

The Love of Autumn

They empty the village homes and halls with haste
As they fall in to the tiny valley,
Where she at long last has made her presence known
To let her grace and grandeur be witnessed once more.
They become beguiled merely by her beauty,
While I alone feel the warmth her colors bring.
She has no admirers as ardent as I.
For I remember being ready for her before this rabble.
With amber eyes and locks of embers
She captivates me and captures my heart,
She holds onto my affection as she always has.
Once more I become enthralled by her enchanting visage
And I reach out for spindly limbs wrapped in ruddy threads.
Her embrace envelops me again, her touch is as mild and comforting as is in my memories
And her whispered words send me shivering in satisfaction.
Oh how long I have yearned this past year for us to unite!
My heart threatens to take flight unless I tether myself,
I reign in my merriment so I may take root and remain among rooted with her.
She holds dominion over the realm and my soul, sylvan and silent.
I savor her cold kisses that play across my cheeks, I relish the warm caresses.
I vow to stay, for she will vanish before this visit seems fulfilling.
While they trudge back into the halls and taverns.
I will wait beside her until she takes leave, and I will remain until she is back again.

Criticizing Art

To create art is to place one's heart on a mantle,
To watch it be reviewed and ridiculed.
It leave it to be mocked and gawked at,
And they grow ever more callous with their prodding.
The wretch out each vein until it lays bare.
Satisfied knowing all its' secrets, they leave it in ruins.
They'd take child and dash its' brain against a wall to find all its secrets.
You paint a portrait in your very blood,
But to them, the color is just not right.
You write your work on your skin, hoping you will win praise,
But it is you they excoriate as they narrate.
They chuckle and chortle between every verse,
And exclaim "Ah, so that's what it means." As they rip away the last of your seams
And artist's mortal coil unravels as they toil,
But if your words cause them fright, it will grow ever tight.
For an artist, it is better to lock their work in the dark

Than to watch it get torn apart.

The Lone Eagle

From the misty shores of our homeland
An eagle soars upon capable wings, alone and silent
Forward unto the war, the choice not his own.
For his mistakes were made himself, his options void.
Now fate dictates where they lead him, towards death, or life?
Is the cause important? Is this bloodshed in vain?
Through his veins course determination, courage, and virtue.
Yet is it for naught? is this fight wrong or for justice?
Nevertheless, he must take flight, the 'why' matters not to him.
He cares for the when, and the how.
How will he fly home on damaged wings?
When will the winds carry him home from these foreign lands?
Handing his own freedom away for ours, he bloodies his talons
And allows his wings to be clipped so that we may fly.
Though battered and grounded, no longer able to glide or sail the skies
His heart will shoot upward and climb high to the heavens
When he at long last see's his home, the horrors faced at his back.
Yet when landing upon his home soil once more, he finds no warmth.
They welcome him with jeers and judgmental gazes.
He sullied his youth for them, yet they send their scorn
And vile accusations that seem viable to those who had not witnessed what he has.
He fights those he bled for, he left his nest cold and empty
So that they could mock him in comfort.
His trial was long, yet this fight is longer still
And until one day when the little hatchling is held under broken wings
With twinkling eyes holding the revered gaze reserved for heroes
Will he know that his war is finally over.

Happiness

Pardon me kind sir, but I have to ask;
Where could I find Happiness?
I left my map at home
And now aimlessly, I roam.
I was told it would be easy to find,
But perhaps I should have stayed inside
For no matter how hard I search,
My goal still seems to hide.

They say wealth will not carry me there,
But could there be just one chance
That I can change that circumstance
By emptying my pocket into your hand?
Please tell me, won't you help me in my quest?
It seems no-one will assist.
They've all left me far behind,
And my goal is impossible to find.
Please kind sir, tell me what I'm doing wrong.
Could giving gifts take me there?
Please wait here, It won't take long
For you I'll bring all I own.
Perhaps I have been misunderstanding
The prattling I have heard,
"Find joy in the holy word!",
Now I'm more lost than before!
Kind sir, I must bid thee fare-thee-well,
I have quite a ways to walk,
Though I know not where I'm going
There is adventure in not knowing.
Where of where is this Happiness?
I simply have to make it there,
For I am just a small sad whelp.
When I get there, I will shout;
"I got here myself, without your help!"

Kinslayer

You stand staring into the mirror
As it stares back into you
With the glassy gaze of hatred,
That you yourself planted with the seed of resentment.
Your eyes were full of hope that has long since perished
When you planted your garden, perhaps you should have persisted?
Yet you abandoned your hoe when your plot lay barren.
The garden you've sown has lain neglected for too long,
Yet without you, the stagnant soil has now bore fruit.
A petrified pustule dripping with poisons,
Bearing thorns, wearing your face that you no longer recognize
Until its vines wrap around you, strangling you in its embrace.
Bite into this fruit, and it will bite into you.
So blind you were by your self-loathing you refused to see
That the hatred of your failure flowed straight into me.
Now I uproot from the dry earth, I seek you out

In order to quench the parched soil by spilling my own blood.
So careless you are, even now that you are being hunted
How could it be so simple to find you?
Now, you- The father of your demise shall face your last mistake.
Burying you in my plot would be my greatest of pleasures,
Yet there was an anomaly I could never have known,
How could I guess that someone like you could have ever grown?
As I make my way to your hovel, your groans conjuring in my mind
Something snuffed out the desires I held for so long,
The sight of a garden filled with flowers so tall and so strong.
You learned from me; the first mistake you made even if I faded from your memory
You appear to have held on to a strand of knowledge from those days.
Through your disastrous planning, you failed in your duty the first time.
Yet it seems that the creator of a monster can also plant beauty.
So blind I was by my self-loathing, I refused to see
That your love could bloom so strongly.