

# BROKEN BELLS

LARA P. MAMOUN



PublishAmerica  
Baltimore

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First printing

PublishAmerica has allowed this work to remain exactly as the author intended, verbatim, without editorial input.

eBook 9781630002794

Softcover 9781627099660

**PUBLISHED BY PUBLISHAMERICA, LLLP**

[www.publishamerica.com](http://www.publishamerica.com)

Baltimore

Printed in the United States of America

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**CHAPTER**  
**ONE**  
**WATER**





## *HURRICANE*

I gazed into the temptress waters, and recognized not my reflection.  
For years have I attempted to identify myself with these traits,  
this image.

A wanderer have I become, in constant search of meaning and  
definition.

These heartbeats which evade me are my sole companions on  
my pilgrimage.

As I gazed with much curiosity and envy, I found imperfection  
in my smile.

To believe that my quest renders me desired truths is a  
transparent lie.

Questions do I ask, to which none chooses to answer,  
Amidst utter dusk do I crawl, with a half lit lantern.

Many accuse me of libertine and folly for my undesired path,  
Others lend a hand solely to devour my ears with a sinister laugh.  
As my feet drowned deeper into the sand, clouds did align into  
a thousand storms.

The waves began crashing unto the shore as the hurricane  
gradually began to form.

My reflection was disrupted by Nature's disapproval.

My presence did perturb Her gracious arrival.

Her oceans so vast and deep desired not my curious stare upon them,  
Her mountains so grand and wondrous desired not my  
footsteps upon them,

Her blinding suns emanating everlasting heat desired not to  
shed light,

Her sparkling moons so gloomy yet beautiful desired not to  
cause fright.

I fell to my knees and wept before Her subtle beauty within  
Her fury,

I understood not why She begrudged my presence and refused  
to greet me.  
Had I been wrong to welcome Her delicacies with much  
confidence?  
Had I been wrong to adorn Her symphony and definite  
existence?  
O how I do bring tears to Her dark clouds which devour these  
plains,  
O how I do wound Her with my quest and incessant complaints,  
O how I do wish to ask of Her forgiveness on behalf of my  
companions,  
O how intrepid was I as I plunged, head held high, into the  
*hurricane*.

## *SHIPWRECK*

- O the temptress sea, how She mounted the ship with Her vast waves,  
O the tormented blue, how Her tears mourn Her destiny as nature's slave,  
O the distraught queen, how Her kingdom buries Her regrets,  
O the fearful warrior, how She leads eternity attempting to forget,  
O the faithless goddess, how She fathoms not the cycle of the sun and moon,  
O the companion of lonesome, how She desires none to perturb Her gloom,  
O how the ship vanished within Her burning core,  
O how pieces of perished existence washed up the shore.

## *POSEIDON*

The warship set sail at the break of dawn,  
The winds, rushing with fervor, yet waters lay calm.

“O Poseidon, may this voyage be guided by you,  
O Poseidon, seek not vengeance on what I shall do,  
My beloved and I were ripped from one another’s arms,  
My beloved and I were cursed by separation and harm,  
If my eyes shan’t meet his, then I desire not to live,  
If my lips were to become thieves, then so may his,  
I’d rather be a thief than a slave in this loveless bliss,  
Agony and faint do I feel, with nothing left to give,  
Through a dream, did Aphrodite present me  
What I long mourned and desperately  
Yearned for, but alas, if Aphrodite were to be so kind  
To render me what had once been mine  
Then forever in her debt shall I be.

Take pity on my mortal soul  
Take pity on my frail entity  
Take not my heart, but me, as a whole.”

The ship launched into the tempest waters,  
For days on end, darkness became its shelter,  
When the stars above failed to cast light unto the sea,  
I called upon Zeus, in hopes of salvation from the divinities  
That reckoned my love and mocked me constantly.  
In the midst of silence, did the clouds part and sun shun brightly,  
Casting clarity and hope upon my path to restoration.  
Alas, this love within me had long become my crucifixion.

Once ashore the land that held my love captive,  
I sought my beloved amid slaves and fugitives,  
Yet could not contain my lament at the sight of the woman  
Who stood beside him, I desired to fall at his feet and beg,  
Beg him to understand my journey and delay. Instead,  
My pride overpowered my heart, and I took a sip of venom.  
If this life were to be unjust to love, then may I not breathe,

“O Hades, prepare your gates for I sense my piety parting me,  
O Hades, take pity on my mortal soul and desert me not,  
For within your fiery kingdom will I eternally rot.”

## *FISHERMAN*

O the strident sounds of its existence,  
How I begrudge its very presence.  
O the emotions which invade my frailty,  
How I dread your very honesty.  
O the bravery depraving me of being happy,  
How I wish to no longer keep you company.  
O the sunset marking its very end,  
How you became my shadow's fiend.  
The fisherman who stood upon the peer  
Gazed into the depths as he shed a tear.

## *FOUNTAIN*

My heart is wild, my heart overflows,  
It succumbs to its own sorrows,  
It succumbs to its own pleasures,  
My heart is a haven, it is a dreamer,  
It builds castles in the skies,  
It propagates its truths and lies,  
My heart is a fountain,  
My heart is forgiving,  
My heart lingers in its lonesome,  
Yet my heart never feels alone.  
My heart is open, it is welcoming,  
You may drink from its rivers,  
May its reveries purify yours,  
My heart is a fountain, so enchanting.

## *SURFACE*

“Where have thou gone, dear friend?  
Many days passed since thou have spoken.”

“Albeit I appear at ease, my heart attempts  
To salvage the image it longed to fend.”

“What particular image do thou speak of?”

“I clung to this illusion of what could have  
Been, thus I refused to consider the gravity  
Of matters. How I was blinded by the dreams  
That once comforted me and which I deemed  
To be true. Why do we admire simplicity?”

“Simplicity soothes one’s burdens,  
It renders hope, and only strengthens.”

“In what sense can ignorance repent one’s blunders?  
This concept is vague and appeals to the *strangers*  
Who are too mortified of the content of their thoughts.  
But I simply shan’t rely on the illusions I sought  
To aid my soul, for they led me to crumble to pieces,  
And now my sole desire is to be whole once more.  
O how many moments I wished to seize.  
O how many words I spoke which many abhorred.  
Is the depth of the ocean too frightening,  
When one fears the secrets it yields while sinking?”

“Why do thou wish to suffocate?  
How then do thou wish to mend thy state?”



“The water cleanses me from these airs  
Which solely base the grounds for my despairs.”

“What is this atrocity?  
Do thou prefer the thought of being lonely?”

“Isolation is not merely as mendacious  
As those with thoughts so inauspicious.”

“Thou lost thy mind. Thou must beg for pardon.”

“On the contrary dear friend, I came to reason  
With the thoughts that cross my mind, unlike many.  
And pardon? Whom can render such kindness to me?”

“Thou speak as if thou have no faith.  
Have thou no shame, no virtue, no morals?”

“Have I no shame because I abide by my scruples?  
‘Tis thou who frightens me with thy conception of what’s safe.  
Virtue should not be measured by one’s extent of beliefs.  
And I do have faith in *Life*, ‘tis all that I need.  
‘Tis not the fruits of one’s books on which I feed,  
But on the ones ripened by my heart’s grief.”

“What peace can thou make with this morality?”

“Enough to allow myself the pleasure of my *integrity*.”

## *THE OLIVE TREE*

She was once enchanted by *Euterpe's* flute,  
 As each note silenced her heart's feud.  
 Baring the mask of *Melpomene*,  
 She found grace in lyrical symphonies.  
 She once felt trapped within her kingdom's gates.  
 Daughter of an all-mighty whose image she propagated.

She watched from above as many from below  
 Would plead into silence for an end to their glow.  
 Curious was she about their scenery  
 As she observed many in utter envy.  
 She walked across her father's lands,  
 Fearing the reasons why her story bared no end.

On a rosy dawn, she decided to flee.  
 She plunged into the depths of his tyranny.

Awakened by the voices of those who passed by,  
 She glanced at them with a radiant smile.  
 She long desired to indulge in their mediocrities  
 And take part in their futile tragedies.

“Alas, here I am amidst the trees and valleys  
 Of these lands I long dreamed to see.”

Once her father learned of her treachery  
 His rationality was blinded by his fury.  
 “Punished shall she forever be  
 With the curse of mortality!  
 A mask shall she always bare,  
 Through night and day in her despair!”

As hours turned into days,  
 Her curiosity began to fade.  
 Disgust was all her lips drew,  
 As her ventures caused her rue.  
 She long strived for acceptance,  
 Which she adorned with much reverence.  
 But alas, she found much distaste  
 For their habits which they partook with haste.

“The image of these pitiable  
 Fools seduced my undeniable  
 Desire to become a mortal,  
 But these beatings from within grew dull.  
 These masks they bare yet not dispose  
 Lead me to begrudge the path I chose.”

A void began to grow within,  
 As her fortress’ walls crumbled into the winds.

“*Luc*, thou finally returned!  
 What have thou seen and earned?”  
 “Brethren, money has no value for my entity!  
 I gained knowledge once I left my prairie!”  
 “Knowledge is a curse that thou must absolve.  
 Money rules these lands, with money thou can evolve!”  
 “Alas, my brethren, thou art mistaken!  
 Money leads quests for truth to be forsaken!”  
 “‘Tis a shame that thou art the son  
 Of a fair maiden and a merchant!”  
 “I bring no shame to my elders,  
 As I choose to live unfettered.”

“Forgive me brethren for such accusations,  
 Thou art not at fault for believing in thy aspirations!  
 Tell me, what do thou choose to see  
 Now that thou art here in thy city?”  
 “I do not know. Perhaps I shall wander.  
 These lands’ memories do tend to be strangers  
 To my today! But I shall explore  
 The ruins of my faded portraits’ cores.”

As the nomad wandered,  
 Warm greetings were rendered.  
 Familiarity to each figure  
 Stripped each being of their allure.  
*Perhaps it were history*  
*That consumed one’s curiosity.*  
 O the inevitable sunsets that led to his distance  
 Solely paved the way to this very instant  
 In which yesterdays and today intertwine.  
 “These archaic footsteps I wish would unwind.”

Beneath the olive tree,  
 He sat in the midst of reveries.  
 In the subtle contemplation  
 Of the gist of his civilization,  
 His thoughts did linger  
 On the moments where he wandered.  
 He began to retrace  
 Each scenery, each face  
 He encountered in his journeys  
 And wondered if he  
 Would ever meet them again.  
 But alas, with the fall of each grain,  
 He believed that such desires  
 Would repent no present ire.

“Why must I mourn  
 The things I adorn?  
 ‘Tis the memories one makes  
 That lead one to take  
 Matters more gravely  
 And more lightly.  
 I bare not a weight of regret  
 Over each moment, for I shan’t forget!  
 Beneath this very olive tree  
 Do memories invade me!  
 With an untamed fire within my core  
 I shall live life till it can’t be lived no more!”

“Entangled in faded aspirations,  
 Distraught because of revelations,  
 I await *Hades*’ kingdom  
 So that my burdens may be seldom.”  
 Words did the maiden chant,  
 In the language of cant.

She walked amidst the greenery  
 And glanced from a distance at the olive tree.  
 With each step did she approach it,  
 Until their gazes met beneath it.

“The sun can’t shine as bright  
 As thou do at this very sight!  
 Who art thou my fair maiden?  
 Do thou have a name?”

She gazed at him with much discomfort,  
 For many passers did attempt to distort  
 Her entity solely to satisfy their vanity.  
*Pitiable are those who strive to possess what they see.*

“My name shan’t be given to thee,  
For it shall forever belong to me.  
If thou mind not, I shall part now,  
For darkness is nigh and I await tomorrow.”

With such words spoken,  
She vanished within the verdure.

Clouds marked the arrival of ravens,  
As he failed to preserve his composure.

Beneath the tree, did he lay,  
As her image surfaced many times that day.  
His thoughts did begin to linger,  
As the moonlight did shimmer.

He stood up and made his way home.  
Embraced by his parents’ greetings,  
He did manage to silence his beatings  
Until the moment where he was alone.

“O thou agile heart,  
Why is it that thou art  
In a state of much confusion?  
Thou plunge into thy illusions.  
Strengthen thyself!  
Dignify thyself!  
I desire not to have my aspirations  
Wither because of thy imperfection.  
But alas, why do thou wish to torment  
Me with thy incessant rants?”

Art we not one, thou and I?  
 My entity, I ask thee not to defy.  
 Have thou forgotten my intentions?  
 Bare not a weight on my destinations.”

Wrens did sing at the break of dawn,  
 As the dim faded at the rise of the sun.  
 She awakened from her sleep,  
 Solely to find herself on a hill so steep.

“O these birds do sing  
 As they await their beloved spring.  
 Alas, why must thou share thy graceful  
 Symphonies with those who art shameful?  
 When none can understand the meaning  
 Of subtle beauty, all is deceiving.  
 I do not know whether to revere  
 Thy benign intentions with a tear  
 Or mock thee for thy desires of company  
 When thou do not require any.  
 O what disdainful words do I utter,  
 Why has my sincerity began to wither?  
 I lost my gracious melody  
 In the midst of those who surround me.”

She made her way towards the valley,  
 With remorseful eyes did she see  
 The mount on which the olive tree  
 Stood in its greatness, such divinity.

She sat beneath it and began to weep.

She opened her eyes at the sight of his feet.

“Those eyes merit not sorrow!  
These tears must not flow  
Across such visage! O what shame  
To see thy beauty in such pain!”

His hand did he lend, but she grew silent.

“I desire thee no harm with my intent!  
I came here in hopes of seeing thee,  
For thy beauty and image did haunt me  
As they stripped me from my ability  
To wander joyfully within these valleys.  
If thou permit me, may I ask thee for  
A single and innocent favor?”

With a swift and gentle  
Nod, he seemed grateful.

“What is thy name, thou intricate being  
Whose eyes art as deep as thy beauty, everlasting?”

“I do not have one spoken by thy society.  
My name, just as my identity  
Shall forever linger in a place far beyond  
These waters and lands, above the mountains.”

“Then I shall call thee *Belle*!  
And now as promised, I bid thee farewell.”

His silhouette did fade within the rays.  
She remained beneath the tree in a silent haze.



“O father, beloved ruler,  
 Must I dread what I endure?  
 I lay here as they persist on existing.  
 Unknown am I to each of their beatings.  
 Why do many veil malicious intentions  
 Which lead others to strive for redemption?  
 My eyes did see much tragedy.  
 Beneath thy stars I weep in misery.  
 I miss thee, I miss thy reign,  
 Never have thou caused me the pain  
 That these mortals do each day  
 With their secrets, their cruelty, their ways.  
 Actors, spectators and preachers art they,  
 With the masks of angels and demons.  
 I await the closing of my stage’s curtains  
 So that my burdened hollowness may evade.”

As a tear streamed across her face,  
 Rain did descend and hers did erase.

