

POETRY

By Kevin A. Garland

➤ Introduction

The following is an accumulation of all the poetry I have ever written and actually held on to. I hope you enjoy it; I know I have enjoyed writing it over the years.

The Dad and Mom I Wish For

I wish for a mom and dad who are hardly ever mean,
But a dad and mom like that I've never, never seen.
So, if you have a dad and mom like me today,
I congratulate you, Hip-Hip-Hooray!

A Family

A family is all the world to me.
I will never leave my family until I see
The day we lose all of our family the very same day.
But I hope we will find each other again. Oh, by the way,
Have you seen my family today?

Whenever I am Bad

Whenever I am bad, I get very, very mad.
But also, when I am bad my mother,
She is always sad.
I don't know why she is always sad,
I'm the one who's always bad.
Mad, sad, glad, had! Which one am I when I'm always bad?

If I Were Away

If I were away, somewhere in the U.S.A.
I'd write a letter every single day
To my wonderful mom who I so dearly love;
Who is always as beautiful and sweet as a dove.
I pity anyone who doesn't have a mom just like mine!

The Dog I Found One Day

I was walking home from school one day
When I saw a black and white dog astray.
I took it home for my mom to see
And she said, "I wonder what kind it could be?"
I loved the dog and named him Spot.
I had to feed him, and feed him I did, a lot!
I tried to teach him to catch a ball,
But all he'd do is fall and fall and fall.
I grew up and so did he.
I got a car and took the key.
The dog jumped in, but I threw him out.
He just sat there, swaying about.
I left him that day without a grin,
And when I finally came back, he was stiff as a pin.
Yes, you guessed it, he was dead.
And all I could do was lower my head.
Was it because of the grin that day?
That is left for you to say.

My Fiddle

Fiddle me this, fiddle me that,
Have you ever seen a polka-dot cat?
Fiddle, fiddle, all day long,
Finally, the clock--twelve does bong.
Give me my fiddle, I'll fiddle to bed.
Time for prayer, God bless Ted.
In the morning, when I get up,
I'll grab my fiddle and sing to my pup.
If my fiddle should ever break,
I pray to God my soul to take.
For, you see, my fiddle is everything to me.
Once my fiddle is gone, you must surely see,
I will be gone, no more of me.

Summer and Winter

Summer and winter are very different seasons.
How, do you ask? Here are the reasons:
Summer's hot, sticky and humid.
Winter's ice, cold and frigid.
Winter brings many, many snowflakes,
While in the summer we all swim in the lakes.

The previous seven poems were all written around 1982.

Lunch

One day I went for a walk, I did,
In the Forest of Happiness.
While walking I found this strange little kid,
Crying in her bright red dress.
I asked her why she was crying so much
and she answered me in this way,
"I went into the woods to find some lunch."
"You see, my family is starving today."
"I haven't found a scrap of food,"
"So now my family will surely die."
"Where is your house? Now don't be rude,"
I said as she opened one eye.
She said that she could take me to her house
Up on the cliffs by all the caves.
So, climb we did, as fast as a mouse.
Once we got there, I saw old bones of some poor lost knaves.
The girl led me into her humble home
Where I finally realized that she was a witch.
Her family's skin was a dreadful green, and their hair really needed a comb.
I swear it was sweltering hot in there, or my name isn't Mitch.
From that moment on I'd had a small hunch
That I'd become the little witch's lunch!

September 1985

A Walk Through the Shire

A walk through the Shire away from it all.
Everyone here has a wonderful life
Playing tag, Bo-Dandy, and catch the ball.
In every cottage there is a wife

Cooking, washing, and then taking a rest.
The men are all harvesting all of the fields,
While children prepare properly for Oktoberfest.
When all of the men come back from the fields
They will help decorate, and then everyone is off to their beds.
The very next day is the festival, so everyone is excited.
Thoughts of pie and good times are all that is in their heads
As they each dream of Oktoberfest, every last one, since everyone is invited.

The big day finally arrives, and they enjoy every bit.
They eat hearty and celebrate gaily throughout the day and into the night.
When darkness has fallen and the candles are all lit,
Everyone in Hobbiton, under the flickering light,
Sing songs from the old times to ring in the new times.
And at last, when every Hobbit, big and small, finish singing their song
They greet one another goodnight with simplistic rhymes,
And then retreat to their cottages when their clocks softly bong.

