

Melancholy Trees And Lost Memories

"How fast must time pass leaving the heart, broken, and empty as glass."

I confidently said to the cracked moon, my shirt stinking of stale perfume and stains of whiskey still plastered on my breath, trying to numb some kind of pain and I'm not quite sure from where it came, or if I brought it on with mankind's stone of right and wrong.

How quickly must my morning pass for the words of my mother to be felt at last, I'm saddened and filled with sorrow, laying on the marble floor, smoking a cigarette in memory of graves filled with regret.

In the puddles of lives that have changed in a manner which hammered the world onto the eyelids of the rain taking apart the character and crying for a name, leaving behind a feeling so strange.

A nostalgia which at times fuels the rage of my slumbering love, how could I have blinked in the face of a beautiful spring, how could I have let go of your hand when I promised to stay and offer care as endless as space, I fused my worry with anxiety and ran for the light at the end of the tunnel never thinking of the faces drenched in sunlight which I hurt or misplaced.

Melancholy jumps from the flaps of the leaves on an afternoon that should wonder with ease and fly towards the knees of the mountains which once harbored fountains and there, there, my sweet lovely angel I felt the electric nature of change, I saw it form then rearrange but it never gave birth to anything which was not already written, it never ceased light for hero nor villain but instead just flowed in a way that collapsed into the waves of the immortal.

It was instilled in the very fabric of life so lifeless I lay still on my marble floor, now with only ash and dried tears, how much I miss youth and it's erratic fear.

I got up nonetheless and opened my door to get dressed, for the wind of all that has been should not take over the train that waits for you in grace and in sin.

Let's pretend that we're still children in the corners of cities and their quiet seasons, let me break the songbirds hum and sing for him instead, let me come alive in the depths of a million unaltered seas, please, please let me come alive in the dance of the trees.

The praises of the lost shall not be my eternal bliss of blood trapped in frost,

I mustn't be in a state of restlessness for my wilderness is that of the gods and my film is rolling against all odds, I have and I shall again, conquer the world and be, to all, a friend.

The Rotting Skin Of Earth

The day the sky turned itself inside out

It's flesh colored organs dropped on a windy cities partial humanity.

Havoc busted the torn ligaments of the clouds when prey came running from the mountain peak, blood rained and poured into the contaminated water.

The beams that once held in good faith the spine of the atmosphere now rusted and tore in the rains bloody shore.

The soil once green now oozed a color not yet in the array of dreams,

Graveyards pounded with life, the slowly rotting corpses rose from down under and blew a breathe of undead terror into the forest's waltzing birds.

Murmurs of hell surrounded survivors but the suns lasting happiness showcased a newly found euphoria, one not easily understood by the brain dead aliens in the creases of a decaying universe.

The day the earths flesh was exposed,

Millions arose from their sleepy valley of nostalgic colors.

Peace was preached but limitations could not uphold the desolation already instilled in every last word, Thoughts were robbed from the seeping saliva on the tip of the tongue and now as you gaze into eternity you haven't got a clue where you're from.

A Blue and Green tomb floats aimlessly in space, the moonlight shines in remembrance of beauty and grace.

Venture Into Silence

Standing alone

In the nightingales land of sightless roam,

Flowers sinking in oceans that surrounds the suns tasteless atmosphere.

Sound hardly reaches here,

A moan might echo through the rusting leaves

While headless snakes drown themselves in mounds of sand.

The seasons final breath is overtaking the new dawns blind birds, chained and inherent, branded by the parents

Washed in the moons waterfall.

Drinking the fruit of existence is not a friendly gesture to the dark tinted smoke clouds.

The shelter around is not man made so it's mantra won't fade when a storm brews in from lands it can't comprehend, I envy the stillness of this tree, it doesn't have a purpose it just lies in it's sleep,

It just paints enlightenment so elegantly and it's gentleness is not overlooked though it's dreams are not considered in the self there lies all,

Day will still move and night shall bear it's lonely fruit of terror.

When I return from the promise land and preach of the trees sacred silence

There's little to no words muttered out,

I'm nothing less than a rotting mad man,

Describing what his last dream was about,

Certainly peculiar, holding the spine of a million flowers, dancing in joy and

Speaking of fictional hours.

The brain hungry zombies burst through the walls and demand that I be silenced,

I rave and I rage,

You're words deliver plagues, you lock the people in with teases of tomorrow and slight traces of happiness and sorrow.

They imply my betrayal of the human race so on the orders of a proclaimed savior and the disciples he lead, they chain me to the walls of a cave to be locked in until death.

My eyeballs drip water and my thoughts circle in a darkness choir,

But as I scream and riot

I remember the stillness of the silent tree,

So I loosen my grip on fate and let behold the gods wrath of grapes.

My legs firmly plant on the quicksand floor

As time cracked and lowered, my vision unto the darkness is wiped, all is dark.

Mornings don't rise, there's no truth or lies, I freeze in my thoughts.

