

Fire

Ferocious, flaming, fire
 Burning very cold
and attempting to acquire
 Things it cannot hold.
It's made my chest its home,
 This fire I can't contain,
 It shall forever roam
 Making me insane.
I wish it weren't the case
 That I am now alone,
That I have seen your face,
 That I am not of stone.
 Oh what angelic light
I've seen within your eyes,
 Deepening my plight,
 and Harrowing my cries.
I love you, yes, I love you,
These words I wish to speak
From this fire, I'd then be free.
 Alas, I am too meek.

What Survives

I don't know where my poems will end when I start to type.

It could be that I'll never know.

I type at a quick pace,

But the key I hit most is the backspace.

I've written thousands of words that no longer exist.

I've written words that were destroyed as quick as they were created,

and breathed life into characters that I killed after a few moments,

So I don't know where my poems will end;

Because I never know what will survive.

Hamlet Sonnet

The waking time a silent lonely grave

To be alive is but a silent curse

My sorrow breaks upon me like a wave

What agony I cannot say in verse

My king, my kin, my kind was killed in sleep

Consigned to that great feast of equaling

I feel within my aching soul so deep

A pain as searing as a serpents sting

A river took my once true love away

She sang her song of flowers as she sank

If but my tears could only make her stay

Alas she died beneath the river bank

I'll follow them, to where I wish I knew,

To heav'n or hell I hope I'm guided true.

Macbeth Sonnet

The shadows 'round the corner follow me
They chart my path and seek to take my crown.
They're hiding there and think I cannot see,
But I shall never let them tear me down

These shadows of the past still rack my brain.
For murdered sleep, Cawdor shall sleep no more.
I walk these halls and slowly go insane,
And wage, within, a never-ending war

Though sputtering my candle is not out.
Though seconds run the hour is not gone.
Though Heaven seeks to fill my mind with doubt;
My way is led by Hell's sweet siren song.

Give me few minutes more upon the stage,
And then the world shall learn to fear my rage.