

A Mark of Ink

A mark of ink
Just a wink
From my mind
A peace of time
Prose that knows
What it means to be

What do you think
Of my ink
In the blink of an eye
A moments sigh
A meaning sent
That just went by
Cause your alive

To take it in
Just each word
Previously unheard
But now it lasts
In your mind
Just for this time
An avenue
To your heart

So we can start
to begin
To see within
Our lonely selves
Staring here
Gripped by fear
Of a social moment
Prescribed to me
By society

But in my words
Are something unheard
And in just a blink
Cast aside
Social norms
Not be shy
But I ask you to be alive
In these pages I wrote

Dreams

The leaves on the street
Under the grey winter sky
Lay like faded dreams
Shattered
Under the weight of those who pass by
Hardened and drained of their former glory
From the darkening sun
In autumn's end

But this is not a time for worry
Nor an omen of despair
Because come what may come
And dream what dreams may be
A new dawn is always on the horizon
A new place for dreams to sprout
From the branches of memory
A new spring
To shine once again in glory

Momentary

The hardest question I've ever had to ask
Is how long will this moment last?
Yesterday is a forgone conclusion
And tomorrow is just an illusion

My birth as certain as I write these letters
My death as inescapable to anyone who knows better
Time has no beginning and no end
But for us it is short and does depend on

This moment
This breath we take
This small piece of time
This history we make

But how long can one say
Does it last?
When we stop, does it move slowly?
In a hurry, does it move fast?

Tell me why I can't seem to see
Something that lasts just momentarily
And if a moment is so small when it's done
Why does everyone ask me to give them one?

I'm quite sure that moments came from a man
Who looked at the sun and couldn't understand
Why it moved from east to west, or around at all
So when he saw it and blinked, that's what a moment he called

And a moment later, they made him their king
For you see this started a time for us all
He was the first to separate one moment from the next
Hailed as 'Momentour', he watched from the kingdom's hall

And this is the story of the first time man told time
And the very first time they could sort out their lives
Living moment to moment with each blink of an eye
Under generations of Momentours, the kingdom did thrive

Until came that dark and calamitous day
When the entirety of the kingdom was carried away
Invaded by a force with whom to be reckoned
The invaders used what they called the definite 'second'

And as their chief maintained a well-counted stride
He approached the hall where the last momentour did hide
In a rage he yelled "I'll let you die fast, if you but let me know this...
...HOW LONG DOES A MOMENT LAST!"

Haunted

Every time I look back
Under Attack
The siege begins
Cursed memories, unable to win
No use in fighting what I can't see
In the future past I cannot be

Every day the same routine
Morning sun greets serene
The day begins
I feel without sin
But I know what lies ahead
Still alive but close to dead

Cannot escape
A cruel fate
When the night begins
I try not to give in
At the coming of the sign
Of the shadow that is mine

It's so strange
For light to be arranged
So that its form begins
To take shape within
The night, not day
In the night my terror lay

And so I'm dismayed
Of my shadow to be afraid
But when the haunt begins
It has an evil grin
Retribution it desires
To send me to a burning place of fire

For once the night was mine
And I committed great crimes
As past dusk begins
I would take a whore in
A small and dark motel
And with a knife, send her to hell

And in the late night after
Secretly filled with laughter
The ride home begins
Planning the lie of where I'd been
I'd return home to my lovely wife
And keep pretending a normal life

But one night I lost it all
And the shadow began to call
Its torment begins
My soul stripped thin
Not just myself with a double life
One night the whore was my wife

And so I live with eternal regret
My one happiness who's fate I set
The rest of my life so begins
As I pay for my sin
At night comes the shadow of strife
The shadow of my wife

Lost

Everybody
I'm lost in myself
Blind eyes look deep
As if I were someone else
Idle thoughts swirl and compress me
Circle around and stress me
Obligations that I must do
Must complete
To beat the rest
Be the best
But not for me
It's just for the eyes set on me
Or the eyes I think are watching

What's the point
I just sit on the couch anyway
Or some other sitting device
Play a game or watch TV
It's all the same
Lame story
A virtual world full of glory
Real surreality
Back from the depths of depravity
But it doesn't satisfy
Nothing really does

What majesty does it take to please me
If fantasy is displeasing?
Just to ease my way to the future
By one hour or so
Just to hide away again
Just biding my time
Don't mind myself I tell myself
It's only temporary
But the only thing temporary is my lies
That tomorrow is a new day
Like I am ever going to change
I'll just stay as deranged as before
But at least I have the lies

But who are you to judge me?
With your fake smiles and tears
Yeah I know I can't get it together
But don't act like you're not drowning in fears
Years of practice don't make it easier
You don't have to tell me
But I've seen you at the junkyard too
Trying to find pieces of yourself
Like you have clearer eyes than me

But I know who you are
Just another conversation in my head
To go to bed with tonight
As I fight my way to sleep
A fight I never win, so I just give in
And get back in front of a shining screen
A sacred box that becomes my dreams
When I can't dream no more
When all that's left is the few hours of empty rest each night
And the conversations I have with you