

THE OPEN CORRIDOR

time and memories

a collection of writings and thoughts

by george m. ross

1970-1971

this collection is dedicated to Marie R., Cathy W., Terry R., Cathy R., Debbi L., Janet S., Edward S., and all those who taught me of the many faces of love. A special dedication to Lisa C., who taught me there was nothing to fear from the world of computers.

george m. ross

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BOOK I

TIME AND MEMORIES

the early years

the corridor

up in the corridor
of my mind
lay memories
of love, of my past years
of pain, of existence.
some struggle
like tired beasts
when new memories
are thrown through
the locked door
sometimes
one escapes
running, screaming
towards the exit
there it is seized
and ushered
shamefully back
to the locked room

(contd.)

(cont'd)

i wonder
what would happen
if i
unlocked the door.

time

i look to the past

seeing the once

present memories

of

joy and sorrow

of

likes and love

and

other now painful

memories

i look to the present

seeing the nothingness

of

mere existence

a repetition of my past

i look to the future

but like a child

struggling

to see

over

an unyielding wall

i can see

nothing

along the meaningless roads
of humanity i trudge.
the dust of a time-shackled race
clouds my eyes

i fall the long fall
and pass beneath
the shell of times walls
of my race

in the meadow of time
i saw you
shy; elusive
and you run
frolicking
in time-swept deserts
of my mind.

i pursue you
and run
calling for you to stop
i just wanted to know your name

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

the signless roads
hold hidden experiences
as i walk after you
for one short eternity
but knowing
i'll never find you
will not stop me
but the time walls
attempt to slow me
and i fear.....

through space

i

fall

the emptiness

of life

alone

i have nothing

to slow my speed

the darkness

is interrupted

by only

minute

particles

of

past

memories

if i could become as you
for but one time
i could see as you
i could see the eternities
as you see the earth
and stars

in my shell
you would wonder
why things remain as they are
and why they don't
change

can you die
as you live
can i cry
in my ecstatic hours?

as one reaches out
to touch my
trembling body
i still cry
and see nothing
as you
see nothing

t r a p p e d

i sit

alone

in my room

staring to the ceiling

listening to those

who know it all

slowly i drift a-w-a-y

i enter my paradise

i run through

my world

of unreality

no matter

how hard i try

i cannot prevent my going there

some day

maybe

i will

break my s-h-e-l-l

and live in reality

yes

that's the way

i think too

to contemplating

to compensating

the revelation

the devastation

making love

from above

shooting down

the gentle dove

yes

that's the way

i think too.

come love
wake up
from your sleepy dreams

arise from your pillow
come out of your
cloudy dreams

come out
of your dream-bed world
another day has dawned

another day has come
time to do your chores
to put on your plastic mask
to face society

time to use your pretenses
to fake it
to pretend to like
that which you dislike
to reject those
you really would accept

come love
try being real
like your dreams
come love.....come

smile people
smile at the way
you are ruining your earth-world
smile upon the hatred
you created
smile at the meaningless wars
that kill your sons, your fathers
smile when you banish your neighbour
because he is black
smile at the addict
and say no
when he asks for help
smile people

to escape from reality
you have to believe me
isn't easy
where can you go?
you can get high
you say
yeah, that's easy
but when you come down
things are still
the same
what do you see
in your
escape?
what can you do?
what is love?
you have to find
your answer.

ADVICE

do not say no
to those you love
but love them more
from below and above

never say goodbye
to those you hate but shun them hard
and leave it to fate

be kind to your parents
be gentle and true
never argue or lie
but always be sure

speak softly and low
of neighbours and friends
be stubborn yet sky
and they'll return again

if you argue with me
disregarding this poem
then leave me alone
be happy you're free.

and the fire burns
and the waters run
and the wheel
spins round

and the people swear
and someone cries
but no-one cares

your face is empty
your eye is crying
your egg is broken
your existence
is temporary

and when you die
the world continues
without you

imagination
seeing
i ran away
afraid to get involved
with the feeling of guilt in me
sobbing
fearing
i stopped running
consciousness strong, flesh weak
i returned to help the divided
people
brothers
we fought as one
involving the white world
demanding the right of freedom
justice
courage
we battled all
involving innocents
freeing the guilty put in hell
by us
freedom
the thought spurred us on
we spread equality
smothering discrimination
relief
(cont'd)

(cont'd)

complete

the world is whole

now we are all brothers

living, believing as people

equal

i wonder

i wonder what would happen if;
the big bad wolf got little red riding hood
if big bad bear ate goldielocks
and coyote finally had roadrunner stew
if; the three little pigs' brick house fell down
frankenstein really lived
if superman lost his powers
if birdman lost the sun
i wonder what would happen.....

i wonder what would happen
if romeo and juliet lived today
if we laid down our weapons forever
if jesus lived today
if indiana didn't want you
if i had you
i wonder what would happen.....

to everybody many

faces

are the same

to

everybody

i am but

just another face

in the crowd

and now

what really hurts

is that i am

just that

to you also

and to many

you are also just

another face

in the ever challenging

crowd of faces

but to me you are

and always will be

my love

if you are
tell me
so i am also

if you do
i will
also

if you do not
tell me
i'm not
also

she came over

and spoke to me

we talked

about things

about people

about life

we looked into our hearts

baring our desires

our needs

our fears

for that one brief moment

we became one

and she left

and i died

and s.l.i.p.p.e.d.

away.

i wonder where you are
now my love
are you alone
and lonely
walking down
the endless road
afraid?
are you with
someone
who tells you
those lies you long to hear?
are you lost
not knowing
where to go
backed up against
an unseen wall?
perhaps you're
remembering the
love you once had
for someone
a long time ago
that lasted
like the flickering flame of a candle

revenge

i walk along the road

thinking of you

my brain,

my heart,

are not mine

but yours

my thoughts of

revenge

cause me to laugh

but some day.....

some day

my revenge

will be

to see you

alone, afraid

like me

then i

will take you

back to my heart

and have

my revenge

love.

accusation

to you

i gave my

all

you

stripped

my

shell

empty

then

kicked

me away

thru dream-like days
you came to me
teaching me to love
again
saying you loved me
you were mine
for eternity
i blindly believed
but then the day
of thunder came
saying you didn't need me
you left with no good-bye
stripping my love for you.

now the memories,
the dreams of the days past
hang from the wall
staring with unseeing eyes
like corpses
still showing
their death agony.

yes it was yesterday
as it is today
and being so
it was tomorrow
and i cried because
i will never see another
tomorrow or yesterday
and you
through the eyes i once had
the love i had, the touch
of your hand on my shoulder
the love that grew
and passed
between us
faded like a burst balloon
into an eternity
that knows no beginning
except the pitiful
ending of all dying loves

and i cry
for a sanctuary
to die alone.

