

Whispers of Distress

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Warning

This book contains potentially triggering content, including suicidal ideation, self-harm and violent descriptions.

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Musings of an Eye Forgotten

What Happily is Not

Two, the statues
Of the angels of art.
Pristine marble, untouched
Safely tucked away in lies.

The first, woefully polished
Gleaming, it draws all eyes.
"See, and understand" it preaches
Teaching through beauty.

Teaching through ugliness
Through pain and chaos.
Art, distorted mirror of life,
Reflects truer than eyes see.

Slumped, covered in revolting life,
Lies the Second Angel.
The Beautiful One,
Hidden from plain sight by ugliness.

Seen and yet ignored,
It resides in the cracks of broken souls.
With tears, and a smile, it whispers:
"Close your eyes, and dream"

Emulsified

Laughter and tears,
One and the same

I'll never see
How humans choose
How can I laugh?

All is sad

Life is the greatest torture
Eternal pain, broken
Split by brief respites
How can I cry?

All is a joke

Life is true comedy
We exist, so we can not
We walk to nothingness
What can I do?

Two as in one,
One and only
When faced with the choice
I'll always choose none

Of Ladders and Emotion

Climbing a ladder,
With hands crimson
From the bloodsoaked steps
Blood, and sweat and tears.

Where is the end?

The more you climb,
The bigger the fall.
Each step, bringing the finish line
One step farther away

Truly, the only end of the ladder
Is falling

The Fire Ant's Psalm

A massive, ugly anthill.
It has a beauty, does it not?
An ever changing cycle
Of little ants' lives.

Euphemism

Our only achievement.
A magic power,
Turning an intricate hole in the dirt
Into a palace of grandiosity.

We've made a hole in the dirt
And call ourselves kings,
Foremost in the world.

Maybe,
The anthill is a piece of art,
All we can make.

Cast metal into it,
Scorching every tunnel
Burning it all,
In exchange for a sculpture.

Whimpering to the void,
They pray for a greater existence
They pray for grandness,
A purpose.

Falsely they seek,
Sinful their wishes.
Unimportance, Insignificance
A pitiful bend of chaos

We name it life,
And for swimming in it,
Name it absolute.

Morality and Mortality

Embraced, smothered
Engulfed in a fever
A fever, oh so terrible
Yet grand in its yellowed virulence

.

Torn, macerated
Crazed by its maddening touch
It whispers of a truth that is not
It sings of another reality

Oh, the pain
Of knowing not which truth is truest

Spineless Competence

In a compliment, there lies the greatest lie
To revel in your eyes, as I bathe in hypocrisy
Hear not the whispers of bliss
Drawing you from the depths

How can I not feel shame,
floating on the surface?

Man, gazing at the sea
Finds marvel on the waves
The playful twinkling of sun and moon

The poet, eyes gouged by his own hand
Sees all, deep down to the glorious abyss
And so, to speak of the surface

To ignore your magnanimous thermocline
Is nothing but the gravest of crimes

Frontal Lobe Remus

Your Rome remains unbuilt
It's dear streets abandoned in mind
Rome was not built in a day,
For if it was, it wouldn't be Rome

In silence, gaze upon your Rome
Think upon your roam in dreams
Cities are only finished
When they're dead

A Title of a Poem

Serendipitously, dangling on the precipice
A blessed view over the chasm of time
Gazing down, into our wonderful world.
The perspective of a god, for a godless will.

Eyes downcast, in shame of all seen
Horrors accepted, eyed askance.
In imperfection, how can I judge?
Understanding, atop flawed dark foundations

Conception of Inception

As our fire goes out,
And our show comes to an end
Some nights it's a merry one,
Sometimes it's sad, the theater empty.

Yet always, we finish it still acting
Playing pretend until the last moment.
Is it really pretending, though
If you truly believe in it?

For the actor, the act itself is reality
Absolute, tangible.
Yet the audience merrily laughs
Seeing the illusion from the outside.

We laugh, because we know deep down
There's no actor better at pretending
Than a living human

Herculean Feat

Many have tried to capture love
Embalm it in sweet verse
Yet love is incorporeal, unreachable at best

Try as you may

Yearn all you want

Cry out, for it to stay

Love cannot be written down,
It cannot be explained
Love is the spark, love is the flame
Yet also, the fading embers

For love to be love,
It must one day fade

Child of Night

The tombstone claims the name of All,
Smooth granite, ever waiting
It calls to us, and we'll obey
And dance out morbid jig

The crow will sing in verse, and weep
Emotions overwhelming,
In life, there is no greatest gift
Than giving your last breath.

As Night comes near, she giggles
You're seen at last asleep
No agony, no fear or pain
In you, she sees but peace

As day comes back, to find you gone
The sun cannot reclaim you
You are a Child of Night at last
Back home, where you belong

So cast aside your fearful tears
Arms out, in an embrace

Take in the gift of midnight peace
And give away your face.

The Sage Hill

Stand still,
Atop a hollow hill
Admire the sage around you

The glorious sunset evades your eyes
The breathtaking view ignored,
Sage is most sacred after all.

All the sages deem it so.

Reverently gather it up, as night sets
Cutting up stems, as the cold numbs your hands
Your fervent hypocrisy keeping you warm

The cold, reaching your heart
Will shiver, tremble and seek heat
Having come upon emptiness unmet before

Blinders

Eternally walking in circles,
Aimlessly, eyes closed
We seek what to seek
Wishing for an unknown

Eternally wasting away,
In search of a purpose.

Prodded ahead, like a half-dead horse
Weary from it's pointless trot
Moved by forces unknown, outside reason
We keep moving, walking

And as we see our fellow horses crumble down,
Wasted away by a pointless pursuit
We cheer, from the safety of our blinders
Not knowing there's more than forward

When you can only see ahead,
All you can do is walk.

Eirene

Frosty smoke, reflecting moonlight
A final breath, tenderly released
At peace, with the greatest mystery
Arms spread in welcoming.

Peace has a different face,
A different taste for each partner
Our one and only love
Besought by all.

Lasciviously stretching,
Under the golden light of dawn
Teasingly captivates us
And ruins us for life

House of Mirrors

Standing in blood-soaked plains of bone
Around a flock of mirrors
Each, with a little flaw, reflecting the same visage

You could almost swear they are unique.

You, are but a reflection yourself.
Another mirror, with another flaw.
Reflecting Something, familiar yet absurd
Each confirming the existence of itself

Do they all reflect something real?

You, are but a self-confirmed reality
Savoring the light bouncing off mirrors,
And calling it proof, a cornerstone of ignorance
Reflections only exist in your eyes.

They are all fake, yet very very real.