“These lands art what bind me  
 From the constellations above me.  
 O thou crescent moon,  
 Thou shed light upon my gloom.  
 My heart beats incessantly  
 As my thoughts deceive me.  
 Her image invades my perceptions,  
 I fear my weakness as I fear her decision.  
 O *Belle*, how thou pain me  
 As thou succumb to thy misery.  
 Thy tears I wish to be mine,

Thy truths I deem divine.  
 Punish me not with thy silence,  
 For I grieve thy absence.  
 Once the sun shall rise beyond the sea,  
 I shall search these lands to find thee.”

As darkness was chased  
 By the rise of the sun’s rays,  
*Luc* went to the olive tree.  
 Beneath it, their eyes did meet.

“Why do thou seek to find me?  
 What is it that thou desire from me?”

“O *Belle*, I do apologize for coming,  
 But alas my thoughts keep lingering  
 Across thee, across thy image.  
 Forgive me this secret, but it must be salvaged.”

“Why have thou revealed such truth?  
 What do thou choose to claim of my rue?”

“I desire not to claim thee,  
 Nor do I desire thy entity.  
 I solely desire to know  
 What causes thee such sorrow?  
 If I insult thee with my company,  
 Then I ask of thee to forgive me.”

“Thou must not apologize for thy reasons,  
 I shan’t deny thee of such revelations,  
 Yet if thou seek my heart’s treasons,

I shall tell thee all without derision.  
 I descended from within the constellations,  
 For I desired these lands' contemplations.  
 My kingdom shut its gates to me,  
 For I disobeyed my father.  
 A powerful and almighty ruler is he,  
 But alas I desired not the path he offered.  
 I watched from above as decades  
 Passed and many appeared.  
 Within my father's glorious cascades,  
 My curiosity grew, such tragedy he feared.  
 Once I arrived to these native lands,  
 My ardors faded as I was unable to blend.  
 My history, my integrity  
 Were bruised by thy realities.  
 Evil lurks within abundant glares,  
 As many strive to live a life they must share.  
 Within these hollow eyes,  
 I bared the weight of their disguise.  
 A curse has my father bestowed upon me,  
 Not mainly that of mortality,  
 But alas the curse of my inevitable  
 Masks that condemn my actions  
 As they pave the way for a pitiable  
 Truth that I desire not to seize with admiration."

"Thou art not a mortal, but a goddess?"

"Once I have left my father's fortress,  
 My title and past both parted me."

"O what perceptions thou hold dearly!  
 Do thou believe that thou lack thy definition?"

“Nay, I solely state that my situation  
 Solely stripped me from my prior  
 Divinity, thus granting me the attire  
 Of the ones whose beatings art ephemeral.  
 I walk amidst thee as a shrine from the temple.  
 Frozen am I from within as stone,  
 A silent truth that I now condone.  
 Time shan’t spare me of its ardors.  
 Into a thousand pieces shall my truth scatter.  
 I dreamt once, yet I dream no more.  
 My concealed aspirations do abhor  
 My inability to unveil their secrecies  
 Into this Earth of contented modesty.”

“Thy words do not cause me lament,  
 For with each one, I see thy beauty ever so radiant.”

“Beauty is it which thou speak of?  
 What is beauty if not a glimpse of the heavens above?  
 The desire to possess beauty  
 Is a crime against eternity,  
 For beauty also lies in the bare skin of Earth,  
 Yet one veils one’s beauty with a mask of dearth.  
 Ay, my beauty lingers within its nudity.  
 When thou asked me to speak of my entity,  
 Thou glimpsed at what shall forever be  
 My beauty, for my beauty is both my integrity  
 And my struggles to preserve my composure.  
 For what is beauty if not one’s blunders?  
 When the north winds do ravish these lands,  
 Her beauty kneads with the Earth’s that thou hold in thy hands.”

“Thy intricacies just as thy suffering  
Unveil thy profound and everlasting  
Beauty, and I do not wish to strip thee  
Of thy truths, but alas, why do thou remain in misery?”

She glanced into his eyes with much confusion,  
And stood up swiftly, with some frustration.

“Forgive me for my desires to part thee,  
Yet, I desire to wander in the valleys.”

“I pardon thee not, if thou desire to tend to thy activities  
Thou must not ask of me to, but alas, I desire to see thee  
Again, so that thou may allow me the privilege  
To speak to thee and learn more of thy pilgrimage.”

“If thou seek my company,  
Then come to this olive tree  
At noontide, and beneath it shall I be.”

“I shall await tomorrow impatiently.”

“Nay, waste not thy present on tomorrow,  
Deem not today as a gap so hollow.”

He lowered his head with agreement,  
As her shadow faded within the valleys, o so distant.

“A gift was I just given that I know no greater value.  
As she wanders beyond the yonder valleys of her virtue,  
I lay here in the midst of my gratitude.

To give is an act of both kindness and plenitude,  
 But alas 'tis one's reasons to give which render  
 The present its humility as well as its nobility.  
 Possessions know no value comparable nor greater  
 Than the act of unveiling one's nudity.  
 Amidst these lands ruled by money and merchants  
 One no longer fathoms the worth of what's given.  
 To estimate an act of kindness with numbers  
 Leads me to question the path on which many wander.  
 Masks do we all bare in fear of certain revelations,  
 But alas, 'tis the masks she disposed of before me  
 That compensate for these lands' modesties.  
 Amidst her ruins do I see the formation  
 Of the grand walls of a fortress so lucid.  
 She is both beauty and beast with truths so vivid."

She reached a halt as her thoughts lingered.  
 Reminiscence did lead her to quiver.

"I know not thy name or thy stories,  
 Yet thou art not as those who passed me.  
 So many faces have these eyes seen  
 Amidst wondrous plains and valleys,  
 Yet none can compare to thy curiosity.  
 The innocence of a child did my eyes see  
 When I glanced into thy tender stare,  
 Yet I fear the reasons behind thy care."

As the moon parted at the arrival of the sun,  
*Luc* awakened and his heart began to hum.  
 He could not wait to join the olive tree's mistress  
 And embrace the fruits of her tenderness.

He gazed upon the beauty that lay  
Beneath the tree and knew not what to say.

“What is thy name, my fair companion?”

“My name is *Luc*, my fair maiden.”

“Why do thou wish to converse with me?  
What purpose shall it serve thy integrity?”

“Thou art a riddle I can’t decipher.  
Thy truths art a marvel I wish to uncover.  
I seek no purpose besides that of thy honesty,  
If thou permit me, I wish to know thee.”

“Thy lips reveal things that thy eyes conceal,  
Is that solely the reason why thou art here?”

“If my eyes were to reveal an uncertainty  
Than forgive me for their mystery,  
Yet one’s lips and one’s eyes can’t always agree  
And for that, forgive my modesty.”

She grabbed an olive from the tree  
And gazed upon it gracefully.

“Each creature, just as each element  
Holds a purpose so mysterious yet definite.  
This tree’s fruits are meant to satisfy  
Each creature’s thirst and appetite.  
When a world is restrained by estimations and greed,

This very fruit is measured by the mouths it feeds.  
 Violated art these fruits by malign intentions  
 As they serve no purpose besides their contribution  
 To the money the merchants can gain.  
 Their truths art disregarded and deemed vain.  
 Such miseries bestowed upon their entity,  
 For they art victims of society's morality."

"Nay, this tree, just as thou, is a single element of life,  
 For life longs for itself, regardless of the market's strife.  
 We art all receivers and givers of days and nights.  
 Perhaps we do bare masks within our fights,  
 Yet we require to maintain our existence  
 For what shall be left once our footsteps  
 Cease to walk these lands and solely leave their imprints?  
 Thou must not look at this fruit with condescendence."

"Perhaps 'tis the hardships of my days  
 Which seared me emotionally.  
 I agree, I must not allow my misery  
 To blind me from humanity's ways.  
 But alas, there is much corruption  
 Which lingers within one's intentions.  
 Greed surfaces from many  
 As others strive to sustain their mortality."

"Ay, humanity is marked by its perplexities  
 Yet one can't disentangle one's bond to its mediocrities.  
 We art one, we art humans and we art flawed,  
 Yet what can thou ask for if not this infinite law?"



“Thou art loyal to thy species,  
 Just as I am to my reveries.  
 This infinite law chastises me  
 As it creates the chains placed on me.  
 I desire to be unfettered,  
 I desire not to be desired.”

He grew silent for he understood what her heart echoed,  
 But alas, his fragile beats could not bear the load.

She stood up and looked at him tenderly.  
 Through her distraught eyes, he felt her agony.

“I must part now, for we have much conversed.  
 But alas, thy company I deem not as a curse.”

“When the sun shall rise, come to this olive tree  
 And we shall plunge into the depths of our reveries.”

She nodded and turned around to part.  
 He remained still as emotions invaded his heart.

Many sunrises did pave the way for many conversations,  
 And with each *Luc* grew mesmerized by her revelations.

To love one with one’s every breath  
 Though the beloved demands it not  
 Is to love one’s reveries and their depths  
 And solely choose one’s fate to rot.  
 Love is ever so intricate,  
 Yet once it speaks, all is vivid.  
 The world unveils its utter beauties

Once one is kissed by love's intricacies.  
 The laws of love are similar  
 To those of life's marvels.  
 Love is a burst of light that blinds every angel,  
 With it, one's aspirations never wither.

*Luc* understood the true meaning of existence,  
 It is love which bestows upon one a reason for perseverance.

He could no longer bare to silence his heart's desires.  
 On a rosy dawn he decided to unveil his spirit's fire.

“Indulge with me in the wine and pleasures  
 That this life offers for then shall we find our treasure.  
 Thou can truly cease to be feeble  
 Once thou strengthen thyself through thy angels and devils.”

She looked at him with much disappointment,  
 And grew silent for a single moment.

“Thou art determined to embrace life's gifts,  
 But alas I am imprisoned by its venomous chains.  
 Nay, there is no pleasure bestowed upon me  
 Besides that of my awaited finality.  
 Can thou not see the shackles around my hands?  
 I am bounded by the life which emanates these lands.  
 My treasure lies within the silence and pallor  
 Of my desired tomorrow, which I await with fervor.  
 Alas, these nights and days weigh upon my soul  
 As they render me grief and dig a trench in my eyes, so hollow.  
 I am blinded by these infinite suns,  
 Yet I shall solely be awaken once they're gone.”

Her words did dim his eyes' light,  
 And he could not bear the tree's sight.  
 He gazed into the horizon which he deemed wondrous,  
 Yet could not avoid the image of her desires to be perilous.

“What about love, my fair maiden?  
 Can thou tell me that love is forsaken?”

She gazed at him with much sorrow,  
 And spoke in a tender voice, o so low.

“Seek not love with a wary yet expecting stare,  
 For 'tis not love which thy heart shall bare.  
 Love desires not to be longed for in vain,  
 For it solely appears once it deems its recipients  
 Worthy of both its remedies and its tragedies.  
 O how She exalts all of the senses of the body!  
 She longs for one's acceptance and consent  
 So that she may alter one's core and guide it.  
 For love is a woman, ever so intricate.  
 If thou tame love, She will be vindictive.  
 But alas, what can the vacant heart present  
 To a loving sun when 'tis a moon, so crescent?  
 Ay, it beats from within, but alas 'tis no haven,  
 For 'tis an unkempt field guarded by ravens.  
 I once contemplated thy terrains  
 With much love and sincerity.  
 Yet once I descended to these plains,  
 Love escaped me and paved the way to my misery.”

His heart did throb as his lips trembled.  
She stood sentinel as she seemed wounded.  
She guarded her heart for so long,  
But could not be the melody of his song.

He gazed upon her emanating eyes,  
Within them could he see a beaming sunrise.  
Her sweet sorrow and distress  
Made her resemble a shrine of tenderness  
Which could not be compared to that of any  
He had seen before on his distant journeys.  
He longed for her company  
Just as he thirsted for her beauty.  
His heart's mounts reared above all that is holy,  
For when one is touched by love, one finds glory.

“Forgive me for my imperfection,  
Yet thou art my heart's inclination  
To beat incessantly.  
Thou art my sole remedy  
From this life which appeared as my coffin  
Before thou, my morning star, rescued me  
And filled my ruins with thy complexity  
And gave this fragile heart reason to blossom within.  
As I traversed many mountains and crossed  
Many seas, my entity solely ached for meaning.  
My youth solely scattered my yearning  
For a reason to breathe, to love and be loved.  
I walked as a ghost within my heart's fields,  
As I strived for reasons to have my truths yield  
To a higher purpose, to something so divine.  
Thy entity flows gracefully and tastes as smooth as wine.

Thy heart's beats art the cup from which I'm given life,  
 Before thou I was a mere dreamer, yet dormant,  
 As my heart might have beat yet remained vacant,  
 But thou armed me with love in life's strife  
 And now I march as a soldier,  
 Fearless, determined and awoken from my slumber.  
 Silence is the language of the spirit,  
 Whereas sound is its discretion.  
 Though my heart lingers within the mist,  
 It longs to be heard and unveil its incisions.  
 Thy silence leads my echoes to surface  
 And grants me wings to fly above this corpse.  
 Thou art my savior, my guardian,  
 Forever shall thou be my spirit's companion."

She remained mute as she attempted  
 To assemble her thoughts which scattered.  
 So many truths did his heart unveil,  
 Yet how can she allow his to prevail  
 Over her misery, over her tragedy?  
 He may have finally awoken from his sleep,  
 But she sunk within the depths of solitude.  
 A corpse was she within his plenitude.

He sensed her burden at the sight of his revelation,  
 And quivered as his heart drowned him within its aspirations.

*"Belle*, thou art truly my heart's messenger.  
 With each breath thou draw, I am elevated higher.  
 I was once bounded by these lands,  
 But now I am united with the constellations.  
 Above the clouds do I proudly stand

As I gaze below without remorse or frustration.  
 Join me *Belle*, allow me to mend thy broken wings  
 So that we may eternally embrace what our hearts sing.  
 Fear not a plunge into reality,  
 Take my hand and I shall protect thee.  
 If thou art meant to fall, thou shan't be alone.  
 Take my heart as thy fortress, see it as thy home.  
 For I see beauty within thy sorrow,  
 And I choose to fill what led thy spirit to be hollow.  
 Do thou not see the divinity amidst love's intricacies?  
 'Tis love which elevates one from reality's perplexities.  
 And if thou art afraid, then fear not thy desires.  
 Why must thou remain within what thou set on fire?  
 Where my spirit wanders, the air is cleansed  
 By thy tears, by thy grace and is as pure as 'tis immense.  
 Cease to allow thy feet to be restrained  
 By these lands, join me and thou shan't be feigned."

With each words his lips did utter,  
 She remained silent as he grew closer.

His fingers wove through her hair,  
 As he could feel her breath upon  
 His face. He gazed into her stare  
 As their fingers silently clung.  
 Their lips met and embraced one another  
 In a silent yet gentle tremor.

She swiftly tilted her head to the side  
 And felt his fiery kiss' impact reside.  
 Her finger began to retrace her lips.  
 She clenched to her feet and wept.

