

Poetry Series

**A.J. McKinley**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

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

## A.J. McKinley(July,1975)

I find poetry to be a complete reflection of self and should be experienced through a totally biased point of view. It can be said that I am selfish in my poetry, in the sense that I write strictly for myself. It is my therapy, my best friend, and sometimes my enemy, but always...it is me. I am influenced by such writers as Faulkner, Spenser, Cummings, Neruda, Frost, and Whitman. I hope to convey a sense of my own urgencies and even a little spirituality. You can find more of me by visiting the following site:

# A Dozen Roses

The wilted roses sat regally in the vase.  
Their beauty never more apparent than their now decay.  
The petals fall listlessly onto the carpet.  
She never notices the thorns have no points.  
Is it pride or vanity that rules the rose?  
She whispers it is benign beauty that sins.  
Dying slowly with no remorse.  
Perfumed fragments tantalize the passers-by.  
A dozen roses on the naked mantle.  
A tear drops and my roses cry.

A.J. McKinley

# A Dreadful Day

Have you ever walked on a sea of sand?  
And thought it broken glass?  
Have you left your heart in a barren land?  
And be haunted by the past?

Have you ever smiled at something blue?  
And be drenched by pouring rain?  
Have you ever felt love close to you?  
And be seared with white-hot pain?

Were you born under a crescent moon?  
When you thought it should be full?  
Have you ever trusted then broken in two  
By the act of a sadistic fool?

Have you ever gazed the stars at night  
With mists of tearful thoughts?  
Have you ever loved with all of your heart?  
Only to find yourself lost?

A.J. McKinley

# Absence

There is no light in this frozen heart.  
No refractions of love to heat my soul.  
I am absent from my own thoughts.  
Inconclusive though they may be.  
Your voice is an abstract mural of joy.  
From which I drink of merciless fate.  
Dark and sarcastic hours haunt me.

Still...

There is no light in this frozen heart.  
No self actualizations to lift my eyes.  
I am urgent in my lockless cage.  
The eyes of my soul ache from tears.  
I miss the fire of the passionate sun.  
The silver moon orb dances for only me.  
And I smile a languid and satisfied grace.

Still...

There is no darkness in this lunacy.

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# Abyss

I wear a cloud of loneliness  
A haze in which I bleed  
A color of midnight azure  
Created from senseless need

I hear a sound of solace  
Of a peace I shall never know  
I embrace my sunlit sorrow  
Of which my life shall grow

I taste the salt of my unshed tears  
As I plummet into my shell  
I grieve the waste of bitter years  
And mourn this broken spell

I die each time the moonlight rises  
Like a phoenix in the flame  
But my soul never rises  
And I shall never be the same

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# And I Was Alone

And I was alone with my thoughts.

Memories swirl in a unison of faith.  
Change has been inevitably declined.  
Passion bleeds from walls glittered gold.

And I was alone with my thoughts.

Recipe for destruction gilded on the page.  
A gift purely given like forgotten trash.  
Forever has no distinction beyond now.

And I was alone with my thoughts.

Authority is a prodigy of laziness.  
Wealth measured by free-flowing barriers.  
Sensuality is a brand no longer tangible.

And I was alone with my thoughts.

Swinging on a broken rope of promise.  
The puddle is full of cracks.  
Feminine impression embedded on the seat.

And I was alone with my thoughts.

Glistening prisms of a generation forgotten.  
Barriers instilled on a broken mirror.  
Reflections stagnant with happenstance.

And I was alone.

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## And I...

And I loved for the sake of loving  
Though my love knew not my heart

And I grieved for the sake of grieving  
Though my grief knew not my woes

And I laughed for the sake of laughing  
Though my laughter knew not my fears

And I lived for the sake of living  
Though my life knew not my past

And I lied for the sake of lying  
Though my lies knew not my truth

And I cried for the sake of crying  
Though my cries knew not my pain

And I died for the sake of dying  
Though my death knew not my name

And I...

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# Artic Cage

I flittered like a frozen butterfly in a silver artic haze.

My wings wilting erroneously from a chill since unbridled.

I waited in my wonderland of crystal blue ice.

But my freedom was contingent upon surrealistic designs.

A Martyr in my mind ceases her egocentric complaining.

I have floated on a morally inept Western Wind.

But flames from a lust so potent seared me into unbridled action.

I leapt with the joy of supplication and the artic relased its prize.

A.J. McKinley

# Awakenings

Dreams in yellow, blue, and red.  
Wish fulfilled while solace dead.  
Frozen memory on a gilded page.  
Thoughtless sorrow defines this sage.  
Soulless asylum from within I flee.  
Infinitely searching for the shrouded me.  
Emerging slightly from eyes wide shut.  
Words like water flowing forever up.  
To be awake, asleep, and cannot see.  
Alive but dead; the darkness dreams.

