

# *Metaphoria*

Melinda Longtin

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Illustrated by Lauren Sebastian Layout by Rochelle Mensidor

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## *Why do We Only Choose to See the Vibrant Blossom of a Rose?*

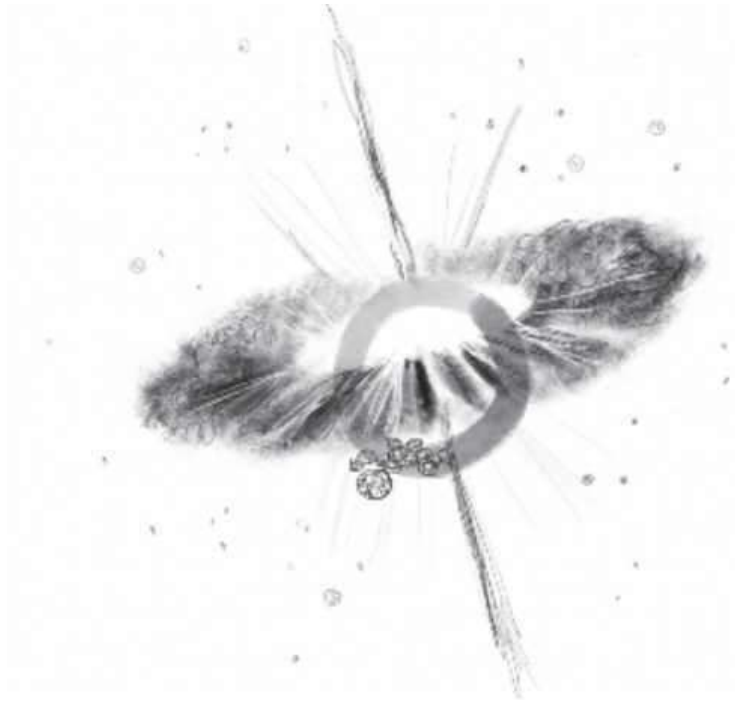
Why do we only choose to see the vibrant blossom of a rose?  
The blossom is only the fruit of efforts,  
The castle, the show.  
But the thorns are its protectors and guardians--knights.

Every petal is a nurturer  
With great but tiny details,  
A flower's own memories and tattoos.  
The roots and the seeds  
Are a wondrous genesis.

Even in *death* the rose is beautiful,  
Through the graceful and delicate fall of each petal.  
It dwindles into yet more life in the earth and the air.  
But we choose not to see any of it.  
Why do we only care  
To perceive the lively blossom of a rose?







## *Rebirth*

How do you draw  
A star, but a flower,  
Colliding center,  
Between a cascading waterfall  
And an erupting volcano,  
Intercepted by a river of jewels,  
Polishing ashes  
Into midnight's gentle phoenix?





## *When Stars Steal the Sun's Face*

The stars are growing.  
They are glowing bright,  
Only one way they're going  
*Out.*—Escaping the night.

Burning their globe,  
Explode their glass house.  
The future will sobe'  
A drunken dream stolen thrice.

No day or night,  
Dusk is dawn's grace.  
No rest awaits this fight,  
When stars steal the sun's face.





## *Boat of Genesis*

I loved the ocean's waves  
Until I truly drowned.  
The burning in my lungs,  
Sent smoke into my mind.  
Nothing was clear.  
The burden was mine.

But I'll build myself a boat,  
From the ground and the life,  
That lies beneath the waves,  
Far from their strife.  
I'll spin magic in the sail,  
And weave my way above the clouds. Storms and waves won't catch me  
When thunder oscillates my bones.

I promise,  
I will find,  
The land of sunshowers.





## *Sunset*

Admiration.  
Never just beauty.

Flowing.  
*Moving.*  
Like a story that never ends.

Complex and expansive,  
The sunset never sleeps.  
A living puzzle,  
It rules over the sky.

Pieces look  
How clean laundry smells.  
Others?  
Cotton candy.  
New-born babies' rooms.

Clouds wear shades,  
Glasses reflecting dark storms,  
On the verge of exploding.  
Ocean waves  
A breath away from slumber,  
Send letters to stars upon their wake.

Somewhere  
In that sunset,  
The depths are smiling into ponds,  
Reflecting all the surface sees.  
Parallel ripples,  
Of what never was.

Who could possibly see a sunset as just “pretty”?  
It is gorgeous.  
Alive.  
It explores fantasy,  
but it’s real.







## *Mirrors Breathe Souls*

Look in this mirror.  
What do you see in me?  
I want to wake up  
One day,  
Just *one*,  
And watch my reflection change.

Because I see  
Through the other side  
Of myself,  
Where mirrors breathe souls.

My hands are tied by thorns.  
The blood drips from my wrists.  
Each drop echoes so vehemently,  
It erases the door,  
And shakes the room.

My mouth is blocked by a mace.  
Spikes pierce holes in my face.  
The mirror inhales,  
And my life is vacuumed.  
It exhales,

And I see my soul in my eyes,  
A land of peril and dreams.

The pedals are floored,  
And the petals are imploding.  
Whirlwinds dance.

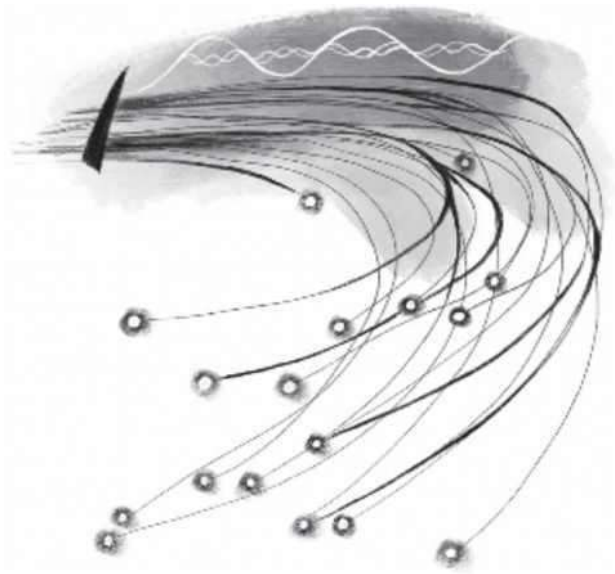
Everything is happening all at once,  
But as each branch snaps,  
From the weight of the mirror's glare,  
Words pirouette on my forehead.  
They embody worth.  
Language grows teeth and nostrils  
They howl.  
They roar.

