**Poetry Series** 

# stephanie mellisa kievaughan - poems -

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# stephanie mellisa kievaughan(December 1973)

I was Born with Tar.... on my Heels.... I was Born a Volunteer.... I was Born a Dew Drop on The Petal.... of a Yellow Rose.... I was Born a quiet Soul....Knowing words Have a great Power....They Can Mend that which is Can Sow the which is Yet to be Can Lift The Human Spirit Out Of A Bottomless Dark Can Teach Our Children Humanity, and empathy, and all the Virtues That would Lead Our Children To The which Ail's me. Is that which Compels me to write

# (your Kiss On The Back Of My Hand)

(your kiss on the back of my hand)

I wish I was your blanket, I wish I was your bed, I wish I was your pillow tucked underneath your head, I want to be around you, I want to hold you tight, and be the Lucky Lady who kisses you... In the misty morning Light.

Right now I Need The Rift. Between us... Your Heart. it just ain't right... Your Heart. It Just ain't ready...

Your Hands... They Held Our Young ones... The First Day... They Seen the Light...

round.... about 1861... Your Hands... They Dug Our Well, And our gas Lines...

Your Pure Heart Made you Do it. I Swear I fell In... Love with you.. every time... We Locked eyes...

Your Hands They Swung a Hammer, and Drove Spikes.... They Hitched The Mule Teams To The Steel Rails..... To Pull them True, and Tight...

And the Crew Ohh How They Would Fuss and Fight.... And You Would Dive In Between 'em To Break it up, And Make Things Right....

So Often They... Would Have To Be Reminded Every Thing Else Can Be Damned To Hell Forget Your Resignations When The Whistle Blows This Train Here Is Gonna Leave On Time.... For Its destination.. Be it too Heaven... Or Be it to Hell...

To This day my Heart Re-Bells I Know Your Drunken Heart... Led You To It... That Sunday Night You Staggered in... You Were Drunk as a dog... and in trouble with the Law...

Knowing you had To Leave For Alabama Come A Monday Morning... Take Warning I Seen That Lipstick On Your Shirt. I Smelled Her Perfume on you First... Fore you even Got thru the screen door... I Smelled that Honky Tonk Whore...

The Next Morning

I Packed Your Lunch Bucket. With Bruises upon My Face, and Brow... I Screamed from The Porch from which i sit and mourn now.... As you were Leaving... Don't Come Back..... Here.... No More!

Sentiments from which....I Wish I Had refrained... I Knew I Would'nt see you For..... a Month or more... all Our Love Still Stands... all your Good Labors and efforts they remain...

Never once did I ever think You would escape the sheriff... Of Chatham County...Georgia And Meet The Undertaker On the West side of Alabam' There in Colbert, County Is Where your fate was found. Just 170 miles away..... From The Volunteer State Line.... Your Pocket watch found the place to00 unwind. Because your Mine I marked the time....

All The Rail Office Told me is where Your Last Meal was Had In Chattanooga, Tennessee Then Further on Down That Steele Line to Tuscumbia, Alabam' Where as Fate would Have it. You Would Earn The Last Dime. That would Grace Our Tax Collectors Hands.

Never More Do I wanna. Hear That whistle Blow I Curse that Long Black Train every time i hear it coming every time i hear it go. Slowing Down For The Curve Outside of town A coming thru Skid Row...

that 2- 6- Aught # 201. Brought you back to me In an Ice Box Car. Now He's Yours.... Lord... We Had him For a while... He Was Tempo rare illyy Mine....Lo0Oord.

Little did i Know LoOOrd The Next time I would Kiss him He would rest His Head On a Satin Pillow with a Little Frilly Lace... he all ways told me... if he Could not.... Say a word... He would Just Kiss the back of My Hand In a Bed Framed of Long Leaf Alabama Pine....Thank You LoOOrd! Right there I Kissed Him again...

My Heart So Much It yearned So Much it Cried out To say I'm Sorry... But it's TooOO Late... You Signed the Letters You Sent they Let me forgive You Time after Time...

