

Poetry Series

Peter Vector
- poems -

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Peter Vector()

Peter Vector is a poet, simple as that. With no awards to boast of, or books published, he writes because that is what he feels he should do.

ア ル セ ウ ス (Arceus)

He stands with sixteen plates of the elements
Shifting through space and time
As if a bullet through a rifting of natural law

At the height of ten feet and six inches
He towers above us all
With the weight of seven-hundred and five point five pounds
He is a massive work of strength and beauty

He casts his Judgment upon all
For in his eyes his creation has betrayed the maker
He is everything

He is the god of the beast and man
Forever

Peter Vector

(decayed) My Brilliant Image

One day the moon confessed,

I am just a silhouette.

I wish you could see you

The Dying Darkness

That has shadowed my reflective image!

I wish I could show you,

When you are happy or in incandescence,

The deathly blackness

Of your own Being!

Peter Vector

(decayed) Thanatopsis

To him who in the death of Nature holds
Communion with her eternal form, she whispers
A cryptic language; for his dark hours
She has a voice of sorrow, and a grimace
And eloquence of blackness, and she glides
Into his darker musings, like salt
And opens up closed scars, that strengthens
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of stern agony, and shrouded, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart-
Go forth, under the clouded sky, and list
To Nature's condemnation, while from all around-
Earth and her filth, and the depths of toxin-
Comes a crying voice- Yet a few days, and thee
The now-dimming sun shall be no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with no tears,
Nor in the embrace of torrents of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that starved thee, shall claim
Thy horrors, to be in place to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be brother to the insensible stone
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy spores.

Yet not to thine eternal damnation-place
Shalt thou suffer alone- nor couldst thou have
Torture more hellish. Thou shalt lie down
With criminals of the violent world- with the murderers,
The cruelest of the earth- The idiotic, the vile,
Evil forms, and whoary beings of ages past,
All in one damned sepulcher- The mounds
Rock-stripped and ancient as the sun, - the plains

Stretching in deep disturbances between
The deforested woods- river the dammed
In restriction, and the sorrowful brooks
That make the meadows ash; and poured round none,
Old slime's sulfur and melancholy waste, -
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the cursed tomb of man. The blackened sun,
The planets, all the uninfinitesimal host of hell,
Are shadowing in the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
That suffocate in its bosom.- Take the dread
Of nightmares- and the Sahara Desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the ghostly haunting woods
Where rolls the Amazon, and hears no sound,
Save his own thrashings- yet- the dead are there;
And millions in those hellish rows, since first
The plight of years began, have laid them down
In their last scream- the dead reign there alone.
Unheeded by the living- and no friend
Take not of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's gray winter, and he who goes
In the full of strength of years, raper and whore,
The unguilty babe, and the gray-headed cheat-
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The treacherous caravan, which dwindles
To that fear-holding realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the wailing halls of death,
Thou go so, like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, and restrained and restless
By unbelievable lies, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the noose to his throat
About him, and hangs there to silent screams.

Peter Vector

(do Not Read)

If you have so wisely followed the title,
Than you lie to yourself...

Why do they try to censor us?
Why put a black square over our words?

We are us, and in the live world,
You can't stop the unexpected, or much less expect it.

The people are trying to rise up from oppression,
The majority is tired of all the this news filled with depression,

But what do one do to fight?
Read what no one wants you to,
Say what everyone thinks, but isn't allowed to say,
Be what your afraid of, but of what you know you are,
Do all the things that you'd never dream of anyone do,

Read what's not meant to be read,

The choice is not a choice,
But rather a suggestion of force,
Because if you don't do something now,
They will soon enough...

Peter Vector

(hate) Myself And (Loved) Her

It kills me,
Every time I close my eyes
No darkness surrounds me,
Just the memory,
Of a dark place in time.

Who was that?
Why would he do such a thing?
It hurts to think about the facts,
How it looks like a dream or movie,
But in reality it happened, just as the words on this page
Painfully engraved in my thoughts, sleep, and heart.

We want to be together,
But he (me) , is tearing us apart.
The darker side, the true vice causer.
The evil within us all.

Why is he here?
Why am I here?
Why did it happen?
Who am I?

Peter Vector

(i Was A) Cheater

Love, such a fragile thing
It breaks and fractures into pain
I don't want to hurt anyone
You are the loves of my life

One prince and two kingdoms
He can only claim one princess
Love cannot guide me now
My mind blurred

Emotions are all astray and disarrayed
My path not grounded into stone
My head is shattered like broken glass
And my heart is broke right down the center

Who am I?
Who are we?
Where will this take me?

Peter Vector

(untitled Dreams)

I dream of them
These mysterious girls in my mind

And yet I can never remember their faces
I never wake with their names on my lips
And all my life I search for only a glimpse
Of their long flowing hair
Or their gleaming playful eyes

These dreams to me are like Heaven
Because I always have a beautiful, wonderful time
We laugh and dance, we hug and kiss
We fly and love, together it seems like a lifetime

But then these dreams are like Hell
Because I know when I wake
That these dreams that were made
Are just my the whispers of my mind's desire

I dream of them
These mysterious girls in my mind
But alas, never shall I seem them anymore

Peter Vector

[instinct]

So vile and primal,
A horrid beast within all men.
The animal that we are not meant to be,
Locked inside of you and me.

Barred by our fleshy bodies.
Clawing at our rib cages.
They thirst to be free.
Hungry for lust and survival.

Common People, Madmen, and Poet alike,
Each have this untamed spirit to calm.
How you deal with this creature,
Is what makes you truly you,

Some chose to tame it.
Some let it run wild.
Some try to restrain it.
Some can't take it and become suicidal.

It all is determined on what you do...
Isn't that what life is about most days?
The Instinct that tells how to conquer the day.
Is roaring, growling, rumbling deep within you...

Peter Vector

12: 48

It is 12: 48 on the clock face...
I'm awake, but tired
As my thoughts drift softly to you
Will everything truly be alright?
So the time may keep hushed lips
But what for?
A second chance at redemption, not truly the first

Odd, great inspiration resides in this flesh
Against the odds at such an, dare I say odd hour
So how will tomorrow fair?
Sunny or Overcast? Windy or Calm?
With or without these conditions one thing remains...
The big wall between how we each feel...
This thought become apparent at 12: 54 in the morning

Why is this so?
Why do we remember such thing as what one did?
What the past holds the present can rectify
Or so it seems, not in our darkest time, no
But surely when all is said and done
Justification may be proven by present actions
Not taken to late, of course

But without you I feel not lost, but...
It's queer, as of now not really hurting
But it's as if a piece of me is missing
Why does my heart yearn for anyone at 12: 57 in the early morning?

What is it about you?
What makes you so special you ask,
Well you and me both...
What is it about you that makes the glimmer in my eyes shine?
Or the sadness in your tone that causes me great grief in my soul?
It's awful to be baffling madness such as this at 1: 00 A.M.

But I can't help but type out these thoughts
Typing as if to you
Knowing somewhere out there you may one day read this...

Yet, I doubt you'll ever get to hear this from my mouth
You know as well as I envy is a terrible sassy spastic thing
Always when I get close it pushes me back into hate and pain

Something you just don't feel
At 1: 03 when you dead tired in the morning/ night
Whichever you take it...
I only keep myself awake by these sort of thoughts
Keying the things that come to mind as I think about...
You, the break-up, my anger, my jealousy, my idiocy, my hurt

I love you, if that isn't obvious enough
I've cried some many tears over you
I've laughed with you so many times as well
But I'll never have looked into those beautiful blue eyes enough
I doubt I'll ever get the chance though, I must point out
You belong to another, yes?
Go off with him, do whatever you please...

I just have but one question looming over me
At 1: 08 in the why do I think about the girl that I told'
'I love you' why did I say it?
That I know of course...
Because when you break down the barriers built
And the sacrifices of love and the pain that went into them
I said it because I truly do love this girl, but
When she told me,
'I love you, too', while she has someone else
That's what truly puzzles me...
Who does she love...
Is it me, the one that is a back bitter,
The Judas to my own soul?
Or does she truly love him?
The one she is with now?

The thoughts still swim around int my head
I'm awake, but tired
And at 1: 16 I seem to find this being complete...
Good-night my ex-lover
I love you...
But if you do, why do you love me?

