

memories

it seems i'm slowly slipping
through the cracks within your voice,
and my mind has ceased its kicking
in hopes of drowning out the noise,
my eyes are gently swimming
through the crash of salty waves,
painted memories slowly peeling
off the walls inside my brain,
your heaven-sent aroma clouds
my thoughts up in its haze,
then leaves me drenched beneath its rains
as it returns whence it came,
as all my senses sob with sorrow,
and heaven's scent begins to fade,
i'm left lonely in my thoughts of you,
at least those which remain

blink

you spent so much time
painting perfect pictures in your mind
you never opened your eyes
to think

you perfected each line
to the script of your life
you're only ever alive
in ink

but one day you'll find
when you're sketching the lines
of a scene that seems out
of sync

there's art more sublime
than what you're hiding inside
if you'd open your eyes
and blink

broken heart

i whispered dreams of fantasies
through the cracks and holes in your heart,
i spoke of lands and galaxies
where nothing had torn it apart,
where endless seas of ecstasy
flow freely throughout all,
in a reality short of gravity
it's impossible to fall,
but in a world where nothing's broken
there's no wonder in all that works,
there's no bad to feel the good
when your love is robbed of hurt,
so if you let me in,
my promises are few,
i can't mend wounds of old,
nor thwart those of new,
all that i can vow,
and all that i can do,
is give my all to your broken heart,
its scars, and all of you

fire

intertwined in the lines of her smile
are the faintly heard whines of years gone past,
alone in her mind she spends most of her time,
with a hope in her heart that her hurting won't last,
lighting her eyes is a fire that cries
to try light up the sky and burn freely at last,
but behind her disguise, in what lies deep inside,
is a burnt forest floor, smothered in ash

semi-sweet

buzzing and bumbling about in the trees,
basking on branches through bustling leaves,
dodging the bears and the birds as she flees,
the semi-sweet life of the young honey bee,

soaring, adoring the gardens that gleam
the bright golds and pinks in seas of all green,
burying herself in the bunches beneath
and kissing the lips of the flowers between,

puckering petals and peony dreams,
flower bed blankets and blossoming sheets,
primrose pillows in a palace serene,
in spite of them all she refuses to sleep,

not a soul about is as busy as she,
at peace with the poppies, at war with the breeze,
cast as a pest she moves onward with ease
in her striped yellow vest, free as can be

but all she's seen is not all as it seems,
her honey filled seas squeezed down into streams,
her home in the trees seized now by what seems
to be smoky black screens and cloudy white beings,

a tranquil scene turned marketing scheme,
from bed - to bouquet, to bottle - from bee,
industry kings conquer colony queens,
the semi-sweet life of the young honey bee