I Kissed the spot You Signed Dear God How Long.... Till Im Near Him Again... Deliver me From....This Wo0OrLd Lo0Ord This wo0Orld Of sin... I wanna Live in your pure Love... Dear Lo0Ord... Dear GO0od How Lo0Ong... till you Deliver me to Mine... Tempo00...rare illy your's Lo0Ord... Soon to be Mine...

Never will i forget.... Our Last Kiss Good Night... Now every time I hear The Break mans Bell... I remember The time We chased our dreams. and hopped a Box Car to Rome, Georgia... Where My Lo0Ove Married me..

To Our Youngins He was Their Hero In The Bedroom He was my Nero... Lo0Ord have mercy we burned The Bed room down when He got me out a my wedding Gown.. He turned our Life around...

So When I Rise early On Sunday Morning Here In Charles Town South....Caro00....Line... Dear Go0Od I Pray To Your Pure Love Dear Loo0Ord....Dear GO0od...How Lo0Ong.... Till you deliver Me...! to Mine...! The Mournings I Can't Say a word I Can't Raise My Head... Dear Lo0Ord.....Dear GO0od..... I Just Raise My Hands.... I'm pressing on... Lo0Ord i'm trying... To Make it to my everlasting home... Feeling His True Love Kiss Me There.... upon the back a my hand... I Don't Care anymore... If it's in the Mourning..... Night time!, or in the No0ON! When I can't Lift My Head ToOO

Say a Wo0Ord.....I Just Raise My Hands.... Dear Lo0Ord.....Dear GO0od How Lo0Oong....

#### Birthday Wish For Pixie Snook

To my friend. the Very best. Mine eyes never seen one Better dressed on this exceedingly Special Day of your's my Heart; my Spirit CompeLLed to confess most pure, and simpLe BLessings Find their VVay to you may aLL the Favorite Virtues Of aLL the people you Love right beside you, And in the Heaven's above. take a fLight of fancy To manifest upon the VVing's of a snow VVhite Dove To make your Birthday VVish come true. vvith Boundless Selfless Love.

#### **Dish Washers Prayer**

Thank God for these Dirty Dishes, For They Have a Tale to tell. They give proof. To the Silent Listener. To every Heart Felt Prayer. We entertain The Angels Unaware. They Bow Their Heads on bended Knee With Us. They will find Welcome Under our Roof, And Rest their Wings If They Must. The Unseen Guest at every Meal. While Other Folks Go Hungry. We're eating very well. With Home, and Health, and Happiness. We Said our Prayers of Unity. We Said our Prayers With empathy. We Said our Prayers With Tolerance. We Said our Prayers with Compassion. With every word Being heard. By that Silent Listener And the Children Yes They Learn. They See The Fire In Our Hearts. Yes it does Burn. Teach them our ways we must. We should not want to fuss. For By this Stack of evidence. God's Been very good to us.

# E'a'r't'h'e'n' J'a\*r\* O\*f\* C\*l\*a\*y\*

I Was So Many Yesterdays

Reminisced

Over So Many Todays

Never Shall You Be Dismayed My Child

Surely Tomorrow

I VVill touch the Heart of You VVhen I

X Cross Your Mind For the

Thousandth Time as

You Recall Your

Favorite Nursery rhyme

Only uttered From My Breath

Unto Your Listening' and Learning ear's still

Racing energy Moving Forward unthymed

Now Frost Has Compelled a Crack

In The Saphire Lighted Ocean of Me

6 by 3 the sum of eighteen Carbon Atomized Vapors rise

4'th From the Cheyenne Breath of Me

Soon To Grow into the blossom's of Cherry Tree's

Mushroom's will sustain their growth

From The Calcium Bits Of Me

While Their Thirst is Quenched By Your Salty Tears Through The Mourning From Which You VViLL wake Inhale Deep the First Breath That You Take Hold It In and Contemplate Because My Legacy Depends Upon You Know I Missed My Mother Where I Go? I Go Back With Her For We Are Porous Like The Acquifer That Replenishes The VVeLL From Which I Drank At Home Let Your Memories Good Grace's Guide Your Fingers Feather Trace's across my Face Likened unto the Fiery Ashen Cast's Of Pompei Be Mindful to Never Let go Of The Days We Shared Nor The Burden's We Did Bare Through Charity For We All Are Piece's of Art Bound In A Frame VVith A Beating Heart Yet Bound I Am No More The Tiniest Parts Of Me Have Been Set Free From The Ionosphere Too The Ocean Floor I WiLL Visit You In Your Dreams Forever More...26

written by Stephanie Mellisa Kievaughan

with reverent contemplation on the Ninth day of March 1926

When Usui Mikao Passed Away yet he was Born on the Fifteenth Of August 1865

#### **Eulogy For - Cleveland Columbus Jones**

Eulogy For - Cleveland Columbus Jones

This Man's Verse's Have Been Written. This Mans Song Has Been Sung.