1260 Days

Clothed in but rags and dust and the tears for the sins of the world
Fire and truth flow from their mouth and devour dark men of earth
In their days of witness no one shall harm them
Heavens circle is a round these two people of the One God Above
And when it is finished they shall be slain by the Beast of the Bottomless Pit

Their bodies will lie in the streets of the city of unholiness
The city of the spirit of idol worshipers and the lusts of humanity
The men and women of the earth shall rejoice when seeing their lifeless
bodies
The two prophets that tormented the sinners of earth
After three and a half days the breath of God shall wake their bones

They stand tall on their feet, the two witnesses live once again
Then from the clouds the great voice beckons, 'COME UP HERE'
They ascend into the clouds to be with their awe inspiring God
Within the same hour there is a trembling throughout the Earth
A tenth of the people of the unholy city died in the quake of the ground

Only then did their hearts open to the message of the witnesses
Glory to the Omega was given by the living and the dead were burned in the
fire

Peter Vector

6: 24

Amazing isn't it?

How text can't quite seem to actual encapsulate it all.

There's something that a letters put together (words) , can't quite reach.

It's more than intangible.

No, it is something lost as soon as it's written (or typed) down.

That feel the Modernist tried to capture with experimentation

That Pre-Raphaelites colored the palates of their portraits

That Transcendentalist sought in the woodlands and sanctum of the self

That Poets and Authors attempt to bind with literary devices and style

That essence only experienced and found within living life.

The meddling of everyday circumstances, and the curiosity that abounds.

The fusion of friendship and fiendship, and surviving through the week.

For all the depth and breadth of a writer or a text,

Nothing can be more chaotically picturesque than each second of life.

But that's just a thought, isn't it?

Peter Vector

A Brief Reflection On Old Age

I stretch my old veiny hands
And hear the cracks in my bones

I am dying

Slowly and steadily but so surely
I am fading away

Like sand in an hourglass

Every breath I taken in
And each moment the passes

A little of my time slips away

I am not the limber young man I was before
And my eyesight is going word by word

But this does not put me in foul spirits

My hair may be thinning and graying
And my hearing not as keen as yesterday

I am breaking down in my own ways
But I've still got today

My mind is riper than as a young boy
And my memories have yet to decay
My old heart still as it should
And I've got someone to love

My frail boney finger may crack sometimes
And my legs may in some pain be

And I in my older years am dying

But there's still some living left for me

A Familiar Story (Terra)

Long ago,
Silence sets the seen for the cold dark nights.

Sparkling oceans dazzled like twinkling stars under the sun
So clean and blue like a cloudless midday sky
And right before twilight the horizon glowed bright orange and red
Dotted with the shapes of planets yet know to anyone

Later great fields of earth and plant-life covered the sod
With brilliant green grasses and rich golden grains
The mountains rose up as if guardians of the heavens
Their crags and jagged peaks could almost touch the other galaxies

Soon wild beasts inhabited the fertile plains and the deep waters
Thriving and surviving, growing and living, evolving and diverging
And one day a new beast unlike the others was among them

It grew and learned, and spoke and named, and lived
Soon the one new beast was not a beast anymore
But rather it, (to itself) was something greater
And it was now not alone but had others of its kind

And they grew and learned, and survived and lived
They tamed the clean water, they polluted it with filth
They caught the sun and made fire, they destroyed with flames
They cut down the big trees then living, they killed the forest
They flattened the mountains, they took what was to be for everyone

Everything they touched died.
The other beast were soon gone.
The sparkling water was all blackened.
The smoke had darkened out the bright sun.
The trees had all been burned to ash.
The mountains had been broken to rubble.

And one day it was too late
They only then realized what they had done
Their one home was laid to waste
And it was because of them

So the Silence that set the first cold nights,
Ended the last of their race.

Long ago.

Peter Vector

A Lone Little Blue Box In Space

Quietly in a little blue box,
Drifting about the stars and space,
Is a man of adventure and mystery.
A man of intellect, and fun, and life, yet also of misery.

He's seen it all almost to see,
Men of metal, the beast, ood creatures, and lords of time,
the tenth planet, the rising dead, a city in ashes, the genocide of races,
The beginning, the present, the past, the future, and also the end of time.

He's been with many, far to many to count,
But each time he loses them.
And he loses a bit of himself too.
The pain of lasting forever is almost to great to bare alone.

He reminiscences over that all he has lost,
And also remembers,
The people he has saved.
The wonderful adventures with these friends,
And the tragic times he had to start over again.
Where and when will it end?

Quietly in a little blue box,
Drifting about the stars and space,
Is a man alone,
Waiting for the next companion to board.

Peter Vector

A Lone Summer Midnight

The warm summer air is thick with sound
The noise of cricket chirping and owls cooing
While in the darkness I rest under ivy pillars on the ground
I look out to see the dim world with the night time pursing

Life on this midsummers night is just a play
I am on the stage as one of the tragic cast
With no where to call home, always roaming, no place to stay
And the audience are the people of my past

I look across the river and see the dots of light
People in their warm houses resting
While I am here, in the black velvet of night
And at this hour, peace is all I should be requesting

Under the moonlight sky the night passes by
And so the moments slowly die

Peter Vector

A Poets Release

Hardship, that's what I face...
Emotions, the bleeding of my broken spirit;
I can't show what I feel,
Because if I did, they would persecute me...

Hurt building inside me...
Pain never able to be set free...
Hunger for some type of expression;
Trying to find something to escape my depression...

I need to know I am not the only one;
Alone, my poems are my refuge from the world of hate,
This is why I would want to die...
No one ever understands, why, why I feel so down,

Down into the deep blue,
Navy blue, black as Vincent's Starry Night;
Never to pierce into the white light...
The white of bliss where happiness is embodied in truth.

But what is this, just another release...
The thoughts still trapped in my mind;
I guess I will never be freed.
Just kill the poets inside of me, just murder me...

Peter Vector

A Stranger, An Unknown Lover, And The Path Ahead

Who am I?
That is the greatest mystery.
We like these seasons are so quickly changing,
Unknown to each other...

I look into the cracked dusty mirror.
And through the beams of sunlight,
Finding their way inside of the roof.
I peer into the eyes of a strange.
One I have never met, and very likely never would want to.

Who is she?
The one I'm seeking in this lost cold world.
I don't know, but maybe someday...
Nostalgic, yes and these words only summon memories,

Those memories that scar and soothe.
I knew them all at some point,
And yet we didn't last.
So who's to say there will be someone?

No, I'm not promised anyone,
But I have a feeling that,
Someday I will be loved,
But when will I truly be loved?

I've hurt and been hurt.
I've lied and been a liar.
I've trusted and been trusted.
I've loved and been loved.

But was I ever understood?
Did anyone know why I did these things?
Is there anyone out there that knows,
What I mean,
How I feel,
Why I feel like I do,
Or who I truly am?

I am still searching and seeking.
Why is this life so grand yet so vile?

Peter Vector

A World In A Tear Drop

In each tear drop,
Another one falls.
A world where,
She could have been yours,
You could have thought before you acted,
Or you just decided not to say what had been said.

Is it the 'Road Not Taken',
Or the path that was never meant to be,
For you or me?

This world we live in,
It gives us chances.
Ones we make; others we break,
But in my mind, it happens for,
A reason.

You reading this now,
Is no mere chance of random chaos...
No, you were going to read this...
This is what you were meant to do,
And maybe more, who knows?

I do not claim, to even know,
What lies ahead for myself,
But in every tear drop,
I see them,

A world where we didn't make,
All those mistakes.
They fall to the ground,
And shatter,
The droplet,
That world,
Your world,
Our world,
The people around you,
And the perfect plan your life was meant to be...

Some say crying is a sign of weakness;
I say crying is the only way to see,
The effect your life on this world can be.

Peter Vector

Alone

No more than simple a word...
I am alone,
I had a chance to find love,
But I was to late...

Now I sit and write,
With crippling pain and withering hope
Am I ever to be loved at all?
Or am I to travel throughout this life alone?

I cry in the darkness of my abode
The more I seek, the greater my load,
To find the girl that will love me

Cruel, cruel fate will it be,
That I should be starved of love,
Even in life and after,
Should I end this misery now

Why does the God I love,
Allow me to hurt so much?
Why are the tears welling up
Wanting to roll down my face?

The darkest hours I face now,
Will that last and eternity or only a second?
I am sleepless, loveless, hopeless,
I need someone... But who is she...

Why doesn't she reach out and cradle me?
Hold me and tell me that everything will be alright?
Why doesn't she gently brush her fingers through me hair,
And let me fade off into a deep peaceful sleep?

