

In Their Image

In His Image

**God and His Kingdom
nullified the existence of
The Darkness, which we've always feared,
from the very beginning, when
our primitive consciousness
was gifted unto us by
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nullified the existence of
God and His Kingdom**

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Her Mother, The Sun,
An unwavering being growing with power,
growing **older**, growing **bolder**, waiting,
to swallow the Earth in a grand **sweep**,
a mother, willing to put her daughter to eternal **sleep**.
A daughter so full of life and endless opportunity,
from endless **skies** and the clouds from which she **cries**,
But she was weakening from her mother's **rays**,
a mother scolding her daughter and her rebellious **ways**.
A ruthless dictator who gives either her life or
her death,
nurturing or hurting, she only
burns.
A mother who didn't care that her child had consciousness,
or her dream to save the universe.
The daughter's last hope is to send her children to others,
noble and **immobile**, she holds the life she created dearly,
She is where love came from, despite receiving **none**,
only hoping to be loved in return, before she was smothered by
her mother, the **sun**.

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The Words We'll Never Hear

The sun's rays pierce through the clouds above the meadow,
Like a soul who had discovered that they can be free.

The leaves mimic the sun's orange shades as the wind releases them of their burden,
Pushing the clouds away from the sun's warm embrace with a sigh of vapor.

The hot red burns the eyes of all who have watched it rise and set,
As it was then that the sun was in its purest form

And no one has ever seen a soul.

The meadow held more wisdom than I'll ever know,
As I observe from the hill, its symbiotic symmetry

That like the sea, I have come to fear.

Deer discover a new road of undergrowth under the camouflage of dusk,
And walk the thin line between a new friend or enemy

An instinct I'd lost long ago.

The stag stood down the hill, and with a snort, questioned why we've changed,
Why the line in the dirt was excavated to the width of a river,

warning that we could never return. Until death we are parted.

Before the dust had time to settle, a forceful, old gust of wind ran off the hill,
Desperately, trying to get a whiff of me, to get inside my head.

It pushed away the clouds hoping to give sight,
And I'm blasted by a golden burst, the ancient star which the Earth orbits.

I shielded my eyes from the meadow.

I'm pushed away even as I sat with my back turned to humanity,
The headwind tugged my clothes and glided over my body like the sea,
I was impenetrable and mysterious, unwelcoming and dense

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Yet I was warm, I was a child born of the Earth.

The scent of wilderness was euphoric, primal, and intense,
Sparking a thump through my heart, beating it faster as it yearns for an ancient connection

But my mind remains grounded in a different language, a different time, an alien place.

The feral, drained grass below waved me goodbye through a rush of endorphins,
Energy we understand, but no longer feel like the deer and the trees, rather, in fleeting moments.

I brush the dust from my legs, they speak a language we've long forgotten,
And I walked away, without realizing, I would never return.

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Our Awaited Invasion

The wind feels warm with a trace of chill,
Like thick syrup, the length of an arm
Grabbing onto our shoulders and shaking us
While it's lukewarm breath
Knots its scent into our hair.

Yellow pollen
Drifting
Like scorched summer sand
Across the sidewalk
Wandering the barren ground
Like colonizers looking for gold

Pollen
Is the snow of spring
Just as valuable
Sparkling
Joyful
Privileged

A sneaky
Army of seeds and
Allergen without confrontation
Attaching and sucking
Augmenting
Like a hickey throbbing red from the Earth's skin

We've always notice the affair when it was too late
When it flashed red, pink, purple and bright green petals
The color of the trees, maturing their love for the sun
And the flowers entombed their roots into nature's womb.

At night, Spring moonlight is

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Soft and silver, pouring crisp, leftover winter fog

Thick and wet down our backs

The swell of summer warms the blooming air

Melting the last of the winter bones

That held us within its ribs

From the deserted frigid darkness

So we could invade the night once more.