

To Those Who Seek Something

Spring

It is simply with heart softened
That the cunning truth is spoken
Years of fear erased and forgotten
Under fallen mountains and landscape unfazed
The seeds lying dormant under the solid earth
Sleep in darkness and coldness, awaiting their birth
Which shall rather not come soon
For the land has never known a bright full moon
As it was believed to be in the years of solitude
Not everlasting, but persistent in fortitude
To dive into brown eyes that calm the mind
Leaving only eternal peace to find
Distant under the coming age of spring
Where rainbow flowers blossom and hold life within
For in broken dreams, she appeared as such
Then slowly faded away after the slightest touch
Rare with whom the heart resonates in symphony
Looking far beyond the sky to feel nature in harmony
The song of life has never felt so alive and merciful
In all tongues spoken, delightful and truthful
Behold the instruments of love made of light!
Light of the heart, warm and forever bright

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Heavy Is The Heart That Is lost

The splashing sound of the waves
On the rocky shores in the night
With the breeze washing over
Our motionless bodies with a string
Of life that ties the heart and the mind

The indistinct reflection of the moon
Dances on the surface of the agitated water
As we hold our gifts in our cold hands
And listen to the song of the pulsating waves
Whose strange desire is to give succor

To vases containing ashes
Boxes filled with decaying photographs
Envelops with letters of unrequited love
And letters of late pleas for forgiveness
The night hides the tears on our cheeks

Faces, young and old, molded prematurely
The ocean shores; their blackest nature
Promise to drown all wholeheartedly
There under the pale moon, hesitations
Vanished, dreading the sound of the waves

How the dying night wants them all
All that resides in the mind and the heart
All is gone; now departing with light hands
Yet, the sensation of what they held, notably

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Remained still, despite the thaumaturgy

And the selfless act of the ocean shores.

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Of the néant was born a bond
Of brotherhood. Of friendship.
When we ran through the night
On bare foot, with the moon
Smiling through its peaceful light
On children too young to notice
Its gift to a place submerged
In darkness.
In the day, the tree branches
Were our allies. At the sommet
We stood, boldly. Breathing
Through the wind and chanting
To call down the stubborn rain
We plead our allegiances
To the before stainless,
Now turned charcoal clouds
We shared our days old breads
But did not confess our sentiments,
Too afraid to sound redundant
To what was already obvious
But there came day, where our
Juvenile faces were drawn solely
To other directions, and yet
The memories; selfless, a guide
To give now adults a glimpse
Of their restless inner child

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Strange Country

Strange country, cold country
Moonless sky, windless terrains
Iron trees and silence reigns
Desolated country, where joys
Stop half-way and only memories
Make the journey all the way
Those who have visited this place
And have made the journey
Have feasted with pain and
Have learned to move on,
Eventually.

Strange country, cold country
Moonless sky and lifeless field
With no one to keep company
The damp grass and the solid earth
Even when the sun rises
Remains dark, cold, and empty
In the most colorful day of spring
With the taste of memories following
Those far away, whom have moved on,
Eventually.

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Scenery From Yesterday

To you with green eyes
Whose beauty is a rarity
Your body, concocted by features
Impossibly perfect
Your architects possessed divine hands
A testament of the craftiest minds.
I can only stare from distance.
I feel polluted within the mind
And dare not come closer. I watch
As you walk the land as the flowers
Bloom at your feet and the wind
Carries your dress
And the sunlight animates your dark hair.
I can only stare for so long. To resist
The temptation that compels me
Knowing that I am trespassing.
I reach for your hand and the rain
Begins pouring down heavily as the sky
Grew darker and darker and the open field
Now empty... I was punished. But I will
always remember the lady with green eyes,
Carrying the sun in her hair and
Dressed with the wind.