

## **Its Barely Sheltered Hope**

As I sit here, alone...  
In a room full of nothing.  
On an old chair hardly worth its function.  
Adjacent a table only as sturdy as the half hinged door.  
A living room that wasn't worthy of company.  
Floor boards noisy and weak, and in dire need of replacement.  
Two working lights, that together, could be enough to create inspiration.  
Just enough kitchen utensils to prepare a meal.  
An ice box big enough for few days of storage.  
Cupboards bare... very seldom with enough support to matter.

I think I heard a neighbor off in the distance...  
one morning while making tea  
It's rare that both took place really.  
The roof started leaking that day...  
It seems there was little promise here.  
However, in this tired place... things looked up.

Somehow, motivation had arrived.  
Amidst the hopeless,  
a way was established.  
Hanging on desperately, to a road hidden behind the scenes.  
There was no bright light, but just a fading glow...  
If life was going to affect all things,  
then I too, would leave an unforgettable mark on this world.

## Frozen

Her scent improves her magnificent complexion.  
that oh so curvy figure  
effortless dancing  
so silky smooth  
Pulling up her jeans, just to show the texture of her legs.  
while she sits, bouncing...  
posing  
Magnifying each soft grip handle of her juicy exterior.  
Her moist skin laced with the sweetest pheromones.  
emitting an envious glow

Her touch brings life.  
The warm center of thick thighs.  
defining sides  
divine insight  
Your imagination hasn't seen these eyes.  
Dimples on perfect cheeks.  
A stroke of her curly hair against your skin could destroy you,  
from the depths of your soul to the ends of each hair follicle.  
A death... of the purest form.

## PIMCE

Perfectly placed centers inside of loose sides.  
More concerned with perfection than compassion.  
Focused on progression, not assistance.  
Elegant images of circumstance.  
Ignorance isn't accepted.  
A natural flow of cohesive protocol.  
Against the will of the collective surplus.  
determined direction

Masses of irrelevant voices.  
Eager to revolutionize an existing empire.  
suffocating from order  
united with purpose  
expensive resistance  
outcasts  
standouts

An environment founded immediately.  
Holes within roads of advancement.  
Dragging quality of disturbing sounds.  
Unhealthy fears of destruction.  
consuming universes  
lacking efficiency  
chasing themselves...  
Hopefully adaptation arises.  
In honor of those who tried to bend the system.

## The Agent

The past is full of things which can not be erased.  
I have now built my bed,  
made enemies due to certain affiliations.  
Faces I have memorized just to survive.  
On my toes, even on my back.  
More wisdom than actual value.  
countless inquiries made...

These days I hope for tranquility.  
An enjoyable stroll with a view.  
The darkness within individuals has been witnessed inevitably.  
I too am guilty of destroying promises and ambition.  
low duties of man  
power turned addiction  
Subtle wounds damaging the world.

Frightened faces that were once familiar,  
what an awkward demeanor.  
Is there still hope for us?  
For the same victims that care, are also guilty.  
As I awaken...  
I look forward to encountering that which is not yet tainted.