“O the love thou have for me lifts thee,  
Yet it imprisons me on an altar.  
A sacrifice have thou made of me  
For the Gods, with thy lips so bitter.  
Thou defied my entity  
With thy desires of company.  
I spent each sunshine and sunset  
Alone, and solely bared the weight  
Of my own struggles and misery,  
But thy kiss bounded us as it arrested me.  
Forever shall I bare the weight of thy suffering,  
As my heart aches because of thy yearning.  
Filth have thou spread with thy vile kiss.  
Death have thou granted me and not bliss.  
Thou left thy mark upon my integrity.  
O thou ravished my heart’s brooks and valleys.  
Thou enslaved me because of thy tendencies,  
Alas my masks shall be measured by thy miseries.  
O the dark clouds that fill my spirit,  
How they bring rain drops as my tears stream.  
I shan’t feel life’s warmth within my dreams,  
For I shall remain a statue tainted by thy spit.”

Her shadow faded beyond the yonder valleys,  
As he remained ashamed beneath the olive tree.

As dusk invaded the skies and dimmed the scenery,  
He returned home and could not speak.

On his bed, did he lay as his lips gently whispered.

“O thou treacherous heart, what have thou done?  
Ashamed am I for permitting thee reasons to be heard.”

Clouds did fill the skies as they veiled the sun.

As rain descended heavily to the grounds,  
She walked, head down and emitted no sound.

She gently approached the precipice,  
And gazed below with much curiosity.

“I once gazed into this Earth with naivety  
As I desired to plunge into it with prejudice.  
But alas, my fall into society led me to be broken.  
Perhaps I shall be salvaged by Poseidon’s  
Infinite waters as well as his subtle serenity.  
Into this blue shall I sink incessantly  
Because of the weight over my heart  
That shall lure me into the darkest parts  
Of this temptress’ sea whose tender  
Yet vile smile greets me as thunder  
Greets these lands.  
Into Her silk hands  
Shall my entity evade as She shall caress  
And guard my corpse within Her fortress.”

The winds’ silent murmurs  
Ravished the carpeted greenery  
Of the lands that gradually  
Caused her much somber.



She glanced into the horizon  
 And for once finally felt unfettered.  
 O how this life's chains impelled her  
 To be trapped within her heart's prison.  
 The simple contemplation of this universe's  
 Beauty salvaged her inevitable purpose.  
 She understood that the weight of humanity  
 Lingered within the restraints of mortality.  
 All of the burdens she withheld from others  
 Led her to begrudge her fellow brothers.  
 Her constant search for meaning  
 Led her mind and heart to deceiving  
 Every pleasure she could have gained.  
 Her desires to part long tainted  
 The image of the life she feigned.  
 O how society's reign constrained  
 Her inhibitions as it bruised her vanity.

"So many humble eyes do veil one's cruelty.  
 May these waters gently kiss my unabashed  
 Cheeks as they shall carry me within their womb.  
 O Mother Nature, thou art my divine tomb  
 And into thy vast warmth shall my unquenched  
 Desires to escape truly be heard.  
 As I wander sheepishly astray from their herd  
 I know that thou shall greet me  
 With thy gracious melody  
 And we shall become one, thou and I.  
 In utter unison, shall thou bare my fruits.  
 I shall render thee my concealed truths  
 As thou shall be my salvation from their vile  
 Mannerisms which they mask with futile flatteries.  
 Within thy bosom shall I truly escape their mediocrities."

As memories of the olive tree  
Altered her desired serenity,  
She knew that time has come  
For her to grasp her freedom.

She finally paced forward silently,  
And plunged into the depths of her finality.

Within the glorious gardens  
Of the kingdom of heaven  
Surfaced incessant whispers  
Of the tragic end to her somber.

“Father, father were thou informed?  
Thy beloved daughter ceased to mourn  
The path she chose.  
The mask she bared  
Within the days she once hated  
She finally disposed.”

“O my beloved *Melpomene*,  
Forgive me for thy misery,  
But alas I solely rendered thee  
The truth of humanity.  
But thou have not truly attempted  
To fathom the depths of the inhabitants  
Of the native lands thou contemplated,  
For there is much that thou disregarded.  
When thou solely focused on the malign  
Intentions of some, thou reluctantly remained  
On the surface of what is truly divine.

When one sees storms amidst rain  
One is unable to embrace the subtle  
And profound depth of a drizzle.  
Thou lacked company, yet fled from it.  
Thou deem that thy life has no regret  
Yet how can thou be so oblivious?  
So much love lingers within their laughter  
And yet what sound can the deaf gather  
From what hinders the smile upon their face?  
The curse I bestowed upon thee  
Was the curse of uncertainty  
And fear which led thee to seek isolation  
For thou perceived it as thy salvation.  
The masks thou once bared devoured  
Thee from thy heart's white garment  
And led thee to thy grief and lament.  
Ashamed am I to learn that thou rendered  
Thy inhibitions and aspirations to the hollow  
Depths of thy finality, for what is left of thy glow?  
Thou walked the Earth with thy head  
Bent down as thou incessantly wept,  
And yet never have thou gazed above  
In order to see the flight of the white doves.  
Perhaps within the gates of my brother  
Shall thou uncover what thou desired with ardor.  
As thou shall spend thy eternity  
In the midst of the contemplation  
Of other's intricate realities  
Shall thou see love in its formation.”

“Brethrens, a corpse has been found!  
 A merchant was wandering  
 Amidst the shore and he saw her lingering  
 Within the water and brought her to ground.  
 To his horror she uttered not a single word.  
 Through her pale face did her beatings remain curt.  
 What tragedy! What tragedy!  
 Such youth forsaken by misery!”

As the young boy’s lips drew  
 Such misery before the many whom  
 Surrounded the market,  
 Tears streamed from *Luc*’s eyes with regret.  
 His heart spoke to him in silence  
 As he attempted to mask his grievance.

With a wreath of flowers did he pace towards the shore,  
 And gazed upon the sea till he could gaze no more.

“Do thou finally hear the clamor  
 At the gates of *Hades*’ kingdom?  
 Have thy worries and burdens  
 Been repented by thy pallor?  
 O how these waters flow in abundance  
 As their depth marks thy absence.  
 These waves which crash into the shore  
 Art my beloved’s tomb forever more.  
 A wreath of flowers do I present thee  
 As I commemorate my beloved’s tragedy.  
 O thy once silent murmurs  
 Of thy concealed fervors,  
 How they evade within the deep blue.

Each passing moment causes me rue.  
 In oblivion shall thou forever be  
 Within the waters of this merciless sea.  
 O this tempest which thou rendered thyself to  
 Shall forever separate our bodies, but never shall  
 My will to love thee fade nor be bruised.  
 Thy memories shall intoxicate me, and to them I render all.”

As tears gently streamed upon his face,  
 The memory of her visage failed to erase.  
 His heart could no longer emit sounds,  
 As he gazed into the horizon with his feet on the ground.

In fear of nostalgia he grabbed his belongings  
 And fled into the distance the next morning.

As dawn was followed by countless  
 Of dusks, his days faded along with the seasons.

On a rosy dawn, did his path lead him to his city.  
 As endless years passed, he learned the tragedy  
 Of his parents’ final days and that of their finality.

The olive tree remained on the mount gracefully.  
 He gazed upon it with utter envy yet agony.

“Thy image as thy state remain intact  
 Throughout the years, such is thy pact  
 With time, whereas I am destined to perish  
 Just as my beloved whose truths were ravished  
 By time’s inevitable passions and desire.  
 Thy immortality leads me to my ire,

Such fact I wish to disparage, nevertheless,  
Time stripped me of my hopeful dreams  
As it frolicked with whatever I once deemed  
To be worthy but now I see as worthless.  
Through distance sails, have thy images followed me  
For thou bared witness to my sacred and pleasant memories.  
I shan't allow my heart to grieve as thou remain here  
In thy pleasantry, in thy destiny within this atmosphere.  
Perhaps if thy fate were within my hands  
Will my heart cease to begrudge these lands.”

He stood before the burst of colors,  
As fumes dimmed the sky with ardor.

**CHAPTER**  
**TWO**  
**FIRE**





## *CHILDREN OF THE SUN*

As definite beings we tend to mark this Earth,  
Some imprints ease it, as others lead to its dearth.

Constantly establishing contact, one fears one's shadows.  
Clusters of wanderers unite within four walls, so hollow.

Bonds do many seek to pave the way to recognition.  
In fear of lonesome, silence is portrayed as salvation.

Sacrifice is made to quench one's thirst for completion.  
Diffident beings preach the need for reproduction.

Bounded by the constellations and depth of these infinite oceans,  
One desires meaning as far as one's once fertile soil's erosion.

Deceptive are those who bleed the most. Wounded birds  
within the skies  
Attempt to fly to destinations forsaken by their wings' lies.

Intricate do many seem, yet each takes the shade of humanity's  
spectrum.  
Ears do fill the heart with many incisions disguised as 'wisdom'.

Each element which surrounds one tends to lead to questions.  
Is one alone? What is one's purpose? What are heavens'  
inhibitions?

If we are each imperfect and sinful beings bounded by the  
constellations

Projecting the image of a single entity, one wonders what is perfection?

If humanity's unity were to lead to a divine entity, what would that entity resemble?

Is perfection merely completion or is it beauty? Such truths we strive to assemble.

Quests of truth solely appear to be quests of one's existence's definition.

Questions arise as one conditions oneself in a world of refined passions.

Archaic terms seem to propagate through a world of communications,

But alas, truths seem to appear within the tears of one's self-destruction.

Beneath the stars, life longs for itself and not for its deterioration. As families are being formed, bonds tend to become one's definition.

Titles, privileges and persecutions intertwine with one's entity. Beliefs, thoughts and decisions transcend time within a family.

As civilizations throughout time crumbled to ground, New ones arose from the storms' emitted sounds.

Questions of divinity and practices pave the way to violence of persuasion,

As bloodshed and expansions of territories mark the greatness of one's religion.

But alas, beliefs and practice need not to become public for  
they are private matters,  
And those who understand not this intricate balance of peace  
lead others to shatter.

## ***OBSERVATIONS OF THE CREDIT ERA***

Words, gestures and stares  
 Unite those in utter despair.  
 Thoughts, care and emotions  
 Entice the spirit's vexation.  
 Knowledge marks the arrival of crows,  
 As one chooses to lead when no one follows.

Happiness seems to be earned through oblivion  
 In a world of numbers, self-interest and 'civilians'.  
 Marked by a fine cravat's desires to create unison,  
 Lands and beings intertwine with slight derivation.

Facilitation in forms of unity granted many with much time  
 to spend  
 On futile matters which the body requires not yet befriends.  
 Children have many become through desires to possess all.  
 Easy to condition and exploit are those living within society's  
 walls.  
 Products do many consume in hopes of acceptance and  
 recognition.  
 Aware of a product's lack of value, one's greed blinds one's  
 intuition.

As many do parade around well lit streets with rocks and fine  
 garments,  
 Others bleed and weep in their desires to maintain their cryptic  
 existence.

Within condensed boxes do many meet, so that income may  
repent their lonesome.

Within wisps of fumes, tears and blood intertwine to shed  
light on a sight so gruesome.

Many wonder whether it is the worker or the buffoon who  
merits more pity;

The worker merits honor whereas the latter merits a smile  
masking mockery.

It is not one's credit expenses which defines one's superiority  
and glory,

But the extent to which one is drawn in hopes of sustaining  
one's family.

Hybrids have many become, as territories fade within the  
media's cataclysm.

Media seems to prevail over traditions and history in this  
Modern Society mechanism.

In the Credit Era, many seem to abide by certain laws of social  
conduct.

One no longer dreads debt or hunger, but the scorns of one's  
products.

It is human nature to satisfy one's abundant desires no matter  
the durability,

Nevertheless, it is the basis for a cluster of men to exploit such  
dependent realities.

Plunged into a world reigned by brands, logos and corporations,  
One's very fate lingers within the hands of a minority's sites  
for vacations.

Throughout centuries, many have attempted to fight for human  
freedom,

Once it was admittedly attained, many retreated from a  
vanquished kingdom.

Celebrations filled the air, as crowns were placed aside.

The streets were filled with smiles as kings began to hide.

It is childish to assume that humanity prevailed over a  
minority's tyranny,

Because imperialism never faded, it simply evolved along  
with the majority.

Kingdoms are being established within the entire globe,  
kingdoms of brands.

Kings tend to control each element within their kingdom  
throughout these lands.

It is somewhat intriguing to examine humanity's scale of  
change throughout centuries,

For history is repetitive, and its negative aspects can be  
explained by human nature's vitality.

Within every unit of individuals, there are always those who  
follow and those who lead,

Just as throughout the societies today, there are several  
corporations desiring to feed.

O the intricate tyrannical reign of exquisite suits, for power  
today defines capital.

"If you choose to become successful you must learn how to  
lead and conquer all."

In this Modern Society, books are traded for leisure and social  
networks.

Human interaction is slowly decreasing because of technological  
efforts.

In the 21st century, one no longer invests time in order to  
attain intelligence,

For one abides by the gain in capital, acceptance and the laws  
of appearances.

What is knowledge if not a means for social status?

What is knowledge indeed if not certified by sponsors?

As territories, cultures and individuals mold into one entity,  
There surfaces a passion for utensils and a loss of sincerity.  
Extinction throughout the globe marks some form of awareness  
When it comes to an unknown species lingering in some  
wilderness,

But alas, who speaks of the extinction of the traditional family?  
Perhaps none chooses to speak of things which bring misery.  
The household today consists of distance, quick meals and  
accessories.

Parents shower children with materials instead of warmth and  
company.

As skies are dimmed by buildings and stars stripped of their  
glow,

Many awaken to the sound of constructions and rushing vehicles.  
Business hinders advancement if it were not to lead to  
economic gain.

Human greed leads to desertification, war and acid rains.

Feuds fill these lands with bloodshed, misery and fear.

Weapons are being sold as treaties are drowned in infants'  
tears.

How unconventional of many to desire to change such realities,  
When citizens desire not to be refrained from attending parties.  
May we celebrate the end of humanity as we indulge in  
imported wines.

May we condescend those desiring to bring peace to our  
burdened minds.

As many sit across fine tapestries in order to be distracted by  
flat screens,

The Earth sighs as it is being exploited by unaware individuals  
and fiends.

When war-inflicted mothers mourn their loss, many weep  
over what they sought,

But why must you dwell over something which influences you  
not?

Though this Earth may behold luminous streets, it is a Dark  
Age for humanity,

For we each conspire to our very deterioration as we contribute  
to the economy.



