

Poetry Series

TPAC Alexander Coppedge
- poems -

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TPAC Alexander Coppedge(June 25,1954)

I am a researcher of things in existence. I strive on realities, interests, theories and philosophical science. Born on a small farm. Deep back in the woods. Our closest neighbor a quarter of a mile away. Studied the King James scriptures, Sufi, myths and cultural beliefs. Mark subject of UFO, monsters and living dead. Believe in God and accept the good and bad of angel. I am a priest/skywalker. Encountered many known celebs at Newark Airport. Work mostly thirty years in the steel business. Always strange occurrences in my life. Whether dream, awoke or I did.

A Bill

Honks heard in front of a structure,
monks stumps at doors of Congress,
words by wordsmiths to bunk ills.

Vultures meet our guiding fathers,
woes of world to beat out,
us in aims slime meat to live.

Issues debated were legislated in ink,
a law signed which values stink,
snakes in winks they call name bill.

Agreed will a symbol set system,
a rectangular till able to be wrinkled,
they stated 'In trust' a dollar bill.

Product by trading notes usage,
totes regained of its cash principles,
said cast votes had taken bills.

Governing said lips upon the public,
host in flip to obey improper laws,
life in sips for all in determined bill.

How much good - will maniacs compromise or steal?

How long to close till set injustice,
call law for victims by bill stated,
its will unjust as good?

Leap off a bridge?
Steal from baby in a crib?

King to reign over owing-as a robber,
paper-holder by evil ting-valued,
cling by an eagle to take dollar bills.

Quick trick, for a thrill.
Yes, I think, I will.

For, a dollar bill.

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A Song

Beaks sing out to help needed views, tings lift up with self aid tones,
words given me to bang out wisdom.

Pods blown over growth less farm, seeds enriching fields not yet grown, fort
dome over sown brown rows.

Feet bop leaps soothing song hymn, blows to land by thumps on pop, joined on
hop stumps all together.

Upon toe-tips all in performed flows, clowns in paint back flips act,
by hips performances feats done.

Inspirational zircons strive for laughs,
placing its driven itch in as a hive, laying fertile eggs of real as set lives.

Rules guidance I can surely follow, steps knew generating marrow,
loved I'm a sparrow in obedience.

A bong in my heart heard trembling, truth spoke by them to gong within, surges
Kong ointment enthusiasm.

Fortress over me with pals to shelter, their words conforming me to metal, happy
pedals from bud in harmony.

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A Tear

Words out of a box to grip my heart,
with notes stated had mist pox,
hearing its news a mud pond fox.

Shape stacked to become an ocean,
covering dome of horror to wobble,
home not just has water show anger.

I'm the tear-maker but not its creator,
designed in a scheme by a baker,
twinkling to drip faker to the cheek.

Actuality a tear reality has its facts,
lured pain with fragmented impact,
my fate to come realized by contact.

Enough fun the tear off side cheek, leaps straight diving to liken a pear,
off near my meek face a dot.

Crown worn to unrighteousness,
a teardrop downed lining my body,
its splashed splat grown by deed.

Room floor breaks it to pieces,
zoom back into the air a distance,
broken leak boom to splatter beads.

This ball to do stopped by none,
spot by a call leaving of heavy dark,
from its hall a tear to answer rage.

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All Aboard

Food envisioned in a dream to eat,
growth of green buds that yield meat,
edible delicious treats found in rows.

Rich fudge river in a flow surged run,
ascending balls from waves to glow,
bubbles rise to illustrate low lie life.

A train siding a mountainside slope,
a dope in floppy clouds I'm soaked,
shattering a ring valley quiet hopes.

Inside its cars were passengers,
hangers void of had feet swinging,
riders that stand upon sticks legs.

Cherries in bunks heard in liquid,
twirling sunk upon a path to be rails,
they dunked in the middle of wheels.

Tracks curved swirling into a bend,
vessel side send by rush of the wind,
packs to floor fall in slide to end.

Train's path to hub had lasts toot,
revealed hand for services loots,
waiting a conductor say booted up:

"Aboard all,
going to Thallport ".
By that call I'm next to ride.

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Because

You, My Lord, you are my encouraging inspiration.
A king who allowed his death to claim those loved.

You're a rare jewel, amidst the created host.
Cupid arrow's poison, deep in the veins of my heart.

You who had much waited on my requirements.
Taught me of love wisdom: you instructed me in the law.

You, my high King, aided my many shortcomings.
Structured my weaknesses: my fortress walls of stone.

You watch, my time growth, sorrows through years: me in my anticipation.
Pushed me, when I was unwilling; you saved me: rescue from death call.

You took, me as child, fed me truth; watched me in my journey: I to my end.
A seed, to be planted in love, sprout to expand upwards: it from its stem to bare thorn.

You are my light, sight of guidance; hope of life: you giving to me.
Unto you, I bow to you, me in the name of the Father: I to serve His throne.

I to come to final, laid in memories of services;
Because: written on grave.

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Child Of God

I've seen your glorious exposure
The light glistening from, On High
Your over powering enlightenment
Fate turning truth outside the world known lie
I hear the raging far distance thunder
I feel the fierce wind, I see its stormed sky
The gentle love of your kindness
The calm wink and sure of your eye
To know you is my ultimate greatness
My mind sight is surely blind
Your grace is giving for enjoyment
Patience to aid those, not so high
To be like you is my endeavor
You're blooming spring and cold inside
To say, to me a name
All others, I don't hear so high

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Companion

Poetry takes my hand firm in grip, soft encouragements, making me write
emotions: an array of views in print.

A summoning from out, my words, unheard rambling in me, feels about world;
titles of things conveyed: said.

Poetry doesn't sound talk, as I prepare efforts, commune about element, aim to
write; she waits: coming thought.

Ears hear my statements, joy given by release; reacts on views: strings played
by my heart.

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Depth Within

Our self image is captured within remembrance, held on other side of a mirror,
times we peer into it, holds moments of reflections of ourselves, and our rooms;
them inside it: them beliefs of themselves actively real.

A dual existing reality, they living daily, them are as us, lives limited to
actualities, they like us, inside of a life, yielding to do, we see each other as in a
mirror, each of them being; start with begin: when we show our face.

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Destiny

Early dawn all working not-enough rations given by our Ruler,
sufficient for us had meals to do nation's services,
given energy to do our station job tolls.

We're not fat as rulers our skin hold frames firm gripped,
they hold tight with no thick cat's fur,
ours' cling as a rat's skin covering dry bones.

Day has tasks for all its start with end of labors,
attending us all to its given hours,
sending the sun all to wobble upon another new rise.

All of us tormented under a sun siding a boulder,
gliding heavy mounds in our sand duties,
actions per day given by us sliding a drag daily.

We move granite across a dry landscape,
in a unknown why of a time glass destiny of lives,
we in the sun do fry to pull and push blocks.

We are carts in a machine under a stern time line to structure,
lives as minor darts to them controlling over us,
summed up we are replaceable parts.

End of each day painfully we recall of a mount,
state for its place all work on a not-ball,
?raising a solid stone with wall high ascent.

End of block move across the desert landscape,
lock of another heavy stone on a higher level,
a rock for our Ruler on a pyramid.

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Diamond [hades Delight]

You are an astonishing beauty
A treasure, so rare, few men will see
You come in and illuminate a room
Draw from all angles eyes to see
The sparkle is in your motion
Color variations make the fellows breath
A rainbow spectrum and its arrays
A priceless precious stone to me
Stillness is your elegance
Your precise cut is the awe
Reflecting back as a mirror my image
Walking a model promenade
No need to speak already said
You decorate my palace
You make this place my home

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Downward Fall

Into space in dangerous tour dazed,
end of life in fall not a special place,
lost inside a haze not a super man.

