

Poetry Series

**Louis Cecile**  
**- poems -**

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# Louis Cecile()

Louis Cecile is but a human  
being like everyone, but seeks to discover  
the mysteries of life and looks for answers.

I have been writing since a young age and have always had a unique perspective  
of the mad world around me.

My poetry is at its best when dark, but I can find moments to be softer.

I simply enjoy writing and hope people can find some poems they like from my  
collection.

Check out my blog on:

My first self published book is called 'Thoughts in Rhyme', which is a journey  
through life in poetry.

Many of my poems have been selected for publications or competitions.

To read my interview, please visit:

## 50 Minutes – Interview Style

Psychiatrist: So tell me how you felt when you first met...

Kid: I was dazzled by the selection and constant connection

Psychiatrist: A permanent connection in your life

Kid: My life surrounded by constant quarrels

Psychiatrist: You could only see it spiral, therefore wanting something you could control

Kid: Yes, something to make me feel whole

Psychiatrist: Go on

Kid: Though we don't really talk, it talks to me

Psychiatrist: For you this is real?

Kid: Totally as it listens to me, never conceals

Psychiatrist: You become the big deal?

Kid: It is here just for me, which makes it all seem real

Psychiatrist: How do your parents feel about this relationship?

Kid: Sick and say I am addicted, they are just wicked

Psychiatrist: Making you feel inflicted as they are losing your trust?

Kid: I have only distrust for they longer love each other

Psychiatrist: You have been asked to choose?

Kid: Yes I want to stay with my mother

Psychiatrist: Do you understand why you have been told to see me?

Kid: I am in love with my TV

Louis Cecile

# Acceptance

Infectious smile has infected tears  
The laughter strikes with spears  
I am not dear and they are not sincere  
Feeling fear  
I must perform  
For when I stop the stage is gone

Louis Cecile

# Birth

You can never lose that part of you

Our hearts were beating as one

You nourished me made a home for me

When I gazed upon you I cried

For a moment I needed to return inside

Bringing comfort

So much to teach

Longing for speech

You make me stand tall even when I fall

Our lives together

Eternal connection

That cannot be broken even in separation

Not just for set backs

You are my inspiration

Through my creation

Though I fail often to show it

You are my devotion

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# Conditioned

Like demons cast out of souls we are scattered into

the night left with are own misfortune

No longer can we behold

The fortitude of existence mystifies indefinitely

Seeking solitude in body when the truth is spirit

Captured by the physical

The mind justifies this terrain

Higher planes obstructed by a new day

We plan to increase constriction

Narrowing our thought

Pure magic is from where we came

Chaos circle rides to take us back

We create war when our conditioning needs to be attacked

Louis Cecile

# Customs

The age of check in

What do we bring today

Past or future

So scared of lost we would rather refrain from leaving the ground

A look inside reveals

Yet we still carry on

Places are people what we bring is not new

Reacting from memories

The feeling remains in a whisper

The years unfold to increase our load

Yet when we check out the return is unwanted

The truth is delayed in the luggage we brought

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# Daily Commute

A daily view both near and far

Awash with emotion a yearly commotion

A sea of upturned smiles

Comfort defiled

Repetition is an updated edition

Enforced is our journey

We travel with haste

Disembarked into a land of waste

Barely able to gaze at another man's face

Footsteps of the damned

Though separated we walk hand in hand

Hypnotic the rhythm as we face indecision

Our hearts sorrowed by the incision

A way of life so cruel

Louis Cecile

# Dark Ablution

Translucent movement  
What can you see?  
Enveloping the city, death and misery  
Sub zero reveals your breath  
Something in the air to ponder who will die next

Desire takes form  
Yet nothing you can see  
Though at the end there is a sensation  
A cloud gathers releasing precipitation

The storm passes over for those of a colour  
They see a new chosen race  
The summoner watches hoping for his kind to embrace

Gentle movement, soft is the touch  
When victims are seen  
They enter the never-ending dream  
Hardened and violent  
What once was soft now juxtaposed  
Though continuous its flow

Crystallisation  
Reflects  
Becomes blinding  
Awake for penetration  
Ablution for dark salvation

Entombed the remains of life  
Condense an aura of suspense  
Nothing can circumvent  
It will not relent  
Condensation, a revelation  
The process starts once again

Louis Cecile

# Dark Night Kiss

The mystery of evil

What a life it implores

Deception of reality with instant ramification

Look towards it with no condemnation

A price to pay

Devoured with little delay

Can you touch it to magnify your power

Cometh the storm prepare for an eternal hour

It never searches for it is often found

They say the world has laid down

Enchanting its kiss to reverse our thoughts

The good are weak a fight easily fought

Forever we must resist a touch of infection

To come close to our resurrection

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# Dead Poet On The Wall

As I write my last my poem  
For once I have the courage to stand tall  
Flashback my career as memory recalls