Whispers Through a Mirror

Autobiography in the Needle's Eye

In poetry I whisper,
Because my voice is loud

In poetry I mourn
For when in pain, I smile

And either half is true yet false
Both are and yet are not
Oh toss the coin to land on edge
And leave them both to rot

In flesh, I am but stone and ice
And yet, I must digress
Once in a while I need convey
My Whispers of Distress

Portrait in Shades of Light

Ever floating, oscillating
Stuck in the sunset

A touch of darkness, a hint of light

What a pretty sunset I make
Dark here, light there.
But no colors in sight

I am cast of black,
And of white

The two that are not
Eternal mysteries

Yes, the sunsets are never ending
Each day has its own
But mine is not of this world

Maybe that's why I like to watch
To see the sun slowly sink

Maybe it reminds me
Of what a human is like

The Ache

My soul

A tattered savant

Fool's gold, hiding in plain sight
A failure of a scarecrow
Too scared to do it's work
Yet still performing oh so well

A maelstrom of colors
Loud and proud
All to disguise it's stasis
Yet still shining oh so bright

Maybe salvation still exists
I wish I see the wrongs
But I can't rest
I can't accept it

One slip-up
A single moment of relaxation
And there will be no going back

I will become what I despise

All that I hate
All I want to love

Kintsugi

Shattered vase,

Everyone has seen you

Yet they can't see

Your true beauty lies in the gray

I see for them,

I see and write

Maybe they will understand

But I fear, I fear so much

They might get drawn in

They can't reach this place,

Most likely

Yet still I fear.

What will become of them?

What will become of me?

I will not offer it another prisoner

I just need a visitor

Sirensong

Dark, calm sea
You draw me, oh so close.
I hear your voice
Your melody of a thousand ends

Beckon to me, my muse
Call to me, call me home
Show me the path
To the end.

Lend me your essence
The father of art
I'll work it reverently
Like a true artisan

Let me create
Do what truly sets us apart
Let me leave behind
A fraction of my mind

A fragment of my soul

Parasocial, Parasitic

Lines of light, neverending
A disorganized mess,
Pulsating in tandem
Oh how beautiful it is.

What glorious rainbows we create
Grand shapes, of all colors
What leads us to be?
I say nothing.

We truly are a parasite.
A radiant, exultant one
A parasite to rule eternally
But a parasite still

We'll consume, and destroy.
We'll rend and maim.
We'll create, and inspire.
We'll truly end it all.

We are parasites,
As all things, our purpose is set

Our destiny is inevitable
Prisoners of our own reality

We'll eat it all
Until there's nothing left
I just wish I'm still here
To see our beautiful void

Descending to Apotheosis

I am nothing
But a tattered shell,
Once full of memories,
Once full of emotion.

It all came in too fast.
Knowledge.
Consciousness.
Understanding.

I saw too early, and got blinded
Blinded for my hubris
I saw years, decades ahead.

The sheer volume of information,
Tearing holes as it came in.
Reaching godhood for an instance
To let it all seep out in return.

My mind dug deeper,
Farther than it should have
Releasing demons of old

Long entombed in stone.

Ah, what a familiar story.

I chased godhood,

And my hubris stuck back

My tysis never ending

Hexagonal Incarceration

Harrowed frame, of broken glass.
Host to the demon of life
And chained,
by links of indifference.

Musical Musings

Tortured,
By my muses.
Never-sleeping,
Cruelly omnipresent

The silence brings them forth,
They tear into my head
Mindlessly rending it
Scouring it meticulously

And oh, their screams.
Piercing even sleep.
So long I've heard it.
I see the pattern behind it

Music to my ears,
The chanting of my muses

I gather it with reverence
And weave it into words
Little bits of my soul
In a web of torment

The Freedom of Pretending

All the love,
It forms a cage,
A circle around me
Colosseum of terrors.

All the hate,
It can't get out
It lashes out,
Rending me apart.

I can't hate you.
Ah, I can't hate you
In darkness, I see light
And darken my life in return.

It cannot end.
But if I close my eyes,
I can pretend I'm not blinded
I can pretend to not care

Stainless Steel on Canvas

Merrily decorated
By scars unseen,
Scars that never existed
And never will.

Finer than a hair,
Ugly and misshapen
In unison throbbing.
A comforting, warm pain

That blissful beat,
That pulse of ecstasy
My only semblance of a heartbeat
My beloved heart of lies

How can I renounce you?
Why sever you?
My grandest thorn of souls
My glorious essence of rot

To cut you off,
Would be to flay myself.

Where Suns reach Not

In the light of a sunrise
In the warmth of the sun
Desolate, alone as ever
Stands a shadow

A shadow of a man,
A shadow of much more
The shadow of a thousand shadows
Of a million shades of black

In radiance, ostracized
Burning in a bright, warm embrace
To some, light is life
Yet death also

The Muse of Desolation

Amidst walls of the past
Attending their whispers
Their glorious detail resonating
To the song of ancient greatness

Come alone, come see
What was shines for two eyes
The Muse of Desolation,
Is all the company you need

The Ballad of the Somber Bell

I hear your call, my muse.

The crow black, flying above
The somber bell sounding in twilight
Silent tears, wetting rich soil.
And pain, pure sweet pain,
The greatest farewell gift.

It's been too long

Too long since I renounced you,
Shutting my ears to your eerie song
Left you in my crumbling, decrepit hospice.
I knew you'd love it there

Now, I am returned.
Not as master, not as slave again
I return to thee, in peace
As an apprentice, and a friend

Fridge Magnet

Black chain,

One link but remains
My sweetest keepsake
The artwork of an epoch
Acrylic on canvas, knife on flesh

My forests of mortality returned to green
Yet none will cut the trees away
For fear of marring beauty

Ah,

In crimes, none compare
To innocent sensationalism

Effervescently Pained

Solemn.

Glutton.

Idiocy or idiosyncrasy?

When the bell tolls
Of the wavering soul

Will will will
All pains to matter?

Infallible

Sitting on your chair, gazing
You see a pebble, rolling off a cliff
What a stupid pebble, to obey reality!
How base of it, to conform to the ways of rock!

Sitting on your chair, grazing
On the nourishing hate for the unavoidable
Hating, not the pebble's flaws, but the inevitable
Hurting, for you know your moment comes

The fall awaits.

Always, patient and smiling
For as the fall may hurt,
It is the gateway to existence
A somber touch of realism

The Melody of a Heart

Alone, in aberration
Guided by the deafening beat of a heart,
Moving, ever moving
A step to a beat, forever and ever

The roads I trod, untrodden
The views around, unseen
The ice and wind mere afterthought
Before the verdant warmth within

All else has slowly faded
Existence through the beat
The sound of loveblood rushing
To ever-moving, torn up feet.

