

STALE GHOST

Not even lapping water's rhythm tapping on the rocks of a river can calm me down

I've seen the devil in a stale ghost at my bedside and now I know I'm soon to die

Light my last cigarette as you drive me off an ancient cliff - I've lost my peace, I've lost my sanity by wanting to be impossibly free

Kill me by a sunset, let me die as the days die, sinking into the ocean's bosom, lighting a fire from the horizon

EIGHT:FORTY SIX

The time on the plane's dashboard read 8:45
To honor their last minute, bow your head in silence
Where were you when it happened?
When 8:46 struck and the first of two towers blazoned
I was a child holding my breath along with the world
Our collective lungs in suspense and every fist curled
A screen relayed the horror of my country on its knees
We froze and we watched in unrelenting disbelief
It was as if Vesuvius had erupted into the City's clear sky
Ash made ghosts of survivors and of men made mice
Those engulfed in flames tried to fly without wings
Every mind thought they had more days to live
Who then did not want to be in uniform?
To aid the ghosts and defend the dead of New York
These two chimney towers left smoke damage in history
They toppled to the forefront of American memories
But more tragedy than one has invaded our shores
And American spirit - forever unyielding - always shows
Differences are set aside for the greater good
Shades of diversity turn red, white, and blue
Strangers die as neighbors in moments of sacrifice
And our citizens become heroes to defend the Stars and Stripes

LONG-DISTANCE HEARTBEATS

Soaked in concentrate of memory alone, they drip with sorrows to atone, palms outstretched and crimson red, we created in claims the living dead, I have yours and you have mine, our respective organs keeping time, what melody I cradle in my hands is your affection's life in pulsing dance, and that rhythm you hold are my hopes in Morse that the future will oblige to overlap our course

MARTYR FOR A DREAM

You sat by the windowsill growing older
The panes smudged with time and the edges blurred
One day desire grew to be across the glass
An epiphany hit you and you didn't fight back
You discovered that breath is a mindless instinct
A simple action committed to remain in existence
But the art of this life is to know why you breathe
To discern from the function of the lungs who receive
Two paths are before you, the familiar and unknown
One will offer a safe journey but expect nothing more
The next steeps uphill to crags that hold promise
Your years will know meaning with this path of resistance
Consider safety guaranteed when taking no action too rash
Yet the gnawing of regret will compel you off track
So allow yourself risk for the sake of a dream
Sacrifice the good because there's better to be seen
Struggle, if you must, for satisfaction in your days
But be one of the few to have lived before their grave!

THE ACTOR

Welcome to the progression of your life on display. Memorize the lines, react appropriately, and fulfill the role you are to play. You're another actor to the rest but a shining star to the mirror. Success used to be on the horizon but with your compliance it draws nearer.

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What a bold performance your days have become! Oscar-worthy doesn't begin to describe how you've fooled everyone. That smile, that confidence, that gait of a proud lion! Why to anyone with eyes you're the reincarnation of past sovereigns!

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Tsk tsk, you're starting to slip I see, that isn't good for business, that doesn't fill seats. A good rest was prescribed but we're far too busy at present, you'll have to forgo the peace to make up for your absence. Oh do stop this scowling over your every scene, I recall not four months ago when you were content and pleased. Understand if you're unhappy you'll have to make do, we aren't spending fortunes to coddle and cater to you.

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Look here, the company – it's going to lose its investment. We need you to pull it together, to act like you give a shit. Remember that mask you wore without complaint? Go dig for it in that mass of self-esteem you've saved. Be ready in five and fucking manufacture a frown for chrissakes, stop all that goddamned happiness and wipe that smile from your face!

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It's over we're done for and you've got the gall to grin so smug, you ruined this production and now you're eating it up. From the beginning I solely asked you to play your part, answer me – QUIT SMILING - how did you find that so hard?!

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Who? What? You say I'M the antagonist? I've directed the best plots and put men in God status! That could've been you immortalized in the movies and tabloids, but all you could do was babble of self-discovery and filling some void. Well you can take what you discovered and fill a void in the unemployment line, I'll be recommending a daydreamer to the workforce with a set of virtues defined.