

Poetry:

Poems of Darkness; Poems of Light

David Shane Burton

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Introduction

This new version for August 13, 2009 has refinements, an updated link to my new website, and two new poems with their titles in blue font.

This book is a compilation of all my poems to the date within the file's name. I'm dividing the book into poems of darkness and poems of light.

The poems of darkness come from times of discouragement and even from the point of view of the lost. People who find themselves in one of these states will be able to relate, and others will be able to remember those feelings in times past.

The poems of light are poems of hope and faith from the point of view of those saved and struggling, but strong in their faith.

Some poems may ride the middle ground, but I've ventured to place them in the more appropriate section.

I'll list the poems in alphabetical order in each section. With some poems, I may offer up a small commentary before the work. Though the pages have no physical number, you can see the number near the bottom or top center of the Adobe Reader, which this pdf file is designed to be read with.

My poems do not usually stick to any normal standards. Some are completely free in form, some follow matching of syllable numbers, and some actually rhyme. I've had several people tell me they like my poems, when they usually don't like poetry at all. I try to always make my poems have meaning.

Well, whether you like them or not is for you to decide. Please pass this compilation on to others. All I ask is that people give me credit if they post any poems on any forums or websites.

If you think about it, please post a link to my main website: <http://www.dshaneburton.com/>

I'll always have my latest version of this poetry work posted there.

Thanks for giving my poems a shot,
D. Shane Burton

Poems of Light

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A Kind of Writer

I write of the new worlds
That fill up my daydreams
I weave stories from my
Imagination's thread

I seek to bring your mind
To a fantastic place
I desire to pull you
Down the road untraveled

I write the essence of
Intriguing characters
I make them feel real as
They tug at your heart strings

A novel releases
A fresh world of wonder
As the chapters unfold
And the story deepens

There within the drama
Are truths manifesting
They speak to the spirit
And stir the conscience

I now pray to the Lord
His guidance continues
As I write the words that
Prompt inner dialog

Now, who am I, you ask?
A struggling author
But truly I am this--
A parable writer

An Artist, She

In broad, strong strokes
She paints her world
In bright, brilliant hues
Dreams come to life

Her artist's eye
Her master's touch
She releases in waves
Of creative depth

The landscapes flow
From her sharp mind
And then come to life
Upon canvas or page

For she is an artist
Oh, her work, it dances
Her movements weaved
By her vision's song

Imagination's friend
She has become
They walk, hand-in-hand
In expressive love

Broken Heart

A wounded spirit
A broken bond
You turn away
And shatter my heart

Am I suddenly unlovable?
Has my heart changed at all?
What did you see in me before
That you do not see now?

Is it really my fault?
It's you that have gone
Too weak to fight
For a love you once knew

Away then, coward, my heart will survive
Our friendship? I think not
For how can we be less than what we had
When I still care, but you do not?

I will seek one who loves as I do
My Lord will heal and mend
The fresh cracks you've left
Into strong scars on my soul

My First Love stays
His embrace all-loving
His embrace for all time
Only a prayer away

He will teach me lessons
He will guide my steps
And in His time He will lead me
To my soulmate true

Then we will be joined
Me and my soulmate
Joined with our First Love
In a relationship beautiful and new

Dichotomy of Self

Passions run hot when the flesh is strong
The Spirit's voice is washed over in the flood
Our flesh is more strongly fed
Then we fall

Confession, repentance--we seek the Spirit's voice again
The cry of us all, when fallen to our wrong desires
Realizing that we have gone astray
We lift our heart and mind again to the Father

Set in right fellowship, we travel forth again
If kept strong in the Spirit, we will overcome
Yet the flesh rears its ugly head--
Then we fall again

The path of sanctification, so hard to walk
The roller-coaster of our lives we ride
Seeking to scale the heights, yet falling
The Lord can pull us from the depths

Time after time
When we fall
Time after time
He will restore

Diseased

Flawed, broken inside
Incomplete and wrong
I'm pleading His Blood
Yet remain unchanged
Is my faith too small?
Does sin hinder me?
I then check and see
That neither's lacking

Then I remember
The Apostle Paul
Who had prayed three times
Yet God left the thorn
Paul's faith was quite strong
And his heart was true
But for God's purpose
Paul was left diseased

I'm no different
As I am His child
God can surely heal
If He so chooses
Maybe not on Earth
But surely, Heaven
His grace's sufficient
Until I'm made whole

Do You Speak

Do you speak of dappled ponies
That prance in fields of green?
Or do you speak of swift horses
That race down roads between?