Yet His Families Story. Is Not Yet Done. This Man's exceedingly Refined example. Has Been Lived!

ALL That Has Been Asked of him, Or Wrongly Taken. Has either Been Given; Or Would Have Been Forgiven. If He Had his Druther's He Would Have Freely Given.

'The Loved One's' This Man Left Behind. Might Ask Themselves. 'Where do we Find? ' The Verse's he wrote?

'Where do we go? ' 'To Hear the Song he Sang? ' As For Me I Submit. Take Your Selves To Where The Church Bells Once Rang.

Take Warning, And Take yourself Where the echoes Of His Hearts Song Was Sung.

Take Yourself where A Holy Trumpeter's Breath Was Belted Out. Take Yourself where A Divine Drum Beats Like a Majestic Metronome.

Take Your Self Where The Super Natural Elder Spirits Inspire the Clash of the Symbol, and the Clang Of the Bells. On The High Priests Feet Ring in the Sacred Temple.

For This Man. Taught his Family. A Yearning to Seek Some Good Sunday Morning Learning. This Man Had A Fire in his SouL. A Burning.

As For Me I Shook This Man's Hand. I have even Been Embraced by His Hug. I Know the Heart of This Man. I Know What he would have Said.

For That is why I speak To Declare God Gave Him A Chance Through Sentiments He shared with me. Is How I know what he would Say 'Be Swift to Cry out with Repentance in your Prayer. Be Thorough in the Forgiveness you Give to Others. Be Careful of The Seeds You Sow.'

'Because their is A Day Coming Round Soon. You Will Need Forgiveness offered Unto You.'

'Come The Season Of The Fall The Seeds You Have Sown. Not One Among us But All. Harvest That Which Grew Through Our Labors We Have Grown.'

'Open Your Heart So Your Soul Can Hear.' That Long Iron Train. Has Sounded Its Steam Whistle a Mile Out From The Weigh Station,

And Came To a Grumbling and Grinding Coal Chugging Steam Sputtering Halt. An Elder Spirit with Haste Stuck His Head out The Coach.

With A empathic Heart He Ask of All of You And Me. Pardon Me, and my Task at Hand.' Yet This Man's Name Has Been Found Written In The Book Of Life. The Engineer Has Called Him Home.

I Share with You My Witness To His Hammer At The Forge Of Time Pinging, and Tapping The Anvil, And Pumping The Billows To Forge For This Man A Crown.

While The Father of All Fathers Was Doing Such As That.

His Son The King of all Kings. Was Tapping The Last Finishing Nail Into This Man's Mansion. For he has prepared A Place In His Fathers Land.

He Called 'All Aboard! ' Cleveland Columbus Jones? Your Name Is On My Boarding List. Brother Come Take Hold Of This Polished Brass Rail As I Release The Brake That will Speed Us Out Of Here.

Hold Tight! For This Train Is Gonna Deliver You and I. Nye Unto the Fathers Dwelling Place. A Chugging, And A Spewing And Spitting Steam. At the Far end of The Next TunneL Around The Bend We'll Take You Home On an AngeLs Wing In A Pure Light Beam The Trains Wheels Screech And Scream At Full Steam Ahead!