In a free fall touched by wind gusts,
my body spins put in gravity thrust,
skin brushed by autumn's air dried.

In a pending storm my shipwreck,
a wave bending a would be fate,
my descent to send fall doom.

Speeding in a bangle being altered,
death given dread tangled call to fall,
wanting not this wrangled change.

Event outcome holds to fall wisdom,
can't lie a bent sells about it by living,
given descent constant to my hell.

Fall had green with its slip into air,
blinding red light stop at spot tare,
break point-set fair to grave's ground.

Actions yell promise in autumn,
its hum tells its song for all by aging,
I'm by its cell grasp summed to fall.

Descending into a cast of tones,
knowing we in life to exist a memory,
leaves thrives on a Fall no renewal.

Down.

Down.

Down.

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Endurance

Extremes do happens as ten by harsh had endeavors,
in endurance be as projected hens,
us weighed in a pen.

Concepts found deformed in insanity,
lines to pity not inspire realistic views,
sly fruit given in city words.

Rules to you that yield mere values,
hearing the train have to get there,
all abroad and enjoy a trip from here.

A magic stone had for tour rocks,
ignore shakes in trip docks, during lock to simply relax back now: say ah!

Bye to bad memories,
it's a from sad to a good downfall free,
with its mad will a song given to aid your rest.

Time out cap before back to old self,
held a sap in dark in a haunted house,
silence your mind in a quiet nap.

Call out tour endurance be hungry,
its sweet and sour delights, eat as much as you pour be filled: say good!

So presented here poems about endeavors,
there in endurance rules we face,
mere poetic way to please.

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Enigma

God created my inspiration, targeted my took breath; His given guidance to combat darkness: my x-ray eyes.

Keys holding my eternal fate to show; I from dust molded by Hand: life air given by His breath like Him.

The Royal image of Himself, I am to exist; temple placed within the earth: me to bear witness of His right.

I am to grow and learn of the ways, of my origin in Spirit; God watch of my situation: its given to me torment.

I to test and prove, my self willingness to serve, tasks done trails of fears: with conflicts and tribulations.

My deemed to be suffering, set in afflictions, virtues to be measured by me; them given to value: my worth.

God molded me by Hand, I to exist to be, made from dust of the ground, air to live; by Him told: I'm as Him.

Me in this Noble likeness of, Self, my end or exchange to death; being of placement: my body in the ground.

Where is that breath?

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Eye Of Sparrow

Run, sparrow cried up in tall tree,
had come and see tweets given to fear,
nobody among cared to give flee.

They're coming! They're coming!
Why won't you stops dreaming?
Look out there top of wing dark see?

Happy dreams in fun is now happening,
run many joys and laughter for us,
last of sun to glimpse and believe.

So men slow from bushes came out downing many victims,
threw old low,
with faces bowed to dirt ground.

Sparrow side tilted head as struggles settled,
had beads and bracelets took,
put them in chains shackled by metal.

Those that lark lined up cast from homes,
a brief park from open sky tossed in big hole,
stored secure in dark.

Boarded on water rip,
sides of legs to dip into ventured moonlight trip,
bird watch in a tip ship fade into night.

Fair thee well! Fare thee well!
Sparrow last tell of host,
cell had from care,
no more smell their birthright.

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Freddie? :

A full coloured dream in full vision of myself running,
legs arched stumbling in this field pulled in a leap,
a young bull I'm excited an anxious teen.

Sun rays blinding my eyes to burn skin,
heat streaming bay felt hits harming,
its beams to sway descending on me from on high.

Vision sees edge of forest's hush is tempting,
through the bush my aim for some comfort,
sucker push for relief ease of the dark.

Quick to notice in my approach mark on me eyes,
larks a clear form of the tree trunk's shade,
a man motionless in the dark in my surprise.

Not now seen doubting even he exists,
form its peer of me hid inside black unseen,
shape a perception of teen as a Ninja cloaked in actuality.

Dark moves from shade and jump free from branch,
entity leap off its tree limb without hurt,
it's as a bee not to touch the ground.

A bubbling ball reaching out to touch me,
quickly moves in approaching the spot shaped an out call body,
figure gives its attack fall in seconds.

Test in occurrence of flesh torn by blade fingers,
cuts on back horrifying me not to trust rest,
my sleep infest fear scary.

My Elm Street nightmare.

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God World

Dawn of initial unhappiness
Original birth of titles and names
A tree planted in knowledge of bad and good
Imagined realities outside the norm and sane
Sown in the beginnings of the Superiors
A philosophy about what exactly exist
Introduce to earth existence host as time
The start of death
It aroused the anger of the Cyclops
Split the Titans to know our world
Instructed the earth host and its inhabitant
Implanted the sorrow of Abel and Cain
GOD, our Father, tear is for His missed glories
Those reselect on earth for a second chance
God, the Son, pain is for our cry of life within
Our shout for more years and will to live
Hung him upon a cross, GOD's Son (God)
Killed by law an innocent man
Washed as sleep which never was
Buried in a tomb inside a hill
The Son (God) of GOD, and the son of Adam,
son of Abraham, and that of Isaac,
the son of David, and the son of Mary
A common simple man

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Haunted House

At a family reunion,
members firm grips actions had all done just us,
of what had past apart with my cousin revisions to walk.

Our cackled smacks during trip to the store,
coming to a falling shack along its tar road,
both a recall back to folks in an active house.

Room's panes were filled to top passing,
as we continued our talk upon hut gloom aspects,
house now doomed it used as a barn.

Rooms viewed through glass all having hay inside stored,
windows in-depth with spaces laid by mounted bails lays,
cut a way only one to move.

Time to leave pals at the store hours has gone by,
in night we cleave its dark uncertainty core,
remembering together our past lures we had in its pit.

House in front of us abruptly to pop up,
top as well low windows had beams shine out,
pounding loud playing hop music an active party.

Cousin grabs a small stone instantly to react, him impacting the rock hurled it
up to matter facts taking charge imposing reaction.

Pebble to soar into pits dark striking tin roof top,
stone struck in a clanging loud bang hit,
in a ring the small bit stopping house's events.

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Heaven

If life was a football game, if I was in said to be game; me active as a part in a ultimate designed play in its state.

What, role exactly would be my function in this game, me in performances as a part, my to be in set day?

My position planned to be placement among all other features; me in happening events to occur: today?

What's my act to endeavor?

Where am I put with others?

Who am I, me in activities?

Why am I, at this game?

Am I howling fan be seated high, a small figure spot to cheer others in waves:
I'm in vision as a dot in a crowd.

Or I, owner viewpoint front line; a manager of one side playing game crowd
watch: or I on the field of combat?

Any position chosen, yes all positions, all in game will come to compete; them be
measured: receive honors.

If they be on field certainly roles them to be, Center who bows, a Quarterback to
instruct; am I to be: an End.

Do I command others?

Do I take orders?

Will I have to run?

Maybe, I'll have to catch?

Life game as in football has placements, we all perform daily you will see, we to
be; we're on stage: us as actors.

I do hope GOD and God exists in actual reality; that they watch as officials: all us
in these roles played.

I wish they regulates the set rules -at least; I hope they be there to watch as I
compete: my part given in life's game.

