

The Divine Roost

He resides--perched--on top of trees, unheard;
Close to the sun of peaceful time,
Such is the life of the wondrous bird.

The world below him is strange and blurred.
There is no serenity--just a toxic paradigm.
He resides--perched--on top of trees, unheard;

His effortless trees are profoundly preferred.
Up here! He is free to dance and to chime.
Such is the life of the wondrous bird.

Why would he leave? That world is absurd.
He does not worry and rejoices in his prime.
He resides--perched--on top of trees, unheard;

He will not be swayed, not even stirred,
By the revolting underworld of grime.
Such is the life of the wondrous bird.

This evil below him must be forever deferred;

An ideal otherwise would be a wicked crime.

He resides--perched--on top of trees, unheard;

Such is the life of the wondrous bird.

Ballad of the Mongoose

Emerging from his complex home,
With regard for the sky,
He began to wander and roam
The desert's savage eye.

His plan today was insistent;
His motives were sincere.
His destination was distant,
Yet his purpose was clear:

To forage the boundless terrain,
Survive great squalls of dust,
And sift through sand, every last grain,
Before the lonely gust.

He fought, once again, for his life--
The desert's hills were bold.
And since the wind cut like a knife,
He did not search for gold.

When his shadow lurked on his back,
And dusk was drawing near,
There was no time to slouch or slack,
No time to interfere.

The furry mammal ran along,
His stride in movement swift.
When suddenly, there came a song--
It sounded like a rift.

From behind a plain, forlorn rock,
A crawling snake appeared.
Its presence seemed to stop the clock;
The poison was revered.

The hooded lord of affliction
Made his lunging attack.
The mongoose leapt without friction,
A wondrous little knack.

The battle of agility
Raged on into the night.
And each ounce of hostility
Fueled both opponents' bite.

At last, the mongoose stood on top;
The cobra crawled no more.
He knew he could not shy or stop.
The dusk could now ignore.

He took his prize back to his cave
And feasted like a king.
The desert saw that he was brave;
Tomorrow, they will sing.

Malevolent Jewels

I see them--staring at me.

Their enchanting winks evoke

A sudden sentiment of hunger

That can never be satisfied.

Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls--

From the gloomy quarries we purloin from

To the sparkling seas we dive in.

Are they not arbitrary, the ones we select?

The captivating beauty of this collection

Supplies them with superfluous power;

These gems will deceive, beguile, and mesmerize,

For they are loyal to Mother Earth.

Therefore, be wary of the purity they swear,

Lest we all succumb to their venomous glare.