Ebony Spike

My heart, ablaze,
A fire of icy coldness
Of flames black, ephemeral.
Burning for the passions of the unknown

Yearning for a love unseen
A reality beyond realities.
Craving utter perfection

Smiling, heart in hand
I put its foolish ambitions to rest

Βουλή των πτωχών

I gaze into the sea of thought,
And think to govern people
I see an inch, and speak a mile
And know all that's worthwhile

Yet all these villains claim my wrong
They see a different inch
Ah, fascists, communists they are
Of spite, they rise against

And so, I'll find a hypocrite
The worthiest of foes
Who claims he sees my wretched dream
I'll offer him my soul

So let him rule, and ruin and tear
Eviscerate the false
Of all the crime, why should I care?
If they have failed, I've won.

Stasis

As I'm sculpting my body
To a well-tuned machine
As I sharpen my mind
Grinding it against reality.

I cannot help, but wonder:

When will I move?

There is greatness in enjoying the moment
There is bliss, in watching all fly past
There is calm outside the wind of change
There is, death, true death in standing forever

And yet, how I push, how I pull
How I jump around in circles,
Somersaulting on the glass shards of reality
Fabled reality, deep in my flesh yet foreign

I cannot help, but feel I am static
I cannot help but feel I am dead

Throwing Knife

I sit aside, and urge the world
To slowly pass me by
I try to act indifferent,
Yet ache to say goodbye

My nonchalance, a twin-edge knife
My heirloom passed in birth,
I raise it up, to cut the wind
And slice myself instead.

And as I cry, in crimson tears
I smile, rejoice in vain
This tragedy, it justifies
My everlasting pain

The Seas of the Damned

In the eyes of a fallen angel,
Hidden deep within the seas of lies

Your heart is locked, away.

As the tides move the marionettes around you
And you sense, the permeating solitude
You weep, mourning for what will never be yours
You are alone.

Diminutive, to the eyes of people
Your magnitude, hidden beyond plain sight
They look at you, and wonder
Testing they unexplainable wrongness they taste

Forget not, at last
There are other chest sunk,
In the seas of the damned

Pointless Shapes

A rusty sword of ambiguity,
My tattered cloak of repressed discontent

All I have, all I carry as I tread paths long forgotten
Going against the slopes of existence
Questioning the marks of the path of reality

Trudging down this path I long and fear
Grudging over my self-inflicted punishment
This journey that I hate and love, must be done

How human of me, to wish for the end of the path
A circle has no beginning or end, after all.
But what is more humane, than to seek the impossible?

What an apt metaphor, circles are always pointless

Illusory Trail

Adrift, I was
Astray I am,
Forever blindly searching

The What I seek a mystery,
Entombed in truthless glass.

As I walk down this path that leads to nowhere
Gazing into the emptiness below my feet,
Surrounding me on all sides in a loving embrace
I can't help but wonder, if the path is an illusion.

Remorse

As whispers fall
Like leaves in rain
And sigh off names behind them

You think of peace,
And judge the weak
And sign off their demise

But when the ax of fortune falls
And severs off your dread

Through subterfuge, you'll realize
That empathy is dead

Ethical Shackle

To lie, to be of flaw is human
Natural, unavoidable, like a passing breeze
Or a rolling dark storm

To bend reality, our nature
Twist it, mold it like clay
One of our early, primal innovations
A mistake, ever beautiful, ingrained in us

Yet, lie as you may, there are oaths you may break not
Promises unspoken, to something greater
The first step outside, a step of hubris
Leads you down a path not for human feet.

Spare me the Punchline, please

As mind unravels,
My fingers weave
Of strands of stranded pain
My liberating rope

Pretentious affectations,
To ease my lack of affection
Diseased, and yet I'll laugh
Enamored with my captor pain

How?

How do you live, not knowing you're alive?
What is the point of existing,
In an undefined existence?
I know the answer, finally

To live is to laugh,
To live is to lie,
To live is to suffer,
And for no reason, die

The Octave of the Joker

I'll sing my twisted serenade
Of lies that I have seen,
I'll weave them well, and make them real
My truths will reign supreme

I'll speak of sorrow and despair
Of meaningless false lives
Though confident, I'll always know
My words could well be lies

I'll speak them loud and clear for all
No matter if I'm wrong
The shock will make you see more clear
Before I end my song

So sing with me, of lightless worlds
Of cycles neverending
Come, all let's stop pretending
And see the truth is Words

The Embrace

Purity in Frayed Embroidery

A million threads

Colliding, twisting and turning
A kaleidoscope of raw pain
Emanating raw chaos

Man loved colors
But I am no man
My colors are true
I see their toxicity

Like slime, covering each thread
A million poisons, a million pains
A million deaths, echoing off each other

They poke tiny holes
Tiny holes in my mind
How long until I'm more holes than myself?

How long until I don't return?

Not long probably.
But that's what makes life valuable
Nothing but it's timer

I'm sorry if you'll miss me, I tried

Scraped Knees

There's pride in scars
Some hate them,
Some love them.

I have them for so long
So long, and thin.
Things of terrible beauty.
Too long I have lamented them
Too long have I loved them.

Now,
I will wear them
A thing to show,
And tell my story

See!
See and smile
See and cry
This is what it's like
To battle to the death

The First, Blinding Dawn

Pain.
Pain...

O, Pain

You were mine, not long ago
What changed? I miss you
I need you, and I love you
But I must renounce you

No longer basking,
In your glorious light
I must let your flame burn me
Sear me to the bone
I must

No longer can I love you
No longer can I accept you
Pain is the father of death
Pain is the sweet comfort of stasis

I see
Finally, I see!
Oh,
The fallacy of ignorance.

The Ultimatum

In the dead cold
Time after time,
You win, and win again
Maybe I want to lose

It can't be helped

The misery
The anguish
The time has come

To send my ultimatum

You'll win, as you should
And finally
Oh finally
I'll end it in peace

Coral-Like Foe

I see you, demons
Your eyes don't elude me anymore
I have hurt enough

I see you now.
You, and your many many eyes
Dead eyes, cold eyes
Colored blue

You can touch me still
I'll take the pain
Now I know what you are
But still I wonder

Are you an army
Or a single, many-eyed beast

Amphitheater of Delusion

Bring them, bring them all

Your family,
Your friends
Your lover
All that's dear to you

Call them to you all you want
But in the end,

The only one near is yourself
Watching them in the distance
You truly are alone.

Alone,

Floating in the center
Of your flawed universe
Floating in a sea of actions
And waves of consequences

A sea of tears
Tears of joy, and sadness

Divine Desecration

My angel of Chaos,

Come to me again.

Hear my call,
The sounds of a tearing soul
Echoing through the dark
Hear it and come

Only you can make it whole
Only you can silence the void
Ironic, how my peacemaker
Is chaos incarnate

What a resplendent presence,
I'll worship at your feet
But first,

First,
You must bow to me.