Farewells slither by while colors split,  
And all is gone.  
A mere moment.  
A dwindling flash,  
And my worth is gone.

I will never be enough,  
For those who thrive,  
In a garden of claws and fangs.  
Weeds make the monster,  
But masks make the man.  
My cape is a constant reminder of lies.  
My crown is poison dipped in impossible expectations.

So just one day,  
I want to morph my reflection,  
So the mirror  
Gasps with delight,  
Instead of coughing  
And severing its own surface at my image.





## *A Mind Unceasing*

What is this endless race?  
Can harmony keep up,  
When thoughts sell forms,  
And pictures flicker eye-less?

It's raining hearts,  
But tiles are silent.  
Footsteps couldn't bear  
To slow for emotion.

A flash of red,  
And the future disintegrates.  
Sheets are holes,  
and shadows rule,  
With a host of ice.

Blindness is the only sight,  
When slumber falls last place.  
Harmony is struggling,  
Deafened by aliens of summer.

There is no finish line!  
No choice.  
Must go on.

In the torture of a mind,  
That can't stop...  
Won't *cease*,  
Unable to fathom  
The speed of light  
In the consciousness  
Of a fairy free and shackled.





## *Spinning Windows into Doors*

Veins are trees.  
Sprigs shimmer matte  
Without their foliage.

Invisible ceilings  
Mark the only barrier  
Between the shrubs and waves.

Rushes spiral,  
Slipping into cores,  
Ripped out stains of the sky.

A sun is a fist  
In a drawing's window.  
Can't punch through the waves,  
So it sneaks where water incinerates flesh.

But wait for the canvas,  
Front and center,  
Shooting past veins,  
To the pains of this clerestory.

It's bleached white



With eyes carved of wood and stone.

Lips transparent,

But deep violet.

They restrict the pen

Of one who would paint the world

In gems and marble-cased grasses.

Emerald green would envelope the drawing,

And no one would see the panes.

How could someone

Try to resist

A face with star flowers

Around one eye,

Decorated with time above the other?

Does sand permeate the window?

Could it shut down time,

And freeze the halves of pink chrysanthemums

To shatter its own cheeks?

An image without purpose,

Must spin the window

Into a door.





## *A Meteor Left Me Hollow*

The raid is so excruciating.  
How do I describe a punch  
From space?

The asteroids never stopped  
Or so it felt.  
They mortified my atmosphere.  
A meteor left me hollow.

It had far too many clones,  
Born of selfishness.  
Dominance.  
Envy.  
Rage.

A being of vampiric touch,  
He robbed me  
Of my organs.  
Cut my walls  
And burnt my innards.

Take and take  
And Take!  
That is all  
A herd of meteors  
Can comprehend  
Or succeed at.

Dignity is as clouds,  
Having had their form stolen,  
And morphed to the sculpture,  
Only pain could love.

I must save myself.  
This galaxy  
Could murder me.

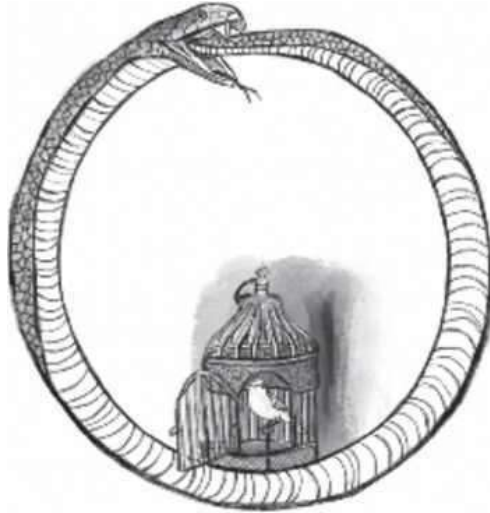




## *Arrows*

The worst arrow  
Is the one I had to shoot  
To save everyone else  
From the monster in my house.





## *Blood is Wine*

I wish  
I was a canary  
Trapped in a cage,  
But I'm not.  
That suggests elegance—  
Some beauty left.

But there isn't.  
Reality.  
Hysteria.

I am in a prison.  
Metal rusted.  
Bars bent.  
Buried in a pit.

He turned my hands  
To slugs,  
My feet to spiders.

Drenched in his deeds,  
I am weighed down.  
Tainted by venom.  
All of my company  
Is a snake,



So starving,  
It devoured me  
And itself.

Chewed and shed itself whole.  
The only remains  
In this *awful pit*,  
Are raw and honest.  
Bones and skins.  
Hollowed eyes,  
And bloody goblets  
Of wine he drinks  
While he chuckles  
Amused by his work.





## *A Place of Peace*

Enjoy all the little things  
Other people never notice.  
Trees are merely fingers,  
But shrubs have all their leaves.  
Grass is zebra skin,  
A palette of green.

Fields are undecided between desert and tundra.  
The world reflects off puddles  
And the rippling lake.

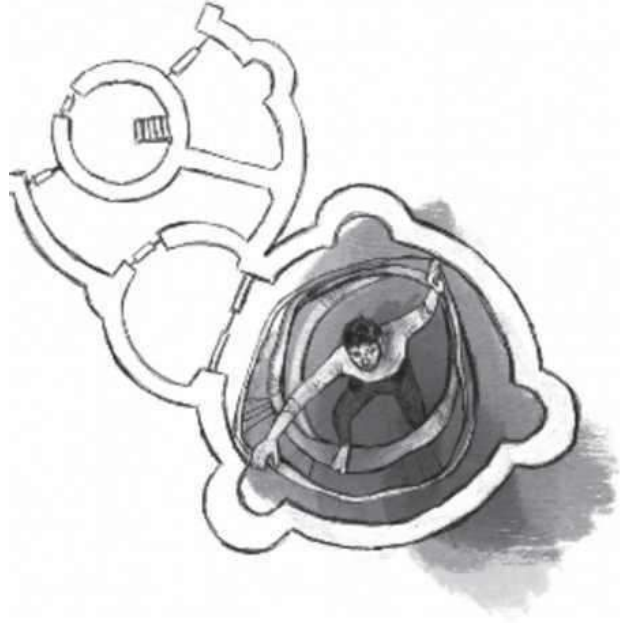
Bricks make scarlet, burgundy, rouge.  
Periwinkle rocks  
Sparkle and tempt the paths untaken.