Written By Stephanie Mellisa Kievaughan

# Fall Festival

Fall Festival Poem: Written By Stephanie Mellisa Kievaughan in r-L and: Punxsutawney in Second Life

you may need to get outside to find your happy place... Let the wind Blow in your face.. and Let the Sun beams Warm you As if standing near a fireplace... To Hear the Hearts& Guidance Of Your Elders Wisdom. Blowing in the Wind With the Dandelion Tufts wafting over The Sky Fathers Land. Listen with Your Heart... Reach out with your Spirits Hand... well Child I am exceedingly Glad. I found you Searching for Me. I will try to be the wind rustling your feathers to keep you aloft rising above it all... Finding You Trying to Find Me at all Cost... I will Guide the Healing Compassionate Hands To Find You... I Will Send You in The direction of the setting Sun... May all your Good Works Never Come undone... When I Found My Hunting Ground I Turned My Back Upon The West... I Was Facing East Where My Spirit Went To Find It's Rest... When You were Born Unto This World of Sin... I Held You up into the Light... My Humble Heart exalted from Within... Yet Now I Am Ohh So Near Our Great Sky Father... I Tread My Feet around a new Fire Circle... it Burns Not Like The Fire You Know... It doth Not Burn The Shaft of My Arrow...

Yet all Arrow heads Within it are Cleaved Sharp, and within it My arrow shaft is Honed straight and True... When My Holy Rambling Song Is Done... Your Woolen Twine Will Be Spun... I will Pray a prayer of Sacred Verse's... May Your Dogwood Shuttle Break You Free From Your enemies Curse's... As I Guide Your Strength to tighten your Weft... You Sense My Presence as You Let out Your Labored Breath... This Blanket Will Be a Guardians Praver Watching Over You and Your's and Mine... Until Five Generations Have Found Their Warriors Deaths... Their Spirits Will Never Breathe Their Last Breath... For Now I Know This Great Wisdom... May You Hold Your Heart's And Spirits Open... My Soul Hugs You... For Time, and Memorial...Never Question...Never Debate... The Holy Spirit Is For Real... It's The Path Fraught With Trials, and Tribulation... If You Stay Upon it Guided true.. I will soon Dance Hand in hand with you... Humbly exalted we will Pray On and On With a Joy full Spirit around the Forge of Time... Our Minds Our Souls Of One accord... We Quelch our Thirst From a Never ending Spring... Beyond the ends of the Earth... In Circle Of Fire Divine My Destination Found in Due Time... It Was Never a Decision of Yours Nor Mine... So Brave Your Struggle Towards The Forge of Time... Live Out Your Days Like I Did Mine... With Tolerance bide your Time... With Compassion For Those Your Right Beside... Empathy For those Your Walks can't reach... For My Children Be Careful What you Teach... For the Heart of The Pure is Guarded By The Lions Good Grace... For The Great Sky Father Knows When Tears Come a Streaming Down Their Face... Such a Humble Weed The Dandelion Bloom...

Take within you a Deep, Deep Breath... And watch them waft across My Land... And Never doubt Your Part A My Plans... For I Hold Your Soul, and Heart Within My Hands... Never allow your Heart nor Soul to Feel as if all this or you were a Mistake... Feelings Like these Make My Heart Break... Go now Child, and Contemplate These Sentiments I Share with you... Get Outside, and Walk The Bank Of a River. Or Make You a Fire Circle Beside a Lake... Sit right down on a stump or a Log... Call on your Best Friend... If It Only Be Your Hunting Dog... For There I am with You... I Have all ways Been.. I Will Never Turn You away... Did I Not Sit... And Look up to you, and Give You Howdy... Keep Your Heart Humble Don't Let It Grow Rowdy... Know I Love One and all... Did I not Prove it to you... In the Corn Harvest You reaped In the fall...

Written By Punxsutawney in secondlife Written By Stephanie Mellisa Kievaughan In The Real World

# God's Original Three Elders

Late one eve. While Folding The Laundry. Thine Heart. Thine Mind. Were vexed with a Quandry.

A Vision devine. the eldest of elders. I Seen before me. God's Original three.

One Born of darkness. One Born of Light. One Born with a scythe. To Reap a harvest of souls. Like a Thief in the Night.

Michael Was Given a Crown. That emitted an arch. Of Gods own Light.

By the Fire of the Holy Spirit. A Blade Was Forged. God spoke unto it. A Blessing Devine.

Some Where between Heaven and earth. Some where in time.

In Michaels Hand. I Bless the with guidance. Of Thine Own Hands.

I Bless the Michael. With the Armour of Truth. I Charge thee Michael. With Delivering Souls. From my potters wheel. In The Guff.

