

## Fertilizer of the Soul

In the dark we dance to the summer notes,  
the fragrance of life is the fertilizer of the soul.  
You move and sway to the mix till mundane;  
you fall in between what is and is not.

I stand alone, pale and naked,  
waiting for cues to see who's to lead.  
A jump in wind with the flash of a spark,  
it stays inside these thinning lines.  
It can't be helped what can't be held,  
it never saw the breaking night.

In the furthest distance speak the wisest wolves,  
the dream of a companied isolation,  
the scar at birth to keep us strong.  
This heavy air has held our breath,  
holding comfort to its breast.  
And still we dance this falling step,  
the plague of light to the cure of stone.

Our moment is close to where time is applauded;  
its accomplishments include the savior of life.  
Sweep your eyes up to the sky  
and leave this be with your heart by your side.

Our road, paved with flesh and lust,  
has turned a corner and sat to rest.  
With it and without you I move to the woods,  
far from the paths of man.  
Here I can sleep and be as time;  
silent and waiting for my recognition.

## High Up There Where Widows Sing

High up there where widows sing  
their broken songs on broken strings,  
sits the smile in the stone,  
the cure for tears that fall alone.  
A time now cased in marble drapes,  
where the pull of life is what it shapes.

And with the wind, the weeping flows  
through the valleys to down below.  
Where in this town the banshee's scream  
from high above as if from dream.  
What they know, too lost to show,  
their eyes speak death with the coming of crows.

These winged beasts figurehead the cause,  
for bleeding hearts in slipping shawls.  
Where once we spoke of life untamed,  
these women have now succumbed to shame.  
Where once we saw such beauty and grace,  
now unfolds their distant face.

In this world, below the bellows that bite  
sits a man with the cure to the question of life.  
From years ago when the moon sat red,  
he spoke to the trees and revived the dead.

For the dead alone know the widows woe,  
they are lost forever from within its glow.  
This man is a hero to the cause of truth,  
a bringer of a mind only found once in youth.

His purpose, like birth, is to save the lost,  
from peril and sadness despite all the cost.  
He has been summoned by the banshee's  
to save their soul and rest their pleas.  
Victims of poison that seeped from the sand,  
of men with valor who perished for their land.

A cause pressed to circle the masses,  
a clock to measure their life as it passes.  
But now in gold and marble sky,  
they light the way to lead others by.

These men that swept the iron gates,  
have left alone their widows fates.  
These goddesses of all destiny  
now need this healer to set them free.  
To be again with their one of world,  
this miracle of a saddened night unfurled.

The magic man and his eyes of fire,  
streaks through madness until none is higher.  
From this cliff he sees the stone,

with smile inside, it sits glowing alone.  
A reach of fate from the palm of a God,  
a bolt of courage from his resurrection rod.

And from the widows of men long gone,  
soar the notes of a better song,  
than that which stunk of wasted lives,  
to one anew from grateful, reborn wives.

### Tundra

No pain.  
My fingers wrap around the barb wire.  
A failed attempt at flight,  
A key to further dwellings.

It is here where I see my peace  
And stand my ground with hopes of heaven.

It is here where I live with heart and random enlightenment;  
spewings of a lunatic written on painted walls.

A stiffened glance and a look around the room:  
reason and science are no laws of this land.

I see what is before me,  
I doubt the truth my eyes persuade.

A subtle feel, a sort of fuzz in the air  
where nothing is right yet everything is God.

This is my defense mechanism,  
this is my claim to glory.

Here, where the walls are open doors  
to the worlds which lay beyond,  
and the people trade faces with the passing of the wind;  
the struggle for flight is the purest of instinct.

## Voodoo

I run my fingers through her hair.  
all the dead skin falls to the floor,  
flakes of fluorescent sighs.

Her still face; cold, silent,  
unmoved.

I prance around her like clockwork.  
A dance of concrete  
screaming at every turn.

Eyes of madness, a sweeping hysteria,  
sweat like rain.

She stays as her statue.  
This river cannot putrefy this stone.  
She lowers her reality, her roots uncut.

Booming thunder, a vocal storm.  
The pace quickens.

Why?! Who?! When?!  
Phrases of a sunset.

Her speech is taped,  
an expression, a brittle shell.

Asleep with eyes of sunrise,  
the fire hoop, the voodoo grasp.

She sits still, I go to bed.

## In A World Of Different Time

In a world of different time,  
where riches bloomed and sailed  
the north shore;  
There we stood as one, divided.

In all the glory of golden tides  
we ran unseen to our place of worship;  
there the rain is softer still.

You enlightened me as we drifted to sea,  
among the planks of forgotten pain,  
where you saw the me that's open to new.

Unease is kept and carried low,  
under smiles that taut to smear out the wonder.  
To which shore, to which island would we make our bed?  
Into the blue of your lulling stare,  
I lost the mind to know my footing,  
I fell ahead and stayed behind.

From skies which leaked their love to grow  
we sat among the fields of standing time.  
Here I fled to a broken mess,  
the spawn of a situation that slept in my arms:  
a golden beauty that showered her care,  
too much to know the blessing in heart.

And on the day of loves rejoice  
you flew to the familiar grasp of a ghost  
bewitched to theft.  
And there I sat and there I saw the stream  
of endless reminders:  
Life is love and love is short.

But this was no love, a mere shadow of care;  
the roots lay heavy in the burden of grief.

There she swept away from me  
to the shores better meant for her return.  
With one look of blistering hope  
the sea beckoned my wake.

And in this world of this time I know your steps,  
they glimpse at me when I walk ashore.  
No words are torn to keep the peace,  
a silent end to our drift out in sea.

What comes is how it's meant,  
and there, then I saw...  
much too different from times before:  
this stare, mere seconds, shook this rock.

What I saw was a time now lost  
as if from another world entirely.  
What I saw in your deep ocean eyes was

emptiness.

A gift as well given by a stranger of the insane.

What you made is where you lay and  
from where I sit, your time at sea is at its end.

So alone I sail to the longing of wonder  
where all is possible and all is awake.

Out here where the distant shore is a  
mere memory of the night.