

Poetry Series

Poet Dragon
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poet Dragon(1-13-1983)

When I was a child, I thought like a child, I acted like a child and I played like a child. If I were to have become a man, I might have put childish things behind me.

When I was enlightened, I laughed at the world. Hell. I heard the world laugh right back at me.

My poems explore many themes, styles, and perspectives. I play with rhyme, meter, and semantics in order to evoke thoughtful consideration. It is not enough to read a poem, it must be grokked. Cherish the words with your intellect and instinct.

Imagine you are outside of yourself, looking down. Now back up. Go further. Further. Still further. Look back down at yourself and see how far away you are. Where are you? What are you doing? What is your place in the intricate dance of the moment? Like a fractal, an algorithmic scream, the moment unfurls in three dimensions at over a quarter million miles a second, forming the fourth dimension-one of ever increasing scale we call 'Time' as if it is somehow separate from 'space' and movement.

We are a part of that. Look around you and see the intricate connections that form your world. Friends, relatives, enemies, politicians, corporations, where you shop, what you eat, how you express yourself and how any given idea is expressed to you. It is a part of you and you an intimate part of it. What influences you and how do you influence others?

We are the divine breath of God. That is the ultimate responsibility.

A Halloween Story

It all begin as grains of sand,
covering a place both wide and flat
open to the moonlight as Luna rises.
When the first breeze blows,
from a whisper to a howl and back
the dead trees, like skeletons,
shiver from cold and fear.
One by one the trees uproot
crackling and rustling, yet silent.
The open space becomes bigger
as they retreat from old knowledge,
waiting for the tide to rise.
One younger stays behind and watches.
Stares at the sand, and ponders,
reaches out and touches it with a root.
The elders, black and dead,
the home to owls and spider webs,
already mourn the youth.
At a touch the grains flicker
like starlight come to life for a moment.
Black shadows, where spirits might hide
if they weren't afraid, too, creep upward.
The sand begins to bubble,
darkness shifts and flows with purpose.
Youth is lost on the youth, foolish youth.
Its root, pulled back at the darkness,
has turned black and gray with ash.
Like torpid terror the ash crawls
up the root and outward, up the trunk
to where leaf and branch shake
and fruit falls like tears of regret.
Now the sand heaves and towers
over the remnant of the youth.
Quickly dispersed by the wind,
dusty ash rises up into the dark clouds
gathering over a moon now red.
The ceremony is nearly met.
Tiny, pitch black grains of sand stand up,
now given meager life by this evil,

and run away as individual thoughts.
Past the trees they scatter, screaming
warnings and imprecations and horror.
The grove stands its ground,
given purpose and meaning by this night.
Where the sand once was, now a bulge grows
pale, even in the blood of the moon.
Rising higher and higher,
until even the clouds eschew the sky.
This abomination is pale like bone
covered by an aura of black so deep
that its meaning has never been needed
except for this moment, this single instant.
A terrible beast smiles at the night
and a tongue of rancid mold slips out
between teeth like tombstones.
When the world begins to shudder
at the presence of this cancerous evil,
the grove moves, and moans as it goes.
Lightning laughs from the clear sky,
lashing out at the wood song's meaning.
Calling back the black sand, to its duty,
repairing the wound in the veil.
Frozen images cover the wound
where the pale monster rose up to consume,
like moonlight shining through stained glass.
In the images, spirits swirl and play,
calling back to their master, no longer afraid.
Their night is over.
All in the space of the moon crossing the sky
these events took place: the running,
the rising, the loathing, and the calling.
Now come the true screams. Painful and
invigorating they slip into cracks
where humans cannot hear them, but they shudder
and they flow, across the wound, into it.
As the beast is put to slumber once more,
sand grains poised as cowards among the tree roots
run out and jump into their place.
A flat field of creeping black.
Then the black flows inward, to the center,
and downwards to the depths and is gone.

And the trees settle once again around the clearing
to again await the culmination of their existence
next Halloween.

Poet Dragon

A Moment

Here in the wasteland of my head
naked, because I like to be, and free!
Dancing because it is nice to dance,
traipsing because it is such a word

Where have my troubles fled to?
Away from my exposed soul, they wither
all time is left behind for the moment,
and here in the moment I am content

Poet Dragon

A Name...

A rose by any other name
is not a rose.

Does it have petals,
or instead many toes?

Does it speak softly;
or shudder in the wind?

Does it grow listlessly,
or lament that it has sinned?

A rose, by any other name
is still no rose
unless these differences are tame:
that a name shapes a flower,
and a flower shapes a name!

Poet Dragon

Across America

He traveled to the canyon,
and thought it worth its name
a canvas for the sunset's gleam
to luminesce with flame

He walked from there to Laughlin,
he gambled with his change
and lost it all to old rich men
who thought him somewhat strange

He climbed into the Rockies
to soak up nature's balm
was lost three days, but made it out
before he'd lost his calm

He trudged along the highways,
to cross the rolling plains
was picked up by a trucking man
who taught him sins from stains

He crossed the Appalachians,
and hiked their wending trails
and when he left their beautied flanks,
saw ocean fraught with sails

He chanced upon his forebears
in graveyards near New York
then celebrated mortal things
by gambling with the stork

He sojourned south with patience,
he laughed at simple fun
found love in lonely white sand
and the preachings of the sun

Poet Dragon

Alchemy

In Alchemy a word or two can fill an hour full
and chanting of a single word is very powerful.
While babble and semantic wit are something to behold
never have they shaped a man into another's mold.
When answers shouted in the face do fail to make a scratch
a question whispered here or there will certainly dispatch
What is left, eternal life, for me of boredom born
but face again the angry mob and this time without scorn?

If you're looking for the value of motivation's stir
a rock, a stone, is merely words to a philosopher.

Poet Dragon

Alien

Alien to love

Alien to hate

Alien to knowledge

Alien to fate

Alien to sanity

Alien insane

Alien to caring

Alien in pain

Poet Dragon

Allusion

In a word, confusion
chemical collusion
gratified illusion
empty, grand delusion

Grand and green profusion
implicitly pollution
mindless, broken fusion
hoping for ablution

Crash the institution
Living in seclusion
Hoping for intrusion
Or welcome execution

Poet Dragon

Analog Or Digital

Digital is absolute, on or off, zero or infinity.
Analog is steadily changing, never absolute.
Cyberpunk is climbing towards reality with novelty.
Do we see it as an end point or another transition?
Is science fiction imagination or prediction?
Does it depend on the human motive or imagination?
What is the nature of reality?
All of creation is good, even upon death.
All is potential, nothing is dead.
Even upon death, these things persist.
We speak in absolutes. We think in absolutes.
Or we think in analog, hopefully.
Both are valuable and detrimental.

Poet Dragon

Apart

A part of this world I open my eyes and breathe...
Apart of this world I wonder what they think of me on Facebook
A part of this world I laugh at how beautiful everyone is...
Apart of this world I check to see who likes my comments
A part of this world I live in the brilliant orgasm of now...
Apart of this world I lay down some anonymous hate as Guest42
A part of this world I sigh at the joke of separation
Apart of this world I struggle to connect to someone worth it
A part of this world I smile at every pretty girl...
Apart of this world I smile at the pretty girls
A part of this world I am very close, closer than comfort...
Apart of this world I feel so very far away and so alone

Poet Dragon

Ascergent Benevolent

Love is without and love is within
so fear not the clamoring crying of sin
But steady the armor and steady the sword
for danger is lonely and hatred is bored.

Poet Dragon

Attention!

Poems that include words like

, , , , , , s.n o. a

are removed by system,

automatically.

People that include thoughts like

wh., .ow, wh.t, wh., f.r wh.t , no.

are removed by system,

automatically.

Poet Dragon

Backyard Nukes

The air is dark with ash and smoke,
the cities filled with mutant folk.
The crops grow bent with a bluish tinge,
when an ant is seen the children cringe.

'And what, ' you ask. 'Has happened here,
'to a world once filled with so much cheer? '
The answer, friend, is not so great,
The world is lost to a terrible fate

You see a warning was once ignored
by a little genius who was just too bored.
He built a thing from junkyard parts
then blew it up to make some charts.

He did it again to fill in the rest,
and topped it off with a third nuke test.
Then one last time with no rebukes,
he changed the world with his backyard nukes.

Poet Dragon

Be Patient

I will the furor into the white spaces crowding closely on the page,
keeping their contrast only because the words need to speak.

I dream of death and hope the page will hold it all-
all the dreams, turned larcenous like nightmares...

Except there seem to be no happy thoughts to bring them darkness...so they are
bland.

I watch the matter of my makeup bursting into fractal inconsistencies; $E=MC^2$
and the world burns in a flash leaving behind the torrent of my withered, twisted
hopes...fleeing...running the paths of hyperspace

And trying to see the worlds of wonder before they burn away...

knowing that this feeling...this terrible feeling will fade away, and realizing that
so will you and so will my...and everything...all gone like the pain in my chest
that I call anxiety and depression and happiness and anger and power and love-
all depending on what day it is and what little sparks light larger fires and what
fields burn in the bonfire,

What fields burn, what forests burn, what dreams burn...Knowing the long poem
from my childhood is as effervescent as my childhood...as effervescent as the
pull of my hormones twitching happily, struggling with the repression I place on
them until my body is a civil war and my mind is bloody and angry and wishing
me to not call Grant like he asked, before I pull the...jump the...pop the...cut
my...end it all...

And knowing that Someone stronger still stays my hand and laughs so tenderly
at my raging self and picks me up from the ashes...dusting me off and wiping the
tears from my eyes and patting my bottom and telling me to go play nice with
the others...

And give that pretty girl a flower and a peck on the cheek because you might
never get the chance again...and say my prayers at night, and don't sit too close
to the TV and make sure to go outside and exercise and when you finally fall
asleep...I'll be there waiting for you in your dreams...

Your happy dreams...sweet dreams...like candied apples and cotton candy and
that whirling feeling you get in your gut at the theme park, and that wonderful,
contented feeling you get when you smell your father's study or when you sit
quietly by the river and listen to the trees sway in the wind,

And the water purls as it flows downhill and the birds twitter and dance with playful squirrels as the bears mill around catching their dinner and the cougars creep to the waters edge and the rabbits hop around keeping close to their holes...but not so close anymore...and all is green and grand....