So, if you are ever in Hobbiton, join in with the fun.
Take my word for it, you will never enjoy yourself more,
Because when in Hobbiton, you are the one
Who is honored and praised for visiting them by opening your own mind's door.

November, 1986

Hide-and-Seek

Hide, go hide, it's hide-and-seek;
You're as sharp as the blue bird's beak.
He'll look, he'll ponder, he'll wonder where you are;
But where you're hiding he'll not have to go far.

The ivy is growing, the sky is light blue,
Eventually he'll find you no matter what you do.
So, if games are what you're playing,
Forget then what I am saying,
"In life you cannot hide from your problems.
Because like the child's game 'hide and seek,' you'll eventually be found
and forced to face those many problems."

January, 1987

KeeP the spirit in your heart
Every single day.
Vacuum out that brain of yours,
InVite new change this way.
Never shake the Devil's hand,

Always turn away.
Love is like a potter's wheel,
Altering the clay.
"No one even knows me,"

God might often say.
Are we all too busy,
Running from today?
Land your human vessel,
Ancor down and pray.
Not all things come easy,
Death will come someday.

February, 1988

Who's Counting

One, two, three strikes you're out.
What's this world of ours all about?
We live only to die--
The only thing I can ask is, "Why?"
God save me when I pass away,
I'll welcome death on that fateful day.
Seven, eight, nine, ten
Strikes the clock, big old Ben.
Time is life and life is time,
But all is relative in this little rhyme.

September 27, 1989

Suicide Contract

Down and down and down I go,
Into the darkness to the depths below.
"Help!" I cry, but no one hears.
"It's far too late!" scream my falling tears.
A raven screeches, a wolf cries out,
"Father save me!" I try desperately to shout.
Then a crumbling voice rasps in my ear,
"No one can save you once you enter here."

When next I wake it's in an empty chamber.
I attempt to escape, but it's far too much labor.
Then I try to think what has happened before,

But just before I can remember a CLANK issues from the door.

"Welcome, Alex," a shadow calls forth,

"Need I tell you now what your soul is really worth?"

A pact with the devil had been made.

A contract that I'd hoped would fade.

I signed it in blood the day I died,

Who would have figured my suicide?

Now nights may come, and days may go,

But LIFE is the only true picture show.

Don't blow your big scene with a suicide.

June 9, 1990

Change

I look out my window each morning hoping that things will change.

Masses of people I see swarming off to work each day.

My life has been imperfect, I'll be the first to say.

"God, my father, help me! Take this pain away."

Some days my head feels like splitting, and I wish only to die,

But then I look out my window and see you peering in.

The sun lights up your face, and your hair floats in the wind.

You come inside to talk to me, if only I could respond.

"I love you, please don't leave again, bringing back my deep despair."

I sleep tonight and wake tomorrow only because of you.

If your visits stop today, may life begin anew.

In my mind's eye I am a fly, buzzing after you.

I look out my window every night, knowing you've already gone.

So, I pray, sweet Jesus, please come again. My heart pumps only for you.
If a life needs to be taken, mine stands first in line;
Yet, when I wake each new morning, my window is still in view.
Am I special? Do I deserve this life, only to lie in bed?
Can all this matter, after life in general
takes us to this point? "She's old," the doctors often say,
"No one lives forever." But now I have to wonder Lord,

I wonder. . .

I worked my fingers to the bone raising seven children.
Sometimes they come to visit me, bringing flowers and sometimes dark candy.
Candy, Lord, can you believe it? Can't eat it.
Nurses come and take all that away, give me pills to swallow.
Since the day I came, those pills I swallow, end up in the can.
They won't poison me, can't fool me Lord, I'm the smartest one among 'um.
Cancer kills, but I'm not dead. Ooh, my head, the pain's come back again.
I'm sorry I'll have to rest. Sorry, I'll have to rest.

Rest. . .

Rest in peace, my tombstone reads. They've never been so right.
I look out my window each morning, looking for things that have changed.
All I ever see are people swarming, when will things finally change?

June 19, 1990

Hangin' In

Like a tear drop in the sea,
Like the stripes on a bumble bee,

You're overlooked, overcome, overly.

Life's little bothers weigh you down.

You've become an ant in this ample town.

Time to get away. . .run away. . .turnin' aroun'.

Well, life's always changin',

so be prepared.

