

## **Distant and Numb**

I miss the lengthy chats we used to have about reality  
I miss his presence and when I'd tell him what would bother me  
I miss when we would share our thoughts and dreams and goals and tragedies  
Oh, why did my mind move away?

My secluded mind lives in a vast house - large enough for thirty  
I try to visit him, but his home's gated, locked and sturdy  
I wonder if he thinks of me or just the house that's gotten dirty  
Oh, why did my mind move away?

I envy your walls and floors and sheets and mighty, mirrored reflections  
and my grinning, adjusted, old self who was free of life's infections  
I want to feel the humming panic, but instead, I get deflections  
Oh, why did my mind move away?

I know I'm breathing, but am I living if the pain is never clear?  
Am I still human if my body's in a constant state of fear?  
Was I too dangerous a vessel, so he had to disappear?  
I understand why my mind moved away.

## **Father Vanity**

Interesting how a fragile things holds such weight  
How a pointless facade carries all the meaning of the world

It's entirely futile, yet it's convinced us all that, through it, we'll achieve joy, love, truth, and all our wildest dreams

Behold: the Aesthetic.

Our unflinching ruler, our strongest nemesis - or, for the select, lucky few, a powerful ally

to whom we would give our lives and everything we love or hold dear -  
simply to be let  
down  
and abandoned.

Because, as I said earlier, it's futile.

For those who seek it don't know the meaning of depth,

and their pitiful lives fade out of sight

As they sink into the dense, ebony pit of truth that they'd so foolishly stepped into, thinking it was merely a puddle.

## **As Fragile As Life**

Nothing is concrete, not even your walls  
Nor the seemingly endless array of downfalls  
And the bonds that we wearily try to install  
Nothing is concrete, nothing at all

Nothing is perfect, not even our time  
The soon forgotten chapter of blissful sublime  
A sorrow and grief unexplainable through rhyme  
Nothing is perfect, not even our time

Nothing ends happily, not even death  
Delight is attacked by the followers of Seth  
Since Felicity is Peace, she sighs her last breath  
Nothing ends happily, not even death.

Nothing is concrete, not even the tall  
All is soon ripped away in Life's blustery squall  
You remember Disappointment's familiar drawl:  
"Nothing is concrete, nothing at all."

## Wicked Worlds and Endless Endings

he wants me to know  
that he loves me  
but not that he loves  
Him much more

He pretends that the world  
isn't ugly  
so what am I  
really good for?

I suppose I remind him  
of conflict and tears,  
of headaches and blurred memories  
for so many years

I scream, "It's not my fault!"  
but the guilt interferes  
and I dread our next meeting  
as it quickly nears.

he'd apologize, but we all know it'd be  
*false*;  
they'll never stop dancing  
their treacherous waltz

and with each crestfallen, 2:00 a.m.  
goodbye  
I feel my hopelessness  
swell and magnify

"One half of me's already been stolen; please,  
not the other!"  
yet I know I'm doing well  
when my world is in potholes

for life seems like  
one long allegory;  
tragic, ironic, and  
sprinkled with glory.

until the action falls,

resolution sets in,  
and all that you've feared for -  
or hoped for - begins

that all consuming

*Light*

shining brighter than our fate

things finally feel right

or desperately too

*late.*