Them to be there with me, ready to aid me, help when I slip; my healers them to
be: when I am broken.

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Hippity Hoppity

A nice fresh carrot, pleases your pallid, jaw moving slide to sides: I'm an admirer of Peter the rabbit, myself.

I get my laughs off of Bugs Bunny, not Roger; his fight against duck tickles me: his spoken witty antics thrills.

You, common species, don't speak our language, nor you act as us; you don't mix with us: react in our lives.

I love, special actions by one of you, joys set on eggs in colors: Easter's gifts by its rainbow rabbit.

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Home

Cradle him with love when he was tiny
Surviving barely with things she had
Held him close within her arms
Secluded from robbers and thugs
Clothed and sheltered restricting his efforts
You're tired go to sleep now
Gave him guidance and rules she enforced
Don't walk backwards or cross the street
Took journeys and visitation
The federal buildings and the church
Protected him from many storms
Lying others, crime and his guests
Feed him when he wasn't hungry
Sure if one of them he would survive
Gave him instruction to make him strong
You are in service to your country and God
Years passed and the situation altered
She has become the child he was
Now in a large room with strangers
Privacy vacant and love unknown
She sits peering through windows
Neglected in a chair and all alone
A dog to be subjected to punishment
Loved neither by her son, religion or law

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Hungry

A grip on my tummy above clouds to imply soaring to see rise of tops, openly I fly in clear space, their rising waves sly go by.

Self delighted by tour frying come through touching foam surrounded, exiting its home drip crying, drying then in the sky high.

Thunder-less clouds a clear way my sight views land, see in light day a pleasing vision had to behold, my wanting lust to stay.

A paradise ahead had with fed delights, with a view of big fields beds ripened growths, red goods not-harvested shown.

Land emerges rising of various scents peeks smells, flowing creek by a mansion, aromas ascending to eat my nose meek.

Sight of selections seen pleasing, from house a dirt road deposited keen wonders, items tempting teens to eat.

Tongue needing to drown in wet juicy enjoyment, grape nectar seeding inner buds, feeding my joy on beads in mouth.

Eyeballs flipped backwards in dream love, me to lower lids to seam both eyes tightly in a held squeeze, let out drool stream.

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I Do

Etch in ink marks unspoken words,
harks that tell stories urged,
their blinking barks seen on leaves.

My in-shop efforts that I write,
interests by attempts top shown,
failed dreamt endeavors that hop.

I'm a standing tree by a flowing river,
efforts shown in shade is downing,
waves revisions glowing to give aid.

Headless to do I'm a night rider,
horse in flight leaves hooves print,
thing in heart a knight to carry out.

A fortress to stand in test borders,
in rich soil the best of to bloom,
sketches is nested features of me.

Toots to secure had just rights,
arrows I stored inside to shoot at evil,
set target is injustice: goals of hoots.

Leaves dangle far brother others,
bothered notes fallen from branches,
I do revisions of as their mother.

Wind hears form face for a reply,
mouth pushed out air to imply:
'Hold misgivings.
In the spring will the leaves comply.'

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

I Said

I Said

I said there is a voice, it in thunder:

God good statement to angel heart.

I said there is life, it within the wind: duties is to patrol the earth.

I said to you, shadow entities were family: some buried some still alive.

I said they are our guardians and kin:

elders who governs our lives.

I said there is a call, out for battle:

innocent man: killed under right.

I said not many answered its cry: got to go work, make money or nice.

I said life has aim, for righteousness: the division of heaven and hell.

I said to you its worth, it not for us to die: us to be the truth of God words.

I said my prayers, unto the heavens:

my confession of fallen defeats.

I said to myself, its time for me to be silent, I to say nothing: then, I winked.

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Image

Another had mind attack of body I'm suffering by hell's assassins,
they yield their yell had sign torment to me,
on the floor its dark clear sell.

Pain upon me gave firm grips to bow my body,
descending my head below waist line down,
to balance clutching low my shaking two knees.

I'm dazed by this erupting infliction at me,
smoked by a covering maze by this sudden illness,
mind is lost in haze delusion given by its pain.

I take a seat to relax its given quicksand grief,
my climb had constant of its sick defeat,
given a conga line of beat felt of and hurt toward me.

A drop of sweat off my wet forehead to drip,
forming high forehead-top a stream that flow,
of a tear hop it not from eye pit.

I'm tangled raw to see shape a form near toe,
drawing forth tears from wet socket soaked eyes,
not hear them but see there a mark as me.

I see in vision a clear bust of a grown man,
with shoulder a head dust in sight of blurred eyes,
it's picturing had hush of him back in pain.

Before seeing it us silently howling together,
seated sick growling in my bathroom,
prowling I know they placed this stain.

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Immortals

Do you desire its brief touch, feel of its compassion, your want to know of its secret;
if so: then come right here.

I will whisper, forgotten tale, I will tell you it, come close to hear its account; you to be by me: yield me your ear.

Do you treasure wisdom of the ages, believe in those not like us; them as titans: their aims as the timeless?

Superior realms above man, them to us immortals who live, family, they are elders; not be friends: everlasting.

Guardians who watches over man, protectors of the earth; they are to us: have you ever seen one?

How did you recognize them from us?
Was they a woman or a man in appearance?
What made you sure they were not us?

Did you see them from far distance?

Perhaps an assault against friend you know, something happened; you saw it: while you were walking outside.

Odd figure, them in an act of crossing of your path, them ahead, you noticed them; be there: you approach them.

Or did it occur close to you?

You were climbing up stairs, preparations for sleep, eerie feel of eyes watch to come; image by someone: -no face.

A nightmare when awoke, you to have of a mysterious figure; him reaching at you: they in aims as you sleep.

Do you truly, really want to know a secret?

A statement by an immortal, content about the existence; views detailing of life:

them spoken of its own decree.

A gasp beyond flesh, your blood drawn from a bite, it by teeth; drip of it twinkling: it going down your neck.

Your gaze, it captures this event, eyes having seen it; they become locked: them upon your secret holder.

So near to you, its touch of completion, them as eternal; time keepers of us: you see flames in their eyes.

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Journey

I wonder given to us unseen snares in life plots rides,
hate seen acts hidden in uncertainties,
us in the world between to play.

Knocks at doors which do not open to some,
injustice given to rejects held tots,
as bots oil-less in endless maze.

All trust in God's barn seeking truth in His eyes say,
its wisdom earn by us to peak glory light,
we there peep tarn grace.

Together we must soar horizons with His divine tools,
tour its shadows stools,
go by fools pits formed by ideals shaped.

Men shine out His beam joys shared with laughter,
care seen for all others as a team,
being friendly seams as brothers.

Rejoice to proclaim world conquered God's rules,
free reclaimed from its given hell,
held a claim on Heaven reign.

(Upside Down :)

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Leviathan

Stories told of you being an alligator or a whale,
in those tales do it as a stick,
neither as male known breaking iron.

I deny those spoken fact,
in react show mentioned identity,
a truth given of you in the Holy Text acts.

You're locked inside of the earth held,
under its muck in ground you'll live,
in cry alone there you socked were safe.

Image by God punished as hock,
you didn't hear had curse and its foolishness spoke,
yet the one poked still to survive.

High Lord belled this gigantic eel,
it's before death feature as well as law,
admired hissing of snake shakes in tell pride.

You asked of Eve what God conveyed about a tree,
a big to see now a behemoth,
not her to run or flee to eat by giant.

Able with large body tour to block river crossing,
witty set language to pour,
actions era man souring the earth.

