

“N- -,please?”

The modern name of war is fame

Snared in spokes of trivial bane

Cycling exquisite shame

Eruption of a vile proclaim

Scales are limelight's risked repay

Mention toil all turn away

Sweat of brow treasured strain

Hands upraised to celebrate

Grasp for spoils, a striking sway

Cleave from wrist unfair trade

Gristle greases the brocade

Twisting tales of centuries lain

Dusty floor for what's been made

Roughish red no color change

Countering the feigned distaste

Spare not a precious ounce of art

Mimicking a midday start

Cobbled boots of leather old

Chapped legs defy material

Footprints dragged on untilled soil

Spans

Roiling mass in likened pace

Lockstepped authenticities

Heralded distinctive trait

Proof in callow sniveling

First is last, roughhouse the place

There's a term they love to say

Crowed so oft the end is frayed

Irony laden sobriquet

Describes their works so perfectly

Enfeebled bodies onset early

Forcible Rejection

Enticed, unwillingly plumbing deep depths,

Darker than my last regret

Tepid water smothering my conscious

Before me, my body's featureless

Not sure how I know I'm sinking

A few fathoms lower it's darker than sleeping.

The winds of earth, the warm of core

Suspended between in synthetic sea

The stoic sensation sickening

Remind me when I do forget

Of how I reveled in green grasses

And languished past all nay'er's glances.

I'm Gonna Live Forever

The build of name takes sure decades

Accented by a nulling creed

Acknowledge all things cautiously

Trust a dagger's surly teeth

And carry always its reprieve

But favor winds, circumstances

The echoes halls abandoned lend

Waiting for the chanced extend

Age will comb the embers thin

A cabin shrouds, does not defend

Reel headlong into the dens

The lioness that rests within

Cannot seem to designate

A hungering will to create

She'll only sup and defecate

Moderate a stride with gin

Soon to idle brushy spends

The hiccup of a lovelorn hymn

Tells of envious chagrin

Spilling nigh of clumsy spins

Spans

Hesitate to inhale when
Bow is drawn so tight it bends
Truly wounded mark's cooled heart
In such haste to fetch it hot
Lips paled blue, strength forgot

Collar fame like a thief
Pressed to wall grinning peeved
Hands expressing jested theme
Growl at him a scolding brief
His scripted jackknife plunges deep

Motives curtailed by misdeed
Curtained solidly smiling
Repeating always this to see
Would tarnish full-fledged belief
Interest tumbling from the peaks

Spans

Lo, such hazards named aptly

Lockjaw from thirsty craving

Worth the weight of all longing

Leave and come back once again

Facets fattened, feigned attachment