
Your heart and soul
As you walk through the
Chambers I've made with my imagination.
I need but close my eyes
And whisper,
Sweet and soothing words
In my midnight voice,
Which will carry you off
To a faraway, magical land
And make you lose all sense of self.
Let me create a world for you.
Let me take you away from
This place with all of its
Chaos and mindless toil.
Come....walk with me for a while
And I will show you the magic
Of the worlds I create....

Ж§Ж

♪♪♪

Feel my voice invading your soul?
Wrapping itself around
Your heart...
Gently slipping past your defenses?
Feel my stare?
An almost tangible weight,
Caressing you with the power
Of my thoughts alone.
I can see it in your eyes and
Etched into that fragile smile on your
Lovely face...
~ You cannot resist me, and it makes me smile....

♪♪♪

Fear me....
Do not get too close.
You can never hope to understand,
Nor can you ever capture my heart.
I am the poetry I write,
And though it may take your breath away,
To try to hold onto it too tightly
Will only serve to destroy.
Enjoy it for what it is, my love,
Feel it coursing through you,
Making every pore on your body
Tingle with desire....
Yes my lover,
Inhale the essence of the magic
Let the words enrapture you,
But always be mindful to
Enjoy from afar.
~ Too close, and it will be both our undoing....

♪♪♪

♪♪

All alone at three a.m.
A vast stillness surrounding me
As I sit here and contemplate
What to write next.
How can I continue the magic?
What can I say next to
Enthrall and enchant you?
It frightens me to consider that
One day, there may be no more words,
That I might wake up one fateful
Morning and find that my
Humble gift has left me,
And then what?
Poetry invades my soul,
It is all that I am, all that I have
Ever wanted to be,
Yet here in the eerie stillness of
The quiet morning, I find myself
Contemplating my life and fate
Without the words.
It sends a chill so deeply through
Me that it must more than half-resemble Death.
Frightens me to think that
One day I might let those who
Adore these words down.
~ All the more determined,
I return to my innermost self,
Seeking the shelter of my muse....

♪♪

♪♪

Father's Strength

Watching a golden sunset,
Sitting on the hood of my car,
~ Radio playing hits from long ago
Songs from another part of my life.
Bittersweet music which
Fills my soul with strange stirrings
As I sit here on this dusty plain.
Things I've not felt in years.
It brings tears glistening in my eyes,
And as a gentle breeze
Ruffles my hair, I can
Almost feel my father's hand.
I gaze into the multi-colored sky
Using the power of my imagination
To cloud-sculpt, as my
Father taught me so well....
More tears now as I see
His likeness, gazing down
At me from heaven,
Hearing his whispered voice
On the wind.
“~ Do not lose hope my son,
I am with you, even now....”

♪♪



One Night

The music is soft, the lights are low.
The perfectly planned romantic evening,
And then I think,
“What if she doesn’t show?”
I shudder, my heart quakes....
Not good to think like that.

Minutes pass....she is late.
I pour myself a drink
And toast a silent toast to her.
I can almost see her there.
Lights still low, music soft,
And I begin to think.
“She’s not coming.”
Suddenly, my heart aches.

I am drunk when she finally calls,
Tells me she forgot.
“Don’t worry.” I say. “I understand.”
She laughs at me and
Says she will come by tomorrow—
I know she’s not.
As we hang up, I fill my glass.
My heart begins to break.



♪♪♪

A walk by the pond under soft, pale moonlight.
A bullfrog serenade. We listen contentedly as
They sing their song, look up at the dark, clear
Autumn sky. I pull you close and hold you tight.
The sweet look on your face, soft glow in your eyes.
Your lips part for me in a sultry smile, and all at
Once, I find myself kissing you 'neath the moonlight.

A walk by the pond under warm sunshine, on a
Bright April day, right after a spring shower.
We walk hand in hand, listening to the birds sing,
And laughing as we watch the little squirrels play.

