

A Series of Disproportionate Thoughts

Roses

Ah the Rose,
It's red petals a sight,
The stalks of its stalks
Do shed brilliant light,

The Rose doth symbol,
I see it as new,
A statue for people,
The loved and the few,

The thorns do insight trial,
The tips are the tear,
The Rose is a medal,
For us to compare,

And how is it that we see so alike?
The Rose and it's petals,
Along humankind?

Why do I symbol,
The flow'r and it's care,
Why should I mention the thoughts in our hair?

Roses are as us,
I see just the gain,
Many new counted,
None quite the same,

Twisting and standing,
Swirled and divine,
We are as roses,
Twirled in all time,

And that does not mean,
That we are without fault,
The trials and terrors,
The thorns in our vaults,

The rough necked skin of the stem here and so,
The petals are lovely,
Not as below,

And is this not fair?
Do we not do this well?
We war and we conquer,
We hurt and don't tell,

We fight and we hate,
Break down our own gates,
We wither and weep,
And trail the black deep,

And bloodshed
And poverty,
Corruption and death,
We kill and and we torture,
We fall to new depths,

But the light is not gone,
The light,
Is. not. dead.
The flower has not yet lost its head,

You choose the story,
You chose the cards,
The bloom and the doom,
Has not burnt or yet charred,

Humankind is great...
We tear yet to break,
Yet we build just to make,
We love and we hate,
The twists of our fates,
And the gifts of our traits,
And the soons and the lates,
The nows and before,
Set sail the bronze door,

We love just to love,
And care just to care,
The tread of the petals,

Not all is fair,

And the sands of the deserts,
The mounts way up high,
The seas that do twist,
Churn until nigh,

The Roses we are,
Their beauty in us,
The love of a father,
The thought of a must,

The hands of a lover,
The concept of trust,

The hug of a mother,
Or siblings who care,
We think to think,
The greatest things,
Of that beyond compare,

So next time you feel,
The hands of a Rose,
Next time you think to smell with your nose,

Remember who you are,
The Rose is as All...
Cherish the beauty.
Tis' a Rose yet to Fall.

Runner

My Mama said I was a runner,
When I stood only two feet tall,
My Papa said I was a Dreamer,
When I had nothing else at all,

My sister said I was a believer,
When I started to stand up at home,
My brother said I wasn't a quitter,
When I fail and when I'm alone.

I tend to forget the stories told,
Who wept with me long ago.
I tend to ignore the ancient horrors
That lie deep within my throat.

But yet I will never forget the sound of the wind,
As it passes and fills me full,
I will never forget what my family said
The last time I slept to their lull,

I'll never forget all of your smiling faces,
And all that you did for me,
And I hope to forget the aching pain,
That prevents me from feeling clean.

Because bullets don't lie,
And blades never bleed,

And life starts to get rough.
But it happened...
Now I hear silence.
I guess I don't run fast enough.

What a Wonderful Beautiful Thought.

I've been dreaming so well recently,
Yet my eyes drift off when I sit still,
I've been given more than ever before,
And yet I still feel little thrill.

I've felt more than I've ever felt before,
I've done more than I've ever done,
And these thoughts,
They drift into my head like music,
And I feel as if I could just run,

And they spill over my mind like a vivid paint,
And pierce as the deadliest test,
And I feel a feel I can't describe,
I feel as though I am at rest,

And I sit and choose to remember,
Remember what I first sought,
And it is here where I think to find myself...
Ah, what a wonderful...

Beautiful thought.

A Note to Humanity

I write this note to those who believe in Dragons,
I write to those who run and fall,
I write to those who see in colors,
I write to those who never call,

To those who sit and think to think,
To those who have lost themselves,
To those that mock and are called freaks,
And those who sit in cells,

I write to those who tread in sin!
I write to the opposing too!
I write to those who lose and win,
To those that love the blues,

To those who cry and yell sometimes,
To those who nurture and love,
To the people who weep openly,
To those who have lost enough,

To those who care!
To those that breathe!
To those who sit and sigh relief!

To them that help,
To those that keep,
To the shallow that wander and wish to leave,

To the people who differ,
Who accept their own,
To them that wear masks,

And hide in their homes,

And oh how I wish I could truly fly,

Oh how I wish I could sleep...

I write to those who live and die,

I write to those...

Who Dream.

The Fall

Far in the future,

Where no one knows their name,

The sands have stopped,

The buildings cropped,

And nature ends the same.

This is when the Fall will come,

And man will break their knees,

And fall to ground,

Black ashen mounds,

Of the brothers they left in heaps,

The fears shall awaken,

And the air shall drip fog,

And the bombs will start dropping,

We won't last too long,

And the sky will tip,

And the ground will shake,

And man will fall...

Then fall awake.
