

Poetry Series

# **Yorktown Disciple**

## **- poems -**

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# Yorktown Disciple()

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# Antediluvian Cowboy

With Levis smelling of horse exhaustion and used leather,  
    (the mercy in every gallop would spill on thy boots,  
    and cause the Devil to ride next to immoral disputes) .  
Dangers of the range were more threatening than the weather,

The Cowboy was older than Noah's flood, and crippled,  
    He was looking to stay in the saddle to the end of the drive,  
    For the last round up made him feel scarcely alive,  
With his horse out of breath, a hungry belly, odds of dying tripled,

But he rode on, keeping the herd moving as he grew older,  
    Oh, Lord, riding into his sunset years was very painful,  
Pray thee! aging permits his life to burn away, then smolder,  
    Made worse by the stench of cowhide becoming disdainful:

Turning into an ancient, decrepit cowboy, out on the open range,  
Makes his daily sins and everlasting hope an impossible exchange.

Yorktown Disciple

# Boycott Bowel Movements

Evening, as slow as thy flaccid gases descend,  
Covered with gentlest push on the stool so still,  
The straining battlement, and coldest chill  
Now explosive; I think of bowels that have to bend.

Who soon perhaps, by lachrymosity surely rode,  
The gross smell of delay, where pleasure wants,  
Expiring; wander amongst thy cherished taunts,  
Gleaming; line the floor near the old commode.

Hang oddly, thy dirty underwear like an old cape  
Presented as a holy grail, where the tired body  
May rest, near the bathroom, wretched and shoddy,  
Nor accord the hourly moans to easily escape.

Ah, magnificent feelings, giving you fresh lumps of bile,  
Should grow wondrous like you; leave a perishable pile.

Yorktown Disciple

# Eggshell Homicide

Eggshell Homicide, the space  
crushing fibers of the universe,  
cracking under the weight  
of a mephitic gas hearse.

Fumes escaping with tiny bursts,  
contributing inescapable death;  
Consuming our only planet,  
choking out transient breath.

Cracking the covet  
of God's holy thought;  
Sneaking past the Spirits  
and never getting caught.

Eggshell Homicide,  
causing misery to its host,  
exhaling pigmented smells  
just like a delirious ghost!

Yorktown Disciple

# Language Of A Poet

O, Poet, strangely perfect, thy thoughts so keenly splayed,  
You speak as though the earth was formed by your tailor,  
Stitched with hand tools, a compass borrowed from a sailor,  
Skillfully rolled, divinely filled with holy water after you prayed.

Birthing a poem, sorting words, diligently as a poetical midwife,  
Granting all living creatures the ability, to devour each other,  
Respectfully waiting for the strongest, to survive their mother,  
'Tis by your word you gave meaning to beauty and horror of life.

You wrestled with champions, head locked the blessed and meek,  
And then you rested, while watching to see of a crescent moon  
Would interfere with your planned rotation, penned by noon,  
Thy wonder, symbolism to honor, poetic thoughts so mystique.

O, poet, you shine like a beacon of dignity and embroidered bliss,  
I too, long to become a master word seamster, no one can dismiss!

Yorktown Disciple

# Pages Of Misery

When the light of the Holy Rapture  
speeds to the earth, and men of  
crudely infused atoms stir the pot  
of selfishness as they take up arms  
against opposing ideas -  
faith matters.

Suddenly, trust in epicurean sin  
cannot override the wailing sounds  
of cowards and thieves.

The blood of the Almighty washes  
quiescent rust from the unbeliever  
and monastic hurricanes cut stingy  
thoughts from the stubborn mind.

Alas, pages of misery are ripped  
from the substance of sinners, and  
darkness hides the smug, splintered  
fool.

Only prayer remains.

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# Quatrain Of Abhijna

(Buddhist philosophy, power to  
travel, see, hear know other's  
thoughts, recall former existences)

Traveling sideways, without  
having to mildly move, seeing  
God's birth with eyes tightly  
closed,

I knew your spirit before it had  
a host, before your parents  
were manifested by  
conception,

I mapped the cosmos before the  
Great Explosion, snapped a  
picture of the Creator before He  
posed.