Do you speak of flying faeries
Who glitter in the night?
Or do you speak of the sirens
Who cause men's fatal plight?

Do you speak of the ancient sage
Whose wisdom you would seek?
Or do you speak of the young fool
Whose company you'd keep?

Do you speak of the humble bard
Who spreads legend in song?
Or do you speak of the town fool
Who sings 'fore crack of dawn?

Tell me now, of who do you speak?
Truly, I want to know
Please tell me now to ease my mind
For quite soon I must go

(Author's note: This romantic poem was published as part of my third novel, Dark Tyrant's Ascension, in 2005. One word has been replaced. I have added "silken" instead of "raven" to make the poem less specific. The character's wife had black hair, hence the original "raven." The "blessed" is pronounced "bless-ed.")

Echo of Heaven

In her eyes I see the dawn
Fiery orbs open like the rising sun
Casting their inner light
Deep into my soul

Her lips soft as a baby's skin
Red and supple as the petal of a rose
They rise to meet my kiss
Giving me life with their very touch

Her silken hair drapes down
Caressing her warm and gentle face
Framing a beauty of which the poets write
Seeking its capture in verse or rhyme

Her touch, a warm and tender hold
In it, somehow, she reaches my depths
Her touch lingers and I am made strong
Her feminine grace ignites my heart

Wrapped in her passionate embrace
I can feel her heart pounding
It slowly matches rhythm
And beats in time with my own

To me, she's God's most beautiful creation
From her spirit shines a brilliant hue
And from her I receive a gift most precious
The love she gives me of her own free will

She is my echo of heaven
She is the completion of my soul
She was fashioned by the Master's hand
She was made to be my blessed love

Encouragers

The mighty bridge's great span
Would fall to the sea below
If not for its strong supports
Hidden beneath in shadow

The tall and wide redwood tree
Would never reach lofty heights
If not for the strong, hard ground
That holds its roots fast and tight

The great generals who lead
Could not keep their position
If not for the brave soldiers
Who carry out their missions

The writers' and singers' work
Would never see light of day
If not for encouragers
Supporting them all the way

Yes, most things would fall apart
And some people would be spent
If not for some true and strong
Support and encouragement

Eternal Spring

Tender are her eyes
They melt my heart of stone
Gentle is her touch
A salve to heal my wounds

Her love rouses me
To again feel passion,
Which I'd abandoned
Upon life's lonely road

Her care, tangible
And all her passion, true
A stronghold of love
Is in her tender hold

Her warm, silky touch
Ignites my desire, deep
Her longing embrace
Can set my soul aflame

I kiss her moist lips
Rose petals set ablaze
Lost in her softness
To linger for an age

I shall plant in her
All of my manly love
She's my fertile field
She's my eternal Spring

Facing Lessons

What are these lessons I've learned
Throughout all my trials and storms?
Are they worth the anguish, pain
As I bleed and scars are born?

Dark lessons, hard, they strike me
Testing faith, breaking down pride,
God crushes me and I cry,
"Where is Your help now to guide?"

Then I read of those before
Who suffered worse hurt and shame
I see them later restored
But should I hope for the same?

Just what will God make of me
This broken, weak, sinful man?
Will I now languish and die?
Or be rescued by His hand?

As I wallow in the pit
I cast weary eyes above
Will this burden ever lift?
Can I count upon His love?

Failings

A stray thought
An old memory
Dredged up from a long time ago

Pain and disgust
Then rise hand in hand
At your resurfaced sins and shameful past

That old set of irons
Will shackle your spirit
And refocus your thoughts on a forgiven wrong

Though long ago confessed
It burns in your psyche
And becomes a damaging tool in the enemy's hand

Call on the Lord
Remember once again
That he has already paid the debt for your sin

Satan's minions rise up
They seek to bind you
But resist the devil and he will surely flee

Do not allow the fallen
To use your own memories
As piercing daggers with which to wound your soul

Keep your mind set
On the God Above All
Not on your past failings from times of old

Light and Dark

The Bible's light fills me up
A bright display of meaning
The Word deeply penetrates
My soul, illuminating

Darkness seeks to hide the Way
A sly trap causing blindness
Deep within my memory
Its stagnant pools drown focus

Light and dark in constant war
Now their battlefield's worn bare
They fight inside heart and mind
As hope grapples with despair

This fragile life's a tempest
A storm of day versus night
On a field of deep passions
One's boots can march wrong or right

Seek the Holy Spirit's voice
The world's voice is death's embrace
Bend passions to your spirit
As the flesh brings naught but waste

