

Poetry Series

Little King of Sorrows - poems -

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Little King of Sorrows(08-26-1981)

As I am now over 50 poems in, I guess you could say I'm becoming a 'regular'. With no end in sight. Here is to the next 50. I highly recommend these fellow poets who have inspired me.

h Raman

Minhas

tten Soul

Dale

Ila Lady

Song

A Day Like No Other

A tragic day I can't forget.
A pain unknown by most.
The day I watched my boy,
become my friendly little ghost.

In a room of wood and scarlet.
I'm stricken by the sight.
Baby casket lay half open.
My eyes shut tears in tight.

"I don't want to do this",
I repeated as I stood.
"Wake me up. This isn't real";
I stalled as long I could.

That endless aisle all a blur.
"Please let me turn around";
So many hands upon me,
As I face my son that drowned.

"Troy...Troy...No. No Troy No.
I'm sorry Troy. It's dad."
I couldn't block the pain.
I never hurt so bad.

"Daddy always loves you";
Planted kiss on head.
"This is just a nightmare.
He isn't really dead."

I cried and cried some more.
So much left to do.
Shattered into pieces.
Forever torn in two.

Funeral of broken souls.
My brother broke mid-read.
That isn't the natural order.
To God I pray and plead.

Then that haunting moment.
The click heard round the room.
It's echo spoke forever.
Sealing us this doom.

Staring out the window,
from S.U.V I sat.
An elderly gent showed honor.
Upon his heart he placed his hat.

In baby land he rested.
A plot nearby the lake.
The hurt was far from over.
I had more than I could take.

This very hand that's writing,
cut the cord that set him free.
Threw dirt down 6ft crevice.
Wiped tears so constantly.

Tears in heaven ending soon.
Seven years gone by.
"I promise you I'm coming home.
My friendly ghost on high."

L.K. Sorrows

Little King of Sorrows

A Fork In The Road

Come or go, leave or stay?
staying close but far away?
No way to be found?
Or linger around?
Let the memories go?
Or let the truth flow?
Kick rocks with my feet?
Or withstand the heat?
Check back in a while?
Or put it on trial?
Leave you alone?
Or pick up the phone?
No room for some gray?
Or take it by day?
Written in stone?
Or swim the unknown?
Sing to the sky?
Or answer you why?
Live as a ghost?
Or continue to host?
No place for me here?
Or conquer the fear?
Is the answer a no?
Or not really so?
Have a good day?
Or continue to play?
Boycot the game?
Or play it the same?
Nothing to cure?
Or not really sure?
Nothing to feel?
or just keep it real?
Ignore my request?
Or give me your best?
No answer in sight?
Or examples I write?
Causing you pain?
Or friendship to gain?
Nowhere to go?

or follow the glow?
The word ringing true?
Or that wasn't you?
Another mistake?
Or something at stake?
Fact and not fiction,
or constant affliction?
Leave it as past?
Or sort it out fast?
Quit with the rhyme?
Or give it some time?
Another dead end?
Or follow the bend?
End this tonight?
Or continue to write?

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Little King of Sorrows

A Friend Forever

Through all I said, and all I've shown,
you must know by now your not alone.
I come and go just like a wave,
Not one to hold you like a slave.
I demand to care and that you know,
you always have a place to go,
inside of me a spot I saved,
within my heart, you name engraved.
Your painful story cut like knife,
when you claimed you tried to end your life,
if again that sorrow takes it's toll,
give me the chance to make you whole.
No matter where I go from here,
don't ever call my name in fear,
A friend forever, I swear on my son,
My time with you, is never done.
You are so special, so very dear,
I hope I somehow made that clear.
I know not what you think of me,
or if your friend I even be,
At least I know these words are true,
I'll always save my best for you.
A simple write, as my time is rushed,
a simple picture, I quickly brushed,
Give up on me, if you feel you must,
but my intentions were pure, it wasn't lust.

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Little King of Sorrows

A Place To Rest My Soul

Life for me was hollow,

Color's were just a shade,

The days just ran together,

Dreams they slowly fade.

Every waking moment,

getting harder than the last,

Hopes about the future,

tarred and feathered by the past.

Smiles a force of habit,

As pure as man-made snow,

Real enough to see it,

But fake enough to know.

My actions like a zombie,

thoughtless instinct to the core,

no rhyme or reason for it,

my life was just a bore.

Then an unexpected beacon,
Happened to come within my sight,
After months of colorless nothing,
My eyes adjust to light.

A spark to light this candle,
that burned out long ago,
Some fuel to feed my engine,
A jump start to my soul.

A little faith in fairy tales,
has come back to me tonight,
I want this to be it now,
I believe in love at first sight.

I await a second meeting,
for the first was short but sweet,
but in the span of being strangers,
she swept me off my feet.

I know not what becomes us,

but for now it gives me hope,

For now it stops the bleeding,

It loosens up this rope.

But just that much has brightened.

A dark and lonely town,

A spot to rest my feet on,

when i was just about to drown.

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Little King of Sorrows

A Victim Of The Moment

As the winter moon reflects upon the icy river valley,
a soul searches the darkness of his own mind,
where the water of life and resource once flowed abundant,
has frozen over with the changing of the seasons.

A victim of the moment.

The trees, naked and transparent, fall prey to the ever-changing winds,
even among the protection of its own kind, still portrays a lonely and lifeless chill,

far from the summer breeze that tickled it's leaves with joy and meaning,
it hibernates, standing firm through the course of time that gives it's inner-rings
stature and age.

A victim of the moment.

Traces of wildlife traversing the snowy wasteland illusion upon the watery depth
below,
leaving it's own imprint of it's journey behind while never revealing its purpose
and outcome,
but a reminder that to have a purpose, is divine, even when understanding is not
found, still worthy,

I cannot help but wonder and pray, no tragedy met this creatures way, leaving it
to become,

A victim of the moment.

And as the nights and days intertwine in this vast and endless ocean of life,
A reminder that even as the warmth of a summer day provides it's want not care
not rays of joyous bliss, there too is a beauty to behold in the stinging blackness
of winter twilight. And though cursed by many with lips of woeful distain, I
choose to soak up the whole of it's content. For just around the icy bend, lies a
place for hope to spring.

A victim of the moment.

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Little King of Sorrows

A World Caught Between

Not I said the fly.
On the wall of this guy.
What's the deal with this show?
In the end I will know.

It all seems too real.
For these souls I do feel.
Been stuck in the hour,
A bedazzled wall flower.

I'd like to believe.
But a world doth deceive.
For now I just wait.
And continue my fate.

A sloth came a mocking,
While a riddle kept talking.
Threats of a wise guy,
the loss of the wi-fi.

I light up a smoke,
to his flattering joke.
My vision is blurry.
Like a winter snow flurry.

I'll still be okay.
For my God knows the way.
I take no delight.
Of this tragedies' sight.

A pain I know well.
But not mine to tell.
For perception is keen.
In a world caught between.

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Little King of Sorrows

Act 2

Frigid howls of unsure places.
Sinister smiles of unkind faces.
A journey made at fates command.
Forged alone by times own hand.
I lay within my kingsize bed,
As prosperity and freedom hold rest my head.

Little King of Sorrows

All Said And Done

What have I done,
I let my mind run,
Was it selfish of me,
To indulge in some fun?
I held back the rain,
with nothing to gain,
I couldn't distinguish,
the joy from the pain.
All that denial,
I needed to file,
I dumped out my thoughts,
and sifted the pile.
Another fear tossed,
another tear crossed,
strewn all about,
some translation was lost.
The lighting was dim,
as I started to trim,
the dreams I don't need,
were stacked to the brim.
This one's for you,
all shiny and new,
this ones for him,
It's the least I can do.
Take or leave be,
I'm purging you see,
Things not forgotten,
were hindering me.
But now it's okay,
I'll pack this display
hidden from eyesight,
I'll store it away.
Light as feather.
I challenge the weather,
With loving acceptance,
I glued myself together.
Smiles in my bags,
I stretch out my legs,
No stones unturned,

I leave these white flags.
Just hoping your happy,
I'll quit being sappy,
I'm sorry for words,
and rhymes that are crappy.
Just wanted to try,
and I figured out why,
when all's said and done,
Just had to say 'Hi'.
Okay. Goodbye.: -)

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Little King of Sorrows

Alone

Alone in my house.
Alone in my car.
Alone in my town.
Alone as a star.
Alone in a store.
Alone in a crowd.
Alone in my mind.
Alone on a cloud.
Alone in the sky.
Alone on the Earth.
Alone in the sea.
A loner since birth.

3/2001

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Little King of Sorrows

Amen

A mundane distraction.
These empty walls of white.
Another empty day.
Another silent night.
Wish upon another star,
Pray with all my might.
Nothing ever changes.
Nothing's ever right.
Heaven come beseech me!
Shower me in light!
I've lost the will to care.
I've lost the will to fight.
Oh...to be so desperate.
Oh...to live in fright.
Tempted for that apple,
What a tragic little bite.
Save me from the darkness!
Free my soul for flight!
With everything I am I pray,
Amen with all my might.

L.K. Sorrows

Little King of Sorrows

A-Z

Agonizingly,
Beautiful! Inside you I see! Just warming up with the A and the B.

Craving your voice, I missed you so much,
Doubters will say, I did it for touch.
Everything you were, I carried with me,
Forever I promised, and still it can be.
Grieving my actions, I banished that guy,
Heaven's above you, so baby don't cry.

Inspiration comes calling, when I think of your grace,
Jewel songs distress me, when I think of your face.
King for a moment, enriched by your time,
Lock me in prison, if that is a crime.

Midway through poem, still much to write,
Never enough time, when I have you in sight.
Omnipresent you are, on this path that I walk,
Patiently waiting, if ever we talk.

Question my choices, but never my way,
Revealing in time, of all that I pray.
Superman went crazy, too drunken to fly,
Thunder and lightning, he fell from the sky.

Undying love, still lives in these walls,
Visits from you, still never need calls.
Whispering eternal, my first and my last,
X-ray my heart, and your doubts would be past.

Youthful endurance, will always abound,
Zion awaits us, if you choose to be found.

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Little King of Sorrows

Between You, The Moon, And Me.

Riding a prayer to the man on the moon.
My soul is in anguish.
By love lost too soon.
We could've had it all.
What money will not buy.
All my heart desires.
I find behind your eyes.
No need to sail the seas,
for the beauty wouldn't do.
For paradise within my heart,
Is only found with you.
Running wild in circles,
still I can't obtain.
For when the moonlight beckons,
I can only stare in pain.
I know this cannot happen.
No longer can we be.
But I will always love you.
Between you, the moon, and me.

Little King of Sorrows

Bittersweet Confusion

Deathbed Promises,
Made in vain,
Intentions pure and love so strong,
Replaced by waves of pain.
Agonizing visions,
Of dreams that never came,
Nightmares that awake me,
In tears too real to tame.
Signs rained down upon us,
From the sea and land and air,
A blind man could have seen them,
Yet you left without a care.
Who am I to earn this fate;
From friend to love to foe?
So viciously led astray,
With nothing left to show.
No mercy to be shown my way.
No words to heal my heart.
Only bittersweet confusion,
And regrets from end to start.
I never asked to have it all,
Just a chance to show I care.
And this is what is left for me.
No goodness left to spare.
I'll never understand these things,
Which I've seen and felt from you.
For every broken heart you claim,
You can mark me down for two.