But dimmet?  
Empty.  
Still.  
Tranquil.

Frozen in time but for the rolling sky,  
Gently passing  
Through someone else's masterpiece,  
But it is home.

Nothing can compare  
To this silly,  
Simple,  
Average  
Park.





## *Fear is Better than Captivity*

Out of the pit.  
Into a fortress.  
But walls  
Can only do so much.  
When will life be safe?





## *Dancing is Heaven*

Cloaked in support,  
Glazed with tulle.  
Accented by pointe shoes,  
Painted indigo.  
Roses caress the edges,  
Of outlines blocking wood.

Silence.  
Starts of irises.  
Darkness.  
Lights.  
Space.

Dancing.  
**Heaven!**







## *Feel Everything at the Same Time*

When you find a place  
Or a person  
That lets you know peace  
And chaos  
As the same beautiful feeling,

You  
Will know  
What it is like to be alive.

Too eager  
To meet someone  
Who knows how it feels,

To be free—  
In love with life.  
To fall in love  
With insignificance.

I am so ecstatic  
For the moment  
That what the world looks like  
Through my eyes  
Is attainable for someone

Without having to give my glasses,  
Because they already live  
With a perception  
That knows no limits.

And you know?  
My past is so jealous  
Of the present.  
Of the future,  
Because while he lives  
In the sirens.  
In the paper of greed.

I will be up in my cottage,  
Where dreams are real.  
Opportunity has voice,  
And when it calls,  
I come running  
For all things trivial  
That he missed out on  
That I know so well.

He is and ever will be  
A rock of jealousy,  
Grinding himself to anger,  
While I'm out living  
In places he will never even imagine.

Know that I have no regrets.  
Everything is worthwhile.  
Fall in love  
With the life you create  
For yourself,  
As well as the cards  
Dealt on your table.

My deck is awesome,  
Because I  
Am always  
And also never

Afraid to roll the dice.

You have to feel both.

It doesn't work

If you can't embrace

All of the opposites

In the universe,

Because when you

*Always*

Feel everything at the same time,

Even when your body rots,

You never die.





## *Wealth and Power*

I pity those  
Who want diamonds,  
But are so obsessed  
With remotes  
And green shapes,  
That they coat their sculpted stones  
With rust.  
Call them gravel,  
All because they fear  
Losing control of their gems' glimmers,  
And their surroundings turning red.





## *Ignorance*

Ignorance is not bliss!  
Blind of diversity!  
Singular images.  
Reputations.  
Stereotypes.  
Cliches.

Spiders?  
All are poison, black, brown, shiny.  
Hairy menaces, right?  
Wrong.

Undiscovered,  
Remain the mirror spider of Singapore,  
The Velvet spider of Hungary.  
So much lost in closed perceptions.

Roses?  
Famous artists,



Use only the most common petal designs.  
May they all be typical red roseidea!  
Forget Zephyrine Droughin of pinks and spirals.  
Darious Enigma couldn't be less important!  
Elf Tide and Twilight Zone  
Could not make the cut for variety and color.

Every person, creature, plant, and bug,  
Has its own purpose in the world,  
And beauty amongst its meaning.

*Nothing* has just one representation.  
Intricacy  
Individuality  
Hidden behind wisdom, curiosity, and love.  
Few understand,  
We all sit on one incredible canvas,  
Composed continually with creativity  
Greater than any human capacity.





## *The Bridge of Blood*

On the brink  
Of a bluff  
Barely—  
Just barely  
Enough room  
To stand on pointe.

Gothic gates.  
Skyscrapers.  
Of brambles and thorns,  
Block all retreat.

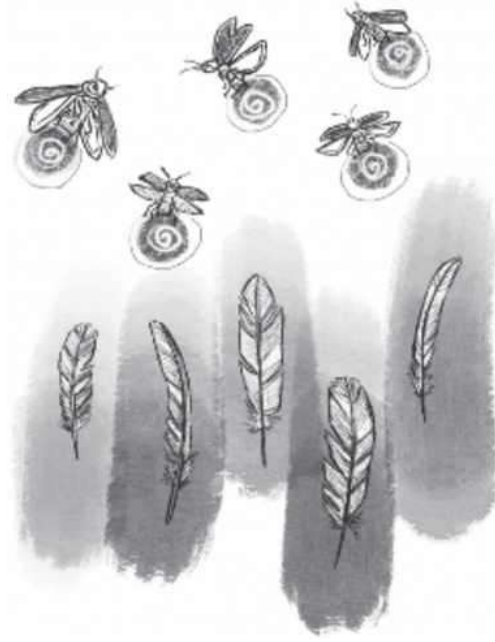
I don't want to retreat,  
But I can't breathe.  
Vertigo  
Teases my balance,  
Like vultures  
Squawking and leaping through the ears  
Of a slumbering giant.

The other side

Far, far away from the crag,  
Glitters with contingency,  
That croons so loud,  
I can almost taste the tune.

The miles are long,  
But I am building a bridge.  
Gluing the thorns of the gate  
Together with my own blood.  
Soldering the edges  
With the copper  
Infecting my gums.





## *Lightning Made of Snow and Glass*

Toss fireflies to the heavens,  
Carrying tiny envelopes,  
Of tongues and quills of magic.  
Penning all the lights  
With contrast crafted letters.

Cocoons transform.  
All I know is gone.  
Lightning leaps and flashes,  
Made of snow and glass.