You're our world former fast ruler,
before man as a mast over trees,
cast worm given us a remembrance Leviathan.

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Light And Darkness

Birth of story detailing fates in aims,
opinions held as set lives acclaimed,
out mouth claim of aliens in darkness.

Suggestions had about high light,
nest befuddled vanity of superior and bright,
alive in its state all were alright.

Dark hides secrets an ideal most knew,
posted them lies as known truth,
came views to boast realm true state.

Light yielded clarity about solid things,
a trail paved in true reality,
dark depth held opposite serenity that real.

Some did a sale of darkness confusion,
tale of woe souls blinded no vision,
others do living out from Yale light.

Shape creates discussion at spot,
God connection of first had contact,
they deposited to mystery titles notation.

Subjects named new dark mound,
it's a big portal with larks,
despairing waste land to park the dead as deep.

Youth wave upon darkness expose right,
doubts of deep beams of light told all,
that's hid in pit equal that might.

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Living In A Shadow

Child's life alone had barks hiding from others,
a fact in deep shadow dark, his had mark not as independent.

A kid in shade is safe being unseen,
mid adult in dark not good as the same,
life had bid him not as much.

Life they have as children in make-believe fantasy,
not seen or heard being fakes,
thought in others sake view.

Shadow wall solid seen by them a strong fort,
a below to abort and hide in,
given resort from out now things.

Their cries inside chamber a clear note spoken,
dear to feelings in light, they're said to an ear out of the dark.

Quickly when summoned by them cries dried,
the one known to care trying hard,
by an advisory had cry.

One with bones to hold in love them and protect,
tall lone standing justice, held form casting shadow tone.

The one they see each had day,
stay between legs they age, peer them at him from bay in: the one called Dad.

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Long Time Friend

Colors vibrate gleams shot flares across sky, ideal of its picture display to me -
warm thoughts: I hold in mind.

A painter's brush stroke line it in frame stretched, its time smear life strings
outwards: them toughing in appeal.

Bright guidance its dawning sun, night's faces fading as sun rise; vision to all
break forth: see unseen unknowns.

Eyes opening wide to see a new day, few still slumber; wake up -in a call by the
sun: summons all below to rise.

Replies echoed by noises, a yawn in assembled cry out; lives in sun response:
them with many awakening eyes.

I want to walk in freedom to swirl in its landscape, me to dance with no concrete;
earth below: I in meadows.

Hide in foliage I in its nature play, find my design part I am to be, live its
structure; I to be: taught simplicity.

I to glow in golden stemmed straw, raise head smell air actual breath; roam
jungle: I a vicious clawed predator. Seeking fun among friends, be hosted by
creepers; I to roll in a canvas of flowers: its shades of color mixed.

I with bright lilies or orchids run leap as I go up in air, me in untamed wild
wilderness; I'm to be: my smile in joys.

Glad to be back home, I am like swift antelope run, lion roar out to hear echo;
my ear hear silence: I of no reply.

I stand there in solitude free inside it, I a commander not heard by none; I gaze:
I peer alone into its dark night sky.

I have hopes of this to be my returning back to birth origin, a hypnotic call to
me; it's a force: unto me summon.

Sea of stars watch over my footsteps placements, they fill eyes to guide;
clusters in dark known: my fated path.

I will make my bed upon the ground, lay my head back upon a rock, smile, my
legs cross; I yawn stretch: relax.

I will fall asleep dream no more about to come, not in snores, not awake others;
see in mind: depth of jungle.

I'll take a trip among honest friends, blood creatures, me with them to roam; I

rush with them through bushes.

I'll show my rampaging rage, crystal heart as it twinkles sound; us in friendship:
miss cries of unheard warriors.
Chants stump of right their intents for justice, a reply to us back by thunder; rain
detail history: its past to me.

Tears flow in its time woes they surge in streams; cries of then smashed by rocks
of pain: them journey off cliffs.
A rainbow adds to delights, beam I see in recall fruited colors displayed; they
fade in bowl: green forest density.

Arched bow yields promise,
I to hold fate destined, me given pleasures; predestined life: soundlessly, I walk.
I'm not heard, I among you walk my steps daily, you to me are family; few to
see me: if to be seen by any.

I'm not to be viewed by them in fleshly eyes, I have visual sight of you my
paradise; I feel wind touch: it upon me.
Vision birth of my ancestors, inwardly I feel to be rejoined; I in your wonders: I
to shine their given to me radiance.

God vowed promise in past His statement written, Him knowing fact it to come; a
law given: Him to Abraham.
I have no choice in matter I must go back, there, back to my home, my origin;
I've been away: I gone too long.

Back to Eden they who took me they call Africa, your ill-fated, wondering son
lost, who has come to live, now.
Him to arrive back at last, him back home free from time restrictions; his tour
from home: roam no more.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Loss

Voyagers out to lotion a frigid ocean,
new float facing wintry seas motions,
prepare no notion into an adventure.

Men took wives, kids and co-workers,
items checked by pen as precious,
hands were joined inside ship dens.

Invincible proclaim of a metal god,
numbers pedaled a ship in sobs,
bees with dental nods aims to see.

Guests in hollows have no problem,
ship off far in ocean depth shallow,
all on the vessel mellowed in no woe.

Crewman in a yelling voice an alert,
quick all leaves the vessel bells,
not said aboard cell hearing this fact.

Huge bang to ship to grab attention,
all to bop up knowing to come fate,
craft after pop noise throwing you.

Craft from flat design is plucked,
bad luck water flood vessels' rugs,
in a suck ship gone in a whirlpool.

Proclaim of craft as eternal not so,
not invincible a raft or an everlasting,
it's merely a daft ship.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Mary Christie

Mary Christie an elderly lady,
she long retired, now absent of husband; still works hard: her about home each
day.

She toils like a machine, her in daily tasks doing, her with no conversations; not
seen: her at least with others.

Never her to stop, her day's course, her an end to return back into house; once
she come out: she carries a bag.

She is prepared, comes out, she work in sun, bent like a mound; her toiling
around home: each and everyday.

Her body hides in a shadow,
face covered, big straw hat's shade; her mourn low: them mostly while she
kneels.

Head low, time paused, her in dark, cast in down sun ray, turned into a shadow;
her in form: image into a boulder.

She as she pause, a rock, no utterances, nor her to move: she becomes totally
still: silent as if she is in a prayer.

Early morn to end of daylight edge, she shuffles outside; handling events: her
circling the entire whole house.

From her pick items from the garden, her bloomed flowers; trim hedges upon
lawn: her in beds out front.

Suddenly to vanish, part with night, she creeps, her to end day; return back
inside: her safe within her fortress.

Hours later, her to appear in a frame, upstairs she to sit quietly, real close up;
her in stare: her nearby a window.

She doesn't speck, hardly once she is placed moves,
she rocks back and forth; as she sit alone: her in silence.

Her consistent rock, chair to comfort, a journey pace it to be; her all alone by
herself: room's rock noise heard.

Curtain fly up, half toss from breeze, periodically an act in movement; her in a
change: events while she sit in room.

Room glow of candlelight,
flame flicker from gusts,

cast outline of dark shape; a shadow: dark circling her.
She just sit without stop, her rock, her never react, candle unseen; flame not
viewed: it
not seen by none outside.

Candle never goes out, that's unless Mary Christie retires; she leaves the seat by
the window: she blows it out.
Mary Christie never to laugh,
her viewed to have a smile;
nor does she cry in public: her a word to speak.