Forged from earthen Clay. From Thine Own Hand. I Polished it From the Rough. With a Stone I Kept. From The Yarmouk River.

Touch every Child. Upon the bow of the Lip. While Yet to be born. Before I Open The Gate Of The mothers Womb.

each Precious Child. Born unto their earthly Mother. Before you took your First Breath. an AngeL of Old. Told You To Hush.

As he imparted unto you. A Soul With Free Will. Be it for best. Or Be it For Worse.

Few will understand. an abyss such as this. Be it Gods grace. Or be it a remnant of the devils rebellion. a nasty Little Curse.

Cast by the two thirds of the Angels that were Smitten. The Blood of those Rebels. Led by the Elder Born of Darkness. With the God Given name of Lucifer.

Michael Knew Where he fell. The Blood Still Churns. still spinning aloft. In an infinite Storm. sustained by a fury. Only Gods Hand could Craft.

Consider your self Fore warned. We Have Held Long Pollaver. When I say Hush. Yes you will forget Our Long Council.

be ye fate Miniscule, or be it Great. Be Ye Born Of darkness. Be Ye Born Of Light. Be Ye Born of injustice.

Never finding the smile Of your Mothers Face. Never Knowing the warmth. of a Loving embrace.

With These tears streaming down my face. I Promise These Souls All my good Grace.

I will Send you The spirit Of a Fallen Sparrow. To rescue thee from Thine Despair As The sparrows wings beat the air. A Soul Spirited away Back to Heaven.

It's earthly name never uttered. With Souls Such As these The Guff is cluttered. with sparrows aloof Their wings a flutter.

Their is an Angel on High. That is soon to Come Round. he is first to be warned. as your time draweth nigh. His Breath is Colder than the Hardest frozen Ground When he Comes to reap His harvest with haste.

He shall not be abated. by bribe; nor Barter; nor Boast Nor Long Winded Toast never Keep Him evaded.

he doth not Covet Positions of power; Nor Parcels of Land He Has fists of bare bone. No Mortal Flesh To Heap Gold Upon.

His Open Arms Beckoning The Graves Embrace. With the fear of a reckoning Upon Your face. Your Bladder Leaks. You Shudder From the Cold.

Of the Kiss on your Cheek The Blade of his scythe. Cut the ties that Bind Flesh To the Soul, and the mind.

Your Whole Life story Rarely if ever written down. Only for the exceptional few. Be thine spirit Lost, or Be Thine Savior found. Be Ye Famous or Be Ye Brave. Be Ye Knighted or Be ye Crowned.

All that you done From The Cradle to the grave. Be ye of paid Labor or Be Ye a Slave

Will Be edited Down to a dash While heirs, and debtors Place Bids for your Land. And Fight For Your Cash.

All that was gained And all that was Lost. And All that remains Is Your Stone Slab. With an epitaph Of Dates Embossed

#### **Hillbilly Clowns**

Gather up your tools, and find you a wrench we don't wanna fall back into the stench.

Lets hitch up our Mule's. Lets Gather our brigade of Fool's Commandeer those dorks, and hand out the pitch fork's. to Load our Skatty Wagon.

With our Barn stall gem stones.of horse; goat, and Cow Poop.we will march thru town, and lead the parade.when Cat Square is nearwe will put the spreader in gear.

as you watch our charade. you pinch your nose out of dismay. we will pray for a head wind. your mind we will boggle. Our over Sized Glasses We use them for Goggles

The smell of the show will Draw Fly's and bug's Our red foam nose's Will serve as our nose plug's By the time we cross second avenue. we will have the whole load spread.

don't be caught Looking up. don't get distracted By a menacing Bee. as you turn up your Dixie Cup. We May Have Brewed you a Very Special Tea. Not Fit to be drank By you nor me. Bringing our Hillbilly Clowns Out of the fringe

We will put on a show that Will make your nose hairs Cringe, No Show On Earth will Match Our Disgrace!

We will get your Goat and tie him on a post on our parade float. and let him eat Sod Grass as bye you we wave past.

One of our Clowns is Likely to know The name of the Cow Who's Poo is on your face right now.

What Color was it? you Say. Was it red? Was it Tan? Was it Black? Was it white? Was it Yellow? Was it Green?