A.J. McKinley

# Bittersweet

Bittersweet  
And I fell  
Laughing, crying  
Another song

Bittersweet  
And then silence  
Truth, justice  
Going home

Bittersweet  
And we kissed  
Touching, taking  
Seeking desire

Bittersweet  
And I knew  
Heartache, anger  
Shameful release

Bittersweet  
And I left  
Alone, eager  
Selfless acts

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# Broken Wings

She has broken wings.

Her pain is vain.

The child hurts.

The woman sings.

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# Burn Me

Burn me with the ache of a thousand teardrops  
Love me with the mystery of a shooting star

Burn me with the whisper of tender kisses  
Love me with the fierceness of innocence gone

Burn me until blindly I see you  
Love me until I can love no more

Burn me until dawn's blanket erupts  
Love me until tears glisten the ocean shore

Burn me and I shall die with pregnant need  
Love me and I shall live in gentle hope

Burn me and I will surrender in glorious rapture  
Love me and I will reach only for your soul

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# Butterfly Moon

Butterfly moon of a flightless dawn.  
Marching softly with a rhythm gone.  
Angels coming in a darkened morn.  
Demons ascending in a vertical form.  
Found again from a wanton wish.  
Lost eternity in a broken kiss.  
Seas of destruction branding my mind.  
Pounding relentlessly as the clock unwinds.  
The way and beyond from a fluttered wing.  
Dancing joyously as my soul sings.  
Breathing again from a wound once clean.  
Broken strength begs for thought unseen.  
Deception expired as dreams ring clear.  
Awareness dawns as the butterfly moon nears.

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# Consume Me

Consume me in the burning dance of flesh  
And feed from my heart with lavish exuberance  
While I surrender to the anticipation of rapture

Consume me with a journey of languid love  
And let me cherish in the supple folds of devotion  
While I capitulate to the virgin chance of trust

Consume me in the boundaries of limitless faith  
And let me live in the fervent hope of you  
While I live in the disguise of molten chance

Consume me and I will love without guile  
And surrender as my soul mirrors your heart  
While we rejoice in the endless echo of joy

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# Dark Moon Rising

The dark moon is rising  
No silver left to see  
The crone has awakened  
Her power flows in me

The dark storm is coming  
The rain pouring down  
The thunder raises power  
As lightening takes ground

The dark Queen is walking  
Her whispers call to me  
Ancient wisdom flowing  
Circling energies flow free

The dark night is waiting  
Its lure a sweet bane  
Stepped through my shadow  
And I am forever changed

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# Dismissed

Dismissed

As if I never existed

Banished

Without the benefit of words

Dismissed

My tears did not move you

Banished

You severed my heart

Dismissed

Like an errant child waiting

Banished

I was no longer interesting

Dismissed

And I remembered why love sucks

Banished

Another's arms gave me sanctuary

Dismissed

And I was gone

Banished

And I was alone.

A.J. McKinley

# Dreaming Of The Sea

I am dreaming of the sea.  
Of oceans of love to bind you with me.  
Silent rocking of your tongue with mine.  
Here in your arms, there is no time.  
A merging of spirits - Two become one.  
Here on this ocean, beneath the rising sun.  
Waves of passion jolting me alive.  
Surprised by this capture - You are mine.  
Warm breath is rising like the mist.  
Lips parting in anticipation of your sweet kiss.  
Hands in my hair pulling me to you.  
Oh, the warmth I am feeling, if you only knew.  
A finger trailed from cheek to cheek.  
Your wild desire is making me so weak.  
And once again I am dreaming of the sea.  
When eternity will bring my love back to me.

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# Eclipsed

I am the winter storm  
I am a moonless night  
I am a soul that's torn  
I am a broken light  
I am the river stayed  
I am the breeze unfelt  
I am a silver sound  
I am the embers lit  
I am the rage that burns  
I am the bird that's caged  
I am the love gone cold...  
When an angel falls from grace

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# Epiphany

I am vain to choose or grasp only  
My soul upon sorrows shelf  
I am walking this road to madness  
Never seeking or finding myself  
I have wondered soulfully in fields of dew.  
Moments of harsh clarity that I have spent with you  
But, I am tethered to this leash of knowledge  
That my heart is sunken low  
Frozen in my tired state of remorse  
Regrets buried within the snow  
I have walked silently, solemnly, and somber  
As I awaited the day anew  
I have whispered to the night wind's calling  
Quietly waiting for a glimpse of you