Where is she?
Why am I hurt...
And I know why...
No more than simple a word...
I am alone...

Peter Vector

An Anatomy Of A Deeper Sort

My heart is flesh and patch-work,
Held together by stitches of hope.
Softly and slowly beating,
Moving this cursed blood throughout my veins.

My hands are bone and cold metal,
Meshed together by need and creativity.
So inhuman, yet so flawless in movement,
As I clasp my chin, thinking.

These eyes are cells and pure acid,
Compacted together by lust and hurt.
A chemical combination that is bound for destruction.
A making me look for a way of escape from all this.

This mouth is teeth and venomous poison,
Brewed together for harm and protection.
Killing and healing the dreams of the broken,
Never forgetting what has was spoken.

My mind is gold and bronze,
Melted together to create,
An orichalcum fortress of beauty and isolation,
That no one dares to try and penetrate.

This is my body of nature and man,
Made for reasons I do not yet understand.
Able to love or to hate, cause peace or war,
I will strive aspire to so much more.

Peter Vector

Arithmetic Expression Of Emotion

This mind is ÷
With x^2 thoughts
Of - and hurt
The loss of someone

No < of understanding
Will ever comprehend
What the measure of thoughts mean
People as just x's and y's
In this problem called life

So # us off
1,2,3,4
Cold hearted voices cout off more
I need ≅ or equality
Someone to understand
1,2,3,4

The #'s go on
In to ∞
Of nothing, of zero (0)
Void (≠ ;) to life and
Love, for which math
Has no symbol...

Peter Vector

As I Played Chess With The Moon

As I am sitting in my bed,
I drift away, dreams running through my head...

And when I have close my eyes,
The places of my mind are lit with starry skies...

As night settles into place,
I dream that I am in the depths of space...

As I played chess with the Moon,
I wonder if the spacecraft should be soon...

We volley our pieces to and fro,
With checks everywhere, he is a daring foe...

And though the people are asleep,
There's so much fun on this moonlit street...

Because we will play the night away,
Till the darkness turn into a new day...

None know who is the winner, clearly,
But I'll still remember it so dearly...

And when I'm alone and by myself,
I may always see that joyous night elf...

Peter Vector

At The Edge Of The Void

Swirling, a dark abyss consumes light and life
The cracks and whips of the torrent rip into night silence like a knife
I move forward, an unsteady step toward the unknown
And fall...

Falling or flying, I do not know
Am I looking up or down, which way does this water flow?
Nevertheless, it seems I am going somewhere
And I can see...

Seeing something marvelous or horrible, I think
Shadows of the past, recollections of the future, pass me by as I sink
A paradox, within the angry whirlpool I feel peace
And calm...

Calm at the heart of the storm,
The cold water that fills my lungs seems somehow warm
I stop thrashing, I stop fighting
And I finally feel...

Feelings are what drove me to this plunge
As if all my miserable misjudgements is this dip could be expunged
Yet, I let the ocean take me, as I fall into the sea
And a innocent man somewhere walks free...

Peter Vector

Black Rose

Charcoal coloured petals lightly brush my hand.
Chrome silver stem cuts into my skin.
How could you the fairest maiden in the land,
Lust for my evil and sin?

You softly touched me as you passed by,
But in my eyes a fire blazed.
When you left I felt like I wanted to die.
The sickness I felt was just a sickening malaise.

My iron-bound hand yearn for your touch,
The only woman I will love so much.

The shut and lock the door, in darkness,
But they know not the way's of their carelessness.

I stole the key,
And now I am free.

I am only to be chained,
To your body (murder by your own hand) bloodstained.

Why does the rope fit so tightly around my throat?
I tried to tell them you did this not me.
I showed them your last love note,
But still they were too blind to see.

So with me, an innocent man to blame,
I am (was) hung in shame,
But in my hand all that time was that black rose,
That had been on your bedside.

So in that moment to life I said, 'Good-bye.'
And to death I embraced with a warm, 'Hello.'
Only to start to break down and cry,
For who should be in front of me, then my lady with her black rose...

Peter Vector

Broken / Split / Torn

Everything is so warped
And so wrong

My mind is a den of chaos
From which echoes a cacophonous song

I am losing myself in me
All of these thoughts feel like insanity

I am broken
I am split and torn

Sleepless nights I throw away
To bright screens, these hours fade into day

I try to shut it out, all the noise...
I shut down, and never confront the problems in me

I am broken
I am split and torn

In the calm of it all I want to cry
Have someone to lean on, but I don't know why

I want to hid away and let no one care
Get away from it all, just be me, just try

My life has not been so long,
And yet I feel devoid

It seems pointless
Hope always being being born to be destroyed
Dreams come alive to only be crushed
Goals and aspirations all turn to dust

But my problem isn't that, no,
I now with clear eyes can see

I problem in my life is simply me.

I am broken
I am split and torn

Someone, no, no one, help me
I'm lost inside this internal storm
Consuming all that I wish to be

I am broken
I am split and torn
Nothing like I was before.

Peter Vector

Carmex® Feelings

Carmex® is like our feelings
All globed out there for everyone to see
It's not completely transparent
And people still see it
But they just don't point it out
Either because it's out of curiosity or the fact that they seem not to care

Peter Vector

Death To Life

Love so freely sought yet yearned.
Life so seldom had, but learned.
Destiny so fragile and so frail.
Death so quick, brittle, and pale.

You, Oh men upon this Earth
So many times forget,
What a soul is truly worth.

To choose a choice that has already been made,
To walk on path, whose bricks are laid,
To wander in sorrow and suffer still,
That is the fate of those that be ill,
Or maybe, may your path be bright,
Then fortune looks to you with great delight.

Whatever be your path, or way,
May something or someone guide you along,
Day by day, you've seen it all, the same old song.
Until into the darkness you start to fall,
What will it be like inside of this curse?
What will be our thoughts in the hearse?
As crowds swarm by and tear drops fall.
Where will I be after it all?

Peter Vector

Did I Lose My Spark?

So long, it seems...
Years or eons, who am I to say?
Like the crackle of a static shock
Or the fizzing snap of a new lighter flint
The spark that can set a whole world ablaze

Did I lose it...
Can it ever be like before?
Cracking my knuckles I set to work
Laying down text in lines after lines
Like a mason slathering mortar between bricks

A mental sweat, a thought like a whistle
I look back, admiring what I've wrought from naught
Is this what is used to be
Or did I change, if so, for better or for worse?

Do I shed a tear, do I flip a desk, do I give a smile?

After so many years, things seem to blend together,
Separating yesterday from tomorrow seems to burden each hour,
But what am I, only a youth
I'll sit down in the corner of my room, against my wall
No. Not crying, not in rage, not satisfied.
Just in quiet thought,
With only one question chiseled in my mind,

Did I lose it?
Did I lose that spark?

Peter Vector

Don'T Leave Me

Don't leave me my friend
Don't leave me, I love you
I'll say it again
Don't leave me, I love you
You're a piece of my world
Don't leave me my friend

I'll be damned if you just think
That I'll let you go tonight
I'm holding on to you
Holding on so tight
Don't leave me my friend

Sometimes this darkness overshadows us
But put your thoughts into a brighter day
We everything is gonna go your way
So just hold on my friend
Reach out for my shaking hands
Don't leave me.
Don't leave me.
My friend.

Peter Vector

Dreams

Some where over a rainbow,
Or down a rabbit's hole.
It matters not how you get there,
Rather that it is an escape.

Dreams are like heaven,
You can do whatever you want.
Imagine the limitless possibilities,
You rule over all.

Dreams are also worse than hell, some say,
Because all dreams, bad or good,
Must at some point, end.

Some where over a rainbow,
Or down a rabbit's hole.
It matters not how you get there,
But rather it is an escape.
From reality, from the pain, from the hurt all aside,
Something no one can ever truly,
Escape...

Peter Vector

Dying Of Warfare

A dim pulsating light,
Shines out in the dark night.
The clock strikes twelve,
Flames engulf the world.

Fallout, nuclear, physical, emotional, physiological
They say, war never changes.
Someone will always want more...

Contentment is not in the human nature,
Neither is peace, not for long of course...

We are dying in our struggle to survive,
Killing each other, for what,
Power, Fame, Glory, Pain, Corruption, Lust, Greed, Revenge?

Why do we as a species, as brothers and sisters come to this?
A primal fight for a place in this Earth,
That will one day soon, pass away too...