Live and Believe

Breathe, so the shadows do not fall over you
Breathe, let life remain in your body and soul
Breathe, though it is painful for you to do so
Breathe, so your life's ember continues to burn

Reach, for the only One who can heal you
Reach, to the only God Above All
Reach, for His arms want to hold you
Reach, He will strengthen you now

Strive, His power will yet sustain you
Strive, to learn what He is trying to teach
Strive, to give up now will not profit you
Strive, for ending it will not fix the pain

Believe, He has in mind what's best for you
Believe, He will bring you through or take you home
Believe, He has the greatest of love for you
Believe, you are never alone

(I felt inspired to write this on April 13th, 2008. I found out a few days later that one of my best friends was killed in a motorcycle accident on that very day, probably close to the time I was writing this. I dedicate this poem to Richard C. Johnson.)

Loss

Separated
Gone from this mortal coil
Yet there is hope
A better place exists
For those in Christ
For those who are the Son's

We grieve
We mourn
When one departs
And leaves us behind
In this dark world
In this fragile place

Comfort us, Holy Spirit
Staunch the bleeding
Scar this fresh wound
Let the mark remind us
That Your heaven awaits
That we are Yours

Never forgotten
We hold their memory
It's etched forever
In our heart
And in our soul
Until we fly home

Old Corpse

In this place where the world ends
In the middle of the flow of time
I sit, alone

Thinking upon the end of all things
But then I realize it is not so
The End, I mean

He is everlasting, eternal
And so am I with Him
In Christ

Without Him I would go on forever
Though without Christ
Existing in Death

Speak into the void now before you die
Call out with your heart's voice
To the Savior

You will become alive unto Him
Your former life a dark memory
An old corpse

An old corpse fading in the sands of time
Dragging at your new man
Until You go home

Perchance To Dream

Now I awake from dreaming
As the morning light chases
The images from my brain
They fade like fog in the sun

Stray scenes linger on a bit
Shards of my strange adventures
Lived alone within my mind
Life is poorer for their loss

Oh, but to capture a dream
To hold it burning, alive
All within my waking thoughts
Yes, what stories I could write

I dream once more the next night
Do the pieces now reform?
Or is each image fresh, new?
Does that even matter now?

I awake from a new dream
But this time it's one that's rare
As the dream remains intact
Vivid as any stage play

To sleep and perchance to dream
We have heard it said before
Through dreams the Master can speak
If He truly wishes to

The Lord can preserve our thoughts
His still, small voice in our depths
Can also reveal to us
Deep flaws buried in our souls

Pimple

Do you feel like a pimple
On the butt of life?
Do you feel like a stain
On a new, white shirt?

If so, it's because life sucks
Yes, life sucks, and then you die
This sorry existence is the closest
Any true Christian will ever get to Hell

The evil that God permits
He uses to refine us
Causing us pain and tribulation
While we're still here

Will we come out stronger?
Or will we give up on this hard road?
Where's His light yoke and burden?
As we're buried alive by the world?

Turn to Him for relief
Though He won't always give it
Until His way and purpose
Has been formed in you

But He will give you strength
To endure all the pain
And in the end you'll be
Far better than before

Sin Consumed

I walk the wayward path
I tread the bitter night
My soul and flesh eat sin
In my dark appetite

Oh, what cold plate is this?
What rotten dish I've tried?
Its taste sweet as nectar
But it burns deep inside

Can I vomit this plague?
I seek to spew the beast
Will its vileness choke me
If I cast out my feast?

A fool, on sin I dined
Enticed by false allure
Can I again be cleaned?
Can I be free once more?

God, restore me again!
"God, burn me through!" I yell
Jesus, wash clean this fool!
And end this living hell!

So That He May Live

And he spoke with all the rage
The world had fueled within him
His mouth a flaming hearth
His hot breath burning all

In a dark tempest turning
Hate stirs his mind's confusion
He speaks cruel intentions
His tongue, a sharp razor

Isolated existence
Therein lies his only peace
Wounded heart despising
All who had left him cold

He must break from the cycle
Within his heart and being
Set aside his passion
To spare his wounded soul

Turn away from rejection
Turn away from pretenders
Reject the unfaithful
Oh, so that he may live

Tears

My tears fall like drops of liquid lead
They splash down upon the naked ground
My chest implodes and I feel quite dead
My cold heart shatters without a sound

While all the lost scoffers mock and jeer
I wrestle an old man horrendous
A corpse that still has my new man's ear
Causing my falls to be stupendous

