

The Victor

Is it you
At dawn of day
Your wide brow shining
Your saunter gay

Is it you
Beneath the trees
With eyes of blue
And leaves of green

Is it you
Who sings me songs
With passion burning
Voice clear and strong

Is it I
Who fills your mind
At end of night
Thoughts sweet and kind

Is it you
Who holds my hand
Who drives away
The bleak and bland

Is it you
The only one
That brings the light
When there's no sun

Is it I
The girl who fits
The puzzle piece
So long amiss

Is it I
Who sobs and weeps
Who longs for you
Yet tries to sleep

It is you
But I was played
Your perfect sport
Left me betrayed

Tis not I
Who waits for you
Who wastes away
Who sits and stews

It is I
Who rises up
Reveals to you
Your own bad luck

No longer will
I miss that face
Deceptive charm
Repulsive grace

No longer will
My weakness last
I'll raise my spirits
As on a mast

And with each day
My presence dead
Where will you rest
A tired head

Who will make do
With falsities
Who's won the game
The victor's me

Beggar's Poem

All around are windows breaking
With desperate hands left crimson, shaking

"What's that sound? What's this about?"
The lonesome souls who do without

Possessions borrowed, unreturned
Small fingers take what is not earned

Not out of want, but out of need
A scavenger knows not of greed

Some hold their signs, some wave their flags
Some carry empty begging bags

Some cannot sleep the night away
They've not a home, nor place to lay

Tear filled pits of hopeless sorrow
Are here today and dead tomorrow

This time of theirs not labelled "spell"
They've not a coin for wishing well

All this I hope an ear will reach
I speak to change; not just to preach

Lend your heart, you unsuspecting
To new life you'll be resurrecting

Unclench your palms and hold the hand
Of shattered spirits; the friendless man

A future does not lie in store
To those who haunt a bolted door

Lift up arms, those as your own
Of love and flesh, of heart and bone

Dreams

I wash the windows in my mind
To look into the past
But as I scrub away the grime
I find but frosted glass

I cup my hands around my eyes
To see what I may see
I peek in darkness, black night skies
Through smoldering stars of memories

I focus in on what I wish
Never to forget
Your images have faded
But I haven't lost you yet

I feel them slip away
Through slivered cracks of golden light
But I won't lose them, not today
I won't lose them to the night

My hand breaks through the window
And I fall into the black
I see you in a shadow
That disappears, but then comes back

I pass by apparitions
Captured in a foggy case
They all seem so familiar
Yet I recognize no face

I'm falling, faster, faster!
I'm as dizzy as can be
Tears stream down my cheeks
Obscuring vision; I can't see.

I consolidate my thoughts
And I open up my eyes
But below I can't tell whether
I see water or dark skies

I splash into the ocean
And I sink into the deep
I'm shaken in a motion
That awakes me from my sleep

I wake up in our bed
And you hold me in your arms
You kiss my worried forehead
And tell me I am in no harm

Age

It's been said that beauty
Lies in the eye of the beholder
Some may say that beauty fades
The longer we get older

The past is locked in picture frames
While the body ages
Memories: forgotten, as are names
All minds decay in stages

But I see through the outer shell
Into what really matters
The heart, the soul, the bliss, and love
The welcome sound of laughter

So do not judge external shape
Or the guise in which one looks
As is told in well-known phrase
Relating covers to their books

Space

Look into the stars
Let me know the wonder
Beauty much abounding
Sweltering, unleashed
One giant leap of faith
Off of this old planet
And one small step of courage
Out of my own mind
The sun stares on my back
So much space above
Unfathomable depths below
Dark, cool, and wide-expanding
Quiet bliss surrounds my body
Unimaginable creation
Opening all around me
This is what peace must be