I'll be there. Be patient.

Poet Dragon

Be Yourself

In the deepest, in the darkest
where the thoughts of pain are starkest...
With the knowledge, with the terror
and the thought that life's an error...
Find a reason, find excuses
for the right to all life's truces
And in the darkest place of lies
close your ears, open your eyes

Poet Dragon

Blur

Separation is the lie.
There is no line between you and I.
We are the forest, we are the sun.
We choose to fail or to have won.

Poet Dragon

Broken Whispers

Whispers, like echoes of a faint past, crowd around me
They bathe me with their memories, their impositions
Laying pathways of guilt and gossip across my soul
Speaking softly of sins and sorrows that are not mine
they drive my nightmares to the brink of exhaustion
and beyond into the calm, quiet void of sociopathy

When the time comes, the voices fade away into slumber
visions of oblivion are overlaid with laughter and hope
I live to serve the good of the many, to subsume the one
To enter into love more deeply than that of romance
To eschew affecting affairs of absolute attrition,
begging death and bragging of the broken coffins

It is time to go soon, to my graded addiction
waiting for the wrong things to happen at the wrong time
to talk to my salvation and absolve her inheritance
hoping, maybe, that in that fire lies my own absolution

Poet Dragon

Burn

What is this curious thing that burns
fills the nostrils with a strange scent
Crowds out the fantasy of passing time
and closes your eyes in sweet harmony?

What are this logical mind's concerns
on the altar where lost time is spent
Spelling out tragedies, harassing rhyme,
and standing on legs of neat irony?

Poet Dragon

Comes Death (A Song)

'Out the window lies the future,
where we can see, but never reach her.' - P.N.

All the world is hopeless,
All the sights been seen
all the land is bought up
all the dreams been dreamed

The end comes to everything
to every time - to every place
comes death on wings of fire
comes death on wings of dark

All the years are fruitless
all the work's been done
all the curses lifted
all the prizes won

The end comes to everything
to every dream - to all that's green
comes death with eyes of fire
comes death with eyes of dark

All the difference taken
all the people same
all that's war is broken
all this peace is lame

The end comes to everything
to every war - to every peace
comes death with thoughts of fire
comes death with thoughts of dark

All the gold is rusted
all the cities gone
all the wind is hollow
all the lights left on

The end comes to everything

to every story - every theme
comes death on tireless mission
comes death with darkened dream

Poet Dragon

Cookoo Clock

He lives each day
one hour at a time
listening to the old
and rusty gears
inside his cookoo clock
where the thoughts spin
until midnight's stroke
then calls twelve times
in his dreams.

Poet Dragon

Dark Questions

Do you wander the dark path, my brother?
Do you hide your fear and sorrow,
and joy and love,
behind the fragile facade of pride?
Do you lie to yourself and deny this?
How simple the fool.
Will you not break at this irresistible force?
Will you not show the pain to any?
Will you hide yourself forever behind the lie?
How complex is the truth, then?
Can you deny forever the hidden reality in which you exist?
Can you see through the impenetrable darkness
that surrounds you?
Can you ignore the ghastly cast of the shadows
of your fellows?
How blissful the unknown.

Poet Dragon

Day To Day

We wake up every morning with this balance
and walk around all day with falsey grins
We look up every moment for the good things
and dance around when happiness begins

Then good things run away before the darkness
and breaking things looks better than before
Then hopeful thoughts are crushed into the nether
and less the likely happens like the chore

Poet Dragon

Dismay

They, they, the mythical they, we laugh a lot and talk all day
and still when I ask to go out and play-they stay, they stay
and happily weigh, the choice to pick up or joyfully slay
like a sparrow alone with God run away-dismay, this may, dismay...

Poet Dragon

Do You

Do you think about that lonely, golden parting?
Do you gather all your friends against the day?
That upon the mortal scales when you are lowered,
your spirit, light upon the earth, will lay?

Do you dream of one day rising into heaven?
Do you have the faith in youthful stories told?
Did the highest and most holy in the garden,
bring them back again to comfort or to scold?

Did you grow up changing values into money?
Do you think that all this property is grand?
These pursuits that stay afloat and sometimes prosper,
when the waves come, always tumble into sand!

Poet Dragon

Dragondream

Here the chains lie, sleeping only
clinking gently on the ancient stonework
steadily beating away, tink, tink, tink
With each massive breath and flutter of scales

Sleeping like a baby, smiling toothily
Dreaming of happiness, of constant love
Of a place away from the shackles
Comfortable in the fantasies of assumption

Hear her talk of love like it is broken?
As if all is uniform, all gray men the same
Speaking despair, letting the doubts coil like smoke
Calling to the beast to awaken, rise up and strike!

Like a prod, a painful, aching hurt
Chains snap taut, groaning, bolts fly free
Fire builds, muscles stretch, jaws agape
Roaring disconsolately he yearns for freedom to fly

His nails dig channels in the stones,
air whooshes into the chamber, down his throat,
the room becomes a furnace, burning stones as sacrifices
but when it cools, the peace is deceitful

Hear her say you're her favorite in the world
When you can only see the hurt there, what it needs
battling against your body and what it wants
Flailing questions, who do you serve, how do you serve?

Again the chains snap, and a shackle comes free
and the beast opens its eyes from the reality dream
The door opens, and a figure enters, cloaked in shadows
'Death comes soon, ' it says. 'Await it with dignity.'

Walks to the thrashing head, ignoring the flying chain
takes the straining head in hand, and strokes his jaw
warms its black hands in the terrible fire
The figure is calmly pushing back the passion

'Let it go, this world is not ready, ' says its dead voice.
'No passion willing or wanting, except acceptance.
'This place is the killing ground for dreams.
'Keep safely in your fantasies, dear dreaded second half.'

It takes the chain and bolts it back in place
and from shaded folds withdraws a book of poetry
One moment more, as it opens to a blank page,
and presents the book and a pen to the raging beast

'As I have placed your freedom in these chains,
'place your passion in the pages, and lock it up tightly
'These words might stem the tide just long enough,
'to extricate yourself from the possibility of pain.'

The figure turns and walks to the open door, says,
'When my courage is enough to unlock your prison
'Or when they finally find a way to kill me,
'I leave this body to you. Wake up, then, and fly.'

Still straining, the dragon tilts his head down
and feels the tears of tyranny run like an open wound
Gasping for grand, glorious release, he settles
Picks up the pen and the book, and starts to write.

Poet Dragon

Egress

how very sad, these sad ones murmuring along
happily delighted in their tricks and habits
staring vacantly, intent on rusted footpaths
where have they come from, where do they lead?

just one purpose met, just one light fulfilled
growing not upward or with skillful grace
simply entertained, simpler confused
there is not a boundary set for measurement

only dissolution of boxes, breaking of walls
bearing this verity in mind, that all is pale
heaven is meant for angels, and hell for demons
leaving is not a science, but an understanding

Poet Dragon

Elation

In the memory of a nation
born with noble liberation
Here's a toast to innovation
that our father's indignation
was indulged for iteration
of a battered reputation
to be grown in incubation
for their calculated station
so self-evidently rationed
by divine interpretation
could return exaggeration
to forestall their self-deflation.

Poet Dragon

Empire Of Man

Each man alone an empire stands
takes wisdom written in the sands
builds up a castle or digs down a hole
discovers his own insuperable role

Each man an empire lifts his hands
wiggles his fingers, makes demands
sighs at discomfort, sighs at ease
in loneliness ponders his disease

Poet Dragon

Enlightenment

Law is made for lawyers
and crimes for criminals.
Politics for politicians.
Common sense for commoners.

Friendship is made for friends,
and love for lovers.
Hate for haters.
Religion for the religious.

School is made for administrators,
and lead for leaders.
Money for the rich.
Charity for the poor.

Knowing this,
be a little of each
or fail to find perspective.

Poet Dragon

Facing A Blank: Part 1

I sit here facing a blank
and it is perhaps one of the hardest things I do
to see before me an expanse of blank things
to decide how I should fill them in
there is everything to encompass
for all the world to see, itself looking back
a mirror wouldn't do,
because the truth merely hides behind mirrors
it does not look out through them.
every random thought that I notice out of the corner of my eye
has its own appeal and appeals to me
to use it to fill the blank spaces.
To every random thought I look and in them I see the world
every one of them looking out at me and crying
for recognition and redemption
and the blank spaces agree that this is not what I should put down.
So I sit here still, facing a blank.

Poet Dragon

Facing A Blank: Part 3

Here I am facing a blank page once again,
searching the white for borders and meaning.
Where my inspiration has dried up like a river
in the driest summer, in this famine filled place
where meaning dares not tread for fear of death.
Up at five thirty, looking out at the morning
the touch of cold air is only that, a touch
morning twilight glimmers over clouds,
but they bring no hope for change or growth
This life was given for what reason?
to seek out sustenance in this place
Green profusion is everywhere, yet all is dead
the goal is there, but it is uncouth and evil
Why search for such goals, except to fit in
when there are riches beyond the desert?
Every day we gather together in comradeship
and it is like a shallow oasis, there and gone.
Holding together for a deeper pool; love maybe
or for the wine that we consume just to smile.
And each night in hope I look to her face,
see not the signs, and take one more drink
It is despair brought to life in false happiness.
And I face the blank alone, holding tight to reason-
that this, too, shall pass beyond the blank spaces.

Poet Dragon

Faith, Hope, Love

Faith is armageddon
a terrorizing trip
to stand upon a razor
and pray you didn't slip

Hope is up in heaven
and hell is here on earth
but heaven is in dollars
and hell a lack of worth

Love is time expanding
a fluid, flowing dance
where vergence and convergence
are both a strong advance

Truth is puzzle pieces
and when it fails to fit
you stick it all together
with elbow grease and spit

Poet Dragon

Faithless

Why won't she listen to me?
Has luster lacked, or passion waned?
Have words or attitude pained?
Is love a temperament to be changed?
A question's worth is difficult,
an answer's worth is simple.
If words could heal what love cannot
then even love is vain.

Poet Dragon

Fallen Chocobo

In the wind of the grassland,
where green grass grows tall
above your head

Sighing waves of flashing green
comfort one another
across the sun strewn lawn

Gritty details, dust and blood
carry as a scent on the wind
the cry, we'ih-oooh.