In this sea of dark humanity
The spirit man cries that all's not lost
But by temptations and vanity
My now warring soul is roughly tossed

He says I must turn and seek His face
The still, small voice I hear deep within
Then my pained heart will heal in His grace
And defeat the old, cursed man of sin

Feed the spirit man and make him strong
So new, joyous tears will freely flow
Seek Christ to overcome all that's wrong
For within the Lord your heart will grow

The Sailor's Creed

I sail the seas of forgetfulness
As I skim over the waves of life
I forget all God has done for me
Through His only Son, Jesus, the Christ

Sailing the troubled ocean of time
I sail future, rarely looking past
Yet if I'd recall all that He's done
Hope and faith would surely hold steadfast

Remember past wrongs, but dwell on grace
To not strike the deadly reef of sin
Don't damage the fragile ship, your soul
But keep the Captain your God and Friend.

Climb the crow's nest to see what's ahead
Though the spyglass is darkened for you
The Captain's Word can straighten your course
But He must rudder, for the course, true

All praises for the one true Captain
Yes, we praise His perfect, guiding hand!
Lean upon the Captain of Captains
Not upon the wayward course of man!

The Wall of Reality

Don't laugh, fool
Your time will come
One day you will hit
The wall of reality

A haughty mind
Rejects the simple choice
The pride of life
Rejects life in Christ

You think yourself wise
Yet you're an intellectual stooge
You say there is no God
An expression of your blind stupidity

The complexity
The design
The interconnectivity of life
Screams "Created!"

Your arrogance
Your willful blindness
Your explanation does not consider
Even a possibility of God

Thinking there can be no intelligence
Thinking there can be no power
Higher than that of humanity
Higher than what your mind can conceive

You hold to a theory
Which science cannot prove
Yet deny the evidence of God
All around you

Repent, fool
Turn from idiocy to God
Turn before you die
And hit God's wall of reality

(Author's note: This poem was published in my third novel, Dark Tyrant's Ascension, in 2005. It is reduced to 10 font to fit this page.)

Through The Storm

Confusion
Pain
In my heart
In my mind

Circumstances
Ever-changing
They tear at me
To pull me apart

Cold, alone
Amidst tempest turning
Blinded by circumstances
Swallowed by doubt

I look
I reach
Through waters churning
Churning on this sea of life

Jesus
The Christ
My heart pleading
In desperate reaching

Suddenly
Powerfully
Peace falling
Hope descending

Against all reason
Against all logic
A wave of love and strength
Peace invades my soul

Abba Father
Thank you Jesus
Your Holy Spirit fills me
Through storm unchanged, yet quelled

Brand new power
Not my own
But from my Father
For life's storms

His peace now fills me
As I sail the dark sea
His peace now moves me
Through the storm

Treasure

I sit atop the Cliff of Sadness
And look down upon the Lonely Sea
Until a Righteous Wind stirs my soul
And I focus on the Isle of Pain

Should I set sail on the Ship of Faith
An adventure to land on Pain's beach?
While braving the Lonely Sea's tempest
All to seek the buried Chest of Hope?

Can the Rudder of Truth guide my ship
To Pain Isle's hidden Cove of Love?
Where the touch of Pain is diminished
And Hope's Chest awaits my diligence

Just beneath the Sands of Time it rests
Life's Greatest Treasure just out of sight
Bountiful Treasure, enough for all
Was placed there two thousand years ago

It's said the Great Treasure has a Mark
An Eternal Sign so all will know
Not an "X" upon the Sacred Place
But a Barren Cross reveals Hope's Spot

Trip The Light Fantastic

A spectacle beyond imagining
Oh, a sight beyond compare
To trip the light fantastic
And burn my perceptions bare

A phantasmagorical expression
An overwhelming display
One of surreal creation
That would blow my mind away

Is this how God's holy heaven appears
To our minds of flesh and nerve?
And for this place do you long
But you know you don't deserve?

Yet Christ's sacrifice has opened the way
He has unlocked heaven's door
So walk down His narrow path
In fellowship evermore

So now you must trip the light fantastic
Accept the Lord Jesus Christ
You'll receive Spirit and Truth
Being born, not once, but twice

Then one glorious day you'll join with Him
In that ineffable place
Then one day you'll live with God
Light fantastic by His grace

W

What wicked ways we walk
When wild wonders we want
We will wander widely
When willfully wrong

Waxing worse, we're wasted
Witchcraft, we worship
Whenever we're world-warped
Wrought with wantonness

Who watches while we weaken?
We're walking within wilderness
Who wails with woeful words?
Wishing we would wake?