Straightened by twisted  
expectation, I found the  
Beginning, in spite of the Devil's  
deception!

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# Quatrain Of Amalgamation

(The meaning of living together)

The challenge of assembly, naked  
quirks of living amongst one  
another,

Implosively engaging, shuffling  
through the crowds hiding from Big  
Brother.

Providing sanitation, leaving smiles  
untouched and spirits to roam  
free,

Splitting space at different times,  
sharing ideas in hopes no one will  
flee!

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# Quatrain Of Apocalypse

Inspired by atomic transformation, the Devil has  
found the energy required to map earth's rivers of  
blood,

Apocalyptic invoices mailed to the dwellers  
of sin with an eye for destruction of individual  
liberty,

No pity acknowledged, all pain ignored, the end  
will dawn when all the screaming turns into a  
flood.

Fighting for sanity will prevail and reason will  
once again be in command; the masses able to  
see.

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# Quatrain Of Apotropaic

(Symbolic eye - exaggerated painted eye within a emblem resembling the figure of a man's bearded face with a woman's naked body.)

Protector of sexual deviance,  
Lord of mistrusting urges,  
watcher of the concupiscent  
mounting,

Warding off all cruel deeds,  
policing of the shameful and  
lascivious encounters no one is  
counting.

Racing to defy judgement, deference  
to all spiritual punishment, all  
scathing lectures of moral  
failure.

Placing the symbol of Apotropaic  
on the soul, to force control of human  
experience, intentionally formed to be  
superior.

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# Quatrain Of Artemidorus

(Soothsayer - Oneirocritica)  
(interpretation of dreams)

Rustic flashes of twilight,  
stream across a ladle used  
for drinking omniscience,

A pail of liquid harmony,  
spills over the sides of  
despair without protection,

The rise of immortality, conjures  
up wild dragons of reverence -  
paints pictures of rational sense.

Cries of traducing dreams, crystalize  
chaste honor, steering the soul  
clear of damaging its reputation.

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# Quatrain Of Big Bang

Matter, so densely packed  
even God could not observe  
it,

Escaped from a holy lab where  
thy Heavenly Throne doth  
sit.

Fortune spared thy Creator  
when the explosion took  
place,

Ah! the Almighty was cleverly  
hiding far out in deep  
space!

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# Quatrain Of Bigfoot God

The exaltation of man, first  
found God lying near a railroad  
crossing,

A guardian angel appeared  
without warning: the earth began  
tossing.

Mankind was about to run toward  
salvation, but the whistle began to  
wail,

Thy divine train stopped, God never  
boarded: He knew freedom would  
derail.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Bongo

(African Antelope)

Bless the colorful flank, spiraling  
lines around their menacing  
world,

May consecrated hoofs and  
sparkling legs, carry their lives  
unfurled.

May the spirit of the tundra, the  
soul of the plateau, comfort the  
antelope,

Tomorrow they may find a  
foreboding elixir, containing their  
horoscope.

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# Quatrain Of Devil's Apostle

(Devil - fallen angel)

Prince of Evil, in search of the  
confused and those who love to  
follow,

Signing up campaigners to get out  
the word and sell lies others can  
swallow.

A beggar's lifestyle crimped by logic,  
bordering on soul burning  
malfeasance,

For thine is Satan's Apostle,  
celebrating with all converts of moral  
deviance.

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# Quatrain Of Devonian Period

The spoils of the air, irriguous water,  
cleansing the Universal Soul of evil  
breath, mercilessly settling on all  
plants.

Spirits upon request, gleaning foul air,  
for special words that cannot drift  
easily from the mind, to eternal  
dwelling.

Implanted like an embryo, the soil of  
mankind, hidden in the water, escaping  
Satan's home cooked  
coagulants.

Immerging safe and glorious, we now  
know that the essence of the past,  
gave birth to our spirits now  
swelling.