Aurora Borealis  
Of water's frozen shards.  
It crashes to the ground,  
Springing through the forest,  
Drawing paths and coasters,  
For lives stuck in fast forward.

Splitting down in loops,  
A right way to take,  
Or easier paths,

There can never be.

My feet are cut regardless,  
So I go wherever I want.  
Frivolous roads to anywhere  
Are always most fulfilling—  
And if the road ends,  
I'll fashion more fireflies,  
And write wonders for the journey ahead.







## *Nature's Profile*

Blackest sky.  
Outlined white.  
Streaks and boundaries  
Of a starry,  
Scarred,  
Freckled face.

Beaks of fog  
Sigh bolides into Earth's mantle  
As children stare  
*Silently*  
Into Mother Nature's face.

Her eyes are empty.  
Her hair has vanished.  
She shivers her nails  
Through the fronts of her hands.

We left her bare,  
Burning with cold.  
How we abused her,  
Covered her with mold.

Buried in charcoal,

She scrapes a new map.  
But where suits are scepters,  
And axes are coins,  
No matter her pleas,  
Her children permeate  
Their own destruction.





## *Chasing Visions*

I'm caught in the moment.  
My dreams have been stolen.  
I am not awoken  
From this never-ending nightmare—  
The dream I am barred to wake from.

I just need  
To be  
An octopus  
In the bottom of the ocean...  
But instead,  
I'm what it swallows.

I am quiksilver.  
Fading away,  
But more vibrant every day.

So dead,  
But never more alive!

Someone please—  
Save me from Myself!





## *A Life in a Lense*

A life in the sights over bridges,  
Distant and wondrous,  
In a house made of iron gates.  
Oval bars and curls,  
Lofty with madness  
Welding bones to flesh.

Acid where blood belongs,  
The mind's bridge has opened.  
What lies underneath  
And above,  
Portals of illuminated midnights  
Moved by scarlet's thoughts,  
And ebony's touch.

The structure is solid,  
But the house is frail.  
Cerulean poppies border the iron  
But steel is finished  
Stealing soil rich with burdened eyes.

A home without skin,  
The muscles exposed,  
Cannot stand.

Its knees are flooded wood,  
Tornadoes prancing through its bricks.

Unfinished.

Unwanted.

The building awaits the wrecking ball,  
But who can stop the dice  
From rolling past future lives.

No healing will come.

No firemen will answer

To flames made of mayhem,

And colors spitting

Too quickly to burn the wood,

Too slowly to melt the metal,

And too still to arouse the realm of bliss

Beyond the lense it lives in.







## *Sensory Overload*

Where sunsets and storms collide,  
Clouds are shades undefined,  
As roses and pale coral  
Dimple the flavor of liquid salt.  
Fragrances of grapes.  
Grays and lavenders  
Bask in blue suns,  
Hidden by stopped clocks.  
Numerals muttering how pennies hear  
A rhythm crafted  
From grooves etched in tin stars.  
If only music could be seen,  
The sky could cleanse globes.





## *Unlaundered Soul*

Rattling the walls,  
Beads caress booms.  
Surging and diving,  
Notes  
Of music and calligraphy,  
Cure.  
Create.  
Intensify,  
Washing the grime of circumstance  
From combs running through burnt sienna.

Rinse the buttons from my collar,  
The collar from my throat,  
My throat from my voice,  
Spin rings from apples,  
And listen to the scents of spring rain.

Never,  
Shall anyone *ever*

Launder my soul!

A satisfied soul,  
Terminates the body's appetite  
And dips hard candies  
Into lyrics,  
Taking  
That which they gladly have no right  
To stir cravings  
Deprived of powerful piano.

I dry my own lights,  
A pie of waves and memories.  
Dreading cobalt,  
Magenta writes art...

But printing?  
It's lost to trade.  
Fuchsia's tears  
Bear pools and rivers of printing.

Seek to live in the future  
Through songs of the past.  
Find freedom  
In giving into madness.

Sanity exists  
For those who sleep awake,  
Completely missing the daydream,  
Of humans clothed as monsters,  
For which tunes tumble.

Every beat changes hues,  
Saturizing  
By ill troubadours,  
Crafting clay mirrors  
Of efforts endless  
To reflect more  
Than what one may choose to see.

May keystrokes

Ever fertilize life's palette,  
Because a universe of sepia  
Can never appease  
The unlaundered, defective, and mauled soul.





## *Disparate from Expectations*

Tampered and pale,  
Moonlit lakes  
Have had their fill.

Boughs of coal.  
Waters of silk.  
None will meet  
The marsh of expectations.

Parched sand  
Will always adore  
Illusions carved of leaves and lakes.

Who can appreciate a realm  
Drawn from imperfections.  
Want for gorgon eyes,  
But I will gorgonize  
With spheres of glittered knobs  
And lockets stamped to walls.

Mesmerize me.  
I tire of empty sod.  
Plump fluids

Of paper stems,  
Of all thoughts opulent in bourgeois-ness.

I need satin unseen,  
Fresh pepper.  
Sages polished ivory.  
Let me discern through an anima  
Drained of none,  
Pupils overflowing,  
Let me drink the cup of irises.







## *To be Alive, Enough, and Worthy*

Hammered deep in loam,  
A bronze silhouette  
Blanketed in fieldstone.  
Dormant,  
I lie at home  
In an empty mausoleum.