Wistfully, we wilt
We whisper, "Why?"
We wear wounds, worry
We whimper, we whine

Watch warily!
Wrath will work!
Wake, wanderer, wake!
Welcome wisdom within!

Web

Strong deceiving strands
Built from twisted truths
Mixed with subtle lies
Now capture your heart

Quickly snared and held
Entranced and beguiled
Caught and hanging trapped
By the deceiver

Seeking to escape
You start to struggle
Only to wrap tight
The powerful trap

The villain comes near
Fangs dripping venom
Death will be certain
Unless you are saved

So beyond yourself
You call out for aid
And a helping hand
Pulls you from the web

Not of your own strength
Came deliverance
Only a Savior
Could rescue you whole

When We Care Too Much

When you offer Christ
But He's rejected
And your heart is crushed
That's when you care too much
That's when you care too much

When your heartfelt vision
Flounders far too long
And then breaks your will
That's when you care too much
That's when you care too much

You can't effect change
Nor strive to bring gain
When you wound your heart
That's when you care too much
That's when you care too much

We are to tell them
And we are to care
Though the burden's God's
Or we will care too much
Or we will care too much

We would crush our heart
Then break our spirit
And torture our soul
If we would care too much
If we would care too much

Only God can care that much
Only God can take our load
Only God can heal our soul
When we care too much
When we care too much

When You Hear My Bones Crack

Hey, hey, you--run, man, run
Demons are on our trail
Don't you turn and look back
When you hear my bones crack
When you hear my bones crack

Satan's mighty minions
They want to see me fall
They want to see me fail
Want to hear my bones crack
Want to hear my bones crack

Sometimes I lose my witness
Sometimes I lose my strength
That's when I bite the dust
You can hear my bones crack
You can hear my bones crack

Pulped and bloody spirit
A battered lump of flesh
You can see marrow flow
When you hear my bones crack
When you hear my bones crack

God help me turn to You
God help me reach for You
God give me strength in You
When I hear my bones crack
When I hear my bones crack

Poems of Darkness

Section Two

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A Darkness Born

In waves of anger
In waves laced with doubt
My burning psyche
My lost, throbbing mind

Fire flares within me
Spawned by confusion
Released from The Pit
Tormenting my soul

Now my spirit wanes
In this awful blight
My heart is engulfed
In a darkness born

Evil genesis
Frustration's effect
Felt separation
From all that is right

You weave a dark cage
Oh, ye black tendrils
You trap my being
In twisted, vile coils

And I reside here
And I die here too
In my utter loss
Beneath the dark waves

Adrift

My boat was moored to her
An inviting harbor
Oh, my ropes were held fast
To bits upon her wharf

Life's ever-changing waves
Brought us both together
We held a loose embrace
And we stood side-by-side

Then the violent storms came
Testing bonds between us
Our ropes of love held fast
Until wind and sea calmed

But in those joining ropes
A cancer slowly grew
Some inner blight, unseen
A dark and poisoned rot

Weakened were ties that bind
From disease in their midst
The next storm was enough
To set our hearts adrift

I tried like a doctor
To mend cords between us
But the vile, dark disease
Was stronger than my cure

I begged her, my harbor
Call the Great Physician
But she'd not hear my plea,
Deaf and bitter to me

I float free now at sea
My journey lost and dark
Our bonds broken, hanging
In the icy waters

Alone

Distant are the churched
As I pray near them
I smile their way
But they still shun me

They are church members
They have their circle
Of other churched friends
For me, they don't care

They know I believe
I'm there among them
Not a target now
For their witnessing

But for some reason
I'm not good enough
They do not see me
Worthy of their time

Alone in their midst
Ignored, though present
A church pariah
Though not by my choice

It's then I realize
These are church players
They have "holy" fronts
They are portraying

Yet I always strive
To truly be real
And I always strive
To really be true

I won't wear a mask
They tolerate me
But I'm rejected
As I'll play no games

Ashes

I walk the ashes
Of those who once lived
I trod the remains
Of those who've passed on
They are long dead now
Ages dead and gone

Now the pretenders
The crafty users
Insidious, sly
Come alongside me
But all of their dust
I shake off, then go

They flashed me a smile
While hiding their fangs
But time--my old friend
Has opened my eyes
So now I see them
As they truly are

I walk the ashes
Of those who still live
Yet are dead to me
I brush them aside
To sweep clean my life
Of human refuse

Bleak Season

I stand in darkness
I shun the light
I am fearful
I am alone

What dark night is this
That covers my eyes?
What forgotten way
Do I walk upon?