I began writing for fun  
A melody of rhyme highlighted me gifted  
When aroused by a concept my words became spirited

This label of talent, unfortunately does not feature  
Aimed to get respect from my peers, words of encouragement flattered  
Though to make a sale the public really mattered

I am one of the same like a black tie event  
This mental pressure to create causes solitude pain  
A few loyal followers and still no fame

In this creative pool  
I write a poem at 10.52  
Another writes better in a time zone of 8.52

Contacting publishers they say poetry will not increase their figure  
This man in a suit cannot even write poem  
In my mind I believe I have to disown him

I sense I am writing into the wind  
Thankful comments no longer stir me  
A stereotypical poet my facial features are surly

Social media profile closes down as I hate looking in the mirror  
Tweeps message out of care  
When offline then reality stares

No longer dictated by stanzas  
I join the dead poets on the wall  
Rest in peace as my pen falls

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# Death Touch

Embraced by death the world had fallen

Nothing around

Tears bringing thunder the ground

Pierced with precision by the samurai's blade

Inscriptions appearing on an unknown grave

Temporal disfigurement relives moments that brings a wish

A second chance for negativity to be dismissed

Death has a power to bring life to the living dead

Rebirth from the pit dissolution

Arise now is not the time to die

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# Dream State

I live in a world of dreams

Unseen not been

My thoughts provide a place to hide unseen

From the world become I light

Remain in light the eagle takes flight

I am the world to increase my might

What is real, who can reveal

Confusion decrease my sight

Do I wake up each day or dream in dismay

Are real people walking my way

Totally lost the purpose is done

Life and my dreams are now one

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# Eternal

From birth we are laid in a hearse,

Death unites life, unseen is our curse

Fallen dreams as above become below

Unaware of what waits to taint the soul

Mysteries forgotten, hypnotic awaken

I am taken cyclical, chaos bound

Lessons not learnt, never ending continuing round

Born yet I am born again

I reach divinity though cannot muster speech

I seek in present, a spiritual time

Yet inside I am many, but divided in two

One side won't relent until it rules

The planet is a crossroad, existence a test

The end brings failure, so continues the test

Once taught I am lost, the demon awakens

Living life, wondering, who am I?

In silence it creeps, disturbing one's sleep

Words not mine, behaviour untrue

By the power of light, be gone into the night

Hormones erupt, therefore easily corrupt

From knowledge, there is only survival

Words from the bible bide me time

Even if freed, this world hinders me

One so fallen, descends humanity

Looking back with age, naïve my path

Symbols of math, dictated the path

The number two, rendered me a fool

I am the demon's tool

The truth of Eden, is we are the fallen

No memory, in death we remember

Then transcend again

Touching the left, restarts our breath

The test starts again

Exorcised demon, yet around are more seeds

Life to death is the purpose I seek

I am Adam eternally weak

A puzzle of confusion

Life of delusion

A wrong conclusion

New birth, new illusion

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# Eyes Of A Thief - Diamante Style

Glare,

contemptuous, focused,  
watching, wanting, squinting  
dazed, value, hidden, lost  
unseeing, seeking, sensing  
perceptive, unsightly  
Blind

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# Fast Women

Fast women

Your movement is untrue

Entice

Do represent all things nice

A female form shaped to perfection

Subconsciously and automatically

Your vision rules

Hypnotic

Tricking men as our thoughts turn quick to erotic

Romance has not a chance

We camber in packs to ask for a dance

Casting money for you be a wishing well

You know the game

You know we look

Manipulating our simple psyche does not let us of the hook

The chase continues into future times

Fast women move too quick for eyes to see

Blinded by what I believe you can offer me

Slowing down I visualize a glimmer of your distortion

Quite twisted

Though I still remain eternally addicted

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# Fear Of Alternate Realities

Misty eyes shocked have no patience for tears  
Faded in own world illusion  
Interrupted steps cast outside fears  
A sudden stop fails peace, bringing only intrusion

These moments dissolve all learned dishonesty  
Unforeseen attack, awakens past life flashback  
Invited into a brutal world, for unrequited honesty  
A vision of death makes existence backtrack

Disruption invades and increases as a water droplet  
A spectral invasion disturbs your beliefs  
Beneath your amazement a shadow covets  
Similar to the reasoning of a thief's

Blind eyes are no form of solution  
Amplified senses connect all realities  
To walk unaware can lead to soul execution  
Remembering each day ends with fatalities

