

The Man Who Lived In Dreams

Within every waking moment, there is a chance for wonder.
The times that tease and lull you back to the stars.
Within this waking structure
 -there is a law to keep the peace.
To keep the mind asleep and the heart alive.

But, in every waking moment there is
a man who lives within himself,
who knows his desires and the
 -limits of this world.
This man is keen and graceful with his intentions.

He lives in dreams that conquer the day and lay waste
to the wakened. It is here that life exists, that he is free.
No slave to friends of greed or the result of
 -the lacking of greed.
When time is not an option and the sky not a limit.

The heart of Man is God itself, and the Sun
is kept there in his hands. The Moon who lives
in dreams and yet still remains
 -a stunted spirit.
His fear of life opening the door; his dreams cradling his spirit.

Sleep old man, sleep down low, keep your shield
held tight. Strive for that which every soul craves.
For in that time when worlds collide and
 -persona is fleeting...
You are all that is God and all that is peace.

You are the Man Who Lives In Dreams,
who has cut the cord from a ticking bomb.
Spread your eyes, shift your gaze and
 -stretch your wings.
The possibilities are now endless and just as pure.

The Day The Dead Arose and Broke Open

The day the dead
arose and broke open
and sang with muted
voices to the moon.

Winter ravens, like
fleeing ink, painted the sky,
tearing holes in the
coated cauldron clouds.

Greedy scavengers in
the distant waning light
leapt like disabled
butterflies in bloom.

All life is losing
its blue constrictions,
serpent sighs are
serenading births.

Suffocating roses
collapse into the snow,
forgetting their
sweetened existence.

Taken from the pale
ocean depths are
mountains reigning
down swollen lava stones.

Tempting tears are
scattered screams;
The mind left as
a stake in the brittle ground.

Timeless Peril

Everything has meaning,
a game show scene.
It's so surreal.
Reach out to touch, to feel
the complete complacency.
The scissor leaves sway, cutting
into the fabric of the stage.
The sun turns gold.
It becomes a fluorescent machine
breathing on our every temptation.
The worst of frauds
is reality's dream.
The ultimate goal is
momentary and fades.
On the floor we breathe the
ultimate truth, the last drops
of everything we ever wanted,
everything we ever died for.
The world died every night.
All steps collapse and crumble
leaving us in chains.
Step into this time
of everlasting want and live
like a sponge, soaking up all
expectations and dreams.
This will mean a slow, wind driven,
cleansing decay.
We can only hope to stay forever.

Looking Down

—The turmoil is held in a state of warm ground —

A delusion that bites at
the bark of perseverance
is kept low on the radar
and wide on its heart.

A slow moving construction
that sways too far away.

Little motives and misuses
of a childhood game give way
to a sense that everything is in
a state of failure.

One way, one world, all
comes caving in with
the brush of a whisper,
blink of an eye, the
slightest touch of
a mistress's hand.

—Released are the floods of desperate delight—

This withered soul has taken
all the gusts and broken palettes
of this fury.

Move ahead, ease this poor spirit
to rest and forget this time,
forget this place.

The Void

Into the grave of blind repentance
Things lost in the void of hope that refuses to see
The flower wind is acid rain that
Rusts off the shell of broken dreams
All moments were once so easy to come by
Created in the image of the perfect day

As the clouds limp by and the
Seas keep their silent breathe
An overture of amputee hearts
Sway in motion of the realization
That everything meant to be--
Wore a mask of false advertisement

The realism of what things become over
The numerous winters of the year
Hits like a blast of a fire extinguisher
Blowing away any warmth and life of what
Was unknown until only recently

All of what was discovered was covered
By a base of refusal of change
All remained the same in the end
So as to prolong the inevitable
The time has come to cut the cord and
Leave the pictures as frozen stars
Stuck in the blanket of our laughter

The winds of change seem dreary and
Grey with linings of Autumn
With uncertainty inching its way
Up the hill and into the void
The twilight dark smothers our life
And with a helping hand guides
Us towards far greater things seen ages ago

Let the chains ascend into the Heavens and
Await us until the time comes in which
They will serve us again
Say all that is meant and sigh away
Your last good bye