

Where I've been

You can tell where I've been, because there I've left a mark
You can tell where I've been, just follow the trail of dark.
There's no doubt where I've been, its terror has eclipsed: its shade
You can tell where I've been, there, they're still afraid.

Is the trek really lonely? If ghosts are always there.
How can you truly love? If in death there is no fear.

Searching for the truth, in the utterance of lies we've shared.
Looking to the future, but in the past was already there.

I stand now in a place once feared, in a spot from miles I steered.
I embrace in terror what I thought I could not, the woe's and woos
of this spot

New Man

Thinking through generations, peeking beyond my years.

I stand at the edge poised, only paused by fears.

There is a place beyond limits, where creativity is the field.

A vision beyond sight, where fears, cultures, the only yield.

A psychosis so systematic, the initiation conception.

A lifestyle so branded only a few places to stand.

I sit low and look high, over my mountains of mistakes.

My heart shakes and my soul quakes, now seeing the err of my
ways.

I think there is still light, the horror of the fright if I was to break
my heart again.

As I remove the brand, outlive his life-span, I take my first tentative
step.

I am the New Man.

Here

I am no virgin to this dilemma, the yearn and lust for the one thing I cannot have.

I am no virgin to this dilemma, slowly turning me into a sav.

This is certainly not new, scratching and scraping to make its way into this world.

The life you breathed into me, for me was unheard.

Most people have a quota, the amount of me they can take.

The amount they can take before they psychologically break.

However, you, mi Amor, have always asked for more.

With all your curves, and verbs and intoxicating allure.

Now that sand has moved by the motion of our minds.

We're closer together but further behind, the moments we shared when gold we mined.

Together and alone we stand in a symbiosis that hurts.

Answers lead to more questions, so with questions we flirt, planting seeds in the softest of earths.

Oceans

I glimpsed a picture of you today.

And all I saw were curves.

It stirred virgin waters.

And caressed virgin nerves.

Fears evaporated and condensed into hope.

Tears tried to levitate but couldn't even float.

A cool lengthy fall gave me time to think.

Why attempt? Why brink? Why board a ship destined to sink?

Why conceptualize the concept that said ship could ever float?

Why lay here? Why write? When she sees no ships just boats.

Through the seas of my eyes I saw your face.

Seas met my lips, I tasted not salt but fate.

A face fated for me to continually see.

A future predetermined, I'm destined for the sea.

Eve

The decisions we made to get us here,
The options you clayed to build and steer.
I fear the tear has healed twice as strong,
Our life and future engineered twice as long.

A future so amorphous I dare not foreshade,
On the rainbow bridge I'm glad you stayed.

Nailed to a cross and a god was made,
So handing over my heart leaves Ra well played.

This had to be the longest poem I've ever written.
For it's the most I've ever felt.
Writing elapsed a concoction of endorphins, and oxycotin tsumanis swelt.
I miss you dearly a monster we constantly feed.
Cut me open and love I'd constantly bleed.