9-17-2012

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Little King of Sorrows

Bittersweet Death

The alluring scent lingers in disaster's wake,
but I shall hold my breath,
for the stench of desire will only suffocate my soul once again,
enticing aroma of a bittersweet death.
Those piecing blue sapphires picking apart my daily thoughts,
to be retarded and brain-dead the only defense,
for thinking is forever linked to feeling,
a dagger to the soul that can never make sense.
The most haunting echo's singing a tormented serenade,
of friendship betrayed by sinful lust,
the purest words now stained by the blackness of confusion,
what I hear, never again shall I trust.
The most chilling of goosebumps dance in mockery,
a spirit trespasses my form despite inner protests to stay clear,
for as long as the unknown exists within me,
the purpose of this visit is what I fear.
The dryness of words unspoken stifle my sounds,
the bloody aftertaste of harsh words uttered in rage,
muted by a memory I can't spit away,
I continue to lick the bars of my self-created cage.

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Little King of Sorrows

Black Widow Diddy

Your a black widow baby, you like to kill em slow.
You shoulda known better, Cuz I'm a walk away Joe.
Successful bait for hatred,
But don't confuse your tricks w love.
That blank space where ur heart should be,
Keeps your legs spread high above.
Rub a dub dub,
Two hoes in a tub.
One pulls out the lube, The other gives a rub.
No souls to be found.
They get passed all around.
She can't stand as a wife. She's built to lay down.
Got milk? I sure did.
Bought the damn heffer and all.
Till her taste got too sour, too many bulls in her stall.
So moooove betch, get out the way.
Greener pastures await me,
from your rotting decay.
Careful what you wish for. God will answer prayers.
Always watching and listening, Revealing noone cares.
More than words. Is all you had to do.
Or let him have his life back. This choice confuzzles you.
Destroy his world in every way.
Watch him squirm and fight.
Suicide tempts are fun to watch.
When we both know he was right.
Battery dead on phone.
It's getting kind of late.
I write better when I care.
This junks for you with hate. L.K.S. 4-8-15

Little King of Sorrows

Boredom

One, two, three, four,
catchy rhythm I adore.
Two, four, six, eight,
I simply like to demonstrate.
Eight, six, four, two,
childish write I sometimes do.
four, three, two and one,
just like that, a poem done.

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Little King of Sorrows

Chaos Chaos

Chaos Chaos,
this is not fun for me,
Chaos Chaos,
my path is lost you see.
Chaos Chaos,
your way is never sure,
Chaos Chaos,
you make this life a blur.
Chaos Chaos,
my compass broke in two,
Chaos Chaos,
the things you make me do.
Chaos Chaos,
confusing wrong from right,
Chaos Chaos,
you darken all that's light.
Chaos Chaos,
the crooked seeds you sow,
Chaos Chaos,
your twisted little show.
Chaos Chaos,
no time to sit and rest,
Chaos Chaos,
my will you surely test.
Chaos Chaos,
the deafening roar you make,
Chaos Chaos,
the silent peace you take.
Chaos Chaos,
this is not fun for me,
Chaos Chaos,
my path is lost you see.

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Little King of Sorrows

Chips Ahoy

At the ripe old age of 4.
She stands there at the door.
Carebear suitcase packed and ready.
Dora fruit snacks and her teddy.

The rules were just too much.
Countless things she couldn't touch.
The bed was not for jumping.
The chairs not made for slumping.

She never found it fair,
that she shouldn't cut her hair.
Or paint the cat with mustard,
and share her favorite custard.

She tried so hard to plead her case,
of all the marker upon her face.
Over tea her doll did say,
how fabulous she looked that way.

All those meals she didn't desire.
The sight of candles in the drier.
Every fun thing was a no.
She just knew she had to go.

'I'm never coming back' she said.
Her mother smiles and nods her head.
'Guess these toys I'll give away,
I'll miss you tons, enjoy your day.'

Frozen still with hands on hips,
as mother pulls down chocolate chips.
'Perhaps I'll stay just one more night.'
Her mother laughs and says 'Alright'.

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Little King of Sorrows

Closure

I close my eyes and start to pray,
Asking God for words to say.
With a humble sigh I come to thee,
Search my heart and set it free.

Silent pain it pumps through broken,
Like many dreams I leave unspoken.
I've cast a chain upon my soul,
And put aside my every goal.

Hindered by my evil deeds,
The open wound still hurts and bleeds.
But should I walk in death tonight,
I know by you I'll make it right.

Remove the blade which bears my name,
from the back of friend I use to claim.
Stitch the gaps that came from me,
and any other's cuts you see.

Void her of the times we had,
If they provoke and make her mad.
If thoughts of me bring her no joy,
Bestow her mind of another boy.

Let the beauty of her inner child,
Roam inside her free and wild.
In heaven's garden let it grow,
Till the time has come to reap her sow.

As for me I've come to heal,
Daydreaming sure, but staying real,
for life goes on and so must I,
With all my faith I have to try.

I served my time as well I should.
I learned the lessons best I could,
Key in hand, I gripped it tight,
Till you beckoned me to drop the fight.

Salty tears of guilt no more,
I spread my wings again to soar.
Taking aim past skies of blue,
Let your will be done in all we do.

Amen.

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Little King of Sorrows

Collaboration

I do not know how, this poem should start,
2 poets just writing, a hallway apart.
Trying to mend, their brains work together,
Collaboration with friends, can make you feel better.
Sometimes its fun to gossip bout others,
But these two have seen, the lives that it smothers.
To the point it can leave us, wanting to scream,
a voice of 2 people, now that makes a team.
Knowing the difference, between rumors and real,
tearing down webs, the spinsters do wheel.
This wheel like tornado, that just never ends,
a path of destruction, is left among friends.
Friends turn their backs, and hearts are left broken,
a rainbow we see, by the words left unspoken.

Little King of Sorrows

Color Blind

Roses are red.
But violets not blue.
They're purple you dummy.
You laugh cause it's true.

Guess sky is now yellow.
Our rivers are pink.
Forests are turquoise,
If that's how we think.

My eyes are now red,
cause I'm feeling so blue.
I loved this old saying,
Till I thought it all through.

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Little King of Sorrows

Conviction

W.W.J.D?

Don't think he isn't on to you.
You not the mom I thought I knew,
These vicious lies you claim are true.

Although my savior sets me free,
You're quick to judge my life you see.
Playing God Self-righteously.
You thrive upon hypocrisy.

Crooked path's you surely stroll.
A river of styxx you pay the toll.
If pearly gates remain your goal,
The Lord's rebuke must play a roll.

A magician and her rabbit.
You choke it as you grab it.
You claim the truth by habit.
But a back that's turned you stab it.

Sleight of hand, you thief and steal.
Where they go, you don't reveal.
I don't fret, it's no bid deal.
Imagine how your God must feel.

Knowing well of how you sin.
You sell your soul to claim a win.
My torment sadly makes you grin.
To hurt my rep, you call 'All in'.

All you speak, the Angels hear,
You taunt and tease, then act in fear.
Progical son you don't revere.
He gifts you ease, you scorn him tear.

Wicked plots you do conspire.
The seeds I sow, you set afire.
My humble soul doth surely tire,
I dodge your stones upon this wire.

How dark this mind in which you dwell?
Tis more than words I hear you tell.
Who bid thee right my soul to sell?
You scream at me ' Go burn in hell'.

The guilt not found upon your face.
I walk in peace, you stalk and chase.
I run to God, you quicken pace.
I seek and end, you build a case.

No peace of mind, although you could.
Repent your ways, but never would.
Truth is light, God's way is good,
But you don't play like Christians should.

Little King of Sorrows

Crash And Burn

I hold the sign.
For what its worth.
Open Party.
Here on Earth.
Bring the beer,
And leave the fear.
The end is near.
It's all so clear.
You all can go,
It's for you too.
Grab a friend.
Enjoy your crew.
It's your world.
Yours to grasp.
Yours to screw.
Yours to crash.
It never sleeps.
Nor will I.
Crash and burn,
Until I die.

9-3-01

Little King of Sorrows

Depression

Sometimes I think I'm crazy,
cause no one thinks like me.
I think I don't belong here,
but where else should I be?
To think like this is normal,
and when I don't it's weird,
so other's must be thinking,
my brain has disappeared.
A walking waste of human,
is what my mirror shows.
Sometime I want to kill him,
and no one even knows.
But who would even care if,
If I wasn't here no more.
Why should I stay and up space?
What am I living for?
I cannot tell which way is up.
I'm getting in the way.
I'm ugly and my mind is warped,
So who cares what I say?
I could never make a difference.
I wish my life would end.
Cause I will never like myself.
I will never be my friend.

1997

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Little King of Sorrows

Diary Of A Wayward Police Force

'Just give me the facts maam,
I've heard all the rest.'
'Did you witness this crime? '
'20 stabs to the chest.'
'Will you narc yourself out,
for an innocent man,
or choose not to speak,
while he rots in a can.'
He did that himself?
He's unstable you say.
The world is in danger.
Please take him away.
I wouldn't have known,
by his friendly demeanor.
Another man led astray,
by the head of his wiener.
Its a good thing you called,
for the 50th time.
You just never know,
when it might be a crime.
Now you are safe,
from this night spent in fear.
He must have been drunk,
from that half drunken beer.
Here's a card that means nothing,
If your born as a male.
But for the love of vagina,
Its power won't fail.
Have a good night.
Go ice up your fist.
Sleep peacefully now.
This monster's dismissed.

L.K. Sorrows 9-16-2014

Little King of Sorrows

Divided States

United states of our Disgrace.
Batons of injustice bruise our face.
U.S. citizens blind sided by mace.
Tyranny absorbs our sovereign race.
Since 9-11, I can't replace,
the will in me to run this race.
It's time to present the people's case.
Our selfish leaders we must replace.

The smell of evil in every rank.
They leave us stones to fight a tank.
The edge we are, we walk the plank,
my country I loved is now a skank.

I wish this truth just wasn't so.
But the American way I no longer know.

U.S.A will fade away.

In God some of us still Trust.

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Little King of Sorrows

Dog Daze Of Summer (1)

Twass a summer unlike any other. The dog-days of summer to be exact.

Laughter floated in the breeze of the days, while the eskimos of the lower 48 enjoyed the sun's rays.

The twinkling nights a chorus of drumbeats remixed with the hoop-n-holler of college co-eds.

The smell of scorched wood hitchhiking a zephyr, weaving in out of the alleyways of the bustling city.

Old and young alike mingled and danced to the flashing lights and rhythmic wails of the local bands...and later police cars. Lightweights get carried, and tossed out of bars. War vets drink whiskey and show off their scars. Lover's claiming their corners and nooks while mischevious youngsters trade sinister looks. The setting you see, was alive and was well. Unlike the tormented story I tell.

to be continued...

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Little King of Sorrows

Driveby

Riding around in your Chevy,
Aint that pistol gettin heavy?
Beads of sweat run down your face,
coming up, another murder case.

Goin down one more block.
Lookin down at your glock.
Rollin down passanger window.
Pull the trigger. Another widow.

Leaving the scene at top speed.
All gangs are is guns and weed.
Month of june you became a member.
Killed 4 people by september.

'Pull it over' the policemen shout.
You made the team. But now want out.
Your brother says, ' Won't go out like this'
'Let me out' you yell and hiss.

You tuck and roll to side of the ridge.
And watch his car go off the bridge.
The cops say' You killed that guy outside the bar'
They slam your face against the car.

Few months later you enter court,
for all those lives you ended short.
What a waste and what a shame.
You chose that life. Noone else to blame.

The sentence echoes in your ears.
You try so hard to hold back tears.
The judgement of your greatest fears.
Sit and rot for 100 years.

L.K. Sorrows

(summer of 98) 17yrs old.

Little King of Sorrows

Everything

Almost lost everything.
My childhood...GONE.
My parents...GONE.
My friends...GONE.
My lovers...GONE.
My children...GONE.
My animals...GONE.
My wardrobe...GONE.
My accessories...GONE.
My possessions...GONE.
My dwelling...GONE.
My GOD...HERE.

RIGHT WHERE HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN. SO THEREFORE...I COULD LOSE
ANYTHING, BUT I WILL ALWAYS HAVE EVERYTHING.

