

Poems

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A Letter of Perspective

The letter to Naiveté,

It's fettered in the ablutions of life, wherein one leaves their soul to drain through crystal clear water, that the choking starts. But that's not because you're in the opposite of Existence. Rather, I think it's a part of the ebb and flow of life. Because sadness and happiness are not mutually exclusive, they live in love with each other.

They live married to each other up in the cabin at the top of the mountain, together forever. And every day they gather their baggage and they head south at the base of the mountain, and they wash away their pains and gains.

Sometimes one cleans more than the other and sometimes they do it together, in tandem like the ages have taught them.

Sure the waters run dark and down hill to later rise up, calling down storms, but they weather their existence in time and continue to love each other.

Simply, your mind is the cabin they watch in vigil within and the river your heart that they wash away themselves.

Like I once did, you might think to ban the sadness from your river, yet happiness won't come down without the other, and they trap themselves in their cabin. Never really able to maintain themselves and you.

Contrary to belief I am not happy and find sadness with the ease of wind. But it's all about perspective to one's will and your created meaning.

So with that I take time to breathe the air and bask in the sun. I wash in the river and stand in solitude among the suffering of cold. I hold myself accountable for my sadness' joy and my happiness' sorrow.

I simply am existent, with a growing perspective of today. And there is much more that all my hearts pieces do to keep me balanced in that frame.

So please, breathe for another tomorrow.

From

Perspective

Hello Dear Friend of Mine

Hello dear friend of mine,

I am still looking towards the end of time

The twists and turns that Bend,

The whispered words I defend

I want to find

Find

I will tear through heaven

And the hell within

My own heart, seven

Pray tell me, these things in din

Or the broken doors of difference

Or indifference in the world's reality

Or the unspoken fallacies

The things that lie in ally, alleys

What I am saying

Is that I want to see the real you

Even if its playing

Over and over, in two shades of blues

Or maybe I need to be still

As I wait for you, to imbue

To concoct your plan to enact

A strategic gain in installation of glue

To keep us together forever, So no one can sever

But I need to wait, till we gain weight

Or we will never gain momentum

The notes we set them, fret them.

I want to make music with you.

I want to see right through

to see the red, green, and blue you

The pixels of truths of who you are

The things I set my bars too.

I sit here to write this memoir

I sit here to write this memoir,

While rain chills my veins, my eyes cast across the ocean's length. What adventures await in that mist of unknown, or tragedies blot its horizon.

What treasures shall I dig up with you, what sights I see whilst we stand hand and hand in a weathered stand. At the gates stands death and your there with me I see. The ocean my heart, and things my memories.

I've come to another realization you see, that while I'm lost upon a raft in this empty sea there is something more that I can be. A love, a seat... I take it to meet. The sun rises to touch my skin, the wind your breath, so gentle and lovin.

Oh, how I'm confused, how I whimper till my head turns blue, and my lips split in two. Your heat... a magnificent warmth to the cold that wanders like death mist from his door AND I SCREAM what heavens could hear me.

And you watch. Your warmth providing a washing hug that drives away the prickling skin left unkept, oh how I wish to drown this realization I see.

You have hurt me, your touch too warm, sometimes I can't see right from wrong. And yet, I forgive you, for I've learned this thing, "look not badly on the things that later will be your saving grace" and so I SCREAM a word, a phrase, a murmured pray, you name I say.

I am lost on a raft while I watch from cliff side, the rain falls, and I cry. You're the thing that keeps me afloat... my definition of why, love, life, my hope.

Monochromacy

My Dreams for Color

I feel like I am dreaming with my eyes completely color blind,

Like I am nothing more than weak and tired,

My mind and heart trying to find time to unwind,

My soul full of taken opportunities that are retired,

I wish I could see the vibrant blue and green,

Outside the windows seal, reminded of it once more

In the gray walls I paint, carve, and preen.

You're the only heaven, my life's dream of color.

My mind meanders when I think of you,

I wish I can see through the pink curtains that cover that dream,

I promise there's room in this home for two,

I will continue to build this house with thoughts of you, per diem.

While you're gone, I close my eyes,

And listen to a lake's waters lapping,

I can hear it from my hearts woo,

Your making me believe in love and I will confide,

I am flawed in my gray walls and vulnerable to the color in you.

I feel like I am dreaming with my eyes completely color blind,
without you on my mind.

My Struggle

I don't know what else I have to say; it all seems to stay the same. There's a mess in mind and it all seems to be a play another reason I should just say that I should stay; away.