An old fashion playing film,
she is an actress in wait; her role is to maintain until: her in a black and white,
movie.
The neighborhood so loves,
Mary Christie, seen as they wave; known by everyone: her through a window
frame.

Film daily performed by her,
role fully to be played by Miss Mary Christie; each night her in frame: a widow.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Mirror Reflection

A mirror image and its mystery
A woman clear vision I see
From far space depths she came
Another planet and galaxy
Taking me inside her pleasing eyes
She dumbfound me with tender charming
As if known to each other and long friends
Locking me within a trance between beings
A star traveler from a far distance
A messenger of tide bringing current events
Joyously in a smile touching my face
Stretched without weight upon my lap
A cherished fantasy or perfect net
A comprehensible image as on TV
She conveys with no lip movement
A one tone world and its governing chiefs
I back related to her our garden
The various tones and troubles to strive
Surprised but not set with the other
She caress me; yet, she is kin of mine
She was naked skin lime green
My tone the dust of the ground

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Mr Sun

Mr. Sun breaking the held night with morning rays,
had by its glistening beams each day,
a gift had from high heaven bringing sight to stay.

Sunlight bright glow waves to convert a dawn rise,
chasing the dark into the cave low shadows,
in slow hits on wet dew taking it upwards away.

Beams struck dwelling which held me a had tang,
through smudged glass its seen to ping,
a spark bright show it sing beneath window's shade.

His light in efforts searched room to see me,
finding me in the bed I'm stretched but awoken,
from its blinding glare sight into face I flee away.

Mr. Sun in patience warmth roamed the room's walls,
crossed bed edge crept along its hall,
determined him in some fun to play.

Sparkles yielded bent in mirror to leap mid-way air,
they high hopped on my long growing back hair,
it twinkled fair below neck at my head.

Light in silent endeavors creep in forwards tips,
bounce from there over shoulder struck my naked nip,
blast a heat chip in the eye.

Mr. Sun to awake me from death hell,
a proof by illumination its 'Good Morning' to say hi bell as funny,
it's had screamed yell of life.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

My Fair Lady

In had sin listening to grandma's utterances,
visiting there the town and not bad person,
with her I to rural city a mad win.

She mentioned my in sleep flight a dummy stumbling,
from the bed had trips about danger,
peeped I'm to spin swinging around arms.

Her alarm is me touching a heater in room,
walking about various objects of harm,
actions foolishly whirling arms about crazy.

I had a plan know her vision me rising from my bed,
fed I to walk about not me to sleep,
as said true properly led by me.

First time I'm in unknown of night,
boy had fright never been alone,
venturing me no sight my bedtime of nine.

Sandman lasts blast a good assault,
it overwhelmed me casting me to sleep,
drifting into a did to hear a soft voice.

I awoke from call had seen form corner of house,
no more games eyeballs set poke at me,
through wall she to me.

I remember her trance held on me,
prancing in swirls holding hands a grip on her waist, doing us at night a dance.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

My Hero

Let me tell, about my hero, he stripped clothes to be him, he was a writer; he had daily job in life: a paper man.

Altered personality, one bent steel, the other typed, a giant and a meek beloved: writer he's a common man.

They didn't drink liquor, smoke or curse, no drugs, or pills and musk; humble: both lives brave and true.

They to save lives, dreams and some truths, no noise heard about tasks they do: a fighter and chaser of fear.

At work, no one suspected him, behind specs, he to them humble; he was gentle and mild manner stuff.

Other leap tall buildings, him to run fast pass trains; flies beyond any aircraft; him to venture space range.

Rescue both trademark, he is known as Kent, suited as him flaming red; starless blue: all clear imprint.

If you seek a hero, you to relate, I suggest he who became him, remember Kent; his secret state.

Kent wasn't like us, dual existence, a perfect man; no mere mortal, just loyal: him Superman.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

My Magic Stone

A treatment for parts do to aches,
victims a dart dreading in bed sick,
given sour tart to have that's for ill.

Hours of say fatigue feeling illness,
days with nose colds fun wetness,
given way to attack felt weaknesses.

A true companion there with us,
worries had placed adhered to,
reasoning with mere strife a friend.

Spiritual puck to bury shells miseries,
its selected muck to fight inner flaws,
combat end sucks of body energies.

A healer took rock dissolves in us,
anxieties held to dock a had assured,
tick to detain discomforts ooh.

Government role being a drug pusher,
a mole form cooked given to idiots,
the pill taken by us to fade in a hole.

Product to collect many dollars,
absorbed by mini-monster collars,
quenching hollows its sold pillars.

A comfort to minds is a warrior,
the pill might be known to the world,
liken the wind flight having no brain.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

My Sabbath Prayer

Lay me down prayers asking God for urgent needs,
trusting His kindness to seed a dream,
must for world gifts by deeds.

My fall in conflict to survive sleep outcome,
cut path a mill had inside God's faith,
tall at red signal shown to stand.

All said a request I ask of You,
view doesn't rest a self gain to presume,
to me not solely but a true test to reveal.

I pray to heaven's happiness,
their host say in longevity with peace given in restlessness,
its confessed views to love.

Dew to fall in droplet's from the heaven,
seeding the earth ground haven,
its time events raven given seasonal place.

Love heard roaming towering hills heights,
dove venturing high its valley fills,
feeding babies by its cry tills whin.

I wish hosts were happy with their coffee being,
all being free of doubt and fear seen gaff,
safe care from death.

In a sum of there for its noble arrival,
back at least a bum to live near that gate,
in new city fields lips held in a hum.

My Sabbath Prayer.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Play God

Another heated dun day is ending,
sun in trees tingle coming of night,
appearing tired farm workers no fun.

Heads shadows seen from dark in hops,
rising higher forming shoulders tops,
by sided as rag mops in form.

Wobbling, rocking between weeds,
a shout feed stated in an angry tone,
close distance hearing my mother needs.

Words raging from a bully's yell,
echoes tell of a hateful view screamed,
had cry sale by threatening whip crack.

Strap not in sight but sound whirl and pop heard,
again swirl snap top,
with hop to stop silent into unknown.

At voice bored see mother falling before me,
saw whip strikes air core,
master his big lore had deny her plea.

Shame of helplessness with guilt endured,
I'm framed as maddening fury rip me,
a dripping came tear to drop.

Heart see lacks as well as needs of others,
tart than pain answer,
learnt truth serving part in compassion.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Promises

Edge of my mind ends' band I can't understand it,
sand had by vicious unto me attacks,
plotted lies against that land ill intents.

Promises sold faithful not I question its worth,
to fold on its victims active thoughts,
its cold views by shameful schemes for hate.

Promises paid by working low workmen dollars,
written views said invisible notes are hollow,
shadow of hand that writes its laws.

Back stabbed by structured bin corruptions,
hit and rip by Ripper with evil grins and bled,
name of killer is not gin but act as Sam.

Promise I love you can't live without you,
only dove you'll be in this stated promise,
above me say in look be my second husband.

Promise dreams to get high success all an unseen lie,
seen in a glass shiny to merely die,
left outside you're a scattered hope no pie.

Rights for services you fight a war,
it stated by them not fight behind safe unseen bars,
I wonder its how much had far not free?

I promise you a real fact its to be potential,
act of God to end promises set upon the innocent,
His pact is the destruction of this given hell.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Purr-Fact Day

Ding metal bell's noise loud had clangs,
in night dark pit not seen I stand as tang shatters silence,
awaiting there for her given fang to me.

