

Two Poems, Two Styles

A Shoe in the Road

I see a shoe on the side of the road,
I wonder where its mate may be.
In fact, I wonder whose it is,
And is that person known to me.

I stop to look at this orphaned shoe,
Curiously resting on one side.
A closer look reveals a quirk:
The shoe, I notice, is still tied.

This shoe has a story, of that I'm certain,
So I pick it up to search for a clue.
Surely some feature will solve the mystery,
But there's nothing of course, it's just a shoe.

I return the shoe to its original spot,
It's not my place to decide its fate.
I've gone full circle in this pursuit,
It's just a shoe, and I'm running late.

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Subtrathought

There is a place, deep into infinity,
The lowlands of the fire,
Where the light is dark
And creation exists
In the trenches of the mind.

Subtrathought:

Spark of the unknown.
Forging the illusion
And the disillusioning;
The unsure truths and untruths.

The wheels of time and eternity
Turn pre-existence into past;
Expose what was, before there was.
In the mind they are persistent,
And dwell in the primal core.