Then suddenly you turn me 'round, put two fingers
To my lips and whisper "I love you" to me.
Tears fill my eyes, then overflow.
At a loss for what to say.

We sit by the fireplace on a Friday night.
We could be out with friends, but you
Said you would rather that we were alone
Tonight, and who am I to complain?

No reasons come to mind why I ever should, and I
Smile at that as I take you in my arms and
Together we move to places and heights that only
We two can know, growing ever closer than
I ever thought we could.
~ And all at once, I see us by the pond.
I smile and take you there in a way
That only we two could go....

♪♪♪

Ж§Ж

Shadows dance out in the rain
Moving slowly toward me
And I embrace them once again
Lose my sense of self....
~ Good-bye reality.

Shadows dancing close to me
Gently tugging the strings of
My soul. I can feel and I can see
Every tiny detail in this drab little
~ Universe.

It frightens me, from time to time
To move so close to things unreal.
But no ~ I stop. It is no crime to
Feel in an instant what others feel in an
~ Entire lifetime.

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

In the mirror, my reflection
Stares back at me and calls my name.
On the surface we look no different,
But inside I know we are not the same.

My reflection in that mirror
Is pure and innocent, smiling and new.
Does not have the slightest notion
Of all the evil things I do.

Yet in his eyes, I see it there,
A dark and brooding sort of gleam.
I know it as my own and shudder at the
Thought that things are not at all as they seem....

Ж§Ж

We stood at the station in the pouring rain,
Both trying hard not to cry. A distant
Rumbling, storm thundering above, and I
Found myself at a crossroads again.

I held her close, kissed her rain-soaked cheek,
Then our lips met for what was to be the
Very last time. One final hug, then I boarded
The train, feeling empty and o' so weak.

Many days later, my mind numb with pain,
I arrive at this new place, alone and afraid.
Too frightened to get close to anyone, and
Knowing if I do, I may run away again.

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

Have you walked by the pond at night?
With a light patch of fog lying low
And the moon and stars shining in
The water....my God, what a sight.
~ Come see it with me....

Then there is a clearing, way back
In the woods where a roundish patch
Of softly glowing grass grows tall.
Watching it rolling in the wind can make you
~ Lose all track of time....

These mysteries, and more, right here in
This sleepy little town. Should I ever
Leave this place to wander far afield,
It will be these things, and you,
~ I will truly miss....

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

Unchained.
Eyes closed, wind on my face, the sun beating down

~Invigorating.

~Renewing.

A wellspring of hope bursts anew
And if I use but a bit of imagination
It's easy enough to look past the
High fence and locked doors,
And imagine myself free once more.
~ I smile.

Ж§Ж

I am torn.
Enjoying my time in the light,
But for so much of my life
I have lived in Darkness that
I must consider myself a
Creature of the Night.
It is the source of my strength.
The shadows are where the
Muse lives, so can I enjoy both?
Can I be both a creature of
Light and of Darkness,
Or will I doom myself by trying?

Ж§Ж

♪♪

Nightfall.

Greeting me with velvet kisses,
A long lost friend ~ Alluring
Enticing me with the bouquet of
Scents I'm so familiar with
And a tapestry of sound that is
Felt as much as heard.
I close my eyes and feel it
Combining in my blood as it
Moves through me.
~ I remember...

♪♪

Lost.

A wayward soul on a storm-tossed,
Endless sea. Fleet of angry, slate grey
Clouds, my only company.
My mind desperately searching, Seeking—I'm frantic to find the
Edges as awareness expands
And realization dawns that
The storm I so fear is not outside
But locked up within me....

♪♪

Ж§Ж

It's the hollowness that terrifies.
That eerie emptiness you can feel inside,
Ever present, but mostly sleeping.
Mostly slumbering restlessly at
The edges of consciousness.
Now though, the Beast roams awake.
It prowls. It growls in its endless and
Insatiable hunger as it grows,
Dissolving this shell that I have
Become. Seeking...ever seeking
To destroy the very last spark of me.
I am hunted by a monster of my own making
In the twisted garden of my mind.
It is a contest I feel destined to lose.