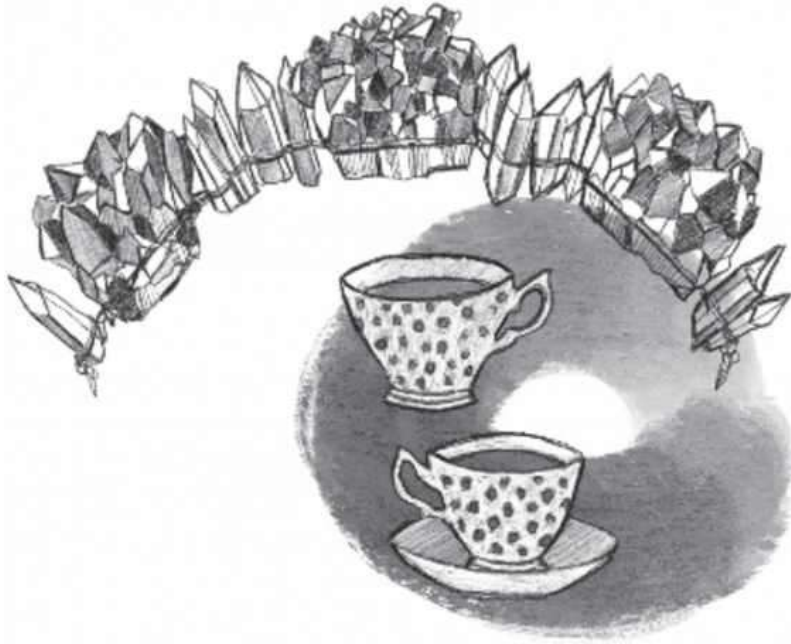
Placidity's kiss  
Frozen in pandemonium  
Could unpetrify my branches.  
Make me walk on roots,  
But settle somewhere fruitful.

Graffiti the roost.  
Spray-paint my tomb.  
Sketch it a glasshouse.

For love is simply  
Wishing and pursuing  
Someone's happiness  
More than one's own.

Complexity dwells  
In how to make my conservatory  
Worthy  
Enough  
For appreciation when shared.





## *Stew for the Artist*

Raspberry reflections.

Opal sheets.

Amethyst crowns.

Teas both black and green.

Peppermint spells.

Add a sprinkle of lemon-ginger.

Silver doves in dumplings.

Melodic blades

Doused in velvet.

Tulle-wrapped trees.

Scents of books.

Calligraphy strings.

A drizzle of honey,

Finished with dark chocolate.

Memory marinade.

Salmon on bicycles.

Blindfolds.

Red lips,

Graced with the kiss of daggers.

All in bowls.

Burgundy.

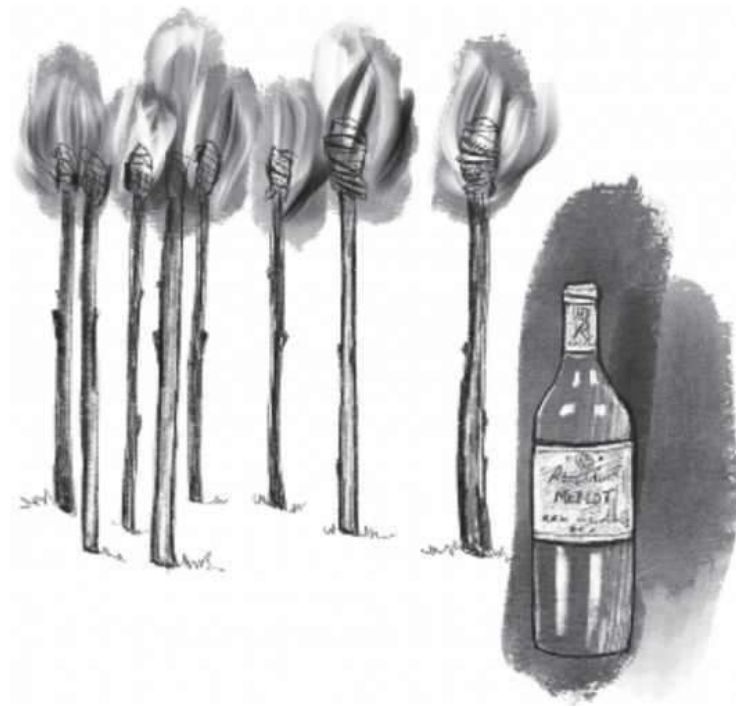
Teal trim smiling,

Crying on all the edges,

So is the stew,

That feeds artists' spirits.





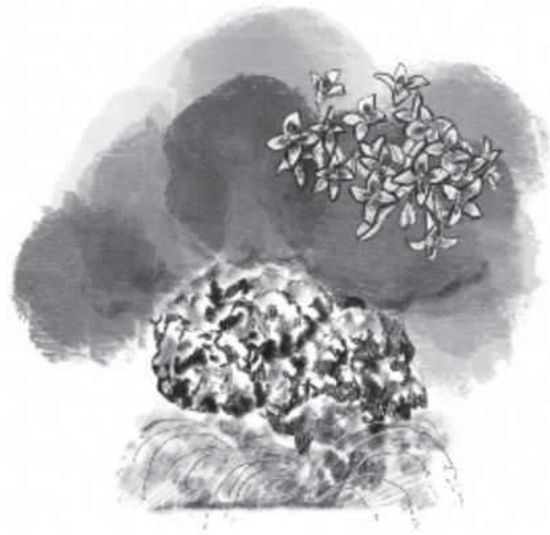
## *Madness is the Pen of Creation*

Roses' thorns are quills  
Dipped in blood.  
Writing life  
On the windshields of trees.  
Unbreakable glass novels.  
  
Sheet music.  
Tabs.  
Allure the cliffs of flaming prisms.  
  
Forests of torches,  
Merlot suffocates icy opia.  
Born of ghosts drinking hours,  
The relish of pomelo minutes  
As gloves on their hands.  
  
Infinity  
Prunes sempervivums.  
Rooting molds  
Meant to preserve the blossoms.



The tips left behind  
Sketch peerless flares,  
Merely amusing  
The impotent pockets  
Of famished bones  
Begging for firework saviors.  
Swift.  
But still.  
Ever palliating  
Freckled candles stiffening disease of thought  
And living contemplations.





## *Balcony of Souls*

How do you know

What's planned for you?

How to feel?

Intuition from distraction?

Love,

From the desire to be lost?

Why is being lost in entity

Or abstraction

So beautiful?

How do you know

Chance?

Fate?

Pursuing goals

From chasing vanity?

Fear

From direction?

A man's intentions

From a woman's suspicions?

Explosions, terrors, and dreams.

Solace in music.

Damaged in sleep.

I know nothing.  
Yet I seek to be lost.  
Make me LOST!