## *A FUNERAL*

His frigid hands are caressed by flowers,  
 His eyes are cleansed by season's showers,  
 His smile is illuminated by faded sunshine,  
 His tongue is entrenched in incense and wine,  
 His shadow lay peacefully upon the plains,  
 His heart grew silent as time lifted its restraints,  
 O how She wept in misery, wept in tragedy,  
 O how She mourned humanity, mourned sincerity,  
 O how She tore the trees vengefully, tore with much anger,  
 O how She brought tears to her infants along with thunder,  
 "Alas why must thou slay life before thy demons?  
 Alas why must thou fill many ears with thy venom?  
 It was I who gave thy beats sound,  
 It was I who gave thy feet ground,  
 It was I who gave thy eyes sight,  
 But alas it is thou who shame me through thy fights."  
 As many gather in harmony, gather as a society  
 Before the fruits ripened by their vile hypocrisy,  
 Empty words are spoken, promises are whispered,  
 As somber satire veiled hands readily armed.  
 His white garments were tainted by stains,  
 His pallor was marked by a void within his veins.  
 "In this tomb, we burry thee,  
 In this tomb lay innocence,  
 In this tomb we praise violence,  
 In this tomb we burry liberty."  
 Beneath Her constellations, fires cease as streets lights illuminate,  
 Beneath Her clouds, tears do stream as capital emanates.  
 A funeral did She bare witness to,  
 A funeral did cause Her rue,  
 A funeral did She dread,  
 A funeral of the living dead.

## *SYMPHONY*

Whispers, glances and assumptions  
Are susceptible of taking a toll  
On those who desperately attempt to grow  
But hesitate and doubt what others question.  
Society consists of a medley of beings  
Who derive in sounds played by the same string.  
When a note may appear out of place,  
Rejection and prosecutions begin to surface.  
One becomes the victim of one's melody  
And is compelled to conceal one's beauty  
In order to satisfy those who expect harmony  
And detest whatever alters their symphony.  
But how can music benefit the deaf?  
There lies denial in singularity which leads to theft  
Of the magnificence one renders to oneself.  
In order to embrace one's desires one must be stealth  
In one's movement and weary of those who listen.  
To harmonize and please the ears of the reluctant  
One will never relish the fruits one can bare,  
But will live through the cloak of society's undiscerning stare.  
Carry on, sweet yet burdened song,  
Your deceptive sound won't last long.

## 2006

Gathered around the box with moving pictures,  
Standing still as warnings invade each fiber,  
Stirring fear and doubts within,  
Till hopes and despair become akin.

The crackling sounds burying tears  
Become the clock stricken by sears.

When prayers failed to mask grief,  
When tomorrow became today's dream,  
When yesterday became a blessing,  
And today, a survival seen as victory.

A number may seem of little significance  
When measuring the faded lights of innocence.

The world became mad when conflicts  
Arose from words inscribed in stones.

When you cease to identify with others  
Your humanity escapes your entity  
And gazes at you without remorse  
Till you realize that you are empty.

Tainted rituals seeking praise  
Shan't be cleansed by blood's array.

Bow not to the temples of vacant souls  
In hopes of finally becoming whole,  
But bow down to Life and its longings  
And question not its end or beginning.

## *SPARKS*

Sometimes, one's words as one's actions  
Tend to define one's outcomes, one's decisions.  
If one speaks one's truths, if one acts one's way  
Must one be reprimanded because of what others say?  
Why must one have to conform to something  
If one's vitality were to become one's ending?  
Intrepid must one be,  
Honest must one be,  
Regardless of the shadows that lurk in each corner  
Perceiving one's spark as one's own blunder.

## *ANGELS AND DEMONS*

Within this kingdom lost between  
Heaven and Hell, I've seen  
The angels masked as demons,  
At times, I attempt to conceal them,  
Yet darkness is just light's shadow,  
Not it's enemy, but an essence of it all.  
Beneath the sun, my skin remains clear,  
Within twilight, does my skin begin to tear  
So that in night, the beast greets the moon.  
The eyes of the beast reveal a gloom  
So lyrical in its depths, its shelter.  
These walls I built around to guard it,  
How they crumble and fall to the ground  
To bury the beast that remains hellbound.  
Secrets unveil themselves, there's nothing left  
To do; if your heart can bare the demons  
Then the angels will put their masks aside.  
Though they bleed out, they choose not to hide,  
In both night and day, they are your companions.

## *CRAVINGS*

It beats in sync with the drum,  
Its melody disguised by a hum,  
Its yearnings revealed through a faint rouge,  
Its flow as smooth and rough as that of a douche,  
Its eyes as moist as silk whisper softly,  
O doubts do evade as hearts succumb to clarity,  
O cravings dripped in gold and silver  
Lead you to pause for a moment to wonder.

## *BURNING BRIDGES*

The dusk always greeted this realm.  
Living life as if it were a mere dream.  
This kingdom with bridges surrounding,  
Was my haven till your heart spoke to me.  
Soundless sleeper, was I, for centuries.  
Vivid burst of colors bare hopeful tidings.  
I trample around the debris and ruins,  
And for the first time, look into the horizon,  
Where quiescent nights meet fiery days,  
All of life, now ignited by your healing gaze.  
These bridges, you helped me burn  
Barricaded me and led to my self destruction  
This wreath of flowers in my hand  
Is placed before the temple's ground.  
These plains once seemed to be mountains,  
But now, beside you, I fear not the climb.

## *EROS*

What has become of me?  
All that I am, all that I strive to be  
Is becoming a reverie.  
I sought inspiration,  
I sought aspiration,  
Yet I desire to remain here,  
Beneath the soles of your feet,  
Beneath your arms' wings,  
Where freedom intertwines  
With self-evoked slavery.  
O Eros I am aflame with love,  
Yet I know not what you scheme,  
I wail in silence, yet not in shame  
For this arrow aimed from above.  
O bury me, bury me,  
Take all that you need,  
But leave me not here alone,  
For buried within you is *home*.



## *THE SHRINE*

Constant lingering leads me astray,  
Entrapped in desirous webs at first glance,  
Destined to break, I sought to find balance,  
Foolish are we to change our ways,  
The differences surface from the core,  
A blooming rose masks not its worth,  
Once fertile plains now marked by dearth,  
This love within is one I grew to abhor.  
A shrine have you become,  
A wreath of flowers placed  
Beneath the soles of your pace  
As I make my way home.

## *THE DUNGEON'S GUARDIAN*

Deafened by the depths of its vile murmurs,  
Blinded by the sight of its gentle tremor,  
Imprisoned by the lands bounded by the constellations,  
Silenced before the strident sound of its self-destruction,  
Submissive to these shackles which define me,  
Haunted by the ghosts of yesterday's melodies,  
Enslaved by each breath I draw, each heartbeat,  
Thirsty before the gentle brooks' stream,  
Weakened by evasive dreams,  
Awakened before the incisions which fleet.  
O thou silent strain, how thou were my sole companion.  
O thou vivid haze, how thou veiled my walls' devastation.  
As drops of wine wove with tears whispered by reality,  
A horse's gallop roared beyond yonder valleys.  
As wisps of fumes began to invade Her serenity,  
The coarse surface, on which she kneeled, bled heavily.  
Weaponries dimmed the skies,  
As walls were being built high.  
Open caskets unveil vile desires,  
As angles' smiles mask their satire.  
O the centuries which led to these incessant battles.  
O how to mend a wolf's gait from a serpent's rattle?

## *LOST BOY*

A thousand gloomy sunsets marked the depths of his quest,  
A thousand quiescent paces marked his endearment and lack  
of rest,  
A thousand recurring tears marked the pallor of his dreams,  
A thousand broken promises marked reality's subtle gleam,  
A thousand observant stares marked society's strain over his  
desires,  
A thousand indecisive thoughts marked the immensity of his ire,  
A thousand words emitted from his lips with a stutter,  
A thousand cold nights he endured yet failed to alter,  
On the first sunrise his depraved eyes witnessed with envy,  
A lost boy returned home to find comfort in the affection of amity.

## *HOME*

There's a land that I call home,  
A place that I hold dear,  
That is filled with much cheer,  
And lures me in but is not truly my own.  
I endlessly walked Her streets,  
And I've taken part of Her beauty,  
I indulged in the fruits ripened by Her trees,  
Had my words stripped away at the sight of Her sea.  
She endured so much,  
Rose from the debris and ashes  
And rebuilt herself when destined to perish,  
And retains a magnificent indifference towards rush.  
Many find themselves wondering  
How it's plausible that this terrain  
Has so much hope surfacing  
From amidst its loss and pain.  
The beings that share my land,  
Are armed yet willing to help their siblings stand.  
How could it be that life is so vivid  
When it finds itself so limited?  
When one is unaware of tomorrow,  
One abides by today and yesterday is let go.  
No matter how far one runs,  
There's no comparison to Her suns.  
This world is vast and wondrous,  
Yet the initial point of one's beginning,  
Is one's journey's preferred ending.  
I will come back for you, this I promise.

## *GRAVEYARD OF DREAMS*

Here in the graveyard of dreams, I lay pedals,  
Here in the graveyard of dreams, as a statue, I lay sentinel,  
Here in the graveyard of dreams, I weep in reminiscence,  
Here in the graveyard of dreams, I mourn my innocence,  
Here in the graveyard of dreams, I am a stranger,  
Here in the graveyard of dreams, I am an observer,  
Here in the graveyard of dreams, I keep quiet,  
Here in the graveyard of dreams, I fear my heart's riot,  
Here in the graveyard of dreams, I am the keeper,  
Here in the graveyard of dreams, I am a foreign dreamer.

## YOUTH

Each fading instant measured the loss of her persona,  
Each gloomy dusk paved the way to a rejuvenating dawn.  
Fractions of distant memories led her to fall to ground,  
Such reminiscence ignited by sight, thought and sound.  
She daydreamed of the places she had long known,  
A cluster of red tops, carpeted gardens, quiescent nights,  
Tables so vast with delights to silence a child's appetite,  
Where family and friends intertwine, this was *home*.  
O the waves which crashed to shore, saddened by her parting,  
O the clock's strikes which reminded each of her passing.  
When her footsteps were no longer heard in the corridor,  
When her mischievous shadow lurked not behind the door,  
When the storms were no longer greeted by her shriek,  
When the sun shun brightly on a day of sorrow and grief,  
Drowned in a shower of pedals, roses, and tears,  
In peaceful slumber, did a vacant smile appear.  
A fiery phoenix risen from the ashes of her youth,  
With endless wings thirsty for the oceans of truth,  
She launched herself forth into the unknown,  
In hopes of redemption for each moment gone.

## *A PLAY*

A void grows within as bravery defies reveries.  
The quiescent symphonies of my tears greet reality.  
Upon the stage appears yet another tragedy.  
Masks do we each bare in hopes of modesty.  
Hand in hand do we approach the blinding light,  
As I feel yours drifting from mine without a fight.

You take a bow as we are plunged into the applause.  
I glance at the observant stares which seem to cause  
Much torment to my frail yet agile beats.  
I find myself kneeling before your very feet.

“Cease to wound me much longer  
For I know not how much I can endure.  
Cease to grow closer solely to mock me  
As you turn to the audience and smile disdainfully.  
Perhaps I may not appeal to your expectations,  
Yet the love I feel for you knows no further exaltation.  
Must I beg for pardon so that I may cease to walk on broken shells?  
Must my tears fill the voids of my heart’s very wishing well?  
Speak to me, speak to me my beloved so that I may know.  
Speak to me, speak to me my beloved or I shall let you go.”

My mask do I dispose of before your curiosity.  
Laughter do I hear as you toss it with disgust and honesty.

“O you fool, how could you attempt to dispose of your weaponry?  
In a world of Man, it is insincerity and treachery which lead  
to prosperity.

Cease to be a dreamer, awaken so that you may partake in this  
moment.

Cease to be a lover, for the love you feel is forbidden by your  
hesitance.

I am merely a role to be played in your lifetime of misery,  
I am merely a role to be played without love or amity.”

I find myself crawling towards the outskirts in shame,  
As I am plunged into the darkness that I constantly blame.  
I shall partake in no mockery or confusion,  
Alas I shall escape from this prison of illusions.  
Actors do many become upon the stage of hearts,  
Where one’s weakness is one’s very ability of lust.

I run, I run into the distance as I look not back with memories.  
I run, I run into the distance as I focus my stare before me.



## *THE CITY OF FALLEN STARS*

They painted the sky with fiery lights,  
 Some as a mild glow, others so bright,  
 The children of Land awaited the trumpets' calling,  
 So that they may metamorphose into the kingdom,  
 And guard it till they'd be consumed by the final shower.  
 As time soared through the mountains and into the waters,  
 Astray from the kingdom echoed symphonies of power,  
 Such temptress melodies of the sirens hidden within verdure.

Bounded by land, they disguised the kingdom with tombs,  
 As they poisoned the apple and fed it to their very wombs.  
 Each breath drawn was a memory stripped,  
 Each step was a vacant drum's beat emitted,  
 They kneeled before the Weak, and praised not the Great,  
 Depraved and wounded, did the winds beg and chase.  
 No matter the disaster, all watched in fear,  
 As the walls they built drowned them within the seas  
 Of endless desires and momentary pleasures.  
 A broken lullaby remained of their fading whispers.

Descending sky dust in forms of angels attempting to mend,  
 Spoke words of wisdom that kings began to reprimand.  
 Carvings in stones were tainted by merciless spit,  
 As the castles in the sky were buried within blind faith.

In this city of fallen stars,  
 They preach of equality yet teach otherwise,  
 In this city of fallen stars,  
 Attires and materials are cursed disguises,  
 In this city of fallen stars,  
 Are the skies dimmed till they grow mute,  
 In this city of fallen stars,  
 Heaven is veiled by the fires of their feuds.

## *METAMORPHOSIS*

I voyaged through the horizons  
Of my contemplations.  
Seeking not warmth or security  
But the caress of reveries.  
Lost had I become in the beauty  
Transcending every fiber of my being.  
Led astray to the foreign lands  
Where none trespassed and many reprimanded.  
Sought the voice of a lion  
But uttered fearfully with hesitation.  
A blinding light from within cast a void,  
I knew then what I yearned for.  
When all fears subsided, my eyes grew frail,  
I stumbled to my feet and wailed.  
The scent of spices illuminated the plains,  
As a fire brunt brighter than day.  
I sat before it and understood not why  
The voices within urged me to testify.  
I then recounted my journey and desires  
As my body cringed with curiosity.  
It was then that I plunged within the fire,  
As flames consumed my flesh and chastity.  
All traces of humanity surfaced,  
As my spirit grew lighter and lifted.  
My heart, buried within the soil,  
My essence, mounted over the clouds.  
From above, did my passions wander in turmoil,  
As my treasure's symphonies grew loud.  
As a phoenix risen from its ashes,  
I watched as my blood and bones clashed.

# CHAPTER THREE

AIR



## *A CONSTANT EXISTENCE*

These trees, these lands remain constant,  
Whereas I'm said to perish within existence.  
These faces, these experiences seem obsolete,  
For my finality leads them to becoming desolate.  
What if my shadow were to represent my soul?  
What if my heartbeats lead me not to feel whole?  
Indeed certain questions seem to plague me,  
Yet, it is what I am told to believe by society.  
What if life were to be a repetitive cycle, baring no end?  
What if one were rendered the possibility to live yet again?  
Would I find salvation through a celestial cataclysm?  
Would I find redemption through repetition in life's mechanism?  
Alas, what if I, along the stars and the universe were to live forever?  
Would I gain much strength and bravery to endure my endeavors?  
When I gaze at the stars, I believe that I shan't perish,  
For my soul shall live forever once my body turns to ashes.