Oh the Chocobo has fallen,
the pink and the yellow
or the wily black male

A wolf of red hair and fiery tail
growls over the corpse
and eats around feathers

Poet Dragon

Fallow Souls

These fields are fallow now
where we once sowed our seeds
and the trees bloomed in spring
with the grass below them green.

Should we let the summer's kiss
shrive the husks and the seeds
so our lives are as fallow now
as summer without the rain?

I am back, blossom and fruit
here to watch you grow again
where I was blown on the wind
alone and withering with no soil

The winter turns cold again,
now white with frozen calluses.
Our river still runs swift and strong
always waiting for the next harvest.

Poet Dragon

Fear Not To Love, Fear Not

I greet the burden of your soul
and wonder if your heart is whole
when one can hold it out to share
beware of love, beware.

From all this wretched hardship take
a lesson for your wisdom's sake
the future holds its sorrow's share
beware of love, beware.

A last and thoughtful parting word
to one whose broken dreams are heard
take comfort in the moment here
where you can love without the fear.

Fear not to love, Fear not!

Poet Dragon

Feels Lonely In Here

Nothing to focus on,
except the dull ache
growing in your bones
so everything itches
You feel like dying
or cutting yourself
and beating your breast,
and fighting just to lose,
to have the kind of pain
you can focus on,
something to know
besides the loneliness.

Poet Dragon

Fingerprints

We are the poignant prophecy of fate
a chance to vote on how the universe will grow
living day to day we fail to see the picture
and walk across its face like sticky fingerprints

Poet Dragon

Frailty

Anything but this feeling
the heart holding out for happiness
I'd rather let the cold come
and carry me away
than ponder on these things
which make me frail

Poet Dragon

Futbol

There he is standing on the field, looking around and laughing
he wants to see what you see from the stands, himself basking, charming.
The ball slips from the fingers of a dazzled referee and he kicks out,
deftly he is gliding in and out between his opponents, he is glorious.

Then where has the goal gone that it is no longer before him?
So that he spins around and is aghast and desperate with anxiety?
His opponent grins and lives the sport, he breathes the dance,
and he chants in his heart the reality of his passion, as he flies!

You do not doubt that he is dancing, because his eyes are singing.
He floats above the grass, he lifts his knees high and tumbles low.
He watches from afar as his body works his will like an oiled puppet,
and he is certainly a masterful puppeteer, he grins and slides.

Where did our laughing hero go who was so handsome with the crowd?
He is behind, running to catch up and wondering in shock what happened.
His opponent tips the ball into the air with a gentle kick of the toe.
He positions himself and pirouettes slowly, the ball goes flying.

The goalie's heart pumps like a psychotic ocean, he is freaking out now.
The ball parts the breath's of his team mates and loopy loops into the net.
Four tenths of a second after the ball flits into the net, the goalie blocks
and slaps air and is laid out at the post, feeling bested by a better man.

Again and again the dancer, the puppeteer, rides the ball down the field.
Score. Score. Score. Score. Score. There is the clock and the game is over.
Our hero grimaces in angst and seethes at glory lost and wonders...
where was he when he was most needed, where was all his glory and fame?

How was he bested by an up-and-coming punk, he wondered with shock.
When did the cinematographer of this movie decide that his part was over?
He overheard the answer at a news conference after the game
'He knows the rules better than he knows the sport, ' said his opponent
with a grin.

Poet Dragon

Glasses Half Empty

They are glasses half empty,
and hearts half full,
riding their dreams until their courage fails them,
stopping halfway
and wondering what to do after they have-
'been there, done that'
though it is never quite true because a dream,
it never ends
and they are only human.
They tagged the stars with their childhood
and gave way to the politic when they-
'grew up'
They kissed the moon with fleeting lips...
goodbye.
And when all had been said and done
they did not feel as if they had accomplished,
or even set out to do.
and when then, the challenge was pressed...
they threw it all to the wind
and lay down to die.

Poet Dragon

God Laughs

There is fractal, unending proof
of a simple, degenerate truth
This is Cyberpunk.
God Laughs.

Smile and the world smiles with you.
Cry and the world cries blue.
Laugh for a minute and maybe you'll win it,
but the cosmic joke hurts, too.

Poet Dragon

Grace

An unfair wisdom sparkles in her eyes
a light of happiness dissolved
An ending of her childhood ties
cessation of the unresolved

Where erstwhile laughter bounded on her breath
the ember there will dim and fade□
The thought of unrelenting death
creating an insistent shade

Then gospel, shouted blissfully, was shared
a slim and hopeful sanity
a lost son on the cross did bear
the sins of all humanity

With newfound courage, lifting words on high
A joyful song for all to sing
where once the thought of doom was nigh
now shines the grace of Christ, the king

Poet Dragon

Green Clouds # 1

The air smells salty, as if the ocean was but a kiss away
simmering sensations rotate over my head
like two red-hot branding irons hovering a hairsbreadth above my skull
beyond this comes the void,

Short, panting breaths of inexistence
sensations snatch at me as if I were their salvation
brushing only air as I transcend into the wind
dark tunnels with ice encrusted sides shimmering a pale white

Until they burst into close proximate reality
always seeming, never there
Rough itching shivers of roots twine down into my bloodstream
swishing my senses until laughs indicate guilt

Looks hide suspicion and knowledge of the crime
rings of echoing fear swirling in my sensibility
staining me with their lurking taint
the green clouds intoxicate me and open the floodgates
Of poetry and imagination

□

Repetitions of deja vu scriggle around
the cushy springs of sound in my eary hair
dissintigration, dissapearance of extraneous thought
to the joints of perceptive reality,

Shocking suspicions of soon-to-be.
Scurrying cursor across the wash of digital, prismatic jewels
of black, and green, and violet and yellow
Feels like Saturdays outside

Frozen faces of laughter and pain and spite
do you remember when we started smoking hatred
Or did we make it that way with our wars?
Against the tide of choice, they cannot win

Poet Dragon

Green Clouds # 2

Green flurries of folly flip and scurry about
into my tender grasp so that I can hold them
and mold them into the precision I need

They bring a balance to the fallacy of plight and despite
and level out the scored tendencies of flame and passion
until I scream to be let out from the fornication of sin

There on the evening I light my folly like a fuse
and step once more outside my shedding skin
standing heady in the moonlight I feel my fleeting breath

Thinking of the trinkets of my burning life of ruts
I watch the clouds descend and bear me with them into dark
singing songs of tempting righteousness and sorted human death

Poet Dragon

Green Clouds # 3

Hello green things piled like puffs of prancing joy
heaped upon my palate, my brainpan going wild
The butterflies flick their wings and dance on...
then sinking to the earth like poisoned hope

The milk and honey are like starlight kisses
flaking from my eyes until I spin and skew
watching the flesh spread across the sky
blazing into a galaxy of spiraled numbers

Fuzzy blares like raindrops beating me to death
at once I am peaceful and at war with nothing
There is a grateful aching in my breast
wanting freedom like a spark or spatter of rain

Simpler times lay ahead and across my path
remnants of a crumbled empire of silver lining
where the clouds gathered and their beauty tore free
until the sky shouts thunder as the ground hisses back.

Let the toppling failings of my psyche transcend
into words, pictures of blessed clarity and poise
groaning as it coalesces like flame in a wind
the complex ringing scatters...it goes quiet.

Here, like all finality, we speak softly and crowd around
there is a light speaking to us of our dreams
I am brought up into the waking of my dead spirit
and hope fervently that the clouds do not scatter too quickly.

Poet Dragon

Green Clouds # 4

Where the green clouds gathered to rend,
the storm has passed with its colored raindrops
There are no more wondering sensations of spring
And youth is spent against the shore of similitude

There was no sudden cease of wind and war
only the slow dying of battle with the night
Now it is easy to flounder in the shadows
without the boon or delight of my troubles

The shock and words were once poetry most high
It is easy to forget that I was still human then
Eager for the storm again, I must run quickly
to catch what I seek, or forever chase the wind.

Poet Dragon

Grief

Grief, when fresh, is clearest
when buried, hard to see
but come the wind and rain to clean
uncovered, grief is free

Poet Dragon

Growing Pains

I thought it hurt to grow up
when my legs became shards of pain
that kept me up all night
crying tears and clinging to mommy

I thought it hurt to grow up
the day I saw my daddy cry
and ask his brother to get up,
to stop playing and wake up from the dead

I thought it hurt to grow up
when my mommy got a call from back east
where grandma Kiehl finally said goodbye
to grandpa, and hello to God.

I thought it hurt to grow up
when I got the call from my wife and
all I remember, really, is her asking
'Are you sitting down? '

I thought it hurt to grow up,
when I wandered onto the dark side for a moment
casting harm upon the one I love most in the world
out of fear, she is forever gone.

What hurts the most while growing up
is waking every day and watching
one by one illusions, like sandcastles,
washed away before the ebb of time

Poet Dragon

Happening

Flames burn.

Water cycles.

Stars shine.

Wind blows.

Earth falls.

These are events.

Subtle reactions.

Chemical reactions.

Reaction, reaction, reaction.

This is a reaction.

You are a reaction.

Catalyst.

Action, interaction, reaction.

Reactant, reactor, event.

Occurring, never occurred.

No You, No I, No we.

Us, reacting together.

Distilling together,

Combining and purifying together,

Us.

Playing, acting, dancing, swimming,

loving, believing, longing, hating, sadding, madding, flying,

plying, vying, scrying, inviting, denying, trying, dying.

Being.

Poet Dragon

Heart Wheel

In the heart wheel, spinning
flowing up the river
dizzy, blushing, breathing

Poet Dragon

Hindsight And Multidimensions

I stand here alone,
looking back down the road I came here on
Its pictures like sunlight and stars
reflected off the water of a lake
or the e-coli filled gutter water
It is a gift to see everything gone wrong
and talk about these things
to every other broken heart in every other world
it is an infinity of tragic stories
for each one a single tear shed
for the loss of everything beloved

Poet Dragon

How To Cope

I know that feeling we've shared.
You've sat alone nights and cried,
and cried
over lost things
and changing things
and nothing seems to stop the tears...
and then in the morning
you rationalize
and nod at what must be done
because life must go on
and us with it.