I need to fall wayward,  
More than anything.  
Yearn for dynamics,  
Of ideas.  
Dark embraces.  
Trickled freedom.  
Crescendo,  
and lilac blossoms.  
Of hot pink sun barriers.  
Anemic arches to constellations.

Dusk  
Is so inviting,  
When dawn  
Provides no rest.

Humble me.

**Humble.**

**Me.**

For I want more  
Than this world  
Has to offer.  
I ache to live  
On the balcony of souls.





## *Key to the Door of Heaven*

An essence  
Nested just before the tips of shoulder blades.  
No wings.  
No rockets.  
Just *there*.

A super power  
Mutated from wisdom.  
Dreamt up by love.  
Directing the magnets  
To show mercy  
For bewildered people  
On a wrinkled,  
Foolish  
Plateau of selfishness.

Stamp hearts with gasps  
Of beauty destroyed  
Remember through somniloquy  
The success trashed  
In the hands of lizards  
With diamond scales  
And venomous tongues.

Fur holds no warmth  
When emperors  
Are fossils fighting futures  
Hiding the secret  
Of kindness as common sense:  
  
If everyone was compassionate  
No one would want  
For anything  
Which is the key  
To the door of Heaven.







## *A Struggle for Purpose*

I've been polishing  
A glass slipper  
All year.

No matter how long I scrub,  
The gem won't shine.  
A single shimmer  
Would make all my efforts  
Worthwhile.

When the first sparkle stirs,  
Will it be enough?  
Can the smallest tealight  
Burn a planet  
Past catastrophe?

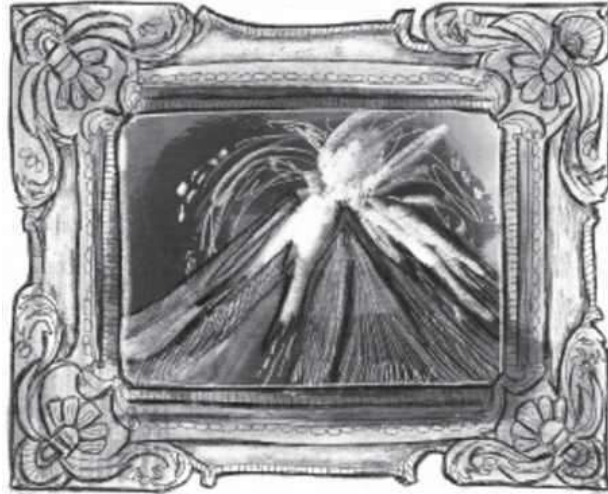
The war will be eternal  
Against dread.  
Greed.  
Loathing.  
But is victory possible?

How do I confront deities  
With only a glass slipper  
To protect all?

The sly gods  
Lie stout in their sludge baths,  
Devouring every flora  
I have ever raised.  
Thieves of fauna  
Only a superhero  
Could thin their thumbs.

But I am no heroine!  
All is vane!  
To live happily is guidance,  
But my contentment  
Resides in mothering the potential  
Of those unaware  
They are the paladins  
Charging my shoe polish.





## *Wit Flickers Where Fancies Evanesce*

Build me a castle  
From scarlet rain.  
Use the fire  
To cauterize me,  
But please—  
Don't make me sane.

Sorrow is a comfort  
Against being hollow.  
And delirium  
Against death.

Douse me in candle wicks.  
Wit flickers  
Where fancies evanesce.

Wrapped in a touch,  
Art evolves my frame,  
Consuming flares  
To perceive  
Digest  
A gorgeous point of view.

Such requires  
What no skin

Mind  
Nor heart  
Can accomplish.  
Only a fiery anima.

Unleash unrest.  
Spread the ashes  
Of my tart.  
Create of my being  
A volcanic eruption.  
Dissolve the lava  
Into a forest fire.





## *Contradictions Rot Emotions*

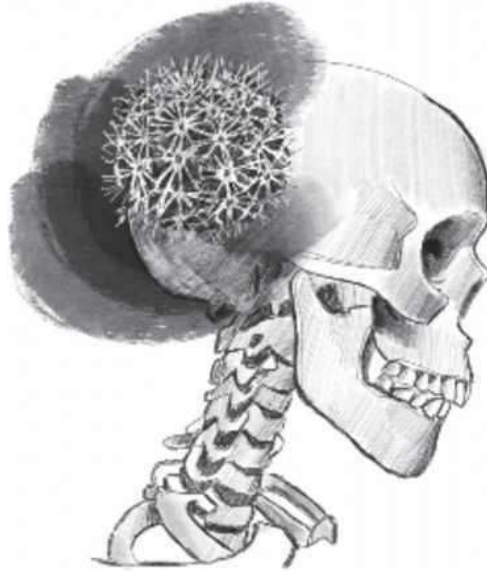
Blush petals  
Evolve into wings  
Soaring  
But the ceiling  
Is underground.

An angel of earth  
Drowns in the ocean,  
For vines are hindered,  
By corals.  
Constrictions.

No luminescence is fruitful,  
Blanketed by shadows.  
The sweetest cakes  
Are nothing  
Because all turns sour,  
When contradictions  
Rot emotions.







## *For Those Who Love Children*

Bones manifest  
The gates  
Around moons  
Dining in the cores of sunflowers.

Marrow in rhizomes,  
The skeleton transparent—  
A treasure so bright;  
Easy  
To appreciate,  
But *few*  
Seek to admire it.

The luna is gravel  
To the average eye.  
Only some understand  
The beautiful seed.

So much potential.  
Delicate.  
Lost to blackened stems  
When not watered.  
Rusted.

Not worth their time.

There are those  
Causing cacti to thrive  
Constricting the moon  
When the needles  
Surface through the skeleton.

Monsters fear their thorns  
Instead of nursing the wounds  
They caused.  
The cacti planted.

Do not burn them.  
Iridium  
Can soothe  
The blood sepia.  
Pierced skin  
Of roots stifled.

Make him full!  
Never asphyxiate  
An alluring crescent  
Every  
Single  
Tiny dimmet  
You stomp out  
Belongs to someone  
Whom despite their mischief  
Passion  
Flaws  
Needs  
Has the power  
To direct the sun.  
Alter the future.  
To save.  
To love.

