

A Poetic Self-Portrait

Defibrillator

A lost touch, dissipated embrace.

Like the leaves of an evergreen falling into an autumn mess.

Deep within my skull despair claws at my waking conscious, Your loveliness hurts me.

Haunts me.

The beauty projected by your eyes, the perfect sophistry.

Our hearts like parallel lines, even in the infinity of your beautiful mind they will never meet.

My eyes rest upon the gentle glow of your aura, my mind and heart obsequious to degree I dare not say.

My hearse is carried by the tow of Aphrodite, your beautiful voice, like the Sirens, draws me to the jagged rocks that my corpse shall lay upon, Broken.

But you could never, and will never, know this pain I am confined to.

It is not your fault, but my own.

Just know that your smile electrifies my cold inanimate heart with a brief happiness that tears my world apart.

An Ode for You

Gold touch, Gold
fingers.

Brown tendrils chaotically sprawled across her face like a breathtaking
spiderweb,

What am I to do?

I see an ocean in those eyes,

Warm currents of love mix with the sweet salt of the sea.

Mesmerising wave flirt with the parched summer sand.

A symbiosis of beauty and complexity.

What is there to do?

I have been rightly served; why did I trust my sheep to a wolf?

Why did I trust my frail heart to the ferocious soul stealer that is your beauty?

The ashes of a heart consumed by the conflagration of your loveliness, Blown
away by the gentle winds of a whisper.

What a beautiful tragedy it is to love.

The Dark-side of the Moon

The darkness was not only
Fantastically large and abundant,
But it was dense and greatly compacted Into
this small planet I find myself shackled too.

The moons warmth disappears behind dark clouds, Ripped
from my grasp
Like all that has ever felt safe.
And I am left,
As always,
To the malevolent darkness and the mercy of my own thoughts.

The Meaningless of Life

We will die alone
Inside our own
Minds

The hell hounds
Will drag us
To the Abyss

The eyes will fill with tears
The corpses will never rise
And only rot

The sons will bury their
Mothers
And the fathers will crave
That touch
So the drinks will be filled

And until
Our time comes
We will
Stare at the place between the stars
And pray for
More time to suffer!

Smoke and Mirrors

Hello,

I speak to you through a smiling mask,
For that is when you will listen

Didn't you know?
Didn't you hear me speak it?
I said it
I spoke the words through
Smoke

I hide the truth of my words
With a laugh

The man who snarls at me
On the aluminium
Behind the glass
Glass shattered by my cut fist

I am become my own demise

I am become my own disgrace

I am nothing in your eyes

I am now the consequence of my
Tainted soul