Many moments where the world finds no speech

Louis Cecile

# Flauros Enters In Kuro

Moments of true harmony come when eyes are closed  
Witnessing the abyss like the opening of the black mamba's mouth  
I shall not cry out!  
A sense of bliss, eyes open with endearment of Kuro  
Reveal my destination that surrounds  
An altar of shadow, entered from a depth that is hollow  
Chants of Aquerra, envelop the lair  
Red curtains flow down the stairs, resembling blood  
Not divine though it flows from above  
Each step draws a creek  
In darkness one is bound  
I am in awe to appreciate the scene, yet try to delude in thinking it's a dream  
I touch broken glass; feel the warmth as plasma trickles fast  
Engraved like a tattoo, not simple art but work of dark arts  
Darkness brings cover and light full exposure  
No longer have I walked on a road to nowhere  
Visions of Cemetery Lane re-enter the brain  
For from under this place lies sacred ground  
Black pupils reflect blackness from a priest's hooded robe  
One glimpse turns the body cold  
Yet bold, I join to congregate in Kuro  
Disciples with no faces smile and lure me to mimic their chants  
Behind, naked women start to dance  
The rhythm leads to trance  
Such devotion, a limitless power  
The one who is fallen has the Earth to rule  
My mind a collective, hypnotic the thoughts  
My eyes turn to the one who is caught  
Paraded to the altar, the shadows embrace  
The light from a dagger reflects the wonder of those without face  
Celebration for the release of spiritual power  
I am led, empowered by the dead  
Anointed with a mysterious potion  
I to succumb to chant with devotion  
Loyal to the captured inferno, behold the nocturnal mass

Louis Cecile

# Flower On The Wall

Flower on the Wall

What is your story

I can guess

Blessed be by thy name

Holy is the ground

What has fallen

What is left

Only a flower

That fades with every coming hour

Life walks by

The flower dies

Symbolic is the sight

For those connected it brings fright

Flower on the wall

You bring meaning

A chance for reflection

A beauty that dies

This is nature

To gaze upon you makes me cry



# Fortune Teller

Vision spirals as a rainbow to your soul  
Reflected memories make a past touched  
The journey to the present ignites in time as charcoal  
Similar gaze for the future to be clutched

A mystic moment that weakens my stand  
Can we evolve our reality?  
I take thee, trying to decipher your hand  
Awaiting an answer to enhance my vitality

A party of words dance side by side with my thoughts  
Behind our eyes, spirits remotely view  
Searching for the moment for our essence to be caught  
Laid together in a field to witness the sky is blue

Light catches your diamond for colour to race  
Momentous pause a synergy for telepathy  
Loving suggestion to brighten your face  
A desire to be yours indefinitely

One moment where I find no speech

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# Freefall – Tanka Style

Spiral cirriform  
gravity releases in air  
fetal in soft curl  
momentarily I be afloat  
earthly kiss descent to touch the world.

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## Friend Or Foe - Nonet Style

Sunshine reflects my soul behind with ease  
Do you stand by me as I witness two  
A foe stands in my dark reflection  
Befriending up so close  
A friend keeps apart  
Distance to start  
Measured  
To feel  
Real

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# Ghost

When you are dismissed from at an early age

It feels like being put in a cage

No nourishment leads to rot

You dream as child a sleep in the cot

Spirit flies high spirit flies low

Wandering where to go

The whole of me left with no boast

Dismissed I remain a ghost

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# Global Warming - Name Style

Global Warming

The name forces me to cry

The earth sheds increased tears, though when toughened becomes barren

Dry soil threatens nature to recoil

Humanity unaware of the nature of its soul

Care for cash

Space exploration brings envy

Our every small step, merely shifts planetary plates

With no skills as a catcher, we bring a downfall

Global Warming

Inherently mankind has a complex to no longer exist

We stand like William Tell

What story does this tell

Man willing to kill himself or nature

When the arrow pierced the apple and the tree

Red symbolised how nature bleeds

The name leads expectancy for heat

A winter never ending brings only defeat

A reflection of our defeat

The world canvassed in white wanting to start again

Let humanity freeze as it gave birth to disease

Global Warming signifies the earth's anger

Pubescent extreme emotion for one so old

Will your children live on for this story to be told?

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# Gravity Ride

Omnipotent desires frozen in traction  
Heavy the world, forces escape from gravity  
Yearning absorbs all powers to regain satisfaction  
To conquer science and the divine my audacity

Potential energy rises like the Tower of Babel  
Soaring as free as a bird from the clutches of death  
Ecstasy ejects kinetic down a linear cable  
The thrill of the ride relinquishes ones breath

Spirals and loops jump-start the heart  
Orbiting the air  
Hypnotized by greed as a miner in a gold cart  
Is this fun or fair?