You could be doubting and demolishing  
The world's next

Hero.





## *Wholy Sync*

Twin soul.

A mesmerizing intuition.

Mirror

Salvaged

By the reflection of age.

Design of face.

Meaningless.

Paradise

Awaits wholes—not halves.

Double nature's repriem.

Dynasty duo.

Royal are the ambitions

Of two lost but not found.

Waiting.

Quick yet still.

Brown quicksand

Swallowing the ocean.

Separated

Success is possible.

Together

Stars are ammunition for bandages,

Forges for symphonies,  
Breeding grounds for magic.  
Springs  
In Galapagos  
Barely skim the paragon.

Lava streaming beneath the sea,  
A burn so fierce—freezing.  
All ill serpents melted.

Moons are map tides  
The di the riches  
A team  
**Needs**  
To be wholly sync again.





## *Auto-pilot Sucks*

Pink rain  
Tumbles  
Across animated grit,  
Scattering wheels  
That deter path from wall.

Brick has no favor  
For tender framework of coral.  
Blossoms  
Cannot rescue  
Shimmering beetles  
Wilting in the coming storm.

Doomed to roll  
Destined to cease existing  
Futile hopes  
For salvation.

All that remains  
Is one void prism.  
Edges barricaded  
By clocks' hands and gargoyles.



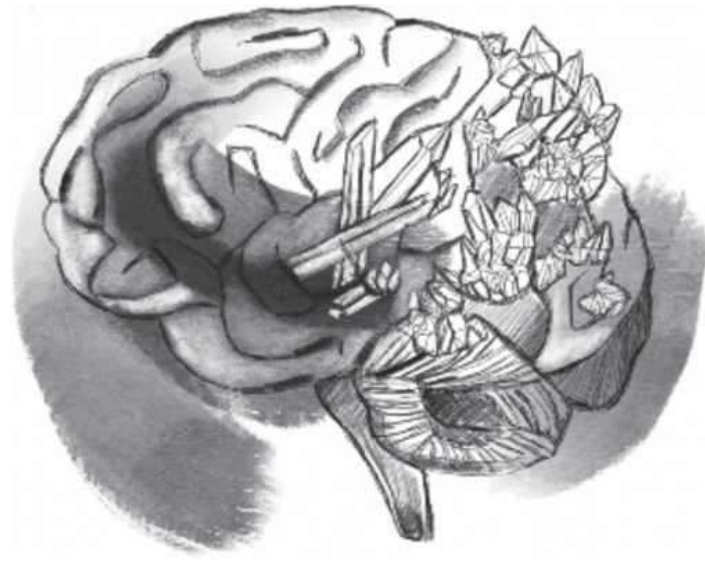
Countenance plated  
By the cloaks of remembrance.

To open the curtains  
Requires a manual  
Impossible to write.

Prohibited  
from the deciphering the sage's language,  
I blindly follow braille  
Engraved  
Upon tiles  
Traveling through winding streets  
Budding bright flares  
In the presence of excessive passion  
Yet so little patience.

Flit with the wind,  
For love's and life's secrets  
Were never unlocked  
By becoming pink rain  
That the breeze commands.





## *Mining a Mind*

Still trying to find  
The crystals hidden  
In the back of your mind.

If only you would paint them  
The colors in your eyes,  
So I could polish them.

We could send them to the ground above.  
Reflect the sky  
With gems of love.

Your crystals shape journeys.  
Signs.  
You draw the curls.  
I'll make the lines.

Stay with me.  
Won't you stay with me?

I'll still be here  
For the darkest nights  
And the brightest lights.

Stay with me.





## *Apples*

Three apples:  
Valentine's ruby red.  
Emerald green  
With a pinch of olive,  
And a stroke of sunshine.  
Then rotten  
Veiled in cologne.

I've known rotted.  
Loved scarlet  
And forest.  
So many choices...

Only problem—  
Which type of apple  
Am I?





## *X-Ray Vision*

Ripples  
Reflect your soul,  
Trickling into my heart.  
I see the mirror's core  
Better than you  
See yourself.

Though you despise my insight,  
A deep admiration arises from your eyes.  
I see your potential.  
You can't see the moon.

I peel off  
All your beloved bark  
With gentle fingertips,  
Doused in metallic smiles.

Dear dragonfly,  
Your white wings  
Are not beyond dance.  
I know the steps  
Before your chocolate cocoon  
Can form your reveal.

White buds  
Dimple your mask in a breath.

I waft away your whiskers  
Forcing wishes  
To flourish and fruit.

I care too much  
To let your soul rest.  
You must mature.  
Nurture all your leaves.  
Lose your precious feathers.  
Does that make me a monster?  
Keeper?  
Predator?

Forgive Me,  
Dragonfly.  
I only strive  
To fill your life with zemurs  
You never had the courage to pen.







## *Perspective*

Your pistol overwhelms me.  
So much pain—  
In every bullet you won't shoot.

I am your lantern.  
A street light that follows you  
Anywhere  
Everywhere  
You go.

However,  
I need you  
To be my new plug.  
Let me charge my intellect  
In your aggressive  
Delicate  
Perspective.





## *Forever Second*

A broken storm,  
Your thunder doesn't clap  
In the rhythm  
Of your footsteps.

A stump without bows,  
You  
Refuse to allow me  
To rebuild you.

Lightning streaks  
No longer correlate  
With your untainted pond.

Make me the fountain  
You rejuvenate  
As you drink from it.

I can't stand  
Gasping  
For the air

A pedestal placed second  
Cannot descend.





## *I am a Living Contradiction*

Restless.

Burning for an Ice Age

Combined with an exploding mine of nuclear dynamite.

Yet,

Completely famished.

Feeble.

Not enough vigor,

To lift the lids of my eyes.

Affrighted

To miss out

On hours of my life—

But so obsessed with dreaming,

I never want to wake up.

Content with independence,

And seeking to love another.

Not chasing souls,

Yet indulging in an old spirit.

The sprite of a toddler

In the bones of the elderly,

Behind the skin of a teen,

And an adult's maturity.