A.J. McKinley

# Fences

If we were all like fence posts...  
We would be uniform and plain.  
Standing in alignment and keeping others out.  
We would hinder sight for all who pass.  
Making those who trespass wonder just what we hide.  
Perhaps we would have a fresh coat of paint.  
Or, even a shiny new hinge for our gate.  
Perhaps we would be made of iron,  
And bleed those who would climb our posts.  
Maybe your gate is made of electricity  
Burning and shocking anyone who touches....  
Mine is worn and weathered.  
Standing crooked with chipped paint and splintered in spots.  
My gate is hanging by one hinge and squeaks when you open it.  
Just standing high enough to keep the animals out of my garden,  
But, not high enough to discourage an onlooker from beauty.  
If we were all like fence posts....  
Mine would be worn and weathered.

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# Fire & Ice

I am the creator who cannot find  
The soul in which I burn  
A witch of fire, frozen in ice  
Freedom is a flight I yearn

Cold and numb, asleep  
Yet my eyes are open wide  
A cast of iron prison through which  
My inner light resides

I yearn to be awakened.  
My fire to melt this icy brocade  
I yearn for reckless oblivion  
My facade has been self-made

A river made of loneliness  
My soul has been branded numb  
A leave from absolute sadness  
I seek the blue-eyed one

A.J. McKinley

# Forbidden Encounter

Ambrosia falls from nectar's lips in waves of molten lust  
Crystalline caresses yearn for luscious flesh engorged  
Eyes of joyous wonder scalded my pounding pulse  
Reflections of beauteous adulation incited glorious infatuation  
Provocative masquerades choreographed our entwined bodies  
Swollen lips contoured my burning ruptured carnality  
Engaging wonder astounding an antiquated belief  
Climax stealing the essence of our shared sensual mix  
Affinity branded both bodies into unexpected submission  
Rapture found from an impulsive nocturnal invasion

A.J. McKinley

# I Fell In Love

I fell in love  
Once  
Oh fair friend I should deny  
Of wanton words and passion delight

I fell in love  
Once  
A leopard basking in the sun  
Could not surpass your majesty

I feel in love  
Once  
A soul in torment without touch  
Your tenor caressed my skin

I fell in love  
Once.  
Of my sin to never cry  
Within sweet surrender of night

I fell in love  
Once  
When surreal images never impose  
And my spirit leapt free

I fell in love

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# I Found You

I found you.  
In my heart.  
Buried.  
Obsolete.  
Quivering from cold.

I found you.  
In a reflection.  
Eyes.  
Lips.  
Yearning for touch.

I found you.  
In the wind.  
Whispers.  
Laughter.  
A joyous song.

I found you.  
In the flowers.  
Dancing.  
Frolicking.  
A haunted dance.

I found you.  
In my arms.  
Close.  
Touching.  
An electric vibe.

I found you.  
In my soul.  
Ingrained.  
Happy.  
A loving haven.

You found me.  
With your love.  
Searching.

Seeking.  
United as one.

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# I Remember You

I remember you as a dream  
A poignant painting of love  
Whispering echoes of truth

I remember you as a man  
Words silkily caressing my soul  
Silent reminders of beauty shared

I remember you as a kiss  
A stain of molten lust  
Capitulating in tumultuous need

I remember you as the sea  
Waves consuming our tryst  
Rocking in the purity of now

I remember you as my heart  
Two pounding erotically as one  
Savoring confessions from afar

I remember you...

A.J. McKinley

# I Wept For...

I wept for the dying of my innocence  
Hanging precariously from a broken moon  
I swirled in the dance of the spiraled flame  
Connections dripping, dangling...teasing  
The August night lingering into the false dawn  
While the gnarled owl whispered of wisdom eternal  
I spoke but voice was akin to a pixie's flight

I wept for the dying of my motherhood  
The May Queen now retired to desolate chambers  
Poisoning youthful thoughts with ageless dreams  
My finest Brandy trickling away in the amber of my soul  
The spirit wolf paces impetuously for the waning dusk  
But the eclipse stole the passing of the night  
And I forgot to cheat sleep with exuberant charm

I wept for the dying of my wisdom  
The crone no longer spins the web of truth  
Memories spun into the ethereal weave of fate  
And my soul was undefended in its long, cold night  
While the ghouls knocked wickedly at my door  
I laughed but the sound broke the light  
And I never chanced to weep again