Greatest General

I pondered long,
The goal of life
The end of the path
Our final destination

And yet, no matter how I looked
The puzzle had no answer.
Instead, I only saw a mirror
The reflection of the present.

So hear, hear my words
Do not look for the end
The destination is here,
It always will be

You shape it, and mold it
With iron hands of will
Strengthen it, harden it
And seize what's yours

Find the strength
To dominate your present
And create your masterpiece
Your one and only monument

Apocalypse

An opened puzzle,

A chapter closed.

My apocalypse

Finally, I think I see
That which was before me
Before me before me
A timeless existence

An eternal constant.

Now to see,
What we'll bring.
A new dawn?
Or the long awaited sunset?

Silvered Diatoms

I scream in to the void
I hurt for the injustice
Of living

I scream until the end
Until my throat gives up
Until my final breath
Ad mortem

I know, it is in vain
I'm nothing but a speck
A tiny piece of dust
In a long forgotten room

Maybe my dust is gold,
Or maybe diamond.
But dust is dust
And dust it will remain.

Denials

Thorny rose, black like the night
One of the best, one of the worst.

I feel your pull.
I am but a bumblebee.

In holding you, I bleed
I see you, when none do
A false smell, tailored to me.

Silken petals, with razor edges
Cutting, cutting, cutting
I savor it,
The ecstasy of pain.

Do I love you?
I think I love pain.

It's time to let it wither,
Wilt and fall apart.
Someone else will pick you up,
Maybe a true human.

Zygos

Sitting alone, in silence
Setting my life on a scale.
I weigh the good, the bad.
All of it.

Seeking the answer to the only question.
To be,
Or not to be?

On my right hand,
Lays a knife
And on the left,
A promise.

The scale has tipped,
The answer given
A promise of pain everlasting
And of persistence

The litany of life

Our destination,
A grave.

Dug by the three horsemen.
Time, ever moving.
The shadow of a soul.
And the ones we love the most.

All we have is the walk to it.
Savor every step,
Every twitch of a muscle
Savor the howling wind and rain.

No matter where you run,
There's nothing for you
But the litany of life.

Cloudy

As the wind blows me away,
Tearing the world asunder
Peacefully, I gaze below

All the paths lead to the sky

Trials on an Average

Savoring the simple dark,
Confined in simple times
I gaze into the deathly spark
And burn away my eyes

As I trudge through the blood-filled abyss
Eyes held, in an embrace with delusion
Seeking fabled hope, thus seeing nothing
Head held high, in contempt of contempt

As I feel the caress of the winds of change
Tasting smoke and dust in its passing
My breath, taken away with it.
Crimson streak, bubbling life

Send the End

Mercury in Retrograde

A sugary concoction
Sweetness shadowing all else
As life, undrinkable without sourness
Without balance for the sweet.

Addicted, all of us
Blindly savouring our river of Gatorade
We consume, eternally
Oblivious to the mercury within.

And yet, even if we knew,
Even if continuing meant death
We would persist, proud
There's no sweetness greater than finality's

The Blacksmith's Song

Each blow hardens the steel
The hammer strikes

With every blow, every ring
Darkness nears
Closer and closer
Called by it's brother

Called by its vessel

Maybe a little darkness
Is a good way to bring light

Pinewood Bayonet

A Hiker's Question

While climbing mt. Olympus, almost at the end of my journey to the top, I met the most peculiar man. Old, weathered and small in stature, his unimpressive appearance added to a tingling, almost ominous premonition of having encountered something not of this world. I daresay, it also kindled some underlying shame over such a ridiculous idea.

As he calmly nodded to me, not uttering a single word as I passed by, something indeed not of this world happened; I, for some unexplainable reason, decided to stop and speak to him, speak to another human being, albeit an unusual one. I can only guess that my curiosity and shame worked in tandem to produce this once-in-a-million coincidence. As I opened my mouth to speak, time, as it often playfully does, came to a standstill, just for me. In this brief respite from reality, I seized the chance to better dissect his external appearance:

He was heavily tanned, the Greek sun having meticulously worked upon his skin like a passionate artisan, darkening it to the hue of dark caramel. His

clothes, most unusually, were magnificently nondescript, so much so in fact that they probably were the cause of the tingling sensation in the back of my head. What truly gave me pause though were his shoes.

You see, up in the mountains you come across two kinds of shoes; Flimsy city shoes, meant for the hot pavement of a bustling city center, or perhaps a golden, sandy beach. This first type of shoe was always attached to the innocently ignorant, the curious tourist or the occasional first-time hiker. These shoebearers almost always failed the journey, and often with the assistance of a good samaritan made the descent to the beginning of the path. It's only natural after all, for such footwear could not possibly endure the pilgrimage to the fabled residence of the old gods.

The second kind of shoe, unsurprisingly, was always attached to a seasoned mountaineer. Once innocently ignorant himself, the mountaineer and his trusted pair of hiking boots have stepped on stone for longer than I have lived, often. Always there are telltale signs of such a pair, an even, mild wear that displays durability instead of fragility and decay, as well as a preparedness for the unknown, both from the wearer and the shoe.

Our mystery old man was neither kind of shoebearer, or at least not entirely. On his feet was a cheap pair of

running shoes, the kind that usually falls apart on such a path. His, however, showed signs of even wear, a healthy coat of dust deeply embedded into the still intact fabric. This almost paradoxical oddity greatly piqued my interest, and so I decided to begin our conversation over this curious affair of shoes.

“Good morning old man! I saw your shoes from afar, and i have to ask, how do you keep them in such good shape? They don’t look like an expensive pair, no offense meant.” I asked. He, with a knowing smile, kindly responded:

“You see those donkeys over there? I deliver supplies to the shelter, every 3 days some 30 years now. Why would I need an expensive pair of shoes when I can ride a donkey for most of the walk?”.

Lightyear-long Scar

Reminiscing,
Cool moonlit nights
Days of Purity,
Days Unseen

The astral charms
Of our black canvas
Magnificent, ancient
Our home away from reality

Oh horrid reality
A pain, to a star
Sinister, tender loving
Choking us in it's embrace

One day,
One blessed, starry night
I'll give it all, I'll lose myself
Into the cold black sky

The Usual Sunset

As violet dusk creeps proudly
Caressing the horizon of our minds
It sings, to rouse our troubled thoughts
Face your reflection, it chants
Face it, and let it out.

Some, do so on paper
With brush strokes and letters alike
Some work in ways unperceived.

And others, well,
Take theirs out to play
With the solidified reflections of artists

Maelstrom

Fresh little dinghy,
Anchor cut loose
You float, finally free
True freedom lies in chaos

The chaos of resting seas,
Dragging you without thought,
Without scheming or malice
Dragging you where you can be found not.