LADY MIDNIGHT

go toHell

and burn

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

it's all that's left

for you

i
sit
my seat
is hard
the value
of
my
concentration
is
nil
the value
of my
co-operation
is
one/half
that
of my
disgust
and
apathy

you said you loved me
you said you were mine
i could take you
you cried
you said you loved me
it was beautiful

i gave all my love
to you
trusted you

but now
you say you don't love me
you say we are not for each other
you brush away my love
unreturned it screams
in it's death
but still
you leave it to die.

i'll miss you
i'll miss the gentle smile
that greeted me
whenever i saw you

i'll miss you
i'll miss the warmness of you body
close to mine
when i held you
in my dreams

i'll miss you
even though you said your last good-bye
to the universe.....
.....and my name means nothing
to you now.....

i'll miss you....
good-bye.

as

you

died

for

them

and

me

we stood and watched seeing

your agony and your sorrow

while

some

of us

gambled

for

your

clothing

yet

you

forgave

us

with

your

love

X-Christ

in a faraway town

(of no importance)

called Bethlehem

a little child was born

in a stable

(much like any mammal)

his mother (of course)

was happy

but there were no

cigars passed out

just a bunch of angels

singing in the heavens

and wise men travelled

to see him ans give him gifts

today the "wise men"

still gige him gifts

in many cardboard replicas

and his name is (or must be)

difficult to say

so his birthday is called

X-mas

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

and in many cases
his birthday is signified
by many fake bearded slobs
representing some sort of saint
who goes around
in a red flannel suit
and rides around
in a magical sleigh
dishing out toys
made by his slave workers

and sometimes
this is the only X-mas
our children know of

is this jubliant celebration
really
X-mas of CHRISTmas ?

i see the stars
in the sky
twinkling in their
cold-hearted splendor
never failing to
catch my envy

i see the universe
the never ending\starting life
always amazes me

i see your face planted
in the universe smiling
looking for excuses to say
" they're not so bad "
telling us to open
our self infatuated eyes
and become aware
of those whom we walk over
every day.

i see
and want
to remember
to forget.

o elusive venus
why do you hide from me
why do you deny your gift
of love to me

o gentle venus
hear my plea
remove from my eyes
the cloak of short lived love
give me the prize
of eternal love

dear loving venus
come to me in my hours of desire
give to me
unmisconceived love
rid me of my
cynical idealistic
love
give me truth
give me belief.

and jesus came

it can never be

as it is now

the all seeing eye

went blind yesterday

the never ceasing voice

became still

and the birds fly backwards

because they could not

and the grass turned black

because it no longer liked green

and jesus came again

and was killed

because he was not

the one we expected

it can never be

as it is now

gentle angel of the evening
teach me not to fear
the satin folds of nightfall
teace me to fill my emptiness
tell me my venus is out there
in the universe of my future
loves
teach me to believe
to accept my present adorations
are but a preparation
for a future of boundless love
make my love know no bounds
teach me to believe in living
a life of love
gentle angel of the evening
show me how to believe
in true love
and forget my cynical approach
gentle angel

teach meplease.

to venus

now

as then

to me

you are

as the

peaceful

waters

that once

cooled

my tortured

soul.

today it's cloudy

today

it's cloudy

it's cloudy outside

and inside

my brain is clouded

my thoughts are of

cloudy days

cloudy faces

cloudy

cloudy

heaven is a cloudy place

and jesus ate oranges

picked from cloudy trees

the dying man wanted a coffin

lined with clouds and cobwebs

to assure him of his share of heaven

the labouring mother wanted her child

to have his share of life

so she prayed to venus

to give him a cloud of his own

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

the two lovers
locked in each others arms
were laying on cloud nine
talking of love
and making love

yet as i pray to you
to give me the gift
of clouds
you give me just
icy specks of rain
that fall
from the clouds.

last night....

last night i drifted away
into a real unreality
i was free, my body was still
but i was afraid
flying on clouds
my body still
on the soft velvet folds
of the oblong box
i felt no pain, no regrets
i was free

i stood and watched as the free knife fell
unguided to the heart
of my restraining cords
as the stray bullet
frayed the cable
that binded my brain

i cried for more as a car
out of control cries for a hard place
to wrap it's body around

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

but then.....

i returned to my proper place

my chains and cords

had wrapped themselves

loving around me again.

it's the fall of the year

yesterday i said to myself

it's the fall of the year

i'm alone

in my room

i closed my door

and locked my door

i threw away the key

away to the stars

away to the universe

where no-one can find it

but me

today i remain in my room

without the key

i took off society's unseen chains

and the gift-wrapped packages

given to me by society

are resting on the ceiling

looking down on me

laughing

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

i have become an outcast
rejected by those
who are accepted by the right people
the right people
the right people
i repeat it because i wonder
who are the right people
why are they..the right people
what have they...that makes them special

i was rejected by them
for being what i am, me
for not conforming to their wills and ways
because i did not become
plastic or stereo-typed
just me
and because i'm me
i lock myself in my room and cried
because i was happy
and a little lonely

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

i can open my door
because i know where the key is
but you cannot, because you can't find the key
i won't open it
because it's the fall of the year
and i'm afraid the leaves
of the dying society might drift in
and injure me

i have a window
i can look out and see you
and them
i can laugh at you
but not too loudly
you might hear me
i don't want you to hear me
because you might get angry
and laugh at me
and i don't like that.

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

i can give you my gift-wrapped packages

but they are here laughing at me

and i'm afraid to touch them

if you, the right people were to see me and them

maybe you could take them

i don't want them

i don't need them

i'm afraid

i want to be alone

i am a "no man island"

to see
is to hear a newborn baby cry
to touch it's hand
and feel the surge
of a new found life

to see
is to hear a person cry
when the rest of the world is laughing
or to feel tense
when all are relaxed

to see
is to touch a dying man
and comfort him
with " you'll be all right "
and know it's a lie

to listen
is to hear a robin sing
above the thunder of guns
in a battlefield.