Poet Dragon

I Have A Question

Ask yourself this question.

Why are there words in the Bible that are not translated?

To sin is to be without.

To repent is to look around.

To forgive is to give up.

Ask yourself this question.

If you are without,

how does looking around help,

except to see that you are not without after all?

Ask yourself this question.

how does one give up being without,

when one has nothing,

except to realize that there is no nothing?

Poet Dragon

If Everyone Is...

If everyone is innocent, what need for lawyers?
If everyone is peaceful, what need for warriors?
If everyone is common, what need for strangers?
If everyone is religious, what need for mangers?
If everyone is friendly, what need for friends?
If everyone is helpful, what need for amends?
If everyone is charitous, what need for the poor?
If everyone is cared for, what need for war?
If everyone is separate, why look above?
If everyone is loving, who would need for love?

Poet Dragon

I'M Only Worth A Penny

Raised in this world of wonder and excitement
Taught that everybody has a chance
Learned to love my neighbors too
Saw the joy of song and dance
At age five I cut my knee
Daddy told me not to cry
'Be a big boy strong and tough,
Be a big boy just like me.'
My eyes were opened to the world and I saw
An experience awaited me
Forgot the joy I knew then
All the things that I could be
Turned sixteen and got a life
Punched a clock from four to ten
The Mc Donalds' taught me true
Money holds away the strife
The value of my life, and what I can share
I tell my son, who is only three
'This isn't my two cents you know,
I'm only worth a penny.'

by: Joshua Newland

Poet Dragon

Impatient Life

We qualify ourselves for silent sorrow
in the fiery, sometimes tender grasp of time
whine that we will never have enough
that our love will never thrive beyond the crime

We're terrified that death will soon consume us
that experience will flounder and fall short
and hope that every squeal of tires is practice
that the real thing cannot happen while we sport

In exigency we tarry for a decade
sometimes two or more are common for the crowd
perhaps thinking of the finer things, we hurry
while ignoring the approaching of the shroud

For us humans we are lucky that we grow up
leave the worries of our childhood far behind
we can learn the pace of patience in a heartbeat
and let all the stressful tendencies unwind

Poet Dragon

Interrupted Thoughts

Curiosity feels like a blooming flower
as so many emotions do
Where their beauty eeks out the scourge of our soul
so the blossom of discovery unfolds and reveals...

We are happy today, and wonder why
the grand scheme of things is ours to meddle with
The mortals that we pretend to be
are finally in tune with all the wonders of...

The universe lifts us up and carries us fearfully astray
because there are so many unknowns
Why do we think we have so much
and cannot give away the little that we have for...

Others are the inspiration for our humility
and grant us insight
because it is in the blessings of others
that we reach our own enlightenment...

Poet Dragon

Is It Love?

I seek the highest peaks of attribution
Like a rose seen in the twilight or the red moon rising
light spilling across the sky like the blood of an illusion

Here in the quiet of my worried heart
I ponder heavily on the glowing embers of my mistrust
until they blaze anew and from my doubts I cannot part

Sitting in a forest on a mountain top I gaze up
The stars glow and glitter in hopeful jest that this will not end
I know their fear of loneliness too, and the length of their days

Here we are together now-entwined
and I am febrile, basking in the light of your lovely passion
watching in wonder as I realize how I was once so blind

Now in the aftermath of our furious ablation
feeling new at the passing of my other skin into the new
I think that for once I have found a question worthy of realization

Is it love?

Poet Dragon

Jabberwocky

The Jabberwocky was always a wiley beast:
He'd invite you to a wonderfully wordy feast,
then before your eyes the scene would change,
and everything recognizable becomes strange.

Poet Dragon

Journeyman

Fists smashing glass into billions of bits of glittering dust,
wandering dust,

blowing lightly upon the breeze of my breath,

I inhale it in wonder and feel warmth.

My lungs shredded quietly and cleanly,

the warmth inside me spreads,

Slowly it is easier to realize that I am dying,

I am going home.

Glimmering evanescent starscapes floating by me,

like dreams of a thousand lakes reflecting the sky,

I am floating away from the warmth,

The coal grows dim and then blackens

The fire douses itself in the wind.

Firefly light twinkles in the weeping willows reaching out over the
pond.

A fish jumps from the tranquil waters and snaps up one of the lights

It is gone forever.

The ripples fade away, and silence rules the night but for the crickets

Where the moon shows its face in the water, there is peace.

Now there is an alien landscape.

Tall, rocky buttes topped with vibrant green grass

tower high above svelt around them

lowing caterpillars the size of boulders graze languidly

among the tall grasses.

The sunlight is dim, like twilight,

and a cool breeze runs havoc across the waving plains

There is a controlled chaos of buzzing insects

and the smell of honeyed jasmine and cinammon

wafting in the refreshing atmosphere

Twin towers of water tumble gracefully to their doom

on the broken shards of diamond below.

Far out to the east the landscape rolls

and tall grass grows among the occasional oak.

To the west, the canopy of a temperate forest stretches

whatever there is of beauty contained within

is hidden by the low fog that clings to the roots of the trees

and spreads just far enough to touch the borders of the hills

A solemn day the sun rises upon and is not seen

Clouds like looming parents to a guilty child, clutter the sky

They let loose their tears upon the people
gathered beneath a patchwork of umbrellas
They are not dry, nor could they be
Because they are crying their own tears
to match those of the gray behemoths above.
Four growling, lumbering graces precede him
shrouded in manes, their faces masked in morning shadows
The morning has just broken the hold of the night
and the lingering cold slips slowly away
Bent trees with flat tops are strewn across the savannah
And lounging within the closest is a single cheetah
Daniel stands with his pride and smiles at the new day
even knowing that the wonder cannot last
He smiles
A single lonely tree stands high atop the hill
behind it, setting slowly,
the sun casts the trees shadow onto the walls of the city
A single cross stands lonely on the hill
A single empty cross
Fluttering wings of lace keep her tiny body aloft.
Her hair shines the color of fire and her body glows
The moonlight filtering through the canopy touches lightly upon her
legs
and her body glows in the shadows.
On the floor of the forest an inch, a body length below her
a ring of skullcaps and moss
sits next to a small flowing stream
There is no breeze, no wind,
only the smell of honeysuckle and roses mingled with
the smell of loam.
A man lying prone beneath a thin veneer made of newsprint
struggles for a moment to sit up and wake
His emaciated form opens its sunken eyes and glances
at the graffiti on the walls, at the stains on the ground
at the tromp of feet stomping past on their way
to the end of their journey.
He lies down and smiles, as he finishes his own.

-Taken from 'A dialogue of Long, Rambling Shadows'
by Poet Dragon

Poet Dragon

Landing On The Moon

Love is not something that
happens to everyone.

Not like this.

Like the smell of pine trees

the light of the stars

The feel of falling,

of flying

with the wind all around

and lost in a symphony of

sound

Blessings left and right

giving up remnants of the long

night

Awakened by a sunset

a star rising and

everything is beautiful

More beautiful than ever

like this heartbeat

could be the last and

that' okay.

Love like,

landing on the moon.

Poet Dragon

Left Behind

Here I stand amazed
to celebrate death instead of birth
another year razed
in memory of all that left this Earth

Poet Dragon

Life Beat

Panacea of sound and soul in the forest
lifting up spirits and sprouting dances...dances
for freedom and flair...
for impermanent flow...
for hope without attachment...

The gospel of Tribe, line two verse seven, states that
we are living without boundaries...bounds
of self or others...
of sacrosanct culture unaccepted...
of illusion cast away...

The heart is guided by unlimited potential
awaken the smile in your heart, spread the fire
to live in the here and now...
to create what cries to be...
to smile in support of love...

Offer yourself where the higher world calls from
find the niche that is filled with happiness
bring it out to share it...
dance in the flames of growth...
the future is not easy, it is here.

Poet Dragon

Life Sandwich

Childhood is a moment,
and death a moment more
in between is movement, see,
a dance across the floor.

Poet Dragon

Lifecycle

People aren't born for what they do, but what their parents dream.
People don't grow for growing's sake, but for the future's gleam.
People don't live to one day die, they live to put off dying.
People don't work to build themselves, they work to stave off crying.
People aren't fired for what they say, they're fired for making war.
People don't die for what they believe, they die for who they are.

Poet Dragon

Lifetime Warranty

It is black here, between the stars. You tend to assume while standing on Earth, even on the darkest night, that there is a background glow of stars everywhere. That there is always enough light to see something. True enough, if there were something close enough to see.

My suit is silver and sure, hugging me warmly. Reassuring me with the gentle hiss of fresh air. There is a lifetime warranty stamp on the inside of my helmet, so I'm relaxing. It's a Braurman Deepspace Special, a good brand name and a good model number. The light on the inside of the helmet would last a year on its self-contained battery, but I turn it off to enjoy the faraway scenery.

It is black here, between the stars. There is a tapestry of golden, glowing jewels painted across the far side of infinity. It is cold and lonely here, a feeling of merging with the eternity of a dark cavern, too large to comprehend, holding the entirety of an existence which is falling slowly towards the ground.

I'm falling asleep to the yellow glow of a nebula when I hear the hiss stop. Nothing to worry about, Braurman's all have backup rebreathers that last forever. The light still works in the helmet, and I'm breathing nice and slowly. Just waiting for my rescuers to come. The suit shows the distress beacon transmitting, calling for help.

It is black here, between the stars. Broken ship parts drift in invisible clouds of gas, stretching starshadows between them. Evanescent swirls and spicules arc across the vault of the heavens and flash a smile each time a shadow passes away from them.

The rebreather has died, says my control panel in red. Don't Panic, it says. Air supply is 100%, it says confidently. A crack has appeared in my face plate. It's widening. I'm panicking. The light in the helmet stopped working. My head is swimming. I want to sleep. Breathing hurts. I'm convulsing as the crack reaches the main seal on both sides of the faceplate.

It is black here, between the stars. All around is blue light glowing in incandescent, crystalline sparkles, like a moan from the gut and out the throat; expelling itself in scattering mist droplets, which turn the spaces between them into soft night.

Dead. I can't help trying to laugh, as apathy sears away my senses and

fragments of my faceplate drift away with the last of my air. My body jerks a few more times before I can't see the stars anymore, for lack of eyes. I can't really blame Braurman anymore. Who puts a lifetime warranty on a spacesuit?