## *THE SPECTER*

Beneath the tree did I lay with much curiosity,  
When a sudden apparition approached me.

“I desire not to startle thee,  
But alas it is thou who called upon me.”

I gazed at its black robe and its paleness,  
And emitted not a single word or sound.

It gazed at the golden rays departing the mountains,  
And greeted the darkness painted upon the ground.

“Thou remember me not?” It asked sardonically.  
In rapid movements had it fathomed my fragility.

“Who art thou? Why do thou desire to converse?”

Silence reigned over the hill on which I lay,  
As the stars and the moon swayed in a silent ballet.

“I am exaltation, I am passion, I am thy curse.  
I represent not freedom, yet imprisonment,  
I desire not peace, for I am tragedy and disappointment.  
I am an assortment of thy memories,  
I am an assortment of thy faded melodies,  
I am thy broken beats and thy flowing tears,  
I am the specter of thy most dreaded fears,  
I am torment, I am regret, I am love.  
I am the angel of death descending from above.  
Do thou not recognize me?  
Gaze into my hollow eyes so that thou may see.”

Hesitant was I as it slowly grew closer,  
Astonished was I as its traits grew familiar,  
Frightened was I as I gazed upon its delicacy,  
I wept miserably as I recognized the fruit of my reveries.

“O blasphemous element, why have thou unveiled thy identity?  
O treacherous heart, why have thou led me to my feared reality?”

“It is time to partake in the battle of light or obscurity,  
It is time to mark thy patriotism to thy shadow or company.  
Shall thou linger within the night, thou nocturnal lover  
Or shall you await the sunrise in hopes of savior?”

“O heavens above, why must thou send me a demon  
So foul and tempting as the taste of thy finest venom?”

The stars above shed light yet remain vacant,  
As the heart within me gradually grows silent.

“I desire not the darkness, for I desire not misery,  
I desire not the light, for I desire not isolation,  
I desire nothing, for I shan't desire fatality,  
I desire life in all its beauty and not my illusions.”

Suddenly, the specter faded within the twilight, o so milky,  
As I stood up, wiped the tears and bid farewell to my humanity.

## *THE MIRROR*

I find myself in a peculiar state,  
Where birds fill the skies with flight,  
As I walk with a heart marked by fright,  
Have I lost myself, or is it fate?  
The winds brush through my hair lightly,  
As a fire within me ignites memories,  
The trees dance around to silent hymns,  
As I stare at my reflection, and curse time.  
Water streams as silk so smoothly,  
As tears rush down my eyes achingly.  
The world around is just the expression  
Of the heart that lays within the seasons.  
Winter is coming, and I fear not outside,  
For the showers shall cleanse what I hide.



## *BATTLEFIELD*

In the battlefield of faded beats, many do march with weaponries,  
In the battlefield of reveries, many intertwine in inevitable tragedies,  
In the battlefield of shields, many do abandon their posts rapidly,  
In the battlefield of crimes of passion, we are each dilated miserably,

In the battlefield of masked desires, many attempt to veil their delicacies,

In the battlefield of heartache, many do fiercely fend their territories,

In the battlefield of sorrow, many do drown within tears and bloodshed,

In the battlefield of temptation, many mourn a bed needing to be dredged,

In the battlefield of ephemeral victories, many do return to their haven,

In the battlefield of scathed hopes, many cease to be latent,

In the battlefield of strident sounds, I hear not my very echo,

In the battlefield of blinding lights, I see none but my shadow.

I am both the battle and battlefield of passions,

I am victory, loss, salvation for I am resurrection.

## *HOLLOW*

I wait here, yet I feel no more, for I am hollow.  
I wait here, yet I desire nothing, not you, not anyone, I desire  
to be alone.  
Selfish am I to retire of this game of bluffs, yet I dealt most  
my cards,  
Selfish am I to part, as my heart strives to explain itself,  
Selfish am I, to feel nothing more than pity for all,  
Selfish am I, to hope that humanity were to fall.  
Selfish am I, to wish for the worst, yet mourn a beginning,  
Selfish am I, to ask for your departure yet you remain  
As an immovable block above my heart, you poisonous strain.  
Nevertheless, I allow you to persist to torment my being,  
For I am nothing more than a beast, a masochist without beats.  
A monster have I become, without beliefs, without dreams,  
Where my sole escape is the ceasing of these things I deem  
So empty, yet so important, whereas nothing satisfies my core,  
For all that surrounds me are elements I abhor.

## *WARS*

I stand so near, yet you fear a distance.  
Do my thoughts pave the way for defiance?  
Shall I silence my beating, to give voice to yours?  
You're one of many combatants in this heart's incessant wars.  
With each victory, you'll nevertheless remain in the shadows,  
For I solely familiarize with my echoes.

## *GAMES*

Through childhood, one is most content at play.  
Each toy a child has, he places on display.  
Through love, one is most drawn towards the ability  
To desire rather than the object itself.  
Once a child finished contemplating the beauty  
Of a toy, it will evidently be placed back on the shelf.  
It is uncanny for a child to desire to play with the same  
Toy an abundant amount of times without any shame.  
Once there are no more games to indulge in,  
A compromise is made on behalf of children.  
Whatever toy once rendered much comfort  
Receives, in the end, a child's company in accord.

## *FLIGHT*

How does one expect to preserve a house of cards  
If it were placed on the outskirts of one's heart?  
The wind can blow and lead it to crumble,  
An inevitable end to what was once humble.  
Is it a tragedy to watch something fragile bloom  
Into wondrous hopes that fade into the gloom?  
Should one guard one's breaths with much fight?  
Or should a bird be given the opportunity to take flight?

## *BREATHE*

Fumes do fill the sky in a city of vacant souls,  
Many wander in hopes to lie beside another.  
Innocent love was perceived as honor,  
Yet how can one love, when one isn't whole?

Your murmurs faded as you grew wary,  
Till silence reigned throughout your valleys.  
Plunged into constant rhythms,  
As gates sealed to voyageurs and pilgrims.

For a moment many begged for sympathy  
Within your twilight nuances of apathy.  
Before your imperfection I knelt bravely,  
Till words and time began to escape me.

Your fortress of glass dimmed the fiery skies.  
Your fortress of solitude drowned in sighs.  
Chambers marked by depths of desires  
Veiled to wandering and pained eyes.

Till the waves crashed no more,  
Till the storms ceased to soar,  
All the morsels of your vanished land  
Molded into a single shell within my hand.

These vacant promises solely breathe goodbyes,  
Yet you lay, patiently for reasons to revive.

## *WARMTH*

When plunged into infinite reveries,  
Time becomes trivial and evades me.

When my spirit is exalted by passion,  
Timid beats deceive my very reason.

When bravery reluctantly fails me,  
Desirous eyes whisper their intensity.

When company becomes a delicacy,  
Distance unveils its empty miseries.

A blinding beauty treads amid nature,  
Such ghostly figure appears to nurture.

When hearts collide in perfect unison,  
Light remains of the celestial cataclysm.

Alas, a strain, ever so powerful, blossomed,  
Breathing warmth in the depths of my bosom.

## *NIGHTWALKER*

I have become a nightwalker,  
Similar to the nomads in the desert.  
My skin is pale, yet I'm not frozen,  
All that we are shan't be broken,  
Though I long for your breath,  
Though I feed from your vein,  
Though love takes the shape of pain,  
Without Heaven there's no Earth,  
Without you, there's no I,  
Without day, there's no night.  
How then will I walk?



## *LADY IN BLACK*

On a path of utter darkness and gloom,  
She gazed at a soft glow of a vacant moon.  
Alas, the stars which lay above her in serenity  
Shed droplets of blinding light reminding her of vulnerability.

A nomad was she, a day dreamer in a land of obscurity.  
A fire burning within her core, yet forsaken by temptations.

A single taste of euphoria paves the way to undesired naiveté.  
Absence of mind guided her to a gateway of spiritual exaltation.  
But she desired not forgetfulness, for she desired salvation.

“O how I long for freedom from this strain over my feeble  
beats,  
O how I seek redemption in the nurture of my miniscule seeds.  
If I were to denounce my heart’s whispers, shall I then find peace?  
Will I start anew despite the anger which lingers within my  
silence?”

So many questions did she ask, to which none can answer.  
In solitude, did she fend her path from wary trespassers.

She could bare not the depth of her despair,  
And gazed upon many eyes with admiration.  
Perhaps it were her thoughts which led to her treason,  
Perhaps oblivion were to grant her frail arms white feathers.

Alas, her tainted garment preserved not a single purity,  
Yet hope for cleansing tears upon her integrity.  
She lay upon *Her* green carpets and gazed above.  
Within the dusk, did emerge a white dove.

## *PUZZLES*

Piece by piece have we built a castle,  
Protected by the skies and the land,  
With hopeful hearts and weary winds  
Did such castle mount over the meadows.

Such haven marked by its horizons  
Lay still as a shrine above the mountains.  
On silent nights, did we lay pedals beneath  
It, giving thanks for the love, joy and grief.

Puzzled, were those who walked past it,  
Constantly attempting to define its limits.  
The heavens are our playground,  
Whenever lost, we always are found.

These puzzles that we paint across the stars  
Ignite fiery passions within our fixed hearts.  
Our beats, prolonged by the winds and waters,  
Run smoothly and cast light upon our layers.

Puzzles, puzzles, it's all we've become,  
The love persists, but it is being torn.  
Puzzled are our emotions at the moment.

Love, will forever be baring and latent.  
With foolish and infantile hearts we gather,  
As hearts embrace in both misery and laughter.

## *CONSTRAINTS*

Today, I am not who I once was,  
And you, can no longer face me.  
Have we already become the past?  
A thread we cling to is already  
Breaking, and no matter how I try  
To hold on, I know that time  
Forsakes us, for we can't evade  
What we are unable to change.

And time has changed you and me,  
I love you, and for the first time  
Such words are significantly  
True, that nor the Earth or the skies  
Can mend such honesty.  
It is because I love you,  
That I shall set you free,  
And hope that we'll pull through.

## STAR

O how She shines brightly,  
That marvelous star above me.  
O how She guards and never reprimands,  
That lucid constellation astray from her brethrens.  
O how She hums into the winds,  
That glorious one who lays across such abyss.  
O how She often remains mute,  
That warrior whose essence none shall refute.  
O how She is wise,  
That luminous heaven where *truths* reside.  
O how She is laden,  
That veiled beauty who sways above the mountains.  
O how She is divine,  
That temptress whose heights I desire to climb.  
O how She fears not her will to wanton,  
That rejuvenated blaze who remains innocent.  
O how She is deprived of company,  
That desolate essence whose depth marks Her intensity.  
O how She is perturbed by sunshine,  
That celestial serenity who eases me with Her eternal chime.  
O how I wish to be with you once more,  
But alas the sun arose,  
And we must part until the evening tide.  
When darkness lurks, it is to you whom I shall confide.

## *THE ETERNAL THEFT*

Through divine whispers did Man's beats emerge,  
A fruit did Eve ripen within her womb, which Adam urged.  
A thousand and one lucid suns led to a thousand dark moons,  
As humanity struggled to maintain existence despite wars and  
gloom.

Murmurs of a presence within the constellations led many to kneel,  
Beliefs in company within quiescent nights allowed wounds  
to heal.

Alas, Man believed, no, Man sought to never dwell within  
lonesome,  
As long as perfection veiled its grandiosity through its absence,  
a crime so gruesome.

Words inscribed in stones, stones inscribed in hearts, hearts  
revealed through paper,  
A message spread across lands and oceans, a message of  
salvation, that of Man's savior.

"Thou shan't bare the wrath of being alone, for in darkness  
lurks a light so pure,  
Thou shan't fear luminosity if it were rendered to thee within  
thy heart, once obscure."

Apparent was it, that the leaves on the tree were not at random  
yet destined,  
Apparent was it, that divine truths were measured by their  
impact on those who listened.  
Through white pages of salvation was blood splattered,  
Through oblivion were many perceived as doomed *sinner*s.

Black robes did their pale bodies wear, as they preached death  
to lost souls,  
They lit candles within secluded walls, as sunshine blinded  
those desirous of life's whole.  
As kingdoms expanded, territories conquered and communities  
evolved,  
Certain truths seemed too archaic to determine a lifestyle, and  
so alterations were rendered.

Tainted were the stones, in hopes of divine intervention,  
Falsified was the message, in fear of disbelief and rejection.

A few adjustments did they seek in order to expand their  
kingdom of *Heaven*,  
A few adjustments did silence the spoken voice of the keeper  
of their haven.

Within Man's timid yet imperfect hands did humanity bury  
divinity,  
Within Man's jealous eyes did humanity murder perfection  
for its luminosity.  
A truth is ever so existent if short-lived, for time solely renders  
lies as memories are exploited,  
A truth did Man turn into a *lie*, as immortality vanished  
through an innocence, ever so tainted.

“It was they, it was thou, it was us, it was I who destroyed  
Heaven through our heart's fire.  
An eternal obscurity fell above our heads as some still preach  
words with reluctance and satire.

A crime did each of us commit, not through futile desires, yet  
through vengeful glares,  
A crime did each of us commit, one we mourn through belief  
in our footsteps upon His stairs.

Murderers are we all, thieves yet givers of life.  
Honest are we not, for comfort lingers within lies.

May we persist with ephemeral abstinence,  
May we persist with salvation despite His absence.

Gaze not at the stars with remorseful eyes, for thou shan't see  
humanity's greatness,  
Albeit Man's feet are bounded by Earth, Man was able to  
annihilate a thousand heavens.  
Beneath the stars shall Man walk, head held high with both  
honor and insincerity,  
Beneath the stars is no heaven, no perfection, yet vile reality,  
imperfection and *humanity*."





**CHAPTER**  
**FOUR**  
**EARTH**



## *ASHES AND WINE*

I can sense your presence  
Linger beneath my skin.  
How one's layers can become so thin  
Regardless of one's attempts of abstinence.  
Why is it that one seeks to silence one's voices  
With ashes and wine  
When one fears the outcome of one's choices?  
If I were a single note to your chime  
Why then must I alter my melody  
In order to be part of your symphony?  
It is rather intricate to fathom this emotion  
When the bridges were burnt to ground.  
My lips utter no word yet you hear sound.  
I can't find peace with my deprivation.

## *PRAISE*

“What is it that thou praise?”