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

to listen

is to know

that you are

near-yet-so-far from the one

who touches your hand

to listen

is to know what she is really saying

as she speaks

with silent phrases

to feel is to

see flowers growing in the spring

to see life pulsating

on a dying planet

to feel is to

see one teasing a dying seagull

on an oil covered beach

to feel is to

hear the words

" i love you "

come silently towards you

and touch your heart.

fifteen

a young man
learning by experience
stubborn, reluctant
to admit he may be wrong

he's happy
he found a companion
he's too young
he blew it

alone
although he's afraid
he's too proud to admit it
he's living dangerously
tries everything that comes his way

too young, too old
caught in the middle
of a relentless storm
very hard on the outside
but inside, soft, so easily hurt
misunderstood.

your pleasure

you were walking down the street

displaying your wares

walking up to the man

with a downcast face

offering him a piece of "pleasure"

when he refused you

you swore at him

and walked on

your plastic smile returned

i watched you

continue your

great salesmanship

until you found

an agreeable client

at your set price

\$5.00

for a little

short lived pleasure

that replaces itself

with feelings of guilt

your dying conscience

sends away for the moment.

the skelpter

my eyes are flashing
with the neon lights
of my plastic brain
my thoughts are of
commercials
controlled by the media
my existence is ethereal
on a plastic planet
threatened with unimportant details
such as integration
the so-called peace searchers
try to put the unreal with
the pseudoreal to come up with
the reality of nothing
we are the plastic people
lost in a maze
on the
outskirts of reality
the ultra modern and abnormal
attract us
no lasting impressions
are created within us
our duty in life has been
long lost

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

we are alone waiting for
the key to the locked door
of eternity
so we can-enter-and-start-again
we are the plastic people.

upon his death.....

he was half drunk

enjoying life

but for one

careless moment

he may have succeeded

lying there in a pool of blood

you were saying

"cover me up"

so no-one may see your misery

you didn't want to spoil our fun

by showing us the gruesome details

of your death agony

like a vulture swooping down

to seize it's victim, it came

to do it's duty

the plastic people erupted

from within

unseeing, the flies gathered

around the scene, the plastic men

performed their task

feeding the wounded to the

steel beak. with a roar

of satisfaction it closed

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

the mouth

after

with the eye pulsating

and ethereal cries

it sped to it's waiting nest

to disgorge

it's unfortunate victim.

Death of a Scholar

i

being of sound

mind and body

do here-by

bequeath

: all my knowledge in the age old

histories of years gone by

to the girl who sits on the floor

in the sky

: all my knowledge of sciences

and practical things

to the goddess of love

whom i never met

: my inherited gifts i bequeath

to the loveless people

falsely known as friends

and last of all

my valueless belongings

i give

to those

who claimed

my love

once upon

a time.....

Christ was a Cop too

black leather jackets surrounded him

the words " Lousy cop...pig!"

shattered the stillness around him

chains, switchblades and blackjacks

flashed

he went down

melting into a pool of blood

a crowd gathered

watching his agony

he, the protector of their rights

he, the guardian of their loved ones

no-one moved to help

no-one cared

to them, he was just a cop

to him, they were people

to be loved

worthy of the

supreme sacrifice

BOOK II

REMEMBERING THE FORGOTTEN

1971-1972

love takes away

as

love gives;

love gives

as

love takes away

the
darkened windows
of your house
are all that remains
to
remind me
of
the joyful hours
that
you and i
spent together
that
one
splendor-filled
summer

on a soft misty
summer night
we walked long thru the forest
it causes you to become
a mystical, alienated being to me
all that i was aware of
was the touch of your hand
in mine
and...sometimes.....
when you were afraid
i could feel the throb of your
pulse

fear not, my gentle angel
be not afraid for
i am hear beside you
never fear the darkness
i will be with you always
for i can love
 i can love
 again

in
the
Valley of LOVE
you
&
i
were lovers
until
the
Valley
grew up

it festered with
thorns
cutting our minds
to shreds
knowing or not
that we
were
there

the forgotten memories
are suddenly remembered
those hard moments
all are remembered

tears fall
dropping to the floor
many hearts are sad
" he was a good man "
"why him?"
"why now?"
"why?"

far off
He smiles sadly
seeing the many
tear stained
faces
bent
downward

in grief
" if only they knew
if only they could see
it is not the ending
but the beginning"

i cannot forget
the joyful times
we had
each new discovery
each new experience
together
the love that grew
and faded
the togetherness of
planning for the
future
all are memories
that never are forgotten
no
i
cannot
forget
all are
remembered
all are
painful
all are

fearful.

the
beauty
of
seeing
a
new
leaf
on
a
barren
tree
is
nothing
compared
to
seeing
a
new
life
blossom
in
a
barren
shell
of
a
man

ANGEL
REMEMBER
THE
PROMISES
I
MADE
TO
YOU
ARE
NOT
FORGOTTEN

people
driving
around
in high powered
cars
with
low powered
brains
are only
trying
to show others
how
lonely
they
really
are

i sit
with a bottle of beer
in my hand
trying to forget
your stabbing words
" get lost "
but now i am lost

you had no right
to snap me into
a world of harsh
reality

why?

i am officially
a member
of the great
educational
system
and/or instution

i cannot conform
or accept the
wills and w/h/ishes/me
of propellation

i am no longer
officially a member
of the great
educational system
and/or instution.

look at me
you see
i'm dead
the
empty meaningless shell
of flesh and blood
without promise
without purpose
without love
look at me

before
with you
we lived
we loved
united
together

alone
i
am
nothing....

memories

of

objectivity

i

loved

to

watch

eventho

i could not/cannot

see

thru

my windowed

shell

i

loved

to listen

eventho

i could not/cannot

hear a single

word

of

your

utterance.

love

not now

not then

nor yesterday

nor tomorrow

but always

my fear of losing you
keeps me fearing my every move
every word i speak
i speak only truth
only the way i honestly feel
there is no deceit between us
there can be no deception between us

but why do i fear losing you
is it because without you
my life will end
is it that i would become an
existing shell of emptiness
drifting thru windswept
roads of past memories?

reflections from

a window

the day is cloudy

the wind is blowing

the leaves are rusteling

a bird is singing

from a telephone pole

my body is one

i am one

we are one

the ceiling is one

the sky is one

we are one

the universe is one

we are one

you are one

i am one

yet

we

are

two

?

STOP

seeing me

as you wish

i was

and

take me

as i am

don't cry

when

you should laugh

don't vice versa

i am;

i was;

i will be i am

i am

my music
a comforter
to me
a drag
for you
shareing it
with others
too biased
to love it
too kind
to say
otherwise

your music
a comforter
to me
a pacifier
for you
a love
for me?
hidden?
i wish
to believe
in you
not me?

the world is changing

the rocks are transforming

mankind

geosynclinal

etc.

but am i?

go home little girl

to your parents

they love you

go to your friends

little girl

they need you

go to your minister

little girl

God loves you

leave me; little girl

i need you

but it's not vice versa

if you feel
that you should cry
cry not for me

if you feel saddened
make me not the reason
you are sad

if you have hopes
hope not
for me

if you feel disillusioned
make me not the reason
for your disillusionment

if you cry
cry not for me

SELF

centered

mister

why did you put your car in the ditch?

it doesn't belong there

the wind is cold in my face

my feet are cold

why do you present me with this

interesting spectacle

in such unappealing weather conditions?

i know you are faced with such details

(lack of insurance and intoxication)

but they are not as important as

my discomfort

my feet are cold

i am gold

the road is wet

i am upset

mister

your car is in the ditch

it doesn't belong there

my feet are cold

i am gold

faded photograph

" please let me"

" no, not now "

"please"

" well... ok"

"good, smile"

-

"a little more"

(click)

.....

" i want to talk to you"

"get lost"

"why?"

