

#1. AS

Glamour madness discontent
Illusions alive meditate and lament

Inceptions a moment in the midst of the rain
Exemptions distorted from the bliss comes the
pain.

The radial space fellowship of the air
Exceedingly coarse dissipate from despair

Silhouettes hover as a brush hugs the paint
Decisions may quiver reminisce and restraint

Following lead for matter to mind
Heaving breathing believing to find

Decisions among us somehow represent
Illusions alive meditate and lament

2. Heights Enlightened

Setting suns and fortunated skies
Midnight moons and early rise

Dust from hollowed sounds abound
Morning tunes robust profound

Meditate into the earth
From eyes once wise the mind gives birth

The fortune lives within the space
Proportionate to what you face

Courses woven within the mind
For what you steer pursue and find

Fiction whistles twist its wit
Dismantled matters can uncommit.

Unfolding arms to open skies
For midnight moons and early rise

3. Seeking

Twisted whispers wilt in tunes
Weaving patterns loose balloons

Flakes of crystals coat the sky
The fog and mist must not deny.

Scattered rhythms obey the air
And counsel loosely admisdtd despair.

Rhythms scatter air obeys
Despair set loose amidst its ways.

Fables roam in castles strong
The force within was ever wrong.

Amongst the faces cold and clear
For what was once now dissapears.

Grazing softly brushing chest
Fear in doing what must be best.

Whispers twist and wilt in tunes

To be set free like loose balloons.

4. VESTIBULE SETTLER.

Observations caught adrift,
A weightlessness internal shift,

Forceful meaning and whispered word,
Shadows dancing never heard,

To forfeit hours saving days,
Untouched by all unchanging ways,

To soothe the Earth and brush the sky,
To live within a lullaby.

5. Closer Motions

Broken arrows whispered words
As molten shadows lurk in herds.

Your speech with cloaks of hidden truths
Among the visions so sly and couth.

An arrow curves to break the sound
Of barriers where wisdoms found.

Elegance and grace of touch
With whispered words you hold and clutch.

The winding hour fades in tune
Proportionate to waning moon.

Melting storms to clear the ice
And garnish fear while playing nice.

The filament of fading light
Elegance and grace despite.

The truths you thought are now absurd
As molten shadows lurk in herds.