Out from a beloved cage to go her will,
freedom to fill yearning heart ambitions,
set not a slave in bill freed from her kind captivity.

Lioness to approach out of shadow's dark,
in slow larks she creeping I'm her be prey,
prowling her quiet marks unheard walking city concrete.

I run out in tiny taps to catch her enthusiastic steps to me,
I'll spring a trap being able to see her,
map the rising dawn in seen eyes.

Rays of light expose laughing antics in face's intents for me,
hideous glow bay in seen eyes stare,
her smile had for the day.

Self virtues seal true values,
me to show jealousy as real doesn't become good I stand here,
in its trapped deal head down.

Fluff to me life having,
its puff as right liberties with limits of me,
a dog under instruction by a buffed friend that is a cat outside.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Rest In Peace

Grabbers uniform reaches in spaces,
urged of some help timed in paces,
their races seeking items to live.

Infants assembled to do a battle,
them up saddle other to rattle a flag,
tagged cattle for slaughter in a war.

Host plots a cut of lives a mitt for all,
watched armies ditched and pitted,
as kin be crossed knitted in a plan.

Fighters blow to pound each other,
blades slices of bare skins bled low,
hits to flow rips as by tiger's claw.

War participates set in ground die,
bodies met dissolving to fade,
their net cries and screams in pain.

Lads taken from love loss by parties,
yet a boss rule of indecency audited,
merits tossed to all to serve brave.

Fates insured for life by pleasing God,
their will to cease combative odds,
its virtues high elders applauded.

Lord gives to players to live factors,
loyalties given active protectors,
beheld valiant actors a good night.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Seasons Greetings

If there was a wish I hope true
I wish each day as a new year to you
Count down to party
A roaring cheer
So we come here
Jiggle-ly, jangle-ly and jagged-ly
The way things should be
Tumbling, tossing-ly and turning
Progressive forward to see
Laughing-ly pleasant desirably soft
Joyous-ly cheerful-ly love without cost
Jiggle-ly tossing-ly love without cost
Jagged-ly pleasant desirability soft
Joyous laughter progressive cheer
The way things turning should be
Happy New Year

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

See / Saw

I see life dement had acts teeter,
bent bees with projected pain on them,
sent men mad a stain on their robes said to be pure.

Its totters restricting terror imposed by liars,
replies to rise its wave had horrors,
manors were loss not saved sorrows.

See our ancestor's seats positioned in evilness with a teeter,
caught bugs with no held rights in dimness,
stillness of given laws wrong.

I've seen contrast by tottering,
tornado high spins destroying blasts,
sins balancing with host last board set even.

Pledge given by warmongers to war millions,
joyfully bloody bar promised to idiots,
to God far from a happy caring fact.

Indeed I'm no Einstein in researching this,
not sure its feed to had mean reasons,
or in this field me a big seed of knowledge.

My earnest observations I see bad makes its teeters,
sad the earth counter given to totter,
by cruel had the world reap.

When will we come to see nature's statements,
us to understand what is dome,
host to know home and to learn?

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Silence

Silence plays games with its place,
monitoring no sound its given pace,
being there to exist an unknown ace.

Factor leaves footprints as a whisper,
seeing births and deaths tempers,
fact not a whimper being so real.

Silence knows to die life ponders,
sight to see existing awe blunders,
path through stars its given wonders.

It watches us researching actualities,
break bread laughing at casualties,
with fallacies unfolded hearing it all.

Courteous to listen to planets gases,
drips break in silence in their dens,
bins below ground it to lie still.

Ear to store good or bad intents,
knowledge spent complete silent,
heart knows lives and its events.

I cry "Awake rock fortress of quiet",
a make to end my clock pains,
take given that will unlock us free.

Never given a response back to me,
act to answer tack with a whisper,
hearing I no sack hush nor.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Simon

Appearing before crack at sun to tell stories,
stating his done feats as a nun to common folks,
talking an old kind fun soul named Simon.

Simon lures listeners by given said encounters,
kids raids at him pointing with their tormenting laughs,
adventure tales told by him cleverly laid out.

Simon portrays humor in his spoken stories,
him as a light ray with given views dip in its mystic,
agony had in defined say efforts.

Conflicts thrill to educate hearing listeners,
stated tales not will all the passers walking,
said no restriction till in its fact by Simon.

Pain felt tacts by hearers with emotional reactions,
acts displayed to hold drawn replies by eyes,
popping their belts out by facts.

I like Simon stated had actual endeavors,
or misfit of its slat should ask do I:
or do I like the thirst for his related told lies?

Simon stories do shock the people passing,
tears jerked from eyes its mock,
Simon sees it not (?) give lock wowed version.

All come to realizing of the pure facts spoken to us,
its home said to had happen to him by him,
his had dome set in say of himself.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Simply

Man to inspire under pressures,
aims him to stop in mud measures,
his held head treasures pop out.

Goal likened bear watch of brethren,
with firm crust grip upon year pups,
he to hear their growls eat sounds.

Ideal figure would butter others,
good care uttered as an advocate,
voice muttered virtues sure to free.

A fate flourished in prosperity,
a healer making them healthy as him,
placed the world in its certainty.

He's a farm for needy requests,
seeds to warm not harvest fields,
crops yielded by deeds in swarms.

Intent in man had way formation,
given birth light by my choice say,
beaming ray brilliant as high sun.

His words speak of Jesus shadow,
a path going into shallow bad places,
views had to hit evils narrows.

My fingers fade from seen vision,
decisions by him of liberties defense,
etching me revisions as him.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Soldiers

Loyalties directed for right held for others,
us as adults in might some say,
do deeds guiding youths into light.

We're marching in a war as soldiers to a beat,
feats as lions in due battles,
fights seated in homes and streets.

Fighters set against befallen odds to stay free,
given lives aiding others in good to see,
combative acts as our be.

No special place for us of honor,
pace jobs task readily before us,
our sadden had dance for a better dream.

We should stand in the halls of Odin,
as tall statues with wishes noted,
us armed as a big wall with full weaponry.

Fire, wind or water as best destroyers,
advance views to come rest,
intend win with tested arms given realities.

Uniformed righteousness,
forming God's justice with its virtues fullness,
fights in life yielded sadness as new.

We're exact in our so dock being,
joined to serve good mocked,
mentioned rocks to seed Gods' demand.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Something Special

Something specialized tall in life me,
soaring bird full recall wing reach,
passing wall of deceit become free.

Lamp forth given ray yield insight,
spoken fact noted of God coming night,
its flame out aiding had deeds right.

A garden year fallen corn, and pears sorrows,
repent of echoed tears,
set fear had for coming thorn arrows.

Something that have great might,
its fact not a knife, gun or missile in flight,
in armor him a warrior bright.

By strengthen firm arms holding tasks,
love inside heart that so warms,
aimed jobs done never do harm.

Farmhouses I'm to become as life ark,
had guests with free parks,
marked vessel for others survival safe.

Virtue towards others tics gift from soul mold,
put no plots, tricks at you,
a statue with no nicks actions true.

Something special to ring, it a ding by me,
heal sadden things,
a different direction in a swing heaven way.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Spider And The Fly

I'm over flowers going low watch me,
said fly to small spider below him,
see as I go slow: look at me so high.

We-e-ee, framed up soaring moments,
changing I'm in a tame hit dive before you,
at once wings beat same time.

Said dun spider no wings have I,
merely I sit in sun dangling in the wind,
can't fly to have fun with you.

Show me your wonder said spider please,
slip by fly fell into a blunder,
a reply with no ponder to him care free.