"leave me alone, will you"

pain creeping into my guts, agony pushed
aside by beauty, the power of love, angel
why do you do this to me? you know that
i love you, why? the faded photograph i
hold in my hand reminds me of so many
things, it's raining now, just like it was
when i walked away from your house the
last time with no good bye or memory of your
body pressing against mine to keep me together
all that is left is the emptiness and memories
that clutch my heart and tear me apart.

loneliness

for

someone

to

love

and

be

loved

by

is

a

mere

ethereal

existence

which is summarized by my life.

confusion
not knowing
what's happening
when it hasn't happened
yet.

please

do

not

look

into

my

eyes

you

will

not

like

what

you

see

don't cry too loudly
for you will break
the eggshells of my heart

don't laugh too softly
for you will reach
my plastic mind

look at my hair
not my dandruff

look at my boots
not my feet

look at my hands
not grasping your body

look at my trembling body
it was yours once

look at my soul
free now, from then?

take my hours
of disappointments
and forever make me

strengthen me
so my footsteps
may never falter
as i walk the path
and never stumble
over my mistakes

o windy day
blow my troubles away

sun shine thru the mist
fill my empty life with bliss

moon, your fainting rays
fall on my darkened, passing days

stars, your cold, harsh, soft light
stands laughing
on my loneliness
as i stand naked
to you
stareing at me
like the eyes
of a defiant
gladiator

these four walls
form a room
three tables, a sink, mirror and toilet
and garbage can labeled

ISOLATION III

a bed, and a number 302
are in the room
so am i

my hospitalization for my sickness
thru modern surgery
me, my uniqueness, my individuality
gone, i am just like the others
with sickness like or unlike mine
" accept this" society screams
it's all you can do
i cannot, so a little white pill
robs me further of my individuality
making me still further like the others

outside the sun is shining
the universe is looking down on me
the pathetic conformist
but i will wait
my chance will come
and then the conformist ideals

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

that have reached me
i shall destroy
and become me again.

i
am
here
but where?
you
are
there
but where?
we
are
there
like i said
but where?

the
other
day
i
said
if
it's
so
why
is
it
not
?

B.A.

B.S.C.

M.D.

B.E.D.

H.O.M.

signed

after a name

requires special

consideration

on how to win

an unstarted

argument.

it sounded
like a
good thing
to tell
everyone
at the time
when i talked
about it

but when
it began
i was lonely
and scared
shit-less

i walk along the road
people give me smiles
and some frowns
at least of recognition

.....

i walk along the road
people walk along the road
no points are scored
on either side
we all look to the ground
with unfeeling eyes

three cheers for a beer

smoke floats towards the ceiling

incoherent babble drifts around

lady lush causes a scene

unseen

thirty-five cents a shoot

per shot

eleven o'clock staggers by

no spies

just a bunch of early arrivals

going home

the late ones are already

there.

a poster on a paneled wall
memories that have
as yet to begin
mixed with memories
that began
as well as those that
are
but will they be
are's or
a continuum
of past
prophesies?

a feeling of power
cost me
one hundred and fifty
dollars
plus about
three or four hundred dollars
more
the four barrel
four forty five
still works
but it makes
one hell
of a racket
and not only that
it's the first
major expense
i have experienced.

i looked around
and stated
"why."

they looked up
and asked
"because"

loneliness
is summarized
by
too much
unfulfillment
that is overloaded
with no
astonishment

to

sit

back

to listen

to learn

the already

unimportant

facts

to

fill

one's

self

with

B.S.

to get a

B.A.

wow

i'm learning

nothing

already

i care not to
prove the unprovable
i care not to
touch the untouchable
i care not to
cure the uncureable
i care not to
speak the unspeakable
i care not to
accept the unacceptable

but
i care to love
the unloveable
and endure
the endurable

slowly

but

surely

i am going

to my destination

which is called

spend a lot of money

and get nowhere

to date

i am one tenth of the way

there

my aim is that
of a crooked arrow
i desire to help
but must be helped
to gain
a deeper understanding
of how to
solve the emptiness of the
lives that everyone else
is living
and also
the grotesque boredom
of my own

i

went into the
bathroom and
saw a sign

over an empty
roll of toilet paper
it said

K....., S.... M....., and D.....
University Diplomas

i wonder if that is
what they amount
to?

a

single

leaf

falls

noislessly

to the ground

words 1

words, they fill the air around me
words, no matter where i am or what i do
people come, and people go
people say that this is so
no matter where i am or what i do
words, they fill the air around me

they say that people care
they say that they are there
words they come, and words they go
still i cannot figure why this is so

words are empty
words are meaningless
words, it's everything disguised
as nothing

words from your mouth
words from your brain
words thought over carefully
but no words from your heart.

words #2

words, they fill the air around me
words, no matter where i am or what i do
words of love and words of hate
it was now or never, but that's too late
no matter where i am or what i do
they fill the air around me

they say that people care
then they say those words of hate
people, can't you see it's getting late
to say someday we will be there?

words said now, mean nothing later
words with people to hold them up are better
i know the world is getting tough
but do you want the world
to be an empty crater?

people gathered 'round the fight
one was black an one was white
no matter what, the white was right
'cause when you're black, you gotta get back

democracy is a mockery of life
because you're black you gotta get back
discrimination destroys our nation
the color of skin says who's to sin
democracy is a mockery of life

the weak will perrish, the strong survive
the faces are smiling, but not alive
children go from womb to tomb
don't make a sound, you're not a man

democracy is a mockery of life
because you're weak, you cannot move to speak.

party of the living

come to the party

the party of the living

come to the game

the game of life

if you want to join me

in my fun

if you want to play

you gotta come as one

don't hesitate

don't be late

the only thing you gotta do

is let me make love to you

then the gamr begins

we'll wash away your sins

then you'll never be seen

and the world will be clean

in the middle of the night

our game will reach it's height

then we all go home

but now, we're all alone

and the game continues on

we begin to sing our song

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

come to the party,
the party of the living
come to the game
the game of life.

if i could be

if i could be as you
and you could be as me
then the world would see
that our love was true

world can you not see
that she's the one for me
i'm in love with her
she's the one, my girl

our love was so good
the way that love should be
look up and you can see
the words i say are true

if i could be as you
and you could be as me
then the world would see
that our love was true
i'm in love with you
you and only you
yes, i'm in love with you.

it's a dark and lonely night
i look up into the light
hold your picture to my heart
recalling the time that we did part
but now i walk alone

every time i try to hide
you come and haunt me by my side
i reach out to touch your face
but my hand only clutches empty space
and now i cry again

love, you know you're all i had
love, why do you make me sad
the days they seem to be like years
and i am so alone.