You can't be hangin'

feeling so impaired.

Get a grip,

Get a life,

Catch your dreams.

April 7, 1991

Tick-Tock

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

The hands of time go on.

Can you all still smile, keeping up this con?

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

People die yet nations grow.

It's the price we pay to carry on the show.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

Apartheid, human rights, homelessness,

Superficial matters to those with our success.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,

Little money here, give a little money there,

As long as it doesn't interfere with my career.

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,
"Lend a hand," a small voice cries.
"Talk to my lawyer. . .I will if he complies."
Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,
Although the world's bomb is building
We are not afraid. Politicians are our shielding.
Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,
A flashing glare finally does appear,
But no one's left to shed a tear.
Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock,
The hands of time continue.
Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock.

August, 1991

Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time,
A butterfly dreamt a peculiar little dream.
He dreamed he was a creature named Man,
And as this Man he came to know that the universe had an extremely intricate plan.
A plan that had begun within a stream,
Long ago, once upon a time.

Out of the stream strange creatures crawled.
Fish became mammals, mammals became Man.
Man ate from the tree of Knowledge,
And cities arose while everyone was sent on to college.
With all his intelligence, Man attempted to explain how it all began,
But he failed miserably when the scientists inevitably brawled.

Without any answers Man slipped back into his dreams.
He lived without thinking,
Looking not for empty antiphonies, but only for his solemn happiness.
Soon the plan slowly faded into the infinite blackness.
Man began a not totally unfamiliar shrinking--
He slept and dreamt of a warm cocoon with splitting seams.

Suddenly, with a flash and then a flutter,
The butterfly awoke with quite a shudder.
Then he flew precariously away, reciting this peculiar little rhyme,
Long, long ago, once upon a time.

October, 1991

A Grave Declaration

Ghost of ghosts are we.
A message to all we bring,
"To die is to LIVE!"

Bibliophile

Collections of words,
Held together with love by
I, Bibliophile.

Haiku written in December, 1991

Proposal

One night I looked within myself,
What I saw seemed small and weak.
But then I found the core of my soul,
The source of all my wealth.

My heart cried out in reverie,
My eyes wept tears of joy;
For what I found as I looked ahead
Was another's soul beside me.

You've guided me along my troubled life,
And brought me through rough waters.
I may not say it often enough or not at all at times;
But I love you, how I love you. Will you be my wife?

January 12, 1992

The Green Man

The green man raised his weary head
From the floor where he'd been thrown.
He'd been beaten and then left for dead
Since his skin was a different tone.

The green man had traveled far and wide
To deliver a message as such,
"To the Earth: we've decided to confide. . .
We look forward to your touch."

"Our messenger brings news of your potential,

But also breathes caution in our wind.
Your warring ways present a crucial differential
Which, like a scab, must soon be skinned."

"For when the scab falls off it means the wound is healed,
And our races can finally unite.
But until that day we send greetings to you, lowering our shield:
'Praise be to the Earth and all who live there, please try not to fight.'"

The green man read the message again and lowered his head in grief,
"The humans are not ready yet," he was speaking to his feet.
Then a tiny hand helped him off the floor, to his shocking disbelief.
"Are you ok?" a tiny voice asked, "You look so awfully beat."

The green man turned his head and saw a child no more than eight.
"Young man," he said, "I've come from Mars
And to find you is, frankly, fate.
This message I do present to you: please stay beneath the stars."

"I have traveled far, and I have traveled wide,
But I've never found a place that's as weird.
If it hadn't been for you just then, I surely would have died."
Then like the twinkle in a crying eye, the green man disappeared.

May 8, 1992

Kevin

In my mind I see a man,
Lonely and lost inside.
He seeks a truth, a master plan,

Which will always be his guide
To a place where people live in peace.
A place not black or white.
Where communities don't need police,
Since no one will ever fight.
This man has seen the hate of the world,
But has witnessed love as well.
He has watched the two while they danced and twirled,
Weaving their illusionary spell.
Only now does he finally, truly awaken
From the enchantment, so to speak.
His mind's all scrambled, his soul's quite shaken,
His body. . .shattered and weak.
As he lies in bed an apparition appears,
An angel whispering, "Kevin."
To the world he dies, but the truth now clears,
Existing everywhere as Heaven.