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Little King of Sorrows

For One More Day With You

For one more day with you,
My soul I cannot sell.
For one more day with you,
I'd spend a week in hell.
For one more day with you,
I'd walk a thousand mile.
For one more day with you,
Do it naked all the while.
For one more day with you,
I'd mail you my big toe.
For one more day with you,
I'd gladly sit death row.
For one more day with you,
I'd sing on crowded streets.
For one more day with you,
I'd give up eating sweets.
For one more day with you,
I'd take a month of lashing.
For one more day with you,
Lay my fingers down for smashing.
For one more day with you,
I'd give up every girl.
For one more day with you,
I'd chug moonshine till I hurl.
For one more day with you,
I'd start back from day one.
For one more day with you,
I'd ride a rocket to the sun.
For one more day with you,
I'd spend my nights in rain.
For one more day with you,
I'd commit myself insane.
For one more day with you,
I'd climb the tallest tree.
For one more day with you,
I'd take hammers to my knee.
For one more day with you,
I'd do everything above.
For one more day with you,

I'd do this out of love.

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Little King of Sorrows

Gaurdian

A child's mind must always play,
so bedtime monsters I boldly slay.
A kingdom forrest, we light up a lamp,
Our backyard woods, we set up camp.
Old and wise, to her I seem,
who am I, to deny her this dream.
Play on young lass, we reach castle gates,
a hollowed out log, your chariot waits.
Innocent soul, so young and so free,
I'm at your service, I follow thee.
Transparent dragons, they fill up the sky,
My plastic sword swift, for her I would die.

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Little King of Sorrows

Give It A Moment

Give it a moment...

My pen shall dance and sing.

My finger's puppet.

It puts on a play to my delight.
A display of magic as I write.

Give it a moment...

My pen sheds tears of ink.

My finger's captive.

A slave to plant my words by hand.
It wakes and rests at my command.

Give it a moment...

My pen will surely die.

My finger's friend.

By my side through night and day.
But all good things must fade away.

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Little King of Sorrows

Good Morning Broken Heart (Revised)

Broken heart! In pain you glare!
I have no time, to judge what's fair.
Important things, this world doth care.
I'll go to work. You lay there bare.

Broken heart! Get out the way!
I have no time, to sit and play.
Important things, to do today.
I'll go to work. At home you stay.

Broken heart! This can't be beat!
I have no time, for shredded tweet.
Important things, deadlines to meet.
I'll go to work. You rest your feet.

Broken heart! You're out of line!
I have no time, to sip your whine.
Important things, my pen must sign.
I'll go to work. You'll be just fine.

Broken heart! The bus won't wait!
I have no time, to find a date.
Important things, to contemplate.
I'll go to work. You choose your fate.

Broken heart! Let go my soul!
I have no time, to take a stroll.
Important things, they set a goal.
I'll go to work. You stay and troll.

Broken heart! It's for the birds!
I have no time, to heed your words.
Important things, corral the herds.
I'll go to work. You chat with nerds.

Broken heart! Why do you cry?
I have no time, for answer why.
Important things, await my try.
I'll go to work. You soar the sky.

Broken heart! You mope about!
I have no time, to scream and shout.
Important things, my hands must sprout.
I'll go to work. You sit and pout.

Broken heart! Just let me be!
I have no time, for dreams you see.
Important things, they don't come free.
I'll go to work. You live for me.

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Little King of Sorrows

Good Poem Bad Poem

As other's sleep and other's wake,
I come here not to steal or take,
I come here not for same mistake,
I come for blame that I must take.
Some in peace and some in hell,
I came here not with junk to sell,
I came here not with lies to tell,
I come to help those who fell.
Chose to speak or turn away,
I was here that fateful day,
I was here and had a say,
I was here and in the way.
Many planes my heart does feel,
I fell from love that wasn't real,
I fell from friendship's risky deal,
I'm not numb to how you feel.
Good poem or bad poem I care not,
I'm giving healing with all I've got,
I offer closure so your flames get hot,
I never meant for soul's to rot.

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Little King of Sorrows

Haiku Practice?

Underestimate.
The lengths I would go for you.
Mind over matter.

Authenticity.
Proven to be true and true.
Origin Inspired.

Magic dreamcatcher.
Nightmares never allowed through.
A net of desire.

Hopeless Romantic.
Eyes twinkle as smiles sparkle.
Still sleeping alone.

Open mindedness,
Unbiased thought reception.
Peaceful Acceptance.

Unplanned Adventure.
Spontaneous thrill seeker.
Just get up and go.

Little King of Sorrows

Have Faith In Me (A Note To My Dear Friend Aswath Raman)

fear not dear Aswath,
hold your head up high.
For it's hard to place such value.
Of this friendship made with I.

Aswath fret you not! ! !
Though seems I'm world away.
I yell your tale from mountains.
A poem surely finds your way.

Aswath listen closely.
All you inquire I shall tell.
My kingdom run amok me.
My mind must rest a spell.

Hear me noble Aswath.
My ends come to a means.
I offer you all gold I have.
To buy your faith between.

Little King of Sorrows

Held

Oh my friend!
I read you loud and clear.
Beyond your strength for other,
I'm sensing all your fear.
When it's all too hard to watch.
Please rest your eyes on me.
In the end you'll be okay.
Though right now it's hard to see.

Oh dear friend!
I see you standing tall.
But if your knees shall buckle,
My hand won't let you fall.
In agony I cry for you!
My wings shall hold you tight.
The tunnel's getting darker,
But it always ends in light.

Oh sweet dear.
Your tears drive me insane.
Suffer not alone I beg.
Please share with me the pain.
If only but a little while,
Let me take you far away.
Let me be a great distraction,
If only for today.

Oh dear, my dear.
I have no master plan.
I simply wish to comfort,
If there's any way I can.
A kiss upon your forehead,
My hand upon your cheek,
My shoulder here as pillow,
I'll be your strength when weak.

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Little King of Sorrows

Hope

Apple of my eye.
For you I could die.
Forever I`ll fly,
Dark Angel don't cry.
A poem a day,
keeps demons at bay.
Read scripture and pray.
Keep faith where you lay.
Life is a test,
So just do your best.
Through him we can rest.
A path when you're stressed.
Keep your heart pure,
Through flames you'll endure.
Closed eyes find a cure.
This one truth be sure.
Fear has some power,
In a desperate hour.
It seeks to devour.
A thirsty young flower.
Give me thy hand.
God saves thee a land.
My will his command.
His food is not bland.
Eat like we should,
Of the fruit that is good.
From under the hood,
the engine that could.

Little King of Sorrows

I Dont Just Hear You. I Hear You!

Whistle while you work,
I seem a selfish jerk.
My plate weighs a ton,
So please bask in the fun,
And "The I miss you" that hides in my smirk.
A week full of bull,
I have still yet to pull.
But see we are winning,
For this is only beginning. (hardly, but you know: -)

Little King of Sorrows

I Still Exist

By cellular nation.
I submit dedication.
To a world that is missed.
Soul to soul we exist.
To my Indian bro;
I implore u to grow.
Kings advisor you are.
In this trade you'll go far.
My inbox is full.
A comeback the goal.
My friends that await;
Im waltzing with fate.
My heart beating true;
For the minds I lived through.
From this hell with my cell;
Heartfelt stories to tell.

Little King

Little King of Sorrows

It Just Is

The hardest thing I'll ever do, is giving up on loving you.
The hardest thing I've ever done, is admitting I'm the broken one.
The hardest thing I'll never show, the heart that beats your name below.
The hardest thing I'll never win, is a chance to hold you close again.

The dearest tears I'll ever shed, the ones we shared within my bed.
The dearest words I'll ever hear, ' Don't push him back, I need him here'
The dearest pain I'll never lose, felt with you through saddest news.
The dearest dream I'll never see, through heaven's gate you walk with me.

The greatest gift I've ever had, was the chance to make you smile when sad.
The greatest day I've ever known, when your love for me was truly shown.
The greatest play I'll never write, perfecting the dance I tried that night.
The greatest ride I'll never take, is another sail upon that lake.

The perfect flight I'll ever soar, the one in clouds we flew before.
The perfect way I'll ever live, Is sharing all my love to give.
The perfect love I'll never see, exist somewhere I cannot be.
The perfect wish I'll never make, is forcing something you won't take.

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Little King of Sorrows

I've Made My Heart My Home

Wherever I may roam.
For where I am, there I be.
That essence left behind by me.

The struggle seems so endless.
This curse can leave me friendless.
Sacrifice became my life.
It's my double sided knife.

Another road ahead I fear.
Another hurt is looming near.
But on the way I surely know.
I'll leave some memories as I go.

Another soul to shed a smile.
Reminder of my life worth while.
Here or there. Near or far.
I leave a trail like shooting star.

Traveling soul, a vagabond.
Treasures kept! To me are fond.
As winter slowly comes to close.
I have no time for bitter foes.

I've made my heart my home.
Wherever I may roam.
For where I am, there I be.
That essence left behind by me.

Little King of Sorrows

Lady Luck

Always deserving better than me.
Me and you could never be.
Allowing me a chance for free,
Now these thoughts I cannot flee.
Dearest friend I need not see,
A simple word I wait from thee.

Justify the pain I feel,
Even though we broke the deal,
Aching heart is very real,
Need a word to help me heal.

Months of hiding pain inside,
Admitting now the ways I lied,
Repair the intentions of what I tried,
Inscribed in prayers I nightly cried.
Ever lasting friend I have implied.

J-man gives you what you need,
Of his forgiveness I also plead,
Hopeful solution to evil deed,
New food for thought for us to feed.
Stoned and drunk I couldn't lead,
Overtaken by the pace and speed,
Never forgotten, your planted seed.

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Little King of Sorrows

Limmerick Practice

There once was a man from snow river,
He chose to live life as a giver,
Though forgotten by many,
He'd spend his last penny,
As the shirt off his back he'd deliver.

The very same guy it is written,
By love bug was so often bitten,
At face value he'd trust,
Never blinded by lust,
Big hearts would leave him so smitten.

A rare breed of soul he did carry,
Lies from another he found so scary,
Abundance of love,
He learned from above,
But never a soul-mate to marry.

Weekly he wrote down a letter,
As a person he strove to be better,
Through the highs and the lows,
His character grows,
Never hiding inside from the weather.

Inside his own self he found beauty,
Service to others he made his duty,
To many he'd scatter,
The little things that matter,
He'd spread the warm fuzzy cootie.

Little King of Sorrows

Living Hell

For a year I experinced heaven on Earth,
Now my life is a living hell,
On the wishing star I use to gaze,
But from my sight that star has fell.

A hollow chest from which i breathe,
My every painful breath,
dead memories that clog my heart,
till I'm begging for my death.

Each day the sun awakes my soul,
but yet I see no light,
my world so dark and cold right now,
too weak and old to fight.

My ravished body full of scars,
shattered dreams that pierce my skin,
feeling like a thousand knives,
protruding from within.

No Angel here to help me,
I'm feeling so alone,
The fire raging all around me,
Till there's nothing left but bone

What life is this I now call mine,
my mirror friend is gone,
replaced by an evil laughing clown,
that says to grab a gun

End it all you stupid man,
I knew you wouldn't last,
You pathetic useless piece of shit,
Your living in the past.

All my love hath turned to hate,
all smiles have disappeared,
all burning love I use to have,
now just leaves me seared.

Death I hear you calling now,
I'm not too far away,
So close that I can taste you,
but today is not the day.

For I have made this prison,
And i can tear it down,
I have jumped off overboard,
but i refuse to drown.

I will do this on my own,
the past was just a phase,
I hold firm my faith in God,
that i will find some better days.

So demons bring your very best,
I have only begun to fight,
You may give me hell on Earth,
But I will make it through the night.

Another day, another war,
Another pretty face,
Another birth, another death,
Another Amazing Grace.

Another wound upon my heart,
That almost bled me dry,
But somewhere within I mend it shut,
It's not my day to die! ! ! !