thinking back in time of you
wondering now what then went wrong
remembering things we used to do
making love over a coffee or two

thinking back in time and space
the silent place where feelings hide
somehow, somewhere i see your face
i feel out of time and out of place

why does everything come to an end
forever we said, it lasted so short awhile
nothing lasts, there's no return
forever means so short awhile.

as my alarm clock rings

a bird outside sings

i get out of my bed

hold my aching head

after a coffee or two

my thoughts return to you

i think about the things we did

still wishing my life for you to give

i go outside to work

spend a long eight hours there

try to forget the tears that never fell

sometimes i feel that all is well

getting home after spending my time

sometimes talking and making no rhyme

i'm sorry for the things that went so wrong

i'm thinking now and it won't take long

there are so very few words

words you know are kind of like circles

going round and around

but actions, my child, always come true

BOOK III

an assortment

1973-1975

song for cathy

see the little children
playing in the sand
see the little children
walking hand in hand

their faces, they are glowing
with the vibrancy of youth
their faces, they are glowing
with the radiancy of truth

i remember i was once a child
playing in the sand
i was once a little child
walking hand in hand

the day then came when i
no longer was a youth
the day then came when i
no longer told the truth

i often wonder what it means
to be a little child
i often wonder what it means
to see the years run wild

what does it mean to be a man
is it no longer truth
what does it mean to be a man
and not a trembling youth

why can i see so clearly now
like visions fled my mind
why can i see so clearly now
i don't mean to be unkind

i see what children are now
they're learning more each day
i see what children are now
they just fade away

they go to school and learn
how to hide the truth
they go to school and learn
to be more a man, and less a youth

i see the little children
playing in the sand
how i wish that i could join them
and forget that i'm a man

it's not cool

it's not cool to be a sailor

and sail a rocky sea

it's not cool to be a drummer

and pound a shattered drum

it's not cool to be a farmer

and farm unfertile land

it's not cool to be a woman

when you really are a man

it's not cool to be a singer

when you have no song to sing

it's not cool to be a giver

when there's nothing left to give

it's not cool to be a dreamer

with dreams that can't come true

it's not cool to go on crying

when your last tear has dried

it's cool to go on living

even tho' this life is tough

it's cool to go on searching

until you find enough

it's night time in the city
things aren't so very pretty
as the old men stand talking
at bar stands reminiscing
lonely sentries in the night

in crowded, smoky taverns
the ladies of the night
stand gathered in the limelight
awaiting to be promised
a night they can remember

then musicians stand
pounding out their songs
with words of love and peace
that bounce off hardened hearts
of selfish, shallow lives

the lonely couples stand
and move across the floor
in desperate moves of passion
that end in frantic moments
on bedsprings in a room

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

meanwhile the world is turning
like a gyroscopic lantern
sending out it's flares of warning
that somewhere, someone is watching
with tears within his heart.

when i care for you

why do you reply

with empty lies

for me?

when i say i love you

why do you care for me

one moment

then turn your back on me?

i am a man

who really cares for you

there is no-one

that cares the way i do

on the other hand, a man

can only take so many lies

before he walks away

not hurting anymore

now i'm walking

i've got to get away from you

every time i look back

i see you with those lies

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

fragile promises
that break apart
whenever you're around
will go on
even if i'm not there

it only hurts when i look at your picture
the pain returns to my heart
i remember holding you close to me
feeling your breathing next to mine

i've stopped going to those places
where we used to go
i don't feel like dancing
and singing anymore

as i get up in the morning
i leave an empty bed
there is no joy in rising
with no-one to kiss good day

it only hurts when i look at your picture
the pain returns to my heart
it only hurts when i look at your picture
the rest of the time i'm dead.

blind father

you only hear

what you want to hear

you only see

what you want to see

what am i to do?

every thing i do and say

you turn it all around

what am i to do?

you can't seem to hear

all i try to say

you can't seem to see

that i really care

spending time with blind

speaking to deaf ears

careing for someone

who doesn't give a damn

you call yourself a man

you're supposed to be a man

and know just who i am

that i am your own son.

the dreamer sits alone in his cubicle
and dreams his dreams for you
builds his life for you
the dreamer brings happiness for friends
breaking off the ends
of things that will not bend
then they start again

the dreamer watches you
and you know that he is true
when life is oh-so-blue
the dreamer sings his song
and hopes it won't be long
'till someone hears the song
he sings for you

the dreamer dreams his dreams
the dreamer screams his dreams
the dreamer passes by
see the dreamer cry
see the dreamer try
to care for you.

into your eyes i look
into your eyes i see
the lament of many years
the remenants of fears
the memories of tears

into your eyes i look
into your eyes i see
the beauty of pure truth
the innocence of youth
the real pieces of you

into your eyes i look
into your eyes i see
the love there is to give
the kindness there within
the smile of hope to live

into your eyes i look
into your eyes i see
the hope that there might be
a chance for you
to be with me

like wind on a rainbow
she smiles at him with eyes aglow
seeing thru the things he tries to hide

she takes his trembling hand
touches the inner man who struggles to escape
his crumbling facade

slowly the young man
calms beneath her hands
looks into her dark eyes, dropping his disguise

they walk thru the gallery
with hands held high and free
the love they found with no disguise

a fantasy.....

he sits and ponders
alone in an empty room
emptiness snapping around him
with hideous laughter

like cold, glistening steel
the emptiness works it's way
towards his unsmiling face
upon which the teardrops of life
have no yet shed

"Where do I stand?" he wonders
as his friends pass by not noticing
the emptiness standing
around him

oh, sure his friends recognize him
but who is he to impose
upon their mirthless gabblings

he turns and walks away
hoping one will notice, but no-one notices
that emptiness has just been evacuated
and that the vacuum in once
again whole

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

he sits and ponders what
his next infestation shall be
will it be a brush with another vacuum
or a shave by the razor of death?
will it be an unsatisfied wallow
in the fields of pretended acquaintances?
will it be a continuum of insincere trust
derived from the depths of emptiness
in a hollow resounding shell?
or will it be the ultimate
meaning which evolves itself
from gutteral trivia and loses itself
in the monotony of living?

"it doesn't hurt to ask!"
he screams as his emptiness
is hurled unrelentingly against
the blasphemous walls of acquaintance
with apathy

he falls into the vacuum screaming
his obituary and wondering why
the tears won't come.

obituary

this is my epitaph

come on, have a good laugh

this is my obituary

come on it may make you merry

i have puto

on many plastic smiles

i have lived a life of lies

they fall around me, just like flies

if i could only be myself

i might get a little health

if i could tell you hoe i feel

you might think of me unreal

if i could only speak my mind

would you then, still be blind?

if i told you you how i feel

would you laugh and turn a heel?

