

The Hunger

My explosive hunger started off as a casual affair
Something I did gingerly to survive
When the heat of my needs rose.

The temptress of selfish intentions
My Devil, The Hunger!
Knowing well I deserve ambrosia
But I will settle for now.

For a puree of deadly sin
That is caramelized on the surface to perfection.

Long ago, my needs were pure of heart
Until they were abused by my appetite
Now, what beautiful music plays on this carousel of addiction
As I soothe the beast.

Spring Sing to Me

Oh, spring sing to me the way lovers do
Under the drunken sun of happiness
With sweet lips that ice the devil's tools
And consume the froth of winter's darkness

Your voice blooms with beauty of baby's breath

Teasing the tender needs of light and air
I crave more meat of life and less of death
To lay in the shade of our affair

Spring, it's your song that melts the hardened hearts
And blesses the hopes that were fed with rain
Men lust after the glory of your art
That shimmers even when their souls are stained.

Oh, Spring sing to me a song that knows no end
And I'll serve you as a lover and friend.

Iron and Glass

While fleeing from my fearless father fire
I scorched the innocence my mother gave me
And tore my soul in two.

One side iron and the other glass
And I somewhere in the middle
Rummaging for the discipline to
Balance their distinct needs

When I was like iron
I worked and rested in
The rigid rustic rhythm of silence
For my protection until its chill
Hardened the sensation of pain.

And with it, I laid alone under moons full of madness
And watched it asphyxiate my fire
Until I felt no love on the ruffled bed of its desires
And I knew with this twisted fate
That my armor was not worth its weight.

But to be like glass
Vulnerable to the rushing winds that shake me
I feared.
By virtue of all the light that shined through me
I also saw the obscurity of how devious darkness could be.

Strumming with my ideas of iron and glass
I yield to the distortion of doubt
Until I feel peace
Vibrating
Like sand beneath my feet

Finally, fearlessly I choose to live life
With all its grey light
Wrapped in the fabric of its beauty and pain
While the spirit of time
Sprints away from my sight.

Meditation

From sound to silence

From color to nothing

I felt it all

When my eyelashes kissed each other.

Tempered by the lush of their love

I escaped from myself

And found a new way to live

Deep inside the nature of each breath

What wonder!

That the power held behind the veil of this world

Added color to the flesh of my dreams

And it was in between those scenes that

I found myself

Freed and bound to this creative darkness.

Somehow Oh Lord, my restless spirit was tethered

To the stubborn truth of how fragile my mind grew.

The fears that expanded the distance between us

The pain that blotted out my light like night

Yet, I humbly waited in meditation for you.

Only with the hope of experiencing the enlightenment

Of when you spoke love into the universe's life
And left it breathless.

In An Art Gallery

In an eclectic art gallery
Vignettes of the artist's imagination
Adorn the white walls.

Tales of passion
Fly out of the mouths of patrons
While they interpret each piece of art.

The light from outside
Baptizes each piece with
The liberty to help the patrons
Walk through the artist's trails of inspiration

Where they will either find heaven or hell waiting for them.

What man can reach such height or depth and live to tell?
A man who lives through art and soul is not for sale.