I Riddle you this? I Cant answer a fella. Right Here. Not now. Be he flying a kite. Be it day, Or be it night.

Be he Red. or Tan. Or Black. Or White. The Answer itself. Is Not debatable As I wave it Like a wand. My Hammer is Inflatable. I touch it to your Brow.... Moo! Now.... Now.... The Language..... The form.... The form.... Becomes You... Brown Cow....

Written By Stephanie Mellisa Kievaughan

# I Took A Knee To Tie My Shoe

good thing to have is the gift to know when the poem is spun when to turn off the flow and when things are done. you have to listen to your heart where it is From Whence it came and where it fancies Most to be. be it physically or tangibly, or emotionally, what it found, and what it did likened unto a pro or a master don't you know all the while taming your id like the shrew. who dug a hole from to gaze upon the likes of you while you bowed to tie your shoe. asking? your self. who is the king here? is it me that bows to you. The King of all the shrews. Or is it You who Bows to me The Humble Queen of all the Shrews.

# Late To Bed! Late To Rise!

Wriggles a finger up your nose! soaks your bed with a garden hose! late to bed! late to rise! here's you a self rising flour pie! tossing too&fro from hip to hip! here's you finger dab of Mustard across your Lips! Now it's time to rise&shine! go wash betwixt your fart squeezer's till their squeaky clean Like mine!

### Linen; Lace, And White Jeans

I reminisce on few thing's As Prescious... such as this! Likened unto the paper on Which I write. My Heart's Bold youth. my spirit of old. Having Lived many Lives Untold. my memory of you unfold's. Your innocent beauty sauntering up to me. You were dressed for an ever unsettled Warm, and windy spring. in your flouncy blouse, And your white jean's. your hand's were perched high Upon the back of your hip's multiplying Force's Of Emotional Gravity. the sum of all that is you. Compelling all that is me. to Lean into your proximity. So close you went to kissing me. so I went to kissing you. Right then; and there you Became My Sunshine, And I Metamorphed. into all that needs your warmth Like the Monarch Flutter bye. unfolds it's wing's to dry. It needs your Heat. Before it ever beats a wing to fly. every Leaf in the jungle Needs the Fire. in your gentle kiss So the gorilla's may find their rest

Hiding in the rising mist. too a bore hole high Up In a Tree. a Toucan pouk's Out It's colorful beak. flying down fast As a Rainbow's streak. through the canopy Your light leak's as the birds rise their head's From under tufted wing. with Thanks, and praise Contemplated They Begin to sing. Right then and there my heart knew What it means to Care. my Mind Grew To Understand. Why the earth spins underneath our feet. How your graceful heat. unfurls the fern From it's slumber. know i all ways Loved you the most. In the Springtime. when the Wind is pushed By Holy Host's. the Spirits, and the Ghost's Of the Winter Time. chilling Goose Flesh Underneath. Your Linen; Lace, and White Jeans. In the Springtime.

#### Mad Pea Scavenger Hunt Poem

Mad Pea Scavenger Hunt Poem Written By - Stephanie mellisa Kievaughan and the names on My Second Life accounts

a.k.a.- puzzygalore (aSphynxOFaSexyMynx)a.k.a.-puttylicious (zedisdead)a.k.a.-punxsutawney (puzzyfreckles)a.k.a.-SiamesePuzzyCat

a-hunting we will go...
were off to Bump our heads,
and stump our toes don't you know...
Our sLurL Links they so often be Failing...
When the teleport work's
We Land on Another's
Head Like Some Jerk...
Our hands our Feet They'll be Flailing.

Rise...early your Scavenging soul.. Slip your Hams into your Jammies.. Then Brush Your Teefer's Once more... Traverse the stairs with Care... Once your Ears and Legs Get their daring bearing's....

as you Saunter to the Kitchen... your reaching and missing... For your Cereal Bowl & Coffee Cup. then you think up a Query... Milk and Cream do we have enough? As You dream of which you Fancy. Be it Banana's or Berries or Maraschino Cherries. atop your Cereal Bowl of plenty. saying a prayer for those that don't have any.....

