

Collection name:

**Akes**

## **Fake**

The hours mask the crux of what we know  
When decisions mark our lives, and not the clock  
When waiting leaves that which will not be  
When love and hate link to eternity

The things we have are spun from energy  
We mourn the loss of truth we cannot know  
We wander, worried for the time we hold  
We miss the posted secrets of our souls

The gifts we have, but know not who to thank  
Those languished laughs and heart-felt certainties  
Those times the stars align to yield success  
Those are the things we truly do possess

## **Make**

Intensity brimming with love and frustration  
The should haves become what only could be  
With thanks for the void of others' misfortunes  
And hidden: that Oneness destroys all of these.

So gather and give and exercise bonds  
The thought into action; the fight toward a kingdom  
Reality lost in the harm'ny of forces  
The truth driving all that belies what we know

Give thanks for the present to choose how we answer  
Love scribed our initials onto creation

## Mistake

Coherent stress  
Mapped to the back  
Of a postage stamp  
Drawn black on black  
With one night's anger  
How could it be true?

Fallen in dreams  
Unopened and messed  
With a charleton's smile  
In a Mardi Gras mask  
A quandary: admit  
Or be broken in time

The pawn makes its move  
And the timer is stopped  
A breath and a prayer  
As the plan shall unfold  
Toward the freedom in reach  
Beyond the reef of pride

Restoring my soul  
I look in the glass  
And see my dark eyes  
And see all outside  
A promise of life  
The grace of one light

## Take

Torment blinds the smile I wear  
Past the board room in day dream  
I picture how the light compares  
To souls I've lost and love recast  
They're out there photon dancing now

All the liberties I take  
In hopeless wreckage of mistakes  
The lines once cast can't be denied  
They are as helpless as the light  
They take our lives and write our dreams

My home is resting in the sky  
My heart is broken into pieces  
Each piece is given carefully  
Or taken back in love or hate  
Today I cannot place them all

To take the life that's given  
To take the soul that's driven  
I hope I'll be forgiven  
For all the life I take.

## Wake

I wake up to the sound of green  
The last few years were parched and brown  
A halo now surrounds my world  
The mountains wear it as a crown  
Protection from the past that wore them down

My metaphors protect the truth  
And won't betray the camouflage  
Of a world that's always green  
Bathed in perfect-pitched bird songs  
Enlightened by the tree-top winds at dawn

Light hits us here, way up high,  
Before our mountain neighbors wake  
We think it starts a longer day  
Forget the evening light forsak'n  
Blowing out the promised summer days

Of time and pain and metaphors  
And the sounds of colored worlds  
The soul perceives some clarity  
To hold the life that makes its home  
And fills the void the universe unfolds

To know our world from way down deep  
Is the existence we can keep.