

Lotus

Water lilies
mask the murky muddy water
lying dormant, awaiting Life.

Scattered atop the mud,
they lay in wait
for beauty to blossom in their bosoms.

And flower buds
wait
to fulfill Destiny.

Before they bloom,
they travel
across the Universe
finding their way through cracks,
through folds
of space and time—
through wormholes—

to rest on lily-beds
lying
on placid,
stagnant water.

They dream—
the flowers—
they dream of Life;
they dream of Balance.

The stagnant brown of the water
drives them
to dream of color.

They gather strength
from their weakness.

Then they flourish,
pink and perfect,
a vibrant contrast against the green,
floating on the muddy brown,
bringing dreams to life
in this shadow world
rendered Reality.

Words of the Widow

Sitting up late at night

Writing

Is when I wonder

If the darkness is part of me.

So I grab it at the seams, spreading

Into a widow's nest

And I fall inwards—

The centerpiece;

The main course.

Feast, my child,

Feed on the life of me.

Keep crawling,

My eight-legged offspring.

Be nourished

By the dregs

Of inspiration.

Dig in,

But please, hold back the venom.

I want to *feel* your fangs pierce my skin,

Identify myself amidst the pain;

See my stomach

Torn out from inside—

Innards hanging

By only threads.

Dispel the cavity of my chest,

But keep my eyes intact.

I want to *see*

My tar-stained lungs;

My heart blackened.

Outside the remnants

Of my mangled body,
Transcend through me

To find solace in the soul.

Defend the web, guard my soul,
Keep scavengers at bay.

Devour me; take my home—
This web, these flies,
Every last morsel,
Everything I have become,
And all that has molded me
Into this being
Who now sets you free
Beyond the bounds

Of mind and body.

Poison the globe
Two fangs at a time.
Wrap the world in white

And wear your colors proudly—
Your black body decorated
With the deviance
Of a red hourglass

Placed precisely
In the center.

You warned them
With the sands of time
Depicted on your abdomen,

Perfectly painted
The color of the blood
That was soon to be spilt.
You identified the risk,

You gave them a chance
To turn back.

Before they were taken,
You told them,
"Beware.
Time is ticking..."

Victim to the System

Brainwash me,
Stupid TV,
Advertise to mesmerize to buy your lies.
Suck my soul through
Your holographic screen.
Just take me! Make me yours!
Zombify me so I wander on, brainless
—slight limp, one arm hanging, head slightly cocked—
To travel the Earth for eternity, I'm saved! (ha)
Flashing memories of your advertisements lead me on
To your stores and your whores.
And I'm a supporter...
A contortionist, bending and breaking
My back in ways
Inhuman ~
Serpentine to my own kind.

We have something to say—
Just can't express it how we wish
Because our minds are not ours.
They belong to them,
The Masters who try to control us,
They who try to enslave us all.
This psychological warfare
Began with our parents. Subtly,
Subconsciously, they were taken
And somehow, the radiation affected us
In the womb.

Predisposed to persuasion,
Bound by our disposition,
We were destined to fall
Victim to the system.

Advent

Something about the horizon
and the blue-orange-purple-pink striations
makes me want to travel,
one day,
away into the unknown,
into territories which I've yet to explore.

Like a child, I wish to dig
my fingers down into dirt,
ingest worms from the earth
(feel them squiggle their way down into my stomach),
wash my face with mud
to cleanse my pores
and permeate my soul.
I want to feel
I am Earth—

Through mountain paths
that wind on warily,
spiraling
up and around...
...I'll trike along fearlessly:
three wheels
(one overhanging the edge),
legs pumping like pistons,
climbing steadily,
but slowing
(ever-slowng on my upward climb)
until gravity wins
over will
and...
....sliding

back down
prehistoric pyramids
that touch the sky
where one wrong move
can mean greeting ground
and welcoming

...death...

—for Adventure beckons me
to search for myself
and my place in the world,
inside myself
within the world.

The planes in the night sky,
green and red light-beacons
blinking up-high in the distance,
flying to other worlds,
a long way away from this one.
In the sky, I have no control.
My fate is in another's hands.

As long as I go by ground,
I'll stay steadfast on my path, legs
strong beneath my center,
carrying more than my weight,
connected with Mother Earth
— carrying my spirit, and
my legacy, my future, and
the past that has made me.

Sailing by sea,
things may not be
as placid as I'd like,
with waves rising
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and crashing down,
crushing bones to dust
to be absorbed by the sea
and recycled,
returned
to whence they came.

No matter what method I choose for travel,
it's the journey that counts—
the experiences only I know;
the feelings only I feel.