All my loneliness ceases and like a rock I sink, lower and lower through a darkness that worried my uneased soul, I'm left naked in the floor of a fortress which shall morn the passing glimpse of my lights last worn out cry.

Alone and vast

I'm like that silent tree at last.

Colorful Peach

By my foot lies lifeless a single peach,

On the boarder of pink,

It's a bit out of reach

But not out of sight

So I pray endless, day and night

Stranded on this lonely beach

I lie, again and again

My mind is consumed

While the pinkish complexion resumed.

Tomorrow comes slow

The wave on the crack should know

Of my murder and my rising eyes that go

Glimpsing at the scene

Snapping the yellow root turned green,

Is this what I've been reduced to?

A restless night crawler with thoughts only of you.

Influence had to be created,

The sand that slides from my hand is fastening to one day reach enlightenment,

And I'm stuck in the quicksand sinking every time I try to fight it.

That same peach grows stronger with my desire

Like a piece of steel amid the chains of fire

I'm draw in closer wherever I'm lead,

At anytime I'm prepared for the things to be said or left unsaid.

The way the sun bashes the leaf
Makes time crash down in grief
This tree stands to hold our soul
Well, maybe tomorrow we'll know
If this life was made in our mold
If the universe itself stopped to behold
The lips that you undress
Smothering mine, my love I confess
That it all came together for me
The way the sun hit that tree
With love and sympathy
The lustful scream of the sea
As it drenches the stinger of the bumblebee
It's beautiful and carefree
This isn't a claim it's a guarantee,
It was all meant for you and me.

Haven't I been clear
I only love you my dear
And my world is You and I
So naturally I'll paint portraits of your loveliness in the blank of the sky.

Hiding behind your reminiscent strife
Is the gentleness of our past life,
The anger and passion that's been released tonight
Is the same fear that boiled in my blood the day we met eyes.
And while Mozart spins his colors
I'm in search of salvation in the eyes of others
Never to be found
My fantasy only needs you around
And maybe a peak
At the peach beyond my reach.

Journey To Perceptions Edge

Colors flashed, the hourglass lamp grew 20 eyes.

A lifeless quintet penetrated the dust that flowed silently to arise.

The walls savagely closed in on a Van Gogh landscape.

Sari wearing businessmen exploded through my door holding a rising red tape.

They eased the tape into my hands, they egged me to press play.

My fingertips slipped through the holes of the tape, pulsating and vibrating to blow through the fabric of existence.

A vortex opened sending the entirety of my room swerving sideways into a void which fell backwards at light speed.

I opened my eyes and darkness was all that remained, I ran in place, getting not a trace of light.

A symphony echoed in the near distance, the blackness began taking shapes, a pyramid rumbled the ground and bust straight through.

A static tantrum progressed through the void.

Suddenly I stood in front of a temple that creaked like a cricket.

Things gravitated upward while the wind pushed me ever so fast.

There stood a wrinkled old man who looked up at me and kindly said "Nothing is meant to last."

Questions run down the line of a grand piano threshold, harmonizing the underground vision that tortures your lonely star mold.

The ground became blurry with black and white stripes sucking time and space into the heart of the continuously beating human race.

A little girls hands became my own.

The rippling sky portrayed my home.

The ground seemed familiar yet out of place, I held tight to a vanilla orchid as time flashed at a fast forwarding slideshow pace.

I died and was born again, this repeated twice, suddenly the fabric of time began to bend.

A million images raced by my eyes, all colliding in a stagnate smoke.

A vanquished deer formed as a squid preaching a sonata both small and big.

Hemingway ran with the hostel desert sun frolicking in valleys of pomegranate fun.

A tadpole guitar followed Dylan, forbidding the essential perception of who's a villain.

Fiery fantasy relics buried deep in fallout sand, faith in god undressed as an eternal helping hand.

Beethoven's Stone roses displayed through major keys and a longing deep hypnosis.

Nothing couldn't be.

Everything was.

Velvet sunshine angels flew, The ominous intensity grew, a concept of infinity tinted realities blue, the revolution ultimately knew the secret of knowledge and the ridiculed real you.

Raging rainbows held me close with arms wide open, This rouge universe has secretly been cast out as broken.

I slipped off the edge of the towering clock that clicked and rang with the spirit of Bach.

The hours kept ticking with a miserable Tesla vibration.

Golden shape shifting spirits bring forward the shackles of my salvation.

A letter floated towards my hands with a prism script, the endless stars gathered the final piece of the void which had been ripped.

They surrounded me with an isolated love so that I may understand, then slowly peeled off the cape of illusion that concealed the promise land.

Natural air reigned while bodies of water trickled down the tongue twisting experience that cannot be named.

Perfections dismay melted to the form of the cosmos!

I awoke in a haze back in my room but the feeling still lingered, my walls were a sunrise orange yet nothing seemed to be tinkered.

I saw the world with no expectations, the beauty that followed brought me to tears, in the human race existed love and hate, confidence and fears.

Everything was how it was meant to be.

With both eyes closed I could finally see.