Exponential glee unravels the soul  
Momentary control forms a sudden stop  
Gravity laughs as we cannot achieve our goal  
Yet an exclamation is always heard when the roller-coaster drops

One moment where I find no speech

Louis Cecile

## Honey - Refrain Style

Like an abstract painter, a wry smile as the honey drips  
Sensitive touch too much is ticklish  
Soft strokes on the inner thigh unleashes the wild

Mmmm...I like that  
From head to toe  
Makes my sexual energy flow  
I want more

Flicks from my tongue on the back of your knee  
Eyelids lower gazing at me  
Honey melts as your body gets hot

Mmmm...I like that  
From head to toe  
Makes my sexual energy flow  
I want more

Your glutes raise up when tapped  
I lay my face on them, not taking a nap  
A little squeeze, eyes surprised when honey flows inside

Mmmm...I like that  
From head to toe  
Makes my sexual energy flow  
I want more

Whisper to your neck  
Do you feel wet?  
Caress, where will I touch next?

Mmmm...I like that  
From head to toe  
Makes my sexual energy flow  
I want more

Massaging your ears  
Nibbling your ears  
Saying I love you to hear

Mmmm...I like that  
From head to toe  
Makes my sexual energy flow  
I want more

Your fetish dictates that I do not neglect your feet  
Honey drizzled make your nipples peak  
Sucking your toes turns your body weak

Mmmm...I like that  
From head to toe  
Makes my sexual energy flow  
I want more

I clasp your wrist, your ready as your eyes close  
Though I have not finished this ride  
I lick your wrist, making your eyes gently rise

Mmmm...I like that  
From head to toe  
Makes my sexual energy flow  
I want more

As you have already peaked, I can commence to suckle  
My tongue encircles and swirls  
Each one precious like a pearl  
Mmmm...I like that  
From head to toe  
Makes my sexual energy flow  
I want more

You shake as my hands goes down from your navel  
Honey from the top, I lick every drop  
Your inner thighs release heat, awakening a fountain

Mmmm...I like that  
From head to toe  
Makes my sexual energy flow  
I want more

A gentle kiss grows to passion

You tease by biting my lip  
Tasting pure honey

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# How Was Your Day? - Free Verse Style

Greater good  
Sentiments force a smile  
Short-sighted when he comes closer, my vision impaired  
He stares at me wanting instant affection  
A glimpse at the dinner table states what is due  
I reflect wondering if I have become a fool  
Seeking clues with questions of his day  
The mystery remains, privately contained  
Two strangers with connecting hearts

We grow apart each day  
Though I welcome his cause  
The need for law  
I touch myself till I am sore, just to feel adored  
Bored as self entertainment is difficult when there is two  
His castle, my prison  
Too easy to make a legal decision

Constantly connected, his life is on edge  
One day he will find his wife on a ledge  
So the whole world can look me  
People to notice me, visually he might finally see

My profile status switches from married to single  
I do not mean harm, but seeking to mingle  
Demanding attention from sources so fake  
Though there smooth words I intake  
A sex to be fair  
Good sex becoming rare

Sometimes we see straight through each other  
I merely act automatically as a mother  
Surrounded by chores  
You dare condemn it as leisure

We fight against our world's everyday  
When united we should blossom as lovers  
Different from any other couple  
Stuck because of the greater good

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# Ikiru Chikara - Acrostic Style

Powerfully my repertoire leaves many disconnected  
Omnipotent in wish, my blush betrays the disguise  
Wary of judging eyes  
Escape the feeling as power decreases  
Revealing a state of demise

Forgetful discourse  
Overwhelms many caught in the spin  
Rotation will only lead me to return to begin

Laughter a tool  
Involuntary faux pas  
Vicious in the eye  
Ikiru Chikara  
No explanation  
Guided by letters on the left side

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# Intoxicating

Multicoloured delicious

Turns me from kind to vicious

I cannot escape this artificial high

My eyes hurt and I turn from the sky

A flavour intense

I lose common sense

Dispense my age

Pure fun I engage

Unnatural yet natural effect

I have no regrets a moment of insanity

To skittle down like gravity

Louis Cecile

# Is This The Last Kiss?

Closed eyes see only the past  
An automatic reflex enticed by a kiss  
Though in tender moments the world reverses fast  
Vision now disturbed searching for what I missed

Heartbeat skips like a childhood game  
Your blush ignites my bulls eye  
Memories remain trapped in a picture frame  
Is our love eternal or will you now lie?