.....just a prisoner of mind.....

i look out at the other worlds
wondering who's to blame
for me being here

i look at all the million faces
stareing into empty spaces
they're not in my world

i'm just a prisoner of mind
not really a mind
but one with memories
of pain and who's to blame?

suicide

see the young man
standing at the bridge of life
see his face
drawn and haggard
from the pain of life

see the young man
reach out only to fall
see the, hear the young man
fall thru the air
hear the sound of the crowd
cheer him as he hits the ground

hear the crowd loudly say
"who the Hell was he?,
he must have been a fool"

run to him little girl
he is your comfort
in this cold, cruel world
run to him little girl
he loves you little girl

i've got nothing
that you could ever use
run to him
you had the right to choose

i saw the two of you
smile as you walked along
i saw the two of you
holding lovers songs

i saw your faces glow
and smiles just today
i know you loved the show
so i gladly walked away

so you think you have found love
because it is returned
i know the lesson well
it's mighty hard to learn

you said that you love him
he makes you feel secure
but don't speak too loudly
you still aren't very sure

loving the idea of love
in so short a time
don't tell me the story
do you think that i am blind?

you speak repeatedly of him
and strain to hold the smile
you seem to stop and stare
please stop and rest awhile

when you have the time
to smiled at my kind
just stop and look my way
and i won't be blind.

as i look into the mirror
the face i see, it can't be me
where is the smiling face
the laughing eyes
that used to be there, greeting me?

the man i see looking back at me,
why does he look so sad
has he been hurt like this before?
his eyes are sad,
his face is marked with pain

who can he be, it can't be me
the carefree man who used to dance so hard
and throw himself in the middle of the crowd
the songs he sings, just tears they bring
his voice. it cracks with sorrow

here he stands with eyes downcast
his words no-one can hear
he dreams his dreams of life fulfilled
by a girl who loved him so
then he turned and she was gone

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

what is this man, this broken man

who stands in my mirror now?

why does he stare at me?

why does he cry with a broken sob

is he a stranger to me

i sit and ponder
recollecting past purposes
past articles unseen
a house: a home:
a waterfall;
nine multicolored cows
sheep; chickens
a woodland path
all past
vague memories seen unseen
i travel to a distant land
asking the question
"Did i live here?"
beautiful once, but foreboding now
childhood fades to age
i lived there once...i think
death comes
i lay aside my shovel
stareing into the grave of my childhood
looking at unanswewed questions
past articles
seen unseen.,

the day life came home, mother cried
because life was gone so long
life travelled to a distant land
to explore the unexplained
life travelled far and wide
searching for the meaning
of nothingness
life heard many tales
of nothingness
some even told him jokingly
nothingness was a turd laying in a ditch
with the shit kicked out of it
life had many battles with his opponent
death
but always it was a draw

life came home yesterday
a broken man, mother cried
and reached for life with open arms
life came towards her....
and mother grasped at the illusion.

when i died last night
no-one cried
no-one came to
wish me off
on my long journey
but you smiled
and clapped your hands
and you cared

she sat and thought
of many things
of children grown
of babies, of their first home
of passion filled nights
on model T back seats
she sat and thought
of his death
the black dress
of tears crawling down
her pale face
she sat and thought
of beauty, terror and
emptiness
with determined, trembling fingers
she reached
in the drawer
pulled it out
and gazed with glistening eyes
as she raised it;
she thought.

he spent many years
of his life
many sleepless nights
denying himself many pleasures
for the great gift
of books and notes piled high
in the four walled corner

upon his graduation
he walked down to the street
breathing wisdom from every pore
and was hit by a truck.

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1954-1973

are all references to a
person, many know not
who, but what
namely me!

the symbol of existing
not necessarily for
with love, life
happens, without
life doesn't
believe not
what you hear
or see
believe only in what
you feel and know
yourself, love yourself
for if you do not
no-one else can.

thru the dimly lit caverns
across the endless void
the lonely projectionist stands
aiming his metallic weappon
he then shoots his beam of focused
images at the punctured wall of my mind

as the pictures slowly take their shape
a groan goes drifting quietly
from no-one in particular
reverberates from the audience
as brief moments of recognition
accumulate, then quickly pass

then an image comes upon the screen
and the audience cries in laughter
then laughter turns to tears
the image turns it's head
looks with eyes of light
at the audience, then freezes as
th weapon cannot withstand the strain
of dying love

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

the audience, he stands and gazes
at her for a moment
remembering the pleasure of knowing
both her body and her mind
he smiles at her for one moment
then turns and walks away
lest the movie of his mind
becomes a pain within his chest.

just another stranger in the crowd

just another body on the earth

why must i be

such a stranger to me?

the end of youth.....

the end of life.....

the beginning of what.....?

BOOK IV

towards the future

loss of innocence

1978-1991

for you

i'll write a poem for you

someday when i have kindness

to say

today there is nothing for you

and me

you escape and i remain the same

not by choice

i'm ready

not for your illusion

i cannot understand

some day some way

i know you may hold my heart

more carefully or maybe

drop it to the floor and crush it

unknowingly

FANTASY

for you i hunger
my unsatiated presence
awaits for your table of desire
to throw a few scraps for me
will you ever set a place for me
to call my own?
were you a fantasy
made for my reality?
no telephone will ring
to awaken me from this dream
this fantasy is not shared
it was not meant to be
so try and share my
fantasy of love

EXPRESSION

what is an expression
of my desire
is it when i touch your body
with my heart
is it when i explode
in passions crescendo
under the touch of your knowing way
my passion controls me
it frightens me
it intrigues me
you have unchained my beast
so carelessly
don't let it frighten you
when the passionate one
runs rampant through your field
of undisturbed flowers
don't let it anger you
if the pretty ones get trampled
before you subdue him
for he is old
for he is tired
for he is young
for he is refreshed
for you he hungers
for you he will die....for you he is.....

time to think
time to do
what is this
that i'm going through
is life control
or do we drive
no time for fun
just deprived

rewards are not
for what we ask
i'm not sure
if i'm the last

for would you say
it's not your way
unwilling to give
for that i live

my needs are few
just touch my heart
and from you
i'll never part

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

your fire freezes

the flames illusion

and i'll be gone

forgive the intrusion

my spirit walks
beside my soul
the road is long
and i grow cold
my age is not
what appears to be

i want to cry
when i should laugh
my eyes can't see
what they should hear

the answer stands
before my eyes
is it the answer
or is it lies

thoughts of you
send me away
to brighter days
when i was alive
my heart is the door
you are the key

after the fact

i sit alone and remember

how you gave in to my passion

you released my beast of passion

for the moment

i was so proud of you

so proud of me

a feeling long since evaporated

by the realization of why you did

what you thought was necessary at the time

i thought it was so beautiful

the beauty has now changed

it has decayed

it's flesh turned grey with ugliness

sorrow and my shame overwhelm me

my passion to fear and disgust of self

why did you cry

why did your body lie to me

my anger turns to hate of my passion

i'm sorry

so sorry for my beauty becomes that

that is your ugliness

YOUR FIRE FREEZES
MY FLAMES ILLUSION
DISECTING-CONNECTING
THE DREAMS DIFFUSION
AWARENESS INVADES
MY SAD DELUSION
SO I MUST LEAVE
FORGIVE MY INTRUSION

i'd like to paint a picture
of beauty and contentment
to show the world of just what
i'm able to do
i have the tools in my possession
but no canvass upon wich to paint
it would be a labor of love
it would be a portrait of you
why do you not comply
with my uncontrolled desire
to illuminate your darkness

it would be a beautiful creation
if you passed thru your fear
and joined with me awhile
we could run thru the field
of dreams until we found
the right time\place to begin
a portrait of passion untainted
by our fears of ourselves\each other

in love i would like to take
your hand\mind\body
for you i would give
my hand\heart\soul