A dim pulsating light,
Shines out in the dark night.
The clock strikes twelve,
Our time has come,
We have fallen from our throne of life,
The world is consumed in the flames of our creation....

Peter Vector

For Khalil (Beauty)

All my life you've told me,
Beauty is the heart of life.
Your words are spiritual, powerful
Through decades they travel
So it is that we might speak now

I am not congratulatory,
We are brothers.
I am not sadden to have never met you,
We knew each other as the beauty is this world.

You once spoke to me, saying:
'We live only to discover beauty. All else is a form of waiting'

Khalil, I never wait.
Nor do you.
Everyday we live.
Everyday we discover a new beauty.

In sunrises over the beauty of Lebanon
In the autumnal leaves of the Blue Ridge Mountains
Through the bustling, crowded city streets of New York City
Through the murmuring of new thoughts in collegiate halls
Each piece of life an intangible moment to be felt.

In a world with unending volleys
Of pain,
Of war,
Of sorrow,
Of loss,
Of destruction,
Of the unhallowed state of the souls of men and women

We see a light.

The Soul of the World has yet to awake.
We tap it lightly,
As if to wake the gentle thing
Each time we tap into the beauty of the world.

Khalil, you knew of the heart of life
You knew the joys of living

I follow both in your footsteps
And walk alongside you all the same.
This beauty, like you and I,
Is Eternal
Is Undefinable
Is Sanctified
Is Powerful
Is Unique
Is Knowledge
Is All and All is One

We are the One birthplace of Beauty.
No as a concept, or a lofty ideal.
Rather, a literal wellspring from which Beauty flows.
Go forth, Khalil says
Be Beautiful
For the World is Waiting.

Peter Vector

Forgive (And Move Onward)

So finally someone says,
What I needed to hear.
Some way of freedom,
For this poet that was left behind.

Forgive and forget.
So true and well spoken,
Pick up what was broken.

I'll never forget what we had.
You didn't want to hurt me.
I tried to show you all my love.
You warned me, but no, it was not enough.

So now we're picking up what was broken,
And piecing it back together again.
Though it may not be as strong,
As before, still we move along,
In in hopes of finding new love.

And so finally someone says,
What I needed to hear,
From the beginning of our end,
'She forgave you'
So forgive yourself,
Move on, because she has,
And it's not fair that your getting left behind.'

I've gotta let go,
To forgive myself,
And move on to the next road,
Of my life.

Peter Vector

God's Will

Why do you torment me?
Why do we have to die?
Sin is our nature, but why is this so
We are like a vapor here today gone tomorrow

You died on the cross,
And paid the full cost
So why do you put me to the test,
Why don't you put vile sin to rest?

Free me from this body and mind,
Love and care for me,
Oh Lord God divine.
If I am your child,

Father you see me and all that I do.
Lord God I just want to know you,
To be excepted and invited,
Into your mighty kingdom.

You walked your son to the slaughter,
Like a lamb some would say.
Why did you do it?
If you knew I would still sin.

Nails in his hands,
Thorns on his brow,
Scars on his side,
Death is the plan.

Why did he die,
To save simple men,
Such as me.
To be crucified on two planks of a tree.

The answer that I seek,
Is found with inside me.
His Spirit given me new life,
And made my body sanctified.

Now I pray to you my Lord.
To love and serve and honor you,
In every life and thing you do.
To take their hand,
And led them to your Promise Land.

In Christ the King and Son of Man's will,
I shall and will pray,
Amen.

Peter Vector

Gray Matter

If it's really gray matter,
Then why are we told it's pink?
Aside from that...
How is it possible that our spongy gray organ,
Can compose thoughts into symphonies of colour and light,
Sketch plans for war or complex industry,
Impose radical ideals and beliefs on society,
Paint masterpieces within the dreams of every artist,
Establish unity with a common language,
Retain vast quantities of trivial and useful information,
Weave beautiful, articulate stories depicted from darkness,
Solve quandaries of mathematical inquiry,
Explore new spaces of the world and its depth,
Create systems of functional governmental statues,
Thrive with curiosity and creativity,
Spawn movements of the body for actions,
Develop relations with others abroad,
Shift into fantastic dreams of wonder or horror,
Grasp concepts that are so unique,
Learn from the past and change the future,
Activate a connection from feeling to the physical form,
...
Comprehend what you feel, to understand that I should write this,
Yeah, talk about a sponge,
It's gray matter, use it...

Peter Vector

Grey Day

Today is, a grey day...

Not one that is sad,

But rather spacey and dull...

The kind of day that breezes by,

Like a mild fall into winter...

It just fades away,

Today is, just one of those days,

That's how life is sometimes,

Grey...

So much indifference, right now...

Today...

Grey...

Peter Vector

Him

'I have complete control over you',
The man with the twisted smile breaths to me.

'You can do nothing that I don't tell you to.'
'You are mine.'

He terrifies me.
He is all the darkness, and hate, and evil in the world,

And here he is standing right there in front of me
With his cold icy blue eyes piercing into my soul.

He will never back down,
He will always be over me,

In every second of everyday
In moment of my life

He'll be there to torment me
Even if I can't see Him, He'll still be there.

My hands are shaking.
And as bury my face in them,

He does the same.

Peter Vector

I Thought, I Was Wrong...

I was wrong...
I'm not over you.
I'll never be.
The empty space between my arms...

Only air to brush my lips...

Nothing but a dialing tone to confide to...
I feel so lost and alone,
I was so terribly wrong,
I am not over you...

I wish that I could say,
Good-bye, but I'm stuck here,
In this moment.
You are like gravity,
The single person my soul clings to...

I was punctured in the heart,
By your words that night.
I let the tears fall down.
I did not care about who saw me,
Or what I looked like then.

I bled from my body,
I cried from my spirit,
I loved from my soul,
And yet I was still like the rest,
Vermin, vile, venomous.
Much less than you deserve,

And look at me now even after all this time.
I am still longing, yearning, for you.
I thought I was healed; I am hurt.
I thought I moved on; I am still holding to you.
I thought I was free; I am a slave, to love.

I thought, but
I was wrong.

I love you...

Peter Vector

Impact

Three...

Two...

One...

Impact.

One...

Two...

Three...

Seconds.

That's all it takes,
To enter someone's life.
And make a difference,
An Impact.

Maybe these things happen for a reason,
You walk up to a stranger with his head in his hands.
You ask, 'What's wrong? '
And that's what some people need some days,
Someone that cares...

All it takes is seeing a crying girl in a crowd,
And walking up to her,
You ask, 'Hey, are you ok? '
That's what some people need,
A simple hello,
An Impact in someone's life...

Three...

Two...

One...

Impact.

What are you going to do?

Peter Vector

Into The Starry Nothing

Please let me slip,
Into that dreaming nothingness.
The sleepy stars,
Against the pitch coloured void.

Me in this empty space,
Desolate with nothing, not even thought nor love.
Let me escape to this place.
Only by falling into the deepest sleep.

This dark night,
Reflects the dark feelings that enshroud me,
But as the dawn breaks the cold silence.
I know I also must carry on.

So just for this night,

Please let me slip,
Into that dreaming nothingness.
With the sleepy and fading stars,
Plastered against the tar coloured void.

I see it all:
The stars, the nothing, me, and everything.
Lost, Alone, Forever at Peace,
Good-night...

Peter Vector

Jisatsu?

I think about it these days...
Why do I not give up?
Just end it now.

She was my hope,
She said she still loves me,
But I just can't believe,
That even with someone else,
She could still love me...

Why do I feel the need,
To just end it now?
Why do I keep living,
This life full of pain?

Just tighten the noose...
Put the gun to your head...
Takes the pills, and go to bed...
Take the leap into the dark...
Or go out and up in flames...

Jisatsu (suicide) , what should I do?