A.J. McKinley

# I Will Not Wake

I will close my eyes to wake within my nightmare.  
It is the inevitable fate that is called my destiny.  
I will sleep and they will rob me of my consciousness.  
They will rob me of my precious control.  
I will be helpless, as I am helpless right now.  
I weep wondering what will happen if I do not wake.  
Will it break my precious children?  
Will anyone mourn my passing?  
What is the legacy I will leave behind?  
Will they only remember the nightmares?  
Will anyone see me, just once, as I am?  
I sit, alone, in the quiet of the dark night.  
Alone, undefended, when I want simply to be held.  
I yearn for someone to lie to me and tell me all will be fine.  
Give me an illusion I can hold onto.  
Give me something that is tangible that I can't break.  
Take the crumbling shards of my heart and mend them.  
I don't care if the mends are jagged or ugly.  
The beauty lies in the mending.  
It is the trust of a broken soul given to another.  
It is the burden of the damned I bear.  
It is in silence that I scream.  
It is in laughter that I mourn.  
It is in my soul to live.  
And it is my fate to transcend.  
I will close my eyes...  
And I will not wake.

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# In My Time

In my time of dying  
I knew only pain

In my time of laughter  
My tears fell like rain

In my time of heartache  
My laughter was mute

In my time of joy  
My smiles weren't truth

In my time of mourning  
I found an absence of light

In my time of knowledge  
Ignorance blinded my sight

In my time of trusting  
I knew I was wrong

In my time of atonement  
My sorrow was my song

In my time of seething  
My shattered heart shook

In my time of enlightenment  
My trust you mistook

A.J. McKinley

# Lady's Ode To Frost

Nothing gold can stay today...  
Autumn comes then gold fades away.  
But golden hues of light return,  
Only when in love we yearn.  
Soon the spring shall bring morning dew.  
Then golden flowers return to you.  
And on her hair of golden light,  
That golden sun fades to night.  
Night returns then fades to gray.  
Soon all the gold has gone away.  
When morning shines its golden rays.  
Everything gold never really fades.

A.J. McKinley

# Lady's Reply To The Rose And Leaf

If I were a rose and you were a leaf,  
the thorns would not grow upon my tree.  
You would bask in the glory of beauty spent.  
Content to reside where my heart went.  
Daily collecting of sunshine you might...  
My caress would fall like soft candlelight...  
Savoring your soul until the darkest night.  
We would grow together like the leaves from a vine.  
Forever, my love, through the end of time.  
Until December when the rose wilts away.  
I will wait until the first blooms of May  
Forsaking others for the burning within.  
Only to chance have I become whole again.  
Mixed with the spirit of a lover's light.  
Together the lady and her poet knight.  
If I were the rose and you were the leaf...

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# Lost

A city lost in a cavernous rage.  
A moment turned in a blank page.  
Heat is hidden within this icy room.  
A door without hinges. A handless broom.  
A sitting room full of seat-less chairs.  
A comb for a woman that has no hair.  
A tree of wisdom with roots of lies.  
A flower given to a face with no eyes.  
A city lost in my avenge less haze.  
A soul forgotten, left in this maze.

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# My Gilded Cage

Masked within this human shell  
Burning in my personal hell

Awake again but blind inside  
Asleep, I went, after I cried

Alone I wait within this scream  
I tried to live but lost my dream

I needed truth but found only lies  
My heart turned numb when my soul died

Tired now but cannot sleep  
Broken again my company I keep

I drank within the cave of light  
My thirst became my driving sight

Around me my darkness dwells  
Silent, my voice cannot yell

I tried to speak but found only rage  
I live within my gilded cage

A.J. McKinley

# My Heart Is In Winter

My heart is in winter.  
My rose lost its bloom.  
In love my pain enters.  
It's cloud perpetual doom.

The spring has lost its shadow.  
No flowers in my mind.  
My garden has grown over now.  
The vines will not unwind.

The snow and ice are coming.  
My rose is left alone.  
The storm is cold and numbing.  
No garden to call my home.

My heart is in winter.  
My rose shall never be.  
In love my pain enters.  
The winter shadows me.

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# Nothing Is Me

The silence within dares to dream.  
My beauty is spent.  
Nothing is me.  
I grasp at nothing to find my hands full.  
A bottomless moon shall no longer due.  
I walk on clouds with linings of black.  
I turn around, but can't go back.  
Spirit is ether and to her I return.  
Walking softly in the garden; I yearn.  
Swirling colors of silver and gold,  
Surround my essence and capture my soul.

A.J. McKinley

# Open Pain

Once upon my mind.  
Memories whispered in kind.  
A gift of open faith.  
Truths steeped in hate.

A broken bird with wings of tears.  
Shattered happiness has marked my years.  
Spirit bound in gloominess rage.  
Another tear has marked this page.

Wisdom found in a curious stance.  
Love found but without a chance.  
Ignorance abounds in brilliant shrouds.  
Sorrow resides in characterless clouds.