Is it wrong that I struggle more, at the thought of losing you, then losing them? The people I called family in every single way. It pains me that this is the place that I find my pain, with every moment still the same.

Listening to voices in my head, and you left them all insane, broke their barriers within my brain. No longer do they have a say. All thirteen broken and framed for the murders of my true names.

And now I am a vessel with no directions, to find my own way back in. My heart an empty room, the door the only thing to see. I like to play it pretend like my words are all new from within.

But I keep just reading them off the door that leads far; deepened. All warnings of what awaits and the demons that were released with these self-proclaimed sins.

And I will note all the moments and words, that make up this rope, I feel around my throat. It tightens closed, and I must climb so my throat doesn't close.

Swing back and forth like a pendulum in time, the snap of my neck the gunshot to start the race that I won't win but was made so I can understand why I'm the sin.

This struggle is the new me pressuring my time. Telling it to rewind the dial in my watch so I can continue to live in a past that never would last against the new ways the world pulls me down, and I'm buried deep within myself.

I'm beginning to believe that my grave was already dug, and it rests in my mind and coincides with this broken tide.

Is it wrong that I struggle more at the thought of losing you, then losing them?

My heart and my mind, the spirit within.

Listening to these voices, they're telling me sins. I can feel the dirt as they bury me within. And I'm thinking I'm forgetting how to read these words again. The struggle it's all from within. Everything hurts, and I'm sorry I couldn't be different.

Is it wrong that I struggle more at the thought of losing you, then losing them?

My heart and my mind, the spirit within.

Is it wrong that I struggle more at the thought of losing you, then losing them?

My heart and my mind, the spirit within.

My Struggle.

Realization One

I'm gunna be honest with you all.

I've come to a realization that I can't coincide with my fall. A broken verse with mismatched numbers, and lost choruses of spoken words, that I do not believe. Well I wish I didn't believe.

Sometimes in life we want to be close, to feel bound to another's presence, so we don't have to feel alone when we leave. And other times we feel like our choice means nothing in our place in destiny's weave.

Well that's been me. That is until I could see with this embodied me in the form of a broken shell. Crawling into a talking sea, from the beginning shore and the ringing bell.

I've been lost on a trail of glass, following a band of aimless quests in a world that's a mess. Thinking back to the past where I was the last. Where did my heart go in this dense and thick miasma? I'm fixated on my last; fast-ing.

My love deprived existence.

And in my last moments, the dread filling my blind pain, my love is not my predicate, it is in the worth of my hope for others gain.

Believe me when I say I'm not miserable in life and I am alright. While I struggle, I understand why. You deserve my life. So, in my last moments of my past's suicide I will learn to fly these heights.

Cause In the day I die, my angels won't fall nor should they cry. You're the angels in my life. That makes me smile and my skin cracks at the tips of my lips just thinking about that all the while.

And I don't believe yet in a god, I know a devil I fight still with a failing will. But where my heart lies, he will not corrupt as you hold my peace of mind and my hope.

Cause in your shadows where you walk, a piece of my heart hides. So that I can support you with my lies. When you walk the earths grounds wise. I will be here even after I die. Remember my, lives.

You all hold the pieces of my heart; they were never mine. I am no empty vessel, but the fabrication of your drive. A vehicle in which i ride. So, I will continue to write my lines, while I watch you all thrive. But you deserve to know why, this realization I find.

This realization I've learned from a deep friend that I did not know I had inside. He told me "well I suppose this is my time to go, to return back to my home". Words spoken to just me alone.

His last words as he turned away was, "well I suppose this is the end of what I write, this is my end line in the oceans tide. Don't forget the color of your heart's eyes"

This is the realization that you all are my hearts eyes.

Thank you for allowing my heart to endow you with my purpose in life. You are the pieces of my heart and my destiny's meaning. My why

The first of many of my realizations.

You all hold the pieces of my heart; they were never mine. I am no empty vessel, but the fabrication of your drive. A vehicle in which i ride. So, I will continue to write my lines, while I watch you all thrive.

Thank you for allowing my heart to endow you with my purpose in life. You are the pieces of my heart and my destiny's meaning.

The first of many of my realizations; Thank you.

And if you're out there deep friend of mine, know I remember why you died. And I will keep the piece of your heart inside.

You were the first of my realizations why and I promised I wouldn't cry, I love you.

Samantha

I recently met a woman, metaphorically speaking.

I haven't seen her since I hid her away in the basement, locked the door and began her defacement, because I wanted to hide her from reacting to my pain with her sickly fangs and demonic veins. But I know there's times I will have to pray.