Poet Dragon

Love Spill

I plied the wine dark waters of the world
whose depths carry all the unknown
holding tightly to my cargo of dreamstuff
fearing pirates but moreso being alone

I saw around me other ships take harbor
some sank against the rocks along the way
still others fled free holding trust together
I myself was still adrift upon the waves

I knew I could not wander forever on the sea
or tread the troubled waters with any haste
So in the depths of my heart sprang a crack
and leaked out love like radioactive waste

Poet Dragon

Marvel

Life streams
across her moonlit hair
catching the vagrant breath of Gaia

Turning violent
ever evascending storms
over the evening shadow in my heart

Thoughts glow
growing always perfect
within the grasp of my understanding

We listen
to the shivering leaves
and wonder at the delicate marvel

Poet Dragon

Master Blaster

Focused...laser light...Love light
Blasters set to stunning beauty
Brilliant light, be dazzled

Poet Dragon

Me & You

If you can see my sorrow
If you can see my fear
If you can see tomorrow
I hope it's not too drear

I hope it isn't raining
I hope it's free of war
I hope nobody's dying
I see you know for sure

I see the sun is setting
I see the stars appear
I see the dancing Northern Lights
I know that night is here

I know you see my secrets
I know you see my tears
I know you watch me day and night
I feel you know my fears

I feel your eyes upon me
I feel your loving gaze
I wonder how you still see me
through all this smog and haze

-Written at 16

Poet Dragon

Memoires

Morning light,
six people awake at five
It is morning,
they are dressed in PJ's
Coffee is made,
Black and bold, with creamer
Dad is reading the bible to himself
in the light of a lamp
sitting in his old armchair
Mom left for work,
carrying her handbag
Brother getting ready to leave
on a four day fishing trip
ferrets taken care of
no overthinking
about the book I'm reading
No less worries than the day before
just smaller ones
and all the cares in the world
have less weight than goose down
against the good memories

Poet Dragon

Meta

Were all the world's metaphores simply that,
empty metaphores,
then the world might be a trustworthy place
to sow my seeds.

Poet Dragon

My Happy Nothing

Is it the liquid jealousy coursing through me?
Is it the rage?
Is it the thoughts of heinous crime beget upon the humbled mass...
of my soul.

What makes me cry so thoroughly. So tenderly?
wanting more.
Never satisfied and always loving the portable thoughts
of my loneliness.

Is there poetry left in me? Or is it the mechanical burn?
Is there emptiness left?
Does my heart hold back the rage of self and incrimination?
Happenstance undeniable.

It is gone, the glue that holds me together.
It has passed beyond, to the sorrow of my shadow and my soul
where nothing cares and nothing wears at me.
My happy nothing.

And I am always left without, wanting recognition.
Wanting growth.
I want a substance clinging to me that does not recoil at the sorrow
that is me.

When poems fade to myth and pixies to bright dust in the forest wind
there I am wondering gray and gold.
beyond the sunset wall I wonder and I ponder the peace
of my last breath.

Poet Dragon

Nemo

No man tells no lies
No telling unfolded without cries
No man doesn't live that doesn't despise

No man a symbol stands
No symbol lasts writ in sands
No man lives with glorious hands

No man a shade may call
No shade was cast that didn't fall
No man without a shadow darkens all

Poet Dragon

No Longer You

There is the smooth, steady, rhythmic sound.
fth, fth, fth...
of your heart sliding...
back and forth and forth,
in its sterile metal bowl-
as they wheel it away to sleep for a time
in a formulated winterland
You- lying there, cold and alone
your life flown from your eyes
like; a butterfly emerged from its cocoon,
and you are no longer you-
only a dry husk reaped for harvest,
side of the head concave, impacted-
to release your soul from its shackles
and you, are no longer you.

Poet Dragon

Nostalgia

And so we say goodbye,
with the connotation,
that we shall never
see this moment again
or feel the same shivering
sense of remembrance.
Later on all we will remember
is the frisson which
so often accompanies
nostalgia.

Poet Dragon

Obeisance

What obeisance is more captivating
than the scent of a woman?
Without the flowers and herbs of old
perfume enchanted by body bold.
Perhaps well worked, or well refreshed
without some falsely scented flesh
For the scent of a woman is unrestrained
although my memories may be stained
In this fair prison where I remain
a body male, and male a brain

Poet Dragon

Of Sentience

We are all of us lonely gods.
Small, lonely gods,
with only two masters
that which we choose,
and that which we lose.

In the image of God we're made.
and like photographs
we learn to fade away,
so that a new image
in our place will play.

Poet Dragon

Of What I Speak

You'll never know of what I speak
the words I use are warped and weak
from me to you they twist and change
they take on aspects of the strange
the words can morph to what they will
from right to wrong, from heat to chill
So throw them up and let them fall
And watch them break on listening's wall.

Poet Dragon

Personal Paradise

'What's Up? ' You ask as I walk into the shop.
I tighten my coat a bit, smiling oddly.
A dozen thoughts, old humor, buzz through my head.
My blood pressure, the hair on the back of my neck,
The cost of living, The sky, the ceiling, my &*^%,
and invariably...
My heartbeat at the sight of your hair,
My frustration level; you've never looked at me twice!
The pulse behind my eyes that screams out I love you.
'Time, ' I reply. My own failings, I think.
I look you in the eye, a last lingering appraisal.
Then raise my arms high, letting my thumb slip,
and smile as the ground falls away, the world burns,
and Allah carries me to paradise.
There, I will find you again, I have burned for you.
As I have burned others for the sake of my god.
For my own personal paradise; my own reward.

Poet Dragon

Poet Dragon

'Within you lurks a Poet and a Dragon.'
A phrase which carries ambience and flair.
The words of one are passionate and poison
The other one, psychotic, doesn't care

An empathy for action is one's trademark,
Except to write the poems of a loon
The other one is criminal and hardened
Awaiting death with fervor, sings a tune.

'Which side for you is starker than the other? '
A choice that carries consequential truth.
Decisions that you make in childhood anger
Are permanent, inseparable, uncouth.

In the end my manic self's decision,
lies wholly unrepressable and loathe.
If I must choose a path between the folly
I'd rather have the power of them both.

-PoetDragon

Poet Dragon

Poetic Revolution

Poetry has no simple explanation,
no words to describe how words can describe
or the evokation it causes of emotion and thought

It is a subtle magic that really does work
to be believed in for its ebbing power
grander than the simple folk, and understood by them

It has changed over the many years
from wit and wonder and vocabularic delights
to simple jest and outpouring, when communication breaks down

Who do you find a poet, or poetic, or Poe?
Is it the one who delights you, drowns you, or drags you down...
Or simply any fool with words and a pen?

Nothing is left of its grand glory, even these departed words
that might mean a subdued salvation, growing up
Poetry waits for the next revolution...

REVOLUTION!

Poet Dragon

Poetry And Prayer

When hopelessness or passion's throes ignites us,
lost emotion casts confusion everywhere.
When hatred of our flesh's prison grates us,
how much easier is forgetting that we care?
Where we turn to in the furnace glare is telling,
whether up or in is more than circumstance.
Where we run to seeking comfort is our heart's truth
just a cry for absolution's withered chance.
Do we run the risk of giving up the certain
for subjective hells of sanity and science?
Do we easily forget how fast we're broken,
that we've never been a race for self reliance?
Is salvation such a dangerous conclusion
can we not believe the father or the wraith?
Is creation just a fallable illusion
isn't lack of proof a tete a tete with faith?
It's funny where the arguments can take us,
hither tither, yonder yore, or anywhere.
It's funny how, when sanity starts slipping,
we're occupied with poetry and prayer.

Poet Dragon

Poorspective

T. Tim was a rich man
he could afford a crutch
His dad's alive and has a job
although he claims not much

Mid-class is a cinch, man
when you can afford a home
you make enough for taxes
and ride the wave of Rome

Poet Dragon

Postcards From Humanity

Mat Hyuin is an interesting fellow,
a tad destructive and just a tad mellow.
His laughter is hopeful, his sex is supreme,
his birth is a beautiful, guilty machine.
His war is a terror, his killing is token
the gears of his faithful economy, broken.
His vision is blurry his hindsight is sharp
and equally skillful with bowstring and harp.
He lives in the moment but thinks in the past
and wonders what happened, where time went so fast.

Poet Dragon

Practicality

Keep truth like a book:
To read when you are lonely
and burn when you are cold

Observe the world like a child:
With insatiable curiosity
and a lot of temper tantrums

Think outside the box:
When life gives you lemons
Sell them to some other sucker

Remember this about money:
It's not worth the paper it's printed on
but it can buy you a lot of friends anyway

Don't let anyone call you crazy:
Talk to yourself often and with fervor
You always listen and have the best advice

Poet Dragon

Praecaveo Lectoris (Reader, Beware)

We watch the fireflies flicker
dim and dangerous in the darkness
and dream of stars above so bright
that they outshine the moon

We laugh at water rushing in around us
as we sink, sink, sink
and drown eventually
in our fears and even our hope

We shape the heavens in our dreams,
wondering at the impossibilities
and glitter at the clouds,
and dance for the stars and sing for the lost

We look at one another,
laughing, grinning, joking, enjoying...open our eyes
and gasp at the mirror before us
throwing back nightmares and fear

It is not the predator that hunts us,
that lingers in the afterglow, waiting
It is not the shadows that plot against us,
waiting for us to blow out the light

It is the crushing feeling in our chest
that leaves us empty, choking, wanting,
It is the flash of heat in our back
that paralyzes us and chains our tears

and smiles silver in the moonlight...
pushing us deeper into the night
where the sounds whisper in our ear to let it go...
to let the chance pass

We take ourselves home for the day
and rush, rush, rush to arrive
and search the tube for meaning
and think dark thoughts...

Until the scent, so common now,
wakes us up to eat and drink and laugh...
and fall asleep
like practicing for death

Poet Dragon

Questions From A Bi-Polar Freak...

Why the rage? Why the burden?
I can drop it all without a second thought
except to linger and spread word of handsome things

Why the hunger? Why the coal?
I can light it all up with my sardonic self.
and laugh at lit shadows on the bathroom wall

I want to die sometimes. Is that normal?
Or is it wondering about what is beyond?
I am not faithful. Only curious.

