

Savage Garden

Timeless faces spinning out of my head
Circling about to land upon the innocent

My deep hidden paranoia of life
Haunts my every moment
Second guessing decision and thought

Desire without action
Stagnant body, racing mind

Purging my emotions out of the darkness
Into the savage garden which is my mind

A beautiful land of forbidden pleasures and dangers to match

A rose in the center of this dreadful place holds my peace
With eternal comfort, there it resides

Tempting me with its fragrant aroma of sweet release

To reach it I must move past those thorns
Sharp as razors and pierce my veins

To capture this exotic beauty, my blood must spill.
Every last drop upon the heart of this monstrous idol

Only then shall I know its true power and peace

A satisfaction for this garden, a savage garden
To bring in another and drive unto them the anguish
of this tortuous exile from the land of the living

Until they give surrender, first the mind, sanity long lost
then the body, thrown upon this red rose of blood and blades.

A Rose Blooms in Winter

Frozen tundra covers a once fertile land,
full of life, sweet desires and wild dreams

Ice cycles bear weight upon the branches of now barren trees.
Woodland animals run carefree over green fields no more.
Drudged down and saddened by this angry winter,
which has not moved on in many years

In a clearing of ice and snow packed tight to the ground
A single rose has remained
Struggled from beneath the frozen layers and upheld itself.

Its roots pulling nourishment from deep inside the earth.
It reaches toward the sky, petals unfolding in a brilliant glory.

Revealing its hidden strength and grace.
A rose like none other will survive.
It can and will endure.

Red Ink on an Envelope – 03/16/2002 12:51 am

I am sitting in my car in the early morning.
I feel the lake wind caressing my face.
Alanis Morissette plays in my ears.
Her hands are clean.
Mine are not as so.

A few people gather at the other end of the shore
Smoking pot, chatting amongst themselves. .
I don't smoke anymore, for right now at least

I have a secret from earlier in the night
I will keep it a long time
I keep all my secrets a long time

My cigarettes burning up
I forgot to smoke it
I think I will smoke it now
It's time for a new pack.

This House

I finished hammering the last nail into the door.
The windows were bordered as well.

No light has slipped in.
No sound has permeated these walls.
I have made a fortress of this house.
Protecting myself and all that I am.

I cannot be hurt, be taken.
Sealed tight and locked away.
The iron claws hit the floor and I turn to receive my fate of solitude.
Resigning myself to this life.
Alone

Yellowed sheets cover once soft furniture, hardened with age.
A home that was once so vibrant and filled with sound and light, now dark.

Void of anything that resembles a soul, a breath, life..
I stagger through the dark corridors of halls.
Stepping closer to the bed in which I will lay.

The eternity in which I have resigned myself.
I lie down and breath deep..
I feel you hand upon my chest as you pull me close.
My efforts have failed and you are there.