One day I went down to check upon her grace, because I wanted to help her be okay, so I brace and my heart and mind race as I open the door to a place I don't want to be in and yet I take the moment to look in this dark lace covered room.

I've forgotten how much I loved the sight of her face, but it fills me with anger to see her dance and play the devilish game she makes. It leaves red leaves of combustible frames. And makes others go away.

I see her picking her nails from her face, splinters piercing her in their place. Wood piled all over the basements tiled floor. She looks up to smile and remembers her name, look at this game, I wish I did not play with my mind's frame!

Yet instead of making a change, I tear down the walls and build a metal cage, so I don't have to sit up for hours and pick the splinters from beneath her nails. She still has the scars that make me scared. She still has the smile that makes me stare. She still has the fangs to make me bare, my neck, to her fare.

She still is the reason I bare my heart to the world and watch them pray to gods I wish I believed in instead of this broken house I shape, rubbing at the nap of my neck.

All the while my anger tells me she wishes she could take the place of my hearts shield, to blunt the blows of my weak will. She tells me that she wishes I would put the wood back cause at least then she would see me for the time I would tear the work she has done from her fingers, splinters in the form of efforts and misadventures.

How could I do this to her!? How could I press her away and try to live in denial of her!? She is apart of me!? She is me!

These splinters are all relevant to my screams, the ones that never made it past the door that leads down into the basement where I left her. I didn't even leave any of my light in there to comfort her! I should have been here for her like she was for me...

She was my unjustified truth... my anger locked beneath.

Symphony

This is a place of work, with a smoldering forge and tempering stones of strings, A workshop within my heart. When a string becomes weathered it is ground and rewound, when they break the ends are melted back together and welded, and when they grow old, they are replaced and thrown away into a pit of black.

Like withering and crying babies these tossed, broken, unusable, and useless strings within the pit continue to vibrate desperately to feel anything, but like any broken thing they are simply that, broken; leaving a high pitched and out of tune hum behind that, like a mandrakes scream, is deadly to those who listen.

Yet here I sit watching with bee's wax stuffed in my ears risking the chance to succumb to the blooded miserable disease these withering snakes of heart strings leave behind. I do this because something is wrong with the gears and automation of the fixing of my heart. Something is missing and no one else can weather this world, to feel the playing, screaming, living, and dying of my heart strings.

Yet I continue to risk my sanity because the true song of my hearts strings is the most beautiful song of all, well underneath one others.

It is the sweltering heat that worries me. Heat on a string makes it unwind and it obvious to me that my heartstrings are working to much. They worry and twist themselves to replace those that broke.

So, as I stand scratching my head staring down within the pit of black dug deep into my hearts core, I'm unsure of how to fix a problem I don't see. The withering strings like snakes enveloping and consuming each other to feed the beast.

One would wonder that if I delve in if I too would be lost, but I have no other way of seeing, hearing, or feeling what these strings sing.

Maybe that's why I want to see the other persons heartstrings... to know what song mine are supposed to sing, at least that's my only solution. Near that other heart my hearts beat swells in cadence and resembles something of me.

So, I take and lift my foot to hang over the edge and watch the decaying snakes with my heart still waiting...

I can only breathe in a cold cadence of the undead feeling heart I reside in. I have reached out for help with this deep hole in my heart; there has been no response from those who hold the pieces. That thought alone is enigmatic, causing the withering pit to almost snare within its hum, and like tendons the strings wrap to form a grasping hand going for my throat.

They do not reach.

But they do yearn for something.

I cannot sleep for the sound of their song is like broken strings on a cello, twisting and scraping like metal against metal. I fear for the worst as I calculate their mass and realize a piece is missing. Hands fumbling for the little book within my pocket, the once white cover now washed and thickened with black coal, and flip to the part of my score that rests the list of all those pieces ripped and stored away within others.

My mom, my sisters, my best friend... the other song. There is another piece that is missing likely torn away just like the piece of the score that comes next in this book. Whether this is many little pieces that travel my blood like a demon horde waging war on my immunity or a large ravaging demon that rapes my mind and soul. Its uncalculatable to what is missing but the inevitable damage that is or could be done is apparent as I look around.

My fingers fumble upon the book once more, my fingers tapping the binding like an infinite melody on the once white keys of a piano. My eyes wandering to and from the titles on the front and then the back; emblazoned in crimson is "Life: once less" and "Death: once more".

I investigate the pit with a love's song playing in my head as I wonder at what battle awaits within the pit and what song these yearning hearts strings forget.