I want cessation sometimes. I want no war.
No haggled thoughts or ponderance on who I was
I want ashes spread and gone

But is there hope for me and what I represent?
I wonder sometimes at the fog.
Where did the happy childhood go?

Poet Dragon

Rainy Days At The Apartment

Rainy days are special times...

The clouds wash the sky clear
and perfect moments trail them,
consuming me...

\The sky is the perfect shade of gray,
a clean and cool color.

The world is subdued around me...

holding its breath as the drizzle coats it

\One of the lovely things about rainy days,
my cats will not wander far outside.

So I can leave the door open to the world
and listen to the gentle whisper
of rain on poured stone.

\Even the noise of traffic seems lessened
and the birds all huddle in their places
even ducks...Yes I said ducks.

\A mallard and a female stand together
at the edge of the apartment pool
wanting nothing more than to be left alone
until they decide this place is too lonely.

Poet Dragon

Rape

What was there left of her
after the bad men touched her?
What fragile sense of wonder shattered?

Where were her mommy and daddy
when they came for her?
Where was the promised safety?

What meaning did the tears have
as she cried herself to sleep each night?
Thinking thoughts of unspent rage?

What broken dreams caught her up
and sped her away to a place she was happy?
So that she could smile again?

Where did all the violence go
after she picked up the twelve gauge?
So that she could make the smile come true?

Poet Dragon

Raw

Opened my eyes I looked and saw
that which all fear but some still draw
a perfect stillness and life's perfect flaw
said, 'Fu-, '...and ate it raw.

Poet Dragon

Reality Scales

Consciousness is the narrow path,
beside the road of our senses.
Our senses are the narrow path,
beside the road of actuality.
Actuality is the narrow path,
beside the road of possibility.
Possibility is the narrow path,
beside the road of our consciousness.

Poet Dragon

Recycled Soul

Boo hoo hoo went the little girl
and held the knife above her arm
and threatened to her friends and self
to end the pain with vicious harm.

Chop chop chop went the kitchen knife
went up and down in flesh and bone
she's screaming for painless freedom
the fuzz of black edged monotone

Boo hoo hoo went the family friends
and marched the rain soaked grass
stared down at a little black coffin
and mourned the troubled lass

Up up up went her spirit form
and paused a while above the earth
then caught an opportunity
and found a body for rebirth

Boo hoo hoo went the little girl
and held the noose around her throat
she repeated again this tragic play
and never got her chance to vote.

Poet Dragon

Remember Story

'So who are you? '

'Your shadow.'

'Who's shadow? '

'Yours.'

'Who am I? '

'My shadow.'

Fists smashing glass into billions of bits of glittering dust,
wandering dust,
blowing lightly upon the breeze of my breath,
I inhale it in wonder and feel warmth.
My lungs shredded quietly and cleanly,
the warmth inside me spreads,
Slowly it is easier to realize that I am dying,
I am going home.

'Who am I now? '

'You are the same.'

'The same as what? '

'The same as me.'

'Who are you? '

'Will you be surprised? '

'Perhaps.'

'The same as you.'

'Surprise.'

Glimmering evanescent starscapes floating by me,
like dreams of a thousand lakes reflecting the sky,
I am floating away from the warmth,
The coal grows dim and then blackens
The fire douses itself in the wind.

'Is this what happened to me? '

'No.'

'Why do you show it to me? '

'It happened.'

'To you? '

'No.'

'Will you answer? '

'No.'

Firefly light twinkles in the weeping willows reaching out over the
pond.

A fish jumps from the tranquil waters and snaps up one of the lights
It is gone forever.

The ripples fade away, and silence rules the night but for the crickets
Where the moon shows its face in the water, there is peace.

'New.'

'Yes.'

'It is happy.'

'No.'

'Peace is happiness.'

'Not always.'

'Not here? '

'Not anywhere.'

'Is this your soul? '

'It is your mind.'

'Who's mind? '

'Mine.'

'I am confused.'

'I know.'

Now there is an alien landscape.

Tall, rocky buttes topped with vibrant green grass

tower high above svelt around them

lowing caterpillars the size of boulders graze languidly
among the tall grasses.

The sunlight is dim, like twilight,

and a cool breeze runs havoc across the waving plains

There is a controlled chaos of buzzing insects

and the smell of honeyed jasmine and cinammon

wafting in the refreshing atmosphere

'What is this? '

'An imagining.'

'By what identity? '

'What is identity? '

'I do not know.'

'I know.'

'Where are we? '

'Define we.'

'Your voice and mine.'

Twin towers of water tumble gracefully to their doom
on the broken shards of diamond below.
Far out to the east the landscape rolls
and tall grass grows among the occasional oak.
To the west, the canopy of a temperate forest stretches
whatever there is of beauty contained within
is hidden by the low fog that clings to the roots of the trees
and spreads just far enough to touch the borders of the hills

'What was that? '

'An answer.'

'To what question.'

'My own.'

'I did not hear you ask.'

'I did not ask.'

'What next? '

'Must there be a next? '

'There is always a next, right? '

'Not for everyone.'

A solemn day the sun rises upon and is not seen
Clouds like looming parents to a guilty child, clutter the sky
They let loose their tears upon the people
gathered beneath a patchwork of umbrellas
They are not dry, nor could they be
Because they are crying their own tears
to match those of the gray behemoths above.

'What does it mean? '

'It is out of context.'

'So? '

'It means nothing.'

'Why was I shown? '

'To begin. To end.'

'I begin to grow tired.'

'All things grow tired and sleep.'

'All things? '

'Every one.'

'Show me.'

Four growling, lumbering graces precede him
shrouded in manes, their faces masked in morning shadows
The morning has just broken the hold of the night
and the lingering cold slips slowly away
Bent trees with flat tops are strewn across the savanna
And lounging within the closest is a single cheetah
Daniel stands with his pride and smiles at the new day
even knowing that the wonder cannot last
He smiles

'What was that? '

'A story in a breath.'

'About what? '

'A man, and his pride.'

'Why can't the wonder last? '

'Because a man cannot live forever.'

'Is this what you meant by sleep? '

'Yes.'

'Why do all things sleep? '

'It was not meant to last forever.'

'Does nothing last forever? '

'Beliefs differ.'

'What do we believe? '

'Beliefs differ.'

'Even between us? '

'Beliefs differ.'

A single lonely tree stands high atop the hill
behind it, setting slowly,
the sun casts the trees shadow onto the walls of the city
A single cross stands lonely on the hill
A single, empty cross

'What is that? '

'A belief.'

'What we believe? '

'Beliefs differ.'

'What you believe? '

'Yes.'

'What do I believe? '

'Yes.'

'I am confused.'

'Yes.'

Fluttering wings of lace keep her tiny body aloft.
Her hair shines the color of fire and her body glows
The moonlight filtering through the canopy touches lightly upon her
legs
and her body glows in the shadows.
On the floor of the forest an inch, a body length below her
a ring of skullcaps and moss
sits next to a small flowing stream
There is no breeze, no wind,
only the smell of honeysuckle and roses mingled with
the smell of loam.

'Another imagining? '

'A fantasy.'

'Is it real? '

'A fantasy that becomes real is no longer a fantasy, but reality.'

'So, it is an imagining.'

'One realized.'

'Then it is not fantasy? '

'It is an imagining realized.'

'A fantasy.'

'Yes.'

'Who are we? '

'The same.'

'And different? '

'Yes.'

'I understand.'

A man lying prone beneath a thin veneer made of newsprint
struggles for a moment to sit up and wake
His emaciated form opens its sunken eyes and glances
at the graffiti on the walls, at the stains on the ground
at the tromp of feet stomping past on their way
to the end of their journey.
He lies down and smiles, as he finishes his own.

Poet Dragon

Reminded Me Of You

I saw a girl with pink hair today
it reminded me of you
your smile, your laugh, your dreams, your mind
a picture of colors and awesome design

I sang and danced in the car today
it reminded me of you
Adventures and magic close by, all around
evoking a love and a light that I found

I heard a rumor the man was wet
it reminded me of you
your dance, your song, your light, your fun
a river of movement and glittering sun

Two stars were entwined in my heart today
it reminded me of you
your grace, your face, your flags, your eyes
a goddess created so lovely and wise

Poet Dragon

Salvation Lost

Wild and tempestuous fires arise in me,
calling forth the cold regrets which plague every man
The clouds stir and thunder splits the world asunder...
a flash of melted memories
carved into the cookie-cutter shapes
of christmas trees, snowmen, and stars
It is a pretense to the story enacted in my mind
A pre-beginning, looking as if it will mould the rest-
Praises are sung to the mountains and the stars,
no one deeming to notice the whistling whisper,
breathing slow and evenly on the back of their necks
until the hair stands up
The whisper floats above and onward unanswered.
They do not know that they have missed opportunity's quiet knocking.

Poet Dragon

Seasons

Spring days of birdcalls, old oak trees, and easy friends
of hiking and laughing with the family
Summer days of sunlight-dappled hillsides,
of scrub brush and the willow plants grown high.
Autumn days of cold breezes and lovely trees
of waiting for the winter, will it surprise us with snow?
Winter days of cold and longing for what is not there
of regrets over past deeds and short fallings
Years of happiness and naivete, and trust
of breaking things and discovering differences
Decades of experience and family
of lost trust, old friends, and new self
Lifetimes of sorted events and magic memories
of sorrow, hate, love, and lonely deaths

Poet Dragon

Short, Mad

Pierced by an arrow,
pierced by a phrase
Killed by a sentence,
trapped in a maze

Look in a mirror,
catch your own gaze
See your reflection
twelve different ways

Watch yourself failing
your thoughts growing crazed
There's fear in your posture
your eyes going glazed

Your mind is confusion
you always seem dazed
Your life is soon ending
forever you're phased

-Written at 17

Poet Dragon

Simple Infatuation

The casual hair toss,
The playful look over the shoulder,
The bold leveling of the eyes,
The laughter that comes so easily and so effervescently,
The hesitation and the total lack of hesitation;
This is what I have become infatuated with...
Never knowing what lies beneath.
The sparkling, cheerful look that is at once dark and demanding,
The quirk of the lips that spells danger,
She intoxicates me with a breath,
Confuses me with a gesture,
And entices me with a look,
I am infatuated.

