

UNLOCK THE CLOCK

Within a realm of chaos and wonder

I chose to venture beyond the yonder

And this is where I dared to reside

Right beside my other life .

I died

Came back

To the other side

Way back at the start

Within a renewed me

Is where my past collides

Inside another body.

See as a seeker I was bound to find

The key to unlock the clock... this time

,If you simply stop...!

Do you finally see?

That I've been here all along

Next to you

There is me.

ARTEMISIA

Equivalent to the late, quaint portrait painter

He too was equipped with a brush and blank paper

With her smile in his mind

He began to paint

The face of an angel.

The portrait of a saint.

As he gazed up above with the sun in his eyes

It mattered to him none for his eyes were born blind

So how could he reflect each direct, correct stroke

With his eyes in her mind

Her soul was invoked

A parallel painter

A counterpart creature

How could they not know

Each and every fine feature.

The Magicians' Assistant

I have a story I wish to tell

Of many a man who chose to dwell

Deep within dark, narcissistic realms.

At the helm,

I am able to finally see

Recognizing, disguised lies of false empathy

That once allowed love to be taken from me.

Never again will I falter, forsaken

Upon ones own grandiose admiration

For my realization,

Health in self-preservation.

As the narcissist led me to assist

His beguiling smile

Versatile and dishonest

Assumed I found him hard to resist.

The magician thought I'd come to believe

That he was needed

For my life to succeed

Alas this assistant was resistant to greed.

Lacking any tact or show of concern
It didn't take long for me to soon learn
That this human being could never return.
But to rid yourself of such a man
Needed a well thought out, prepared plan
And this is where the real problems began.

For most a relationship to come to an end
Requires an outcome that's unable to mend
But the narcissists plays and portrays to defend
That his undying love for you will transcend
Thus the viscous cycle begins once again.
And what comes next is karma...my guess
As the universe rids me from versatile pests

Opting to end my tale with this...
As a wounded woman, I wait for no kiss
Nor an encore of promise from the vipers split lips
As I settle in solace
My palace of bliss.

REPENT UPON DEMONS DESCENT

The orbit tends to infinity

As skyward larks

Soar beyond starry sparks

Vacating earths viral vicinity.

Forfend the lands beneath your feet

Ascending Arch-Angels

Adorning Black Angels

Attend a dire world to defeat.

In vain, the coxcombs' crew have created

Spells and potions, hexes and lotions

For the demons descent...

They await tainted motions.

And for those that were chosen

Loss of gravity

Would soon be bestowed

Upon a new galaxy.

While below, bedlam spread
Several heads severed; dead
From empty necks'
Naked cavity.

Invaded, paraded souls succumb
As deliverance was only destined for some.
The peaceful and pure, compassionate cure
Was to summon the sinister one for a tour

Beckoning the reckoning
Righteous creatures came forth
Angelic like beings, descend from the north.
Immortal armies, marching side by side
Allowing 'New Order,' clearance to rise.

Beseeching, benevolent, worthy warders
Causing chaos, demonstrating disorder.
Far from the worlds' decay of today
The 'Guardians' remain many light years away
Protected as 'Earths New Rebirth' is sustained.

Thus once again, 'The avant-garde'
Can generate...re-create from the start.

Perfected populations...

Savant souls are then born

The selected, elected of an ancient dawn.

Mourning the memories of ignored ignorance

A once fated land is now brandished by bliss

Putting the past planets pain into place

Providing an advanced,

enhanced new human race.

The 'Monad's descend from pleroma skies.

Emanations, creations, arise from demise.

Now the earth can attend to eternity

As enchanted harps sing in symphony.

Sacrosanct saints bringing harmony

To the divine beings, refining humanity.

BORN TO BE

Beneath a fallen, moss ridden, old oak tree
Is where, we as caterpillars, grew to be
Two furry, brown bodies, curled around one another
Always safe and secure, I felt with my mother.
I remember the days of her being with me
Grazing on Autumns' crisp, crunchy, red leaves
This used to be our daily routine
But now my mothers' no where to be seen.
I've peered over petals of rotting red roses
Scrambled between entwined, spiny brambles
That was four moons ago,
Plagued with sleepless nights
And the day my mum vanished,
From my life, out of sight.
Sunlight brought me new found fears
And my coat was soaked from constant tears
I gave up hope
Deciding she died
Inside old, hollowed oak.
I remained here..alive.

Never before had I ventured alone

So I made the shade of our oak, home sweet home

In the darkness,

squinted eyes fought to find

A place to rest this caterpillars' mind.

In the darkness,

squinted eyes fought to see

A place I could rest this caterpillars' body.

And there is where my missing moments would be

On familiar ground, inside that old, oak tree.

Glaring up and down, listening out for a sound

On familiar ground is where I finally found...

"MUM", I shouted out.

With an overwhelmed yell

I held back my pout.

"It's true my dear, I'm inside this cocoon"

"And someday soon, you will be too".

"I'm sure you have so many questions for me"

"My disappearance wasn't that simple, you'll see"

"I had to leave...I'm so sorry".

"But we as caterpillars were born to be."

"As an adult insect we manifest"

"Metamorphosis instincts, guided me to this nest"

"Within woven walls I remain in rest"

"Until I have passed the caterpillars' test".

"Now wait right here for your mum to succumb "

"And become one with wings, singing butterflies hum."

"Meanwhile, by the time I fly from this tomb"

"You'll be ready to dive back inside this same womb".

"This is what we were both born to do."

Within an hour or two, her vision broke through

A magnificent creature adorning features brand new.

Then off she flew, once again out of view

Flying high, close by, as the sun set for moon.

Patiently waiting to be with mum

Laying within logs inner sanctum

Eventually caterpillars' time had come!

Late in the morn her pupae was born

"Do you see now my precious?"

"We are free and airborne"

"Yes mum I now see, why you had to leave me"

"This is where we as butterflies

Will grow to be!"