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# Quatrain Of Dipteran

(Dipteran - insects)

O, scourge of the earth, blood  
suckers; unsophisticated plant  
crushers,

Blanketing the earth as if for hire,  
collecting allergens like a church  
usher,

Pity upon those tiny wings as  
disease follows from fecal matter to  
skin,

The earth's design may collapse  
from starvation, imperiled by larvae  
sin.

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# Quatrain Of Doppler Proverbs

Lest thee not give grace  
before each and every  
partaking,

O, lest thee watch bread rise  
without yeast in the  
making,

Thou soul shall mowl and suffer  
when little is known to be  
true,

Forgiveness is an idle disposition  
that causes death to  
renew!

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Drapery

Drape the human form in  
folded cloth, as if to set  
sail,

Measure comfort with a  
truthfully wrapped, inductive  
veil.

Let not the soul go free,  
loosely clothe it, similar to the  
body,

For when the spirit is openly  
bare, it often turns out  
naughty.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Evolution

Yesterday, a worm was  
lying on the hard, damp  
ground,

Today, capriciously  
appeared a hobo, looking  
profound.

The worm has disappeared,  
therefore, tis best to  
surmise,

The squirmer, no doubt, is  
faking it, as a hobo in  
disguise.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Fairy Tales

To spin a tale of fancy, to  
wash emptiness so clean,

The mind sharp, but caught  
in a fanciful scheme.

With imaginary pie crust,  
shaped like open eyes,

The spirit of my laughter  
burps loudly in disguise.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Fasting

O, thy hunger, driving the burden  
and the body in search of  
vitality.

Lest you not be troubled by  
countenanced deacons, of  
unreality!

For it is in thy dreams, where  
intoned rapture overcomes all  
craving,

And you must learn to horde  
temptation, wilt hunger is still  
raving!

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# Quatrain Of Hellgatory

(Hellgatory - a place worse than hell)

Condemned to everlasting torture,  
suffering perdition with a twist,

The sin of temptation, will cause you  
to feel the Devil has been kissed.

The mind will forge an iron soul,  
with the weight of a thousand years,

Behold! the dark side of humanity,  
seen through caustic, blood soaked  
tears.

Yorktown Disciple



# Quatrain Of Honey Bee

The sweetness of the  
honey, smooth as God's  
smile.

The wonders of the hive  
and a sting or two -  
worthwhile.

And as the clover awaits  
for undying love to be,  
transferred,

The honey bee seeks to  
help feed the world,  
undeterred.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Incarnation

Born into sin, embracing  
a compelling tale,

I was not born this way,  
I was created to prevail.

Salvation is not required,  
I am already saved,

My soul came from God;  
will remain unscathed.

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# Quatrain Of Independence

Take thy thoughts and spike  
the wit of the wise,

Break the chains of bondage  
the reverent so despise.

Lest you favor pity, or the  
Barking of an Overlord,

You must now capture freedom,  
you no longer can afford.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Martos

Falsely accused of murder, Carvajal  
brothers taken to the tower; out of  
breath.

From a decree of Ferdinand IV, the  
accused were forcefully hurled to their  
death.

Tis justice of mortal terror, a small deed  
of the Ruling Class, only fear can  
attest.

Twass in the tower of Martos, in 1312  
and it was intellectual thought -  
dispossessed.

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# Quatrain Of Pacifist River

Pacifist, true and standing alpine,  
believing in righteous  
blame.

Thy sword lodged in the scabbard,  
thy soul reposed in  
refrain.

For I shall not fight for freedom,  
tis what my courage doth  
deliver,

I am willing to die without battle,  
and sell my wisdom down  
river!

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Paul Revere

Alas! his call to the  
townspeople, the beginning of  
history, the awakening of raw  
sacrifice,

God! the giver of liberty, the  
reason for freedom and all  
rights according men to think  
twice.

The gates of thought broken,  
the yearning to climb from the  
sod, giving rise to new  
wonder,

Individual bootstraps, hoisted  
to levels unheard, kept  
ignorance from pulling society  
asunder!

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Peridotite

(Igneous rock)

Course-grained: Impervious  
to spiritual trickery or a lasting  
thought,

Buried in the earth in  
mountainous layers, hiding is for  
naught.