Poet Dragon

So That The World Will Not Perish

Where we watch the willow sway, like a lullaby
and the fireflies dance in fluid streaks above the river
Where the water trickles and splashes happily
and the deer creep warily to the edge to gaze at their reflection
Where the winter of our past meets with our summery future
and the present holds dearly to our soul
There we walk together, hand in hand, and kiss
and make love in the afterglow of day
There we dance under the crystal stars
and watch the waves cover one another
All so that the world will not perish around us...
...without us

Poet Dragon

Solar Family

Behold!

Oh round, mother-of-pearl,
There is your radiance upon my eyes
And the reflection of your untarnished waters

Forsooth!

There is a daughter
High up in the night like hidden gems
Until you shine the day and she smiles in pale pearl

And Look!

There is a sister and a cousin
Dashing madly 'round the father of them all
Laughing in the spaces between the sunset and dawn

And There!

Look upon their flanks
Scrambling like a parasite of sin
There is the future, will it grow up in the shadows or the light?

Poet Dragon

Strive!

There is no strength for such as us,
no weakness, no will to live or die
just the impressions of willingness
the choice to get up, or let lie

Strive! Strive! Lost Soul-Dark Soul
In the shadows of this fitful giant,
climb the mountain to the filling of your role
leave not the world, be non-compliant.

Poet Dragon

That Night

In the darkness we gather,
scorning the moonlight and the streets.
Carrying our burden,
we make our way to the high school,
behind the houses.
Then duck one by one into the wash
like shadows spilling
up the sandy, tree lined waterway...
walking and laughing.
Nearly two miles later we climb out
crawling through bamboo
Staring at the shadow of the house
reading the warning
that says, 'This house is not for sale! '
Backpacks are opened,
their contents are dispersed with glee.
Taking two rolls each,
we begin to decorate in liberal white.
Soft tendencies unwind.
We wrap them around the chimney,
and into the tree leaves.
Fifteen minutes in the quiet darkness
changes the landscape
into the illusion of winter and Christmas
with the white snow
and big boxes, gift wrapped, with a bow.
Running back together,
giggling children playing in the river,
sneaking back into bed,
whispering excitedly about our adventures.
Until tomorrow,
we drive by the house on the way to school,
finding to our dismay,
that the hose brings down two-ply in a jiffy.

Poet Dragon

The Choice

A window to the here and now.
Un-shuttered but closed.
Open the window, climb out and play!
Or sit behind it.
Transparent glass and cluttered thinking.
Musty, ancient, cyclical.
Watching the river outside flow freshly, freely.

Poet Dragon

The Demons

When the demons come out of their cracks and crevices
between the broken shards of your life
Expose them on the pages of a daily journal
and watch how they run from the light

Poet Dragon

The Ease Of Death

Consider the empty black ease of death
so much more peaceful than the meth
and without the shades of gray between
simple, dark shadows, invisible, unseen

Poet Dragon

The Forest

Summer lifting, rising currents
Past the moon, past the sun, through the stars
Cosmic is something summative, some singularity unified,
Transcendental Liberation is not an ego friendly journey
Holding on to something like an anchor...by choice
is only solid until the anchor's away
Growing roots and leaves are two aspects of the same
to gather in, to shore up, to show off
Roots are meant for Earth and Leaves for Air
But between the two, in the middle of both...
You are there.

Poet Dragon

The Lion

The memory of the flavor of her lips
bright eyes, big smile, and playful toss of hips
giggles, gasps, and sighs of fent and fey
designed for happiness and rainbows in the day

Poet Dragon

The Network

All the watchers gather, eyes alight with lucid reflections
their pulse pounds together, their fingers fly as one
thousands and thousands, awaiting the latest and greatest
zoning out and staring in, they pretend they are alive

This story has the makings of an epic ghost, a festival-maker
or the ruined guts of terrorism if the watchers think in anger
'Who would take away my little place of peace in the pie
that person, the blinking blue terrorist, deserves to die.'

So many origins are among the free thinking eyes and ears
untarnished by the hum or buzz that makes slaves and saviors
they don't know the true power of media or martial prowess
But throw themselves unthinking at the fray with hope as a shield

Smiling grains of pixilated magic, among the wordy corridors
that transform a man's desperate hope into campaigns of horrors
they think that because they have the viral green thought
they should make what they will of the world with things bought

If prophecy is more than just an educated guessing game
and logic doesn't fail or run to ruin and degradation,
then some events are there to erase the sins of shaded past
This empire, too, will crumble, and our eyes, too, will be opened

At our computer terminals, keyboards tapping away the frames
we languish among the heady lines of text and free games
When the screens of the world flash blue and say error,
will we blame the sins that made it happen, or blame terror?

Poet Dragon

The One Percent

They are hidden, the mythical they,
in the details of business from day to day
helping, harming, nudging, farming
ceaselessly upset by the peaceful, disarming...

Theories are useful, some men would say,
in the managing of money and planning of play
buying, selling, directing, impelling
forever content to grow fat and start smelling...

Too much excess, has spilled from our dish
and bled out our coffers for the cause of the rich
living, surviving, scheming, conniving
intent on construction by poor men depriving

Let one man stand tall, atop millions of bodies,
impressing himself with constructing lotteries
grabbing, leeching, killing, preaching
with apt disregard for his actions impeaching

The dream is still true, small men can be great
with two eyes for money and an ear out for fate
dodging, holding, playing, folding
no actions withheld til his body is molding

Poet Dragon

The Purpose Of Love

Why plan the twists of love's fair game
or hold the field in battle's pain,
except to, at the end of day,
pick up your dead and walk away?

Poet Dragon

The Same Moon

We are here...in this time/space
together
and that is all I need
to smile and be in love
with you

A kiss is sweet,
a hug is neat, but
here we share a moment
apart...together

I see your face in hers,
your lovely cheeks
your poignant chin
your smile like wildfire in my heart

and deeply...more deeply
your beautiful soul
outshines her soulful light
blots out the sun
dominates the night
makes me cry and laugh and take flight

the same moon shines on me that shines on you
and I am in love.

Poet Dragon

The Writers

The things of childhood reach forward
to drag me tragically back to them
and it is not so impossible to imagine
why the writers created time travel
and made up a fourth dimension
for the scientists to chase after

The wonders of the future reach backward
to pick at my ravaged, scavenged dreams
and suddenly it is understandable
why the writers created the future
and left us, the little ones, behind
to think about how to catch up

The idle tinkering of the present ignore you
as if, to exist, you must lose your substance
and it all makes so much sense now
why the writers and their work is dying
because the children refuse to think
while someone else can do it for them

Poet Dragon

There, Where There.

I am the silence in the trees.
I am the quiet in the wind.
I am the dark places in the stars
and the corners of your glowing heart
I am the beats between your heart's throb
and the space between the line
and the blank page
Where colors mix and melt and disappear
there I am to take them and make
a little smear
I widen the spaces between each
moment of time and listen
as each one recombines.
Here in your head,
where nobody can reach
I place my hand and walk away
without a finger or a footprint
as proof
that I was ever there.

Poet Dragon

They Tremble

The winter wind is wonderfully warm today,
clouds, contrails mostly, criss-cross the sky,
white spaghetti in blue sauce, and spicy

The trees rock gently in the desert's breath
birds play games merrily in the sky,
wild squirrels dance psychotic summersaults

It is morning, the must of Mondays is moribund
soothing shadows sing with simmering spirits,
dust and debris lies dead on the driveway,

In the car we huddle, and I tune to bluegrass
we drive, far up the canyons, smiling and laughing
here we are, finally; on this back country road

Here blue brush bows along the bumpy road,
hawks hang high above in hungry harmony
and gum trees gather in guarded groves

We watch the trees, listen to the subdued wind
a moment only, we see the leaves tremble
they tremble, and then one by one, they fall

Poet Dragon

Think In Circles

Feels like I'm going through this alone all the time.
I know what I want, what I need, who doesn't?
But how do I get it? Where do I look?
They never taught me the how to tell someone you're interested.
Or how to tell someone is interested in you.
It's hard to breathe. Why is it all such a mystery?
What's wrong with me? Am I broken? Are these thoughts evil?
Used to think this was anxiety. This is different, calmer, less nervous, more
emotionally demanding. Makes you think in circles.

Poet Dragon

This Poem Is Not For You

This poem is not for you
unless you've shared the inside joke
the running gag that's told to few
a humor lost on average folk.

Poet Dragon

To Mat Hyuin

Fell greed begot by man, by men in numbers
lost control of themselves, became wasted
needed to fill the fell void, the darkness
in twisted desire, seeking without thinking
thinking without caring, without compassion
grinning to grow beyond the individual
striving towards a green light called dollars
Dollars become numbers, become control
Control our lives, take away our spirit
Numbers, so contemplated, become control
green light turns greed to control
lost our spirits in the mathy green light
gave it up for control, for responsibility
lost the spontaneity, lost the caring
gave it up for a better life, they said
then turned the better life into making math
math was numbers in green light,
copulating with greed, carressing greed
taking greed and growing, losing sight
perpetual motion of growth, of stagnation
where the dream shrivels and dies
where the germs grow and grow, and infect
now the whole pond smells, stinks of filth
no more insects grow and fly away
only the germs grow now, without compassion
devouring, eating, less and less they became
trying to fill up, ate one another to grow
became empty and wondered why they stank so
lied, told one another it was a good smell
and they could grow without thinking again

In Loving Memory: Mat Hyuin

Father, Sister, Mother, Brother - Lost to us before his time

Poet Dragon

Transition

I feel the surge of changing tides
within my head like time divides
and left alone I feel I'll fall
away from those who hold me thrall
until one lacksadasic day
I chance upon a new made way
and travel far upon a path
that leaves me free from sad and wrath.

Alone as always here I stand
and gleam my eye and understand
the vortex of decision made
into the working psycho trade
away the trappings of this world
for visions-living, dying, pearled
and darkness happy to consume
for future living to resume.

Poet Dragon

Trust

Isn't the heart spilt out to another
a lovely shade of red?
A confession to a well loved brother
betrayed by rumors bled...