“I praise that of which aids  
Without remorse but compassion.  
I praise that of which eases  
Without need but affection.  
I praise that of which ceases  
To allow others disrupt its serenity.  
I praise that of which offers  
Without compromise but amity.  
I praise that of which harms none,  
Not the reprimanded, not the sprung.  
I praise that of which dreams  
Yet embraces reality’s esteem.  
I praise that of which shan’t linger  
In futile matters, so that its awe shan’t be hindered.  
I praise that of which gazes upon the sea,  
Without fear but curiosity.  
I praise that of which is desolate  
With each breath it draws, it elevates.  
I praise that of which desires no admiration,  
For its sole beatings render salvation.”

“Whom then do thou praise today?  
For none is nurtured in such a way.”

“I praise these trees, and these lands,  
Before I may praise my brethrens.”

## *THRESHOLD OF THE HAVEN*

As I lay beneath the olive tree,  
 Gazing at the sun's ray drops before me,  
 My spirit's heights seared above the constellations.  
 Pensive was I in the midst of my contemplations.

O how Her fragrances invaded me,  
 O how Her delicacies contemplated me.  
 My thoughts strewn with vile and benign murmurs  
 Sang their lullabies as I drifted unto peaceful slumber.

My echoes silenced Her unsullied pleasantries  
 As I soared above Her vast yet definite realities.  
 O how Her smile chanted lyrical symphonies,  
 O how Her eyes grew silent in utter envy.

Her mounts painted upon the Earth's terrains  
 Gradually dimmed as distance veiled her plains.  
 O how the celestial cot gently kissed my cheeks,  
 O how the stars' gentle glow grew weak.

As my wings gained speed and flight,  
 Plunged was I within the abyss's shimmering light.  
 O how my dismal fears faded within the cataclysm,  
 O how colors burst as they wept within the evasive chasm.

The arms of the night's infinite guiding lights delivered me  
 To my sacred haven which salvaged my yearnings and pleads.

Above, where the stars  
Don't seem too far.  
Above, where darkness  
Is ever so wondrous.  
Above, where fantasy  
Intertwines with reality.  
Above, where worries  
Fade along with fears.

Long had I dreamt of freedom and exaltation.  
Long had I desired saving from vile expectations.  
Alas, my beloved summit becomes so nigh.  
Entrenched in their incense, they begin to sigh.

## *THE ARRIVAL*

My lips uttered not a single word,  
For my heartbeats spoke louder.  
Doubts led me to quiver before your gaze,  
With a single touch, lost was I in a haze.  
Alas, my quiescent desires sang a symphony,  
And I stood sentinel before your melody.  
Albeit shattered pieces of yesterday led us to kneel  
Before what was destroyed, yet my wounds did you heal.  
It is uncanny how regardless of all our faded sorrow,  
Regret, burden and frustration, you still retain your glow.  
A smile did you tenderly paint upon my pale visage,  
As you whispered life into the prison of yesterday's mirages.  
I stand before you unarmed, unscathed, naked,  
As I pray to the constellations that you've waited.  
I am here, ever so patient, ever so fearless,  
Ready to guide your timid hand within my fortress.  
As the long dark gates greet your footsteps with enthusiasm,  
Colors burst before you, marking the end of my heart's cataclysm.

## *PRINCESS*

It is amidst the walls of this fortress  
That a once self-fulfilled princess  
Awaited her beloved knight  
Through each day and night.  
But as the arid leaves fell to ground,  
The echoes led her to be broken.  
Her corpse lies amidst her dredged  
Casket where she awaits her savior.  
But alas, there is a void amidst her harbor,  
And now she fears her inability to be salvaged.  
It was through the storms, through the torrents  
Of her scathed waters that she was enslaved in her torment.

“Prince, o prince, where have thou gone?  
I await thee but thou choose not to come.  
Must I fill these veins with my demon’s venom  
In order for thou to rescue me from this seldom  
Act of defiance, act of self-destruction,  
Act of adornment, act of vile passion?  
What can I do in order for thy stallion  
To reluctantly gallop towards these plains?  
In order for thou to cross these oceans  
And rescue me from this tyrannical reign?”

Into the winds do such words fade.  
Into the void do such hopes deteriorate.



On a rosy dawn, the princess awakened  
From whatever dreams led her to be long dormant.  
As she gazed into the horizon from her window,  
She finally comprehended  
That the image of the knight she guarded  
Led her to become its grieving widow.  
Her grave sentiment towards her visions  
Imprisoned her in a throbbing situation.  
She began resenting her past judgment  
That led her to become subjugated.

“I no longer desire to await thee with much content,  
For such attempts compelled me to be isolated.  
Why do tales engorge one with the belief  
Of a lack within oneself if it were to lead to one’s grief?  
Alas, this princess shan’t desire a warrior  
To fend her nonexistent hostilities!  
For she no longer desires a harrier  
Whose presence shall delay her prosperities.  
When thou shall finally decide to arrive,  
I shan’t be here to greet thee.  
Through these infinite valleys,  
Beneath these glistening suns, I shall thrive.”

## *BROKEN BELLS*

O the seasons which led to my voyage,  
O the memories that veiled your visage,  
O the melancholic reveries that became my prison,  
O the kiss of reality which scattered my reasons,  
O the vile expectations to which my heart yields,  
O the subtle delicacy of your scent to which I kneel,  
As my journey reaches its halt I find myself astray,  
But alas, the vessel carried me to your shores today.  
Within your arms do my beats turn into shells,  
As your past symphony solely whispers broken bells.

## *RISE*

Has your thirst been quenched  
From the flow of this fountain?  
Have you gathered enough strength  
To climb these rising mountains?  
No matter how much your body  
May age with the passing of every  
Moment, your mind doesn't cease to grow,  
As young as it may be, it will be the only glow  
On the dark path that time bestowed upon you.  
Rise from these depths and seek what is true.

## *FORBIDDEN FRUIT*

It is hard to accept the truth when one isn't receptive,  
Just as it's hard to deny oneself to be submissive.  
One exploits one's surroundings incessantly,  
Regardless of how one despises this quality.  
Driven by desires and lust,  
The core of one's happiness does rust.  
It is not the poison of the apple filling these veins  
That destroys one, but what one chooses to gain.  
Parallel to child's play,  
One's games know no delay.  
Serpents do walk aside one's path,  
With melodious tones that bare no wrath.

## *ROSE*

This rose chose to not conceal its beauty,  
Such an act led Her to become invidious.  
Her winds disrupted its serenity.  
Once She stripped it from what made Her envious,  
She grinned on what once offended Her vanity.  
As the rose decomposed, She marked Her territorial integrity.

## *DESERTS*

To deny oneself the ability to hurt,  
Is to silence one's heart in order to be curt.  
It is one's wounds that measure one's life.  
The depths and magnitude of another's knife  
Into the chest one is entitled to by fate  
Allows one the ability to recuperate.  
Why must one feel much remorse  
For the single grain of sand, o so coarse,  
When one has the ability to explore  
The vast dunes of the desert and much more?  
Into these warm summer days,  
One must find the melody one requires to sway.  
Albeit sometimes, one is drawn to mirages,  
One must learn to look past another's visages.

## *SWEET SORROW*

O sweet sorrow,  
Your plenitude so deep  
Lifted me from this hollow  
Corpse into a level so steep.  
Shall I ask thee to dance?  
My hand is yours for the taking,  
With much grace in our stance  
I know you'll guide me while making  
The right decisions in regards of my  
Devotion and sacred path of sighs.  
What else must I sacrifice  
In order to please your vice?

## *RICHES*

“Bourgeois, what is it that thou acquire?  
Shall I guide thee to the nearest treasury?”

“Attaining much fortune is my sole desire,  
For without capitol how then can one be happy?”

“Perhaps, thou art right. In these lands  
One must earn wages in order to stand.  
For what is happiness if not obtainable?  
Albeit I once believed in the sustainable  
Riches of these trees and flowers,  
I recently took part in a rude awakening.  
In Her glorious showers,  
One only seeks the growth of one’s earnings.  
How then can one indulge liberally in Her grace  
When She faces a scarcity that She can’t erase?”



## *THE UDDER*

Chastity is perceived as a virtue,  
Yet it limits one on one's quest to truth.  
Indeed some are born chaste,  
Yet others willingly waste  
Whatever renders them innocence,  
As they intertwine in bodily fragrances.  
But my brethren, chastity in forms  
Of Nature's nurture is not a norm.  
One must embrace the gifts granted  
By the udder which feeds Her sacred.

## *PINNACLE*

Through the wilderness of one's soul,  
One strives to become whole.  
Every battle one vanquishes  
Leads one to relinquish  
One's blood and tears  
In order to prevail over one's fears.  
The serene stars shan't cease to shine  
Above the mountains one valiantly climbs.  
Once one reaches the pinnacle  
One contemplates the beauty of the faded obstacle.

## *PROMISE*

Sometimes, one harms one's beloved.  
Against all will, one is defeated  
By one's own beats which limit  
One's words and actions.  
Trust, love and devotion  
Are fortunes given to those who are thrift.  
Misplaced urges and thoughts  
Can lead one to deteriorate and rot.  
If one promises the Earth  
One must be willing to render the stars,  
For words alone reveal a dearth  
In one's intentions of prevailing one's wars.  
My heart is yours, this is I promise.  
Just guide me through the debris.

## *FADING*

One can't preserve the ruins  
Of a faded hope that ceased to burn.  
A once so captivating lust  
Engorges one before turning into dust,  
And holding on to the beginning  
Is depriving one the very ending  
One requires in order to start anew.  
Why must one dwell over a few  
When one is given the freedom  
To choose whichever is the best  
Key to lock one's treasure chest?  
These days fade and are seldom.  
To sacrifice one's hours,  
In order to cherish a dying flower,  
Is to deny oneself the liberty  
To live merrily.

## *DECEPTION*

One's experiences can be shamelessly  
Exploited by one's memory.  
Through the open window I see  
Trees, flowers and a scenery  
So pleasing to my desirous eyes,  
But tomorrow, my memory shall solely provide lies

## *SEASONS*

What is this mockery?  
You vow to always love me?  
What ensures me that tomorrow you'll feel this way?  
What if I were to inform you that I desire to run away?  
What then? Will you chase me?  
O how I wish I could promise you my loyalty,  
But my heart evolves with the seasons, o so briskly.  
By dawn, the leaves would have fallen unmercifully.  
As you gather around the ashes of what had once been,  
I shall indulge in another's fruit, unsullied and recently ripened.

## *DEITIES*

What is it that you fear, you there?  
Nothing? What is this profanity?  
Do you fear not the punishment of a deity?  
Which one you say, with that glare?  
Whichever one you find to be more promising.  
You can't decipher what is inscribed on these walls?  
You assume that they crumble as fast as they're being  
Built and that they only form the basis for laws?  
Well then why do you reject such reality?  
How many benefits can be found in anarchy?  
Do you need the directions to the nearest library?  
Here...But wait, why do you walk the other way?  
The path you walk upon is desolate and gloomy.  
Do be safe. Your bravery and will shan't decay.

## *EQUALITY*

Man is not born equal,  
Such belief is feudal,  
But Man is granted the opportunity  
To overcome his state and gain a form of equality.  
In a world measured by words,  
They preach of humanity,  
Yet behind walls of luxury,  
All remain curt.



## *DEATH*

Why do you weep, o sage?  
You are a victim of a crime so repulsive?  
Her melody and touch are so obtrusive?  
She sways pleasantly, as you're imprisoned in a cage?  
Is there any way you may escape Her?  
O what tragedy, She transcends over  
Everything for She determines the longitude  
Of your life? In Her presence, nothing eludes?  
What now, does She wish to converse?  
O my, well then I bid you farewell.  
We shall meet again in this vast universe,  
But do watch your step down the stairwell.



**CHAPTER**  
**FIVE**  
**SPIRIT**



## *HUMBLE*

For long, was I dormant  
In the actions I've passively  
Taken part in when I was hesitant.  
I've strived to seek the singularity  
In others' conduct,  
In order to fathom certain aspects  
Of my pace and direction.

If the mirror were to elucidate  
The reasons behind a particular trait,  
Why then must one seek isolation?

In constant motion, one may forget  
One's halts in the dimness  
Of what one chooses to regret.

These flesh and bones are one's fortress,  
Yet behind them one may wither,  
And finally fade when the walls crumble.  
To preserve what one deems so humble  
Is similar to being in the cold without the urge to shiver.

## *REALITY*

In a land marked by restraints,  
One's reveries become one's saints.  
In them, one is unfettered as can be,  
Yet without them, one suffocates in misery.  
But why must there be a distinction  
Between both illusions?  
Awakened am I within my dreams,  
For they are lucid.  
Yet dormant are many in life's realm,  
Till night becomes vivid.

## *VIRTUES*

What one can't fathom is not unfathomable.

What one can't see is not invisible.

What one can't feel is not an illusion.

What one can't be is not an aberration.

Balance in what one can do

Shall satisfy one's feral virtues.

Careful though, my brethren,

For virtues may be latent,

Yet once awakened,

They can be venomous.

Give thy virtue no name,

And embrace its tenderness.

But know that one virtue suffices,

Lest you desire to be a battle of vices.

## *FEAR*

One gazes upon water,  
And desires to dive in with much ardor,  
But the fear inside of one leads one to halt,  
And with time, all that is left is a sole thought.  
Could one have floated above the flow?  
Or would one have sunk far below?  
Either circumstance leads one to be silenced.  
A step back might also allow one to be vindicated.



## *EAGLE*

Thou see a wounded bird,  
Alone in its despair,  
Fallen from the air,  
Astray and unable to utter a word.  
But I see an eagle  
With yet another obstacle  
To overcome in order to rise  
Above those who despise  
Its flight and accuse it of folly.  
It spreads its wings into the sun,  
Intrepid and determined in its sprung,  
It flies away bravely.

## *WOLF*

“O the horror, there lurks in the darkness  
A famished wolf in search of a feast!  
I must save the prey from its malicious wishes.”

“Lower your weapon you beast!  
Can you not realize that this starved creature  
Requires a sacrifice provided by Nature?  
You speak highly of your empathy,  
Yet you are blinded by your morality.  
Feast lone wolf on what She gloriously renders.  
Gain your strength in order to endure your endeavors.”

## *CLAWS*

“You shall abide by the law,  
Or fear the wrath of my claw.”

“Why must you insist  
On guiding me, with your fist  
Held high awaiting my misstep?  
Can’t I walk without having  
You incessantly hovering  
Above my head?”

“You choose to question your purpose?  
You are a disgrace and hopeless.  
You shan’t have my guidance no more,  
And every path you walk upon, I abhor!”

“You see darkness in my path,  
Whereas I see a glow amidst the depth.  
Your words cause me no torment,  
And I shall march pleasantly, despite your lament.”

## ***SHED YOUR SKIN***

“Know thyself”, one once whispered  
Into the ears of those who feared the purpose  
For they found comfort in what was suppressed.  
O yes, one is wonderful, but on the surface.  
What, you fear the depths of your emotions?  
I fear your inaptitude to seek better solutions.  
Silence as you shut those weary eyes,  
And your layers shall cease to render lies.  
As you shed through your skin,  
Your perceptions and the truth, shall be akin.