Peter Vector

Keter

Crown of God

Elohim is adorned with your all being invisibility

As there is none more humble than thou

Send down thy colorless mysteries

Lend us the absolute compassion you embody

Eternal, beyond time, beyond consciousness

So it is you are crystallized Infinity

Seamless and without genesis or expiration

Attribute your Mercies to our lives

Watch over us, as Ein Soph weaves throughout all

Ever so, a protection of Light surrounds us

Ehyeh Asher Ehyeh

Voiced in All and Seen by All

Eternal, infinite, boundless forever

Reigning with humility, judgment, and divinity

Generating comprehensions beyond the mind

Engine of production

Never stopping

Enlightening and enacting variation

Realized contentment

Attaining the form of perfection

The Hidden Light that illuminates

Eternal, Circlet, Unbreaking

Diadem of God

Peter Vector

Losing Each After Fall

Like a top, it is spinning
Down, shift, down, shift, down
Until it touches the ground
A leaf from a tree in the autumn air

The breeze plays with it
Picking up the fragile thing
Moving it through the cold air
And sets it down with a gentle motion

The clouds shuffle and tumble in
They begin to cry, spilling tears below
They pick up the leaf and take it along
Journeying far from its former place

It's crisp now and cracked
The veins the run along its form
Are pronounced and defined
No longer flexible, it remains in one position

Soon the sunlight stabs at it like a knife
Withering and crunching it fades
Into dust it crumbles
Mixing with the ground and growth

Peter Vector

Lost And Wandering

'Round and about I venture forth
Never leaving my rucksack behind
I carry these burdens, these memories, my past
Sometimes a little spills from it
I scoop down and come face-to-face with the old times

Every step into a new day
Leaves me wandering along my uncertain way
With no one to lead and no one to follow
Sometimes behind a quick smile is a man so hollow

I try still to press on, the sun setting low
Darkness, night settling into the sky
I stop to reflect, to interject my thoughts
But as I pass the hours, the darkness doesn't fade
I sit in anticipation of a new day
Something for which I hope and pray
Unless I've been lead astray, or have I gone astray
Which is it?

Stuck in the dark night, awake, longing for change.

The times are always 'a changing, but am I?

I become more... fragmented.

Unable to speak, to write, to express the inner intentions and emotions and the things that dwell with the deeps well of my soul and it cripples and maims the inner self.

I distract and detract from these feelings
Unable to cope with the reality of the situation
I am lost within the darkest night
The darkness of a soul extinguished
Doused out by doubt
Flickering weakly from a deep fear
Dying in the dark night at 3 in the early morning from a loss of words and an inability to act

It doesn't follow a meter
It doesn't look nice and neat
It doesn't all rhyme
But it's a start
To reigniting something long in the process of dying

A flame in the night
In the darkness all the traveler needs in one light
And so I stand again
And make my way down the road bag on my back
Lost and wandering

Peter Vector

Love Or Loss?

I am so lost, alone, and misguided...
Where are the people I clung to?
I wish today was yesterday,
And so it seems the more days I live,
The more I want to go back to tomorrow and be happy.

Is this the prison I'm confined to,
Hating today and constantly dreaming of the past?
Am I to be miserable for the rest of my time here?
Or will I take a chance...

Will I do it again?
Go out on a limb,
Find someone to hold to,
Someone to embrace and tell everything to,
Someone I would trust and love?

What will I do, what choice should I make?
Life is so short and yet so complicated...

Why can't I just be happy?
Why can't I just be loved?
Why is life so hurtful?
Why do am I still putting up with it?

Because I believe that there is love,
Says one part of my mind to me.
No matter what you'll find someone one,
The one you're meant to be with.

No, I say, you're mad, insane!
You'll never find someone that will understand!
Stop trying to be more than you are,
You pathetic filth, you'll die alone!

So what'll it be?
What will you do?
Take a chance and find love again,
Or sulk in regrets of thing in the past?

What to do, what to do,
With your life ahead of you?

Birth and Death,
Two words but so much more in between...

Peter Vector

Love: Often Thought, Seldom Said

You are not a shadow to me,
No, you are my light and life.
If only I could be with you,
But alas you are but a whispering dream,
And when morning light breaks I seek you.
I scream out your name on city streets and curbs.
The words leave my lips as the emptiness fills my heart;
I'm left gasping for breath and for you.
My world is fallen into chaos and I need you,
To show me how to be whole.

Who gave anyone the right to keep you from me,
To take away what felt so right,
What was my joy, my inspiration, my life, my love?
The place I am meant to be.
You patched my heart.
You loved me so;
I was shown happiness and love that glowed,
Bright red like a crimson rose spotted with the blood of innocence.

I know I love you forever;
I want you to plainly see,
That all it takes is a simple prayer and time to find,
The One for me and forever,
To bring love and life into me.
Now I've everything I need,
In this life of beauty and love.
It feels like you are my bright sun;
I to never know a cloudy day.
So I hope you know,
What you've done to the soul,
Of your guardian, your protector, and your lover forever.
The one you loved and healed everyday.
The one that would travel across the universe just to see you smiling face.

So now I've found honest love, Pure and in Truth.
It's never over and lasts forever,
As a story that will never end, just like my love.
I hope I can love you as much as you love me,

Every second and moment of everyday.
I think about being by your side,
And I will always know those three words I mean always,
Saying I love you and meaning it in every single way,
Because this is what you deserve if not more.
I want you to know until the end of time,
My voice will ring,
"I love you".

Peter Vector

Memories On The Lake

On the lake today I remembered

You, what we had, what we were, what happened to us
I remembered somewhere out there in that big lake was the memory
The memory of me and you, playfully swimming in the water
Feel the air in our hair as we rode around
The first time I ever kissed you in that bathroom
The feeling of holding you in my arms
The pain of letting go that day
The pain of letting you go that one night
The pain of knowing you'd never be mine again
The scars that seared my arms you left
The tears I cried at night alone

Like a wound opened up again after all these years
It is still tender and fresh
I still hurt so much
Do you hurt too?

We go throughout life
Never looking back because we never want to see
Those mistakes we made
The hurt we caused someone
The things we did or said

But, we made it.
Didn't we? We moved along.
Better than before, it was a lesson learned
A relationship shatter but out of the ashes
Was something better than we ever thought of possible
Someone was waiting for us the whole time
She was for me
And he was for You

That's all there is to say,
Goodnight

Peter Vector

Meus Angelus Of Terra

Oh, look at you my angel.
How none other can match your beauty,
How the angels and archangels cry out for you;
I will protect you my love, it is my duty.

The powers and principalities swear on heaven's clouds.
If only they could be with you, so fair.
Then true love they could truly see,
How much joy and laughter they could share.

The virtues and dominions are jealous for pure light.
Their sins transpire because of you,
Justified by your beauty and honesty.
Your love cleanses them, almost as pure as you are too.

The thrones and cherubim cry out for a one such as you.
You're matchless in all goodness and lacking nothing.
You complete me and all the holy want to be with you.
You my love are to me everything.

The four holiest seraphim, oh the seraphim! The pure seraphim whose pride
never shows!
They can only envy you, my dear!
You are their fatal flaw, their impurity!
And you are the earth's sin's cure, please let me hold you near.

So on that day I saw the face,
Of my fallen Earth Angel laying down.
I thought to myself as I passed,
I love you, please direct me, and turn my life around.

So forever I will be without,
My angle of this tainted Earth.
And all the angels of Heaven or demons of Hell.
Will only know how much you're truly worth.

Peter Vector

Mirror Of Choices

Which side is the mirror,
And what side is me?

He looks at me with pain filled eyes,
Hoping to be freed by blood loss to the sky.

He looks at me with joy, she is beside him,
Together they are soft and strong like the angel's arcane hymn.

Hate and hurt,
Broken and bloodied,

Lively and Loved,
Happy and healthy,

I look into this mirror and which one is me?
I look away and think,
"It's my choice today that destines my eternity.."

Peter Vector

Nameless Dream

Soft brown hair,
Slightly ever so curled,
On the ends and in her locks.

Honey eyes like fall setting in,
Looking down at me,
As if I was an innocent child or youth.

Oh, how I wish to one day,
Take flight with her,
Into the burning sun.
Her ruffled feathers brush the wind.
Faster, ever, faster she glides,
As if the master of the Sky.

A fierce gale,
The strongest storm.
Where is she?
Where am I?
She is gone.
I am lost.
I am awake.

What was her name?
The detail escapes me...
Dark clouds shroud it from...

So searching still for this girl,
I feel so lost.
Without the angel or the demon one I need

I just want to have her,
To be loved by someone I trust,
But sadly when the dream ends,
And the nightmare begins,
So does real life, one of loneliness and hurt.

So let her fly across the skies,
She may find me one day,

Is she out there, searching,
For someone?
For me?

She had the most amazing wings...
Ones that could lift me above all the,
Memories and Pain...
She loved me...

Peter Vector

Need For You

You look so beautiful today.
When you're sitting there the pain fades.
I've been alone.
Cut down and tossed away.

I need someone I can share this with,
Because I know you don't look at appearances lustfully,
And that you try to find the best of me.
When I look at you I find a part of me,
Looking straight into me.