July 8, 1992

The Day of Ended Fright

Keep your eye upon the shadows,
Devils, ghouls, the dead, and gallows.
Sever ties with drunken manors,
For in due time you'll need strong banners.

Risen from the dead, a ghost will haunt you.
It speaks in riddles, but also gives a clue.
From all it says you'll see your calling:
A quest laid with traps and snares a'falling.

From land never seen
Will come ugly things never dream'd,
And then war after war will erupt in their wake.
Only you can bring order for Heaven's own sake,

Since it's your land they'll enter
From the crater at its center.
So be brave holy knight,
On this day of ended fright.

April 4, 1993

Blinded by the Light

If all the world would open their eyes
And take a look around,
They'd see what a beautiful planet we share,
A jewel waiting to be found.

Sadly though, we humans are blind,
Killing all that we own.
We pollute the earth, the air, the seas;
Nothing is left alone.

And when some day we pray to God,
"Father, help us please."
We'll ask for forgiveness for our deeds,
Begging pitifully on our knees.

With His right hand a new day shall dawn,

Wiping the surface clean.
Our eyes will be opened to the light pouring in,
Viewing a world yet to be seen.

But sadly still, the question must be asked,
"Will we do everything that we can?"
For the future of Terra rest dimly in our hands,
A jewel marred by man.

September 25, 1993

IMAGINATION

There's a place within the folds of my pulsing brain
That I visit as oft' as I can.
It's a place of wonder, excitement, and fervor
Where most of my thoughts are plan'd.

It's a place where morality, corruption, and indifference
Dance in swirling ambitions.
A place of Darkness, a place of Light,
A place of lost inhibitions.

Its darkness is deeper than the deepest abyss,
Bringing visions of devils and demons.
While its light burns brighter than a thousand suns,
Giving flowers, lovers, and seasons.

To call on its power we need simply remember
What it was like to be a child;
For children know what grown-ups don't,

That our minds were born to be wild.

Its epithet alone inspires and enlivens

A spirit of paramount creation.

Uttered so often under humbled terms,

We call it IMAGINATION.

April, 1995

Pieces of Heaven

A falling star streaked through the sky,

Waking an angel of a lass.

Above the clouds, the sky, the stars,

Stands a temple older than time.

Its walls are taller than the tallest mountains,

Yet Heroes, they still try to climb.

She ran to the spot where she saw it drop

And named what she found there Christmas.

Some will make it to the top,

But none will ever come down.

For once they're shown what lies inside

They never give up what they've found.

She placed her piece high on a shelf

For all the world to see.

Since Adam walked through the Garden of Eden

Temple items sent here count but seven.
For human eyes aren't quite ready
For all the pieces of Heaven.

That night its brightness shown through the dark
Filling wise men and shepherds with glee.

December, 1995

BOW YOUR HEAD

A spirit soars above us,
Peering down from Heaven.
We mustn't make a big fuss,
For he's just one of seven.

Seven angels flying,
Flying down to meet us.
So many people dying,
Their tears show their duress.

Bow your head, pray for salvation.
Bow your head, those in need.
God forgives--all us sinners.
Love and compassion are His creed.

The stars light up the night sky,
Showing us the angels.
They call to us from up high,
Singing their songs of annals.

Everyone can hear them,
Even the small children.
They're eyes sparkle like a gem,
Saved from the Chimaera.

Bow your head, pray for salvation.
Bow your head, those in need.
God forgives--all us sinners.
Love and compassion are His creed.

March 5, 1996

I Remember

I look up to the heavens and wonder if you're up there.
I wonder if the starlight shines down upon your spirit.
The moon sings songs of angels, repeating all your stories.

I listen and remember,
I listen and remember.

The moon spins 'round the Earth,
The Earth spins 'round the sun.
Our lives move like the planets,
Ending back where we'd begun.

I listen and remember,
I listen and remember.

The sun is finally dawning, spreading light for all to share.
It fills me with a new hope, I willingly embrace it.

I feel your love within me, revoking all my worries.

I listen and remember,

I listen and remember.

April 6, 1996

GYPSY

Gypsy, sweet gypsy, tell me how it's gonna' be.

Look into your crystal ball and tell me what you see.

Is the world filled with lovers, living in harmony,

Or are we still fighting over things so irrelevantly?

Gypsy, sweet gypsy, forget what I have said.

These things are just my thoughts, spinning in my head.