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Little King of Sorrows

Love Tones And War Drums

As bewitching hour consumes this night,
A silhouette forms of shadows light.
For the dismal heart that tombs my soul,
Bitten twice shy by mornings toll.
A ghastly visit upon my lips.
The lustful sway of vampira's hips.
Pure of mind, but flesh of Adam.
A fiery seduction by Hades madam.
Set adrift by Siren's call.
Enchanting songs for men to fall.
Pearlescent gates, my destined fate.
My love was blinded, but God is great.
Maneater's destruction. Wreckage by miles.
Remnants of vessels lured in by the smiles.
Experience and radar, wouldn't let me succumb.
Her moaning by moonlight no match for this drum.

Little King of Sorrows

Loves Suicide

Is the mission impossible?

If it is. Then I'm out.

A man cut to pieces and scattered about.

The Real Humpty Dumpty. From cloud 9 I did fall.

That wholeheartedly shook me. And I jumped off the wall.

Busted and wounded. I hobbled the corner.

In the back of an Empire. I sat as little Jack Horner.

In silence I sat. Upon the concrete I spat.

Fluid soaked vision from under my hat.

If this day sounds to die for. So eerily true.

The day I committed a suicide from you.

Is the mission impossible?

If it is. Then I'm out.

A man cut to pieces and scattered about.

The Real Humpty Dumpty. From cloud 9 I did fall.

That wholeheartedly shook me. And I jumped off the wall.

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If this day sounds to die for. So eerily true.

The day I committed a suicide from you.

Little King of Sorrows

Me, Myself, And I

It's me!

The dancing clown of madness.
The muse of death and sadness.

Its myself!

The blackness on your toast.
Bad memories thoughtless host.

Tis I!

The joke of failed endeavors.
The rust that dulls your treasures.

It's me!

The lint that claims your pockets.
The speck that stalls your sprockets.

It's myself!

The wrinkle you can't iron.
The guilt that leaves you cryin.

Tis I!

The thread on which you dangle.
The knot you can't untangle.

Me, myself and I.

I, myself and me.

In a world of endless beauty.
A blemish I shall be.

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Little King of Sorrows

Mirror Mirror

Mirror Mirror on the wall,
who holds the flame of which I call?
Search within and you will see,
within your heart a memory.

Behind the black of pupil gaze,
beyond the greenish-yellow haze,
within the dark of shadowed veil,
You hold her heart, you walk her tale.

Mirror Mirror tell me more,
Why it's her I'm begging for.
Of many hearts I could proclaim,
In dreamy flights I call her name.

Walk again that wailing night,
when nothing said could take her fright.
You crawled within her wall of pain,
Existence on a different plane.

Mirror Mirror what is real?
of all these crazy things I feel.
I try to sort within my mind,
all these songs I come to find.

Little king, you need not know.
Let the feelings come and go.
Hiding them was not for you.
Here's the path your holding true.

Mirror Mirror, you know me well,
through all the years of bitter hell.
You show me Christ within my soul,
Reflecting in the deepest hole.

Every hair upon your brow,
Your loving God doth take a bow,
The spot on head...that's less than plush,
Soft hearted wink...from heavens brush.

Mirror mirror, you joke and tease,
all the while I beg you please!
As evil consumes the world around,
how shall I know she's safe and sound?

Unselfish man, you really care,
even when she isn't there.
You already know what I will say,
'Close your eyes and start to pray'

Mirror Mirror, what's my call?
As human rights begin to fall.
The rage in me consumes my peace!
In bitter words I pledge 'Release'.

Try to calm and stick to facts.
Be on guard if evil acts.
Stand up front, absorb the blows.
Loving God till breathing goes.

Mirror Mirror, I missed you so.
At times I balled my fist to throw.
With glee I would have watched you crack,
to match the person looking back.

I understand this game is hard,
It's where you hide the final card.
Steady handed, keep things light.
I'll see you again, tomorrow night.

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Little King of Sorrows

Mother

You sold me out and shamed my name.
This shattered Life became your game.
The wrath of God an endless flame.
Beware of how you claim your fame.
I myself shall hold no blame.
I know the truth and feel no shame.
A vengeful mother. A spiteful dame.
To me you're nothing. You're all the same.

You cut me swift. Your ax of lies.
Took siege my world. Your biased spies.
Don't look me dead within my eyes.
For you may combust to hordes of flies.
Your stench of pity and worn out cries.
Where wholesome truth just rots and dies.
The Word I'm taught. She now denies.
I lack the warmth a mom supplies.

The rage I feel is boiling hot!
It's spilling over my patience pot!
You hit me in the hardest spot.
But your sorry words shall reach me not.
All your hate, with truth I fought.
All my pain, you searched and sought.
But as Em would say, leave Salem's Lot.
For a ticket to heaven cannot be bought.

Little King of Sorrows

My Name Is Not Craig (Revised)

So his list I won't tag.
My maiden name's Sorrow.
Till another I borrow.
Intriguing protrusion.
Through world of illusion.
Bittersweet is the Lake,
Non-fiction or fake.
The Co-stars unfurled.
On stage to the world.
There is nothing to fear.
When recording a tear.
All writers of wonders.
Life's trophies and blunders.
From things we don't know.
Experience can grow.
No outlines of chalk.
Try my shoes for a walk.
Trade for a day. Was never my way.
Fences make foes, It's there I don't play.
No locks on the doors. No traps on my floors.
No attention infection, just weeping of sores.

Little King of Sorrows

My Siblings

The oldest child, I am of four. Without the others, I'd be no more.
They pick me up, they shove me down, they make me smile, they make me frown.

My greatest friends! I love so much. A life of hell, we've seen so much.
And through it all. It brings me pride. The bond we feel. Forever tied.
While many sibs, are filled with hate. It's not for us, we can't relate.
Stuck in the middle, our parents behavior. The other the bad guy, but neither a savior.

Year after year, abuse and neglect, childhood unstable, we all now reflect.
Step-parents and juvies, through years split apart, but each of us carried, those 3 in our heart.

So this one's for you, I swell with such pride, who shared in the torment, when innocence died.

Ryan the odd name, no k or no c.
A few of the traits, that have always made me.

Religious and Caring,
Youthful and Daring,
Attentive and Smart,
Noble at Heart.

Kyle my twin, but not really so,
But inside and out, each other we know.

King of the Jesters,
Yardstick like gestures,
Laughter's Musician,
Exudes Competition.

Kara's free spirit, a beautiful soul,
but life with 3 brothers, her sleeves she will roll.

Knowledge Astounding,
Astrology Abounding,
Rare as a diamond,
Alone as an island.

Corey the youngster, king tinny maker,
he's brash and he's brave, but never a faker.

Clever and Sharing,
Ornery and Caring,
Rambunctious and Blaring.
Energetic and Willful,
Youngest and Skillful.

Just one more thing, as the hours passed by, next time I do this, I'm skipping
the Y! ! !

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Little King of Sorrows

My World

My world is crashing down around me.
My head is dizzy from this tailspin.
My heart is heavy. My breath is broken.
My eyes are wide in search of safety.
This fear is taking over me now.
This darkness blanketing every inch of light.
This paralysis leaving me a sitting duck.
This fight has left me battered beyond recognition.
It's agony in the midst of inevitable defeat.
It's disappointment in values held dear to no avail.
It's hopeless to find help without secret motives.
It's heart-breaking to count the losses acquired.
No answers to the questions I've been left with.
No light at the end of the tunnel to be seen.
No empathy from this world for a life uncommon.
No shield from the darts of pain spat my way.
A soul devastated by endless betrayal of loved ones.
A struggle unheard of and hardly possible of comprehending.
A journey of epic proportions and tales rare as diamonds.
A lesson unrecognised and unfounded by a weary mind.
That road is a lonely path seemingly having no end.
That truth is a nightmare I awake to every morning.
That sacrifice is a crippling and deadly disease.
That life is hard to imagine and mine alone to claim.

L.K. Sorrows

Little King of Sorrows

Nightmare To Remember

Rip my chest open. Pour bleach on the stain.
I'm begging for death. Release me this pain.
A choke and a gasp. A spit and a gag.
Stuff in my mouth that chloroform rag.
Melt my flesh puddle. Burn me away.
Ashes to ashes! Till I don't know the day.
Slash me up middle. So I never survive.
Use rusty dull razor and scalp me alive.
Drain me of fluid. Till its all out of sight.
Hurt me severe, till I walk towards the light.
Snap off my ribs. Stab in my back.
Feed on my liver. Not the healthiest snack.
Rip out my tongue. A gurgle and scream.
Nightmare to remember. So I forget how to dream.

Little King of Sorrows

No Drug Compares

All of the weed and all of the beer,
Can't amount to the feeling of holding you near.
The rush through my body, that makes my heart soar.
Just keeps me longing and wanting you more.
My favorite drug. This phenomenal high.
I hope I O.D. On your love when I die.
A feeling so perfect from my head to my toes.
Consuming my body where ever it goes.
All from your touch and the sound of your voice.
I think I have found my new drug of choice.
The only treatment I need. Is that which you give.
They can't tell me to quit. The reason I live.
I'm truly addicted, to your love alone.
The most powerful addiction I've ever known.
I'd sell my belongings. I'd spend every cent.
To take one more hit of your wonderful scent.
I'm feining for you, even now as I speak.
I'm feeling my body get terribly weak.
I'm feeling so down, there's only one cure.
My lovely addiction, I need you for sure.

2000

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Little King of Sorrows

Not For Sale

For the life of me I'll never know.

I'm trapped in time not long ago.

Each morning sun anew.

Endless roads await.

Yet I'm chained by sadness.

My manifested fate.

Lustful eyes be winking.

All longing for a dance.

But heart is steady beating.

The tune of lost romance.

The bids are getting higher,

but my love just isn't there.

My songs of pain betray me,

under needy eyes that stare.

Little King of Sorrows

Ode To The Sheeple

Someone help me!

I've lost sight of any reason to write about this toilet bowl of life.

Who gives a crap? We all do it appears. So when the shit-stained papers we flush away build up and murky waters of the most rancid of odors flood back our way, who is to blame? Did we not all contribute the wasted remains of our gluttonous consumption? Do we demand investigation of the un-desirable contents as to who's mess caused the most blockage? Shall we sit and stare at this ses-pool of filth with arms crossed in defiant pride and do nothing? I bid thee NO! ! ! Though you all may live contently by shutting the door and forgetting the bacteria and disease-laden horror around the corner and out of mind, I cannot! ! ! One man, one mop. The sanitary conviction of my soul leads me forth into battle. When you awake, I shall be gone with nothing but the sparkiling white porcelain to remind you of me. For this world is drowning in the feces of injustice and there is much cleaning to do.

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Little King of Sorrows

Olly Olly Oxen Free

Your name is but a whisper,
it's been stifled by the time.
Your love a copper penny,
once a bright and shiny dime.
Your memory a puddle,
As the ocean's running dry.
Your words a flimsy tin,
that once held wholesome pie.
My hope is now an airplane,
soaring further from my view.
My heart a barren meadow,
once grazed upon by you.
My dreams just crumpled paper,
from the blooming tree that died.
Our friendship just a game,
I can't seek out where you hide.

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Little King of Sorrows

Peace Treaty

Here's to the winner. Let's giv'em his due.
A passive war fought? Conundrum found true.
Swords never clashing. A stance of good men.
Diplomacy offered. I welcome thy pen.
Request yonder pigeon, a message you quill,
my strategy is public, ask what you will.
A peace treaty offered, I'll draw back my forces,
from behind my own castle, I stable my horses.
A foe unintended, the battle took flight,
no damage on purpose, upon arrival that night.
Accepting defeat now, I offer my silence,
Respecting your boundary, I rest my defiance.
Though words never spoken, I wagered the cost,
in the heat of the battle, your plans were not lost.
Here's to the winner. Let's giv'em his due.
A passive war fought? Conundrum found true.