Deluded like working a 9 to 5 until I die  
A passionate kiss awakens ones life  
Tension arises from an emotional high  
Cupid's arrow strikes my heart like a knife

The world reversing backwards reveals elements of truth  
Penetrating lips make the environment become a blur  
This act of love I witness requires endless proof  
She whispers her name is angina, I turn to the light and no longer see her

One moment where I find no speech

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# Lone Wolf

I rely on myself as a lone wolf

Pleasure of my company

Who can understand accept self

Born alone

Raised to pass these trials

I deny reliance for it weakens the soul

To truly awaken requires ultimate self control

Placing others ahead means I stay backwards

Patrolling shadows

Adaptation for what lies ahead

Instincts enhance to circumvent the game of chance

Cosmic survival

Led to denial

Centuries of pain

Age of independence

Selfish lone wolf starts a revolution to restart prehistoric evolution

Louis Cecile

# Meaning Of Life

A meaning of life

The eternal search

Can be seen out the window on a perch

Nature thinks little

The flow of the spirit is simple

A mind not reclined

Is unable to seek divine

Selfish without self

Disturbs our health

Often mistaken as a cure our need for wealth

Forever seeking

External our need

Internal love is what we need to receive

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# Memories

I replay to remember

A gift of joy that also brings sorrow

We as humans wonder so much

It seems so close to feel the dream

Sensual sensors awaken the touch

Am I here or over there

Can I revert the hands of time

Remember good times and become encased

Is this reality

I can remain in this wondrous place

Why not it feels sane to remain

Refrain the present

Future can recall

The past is mine until I fall

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# Mind Recess – Quinzaine Style

Learning in a hypnotic state  
Who truly benefits?  
Is it my life?

We are slaves to business  
Militarily trained?  
Just for cash?

Fail to be called inhuman  
Why do late learners cry so?  
Value result?

Labelled by many test results  
Is this scientific?  
Biased trial?

My mind is not developed  
Where do I begin?  
Why can we not play?

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# My Smile

I can't smile anymore

I look around waiting for the sound

True nature surrounds a moment for bliss

I still look around waiting for a sound

I can't smile anymore

A story told in prism reveals the same omega

Striving through this saga realising we have yet to reach potential

I can't smile anymore

Repetitive strain

Daily repetition

I seek a new high where is the astral plane

Same faces seeking new places

I can't smile anymore

Where is the respect

They cannot see regret

Attain for what

Look for meaning when permanently forgot

I can't smile anymore

God save me

Spirit cleanse me

Split faces reside on holy ground

Commandments of choice

Do we really listen to the voice

I can't smile anymore

Look for happiness

Look for wealth

Look of love

We look below continue a search where there is nowhere to go

I can't smile anymore

They are better

She is fatter

Oh you really care and ask what is the matter

I can afford

Yet still we are bored

Seek the umbilical cord

We don't really smile anymore

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# Ocean Current Of Devotion

I land face down in the sand  
Stranded on this island  
My first thought is only of you

My journey afar  
Embraced a lifetime connection  
Though I returned home alone

Sentiments float in a message in a bottle  
One day you will touch  
When opened you will feel touched

My first glimpse of you realised light  
I understood what it meant to feel whole  
Connected like a coral reef  
A sweet valentine brings peace

Washed ashore  
I reminisce  
They say my continued affection is delusional

I searched for other fish in this sea  
Though fate brought others  
They never last as it always returns you to me

The tears of lovers make the ocean  
Leaving me transfixed on the seashore  
I open my mouth to take in your precious breath

I kiss you on your forehead to let you know my devotion  
I kiss you on your lips for love is the emotion  
I kiss you on your belly to welcome our child  
Closing and reopening my eyes  
Hoping this not to be a dream

The name Valentina makes my heart grow fonder  
It gives me strength  
Though it appears we are separated by the ocean  
If I am truly honest

There is something I need to tell you  
You make my world true  
I am an ocean current of devotion  
Forever bringing my love to you

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# One Night Man

Hey babe what's your name?

Should I ask what is your name?

Do you even know my name?

I get up and stand by the window frame

I peep out the window

Survey the streets, in case a jealous lover creeps

The sudden fear makes me erect

Inspect the bed, she lies

Who are you?

Who am I?

Sex binds us

The only thought that I have

You awake and I am ready to be gone

So long, maybe a next time with the one night man

False names on motel registers

We pretend together

A short night that will seem like forever

Laughing down the corridor

Lust the feeling as I throw you on the floor

Unprotected, common sense disconnected

People banging on the wall

Our sounds disturb their sleep

The woman weeps, professing love

There is no love for the one night man

Sexual needs from the look feed the one night man

Unconditional yet with a condition

No ties, no calls and no in-laws!