The world is filled with people, hiding from each other;

We'll fight forever ending, pitting brother against brother.

August 3, 1996

Dragonlust

(Parfume de Maid)

His eyes scanned the tower, but she just wasn't there.

He scoured the castle with meticulous care.

She was gone, but he'd find her,

He knew that he could;

For the trail that she'd left

Was not misunderstood.

Over fields and valleys, he flew on a breeze,
Hoping the slightest of scents, he'd be able to seize.
At last he could smell it,
Oils so sweet.
He had found his lovely maiden,
And his dinner-time meat.

December 10, 1996

Love from Heaven

I woke from a dream the other day,
Remembering very little:
Visions of Angels flying away,
And the sounds of a warbling fiddle.

I passed through a graveyard,
And felt over-powered
With a love that blossomed, then flowered
Into something so great
I knew it was fate,
Until I saw the gate on the path was still barred.

I cried as the music left my ears,
With the knowledge that I couldn't follow.
But on Earth I still had many waking years;
Thankfully, Love chased away all the sorrow.

September, 1997

In My Element

Warm and safe within the womb
My soul swims free in total bliss.
Then the stone moves from the tomb,
I'm reborn--given life's sweet kiss.

My strength is solid,
My heart is strong at birth.
To make life valid,
I crawl along the Earth.

At first, I breathe such small breaths,
Then I grow, with stronger gasps.
Such sweet Air denies our deaths
And lifts us through our day's tasks.

Older now, feeling desire,
I search the world for passion and love.
My heart burns with a raging Fire,
And soon I find my soft, winged dove.

At the end of life, I feel quite drained,
A bag of Water who's close to insane.
I poured my life into all I've gained,
And for that I've had a pretty good reign.

At my exit I recall the womb,
How safe and calm, like my mother's soothing word.
It keeps me bright while dark angels loom.
The element of Faith lifts me to my Lord.

December, 1998

REDEMPTION

To all the world he bowed his head,
Following his fathers true.
Then one day the rivers bled,
And he knew what he must do.
He built a cross for all to see,
Planted high upon the mountain.
And as the people fell upon their knee,
His soul sprang up like a fountain.
It washed away the sins for all
And gave them the key to Heaven.
Now if only they'll remember his sacred call,
"Repent and you shall be forgiven!"

May 16, 1999

A Proposal of Virgin Love

In my dreams I chanced upon
An angel with emerald eyes.
She held me tight within her arms
And flew me through the skies.

Her warmth moved through me like a burning flame,
Filling my heart with desire.
And just when I thought I could take no more
She flew me even higher.

Her skin was like silk beneath my touch,
And her lips tasted sweeter than honey.
She took me to places only lovers see:
Heaven's meadows, brilliant and sunny.

We lied intertwined amongst the flowers
As the air caressed our bodies breadth.
And in that moment not another thing mattered
Except my angel and her whispery breath.

"I love you," she said as she held me tighter,
Expecting a similar reply,
And for once in my life I felt no compulsion
To turn away or lie.

"I love you too, my beautiful angel.
And I need you to fulfill my life.
What I'm trying to ask in simple terms
Is will you be my wife?"

July, 1999

Rain

Rain during birth
Provides much mirth.
For water is life,
Providing a child without strife.

Rain before a wedding

Ends all betting.
For water makes things grow,
Including the love, the two will sow.

Rain at a funeral
Disbands the tribunal.
For water washes sin away,
Sending spirits to Heaven -- with a rainbow to light the way.

September, 1999

Four Seasons Haiku

An arching rainbow
Terminates the Spring-time rain --
Colors paint the sky

Sunshine warms our soul,
Summer months are here to stay.
Cool nights break the heat.

Leaves Fall from the trees --
Orange, red, brown and yellow.
Stop and breathe the air.

Snow begins to fall,
Marking Winter's icy way.
Hibernate in peace.

October, 1999

Who Am I?

I look in the mirror and I see a face,
But is that all I am in the vastness of space?

My memories are something, but sometimes they fade.
My personality is something, but something I've made.

Emotions are strong, which run deep and true,
But chemicals can also make us happy or blue.

My soul or spirit is all that remains.
Can it truly be that which pulls at my reins?

A long time ago a star lit the sky
To answer the question, "Who am I?"

Merry Christmas!

December 19, 1999

Millennium Man

The first of the year has come and gone
And I don't feel different or changed.
The world hasn't ended, the day still dawns,
And I've not become crazy or deranged.