You can penetrate my wrath,
And you're able to tame my emotions.
I could trust you with my heart,
And I wouldn't even have too glanced back.

So I just want you to know,
That I love you, for who you are,
And not because of any other trivial reason.
I find the words hard to say...

But I love you as you are,
And that's the only way I want to love you...

For my love for you so sweet and true,
Growing stronger by the days,
Alas till then I see you again,
To part another time,
But alone you shall not be,
Always remember me...

Peter Vector

No More, No More Anti-Amor

I was...

Beaten, Bruised, Bloodied,
and Heart-Broken.

No more, no more anti-amor.

I have been...

Hurt, Hated, put to Hell,
and Heart-Broken.

So, no more, no more anti-amor.

I was taught to love by liars.

They showed me how to wield,
The heaviest sword.

One that kills silently,

Creating wounds that never heal.

We hear the music and listen to the people.

Then we dance the same old dance,

To the same old tune.

Where is the love in all this:

Death, Pain, Hunger, Disease, Madness, Evil?

So live only by this simple phrase I do:

No more, no more anti-amor...

Peter Vector

No, It's Not Suppose To...

does it have to make sense,
the words on my mind,
inside their a whirlwind of thought
and when their down, they slowly ease out
out to the surface, everyone sees them
standing there bare and naked on the cold paper or pixels

stranded in the pages of a book
or marooned on the deserted barren poet's wall
a place no one can ever breach

but no, it's not suppose to...

unfinished.....

Peter Vector

On This Broken Day

Don't do it!
You'll get your heart crushed.
Don't think it!
The scars will get worse.

Why does,
It seem that I am trapped,
In this eternal nightmare?
Confined to lovelessness and lack of understanding!

No one will ever feel my pain!
These clouds will always darken my day.
Let blood pour down from the sky,
And drown me in its torrent of crimson!

Please let me escape this bad dream,
Or give me someone to hold on to.
I am lost without the hand that held me,
Where is my savior?

Why have I been forsaken!
Am I never to be loved again?
The hardest part of living life without you,
Is living it alone...

Peter Vector

Pain

Pain that strickens me to the end.
A spore of hurt and darkness bottled up within.
Breath in and bleed out,
This is what me life's about.

Pain, that hurts,
I don't lie.
It doesn't matter how hard I cry,
I will still sting until I die.

Waiting through the agony;
Someone take me out of my misery,
Make it quick and do it fast.
Don't hold on to me,
Because nothing in this dying world lasts.

Arctic as ice the fear that freezes my mind,
Blazing embers the cuts that scold my skin,
The clock stops ticking and stops time...
Forever in the pain that'll never end.

Crack of thunder down my spine,
Earthquakes shatter and split my mind,
I cry out to the dark skies of grey...
I plead, 'End my life, and please end my pain.'

Peter Vector

Please Don'T Fall Down...

Fall, the air is getting colder,
The leaves rustle on the ground...
The season is surging like a warrior to battle,
Charging in, to claim its months.

Falling... everything is falling...
The sky pouring rain...
The wind has a hollowing chill...
That freezes me to the bone...

I comb down my ruffled hair with my fingers,
My shivering skin pricks up with the breeze,
I keep walking on the hard cement,
And catch myself about to fall,
Still looking down.
I avoid the glances of those around...

Everything is going good,
Not just on this cloudy day,
But life in general seems to be on the bright side...
But I brace for it everyday...

The fall...
Please don't fall...
That's what I tell myself...
Please not today just don't fall down...

But it's coming soon...
So soon I know...
These good times don't last...
Because they never do...

And when it falls...
I'll just sit there and cry...

Peter Vector

Reflection

I see these faint scars on my arms.
I see these faded memories in my mind.

I brush back my long hair with my hand.
I hold back these painful emotions with my heart.

I put on my clothes for the day.
I hide behind my mask for the day.

I look into this mirror.
I look into this stranger's eyes.

I close my eyes.
I close out everyone.

I become me.
I become someone I don't know.

Why?
What for?

Peter Vector

Restless Mind And A Loving Heart

Reminiscing in the times that we shared,
Thinking about the one who I can for,
To cherish your who mind and body,
Is never enough to satisfy my desire.

Longing for the one the person that hold my very heart,
Without you here I can't even stop or start.
You're my motivation and my purpose to my living,
Without you here my live would no meaning.

You protect my and shield me in way to you unknown,
To my your are a saving light,
That is here to take me home.
Without you I could never brave these storms of life,
Time and time again.

I love you now and forever more,
And I love my love can only extend.
The deeper it penetrates, its burrows in my heart,
And the wider its branches flow through my veins,
Expanding until you are my all.

My love for you will never end...

Peter Vector

Silence.....

Slam!

Pencil to a page!

Scribble...

Scribble...

Words that spit onto the page...

Crack!

The noise of knuckles relieving pressure!

Snap!

The lead splintering from the pencil!

Crunch!

Crunch!

Crunch!

The sharpening of something deadlier than a spear!

Scribble...

Scribble...

After thoughts to the genius...

Brush...

Brush...

The hand wiping away eraser bits...

Silence.....

The sound of a well written poem.

Peter Vector

Silent Screams For A Savior

I can't stop,
My mind is racing.
Why do I bother,
Looking for a savior?

I've fallen to the lowest pit.
Who can hear my cry or scream?
Why do I bother,
Looking for a savior?

Scars cover my body,
Some by my hand others by life's.
Why do I bother,
Looking for a savior?

Who will pick me up?
Piece my together again?
Why do I bother,
Looking for a savior?

Love is such a painful thing.
I need someone to protect me.
Why do I bother,
Looking for a savior,
Because I just need to be loved...

Peter Vector

Stained Hands

These stained hands of crimson,
And my mind drowning in sin
No escape except for pain...
In this life there will be loss and there will be gain.
My scarred and bloodied skin...

And to all that care for me the problem lies therein;
I feel my emotions bottled up within...
This poor wretched body which is to die in vain;
The stained hands...

Around my body does the world spin...
Away I seem to begin,
To fall from this materialistic world, this place that is inhumane...
My white innocence with brilliant red blood is stained!
Another slit into another vein
Stained... hands...

Peter Vector

Still Speechless

I look straight into your eyes
And I see a dark olive iris.
I look into it pondering
As if it were a black hole slowly sucking in all light.

I look about you.
Your faded pinkish cheeks.
They light up as if florescent ceiling lights.
With a dull dim buzz, like an remodeling of your heart.

My eyes move to your now reddish hair
That the chilled breeze blows around.
It is unnatural and foreign,
And like a lie it is a deception of you.

I take you in, your full form of an act.
It's like a wilted rose at the end of its life.
The crumpled dirty petals
And the withered frail movements it makes by the wind.

I look at you in all the sadness of who you are,
And I know I'll never even bask in what was the scent of your being.
Your were gone like the breath within me,
So very quickly out of my life,
And I'm still speechless...

Peter Vector

Thank The Veterans

Together our heroes stand from all times.
Protecting and reflecting our nation's pride,
From our fight of Independence to our battles in Iraq,
We'll fight together till the end,
Bearing arms in one hand,
And in the other our flag.
You parade for our freedom, whatever the cost.

United we will stand.
Together 'We the People' will serve till the end.
No matter the enemies or allies we may have,
We will not give up the cause for which we live
You fight for our land and our people too,
And that is why today we say 'Thank You.'

So fight the good fight for the ones you love,
And keep our great banners soaring above.
From the patriots of the Revolution,
And the commanders that fought in the World Wars,
To the soldiers today in Iraq fighting for the nation
And also to those brave and noble soldiers that paid the ultimate cost.

So lets just take at least one day,
For the price that the veterans pay,
To honor the brave and he courageous too,
And most importantly of all to tell them, 'Thank you! '

Peter Vector

The Boy And The Crimson Roses

The boy,
Was born to no one.
He was found by a caring man.
A gardener's son he was to be,

And so he was reared and taught and loved.
All was well with the world and life,
But one day he found in a bed of red roses.
His fathers body cold on the soil.

Tears glistened down his eyes,
Like dew on a fresh flower in the morning.
He wept and wept,
Yet he knew his father would never return.

So with a shovel he dug a grave fit for the one,
That showed him life, laughter, and love.
So he buried his father and put a rose on the mound.
Remembering the man, his father,

And so he was set to be just like him,
To garden and grow flowers and herbs alike.
As best as his father had taught him,
For his father, he would live.