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Little King of Sorrows

Pen Pal

Saving my spot within your eye,
it's worth a shot, its worth the try.
Am I allowed, within your heart?
Can poetry tear this wall apart.
Upon the wings of dream and prayer,
will you accept the love I'm sending there?
If poem pal you grant for me,
I'd never ask for more to be.
Never a quiet time to write,
It's true my world still burns too bright.
A soul on fire, aflame for you,
could I be a distant star for you?
A hug that you shall never hold,
yes I claim to be so bold.
If healing came so quick and fast,
I'll leave you now and be the past.
But truth be told, don't think I should,
this ending isn't tasting good.
So far I came, through miles and years,
to clutch your heart, to wipe your tears.
A time of loss, so bitter-sweet,
I laid my love down at your feet.
A fool I played, but for you alone,
in your name, I'm trouble prone.
But that's the way I chose for us,
no matter if my name you cuss,
you'll always be the one I claim,
because of you I'm not the same.
So give an out, so I can breathe,
when my thoughts within begin to seethe.
Maybe with some feeling shown,
I won't have to guess the truth alone.
But writing is the way I talk,
These painful steps I still must walk.
Here and there, don't let this end.
I miss you so, my soul-mate friend.

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Little King of Sorrows

Poem 44 Haiku

Number forty four,
Symbolic 2 me 4 real,
Like my first Haiku.

Little King of Sorrows

Poemhunter

Luminescence of blue, a poem or two,
hidden gem of a world, emotions are hurled.
All shapes and all sizes, all masks and disguises,
oh what a dream, smiles burst at the seam.
The stories abound, God's love is around,
poets of colors, reminiscing with others.
A zephyr of hope, where lover's elope,
through rhythm and rhyme, we all claim some time.

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Little King of Sorrows

Puzzled Love

Another clue. Or maybe two.
Steadily I followed you.
A new years wish.
A summer loss.
Many words i've flipped and tossed.
The gripping grips, the constant slips,
I seek to taste your moistened lips.
The clover green,
My lucky Lucy.
Short but sweet, and oh so juicy.

Little King of Sorrows

R.I.P. Alter Ego

A soul that couldn't take it all,
he blew his thoughts against the wall!
Crimson pain that slowly drips,
through worn out paint and plastered chips.
His body convulsing,
blackened fingertips.
Smoky mouth,
blackened eyes,
I sadly wonder,
if his soul still flies.
A pain he couldn't longer bear,
through it all still lingered there,
So many years,
it wasn't fair,
Kicked while down,
he lost the will to hope and care.
It isn't me.
For here a write,
Just a dream I had last night,
Awoke another sun to fight.
My alter ego,
took his own life.
And If you ask me,
He had the rite.

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Little King of Sorrows

Racing Heart Be Still

Thine racing heart, be still!
Bid not thy love 'Ado'.
Hope is not abandoned.
Behold me something new.
A time must pass...
en tu a day.
Mine flesh and bone must go away.
Fret not my love!
Prepare us not a grave!
IF heart...
and soul...
and mind be one,
be two this man your slave.
Be three strands to our rope,
before we tie that knot.
Thus weaving God within our plans.
Be four that love alot.
My darling, my anchor.
My pink star winking kisses.
I've followed you till knees and knubs,
In search of magic 'dishes'.
You be a flame! And I am moth.
Your radiant glow inviting.
Mesmorized I linger close,
wings scorched from past igniting.
Nevertheless! Like never before!
And never shall again.
In pain I focus deeper yet,
on this once a lifetime send.

L.K. Sorrows 10-22-2014

Little King of Sorrows

Racing Hearts

Time is the shifter.
I too a young drifter.
Beginnings and ends.
Tuning corners and bends.
Walls painted over.
A Victor dawns clover.
A spec or a racer?
Or Stop. Watch. Embracer.
The blur of a coupe,
Threw my head for a loop.
Smoke lingers;
drifts and then parts.
Track laced with scars,
And tread marks of hearts.

Little King of Sorrows

Salute

Could it be you?
Could it be true?

Give me the case,
All past is erased.

Who are you now?
Wanna hold you but how?

Give me a sign.
For you shall always be mine.

Hand worked to bone.
But need you my own.

I love you my dear.
I think I've made myself clear...

L.K. Sorrows
5-24-2013

Little King of Sorrows

Searching

Searching soul, you musn't rush,
time the paint of heaven's brush.
Slow and steady wins the race,
chaos comes of quicken pace.
Send for me a whitened dove,
For Angel true, its you I love.
A corner I must slowly turn,
A phoenix rising still is burned.
As sure as sun is kissing me,
A place inside I save for thee.
Shorten rhyme I try to do,
To spend a moment here with you.
My coo of patience seeking,
of all your heart is speaking.

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Little King of Sorrows

Self Deception

You can't always believe everything you hear.

A fib is a fib, a lie still a lie, you may know the truth, but would much rather die.
Sometimes you make excuses to cover the light. Like sunglasses at noon,
pretending it's night.

You tell this to others. 'What a beautiful evening. Don't you agree my dear
friends? '

They look at you like your crazy.

Some nod and just smile...but they know the truth...you live in denial.

And when day comes to completion, and the moon rules the sky, while other's
are sleeping...

you stay up and cry. You ask yourself why.

Throw the glasses away, and enjoy the next day.

Don't be a fool for deception to rule.

Don't be the face, of a heartbroken race.

Shed that last tear. And go have a beer. Live in the truth, your redemption is
near.

Be in the now, this moment of time. Let your smile be light to attract the
sublime.

Laugh after laugh, step after step, you'll no longer worry about the sorrow you
kept.

Stay one step ahead of the past.

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Little King of Sorrows

Selfish Me

When did you love me?
Does come and then go?
Does anger come quickly,
while your love trickles slow?
Was it one defined moment,
that I missed or forgot?
Are you saving it now?
Is that all you've got?
Did I get a fair portion?
Did I rank fairly high?
Are you spreading it even?
We all get some pie.
Who can have seconds?
Will someone get thirds?
Should I share with the others?
I like play with words.
When empty they break.
No quality parts.
Words filled with meaning,
bring more finish to starts.
Imagine a circle...
Perhaps it's a track...
Many hopefuls will start,
but not all will come back.
Some hold their line...
Straight forward they go.
Some weave all over,
Like some poems I know.
It's all about heart.
Some got it, some don't.
Some achieve greatness...
Some wannabes won't.

L.K. Sorrows 9-16-2014

Little King of Sorrows

Set Aflame

I wish to pause...
and press rewind.
Insert the words that fled my mind.
Another chance,
so you would know,
the man inside that didn't show.
You ran in tears
and slammed the door,
it cut me at my deepest core.
Far too soon
to feel that pain,
fear now surged through every vein.
Now on guard,
my thoughts askew.
Indifference I displayed to you.
How much I cared,
would not be shown.
Beside myself I sat alone.
The letters wrote,
I hate to see.
The heartless fool portrayed by me.
Breaking down
while standing firm.
Cold as ice my every term.
Each minute yearning,
for an end.
And hold you in my arms again.
Dizzied by.
this drunken spell.
My heaven melts within this hell.
My broken wings,
now on display.
I push my angel's prayers away.
Life and death,
become the same,
as a love once real is set aflame.
Paralyzed...
by what was said,
I starved you of attention pled.

Next day we chose,
to go and talk.
On broken dreams we still would walk.
The damage done,
the sting severe.
The stormy night would never clear.
A boom and shout,
in darkened room.
Our friendship finally met it's doom.
Head hung low,
I left at dawn.
One final meet and you were gone.
I wished our story,
short and sweet.
Rose like memories at your feet.
But truth be told,
I'm split in two,
from the madness that I put you through.
My self-forgiveness,
put to test,
I run in circles seeking rest.
I try to fly
and leave this place.
Another fall upon my face.
Another moment,
scrutinized,
by a weary soul unrecognized.

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Little King of Sorrows

Simple Poem

Simple poem
simple rhyme
for would-be poets,
to take some time.
Send a shout,
write a prayer,
admire grandma's
cotton hair.
Promote a love,
denote the past,
win at first,
but finish last.
Fiddle through,
the riddle dew,
learn from them,
before your through.
Change it up,
and have some fun,
when sorrow seems,
to over-run.
Just 1 word,
can mean so much,
so give em hell,
who gives a fuch.

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Little King of Sorrows

Slothboy And I

Slothboy and I,
watching years pass us by,
our mysteries and capers,
spilled upon tattered worn papers.

The struggle of life,
usually portrayed by a knife.
We laugh and we read.
A feast of poems to feed.

See what I found?
I kept some around.
He buried it deep.
This book he did keep.

Angry and jaded.
Our ink never faded.
Demons and Angels.
Our life from all angles.

A decade or more,
So descriptive the gore.
Friends that we had,
The good and the bad.

When I get me some time,
there are many a rhyme.
I do wish to share.
Walk through our minds, if even you dare!

Little King of Sorrows

So Cliche

As I walked through the valley of the shadow of death,
I took your hand and held my breath,

For love is patient, love is kind,
Those moments challenged my depth of mind.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,
unparalleled; unprecedented; dreams and crimes.

Happily ever after they were not meant to be,
their puppy love memories, lost somewhere at sea.

To somebody you just might be the world,
so dizzy from spinning, I heaved and I hurled.

Like we, God saw her getting tired,
and her race, her fight, her love, my eyes so much admired.

When the last inch of your strength un-quelled,
This is what it meant to be HELD.

People will forget what you do and say,
But the memories will always stay.

Short and sweet,
with every beat.

Like the woo,
of Satisfy you.

Happy Birthday to me,
most special it will be,
Perfectly Imperfect our letters,
From A-Z.

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Little King of Sorrows

So The Story Go

My empty heart shall fill this void,
now blank-white canvas over-joyed.
Happy thoughts are not for me,
All the same, I set them free.
From deep within the pain I grip,
Replanted here by fingertip.
Release thy smile and let it shine,
And spread the warmth of love divine.
Evaporate my liquid fear,
Leave something more substantial here.
Taste of honey, of which I lack,
feed these souls, a sweetened snack.
Liquorish trees, of which I walk,
Know the difference, of how I talk.
Surrounded not by candy birds,
that rain upon us cookied turds.
Vultures soar my sky aloof,
Their stool distilled to 80 proof.
Disheveled grin escapes from me,
as I search for words I'll never be,
But still I try, to change my view,
like the wintergreen freshness, of morning dew.
Carmel bark and spearmint leave,
this candy-land vision I don't achieve,
Root beer barrel, that hold my pains,
Natural Ice will freeze my veins.
Refreshments of adult selection,
Is which I choose for my reflection.
Once again, my own words true,
no matter what I say or do.
Even though my drinks are less,
I miss the care-free drunkenness.
The kind that dared me not to sleep,
but never kept me up to weep.
One moment here, the next a sigh,
a dreaming star, in Heavens sky.
A horse of color, I just won't be,
My wardrobe black for all to see,
Call it choice, call it fate,

I can trace it to the date.
Someday my life will maybe change,
as I slowly start to rearrange.
My poem's you don't have to read,
It's serves for me a inner need,
If scared of dark, please stay away,
I know I've slowly gone astray.
This fight I can't explain to you,
Or what it takes to make it through.
I search of ghosts in smoke filled halls,
and speak to shadows on my walls.
I know the source I hide with-in,
and the shroud of time is getting thin.
I've come too far, to lay back down,
to bask in glory, of my own frown.
But healing is a lengthy fight,
still found no way to sleep at night.
I say my prayers and lie awake,
praying for my soul at stake.
For far too long been left to rot,
For years I gave this all I got.
One day a time, it surely goes,
But the pain inside, God only knows.
Slow and steady, will win the race,
No longer tracking speed of pace.
No longer tracking space of time.
No longer tracking beat of rhyme.
So another poem gone to waste.
As I wrote these words in sickened haste.
Or so it seems, I just don't know,
But that's the way, the story go.

