

Beloved Supremacy

By: Aaron Ozee

Limber Rains

Crossing fingers before open eyes
We gaze deeply into one another
As our emotions flow to and fro
While violet lights slowly shine

The brisk waters kiss our toes
As we parade along the salty sands
Unable to release our certain grip
From steady heart and careful hands

Gathering close as sunset drops
Perspiring atop our emerging dreams
Allowing us moment to stare afar
Thus giving way to possible passions

Licking lips amidst cool breeze
As we lock our bodies between the free
Once more peering unto humble rains
Making it so that never again
Not by one but together
Shall we be away

Healed Flame

Softening the rims of my blackened heart
As her reach climbs soundly within my center
Enclosing sums of sorrow and regret
As she provides new purpose and will
While implementing desirable demonstration
Beneath undoubted and undisputed content

Sensing wrongdoing slip from subtle sleep
And agony wither helplessly
As the apprehension of most troubled spirit
Fades weakly behind undefined truth
As pain is no longer witnessed
And grueling tongues are forever silenced

Nevermore does coexistence affect the affected
Nevermore does the blind fuel its efforts
Nevermore does deceit dismember relation
For nevermore will there be corroded uncertainty

Her song and her livelihood invigorates my soul
And will not cease its embracing affection
So too it was true that my heart went black
But so too was the seriousness of my love

Fibbing Flowers

Vulnerably pale to lustful touch
Flirtatious behavior she cannot
Nor can the limbs and lower lips
Place curious skin unto the strange

Tediously tied to unbreakable head
She flutters not but still attends
Awaiting proposal of expected rescue
But discovering such sheds its wings
At coveted sight of blatant chance

Ashamed and afraid of what was to come
She removed herself from obstructed reality
Distorted and confused she may have been
But to her surprise she had been avenged

Broken from custody and solemn show
Provided with flexible choice and opinion
No longer oppressed by unthoughtful demon
But awarded freedom within his arms

Lucid Variety

Mark of dew upon my collar
Slipping juicily past my breast
As it oils my peckish ribs
Just aside of my tightened buttocks

Sweat flings frivolously during heated moment
In sensual correspondence with dearest flinch
As momentum paces slowly as it proceeds glimpse
Of to what may be called erotically uncanny

Stumbling beats shared below moist chest
Exchanged cutely at my own defense
Betrothed unto her as symbols of might
Revealing emotion from bottom to height

Aiming greatest wits towards shallow ground
As miracles of unearthly visitation sails
Towards that of warmed flesh and mind
At base of pitted screams and cuddled moans

Silenced Beyond

Tender tones and blushing bones
Pressed profoundly against my cheek
As slithering suggestions find their way
Into the mushy core of compassion

Wiggly and warm is her slenderness
Concerned and definitive are her thoughts
While they are perfectly packed and packaged
And laid upon the familiar foundation of home

For tirelessly do I struggle at dawn
When searching for sincere meaning
Of what might become of the liberating lines
Spoken boundlessly at her feet

Though depression has famously considered
The immovable and most unfortunate events
Together do we structure our stability
In the form of penned penance and grace

My Dearest Demora

Hardened and untamed is my darling dame
Boisterous and hilarious are her witty ways
So sociable and accepting is her sight
For too was she once beneath the beaten
And made selectively foreign to such manors

Slain upon putrid and mortifying balcony
Due to the will in which she believed
For her pain was not caused by jealousy
But instead dismantled and relieved

Not aware of imminent and unsavory fate
Neither friend nor foe could attempt to save
She hiked for miles absent destination
Into the blistering abyss of heathens

It may not have been the ruin of rue
Or the dismay of retreating tears
But rather than being defeated
She had buried soul within trusted clear

Foretelling the extermination of her weakness
She with forthcoming execution determined
While clutching lonely and longing letters
Written by what had been awaiting her return

Staggered Tips

Giggling gestures endlessly echoing
Jumping and gyrating through emptied halls
While heavenly hovering over the inevitable
As tempered temptresses swirl about
Luring my loosened yet anonymous doubts

Miserable sustenance feeds the unfed
As toppling turmoil laces fragile death
Pricking and punching melting floors
Misleading the unclaimed and unnamed
Under the pseudonym of buffering bold

Vague were the fundamentals of thought
In which supported my bumbling bite
Refusing to appease my untamable thirst
For pleasures of barren malnourishment