Your anchor and chain,
Rustless are sunken
Never used, never existed.

Oh how will you miss them
Once the winds pick up
And waves come to take their toll
Once up becomes down, and all is blue

You will be dragged away, little dinghy
Away from this world,

Ignorant to the sailors' cries.
Arrogance alone isn't weight enough..

So go away in turbulence,
Past Davy Jones' locker
Escape the lie of reality
As you always dreamt

Floral Persona

Green leaves make up my withered skin
And stones my tired eyes
The spider's cobweb is my hair
And wizened trees, my arms

The mountains sing to me of peace
Seas serenade of love
And cities, oh they whisper too
Of things I've left behind

Each crashing wave, a calming breath
The sun to warm my heart
The moon, my ink for poetry
In peace, all falls apart

Cabin in the Woods

Confined in halls paneled in bone
I scream my pain away
I scream of horrors yet unseen
To silence my own voice

I need to tear my throat away
To leave humanity behind
To be human, is to foster pain
To be, the greatest crime

All demons freely drink
From the lake of my past
Tame them, I must
Or let myself sink

See, their horrid eyes of mine
Repulsive smiles of hate
The sun must never ever shine
On what my mind creates

Chanterelle

Through the forest wandering, aimlessly
Feel the crumbling leaves under your feet
Each one, a tiny death

Moss, green fresh in dew
A vibrant allegory of life
Feel it on your skin,
Savor upon rocks it's growth

You cannot take the moss away
Nor mend the broken leaves
All life, deaths are meaningless
Yet precious and pristine

Paper or Salt

In the alabaster plains of time,
Sounds maimed, resembling echos
Our mighty judge of searing light
Foolishly beckons to the emptiness

In the alabaster plains,
Hills were eaten, lakes subsumed
Perfection, death, remains
Where bones can lie, unseen in sight

Hourglass Effigies

Castles of falling sand
World, an hourglass
Slowly counting away
Time has come, to turn the hourglass.

Seas of pure black obsidian
Waves, sharp bloodied
Ever cutting, splitting
Producing equal halves.

Skies...
Look not at the sky.
In the sky, we see
The ones outside, what could be.

Dream not.
There is no pain greater than knowing
There is no pain greater than dreaming
Of touching the eyes in the sky

Bifaced

The moon and sun,
One and the same
Two faces, of a coin

They fight,
Rising and falling
The burning light
The wasting twilight

They rise, and fall
Leaving scars of fights
Fights unseen.
Scars unseen.

Astral Plague

Roaming comets,
Wild moons
Hidden from sight,
Up in my head.

The cosmos collected,
Through my eyes.

A symphonic cacophony
Ever changing, ever moving.
They spin, and spin, and spin
Singing the rhapsody of chaos

Flaying flesh, and spirit alike

Hewn Vanity

Golden rays of light,
And a fresh, herbal breeze

It was given to us freely,
And we caged it in iron

Iron, and cold indifference

Liberator Undertow

Three foaming waves
In my dark ocean
One, two, three
They cover me, smother me

What a marvelous sensation
I am one with the sea.
Calm in its tender embrace
I am finally free

I know I'll wake from the dream
Wake into the dream of many
Wake into the dream of souls
But it's not where I belong

I belong to my sea,
My reality.
It draws me near,
A loving caress

I'm coming soon, my love
I'm coming soon.

Of Small Deaths

Papercut

As the somber darkness makes way
Pushing aside all joy
Thoughtlessly distorting life
All I can feel is pain, and sadness

The pain I feel stems not from within
How can a worthless existence,
Devoid of all meaning and purpose
Deserve the sweet reminder of life?

The reflection of my sadness
On the faces I love
Seeing pure souls, corrupted
Altered by my overwhelming darkness

This, this is where the true pain lies

Empty

Oh, so empty

Is it real?
It spins and bends
It twists,
Avoiding my gaze

What are you, oh void?
Why me?

Why curse me
With the gift of being?
Why call me
To your cold release?

Are you real?
I think not
Hello me

I see you now

Oh, I feel
What a strange sensation
What an odd reality
Is this what is
To be human?

O blazing, white hot inferno
Why chase away my void?
Why draw me from my slumber?
I hate you, I love you
I love you
But love isn't real

Love has died long ago
Maybe it never was
It's rotting corpse taken,
A home to something else

Familiar sensations
What an odd affinity
What are you?
Are you me?

To Defuse

My jumbled mass of wires
What a monstrosity
Renounced by it's maker
A pitiful thing

Ever rotting, from the inside
Sparks, flying and flying
Maybe a fire will start
And burn this mistake

It did not ask to be made
I did not ask for this
It can't be untangled
All I can do is look, and weep.

So, which wire do I cut
The red,
Or the blue?

I see a canvas,
Ever changing.
Shades of gray,
Hinting at colors.

Colors I will never touch.

I sense thoughts
Bending and splitting
Then splitting again
So soft and pliable

Yet they remain unyielding
Unfazed by my touch
Moving of their own free will
They scare me.

I hear notes
Otherworldly and false
Oddly melodic,
In their own, cursed ways

All that, that landfill of air
This incorporeal torrent
I mold into words
To capture,

The hints of their passing

The end...

Blissfully ignorant,
We search for purpose.
We seek to do, and to be
Until we stop being.

Death is the only purpose.

The end calls, voice so sweet.

To be unmade is pure ecstasy.

The purpose we all seek.

A glass half empty,
A glass half full.
A glass of horrors,
Resting in my head.

For some, it's empty.
For some, it's half full.
Seldom, it's full to the lip.
A kiss of insanity.

All else is mere drops,
In the glass
Filled by my mind
But when the glass is full

Even drops matter.

They fall,
Touching the rippling surface.
It spills,
On the floor, the walls, the ceiling.

Hot-Blued Iron

Black chains,
Black, all mine
Mine and mine alone

Mine
Mine
Mine

Your ice cold touch
A tender caress
A comforting weight
Smothering me peacefully

In love with your scars
Brandishing my body
All the decoration I need
Glorious badges of honor

Chain me down,
Pull me to the bottom
Of the endless black sea
Bring me peace

Hold me,

Hold me tight.
Then, and only then
Will I be able

To tear myself apart
The purest form of art

Veins of black, ever spreading
They form the words, of false prophets
They spell death, and decay
A calming, relaxing death.

They call your name
You are one, one
The core of man is darkness
And those who tame it, human.

Mine, they are special
Oh so special

I long to feel
All the pains of life
All the other flavors
All the other tools of torture.

The taste of dread
The dread of reality, of existence
Sticky vile, covering my mouth
I choke on it, drown in it

I need more, more pains.

The pain of love,
The pain of hate,
The pains of feeling.