Once upon a thoughtless kiss.  
A dreamer made a fruitless wish.  
Forever declined her wish did die.  
Grace has landed and my spirit cries.

A.J. McKinley

# Passion

My beast has been awakened.  
I shiver from its reverie.  
My desire raised in a breath.  
The beast hungers for you.  
Candlelight flashes across your face.  
Eyes intoxicated with lust.  
I want you.  
I can't think when you have been close.  
Nothing is right.  
Nothing is wrong.  
Need overtakes me and I am a slave to it.  
A slave to you.  
My beast hungers.  
Still.

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# Purple Suns

Purple suns and glyphs obscure  
In a dream we met  
Swirling, enticing, esoteric I'm blue  
Yearning for conscience  
I sat under the purple sun  
A picture spoke  
Your words did fly  
In a dream we met  
Your soul called for mine  
Symbols of truth  
Like monoliths of sin  
Azure mysteries of beauty denied  
All beneath the Alaskan sky

A.J. McKinley

# Quiet Whispers

Quiet whispers of broken truths  
Memory lost of blissful youth  
Making love by candlelight  
Darkness calls me through the night  
Angel's wings are pulling me down  
Quickly kissing away this frown  
Heartfelt tears of a moment's loss  
Never again will these hearts cross  
Pull me against you and take me now  
Teach me who I am and show me how  
Break the woman in me and make me live again  
Heat up the passion, you need only say when  
Desire burns from deep inside  
Fires yearning, I have no place to hide  
You have made me breathless with your wild kiss  
Enchanted I am within this bliss  
Timeless dreams of you each night  
A kiss to you from within my flight  
Good Night!  
Good Night!

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# Rainbow Tears

Through rainbow tears I see love's true colors  
Shining bright amongst them above all others...  
Red, Green, Yellow, violet and blue...  
All these beautiful colors I now see in you.

Love is my pot of gold,  
Forever within my grasp  
All I need are open eyes  
And a map to complete this task.

And the storm will come of this we know  
And darkness soon calls the show  
Around me a rainbow of tears have spent.  
My pot of gold to you have went.

And miracle is the day I found  
My rainbow tears scattered upon the ground  
My heart forever now is glad  
Leaving room for light to replace the sad.

And to the dearest most sacred spot  
My rainbow tears your hand has caught.  
In this bond we shall forever rest.  
Two souls combined for the rainbow test.

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# Ramblings

Rambling on in discontented bliss  
Eagerly I await this wanton kiss  
How many times I have dreamed of you.  
Only to awake lonely and blue  
Broken and torn, I am spiraling down  
Need of your touch is causing this frown  
You reach for me like a tree limb's embrace  
Capturing my hands, you place them on my face  
I would do all or naught for just one night  
Taking pleasure in me, try as I might  
Darkness falls like a blanket of gray  
Someday with my heart I shall pay  
Temptation alone is calling from within  
Can you dearest save me from this sin

A.J. McKinley

# Reckless Burn

Sometimes a flame burns so hot it consumes itself.  
Just as breath gives life; so yours fuels my soul.  
I would go to you with reckless abandon...  
But stuck I am.  
Contingent upon moments of treasured glimpses.  
Staring into what would slake my soul.  
Gazing into the eyes of the heart.  
I beat with wild enchantment.  
I yearn, but will contain this scorching burn.  
Time unravels all mysteries.  
Yet...I am unknown still.

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# Redemption

The flame dances with my soul and my song is rekindled.  
Surrealistic moments tick by in a broken reel.  
Flicker and the wind wisps through my fingers.  
Innocuous thoughts replaced with glorious desire.  
Inspiration from eyes that burn through my core.  
Beat! Beat, without hesitation caught in the trance.  
Movement joyously reverberates an unleashing.  
Orchestrations so chaotic never seeking order.  
Muse sought while my hesitations are lost.  
Flickers of a smile as the storm washes me clean.  
Reaching out and the universe responded with voice.  
Illumination brightly seeking this simple sage.  
Caught within my web of chance.  
Music now command the flames.  
Redemption of the broken lost.

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# Shadow Promises

Shadows of promises broken  
Gloom within this page  
Lightless thoughts keep dancing  
Pain will never age.

Memories creep within my mind  
Reminders of destructive trust  
Consequences seem never ending  
Resulting from remorseless lust.

Timeless minutes of clarity  
Reasons formed within my mind.  
Blinded by guileless faith.  
Love is never that kind.

Release is but a tease.  
She sells herself well...  
I am forever wanting.  
I seek pardon from this hell.