Cherishing the precious tips of tools
Forged within flabbergasted heat
Fit to suppress the pulp of my posture
Brutishly bubbling from bickering blow

Frozen Jewels

Conjoined by the sparkles of sprites
Flamboyantly floating around halted halo
Pivoting childishly in sequence to muse
While popping pedestals hoist the mundane
Alas the bewilderment of the unbound

Tickling cherries, peaches and sprees
Purging protruding and unsettling anarchy
As the summer's fall licks the loathed
And restrains all cumbersome ties

Stringing the unstoppable madness
Of unlovable lapses and landings
Brought before the candid chagrin
That insulates the invisible heartache
In which barricades my binding whine

Starry struts cannot cure my illness
Nor will samples of exposed tragedy
For holding the method of message
Gifts her and her alone
With an incentive to try again

Shadowed Physique

Hoarded around voluptuous vignette
Discussing ancestral and sublime inconsistencies
As impatient powder quietly fills concocted crevices
Of molded raw and rumored robustness
Substances in which deviate from oblivious orifices
Nervously struck across plummeting plights

Pumping soundly as duration depreciates
While unseen aromas liquefy when brushed
Illuminating calmed womb and deflowered feline
Under such purified and whitened taste
As floundering fins cease to spin

Anxious to release anticipated emblem
My anguish thaws from solidified slumber
Murdering breathing mementos of disturbed past
Left to die by force of unjustifiable statements
Etched within pieces of icy sexuality

Our sanctuary unspoiled and immortalized
Ever to remain as a monument of intimacy
Rewarded maturely as a token of priority
Not postponed by gossip or hallucinated allure
But built to encase image of personal revolution

Reflected Forgiveness

Tunneled mines of minted ore
Cautiously confined within netted shore
Buckets and barrels figuring their fill
As tinkered tin shatters crumbling rock

Crude copper continues to surface
No shimmer of gold shines to eye
For too is there much depth to be dug
Still distant from riches of the mind

Humble hardship jolts my sore soul
As future of happiness flutters and fades
Though sudden shouts tingle discovery
My hope yet trots away empty and blazed

Stilled by the sounds of her gentle voice
The optics of an angel tangle my stance
Pleading for me not to leave scene
I marked my presence and spoke the words
“Why, my dear. I will never flee thee...”

Wooded Passion

Carved hearts upon olden oak tree
Our initials lie worn but still engraved
The Fall sharply recollects our personalities
For it has since shielded sculpted inscription
Maintaining every mark, every detail, every memory

The letter "A" represents the nature of man
A man whom of which displays his brilliance
Concerned about what is needed and not wanted
And remains patient for the woman of his life
As she too waits for the man of her dreams

The letter "E" represents the beauty of a woman
A woman whom of which covers her beliefs
Is quaint and quiet when listening to others
But speaks her thoughts when desperately required
For she still waits for the man of her dreams
To travel onward, swoop her up and take her breath away

In coincidence of day in which we had signed
Together we met at the base of that olden oak tree
Sunset in distance with leaves falling from Fall
We gathered our words, but didn't speak them at all
For as we turned heads and touched sight with wood
There was nothing more to be stated, except
The enduring resemblance of our adore

Unfathomable Union

Wedded in matrimony under glittery suns
As inhabitants of the forests converge at dawn
Crisp floral is left sweating from frosted cool
While holy fashion wrinkles at muddy smudge
Devastating proposed plans for joyous ritual

Soiling the merriment thriving without tame
Undermining the very existence of engagement
As plated rings slide grievously off parted palms
Ripping the nurtured vines entwined within biblical terms
That encompass steaming vows and furious families

Replacing the bonds between the sadly separated
Imposes difficult and inconceivable predicament
So incredibly stretched from feasible comprehension
That even if equipped priest formed respectable compromise
Neither applicable party would gain common sensibility

Marriage was once desired and thoroughly understood
But never was seriously considered amongst the loved
For the groom whom of which had offered himself
Had not only been rejected by the bride he sought
But was banished into a dimension of haunting humility

Clever Envy

Pieced spices inflame acquired appetite
As spectral flavors are ravenously relished
Whetting swelled tongue while savoring slivers
Of the mouthwatering yet unreachable treats
That pile along the splintered brim of a bastard