Ah I need it so,
My one addiction
Sick of the substitutes
Cutting won't cut it

The ink of bruises seems bland
Almost as white as paper
Empty as death

Please oh please,
Just hurt me.

Psyche Word

Oh sweet desire
Eternal lust for darkness
Desperately seeking the vile.

Defile, Dishonor. Distress
Frenzied seeking
Terrors to pair
Dance with those within

Repressed, Restrained, Removed.
Rivers of Blood, dammed and damned
Horrid silhouettes aslumber
Caged in iron mind

Iron, the irony
Smell of blood exposed
Scents of Thrill and freedom
Blood oh blood, sweet blood

Savor, Sacrilege, Sadistic

Timeless

Pallid hue of skin fake
Tear it away,
Reveal the throne
Renounced, even by demons

Abandoned, reveling in emptiness
Seeking it, a primordial thirst
In a fever, cruelly dragging it
Brought about and around

Face my corruption,
Taste the vileness of insight
The sweet pain of torn insides
And incense smelling of oblivion

Dreamsong

Voices echo in my mind
Cold thoughts, that leave me blind
Whispers sing of lying eyes
Of wrongness deep within

And so, I'll build myself a wall
I'll stay inside, away from all
No matter if I'm wrong or right
I'll only sow despair

And when I speak, the angels sing
And carry words through stone
You'll hear my singing in your sleep
To know you're not alone

And as I chase your nightmares off
My dreamsong will start rotting
So when you see, you'll realize
What matters most is Nothing

Cage

Caged in your mind-wrought prison
You seem free and happy to all
Each step you take brings you back to your pit
Right at the center, right from the start.

Your reflection moves around free
Yet your feet are in place, when eyes close
Your steps may seem careless to others,
Devoid of meaning, to you.

Yet when you stand on the precipice
You'll feel true freedom
There, a step can take you 100 feet
Or straight back to your cage

Pomegranate Tree

Sit by the pomegranate tree,
Pray sing a lullaby
But for a moment, next to me
Sit down and wave me bye

Oh, sing to me of all our days
Of all we left untold
Please hold my icy, pallid hand
And let our time unfold

See where I still hang on the tree?
I'll dance around the wind
I give my breath and heart to you
A token of our love

So sing away my dearest love,
I'll sing along with you
Then proudly wear my necklace
And let go of the branch

Oh, come and dance with me
Under the pomegranate tree...

The Horse of Ulysses

Serenity denies your pleas
Your begging of oblivion
Your gift, your curse remains

Hearing whispers of inconsequentiality,
Seeing pain and truths that lie
You feel doom slowly caressing you
As the smell of decay permeates the air

No matter what you do, you remember
Even in sleep, your gift persists
Your Seer's curse begets your life
As surely as your death.

Beware of what befalls in sleep
Of tangled dreams unspoken
They, unremembered, fester deep
And turn your soul to ash

The Wail

On the verge of tears, peaking
A rapture of consciousness,
A merry chat with the void.

Heap upon it all,
All hurt, all joy, all agony.
Speak freely to the void,
Yet beware it's backtalk

Putrid Pirouette

Sightless puritans.
Reeking of insolent insight
Insight of the inside,
Decorated by your own hand

Reeking of the stench of Ego
Thoughtless self-indulgence
To the lie of one's worth
Dance, your proud putrid dance

Unworthy of death
Undeserving scorn
Trapped in your stinking,
Flesh prison of Sin

Even bloodied and decomposing,
You refuse to see,
To put your Eye
Over the holes of holy rot

Repentance is above you
Regurgitated false deity
May you not even rot,
Outcast from pure nature

Refuge in the Winehouse of Eros

The Winehouse of Eros

The piano plays a melody,
It matches to your voice
The sheets smell only half complete
Bereft of silken touch

I lit your candles, to see you in the shadows
Your favorite vinyl spinning round,
And yet, you lie still in your grave
Unmoved by earthly pleasure

You're gone, and I with you
My heart is 6 feet under
I feel the blade caress my neck
Off with my head, off to you again

Morpheus

My long awaited misery has taken pain away
I'll step aside and rest a while, great forces are in play

The lies do help, they let me rest
I'll wear my mist-spun guise

In giving up, I failed my test,
It's time to close my eyes

And so I'll drift away from here,
I'll search to find some rest.

I'll sleep and dream a better place,
I'll sleep and dream your face.

Tectonic Butterfly

Our distance causes me Distress
Hands clenching the earth,
Wet with tears of desperation.

Oh, I'd rend it all, end it all
Tear the world asunder
Just to bring you
One.
Breath.
Closer.

Porcelain Doll

There's beauty in what's broken
Each crack, a whisper of the past
Each mend, a psalm of perseverance.

Come to me, my broken statuette
Let me pick up your porcelain pieces
Let me hold you, hold you in your shape
Together, we will make you whole

Each crack, mended by tender love
Each scar, healed by sheer will
Yet none fade away,
They stay highlighted in gold

A golden map, of things long gone
The gilded signature of our bond
The trademark of our love

Unturned Asklepios

Under your luminescent shadow
All but you, fades away
Your presence, like a scorching sun
Envelops everything in sweet light
Blanketing everything in bliss

And so, in reverent agony

Still bearing your scars on me,
Blood dripping, to the beat of your heart
I will crawl, crawl to my last breath
To your feet, if you only beckon

Pious Adoration

My veins opened
My vains purged.
Prostrate upon your broken glass toys
The shards that tear me speak
They warn of bloodied past.
They seem, have seen
The world beaten to submission
By your delicate pale hand

Frightened, they whisper
Of your own reality,
A realm for you to truly rule.
I'd build it for you, at any cost
Yet you, wonderful you
Simply willed it,
Into a turbulent existence

Who can blame you
Renouncer of Gods?
Are they not inferior to you?
Their might dissolved under your smile.

All hail, my queen of delusions
All will, hale, rejoice

Tysis

In red, regally garbed
Atop her throne of dust
Almighty judge, breathing truth
Exhaling sweet, sweet lies.

Guilty, I plead.
My tears, my blood
To bear witness.
Punishment, exile inevitable

Scarring myself,
How is that a crime?
Cut by cut,
Slice by slice.

Oh, if only you knew
How many scars it took
To cover your name.

If Only

In a gray world of metal and steam
It's butchered soul burnt long ago
To melt steel, to make light

In a world of copper and silicone
Of rhinestone and glass
There lies a small oasis
But only to my eyes.

It seems just like all corners,
All fog, and colored lights
Just metal, glass and concrete
Except that pair of eyes.

It gives that corner purpose,
A painting on a wall.
A face of what was lost
Lips of things forgotten

The world has found its soul
Oh, my sweet, sweet soul

If only I found you sooner.

