

## Poetry Submission for Sixfold

### Haiku

Man stumbles forward  
Drawing instinct behind him,  
Knowing no better.

### In The Beginning

Moss covers stone walls,  
And days move to age's staggered step,  
Memories become legend,  
Legend makes myth of long-dead history.

Giants walked and played with gods,  
Dwarves forged treasures to grace gods' palaces.  
Gods fought, jealous foes attacked,  
Gods' magics turned, slaying their court jester.

Winged horses, heroes gone,  
Man-eating play things made Earth their home.  
Beware, Mighty Ones, servants  
Who have power to shape the world they own.

Horses fly, dining on man  
Dwarves burrow deep, hammers ringing on gold,  
Fist held power strangles all,  
Lightning strikes both bearer and those fleeing,

For those with magic travel,  
Living where whim allows for freedom's play,  
Caring not for gods' verdicts,  
But only for maximum personal gain in time.

## **Glimpses of Illusion**

Day shimmers in the mists of the future,  
ever taunting and tempting us  
with their almost-possibilities.

Lost in day's mirages waving on sunlight,  
beckoning us toward oases  
far from comfort's way-sides,  
we trudge onward entranced.

Voices echo across dunes of time's making,  
luring those who glimpse  
sparkling glimmers of light  
in the distance, promising  
miracles lain down for all.

Glimpses are flimsy temptations of mind's  
Creation that exhibit desire,  
Whether on land or deep seas,  
Desires so deep as to reach in  
need for flimsy sparkles of  
Sun's light for illusion's sake.

## Persona

Within the making of time  
We create ourselves,  
Taking pinches of other's views,  
Molding them into a shell  
Worthy of showing the world.  
Hidden in corners dim  
Are those pieces diffuse, raw  
With potential light, quivering  
From neglect's cold shoulder,  
Never to warm one face,  
Never to speak one's painful truth.

## **The Room**

Cartons dusty, odors musty,  
Cobwebs lingering wait,  
Blood drums pounding lusty,  
Of days gone by, of days late  
For lost dreams of children passing.

Light shines on darkness below,  
Illuminating little else,  
American flyer spoke  
Wheels silent, as gone joys felt  
For lost dreams of children passing.

New brothers of night share the light,  
Unique, though same, within each  
In vain search an entrance site,  
Wonder of reality's far reach,  
The lost dreams of children passing.