

## 3 O'clock

3:00 in the morning  
I don't know what I'm doing  
I don't know where I'm going.  
3:00 in the morning.

On this bumpy road with lots of ups and many more downs.  
I saw the light, but was too slow to catch the falling star.  
Little white lies wearing little black ties. I wish I knew the truth.  
I wish I could see farther than the mind can believe. I had a speech, but forgot my lines.

I fell in love with the lady of the lake  
some image in the fog I misinterpreted as someone real.  
Heat rises to fog my mirrors, and through my rose colored glasses  
I watch white dresses dance, around the burning fire in my eyes.  
Throwing flower petals and herbs into the blaze  
while wishing for love, prosperity, and futility.

Generations seeped in mythology. Lore and legends into celebrations.  
Freedom from facts and science may end these bothersome worries and fears.  
Take the mind and separate it from the body.  
The night air and incense smoke.  
All is quiet at this witching hour, but the floor boards still creek  
when all is supposedly asleep.

Heavy now is the world, yet it floats effortlessly in space.  
Tired now are the weavers of this quilt.  
Pictured are all who have walked the many paths of this labyrinth through time.  
I am here, but my side is not yet finished.

Shall I steal a kiss from the lady of the night, then retreat to the safety of my sheets?  
I am a stranger to these lands and merely a traveler that hasn't begun his journey yet.  
To the east, to the west, if I stopped thinking about it could I feel the slight tug towards  
the direction I am bound for.  
One wrong turn into a forgotten world could prove to be fate  
but I'm still fishing in a puddle frustrated I do not yet have a catch.

I'm lost among the rich, watching them drink their wine and talk about things that have  
no interest to me.

I'm lost among the brave, who have daring stories to entertain their guests.  
I'm lost among the beautiful, who never had to worry about rejection.  
I'm lost among thieves, and this is where I'm noticed.

I tripped and fell into the sky.  
I saw a light, but lost my fight.  
I can't believe they rejected me.  
Falling now I hit the ground at 80 miles and several years too soon.  
Running from shadows and hiding from the reach of time.  
The fickle finger of fate was more of a punch to the face.

When I awake from my unconsciousness I notice something I have never seen before.  
A large gate closing off a road I have not yet traveled.  
In time if I wait it will someday open.  
This is my passage, through the woods and through greener pastures.  
Over Caribbean blue seas with a mild breeze.  
Smell of food and baked goods along with laughter fills the air, and new age sounds are playing in the wind.  
A smiling beauty with my name upon her chest and arms wide open.  
Children running from play to take notice of my approach.

This is home.  
I am home.

# The Greatest Feeling

Is when...

It's hard to speak  
It's hard to breath  
Your legs feel weak

It feels like your body is made of lead  
You have sweaty palms  
Your face turns red

It's hard to know rather to laugh or cry  
Your heart beats faster than usual  
Your throat and lips are dry

It's hard to control your body heat  
Your stomach churns  
You can barely stand on your feet

You bump into things and trip  
It's hard to think  
You feel foolish, can't sit still or get a grip

You begin to tremble and shake  
You feel shy and a little vulnerable  
And it's your next move that is the hardest to make

...So why is this the greatest feeling to appreciate?

Because this feeling means you are in Love.

## A Love Poem

I will love you with all five of my senses.  
I will love you with all five of my fingers.  
I will love you with all five sides of my tongue.

Tonight is for you.  
You are the queen of these lands, and I am its keeper.  
Direct me, guide me, tell me, or just let me loose.  
To explore the valleys and prairies of your body.  
To swim in your seas and slide down your mountains.  
To find peace in your gardens and love in your eyes.  
You are my world and I am your guardian.

To live free.  
To love free.  
To give in to all of your desires, wants, and needs.  
No tension, aches, or pains I can't massage out.  
No tears I can't wipe away.  
I will protect you and care for you from all harm and evil intent.

Allow me to breathe your kiss and supply me shelter in your arms.  
And I shall sleep to the sound of your beating heart.  
I kiss your eyes and dream about you until the morning, when I may see you once again.

# Autumn

There's a familiar feeling in the air.  
That chill,  
that feeling of uncertainty.  
The autumn leaves and the lake breeze.

I've stood on these stone steps so many times  
for so many years.  
Watching the dark sky  
and feeling the cold rain drops.

The wind ignores my clothes and icy fingertips roam freely on my naked skin.  
The rain and the wind make it colder and the gloomy skies make it lonely.  
I love the season, but not today.  
Today I am the keeper of the lost.

## Serrated

In the shadows I hide  
On wind currents I glide.  
I am serrated inside.

A heartbeat can be so soothing  
I long to hear mine again.  
Dusk is my dawn  
One heartbeat in the still of night.  
Music... to my ears  
Comfort... for my soul  
Peace... for my restless eyes  
It gets faint... wait... come back... stay.

The exhausted heart engulfed with fear beats faster  
Drums in my ears  
Swirling hallucinations  
Vibrant lights  
Warm breath on my frigid body.

Ecstasy... ends  
Darkness looms  
Quiet air  
aura of warmth dissipates.

What have I done?  
My abhorrent hands  
My passionless heart  
What have I done?

Every night one heart beats... no more.  
My sorrow consumes me, but I do not mourn for myself.  
Will compassion be showed to this doppelganger?  
Will love embrace this forlorn soul?  
I leap against the resisting wind and find freedom.

Time is slow  
I find my redemption  
On the rocks below.