Somehow, I thought, with all the fuss,
That the world would end in a bustle;
With all of the people running this way and that,

Throwing their arms up in a hustle.

It's kinda relieving, but anti-climactic,
I know some will be rather disgruntled.
But there's always next year for the rigid fanatic
Who can't wait for ten thousand and one!

January 1, 2000

Apocalyptic Prime

Alone I stood and appraised the land,
My eyes slowly seeking any sign of man.
Three brothers, all linked, stood hand-in-hand;
Each strengthening the other like no other can.

They had fought five strong battles,
Each more savage than the last;
But seven wild horsemen still held fast.
"Face us you cowards! Come down from your saddles!"

For nine solemn minutes the riders stood still,
Then all parties, at last, moved in for the kill.
The souls that I counted came to eleven,
As we all returned home to our places in Heaven.

March 14, 2000

WDAMO

What do I envision when I rest my eyes?

Dreams of steel and of lace
Are placed in the skies --
Made of things only dreams can be comprised,
Of tries and whys, cries and lies.

March 14, 2000

American

I was born in the U.S.A.,
But what does that mean in our lives today?

Killers on the streets and babies neglected,
Children with guns because they're rejected.
Corrupt politicians and lobbying greed,
Subway drivers and neighbors smokin' weed.
Racial unrest, bigotry and hate,
God has been killed by the cruel hand of fate.

So, it's true we've not risen above history's cannibals,
Which makes us an Uncontrollable Society of Animals.

But wait, look around,
Do you know what I've found?
Diseases eliminated and life spans extended,
Safe places to work at a wage that's respected.
Equality by law and freedom to speak,
Religious liberties for even the weak.
A democratic rule that works even when the president's a creep,
And a strong arm to protect us as we lie down to sleep.

I was born in the U.S.A,
And God knows I wouldn't have it any other way!

March 14, 2000

Robin

I paused in the branches of the great tree of life,
Exhausted and weary from my arduous climb.
Then suddenly, sweet music filled the air all around me.
I looked left, and then right through the dense, wild tree,
And finally found the source of the wonderful chime:
The song from a robin eased all my strife.

My strength was renewed, and my heart began to glow,
Tears welled in my eyes and would eventually flow.

I embraced the bird with my arms holding tight,
And we flew to the top of that almighty tree.
All obstacles were passed, and we could see the bright sun,
Its warmth smiling down at all that we'd done.
Two birds of a feather, together and free,
Sharing each other forever under God's hallowed light.

April 20, 2000

My Beautiful Angel

Last night was so cold -- dark and damp,
But I smiled in the glow of my living room lamp.

I was visited by an angel with golden-flecked eyes,
Whose sweet southern voice soared through the skies.

Over distance and time our hearts filled with joy,
As we talked through the hours both brazen and coy.
Our voices both mingled, excited and eager
To meet one another with a hug far from meager.
Later that night I dreamt of my cherub
Dressed in gowns of pure light, adorned with a scarab.
Queens from the Nile could not hope to match
The beauty that my angel was able to catch.

Her visage remained as I woke with the sun
Pledging my spirit, a lifetime of undying fun.
I can't wait to meet her, my angel so true
To tell her how special she is through and through!

April 27, 2000

In the End

In the Beginning there was but one,
And from that one came two.
Together, they created a son,
And their family blossomed and grew.

Multitudes spread across the earth
As tribes and nations swelled.
In the middle there was the joy of birth
And the family unit held.

Today a sea of people is bound
In a tidal wave that blocks the sun.
And in seeking out love I've finally found,
In the End there can be only one.

May 23, 2000

Milady

Her dress flowed o'er the horse's back
And his sword glimmered in the morn.
She leaned herself forward to steal a kiss
And away chased his darkened forlorn.

His heart overflowed with love and desire
As their lips met in an engaging embrace.
He scooped her down in one graceful arc,
And at last they stood face to face.

"I love you, milady." he raspily whispered
Nibbling gently on her neck and her ear.
"And I dare love you." the maiden did answer,
Renouncing her inhibitions and fear.

June 14, 2000

My Love's Golden Eyes

Eyes with golden flecks,
Shimmering in the moon light:

Windows to the soul.

Soul mates forever.

Eye to eye and mouth to mouth,

Our love never dies.