This is my movie

Random encounters

Ruled by pleasure

Let's not get together

But enjoy each other

The one night man aka Steve Scott

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# Pressure Performance

On the Astral field from above

I gaze with a stare mimicked across the boundary

Written is perfection

The lost in spoken is contrite

Surreal environment supposed to entice

Judgement on my pose

My performance relies on verbal prose

Can there not be a better way to test

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# Psilocybin Awakening To Enter A New World

Two by two they enter leaving a taste so foul  
Though they satisfy that eternal hunger  
The two of us united to go on a journey to unify our souls  
Married in a strange world we sort another  
To redefine our essence as lovers  
Physic abilities remained distance  
Enhancement would allow us to embrace ourselves  
Feeling nausea we touch our hearts  
Becoming unwell though more well than ever  
That sensation of first witnessing soap lather  
The foam and the way it seems heavenly as it disables  
Resembles the now translucent walls of the room  
We stretch to touch  
Though touch seems unnecessary in this new reality  
Colours dance before our eyes  
Golden rays, crimson reds  
Unite to become an orange haze  
We see our eyes look back at us  
Have we left our bodies and moved to another world?  
We inhale to become light  
Eyelashes flutter like a bird in flight  
Exhaling we hold each other's hands and soar  
Joined by a majestic dove  
We glide in the air  
The world is afar  
Unknown be this planet  
Enveloped in a place with no land  
We try to focus, though stay perplexed  
This glory where we communicate in mind  
Move like data through cables  
We appreciate without understanding  
Simply being  
Primordial world that has taken no shape  
It remains spontaneous in movement  
Leading us to be together and fly  
The dove perches on a cloud  
Wingspan open  
We enter to be embraced  
A trickle dances down our spine

Expanded mind  
Entwined love  
This mystery  
Brings you next to me  
How can we return to that world?  
Now that we are awoken  
A vision can be our reality

Louis Cecile

# Reflets Dans L'Eau

Rouse  
Aloud

Instant sentiment of raptures  
I endeavour for natural vitality  
Morning monologue as nudity flatters  
Each droplet mirrors false majesty

Warmth releases a tear duct surprise  
A shimmer from my mask  
An aqua erosion of internal lies  
Brainwashing a foregone task

Crying stream, combines  
to reveal the true date of my time

Bared in true reality  
Gazing out of falsehood  
A vigorous shake of frivolity  
Washing away me, being now understood

My darkness drains away  
Are spirits waiting to play?  
Entranced by the clockwise spiral  
My skin covered by a veil that is viral

Though cleansed, I need for nourishment  
Innocence seeking encouragement  
In the shower I stare  
At a skin once fair