Has my spirit fled?
Leaving me a hollow man
Has my passion died?
Leaving me vacant, empty

As the snow I drift
And like an icicle
I am stiff and cold
In this bleak season

Shrouded in a frozen fog
Preserved I am, in pain
A deep, abiding ache
I am chilled to the bone

Breaking

A broken heart's not a home
I flee its frail condition
I shout against the God above
Asking Him, "What have You done?"

In deep pain I thrash my Lord
Wounded, renounce my Savior
Now in sorrow's pit, I stand
Blinded to all God's favor

Pain, confusion, pain again
Heart and soul torn asunder
Betrayal deep, abiding
My life is ripe for plunder

Emotion, a wall, rises
From its crest, do I tirade
I weep until tears won't flow
I rage until my voice fades

Will this madness ever break?
Or will I die while aching?
My scapegoat, my only hope
God, help me as I'm breaking

Broken

Broken arms and broken legs
My mobility is none
Broken heart and broken mind
Now my life has come undone

Broken words and broken pledge
Oh, ashamed I have become
Broken faith and broken trust
Yes, alone I am, and numb

Broken life and broken love
Now in coldness I exist
Broken bonds and broken home
In deep loss I clench my fists

Buried Tome

Oh, naivety--
New passion burns bright
Yet in a brief time
Rejection cuts you

The heart bleeds and flows
A torrent of dreams
Spill forth and languish
In disinterest

Wasted, lost, and cold
Little breath remains
In a choking grasp
Obscurity's hold

Its light is ignored
A book passed over
But its message yet
Holds power and life

The deep, buried tome
Now remains hidden
It's rarely unearthed
Though some still seek it

Only a few find
Its fertile landscapes
All preserved within
Its dusty covers

Dark Grip

Just whose name shall I seek
When darkness I behold?
In somber tones, I speak
They mark my wounded soul

A life of cold despair
Of lonely, utter waste
I seek some sign of life
Yet bitterness I taste

The darkened, loathsome path
The night in brightest day
This veil--despondency
This shade--a vanquished love

I languish in this place
In a dark grip, I'm held
Life is an empty blight
No light but that from Hell

Dark Field

Within this dark field
I feel my dreams die, but yet
A single rose grows

A lone, last vestige
Just a shard of hope is left
For me to grasp at

Alone, it withers
Its petals shrivel and fall
Until all are gone

Bereft of beauty
Only a thorny stem stands
Still clinging to life

Despondency falls
Smashing my hope in the ground
Like a lead shadow

Dead, my fallen dream
Crushed, its possibility
Within this dark field

Despondent

A burning loneliness
A bitter state
No direction or purpose
In chaos, hate

I am abandoned
In my mind
I am desolate
In my vision

Darkness threatens
A creeping mist shadows my soul
A dark embrace
Grabs hold of my spirit

There is no sound,
But the steady flow of my own life's blood
There is no thought,
But the emptiness of this place I have found

Desires are pounding
My heart is askew
The passion is no longer my own,
But the twisted images of a fallen mind

I float further from the shore
Is there no one to steer me from the raging waves?
I grow despondent over my fate
Will no one stop me before I reach the falls ahead?

The way is veiled to me
The path is shrouded
I cannot see ...
I cannot see ...

Disillusioned

Within me is hell
A burning, seething cauldron
Fed by abandonment's fuel
So inside I rage

And God is silent
Despite all my heart's chaos
What should be freely given
Is withheld from me

Now these are my friends:
Pain, confusion, and anger
Filling a void that God's left
He's deaf to my cries

So now I realize
That I have been forgotten
I'm despised and discarded
Being left for dead

I still have my breath
But that breath's my enemy
If only death were able
To swallow my pain

Yet I'm tormented
As I contemplate what fate
Will continue to crush me
When I'm in the grave

I bitterly weep
For I am disillusioned
And I wallow in darkness
Though I have been saved

(This poem was in book three of my Orianus Creation Series, Dark Tyrant's Ascension. Draught is an old term for a kind of liquid consumable or drink.)

Distraught

What has my effort wrought?
A bowl of dust with but a few drops of water.
What has my passion garnered?
A passing glance from most as my heart lays wasted.

How can my passion still burn bright?
When most pass over the flag my heart unfurls.
What bitter draught is this I drink?
A draught of ambivalence, disinterest, and vision spurned.

Why do the dark sands blow across my child?
A covering of shadows and dunes over the passage of time.
When will my vision break out of the desert?
Springing full in the sight of all who had once ignored.