A.J. McKinley

# She Kisses The Hill

The moon casts shadows upon the night  
Poetry and dreams within my sight  
My mind no longer understands why  
a dancing cloud kisses the sky  
A whisper from you before we met  
Your eyes a thousand suns have set  
Your words play like a soft melody  
As the ocean lends its sweet harmony  
I gaze the sunset while your moon is high  
Providence mandates we touch the sky  
Slumber suspends my waking reverie  
Forsaking laments for all eternity  
Happiness now an act of will  
My lovers lips kisses the hill...

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# Sigh

Words like flowers withered breathing at my side.  
Close my eyes and breathe deep to death's construction.  
Worn from inside my weary heart.  
Kiss of sweet freedom is but a bane to me.  
I look and see but a shimmer.  
A glimpse of what is revealed.  
Your touch is so surreal.  
I try to walk beside you, but the worlds just disappear.  
I need to touch your prison, but peace I always fear.  
Snow forming like a blanket giving death innocence and light.  
Words like distance grooming.  
My soul shall never end.  
A numbness overtakes me and I resist not its call.  
I close my eyes and you are as gone as you appeared.

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# Silver Moon

Shimmering orb of mystic light  
Flowing energy into me  
My earthly spirit to take flight  
Earth, wind, flame and sea.

Lady Luna join my dance  
Power fueled by rhythmic chant  
Circle formed with passions lance  
Incantations forth from my rant

Pregnant mother full of sight  
Wisdom circles within my hand  
Your magic I call this night  
Time's hourglass has no sand

Mirrored visions reflecting truth  
Dreaming thoughts of controlled rain  
Hidden flames bursting from youth  
Music fills the night over again

Nature's breath caresses my skin  
The wind blows through me  
Spirit called from within  
Blinded vision now does see

Moon full of sliver flame  
Flowing words of rain  
Earthly woods of willow's pane  
The seas can never be tamed

Carry our voice in our spell  
Let the elements be free  
Golden truth we must tell  
Mystic power flows in me

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# The Devil's Clock

The Devils Clock minuets in widdershins as she bows before the two.  
Unclear images within the mirror of a beauty that is not you.  
I dance and dance yet she does not come.  
Before my eyes age replaces the young.  
A dream; I skip and within I flee.  
A love so pure it can never be.  
Tick tick goes the faithful clock in a backward glance  
Run run my child for the dark holds your only chance.  
Deosil now the lonely clock does chime.  
A dreamer dreams to make you mine.

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# The Ebb Of My Mourning

The ebb of my mourning is now waning.  
My tears now mocking my heart shaped facade.

Need like a lovers branding invitation.  
My response numb from breathless incantations.

Moon gloriously illuminating tragedies of days spent.  
I long for the tenor of the sweet wind.

The barren winter is left undaunting.  
I seek the shallow grave of my soul.

Spirit lies empty on a bed of dreams.  
Color the gray dawn as mists spiral out.

My innocence was never this charming.  
As the bleakness of sorrow floats on.

I miss now the call of the ocean.  
Once I heard the sirens beckon for me.

The wind funneled inside my hollow.  
Saved not yet my battle weary soul.

Fire then snaked around my memories.  
Leaving embers to keep me warm.

Nature is all cold and lonely now.  
Frost has my blooming radiance abhorred.

The spirit of my convictions is fading.  
I watch as sacrosanct thoughts now close.

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# The Master's Touch

I have greeted my master with this hidden frown.  
Through storm lit eyes I have heard his sound.  
The calling whisper of the night wind's song.  
Dancing, enchanting me, bringing me home.  
The rise of the moon is my talisman mark.  
Across this land two souls do park.  
In silence I await my deadly prey.  
Awakening only when fear is away.  
A solitary tear to which I cry.  
A breathless kiss to my soul he replied.  
Again, I greet my master's touch.  
With perfect love and perfect trust.

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# The Moment

Tis but the work of a moment  
When an angel falls into grace  
When a warrior is broken with tears  
And sin vanishes without a trace

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# The Red Door

Closeted I stare at this red door.  
Ajar, but as open to me as a vault.  
My nightmare is my salvation.  
Silence now awakening, keeping me distraught.

Reaching out, I wonder, am I within a dream?  
Surreal, languid, and impatient is my eternity.  
Crying effortlessly, I grasp what is not real.  
Abrupt realization that I can no longer see.

Starving, I face a feast of emotion  
turning green with mold and decay.  
Wondering if yesterday is my tomorrow,  
or if my tomorrow is tortured delay.

Fuming with my desires so depleted.  
My song bursts into dirges for peace.  
A warrior facing the last battle.  
The rose in winter can never be me.