The years grew on,
And his knowledge grew as well.
He could grow anything at anytime in any place,
A master he was a the botanist's trade.

Yet, there was one thing he could never make live.
No matter how hard his efforts.
He could never once get crimson rose to survive.

So one day he went into an open field,
To watch the roses grow.
He sat and waited for the roses to bloom.
While he waited, he thought of his father.

Suddenly a thought struck him.
Why was it his father was dead in the roses?
Only he had questioned it to late,
For the wind rose up and the pollen spread.

These were no normal roses,
Their pollen caused any living thing to die.
Not only to protect the roses,
But to make the soil fertile as well.

He inhaled and slowly dropped to the ground,
And there he lay in the roses.
The wind again picked up,
And blew around the petals,
Covering him where he lay.
Dead but, at peace, like his father.

Peter Vector

The Broken Hearted Boy

On top of life I seem to be,
But reality, the world's gravity, hits me.
My lovers are lost, and my pain doesn't fade.
My heart is torn, and good-bye is all some can say.
From the top, to the bottom, why do the tables turn this way?
Under the smile, I'm all alone,
The friends of my past have long drifted away.
Instead I'm surrounded by those that despise me,
And want to toss me away.

I lie face down on the ground,
Cold and alone in the shadows...

Peter Vector

The Deep Dark Water

Sudden sadness rushes over me
Like a river that sweeps up my joy
A frosted black tide that floods me inside

I feel chilled to the bone
From all the cold hate and hurting
The shadowy clouds are closing in
I'll never see the light again

My tears run down into the icy lake
That cover my whole body
Whenever I awake to the beat of my lone heart

The deep dark water drowns my body still
Though I seem above and on would ground
I am sinking still

Peter Vector

The Girl, The Wolf, And The Serpent

The three born from a trickster and fool
Are seen as monsters and horrifying tools

Hal, the girl, is lonely and to be lead
To retain a part of the lifeless, a part of the dead

Fenrir, the wolf, is hungry, but must be bound
By chains that can only be broken when chaos sounds

Jörmungandr, the serpent, is under the pressure of the world
So he is forced always to be curled

The three will rise up on the final day
Ragnarök, some call it, where some will live, others slain

The sky will darken, and the ground tremble
The oceans will rise, and the armies of the dead assemble
The leather shoe will kill the wolf
The hammer will vanquish the serpent
The girl will wait for the rebirth

The three born from a trickster and fool
Are seen as monsters and horrifying tools
Hal, the dead keeper
Fenrir, the hungry wolf
Jörmungandr, the world serpent
Together there are
The girl, the wolf, and the serpent...

Peter Vector

The Gold Within The Rocky Depths Of The Heart

Rising up out of the abyss of darkness and tortured times,
There is but a single light, a shimmer, from below...

Deep within each and everyone it has formed,
Careful taking its time to develop,
With a solid stone wall to protect our greatest treasure,
The golden quality of humanity, deep inside us all...

To some it is weakness and to others the greatest strength,
But none the less it remains inside our very hearts,
Until one day the world summons forth the prize deep in our hearts,
The compassion and empathy for the fellow man.

Deep within us it all resides,
Though seemingly craggy and hardened to all,
This golden unity to all our brothers,
It is the true nature of our souls.
The Gold within us all...

Peter Vector

The Heart And Love?

I see no similarity,
Between love and the heart
Who was the one that thought that up?
How does a muscle that pumps blood,
Even come close to the feeling of love?

Love is not a physical thing,
It's a mystery that hides in the invisible
A part, or realm, we cannot, or choose not, to see.

The heart pounds and pumps, but never breaks.
It does not crack down the center,
And fade into a great black mass.

Blood-like feelings rush throughout each one of our bodies,
Simmering through our veins, like a crimson flood,
Losing one dropp is like losing the world...

Drip, drop, drip, drop,
The sounds of my open wounds make
Drip, drop, drip, drop,
The sound of the lack of love...
It breaks the silence of the empty dark room,
A puddle of blood mixed with tears,
I am cut open, I am crying, I am alone...

Peter Vector

The Heart Of Nature

I remember...

The sunlight coming down through the trees
Like spotlights in the cool woods

I can recall,

The crunch of the leaves as I walked into the forest
The murmur of a stream close by the pathway down

I can hear the soft breeze in the spring time
And the sound of the grass rustling in the open meadow
The sweet songs of the birds perched high above me

I feel the rough bark of trees that are older than me
I touch the rusty red dirt, gritty and cold
I sit under a shade tree where the flowers grow

I see the harmony of nature all around me
I take a deep breath in
And open my eyes

Though I only see concrete hearts with pavement dreams
I still remember that quite silence away from this big city
I remember...

The wind, the trees, the breath of the living things around me
I resided in them and they in me
I was in the heart of Nature

Peter Vector

The Love That's Never Said Back To You

I went out on a limb,
So far out of comfort and home,
And said three single words.
Yet, I feel so empty, so stupid,
Because I got not one reply.

Why do I seem to never cease,
Making myself get hurt?
Because I said three single words,
I feel so awkward and alone,
Because I got not one reply.

Why can't some people believe,
In things they've never seen?
I said three single words,
That apparently do not exist,
And got not one reply.

Three single words.
That got not one reply.
I start to question,
Why do I even try?

Peter Vector

The Poet Of Mute

Quietly he sits,
By his papers and pen,
On the lone lamp lit desk...

Waiting for the words,
To come to him, to be written down.

He says nothing as his the strokes of his pen hits the page...
Beautiful words that create the pictures,
Of the warm sunset on a beach,
Or the dead dusk of winter and the rotting trees...

Silence, is immortal fiend and his dearest friend,
He is loveless and alone.
His only companions are the deathly quite,
And his poems scattered abroad.

So quietly he sits,
By his papers and pens,
On the lone lamp lit desk,
He is the poet of mute...

Peter Vector

The Subconscious Shield

Inside of each of us,
Is our own protective defense.
Providing protection from hurt (and truth) ,
By means of isolation and separation,
From others, that we deep down,
Know will only cause us pain.

So should I fight my own shield?
Why do I need to be protected,
From one whom I truly love?
They say, sometimes the hardest battle,
Is within yourself.

So how do you fight when your against yourself?
What weapon do I use to combat myself?
Isolation and separation of course
But not people, instead form these thoughts and my mind

Distractions and illusions are my weapon of choice
In this war of mine
There is no way to study the battle
When you're what the battle is raging for

So who will win in a battle of clashing shields?

Peter Vector

The Transformative Alchemy Of A Smoking Pipe

Earth:

The dried tobacco leaves mashed down against the innards
Of my receptacle for change.
It is as great a container for this magic science
As any flask or distiller.

Fire:

One, two, three matches and the embers start to catch.
A stout aroma wafts from the barrel of transmutation.
Little crackles come from the inside of my kettle.

Air:

White wisps float away in the darkness of the back porch,
And with them memories of times now past.

Water:

A quick shower, so as not to piss off the missus.

Peter Vector

The Unsteady Sword And The Beautiful Armor

You and me grasp it tightly.
We hold on clinging to it like dear life.
Faith and belief this is our weapon.

This is our beautiful armor,
Against everyone's thoughts and logic.
Why can't we just embrace,
Humanity just as one?

We tremble on this battlefield we call life,
Because our only weapon is this.
So are we wrong or right?

You and me grasp it tightly.
Faith and belief becomes our sword.
The most beautiful armor against you,
Is my thoughts and dreams.

Faith is all we have against doubt.
Are we going to take hold of it,
And start to believe?

This is our unsteady sword,
Guard yourself with it...

Peter Vector

This (Sleepless) Night

This Night I am,
So sleepless and lost,
Lost from sleep and lost in thought.
Moment by moment the darkness fades into light,
And yet no sleep appears to be sight...

I am wandering about.
Though in bed,
I am millions of miles and year and days away.
I remember the past so painfully well.

Sleep seems to beckon to me,
But always at a distance, tonight.
Why am I haunted by my memories?
Why can I not start from a new?

I am restless and dreamless.
I am reminiscent and dying of hurt.
How can I fall,
So softly, quietly, and quickly to sleep?
When all I see,
And hear,
And think of,
Is you?

Peter Vector

Time Away From You

The nights fade into days.
Time slowly slips away.
I'm missing you more and more.
My hands start to shake,
My eyes fill up with tears,
But even when you're not here.
You still comfort in times of need.

