

THE ABYSS

Sleek as a needle the shadow darts
Across the grim clouds, whirring
Like a jet and disappearing behind the cliff,
No sound nor voice exists in this corner of the earth,
Dead silence and a lick away from the end,
Wild blackberries dominate the eyes,
Filling every minute void of space in an instant
Disregarding their neighborly rocks and trees.
Remember what your mother told you,
If you stare long enough into the blackberries,
The blackberries will gaze back at you.

Golden Lie

When did I start to Lie?
When did our smiles, filled with ardent
Youth, fade into the scenes of old?
Where did your fantasies of embellished glory
Scatter to? Our memories as children
Dissipated into desperate
Stories, filled with Dulce
Thoughts of sun and song,
Some forgotten dream engraved
In the pillars of our patria.

Striving towards distasteful decorum
Our ears glistened with the Old Lies
They sprinkled as we marched on,
Pro patria mori they whispered.
Old souls poisoned our hearts
Hoping that we would succeed their glory,
Their failures, the very seed which doomed us all.
Sin that made even the Devil scorn.

The Cellar

The system's flaws fall into order.

Last time.

You say you think you know what you say,
But it begs to differ, it watches,

Slowly.

Your life fails to provide it entertainment, but you hold your breath,
You keep moving under its watchful eye.

Faster.

Like pin drops on Mars you dart, thinking about the Red carpet,
But the door's ghastly hand beckons. The watch on the wall clicks.

Tremble.

Shivering in the corner your restless thoughts chase their tails, wagging
In blissful naivety you know of the horizon and light. But no extent of watching will help.

Anger.

Sour sounds leave your mouth, yelling at it. Needles escape your tongue
Aimed for the tarp of fraud, you know what you say. You watch your feeble attempt die.

Bleak.

You say you think you know what you say,
But it begs to differ. It watches.

Stone Expression

On my shelf exists the only truth,
It doesn't move yet conceals my lies
That recall the memories from my youth
And present the soft subtleties

Of my past. The whims of my young
Past stare profoundly, trying their best
To break free from the shackles of the tongue
That set them in stone suppressed

Behind the clear glass case. Their faces twist in unjust
Shapes, molded by blacksmiths of old.
Thunder rages beyond their frozen eyes,
Acres of forgotten and battered souls.

Confined in my prison they yearn for the fresh breath of Death,
A colorful end to the grey prison around them.

The Cave

The taste of freedom is sour.

Given to us at birth we believe we are our own masters,
Fooled like a king without any power.

Pattern and repetition rule our world,
Filling our minds with senseless plaster
That turns the taste of freedom sour.

Waking and breaking we take our showers
As torrential rain of sloth beats faster,
Fooled us like kings without any power.

I swore once that I would devour
The system that makes us fatter,
But the taste of freedom is sour.

You and I once existed devoid of the clangor
That drilled us until we became mere actors,
Fooled like kings without any power.

The wheel of life keeps turning. That I should know,
For I am its creator, and the end is near.
Here I wait for my slayer,
Fooled like a king without any power.