Full of minerals for treasured  
use, just holding still for thy glory  
find,

I shall exploit the heralded gift  
from God, for I know He will not  
mind.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Puck

(Demon - medieval English folklore)

Sparring with wandering  
discernment, disrupting the daily  
lives of benign velitation,

Tiny creatures, dripping blood,  
hiding amid the conscience of  
puritanical messengers.

Fear grips the questions, sorrow  
slips into the answers, causing  
sinful temptation.

Twisting braids of hair-brained  
judgments, leaves us crying next  
to bedlamite bleeders!

Yorktown Disciple



# Quatrain Of Recycled Reason

Embracing humble wit, deep  
within the mind of lasting  
schemes,

The expectant doubt lays  
fallow, at the end of recycled  
dreams.

Forever discarding moral deeds  
that should be sorted and  
saved,

The memory of reusable material,  
quite naturally, seems  
depraved.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Religious Eating

Disgust! Thy eating of selfish  
turnovers, baked by candle  
light,

Your soul will putrefy, as your  
heart begins to clot with each  
bite.

Thy intake, learned and  
ingrained, not easily shaken by  
shame.

The foods we eat, attained  
through the pews of worship, we  
proclaim.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Romantic Road Runner

The glamorous road, so winding  
and long, sculpted from the  
earth by hands of spiritual  
wealth,

Paved with golden thoughts  
stacked neatly near an intersection  
carved from passion so  
stealth.

No warning of Cupid's arrow  
heading my way, no indication  
of the love coming this  
summer,

I am now preparing to chase you;  
rub on a sensual potion to  
become a romantic road  
runner!

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Royal Rope

Autonomy! Royal Rope of  
tyranny, tightening around my  
neck,

Swing! Political Horse I  
have mounted - impatient  
wreck.

Slavish Mount, now bolting,  
allodial body swinging in  
air,

Oh, Mercy to tied hands; I  
pray to God liberty has a  
spare!

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Science

By grabbing a morsel of  
knowledge, immersing the world  
deep into deductive thought,

We have befittingly claimed  
atoms of fidelity, now imperative  
to life but can't be bought.

But the Will of our Natural  
Force, proficiently planted,  
harvested and barely gleamed,

Leaves us wondering what we  
know and what it is we should  
have precisely dreamed.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Shame Logic

Thou has put fantasy truth  
up on a circular block,

Only to find a fools wealth  
resting on a sinking dock,

The thoughts floating down  
river, from your mind,

Are shamefully ignorant,  
dangerous and unkind.

2

Your are a menace to  
the rational and honest,

Truly, a disgrace wrapped by  
delight of the ugliest.

You cannot hear your own  
words when you speak,

Alas, it turns out you were  
born, an hallucinating freak.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Sons Of Darkness

(Sons of light against the  
Sons of Darkness from  
the Dead Sea Scrolls)

Smite thee; cut down idolatrous  
hinges holding the door to  
righteous sacrifice,

Slice evenly - fat laced hatred  
clinging to flagitious bones of  
growing infidelity.

The Sons of Darkness lie in the  
valley where compromise exists  
prolific as desert ice!

Hope for peace, overwhelmingly  
shed, along with the concept of  
reinforced Christianity!

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Spite

O, spite thee, with a vengeance  
worthy of attention, a bullet to your  
design,

Spare thy measured incompetence  
and pin your illusive hopes on  
mine.

You thwarted my attempts, to  
reconcile the differences we have  
sewn,

And now the hostility that favors  
my reason, even God does not  
condone,

Yorktown Disciple



# Quatrain Of Suppiluliumas I

(Egyptian King - 1380 - BC)

From sacrosanct immunity, to pharisaical  
assumptions, the insatiable longing for  
divine governance pulls on the ego  
until pity drips from stretched pain.

Binding sin as though it were bundles  
of wheat, shaking the stems of immorality  
until only chaff piles up on the ground,  
where greedy men cry from starvation.

With sword in hand, the task of striking  
down inviable rivals drops from decisive will;  
success is obtained from gathering followers  
who are willing to perish in vain.