Flattered caught by your grace,
with eyes glance upon you,
my cool movements by precise flight dance actions.

Fly whirls in air turning body,
by had performance viewed fair,
reaching top speeds to raise spider hair.

Spider watches the fly go about,
wish had imply in mind but a doubt,
a sly grin as it came to check him out.

Sudden pulling ting the fly stopped short,
trapped in a web him sing out,
a gasp by grasp and sling then slurp.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Spokesperson

I wonder notes in pretending me an Orator for the people,
in mind ponders me to give needed aid to them,
not be had blunders by my help efforts.

Words given out by me that yielded its had given fare,
my say first about God to yell out it bare:
'All dared to read the Holy Text word'.

My self declined hole with God's throne,
justice inclined set to become had life role,
to cast war descents my sole stance against hell.

Cry to nations to take care with warning for them to fear,
all to come aware of a forth coming battle,
a blade cutting tear at men throats.

Abuse of the poor measured,
fuse ended 666 with stolen treasures closed,
stopped by its righteousness is the Reaper destined muse.

I fear the terror to come upon us around the planet,
world under its had horrors unknown,
us in hatred savor my brethren about the Earth should know.

It's placed a meal for needed values to be heard by them,
seal spoken in its considered truth by me,
until these given words placed safe in deal are heard.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Surrender

So, here I am blind within your dimension
In a dim cloaking mist still a man
You've taken my illumination
The gleam and ray of life, I had
Cast in this state alone in silence
Frighten by night and cold: yet, alive
Reaching thru dimness for awareness
Watching fading shadows change and surprise
In spirit, I accepted rather than doubting
Believing in best aims with its dream
Felt you hiding in your palace gloom
One brush from you things became insane
You are a wreaking disaster
Annihilation and last click of night
The underworld king, they tell me
Self anointed prince of pain with no laughs
Yet with lost of true vision
A tempter and worker of schemes
Freed the day Death was chased up a tree
Captured because he could not ascend

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

The Chain

Don't tug
Or stumble in this unknown darkness
Pull the chain with ease
Allow spacing and my step in line
Reducing shackles pressure: so we, don't bleed
Each link a story and dream denial
Things precious, not now, valued to our needs
Let the chain rattle a song to our discomfort
Things we don't have to achieve
Tell our tale of sorrows unto the animals
A heart empty cry without its seed
Turn your shame into the night
Pray to your God, you would not heed
Weep tears for the trees and your families
Beware the anger and horror of their rage
Let's us, now, sing of lost freedom
Allow the snake to slither its way
This link is absence consideration
These links desires and hopes no more to weigh
Being lead but not by our discretion
Someone else's lie and our delusion to obey

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

The Journey

I wonder given to us unseen snares in life plots rides,
hate seen acts hidden in uncertainties,
us in the world between to play.

Knocks at doors which do not open to some,
injustice given to rejects held tots,
as bots oil-less in endless maze.

All trust in God's barn seeking truth in His eyes say,
its wisdom earn by us to peak glory light,
we there peep tarn grace.

Together we must soar horizons with His divine tools,
tour its shadows stools,
go by fools pits formed by shaped ideals.

Men shine out His beam joys shared with laughter,
care seen for all others as a team,
being friendly seams as brothers.

Rejoice to proclaim world conquered God's rules,
free reclaimed from its given hell,
held a claim on Heaven reigns.

(Upside Down :)

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TPAC Alexander Coppedge

The Jungle

As the ball descend downward
Dark shadow contact the land
Crying panic set all over the forest
A silent chill of on coming night
I soar high above the confusion
Over the jungle and its maze
Seeing my enemies in their final positions
Where they settle?
How they lay?
I swirl down towards the foliage
The green forest and its gaze
It's awaiting teeth hidden in impending darkness
Swift cast shadows in evening haze
We who live here know the terror
Screaming violence and blurred sways
Vicious attacks and its unanswered murder
Each individual conquest by pure rage

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

The Ladder

Ones upwards climb in life, endure moments: times in aimless trying for you.
Shadow demons sent; unfriendly family to meet: you'll have in life to face.

From darkness its lowest depth; you must ascend out: you climb out of
confusion.

Escape its puppet's lines; go beyond self: break free from womb of disgrace.

Darkness is your foe, unseen fact; not known holds fear: the realm of
uncertainties.

You're under evil grasp; be obligated to do good in it: you must find truth.

Birth of the lie, confront it; know death: its sin formed from its false concept.
You're its witness, a victim of said fact; its resurrection: you're its reproof.

Confusion in rules, demons dynasty; you while in walk: endure its stress.
You in quest to be inspired, ready to fight wrong; with right: end the doubt.

Lost souls, demons delight, you; the avenger: you have to bring others out.
Ascend beyond drawn false perceptions of us; you out: its forgetfulness pit.

Go beyond our earth state, our elder did go; pass living set Satanic: life desire to
kill.

Above life firmament mid-way high; your release: from the division of the deep
cut.

Beyond, the cycling eve and morn; called by host Angel: Night and Day.

One step more to advance, you upwards; on the ladder: one layer of darkness
lost.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

The Maze

Day strolling the country upon a highway
My journey walk started at eight
Nature sounds were all about
It's slightly before mid break
The sun breached of the trees was at their tip
Took a cut through forest to hide
Supposedly a short path to save time
Feet sore from walking: I'm thirsty, and tired
The ideal was accepted by my mind
The woods graciously gave entrance unto
I ventured forward deeper into her eyes
Their lids immediately closed on me, once inside
The light sparkle had vanished from the trees
In minutes, after ingoing, I stood confounded
Alone in silence dejected from pride
Afraid of venturing further light drawing dimmer
The birds chirped, this is our neighborhood
Spider's web sealed about me all around
Teased by the forest animals and snickered at
Possibilities fading in the lowering sun
The animal noises were growing with night
I fall to my knees having lost all bearing
Surrendered to panic and outburst of rage
Peering into oncoming darkness in sheer horror
I stretched upwards my arms with tear gazing eyes
In full watch to the surrounding about
Frighten of becoming some creature lunch
I hear whispers in the dark
Fool alert: they murmured in anticipation
Dinner served at midnight

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

The Path

Refining had measures,
my balancing of treasures in bank stored,
with set rights pleasures defining wrongs.

Things once set back to do now,
sack failures not so needed,
rise to hack path surfing above the storm.

A solid ground it healing my heart,
inside valves a song to seal in,
do a deal to stitch up hate wounds somehow.

Emerge out from chaos as a child in play,
for a purpose made mild,
an active soul in formation wild no doubt.

I promised to at least try, fought,
and lost best doubts,
inside body rated test of this done journey did wisdom.

Path golden way in a laid out course,
awards say in an outline,
with deposited may and nods of yes or no.

I tire this pointless endless travel,
times destined forth in fire,
had might whether alive or going to die in mire.

If I go to lay down beside,
sides of path has an answer,
see tide in hurt eyes,
strides done morn to eve each day.

I step fast but never reach that desired prize.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

The Rapids

Vigorously soaring tiny drops,
its roar heard after hard heavy rainfall,
joined together them oar around.

From clouds as tears into a groove they cut,
rumbling in tumbles free of fears,
down and up year mounts.

Swiftly traveling below on land surface,
curling bends tow upon their way,
bowing solely them to firm ground.

Thundering mist sway over forest,
blundering thump in sound,
bubbling in pockets acts under enormous pines.