On Philanthropic Deeds... We Mad Peas Often Meditate... Lets Not forget Kiana Writer Nor Fail to mention her.. That Boding Passion For Gaming Satiating our Hunger... for Second Life Fashion... As Happy as Bumbling Bee's... On a Flower Carpeted Prairie...

She Has Her Scavenge Hunting Hordes enough to Rattle the Floor Boards. Of her Art Shows and installations. Finding the latest Creations.

Fun to be had... is the gleam in their eyes... that Lends to their Grace. Our role Playing hearts... Glad & Content... No Need For Lament... Through The Mad Pea Winters...

Development Crews... we ever so thoughtfully Give them their dues... acknowledging their diligence and their devotion...

We gained access to all the Age's... The Sims may end Up a Desert... Or a forest Arboreal... So Convincing they are... You would think they are for real...

so scurry in a hurry... and Wash your dishes... Flick on your Monitor & Flick On Your Pewter... Clear out your Cache... And Log on Real fast.... If you don't know where were at... Open the Group Chat... we will send you a Scooter... In Group Chat Play Nice don't raise such a Clatter just divulge whats the matter... it's so you can learn how to search... it's a Blessing...not a curse... Your Query Soon Will be Answered...

if vestige you seek when hints are Few and bleak. give us a heads up. in Instant messages you should keep... your details specific...

it's a Scavenger Hunt after all...So Don't Spill the beans...about everything...Don't Post it in group..A Spoiler For all...So Soon We May Have a Ball...Be it Before or After it all...

So Keep your eyes open wide... On your Scavenging Hunters watch... When your Eyes... Or Your Heart... Or Your Will Grow Weary... Give us a shout in Group chat... We have plenty of Moderators... If Kiana Writer is A.F.K... Or Lost in I.M's... or Petting Her Kitty Cat... Or Feeding her Dog's... or S-Lopping her Hog's... Or eating her Dinner... or tickling her pet alligator...

But when She Comes Back... Be it Sooner or Later... You May hear a Toot... Her Silence Torn... You may hear her Play Taps... On Her Hunters Horn... Come One Come all... She's Our Lead Motivator... Our Hunt Planning delegater...

She Sees the Treasure Map... Gleaming in your eye's... Remember the items in the treasure room... are not an item you Lost... We offer them to you... at Little too no cost...

No Loss to you... So Don't Be Greedy... The True Treasures found... between Earth & Hell & Heaven... are the things you obtain From your Heart being Pure... Of these things I'm Self assured... are Family & Our Love of our Life... be it our husband... or be it our Wife... Or be it our Wife... And Liberation from strife...

We Jolly Mad Peas... Our Treasures are such as these... It Drives us to pursue... Our Hints we will follow... On through the twilight.... Through to Dusk... When The Sunset is Flush... Till we come through the chase... Until the break of Dawn... On Sunday Morning...

#### Poem For The Heart Of Imamu

very dark. very bright. haunted soul. haunted heart. haunted mind. familiar spirit. return? would you please? to visit me. in the misty dawn waxing bright, or the waning twilight. simmering down to the black of night. deliver unto me my hearts content my souls delight. I only found when you were nearer unto me, or right beside. your memory dwells within the fibers of all that is me. all of me was half the sum of you. ties that bind such as this. tragedy, and fate shall never undo nor separate.

### **Splendor Amidst Natures Reduction**

When your Lonesome Heart. Has you ceized up. And Locked stiLL. Likened unto a statue. From where the turtles. Trampled on the prescious Heart of you, And the pigeons done their work too. They  $[\div]! +$  hard across the shoulders, And the soul of you. Thank God for the simple things. Like the brim on my hat. Thats where the drops of rain be falling at. Don't let the dragon fly bite you About the ear's. Cause thats how the fear. Gets into the Heart of you. Shoe away the flies That gathered. To quench their thirst. From the tear's in your eye's Cause thats how fear can blind. Nothing touch's unwelcome Company such as these. **Brilliant Hues** of teal, and blue. From the rays of the Sun Are the only Love. That reach's out to you. The raccoons have dragged away Bit's and piece's Of the puzzle of me. Perhaps i was too frail. To have survived This trail of tears. Sorry to have kept you awake all night. Ya see this Low firelight. Kept you from such a fright.