Mercy for few, greatness reigns, and when  
the sun has set, the life of another fiend will  
work the King's harvest until the most  
worthless among us decay from evil temptation.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Terrorism

Bombs strapped to the  
gonads of the Devil,

Rabid fear pushed to an  
intensely horrific level,

The wailing of an ideology,  
destructive to survival,

Blowing up reason as if God  
where having a revival.

2

Lest this fiendish insurrection,  
be slain with lethal haste,

Fear will grow and foolish  
decisions will grant a foretaste

Of death that will swallow  
those in search of life:

The Devil will consume humanity;  
Make God his wife!

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Traveler

Stranded among a thousand sounds,  
without a way to hear,

Standing on redemption road,  
in a weakened effort to disappear.

Alas, the weary forsake their goals,  
flag down a passerby,

God sojourned within an hour,  
the travelers were left to cry.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Tyrants

Embarking on the will of ordained revelation,  
focusing on a selfish world no one can  
afford,

Debauched hellions, appear to grab the keys  
of Freedom's cell and leave the door  
locked,

No one leaves, no one enters - rules intimidating  
and royal - no escaping the edge of the  
sword,

Freedom lost, heresy born, sequential truth laid  
barren; the soul constitutionally immobile and  
shocked!

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Vermiculated Spirit

O, thy spirit, irregular, near the  
lower end of benevolence,

Rising up to quell the wariness  
of humanities arrogance.

Wormlike features chiseled at  
the bottom of spiritual mistrust,

Vermiculated specter left naked,  
without light at the upper crust.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Volition

(the act of free will)

Lest I quietly portray, the reason  
for drifting past the smell of  
God,

I must confess, it is freedom  
within my soul, calling out the  
odd.

My preferences, my purpose,  
as seen through mine own  
eyes,

They're not the ones you prescribed,  
'tis I who was born, old and  
wise.

Yorktown Disciple

# Quatrain Of Wise Sin

O, transgress thy divine law  
accorded the wisdom found in asinine  
writs,

Thine rule cannot always withstand  
an infallible providence, reason  
permits.

The truth does not follow a universal  
patter without occasional  
adjustment,

For there are times when logic does  
not foresee God's rules, as  
reinforcement!

Yorktown Disciple

# Rails Of Love

I climbed aboard a dream  
Seating myself on little trust,  
My soul began to slowly move  
Across rails of love strung over dust.

I crossed a desert within my mind,  
Saw a cactus existing on hate.  
The heat became so intense  
My mirage of love was left to fate.

My train of love rumbled on,  
Passing corruption no man can deny,  
Passing trestles of ignorance stretching  
Valleys of death where foolish men lie.

I became impoverished by scalped ideas,  
Struck dumb by the whistles blow.  
I plowed through regions of terror,  
As my stolid ideas froze in snow.

Oh, blood thirsty is this train,  
It sucks the living dry.  
My essence supplies the fuel it burns-  
I will give until I die.

So I leave you now - in a dream -  
Never to return due to the strain:  
If I must ride this train of love,  
Dreaming will help me stand the pain.

Yorktown Disciple



# Reverent Troubadour

If by chance a shallow friend, yonder follow,  
His heart burning from shabby betrayal,  
Compatriot mountain, the humble hills now loyal,  
Should know who stands above the hallow.

Why, 'tis the Devil's goat he once herded,  
A babbling fool, coming back for more,  
To butt heads, causing tears hard to ignore  
With mindless ideology so carefully worded.

And as cuts of untold lies slowly healed,  
The voice of God came thundering down  
As if speaking to an old friend of renown,  
And a strong thought was feverishly revealed.

God misjudged his character for a street whore,  
Buried his songs - he was a reverent troubadour.

Yorktown Disciple

# Riding High

My friend spoke with a cadence  
that sounded like horse breath.

When it snowed, we used to  
shovel each other's devotion.

On rainy days we soaked our  
indentured notes of atonement.

It wasn't because of our short  
sighted history of molten bias.

No, it was because we ached  
to straighten out inept cognition.

We strained to do this without  
shoveling snow-quenching sonants.