Wrapped up together

We melt into each other.

Two souls, now as one.

June 21, 2000

Rainbow Soldier

Standing tall, all dressed in red,

He touched our hearts, then nodded his head,

"Travel east, toward the orange sun,

And don't come home 'til the day is won."

His voice was strong, but I was yellow.

I lacked his courage; my legs were jello.

I was still so green; I hadn't fought before,

Just carrying my gun was an all-out chore.

I looked to the sky - it was so blue.

I prayed to God, for aim so true

That I wouldn't get killed in those indigo hills,

But not a bullet flew - there came a wind that kills,

A violet gas permeated the air.

It filled our lungs, and caused so much despair -

The rainbows died; no one survived.

Not a single soldier could ever be revived.

August 11, 2000

Promise

I tied a bow across the sky
To stop the rain from falling --
A promise of no more rising waters
To all who follow my calling.

August 17, 2000

I Dream

I dream of God and Heaven above.
I dream of you, my one true love.
I dream of things I'd love to do,
And they're possible only with you.

I dream of flying through the air.
I dream of you, my only care.
I dream of nights within your arms,
And my heart gives in to your angelic charms.

I dream of love and destiny's fate.
I dream of you, my consummate soul mate.
I dream of all that we can be,
And its sweet salvation sets my soul free!

August 23, 2000

Love Changes Everything

Love changes everything.

The way you walk, the way you talk,
The way you think and feel;
How you live and how you die,
The way you smile or why you cry.

A single night can seem a lifetime
While other moments fly.
Love changes everything around us,
Molding flesh, the earth and sky.

Nothing in your life
Will ever be the same
For love changes everything,
Turning worlds inside out.
You'll want to skip, you'll want to pop,
You'll want to climb a mountain top;
And standing there, atop the world, you'll finally yell and shout:

"With love you'll never be the same,
Live or perish within its flame!"

Love changes everything.

September 25, 2000

Ghosts and Ghouls

The clock has finally struck eleven,
Halloween is drawing near.
Arising from Hell as well as Heaven,
Comes everything we fear.

Zombies seeking brains to eat,
And witches seeking kiddies.
They long to hear, "Trick or Treat!"
(A child's cry for candies)

But as midnight goes and dawn approaches,
The ghosts and ghouls despair,
For with all their frights and scary encroaches,
The living still breathes fresh air!

October 31, 2000

Cherubim Knight

Alone and stoic stands the Cherubim
Within the shadow of the Tree of Life.
His stance never falters, his stare never wavers,
He's a giant, filled with strife.

No man has a chance against his might
And no woman can seduce his plight.
He's a being with orders sent from God,
A guardian — a Cherubim knight.

Around his head, and around the tree
Flies a sword, gleaming brightly with fire.

It's his only companion until all souls are free
From the sins and evils men desire.

November 14, 2000

Oyster Art

Beneath the water lies a muscle man,
Flexing and working as hard as he can
To create a work that few may see,
But those who will shall shout in glee.

He starts with a tiny grain of sand,
And he rolls it about with a caressing hand.
Smooth layers build up in a beautiful whorl --
At last producing a magnificent pearl.

December 15, 2000

Into the Light

Through darkness I walk, all alone,
Eating, working, and sleeping as a drone.
My life is dull, weary, and cold;
A bleak season, as my years slowly unfold.

The sun slowly rises allowing me to see,
I can have a life not like a bee!
You fill me with energy, delight, and love;
You're a season of hope, brought from Heaven above!

April 25, 2000

Rain

To my disdain,
It's beginning to rain.

A drop;
 I pray.
 A drop;
 Today.
 A drop;
 Delay.
 A drop;
 So, may.
 A drop;
 I play.
A drop;

To my disdain,
It's beginning to rain.

April 25, 2001

The Masked

They're everywhere, just look around,
They feed off anger and greed.
They wear a mask of human flesh,
They're disdainful Demon seed.

There are others less contemptuous,
Who walk around by day.
They too wear skin upon their bones,
But will greet you on your way.

The others are few and far between,
They exude only love and hope.
They need not wear a mask at all,
For their spirits keep them afloat.

April 25, 2001

Whom do I love?

Rivers of joy run through my heart!
Over mountains I wish to shout:
“**B**ecause of God’s love
I’ve released all my doubt,
Now my own loves got a good start.”