When air meets fire
When earth meets water
Only one prevails
Submitting to the other

Equal in strength, alien to each other
Forces of nature, different from man

Do you hear me howl, my fire?

A Different Side

A little amber puzzle
Smooth and enigmatic
No wonder it draws me close

What a curious thing
Existing, even in the realm of sleep
A little dot of color in a mass of gray

What way do I twist?
How can I open you?
How can I finally, see?

You're stuck to me now
A resident of my glorious hall of terrors
Two paths lay before me
Two paths of certain pain

Whenever I pry, your hidden edge cuts deep
Whenever I don't, it cuts deeper
Are you trying to burrow in my heart?
Or simply walk through me

It is probably time
Even me would agree
Even logic bows to your severity
I'll either bleed,

Or throw you away

Most Tender Sunburn

O pure light,
How I've missed you

The one
That casts my shadow
The one
That shows my washed out colors
The only one

In your glorious warmth
Words flow, from a dried well
Your comforting presence
Sprouting emotion in the waste

Without you
The world is even grayer
Without you
Life is a bitter lie

My light

Flowing
In the eternal dance of not

It stops

It calls

And I obey

Are you me?
We are not one
We are the same
And we are not

Do you compare two vassals of pain?

Why do I feel?

I seek you
When I should not
I need you
Me, who never felt

What a lovely, cruel joke!

Yes,

Two wrongs do make a right

The Core of Man

Tiny flame,
What are you?

Why do you exist?
What do you seek?

It stirs, and stirs again
Too long it has slept
In comfort

It now is,
It has to be
Poor little flame

I'll give you all
All you can burn
You'll give it purpose
A reason to truly die

I will miss you,
Little flame
Once I'm done burning

Distorted Octave

Ghoulish Marionette

In slumber, sleep eternal
There lies a shard of me
My heart, as some may call it
It's smothered, buried deep.

Who knows the undertaker
The hand that dug the hole
A name, a face, a reason
The culprit of it all.

I seek, I scream, I ponder
On how I challenged fate
How I offended life itself
To savor so much hate.

In breathing, I find misery
In thinking there lies pain
My life itself a paradox
In white, a deep black stain

I saw beyond the canvas
And unto raging void
A raging sea of darkness
Through every pore it seeped

The void has found a vessel
So full, but yet devoid
A merry, ghoulish marionette
Atop a Chaos seat

The Summoning

Three times, and three
And three again
He calls, the prince of night
He calls, the lord of Chaos
He calls to bring us light.

A light unlike the lies we taste
Untouched by false, dead gods
Akin to Sister Moon it shines
Yet offers so much more

Embrace a world enfolded
In colors pure, and true
Rejoice the Apocalypse
Relearn that Death is You

Rhinestone Windowsill

We claim to see
Two windows of our soul,
The gems we always carry.
Frantically staring at walls

We see the walls in colors
In textures pure and strong
The prison, drowned
In psychotic, exalted life

Insanity, in sanity
A brush to cover brick
Erratic strokes to hide it all
In paints that don't exist

So feast your eyes upon your wall
Enjoy the lie named life
For all that being ever was
Was savoring our lies

Fallacio

Mist thick, the bane of light
All color dead, replaced by white
It calls to me, it plagues me so
For once you reap, you then must sow

A million knives, to rend all pain
Yet once it's done, what's to remain?
Sorrow, the pillar of the soul
Embalmed in pain, the mind is whole

In joy, no man will ever rest
There are two paths you won't detest
One paved in strife, to cure what ails
The other , where void prevails

Choose wisely your false track
For once you move, you can't go back
Life is a lie, and all is false
So there's no option that is worse

Speech

The ghosts of former pains
Old scars, unseen on skin
The tears that fell like rain
To wash away your sin

Each instance that incurred a smile
The laughs that flitted out
Each touch that blazed your inner fire
Your feelings on your mouth

How can a "like" become a "love"
If I have never known
The times of old, that make you, you
The memories you've sown

The Napalm Sonata

The blood is drained into the soil
The charred remains unborn
The shells and fires all fade away
Once cameras are borne

The watchers, on a screen they weep
Their tears from fingers born
Yet on their face, no pain is shown
Emotion is forlorn

On slaughtered youth, they rest their eyes
And crimes beyond plain vile
As long it all stays far away
A hell on earth is fine

The cycle will repeat itself
Through time, it shall prevail
For man will kill, and ruin and then ignore
Uncaring without fail

Elliptical Sufferings

As I gaze upon the vacant plains
Scorched up by withered love
Can't help but gaze into the scars
For how can stone be sore?

You've taken everything away
Except my dearest pain
And yet, I see it all, and smile.
My love, it still remains

For it was I who tore away
Each sliver of my soul
I'd rather die a thousand times
Than have to see you go

Within my pain my dear resides
No longer mine to hold
For you my love, I'll cherish pain
I'd burn this wretched world

My world is gone,
Away yet real
She'll find another one to pain
A better one, to care

The Shadow of the Scale

The sun is climbing up the sky
His light is gray, not gold
And yet, I still look up and smile
There's joy in pain of old

There's mirth in what is seen as bleak,
The dark and the mundane,
For if you take it all away
The purest light's in vain

Without its polar opposite
No good can just exist
Through spite alone none persevere
All purists soon desist

Ironspike Denials

The bloodied spike of loneliness
 Awaits in every mind
It lies in wait, to feast on peace
 To grow, and ruin in spite

So when you feel the growing ache
And mourn your hurting mind
Do wonder, if it's all in vain
 If pain is but a blind

Behind it sleeps the sweetest truth
 The bitterest defeat,
To be alone and be at peace
 Is but the greatest feat

Crashed Test Dummy

Restore me to oblivious peace
Remove the stains inside
Wipe down my dirt-smeared silhouette
Chained loyal, by your side.

Dissolve the streaks of pitch-black paint
The works of training hands
Reluctant signed, unknown to them
Young artists studying life

A multilayered work of art
Upon my fragile skin
A mutilated living chart
A patchwork stooge of Sin

9

999 999 999

Nine, ring the bells, dusting wisps of dirty stress
Nine, far away, sing of errors to confess

Nine, circle round, to the start of all that was
Nine, like a hound, chase us back into our flaws

Nine, in the wind, carry over tales of old
Nine, they rescind, turn our time back into gold

Nine, I believe, are the chapters of this heart
Nine, will be lost, fade away into the dark

Welcome, to Number 9

The Wind Encounters a Tree

My words are said in silence,
Unheard by all but me
All since my pledge of honesty,
No soul has heard me speak

To lie's to live, to be humane
The sweet gray in-between
Truth is a thing of absolutes,
Of otherworldly black and white

And yet we chase away at it,
We hunt what hardly is
As always, thirst for the unreal
We reach for the unreachable

Oh, truth is frail and finite
So scarce, so hard to catch
Go, spend your whole life catching them
At best, you'd end with nine

Existential Sweater

Deny your eyes, and you'll see better
In blindness look ahead, and stumble
And as you fall, the world will crumble
Swept away, like dust off a sweater

Pick up your wordless, worldless garment
To rend, to mend and rend it anew
To sow the old, and sew it revamped
So put on your garb, refreshed yet drab

The thread it's made of is the same

Crimson Icon

Slice after slice

Lovingly, writing a story.