Poet Dragon

Truth

Truth is a many fold path
like the web of a spider
do not become entangled

Poet Dragon

Turn Around

What is a god but a sad little sod
with the power to do what he will?
Where is the proof of a glorious truth
in the message of blood in the till?
How are we here in this nice little mere
but to dance with the passing of time?
Who is reflected in mirror and maze
but a god just awaiting the chime?

Poet Dragon

Visualize And Wonder

Night-blue, starlit river
like a ribbon across the rugged land,
reflecting a transition of the heavens
traveling from night into morning
rushing into a churning, tumbling lake
just below the mighty waterfall
icy black water in a tiny loch,
rippling like deep emerald history
ancient and wise, impenetrable mystery
smelling musty, like fresh earth,
or old books in a dusty library
the heartache glows like hot iron.
doused in this unexpected chilly water
taking away the anxiety and uplifting
thoughts come clear and clarifying,
like breathing jackfrost puffs of winter
dark walls rising up on three sides,
cradling morning in a ragged half circle
of smooth, mossy and black mountain rock.
I love the embrace of this old rock tarn
Where the dusky green hills flow aside,
and a single worn path skirts the pool
carved, perched in a long, curved niche
above the cold, ice-fed water on one side
And stops here, just aside the curtain
that carries light in crystal swirls
from the far path on the other side
dark lines and mist converging in dew drops
Inside illusions building up like movies
Is this a time, or a place?
Or a dream of simple pleasures?
the heartache glows like warm sunlight.
Is this reality? Broken reality?
Illusions tumble apart, leaving void
Patient, comfortable void, filling me
from below the navel and up, breathing out
Close my eyes. I am smiling,
forgetting to breathe, to see,
just swinging like a slow pendulum

swinging, breathing in and out
with the open sky behind me,
and this tarn of closing dark magic,
not evil, only dark and cloudy,
like black mist obscuring an autumn night
where low above the skeletal trees
is a faint, full circle of greenish light,
that is the light on the other side,
but deeper than the night sky,
colder and further down, under the earth
exploring wide, dark caverns,
leading deeper down still,
into a black hole filled with rushing water
watching the edge of the walls rush past
and I am falling, into a wide dark void
filled with stars, and a golden light
spilling down from where the water flows in,
the droplets fling themselves into the cosmos
becoming more stars in the dark emptiness.
In the back of my head is a glowing
fading into the dull roar of massive water
Beyond the curtain of crystal clear
the light is still glowing,
the cavern, still calling.
I yearn for it, looking back as if...
hoping that I have the strength to turn back
to step through, into that world.
The morning above and behind me now,
Steep, green slope before me,
I cross out of the shadows of the tarn,
into the shafts of morning's honey
walking paths of thin brown dirt,
crossing up and down the deep green hills
into the giant woods atop the mountain
where the knowledge of flora is found
The curling mists around the tree roots
shifting and crawling deeper into the shadows
lifting simple, joyful song birds
into the morning sun and clouds.
Here between the dark forest floor,
and the vaulting forest canopy,
I am framed for a moment, looking back

at the dark V of the tarn
and the winding slip of the river,
leading away into the rocky mountains
a terrain pale and fading quickly
against the morning sun breaking free.
The dawn is so wonderful, awakening.
Light pink cuddles in the wisps of far off cumulus.
Whirling into the fall of rosy twilight tears.
Within the trees, I follow the mists
retreating into the forest depths.
Muzzy and gray, this day has yet to wake.

Poet Dragon

Voices

This place is not a happy home for voices.
This place is where a voice goes when it's lost.
When compelling, any argument will dictate,
that its user pays the other side in cost.

Poet Dragon

We. Make. The. World.

We. Make. The. World.

Every. Day.

Good.

Bad.

Ugly.

Beautiful.

We make the world.

The. World. Is. Happening. Now.

Poet Dragon

What Is Your Dragon?

How do you see the dragon? Wings unfurled, claws spread?

Does the mouth gape, does the mind function?

Is it a part of you, intimate and undeniable?

Or merely an imagining, metamorphed into a metaphore?

Does the dragon smile happily, or frighteningly, teeth like steel?

Is the fire healing or harming, sacred or insouciant?

How many questions does it take to change a lightbulb?

Cradled harmlessly within the heat of verse, they burn...

Poet Dragon

What Isn'T There

Here we sit rotating in our little gravity wells
Hoping, always hoping
Striving to escape and touch something real
That doesn't exist
We strain to hear the music that isn't playing
That beautiful orchestra
We realize that nothing abstract is true
Except love, sometimes
We reach, cry, and complain that it is too far
Without starting the journey
Happily we sit and stare at bundled seconds
So we don't need to try anymore.
Not everything is sad or happy or happy/sad
There are the few moments of brilliance
When we realize the important things have always been there
There is that moment of comprehension
Where everything makes sense again

Poet Dragon

What Now?

I was driving the other day
I was talking on the phone
I was laughing, singing
I was doing eighty
I was happy go lucky
I was looking over my shoulder
I was King of the road
I was in control
I was right on time
I was changing lanes
So was he
I was freaking out
I was on the brakes
I was spinning the wheel
I was rolling over
I was doing eighty
I was end over end
I was on the phone
I was center stage
I was alive

Joshua Newland

Poet Dragon

Where

Where is the purity
where is the pain
where is the guidance
that drives me insane?

Where is the gravity
where is the strife
where is the vanity
that keeps me my wife

Where is the destiny
where does the sun shine
where is the certainty
that makes leaving fine?

Poet Dragon

Who I Am

I am among those without worth to those who feel valuable.
I am alone to the world because I hold no self-confidence.
I am lost to the ones I love for not opening my own doors.
I am quiet and cannot help because of my disbelief in you.
I am subject to the torments of my own misguided mindsets.
I am not what I appear to be and I do not wish to be seen.
I am struggling with death and life on scales of equality.

Poet Dragon

Who Knows?

What if you forgot everything you did not know?
How much would you have on your mind?
The knowledge of all that is wondered,
is poorer than that which is mined.

Poet Dragon

Why Not?

Why can't the blue note cry
and waste all its dreams away
like the mass of flesh around me
who hope and hope and forever
keep on hoping

Why can't the gray sky smile
and lift itself just a little higher
to touch the warm yellow happiness
where no human can go beyond
except to dream

Why can't the lone wolf dance
with fairy wings stretched out
and legs kicking up a merry tune
that rides around the sky
like a butterfly

Why can't the one dropp rain
to pour out a fury of its own
and cover the land in wet grief
where green things grow tall
just to fall

Why can't the shadow man laugh
and grab onto the coattails of a king
who just wants to play house
with the little village children
who think fairytales

Poet Dragon

Why?

'Why? ' is not a question, it's a lie.
On humbled knees, on zealous lips
and written in the sky.

Poet Dragon

Wings Of Shakti

A smile in the morning,
playful smile under bright eyes;
a laugh, celebrating...she turns and is gone
chase her.

Shining light in the darkness,
a goddess above and a goddess somewhere below;
echoes of my love...where she is beside me
once again.

Connected in the universe,
the flow of light and love illuminating;
sacred, divine Shakti...bless me with your breath
fly with me.

Poet Dragon

Words Of

Gray to white, hold nothing back
the wrist is weary and heady in its
passion to continue on and in fullness
express that which cannot be felt
and is in fact more release than expression
\You worry too well about other thoughts
and seek to guide the raging torrent
of words without refinement but with
power gleaned from pure passion
with the rough edges left on for seasoning
at the moment of perception
\At last they feel the pressure of the end
knowing from experience that the room is gone
temporarily they held in abeyance
the sorrows of confused equilibrium
that was unbalanced but now is free

Poet Dragon

Working Metaphore

Work is like an island in an ocean of time
Landing on this shore felt like paradise
But the island is small and quickly grows boring
I am standing in the water, looking out as I work

Time passes in portions of half an hour
Wave upon wave of life slipping down the tide-line
I am deciding whether to let go and wash away with it
Or hold on and climb the beach again

How many islands are in this ocean?
I gaze out and see a few just waiting for me
Can I swim to them, will they take me?
In the water between them, is there love lurking?

Changes are on the horizon, as a tsunami
Rolling towards this island invisibly, towards me
None of the islands will survive it, I fear
Or maybe only I will be washed away into oblivion

Tick, splash, tick, splash, wave upon wave of half hours
Carrying me just a little further from the dry sand
Behind me, the managers are calling from the trees
I hesitate for a moment, and let the waves wash over me

Only a few more, and I can swim for a while,
I might ride the changes to a far away place if I'm swimming
In the water I can meet another, to drown my regrets of the last
The waves wash over me, and I wait for the tide to swim

Poet Dragon

World War Three

When war broke out
the sky grew dark
the silence gone
the mountains stark

The air glowed red
the armies marched
the front lines died
the land grew parched

When fallout cleared
the sun shone bright
the land was seared
a lonely sight

All life was gone
forever lost
no reason to fight
they paid the cost

-Written at 17

Poet Dragon

Yin And Yang And Me

There is no darkness without light,
no light without darkness.
No good without bad or bad without good.
No angels without demons
and no tragedy without comedy.

Poet Dragon

You Make Me Cry

I cry about being insufficient, and for failing,
I cry about not having you, or being able to kiss you,
I cry about what you do to yourself, what you think,
I cry about the pain I inflict to take away the hurt,
I cry about living a lie because the truth might be fatal,
I cry about everything you are that you won't show me,
I cry about you crying, and not knowing why.
What do you cry about? Why can't I help you?

Poet Dragon

You Make Me Smile

I love your expressions
the way they hesitate to change
as if judging whether to or not

You're angry with all your attitude
Annoyed with the roll of your eyes
Offended with a quirk of your lips
Seductive with your shoulders
and happy with your whole face

You're beautiful,
I love the way you smile and laugh
even when you're put down or thrown away

You get my jokes, or know very well
when to laugh at them

You're always finding some reason
to be happy, to have fun, to smile
and spontaneously interject in conversation

You live from day to day in hope
that you'll find your perfect knight

You're passionate about love
but approach it like a little girl
with trust, and with fervor

You need attention, like anyone else
just more of it and more often, to feel normal

You're looking for something to fill you up
because you remember a better time when you were.
But you look in the wrong places.
You have hard times ahead, and tears to shed

Poet Dragon