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Little King of Sorrows

Spirit Voice

Transparent pain and crimson rain.
A fragile heart. The world apart.
Relax and feel. Let time reveal.
Leave worry behind. Now free mind
You see me there without a care?
Follow Spirit. My voice. You hear it?
Within this dream no need to scream.
Silent whisper getting crisper.
I call the glow you hide below.
Behind your eyes a garden lies.
Mid fields of green a path is seen.
Beyond the gate. It's here I wait.
A nod and wink. What do you think?
No right or wrong. Sing me your song.
A voice so sweet. I tap my feet.
Release your fears into my ears.
Change the style with need to smile.
I leave this seed for friend indeed.
Plant with me a healthy tree.
May peace abound this fertile ground.
A place to dwell in Earthly hell.

Little King of Sorrows

Survivor

I draw a distinct line. Between Infatuation,
and dedication.
With a stick of dignity is where I leave my mark,
In the sands of poetry. Where an ocean of infinite bliss exists.
You can call me crazy...
to a point.
You may be right.
As here I sit and continue to write.
Hardly bored.
As I look for corners to flee, to scribble down another plea!
Am I a worthy of these poems so true?
Better question I ask, if even are you?
Don't take this so hard.
Don't read me in spite.
For if all you read is of darkness, then your just dodging my light.
Treat me so mean, cause all I have seen.
But you cant take away the thoughts and words.
I leave blank and empty between.

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Little King of Sorrows

T.J.S. My Little Angel

It ain't fair! You died too young!
Like a story that had just begun.
But death...
Tore the pages all away.

In my mind! You smile for me!
Like a beacon midst the stormy sea.
But time...
Still standing in the way.

Why dear God? I pray at night.
This story just ain't fitting right.
But truth...
I slowly start to heed.

All my love! To help you grow.
I shortly got to reap and sow.
But heaven,
Plucked away my seed.

No more hopes! Just faded dreams.
Of coaching you for pee-wee teams.
But rain...
Forever called the game.

First born son! That saved my soul!
Just in time to make me whole.
But fate...
Quickly doused the flame.

Hurry up! I can not wait!
To see you at the pearly gate.
But life...
Sings a patient song.

Heavy heart! I take with me!
Each night and day that we can't be.
But faith...
To God we both belong.

Angel true! I know of you!
Despite the hell that I go through.
But prayer...
Has given me the fuel.

Joyous Day! I long await!
This prize I never contemplate!
But desperation...
Makes daddy act a fool.

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Little King of Sorrows

That's Life

Round and Round we go.
When will it stop?
I guess I don't know.
Time stood still,
While having some fun.
Time dragging by,
when over and done.
But never say never!
That's what I like to say.
Dreams are Forever.
I like it that way.
Plenty fish in the sea.
When I wish it to be.
I'm not in a hurry.
I'm fine with just me.
Life's what you make it.
It starts from inside.
I'd have no regrets,
If tomorrow I died.
Like a bat out of hell,
I ran and I fell.
I jumped and I flew.
Made some wishes come true.
Till that one lady sings,
and my family mourns.
It's mine for the taking,
this bull and it's horns.

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Little King of Sorrows

The Edge

My troubled soul has reached the edge...I'm shaking at the knees...the power my heart has over my mind is terrifying. Ambushes of unstable thoughts surround me. I lock myself inside my notebook.

Primal instincts could sway me harm.

My intuition is suspect at best.

A distant whisper calling. The little things. They keep me breath.

Frozen. Paralysed by the unknown.

Hindered by my collection of failed endeavors... the next could do me in.

What is right?

I've prayed at every crossroad reached...

to find this edge again.

Little King of Sorrows

The End

I am a muse.
The passion I show it.
My highs and my lows,
Some call me a poet.
A rhymer of feelings,
since a very young age,
My soul was sent flying,
While locked in a cage.
One-liners guiding,
the way that I walk,
No expectations,
Just writing my talk.
The drum that is beating,
I stroll to a tune,
Inside of my head,
A singing baboon.
Don't be offended,
Offended don't be,
It's just my perspective,
The perspective of me.
It don't make it right,
it don't make it true,
I let it misguide me,
But healed from it too.
Like a peace pipe of natives,
words drifting like smoke,
stinging my eyes,
I continued to toke.
Ashes surround me,
as the air finally cleared,
if I see this correctly,
it's just as I feared.
But the fear is past tense,
It's really okay,
like a child I was asking,
' Can you come out and play? '
The answer was distant,
I heard what you chose,
'Can you please go away now? '

I replied, ' I suppose'.
Wishing the best,
to you and your friends,
The writing continues,
But our story ends.
I still need some practice,
I continue to try,
seeking a soul-mate,
I'll sing to the sky.
My life now a canvas,
as pure as the snow,
what shall be painted,
Only my teacher does know.
Every new beginning,
forms from an end,
no reason to hate it,
I Thank you old friend.

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Little King of Sorrows

The Flame Rages On

Roses are red.
Your hair is maroon.
Your eyes golden chocolate,
that makes my heart swoon.
Kisses like wine.
They make my cheeks blush.
Both speaking in tongues.
What a spiritual rush!
Our bed like a cloud,
while your feet I caress.
Two bodies entangled.
One beautiful mess.
The sound of you breathing,
to the tempo of love.
Like prayers being answered,
by whispers above.
Your dreams on my heart,
with your head on my chest.
Never closer to heaven,
this whole Earthly quest.
Remember these feelings,
when time seems too long.
Don't let loneliness fool ya.
This flame rages on! ! !

L.K. Sorrows 5-24-2014

Little King of Sorrows

The Life For Me

I think about more, than I forget,
It leaves a heart sore, when it beats with regret.
Ignorance is bliss, so sorrow I feel,
Hearing demons that hiss, the battle so real.
All that I see, a world full of show,
makes no difference to me, I let that life go.
Inside is the fight, a spiritual quest,
I follow the light, of the God I know best.
His word is my path, his way is so true,
His love is my bath, when the daytime is through.
My tongue is a mess, sometimes I'm confused.
This I confess, I'm rotten and bruised.
When the fuel tank is low, He gives me a fill.
He blankets my body, from the cold winter chill.
He saves me a prize, in a place far away.
Can't see with my eyes, but It's as real as today.
A burden I carry, since 2005,
the first born I bury, but yet I'm alive.
These shoulders are weighted, the muscle I bare,
like atlas I'm stated, holding a world that won't care.
Till darkness encases, the green of my eyes.
I'll pass through the phases, exposing the lies.
This life has been given, and the sins that I own,
Are mine for the livin, not written in stone.
I repent and replant. I reap and I sow,
I resent and recant, my wrongs that I know.
A friendship begotten, a good-bye in the making,
all hatred forgotten, it's mine for the taking.
A thanks to above, for blessings received.
Accepting rebuke in pure love, for those I deceived.
So many talents, entrapped in my brain,
Ensnared in it's talons, a constant refrain.
But a parable I read, when I was a boy,
if I leave them un-spread, I'm wasting my joy.
So fly hindered soul! You're born to be free!
For life as a whole, God's given to thee!

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Little King of Sorrows

The Logic For A Mess To Start

2 together is better than 2 apart,
the logic for a mess to start,
So 2 can look at 1 and say,
the time has passed you by today.
For 1 it was a time to think,
of how it became a missing link,
For 1 was kind but unaware,
another 1 would take a dare.
But 1 became a half of each,
deep within it had to reach,
This 1 not sure if led astray,
prayed for wholeness day by day.
Then 3 all become 1's that night,
to start the path of making right,
Now 2 sit back and look at 1,
blaming it for damage done,
But 1 knows better than before,
it never meant to start a war.
4givenness is for all you see,
not for 1 or 2 or 3.

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Little King of Sorrows

The Rerun Show

Gone with the wind! Set sail with delight.
Destination Heaven. But landed in night.
Brilliant stars sparkle. They heckle above.
Someone was singing" Come and get it my love."

I sifted the box.
Where are my props?
A pointed hat I adorned.
Appointed myself a rose with a thorn.
The prick of a stick. I yelp and I lick.
The crimson red slick, I drowned in so quick.
Clever old flick. Or dirty old trick.
My stomach turns sour.
I ate of the flower.
Presented to me as in sickness I cower.
Oh for the love of thy power. Not my greatest of hour.
My dream maker starts baking some goodies for taking.
A musical sway, to take me away.
The star of the day. The joke of the play.
Put on display. It was a pleasure I say.
Look! No quotations. For someones dismay.
Had a dream I was king. Woke up. Still King.
As for tomorrow. Still a king of some sorrow.
The pain was a lone, that line you can borrow.
Fluidity luck laster. Go slower, go faster.
The shepherd's my master if I flirt in disaster.
When death grips my boy after merely two year.
The last thing I fear what pace I lay tear. And who to adhere.
I'm not held by a peer, or given a treasure so dear.

WHO?

WHO?

WHO M I?

A COLD SHOULDER USED TO CRY.

COBWEBS DONT HELP ME FLY.
A SIMPLE UNBLOCK OR HELLO.
SO I DON'T BE UNFORGIVEN. YOU KNOW?

EYES FALLING CLOSED,
A DEMO COMPOSED.
ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL,
NO MORE SECONDS TO STEAL.

Little King of Sorrows

The Song Poem

'Carry on my wayward son'
A hint to my new place.
You could say 'I saw the sign'.
I'm the Ace of my new base.
'Runaway train' never coming back,
I chose to 'let her cry'.
Always claiming 'Wasn't me'.
10 years 'so long, goodbye'.
'You don't know her like I do'
She plays a 'Wicked Game'.
'running out of moonlight'.
She's a sick puppy 'All the same'.
I try to be a 'Simple Man'.
'Too many words' will cause a mess.
'Please forgive me' if I'm 'cold',
I'm 'Hard to love' I guess.
Thats why I chose to 'Sail',
'Unforgiven' and 'Alone'.
Baby 'We're not meant to be'.
What I've felt and what I've known.
Too late to 'Apologize'.
No meaning in 'Watchyasay'.
This time I'm riding 'Solo',
'Karma' comes for you someday.
' I would walk 500 miles',
'I will not bow' or 'Break',
' I won't back down' to petty games.
'Suffocate' and go be fake.
'Rehab' made me 'Realize',
'I don't care' to 'Hurt' 'Nobody',
'Sometimes love just aint enough'
'What a shame' were over honey.
'I get it' that 'Its over now'.
Wont think 'What might have been'.
'Every once in a while''I'll be missing you'
But I wont 'Remember when'.
We Found 'The end of the road',
Thats what 'Hurts the most'.
Its 'more than words' or 'heartless' games.

No more 'Home' for us to host.
Goodbye 'Almost lover',
I can't have 'Somebody like you'.
My souls forever 'Space Bound'
'Wish you were here'. 'Confessions 2'.