Ж§Ж

Sounds in a dizzying symphony as my awareness expands again.
Too many...too brightly colored (almost garish, but
pleasantly so) to make sense of with the ears, but by
grappling them with the other senses,
A primal understanding of all the
undercurrents flowing through the room
can be achieved.

Or, the alternate explanation:
Mayhaps I'm every ounce as crazy
(off my freakin' rocker,
couple cards shy of a full deck,
you know the popular clichés)
as everyone seems to think.
If the currency of lunacy is foggy-headed thinking
Then I am as a King, surveying the Kingdom.
Nice.

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

I feel my strength returning now.
It surges through me, filling the
Dry riverbeds in which it once ran its course,
Restoring the parched land of my soul to some
Semblance of its former life.
The desert gradually begins to recede,
Leaving a fain, almost tentative green in its wake.
I breathe deep, inhaling the scent of newly blossomed
Honeysuckle, which sparks pleasant memories of my youth,
My childhood home in the wide open spaces of Kansas,
And brings a smile to my lips.
Tentative for now, and I suspect that many of my future
Smiles will be tentative as well,
But they have returned
And for now...for me, that is enough.

I close my eyes and listen to the sounds
of the river, newly reborn, reinvigorated
as it meanders through the expanses of my soul.

~ I smile.

Ж§Ж

✂§✂

Storms, then gentle passions
Welling up from deep inside.
Emotions that my heart may fashion
Send shivers down my spine.
Every time I see you smile
I lose my will to resist you.
A single look can charm, beguile
And leave me under your spell.
I sigh, knowing that I cannot be
All that I wish in your life,
But maybe one day you will see,
And then our hearts will fly....

✂§✂

That he loved, and loved her well
Were two facts understood,
For in the time they were together
She brought him out of hi shell
And taught him how to live.
But she scoffed his love and never
Once took note of all the things he did.
And that, he simply could not forgive.
~ So love did turn to hate....

✂§✂

Ж§Ж

I light the fire of pure desire,
Its embers smoldering deep down
In hidden corners of your soul.
Ignite it and you with soft words of passion
Spoken in a smoky voice
And in my sultry midnight fashion.

Passion's fires burning higher
With every look and phrase and touch,
Sending you spinning, resistance thinning,
Your willpower shattering into dust.
My mind is reeling with this feeling,
This dizzy giddiness we create.

Barriers crumbling, defenses tumbling
Till all that remains is primal need,
Bodies writhing, intertwining
Melded together by this nameless need
And overcome with endless hunger....

Ж§Ж

✧§✧

A too-warm winter's day,
And I find myself walking, wandering,
No particular destination in my head.
Just ambling through the emerald
Forests of my home and thinking
Thoughts of you that make me smile.

Cool breeze on my skin,
Warm sunshine on my face and shoulders,

Walking aimless through the emerald forests
Of my home, slight smile playing at my lips
As my brain churns and turns with thoughts of you.
I scarcely notice the warmth of the sun on my face,
Or the wonderful cool breeze on my skin.

These things, normally so much a part of me,
And such a delight to experience,
Simply pale to the sea of emotion boiling up
From the depths of my soul. It speaks to me
In a voice that I cannot ignore, and I find myself
Drawn to it. Drawn in by it. By you.

And as my legs carry me deeper into the wood,
My muse spins half-jumbled phrases that make
Their way to the surface, and then spill out onto
My face, making that smile on my lips grow.

✧§✧

♪♪♪

My thoughts are in a jumble,
Like those little Jenga pegs when you
Pull out the wrong one and they
All go flying, scattering out randomly
Across the dining room table.
Damn, but I hate when that happens.

