

“Retaliation”

Retaliation,
The term unfastens a metaphor unarguably profound
And it articulates;
It's corresponding to imbibing poison and hoping the other person or community will die.
I have consumed all 32 flavors of toxin,
Way beyond the satisfaction of sweetened delight.
Though I have seemed to become a king's snake,
Insusceptible to the foremost toxin to be permissibly marked king.
Still what is a sovereign who bears no adherents?
I can't force my custom through repute,
Incongruous with God to his people,
I retain no standing;
For the law of a monarch is solely bound by recognition,
Whether it is infamous or fair.
Hence self,
Please bare how to welcome clemency,
Past the obscurest coil of my misunderstanding,
Past the coat of my sloughed façade,
Past my devils tongue;
Just validating when I open my mouth the fiend lingers inside.
That I can fasten to teachings learnt.
It may be the snake needs die and turned into a purse;
So that it has the occasion to arise from the earth reminiscent of flight
And apart from that fiend.
Death being all familiar with clemency,
The inquiry still remains,
How do you learn to forgive while breathing?

“Diamond Slit”

A diamond slit scores my heart,
As my mistress's sword protrudes from my torso;
Woe deeper than dark blue waters.
You seem to hold my soul in your safe,
Bearing the instrument to permit me liberty
Only then just as cunningly---
As if I was an animal ridden with inquisitiveness
Enmesh me with your enticement.
But allow me to be apparent,
You my dear are not my master;
I shall not persist fetching your playthings
And positing
What you refer to at the present as claws,
About your chest the moment despair becomes company.
What's more are tethers no more
And I curse onto God if that harness shows,
I shall procure the sword from my body
And complete that diamond slit.
Lastly,
I confront you upon this affair,
Acquainting with other men,
As if I long to know what it means to shoulder a companion;
And yes I am cognizant I am a Chihuahua,
For my insistence cannot even eclipse your feet.
I implore to trade possessors,
But still conceding to realism,
I remain to be your pooch
And you my master;
Seemingly until I die
Or you set me free.

“Fall Season Love”

How is it that my love shades from green to brunette in fall season?
Feeling so alone in start of a new year based on seasons.
See in January when factually the year burdens a new beginning,
My heart does not grow lonesome with the sight of paltry fireworks
Or fabricated balloon faunas---
But when my eyes catch the scene of parcels of detailed leaves falling,
My temperament cannot help feel reminiscent to the branch.
Your adoration seeming to swell dimmer in the midst of my unappealing self.
Do you not reminisce when we reveled in being tree climbers
And each branch met was each branch acclaimed for its band of foliage?
Darling what did I ever do to turn your fondness to a leaf blower,
For your refute seems to carry winter early;
Sleet icing the surplus of quarrel until neither you nor I feel anything,
Until the only affair that matters is that the snow turns to water
So that when we fall from the trees the blow won't hurt so much.
That instead of your snow angel impressed on collision
You may be able to cleanse your feathers---
Sorry I am not able to flutter away with you darling,
My choices in life have incarcerated me to climbing.
So please darling,
Please;
Continue climbing with me
Until Gabriel no longer *Marks* my heart
And my naissance of first feathers doesn't rot away.

“Hell Lights”

Do lights shine in hell,
When the soul embodies a shadow---
When all civil manner has evaporated like water to heat?
Why do I intuit the fiend has already retained an address for me?
Seemingly a redundant yet pertinent inquiry,
I reminiscent because my faith lessened to extinction.
Why does the world not deluge when I weep,
Grow cloudy in midst of indecisiveness,
And persist glistening when in delight?
Likely because I embrace the heart of company more than God.
Still when consolation of others sallies and I am at my lonesome,
I deem they are watching over me;
As if heaven opened the gates for them,
And I in the streets was handed the lock.
How could I not see,
That I was the guardian of my particular entry?
Perhaps it is because naiveté neighbors' emotion minded.
Nonetheless I suspect underneath my skeleton lies a delicate blossom;
The subject of my soulful fruition,
Longing to rise from grimness,
And self-doubt,
To greet whatever forecast may be.

“Traveling Down the Ladder”

Travel down the ladder of my generation,
We fought against the brightest days,
We acquainted with our beaten brothers;
All the while remaining civil to our fellow man,
Who presumed they owned a hundred dogs,
And the word of our Lord--- Savior.
Curdle the phrase “everything happens for a reason”,
There is no room for prose reminiscent of a Hitler speech;
For tell that to the children’s mother who carries her master’s child.
Tell that to the scars on black canvas which bears no voice,
Tell that to me;
Tell that to me.
The woven triangle appears as faint as diurnal;
Karma,
Coincidence,
Fate,
All perspire from the sweat of my ancestors,
And accompany with each death,
Each bloody beating for mistakes that “could not be helped”.
Well least that is what the slave-owners said,
Least that is what you proclaim;
So I kindly grant you the opportunity to choose your side,
Reason astutely,
Who would you fancy to be,
Master or slave?