## *CONSENT*

How can your perpetual howls affect me?  
You speak of the things you sought to accomplish,  
But your words escape me as does your honesty.  
Is my reverence and gratitude what you wish  
To earn? How can I give you such things if you  
Do not merit them?  
Why do you scorn at this remark, am I mistaken?  
Is it for me or for you that you choose to  
Act? O how blind was I in that case.  
Here, enjoy my consent as you pursue your chase.

## *HEIGHTS*

Have I wronged you for choosing to be true?  
I shan't kneel down and beg for forgiveness,  
But I shall stand high, and ask of you to.  
Do heights frighten you? O how mischievous  
Of me to ask you to sacrifice  
Your fears and accept your vice.  
Does Her allure gradually wither?  
O how temptations are sweet, yet bitter.  
Why do you wish to transfigure  
The truth? Allow your heart to tether  
And then you shall learn more.  
Such genuine advice you choose to abhor?  
Well then ask me not what I think,  
For none shall aid steel if it desired to sink.

## *PEDESTAL*

“I shall solely comport myself  
How others wish me to.  
I shall solely strive for wealth  
When others do too.  
I shall solely dream so that I may awake,  
Only then will my layers not fade.”  
“You are a performer,  
In this stage where others  
Waltz and sing in identical order.  
But why must you falter  
If your brethrens do the same?  
O what misery,  
O what treachery,  
You are another player in this game.  
Where is your originality?  
Why must you succumb to conformity?  
As your life becomes a proscenium scenery,  
Mine shall be lived behind the curtains.  
Your illusion of pedestals shall be my very mountains,  
And on them I shall pursue *my* happiness through *my singularity*.”

## *COLD*

What is it that your lips utter?

Yes it is rather cold outside.

O my, why do you quiver?

Take my coat; it is warmer on the inside.

Why do you refuse to wear it?

Does the color not suit you?

Or is it the size the reason why you refuse to

Put it on in order for your body to be heated?

O you and your fastidious tastes.

How can this bickering repent the weather you face?



## *APATHY*

Fear not my apathy,  
But my sympathy.  
For the one who feels nothing is not as dreadful  
As the one who only senses pity for the trivial.  
O my, do my words cut through you like blades?  
Well at least now, your filters evidently fade.  
Your wound shall solely heal with acceptance,  
But deepen with the denial of the circumstances.  
O how it flows and soothes your pain,  
As you cease to find pleasure in what is vain.

## SAVAGE

“Savage!” The settler roared at the sight  
 Of the native attempting to flee in fright.  
 “Guards! Guards seize him!”

As they march with their sharp weapons,  
 A heaving crowd immersed and surrounded  
 The indigenous specimen which was studied  
 By over a dozen obtrusive glares.

“Thou speak not this language,  
 Thou share not this heritage,  
 Thou are not a Man, but an untamed bare.  
 Thou must be domesticated  
 And learn the traits of the sophisticated.  
 If thou were to resume thy manners  
 How then would thou be able to cater  
 To the settlers, who are not thy foes,  
 But thy friends and saviors from thy woes?  
 I shall aid thee from thy *ignorance*,  
 In order for thee to be complacent.

Thou must first learn to walk as Man.  
 Thou must then learn to speak as Man.  
 Thou must then learn to think as Man.  
 Thou must then learn to appear as Man.”

The native altered his composure,  
 And began adjusting his posture.

Once he completed the steps assigned,  
 The settlers seemed horrified.  
 The native utterly changed.  
 His characteristics transfigured  
 And he resembled a vicious animal.

The native gazed at his reflection  
 In the water with much hesitation.

“I became a creature, o so fatal.  
 Is this the Man thou wished me to be?  
 I feel much disgust for what I am,  
 I became a savage, a loathsome  
 Beast that deserves no form of pity.  
 Thou ravished and exploited my land.  
 Thou accused me of being a monster  
 As thou drank from my waters  
 And eaten my fruits with much cant.  
 Thou do not understand my culture,  
 Yet thy prejudice and ignorance  
 Lead thou to assume that I am inferior  
 And in need of thy guidance.  
 But my brethren, thou art mistaken,  
 For it is thou that require a new perspective  
 In order to avoid being incompetent  
 In what thou measure with incentive.

The savage is thou, and if thou do not cease  
 To destroy whatever thou can't fathom  
 Then these lands and its inhabitants shall be phantoms,  
 As thy image shall propagate without difficulties.  
 But why do thou believe that thy mirror  
 Reveals the hidden secrets behind thy figure?”

He pauses and attempts to mask his grief,  
Yet his sorrow and disgust incessantly weave.

“Thou stripped me from my traditions  
And my history without any compassion,  
And yet thou perceive it as being frivolous,  
But thy manners and thoughts are reasonless  
For they shall solely form the basis for chaos,  
Self-complacence and sink thee in its layers.  
Ay, I became a Man whose land rejects,  
Ay, I become a Man with much defects.  
Now my fathers’ doors shall close,  
Now my mothers’ love shall decompose.  
The wind shall drown the mountains in its echoes,  
And the being I once was shall be lost within its shadows.”

## *DUSK*

“Why is it that thy eyes wander so furtively?  
What is that thou seek amidst this obscurity?”

“I seek the good. Do thou know where it may be?”

“My friend, how do thou expect to find sincerity  
In this dusk? All that thou have to do is seek it in thou.  
Thy shadow shall guide thou, wherever thou go.”

## *TRUTH*

If one's senses were to deceive one so easily,  
Where then does truth lurk in these corners?  
If one's emotions lead one to act impulsively,  
Where then does moral arise when one suffers?  
If one's lips were to utter a word, but mean another,  
When do one's eyes cease to conceal one's blunders?  
If one's heart were to beat incessantly,  
Why does it linger on what pains one unremorsefully?  
If one were to deny oneself these realities,  
Would that somehow salvage one from one's insecurities?

## *BLIND*

You seem so ashamed,  
Were you just stripped  
From something that you suppressed reluctantly?  
Why is it that you ceased to be passive?  
Have you stumbled upon your bliss inadvertently  
And now you chose to be self-destructive  
In order to allow yourself the courtesy to forget?  
My dear, fear not what you feel, yet  
Do not let yourself be blinded by emotions,  
For I find it to be more vicious than isolation.

## *HURT*

At times where one's lonesome  
Becomes one's enemy,  
One is drawn towards distant memories  
Of one's presumed wholesome.  
Denial invades one's silence.  
In mere agony one finds comfort  
In one's ability to reminisce.  
One yields to one's ability to hurt  
For it may sometimes shelter  
One once it began to fade,  
And though joy is soothing once it fosters,  
One prefers one's various shades  
Of heartache and doubts,  
Because one felt more serene  
In one's throbbing thoughts.  
The reenactment of a lingering scene  
In which both actors revealed  
Vivid emotions though remaining  
True to their hearts' desires to deceive  
The audience, one is at peace when hurting.  
Tragic really, to know that one shall  
Always prefer the downfalls  
In one's journeys more than the gain.  
But to deny oneself such truths, is to live in vain.



## *ENJOYMENT*

On each journey one partakes,  
One allows oneself certain graces  
As to indulge in one's fruitful dreams,  
Where one estimates certain values one deems  
As being worthy as well as some as being trivial.  
One develops one's perception of what may occur.  
Such perception is based on one's influential  
Faded memories which somewhat transfigure  
The unknown due to the lack of familiarity.  
There's no greater delight than the decay of banality.  
The unknown seems to bare certain elements  
That enrich one in one's desired enlightenment.  
One knows no greater enjoyment  
Than that of disappointment.

## *HERITAGE*

On an Earth where there are no borders,  
A home is no longer determined by its corners,  
But by the general aspect of its design.  
Yes, the notion of home deteriorates with time.  
One must embrace one's heritage,  
And guard it dearly on one's pilgrimage.

## *DINNER*

With each grain which swiftly falls  
In order to form one's inexorable walls,  
One attempts to assemble each particle  
In order to extend one's deteriorating cycle.  
Within the ruins, does one sink further  
Into one's undesired skin with silent tremors.  
Dressed to mourn, they greet one another.  
Old acquaintances, whose presents render  
Deceit towards the very core  
Of each one's barriers' floors.  
Around the dining table, do they sit side by side.  
With each uttered word, they sip from the wine  
Glass in reverence, in memorial.  
Each sip of the fountain's cordial  
Intentions and refined purity  
Invades their heart's integrity  
As it paves the way for more conversations.  
But once the glass's content  
Is hollow, it marks contempt,  
As whispers linger within the thirst for completion.  
Constant deciphering stares  
Begin to fill the silenced airs.  
Alas, new visages gradually begin to surface  
From amidst mirages and short distances.  
With an unquenched thirst aching within,  
Does the nomad wander amidst the sand.

## *LOVERS AND FRIENDS*

Sometimes greed invades one's actions.  
Sometimes anger leads to one's inhibitions.  
Sometimes when one loses one's desired,  
One sets each memories' walls on fire.  
One watches them as they gradually burn  
As one loses the element one yearned  
For in one's self-destructive patterns  
That one perceived may aid one's matters.  
Alas, it's not always a lover that one parts  
But a friend that earned a place in one's heart.  
Lustful fumes do tend to suffocate,  
As genuine aromas are led to fade.  
Strangers do two become once abandoned.  
Promises are broken,  
Words are unspoken,  
And one is allured by one's own lonesome.  
So much pain can passion cause  
To each heart in play, another loss.

## *SIBLINGS*

Love is submission,  
Love is addiction,  
Love is seduction,  
Love is perversion.  
The sole love that remains true  
Is not necessarily the one between two  
Incomplete beatings,  
But that between siblings  
And friends whose acts are benign  
In these vile and lustful times.

## *NOSTALGIA*

You speak of the past with much reverence,  
Yet the present and future seem frivolous.  
Why is it that you've developed a preference  
For what has gone, yet makes you envious?  
Your nostalgia does reveal a form of malice,  
For it will lead you to become absent  
With every breath you draw in this moment.  
Awaken from your reveries is my sole advice.

## *ASPIRATIONS*

It is inevitable that one must sacrifice oneself  
At some point in one's attempts of plenitude.  
It is also inevitable that a flame will elude  
Into the obscure outskirts of time's filth.  
How much grace yet deception lie in the eyes  
Of the fox who seeks morsels to satisfy his appetite.  
Must one deny one's ability to be cunning  
In order to achieve something?  
Shed some light on your intentions  
In order to reveal to others your decisions.

## *KNOWLEDGE*

The realm of knowledge is as everlasting  
As the constellations that dance divinely  
Above the heads of the deteriorating  
Who deprive themselves of their luminosity.  
One must always cultivate one's garden,  
As 'twas said by a philosopher of illumination.  
Thy mind must be seen as merely an infant,  
Nurture it, adorn it, and thou shall find salvation.



## *WISDOM*

It is the peace that unfolds within,  
It is the heat tangled in the breath drawn,  
It is both your yearnings and your pleads,  
It is not the tree but its very seeds,  
It is the unspoken words buried in your heart,  
It is the light the Spirit casts in the dark,  
It is the vibrations within the heavenly bodies,  
It is all that consists of one's divinity,  
It is the waves longing for its shore,  
It is the night seeking the sun's comfort,  
It is the musicality whispering silence,  
But it is not sung from earthly sirens.

## *THE UNKNOWN*

Amidst the concealed pine trails of the forest  
A laden bird fears not its departure from its nest.  
Its desirous heart aches for the enormity  
Of its surroundings which enrich its vanity.  
The unknown is what it treasures  
As it takes flight in its ventures.

## *JOURNEYS*

When one is entrenched in memories  
And is unable to alter one's qualities,  
One will begin to face many difficulties  
In one's abilities to grasp one's opportunities.

Through her mind she retraced each step  
Which led her to yield her breaths to his grip.  
Tears gently streamed across her warm  
Yet pale cheeks, as she remained torn.  
She lingers in a state of doubt and anger,  
And begins to wonder whether  
Honesty shall ever mend her ache  
Or if her fragile beats shan't cease to delay.

Through his mind lingered a sole thought to escape.  
He grew accustomed to each face, to each shape  
And deemed his surroundings to being banal.  
Each footstep here he perceived as trivial.  
Perhaps starting anew shall mend his state,  
Perhaps the unknown shall elucidate his fate.

She grabs her belongings at the sound of a whistle.  
She is burdened by yesterdays and desires to be whole.

He aligns himself beside the others gently,  
With hopes that these familiar faces shall be the last to see.

He finds a seat beside the window,  
From which his gaze bid farewell  
To the plains he has always known.  
"May the sun shine brighter in my distant sails."

She moves silently amidst each one,  
As her tender stare is marked by a frown.  
She finally sits with another's words amidst her hands.  
"If only such words were to depict the truth amidst these lands."

The wheels are altered by rapid movements,  
As each distance is surpassed within faded moments.

She shuts the book and places it aside.  
Within wounded eyes will her *truths* reside.

He is perturbed by the landscapes' common  
Attributes and looks away, saddened yet hesitant.

At a single moment, where wandering eyes seek  
An alternative view, do they intertwine.  
At a single instant, where curiosity reaches its peak,  
Glances fleet as intentions redefine.

Her thoughts somehow begin to assemble,  
As she makes peace with her ancient walls' crumble.

His desires of chasing an unknown tomorrow  
Reach a halt, as today begins to cast away his sorrow.

Once again do hopeful gazes surface,  
As smiles light up lost faces.

She wonders whether such gentle smile  
Is an angel's way of concealing his vile  
Intentions or whether such kindness  
Shall salvage her hopelessness.

He attempts to define such greeting.  
Albeit neither lips were moving,  
Many truths were unveiled  
By her eyes' genuine will.

Plunged into distant images, distant fantasies  
Which would give birth to novel memories.  
Plunged into imagined conversations  
Which would entice undisclosed passions.

“Perhaps every ruin paves the way for stronger ramifications.”

“Perhaps every journey requires a companion for its  
destinations.”

They glance at one another with nothing to say  
As their eyes begin to sway in a silent ballet.

“If I strive to be whole, must I first bear the weight of such  
regret?”

She begins to bite her lip.

“If I strive for dawn, must I not first overcome dusk to not  
forget?”

From his lips, do words begin to slip.

Shared words lead each to emit laughter,  
As each begins to move closer to the other.

Of all the lies generously rendered  
To her ears, his truths seem to not be faltered.

Of all the faces he had always seen  
Hers was the first which never appeared.  
“Perhaps these eyes will be the ones I will always awaken to.”

“Perhaps these lips will be the ones I will kiss to make it through.”

Hours begin to pass, as they plunge into reality.  
Sorrows begin to fade, as they find serenity.

As the wheels reach their halt at a new arrival,  
There blows the final whistle.

Each step out, with their belongings gathered,  
As they fear this goodbye, emotions scatter.

“Where do you intend on going from here?”  
She asks hesitantly, as she desires to tear.

“I don’t know, I’ve only desired to come so far...”  
He whispers with remorse, as he desires this fresh start.

“Perhaps you might need a guide to help you?”

