

## **The Dusk of Youth**

### **Childhood Resonance**

That swirling pool of  
Abyss and cobalt despair--  
The color of my hidden fears.  
Children knowing love  
Find refuge in the serpent's lair,  
Listening with green ears.

I heard it screaming  
And grinding harshly  
Scrubbing clean my skin,  
Banging out a melody.  
Does it hurt enough  
To replace my sin?

Vulnerability to evil  
In the youngest souls is found  
The possibility of spectra:  
What seemed once cruel  
Dark in sight and sound  
Once bright, the murdering Electra.

Alone now more than  
Ever I am quiet,  
Filled with yells of years,  
Escaping only to find myself  
Cloaked. Making up for what I don't  
Say, I cry the Demon's tears.

## **Blank-faced Youth**

I see myself,  
Young and just discovering  
The joys of innocence  
When it is cowering from  
Your mocking vows of reason,  
Discovering the joys of  
Independence  
When it is walking next to you  
To show up the inferiors.

Budding eyes to take in  
Spring horrors. I could not  
Turn to summer  
For escape.

I see myself,  
Forsaken by advancement.  
I knew no restraint  
So each thing like a  
Blade of grass I uprooted.  
In my mind and on my face,  
Tabula rasa.  
Seasoned incessantly and endlessly  
I tried to draw my features  
But my pen could not write.

My hands were busy  
Orchestrating my utter  
Emptiness.

### **Faith in Daisies**

When the world  
Smiles at you,  
Compliments you,  
Beckons you,  
All the people in it  
Nod and console,  
Opening their arms  
To empty breasts.

Fear and doubt--  
Are they Aster? Does it matter?  
The sun smiles down  
On your garden  
With his eyes closed. Open to  
Weeds and their seeds.  
With his eyes closed...  
Slowly you realize  
So are yours.

And the whole time you were alone  
In your dark fantasy of home.

### **Static Pleasure**

She came like a thief in the night,  
Taking us by surprise,  
Luring with a pretty breast and  
Alluring smile.  
When she called to us  
In her iridescent skirts  
Painted like the sky and its clouds,  
We saw pale skinned purity  
And opportunity dashing through the field  
Of cotton and dandelions.

When she grabbed our hands,  
Whispered quietly into our ears  
We heard not the words  
But felt her soft cheek,  
Her fluttering lashes, her honeyed purr.  
We took her home  
And made everyone happy  
But soon enough we were back  
To the spot of her appearance.

We laid out prostrate,  
Delighting in the early sun  
That had recently toppled the king of winter.  
We were taken by the sight  
Of white roses on her cheeks,  
Her warm windy locks  
Whispering a different language  
Than the crimson one of her throat.

She was sweet like the nectar of the flowers  
We gathered and gave.  
She donned and caressed.

We wasted out there,  
Never tired of the maiden's youth and intrigue.  
Then our hair had grayed  
And it was too late to live.  
When she left, slowly fading into the fog  
We realized she had raped our minds  
And we had lost our souls,  
And everything was to end which  
We had ignored.

**Fourteen Lines of Iambic Pentameter, *Sir*. (1)**

The panicked fear and senseless tortured want  
Of darkened mind possessing my own hand,  
The tangled webs which keep me in its haunt  
Do force me press myself with my own brand.  
It eats my light and leaves me in the dark,  
But killing is too kind and sweet a gift  
For mental plight to give me: Death ne'er harks,  
So joyous demon holds me in its grip.  
But smiling, bright control may find me free.  
A clear Cat's Cradle hanging from my hands--  
My own creation, sane! And now I see  
That past is gone through glass like fluid sands.  
Relief from wild, manic monster's chain  
Means bondage and my misery have been slain.