

Verve

The chorus of my soul
declares chaos.
I am the tattered wings
of regret
circling a soon-to-be
crash site of ego.
Burning wreckage of
humility – extrapolated
at climax.
I have ambled the remains
of hearts, who gave blood
for sake of love;
I've danced with their
lonely remains,
tasted bittersweet kisses
from passion-parched lips.
Their life burns brightest,
giving birth to death
A tattered, spiraling descent
toward another verve of
vivid oblivion.

Chaos Circumference

I wanted to save you,
eyes wide, full of intrigue

Chaos circumference
self-inflicted.

Perfect skin
bewitched my mind;
destroyed and
ended up saving me.

Brought closer
spells of past,
immortality notion.

Never recovered from
words we shared,
feel of fingers
round my wrists,
blood pulsing fast
coursing disaster;
memories saved it well.

Poetry pyres
smoke signal desire
burned onto souls
a haunt of love,
I wanted only
to save you.

Space

7zen

heaven sent
torn from sky,
space-metal scrap
oblivion burned
from Venus ascend.

space is vast
and wounded between.
Two points, avid afire
and their wavered sins
sifted shifted and cast,
lost amid myriad scapes.

Horizons watched with
thoughtful eye - a timid wait
brightly burned upon
the retina of
cognitist beings -
Fleeing to fill
the space

Whisper Realms

These are dead roads
carriage souls
common rode
to ever wounds.
Stitched dreams
as stones through gardens
lovely dark, dangerous to
casual drifters
never returned
from midnight ganders.

These are dark trails
and spirits drank
steep into night
peer shoulders over,
whisper realms
cast near or far.
Atrophy voice
lips quiver
feet stepped
slowly, maddeningly
turned round
and done.

The Sawtooth Wind

The Sawtooth wind
is lively loud and reckless.
In billows it calls.
Its breath crows
and seeps into everything
a yawn of consciousness,
My haunt of love.

The Sawtooth wind
is jagged
and cuts to the bone,
my marrow is filled
with it...
Restlessness,
Breath oblivion exhaled
quiet memoirs
of ages past.
Whispered trees
whistled canyons,
river beds –bone dry
and flowing full –
echo in song.

The Sawtooth wind
is mystery.
Here, now
and always it changes
and stays the same -
gathered air,
gnawing at all who stand
tall to face it.
Crack of rock
splits silence
cast down from
heaven's gates -
Even the mountain
shivers at its power.