

Summer of 91

Beauty that cascades like waves on a canvass.
Birds that blaze with the last fire of day,
Skimming across the golden sea the chase makes way.

Upon spectators gaze,
The breath of life plays,
At the cliffs that rest above the mouth of the world.

Pummeled crisp with ocean mist,
The sun lays down, the horizon gorgeous lit.
Captured and amazed, how one moment saves,
The suns last rays smile upon life's best days.

Untitled # 37

Quiet, dreary night's sleep unslept when lonely minds dream so openly,
As passionate thoughts speak of deaf conversations, neglected lips kiss so fervidly.
Smooth, soft hands caress undoubtedly, though I've long lost the feeling.
As time plunders time, last memories fight for love though still believing.
Words escape without true meaning, when face to face speaks more prominently.
The day will come when words can't speak, only sweet lips will taste so gently.
Long live the day our hearts will swim in love and our passions still breathing;
Wings can be so heavy when you try to fly. I'll always catch you, never leaving!

Untitled #40

Broken dreams it seems,

Reflect in depth,

Of my strife in life;

Which brought rise to my demise.

My empty rants and all my cant's,

Did ill afford my only accord.

Dreams that are dreamt with no attempt,

Is the reason why I cannot fly.

Untitled #41

What do you say to summers that weep

For a maiden of love sick dreams?

I do pray the night still sleeps.

With gazing stars that seldom scream

At last the day hath come to intervene.

From fair to fairer the morning star still appears.

Wondering hearts do drown in endless tears.

For curious minds who sleep on thoughts

Do sleeping trees still unwind?

For does not the hand of time, shaken fear hath fought;

Bringeth widowed souls they're merry way do find.

Fleeting fears distress the very passion of the blind.

But stars do light the emptiness of many days

As then sun arises the rose begins to breath the way.

But how could love get sick of sleeping hearts?

Where terror lies doth courage still not hide?

Her lips divine as painters paint the art.

So weary does the angels walk in stride.

Many fearing the fateful hand of morning cries.

But oceans sway to the sound of mother moon

As grace endures, my love prevails, meet shall we soon.

Untitled #42

Where hath all the love in depth flown
When winter kisses shake the leaves of fall?
Or do clouds not shadow upon a tempting gown
whence the breath of life has reached a silent stall?

Summers end weeps of love sick fading dreams
Much like the tranquil stars hath too dark a light.
But hath thee ignored thy fervent heart? Often unseen
You're blackened tongue hath cast words that shake the night.

A rose hath all but sweet a taste, most endearing
Do thoughts arouse the many smiles of lonely cries
As grace endures my strongest fearing
Your eyes embrace my precious skies.
For love hath no love or remembrance,
If roses smelled as sweet as my loves enticing fragrance.