L.K.S 4-20-2015

Little King of Sorrows

The Walk

Went out of my way to forget you today.
'It belongs on the shelf' I reminded myself.
Out of sight, and out of mind. I tried to leave you far behind.
Took a stroll, to clear my head. Found paths we use to walk instead.
A bench behind a wall of stone. I left that thought to sit alone.
Among the sky, my soul was free. A basked in God's serenity.
Atop the hill. The red cross sign. Some memories tried to cut in line.
Broken hearts, beyond repair. I left them in the doctor's care.
Along the park, around the bend. I headed back to town again.
Another way, I need to go. So many spots still claimed your glow.
Another mile, abandoned loss. Represented by the bridge I cross.
Aloof in town. Just being me. I craved an Arizona tea.
As I approach, the nearest store. I'm saddened as I grip the door.
The first time I had entered here. Like yesterday, the vision clear.
A place your mother use to work. Decades before, she was the clerk.
My stomach turns, as well do I. I say a prayer to her up high.
With that I quickly try to think, of something else I'd like to drink.
A concrete road, I follow round. Near a pub, some moments found.
Quickly I surpass their claim. 3 lettered bar, familiar name.
This corner building, how long it felt. Left feelings in the snow to melt.
A beautiful sight is now in reach. Like oasis amid a desert beach.
Many years I knew this place. Thoughts of you now interlace. I'll leave the beer
within it's case.
Nowhere to go, no place to run. So I guess I'll accept this lonely fun.
As spring is surely on it's way. Reminding my soul to dance and play.
Throughout this town, we blazed our trails. They're some of my most favorite
tales.
Off and on we had our times. As they come to me in scattered rhymes.
I'll leave them here upon the page. Remembering that this world's a stage.
Another act unlike before. The decade I've been waiting for.
Without you, its sad to think. Our time is gone, a tearful blink. Or is there more,
a smile and wink.
This moment I can't sit and wait. I leave it up to time and fate. Forever expires
no specific date. Life goes on. I'm running late.
But as I live and days go by. Upon that shelf our memories lie. Polished and
treasured until I ing myself to say Goodbye.

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Little King of Sorrows

The Wall

There's this wall...
I know it's hard to see.
Every inch I conquer,
Brings the world I long to see.
My soul is detained...
I can feel the tension.
My lines are snagged,
It's halting my ascension.
Bloody Hell!
In arrest I stare.
Azure sky surrounding.
I lay a rested prayer.
Is this a wasted venture?
Not hardly be the case.
Retrace my steps as I descend.
This wall without a face.
I shall be back!
Relentless Desire.
Remember the Phoenix.
His rise from the fire.
For God is my witness.
My power and might.
Every prayer is accounted.
Till he calls me to flight.

Little King of Sorrows

The Wizard Of Oz

Follow the yellow brick road. The great and powerful judge.
I had no brain, and lost my home, but this heart it didn't budge.
The man behind the curtain, you bark with all your might.
Denied me of her wishes. No care for wrong or right.
Don't think we're in Kansas, Minnesota this must be.
A horse of a different color. Our courts too blind to see.
I killed a man in munchkin land, his guild was on my tail,
lollypop batons and all, they threw my ass in jail.
'No place like home, No place like home', I prayed all night aloud.
They brought me jailhouse sandals. 'No special shoes allowed'.
My courage was discouraged. Flying monkeys hover near.
Poppy seeds atop my bread, bring dreams to meet my tear.
'OH WE OH, its off to court I go'.
Antie Em can't hear me. The hourglass drains slow.
Dorothy's dream was over, in bed show woke with joy.
I think I'm in a coma, my balloon was just a ploy.
Some people go this way, some will take a right,
Some people go both ways, some think it through all night.
Guess I'm just a scaredcrow, I seem to lack a brain.
I'll just hang around for now, all storms run out of rain.

L.K. Sorrows 9-23-2014

Little King of Sorrows

This Blue Moon

My heart is already broken! No more damage can you do!
In the symphony of madness, I sang the same to you.
But in this dueling duet of agony, who was teaching who?
This familiar song I thought I wrote, now claimed by someone new.
Who is this muse before me? Where did she learn this tune?
This melody I locked inside, revealed by this blue moon.
In bitterness I heeded her cry, lost in this monsoon.
Joyous songs were not for us, we sang along too soon.

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Little King of Sorrows

This Untold Story

My dearest friend,
I knew thee too well,
so when you came a calling,
how quickly I fell.

Youthful adventures,
that gave us our start,
long thought forgotten,
still danced in our heart.

Star speckled nights,
so many we claim,
the spirits that found us,
too many to name.

Was it just drugs,
that gave us our dreams,
the visions we shared,
so common it seems.

No rhyme and no reason,
swift footed we flee,
far from tin castles,
the chains we broke free.

My kin-folk amongst us,
your father in tow,
well aware of the dangers,
still choosing to go.

You still not of age,
and I still a pup,
stated by many,
of the cracks in our cup.

But with smiles and laughter,
we drank up our youth,
right or wrong it meant nothing,
for we were the truth.

And then came that winter,
when our light was no more,
domesticated we lived,
and could no longer soar.

Our love turned to ashes,
consumed by our flame,
our legacy picked apart,
by spreading the blame.
The pages were written,
no sequel in sight,
years of brief meetings,
is all we would write.

A decade had passed,
so many lessons between,
so friends we became,
behind the veil of a screen.

Not talking too often,
our distance we kept,
perhaps we both sensed,
the monster that slept.

Awoken one night,
by a message of pain,
'mama's sick and it hurts'
The thought drove me insane.

How can I sit by,
while my friend is in tears,
no harm I could see,
I banished my fears.

A smile and a prayer,
I clicked it to life,
never hoping for more,
but to help ease the strife.

For a time in between,
I lost a treasure so pure,

when my son left this world,
through pain I endure.

An understanding was found,
within this book of face,
and the agony was felt,
by a love long replaced.

Alone by the river,
through the day and the night,
nobody to hug you,
just didn't seem right.

A quick visit spoken,
to help give you hope,
I agreed to come hither,
for friends are my dope.
Life was on hold,
all time I forgot,
as deep in your soul,
I continued to trot.

Talking at length,
in just a few days,
all other options,
got lost in the haze.

My empathy confused me,
in waves it washed in,
bringing with memories,
that tempt me to sin.

Together deciding,
this time we can't end,
you unwed your finger,
for a catchy new trend.

The meaning unclear,
we sang through the night,
the shadows of darkness,
invaded by light.

A message of hope,
is what we endeared,
of love never dying,
but then it got weird.

The sadness took toll,
this monster free of its leash,
demons and shadows,
and gnashing of teeth.

Too many feelings,
to make head or tail,
friendship forgotten,
I drove in the nail.

Like thunder it echoed,
our coffin complete,
the very next morning,
I took back to the street.

Our story lay rest now,
as the months pass us by,
but weekly the tears,
still flood from my eye.
Betrayed by my heart,
so common my theme,
but the sting of this sonnet,
so easily seen.

Like a zombie I mope,
seeing nothing but flesh,
never eating of feelings,
no matter how fresh.

Friendship or love,
we couldn't decide,
all of it lost and gone,
except the tears I have cried.

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Little King of Sorrows

Tick Talk

The clock on the wall ticky taunts me.
But what it says I cannot know for sure.
Pethaps it reminds me of how long you have been away and laughs as I sit and
think of you today.
Each tick another moment spent without you.
Another could've been, should've been, gone to waste again.
Another hour dead inside.

The clock on the wall tricky talks me.
Reminding me of impending death beyond the horizon.
As I sit in my disgrace and misplaced honor.
A reminder that the night draws near, another day wasted by my own fear.
Another could've been, should've been, gone to waste again.
Another hour dead inside.

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Little King of Sorrows

To Whom It May Concern

Save me the hypocrisy
My days of guilt are through.
The biggest mistake I ever made,
Was waiting for 'Honest You'.
Take the plank out your eye first.
And then you'll start to see.
Your selfish ways and constant games,
Is all that's there for me.
Beginning to end, all time between,
There's nothing good to show.
So spin your tangled web of lies,
despite what we all know.
Drink and drive and risk your kids,
but mine you leave alone!
Hurt their ears and show them 'right'.
'Mom's asleep or on the phone'.
You were warned and made aware.
You chose this way for us.
So why are you still singing then?
Because it lead me to that bus?
Your opinion is not needed.
You gave your rights away!
The day you chose to make me walk,
you had your final say.
' So many things I'll never know ',
Perhaps its you that hates your choice.
I've shown you all regret I have.
Nothing worth the text or voice.
This I merely do for fun.
So please don't get it twisted.
Look at all the stories here.
Many years and loves are listed.
You're a prize I do not wish.
A fight not worth my time.
A chase not worth another step.
A call not worth the dime.
You knew I'd do whatever.
So you played me all day long.
So it be until I leave,

So here's my final song.
This one thing you know is true!
We could never last!
I took my life and heart away!
Your time has come and passed!
Not 1 game, not 1 chance!
You got far more than you should.
You squandered every brand new start.
Never left me something good.
Goodbye my almost lover.
I loved you till I hate.
Your web no longer holds me.
My future now looks great.

L.K.S. 4-17-15

Little King of Sorrows

Today

' TODAY '

Tomorrow isn't promised.
Make the most of every day.
This truth was made so clear to me,
In a very painful way.

I never saw it coming.
It happened way too fast.
So precious few our memories,
In the story of my past.

I took that time for granted,
And the agony is great.
It consumes my every waking thought,
That God gave us this fate.

Oh what am I to do now,
When it gets to hard to bare?
I pray to God you hear me,
And know how much I care.

No goodbyes I promise!
I will be home in a while.
I will love you every day till then.
You will see it in my smile.

And though I'm sad I'll do it,
with all my love I send!
Again I'll never leave you,
I promise till the end.

12-8-2009

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Little King of Sorrows

Troy's Birthday Poem (2008)

All the things I didn't say,
Have torn me up inside,
The nights I've spent in torment,
Since that tragic day you died.

But I know that you would want me,
To let that be the past,
Each day I've asked forgiveness,
To you since you have passed.

My son I am so sorry,
that my pride got in the way,
That I left both you and mommy,
I tried but couldn't stay.

Every day I longed to hold you,
That wish is now just dreams,
To know I have to wait so long,
My strength's not what it seems.

Each day I hurt so much son,
The tears come without reason,
A certain song or a child's laugh,
Make for a never changing season.

But for you I make this promise,
Cause I cannot change what's done,
But I will change these problems,
To make you proud my son.

You never met your sister,
But I know you watch her so,
watch us both and guide us,

please show us where to go.

To hell and back for both of you,
Is all my life is worth,
my son please be my beacon,
Till my time is done on Earth.

I miss you Troy.(12-16-2003 * 9-4-2005)

Daddy

2008

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Little King of Sorrows

Unspoken Heroes

Perseverance.

Perseverance was born of a long life of hardship.

Born with only one leg, which had only 4 toes, he still inched his way to whatever destination he desired no matter the distance or the time it took. For he was able to take the time to admire this rocky bottom in which few had crouched to look. And became a well published author of these things unseen.

Humility.

Humility didn't always have the finer things in life.

Never eating of a silver spoon, he was content of leafy bug salad and the nutrients it provided.

For it was just enough to allow him to breathe, to think, and learn of love. And though not having ample supply, he still delighted in sharing with others when the shiny utensils they ate of were empty.

Faith.

Faith was diagnosed with night-blindness.

Sometimes weaving in and out of disasters path on the road of life she always found her way home. Sometimes the creek of the floorboards would speak of monsters and malevolent little things crouching in the dark pit below her bed-frame... but relinquishing her fear to the solitude of prayer, she always awoke to her fairy-tale bedroom.

Mercy.

Mercy was constantly teased in school.

She was a beautiful cheerleader. Athletic and toned feminine. She was cast of the mold of her olympian father. Woven together with the celestial vocal abilities of her Grammy winning mother, she was the complete package. She chose not to side with the value's of the inner circle groupings. Instead she shared bread with the misfits, nerds, and intellectual rejects and was subject to the crossfire of hazings that sprayed in that direction.

Courage.

Courage was an orphan child.

He never knew the world outside the walls of Camp Fear. He became so accustomed to his child hood prison that he spent the first 5 years of his adulthood slaving the nights away as a live-in janitor. In the twilight shadows you could hear the rattle of the lantern due to his trembling hands. But as fate would have it, there was more to this soul than even he could contain. Like a flash he darted into the night chasing the darkness across the landscape. His duty-driven legs churning tirelessly. And to this day... he still runs. For the only thing he fears, is Camp Fear itself.

Love.

Love was the family jewel.