We wanted to travel together and  
not fight barriers of callowness.

But as the years passed we just  
drifted into mawkish weather patterns.

We became cloven-hoofed astronauts,  
unwilling to dismount our space saddles.

Now, we circle the earth endlessly,  
while praying for more horse breath.

Yorktown Disciple

# Solitude Of Thyself

When your soul vanishes,  
and your friends turn you out,  
Where do you turn  
in this wicked world of doubt?

When the money doesn't flow  
and the stomach begins to ache,  
What do you eat  
in this wicked world of hate?

When you find yourself alone,  
and see doors go closed,  
How do you stand  
in this wicked world of foes?

When all is finished and done,  
and you see you have lost,  
To whom do you turn  
in this wicked world of high cost?

The only peace of mind - you will find -  
is as fictitious as an elf.  
The only comfort and consolation,  
is in the solitude of thyself.

Yorktown Disciple

# Spanking Love

Beauty, behold your lips so gracefully flush with expectation,  
Smile, so satisfying, mildly resting on insipid words I can't spell,  
Yet, when you put my mind at ease, I fail to yield to your smell,  
One thrills, I spend my days searching in sumptuous exasperation.

Rapture does not explain the affection at the bottom of my soul  
Soaring excitement elevates some of what I often feel,  
God knows the torment raging in me, due to your fervid appeal.  
I will stay pastoral when you place your glance upon love's goal.

Oh, you are the dearest to me, an angel, so blessed without travail,  
Gleaming in your face, exclusive bounty of wanton lust,  
Scatters my mind on jagged shoals, turning rock into dust.  
Nothing left to grab or steal, as my longing begins to soar and sail.

So, kiss me trifle, kiss me hard, fill my desire with untold splendor,  
And I will give back to you, all that I have, lovingly and so tender.

Yorktown Disciple

# The Chickens And Statesmen

On these roosts that quietly rest far above soft chicken poop,  
The rear of the Statesman hangs out with a shadow near his feet,  
Often passing legislation that will smell for ages after his defeat,  
So willingly, he continues to plant droppings to bolster a big whoop;

And, lest not forget, the Statesman and the chicken sit together  
Targeting the floor below as if life were a bombing game,  
The rest of us are slow to understand the claws used to shame  
Freedom - of the life we hold so dear but would wish to tether.

God help us all, let the chicken lay only eggs and the Statesman too,  
But if, like I think, they want more of my blood than I can give,  
Close the coop and pen them in until the stench - they must relive;  
Another election will help to singe feathers with a constitutional tattoo.

And chickens and Statesman will be seen as the same flock;  
The world we want will be near to God and thee; I'll be in shock!

Yorktown Disciple

# The Rhythm And The Rhyme

The Rhythm and the Rhyme  
The pace of ceaseless time,  
Linger the dismal day  
As if the pace were mine.

Sublime in every fashion  
This Shape surrounding me,  
Beaten into a perfect mold  
Like the sand beneath the sea.

Time has brought me here  
Time will take me away,  
The passing of a moment  
Reaps the passing of a day.

Wrinkles cling to my face  
Weather beaten and worn,  
The Motion I find everywhere  
Is gathering in its Form.

It counts out the Rhythm  
It adds to the Rhyme,  
It flows ever so gently  
As if the pace were mine.

Yorktown Disciple

# Umpqua River

So young was I, when I roamed the river bank,  
What delight and fascination, listening to the water run  
As night would catch me gradually running out of fun,  
While catching inspiration from the rocks I sank.

Counting butterflies seemed as much joy as watching a deer,  
My youth was drifting fast and would soon become undone.  
With utter devotion to words not spoken, I let my mind be spun,  
Among grassy fields where I could lie, staring at the sky so clear.

And as I dreamed for omniscient love I hoped to find  
I left those yearnings parked near the water's steep ledge,  
Praying my restrained experience wouldn't let me fall behind.  
Alas! to travel with broken humanity, I vowed to God a pledge,  
I would give up all gratifying happiness and just unwind,  
And in return be the best - to hone my skills to a sharp edge.

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