Alone with my red door with keys in each hand.  
Twisting, turning, yet no key fits inside.  
Silent indignation of my caged facade.  
Pain beyond redemption walks at my side.

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# The Sin Within

Oppression, repression, obsession  
Where I find myself within

Intention, attention, retention  
Where it all began

Impression, Depression, recession  
Balance between sins

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# The Two Rejoiced In Elemental Bliss

Night emblem in the grape grove,  
The relics' of mist all frown statues,  
Glares flicker off light tanned sunrays,  
The foliage dense, character humble,  
All children of heaven, sky unearthed,  
The new beauty the garden, she is rest,  
Aloft day in the feathers of a women,  
Climbing wind is a newborn, he smiles,

And the chalice of nature drips heavenly  
While a dragonfly warns of spring's return.  
Earthly seas of smoldering lust;  
Laughter kisses the Heaven's shadow.  
The altar of trust is unblemished.  
As truth mocks the heart's sojourn.  
Innocence lures the sultry dance,  
And she weeps with adorned frailty.

Scuffling poetry rhythms,  
Make rhyme from formed words,  
Morph them alight in a soldiers grieve,  
As I sit silhouetted, perfectly centered in the drowning sun,  
My feet jiggle my eyes blink still,  
My child walks in gardeners chasms,  
Inside I play the show,  
Candles wave me out, until my feet trip over the church,  
And I find myself inside Jesus,  
Scooting my eyes along the mounted breaths and the art of glass,  
The heavy load of the heavens pressing on the scented candles  
The mist of mourning, whispers sleep, the eye of the organ the bellow  
of the  
Bell

My church forms mausoleums from the mountains.  
The chorus of nature chimes with the bluebells of mourning;  
Worshiping the play of light and dark.  
Balancing with the duality of truth,  
Justice sings a dirge only divinity can conjure.  
The magick of serenity is an elemental bliss.

The lady rejoices with the eagerness of youth,  
While he carries her burden in a shattered dream of useless vanity.  
Stepping through the shadow into a cascading light...  
They fall, hands clasped, on a bed of wilted roses,  
And they collide in a union of faith.

My lady in the bee hive, collecting psalms in her fingertips,  
My child bathing on wine lilies, in the cool stern faced pond,  
An accordion plays inside a violin a clarinet makes a love beam,  
Ventures of the willow to the water, her one lung and three eyes enter  
the  
gate,  
Her vision wails the sound treks until it reaches the edge of a dark  
beauties smiling toes,

Self inflicted perdition designed to incite the savage soul.  
Markers of dandelion's glory etching perfect mutinous reveries.  
She reclines on an ancient throne of painted antiquity.  
Stoned hindrances of a butterfly's dancing wings.  
Danger burns into the musical transients of hopeless fury;  
Impotent urges lost on the selective masses of hypnotic grace.  
Truth upon forked tongues of forgotten Gods of an ancient glory.  
The Goddess twirls on the hands of her unexpected suitor...

Pictures on the Indians chest, spirit of the wilder sides,  
The dimensions of vapor engraving inside each eyes world,  
The slow sutra of all life, in a gallant stream of ripples, nature musk  
and  
all hope divine,  
Thistles paving the wiggling moon ridden philosophy  
The masks of serenity flip the ocean tides on open smiles,  
We lived there in the tangles of vines and inferno hips

And so red bleeds to black on the miser's empty treasure  
and the white rat graced the keeper of the God Stone  
The Spirits of the elements forego ritualistic adoration  
So Shakti worshiped a reluctant Shiva of tortured fate  
Lovers of a metaphysical awakening fall prey to false hope.  
She loved her King with charged undulations of sensual trysts  
He exalted his Queen because life began and ended in her soul  
And the black bled to red, and the union of two rejoiced.

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# The Unknown

I am the unknown  
I am that which you seek  
I am chaos torn  
I am never weak

I am the sunrise  
When you are in the dark  
I am the surprise  
That melts your heart

I am all things now  
You have made me such  
I am knowing how  
When ignorance is a rush

I am the light  
That darkness fears most  
I am the night  
When angels boast

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# Thoughts

There is a gentleness to sorrow that tames the savage soul.  
Where fear is only an illusion and time is forever on hold.

There is a wildness to pain that pierces the hungry heart.  
Where vulnerable emotions find their place to start.

There is a tearfulness to laughter that mocks the mindful muse.  
Where words escape and the heart is continually misused.

There is a greatness to anger that fuels the restless rage.  
Where indignant behavior adorns the gilded cage.

There is a uselessness to trust that sears the broken bird.  
Where voice is futile and words never get heard.