She provided a lifetime of enjoyment speaking only one word. For those who understood the tones within the octaves of her voice, it was bliss. Dressed in silver linens, a golden tiara, and carrying a cup of splendor, all who knew of her were captivated. She sang lullabies to the old and dying. She read stories to children, many who would later become kings and queens. She was a caretaker of all creation and what a mighty role she played in the lives of others. With just one awe-inspiring word.

Just a few unspoken hereos.

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Little King of Sorrows

Unstable Limerick

There once was a man in the city,
many did say he was witty,
forced to leave home,
packed his pen and his comb,
never asking of none for their pity.

There are poems under construction,
Unfinished due to destruction,
not much time for them now,
but when life will allow,
I'll resume if I find some instruction.

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Little King of Sorrows

Vow Of Adoration

Adoration from afar,
for a dimly lit and distant star,
I wish upon thee peace of mind,
When reason to shine is hard to find.

A vow I made not long ago,
before your comfort left you so,
I still keep it locked deep inside,
This love for you has never died.

In many ways we can express,
Sometimes its taken to excess,
I need no touch to set me free,
My dearest friend I cannot not see.

For I still care when you are gone,
I pray for you at every dawn,
A secret pain I lock within,
Hidden by my clownish grin.

Forgotten not, it still holds true,
The very words I said to you.
Within the change of every season,
these moments happen for a reason.

Hate me if it gives you strength,
I will not dwell on it in length,
I know the pain you feel inside,
I felt it too when my own died.

Despair will eat the soul alive,
but keep on trying to survive,
for you inspire a world unseen,
we pray you wash your spirit clean.

I dare not speak direct to you,
it's the hardest thing I'll ever do,
but shall you find these words someday,
in my heart you'll always stay.

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Little King of Sorrows

When A Guy Misses You. (Author Unknown)

Girl facts:

When you catch a girl
glancing at you,
she wants you to look
back and smile

When a girl bumps into your arm
while walking with you
she wants
you to hold her hand

When she wants a hug
she will just stand there

When u break a girls heart
she still feels it even when
you see each other 3 years later

When a girl is quiet,
millions of things are running through
her
mind

When a girl is not arguing,
she is thinking deeply

When a girl looks at you with eyes
full of
questions,
she is wondering how long you will be
around

When a girl answers, 'I'm fine, ' after
a
few seconds,
she is not at all fine

When a girl stares at you,

she is wondering why you are playing
games

When a girl lays her head on your
chest,
she is wishing for you to be hers
forever

When a girl says she can't live
without you,
she has made up her mind that you are
her future

When a girl says, 'I miss you, '
no one in this world can miss you more
than that

When a girl is mean to you after a
break-up
she wants you back, but shes
scared she'll get hurt and knows
you're gone forever

Guy Facts:

When a guy calls you,
he wants to be with you

When a guy is quiet,
He's listening to you...

When a guy is not arguing,
He realizes he's wrong

When a guy says, 'I'm fine.' after a
few
minutes
he means it

When a guy stares at you,
he wishes you would care about him and

wonders if you do

When your laying your head on a guy's
chest,
he has the world

When a guy calls/texts/comments you
everyday,
he is in love

When a (good) guy tells you he loves
you,
he means it

When a guy says he can't live without
you,
he's with you until your done

When a guy says, 'I miss you, '
he misses you more than you could have
ever missed him or anything else.

Little King of Sorrows

Wonderland

My hand in ascension.

"Can I have your ATTENTION! "

Poets like these.

The first point of mention.

Another detention, yet slight in dimension.

Lack of expression, not a poetry session.

This is not my profession. Just my hidden obsession.

My skill didn't lessen. I feed on progression.

No moral or lesson.

Simplicity born of the womb of my guessin.

Simply just messin!

A deranged confession.

Another invention.

Of my own retention.

Healing infection.

Another selection.

From childhood collection.

Wonderland section.

Caterpillars reflection.

The rhythmic injection,

done to perfection.

In my recollection.

Just a suggestion.

While I ask you this question.

WHO?

WHO?

WHO R U?

Little King of Sorrows

Writer's Block

When cat is gone the dog will play,
err... wait... I think I messed that up.

If it's okay I'd like to start over,
Plus I didn't get permissions from Garfield and Rover.

I could erase, but why waste the time,
I think I'll continue writing this rhyme.

Clearing my throat, I recite as I write.
My words sailing up, like invisible kite! ! !

Invisible kite?

Did I write that for real?
What the hell is my deal?
There must be a way to show how I feel.

My bad.

I don't mean to bother you guys.
Or waste your time with such lack luster tries.

I'm trying so hard!
I swear that I am! ! !
I'm no Dr. Sues.
But I love his green ham.

SMACK! ! ! ! !

My hand to my head!

Look at all the stupidity said.

If my words were your breath
you'd be better off dead.

One final shot!
I'll give this a go!

I'll master this craft like some kind of pro.

Star Light, Star bright.

I think I've lost the urge to write.

Think I'll play some games tonight.

Since nothing here is going right.

Clever poet I'll never be,

This useless type is boring me.

Something else is calling me,

It's the urge to have to pee.

Why write that crap? I just don't know.

Thought I'd leave a note before I go.

But so much time I wasted so,

my leg is drenched,

with wet warm flow.

I hang my pen, upon the table,

never again to write a fable.

My mind is gone, I am unstable,

Stamp my head, with 'FAULTY' label.

If you don't believe this lie is true,

There's nothing I can say to you.

Should I choose to write round 2,

I'll plan ahead and take a poo.

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Little King of Sorrows

Yes Or No, Sort Of, Maybe, Patiently Waiting, Of Someone, Who May Just Love To Hate Me.

So wouldn't you know it,

I'm not the worlds greatest poet.

Swimming in a sea of emotions, feeding an ocean of words.

I'm drowning in it. I'm bounced off waves of inertia and slammed into rocks of shattered dreams.

Washed ashore to beautiful islands occupied by many beauties. I see her face among the crowd! My heart beats in anticipation. As I start to venture forth, stronger the beats flow... pitter patter pitter patter.

And as I get close and in reach, so close to achieving my ultimate happiness and my dream of all dreams, the beauty faces me. It's not her. A beautiful, lonely, and determined angel in her own right, but not the apple of my eye, not the prize I desire. Inside again I burn with fire.

She dances in the shadows. I swear she is here. But the ghosts of hopeless romantics lead me here an for an hour, another a day, and it feels id best just turn away. Close my eyes and let the tears consume my being. I drop to my knees and weep for a spell, but only when alone in my pillow cave in the darkest hours of the night. Why do I feel like this? God I ask of you, you give none more than they can handle. I believe this so true. But why would you have me burn in longing so hard, and be patient so long for not? Is there something around the been I can't see? Is it my mind playing tricks on me? I see messages of scorned woman, of which there is nothing worse. They stab me in the heart. They paralyze my feet. What if from her? I would leave in a heartbeat if for sure. I claim this in poem and prayer that the door is closed gently. And at night I lay dead of direction of love. Not of my mind, not of my purpose, and see where your calling is taking me I have no doubt. And as if I am a pinball machine I feel pain in many areas. Balls of pain bouncing here there, staying for a moment and falling away. And the main bumper, my heart, is the most commonly hit target.

I wake up. Beautiful new day. Maybe love will flourish within the walls of these hours. For me, I accept what I cannot see, maybe something different is ahead for me. But that is not who I think or wish to see. When I thing of heavenly, all-accepting, and undying desire of the purest and strongest love known to mankind, within my mind, its her. So much for my new start, new day. I put on my captains hat and set sail amidst the storms and seas of poetry once again. FOOL! ! ! I hear the winds call me. FOOL. I see the glares in my direction. FOOL. I can see in the silence of presence in the lives of friends who I use to talk to

daily. I know they love me, they be my friends to the end. But the one I lost was that kind of friend. But more. Molded special by the hand of God, with a little more time than he usually does, for this kind of friend would have to be of Divine Creation to stall me like this. To tear me like this. To invade my oneness hopes like this. A special lesson that has made me search deeper the depths of my soul than even I thought was possible. And I have traveled to depths unknown by most common men.

This will by me a couple seconds of hope, lead me to a couple minutes of peace, but nonetheless, I will be back here. After my rest on shore of family, I brave the sea again. Another stormy night I know lies ahead of me tonight. My body racked by the toss and turns of insomnia and heartache. And I will pray for death as I let my vessel go amidst the early dawn. A brief visit in my dreams I will sometimes get. Picnics, Dances, Serenading her my truest heart song that I physically am unable to produce but feel. We will embrace in the flaming hug of adoration and appreciation and just hold. Tears of joy, tears of thanks, tears of ' yes I understand'. And I will awake just before I bend on knee. UGH! ! ! NO! ! ! I squeeze my eyes and bury my head and scream in heart. COME BACK! ! ! My love, my honeysuckle, my perfect sunset, my #1 fan, my best friend, my everything, please come back.

GONE. AGAIN. Eyes open wet again. Eyes open to this hell again. Cycle begins again. All hurt, all pain, all beauty still dead. Why did I choose to sail again? I don't have the sea legs for this. Nauseous I puke my dead strength on this paper. Pain is good yes. I thrived on pain. I relished in the fires of desires and scoffed at evil snakes that have embraced my life. They bite at my tail and sometimes they catch a piece of me. But like a lizard I regenerate and all grows back eventually. Till now.

No more expectations. I can not cage myself like that any longer, as free we both must be. If you care, or ever did, or ever will, my plea is this.....

If you sail these seas, sound a horn for me. If your short on crew, come ashore and I'll board your vessel and we will sail to destiny. If you are a pirate, take what is left. You left my deck bare of goods, but finish the job and take the rest.

Who would have known it, I'm not a poet. So here it is. I still love you. As a friend I have come far enough to separate myself and be fine as a support shall you need one. I am still capable of being in love with you. No love song could do justice of what you could be to me, and I to you. I'm a jukebox of serenades,

wedding vows, puppy loves, rainy day dance, eyes of hunger, and loyalty of only eternal capabilities. It's natural, it's what you are to me, and of all my years of practices, all my years of unlucky endeavors, its you! ! ! And it always has been.

If I am wrong, I will live wrong. Please do not fear, I will not chase, I will not invade, I will not steal you away from what your heart deserves. So if you love me, if this bliss is thought of me and you up high, and the end of the tunnel is met by us walking hand and hand in the warm sunshine on roads paved of gold, I need a sign. OBVIOUS sign. If you do, make it a few. I will respond in everlasting nobility and speak the truest conveyance of what my heart and soul long to say to you. If wrong, I will take my heart, cracked in half, with me into the battle of battles. Till the Day of Armegeddon, Till the day of sorrow's demise.

Today's not done. Tomorrow ain't here, And yesterday has gone dead on me anyway. You know the Drill: -) bit : -)

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Little King of Sorrows

You Will Never Know

I yell inside my head.
Please Stop! ! !
Memories! ! !
Please rest aside the dead.
No more. Please no more.
My heart has had enough.
I can only act so tough.
Feeling is what you need.
My heart is broken by my deed.
The tears you shouldn't ever heed.
STOP! ! ! Please don't write no more.
You expose yourself you manly whore.
This isn't what you wrote this for.
But the tears that come I can't ignore.
On my knees.
Little king....
all this sadness that you bring.
Why not a happy song you sing?
Why these constant words that only sting?
A lie you want, I lie you get.
It was all to win a stupid bet.
The way inside was always set.
That one thing was worth the get.
Worth the pain I would beget.
Worth this suffocating debt.
To live my life within this net.
This perfect lie not finished yet.
Shattered dreams within the air,
told by your unwritten care,
yes I broke, and took a dare,
never once to weigh what's fair.
Just to write my tears away,
just to live another day,
the things I saw you can't betray,
I was at the spot your comfort lay.
I wish it never happened so,
this far I never chose to go,
that deep...I never stooped so low,
my pain for you, you'll never know.

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Little King of Sorrows