

My Objective

I will not change the course of history
But the objective is to spend the days in the light of a soul
For when that spark lights, it will change a nation and the way they think and move
It isn't my duty to change the world
But it is my duty to spend the hours that will.

"The Hour"

May I become what was once lost only 20 minutes ago?
Will gold suffice?
Will my soul pay the price?
Time looms me in the clock ticks
Unleashing for me only have one chance
Will my flesh suffice?
Is it possible to turn back time?
What price will I pay?
Thinking of tomorrow and not yesterday
May I turn the sands of time over?
Or will it turn me over?
In 60 more seconds my heart may go
When I pass, the hour will pass
Can I have another Chance?
To turn back?
To live that last hour?

"Hidden"

The window is transparent, as mostly water glides the surface
The chance of the perpetual dawn is the dim light of truth
The blanket of the night provides comfort, as the sunsets in the world
The moon shines, but there is nothing that can be seen
The moon phase when his heart lies
Is it the image of love or the fragment of hate?
The morning dew settles
The light comes, like the dawn in the night
The sun is in the light
The sun.
They can only see a house.

"Down to the Sea"

My soul wanders through the clouds
Trailing words of romance
Dark clouds dampen the glow of the sun
Dawning
Gleaming
Slipping through the impossible thought
Nothing impossible
I return back to reality
All is clear.

"Who is it?"

It's midnight, an empty bottle of Jack and Dave's at my side, as I stare and ponder.
The first knock softly, as I realize it is to be.
I open it.
Dave gently knocks looking dead into my eyes.
Dave speaks and says "Times almost up" I look with a devilish grin and say "Maybe Tomorrow" and shut the door.
As I walk gracefully back to search for another bottle, another rhythmic knock reaches my ears.
I open it.
Lester and my young optimistic Optimismity
Optimismity speaks and says "Times almost up" I laugh and say "Maybe Tomorrow" as I slam the door.
Go back to the living room girls a year, the first knock aggressive rap entrance.
I open it.
Once again,
I see more other than the reflection, yet I do not recognize
I am
A revelation was upon me as perpetual thoughts flowed like water
Everything is still
But I do not ask when it is by
But the real question is who am I?

"History"

The redundancy of ignorance befalls a nation
The most powerful, yet the most vulnerable
Closed doors
Locked windows
Open to nothing
Open to anyone
Disparity is the norm
Madd nations
The foolishness of death is here
The question must stay
Before all is lost
And nothing is won.

"Four of the Last Lines"

Song ring from a distance
Dreams take my hand
Chains of binding love are broken
Forward is the destination
The night of tomorrow is a faint blur
Today is the wonder
For if each person we arrive will not
If the soul lives my heart will be one with the breeze
If the spirit is as mine as the sea
My heart will surely fall through
But if this is the day my heart is the guest
I will be lost
For even if the earth is not up
My heart will be lost high
To My Love

"Dreams"

Stars cut through the sky like sticks to hockey at day
Clouds play showing what isn't there at night
Birds come
Fish fly
Up to where
Left to right
Action speak
With unity
Truth never lie
And love we never lose
Life is the many times that return to the sun
By
But I cannot
Love that
But I can see
Simply
The dream is where you find peace
Death is the beginning and
Life is a dream
Within a dream.

"The Blues"

Blues tell us the present of last year
Sins and Cries
Regret and Fear
The heart that brings joy
And the heart that brings a tear
What words cannot say
The no stops
Through this long time
The pain the soul and heart at a time
At the end of these days
Bleeds like a hole in the
That is the embodiment
And the essence
Of the Blues.

"The Victim"

The monster gently manipulates the heart
Craving the love
Drawing in
Casting the soul
Then ignoring the heart
Embracing the soul
Shame of heart broken
The last word is pulled

I will be scared no more
For I am the stronger woman now
No let grow
The Virtues

"Enchanted Beauty"

Enchanted leaves while frost from the wine turns
The secret coloring invisible within the soul and hides the rose
The shimmering light reflects passion of life from the west
This elegant place has seen many of days
With rising and and open heart
When the last sun sets
Hope with faith
To see again
And I will through
The enchanted perpetual beauty
Of
The Forest.

"The Jungle"

Heat cracks down
As shadows descend through cracked concrete
Broken hearts lay on the sidewalks
Dreams are found in the gutter
A fugitive place
Where each leave no trace
Empty streets at midnight comes
With its secret snare
A place where hope is anguished
The deadly maze where love snare
The ever-ending search to escape
From
The jungle.

"The Wheel That Turns"

The wheel rolls
Nothing stands in its way
Rolling past
The desert
The mountains
The jungle
The forest
It was said the wheel would stop
But it rolled past eternal
The wheel rolls
Nothing stands in its way
Nothing is too high for the wheel to roll over
As the sun and moon turn
The wheel turns.

"The Three Fathers"

There were three fathers. On the good day an most powerful entity came to them. The three fathers were friends and all wanted one thing that thought to make them happy.
On the good day the entity came to them, and spoke "You have been chosen to be blessed with one thing to make everyone in your heart". The first father smiled with uncounting happiness and asked for money. The second father had a devilish grin and asked for power. But the last father calmly wished for infinite wisdom. The two fathers laughed and said he was foolish. The entity waved his hand and the wishes were granted. Then the entity disappeared. Three months later, the father that wished for money had spent it all. The father that wished for power had eventually diminished. But the last father used some of the money from the first father who threw it in his face, started a business and used the second father's power for public relations and became successful. Now the two fathers happily worked for the victor one.
Karma is God's Sense of Humour.

Conclusion:

I would like to thank everyone who took their time out to read this book. I appreciate your time for poetic genre and hope you will share dreams of your own. I only hope that the simple words I use teach a soul to overcome adversity and needs what they believe in. I will also like to thank the two most important girls in my life that caused me to write again. And finally I would like to thank everyone who said it was possible and especially those that said it was not. If it wasn't for doubts there wouldn't be confidence, and if it wasn't for hopelessness there wouldn't be hope.

Thank You

Last But Not Least

The conclusion is only the beginning of a new chapter
After death there is life
After life there is death
It is in now, living that life
But only here it is loved
For the love created from someone is come
And by far I've now finished yet