In the morning Light. It's much easier. To see the bone's of me. Have Long since bleached. My Mother's arm's Locked in the embrace Of Little ole me. Fear can paralyze. Ya see when the Snow was a falling on me. The Best God's Grace, and Love. Could do for me. Was to break the seal. On this jar of earthen clay. That once was me. Setting free. The spirit of Thee. My thoughts go on. Outside I stood in solitude. While spring breeze's Brought the most beautiful company to me. Butterflies, and Moths Of sorts of colors, and size Previously unseen by the eye's Of me... To sup on the mineral salt's From our reduction If you could only understand. The inherrent beauty. In God's best Laid plan's. The Sun Shine's right thru The frame Mother. That once was me, and you. Now the Morning Glory vine. Intertwine's through and thru. Bloom's burst open. When the Sun shines down on Me, and you. Reduced unto a vapor. Only to be seen. When all is still. Amidst the haze of rising, or falling Light.

Stillness of the air. Standing up ended Every little hair. Nerves of anticipation Sending tingling waves Of sensation. Thru the flesh and bone Of the Living. That stumbled upon The soul of me. The seed of empathy Is born when The witness is self assured. They too have a souL. **Illuminted Wisdom** Is the rebounding blossom. The fLower that Survives Many VVinters. Never evading discovery. In the right and proper Light. Of the evening star.

#### Tvvo Slice's Of Pi

The meaNing of Life is found around 23 and 42, And no this is not aN age of me nor you. So fINd your sEcret garden, or favorite place To dwell, and stew. sit right down, and a servant of the crown will serve you a piece of Pi so you and i Can restore our smiLe from within our center. One sLice is oftEN not enough. I declare the Servant Saw the GLeam in my Eye. Please? Bring our Seconds Now. I said. As She filLed our Cups to the Brim just Now. As She Wiped up her spillings then With a cLean white Tau. What a fine Server indeed. she wiLL earn her ShiLLings With my Gratuities whiLe she fetch's our Ticket Out from the thicket came a scorpion A skipping and pointINg heR Tall At the Center of you The Center of me The Center of The Cosmos WithIN the mesmeR of Her Eyes

A voIce Spoke out from withIn The HeaRt Of all that Is me to say. Count the Bends of AIL my Knees, And phalanges It was sHe not I VVho spoke. a New understandINg An Old CompRehensIon just awoke. No not a new DIscovery. just a TestameNt FoR You. Not The bIrds RoostINg hIgh VVIthIN the TRees

### Water? Spirit!

Your soul is a many splendored, and Wonderous Vapor transpired Like water through a leaf after a LoNg journey particlE accumulation from a Cloud. A drop you foRMEd uh falling dowN froM rain drop crash, and burst cappilary aCtion drAws you thRu the roots up And under the ground. as a sugaRie sap you becaME the Blood of A Flowering tree so Little did you kNow your my Cherry tree

#### Wiccan Curse For The Anti-Theist

every time you speak its as if a well of biased putrid poison alkaline water comes flowing out. you seem to have A message that's not being heard. with every word stinking Like a Lizards Turd. with acrid Ammonia stinging my Nose. I wish you may i Pray you Might. Crawl back to the Cave From Whence You Crawled out of this very Night. The Day The Gleam Within your eye. Turns Milky White. The Demons Will Come To Reap Your Wicked Soul under Crescent Moon. Before The Twilight boils down to the Black of Night. The fire's of hell's hearth will beckon a cry out unto You. This House will Welcome such as You?

VVritten By Stephanie Mellisa Kievaughan 8/28/2015

#### Zucker Fuß

If i was a toy given as a gift to Zucker Fuß Out of Love on Her Berfday With my box for Hours She Would Play To my dismay she'd put me on a shelf some where I'd lean back, and stare As the years went bye i would never loose The gleam within my porcelain eye. As she would surely adore me upon my shelf i would think unto my self, And ponder and wonder why she would never draw me close If she could ever love me the most if she thinks of me As she's spreading Jelly on her breakfast toast Or how far she Lives from the coast. or if she's seen the Holy Ghost

Written By Stephanie Mellisa Kievaughan That Which Ail's Me Is That Which Compels Me to Write