The weight grows heavy upon my heart,
As it crushes the blossom that seeks to bloom.
The shadow stretches forth its gnarled hand,
To cover the fading embers that once consumed.

Entice

Your words, they bleed sunshine
As you promise a hundredfold
Full of sugar, your lines
Coated thick to entice the soul

Straight teeth, white as pure snow
Hair shaped to a perfect, slick hold
Eyes of maniacal intensity
Hands bearing heavy rings full of gold

You shout out a "Glory!"
Smiling over a veiled intention
You then dance for the sheep
Seeking harvest where you've not sown

You're Satan's true puppet
Yes, his tool, pawn, and slave
Increase will not follow
When you enter your grave

Far North

Where's the brilliant sunshine?
Just a weak, low light is here
Where's the fleeting warmth I seek?
My bones are now deeply cold

Have I become one with ice?
A frozen husk, not myself
Am I lost in the far north?
A man out of place and time

Where has my fellow man gone?
I'm abandoned and alone
Where are my brave rescuers?
I'm left to shiver and die

Why do snow swirls wrap me 'round?
I feel their icy embrace
Why do my thoughts flee from me
When, at last, I close my eyes?

Frozen Rope

I was a supple structure
With the pressure I could bend
Now I hold my stubborn shape
My defiance I extend

To defend a wounded heart
Like a wall of bricks I stand
A tower tall and lofty
Far above the reach of man

A scar has formed within me
It's a deep, abiding wound
It now has healed so thickly
I'm as distant as the moon

We are all designed to flex
Meant to bend with every pain
But like a hard, frozen rope
I now fracture under strain

(This poem was written in response to my frustration with the low exposure and response to my novels. It is written in Tolkien's style.)

Lamentation to Creativity

The persistent pain in my mind
This great frustration that I find
A bitter pill, my vision still
My hope wasted, broken, and blind

The last curtain call for passion
My bitter end, of a fashion
My mind is bent, my heart is spent
A former, creative bastion

Lament faithful of Orianus
Cry for rejections numerous
A novel spurned, the page unturned
By those who have failed to join us

This persistent pain will abide
The frustration will not subside
Yes, now I know, that it is so
A vision, hope, and dream untried

Lost

I felt the Earth die
I spoke its name in darkness
Yet it was gone

I now float in the void
The ground only a memory to my feet
Yet, somehow, I exist

My eyes seek the living
Though all have gone the way of ashes
Yet I am whole

The void caresses me
Its cold embrace holds no comfort
Yet comfort I seek

God--where is He?
My planet gone and only I exist
And I wonder, why?

I don't know what is worse
The utter cold or the complete loneliness
And I wonder if it matters now?

Where did the Earth go?
Where is that giant orb, teeming with warmth and life?
And I wonder, am I dead?

Does my heart still beat?
Still beating somehow when all others have ceased?
And I wonder, how?

I see the stars
Unimaginably distant in this sea of blackness
And I feel nothing
And I am nothing, for I am lost

(This poem was written to vent over the vast majority of experiences I've had with "churchy" girls. I know there are some different ones out there--I just can't find them.)

No Church Girl

Don't want no church girl
Not anymore
Don't want the girl who ignores

Don't want no "holy" girl
Hiding away
Who's heart is cold to the love of a good man

Don't want no pretender
To passion
Weeping at home, but then staying alone

Don't want no rejecter
Living a lie
Saying they want love, yet who run and hide

Don't want no lip service
The empty words
The girl who won't truly give you the time of day

Don't want no church girl
Who turns away
I'll take my chances with a girl in the world

Shadow Child

An echoing scream
Frustrated vision
A spiritual blow
When realization dawns that there are so few

A message unheard
A melody unsung
An effort spurned
When realization dawns that there are so few

The heart hurts
The mind reels
Those few the only balm
As darkness covers and floods my being

Anger wars with despondence
Pity sits alongside diminished hope
As tumbleweeds roll down the street of the child's birth
Just before the world grinds to a crawl within my heart and soul

The future is shadowed for the child
Shall the child fade when so few have known him?
Shall his beauty be ignored and fleeting
While those tainted and ugly remain and grow?