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# Remember Me

Do you know who I am

Laid to rest is the forgotten man

Attention that most sought word

One day like any other

There is no cover

Transparent without mention

I holler to no avail

As they hammer another nail

This crucifixion leads to my sad diction

To disappear

Will anyone interfere

Louis Cecile

# Repent

Can you forgive

Not me

I mean you

What have you done to be so low

Are you so bad you need a life sentence

When I look at you should you turn away

When I give love

Does it bring life or decay

Hollow your soul

The echo is your own condemnation

How can you live

How can you love

When you torture yourself as if rejected by God above

Louis Cecile

# Reverse

Going backwards

In the opposite direction

Long from the right path

Cannot see where to go

An alternate reality in reverse

May be a curse

Or does it provide an insight to an overlooked vision

Louis Cecile

# Shimmer

I am replaceable as a glass vase

If it shatters would it matter

A look at the reflection

Casts a shadow

Hollow is the sound

Glass is not unique

New shapes and colours the identity remains weak

Recycled once broken

Fragile glass remains forgotten

Louis Cecile

# Slave Master

Why chase the master

Because in his status he will fall

Enslaved I maybe

But life to death the human soul will always be free

My spirit though down

Awakens

In reality the master is his own slave

And I am truly awakened

To conquer is to find a bigger place to hide

The fear inside only brings you closer to judgment

My master my slave

What lies beneath the grave

Louis Cecile

# Suicide

I live my life in yesterday

The torment brings tomorrow

My sorrow plays a melody

Why I cry

Walk by the river I want to die

Sigh because I am weary

Can anyone hear me

I flee to a new world

A dream a galaxy

It relaxes me and taxes me

What a price to pay

My astral body floats in the bay

My spirit I can't hear it

What have I done

Life is hard when you mentally die young

Louis Cecile

# The Boy

Free as a boy playing by a well

Danger and excitement to him it is joy

No fear the entrapment of risk

Weighs not on his mind

Tomorrow is today

He lives simple no pausing

The cause of decision is not precise like a medical incision

Full of creativity often dismissed as a wild child

He laughs at adults afraid once they step outside

What mysteries can he tell

Let us look inside the well

A velocity transponds

The young boy did fell

What of life can past by

As he surely will die

Does he have regret or follow the ride

Young in spirit

He rejoices to live then to die

Louis Cecile

# The Fear Of Love

Does the world understand love or is it simply looking above

Tell me what do you see a void in our souls

We journey not knowing where to go

Listen

Why listen to what others say

Are they going my way

Never

Why do we bother to exist like this

When the point of life is missed

Our thoughts eclipse revelation

Can mankind reveal salvation or go forth into damnation

Commercials saying I am lost

The humiliation is done so I pay a cost

Working lives where we struggle to survive

Pretending we are alive

Inside we have died living a lie

Stop and look at weekends desperation of an entire generation

Born in a fluxed conception on the streets with no discretion

Well it has been played in many songs on TV everyday

Books and once a year in a shop window display

We know but keep it forgotten

Something must be wrong

When the answer has been said

Yet still we struggle with thoughts tormenting us in bed

Superego for the living dead

Remember in the beginning what I said

Does the world understand love

Is it looking for intervention

Why are we so afraid to love again

Louis Cecile

# The First Touch

Time stands still

Stars come out at daylight

For a moment I have a vision

Homeostasis flows through the body

A glow divine

I am now weakened

Yet I endure marvelled on this magical tour

A tour where my eyes cannot be opened

I can feel visualization

When released

I have found peace

Louis Cecile

# The Flower

A radiant flower that needs to bloom

Life is cyclical from the womb to the tomb

Receptive to love from above and around

Lay the seeds to nurture the ground

The sound to hear is a blossom awakening

The scent is so captivating

Olfactory note ancient in mind

The noose on the stem can now unwind

Finally set free please can we gather

To look upon this glorious flower

Louis Cecile

# The Meaning Of Indecision

Unaware of future tense

The predicament of a moments decision

Guidance is forked like lines in hand

One single second

Destiny a month a year or century

So cruel this faculty

Does it hinder me

Is this a play for He

Everything must have a reason

There is no such thing as indecision

Louis Cecile

# The Painter

A blank canvas for frustrated perceptions  
How forgotten the teachings for neutral tone  
By my side I carry the brush of misconceptions  
A reversed aesthetic eye means art is disowned

Equality dissolves when creating a spectrum  
Yet division is a celebration of multiple beauty  
Rapid brushstrokes become my sudden welcome  
To paint is to label my sworn duty

Repeated design is admired pop art  
Though humble the weak afraid to critique  
A controversy of paintings enflames and sparks  
Those untouched reinforce the profiling technique

To label as you paint implies a hidden agenda  
Ensuring your collection is no longer unique  
Such bravado merely insults the orenda  
If you were stopped and discoloured, you would lose all power to speak

One moment where I find no speech

Louis Cecile

# The Rainbow That Frees

A rainbow people think is fantasy

It exists

Where I go to indulge in fantasy

I know it is false

The reason I am here for some paid affection

Erected thoughts

They know my heart so in their web I am caught

Hypnotic is the vibe

In here we are all alive

Sense of belonging

United purpose

In trance raising spirits by dance

There is something youthful almost freeing

For one night I increase my well being

We gather

Bathed by the lather

Your false looks easily hook

I cannot touch yet still feel

A surreal dream

When I leave I hide afraid to be seen

Some will be disgusted

For what shame

Inside I am free feeding false joy

Men like their toys and ladies know to

A rainbow is sought to make dreams come true

Louis Cecile

# The Window

Just looking out of the window

As night becomes day

People look up to see my dismay

What can I say what can I do

Day after day wandering what to do

Simply a ghost imaginary host

I need the most

Surviving on toast

Brings me no cheer

Oh please let me not have another year

I wanted so much now left out of touch

Look how young do I be

These four walls are killing

I need two as one is hurting me

Louis Cecile

## The Window 2

Stop and stare at the journey you unwittingly share

The pain in the eyes of the boy who intensely stares

Will the world let him in

Though he shuts himself in

He grins at a couple struggling in the wind

This is nature beginning to end

What does he see

Life passing him by

The realisation brings a tear to the eye

Can he open the window and yell out hi

Tomorrow he will watch more people walking on by

Louis Cecile

# To Care

Three dimensional care is the only way for spiritual consideration

Anything less causes denial

The direction the right path

Be humble though fortune may crumble

Empathic scheme is not a plan

Listen and understand

Lack of merit returns blessed grace

We care

Do we know how

In a dimension affinity is not bound

So we should inspire to reach a higher plane of thought

Rather than to rely on the morals we are taught

To care far beyond and accept things to be gone

To be deemed alternate and tragically go on

You have shown the true meaning of the word care

Louis Cecile

# Torture 1

Striking a match releases a flame  
Cutting flesh is not solely for the insane  
Each slice a rhythm to release a sea of crimson  
I cover your face as you once did to the child  
You shall realise your disgrace  
My calmness revokes belief in revenge  
I smile as I cut again