Is life worth living alone
in the outside sphere
where one can watch the worlds
collide\unite
my world is barren\cold
though not by choice
the game is played
the observer observes
the rules escape me
i cannot read the language
i cannot understand the words they play

my sword is drawn though
rust covers the blade
in readiness for the attack
that never comes
i cannot see you
you are my ultimate illusion
in my deviod heart i long
to touch your soul
for it needs
it reaches
for reasons unknown
in the outside sphere
where the other worlds collide

*so here i am at the proverbial
crossroads of a certain point in my life.
questions i ask myself now
will affect the very existence of my future
my quest is to ensure that the
actions i do today will have a positive effect
on that wich is to be my future
i must set goals for myself
and stick to them regardless of what the gods
send to defeat me*

I AM THE WARRIOR

*this i will remember
my fate i will tear away
from the ever turning wheel of chance
i will take control of my own destiny
i am the one they seek to have
the name they call me now
they will regret
for now is my time
of awakening*

the one who dares to dream
has awakened from a dreamless sleep
the chronicles of his life erased
from long years of abuse\unuse
his canvass a blank sheet so white
his brushes new and unused
the price tags still stuck to the handles
in silent testimony to the price he has paid
to the ones who would control his future
freedom is the choice he would make if he could
find the way to his meaning

he turns to the one he needs
only to find his answer
he stands alone unafraid only sadness at the loss of those
who never knew him
a loss to him a tradition long seen
but never realized a tradgedy to them
aloneness was not the choice he wished for
uncompromising loyalty is his offering
their fear was theirs to face adversely

with brush in trembling hand
he reaches to the canvass to draw his dream
colors so bright strokes so bold
the dream takes shape in ethereal splendor

(cont"d)

(cont'd)

his dream unfolds not yet understood
the one who dreams the one who paints
the story untold
it has yet to begin

remembering

there was a time
when laughter brought no pain
that was when you were here
not there
when the day is done
and i return
to what was once
my happy home
no one greets my return
my time is filled
with thoughts of you
remembering
when laughter brought no pain

Why ?

why does my anger burn
with fire so hot
it consumes me?
i ask the one who should know
no answer comes my way
i look to yesterday
for an answer
none come to me
comfort me
i look to tomorrow
to ask for solace
all they that await me
no sign of you
have they seen
dreams of contentment
mere fantasies of illusion
never come true
alone-ness is my companion
no surrender to make
no protection needed
except from myself

do not cry for me
your tears are not for me
they are for your own consolation
i would not possess them
do not talk of love to me
your words are a double edged sword
that cuts you as well as me
your ways are not for me
i can not walk in your footsteps
my stride does not match yours
my pace is not yours
do not laugh at me
your sound is not sincere
it pains my ears in it's sharpness
i do not deserve it's unkind hurt
speak to me with only your heart
for mine hungers for your words of truth
it's emptiness haunts me
it tortures me with so cruel a longing
i guard it well
i keep it locked in darkness
and have lost the key

revival

in quiet silence i have awaited
to hear your unspoken words of hope
my walls crumble with the power of
the soft-spoken manner of
your presentation
the truths you speak are your own
how can they be mine
i long to argue with you
and hear your logic
words fail to come
how can one so new affect the oldness
of one of experience
the new the sunrise of awareness
is this the revival of my life
perhaps so
maybe not

i bear no gifts for you
i offer my nakedness in
purity of my soul
no plastic toys to bribe you
no flashy lights to astound you
no fancy words to confuse you
i make no promise to you

my truth is in myself
this is all i have for you\me
to share my soul with you
my essence if you wish
is not for sale at the price
you wish to pay
for me to tell you i wish to love
does not mean i am for sale

i give to you this word of wisdom
for me to love your ways
i must believe in what you are
not what you try to say
i expect that you will find the way
to love me in the same way

you speak to me of God and Jesus
and a man called Joseph Smith
he heard the word from the other side
and others believed his words.
you tell me how you believe as well
you seem to be so very happy
to share these thoughts with me
and wish me well each time you leave
to go your way in peace
you speak of love and joy so free
these things i do not know
to pray you say will lead the way
my prayers are never heard
i ask for peace within my soul
a thought remains a thought
my soul is mine i want to share
no one comes along
i ask for love to share and hold
my nights are filled with dreams
no one there to share my fears
i really stand alone
i wish you well can you please tell
me i'm not in hell

put me down again
i will not fall into your trap
the thumb you push with
no longer fits my head
put me down again
i will not elevate your ego
i am at last
i am at peace
though circumstances seem not
to you at least
your morals are not mine
i am not what i do
i am i am i am i am
those who cannot see
cannot understand
those who do not matter
i do not chose to control
i do not chose to be what they expect
i cannot cut for i lost my sword
i may look but never will i touch
the unclean ones
their light has lost it's radiance
the tunnel is a dead end
cluttered with skeletons piled at the end
that light is merely the glow from the bones
of those who have died there

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

i am not the one

i am i am i am i am.....

to put me down again

you will not like what it does not do.

you used to cause me pain
words are like weapons when used by you
you speak to kill or sometimes maim
just to watch me writhe in pain?
it worked so very well you saw
you still would never stop
i had to grow i had to know
if freedom was what they said
still words you used were words abused
to hurt the one you loved
i cowered in my ill-fitted armor
the words still came at me
i tried to run i tried to hide
to stop the hurt i felt
you will never know it hurt me so
my tears were seldom seen
it was not right
you were out of sight you never felt my pain
a word of love a word of might
was all i sought from you
was all i lost of you

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

words like weapons rust with age

the sights will fall away

your aim is failing your weapons

lose their hurtful sting

blood no longer falls to the ground

from wounds you try to open

i may be touched but no longer bleed

from words you aim at me

to my friend.....

we have seen some times
my friend
both good and bad
joyful and sad
i found a true friend in you
never questioning my moods
just trusting me in the moments
the way i was
your proud stance
so glad to greet me
as i came home from my day
our walks along the river
on summer days
your reassuring manner
when my heart was heavy
your comforting presence
when i was hurting
these memories i will carry
in my heart
in knowing you my friend
it saddens me to see
the passage of time
take it's toll
on your once proud body
i see the pain of sadness