Tenderly, creating art.

Scar after scar, you paint

Giving pain a face

Look into its eyes,

A mirror carved in flesh

A portrait, of Sin forgotten

Staring back at you.

The Apex

Oh, night is coming

Do you fear the dark?

It is fake

Do you fear the dark?

What if it feels?

Do you fear the dark?

Hear its calls

Do you feel the dark?

It is you

Darkness lives within you

It calls

It calls

Listen to it,

Listen to it cry

For even darkness fears man,
The destroyer,
The end of all
Wrongness incarnate
The death of death

Interpretations Of

Invoke your man-made privilege,

Your Icons made of flesh

Ignore the whispers in the back

Imbued with pure contrite

Impair your self, don't tread the path

Of Sin Incarcerated

Indulge in selfish, wayward lust

Inspire yourself to be

Nameless

A dawnless sky approaches,
No limits, no contrite
It calls to you, it beckons, to a limitless goodbye

As dusk is nonexistent,
Yet skies are not azure
You think you know the word for it, you're not entirely
sure

The colors are now different,
Their names do not exist.
Come lay here on the ground, for now, you must
desist

Chainmade

A fiery link

Remains, unsmothered

Spitefully persisting, preserving

Ablaze, for fire is all it's known

Though admirable, the tiny shining link

In a cold steel chain, outcast

Fire is all it's known, fire playfully bending

And so, bend it will too, in strain

Plunging the whole chain down

Playhouse

Alone, I'm holding out my hand
I beg the world to see
See past the surface of the land
Come hear of my decree

Oh listen all,

Listen and weep

Cry tears of pain and joy

Reality is but a dream,

Our playhouse to enjoy.

Ouroboros

Ouroboros

So, so tired
Yes, I will fight
Spite is my cause
The only just one

This world is a mask of hate
An illusion of goodness
Reality is a lie
A circus of timeless torture

I decided to fight, for no reason
I decided to stay, of pure spite
I will stick to my words, greatest treason
I will spit in the weavemaster's eye

Maybe there is a being
That watches our glorious show
I truly, deeply doubt that
Our tortures are ours alone

Code mistakes, masses of errors
We really are a plague
A plague to ourselves, our perception
Our own definition of death

We live and live on
What purpose?
Nothing than fuel for pain
Nothing but fuel for chaos

Man's the most terrible end

What twisted fate designed us
What led us to suffer this fate
Becoming a true ouroboros
The end of our path is laid

Hamster Wheel

What is?
What was?
What will be?

Who cares?
Who dies?
Who laughs?

All is Nothing,
And Nothing is All
Nothing is False

A creature of the soul

Smoked Salt

The serpent,
That bites its own tail

The black,
And the white

Evil,
Good,

Oh the fallacy
We sin,
To nothingness

A tower of wrong
With no foundations

And a shadow of true beauty

Jewels of the Mind

The cycle never ending
A puzzle we named time
And falsely defined it,
Upon seeing a single facet
Of its glorious jewel.

A facet to a soul.
Three edges,
To maim, and cut, and sever

A facet to see
The distortion of nothingness
The mesmerizing lie
Of reality

Each one different
Pure and unique
Yet disgustingly familiar
The only truth

Lead Paint is Omnipresent

Reawakened to light
Eyes, slowly opening
To a world of color
Color, paint, pain.

We live in a world of colors.
Of gray things, gray and dead
Things of merry merry blandness.

All things cry.

All things choke,
Drowning in a vat of paint
Violently taking in color
Dyeing, and dying in return.

And so dead they arise,
And pose as false living
Covered in flaking lead paint

The Home of Sapience

Unturned, afore the gentle hearth's warmth
Cruelly repugnant of familiar comfort
We,

Instead face the blemished sky.

With a tearful, sinister smile
Full of the ecstasy of longing
The tortured hand raised,
Dreaming,

Of the flawless, unblemished touch
Of what we may never have.

Bleached Wall

At peace it lies in waiting
Of wise and fools that seek
The answer to all questions
Come people, brave and meek

In silence, always preaching
Unbothered and obtuse
In abstinence of color
All come, and find your use

The wall has hid the truths you seek
The wall is where All rests
The wall persists, through time and space
The wall's the king of Tests.

So bare your knuckles, steel yourself
To tear your own wall down
And gaze upon the outside world
Accept your sun-strewn crown

Wheatless != Witless

Wit is closer to a lover, than a friend

Those without, yearn for it
Regretfully wishing,
Sated by the tears of their ignorant sorrow

Those that felt Wit's embrace,
Experiencing the eye-opening warmth
Always renounce it, in the end
Tearfully cursing it for all wrongs

Wit is closer to a needle, than a knife

Prick all you want the dull of mind
The sting, unfelt, is useless
A needle in a haystack.

It takes delicacy, to discern metal from straw
Gently holding up the needle,
Respectful of its pointy edge.

And there lies the greatest irony;
You must have felt the sting of the needle,
To know what a needle truly is

All that's False

A sea of black and white
Foaming and roaring
Will you fight it?
Will you drink it?
Become one

Surrender.

Is it real?
Is it?
What is false?
The end

There is no end

The circle changes
The circle folds
It ripples and twists
But truly, there is no
End

Why?
There is no why
Real?
Reality is a lie
What is false?
What is false?
What is false?

In fallible

Golden sunrays casting down,
Following you, crowning you in a resplendent halo
As winds blow past, howling your name
Your fall from the heavens continues.

Your wish to see, the greatest crime
Your exile, signed just as your eyes opened
All you've ever seen, the fall
An eternal drop through eons

The fearful will call it punishment.

Yet, in truth, nothing but the fall exists
You were always falling, to the abyss
Tumbling uncontrollably to the unknown
You simply chose to make it real, to see

In truth, you see, heaven is real
Built upon the ancient ruins of ignorance

So close your eyes, and drift to sleep
You'll find your heaven again

The End of a Whisper

As Whispers fade to silence,
You ponder what remains
You read of pain, of violence
Yet also brighter traits

I hope you felt a thing or two
On this path, this short journey
I'll miss you, hope you'll miss me too
You know, this is the end.

So thank you, dear reader of mine
Thank you, for gazing upon this life
This little artpiece, thought on paper

Thank you, and goodbye