Rivers of joy run through my heart,
Ending floods of forlornness and gloom.
Near the abyss of un-tethered isolation
Each of us fear incessant doom --
Except for souls that mesh together and refuse to be torn apart!

Rivers of joy run through my heart,
Overwhelming my body with pleasure.
All things are right within this world,
Relax and rest at your leisure.
KAG & RRR -- how perfectly lovely thou art!

June 2, 2001

When I look around

When I look around me
I see the glory --
The glory of God’s great Creation.

He’s in the flowers;
He’s in the waters;
He’s in the wrinkles of each generation.

I shut my eyes and
He’s still within me;
In His presence I am humbled.

His spirit fulfills me;
His love invigorates me;
His strength lifts me when I’ve stumbled.

To ask for forgiveness
Seems so very easy;
Yet, that’s exactly what He wanted.

When I look around me
I see humanity;
My faith remains undaunted.

August 1, 2001

Sorcery and Science

"I wish to change the world,"
A young apprentice once said.

"Foolish things and wishful dreams
Are all that's in your head."

"But master, shan't I ever learn
The magic that you weave?"

"The power's already in your brain,
You need only to believe."

So, pondering this epiphany,
He collected scientific datum.

And in the end, he learned his magic
When he assuredly split the atom.

August 3, 2001

Free

Free to see the walls around me;
Free to touch the iron bars.
Free to hear the insane laughing;
Free to taste the jagged scars.

Free to know the pain I've caused;
Free to know my anguish - paused.

Free to all in death and sorrow.

August 3, 2001

Red Hair and a Sweet Southern Voice

Asleep I walked through the world,
Dreaming with my heart.
Clouded visions here and there
Would appear like surreal art.
I couldn't tell the real from illusion
So, I grasped at all I saw.
But that only added to my confusion,
For everyone broke Love's law.

Then I heard a sweet, sweet voice
Speaking softly through the night.
A subtle accent brightened each word,
Filling sentences with colorful light.
Her rainbow brushed aside the haze
And woke me again to the world.
At last I was lifted from my daze,
To see red-headed hair unfurled.

November 5, 2001

Fever

My head is pounding,
My chest is roiling,
I have a fever.

My heart is pounding,
My blood is boiling,
I have a fever.

My member's pounding,
My feelings -- toiling,

I have a fever.

December 4, 2001

Reverse Meiosis

Two souls floated freely
in an ocean,
Neither seeing the other float by.

Perchance they finally
Came across one another,
Each winking they're own inner eye.

They touched oh so softly
at first,
And then they began to merge --

The two fused together
Sharing each other,
Until there was just one to emerge.

December 4, 2001

Your Laughter

Your eyes sparkle brightly
Whenever you laugh,
And your nose twitches slightly
As you smile -- fraph!!

Your face alights
In a cheery glow,
And for me -- delights --
Seeing you so.

Your voice softens gently
As your chuckles diminish,
And I smile intently
While you finally finish.

December 4, 2001

Penumbra

Grand silhouette in sun's eclipse,
A half-moon smile, without any lips.
Shadows dance across the ground
As the darkened moon is finally crowned.

A visage of beauty, with silken black furls,
As the last light fades and my mind uncurls.
An awesopic vision, with a cricket serenade,
Then a diamond ring peaks from the shade.

The luminary warmth returns again,
Declaring the end of the moon's short reign,
But a new eclipse begins to glow,
A corona of light surrounding my soul.

The vision of you eclipses all else
As the universe twists, turns, and melts.

My light shines bright
As you hold me tight.

Intertwined we are,
A quasi-star.

Eclipse.

August 30, 2017

My Ephemeral Love

Your hair is woven obsidian, darker than night;
Your eyes, gray/blue orbs of mystical moon-light;
Your skin, draped satin over a xoana form;
and your lips, crimson fire, re-born.

Your chaotic mind comes together orderly,
While your imagination soars creatively.
You're reasonable, rational, and ideological;
yet, you love me -- quite implausible.

To some you may seem harsh or insensitive,
but I see the soft, sympathetic, receptive.
You're caring, earnest, and affectionate
(when your guards fall away) a silly paradox, isn't it?

Your spirit shines in all the things you do,
A spark to inspire others, forever and true.
Your impartial acceptance -- a refreshing view,
God's divinity shines within and through you --

You are my ephemeral love.

November 23, 2021