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

in your eyes
and it hurts to know
that wich i must soon do
to preserve your dignity
and be true to the trust
you have given me
for you my friend

the beast screams his discontent
the cage weakens against his
seething rage
the bars rattle and fall apart
as his captors flee
hiding from his wrath

he stands erect and shakes himself
growling in his rage at those who would dare
to call him out
to tear him down
to enslave his heart
and hold his mind

"i'm free at last!" is his battle cry
those who oppose me will surely find
too strong a mind
to capture
no scorpion's sting
no lion's roar
no virgin's lies
will fool me now

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

the scales unbalanced by weighs of thought

the crab will not withdraw to an empty shell

will not hold on

to the useless ones

to the scheming ones

to the unrevealing ones

he must find the truthful ones

the cage is empty
the beast is free
he stands alone in an empty space
and stares at the few
an amazing sight
the many who were there
have turned and fled
they could not gaze upon his face

the lies and the stories all fade with age
the darkness falls leaving only the light
of who he is
of what he is
not what he was
nor what they hoped he was

the beast is free at what a price
his dreams have died
oh how they lied
oh how they tried
to seduce him so
to ensnare him so

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

the beast stands alone

he stares and thinks

he contemplates

on what to do

on where to go

on what to know

on who is real

on who is friend.

the beast he shudders

a magnificent sight

if you are friend

and bring him love

bring him truth

bring him close

you are his mirror

let him take hold

of your love of him

you will know

the love he gives

the peace he lives

the truth he lives

who is this beast so wild and mad

the anger fades it cannot stay

the beast is free

the beast is me.

a progression to success
in this case
is just a
setback in disguise.

sleep no more
my gentle dreams
of things that were
and yet to come
the beast has died
and been taken

you sleep no more
in my silent dreams
the things that were
are no longer there
the beast it sleeps
it's time to escape

the plan is made
the lines are drawn
but what it is
i'm not yet sure
a cause for joy
or a cause for fear
the battle has started

the war yet to come.

full circle

a chance meeting in a place of no consequence
two smiles shared a familiar sense
memories uncommitted, tho yet to come
of hoping thru fear that naught came undone

a journey was started, destination unknown
no familiar markings to guide my course
fantasy co-piloting my uncharted course
telling me never would i feel remorse

we came together no physical contact
never planning to have a single attack
one lonely soul, one searching a mate
guided only by trust in an unyeilding fate

we sat and we spoke of things yet to be
my stories were told, i hoped you could see
a confession of love never to die
truths that were voiced never speaking a lie

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

one had to go, the time had just come
one stayed behind for two changed to one
letters were written uplifting my hopes
fantasies i set on, adjusting my scope

a journey was taken amidst changes unfair
my hopes were standing in dragon's lair
we met and we spoke just like before
the game was full circle, no-one did score.

what does it take
to get you to see
there's someone inside
this shell that is me?

i'm not who i seem
not strong and not cool
but someone who cries
when thought of a fool

i dress in clothes
to disguise all my fears
but behind this smile
there's more than just tears

i treasure those times
we laughed and we tried
to do what we wanted
with no thoughts of our pride

the old dreams have faded
the new are just forming
is it too late
to look to the morning?

i was so trusting in counting on you
my heart was laid open just trusting the truth
my protection was gone, my soul was bare
a total commitment just all that was there

a moment of weakness in careing for you
the misunderstanding by you for something i said
you cut me down, i have no defense
i'm screaming in pain, "don't pass me for dead"

you are my fantasy, just all that i have
connecting a past i don't understand
a one-sided channel with no return
only i see, i wish you could learn

thru the realms we have travelled, the lands unknown
are they just dreams i have seen all alone
the are so real, so life-like to me
if just for a moment, i wish you could see

the fantasy is gone like smoke through the trees
all that is left is no one but me
i stand alone, just feeling the breeze
you walk on by me, refusing to see

you've held me back
from seeing myself
you put me down
and kept me there
you bruised me
you kicked me
when i've been down
i reached out for you
you were gone
i had nothing but my dream
of who i was
and you told me lies
deceived me
robbed me of my strength
i'm not who you thought i was
i am quite different
than you thought i was

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

NO MORE

i am me

as unchanged as the wind

shut me in and i will escape

i will seep out the cracks

i will be free to grow

i have found my essence

i don't play by the rules

that you expect me to

I AM ME.

one stands alone
on ideals long dead
and the sheep, they all follow
fear turning to dread

searching for love
without paying the toll
just pretending to play
a celluloid role

one stands alone
the way of the rock
but no one is willing
they still want to roll

one reaches out
hoping for two
grasping the air
wishing for you

one stands alone
on emptiness land
watching for you
a glistening band

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

a question is asked

though silences heard

an unspoken monologue

but never the word

i walk along the road of dreams
i haven't been here for quite awhile
i notice a change, but i'm not quite sure
things are different, in an unusual way

i search my memories, thru dusty doors
trying to find the answers that make sense
but reality seems like fantasy and fantasy reality
confusion fogs my memories, nothing is clear

dreams that changed, become rearranged
my heart is sure, of what unknown
the program is new, but somewhat askew
i know who i am, location unknown

fear rushes in of change so strange
a gamble to take, a dream to chase
to see something through, to change the rules
a dare to be strong, it's been so long.

daytime has faded to a long cold night
crying for laughter in a world of tears
asking for someone to hold in love
the one i once touched, she is standing so still
i stand alone, trembling in fear
is this who i am, undeserving in love?
i have travelled so far, through unrelenting storms
to reach my destiny, just being alone
i cry out in love, my voice goes unheard
please take my hand, my angel in flight
don't run away, because of my fright
i know that my pain is causing you fear
i'm sorry for causing so many tears
don't look for logic, love can't be worded
feelings we have just can't be described
i know that through all
my love can stand tall

she comes to me softly on the wings of a dove
standing beside me, not below nor above
on knees that are bended, i hear her heart
the beating i hear, loves message a start

we stand at the brink of timeless attempt
resolving that nothing could ever be meant
the time that we spend, not measured in hours
nor will it erode such as man made towers

contact is made, not a physical touch
mundane matters, nonsense as such
we speak with our hearts, never searching for words
meaning is lost when you use the absurd

tho our bodies shall surely e're be apart
the mind is so simply the true work of art
together we stand at the timeless pond
in wonder of all, ourselves as a bond.

my gentle princess of the light
you i dream of in delight
to you i give my heart and soul
as loneliness takes it's dreaded toll

the days they fade in to the night
your memories come and calm my fright
in you my heart, it holds so much
my soul it cries to have your touch

the days like lightening, fill the skies
my soul it floats above the lies
my eyes have seen what is the truth
in you alone, there lies the truth

as i walk along the street
promises are made i will always keep
my love for you will always be
the purest joy for what is me.