Abandoned at birth and orphaned by years
He passes between the mangled and the mischievous
Knowing not of his parents or departed relatives
His fragmented history remains mugged and abducted
Stolen without cause and defined by disloyalty

Evaporating as minutes limp down bruised roads
Natural purpose is split and stripped from stack
As willful choice is kept secret by cults and covens
That guard the gated keys of recorded victories
Deeds in which tremble at the signals of the sewn

Starving, freezing and homeless are his morals
Confused, disfigured and unanswered are his questions
Questions that flirtatiously surround the date
The date in which the elaborate lies of his lover
Were noticed as the scandals of her cheat
Had been axed by the man in which she loved

Studio Carnage

Mourning mountains preserved in snickering snow
Harmoniously spread across young and teething terraces
Isolated are the luminous lands that border rigid ponds
Pluvial puddles of bloated bubbles and blocks of ice
That tranquilly overlook the weathered areas abroad

Stuffed cabin logged parallel to the uneven shelves
Spanning higher than the prickly shrubs and pines
Feverishly fenced to protect pending and uneasy means
Of to what might be classified as being inadvertently crucial
To the survival of struggling yet plausible apparitions

Figments of our past tremble in terror as the foretold unfolds
Forbidding access to objectionable and unpleasant premise
Stylishly situated are those in which we attempt to forget
But as they press to inspire present incidences of scaled paramount
Properties of prophecies unravel as they are sketched in stale slopes

My heart stalled within encasing glass for public display
As an attraction to mothers, sons and daughters alike
Accounting not for the excruciating cramps of expulsion
That have yet to be persuaded and ordered to retreat
From the emotional bias that charges my injured fondness

Parental Premonition

Boxed chocolates and a blooming bouquet of roses
Concealed beneath her pillows, sheets and mattress
Stressed opinions and epiphanies expressed by father
Thoughtfully radiate throughout household of bondage
Forestalling the release of breathing mouth below bed

The inspection of closets and the seizure of suspicions
Is hurried as angled ultimatum disintegrates and frays
The hooves of a stallion ignorantly obliterate drunken daze
Pushing against basement hatch and backdoor screen
Gallop further along the battered path of scrutiny

Boy insisting to exit odious and attentive conditions
Inconsiderately creaking floppy and flimsy floorboards
Following each innocent step he daringly takes towards window
Even after cautious and concerned hints from his sweetheart
Whistle loudly aloft his wilted and unwise ambition

At last does father confront final and probable proximity
Just as boy swoops unto fronted grass and marches streets
Inquire does he about the scented smells and moistened wisps of air
That have romantically permeated and penetrated his atmosphere
But to his revelation no trace, trickle or impression was left behind
Except for the smudged lipstick and eyeliner upon her virginal face

Midnight Wine

Sipping aged wine while snacking on bread and cheese
Watching the colored fireworks implode atop the clocks
Listening to the hushed dings of the banging bronze bells
As they painlessly collide simultaneously at the twelve
Embellishing the vibrant significance of admired monuments

Friends clumsily drinking bliss nectar during film screenings
Movies describing the harshness of war and wounded veterans
Seeing the soldiers residing in cushioned coffins coated black
Being shipped by the dozen, crossing the open and jubilant seas
Brought to be honored by all and buried properly with resting relief

Culture, as it seems, is baked fresh in an oven every morning
Swaddled in pressed cloth and sold at the local marketplace
Swapped in exchange for printed and coined currencies
Not only to be cherished at the bottoms of our stomachs
But to be remembered by its firmness and traditional flavor

The honeymoon was certainly brief, but will always be treasured
Pictures were taken of the restaurants we visited and the statues we saw
Insomnia did affect the ways in which we vacationed the country
Yet the entertainers we attended and struts from every ballroom dance
Cannot and will never be valued differently from our time spent in
France

Risque Muse

Hissing aimlessly along my muscled thighs
Ticklish and tingly are her lowering eyes
Moving in and out of the moonlight darkness
As humid and sticky nails naughtily clasp mat
Perking the sluggish talons of a rooster straight

Ecstatic and eager are her consuming sways
Devouring extended inches of exotic chemistry
Substituting the adrenalin rambunctiously running
Between expanding cavities, both thick and thin
In relation to the soaked meat smothering my handles