There is a tenderness to spirit that creates calamity.  
Where joy is forever replaced with useless insanity.

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# To Lust With Regret

What is the night's remorse if not the regret of your lips gone from mine?  
Is it the moon mocking the sun in its endless game of chase?  
Where, for but a moment, they are lovers joined then just as quickly receded.  
Is it that you are to be the water to end this endless thirst for love?  
Or am I to be the drug that torments you until you wake sweaty and full of need?

Would I that my dreams ceased to be haunted by your sultry eyes and wicked lips.

Would I more that those same eyes and lips tantalize me while I wake.  
Could it be the tenor of your voice that soothes me when I ache?  
Or is it that my softness drives your soul to return nightly to mine?  
What is your remorse if not the regret of leaving me satiated, yet not?  
I reply that is the sweet sadness of loving what you can never have.

A.J. McKinley

# To The Wind

Less than shadows  
More than light  
Born in darkness  
Shining bright

Queen of Mayhem  
Beautiful wind  
Love is blindness  
Tomorrow and again

Fill your hollow  
Slate this pain  
Life in purgatory  
Loneliest rain

Journey is calling  
I take my leap  
Be at peace  
Sister I weep

(2007)

A.J. McKinley

# Trapped

I am trapped, but I will not bow  
I am a prisoner, but you will not break me  
Your sorrows are not mine nor your insecurities  
You cast stones upon houses when yours is transparent  
When will you learn to shut up  
When will you learn to be nice  
The disillusionment you think is glamour  
Your disillusionment I think is tedious  
Complaints now fall upon enraged ears  
You are not like me so don't compare  
You blame me for your problems  
But its just another thing for you to whine about  
You speak of responsibility, but you cannot be trusted  
Your talk of bravado fools nobody but yourself  
Lies fall from broken lips like rain  
Your lies mock me and cause naught but pain  
When will you grow up  
When will you let go  
You are still a child inside  
That child has not healed, but I see you  
I see you for the vindictive person you are  
You enjoy torment and pain  
You enjoy manipulation of truth  
You wouldn't know me if I stood in front of you  
You wouldn't know me if I spoke  
You wouldn't see me for your eyes are clouded  
You wouldn't like me because I know what you are  
I am trapped, but I will not bow  
I am a prisoner, but you will not break me

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# Unrequited

From the past my future will arise.  
Never again to wear my disguise.  
Listening to he who completes the four.  
To my soul I shall weep no more.

Trappings of desire in a single glance.  
Retreating from temptations dance.  
I close my eyes to an imagined kiss.  
Opened again to a broken wish.

My truth is reality but not as you see  
Fire is burning from she who is me.  
Wings of protection fly me home.  
The kiss is mine, a gift to you alone.

Fragments of yearnings emerged in desire.  
Can you handle my passion's fire?  
Again I close broken eyes to weep.  
For he who is four that I cannot keep.

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# Untitled

I walked a road of confusion  
That winded through my tears  
It forked with a disillusion  
That spread between my fears

It sang a song of silence  
That my ears have never heard  
It laced through my memories  
Though I uttered not a word

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# You Don'T See Me

You don't know me  
Alone I break  
Falling from my heartache  
From the choices I have made  
Yearning for a future  
That wasn't meant to be.

But you don't see me  
Never to be free  
But you don't see me  
Silently I weep  
But you don't see me  
Invisible inside  
But you don't see me  
So alone...I died

I waited for the moment  
When lies became truth  
Spinning a web of confusion  
My purpose forever shook  
Walking that line of madness  
My loneliness released

But you don't see me  
Never to be free  
But you don't see me  
Silently I weep  
But you don't see me  
Invisible inside  
But you don't see me  
So alone...I died.

The animal of burden  
Riots from my shame  
Dying in this slow death  
My rage still bleeds inside  
Knowing you never knew me  
Knowing the price to be seen.

But you don't see me  
Never to be free  
But you don't see me  
Silently I weep  
But you don't see me  
Invisible inside  
But you don't see me  
So alone...I died.

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Side Note: This is intended as lyrics. Imagine, if you will, an emotive, total acoustic, driving sound with the bleeding whine of a mourning violin.

A.J. McKinley

# You Lied

You Lied

Words cascaded effortlessly from a forked tongue  
I was naïve to consider you pure

You Lied

Eyes that never spoke anything but broken dreams  
My trust was never so fleeting

You Lied

Remorse was a thought forgotten once heard  
My mistakes laid plain before others

You Lied

You smiled as worthless promises fell from your lips  
I believed because I needed truth

You Lied

Whispers of love as we kissed in soft candlelight  
I must have been such easy prey

You Lied

Because you could  
And I believed

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