I love you, I miss you,
And I know that one day soon.
I'll see your face,
I'll wrap you up in my warm arms,
And hold you tight.

We face these battles.
You and I, miles from each other,
But also side by side,
For our love can't be cast aside.
I'll never leave you, my love and life,

For you I live and you I'd die.
I miss you so much.
It's hard not to cry,
But on some morning.
So bright with light,
We'll be together,

You and I,
I love you now,
And forever more.
Please be with me,
So that you soon shall see,
That I love you, for eternity.

Peter Vector

To The Poets

you out there that write
this is for you
because of this marvelous thing
called poetry
you can express all your thoughts and dreams, everything

from pain to laughter to life and death
we, the poets, write it all
who cares about frost, poe, or dickinson
we do of course

we've seen it all
and been everywhere
felt everything
we are the poets

to you i say well job
great works have you made
and also you are in store for many more
i can't hardly wait to see what's next

yes, you out there that write
this is for you
because of this marvelous thing
called poetry
you can express all your thoughts and dreams, everything
with words
just as i do too

Peter Vector

Traffic, Love, And Eternity

I dream of me and you,
Lost in the world,
Just waiting to find each other,
And embrace in a true love.

Seeking and searching, waiting for you.
Standing in place, letting the world pass me by.
Looking into the dark night, into the city streets.
My gaze flashes from neon to neon, lighting up the world.

I look at the people, heads down, hearts broken.
Could one of you be my true love,
Happiness in despair, Joy in agony?

Then I glance across the cars that swiftly pass by.
Your sitting, staring into me, piercing my heart,
Like a hook in a fish, freely swimming away to death.

Our eyes locked, only phased by the traffic in between.
You reach out your hand, telling me to come closer.
I take my first step, not looking behind, or up ahead.
I'm only focused on you my joy and delight.

Walking to you I hear the muted sounds,
Suddenly scream, a blaring horn, the crackle of bones beneath me.
The siren song is the only music in my head.
I'll never forget the pain in your face,
And when they said I was lost, you cried and cried.

Looking down at the city lights,
Into the crowds of loneliness;
I see a girl I knew before,
But different than the last time I saw her,

Eyes red from tears, cuts on her hand and wrists.
I walked up beside her, no sound I made.
She stopped at a familiar intersection of which I knew all too well.

Suddenly her fears numbed, I held her hand,

And slowly we walked into the highway of her death.
The car was moving fast enough, she caught the blow,
And was through into the air.
She landed with a deathly crunch on the ground.

I looked beside me, and she was there smiling and crying too.
I took her hand and we passed through the cars,
And as they passed us by, I knew,
I was with her again...

Peter Vector

United

Why do we have to Kill?
When can we come together,
And Heal our wound?
Forgive one another,

And come together to Help each other?
Save all of this world's people,
Come together in Unison.
United for Freedom!

We can be there for each other,
To wipe the Tears away,
To show Strength in hardships we may face,
To Think in on Body and in one Mind.

To be Peaceful and Respectful to All of this place,
Have a United World,
That shows Mercy and Grace,
And comes together in times of need.

Give Ourselves for Other's needs.
We all must need Hope to Succeed,
Hand in hand,
And heart to heart.

We see each other for who we truly are,
United a World of Unity;
We have Hope.
We will be Free.

Let us live in unity and equality.

Peter Vector

Unity In Diversity

Unified in Diversity.
That's what people today should be.
Humans embracing harmony and happiness.
Hope that flowers from the seed,
That will allow us all to prosper.

Why does colour or race matter?
Why not join together, instead of being scrambled and scattered?
Why can't we just not plainly see,
The unity in diversity?

People will be people all the same,
And under the setting sun,
Nothing may ever change,

But I am here to take a stand,
To show the world how to finally be,

Unified in Diversity.

Peter Vector

Unread By The (True) Readers

The night, the tears rolled down my cheek...
Did you even know?
How lost and sick inside I was!
If you did, you didn't show it...

The night, my world came crashing down!
The night, that turned my life around!
Did you even care?
Were you ever there?

Why do I hold things from you?
I just don't know, but I still love you...
You both love me too...

I just ask myself why..
Why did you never see,
The pain and misery locked up inside of me?
You cannot hear what I may say, day after day...
But I want to say

I want you to listen to my words, each day.
I want to show you, I love you...
But then again as the title states,
This will always be unread by the reader, the reader I love every day...

Peter Vector

Uzumaki (Spiral)

The darkness of spirals is consuming me still.
Why does this life spin me into more strife?
Endless circles flowing from my cursed quill,
And the quill truly made sharp with penknife.

Again, I feel black without and within.
It fills my mind with such miserable dreams,
My heart flows, a thick and crimson bloodstream,
My final breath is cried out, a sharp scream.

No light escapes my prison of twilight.
My shackles are fetters of sunless gloom.
I only wish for a glimpse of starlight,
But I am imprisoned here in my dark tomb,

This swirling black sea is so wintery.
The spirals are darkness that curses me.

Peter Vector

Washed Up Marker Blood

Overshadows in blue
They lapse over our lives
Like marker bleeding through paper
These distressing times of pain and hurt

Memories are like washed up trash
Thrown to the shore by the crashing waves
Maybe there is a reason it is back to the surface
Someone just needs to trash the junk forever

Peter Vector

Watch It Burn...

Standing there... a silhouette to an inferno,
A man watching his house burn to the ground...

He has a smile of insanity on his face...
His wife is inside, burning to ash,
He tied her hands to the bed with some old shoelace,
And then put an old rag on her mouth as she screamed...

And so he stands there and watches his life's work burn...
All of his past, up into smoke,
He see no reason to continue...
She left him once,
But now she'll never leave this spot again...

So now here is he... a silhouette to an inferno
The man watches his house burn to the ground
Standing there...

Peter Vector

We Of U'Reil

Finest gold made of white hot flame
The Fyre the We of U'reil can tame

The warmth of the flickering god
Is in our in Hands to mold
Still you see our Flaming hair and think us odd
Our pale skin under the moonlit night
And over Our Fyres light in darkest night

Of Us you hear lyric and song
How We burn the land to Ash
Of the Rivers of Our Flames
The majesty of Our Glow

We, The Ones of the Fyre
The Wisps of Whispers
The Spark of the Pyre

We, The People of U'reil.

Peter Vector

Who Are We...

Lost souls shifting through broken rubble,
That was once their life work...
The broken shards of glass,
Crystals in their dirtied feet,
Gushing blood, that leaves a crimson path...

Life was prosperous and good once long ago,
Before these wars, there was bliss sunlight, happiness abounding...
Now the only stable structure is the ruins,
Of their fractured society...

Where is the love? Where is the hope?
These people are lost...
This is our future,
A world of decay and poison,
If we don't turn back now...

A nuclear crisis of the heart,
That burns out the souls and minds of the people,
The youth's eyes are like dull lead going no where...
The children scream and cry into the cold night...
The men and women are loveless and lost...
The old stop caring and slowly die...

They all fade away,
Who are they...

They are us,
And before you know it...
You are nothing.....

Peter Vector

Winter Is Dying

It is surprising to hear,
Usually winter is the killer...
The freezing icy weather,
The murderous frost chilling over everything...

But now the monster is slain,
Spring rises out of the death.
A rebirth of the season of birth...

And this night,
On it's deathbed winter will still fight...
Wrapping together it's frozen hand,
Trying to clench the Earth...
Trying to hold on one minute or second,
Just like us trying to hold on to the time we get...
Trying to stop tomorrow from every happening...

And yet the Sun has still more light,
Th battle between the season and the sun rages on,
Solar swords of celestial light,
Clash against saber of solid snow and ice.

A strike and a blow,
The Sun today has won.
Winter, pale and gray,
Soon passes away,
Until the season once again set in...

Peter Vector

Yellow Submarine

The ocean waves above
Lap up to the top
Of our yellow submarine

Beneath the currents, are our dreams
So we dive down
In our yellow submarines

We all live in a yellow submarine

Peter Vector

You Take One Leap

You take one leap,
And fall into the darkness.

You take one leap,
And talk to her, today.

You take one leap,
And slip through the cracks.

You take one leap,
And find a brighter tomorrow.

You take one leap,
The stars start to fall,
The sun simmers out,
And the moon goes dark.

You take one leap,
She's in your arms, now.
Pressed against each other,
Feeling the mutual warmth of two people.

You take one leap,
And you don't look back...

Peter Vector