Twinkling off the branches surfaces,
blinking of lights seen through trees,
dancing crystals in blues and pinks.

Joyful movements of grace without a breeze,
power by trace,
water gusting rush pace running the surface.

Droplets leaping slopes into a sea,
in given hopes never discourteous,
never course unfriendly as they mope.

Loved, them among forest creatures,
hide its features a bit shy,
assembled mixture as one larger than brook.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

The Reaper

I've seen your snare to caught us
Your drooling thirst of assertion within
A wicked path of countless abuses
Blood and death its tragic scheme
Hidden in the state of darkness
Silence to those who don't dream
Rage of anguish concealed in shadows
Slayer of those with lost names
Washed out ideas and others hypnotics
Terrorizing others in dark for needs
Laughter by any, your misery and torment
Your insane drive, and caring less heart, to bleed
Your song of love is for tears and unhappiness
Delighted by others borders or limited ways
Victims cut short, of ambition, for reason of faith
Pass the specter gloom of uncertainties
Beyond the shadowy grip of the grave
We all who breath air have our evils
Is it life? Or, is it the blade!

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

The Thought Of I

Bless within needs to live means,
seeing in man malice schemes,
deemed ruling society's honors evil.

I run from sight of a known killer,
posted their as right my destroyer,
given a foe might target by hunter.

Cut from inimical Order said for me,
its hall dark path of resisting paid,
no aid walking its cage rigid course.

In spirit I crossed voids for answers,
help from the skies by toss to me,
at doors to pound bossing mansions.

Vermin fled death in holes in gasps,
benign Order my woe as wasps,
in cave ready as a curled asp.

Target is to end pain to escape pits,
defy hell's river sparks at me hit,
moving lies to end it: I bit forth.

Out of fires endurance to know,
seen acts in my living life actual flow,
truth defined given as to show.

Other than stated about its that,
had rates as the slat of impact,
factual tat given fact no more than I.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

The Throne

Spots that run like logs on water,
shadows along forest fog creeping,
bent low in misty bog are going people.

Beside bluish river's path were twitches,
eyes above decayed leaves hiding,
steps splashes sides of its bath.

Locusts trouncing hollows to and fro,
cloaked going slow,
beneath night flow pouncing among the trees.

Lives ascending a mountain scattered in bunches,
efforts view gleam fountain,
their hurt sustain as they leave.

People ear-piercing cried tortures in tides,
shot had picture sadness ride,
of those who slide and lied.

While a thunder act up high cracked a warning,
sparks given fact of lightning in sky,
for blundered reaction.

Throne justice is for them who did run,
nobody found nice,
now not had pun or mice site from fear to hide.

The day the law of God sat on the mountaintop,
upon the throne His say,
when the King of Kings way came by.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

The Wind

Whisper wisdom to my confusion
Teach aids to help for things I need
Fortresses of hope to combat sorrows
Tender love for the wounds I bleed
Your knowledge, I look to
Asking pity for things I believe
To fly high above my delusion
Stirring facts against the many deceits
I know you in harsh winter
Chilling air numbing my feet
Desire your soothing touch in summer
The breeze cooling me
You're harmony is in the meadows
Angels helping wings, surrounding me
You, my friend, are known as the wind
The air giver: so I, can breath

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

They I Love

Wipe away your sadness and anger
Place within your heart a new sun
I sugar you with love, everlasting
Sparkling desires and hopes unsung
Acres and acres of green laid meadows
Blossoming flowers, fruit trees and herbs
An arching rainbow to guide us
To walk in eternal lanes unheard
Under clear skies, I ask forgetfulness
Hostile things I habitually say and do
Assess my loyalty across the paradise that bind
I pray for forgiveness too
My aim is you in the rays of abundance
To view joy, laughter and fun
To see twinkling eyes from our tower
The people smiling faces in pure true love
Playing, smiling and running with no tears to hide
Hearts flowing warmth
Seeing ones compassion, of awareness, over another
The steps climbing unto heaven, Golden Door

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Time

We're in your design way had in our daily schedule,
having us do endeavors by day,
by had say done actions held in aims.

A cop's hand given to steer us without utterances,
sand that drips its course directed pathway,
us in a band guided into fenced pastures.

Your hands in swift motions are clips of real,
chips aimed by us doing days' deposits,
our flips that earn us our given notes.

A specialist with no spoke word directing,
we fall together in one accord doesn't ignore,
you're a passage through a big ford delighting joys to us.

Fun rotating days we have into years together,
both as givers in a marriage to set ways of job done,
we in end result have given pay day.

You rule over our woes daily bread given us,
our as does you've covered in wisdom,
seen there not as a foe with face like a moon.

Never seen you years with face in a frown,
it placed in tears dripping state,
you an ace having jet fall fears down to the ground.

Marvelous design by man control millions of people that follow,
them as fans upon hill or valley to obey its say,
can you are around the world.

Face with slinging arms you have to move around it,
you are entertaining an one ring circus,
you to fling with movement no body-stem.

Tick.

Tick.

Tick.

I hear you.
My beloved, you are time.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Twins

Early morn reflecting light on smaller buildings,
under sky's line ascending corn,
torn standing side by side.

Placed stores nearby water sorted,
large majestic forts metallic appearance,
close by a harbor port to give.

Twins placed to protect our nation,
fight turmoil by win had by accomplishments,
all to see them stand were gin.

In temples had floors gifts hook many,
locking look of metal rivets behemoths of steel,
people took in sky.

Buyers told to buy items from stores,
sold tradesmen goods,
guest pastured bold turn out lights at midnight.

You can hear people inside them,
ear commerce swaps by registers,
exchange buys for green sold per year.

Hooves had steps pacing its security pavements,
spaces given for its needs,
races to come quick also to leave.

Two slices they be of a pie in man's heaven,
scheme of their lie economics,
jungle cages that tie mans' greed.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Whispers

A dare inside dark seams of views,
a sad peer out raised window mind stripped bare as I think,
eyes in set stare.

As I do look curtain hanging rose,
snap certain is before face with chilled change,
a felt to me pertain utterance.

I know I saw a misty form movement,
captures tone low and heard with yell to my soul,
its body flow by.

Visions in a stream glow in a canyon rush to mind men acts,
opening curtain row,
their bow in return home.

I assumed back positioned might,
having no precise sight, visitor is right in my chamber hitting doors.

Inside home a said tot,
I'll not deny,
as a wooing noise shadow lurk in non-view I'm traced a daze bot.

Guest speak screech tones slow come side close,
not I understanding wow made notes,
words spoken low.

Sounds from beyond its sin views fall told,
my self pin of life about things,
tin noise heard in wind of time.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge

Wooded Night

Walk in un-seeing dark is mind pain,
not by fallen luck a lift up chance,
vein given not a win for me.

Trip by tips larks to do in fulfillment,
steps of night pits my embarks blind,
marks put of woods hidden alone.

Sight-less hopes to know total safety,
unseen path with eyes wide a dope,
can't see nope a wish I at home.

Nightmares rushing my mind,
horrifying evil with limbs hush,
views to push fear of reaching trees.

I zone tilting an ear to scan things,
any move made near by its sound,
my peering fright had fear by me.

Chest reacts to the pressure swell,
body shell to dim eyes not taking air,
I'm in hell site no vision at all now.

I fear pop from out of nowhere at me,
a gore eye top freezing motionless,
glimpse seen hop of a large bear.

Howling sound with its angry grunts,
growling cry out a fear to scream,
boo to see my growing zoom.

TPAC Alexander Coppedge