But then when I think of the cause of
These scattered and broken, half-formed
Thoughts, I cannot help but smile,
Because they are of and by you. See how
You consume my every waking thought, my love?
See how you make my head spin 'round?

So easy to get lost in thoughts of you.
To wrap myself up in this crazy, giddy cocoon
Of absolute happiness, close my eyes and
Picture myself lying contentedly in your arms.
I fight off a shiver and make myself keep moving.
Still much to do this day, but I must say
~These thoughts of you are *wonderfully* distracting.
~I love you....

♪♪♪

Infinity in the depths of your beautiful eyes.
I find myself unable to look away from you,
Unwilling to break contact, and in that moment,
Our eyes locked on each other, each looking into
And sweetly caressing the other's soul,
I know that I have found the one great and true
Love of my life.

I am yours, my darling wife....now and forever....

♪♪♪

♪♪

I touched you, first a gentle, light caress,
And then with more passion because it was
What we both wanted right then.
More passion still and...you know the rest.

But why, I wonder, must we shy from this?
If it was something enjoyed by both, should
We not explore it yet again when the mood strikes,
Brought on by subtle touch or steamy kiss?

♪♪

Sitting by the fire,
Soft cooling breeze in my face,
I sense that I may not have much time left to me
And so I look out on the lake, wishing for some sign.
Perhaps it is forgiveness,
Or a longing for that which cannot be.
~ Or in my tired heart, it is all of these.

And as I sit,
The moon comes up, rising over the trees
Casting out the shadows with a
Ghostly light, not dim, but certainly none too bright.
And seeing this, I think of you, and how you
Hurt me so. Instinctively I grow wary.
~ My shattered heart can take no more.

As night wears on,
I come to know you, and myself as well.
I think and wonder how it will feel when I am no more.
Not bad, I conclude,
And make friends with Death. I know
He will be good to me, but then, what are friends for?
~ And my broken heart will at last find peace.

♪♪

♪♪

Sunsets seen from a mountain top
And journeys through rugged lands.
Flowers blooming in the winter and
Multicolored, fantastic rocky bands
~ Hard to climb, but wonderful to see.

My eyes and hands are my camera,
My mind, my own living diary.
I only wish I could let
You inside to see all the things
That have happened to me.
For these descriptions
Are nothing special or new,
But they are the only tools
I have to express to you
All the visions in my head.

♪♪

This place seems so quiet now, so empty.
I wander into my study, settle back in my
Faded, too-familiar chair and close my eyes.
Gently lay my head back and inhale deeply,
Drawing the lingering scent of her perfume
Into me, feeling the sweet agony as it
~ Stirrs my soul....

I rise, unsteady, and hurry from the room,
Wiping gentle tears from my eyes,
Sit in the crushed emerald of my
Over-stuffed sofa and close my eyes again,
Trying in vain to escape the memory of her,
But I cannot. She is too much a part of me.
~ She is everywhere....

Only a moment's reprieve sitting
In my living room, and then the beautiful
Memory of what occurred right here

Assaults me, drawing out a silent River of Tears.
The scene swims up before my eyes,
And I am a helpless passenger. Watching.
~ Reliving....

She glides to me, curls up in my lap,
A mix of child-like lightness and sensual warmth.
Deep brown eyes burning into my soul,
Face inching closer, lips brushing against mine,
Lightly, teasingly. Her hands frame my face
~ And her kiss deepens....

I find myself caught up in a
Maelstrom of passion. A beautiful,
Wonderful energy which consumes
All of me, and is heightened further still
By her words, spoken in her exotic native
Language, whispered softly into my mouth.
I comprehend their meaning without
~ Truly understanding....

With great reluctance, I open my eyes.
Bittersweet tears glistening in them,
Brought forth by the beauty of the memory, and the
Dark knowledge that we can never meet again.
I stand slowly and try to shake off the sadness,
But I know I cannot. A heavy sigh, and then I
Embrace this sweet pain, adding my sorrow
To the silent River of Tears
~ And riding it to wherever it leads....