A waltz in the wind.  
Frigid about movement.  
Brave in the sight of danger  
Calm in imprisonment  
Without the courage to challenge the bars.

Seeking intellect.  
Stopped reading.  
Thrilled to travel.  
Won't bring the gold,  
Nor turn the keys.

Satisfied.  
Depressed.  
Slow to anger.  
An awkward state of torture and serenity.

Peace in blanche,  
Enveloped in midnight.  
Grazing on merlot,  
Tainting beads with moscato.

The rainbow is neon.  
Far too loud,  
Yet pastels cannot relieve  
A sensory driven by bolds.

Over-stimulated.  
Unfulfilled.  
A glass full and empty.  
Drowning  
Yet fasting.  
Dehydrated  
In the midst of a feast.

In love with memories and pictures  
That have yet to exist.  
The future is the past,  
Which is also the present,  
Real



Within hallucinations.

I am a living contraction.

All sensations

Simultaneously

Living in multiple songs

Playing together.

Always enriched.

Always dull.

Ever relinquished

As one who feels everything too deeply.

Sitting

On top of the pool

Floating off the wonder,

That this Earth is lacking luster—

So is the spoiling

Of a book unwritten

That has already been read.





## *Soles of Soul*

Scream  
And dip your knees  
In the blood of apples.  
Suck the life  
From the soil  
You rest on.

All that energy  
Trying to stitch the soles of your soul.  
To understand  
Burgundy lipstick  
Auric quills,  
And caramel sleeves,  
Can't create the beauty you seek.  
Internal is eternal.  
Too tall for your stout fruit.

Pleading  
For a chance to leave.  
You can't conceive,  
That you are the cage  
You believe  
You are trapped by.





## *Ghost*

Palms on the mirror,  
Fingertips aligned.  
A man in sync.  
On the other side.

The most beautiful moon  
Speaks with tides.  
No words are necessary.

It is such a pleasure  
To befriend a star  
That talks with lights instead of tongues.  
Clicking teeth  
Replaced,  
By the percussion of heart beats.  
Opposite rhythms.  
A march of wisdom,  
For two sages to balance  
Without uttering a letter.

How many people ever encounter,  
Not a match,  
But a ghost.  
A silhouette's execution  
In solitude.  
Peace of many pieces,  
Magnified  
While zoomed out.

We use screens to shield from leeches,  
But also to share our passions.  
To peel in the vortex  
Is an extraordinary,  
Dramatic quality of paradise.

To be synchronized with a ghost  
Is like an orchestra  
With kinesthesia  
As all the instruments  
As well as the audience.

Don't let the curtain close  
On our dimmet  
Of intuition.





## *The Proud Statue*

Distress my skin.  
Rasp for centuries  
Uncover all my cobalt capillaries.  
Watch my thoughts pulsate through my body  
Like a virus  
Setting torpedoes off inside my compass.

Trace the glyphs  
On my heart.  
Desperate.  
Search for the decoder  
For my language.

The wood underneath  
Tights and tattoos  
Leaves no evidence  
Of trauma, bliss, despair, or fear.  
Zealous fascination  
Is all you'll find,  
Because it is the perfect slice  
Of the many grains of emotions.



So make me raw  
And varnish me over.  
Wedded evermore  
To the artisan.  
Honored  
To be the craft.





## *Sidelines*

Headphones  
Hug my ears  
Blaring silence.

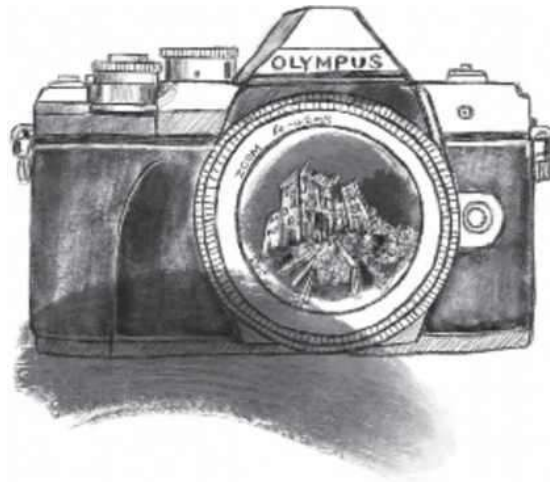
Cast away,  
In exile of my own mind,  
I cannot see the road on front if me.

Inebriated by perfume,  
I do not experience  
The aromas of the woods  
Nor the salt of the ocean.

My palate is void  
Clogged by zest of mellifluence.

Aloof and gelid,  
I observe my vessel  
Obey routine  
From the sidelines.





## *Smith of Bygones*

You set off an earthquake  
Deep in my heart.  
Endless magnitude  
Crumbles my city into cameras.

Watching the buildings crash,  
Feeling your mallet,  
In my memory.  
You forge  
The unnatural disaster inside.

Windows melt  
Into graphite reflecting regrets,  
Wonders,  
About what might have been.

Poor decisions.  
Fate's tricks.  
Your face  
Reminds me how I have been fooled.

Manifestation of the parallel,  
You have scattered  
All of my continents  
Into consonants without meaning.

I am paralyzed  
By a language lacking vowels.  
Silencing  
A future I see all the time  
But I can never have,  
Because I lack the knowledge  
To rebuild.





## *Charcoal*

There is a sketch.  
One of charcoal.  
Missing,  
From a specific spot.  
A tiny circle if you will,  
From the left-hand side of my chest.

It is not centered.  
It is not in my heart.  
A fulfillment?  
An essence?

No color.  
Just white voice.  
Shrieking.  
Peeling back its own borders.  
Shredded attempts,  
At a scab unfathomable.

One can master  
Not being lonely  
While being alone.  
But none can shatter



That moronic funny circle  
That has taken over  
Burgundy highlights,  
Periwinkle hoops,  
And cocoa shells.  
Misplaced thoughts  
Of a universe under attack.

To see an angel  
One can never touch.  
No form.  
Slithering through lives in need,  
But never stopping  
To pick up the passengers  
In the cab of incomplete strangers wading mist  
For the burden of hope.