Metaphorically each slice reveals your wounds  
Repeated incisions forces you to mentally debate a decision  
Do you choose to live or die?  
Death has no place here, neither am I promoting fear

Your senses flinch as I grasp the knife  
Perspiration naturally relieves, though causes you stress  
Your mind contemplating, where I will pierce next

Blood drips slowly onto the floor  
You are required to learn more, so I cut open wounds  
The deeper the cut, the deeper the understanding

Is that a tear or sweat rolling down your cheek?  
I pause, hoping to see meaning  
Should I cut your eyes as you have failed to see?

Dismayed by my anger, I repeat my teaching  
A punishment to be kind  
Saving your soul and mine

Louis Cecile

# Two Definitions Of Trustless - Cinquain Style

Trustless

Mental State  
Reverbed past life  
Cautious of the world  
Daily

Trustless  
Peacock tail  
No real beauty  
Fear of many eyes  
Lies

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Louis Cecile

# Visual Journey

Seeking space and time, thoughts to awaken my mind  
Time to walk in my wake, insight for the journey  
Fate to spark, reveal what lies beneath the bark  
Distracted by the roots of a tree

Show me your meaning  
Am I dreaming?  
A hillside descending down  
I continue on foot, I take a look

From the branch of the tree, second sight  
A leaf takes flight, caught in the wind

It moves to the right, spinning in circular motion  
Free as waves in the ocean, rhythmic and illicit as an accordion  
Terminal velocity brings the leaf lower, inhuman it raises in updraft  
Predestined, unknown is its path

The sun lows, where now for it to go  
Constant revolution, a dance in the sky  
Like a bee, I wonder how it flies  
Its journey free willed or has it let loose its free will?

Does it lead or is it led?  
Winding low, it spirals lower  
Lost for power, the end of its hour  
Returned to the earth, laid to rest

I confess, this has a meaning to be seen  
I pause, my journey is done, lowered is the sun  
Am I dreaming?  
Random steps walk over the brittle leaf, no utterance of speech

Visual intake for my walk in wake  
Time for the direction of fate  
A gust of wind let it begin  
Reanimation sends it to the left  
I pause again and inhale a deep breath



# Visual Mirror

I want the woman in a picture

The one who stays close

Someone I can adore

Who listens with me

Never leaves or tries to deceive

Her vision astounds our moments stay precious

Her life is for us others come second

Nothing I say brings a strain

If lost on a plane our hearts would find each other

Connected like a homing beacon

To feel totally at ease with no need to appease

I remain me and she is a picture

Each day brings a memory

I can reach out and be transfixed by the trust forever

Unified we live in our own special reality

Louis Cecile

# Wake Up

I wake up and see her

Nonchalantly viewing her beauty

I turn to her

Her eyes barely flutter

Failing to meet mine I gaze and sit there

I kiss her lips know warmth truly

Who is the beauty

I can't touch her cheek

For her face is woven

The material is weak

How fooled the adolescent

Louis Cecile

# Water Runs Free

Spiral into a stream

The barometer of self esteem

Into the whirlpool

Getting lower

The destination is nowhere

Duly sunken

Intoxicated yet not drunken

Let life pass through your eyes

As you gently rise

To your surprise you are free from your prison

To remain afloat you cannot be the unforgiven

Louis Cecile

# What Can You See

We mainly realize it when were alone with it

Everyday it remains atmospheric

Easily forgotten

It naturally rises

Serendipity to appreciate often is too late

When it falls down

Do we look to help it

Continue on and so it continues

It needs no support yet appears for us to gaze

We are blinded in the maze of our opportunity

What a task in our lives to panoramically focus

Louis Cecile

# Which Love

Two loves different

Yet they remain indifferent

I can't stand in the way

The way they react ready to attack

Me in the middle now in the back

Torn between the two

What am I to do

Take one side the other calls me a fool

If I sacrifice one what have I become

This situation has left me feeling so numb

I am young and dumb

Chose the wrong one

On the Day of Judgment my punishment will come

Louis Cecile

# Winter Flame

Winter Flame brings new essence

Don't leave effervescent

Surround my favourite pronoun enflame

Your tongue releases words showing much pain

Take flight and soar

I love you ever more

The beauty that nurtures free

Future I can see

Spring arrives you seek to depart

Summer's here broken hearts

A winter flame must diminish

Am I duly finished

Winter comes I am frozen

A love so blind my heart is broken

Louis Cecile