✪§✪

Ж§Ж

For so long a time, I trained myself to be strong. The immoveable rock upon which the world was smashed, and for a long time that worked pretty well, for my reserves of strength were great, and no matter the tribulations, no matter the pressures, I could not be moved. I could not be broken, and in the knowledge of that unfailing, unassailable strength, arrogance took root in my heart and grew its roots deep, finding their way into tiny crevasse—chinks in the armor I had grown so proud of—burrowing down and sowing the seeds of my destruction.

Of course, it couldn't...wouldn't happen during a period of relative calm. Nahh, that's not the way strength fails. What happens is, when you need it most, when the wolves are sniffing at the door and you're fighting with everything you have...that's when the strength vanishes, and you find yourself swept along in a hurricane. A tempest from which you feel there is no escape. It leaves you bleeding and broken. Reeling. In that moment, you are either re-defined or obliterated. Reshaped or utterly destroyed.

As for me, there was a moment of darkness when one foot dipped into the pool of oblivion, but somehow, through an unnamed grace I did not deserve, I survived, and now, the healing begins.

~ The rebuilding.

Ж§Ж

Ж§Ж

Once again
My dearest friends,
We come to the place of parting.
You came to me to touch and see,
To feel my gentle words
Washing over you like rain.
I bend to you in a warm embrace,
Then bid a fond farewell.
I shall return, worry not on that,
But till then,
Keep your heart on your sleeve,
And be watchful.
I am silent as the night,
And leave nothing save memories
To mark my passing.
I may well come and go
Before your senses even
Register my presence....

Ж§Ж

The Tequila Verses

♪♪

Down a path I walk.
I would say something,
But I don't want to talk.
So leave me the Hell alone!

♪♪

A broken heart
Is a terrible thing.
But not nearly as bad
As a heart on a string.

♪♪

Emptiness.
My soul.
A void.
Shattered.
My heart.
Broken beyond all repair.
~ No one to care.

♪♪

♪♪♪

Agonies.
A raging silence deep down in my soul.
A heartless dream.
A bloodied Fairy Tale.
Murky silence deepens
In the gloom that dwells in me.
Quietly, in a room full of people
I feel myself dying all alone....

♪♪♪

I beg your forgiveness,
I do not need your sympathy.
I do not need your understanding.
~ Do not cry for me.

♪♪♪

I saw her today, but I do not yet know her name.
Our eyes met though, and hers smiled at me,
And I am certain I will never be the same.

♪♪♪

I ask but two things of you:
Please do not break my fragile heart.
Please let me love you.
All else, will take care of itself.

♪♪♪

Body shivers and soul doth shake.
Some of my troubles are quite real,
And others, my mind doth make....

♪♪♪

♪♪♪

Slowly in the Night, my heart breaks
Softly in the night, my soul sighs
One quiet, final sigh before
Lying down all alone
~ To Die....

♪♪♪

Cloaked in shadow, my head hung low
In sorrow and shame.
So lonely and forlorn,
Come rescue me my love.
Save me from myself and
Hold me tightly this night.
~I beg you....

♪♪♪

Rain collects in shallow pools
But not so the way with tears.
From those drops were oceans made.
From the torments of a world of
Broken dreams and secret fears....

♪♪♪

Frightening things abound
But far above them all
Is the sad and lonely sound
Of the breaking of a heart....

♪♪♪

Ж§Ж

Note how two question marks,
One facing the other
Nearly form a heart?
Why is this so?

Ж§Ж

Teach me not to look away,
Or to stubbornly go
When my heart cries out
“Stay.”

Ж§Ж

Poetry, like spells are woven..
Some are rough, and others elegant.
Some ring true and loudly speak,
And others are terrible....
They really reek!

Ж§Ж

A feather from a small songbird’s wing
Once lost can never be found again.
But does not that tiny feather carry
With it, whatever song that bird might sing?

Ж§Ж