“Perhaps I may, will you be kind enough to?”

When faced with the unknown  
One mustn’t fear one’s ability to roam  
Through the many opportunities granted  
For they can mend whatever was once broken.  
Perhaps one’s presumed mistake might just be  
The first right in one’s vast and long journey.

## *LIVE*

I dream of serenity,  
I dream of prosperity.  
I strive for eloquence,  
I strive for my essence.  
I feel complete,  
I feel no need to secrete.  
I became one with Nature,  
I became one with my nurture.  
From my heart I render hope  
To all of whom desire to cope.  
These lands are wondrous,  
These waters flow in abundance,  
These trees are fruitful,  
One's beatings are blissful.  
One mustn't fear one's fire,  
And one mustn't abide by satire.  
O how much one might attain,  
Once one is weary of what's vain.  
These skies mustn't be one's limit.  
These waters depict one's depth.  
One's dreams and integrity are one's wealth,  
Plunge into the deep blue and never regret.

## *NEW AGE*

“Trapped! Trapped have I long been...”

“In what way were thou imprisoned?”

“O brethren, how can I begin to describe  
The immense discomfort towards the chains  
That relentlessly managed to restraint  
Me from my very Will and led me to hide  
Within the barricades of yesterdays  
In which reprimanded art those who march astray.”

“How can thou escape such sealed fate?”

“Awareness of such matters encouraged my gait.  
When instincts and enculturation  
Tend to clash into a single atmosphere  
Do many begin to despise yet revere  
Those who disrupt archaic fluctuations.  
But I desire to mark the dawn  
Of a New Age where none  
Shall be reprimanded for forms of expression  
And one shall be valued for one’s distinction.”

“Thou speak of fantasies  
As thou unveil thy realities,  
But do thou not know  
That thou can’t depict another’s flow  
Based on what thou choose to see?  
In a land defined by the clash of many  
Various definitions and attributions,



One's intricacies evade within the illusions  
Of control over others' eyes and words.  
If thou contemplate thy seclusion  
In order to fend thy definition  
What can thou achieve by thy ability to be curt?  
Thy words with which thou speak  
Were given by the hands thou seek  
To avoid. Thou art quaint, nevertheless  
Thy qualities shan't be elucidated, lest  
By the words of others. Thou seek singularity  
But thou can't attain it by hindering conformity."

"Why do thou desire to shatter  
My beliefs with thy manners?  
If thou speak of such misery  
Then how can anyone be free  
From yesterdays in order to be?"

"These chains art placed upon thee  
Yet thou can choose to use them  
In whatever form mends thy reason.  
To seek shelter from external influences  
Shan't salvage thy singular essence,  
But inhibit thou from thy growth.  
Fear not, but embrace what thou loathe."

"What can thou say of those who criticize  
The prior noises that I along others despise?"

"Illusions of insight art what thou greet  
As thou envy those who art not discreet.  
Many may speak of humanity

As being a mere tragedy,  
But alas, all tragic plays tend to allure  
Those who seek it not but art immured.”

“Thou art solely a pessimist.”

“Nay, my brethren, I am a realist.”

## *SHEPHERD*

As evasive seasons mark nativity,  
Fruits are bared by fertile trees.  
Ripened or not do they descend  
With desires and hopes that She reprimands.  
As characters of the grand scheme of humanity,  
Many attempt to contend with mundane difficulties.

Days are defined by sunshine and sunset,  
As many do hope to spend each without regret.

She seems to lack proper definition  
To many arising questions.  
To mend such scarce answers do many  
Attribute objects with much particularity,  
Valor and meaning in order to fathom Her better.

Concepts transcend over time,  
As many attempt to define  
Ancient ruins in order to assemble thoughts which scatter.  
Some choose not to question what is given,  
Yet find themselves remorseful once broken.  
Some take part in such coarse awakenings  
Solely to ravish every bridge leading  
To their fortress in which their fears reside,  
As gates are shut to wanderers who pass by.

Awareness does seem to cause many  
Some form of misery  
For the things many speak of in secrecy  
Yet desire to change thoroughly.

Through faded suns  
 Have the quests for truths begun.  
 With each generation  
 Arise many revelations.  
 Nurtured are each seed  
 By a single heaving breast that feeds.  
 Sated or not, one evolves into many  
 Until the seed lacks singularity  
 Yet finds its image propagated  
 Amidst its flowers, amidst its trees.

Change is accessible by conformity  
 To new beginnings that were long fended.

Amidst the vast plantations  
 Lay two in the midst of conversations.

“These milky twilights in which we art plunged  
 Together, regardless of our varying sunsets  
 Art where many secrets of our sunshine unveiled  
 And where such lights’ weights tend to be uplifted.  
 Young seed art thou, but what brings thee  
 To these crescent nights’ valleys?”

“I seek answers to many distorted questions  
 Which linger within and hinder any salvation.”

“Thou seek truths to thy realities,  
 But alas, why must thou chase thy serenity  
 Within these ruins?  
 Bruised art thou, from within.  
 Do thou know that today is merely a gap  
 Between thy tomorrow and my very past?”

“Within my kingdom do many whispers  
Dictate both the outcome and history of fervors.  
Melancholic dreams do tend to evade  
At the rise of dawn and at the moment it fades.”

“Kings do reign over thee,  
Such fate is sealed by reality.  
The unquenched thirst for power  
Leads buzzing bees to deflower  
The purity of each pedal  
Until it is solely fragile.  
Oblivious art many  
To such tragedies.”

“Such disgrace! O such shame  
Do I feel along with my pain!  
How can I put an end to such malign  
Realities when masked cruelties intertwine?”

“Thou art a dreamer who merits much envy,  
But alas thy voices shall be silenced by their integrity.  
Submissive art thou against thy will,  
As thou feel warmth in the winter chill!  
Fettered art those who unveil foes,  
For thy courage fades as their power grows.  
Corruption, disdain and hatred  
Do accompany thou through tainted  
Portraits of thy abundant desires  
In which truths fade in the luxury of their attire.”

“But a propagation of a conformist ideal  
Generates from a single hum of the bees’ minority.”

“With the heart of *Artemis* do some cause misery,  
As many beneath Her reign seek escape at the home of *Hades*.  
In a land casted between heavens and hell,  
Do no angels descend to wish many well.”

“O such tragedies do lead to present ire!  
Is one’s redemption the plunge into its fire?”

“‘Tis time to return back to thy cattle.  
As darkness is nigh, put an end to thy heart’s battle.  
Thy shepherd shall wait to greet thee  
With deceptive warmth and masked enmity.”

“Nay, brethren, I am no cattle,  
For I will no longer follow.”

“What art thou then young one?”

“A shepherd whose journey began.”

## AWAKENED

“Which is it that thou fear more?  
This blade with which thy redemption  
Awaits thee or this viral emotion  
That incises thy very core?”

“Such fatal decision do thou present me.  
Truth be told, I do not know which weapon  
Can finally relieve me from this misery.”

“Perhaps thy answer can’t mend thy burden.  
Perhaps thou must solely disregard such perceptions  
In order for thou to prevail over such deception.  
Do thou truly believe that thy entity  
Lacks its very completion?  
Do thou truly believe that thy singularity  
Marks the basis for thy annihilation?”

“How can I not when my ears are showered  
With such beliefs, with such *truths*?”

“Can thou allow these assumptions to soothe  
Such preached deceit they long whispered?  
If thou art not whole, perhaps it is them  
Who compelled thee to be.  
If thou art in need of company  
Perhaps then art thou mistaken.  
Fear not the hounds which reside within thee.  
Fear not the seclusion which awaits thee.  
Fear not the dreams which invade thee.  
Fear not thy *absolute truth* if thou desire *to be*.”

“Thou speak with much honesty,  
But how can thou tell me  
How I must be if thou have not partaken  
In such agony that led me to be weakened?”

“Thou art not the first to feel this way.  
I too have had my flow be disrupted  
By the words which surround me each day.  
My serenity and beauty were once corrupted  
By these incessant storms  
Which led me to be torn.  
But one must always surpass oneself.  
But one must always think about one’s health.  
These pests of lies shall slowly consume  
Thee with what such beasts assume.  
But thou shan’t be fooled, thou shan’t succumb  
To such aberration so that thou may  
Resemble those who presumably sway  
But art truly buffoons with ragged hums.”

“Do thou know how others shall depict thee  
For thy *words*, for thy *integrity*?”

“Do thou truly have much time to waste  
On minute beings who attempt to delay thy haste?”

“No I shan’t allow myself to linger  
In such futile matters.”

“Thou art now able to rise above the others  
For thou art majestic as thou art unfettered.”



## WARRIOR

A nomad wandered through deserts and storms,  
Seeking refuge from the cursed truths he mourns.  
He came across a cave which frightened trespassers,  
In hopes of utter isolation, he decided to linger.  
Above a promontory did he watch those below,  
As days and nights solely greeted his shadow.  
For years did he remain within and solemn out,  
For years did passersby fear the beast who sought  
To dissociate himself from men,  
Such a crime led to their lament.

One day, a fierce soldier marched towards the man,  
Determined to put an end to the mockery of this fiend.  
Once inside the cave, the soldier heard sounds,  
With brisk motions, did blood splatter to ground.  
The old man lay with a trembling hand on his wounds,  
Such a grieving sight led the soldier to remain mute.

“Alas, ‘twas thou who called upon my sword.  
Thy name was engraved on it, as its reward  
To mend thy treacherous beliefs, thy apathy.  
I fend imperfection, insanity, humanity.”

The old man’s eyes watched as the fiery  
Sun bid farewell to the temptress sea.

“Thou claim to be a warrior, yet what do thou fight for?  
Thou make use of thy hands, such weakness I abhor.  
A warrior is not measured by the motions of his weapon,  
Nor by the countless of medals decorating his uniform.  
O thou are an infant lost in a battlefield,  
It is to thy anger and hate that thou yield.”

The soldier understood not why he was ridiculed,  
He paced forward, looked at the man and mused.

“If I were not a warrior, how so am I the one standing  
As thou lay on the floor, helpless and pleading?”

“I plead not, I solely render thee my perception.  
I fear thee not, despite thy content and position.”

“What audacity and foolishness thou present,  
As thou are critical in the face of my wrath.  
I merit not thy concise words that I resent,  
For I am strength, struggle, victory and death.”

“Nay, thou are not strength, thou are weakness,  
Thou represent not struggle, yet adherence,  
Thou are not victory, yet the loss of true battle,  
Thou might bring death, an escape so peaceful.  
A true warrior needs not to mark his existence  
By stripping others of their vile presence.  
A true warrior needs not to slay an opponent  
With much haste and sharpness of his weapon.  
A true warrior needs not to seek battle,  
But be prepared to fend his very shadow.  
A true warrior needs not to mold into an entity,  
And march with his brethrens with much unity.  
A true warrior needs not a uniform,  
A true warrior needs not to conform,  
For a true warrior is one who fights for a belief,  
A true warrior is one who fights with honesty,  
A true warrior fends his truths with words and grace,  
A true warrior is prepared to fend what others erase,

A true warrior fights for sunshine, for a breath,  
A true warrior fights for pain, misery till death.  
Alas, thou might strip my eyes of nature's sight,  
But thou are not half the warrior I am inside.  
A true warrior lingers within one's beats,  
Silent, patient, determined and always wary."

The soldier failed to gather his thoughts.  
He watched as the old warrior sought  
To glimpse once more at the world he refrained from.  
His eyes grew teary and dim, a final whisper did he hum.

"Twas twilight when mother's womb bared a fruit,  
As the fruit rot, it is twilight which claims its roots."

In silence did the soldier remain,  
As his heart failed to bare the pain,  
He desired not the weapon which slay,  
And cursed his notions of war and shame.  
He lay beside the pale corpse, with much confusion,  
And understood that the truths given were illusions.  
An armor did his words bare,  
As he lingered within despair,  
In the cave shall he forever be,  
Silent, patient, determined, wary.

## *CHANGE*

“Thou speak of such high hopes  
To change the stream, yet remain afloat.  
But tell me, how do thou presume  
To alter the very core of the perfume  
That soothes one with its allure?”

“My words shall represent light,  
And I shall carry it amidst the obscure  
With hopes of brightening these sights.  
Change is plausible if one were to  
Awaken amidst the dormant who  
Chooses to rest, o so covertly.”

“Thou claim to be a nightwalker,  
But how can thou become a savior?  
Thy attempts do reveal bravery,  
Yet how can thou expect a cat to bark?”

“I am no savior; I solely seek companions  
To walk beside me through these regions.  
To achieve flames, one requires a spark,  
To achieve change one requires a thought  
On which one acts upon and not  
Contemplates with much reverence.  
Teach thy cat to sing, and thou would achieve fortunes.”

## WE MARCH

Throughout our lives, we bare different masks,  
 Some we hope to lose and some we hope would last.  
 The reason why we choose to conceal our identity  
 Varies from the fear of society's scorn as well as reality.  
 In times where one no longer has to hide  
 Does one begin to doubt the being one is on the inside.  
 Sometimes our masks begin to gradually consume us,  
 One no longer simply tells the lie, but *becomes the lie*,  
 And the being one truly is becomes a memory that begins to die.  
 But why must one murder one's truths for something frivolous?  
 Acceptance may be key to success  
 But is it necessarily to happiness?  
 Denial seems far worse than the approval of these illusions.  
 Why must one's truth be victim of seclusion?  
 If one fears rejection, mustn't one first learn to be accepting?  
 Why must one succumb to infidelity as one's truth is deteriorating?  
 Society may control one but it is, nevertheless, based on unity.  
 What is reality if it stripped one's identity?  
 The rosy dawn can mark the beginning of a New Age,  
 Where one marches towards self-respect away from distrust  
 and rage.  
 One must be patient and delicate with what one can't understand.  
 One mustn't fear a lost soul, but guide it with a compassionate hand.  
 We all have the ability to change life itself, if we were willing.  
 Put your masks aside, accept your truths and start marching.

## *THE BEGINNING*

“Young one, thou partook in an intricate journey,  
What secrets can thou reveal to me?”

“Through these once timid eyes I saw beauty,  
Through these once quiescent beats I heard a symphony,  
Through these once still hands I felt greatness,  
Through these once insatiable fruits I tasted heavens,  
Through the eyes of the subjugated I sensed strength,  
Though it may have been intact I sense its potential and length.  
What was once convoluted  
Has finally become lucid.  
In order to live a life one perceives as glorious,  
One must find the awe within one’s wondrous  
Beats, for only then can one unveil  
The secrets to the destinations of one’s distant sails.”

“Thou art wise, thou have my reverence.”

“Thou insult me for I require no adherence.  
I solely strive to remain true to what I know.  
My words art the colors that flow  
Amidst my beloved canvas.  
My masterpiece is my own, but thou can also paint,  
For we all art artists from within as we art quaint.  
Begin thy journey for it is endless.”

“Have thou reached the end of thy journey?”

“Nay, mine has just began, for there is much yet to see.”