True life seeks expression through the child
Yet those who say they seek that life turn aside
To embrace the tainted demons in hiding
Thinking their corrupt bile will enlighten the mind

Shadowed but defiant
The child stands
Ignored and overlooked
But still truly whole

The child screams, "Hear my heart's cry!"
As the child bares his loving soul
Yet the deluded ones ignore his cries
Remaining ever lost and cold

Shattered Dreams

Upon the Reef of Shattered Dreams
I feel my vessel crash
My wooden hull in pieces now
It's spilling out its stash

I feel the dark, icy waters
They enter in my hull
The torrent fills my empty hold
My ship now dead and dull

Too late to patch the massive rend
I'm torn deep in my core
My precious cargo set adrift
It's floating to death's shore

My ship dies--the Passionate Heart
Who'd once sailed true and strong
Ending its life upon the rocks
Who've sought it all along

Oh, deadly Reef of Shattered Dreams
You've shorn my soul today
You've busted out my life, you see
And now it fades away

Silent

Life spins ever onward
A hollow existence
Cold, empty, and alone
It's devoid of meaning

We reach to the divine
Yet our hope is fleeting
As the silence greets us
And then we wonder why

We look round about us
As worldly ones fail us
Religious betray us
Again, we are alone

The God above us all
Power to form the stars
Power to pay sin's debt
Yet silent to our prayers

From what is this weakness?
What malady is this?
That stays the tongue of God?
That could keep closed His hand?

He hears all, yet seems deaf
He sees all, but seems blind
Has His hearing faded?
Has His sight somehow dimmed?

What good is a promise
If not fulfilled in need?
What good is right intent
If not followed by deed?

Spider

She waits in shadow
She hides in darkness
Vicious poison throbs
Within her dark mind

Spiked legs positioned
She's ready to pounce
When I'm least aware
When my eyes are blind

Dreadful arachnid
Dangerous spider
Her long and sharp fangs
Are deadly and real

I know that she waits
In her black corner
She anticipates
Me--her hearty meal

Virulent spider
Sit down beside her
And you will not last
Long enough to pray

I must stay alert
Watching for movement
And brandish my sword
To keep her at bay

(This poem will appear in my next novel, book four of the Orianus Creation Series.)

The Empty Forever

Sometimes I sit within my heart
Just me, all alone
On a barren, flat landscape
Bright, yet cold

The dried dust rests beneath me
Coating the cracks in the desert floor
Some shallow, some deep, some young, some old
They stretch into the distance, yet are frighteningly near

I would smile, but there is no one to share it
I would frown, but there is no one who cares
Where is God hiding?
Didn't He promise to always be there?

In my heart of hearts I know
This place is of my own devising
It is I who have broken closeness
Yet that realization does not soothe me now

I sit in the empty forever
I languish in my selfish hole
I sit and brood on the vista barren
In isolation my heart grows cold

When will I renew my ravaged psyche?
When will I stand and go?
When will I brave the tempest?
To live again in fellowship whole

Vile

It, like a torrent, rushes in
To fill the open wound
Like a singularity's pull
My emptiness draws it

It is a sham, a mockery
Of what's truly needed
A twisted and vile replacement
For longed-for, missing good

Trying to satiate desire
I feast on the wrong thing
Impatient, I swallow the bait
Sweet to the tongue, yet vile inside

Wanting the good, wanting the right
Yet I tire of waiting
A dream long held, yet unfulfilled
So I take the fake lure

I draw away, I draw away
From all the empty promises
Sometimes a hope deferred
Is worse than a hope unrealized

Wall

What wall is this
That bars my way?
That blocks my heart
From touching yours?

I guess I fall too fast
And I love too freely
For your blocking caution
Has now stopped my advance

Wounded, I feel
Hurting inside
Guarding yourself
You cause me pain

I hit your wall
I fall away
I am left cut
I am left bruised

Is all this effort worth it?
Should I lay siege to your heart?
Should I back away for now
To return another day?

Do I throw myself anew
Against unforgiving stone?
Do I pry at the huge blocks
Till they finally give way?

My heart and mind are ravaged
From the exhaustive assault
Is this the only way to
Conquer your stronghold of love?

Without

A million, screaming tongues of fire
Pierce into my heart
A billion, cutting shards of ice
Scrape over my mind

A crushing weight of true sadness
Drowns my wounded soul
Stampeding, mounting frustration
Blows my care away

My final exasperation--
I shout a loud, "Argh!"
Then I collapse and sigh an "Ah!"
As my last breath's sound

Traveling on this hellish road
I lose who I am
So I now leave the pretenders
To walk the path alone

Alive, as the yoke is lifted
Their influence gone
I lose my self-imposed burden
Free in an instant

Alone, but sane--the fake are gone
Now is sudden peace
I escape their cold rejection
For a worldly home

A lost, but inviting people
A blind, kinder crowd
A home without the religious
A home less the false

The End

(For now)