Purging the harking hormones rushing through
To and from the ridges of her clenched teeth
Sporadically splattering walls within kitchen
Snapping the abused mahogany underneath
Shattering the witnessing tiles inferior to feet

Exhausted from enacting unspeakable strokes
And pouring excreted fluids unto bolted floor
We bribe the surrounding with selected tickets
Gaining all admittance to the recurring exactitude
Of the premature intimacy we have chosen to ride

Suicidal Heartache

Barrels of sawed dust and gallons of grotesque grief
Bottled, capped and labeled to bring forth able end
Dispensed for meager consumption while tailed rats
Fester as they swallow vile and incriminating evidence
Of the product that has sprouted from my teetering soul

Frank and utterly forward were my previous sweets
But so bitter and worthless were their teasing tactics
My kindness did securely plaster and properly paste
What I presumed to be our future days and weeks
But sharing the favor made them turn ever so meek

Presents in which I had purchased for their genuine delight
Were returned with bleeding guilt and left without a fight
Clues to what might have happened had been brightly burned
Quieted by the antagonizing inferno installed before my regard
As I conferred the absence of lasting love in a volatile life

The potency of the illusions that distracted my suicide
Drew my theories closer to being subsequently received
Taken into the immaculate and proficient care of therapy
To be provided solely and wholeheartedly by a woman
A mortal whom of which has and continues to believe in me

Benighted Attire

Hiked leather boots ferociously feathered in flocks
Coated mink and foxy scarf around kneeling neck
Obeying fashionable trends twirling within time
Nibbling at each mortified model attracted to such
As she weaves her anchored figure further on through

Addicted to buttoned dresses and embroidered sleeves
Department stores are always filled with her curiosity
Handbags, wallets and wristbands of the finest brands
Mysteriously assemble at the foundation of her cart
While the cashier proposes a total with the flick of a hand

Hundreds are expected to be spent at my own expense
As the woman in which applauds shopping's philosophy
Materialistically concludes that my sole mission as a male
Is to finance her derogatory and mindless dependencies
Without evaluating the ramifications dormant within

Monthly statements never seem to mentally disturb me
Nor do the horrifying heaps of receipts upon my desk
For if I assessed my moments of charity and tolerance
With the same stubbornness that accommodates persona
I don't think devotion would have ever befriended my insight

Futile Trumpet

Acutely observant during phases of resentment and ignore
Devious likenesses humbly court the troubled and forewarned
Adolescent storms will not cease if the seen remains sanctioned
For if the unholy and perverted angelically pledge their plan
Contracted benevolence will uncover the subdued and forgotten

Mistresses burrowed within dulled confidants and dried temptations
Shallowly shriek and challengingly scowl at the yelling of my name
Hosted discussions of revenge endlessly echo through the riled rivets
Summoning the prude and brutish concepts of their huddled hatred
Defining the murderous, incoherent and malicious debts I still owe

Written in clotted ink with the quilted tip of a quailed instrument
A document is abhorrently concocted to absolve mingled matters
Repulsive and profuse are the flagrantly stated terms of titillation
Specified by the bewitched and wildly unacceptable advancements
Taken towards the grumbling grounds of an unwanted battlefield

Gravestones are prepared with personalized markings of valor
Controversial weaponry and unkind cutlery are sharpened in shame
Pawns are readied by the sounding of the squandered chariot horns
But at the awaited peak of initiation, I refuse to stand beside my men
For unlike them, I have peered through hostility and witnessed
loneliness

Awaited Crave

Streamers strung across the shingles of the garage
Multicolored balloons bobbing back into the wind
The tearing of nylon ribbons and birthday wrappings
Sound around the children floating within the pool
While invited guests slowly arrive for the occasion

Meats, beans and salads are portrayed with quality
Complimenting the homemade lemonade and tea
Parching the thirsts of her uncles, aunts and cousins
As they plate what food has been made available
By riddled recipes bestowed between generations

Suits fitted by men and dresses draped by women
Materials furnished to crazed and arrant perfection
Elaborately designed as they meet certain preferences
But not close to being comparable to the gaudy gown
In which my beautiful dame wore on her eighteenth

Lighting each wax candle topping the delicate cake
Her mother gives her permission to make a single wish
Holding the hand laid upon my leg, I lean and inquire
“My love, what will you wish for? What could you need?”
Gasping with a little giggle, she whispers into my ear
“I require nothing, for you are already here my dear.”